

After The Fall

Von Rose-de-Noire

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Kapitel 1: Milk

MILK

I saw you die on the hard plaster of reality.
I saw the light blow out in your eyes.
I saw the the red liquid of live trickle in to the gray of a dusty London street.
And I begged for one more miracle while my heart was breaking in front of your black tombstone.
And...
... then I came back to my doss after seeing my psych... consultant; and found the first one.
It sat there, all innocently, right on the doorstep of my newly rent one room apartment:
a bottle of fresh French countryside milk. Still cold.
It tasted utterly delicious in a champagne glass

The next bottle came three weeks later.
Swiss land milk from Meiringen... again it didn't make the way into my tea.
To precious, to delicious.

Six weeks after the second milk delivery I discovered that there must be a milk bottling plant in Chile.

And didn't someone tell me once that they don't drink milk in Japan?
Not that I believed it, but they make really pretty milk bottles to prove it wrong.
Although the Chinese's almost topped them.
And yes, the milk tasted fantastic, extraordinary in my new wine glass.

One year after the first milk-delivery the milk bottle came from the Canaries.
This time I invited Mrs. Hudson and Greg over to have a drink.
They wondered briefly why I served them milk in wine glasses.
I didn't care.
It tasted absolutely perfect and we had a nice evening, musing over old times.
And Mrs. Hudson asked me to come back to live at home, she wouldn't mind to lowering the rent a bit.
I declined.

The milk from Arabia came in a blank bottle and with a note, scribbled in hurried letters and a handwriting I didn't know: Camel Milk.
It tasted interesting and still very good in my wine glasses.

For the next bottle which arrived almost two years after the first one, I had to make some more room on my bookshelf.
And it was from New Zealand.
Again I shared it with my two best friends left: Mrs. Hudson and Greg Lestrade.

Poor Lestrade, got kicked out of the yard.
But he still likes the milk.

Two months later a bottle of fresh, cold Australian milk sat on the doorstep.
And I once more didn't bother to ruin it with tea.

Then, one morning, you was dead for exactly three years, there was no milk bottle but
the actual "the Times".

I red the headline "Sherlock Holmes was real" and at the same instant my phone
chimed.

The text said:

We're out of milk John, it's your turn. -SH

END

Kapitel 2: The Copper and The Milkman

The Copper and The Milkman

Roses smalltalk:

Some of my dearest readers wondered how Sherlock got the milk to John... ever so slight hints at Mystrade.

The Copper and The Milkman

He shoved the cardboard box in the waiting cab and sat beside it, glancing back one last time at the yards building.

They fired him. They really did. So he would have to get a new job.

But first he would drop by by John.

Just to make sure the guy was well, as it was almost an year since Sherlock died...

He arrived at the building Johns new one room apartment was in and – caught Mycroft Holmes on the doorstep. Mycroft Holmes, holding a brown paper-bag.

“Delivery for John?”

Mycroft snorted amused: “Nice deduction dear detective inspector!”

Lestrade snorted in return and stated: “Ex D.I. ...” at the lifted eyebrow the government official gave him Gregory Lestrade added: “Got fired today, they...”

“They think Sherlock did your work and not yourself...” Mycrofts free hand landed on the other mans shoulder, “... don't believe them, Gregory Lestrade. / know, he didn't.”

Lestrade needed a moment to get over the fact that Mycroft Holmes, “the government himself”, just had sympathetically patted his shoulder and so he had to do a double take at the mans next words: “How about working for me,” Mycroft smiled , “Gregory?”

The Ex D.I. decided to ignore the question for a start and posed one of his owns, pointing at the bag: “What's that?”

Mycroft smiled wary and answered: “I would like to tell you, but I probably would have to kill you then... so let's just say, that I am the Doctors personal “milkman” due to an old dept I owe Sherlock...”

Lestrade sighed and shoved his hands deep in his coat pockets: “It's a shame we're not allowed to tell John... I really *hate* to keep secrets from my friends...”

Mycroft nodded but his smile grew as he stated: “I am hardly certain, John knows about my brother. The evidence speaks for itself...” and he patted the bag, “I am sorry but I have to leave now and I would like to offer you a ride home, right after disposing *this...*” another soft pat against the paper bag, “as John isn't at home anyway before late.”

Greg Lestrade knew when he wasn't wanted in a place and so he just nodded, shamelessly taking the free ride home, as he needed to take care of his money until

he had a new job.

Getting in the expensive car he was asked a second time: "Why not working for me, Greg?"

"Cause you're a Holmes..."

"The *other Holmes*," Mycroft frowned.

"Yeah, the other Holmes..."

"You wouldn't have to do much Gregory..."

Lestrade interrupted chuckling: "Okay, okay, I'm listen... tell me about this fabulous job, Holmes!"

Mycroft Holmes broke into a full-blast-two-hundred-pound-smile and Greg almost toppled over – Hell, this smile was the most endearing thing he ever saw in his entire lifetime. Especially as it made the politicians gray-blue eyes sparkle.

He eventually agreed to the job offer Mycroft was proposing, also to the dinner invitation the other man suggested.

END

Kapitel 3: Delivery Boy

DELIVERY BOY

And the next flight took him straight to Marrakesh...

Not that he was about to complaining, this new job brought him some true benefits. Benefits like business class flights to any destination – think and unthinkable off, granted tickets for said flights when *ever* he needed or wanted them, even if it was two hours or – like this flight to Marrakesh – twenty minutes before depart; and last, but not least an almost global alpha security clearance.

And all this for being a delivery boy.

And there was his new boss...

His new boss occupied a minor position in the British government – in other words: He *is* the government.

And right after Sherlock Holmes he was the most infuriating man in the whole world. Infuriating and intriguing, despicable desirable...

He stopped his train of thoughts right there and then.

Oh no, no, he surely wouldn't start to muse about those icy blue eyes – which always gained some warmth when they went out for dinner – while going through a “security control” which included a full body scan...

He had picked up the usual bottle, carefully wrapped in a cooling bag, at Marrakesh; flew straight back to London and delivered it still fresh, right after adding a note – altering his handwriting – to this one.

He just left Johns new apartment building as a posh, black car pulled up by his side, door already halfway open.

He climbed in, grinning all the while and greeted the umbrella wielding man in the car: “Hi Boss! How's the empire?”

Mycroft huffed a breath and smiled back at Greg: “Hello there Mister Delivery-Boy, the Queen had a migraine and the PM a twisted ankle, beside this, Britain is doing well!”

They both giggled immature at this and then locked their eyes together, simply enjoying the other to be there.

Two hours later they sat at their usual table in the Ritz, savouring a formidable dinner.

He really liked all the points of his new job. All but one: Not to be able to affirm to John what the other only guessed.

Sherlock Holmes was alive.

Roses smalltalk:

I think, there will be two parts more:

One from Mycrofts point of view and one from Sherlocks.

I just hope, it keeps flowing!

>^_^<