

After The Fall

BBC Sherlock John and the milk

Von Rose-de-Noire

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 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. I 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 debt 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