

A meeting

by mazaher
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*A crossover between athens7's Jack&Patrick universe and prettyvk's' BBC Sherlock AU, Crazy for Love, at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1148099>
Patrick Moriarty (from the former) meets James Moriarty junior (from the latter).
For athens7, who will hopefully forgive the liberty I took.*

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It is perhaps a dream, or a feverish vision.

Whose? It doesn't matter.

They meet of a sudden, in a no-where place, at a no-when time.

They recognise each other instantly.

They stare, the half-grown child in a suit, tiny skulls on his silk tie, hair slicked back, a wary curve to his mouth and the thin, fair-haired gentleman in a smoking jacket and trousers, a white carnation in his buttonhole and a haunted look in his eyes.

"What's your name?" the gentlemen asks.

"James," is the answer, as though from a far-off place.

"Mine is Patrick."

"Your mother?"

"She's dead... now. Yours?"

"No idea," and James' voice is nearer now. "Did your father.."

"Yes," snaps Patrick. "Or we wouldn't be here talking, don't you think?"

"How did you keep going?"

"Love. I think." For a moment, Patrick seems to glow from within.

"Is it enough?" James sounds doubtful.

"It doesn't take away the pain. It doesn't prevent things from happening, again and again. But sometimes it makes living on... something you would rather not miss."

"I'm not sure anyone would be willing to love me."

"Will has little to do with it. It just happens. If I am loved --and I am-- so will you. Wait and see."

"The wait is hard."

"I know."

"Perhaps no-one will come."

"It will not mean you wasted your time. Life is so interesting."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"The piano."

"I play the piano too." James frowns. "Does the ...person you love also play?"

"No, he doesn't. But he loves to listen, and listens well."

"So I'll look out for someone who listens well." James is very near now, Patrick can discern each tiny empty orbit in each tiny white skull on his tie.

"Do you like it?" James asks.

"It's unusual."

"It belonged to father."

"Oh." Patrick pulls out a pocket watch. "This also belonged to father."

"Why do you keep it?"

"So I will not forget. Like you."

"I think I'll go now." James holds out a steady hand, long fingers, wide palm. The hand of a man already.

"James, it's been a pleasure." Patrick shakes James' hand. Their eyes meet from either side of a century. "I wish you the same luck I had."

"Thank you."

A moment later, the time and place are wiped out of existence.

Only the memory remains, like a vision of warm sunshine on chilly rainy days.

Neither man will forget.

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