

Answer to prompt by athens7: Mycroft

by mazaher

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The call --*that* call, an SOS spelled in vibrations on the mobile in his hip pocket, two rings only-- comes on an early evening, halfway through a meeting at 10 Downing Street about the results of experimental use of micro-cameras on trained hawks in Afghanistan. (He is opposing the idea, of course. He does have ethical standards, after all).

Mycroft Holmes excuses himself coolly, makes his exit under puzzled, mutedly annoyed looks. He couldn't care less.

He calls back from the walk-in ice box, the only safely unbugged space in the building. He knows: he ordered it cleaned up himself, together with selected areas in each one of his usual haunts, for just such an opportunity.

"Tell me."

"Finished. Injured. Chester Green, AIDA, outside north-eas...tern loading bay. Battery low."

Mycroft listens to his brother's voice minutely catching halfway through a word, and a chill courses his spine which has nothing to do with the freezing temperature where he stands.

"Bad? Where?"

"No. Shot foot. Hurts."

"Still need to hide?"

"No."

"Ambulance in eighteen minutes or less. Keep br..." The line drops out. "...eathing."

The ambulance is there in sixteen minutes.

Sherlock is still breathing, through gritted teeth.

Nobody makes a big deal that tears are rolling down his cheeks.

The first thing he does when he finds himself in bed in a small, very private nursing home, his mobile recharging from the wall socket, is sending a text.

"Thanks" it reads.

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(The bit about Afghanistan is a nod to abundantlyqueer's epic *Two Two One Bravo Baker* at AO3)