The Wonderland Case

by female_overlord_3

Summary

Sherlock and John have gotten an interesting case from Lestrade. A white rabbit, little to no evidence and a girl named Alice who says her parents were kidnapped by a villain from a fairy tale. What does sherlock know but wont tell john?

Notes

This is my first official fanfiction that ive posted. This will take me time and i will do my best but i work on more than projects at a time. I have many ideas and little fics that will be here as soon as i get a damn computer.*excuse my horrible grammar and spelling mistakes. Tell me if you spot them*

See the end of the work for more notes
It begins with a card

1- It begins with a card

(Johns POV)
Thank god we finally got a case, a good one that would satisfy Sherlock. Hes been an unreasonable sulking brat for the past week. I was more than delighted to get a call from Lestrade, Sherlock already with his coat and scarf on, was heading out the door. I shook my head and followed the mad man. We got a cab and headed to Winchester ave and 13th st, Sherlock bright and excited finally, engrossed with his phone delivering him the very much craved information.

We arrived in about 20 minutes and Sherlock all but jumps out of the cab before it comes to a complete stop, leaving me to pay the cab as usual. I keep an eye on Sherlock so he doesn't start harassing anyone but he seems to be completely focused on the case. I spots Lestrade and walk over.

"Hello Lestrade, thank you, i'm not sure how much longer we would have lasted." I chuckled

"Well at least he has someone now to watch him, make sure he doesn't bloody kill himself. I hope you finish this one quick, poor girls parents were kidnapped but she seems fine, like she was prepared for it. Shes only 10 years old, so see what you can do." Lestrade seemed a bit confused about the girl so I was a bit curious now.

"Prepared? Well i'll have a look at her and try to talk to her then see what Sherlock has found, that fine with you?"

"Anything you need to finish this up quick, always hate when kids are involved, a damn tragedy and so young too" I nodded in sympathy.

We heard someone yelling and I sighed "i better see if Sherlocks behaving, if you need us we'll be inside, alright mate?"

Lestrade nodded and walked over to Donavon. I headed inside but something caught my eye, something in the bushes to the right that grew under the outside windows. A white playing card with the queen of hearts displayed on the face-side. I carefully extracted the card from the bushes and put it in my trouser pocket to show Sherlock later.

I founding Sherlock yelling at possibly an unpaid-intern who looked terrified, probably new.

"Sherlock!"

We've made it so that all I have to do is yell his name once and he calms down. Sherlock lets out a huff and just glares at the young man.

"He wont let me see the parents room upstairs"

God why did Sherlock sound like an adorable 6 year old? Wait no, he'a not adorable! John Watson stop that though and obliterate it immediately! I sighed, what was wrong with me? Its been happening more often now. I looked at the young man, now pale as a sheet and staring at Sherlock utterly mortified.

"Umm .... umm sii- sir you can-nnn go up n-now, i di-dint kn-nnow who you ww-were."

Sherlock looked at him and looked... undecided. What did he see? He dropped the glare and
replaced it with a blank indifference.

"Very well"

He heads up stairs with the turn of his coat and turned up collar. I walk over to the young man

"Sorry bout that, its been a while since our last case. Just do what he says and if your not sure what to do just ask me." I gave him a polite smile.

The young man nodded

"Thank you Mr. Watson, um im George. This is my first case, the umm im an unpaid-intern."

He looked a bit dejected but well starting from the bottom is the way to go.

"Well were glad to have you and again i'm sorry for him"

I excused myself and go upstairs.

(Sherlocks POV)

I was in a room across from what is probably the parents room. I eyed the young girl who's sitting on her bed. We seemed to be having a starring contest but i was in full deduction mode.

The girls name is Alice Anta, shes 10 years old, only child, smarter than her age group, busy parents, 1 or 2 friends not close, bullied, small white pet dog no rabbit, deep blue eyes like johns, I shook his head expelling that added fact. Ok Alice; dirty blonde hair, some parts darker than others, straight, goes down to her stomach, pale so not out much, mainly left handed but can also write with right hand, small for her age group. Artist, main style drawing, no close relatives..... no she cant be! My eyes widened for a fraction of a second from this new knowledge, john just barely catching it.

"Sher-" I cut John off with my hand.

I lowered down so me and Alice were eye-to-eye. Alice stayed seated on her bed and continued to stare patiently at me. She didn't look scared or confused, which made me intrigued but a bit confused. I then stood up and went through every thing that would connect to this case. I took a quick glance at Alice and sighed, better get this over with.

"What would you like to say that these complete idiots wont listen to?"

"Sher-"

"Not now john. so out with it."

I gave her an annoyed look but underneath it was full of curiosity.

"The Queen of Hearts took them sir, she wants me to come back. She wants me to be hers. No one seems to listen and this is what happens. Mr. Holmes can you help me get them back?" Alice answered.

She looked, well defeated but her face made something connect. A flash of a newspaper with her face on it appeared in front of his eyes. She was caked with dirt in a tattered blue dress, she was reported missing and found about a day later, she went missing the day of her 9th birthday, exactly a year from today. Interesting, she was found by a cemetery about 3 miles from her house. Same name, colored rabbit, appearance, attitude, and the dirt obviously was from the hole. FINALLY! I smiled, genuinely smiled. This seemed to shock john for some reason, he seemed to trip from
moving slightly closer to me. His movement caused me returned my facial expression back to neutral.

"So you are indeed The Alice, where were you during their abduction?"

Alice got up and walked to the space to the left of her door. She pushed something and a small door opened. Inside was a small sack (possibly food and money), blankets, pillows, a phone and another bag that was filled to the brim with art supplies. A small note was attached onto it with a safety pin that read "Alice, Nan loves you stay safe and keep it alive." On a pillow was her rabbit in its cage with its supplies behind it.

(Johns POV)
Sherlock looked at me and nods his head towards Alice. I walk over to her.

"Ok Alice, so what do you remember? Did you see them, could you describe them for me?"

"My Nan got this made and prepared for me since i was 5, its soundproof and theirs a door all the way in the back that leads outside. They were people but with card faces, one left a note but i threw it out the window. Here's a picture i drew of one of them."

She pulled out a piece of white paper with an incredible and well detailed drawing. I stared with shock and while Sherlock looked amused. I then remembered the card and pulled it out.

"This?" I asked. She nodded her head yes.

"What does it say?"

"I didn't read it, would you like me to?"

She nodded her head yes again but started to slightly shake. I shared a quick look with Sherlock who nodded. I flipped the card over to the side that had the writing.

"I'm waiting Alice dear and now so are your parents! Misha will show you the way again. Don't take too long!- The Queen of Hearts."

I was now incredibly confused, did the kidnapper go after people named after stories?! I glanced over at Sherlock who looked as if this case was a 10. Now I felt utterly lost, more lost them usual and being with Sherlock means your always lost. This was going to be a very interesting case, but why was Sherlock so amused? What did that madman know?
Sherlock and John take Alice to 221 B Baker St. for the place thing to stay. Sherlock and Alice have a small chat of what they know, John as usual is oblivious.

Chapter Notes

Ok you lovely people here's a new chapter! Sorry, ill try my best to work on this and update as soon as possible. Comment, kudo and subscribe ;)

2- 221 B and Tea

(Sherlocks POV)
"she will be staying with is Lestrade, seeing that she has no immediate family in the area and her only friend is a white rabbit named Misha." I finish the sentence off firmly.

Lestrade was shocked, eyes opened wide and about to protest when John placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Lestrade i think its for the best, we'll keep an eye on her, don't worry."

Lestrade sighed in defeat and nodded.

"Come on Alice your staying with me and Sherlock, grab some clothes. Bring Misha and his things and his things too." Alice nodded and headed up stairs to retrieve her things.

"Get all your art supplies and materials too, we don't have any."

I recalled all the supplies she had and the residue of marker, pencil marks and the slight red and calloused area by the thumb that resulted from drawing for a long length of time. John raised an brow,

"that was nice Sherlock, what brought this on?"

I puffed up a bit "i don't want her bored or touching my experiments, their in their prime John."

(Johns POV)
Sherlock then proceeded to exit the house. I smiled and shook his head. About 5 minutes later Alice appeared with a blue back pack filled to the brim with art supplies and a small case. The unpaid-intern.... George, stood behind Alice with Misha and a bag with his things. I thanked George and took Misha and the bag, we then went to the waiting cab Sherlock hailed. Alice sat next to Sherlock, who seemed pretty busy in his mind palace. I sat with Misha on my lap and gave Alice and a small smile, admiring her bravery for actually sitting next to Sherlock. Most kids were ether to shy or scared to be near the block.
The cab drove them to home to 221 baker st, Ms Hudson being Ms Hudson demanded the reason for the little girl with them and then proceeded to fuss over her for a good 10 minutes before letting them be with a "be good" on her way out the door. I sat in my chair and read while Sherlock stood playing his violin and Alice sat on the couch drawing with Misha in her lap.

"Tea Alice?" I asked.

she gave a polite "yes please"

I got up and went to make tea, already knowing Sherlock would want some.

(Sherlocks POV)

I began to become curious about the young girls drawing, peaked over her shoulder while playing. I was quite taken aback by how beautiful and well detailed it was. It was of a meadow but if you paid close attention you could see figures slightly hidden among it. I realized that they were the other characters from Wonderland but a bit more darker looking than that child movie that Lestrade should his children once when I came over because I couldn't contact the man for a case, before I met john. STOP.

I ended the song I was playing, Clair De Lune, and picked up one of her sketch books. Many more drawings and sketches of Wonderland were in it but there were also landscapes, rooms, family and other people. She drew a lot of an elderly lady that was most possibly her "Nan" from the note. I glanced at the talented young girl then placed the sketchbook back on the couch and sat in my chair.

"Your quite talented for such a young age, your school doesn't supply any artistic classes unless there's a teacher ... no don't show your work, family? No, not many and none are that close. A paid course?"

Alice lightly caressed the sketchbook she was holding. Sentiment so family but ahhhh the grandmother!

"When did your grandmother start teaching you? Possibly around 3 or 4 than due to your skills and age."

"Your right, around 3 Nan saw that i was talented, said it was a family thing that i was the next Alice. She gave me a few lessons since then and always read " Alice in Wonderland" at the end. She also taught me life and survival skills as well but about 5 years ago she left us, y in a morge then burned. She left me all her art and a inheritance of £10,000, also a note that explained the secret room. She always told me to express myself through my hands. She also left me a book that held a list of the past Alice's, names ether Alice or close to it. There have been 23 Alice's before me, what about you Mr. Holmes?"

I gave Alice a pleased smile, my the girl was a clever.

"I am only the 2nd, im still figuring out why that is why normal people are oblivious to characters, and how characters know about each other. The most plossible solutions were; blood line or special selection for the appropriate person to be "said" character, normal people are just idiots, and we can just recognize one another. Your thoughts?"

"Magick"

"possibly but lets use that as the last resort"

Alice noded and went back to petting Misha. John came in with tea and they ended up being quiet for the rest of the afternoon.
Around 5 hours later Alice was asleep on the couch, a warm blanket and pillow placed with her, Misha laid by her head on the pillow. I saw John contemplating whether to stay by her or move her to a bed.

"She can stay on the couch, I'll watch her. I've gotten enough rest because of you after you so ardently demanded it, go to sleep John. Tomorrow we need to go over the case and Alice."

John sighed, mumbling "bloody mind reader" and headed off to his room.

After hearing his door close and cast a short glance at Alice still asleep, I move to John's chair. Much easier to keep an eye on Alice and it helps me think a bit more clearly. I sit back and venture into my mind palace for some revision and peace. Through all of the new information, the one about their novels peaked enough interest to delve into.

What I know: my book has been passed down since the first, mother, father and mycroft kept it hidden, the book made everything a bit more clear, I was a bit more closed off in a way. Possibly the time difference. The original Sherlock Holmes was more of a druggy, cheeky and more open. I ended those addictions a while ago; killing myself wouldn't be vital and also the unsolved cases, who would solve them so sufficiently but me!

I recall knowing every word and event in the book when reading it, then questioning mycroft diligently until he answered. Me being 5 at the time.

It's not that he didn't like being Sherlock Holmes the great detective, I actually quite love it. It just felt like I was handed a role that was specifically made for me, but I had to play it differently, I could play it my way but still have to abide by rules.

Interesting though, Alice has had more, in a way, regenerations. Maybe it has to do with novel popularity or current events. Pushing that aside, I move on to the case. Slight smell of chloroform: parents subdued. Original purpose: take Alice back. Faint red and black paint marks around the park: the kidnappers that Alice drew, talk to Alice whether or not we should show them. No evidence of entry or exit besides a hole in the parents bedroom: rabbit hole.... interesting. Go over the card that John retrieved- JOHN.

The name slammed to the forefront of my mind, everything stopped, further clarifying the train of thought that now slowly terrified me. Why was it becoming so much harder to push and keep these thoughts in the back of my mind, locked in a room and just stay put?

I give my head a small shake, pushing all things connecting to today's case and shift to watch Alice. I pull my knees up and rest my chin on them, then wrap my arms around them and watch the interesting girl and her rabbit sleep.
Follow The Rabbit Misha

Chapter Summary

Finally, the time has come. John tries to ward off unwanted thoughts, once again Sherlock and Alice discuss matters of "characters", and Misha leads them to the rabbit hole.

Chapter Notes

ok another chapter sorry for the long wait! dont know how long im going to work/make this and ive been stuck and busy with other ideas so again really sorry. comment, subscribe and kudo! what you ask might be put in so dont be shy!

3- Follow The Rabbit Misha

(John POV)

The following day I had the day off so i got some quick shopping done. We needed more things for the first aid kit, milk, tea, and some frozen for nights we (mainly sherlock) dont want to go out and eat. I also bought some carrots for misha and new pencils and more paper for alice, something nice for dealing with sherlock. Im still a little baffled by how well alice can interact with sherlock and vice-verse. usually sherlock just stays quiet, tries to tolerates a child if in a case and let me deal with them. Its nice, what sherlock cant do i accommodate for while he just amazes me with his deductions and cheek bones. Damnit stop! I said i was not going down that road, nothing ever good comes from it. Even if he did return my.... feelings, hes still "married to his work" so enough of that, all i can do is keep him safe, alive and happy. I proceed out of tesco's and start walking to the tube and get on with my shopping then sit, knowing that around this time their mostly empty. Great now i cant stop thinking about this bloody thing, its all that idiots fault with his high cheek bones, brilliant deductions, raven curls, beautiful violin, mysterious eyes...... crap. why of all people did i have to fall for him? I sigh well i guess this is my life now.

I take this small amount of time to just indulge myself, screw self control for the 20 min i have now even though this might bite me in the ares later. I just go over the gorgeous mans features and his brilliant mind. The tall and lanky but firm build, dark lush curls i cant help but want to card my hands through, intense eyes that cant seem to stay one color, those high cheek bones, long nimble hands, cupids bow lips, smooth pale skin, and his mind the thing i love the most. Quick and precise, but at a fault when emotions come in to play, incredibly smart but quite oblivious, the beautiful pieces he plays and creates, they way he can dissect and solve a case in a week or less, and that moment it clicks when he's missing something. these are the things i have come to love about sherlock holmes.

"arriving at 100th and Catherage" said the attendant.

i let out a long sigh and get ready to get off. well i still have the 10 min walk to the flat, i though cheerfully.
"I've met tinker bell, peter pan, little red riddinghood, the wolf, her granny, oh and one of the princesses! Hmmm oh it was belle from beauty and the beast, though i haven't met the beast yet, i believe she's still too young for the story to start. What about you sherlock, have you met anyone not from your story?"

"Well besides an unfortunate Humpty Dumpty and you, not really, we all kind of keep to ourselves, probably due to story lines crossing and such. Look at us alice, crossing stories what a peculiar thing. Still ,it feels like im missing something important but it wont click."

I let out a sigh and start pacing. Ive already solved the case and all that needs to be done is reclaim her parents but why am i involved? This isn't how her stories go and its infuriating because i still dont know why! Wait!

"Alice the original alice was about 7 correct, though mr carrol didnt specify her age. Do you know the exact age?"

"Correct Sherlock it was 7, why what have you figured out?"

"You believed that age has a factor in peoples stories and if so then something changed because you were taken at age 9. Have there been similar takings around your age or have most of them been 7?" "Oh most are 6-8 and they weren't taken on their birthdays like me!" I hear john walking up the stairs and give alice a look so to end our conversation for the time being. She nods and begins to draw. I go to my chair and grab my violin, i know john likes when i play. He walks in and seems to freeze for a moment but proceeds with his shopping to the kitchen. Hmmm regular trip to tesco, didnt get nabbed by mycroft, took the tube, walked the rest, why would he pause? Hmmm later. "Would you like tea alice?" "Yes please, 3 sugars and milk" "Alright" 5 minutes later john brings out our tea, as always a cup for me. Misha jumps down from his pillow and onto the table, turns his head to alice and twitches his ears. "Sherlock" "Eight well i believe tea will have to wait john, go grab your kit and gun." He nods and goes to retrieve them. Misha hops to the door and waits for alice to follow. John returns and we follow misha outside. He takes us through alleys, crowded streets, backyards and a roof or 2 until we pass through a graveyard and stop in front if a bare tree covered in twists and knots. Its roots peak through the ground, stretch a good feet from its trunk, old almost 80'shot years abd it holds an unearthly feeling. Is this what magic feels like, thick and alive? Misha bows his head then flips into the air and dives into a hole that the roots make, disappearing. I turn to alice a bit giddy. "Are tou ready?" she takes a deep breath then nods. "Lets go" She takes a step toward the hole then another until she's just 1 step away, one more breath and then the darkness envelopes her as she falls through. I nod at john then we start towards the hole. I take a breath and then step through the hole, the world going dark as i fall .

End Notes

Ok i've tweaked this a bit, fixed the grammar and spelling. Enjoy

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