

Where she belongs

by mazaher

January 6, 2013

::

The time after EMPT --whatever the take they will ply in BBC Sherlock season 3-- from the pov of Mrs. Martha Hudson, in a proper drabble of exactly 100 words.

A threesome, prompted by the challenge issued by tweedisgood during the rewatch of the Granada episodes of The Final Problem and The Empty House.

Because, why should mature women be denied sex?

Posted in haste -unbetaed-- on Epiphany day, when the ancient lonely hag, Befana, brings small gifts to the children. To honour all the older ladies through the fandoms.

::

::

::

"Mrs. Hudson!"

The call easily drowns the sound of running water.

"One moment, dear!"

"Mrs. *Hudson*!"

The young man is so impatient.

"I said one moment, my hands are all sudsy!"

It's been such a nice Twelfth Night dinner. I'm not their housekeeper, but this doesn't mean I fancy beginning Thirteenth Morning facing a sink full of wash-up to do.

"MRS. HUDSON!!!"

"Please, Martha, join us before he bellows me to deafness."

I dry my hands on a dishrag.

They need cream.

I step through the bedroom door.

"Finally!" Sherlock exhales. "With us. Here's where you belong."

Lube will do.

::