

*Dear Doctor J. Watson,  
When did you first fall in love with Sherlock and how would you  
describe how much you love them? (Would you die for them?)  
Signed, unknown.*

My dear unknown,

I don't know of what you speak! Unless, of course, you mean the fondest of familiar feelings, then I admit to them without blush. They are, after all, my closest companion.

There was a question, *ah* yes. When did I realise these... fond feelings? At the very start. I was immediately enraptured. All our favourite Sherlock is most impressive, as you know, and the first meeting did *not* disappoint. However, the deeper feelings came later; they grew slowly over many months. Then, a day came when I discovered that I could not live without them. Not ever.

And so, I would give up my life for theirs. Because I could not bear the thought of being without. Or were I to be the cause or exist knowing I could have done more for my dearest Sherlock—

It is unthinkable.

I hope I have eased your curiosity, dear reader.

Yours faithfully,  
J. Watson

*Dear Mrs Hudson,*

*Can Sherlock call you mom or grandma? Can you please adopt Sherlock? Could Sherlock please have lovely lunches with you eating pastries and drinking tea spent gossiping with you and petting fluffy cats?*

Dearest unknown,

I would like nothing more than for my darling little wards (as I like to call them when they are not around to hear it) to refer to me as such. But, you see, no matter how much I suggest or hint at things, I'm afraid no one listens to me in this house! And whenever I bring up the topic of family in this house, they are both so dreadfully skittish! Especially Sherlock—it really is the most frustrating thing. But do not worry, dear reader: one of these days, I shall triumph!

—And on the topic of lunches and afternoon tea,

No need to fret; it is simply that Watson always fails to include my exemplary lunches, dinners, and gatherings in their little stories! No one who knows me may accuse me of being a lacking hostess (which is why I am so upset the texts do not describe all that I do! I suffer quite harshly under these conditions. You understand me, do you not, dear reader? The chocolate and sugars I keep for Watson alone...) Well, I bear it as well as one could. And, when all is said and done, I do dearly enjoy both the stories and the company. I shall simply continue in reminding them.

It was lovely to hear from you, reader—I hope we shall speak again!

With the warmest regards,

Mrs Hudson

Dear Doctor J. Watson,

*Purely hypothetically, how would you take it if the newest bird resident of the household was taught to attack intruders or enemies with some good old-fashioned bird training?*

*Also...and again this is totally hypothetical doctor, how upset would you be if the bird was brought along to the upcoming case by your partner Sherlock?*

*Signed, unknown.*

My dear—

Is... is this you, Sherlock? This all rather sounds like you... *I shall have to ask you when you return.* But the answer is—*that seems extremely dangerous, I am a doctor; I implore you, do not do this!*

It will surely end up picking at the eyes of one of the telegraph messengers, which would be a terrible fate and something I am unlikely to be able to mend.

... Why. Why do you need the bird on the case, Sherlock?! I AM CONVINCED IT IS YOU NOW AND—*why do you need it?* Gods above. At best, it will be unsanitary. At worst... I don't want to think about it. Chasing it about one street was enough; I can't imagine chasing it over Greater London.

Also, birds are badly kept in pockets for long periods of time.

Again, I implore you, do not!

Yours,

J. Watson

Letters, 2.  
Batch 1.

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*When's our wedding? I got the ring ready, honey! All you gotta say is "I do"*

*- Signed, unknown.*

*\*The letter is signed \*unknown\* and next to it, the mark of loving lips.\**

To Unknown,

~~Who is this? How did you get a hold of my professional address—~~  
Whatever sick or cruel ploy this is intended for—cease it. Now.  
And do not contact me again.

G. Lestrade

Ps. Gregson, I swear to god, if this is you—  
You know damn well *why* this is a step too far—  
~~(Whose lips did you even employ? Never mind. Do not tell me.)~~

// author: I wasn't entirely sure what you meant by "ldk seal it with a kiss?" In the special request part so I improvised 😊 Hope it's ok ❤️

Dear G. Lestrade,

*Dear Lestrade, how did it feel and what was going through your head when you realised you've made an always kind and gentle Sherlock cry by cruelly throwing the fact that they are lethargic to the point of endangering themselves when they were simply trying to ask if you were alright and if they could help in anyway?, what were you thinking as you escorted them to the carriage and sent them off?*

- Signed, unknown.

To Unknown,

*How do you know this? I—whoever this is...*

I acted wrongly. All I know is that I wish to right it. By whatever means I possess. There is no reasonable forgiveness for my action, but I will not be hindered from the attempt.

*How did it feel to see them in such a state?*

I would rather take my last breath than witness it again.

*What did I think as I escorted them?*

I wished only to know that they were safe.

*Sincerely, G. Lestrade*

Ps. Consider this letter my first attempt at amends.

For all to see.

~~I will find my punishment~~

Dear G. Lestrade,

*Hello sir, I'm just a friend of a friend but I wanted to tell you that it's not in your head, sherlock is in love with you just as much as you are with them (don't try and deny it dear the only one who can't see it is them) so do go ahead let them know how you feel. Oh one other thing, sherlock has no interest in the more "passionate" side of love, is that an issue?*

- Signed, unknown.

To Unknown,

You write nonsense, whoever you are. I—do not take your word for anything, there's no... You simply speak nonsense. Please. Let us not do this.

It is not right...

On the other matter, the *passionate side of love*?

I... Can only assume your meaning... a forward one at that, and a personal and private matter.

All I can say on the matter is, that I—there are things I would not care to live without. Not forever. But I am no, I am no lecher. I am patient. And I would not ask for more than can be given.

*If I were to love—god why am I writing this—I would need close companionship. Certain things... not all. And not before they are expected, of course... I... I am of the opinion that writing is, at times, easier to do than speaking the words, but good god, this is not any easier than any words I have ever said—I care for human touch!*

To a degree—

Do not think me profane for saying so. To think so. I simply always

imagined coming home to an embrace. A kiss...

I can not do this—

\*The letter was found crumpled on the floor of Lestrade's office, where a junior officer found it and later mailed it.

*Dear X,*

*We have heard how dear Watson feels about it, but Mr X, how would you handle the realisation that Sherlock is "asexual"?, given what we've heard of you (don't worry about it we won't tell but we are judging) how would your...primal nature handle that?*

*- Signed, unknown.*

It matters not, dear reader.

Do not worry.

You think me so different—

from the truth.

*Primal?* I am not the savage here.

X

Letters, 2.

Batch 2.

*Dear X,*

*What are your feelings on sherlock? do you love them either platonically or romantically?, is there any hatred/jealousy, is the answer for both a yes? and I have to ask, do you plan on keeping sherlock locked away or in a literal cage?*

*- Signed, unknown.*

Dear reader,

Love?

You presume much.

Devotion—

Is my offer.

Dearest Sherlock, is my devotion a cage?

*Faithfully yours,*

X

Dear X,

*Most honorable X, I do hope you don't take this the wrong way but could you please explain why sherlock shouldn't have a shotgun along with a crucifix and holy water ready if you ever come anywhere near them?*

- Signed, unknown.

How would you know, dear reader?

When I am near—

Am I friend or foe?

It matters not.

You will know, too late.

Yet I yearn.

For this scene.

X

Dear Lestrade,

*I pray that this letter finds you in good health.*

*I am writing to you because I have questions of the utmost importance - well, that is to say, what would a day be without testing the patience of our adorable, most dashing constable, hm?*

*Because my my, you certainly had a most..interesting reaction to seeing Sherlock in that seductive ensemble when last they saw you, wouldn't you say? One can only wonder whether you're..somewhat partial to such a, shall we say, generous view? Pfft..your handsome face was all doused in crimson, and you had a heartbeat so loud one could have picked it up from miles away..how cute..💕💕*

*Which, of course, begs the question: could there have been a reason as to why you were acting..rather coy when, during the recent case, Sherlock inquired about your visits to the local..pleasure house? Maybe you acted coy not out of the fact that you've went, but because you'd rather..imagine someone else in that position, but..just for you, that is?*



*And what about the time when Sherlock settled next to your ear and whispered your beloved name into it? Tell me, do you usually..shiver so when someone calls your name, or does only hearing it from the detective's lips illicit such an..agreeable response?💕💕*

*Do my allegations hold any truth to them, my sweet constable? Tell me, how often is your precious mind occupied with thoughts of your most favorite detective, hm?💕💕*

*Ahh..in any event, you are..most gorgeous when your heart flutters. Even now, I would pay a pretty penny to see your adorable*

expressions. Surely your ears must have turned that pretty pink colour that they always do?❤️

Pfft..have a good time trying to concentrate on work now, trying to figure out who this could be. Though I would imagine that you're able to put two and two together, no?💕💕

I am oh so looking forward to your response.❤️

Goodbye, my dearest, sweetest Lestrade.

Ever yours,

Someone who thinks about you, too.

*\*The letter is sealed with a kiss\**

To Unknown,

How many know what you speak of? Few.

Furthermore, except for myself, only one would know it all. Do you truly think me so lacking in deduction, Sherlock?

Perhaps you should spend more time putting on clothes, and less putting up airs? ~~I had been drinking! This affects the colour of one's face—~~Why do you affect me so? I was in the middle of collecting the information you requested—while penning an apology, and I get—*this*. Whatever this is.

I had hoped we could remain civil...

I will not answer your next paragraph. ~~For god's sake.~~

*Do you enjoy causing me torment, Sherlock?*

Even if it was your lips that were the cause for any reaction—to assume it was agreeable is conjecture. Perhaps, much like the rougher streets when too quiet and calm, your very closeness causes an eerie tingle in my spine that danger follows.

Conjecture. Again. The numerous times your image enters my mind and follows with a head ache, is, I guarantee it, not a pleasurable nor wanted thing.

I despise you.

Respectfully,  
G. Lestrade

Ps. If your letter is any indication, you are not as hurt as I feared. Nevertheless, I am sorry. Remain as you have always been, and pay no mind to any words I say.

*// author: asked to write it as if L puts two and two together and realises it's from mc. Hi Tumblr person <3 Hope it wasn't too harsh haha—teasing brings the thorny edges of L.*

Letters, 2.

Batch 3.

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*What would you do if Sherlock told you that they have feelings for you but they are also hurt by your passive aggressive behaviour?*

*Sincerely,*

*Unknown*

To Unknown,

I promise you, whoever you are, Sherlock holds no such feelings for me. Never. I may not know much, but I know this.

How could they?

*Hurt by my passive-aggressive behaviour?*

I was not aware I had managed to be passive...

I suppose that is some kind of relief.

*Respectfully, G. Lestrade*

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*Why don't you admit to Sherlock that you love them also what attracts you to them*

*- Signed by unknown.*

To Unknown,

No. That is not a question I have to answer.

~~*Why am I doing this at all—*~~

I can speak of what I... admire, in the detective.

They are:

- Professional. (*And I realise how this may look when I often accuse them of the opposite. But. They have a deep professional curiosity. I can respect that.*)

- Brilliant. I hope I do not have to explain that one.

- Unlike anyone I have ever seen...

No—I don't think I will explain that one either.

That is who they are to me.

And more.

*Sincerely, G. Lestrade*

*Dear X,*

*How do you describe sherlock and what attracts you to them is it their look or intelligence or both*

*- Signed by unknown.*

Sherlock is the one, dear reader.

The only one.

*Sonnet 130.*

I care little for less.

X

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*What do you and Watson talk about when you meet up and how long has that been happening?*

*- Signed by unknown.*

To Unknown,

I could not tell you when it began—not for any concealment, I simply do not remember. It came up, somehow. It must be... more than a year now. At times, it is easier to communicate through Watson to the detective, and at other times, like with the medical consultation for the recruits, there's a reason beyond Sherlock—

*Though that is rare.*

~~There was one time where—~~

Watson is a reliable figure in my life. I respect them. I hope they see some value in my work. But. I believe neither one of us would claim any close camaraderie.

Does this answer your question?

*Respectfully, G. Lestrade*

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*Have you ever had a dream that featured your freelancing assistant, or does Sherlock fade from your thoughts once you leave the work for the day?*

*With kind regards,  
an interested onlooker*

To Unknown,

I have had dreams about monstrous things too. What is their presence in dreams meant to represent?

Do not read into this more than there is—

Which is to say—nothing.

*I feel I have to clarify—my dreams or spontaneous thoughts mean nothing!*

Why do you even ask...

Why am I humouring this—

*//\*The letter was found crumpled on the floor of Lestrade's office with a few other notes, where a junior officer found it and later mailed it.\**

*Dear Lestrade,*

*oh boy, Lestrade, did you hear the latest gossip?? Apparently, there was a certain person in Sherlock's home...They initially came with a case for Sherlock, but apparently it quickly evolved into, well...let us just say that they stayed there for a suspiciously long time, and quickly diverted into totally unrelated topics...Very mysterious.*

*AND YOU KNOW WHAT WAS THE MOST INSANE THING OF ALL??*

*You see, Sherlock accidentally spilled some milk, AND GUESS WHAT THIS VISITOR DID....THEY PAT DOWN SAID MILK WITH THEIR HANDKERCHIEF....OFF SHERLOCK'S BODY, YOU UNDERSTAND.....AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE??*

*They even held Sherlock's hand by the end of it, for a second too long, AND BOTH HAD NO GLOVES ON.....it's the scandal of the season, I've been told!! Sherlock seems to be somewhat oblivious to it all, but Watson is still fuming, apparently- mentioned something along the lines of "Sherlock, that client looked as if they were ready to DEVOUR you-"*

*(their landlady, on the other hand, appears to be absolutely smitten with them, and cannot stop going on about their many charms-) I even heard whispers of the client alluding to wanting a more..personal connection to be formed, isn't that something!*

*I for one am still reeling from these revelations, aren't you? My good lad, I rather think you need to get your head in the game and finally pursue Sherlock, lest somebody else steal them away, no?*

*Oh, and by the way- rumour has it that said client is hosting a ball soon..but WAIT...wasn't there a ball you both were about to go to?? Gee, I sure wonder how you will react if- gasp!- the fates should throw you into the way of that mysterious charming client! Hehe..*

*I send my regards, and wish you the best of luck, old sport! Call me if you need a wingman (well, or I will see you at the station if I have to bail you out for a possible fistfight, ahaha! Man, I sure wish I had been invited!)*

*Signed,*

*T.G. (If you figure this one out, I'll buy you a drink after work. HAHA!)*

To "T.G",  
This is how we are going to do it?  
Fine.

I know of whom you speak. That does not mean I care for frivolous gossip, Gregson. And what do you mean with this milk insinuation—

GREGSON JUST TELL ME AT LUNCHTIME INSTEAD!

—Someone might find this letter and take your gossip for truth. Who even is your source? This seems far too specific to be a complete fabrication, although I assume the truth is stretched—*much like most of your words.*

How many times do I need to repeat—there is nothing there to pursue! You should have seen how I treated them earlier today... God. They can not do worse than me.

Stop sending me letters, Gregson.

*G. Lestrade*

Ps. You already owe me plenty of drinks from your earlier foolish bettings. For your wallet, I suggest you cease betting *against* Sherlock.

*Dear G. Lestrade,*

*Inspector, I hope this letter finds you well. I say this with the utmost urgency- please refrain from wasting your time flirting with the detective. It has not gone unnoticed amongst our fellow officers that whenever the detective arrives at the crime scene, you forsake your duties to instead ogle at Sherlock. It is understandable that you would be relaying important information to the detective, but often we doubt that that is truly all that you two are doing. The look in your eyes is quite distracting. We urge you.*

*Best Regards,  
A Concerned Colleague*

*P.S. Why is it that you've never given a blanket to us when we were cold?*

*// Author: lol. This letter made me laugh <3*

To "A Concerned Colleague",

I do not "flirt". And if you have had the time to daydream and hallucinate on the job to such a degree, then I have been too slack with assigning you your tasks.

Henceforth—I expect all the junior recruits to arrive an hour earlier every morning and we will go over the new protocols and additional training.

Hopefully, that will calm your collective overactive imaginations.

See you in the morning, officer.

*G. Lestrade*

Ps. It is your job to wear proper attire.

— — —

*// To Tumblr anon:*

*Hi! I'll save your letter and the next time I do a Lestrade Letter Q&A, and you don't want a different one then, I'll answer this one <3*

*Timeline-wise L is answering these late during the day of the ch4 day, and the logistics of it is that L's reply wouldn't happen until after the ball, in my mind. This would come with some... variations to it all.*


*I'll post the letter you sent here so you can have it, and resend it with possible ball-related changes when the time comes—if you want.*

*Cheers <3*

*To G. "I like Sherlock soooo much but I employ every insult to distract them from my ardent affection for them" Lestrade,*


*Hmpf, since you must spoil my fun-*

*Yes, it is indeed I, your very favourite detective!*

*Fret not my dear Lestrade, for of course I knew you would be able to figure out the oh-so-mysterious sender of the previous letter! However! That was not my objective, you see! I had wanted to know whether you would have the gall to answer it, hehe- and as always, you fell straight into my trap, my sweet constable! *

*Now that I have your attention (though judging by your reply, I doubtlessly do so all the time, anyway- my my, you truly \*DO\* think*

*about day in and day out, do you not? But more about your shameless answers later), let me reveal to you my grand design:*

*You see, I had written that message for two reasons: Partly, of course, because you ARE adorable when you are flustered* 

*And partly because...because! Ahem, simply put I have...you see, I \*have\* been..worrying for you, as of late...*

*Hmpf, even after God knows I have no reason to after the pub incident! About which I am, in fact, very much as hurt as you had feared, you dolt! You think you can get away with such accusations that easily? Think again!! Continue writing that apology letter this instance!*

*But...as we have spent a lot of time together, I would at least like to think that I know you somewhat, and I fear that you did not throw those things at me out of sheer malice..hmpf, you are far too good of a person for that! You think I would write such a happy-go-lucky letter if I did not have believe in your person?? No! If you had, in fact, lashed out of malice alone, I would have gutted you on the spot, make no mistake! But instead, my thoughts were "Lestrade would never willingly hurt someone"...*

*Hmpf, you fool...I have faith in you, do you not understand?*

*As such, my letter expressed my wish to....bring you out of your shell a little bit, or maybe to distract you..because, you see, it appears that there is something..\*burdening\* you. I believe that that whatever happened at the pub was not a spontaneous event, as much as it was something that had been brewing for a while.. Recently, you have been so.. gloomy, so deep in thought, not quite..\*here\*.*

*You see, I...ugh, I mean, I partly do it to see you flustered, but I also tease you because- because then at least, it seems that you have come back for a moment, that you have allowed yourself to be in the moment, feel your emotions, escape your mind for a while, while being with \*me\*- and I..I greatly cherish those moments.*

*Because I worry for you in the others.*

*And as much as you still need to apologize to me, what I truly want is..ugh...that you acquaint me with your cause of grief! That you share your burdens with me! That you do not escape in drink or in isolation or in any such way! That you do not treat me as a stranger, but as someone who cares for you!*

*I mean- I mean I realize that I have no right to ask this of you, but..please, promise me that, if the time comes, you tell me of your troubles and let me carry a part of them.*

*I..I may tease you a lot, but I hope that..you know that, should you wish it, I shall always be in your corner.*

*Sigh..you might complain about me a lot, but I do! I do enjoy our times together, you know! So I do hate to see.. to see you bearing all your pain alone! I hate to see you turning away from me, drowning in your own sorrow. I will not permit it! I will not let you suffer any longer!*

*So if you truly want my forgiveness- be kind to yourself. Do not believe that you must solve everything on your own. And clasp my hand, if you should need it.*

*Because, in fact, I... do quite like you, you know? Perhaps...perhaps more than you know.*

*\*Yours\*,*

*Sherlock*

*P.S.: Oh, so those ruby cheeks were from alcohol now, were they? Not*

*at all because you enjoyed seeing more of me, you know, outside of your dreams?*

*Hmpf, how about I wear such little clothing in front of people who will actually appreciate it, huh!!! What then!! Would you still have the gall to say such things!!! Hmpf...how very lucky you are that I do not care to see anyone's reaction except yours...*

# G. Lestrade -

## A journal entry.

**18/9 - 18—**

The consultation with Dr Watson went well. One of the junior officers made crude remarks. They won't make that mistake again; I would bet the cost of one of those stethoscopes on that.

I have not had dinner these last few nights.

Perhaps I can ask Mrs Turner...

Note to self: Send Dr Watson the report on current inmates in Marshalsea.

**22/9 - 18—**

I wrote to them. They came.

I wake up after our meetings and find time has passed, words have been said... always as if entirely out of my control. But, my eyes open, and things have admittedly been solved. And while I never quite find the solutions I want, nor the words... I am left—I realise I should take no pride in our work, as I am a mere insignificant part—*But I do*.

It is the best part of my days.

I never say it.

Next time, I will.

**23/9 - 18—**

And there she was. Yet a reminder. Of my inadequacies.

I told her to leave.

I was in no state to be around... people. Lest of all her. I fail with my plans to be civil with most... And with her... well. She is the proof and source of that ~~pain~~.

I told her to leave. In my own way. I think I may be incapable of decency?

And she doesn't leave.

Fuck.

Yet another failure, eh, ol' chap?

*You bloody idiot.*

*Well done.*

Out of all people, *she* finds me.

Why is it always *her*?

24/9 - 18—

I hurt her. I must have.

I had never intended to hurt her.

All those times before. Where I had never been better than curt. Every time before, and after, where I came up short, I told myself: Next time, I shall be better. For her, for she deserves better, and because...

I have no wish to be this way.

I had been determined. After we parted last—that—the next is where I tell the truth, speak my mind—not only the troubles—but all.

But I am weak.

Another blow. That damn cursed call. And I am back to where I began.

*Worse.*

I had promised myself I would tell her. That... I enjoy her company. Our silence. That, I, too, consider her to be...

Instead, I told her all my worries. No—no, not just my worries, but...

I was hurt. Not because of her. But... *because* of her. Her presence was always a stinging balm. A reminder of my inadequacies, how it all started on the wrong foot, of what I do not have, what I have lost, what I can't have—

She could swoop in and solve all the puzzles I couldn't even see. And she did it so well, so immaculately, I can't hate her for it. Not ever. Not really. But god, I can hate myself for it.

My head feels like death.

Does she know I can't function around her?

I am worse in her presence. And she is her best.

And I am reminded of that. When she walked in the door. And called my name.

And then every worry, and every worry I worry exists, in her or me or others—came crashing out. Out of my lips, poison spewed. Worse than I have ever done before...

It was *the* worst thing I have ever done.

*To the best one I have ever known.*

And so, there's no forgiveness. I won't fool myself about that. I don't want it, even if I were to plead for it. I want to prove my words wrong. And I shall. Consequences and cost be damned, I shall give reparations for the hurt I have caused. What else do I have to do? Hell—may it be the last thing I do.

I shall enact an apology. And I shall want for nothing in return.

I won't lie to myself.

I won't beg.

I will be better.

An apology is only empty words until reparations have begun and changes to never repeat the fault have been enacted—

Here is what I will do:

1.

---



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## A letter to my sister

I met someone entirely marvellous to-day, and we are to move in together tomorrow.

That sounds rather sudden, even to my ears... But let me explain first, dear sister, and then it will all make much more sense than you would have accused me of lacking.

*- Written on the margin: (I am well. I swear I have not imbibed and made hasty decisions. You know I would not do that to you and Mother.)*

As I had told you in my last letter, I was rather skint. Lounging about London for far too long with my army pension had had rather an unfortunate effect on my purse. I had little left to remain in London at the rate my lodgings were going.

Therefore, I was determined to change. This morning, when I took my tea—a little earlier than I had been most days. I have a rather anxious disposition when I am without a good plan. I am kept late by my mind and awakened early. Nevertheless, a little out of sorts, I was to go and find new prospects this morning, well—after lunch—and would you not know it—

Do you remember Stamford? I must have mentioned him in my letters. *Well...* I might have.

But I was glad to see him. He is hardly the important bit here, and do forgive me if I ramble on, dear sister, but I...

Perhaps one day, you will know exactly how I feel.

I am excited to start every new day now.

*I feel it keenly.*

To make a somewhat longer story shorter, he said I looked alarmingly much thinner than I had been since last. Which is hardly surprising, I should think, given my stay at the infirmary. We spoke of our lives. I am sure I mentioned

you, and he smiled and pretended to know you very well.

Then—I mentioned I was searching for some new lodgings.

And that is where my day rather changed. Of course, this change... I should hope for a greater and more long-lasting effect than merely a day. I rather think it could be. Soon I promise I will get to the why—

Stamford had heard the very same thing once before, earlier today; for someone to go in on a place together. There was an individual who came into the hospital at times for research and educational purposes. My old acquaintance was not terribly informed of detailed matters of the person despite my asking for much clarification. The man said at least twice: ‘You don’t know them yet,’ he repeated; ‘perhaps you would not care for them as a constant companion.’

Stamford even made me promise I would not hold the introduction against him, were it not successful. I know I should have been rather appalled by the prospect at this stage. However, does it stain my character much if I admit to now being all the more intrigued?

The hospital was not a far walk, and we soon found the one we sought in the middle of some writing, next to some rather complicated laboratory equipment. They looked up, held up a test tube of some dark colour to my acquaintance and exclaimed to have solved the next puzzle in criminal investigations. Some practical application to determine if there are traces of blood on a sample. (I had this explained to me later, in further detail, I admit to being rather distracted at the moment to quite take in the clinical jargon and significance of it all).

Then they shook my hand, introduced themselves, and told me things about myself that were entirely true.

It was as if they knew who I was at first sight. From the obvious, my injured leg—to what I thought impossible to guess—like the source and details of my injury.

I wish to impart with you the shock of it all, dear sister.

It was as if being read like a book.

Every page existed apparently on my person, and I was revealed as if by magic—except it was all possible to explain and in the most astonishing manner.

Did you know that I give my army training away by how I stand?

I will tell you, I rather forgot to release their hand, so surprised was I by their *deduction*, which is what they call it.

And this rather went on for a while, as I was curious as to what more one could detect —

Then they showed me their new discovery by pricking their own finger, sacrificing their own blood, when I had very much offered mine. There was no hitch to the concoction's reaction at all; it went perfectly, and I, too, was convinced of its importance. Hundreds of men would not have walked free when they should not have, had this been found earlier. Perhaps the opposite is also true?

*Oh.* I'm afraid I rather went on too long; my paper is nearly running out. I'll be quick—

They had some rooms they knew of well. A Mrs Hudson on 221b, Baker Street. A kind, gentle, rather sensible old woman, I believe. Who's looking for company more than rent.

—And the landlady knew my new friend since before, although both were rather coy on the how.

I accepted there. On the spot.

Of course, the rooms were lovely—better than I had before in many respects, except perhaps in privacy. But, you know me well. I could hardly lie to you. I accepted for quite different reasons than the décor and size of the rooms.

I think I found what I was searching for there. And here I had been, thinking perhaps a turn in occupation was the issue or a quieter life was the solution to my mind's ill and fast wanderings.

It seemed that all I needed was the right company—someone interesting

enough to induce that sharpening of senses, someone who makes me *think*.  
— Furthermore, according to them, I, in turn, ask the right questions. I tell you, I might have blushed at the words!

I did not realise how lovely it is to feel useful to someone so capable until today. I did not realise how much I had missed this very thing I did not know existed until now.

Dear sister,  
I wish I remain their constant companion till the day I die.

*J. H. Watson.*

Ps. I accompany a little money. It is not much, but I do hope it helps. Do be careful. Tell Mother I love them.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Author here:

I took some phrases and lines from the original books (copyright-free),

Especially this line, word for word, from *A Study In Scarlet*:

“You don’t know Sherlock Holmes yet,” he said; “perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion.”

I also took quite a few liberties, of course. My Watson, you may notice, is their own Watson—at least in some respects. The changes made here, in the past, and in the future, are simply to allow me to write what I think is true to the current character I am writing. I hope you like them.

# The curse of Lestrade

I no longer bled.

Looking beyond my skin, it was pale. Dry. And the fool I was, I went searching for more definitive proof. Better would have been to find a mirror of silver coating. Took to walking in the sun. Foster a better acquaintance with a well-placed fence post.

But I was a coward.

I always was.

And I was drawn to what I shouldn't have.

I remember too well their scent on my tongue. It drove me forward to their utterly provocative side. There, a window was open despite the autumn air, and it was nothing if not a compelling invite. *I could feel them...* their heartbeat was as if my own at this diminishing distance.

Standing over their sleeping form, I watched them. I convinced myself I was only...

Curious.

Lonely.

*Surely, all senses had left me.*

They used to be on my mind often. Now, they were a constant.

Deep breaths, soft, supple breaths. Sleeping so well... I never did intend to wake them. Only to watch them, despite my now misplaced blood screaming for—

*Would they taste sweet? Soft? My dry mouth salivated. Is it like wine, like something warm and ever comforting—*

They turned, sighing deeply—and I stilled. Yet they did not wake.

*I can't be here.*

---

The old house I had hidden in creaked well by mortal feet.

Evidently, *someone* had found me again.

And I pretended other humans might share that scent and that I had disappeared successfully. That I had left no trace all those months ago. I pretended it couldn't be them. That they did not always find who they searched for...

*If it's not them... then they aren't...*

"Lestrade..."

But there are limits to the lies I can tell myself—on this matter. Because, To my wretched fate, I could never forget their exact tone, the lilt of their voice.

"I have been searching for you..."

They shouldn't have. They *really* shouldn't have...

"You are going to call me mad, *I swear I have since...* but the night you disappeared, I saw you in my dreams..."

Their voice approached. Closer.

But in my corner, in the cold and dark house, not even moonlight reached me. And whatever was still in my veins now burned. *"Stay back—"* I warned. I did not remember my voice ever to be this dark, roaring, and rough. I had not had use of it for months...

At the sound of me, if they even think it is something like me, they—stilled. "Why did you leave?" they asked. I had felt I knew their voice so well... but it was... *weaker* than I remembered.

*"I had my proof."*

*"Of... what... Lestrade?"*

I didn't answer. Couldn't.

They stepped further, and I felt my throat rumble with some new primal warning, "Stay. Back."

By the darting of their eyes, I saw their weak sight could not separate my shape from the cloak of darkness; I saw them as clearly as if in sunlight. Their gaze grew larger. Worried or scared. The reckless curiosity, whatever brought them to me, now brought them still forward.

*Come closer.*

*Leave. Run.*

*"Sherlock." Find me. "Return home—"*

*Does their skin still feel the same?*

*"I was never very good at leaving a mystery unsolved... You know this."*

*I grappled with anger—why were they the same when I was so changed?*

"You won't find," I tried to search myself for whatever I used to be and speak convincingly, "A game here—"

One step closer. "Then, what will I find?"

My throat, its muscles clenched in pain around me. If I were a breathing thing, it would have stolen my breath.

"Sherlock—"

One more step.

"Don't—"

One final step.

And the remaining resolve drained. I advanced out of the dark, grabbed at their throat and pulled them in with painful force. Their warm pulse played under my thumb.

I saw my features in the reflection of their expanded pupils.

I felt their breath on my face.

Yet they did not move.

Nor scream.

There was no thrashing against a monstrous creature sharing their space so forcefully.

With my inhuman precision, I could see new lines on their face, further darkened under-eyes. There were differences in their appearance. I saw that then. But I only wished to revel in what would be a scream, a face of panic—at

this—my reveal. And how, with it, I would finally find the courage to end it all.

My teeth bared, and the new planes of my distorted face flared as I reached for anger and answered their question, “A monster.”

The warm pads of three fingers caressed my clenched jaw, and I felt... I felt.

I felt beyond anger and craving. I remembered them beyond the obsession; I remembered myself beyond the pain and the shame.

I swallowed the want. I let the anger melt. I asked because I couldn’t comprehend, “*Why?*”

“I know, Lestrade. I know everything.” They smiled as my grip turned to something more akin to an embrace. “I figured it out. After you left... *why did you leave?*”

“How could I not?” My voice is whispered, no longer the one I did not recognise. Their fingers were warm on me, soothing something that existed long before the transformation. “What if I... hurt you?”

“You hurt me by leaving. I would have helped. I can help...” They hesitated, “I thought you left because of what happened... before—”

“No—” I swallowed. “No. Never.” I shook my head, then allowed my forehead to find rest against theirs. “The memory of you... You. Were everything—are—everything I... It was all that kept me these months.” My confession spills, “I found you—that night. I couldn’t. Resist. *That* was why I left. You were my proof that that I was far beyond something defective. More broken than can be healed...”

“You’re a *fool*, Lestrade.” They smiled at me. Truly smiled. “I am incredibly scientifically inclined, and our friend is a surgeon. There’s nothing we could

not put back together... *If that is your wish?"*

I only sighed. "You're too confident in—"

"Either way, you're coming home with me."

I studied their face. They looked a little less tired. As if some heavy weight had evaporated in a moment. "You're underestimating the burden," I said.

"Do you not remember what we promised all those months ago?" *I... I do remember, but...* "You carry my burdens if I carry yours. Do you remember?"

"I remember..."

*This is my solemn vow.*

"Then, are you going to break your word?"

*Until parted by death.*

"To you?" I find the corners of my mouth tug upwards. "If I ever do, may God strike me down."

# Sexy vamp MC seduction of vampire hunter L

I had told them, *'Only fools rush in.'*

Now they lie at my feet, their necks at such acute angles, with their blood pooling, a pretty red carpet on the floorboards of the old house. *I was the fool—* for having taken them with me at all.

"Little tender things, trip tripping down my stairs..." a silk-woven voice rings through the room.

I can only bury the ache I feel at the sound. "Rather wasteful," my voice comes out raspy and hard, "Don't you think?"

"Cruel human, teasing my appetites..." the voice laughs. It's melodic; it's metallic and shrill. I feel a breath on my neck. "I was saving the best—for last."

I turn, my stake in hand. But an arm with the power of a battering ram throws me across the room. There is the sound of ringing, the crunch of wall or bone, and my breath flying out of me in newfound speed. I find I am gone—blackened vision—for a moment. But not for long enough for me to collapse onto the ground. Mid-fall, I brace for the collision. Then, my shoulders ache.

I unfold to kneel, my hand still around the wooden stake. "That's the best you've got—"

*I'm a fucking fool.*

Nails, claws—and a soft, spindly hand—drags me up, holding me by the

neck. "Little rat... *funny food*..." It—she—smiles.

Her lips were red. Eyes were dark; only the barest hint of iris remained at the glittering edges. Cold skin stretched over cheeks—sharp angles of the prettiest painting of death.

Even if my breath remained, my lungs had not ached, and my throat was not preoccupied with closing—I would not have found my words.

Instead, my hand drops its weapon.

She returns my stare.

It's quiet in the night.

Only the wind.

And her lack of breathing.

And the way her mouth curls, how cold her touch is—

I fall to the ground—not far, but I was far from prepared. I find myself kneeling again, now by her side.

"The human... surrenders?"

"She does not... run?"

"Shriek..."

"Cower."

I find only a little of my voice returned, "No."

"What to do with... *you*..." Her hand, her grip, finds my chin and pulls—

softly—turning me to look up at her. Then she turns my face to the left and right as if inspecting my features.

Her sharp nail drags across my jaw, and my lips part unintentionally by the act. I close my mouth. I swallow... as well as I am able. And through it all, my eyes find they can not waver. Not from her sight. Nor for a moment. "They said the devil would be beautiful..."

She smiles again—*why does she smile?*

Her voice caresses my ears, "I could... keep you, little rat..." Her thumb travels upwards to her mouth, her teeth, and a bite. A drop of red falls between us. Her finger returns to me. And I feel the cold on my lips and a lingering taste of blood.

Then her lips are on me. She bites. And I taste warm copper again. I don't let go. I can't.

I hold on with all my might as my soul leaves my body for sweeter things. I am left with a warm, fulfilled cavity of her love.

"It shall only be a minor discomfort... And then it is over... Little rat."

With those words, my vision twists, a crack—of bones—as the darkness envelops me, which leaves behind only the echoes of her laughter and the lingering taste of blood.

And the warmth of her love.

# Sexy vamp MC seduction of vampire hunter L

I had told them, *'Only fools rush in.'*

Now they lie at my feet, their necks at such acute angles, with their blood pooling, a pretty red carpet on the floorboards of the old house. *I was the fool—* for having taken them with me at all.

"Little tender things, trip tripping down my stairs..." a silk-woven voice rings through the room.

I can only bury the ache I feel at the sound. "Rather wasteful," my voice comes out raspy and hard, "Don't you think?"

"Cruel human, teasing my appetites..." the voice laughs. It's melodic; it's metallic and shrill. I feel a breath on my neck. "I was saving the best—for last."

I turn, my stake in hand. But an arm with the power of a battering ram throws me across the room. There is the sound of ringing, the crunch of wall or bone, and my breath flying out of me in newfound speed. I find I am gone—blackened vision—for a moment. But not for long enough for me to collapse onto the ground. Mid-fall, I brace for the collision. Then, my shoulders ache.

I unfold to kneel, my hand still around the wooden stake. "That's the best you've got—"

*I'm a fucking fool.*

Nails, claws—and a soft, spindly hand—drags me up, holding me by the

neck. "Little rat... *funny food*..." It—she—smiles.

Her lips were red. Eyes were dark; only the barest hint of iris remained at the glittering edges. Cold skin stretched over cheeks—sharp angles of the prettiest painting of death.

Even if my breath remained, my lungs had not ached, and my throat was not preoccupied with closing—I would not have found my words.

Instead, my hand drops its weapon.

She returns my stare.

It's quiet in the night.

Only the wind.

And her lack of breathing.

And the way her mouth curls, how cold her touch is—

I fall to the ground—not far, but I was far from prepared. I find myself kneeling again, now by her side.

"The human... surrenders?"

"He does not... run?"

"Shriek..."

"Cower."

I find only a little of my voice returned, "No."

"What to do with... *you*..." Her hand, her grip, finds my chin and pulls—

softly—turning me to look up at her. Then she turns my face to the left and right as if inspecting my features.

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And the warmth of their love.

# A little winter adventure

PDF version

## Prompt

I asked for holiday/Christmas/wintery prompts on Patreon and got this one from Jessica Walling; thank you so much! (And to all that commented!)

“Gingerbread or oranges and Watson, (alcoholic) eggnog and Lestrade, and H being scrooge\* with a cheerful sherlock would be cute ideas imo”.

\*(I made some changes)

## How to play—

The game is simple. Click on text links to move towards the story's end. Don't scroll! (Or do, if you want to, I'm not the enjoyment police). **But beware**, there are secret hidden links :)

## Intro

You do not know how Mrs Hudson always does it, but she got you all together for yet another holiday festivity.

Yet once again, Watson finds themselves in the kitchen wishing for their cookies to not burn.

And, yet again, Lestrade lingers by the punch and eggnog.

Go and see Watson ->

Perhaps you should go and see so Watson won't burn the townhouse down—

Walking down the narrow service stairs to the kitchen, you are met with two things.

A faint smell of sugars too charred.

And soft, desperate murmurings of desolation.

Past the door, those two things increase and a figure with their head in their hands looks up, and their cheeks redden.

“I did it again.”

In front of your steadfast companion was another batch of burnt cookies.

“We can salvage them,” you say.

You promptly turn on your heel and walk back upstairs.

## Help Watson ->

“We can salvage them,” you say. The tray had a few cookies that were less charred and more... almost believably purposefully baked with additional crunch. “With icing and care, we might yet serve them—”

On the kitchen counter, there was powdered sugar and oranges. With these, you begin to make a quick orange-flavoured icing, and Watson looks on with large, hopeful eyes.

The cookies cool and the warm, softly lit room harbours only you and your doctor for several minutes in companionable silence.

“I do not believe I tell you enough, but you’re rather my hero, Sherlock,” Watson says while humming a Christmas carol tune and cleaning the grate of orange zest. “Truly.”

“How so?” You place the cookies, now transformed into works of culinary art, to finally rest on a festive plate.

Upstairs, the main gathering is in full swing, as laughter and festive chatter fill the air. But to you, here, it only appears as if the background murmur of a roaring fire.

Watson’s smile is soft. And the room’s heat has heightened the previous blush to something more akin to a flush. “You were always there when I needed you.” Watson looks down, continuing their slow, meticulous, washing. “From the very first moment. I do not know how... but if I am in need, you seem to simply appear... Perhaps, instead, I should call you my miracle?”

Having saved Watson, and the culinary day, you return upstairs.

Oranges ->

To Watson, no Christmas is complete without one 🍊

I don't know if I have said this publicly, but a common Christmas present in W's house growing up was an orange to share with the siblings and some of the neighbour's kids. So, you who made the prompt, you got it very right!

Therefore, since childhood, Watson has always found oranges to be both nostalgic and quite a wonderful thing. So you chose the flavour very well. Well done!

[Go back ->](#)

You stand in the hallway of the townhouse.

You return to the upstairs hallway. For a while, you remain there, considering where next to go, where there's a knock at the door—

See who's at the door.

You head towards Lestrade who lingers by the eggnog and punch.

You stand in the hallway of the townhouse...

You return to the hallway of the house. For a while, you remain there, considering where next to go, where there's a knock at the door—

See who's at the door.

You head instead downstairs to the kitchen where Watson is.

## Go to Lestrade ->

You walk up to Lestrade, whose form and shadow blend well into the corner by the less festive and, instead, more literal spirits.

As you approach the inspector, they look up from their cup, acknowledging your presence with only the slightest nod.

"Enjoying the festivities, Lestrade?" you ask.

Lestrade's mouth pulls up a little in the barest polite smile. "Punch. Eggnog. Holiday cheer. What's not to enjoy."

You're not surprised that the room is filled with the lively sounds of a cheery gathering, and Lestrade remains on the sidelines. But, there's a line of tension in Lestrade's expression, right between their dark brows, a telltale sign that something is on their mind.

But what is there to cause such seriousness in your occasional companion, here...

"Care to unburden those tense shoulders, Lestrade?"

You promptly turn on your heel and walk away. That's enough of that—

## Remain with Lestrade ->

"Care to unburden those tense shoulders, Lestrade?" you ask.

Lestrade's black eyes are on yours, and a flicker of surprise breaks through their otherwise composed exterior. They shift their weight from one foot to another.

"There's..." Lestrade begins, setting their cup down on the drinks table, "It's... Nothing."

You remain, not deviating from their nearness nor shying away from their occasionally too-intense gaze.

Lestrade's frown deepens, and their eyes turn from yours for a moment. Slowly, their lips part. "*Sometimes*, I don't particularly care for the cheer. Of these days. Cases pile up quick, and yet there's an expectation to be—" They sigh. "*Merry*."

"Do you remember the Christmas time burglar?" You ask.

Now, the turn of their lips is more true. "Aye, think I could've forgotten?" Lestrade barks a laugh. "No. I don't believe I'd forget the sight of you—on that day."

"It was a close call."

"Too close."

"We have made it another few years, yet..." you try and remember exactly how long ago it is now—

Then, suddenly, there's a drink of your preferred drink in hand—and one in theirs. Lestrade holds theirs up. "To another few, Sherlock." Their smile is truly theirs now. No pretence, nothing held back.

"To another new year."

You return to the hallway, having lightened some darkness in Lestrade's corner

## Previous cases with Lestrade ->

Sherlock and Lestrade have solved a lot of cases together. And despite their complaints, all of Lestrade's favourite cases have been solved together with Sherlock.

Fun fact 1: L is bad at riding horses. Lestrade tried for a while to join the [https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metropolitan\\_Police\\_Mounted\\_Branch](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metropolitan_Police_Mounted_Branch), but they don't... tbh they simply don't vibe with horses, and they said they'd "rather remain with their feet firm on the ground." (And not because two separate horses tried to eat their hair).

Fun fact 2: Lestrade is a part of the Criminal Investigations Department (CID), and their department number is 73.

Fun fact 3: L needs new boots in their stocking. Because until 1897, Metropolitan Police officers did not receive a boot allowance.

[Go back ->](#)

Go to see who's at the door ->

As the maid, Anne, and the footman, Neel, are both out looking for Mr Horatio, the cat, the task of going to the door seems to fall on you.

You swing the heavy door open, and a gust of frigid air accompanies the entrance of a familiar face. "Good evening," they say, as their breath is visible in the crisp air—and a soft smile on their lips. "You look somewhat surprised to see me..." the genteel H. Hawthorne wonders aloud.

"I do hope the good Mrs Hudson did not fail to inform you—" They step out of the cold and smile politely as they close the door to your own house. "I replied 'yes' to her invitation for this... 'Holiday revelry'."

You are rather surprised to see them here—

"She did not inform me, but it is not an unwelcome surprise."

Ugh. You turn and leave. This isn't your responsibility...

## Stay with H

"She did not inform me, but it is not an unwelcome surprise," you say to the illustrious person by your side, whose eyes of green never leave yours.

"I do apologise for any confusion," you continue, recovering from your initial surprise. "Mrs Hudson takes a lot of joy from surprises... even pleasant ones."

H. Hawthorne chuckles softly, the warmth of the parlour quickly dispelling the chill from their form. "Ah, well. I shall endeavour to bear being so unannounced and unexpected... And—on that note—"

"In the spirit of the season—" They hold forth an elaborate and ornately wrapped parcel.

They clear their throat. "I have one belief over many others, 'If something is to be done properly, one must learn to do it oneself'." Their frown then directs you to one lightly imperfect paper corner. "I had never felt a need to learn this particular skill, before... But I had read that a personal touch was the trend of the day, for this sort of occasion..."

They continue, "And there is no use in declining it—I know it can be the instructed manner, to do so." You notice, in the corner of your eye, that their other hand is clenched and uncleaned. "*I beg you*, do not. It would hold no value collecting dust in my attic. It is meant only for you."

There is something akin to... *pleading* in their eyes.

"Thank you." You accept the gift and welcome the new guest into the merry gathering.

## H fact

At first, H was much more like Simp H, yet more meek and polite. Then, I made some changes (for multiple reasons) and made them more like non-simp H.

*Partly because I felt I had too many kind and polite ROs, lol.* But anyway, I still remembered how much I liked the idea of the overly polite, charming fan of Sherlock. It also felt so right, with either one of the personalities, somehow.

Therefore, in the end, I decided to have both personalities, *depending on how they feel about Sherlock.*

And so the duality was born.

[Go back ->](#)

## Letter

The grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

*Soon.*

[Go back ->](#)

## End

On the table, in the middle of the parlour, where people mingle and cheer, is a pile of presents.

Some red, some white, and one glimmers almost of gold. It is a palette bright and bold, and their stories you will soon unfold. There's what must be a toy, and one that looks to be a tray.

On top of it all is a single letter of no consequence.

Soon, the maid and footman return with the cat, and Mrs Hudson is once again in the most merry mood. Watson arrives upstairs with a tray of cookies, wearing a nervous expression and a wide smile. Lestrade travels beyond their corner to speak to one or two visitors, and the only one there with a title makes many acquaintances, but their eyes never leave yours for long.

It's a long night.

It's a merry night.

Of singing, warm fires, and warmer company.

Mrs Hudson appears at your side at the tail end of it, her lips tired of smiling—"A toast! To the joy of the season and the warmth of friendship!"

Raising your glass, you join in the toast, the clinking of glasses echoing through the room. The fire's warmth, friends' laughter, and the evening's shared memories create such happiness, such momentary magic.

Mrs Hudson leans in and whispers to you, only you, "And, Sherlock, dear—I wish you all the best. Only the best. And I hope to do so every year. So do take well care of yourself, you hear?"

"There's plenty happening in the next year—such delights. Such merry fun. *Do not forget this*—embrace the coming mysteries. Cherish this journey. And I will be by your side every step of the way.

"Here's to you, and a very merry holiday and the happiest of new years!"

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 14:57

It will open Sunday, 21 January 2024 17:00



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:00

Question from tumblr:

what was Hamish thinking during their first time meeting an equally crushing shy female sherlock during his simp route?

Hamish felt like his high expectations were met for the very first time in his life. You know that thing that happens when you meet a good friend or someone you love, and your smile just naturally happens with such uncontrollable glee? That hadn't really happened to him before, and this was to a person they didn't really know (which he tries and remind himself about). The part that Sherlock was soft and demure made him want to protect her? Care for her. Admire her all the same, but care for the more vulnerable parts.

5



4

[  
17:00]

@Patreon ✨ Q&A starting--

[  
17:00]

I'll probably keep this open quite a while, unless this really  
takes off

[  
17:03]

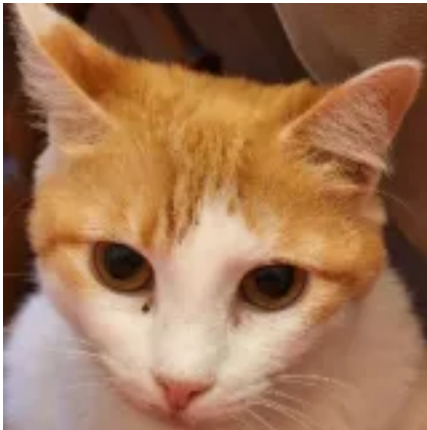
-- I got some questions on tumblr and patreon, (and yall  
are all welcome to send them there too) so ill be  
answering them for a while if i don't get any here

[  
17:03]

@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito

[  
17:03]

I'll be answering here:



Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:04

Hii

1

[  
17:04]

S

@DorianaGray



I'll be answering here:

**Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito** –

21/01/2024 17:05

What's Lestrade's thoughts as Sherlock who wasn't a jerk to L, crying and running away from them?

[  
17:05]

Has Watson daydreamed of confessing to Sherlock, and what are they typically doing in the daydreams? (edited)

[  
17:06]





theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:07

did lestrade make that sandwich themselves in ch1? did they have house staff help pack a convenient extra portion? was it bought?



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:08

What's Lestrades thoughts as sherlock who wasn't a jerk to L, crying and running away from them?

Lestrade did *not* realise at the time of saying their words that it would lead to that. I think they... tbh they werent thinking haha. but god... i don't think they can feel worse. MC has always been kinder than most, its something close to a friendship in their life with a heavy lack of friends (from their perspective). I think MC will never want to see them again, and they think mc would have every right to. Just self hatred to 200%, but for once it leads to

action. they can't let this remain this bad. they have to try  
for ammends, even if it doesnt work. they have to

4



3



4

3



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:10

has X been inspired by any fictional or real figures from the period? like jack the ripper or jekyll & hyde



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito

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DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:10

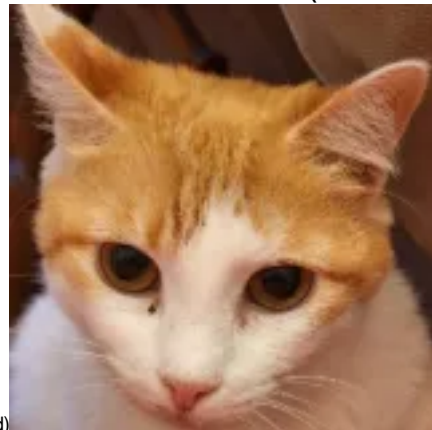
Lestrade has not daydreamt of confessing to sherlock. They arent so aware of their own feelings yet. Honestly, their day dreams are either replaying their interactions, or intrusive thoughts that weer to the overtly romantic/

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S

@DorianaGray

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Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:11

Watson though?



3



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito



Watson though?



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:11

take what u are given waldo lol



4

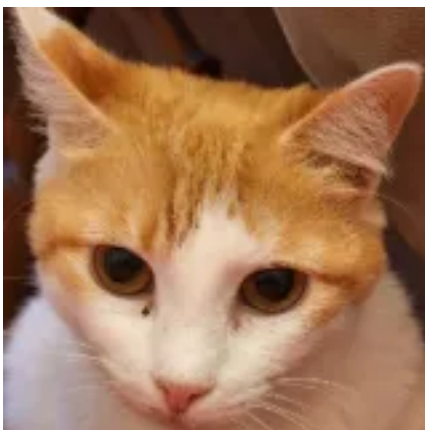
[  
17:11]

become an L simp

1

1

1

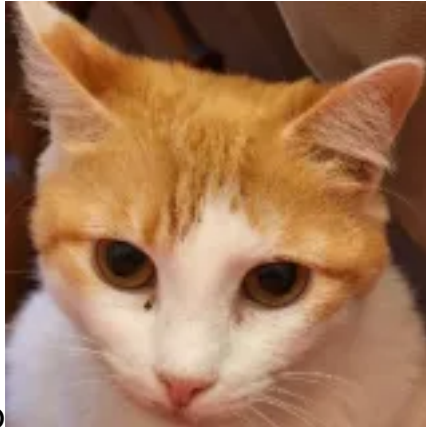


Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –  
21/01/2024 17:11

(No complaints about learning Lestrade, but like I was asking about Watson)



@lord baguette



become an L simp

Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:12

I mean I do like L, and have plans on romancing a sherlock with them



@theirlock holmes

did lestrade make that sandwich themselves in ch1? did they have house staff help pack a convenient extra portion? was it



bought?

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:12

*This time* it was bought (i literally researched what kind of food one could buy as lunch at the time as a takeaway). But if mc has preferences L remebered and got one specifically for mc. L has made food and brought it for mc tho lol. L would make MCs favourite food for their own lunch, just in case mc was hungry too.

3

4



leekyo –

21/01/2024 17:13

What dis

S

@DorianaGray

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Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:13

Malewife Lestrade confirmed /jk



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:13

not him packing an extra bento for crush



2

3



1



1

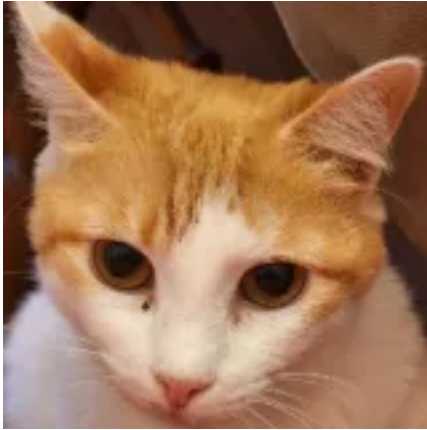


leekyo –

21/01/2024 17:13

Is this live Q/A

3



Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:13

Yes



leekyo –

21/01/2024 17:13

Hmmm



@theirlock holmes

has X been inspired by any fictional or real figures from the period? like jack the ripper or jekyll & hyde



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:13

Yes. Technically.

**3**

**3**

**3**



**2**





Watson though?

[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:15

Watson also doesnt allow it to weer too sexual haha. but might be more inclined to allow more romanctic daydreamings, as they are quite platonically romantic as it is. they can sort of allow themselves to imagine hugs, dancing, cuddling, etc,

3



[@DorianaGray](#)

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lord baguette –  
21/01/2024 17:15  
how bold of W. A whole ***hug?***



6



@lord baguette



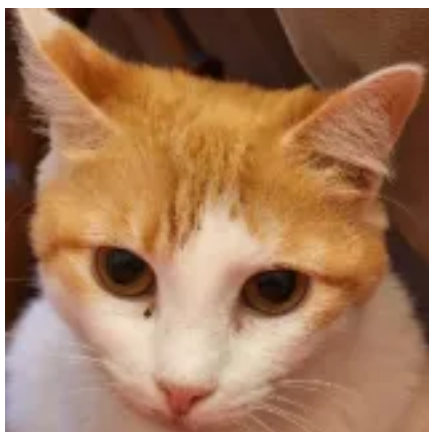
how bold of W. A whole ***hug?***

[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:16



ITS THE VICTORIAN ERA BAGGG



[Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito](#) –

21/01/2024 17:17

I think Watson be the type to blush and kick their feet over writing Jane/John Sherlock in a journal



[@DorianaGray](#)



ITS THE VICTORIAN ERA BAGGG



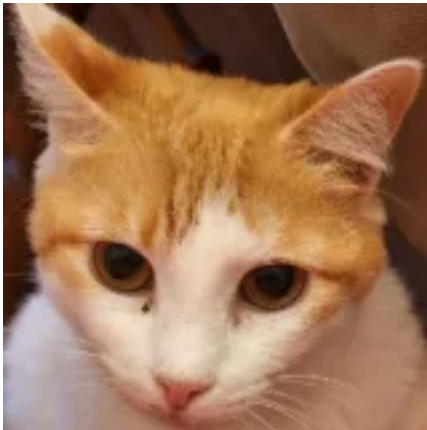
lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:17

bet they dont even have gloves in that dream mmmm. W  
you shameless dog, you. (edited)



5



Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –  
21/01/2024 17:17

So I didn't really think Watson be having horni dreams

[  
17:18]

Ooo who would you fuck marry kill of the ROs?

[  
17:18]





AK –

21/01/2024 17:19

Has Lestrade realized she has the hots for my Sherlock yet or is she still clueless/in full denial?



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:19

I got a question on tumblr:

Hi!! I'm here bc of the Patreon Q & A but too shy to ask over Patreon haha so uhm!! I'm not sure if the questions are supposed to be restricted to the ball alone, but if not, then: When will we get to see Adler and X, respectively? Will everyone's romance develop at the same pace (ie everyone gets a kiss in chapter 9 or something), or be individual? You mentioned that Gregson and Mycroft will be mentioned, but will we ever get to see them in person and interact with them? Will there ever be POV scenes for the ROs (imagine those when they see Sherlock for the ball all fancy and dressed up!!!)? Thank you and have a great day!!!

--- You can ask any question Adler is chapter 6 (the ball)  
And, you will see X at the ball too. the romances do not  
move at the same pace at all. very different i would say.  
you will meet mycroft. Probably not gregson



no plans for traditional ro pov in game. but  
might do diary excerpts from the ros. I could do some  
POVs for patreon tho.



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito

Ooo who would you fuck marry kill of the ROs?



[DorianaGray](#) —

21/01/2024 17:20

me???



[@DorianaGray](#)



me???

Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:20

Yes who would you, the author, would fuck marry kill of  
the ros (edited)



@AK

Has Lestrade realized she has the hots for my Sherlock yet or is



she still clueless/in full denial?

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:20

technically knows it, but won't allow themselves to think  
it / say it. Will soon realise they are too far gone not to  
accept it tho...



@DorianaGray

technically knows it, but won't allow themselves to think it / say it.  
Will soon realise they are too far gone not to accept it tho...



AK —

21/01/2024 17:21

5



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito

Yes who would you, the author, would fuck marry kill of the



ros (edited)

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:21

F Adler Kill X marry W

3



2



1



leekyo –

21/01/2024 17:21

What kinda combination of button do we gotta push

Watson for them to, you know, take the initiative?

3



[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:21

(if i miss a question just tagg me <3)



[@DorianaGray](#)



F Adler Kill X marry W



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:21

it's the stinky letter that does it, isn't it (edited)



3



@lord baguette

it's the stinky letter that does it, isn't it (edited)



[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:22

yeh lol. i would stay far away lolol

1



[@leekyo](#)

What kinda combination of button do we gotta push Watson for

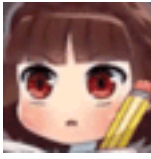


them to, you know, take the initiative?

[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:22

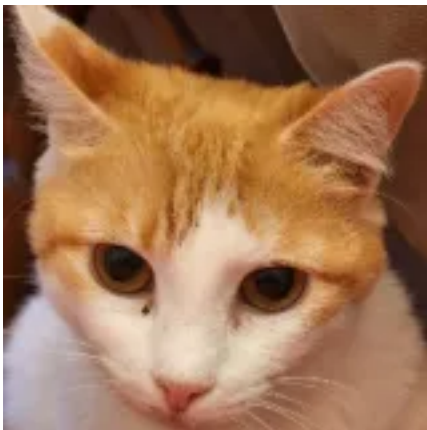
the jealousy direction, or heavy heavy teasing. preferably both. (or patience, but who has time for that) (edited)



3



3



Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:22

Is the opening scene murder of the game involve X?

S

@DorianaGray

the jealousy direction, or heavy heavy teasing. preferably both. (or



patience, but who has time for that) (edited)



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:23

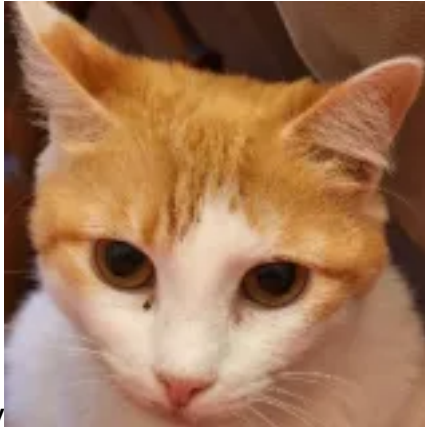
\*flirt with H basically



3



@lord baguette



\*flirt with H basically

Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –

21/01/2024 17:23

Flirt with H money



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito



Flirt with H money



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:23

we can multitask, waldo

3

S

@DorianaGray

the jealousy direction, or heavy heavy teasing. preferably both. (or



patience, but who has time for that) (edited)

leekyo –

21/01/2024 17:24

Well well well, who woulda thought Watson the type of  
get jealous like thay

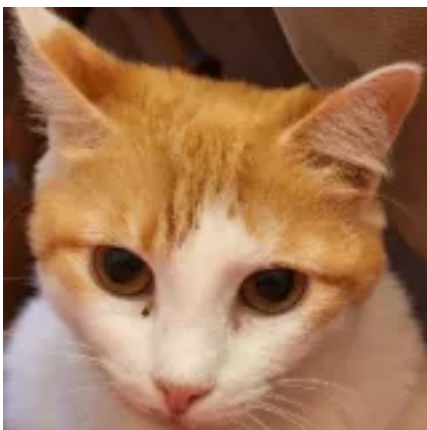
4



[DorianaGray](#) —

21/01/2024 17:25

I found some patreon questions—



[Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito](#) —

21/01/2024 17:25



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:25

1) Will we get to pick our attire and the colour again in which case. What colour do the ROs like the most hahaha Yes. that is a planned feature! I don't remeber the colours at this moment, but once we get to the ball I'll give yall a detailed guide haha <3 (edited)

[  
17:27]

2) Will we be able to choose who escorts us to the ball? Bc if yes the Lestrade conversation will be so deliciously awkward HAHA Lestrade will not be able to escort the mc. At first i had an idea for something in that direction, but i felt it didnt make as much sense. + i like the tension of meeting them again after that all went down in a public place, with some tension buildup. You can be escorted by W, or Mrs Hudson, or H (if you meet certain requirements)

[  
17:28]

(if any of yall have questiions you can keep asking!)

[  
17:29]

3) In case we will have time for dancing, will we be able to

dance with all the ROs, or one? All of them



4



7

[  
17:30]

5) Will there be those cliché get-aways where Sherlock and their RO can catch up in the garden and....engage in whatever shenanigans you can think of haha Uhhh, technically no sexy times in a *garden*.

3

[  
17:31]

6) Will there be jealousy scenes bc honestly at this point everyone has the hots for Sherlock and what if they all ask for their hand LOL Lol. Yes. a lot of jealousy scenes if you go that route.



6



theirlock holmes —

21/01/2024 17:32

doriana what has been the most amusing thing you have learned during research & development for the fic? (social custom, something about society, fashion, etc) hehe

[  
17:34]

how often has w and sherlock gone under cover as partners for an investigation?



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:36

Tumblr question:

For the Patreon Q & A : How did Lestrade REALLY feel about an MC who wore revealing clothing, pushed closer to them and kept teasing? hehe. And also, how did Hamish feel about a MC who wore revealing clothing, but who otherwise had a good reputation, didn't spurn their advances and was also a tea nerd LMAO

- 1 L felt a flight or fight response + blood pressure changes lol. They were, hot under the collar, let's say that . + felt like it was all a game and any action on their part would be... bad. but god. they wanted to.
- 2 Lol. confusion? Like, "you're that amazing, yet you... do this to yourself??" it's confusing to them that someone can be clever and charming and obviously have good taste and sense, yet... wear that and take such a risk.



2

1

@DorianaGray

Tumblr question: > For the Patreon Q & A : How did Lestrade REALLY feel about an MC who wore revealing clothing, pushed closer to them and kept teasing? hehe. And also, how did Hamish feel about a MC who wore revealing clothing, but who otherwise had a good reputation, didn't spurn their advances and was also a tea nerd LMAO L felt a flight or fight response + blood pressure changes lol. They were, hot under the collar, let's say that . + felt like it was all a game and any action on their part would be... bad. but god. they wanted to. Lol. confusion? Like, "you're that amazing, yet you... do this to yourself??" it's confusing to them that someone can be clever and charming and obviously have good taste and sense, yet... wear that and take such a risk.



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:36

smh at H

[

cant appreciate a good tittle window



2



3



@theirlock holmes

doriana what has been the most amusing thing you have learned during research & development for the fic? (social custom, something about society, fashion, etc) hehe



DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 17:37

Oh haha I have some fun notes on that—but I suppose, hmmm, i suppose i find the whole thing about Parisian green to be fascinating yet horrifying.

2



@theirlock holmes

how often has w and sherlock gone under cover as partners for



an investigation?

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:38

depends on the mc and W gender combination i suppose, but atleast once, if the cover works. More if they are platonic only haha



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:39

What are Mrs Hudson's theories as to why Sherlock and W, of respectable bachelor age, are not yet courting or engaged with anyone? Give some of that juicy gossip



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:40

tumblr question: Here for the Patreon Q & A : How does Hamish feel about a MC who meets their requirements, but is lively, can protect themselves and is generally energetic, but crumbles easily around only them (as in, gets nervous, stutters, blushes all the time ihfphwfp) but are otherwise capable, just around THEM.. Ohhh hmmm I think H would pick up on it, and find it veerry fascinating



Would enjoy testing the limits of that blush a little...



@theirlock holmes

What are Mrs Hudson's theories as to why Sherlock and W, of respectable bachelor age, are not yet courting or engaged with



anyone? Give some of that juicy gossip

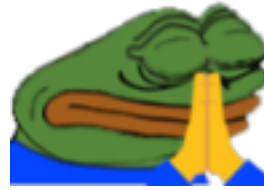
DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:43

Looo!!!! oh, I'm sure she has plenty of theories haha. With W I think she thinks they are just too busy and particular in what they want (which is partly true). With Sherlock I think, well it depends on how u play ur mc, but I think like in the canon books MC says they don't have the time or interest in matters of the heart—and she takes that to heart—and chooses to ignore it for matchmaking!

[  
17:43]

Mrs hudson being toxic



(edited)

[  
17:44]

Lol, yall are being unusually not spoilery lol...

[  
17:44]

THIS IS A SPOILER Q&A

S

@DorianaGray

Mrs hudson being toxic



(edited)





lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:44

'sweetie, i know u don't care about matters of heart.. but  
how about money?' *points at H*



4



3



@DorianaGray

Lol, yall are being unusually not spoilery lol...



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:44

who is X, spill



1



@lord baguette



who is X, spill

[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 17:45

the one i cant answer



2



lord baguette —

21/01/2024 17:45

i came here to have fun and im feeling so attacked rn



DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 17:45

[  
17:45]

i have a few more on tumblr let me check

S

@DorianaGray



THIS IS A SPOILER Q&A

theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:47

Describe the next chapter update in five words hehehe

(edited)

S

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:47

Oh the Patreon stuff is so much fun!! Have some more questions if you still want some: How would Lestrade feel about a MC who would remember what food he likes and make HIM sandwiches (great ones!!) how would Hamish feel about MC making him their own teablends, according to their tastes, and how would Watson feel about Sherlock being an excellent baker and baking them stuff hehe

Ohhhh plz do make em sandwiches, L would LOVE THAT! like, yeh. do to others what you want them to do to you lol. L needs some taking care of pronto! H: impressed if it's good. Would probably give u a honest review lol. W: love that, keep it coming. there's no depth to their stomach for Sherlocks baked goods!



@theirlock holmes

Describe the next chapter update in five words hehehe (edited)



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:48

French Dress-up with flowers

[  
17:48]



tho the flowers are variable tbh

u might not  
get em



5

[  
17:50]

Just gonna have some water, keep em coming if u have  
something



theirlock holmes —

21/01/2024 17:50

I forgot if this was asked but is there an L vs X rivalry for  
sherlock (ofc the L vs W is alr palpable) Seeing as L has  
seen X and knows what they are capable of...



lord baguette –  
21/01/2024 17:51  
has L seen X?



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 17:51

They apprehended them together didnt they wait omg



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:51

no, that's a diff dude (edited)



theirlock holmes —

21/01/2024 17:51

Omfg

[  
17:52]

Has ANYONE ever seen X



@lord baguette



no, that's a diff dude (edited)

DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 17:52

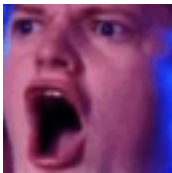


allegedly

3



2



3



@theirlock holmes



Has ANYONE ever seen X

[DorianaGray](#) —

21/01/2024 17:52



@DorianaGray



allegedly



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 17:52

smh, L goes to such lengths to make sherlock drop that  
line of thoughts in ch1 and hERE U ARE (edited)



4



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:55

tumblr:

For the Q & A : How does Lestrade feel about probably the entirety of Scotland Yard saying that they and Sherlock are like an old married couple by now LMAO (+ what would they say if they would say it within earshot of Sherlock HAHA. How much military exercises are they gonna be put through) + how do the ROs express jealousy (I'm especially looking at the ball here lol. What'd they do if someone (aside from the other ROs) tries to dance with MC. I just imagine Watson charging at everyone like a bull HAHAHA. And hmm lastly, how would the ROs feel about a MC who has always wanted a family and children (+ how would they react to stuff like. Idk for a mission MC has to wear wedding attire and they see them be great with kids lol)

Oh, I'll pick the ones i can easiest answer here: L dips out when theres jealousy W does the opposite, it just spurs them on. A would like the challenge tbh, like a fun game

untill they are actually invested (if they somehow came to realisation that they might not win...) H would try harder and be patient, but wouldnt expect to lose...



4

[  
17:57]

ohhhh that Q & A is JUICY hehehe okay what if MC had like, a very insistent admirer or idk a childhood friend who always had a crush on them and then they..PROPOSE OUT OF NOWHERE and ask Sherlock to be their spouse..IN FRONT OF THE RO!!! who would get jailed for what they do next (lol)  
lol. Honestly the one that feels like they would be closest to get jailed would be H cause they migt propose a duel, which wasnt really legal (it was a weird legal area it seems)



6



lord baguette –  
21/01/2024 17:57  
love that for H



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 17:57

whoever sent the nsfw ask, i don't entirely sure what u mean, like, in what context?

[  
17:58]



[  
17:59]

lol

ohhhhhhhh for the Q&A what if the ROs had to play pretend married couple for a case..WHAT IF THE ESTABLISHMENT ONLY HAD ONE BED AND BOTH PARTICIPANTS WERE CRUSHING..how would the RO act and react inside the scenario in general, and what would happen in that bedroom if, say, they were, by a mysterious circumstance, FORCED to sleep in the same bed..

Something very close to this might happen in game so, we shall wait and see

[  
18:00]

cant believe that anyone has not asked this yet for the  
qanda smh HOW DID CRUSH WATSON REALLY THINK  
ABOUT THE WHOLE HAMISH SKINSHIP / MILK / HAND  
TOUCHING INCIDENT I AM CONSUMED WITH  
CURIOSITY DORIANAAAAA

loollll not skinshipp haha (its a fair word usage tho) Oh,  
W is very emotionally reactive at it. not acting rationally at  
all. just grasping at any argument to make it stop / never  
happen again. A mix of panic, and anger, and jealousy,  
and worry. (edited)



theirlock holmes —

21/01/2024 18:00

how would each f!ro fend off admirers at the ball bc then  
dont want sherlock to get the wrong idea (or DO they  
want them to get the wrong idea)



@theirlock holmes

how would each flro fend off admirers at the ball bc theh dont want sherlock to get the wrong idea (or DO they want them to get



the wrong idea)

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:03

all the ROs have decent enough excuses they can give to not dance with strangers should they not want to (despite the rudeness of saying no to a man as a woman (this was an actual thing, u couldnt really say no without good reason)). L and W are there to work, A has their tricks, and H wouldnt even allow the question to be asked unless they wanted it to. (edited)



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 18:03

did W ever find out if their biscuits were shared with H during that salacious tea room incident



MEE6  
BOT

—  
21/01/2024 18:03

GG @theirlock holmes, you just advanced to level 3!



@theirlock holmes

did W ever find out if their biscuits were shared with H during that



salacious tea room incident

DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 18:04

Yes! If you don't get a romantic moment W's anger is partly directed to the biscuits! haha



@theirlock holmes

did W ever find out if their biscuits were shared with H during that



salacious tea room incident



lord baguette —

21/01/2024 18:05

asking the real questions lol

2



@lord baguette



asking the real questions lol

**theirlock holmes** –

21/01/2024 18:05

the betrayal the hurt the disrespect

3



**DorianaGray** –

21/01/2024 18:06

WAIT READING THE Q AND A AS WE SPEAK (but too shy to participate ahhhh but yall are so funny hehe) BUT WAIT WHICH VARIABLES DO WE NEED TO GET RIGHT TO HAVE HAMISH ESCORT US TO THE BALL PLS I HAVE SUCH A NEED FOR THIS GUY  
you need to either: have H as full simp and choose the

shy choice where it's like "are u asking me to a ball?"



" orrrr have them be full simp or half simp + romance points and wait till chapter 5.2 <3 (edited)



lord baguette —  
21/01/2024 18:07

damn who is out here 'hehe'-ing anonymously HMMM, is the ghost of michael jackson a fan of aaoth lol



1



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 18:08

which route(s) get the biggest oof after the next update



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:08

Hi ho, here bc of that Patreon thingy!! Since we won't be interacting much with Mycroft and Gregson , would you maybe tell us how you imagine them to look and act like?

I am sooo curious as to how you imagine them!! have a lovely day!!  
Cant' say i have much of a physical idea of gregson



except i guess i imagine them a bit older  
Mycroft isnt... handsome. and a bit terrifying with their intelligent yet blank stare



[TheFabulousBlasphemer](#) –

21/01/2024 18:08

do the events at the ball tie into whatever case comes afterwards?



[@theirlock holmes](#)

which route(s) get the biggest oof after the next update



DorianaGray –  
21/01/2024 18:08  
oof?



@TheFabulousBlasphemer  
do the events at the ball tie into whatever case comes afterwards?



DorianaGray –  
21/01/2024 18:09

oh, yeeh. def



1

S

@DorianaGray



oof?

theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 18:10

big gut punches in the heart either in angst or in fluff





1



[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 18:10

I think I'll be keeping the room open for 10 more min or something. it's quieting down, and not sure for how long either one of us can keep up haha.



[@theirlock holmes](#)

big gut punches in the heart either in angst or in fluff



[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 18:10

ah

[  
18:10]

hmm



@theirlock holmes

which route(s) get the biggest oof after the next update



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:10

hmmm. depends on where i cut the chapter. But probably H, or W.



3

[  
18:11]

(for the q+a) LISTEN I know we should be angry with L  
and I mean I AM but will there be, at some point  
(hopefully soon, seems like he needs it, ahhhh) be an  
option to comfort him?? i mean even if he doesnt talk  
about everything immediately, just the option to say that  
one is there for him, maybe hug them or something..he  
makes my heart hurt AHHHH  
yes it might be after the ball tho. but right after. (edited)



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 18:12

^ Im glad fr yeah Im too soft to angst L into submission

2



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:13

somewhat nsfw, tho not really:

OKAY I MEAN IDK IF WE ARE ALLOWED TO SEND I MEAN. JUST SLIGHTLY!!! SPICY ASKS FOR THE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS SECTION, BUT!! How do the ROs feel about an MC who is slightly- sensitive and ahem, a little vocal- like sometimes they might accidentally brush them and they let a slight yelp or whimper EHRIFHPER OH SORRY ABOUT THE NSFW ASK I meant smt like, the RO accidentally brushes their hands over a sensitive area like the lower back or smt, and THEN that happens, if you know what I mean ethowhow

I mean, some would find it funny/interesting to see how far that goes: (H and A, and L on some routes maybe, when in relationship). W might be a bit more worried tbh haha.





lord baguette –

21/01/2024 18:14

W really staying true to his doctor role lol



4



3



theirlock holmes –

21/01/2024 18:14

go on give sherlock a physical, W (edited)

3



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:15

oh this is one of my favourite scenarios (for the Patreon!!): how would the ROs react if someone badmouthed them in front of Sherlock (imagine said RO was about to walk in but managed to hide behind a wall in time, so that they are not noticed), and Sherlock rips this person a new one and mentions all the best qualities of the RO (even the

ones they'd never admit to in front of them lol)?  
This and the reverse will probably happen in the game tbh



So I'll save it for the game.



@theirlock holmes



go on give sherlock a physical, W (edited)



lord baguette —

21/01/2024 18:15

right in front of mrs H's salad?????



2



theirlock holmes —

21/01/2024 18:15

In the next update will W come clean about their pettiness for H to Sherlock. They cant leave my sherlock hanging like that hmpf (edited)



DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 18:18

gonna add to the domestic q and a's lol, how would the ROs react if, once they were sick, Sherlock would INSIST on taking care of them (I imagine H has plenty of servants but STILL they want to do it!!) like making them porridge, changing that cold towel on their forehead anime style lol, and who would sing them to sleep if they could not fall asleep!!!

W would be both such a terrible yet needy patient. lol. both telling u to not do anything, but also to never leave. A would be needing ur help if its something light, and if they are dying or smth severe would tell you to leave H would NOT like to be in this vulnerable position!! not with anyone. tho they might, well, kinda trust u more than most, tho that depends on how far you two have come tbh... L hmmm... wouldnt let u help until they nearly faint and grumbly get into a bed while kinda loving the care.



@theirlock holmes

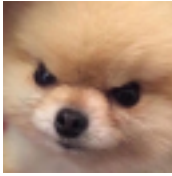
In the next update will W come clean about their pettiness for H to Sherlock. They cant leave my sherlock hanging like that hmpf (edited)



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:18

nah, W is sticking to their story lol



2



2

[  
18:19]

I am gonna stop taking new tumblr asks now haha. theres coming so many, I'll see which ones i can answer quick





lord baguette –

21/01/2024 18:19

i love how this q&a is basically: doriana: ok, so yall can ask the most spoilery questions, go wild doriana's fandom: ye but.. how about the cute shit ros do with mc, uwu



5



DorianaGray –  
21/01/2024 18:21

oh GOD I AM SO AFRAID OF MY LIFE CHOICES  
READING THE Q AND A bc. bc listen I have a TERRIBLE  
time choosing amongst your ROs (usually I NEVER have  
but your writing style is soooooooooo) + so I kinda uhm.  
Flirted with all of them ARGH so who will cut my head off  
first in the ball lol (but seriously, when do you think will we  
be locked into a route and also will there be ways to uhm.  
let them down gently and still be friends or should I just  
replay everything bc I don't want to hurt any of your  
precious babiesssssssssss)  
Look, you'll be fine. lean into it, have fun, be a hoe. it's fun  
it's there for a reason. you're not together with anyone so  
you're not doing anything wrong <3



@lord baguette

i love how this q&a is basically: dorian: ok, so yall can ask the  
most spoilery questions, go wild dorian's fandom: ye but.. how



about the cute shit ros do with mc, uwu

[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 18:21

it might be all the pent up tumblr ask energy cause i never answer them...

[  
18:21]



[@DorianaGray](#)

it might be all the pent up tumblr ask energy cause i never answer



them...



lord baguette –

21/01/2024 18:21

mhm, and who's to blame for that



@lord baguette



mhm, and who's to blame for that

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:22

[  
18:22]

if i did there would be less writing done tbh

[

1





lord baguette –

21/01/2024 18:22

lol there is none done so far, so i dont feel like im really missing anything here



DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:23

heyyy for the Patreon, whose Q& A will be up next? I'm going to assume H, or maybe A? Or L again? Or everyone at once bc I'm assuming tensions WILL be high after the ball and everyone wants their say lol

I was gonna do A yeh, but post ball probably. So if i have time before then i might do a H and W one! <3



@lord baguette

lol there is none done so far, so i dont feel like im really missing



anything here

DorianaGray —

21/01/2024 18:23



1

[  
18:26]

nsfw

regarding the q and a, do you have any idea when we  
WILL do uhm. the devil's tango with the ROs haha.  
Something tells me despite their proper facade, H is a

horndog beneath it all and be, with Adler, the first to  
crumble (I hope LMFAO)

Yeh, i know haha. A comes first (pun intended) Then L  
Then H Then W. but just because H and W are later in the  
game doesnt mean they don't get... stuff leading up to  
that



4

[  
18:27]

For the Q&A: Idk if this has been asked before, but how  
do the RO's feel about having children in the future?  
I wouldnt lock such a thing so that you cant have it or  
have to have it with any RO

[  
18:27]

ok final one

[  
18:27]

from tumblr

[  
18:28]

okay this is a little angsty (for the Q + A) BUT how would the ROs feel about Sherlock throwing themselves in front of idk a bullet or smt for the ROs HAHA and I MEAN they're not dying my death wish is not that big lol but what would they say think DO!!! + how would they take care of them afterwards lol. Especially L's reaction should be juicy. imagine this happens shortly after the fight or smt LOL  
oh hey i wrote that early on for tumblr, with L. I'll see if i can find it.

[  
18:29]

<https://www.tumblr.com/doriana-gray-games/658780972464128000/little-bit-of-angst-here-but-how-would-ros?source=share>

[Tumblr](#)  
[The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes - An affair of the heart](#)

✨❤️✨ [Friday angst!](#) ✨❤️✨

Little bit of angst here but... how would ROs react if Sherlock was injured during a case?

Like.. severely, gunshot-wound type injured??? 🙄🙄🙄

Do you ever just want to write something angsty? No? Ju...

[  
18:29]

here

[  
18:29]

[  
18:29]

Okay

[  
18:29]

Thank you all for this time

[  
18:29]

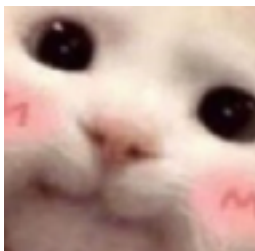
i had fun and I hope yall did too

**6**

[  
18:29]

haha no one asked the question i thought you would lol,  
so i might have to do this again sometime

[  
18:29]



have a good sunday night yall



TheFabulousBlasphemer –

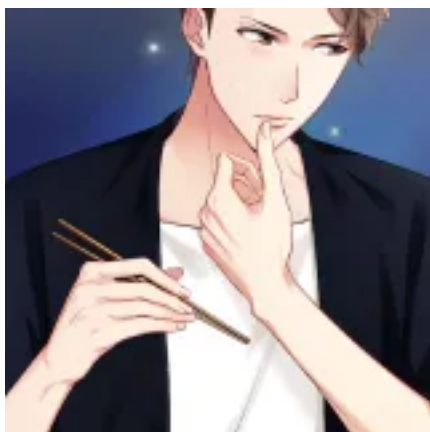
21/01/2024 18:30

it was fun! you have a good night too!

2



2



ella –

21/01/2024 18:45

Thank you for answering the questions Doriana!! Wish you a nice sunday!

2



@ella

Thank you for answering the questions Doriana!! Wish you a nice



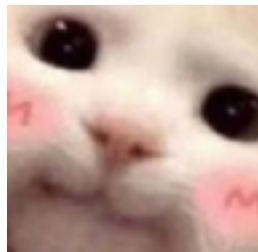
sunday!

DorianaGray –

21/01/2024 18:53



You too!





Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito –  
21/01/2024 20:41



Thank you Dori, it was fun

1



@Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito



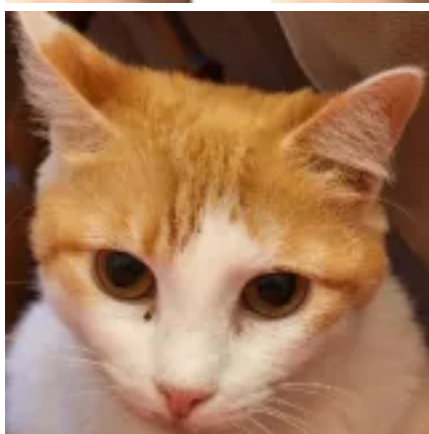
Thank you Dori, it was fun



DorianaGray —  
21/01/2024 21:04



@DorianaGray



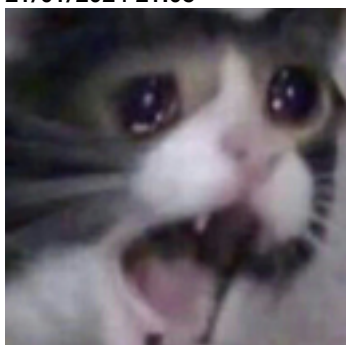
Min Lilla Goose Cat Waldito —  
21/01/2024 21:05



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21:05]



**Dori's Back Alley Tea Dealer** —  
21/01/2024 21:05



[  
21:05]

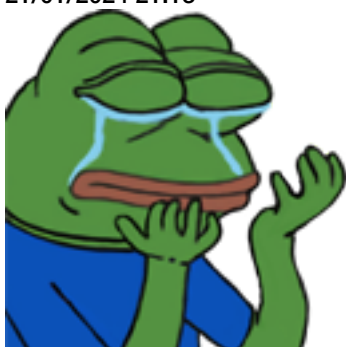
I just woke up



2



DorianaGray —  
21/01/2024 21:13



[  
21:13]



if u have a question I can try and squeeze one in



**Dori's Back Alley Tea Dealer** –

21/01/2024 21:21

Yeah, how are W and H gonna react once/if they find out what L said to Sherls, or get told

[  
21:21]



2



[DorianaGray](#) –

21/01/2024 21:57

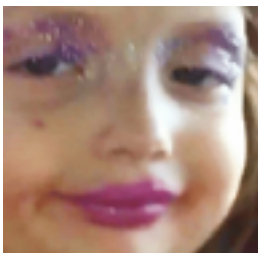
I expect we will see this in the game. But generally W will react with anger, but it might be tempered if mc and L has a bickering type relationship and W knows this. But

they still wouldn't think it was right, and might have a taking to, with L.

As H barely knows either one, really, and hasn't really any right to but in, it would probably be more a judgemental meeting where H is cold to L and wonders how someone like L dares to judge and speak to Mc that way. Maybe especially if mc is on the wounded bird route and/or mc is a woman and L is a man. They then wouldn't think it right for them to speak to a lady in that manner, no matter their prior relationship. (edited)



@Dori's Back Alley Tea Dealer



DorianaGray —  
21/01/2024 21:57





Dori's Back Alley Tea Dealer —  
21/01/2024 22:48



[  
22:48]

You have brought this upon yourself, Detective

## **Patreon Q&A - Part 1**

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### Questions:

#### **1. Where is X Dori?!**

- I know who this is ... and my answer remains the same. ❤️ They are waiting to further correspond, of course.

#### **2. Are we gonna get more capes? >.>**

- ... I also know who this is... And, my answer is... Possibly... (tbh, I have no idea).

#### **3. Will there be jealousy between RO's? What happens if you flirt with all the RO's? Would you have to make a choice at the end?**

- Yes! There is, and will be, jealousy between the ROs. If you flirt with all the ROs until the end, there might be consequences, but I'd like them to be more fun and dramatic than anything. The only negative effect might be if your MC intentionally cheats on an RO and they find out. And you do have to make a choice towards the end. There is technically one LT that can sort of... extend beyond that final choice, but it's a little... unique.

#### **4. What would Watson's life have been like if they hadn't met Sherlock? Do they ever wonder about that?**

- They are entirely convinced that they would have been completely miserable. Might have had to move out of London because their money was running too low for their lifestyle at the time. Didn't *quite* have the want or energy to improve the situation either, before Sherlock came along. They found a purpose there. With MC. Perhaps they feel like they owe Sherlock something because of that. A debt to help MC out of their funk too.

#### **5. Is there a dream type of life Watson fantasizes about with Sherlock? Whether or not they think it's achievable?**

- They want things to stay the exact same (with some minor differences: MC's mental/physical health, possible romantic entanglement they don't dare to dream of, and Mrs Hudson being a bit more chill...)

**6. Could you pls explain the H rose system a little more? What roses are they and what do they represent?**

- Sure! (I gave all the dynamics different names to easily tell them apart).
- *White roses* mean you are on the "wounded bird" route. It's a dynamic where H strives to take care of the MC and take the lead. To get it, the MC has to be more demure, be on the romantic simp route, and let them be the more dominant partner.
- *Red roses* mean you are on the "power couple" route. It's a more equal route, in terms of H's expectations on MC. Two powerful, capable people find themselves stronger together. To get it, the MC has to have the simp or half-simp route and have romance points. (There's a simp / half simp guide on Patreon if you scroll down!)
- *One dark red rose* means you are on the "negative romance" route. It means that H is hesitant to get closer, but they are drawn to MC, nonetheless. To get it—simply make H not like you, and don't get the simp scenes + have romance points.
- *No rose/s* means you don't have romance points with H. This does not mean you can't be on the simp route or that you can't become romantically involved later.

**7. Idk if you've ever said this, but how do the characters feel about each other, esp with regards to MC? we know that L & W kinda get along (tho not after that bar scene LMFAO), but how does everyone think of each other especially with regards to 'I could beat this bastard in a HEARTBEAT when it comes to MC's affections LMAO**

- I wrote about this with emojis once on Tumblr, haha, but I'll try and elaborate more on some combos I find interesting—
- L and W are acquaintances, but they could become friends, if both found the time and want to do so. I think this is something MC will be able to affect

during the course of the game (I also don't think that playing with the LT would make it impossible either...).

- L and H would work well together. But that's about it. Neither one is particularly keen to bond. LT wise... uh... might be a tough LT to do, to make balanced, as H is so forward, and L is so reticent to show their affections.
- A and H, with regards to LTing, is basically like one of those romcoms where the MC has two charming people increasingly aggressively vying for their attention, lol.
- H and W... I think we all know... how that one goes.
- X and anyone else— just a fun time all around, I'm sure.

**8. Do you know how long it'll approximately take u to finish the next chapter, or will you be doing it in parts, or..? Also how much do I need to bribe u to get the ROs reactions for our outfits lololol**

- It's a very, very long chapter, lol. So I might split it into two like I did the last one. I could even do three if you all get excited and just want the RO to see Mc and lead up to the ball and the first few ball scenes. That might lead to 15k anyway, so it might work. (Plz let me know if u have feels about that.)

**9. If the ROs had at least 1 boy and 1 girl with MC, what'd they pitch in for baby names I'm so curious hahaha**

- Ahhhh haha I have no idea—
- Except, I'd see maybe W and H vying for flower names for girls.
- And I think L would probably like something simple and traditional.
- At best, I think most ROs might veto MCs' decisions rather than press their own, especially if the MC is the one giving birth.
- H would never ever push to choose. Would want you to. For a reason...

**10. Are u going to make another sending in letter Patreon section? I need to let H know how much I want to know them BIBLICALLY**

- Yes! After the ball update, there will be Adler and H to send letters to <3

### 11. Thank u and have a nice day 🤗🤗

- ❤️❤️❤️

### 12. Which hat do you prefer of the list? (also are you still working on that visual novel with the tetris gameplay? i had fun with it ^w^)

- Hat? Uhh... I can honestly say I do not have a favourite hat 🎩🤖👨🎓👩🎓👧🗣️  
Tho maybe I should throw some love to the deerstalker for its legendary status. The Tetris game was only for my master thesis, I'm afraid—but I am testing a new, slightly similar game idea with VN + 3D world + romance features. But I keep putting it on the backburner for aaot lol.

### 13.1) How would the ROs react to sudden acts of affection? Sneaky hugs, random hand holding, surprise kisses, etc... 2) Dumbest things the ROs have ever done?

- 1)
- A: I don't think there's a situation where they would ever question it or push you away. No matter how public or inconvenient it may be. The more, the merrier 😊
- W: I mean, we all know they would fluster something fierce... Probably smile awkwardly and ask, "What was that for? Not that I'm displeased, MC—" 😬😬
- H: If it's... decently not in public, and they are a simp... They'd go with it. They'd return it. And they'd show you how it's done 😊
- L: As we all already know, they get all flustered, and their brain shuts down a little + followed by them assuming the worst possible reason for it... 😬
- 2)
- A: Taken a job they shouldn't have taken.
- W: It's always MC related. An example might be like: "believed MC was speaking the truth about their vice or mental health when they shouldn't

have.” It’s always MC that’s their weak spot—it just always comes down to that.

- H: Got too curious and close for their own good.
- L: Allow themselves to be so hurt and broken by another.

**14. Discord ignorant here 🤪 I'm not new to the game, but never had the time to try and learn about Tumblr or Discord. Don't know if you already answered this, but how does Discord work? I mean like what is there for me to expect related to the game. English is not my first language btw**

- I once wrote a little guide for how it works on Tumblr, I hope this helps:

“Please do join ❤️ it’s a nice place, promise ❤️

So you don’t feel too scared I can describe it ✨❤️

When you first join the server your name will pop up in a little notification on the welcome page—here people usually wave at people and u can wave back if you want ❤️ I would say that is all most people do, and I assume that they then lurk on the server (which is totally fine and very welcome too ✨❤️).

The next step is choosing roles in the choose roles room. This is just tags that appear on your profile so we know if you should have access to 18+ stuff or what pronouns or RO you prefer etc. (plz double check so you got the correct tags by clicking on your profile ❤️)

Then, if—and only if you want to—you can introduce yourself in the introductions room 🥰 if you’re not sure what to write you can just follow what other people seem to be writing. (It’s usually what you want to be called and maybe why you wanted to join the server—stuff like that ❤️)

At this point people usually say hi and maybe ask you questions if you seem open to it. We might prompt you to introduce your MC in the “baker-street-MCs” room (formally bakerstreetbabes). You might want to jump in to an ongoing conversation, or read spoilers in the spoiler rooms. Maybe look at the RO rooms where’s theres some pinned art, or look at fan art? 🥰❤️ if you find some older message you want to reply to or discuss please feel free to do so! They don’t expire! ❤️

So that’s the introductory discord experience I would say!

Whatever you feel comfortable with 🥰✨ but I hope to see you there ❤️ take care anon”

**15. What is Adlers personality types according to popular personality tests?**

- The only one I know is their enneagram:
- Type 8, (with 8w7 wing) THE CHALLENGER + ENTHUSIAST
- Self-confident + willful + optimistic + exited + scattered + denial + guarded

**16. What does Watson think about the mini figurine of them in the locket?  
And will they ever find out about the hair clipping/ what do they think?**

- While I had a few HCs about the locket, I’m keeping it a little open until I have a scene where I can put it in. Then, I’ll write what is most interesting in the story ❤️. The hair-clipping is something they will find out on certain routes / if you get certain scenes (unless I forget to implement it...).

**17. If the ROs could choose One (1) fancy date without any concerns as to money, weather, time, etc what would they choose?**

- W: Good food. Great food. A real feast and a cosy environment to enjoy it all with you. Conversation and good food. Maybe some wine and some soft music. Although... Honestly, they are probably most happy if you’re happy. So if the date is simply a case with a tricky puzzle, where they tag along, as long as you’re smiling, so are they. Whatever makes you happy. Nothing makes them feel more alive than simply being with you. Oh! And maybe a beach. I’m not 100% sure they’ve ever relaxed on a decent beach in my game.
- H: I suppose the time and weather issue is more of a concern for them than the money, usually... I see two alternatives. Either, riding along on of their country estate to a pretty glade where there’s nothing but sunlight through tree canopies and bird chatter. And there you would have a charming picnic. Alternatively, take you around the world. Show you places you have never seen. The world is a splendid thing and they would like to share it with you.

- L: As much as they once had plans to see the world and experience things more extraordinary than their everyday life, nothing could be more extraordinary right now than simply being with you, in your arms, at home.
- A: Something expensive and perhaps a little adventurous. Dinner and a show + some wild midnight heist that ends past midnight in a decadent hotel room. There would have to be gifts, good food, and a long night.

**18. Which part of this latest chapter was most difficult to write?**

- OMG THE MODISTE/TAILOR!!! NEVER AGAIN! (I had a bunch of plans for the ROs to use some different languages and stuff, but the balance of "fictional language I can't speak nor write" + 1800s vibe + character type and cramming all that into a piece of text was far too time-consuming for me to want to do it again) + there's the problem that most other languages make NB MC very tricky to do as they are so gendered.

**19. I can choose between estate and Watson is there a poly route?**

- (I assume we mean "Lestrade" and can't choose here) I'm afraid there is not a poly route. But you won't have to choose anything for a long while!

**20. Watson tells Sherlock that they would be likely to "commit a crime of passion" if anyone upset or hurt Sherlock- how true is that claim, and has it already been close to happening before?**

- It is true, although I would say they have had a decent hold of their anger previously. One example is that Sherlock has a lot of fans... and there *may* have been some a little too eager and entitled to Sherlock's attention where Watson have felt themselves eager to act. But they have restrained themselves towards "innocents" so far. However, some dangers in the detective profession have come up where their skills have come to use. But, then, it might not be dubbed a crime... yet.

## **Patreon Q&A - Part 2**

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Questions:

**21. hello dori i love you very much!!! i just wanna know how the ros would deal with an mc that's extremely stressed/anxious. i need some comfort lol 🙌 thank you!!!**

- (Current relationship) Lestrade tries their best. Pushing beyond their own comfort and common ways of behaving to try and give you some relief. Even if that is a hand on a shoulder or a hand in hand. They would offer it. They would attempt a smile, and they would find a calm tone of voice. They wouldn't stop. They would be trying to find something, food, blankets, things—that might soothe you. And even if there was no sign that it helped... as long as you didn't make it clear that they should stop. They would try and assist.
- I think we all know Watson would do this well. If you would allow physical touch, you can bet there would be a wonderfully steady, yet not too firm hug and the most believable calming words. Hopeful words. And they are so damn convincing in their optimism, in their resolution to make the world a better place for you, that you believe them entirely.
- H... I don't know if they quite know how to act here. Seeing you in distress would cause them unprecedented distress that they would not know how to handle. Maybe they would offer to call a doctor, to look into their eyes as you breathe the same slow breaths and air, a gentle hand against your wrist as they count the beats, and then they decide to brew you some camomille tea. They add in a little honey and lemon. Which pairs remarkably well. This is something they tell you as they try and distract you from your troubles. And with a few more diverting topics, I think they might succeed.

**22.What are the main cast's favourite holidays?**

- All I know is... He doesn't like Christmas. W does, as long as the drinking is kept to a reasonable level. L feels... ambivalent until it turns out they are super invested in some of the traditions, and A... as long as there's a party they're happy (or that's what they tell you, and then you find them sitting outside, counting the stars, drunk and nostalgic, and missing home).

### **23. Can Sherlock call Watson precious back?**

- Hahaha, I shall have to think on it! But it's not impossible, and I quite like the idea. I have a list of terms of endearments for the ROs to use, but I don't really have one for the MC to use on them... Hmmm. You've given me some things to think about.

### **24. Where on their body is Watson most sensitive?**

- Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Ignoring the *rather typical places*—there's their hurt leg; some nerves don't quite shoot right there. It is either more sensitive or less, and the muscle is prone to cramping. Other than that, I'm leaning towards thighs and lips... (I allow the right to change my answer for the sake of the game!)

### **25. Will Watson find out about it if Sherlock lies about their feelings towards cases to them? Like the "perfectly alright" part?**

- While I think there's an interesting dynamic there, and it could happen—I don't want to automatically remove the MC's ability to be a good liar/ manipulator/deceiver of themselves or others. A lot of games do such moments cause it's interesting drama, and I agree. But this is Sherlock Holmes. I feel like if Sherlock Holmes really wanted to keep a secret (that's not their very destructive vice), they would be capable of doing so. *Even* with Watson.

### **26. How would Watson react to Sherlock flirting by asking Watson to give them a hands-on anatomy lesson?**

- Lol. I think they would take it as a crass joke or an honest truth. Either way, they would blush up a storm.
- Would they ever actually do it? Uh... maybe? Lol. You would have to be persuasive. And maybe slightly further into the story.

**27. If Sherlock and Watson got married, would Watson want to take the name Holmes or vice versa? And if oblivious Sherlock asked this is a hypothetical curiosity, how would Watson react?**

- It would depend on everyone's wishes and gender combinations, I assume. I'm not quite sure tho. I mean, I know they could merge names back then if someone had a very important name. But I don't know what that required. Marriage licences back then were weird and complex, and I admit to not quite understanding it XD.
- "W—Would I take your name? That's—you mean, would I care to be Jane/John Holmes... I... It's a pretty name, I grant you. That is all, surely, that you meant? Yes, I would be... rather fond of the name, Sherlock. It reminds me of you, after all..."

**28. Would H have a fencing match with a risk taking sherlock ? (maybe if they beg enough ? XD)**

- Yes. Definitely. Honestly, there's a possible chance you will see it in the game or in some extra Patreon content thing. It's a scene I have had on my mind for a while (and not just for that vice)!

**29. Sherlock agrees to grant one (1) wish, with virtually no limits, in exchange for forgetting the RO's birthday. What do each of the RO's (...and X..?) ask for?**

- (Most wouldn't ask of this or demand this, but think of this as their heart's wish)
- W: Eternal companionship.
- H: For you to be theirs (If simp or romanced).
- L: For Sherlock to quit their vice.
- A: ... really depends on the current relationship. I can see it being everything from a kiss, to a night of passion, to a fancy gift, to an adventure, to their hand in marriage.
- X: Your neverending loyalty.

**30. What are Mycroft's thoughts on the ROs? Will we get to see him interact with them in game?**

- We most likely will. I'm not 100% sure that all ROs will be available, but I'm going to try.
- Honestly, I think Mycroft would really only like Watson in the beginning, and even then, I think they might be suspicious of their intentions if W hasn't been open about their feelings with MC yet. (Big brother sees all 🙄🙄)

**31. This might be hard to answer but in a fairytale au universe, who would each of the ROs be? Like who is Cinderella or Snow White or Prince Charmjng etc?**

- Lol
- Uh... ok these were so random and not good but:
- Why do I feel like Adler is both parties of that story about a frog that a princess has to kiss?
- W... Prince Phillip maybe? The knightly type.
- H ... well, now I have to make H maleficent, lol. However, I'm also kind of seeing the Beast from Beauty and the Beast.
- L is... I suppose L also can't be the beast? I feel like pre-sherlock L is more like Eric from The Little Mermaid. WAIT L CAN BE THE GUY FROM MULAN? Ok, I know these are just Disney movies, but like... okay, I have no excuse.

**32. Is Adler in your story more like book!Adler or movie/tv!Adler?**

- Well, let's be honest: We don't really see much of Book Adler. But I would say their external vibe is TV/movie Adler, and the internal vibe is more Book Adler... maybe? Y'all can be the judge of that when you meet them <3

**33. My MC couldn't resist thinking Xs letter was spicy (she's one of those reckless types) but is definitely romancing L. Are there gonna be opportunities to address any letters with the ROs and get the "absolutely what is wrong with you" talk?**

- Yes. Absolutely. 🙄

**34. Btw loved the scene with L snapping. It's nice to have ROs that feel more well rounded and aren't perfect (even though L is perfect in their own way)**

- <3 <3 <3

### **35. What are the ROs favourite foods? :)**

- This once came up on Tumblr!
- What are the Lls' and Mrs. Hudson's favorite food?
- Ohhh, haha <3, I'm probably not too knowledgable about victorian food to answer this correctly from memory—so it might change in game if it ever comes up! :)
- L: A good fish pie (I wish I could change this answer but ngl it feels true...)
- W: Oh they could never choose ;D Maybe a full english spread?
- A: fruit sallad!
- H: Potato soup (I wanna clarify. This is super important. It's a simple potato and leek soup).
- Mrs Hudson: Probably a roast dinner :) (let's say pheasant!)

### **36. What would be the RO's main inner thoughts when they hug the MC?**

- I'm gonna save this for RO povs 🤔

### **37. Will we get to see Sherlock use their vice?**

- Yes! Both in ways that are... that show why the MC would lean on this, what "fun" or use there might be in it—and the worst point in all their use of the vice and that ever will be.

### **38. Do you think your Watson is at all similar (looks, appearance) to James Wilson from House, if you've seen that?**

- Yall! House is a Sherlock Holmes adaptation <3 (Also, I love House). So I definitely see the resemblance <3 Wilson is so sweet. I love them.

### **39.If the RO's could bring only one item to a deserted island (that is not Sherlock), what would it be?**

- H: Practical answer: Useful resources, like a... boat. Fun answer: a book.
- W: Food. Maybe a pie.

- A: Practical answer: A knife. Fun answer: a parasol.
- L: ... a loaded gun...

**40. How would the ROs (if I have to pick include L lol) react to a Sherlock who's hiding some sort of injury so they can continue a case?**

- This one is similar to that (for H).
- <https://doriana-gray-games.tumblr.com/post/660692722773016576/hello-your-game-is-great-awww-i-need-to-say>
- But let me try and write one for L too:

If you thought L was too ambivalent to get involved, you were wrong.

They had far too quickly noticed your stiff movements and your inaudible hiss at bending down to reach the carcass. It really wasn't fair that this was the time their deductions were so correct and quick-timed.

They threatened to throw you out of the scene if you did not sit down on a stool, while they followed your every instruction on the body of the deceased.

– "No. Lower. Is there a mark or indentation? Bruising, even if yellowed and faded–"

Lestrade sighs. "There is nothing–"

– "There would be something."

"No! There isn't."

– "Check the other side again."

"This is ridiculous–"

– "This is why I find the clues, Lestrade, and you do not. You may work hard. But you do not press the points that need to be pressed. Check higher up–"

"It would be indecent."

– "I do not care."

"Perhaps you should." Lestrade stands up and walks over to you, dragging a stool to your side and sitting down with an ungraceful thud. "Why," they say.

– “Silly accident. Miscalculated–”

“No. *Why* search them for this? The cause of death is clear. I do not... I need to understand, better.” They sigh.

– “Their death... It appears... unplanned. By whatever hand dealt it. But a death such as this has no motive without passion. There was anger here... And if there is old bruising, an old break, it narrows the list of suspects down to two.”

Lestrade looks into your eyes, a small widening of such dark eyes and a narrowing of a dark-covered hand. “The family. You suspect the family.”

The inspector returns soon to the body. And a mark is found in an indelicate place. And a captive is caught and sentenced to the full extent of the law.

“Why?” They ask again as the evening settles.

– “You would have to ask the killer, I–”

“Why were you hurt?”

– “Oh.”

They simply wait you out. Giving you the space. The time.

– “In the same manner you were too delicate...” you begin, “I was too indelicate. I asked the wrong person the wrong question. There was anger there too... I simply miscalculated how much, and that it could turn so on me.”

“I can’t have that,” they say.

– “Can’t have what?”

“Call on me. Next time.” Another hard grip that crackles the leather of their grip. “Can’t have...my best detective hurt, can I?” This time their eyes did not meet yours, and they didn’t for much too long.

September 2024

## Patreon Q&A - Part 1

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\*Spoiler questions/answers are at the bottom, each separated by a page!

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Questions:

**1. Are we gonna meet X at the ball, D O R I A N A ?!**

- [\\*link to answer\\*](#)

**2. Will the love interests all get jealous at the ball if you have flirted with all of them so far? Like a fight over your attention/affection?**

- *Well...* I'm not sure if A has the time or temperament to get jealous at the ball... But the rest—yup! There's definitely love triangle/square/pentagon content at the ball :) Fight? Hmmm... *Maybe* not physically. More passive-aggressive, lol... Close to the sort of vibe H/W have given already?

**3. Will there be plenty of time with each RO at the ball? Or is it more likely to get more time with one than another?**

- I would say H and A get more time than the rest, but they will still not be close to catching up to L and W's content tbh, even after the ball 😅 It's hard to catch up when a character comes late. *That said*, many of the H and A scenes are optional... which is a headache I currently have... I'm not sure how I can force enough A scenes to make it a fair introduction for the character (all the other ROs got some larger forced scenes to introduce them)...Though A will have some more forced scenes later. We shall see if it works out in the end.

**4. Will they each have a different reaction to how we dress?**

- The flavour text responses to the outfits are not planned to be repeated. *However*, there might be words or phrases that are the same or references that are similar. My main focus is to make it feel fun and immersive, though,

and that usually requires the text to either feel or be unique 😊 (Yall, the amount of phrases and synonyms and flavour stuff I have coded and written so I can make things feel more than just “nice (blue) (bold) (dress) (mc)” is bananas. Lol. I don’t recommend doing it like that, lol, but we will hopefully have a very replayable ball!

**5. 1) How fast do each of the ro’s realize that Sherlock has them completely whipped and how do they feel once they realized that?**

- L hasn’t quite realised it yet lol. *Soon*. They feel: *Agony*.
- W knows, and they hope you don’t... They feel: *Elation*.
- H is very *confused* by this. Especially if you’re not on the simp route... Honestly, I think they’re also kind of *mad* about it on non simp route.
- A... *well*, they both are whipped and not on their simp route. I don’t think they think it will last, so they’re just like: Neat. A new interesting thing to chase. On non simp... Terror. It will be a while tho, on that route.

**6. 2) Can we do an “oblivious” on Sherlock’s end romance route with all the ro’s?**

- I’d like to try? But I know H and A can be quite bold and forward, so I wonder how far obliviousness can be stretched sometimes 😂 But if it ever feels missing as a choice, let me know, and I’ll see if I can rectify it!

**7. ch6 when**

- Hello, (🥒👑🍌). I hope you are well 😊

**8. 1) What scares the Ros the most?**

- I *know* I’ve said their biggest fears, but I can’t remember where...
- But anyway, scaring is prob not the same... hmmm. I’ll do things they’re scared of:
- W: rats.
- L: supernatural ish stuff they can’t explain away. Like ghosts, lol.

- A: ... Hmmm... I have a few ideas, but I'm not sure yet what's their main one... Once we get further into the game, maybe I'll be able to narrow it down more. Captivity/jail/poverty are some of them, at least.
- H: their late father, probably. Maybe disease. (MC boldly flirting 😏 /jk)

## 9. 2) What are the ROs' heavenly virtues and deadly sins? Have a nice day!

- W: Man... W has a lot of the virtues, lol. I think the big ones might be charity and kindness. These are also some of their weaknesses. As for sins, they can be a little prideful. But also, at times, gluttony and envy, when they're feeling low.
- L: Diligence might be the main one. They work so hard, and they do so very intentionally. But, at the same time, I feel their diligence can become a vice in their case. Vice: Envy, born out of feeling lesser.
- A: Humility, strangely... *kind of*. And some charity. And for vices ... Lust. And a bunch more tbh. I can see them partaking in all of them 😭😭
- H: Diligence, patience (not for all things tho... *especially* not Hamish). Temperance, but that might just be the Victorian ideal manner and not their true self. Their main vice would be wrath + a sprinkling of greed and pride.

## 10. If it was possible, could we get an idea of what a Watson/Sherlock/Lestrade poly would look like? 🧐🧐

- I'm putting this in the spoiler section for one user I know who doesn't like to see/read ROxRO.

## 11. Not sure if this been asked previously, but will we meet Moriarty this iteration? We vibe with fully toxic enemies AND lovers 🧐🧐🧐

- \*link to answer\*

## 12. For all ROs: What season would you hold the wedding lol

- Lol. Uh... hmm 🤔
- W: Spring. We need flowers, green nature, and not so warm the food melts!

- A: Summer. Beach. Or a chapel, *by a beach*. And honeymooning somewhere where there's a private lake! 🤔😌 Also flower wreaths 🌸
- L: Fall. I think they would be calmed by it—cause they would be freaking out..
- H: Ok, for symmetry, I'm choosing winter for H! But it also works—come on, like a super high pretty cake (that won't last because they didn't have real fridges, y'all), as it snows outside, but it's warm inside. Probably at their country estate. Maybe we could make it a Christmas wedding! Maybe that would make them finally like Christmas a little...

**13. I'm sure this has been answered somewhere, but how much time will the game cover? Is it over a couple of weeks or is it longer/shorter?**

- More like a few months... Unless I cut the middle part short. Which *I might*... But the vast majority of the time span comes from time skips.

**14. We know that the ROs have preferences for what we wear, but does our mysterious letter sender have preferences? Not that I want to dress to draw anyone's eye in particular, but...**

- They do have preferences, but I'm afraid I won't tell y'all what they are or even code them into the game until we are further into it 🤔 (I know some of you read the code—but you won't get me this time!)
- I suppose you could colour-match with the dream? 👁️🩸

**15. you probably know who this is since i'm asking lol but what type of npcs would the ros be in a dark fantasy / soulslike world? knights, maidens (gender neutral), shopkeepers, weird guy that peddles potions, whatever. :) love u**

- Beeeeee 🐝!
- Lol, I'll try! I have only played Elden Ring, but I shall try... hmm 🤔 (ok I made an attempt at channeling the vibes lol)
- W: Probably heroic-type NPC that you meet for a quest and then meant to be cried over as they die a gruesome scripted death (good for MC plot/ revenge motivation tho!).

- L: Like a really sad helper NPC that doesn't leave the starting zone and tells you how hopeless it all is. Probably also dies, but comes back, *somehow*.
- A: A sus merchant that if you hit them, they're actually the hardest boss in the game, lol.
- H: the one NPC who has a nice lair and seems kinda fine in the world. I guess you can stop by and just kinda enjoy the normality of it all. Probably has a library. Probably can collect books for them around the world or something, and they give you an OP weapon once you've completed the book series for them.

## **16.What are the different RO's opinion on capes!?**

- Hi Zen! 🙌
- I feel very secure in saying all versions of W would love a cape. I bet they would walk all tall and proud and make swishy moves (or wrap MC up in it).
- L... Why am I getting that Edna meme of "no capes!" 😏
- A: "Only if it's very, very pretty." (Or if the person who gives it to them is very, very pretty. Or... If it's very expensive and they can sell it off later...)
- H: "No. Thank you." (A heavy cape would give tiny Helena back problems...)

## **17.If it's not a spoiler, what's with the man shouting about birds in chapter 2? I used a custom eye color, noticed he had the same, then went back and tried a different one and saw we still shared it. Is he important?**

- He is there for two reasons. One is that he is there to sort of highlight that MC can also be... a little unstable, at times. The other, I can't say yet 🤔

## **18.Also, will we be able to customize our relationship with Mycroft? This is literally my favorite IF, you're the best!**

- <3 Yes! You will be able to choose how MC feels/behaves with Mycroft—which will, in turn, affect a bit how Mycroft treats you/and your history. However, in general, the choice for MC affects MC more than it changes how your brother thinks of you. You can't, for example, make Mycroft hate you—if that was a wish.

**19. Can we give Watson's leg a massage? Help it feel a little better? :>**

- [Spoiler link](#)

**20. hi dori! Are you still working on that W pov project? ❤️❤️**

- It was the [letter](#) I posted on Patreon a while ago! (But it was fun, I might do more. I've now done two W pov letters now for some reason... seems like a pattern...)

Thank you all for the questions! I'll put out the other half later in the week ❤️

**There are some more spoiler answers below (click the links if you don't want to read all of them and save your eyeballs from certain spoilers!)**

## **Patreon SPOILER QUESTIONS/ANSWERS**

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**34. Are we gonna meet X at the ball, D O R I A N A ?!**

- (Spoiler) Yes, I can admit that we technically do, in a way.

### 35. If it was possible, could we get an idea of what a Watson/Sherlock/

#### Lestrade poly would look like? 🙄

- I genuinely find it funny how this is the poly you all want when it's the one I can imagine the least 😂 It's that one conversation in ch1-2, isn't it?! To make it work, I would have to imagine it a bit AU. As the characters are now, their relationships with each other just wouldn't work–
- So. I think I would need... L and W to meet first. To become closer before MC is added to the mix, as I think MC would be too strong a distraction. I think W would have also needed to build feelings over a longer time, with a strong close friendship. L needs to consider W a friendship they can't lose. And W needs to make sure that L can't push them away.
- If MC came into the mix at that point. When W and L are in a friendship with some lingering confused feelings that have grown over a long time–then I could see the Love Triangle turn into something where L and W have a conversation between themselves that they can't lose anyone in your little group. I think it would take time, and it would take some extraordinary circumstances to make everything turn out just right–without anyone becoming jealous etc (Knowing W's insecure possessiveness and L's general insecurity and habit of choosing to be a martyr)...
- BUT–at that point, they would talk to you about it, together. HOW THIS ALL WORKS WITH THE HISTORICAL ASPECT, I HAVE NO IDEA 😏 Let's just HC that it's not so much of a problem.
- The relationship together would be... I think everyone would be able to play to their strengths? W is the one to come to for comfort. L for problem-solving. W for conversation. L for a calm presence.
- I think MC would end up being the focus, the centre. Both L and W are too focused outwardly towards others not to steer it in that direction.
- I see a large bed, MC in the middle, in W's arms, as L lies on the other side of the bed, their leg relaxed against yours, as they read the newspaper to you both in that captivating, steady voice <3 Very friends-to-lovers vibe.

**36. Not sure if this been asked previously, but will we meet Moriarty this iteration? We vibe with fully toxic enemies AND lovers 🙄🙄🙄**

- I've said this previously in a Patreon Q&A, so why not:
- Of course. This is Sherlock Holmes after all 🙄💋
- Look at my notes. This file is thicc–

**Moriarty - Details**

Thursday <https://y...>

📁 Sherlock

**37.Can we give Watson's leg a massage? Help it feel a little better? :>**

- OMG YOU... YES--SOON.... (HOW DID U KNOW!?)
- Maybe you find W at the ball in the need of some assistance... 🤔🤔

September 2024

## Patreon Q&A - Part 2

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Questions:

**1. Just curious!!! Has there been any flavor text about body description/face details so far? I just love knowing about all the differences! 💕💕**

- Yes!
- Waist and legs can come up, and hands and neck were supposed to come up... but I can't remember if I cut that content. Lashes can come up, eyes maybe also... or maybe it was just lashes. The ball will have many more opportunities for this type of content. I didn't want to force things, and I felt it didn't make sense in many cases for the ROs or NPCs to react to something they should be used to unless there was a reason (the ball or dressing up would be a reason though). Mostly, I just wanted to have a system where you get a decent amount of fun or unique references per playthrough (depending on your choices, ofc) that make the world feel more real and alive—that the world responds to your choices and your MC takes shape as you play.
- In currently released content, most body/face references happen on the W romance route. While L has some references to dress style (bold), H has some variations based on... a lot of things, to be honest, haha. H has too much variation 😊😭
- There's also some content you can only get if you have low strength... 🧐

**2. Out of the ROs, which of them are more likely to enable Sherlock's worse impulses in a pinch? Which would more likely deter them? As an example, is there a situation where Lestrade would set aside active concern for Holmes' wellbeing for the sake of a desperate case, or is that entirely OOC?**

- Well... That's a serious turn. Hmm...
- I think W and A are pretty bad/good at allowing MCs flaws to fester. Adler, because they have equally bad judgement at times, and Watson because they are too weak to say no—blinded by MCs words etc. But I don't think any of the ROs would consciously choose a case over MC's health/life.
- Additionally, L would not *consciously* choose a case over MC...

### 3. How do the ros feel about england? Are they interested in visiting or living in other countries? Also where would they want to go for honeymoon with Sherlock? 🙄🙄🙄🙄

- LESTRADE WANTS TO GO TO SPAIN
- This is just a HC I've had in my head for forever so I had to get it out.
- They haven't travelled much at all. Never been outside of Great Britain. They need some sun and warmth 🥵🌞
- Adler has been all over. Tbh, they don't really love England much...
- W likes it. It's their home. But anywhere with MC would be their home.
- H... It's probably just that it's convenient. A good central business hub + where they have a firm seat in the world, so to speak. They would like to show MC the world though: shopping in Paris, Opera in Vienna, ballet in St. Petersburg, etc. etc.

### 4. In a perfect endgame, what kinda of future would each RO see with Sherlock?

- 🥹🥹
- Well...
- W just wants to remain by your side. That's it. But I think they would imagine a quieter moment with you (one where you're not plagued by your "dark moods"), maybe in the countryside, perhaps you have tea and cake in the shade of warm sun, reading the paper, and you sit close enough for knees to touch. And you smile at them. And they smile back. And all is well. And

you both are content (now ofc, neither one of you would be able to stand this type of quiet for very long—but this is Watson’s fantasy, not the truth. They really truly wish you could both find this type of calm life appealing. But thankfully, or not, you are both configured for more restlessness than that).

- Lestrade is not capable of seeing such a future right now. Realistically, they could imagine you being happy and healthy, but they... would not be a part of that fantasy. But it would be enough for them to know that you are well. It really would be.
- Adler hasn’t met you yet lol. So I have a hard time seeing it... which sounds weird, but y'all, creative writing is weird. *Realistically*... it would be the opposite of Watson’s calm little fantasy. Some grand adventure with you by their side. But the truth is probably that... their real sense of belonging would be found by your side, wading water to the ankles, sunkissed skin and long nights by a tropical beach, just the two of you, and some real quiet and calm. I don’t think they’ve had that since childhood. I think they might need it.
- H imagines you by their side. Ofc this depends on your dynamics a bit, and even who and what MC is. But the main thing is... To have you by their side, to know someone stands there as their equal or their friend, someone who is entirely loyal, and they could... lean on? I don’t think they imagine that as their fantasy, to rely on someone else. I think they see MC as someone to complete their life, not someone that will require vulnerability from them. But I think that is what they need. Because they have not had that. Ever.

**5. Considering we could tell Watson about our fight with L, does this mean there will be some confrontation? Will any ROs confrontation anyone else?**

- Uh... yes. A little. This scene isn’t written yet and sometimes I plan low drama but write high drama, but it will exist, but I don’t think there will be a brawl. *Probably*.
- About? Like, in general? I think... no? Well... You know, maybe? Kind of. This is hard to say haha. Oh, wait. Yes. In one sense of the question, definite yes.


**6. (Please forgive me if these first ones have already been asked) What are the ROs favorite scents? Favorite fabrics (feel)? Favorite foods?**

- Lol ok THIS IS NOT CANON JUST MY FEELINGS AT THE MOMENT (and I'll do desserts cause Ive done foods in the aug ask part 2)
- A: Lemon. Silk. Pavlova.
- W: Bread, and whatever MC usually smells like / their scent. Wool? I think they would like Semla (served the old-fashioned way).
- L: Coffe, lilacs. Leather? Tiramisu. Realistically, I don't think they've had that, but... something of that flavour profile.
- H: I think... H likes the smell of clean. So... a good soap? You know how you can book bind with certain fabrics? Maybe that. DARK CHOCOLATE!

**7. If each RO were to be a Yankee Candle, what would their candle be named and what scent would it be?**

- I don't know enough about candles to answer lol. But I'll pretend I do and make something up – <3
- A: Summer shebang ✨ (strawberries and cream + lime and coconut)
- L: Rain and fire (can you bottle petrichor? That + burning wood from a hearth. So, like, the scent of sitting in front of a fire, as the evening comes, and the rain spatters against the window pane—but like—the cold, slightly sad version, but calm, too. So. That's nice?)
- W: BUTTER AND BREAD (as it says + a little vanilla or cardamom).
- H: Limited edition hardcover book (the scent of a hardcover book. Ink and paper and leather, mixed in with a hint of metal... like the taste of a copper coin. Is that a smell? Probably not. But as I said, *I don't know what I'm doing* 😊✨)

**8. Do you have specific playlist or things you do to write for certain love interest?**

- I only have one RO playlist... and it's spoilers.
- I usually just go with vibe playlists per scene. If I don't find the vibe, I might go back and read an old scene. Sometimes, I read a little ACD Sherlock Holmes. Or if my flow is off, I read a little poetry / Shakespeare / pale fire.
- Usually, I just try and keep the character vibes and speech pattern in mind  


## 9. For all ROs: How would the ROs describe their community?

- Their community? I'll take it to mean where they live / their friends and family and neighbours/co-workers etc.
- W: Man, the world is your community when you're that personable. But the thing is... W really only feels truly close to MC and, by extension, the household and their own family. But the truth is, they have *some* distance from everyone who isn't MC. Even from their own flesh and blood. I think they would just say they are very lucky to have so many wonderful people around and to have MC in their life. If you asked them to define it, it begins and ends with MC.
- L: lol... yeh... they don't have one. And they would say so. Best I can offer is acquaintances and coworkers (and varying degrees of relationships long lapsed).
- A: It varies per country. Something something "I love everyone equally, some are just a little more lovable, is all~"
- H: they would go on a polite spiel about how their household staff and their business partners and the ton are all a wonderful, admirable group of people and they could ask for nothing more from a community in the whole of England. But really... Everyone is kept at a distance. *Except* their animals. Their horses, their dogs, they are loyal and behaves within the bounds of what H expects from them. And that's a balm to their soul. H simp would like to see MC added to that small, exclusive group. But they don't know if its possible.

**10. For all ROs: What is something you wish you could adopt from mc? What would you give them?**

- W: The remarkable talent <—> Happiness
- H: Nothing (not as an insult, just... not interested?) <—> Better coping skills
- L: That remarkable brain <—> Finding comfort in even the dull work.
- A: Their ability to really consider a problem longterm <—> The ability to relax and have fun.

**11. What did each ROs do in their free time? (If possible. The maid and Footman too please? I love them so much 🥹💕)**

- THE MAID AND FOOTMAN TOO?! :0 They would be so flattered, lol. Sadly, I have absolutely no idea... help out in the kitchen, probably? Play with the cat. (Snoop in Mrs. Hudson's drawers...). Something about flowers... I just think they like flowers... maybe they make press books of pretty wild blooms they find?
- L used to read, I think. Used to enjoy reading novels, adventures and some romance, that sort of thing. Plays the guitar. Not anymore, though. Just... work. And more work. And then collapse into bed, and then lie there; wondering if one could sleep forever.
- I think W does a bunch of things, but I think their needlepoint and sewing are pretty good, and it's one hobby they get good use of. Also tries to cook and bake but fails; it's always at least a little wrong...
- H fences (Hamish also boxes), some sports, horseback riding, chess probably. Reading. Sciences. Reading about MC in their stories. Tea—LOOK H is a hobby collector, AND THAT'S OK... because they have a bank account that can afford it...
- Adler would probably be social, do something, be active, consume or produce something. A little too restless when they have nothing to do. But they read, sometimes. They play multiple instruments. They paint very well.

**12. Did Mrs. Hudson help Watson get ready for the ball? (If so, can we see a snippet of that?)**

"Does this look quite right, Mrs Hudson? I find the seams might look a little..."

"Gauche? Tawdry? Terrible—"

"Harsh. Harsh was the word I was looking for, Mrs Hudson. The seams look a little *harsh*, with the colour not being an exact match, and the lines being so redone," they sigh. "I know I should not have expected a butchered homemade thing to ever reach any decent heights, but... I do rather find myself worrying about these things, and I—I wouldn't want to drag them down, would I? Would be a shame for a writer to stand next to their muse in tatters..."

"My darling Watson," her tone is sweet as she approaches, her hands pulling at the fabric at their shoulder to land more correctly than it naturally does.

"No one will be looking at you. " The old woman smiles as if this is the greatest comfort. "Because—*because*, you will stand right next to the person you wish to stand next to, and they shine very brightly in most rooms. Even when they do not know it. And they won't care if your costume's seams are harsh. And together, you will look so perfect, and the night will be so wonderful, that all thoughts of seams will be forgotten. Don't you think so? I think so."

Mrs Hudson pinches their cheek a little. "And I'm always right, aren't I?"

### **13.What would it look like for Sherlock to go to work with Watson, considering it's usually the reverse?**

- Lol

I'm picturing MC going undercover as a surgery assistant or a nurse, dressing up to the part completely, having read a plethora of medical journals for the most unique cases when the procedure on the schedule is entirely routine. "*Ahh yes, a subdural hematoma—*"

"Sherlock—It is a nosebleed—"

"Well, yes, an *epistaxis*. But have you not read the paper published in the Boston Medical Journal some twelve months past, where epistaxis, a 'nosebleed', presented itself as—"

"Dear god, Sherlock. I did not think I would have to tell *you* this, but as you always repeat to me—Occam's razor! Occam's razor, my dear fellow!"

"How entirely dull, Watson... I do not understand how you do not perish from boredom under these horrible conditions..."

## Thank you all for the questions!

**I'll put out the third part next week** ❤️ (I got so many new ones since the last one + a lot of them are Halloween-coded, so I'll post those then!)

Sep-oct 2024

## Patreon Q&A - Part 3 (final)

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Questions:

**1. If H's gift inspired Sherlock, and they gave the ROs flowers, how would each RO respond? And if they had given flowers to L or W before the events of the game, how would they have responded?**

- L: I'm not sure they've ever gotten flowers... God. They might start to cry.
  - But had it happened before the game, I think maybe they would have assumed there was some plan behind it. Or it's somehow an insult or game they are unaware of.
- W: Def crying.
  - Still crying. Also hugs.
- A: It would depend on the flowers and the MC. I think they rather expect flowers to come with... expectations. Or favours. Or questions. Handpicked wildflowers in their favourite colours, rather than an expensive display of colours screaming "passion" in Victorian flower language, would have their heart strangely melting into a puddle on the floor.
- H: !!! DO IT !!!

Tbh, I think it would result in a gift-off, and you'd somehow end up with a pony or a charriot at the end, BUT STILL DO IT! (Maybe soon 🤔)

**2. if Sherlock started taking cooking classes or just reading up on the subject/practicing to cook for W, and they found out, how would they react??**

- Awww—you know they would be so flattered and thrilled 🥺❤️ That's taking two of their favourite things and merging them! *And* it's for them—Yall—you'd have to give the good doctor CPR cause they would be dying of too much unrequited and unspoken love!! They might even be so overwhelmed they

do something stupid and silly and call you another far too intimate and loving term as they hug you far too tight—

**3. since sherlock knows and acknowledges that w's relationship with them is likely unhealthy, will there be options to like, pull away from them? in a well meaning way? if not, how would w respond in this situation with/ without knowing the reason why? 🤔🤔❤️**

- (spoiler)

**4. Halloween W Jekyll/Hyde? Interesting or no? 🤔**

- 🤔🤔 Wait, like a dress-up or an AU thing? Cause, as an AU, that's great 🤔
- I haven't read the book, tho, so I'm only going by what's the cultural zeitgeist that I've sort of absorbed over the years.
- But imagine W separating their dark desires and indulgences into a separate persona out of shame and disgust of themselves, out of a need to control themselves.
- Yall... W Hyde would be so h\*rny for MC.

"W—Where's Watson?"

"They had to leave, I'm afraid. But *you* do not... I rather think you should stay..." the figure steps closer. With much the same shoulders as Watson and the same eyes but narrowed and with a new cruel turn. It is as if it's them, and very much not.

"I am looking for them—it is imperative that I speak to them, to my Watson—"

"How *precious*... but no. I'm afraid you won't find them now. As I said, they are indisposed."

"You said they left."

"Did I? Well... both can be true, in a way," they whisper with a lean towards you. Now, far too close. A smirk across their lips. "You are staying here with me, precious. Like it or not. And—" blue eyes dart to your lips. "I can keep you well kept... All the indulgences you require. Of which there are many..."

How about it? With me, you can give in to it all. Have you never wondered how it would feel to allow that lovely darkness to envelop you for an eternity, my *darling detective*?"

**5. will we get to see Sherlock and the Ros travel somewhere together? sort of like the originally mentioned Edinburgh case? if not what would it look like? 💕💕**

- You won't get anything *substantial*, in this game. But technically, if I implement them, there are some small mini-things that function almost as in-game side events that focus on the RO and MCs' relationships with different backdrops that have things of this nature.
- But! I once had an idea for a sequel where Sherlock travels to the coast for a sunny yet spooky little adventure.
  1. Stays at a fancy seaside hotel as guests of the eccentric owner.
  2. I wrote an intro once, but I couldn't decide on this or the classic "intro murder case on a train—"

The carriage rolls over the hill, and a shining view appears.

The azur intensity of the horizon meets with the same shade as the sea, a never-ending spectacle of brilliant blue, shining blindingly bright. The air from the open window is almost sweet, and the breeze carries with it a splash of crisp, salty aftertaste. Then there is the gullbirds' call, and the wind and ocean sounds, and you hear the passage of the carriage rolling then on softer ground. You have arrived in a paradise. And the altitude makes the seaside seem, at an angle, as if the ocean leaned far and wide, high in the sky—this sea, like wide-open arms waiting for our embrace.

Watson dreamily sighs by your side and speaks.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
–This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

"I would live nowhere else." They look to you. Their eyes were the colour of the sea and the sky, and their gaze warmer than the sun. "I never knew such beauty existed on our land." Their eyes remain on you for too long. "But now I do, Thank you, Sherlock. for bringing me here."

**6. Does X have a preference between famous and infamous Sherlock, as is the case for H?**

- Yes... They do.
- Adler prefers infamous, and H famous, and X... well... X prefers one of them.

**7. I really liked the deduction scene with H, when the "simp mode" is on ! ^^  
Do you plan to add a deduction scene for those who are not on this route maybe later, or more deduction scenes in the future ?**

- <3
- I tried to add a longer scene for the non-simp route, but I couldn't quite make it work. Some of the deduction content can appear if you go the "snoop on H before meeting them" route 🤔🤔 But I do agree that it's a little uneven. I hope to make it better one day. Hopefully. (Maybe in a future chapter rather than go back and rewrite, as rewrites are... something I find to be a bit dangerous with not getting stuck in them endlessly.)

**8. will we get to hug W soon? 😊**

- (spoiler)

**9. 1) What are/would be the ROs favorite types of Halloween candy?**

- I once wrote this on Tumblr:

"What candy would they hand out?

Okay, so I don't know what kind of candy you guys have or do not have tho 😂 (and I am more of a pastry person than candy and stuff, so I don't know too much...) anyway, I'll keep it more vague so hopefully most countries have some equivalence 🙄

W: milk chocolate wafer bars, but half-sized ones—because they are a doctor and don't want to feel too bad about giving children too much sugar... (but, Watson would also eat a whole bag themselves the night before, forcing them to have to buy more...)

L: probably something gross... the first thing they saw, which was too hard, chewy candies half liquorice/half indistinguishable berry flavour sprinkled with something of a dramatically clashing texture and taste.

A: something fun, like full on kinder eggs or Ferraro rocher (are these still tasty? I haven't eaten them in years). Things in fun shapes or with multiple flavours, packaged in individual sized boxes with an expensive price tag.

H: probably would let a butler handle it, tbh... if they had to choose, hmmm 🤔 they would prefer something with dark chocolate. Or marzipan. MAYBE BOTH! (I just remembered how much I like marzipan 💖)"

And basically, this is what they would like, too. But L... I have no idea what kind of candy they like... I can't imagine it. Have they had candy?? Probably... Ok, let me think. Ok, I'll try and imagine I'm L ... god, I bet they barely taste things with their smoking and drinking habits. They would like... have you had those chocolate-covered banana marshmallows? Or maybe chocolate-covered peanut M&M's... this *might* just be candy I like... NO, BUT U KNOW, I THINK THEY WOULD LIKE THE TEXTURE. Yeh! Marshmallows. They would like the texture. They might also like salt liquorice or hate it. I can't decide.

## 10. 2) How would they react to Sherlock setting up some kind of fake crime or something and scaring them (like jumping out and saying boo haha)?

- W: 🙄 -> 🤔 -> 😂 -> 😂 -> 😊 "Good one, Sherlock."

- L: 🤔 -> 😞 -> 😭 -> 😡 -> 😐 "I didn't *jump*, I *reacted*—"
- A: 😞 -> 😞 -> 😏 -> 🤔 -> 😏 "All this for me?"
- H: 😞 -> 😞 -> 😭 -> 😭 "Oh, yes. I see. You had me there, for a moment."

### 11. 3) If Sherlock and the ROs were to dress in complementary costumes for Halloween, what would they be?

- Hehehehe
- Okay, lol. I'm going by my current gut feeling entirely—and please ignore if this isn't time-correct!
- W: Maybe W would reuse their doctor's robes, and you'd go with a hospital theme. But really, I'd... (Baguette look away) but I'm imagining W as a golden retriever and MC as their owner, lol. Collar and everything.
- L: Obviously cops and robbers 🤔 (u can pick who L is)
- A: ... Also cops and robbers. But with much better costumes!
- H: ... Chess pieces? NO WAIT ROYALTY. YE. KING/KING QUEEN/QUEEN KING/QUEEN. Totally. Wait, that would be on the Red Rose route. On white rose, it would probably be more like... MC would be a bird with a wounded wing, and H would be the gilded cage/jailer/key.

### 12.If the ROs wore risqué Halloween costumes, what would they be? And what costume would they each want to see Sherlock in?

- W: Adam and Eve? The little leaf/s 😏🍷 They want to see Sherlock in...  
Hmm... Lol, do you know those slooty Sherlock Halloween costumes? That! And it has to come with the hat.
- L: Sexy devil, but it's just them in their underwear and a pair of devil horns. Maybe a pitchfork. Whatever it is, it should be an easy outfit to make lol. They want to see... Honestly, probably Sherlock in the same thing, or something like advanced-looking lingerie/underwear. Maybe as a sexy villain/criminal...

- A: YALL. Anything and anything. I bet they do multiple costume changes a night. A devil, a sexy angel or fairy, sexy spy, sexy doctor, or maybe a sexy nurse. Cat. Sexy tho. Anything that looks good on them and allows them to fluster MC! They want to see MC in something powerful—maybe a sexy king/queen—cause power is sexy, y'all.
- H: Sexy vampire, but the sexy part is done very begrudgingly! And they want to see... Maybe something literary/cultural? Like sexy Titania or Oberon (the king and queen of the fairies in A Midsummer Night's Dream). I think H needs some mental stimulation of thinking your costume is too good not to truly forgive the indecency.

### **13. how would watson react to finding out sherlock had been purposefully being careless/getting injured so that they would take care of them?**

- Watson would be outwardly mad, shocked, appalled—all that. But... deep down... they know they would be capable of the same thing. Just for a little of your time and attention. So—I think they would blame themselves a little. They would see it as them not being there enough for you if you felt the need to do such a thing. They would *always* take care of you. Just ask. Really. Even a dramatic sigh would be enough. They'd be there.

"Just ask."

"And I'll be there."

Except for that one time, they weren't...

Thank you all for the questions! I'll put out the other half later in the week ❤️

**There are some more spoiler answers below (click the links if you don't want to read all of them and save your eyeballs from certain spoilers!)**

## **Thank you all for the questions!**



## **Patreon SPOILER QUESTIONS/ANSWERS**

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#### 14. Will we get to hug W soon? 😊

- (spoiler) I think we might get to in ch7? Maybe. Would be likely.

**15. since sherlock knows and acknowledges that w's relationship with them is likely unhealthy, will there be options to like, pull away from them? in a well meaning way? if not, how would w respond in this situation with/ without knowing the reason why? 🤔🤔❤️**

- Yes. But it might have a somewhat delayed effect in the game. They would, incredibly hypocritical of them, be very angry and indignant. Despite having done the exact same thing... They are the pull-in when-you-pull-away type.

Watson had seen the detective walk down these same stairs in many disguises, on many different days, in many different manners of dress.

And yet, nothing had prepared her.

Nothing *could* prepare her.

Not for this.

Not for you.

— —

To say Watson was nervous was an understatement. Of course, Watson was nervous about many things tonight, few of which were under her definitive control, but all of them involved you.

But when she saw you, *there*, as you walked down to the landing of the stairs... The nerves all melted away, much like her blood pooled at her now heavy feet. And, soon, followed her sense—

Both laid out on the wooden floor.

As if she stood on them, unsteady and unsure. Somehow, she swore she could feel the beat of her blood, that damning loud pulse, as if below your heels.

As if her heart was bare by your feet, sneered or trampled.

Yet, she did not mind such ownership.

You may take it all.

— — —

Watson and her detective stood there for many moments too long. Her, gazing at you. At your eyes and familiar visage. But she did not notice the breach of time-gated etiquette by her stares at that moment. No, she noticed more how you looked and, how dry her mouth was and how little she had said when she wanted to...

How she wished to tell you...

Tell you...

*She mustn't tell you.* And time simply flew by as she stood there, frozen.

Thankfully, appearing more thawed than John was, as she saw it—your feet moved. At that moment, Watson finally found that edge of resolve, that courage she always found under fire, and her feet moved too, by whatever blood and sense had finally found its way there.

She held her hand out. A steady hand, by some god-given grace.

It did not flutter; it remained unpanicked, unlike her heart and blood.

God, she was known to be strong. But you made her so weak...

Did you truly not know how much?

— — —

The doctor, in turn, knew her eyes were glued to your face.

But it was a damn better option than the alternative. Her eyes, forced by all the politeness she may muster to not travel a gaze downwards where it may linger in places one may lose oneself for good.

It was at this time she had first tried to truly speak, but her voice came out horrifyingly breathless and broken, "Sherlock..." She had tried to smile, but it was uneven and too plastered on.

She cursed herself for that. Inaudibly, yet in her mind loudly and vulgarly, with words she only recalled from her youth.

The polite tongue she always held felt as if it was slipping by the day.

She did not know how to cease such moral descent.

Not with you around.

And all the additional interlopers abound.

— -

"You do not care for it..." you had said.

That had caused one more curse to not be uttered but entirely heard in her mind.

'Not... *care* for it?'

How could she not, she thought as her eyes roamed down by some allowance in those words, and she drank every penny worth of the sight.

An angel, in a delicate style that brought you out in delicate white and further blinding, opalescent white.

*How could she not...*

You were...

"I..." She swallowed again. "Forgive me, it is quite the..."

She forced herself back into more polite gazing, rather than leering, and found some final word as she met your eyes, "Opposite..."

Your eyes had more punch than gun powder, she thought then—and had, many times before—but she only ever thought it. She did not write such truths in their stories or even in her journal.

No, for she feared putting pen to paper of such hidden truths would uncover them enough for deduction to discover.

Little was ever hidden from beyond your fair, alluring lashes and dazzling eyes.

She knew that...

She knew that far too well.

— — —

"It is?" you had asked so softly.

*Did you know how soft your voice could be?* When you spoke sweet words to her, or you felt unguarded or weak, then you returned with a voice that she was sure must be reserved for only her.

Nonetheless, she did not wish for you to doubt. Not ever.

So she had said, in words she thought would come out in order, "Sherlock, you... I apologise."

But the words did not. *Could not*. Not by a tongue as knotted as her heart.

Watson further blushed, as she had been, and she knew as such, and her mind found further curses inside for that. "I did not know I'd be without capable words."

But she did know.

Of course she knew.

You were her undoing. You were her weakness. Her main motivation and her fatal flaw.

And she would not change it for the world. Not if it killed her.

"You look just as I..." she attempted words once more. "that I expect you hoped that you would look. Radiant. *Wonderful*. Trust this—and... beyond, in my eyes."

The woman paused and almost sighed, but no air left her lungs or parted lips. "But how do I say this—I do not know how to say that... that you look lovelier than I have ever seen you before, and exactly as I have always seen you?"

— — —

You had always been radiant in her eyes. From that first glowing moment to all the blinding moments since. But she did not wish for you to doubt. She fears her words will cause harm unless she clarifies—

"I swear, I must be making a fool of us both. My words carry no sense whatsoever—  
" she cleared her throat and stepped further to stand now steady with both feet on the step below you. Once again, that polite pause as she tries to explain, to formulate her heart from her mind.

"You look remarkable. Always. But now all of London will see it too. And, so... perhaps remain by my side? Just for the night. I do not quite know if London is ready for a brilliant an individual who shines this bright..." she sighed.

As you were, all that loveliness on display... she did not want to share that vision with others. She knew too well what it would inspire in others, what they would imagine.

"Perhaps if the English language had stronger words—then perhaps I could tell you better, how you appear before me. As you always do... Always have."

— — —

"Then... you do not dislike it?" You had asked once more.

How... how do you doubt this? How do you still?

Beautiful, wonderful, Sherlock...

"No," she had answered with a grin, as the question felt so far removed from her feelings that it was practically comical.

"No, dislike—dislike could not be a word further from the truth, Sherlock. I simply fail at words. Not appreciation," she laughed.

It felt a warm, happy thing. And you had smiled, too, and she wished nothing would ever make you stop.

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## Patreon Valentine's Letters - Part 1

### Description:

The ROs (or characters, Mrs Hudson's love letter, anyone?) receive your letter sent to their residence.

And it just so happens to be Valentine's Day, and your letter appears rather perfumed and flowery 💖

- The timeline can be anything (and the RO's relationship to you or Sherlock can be any at all if you specify). Still, if nothing is specified, the timeline will be at a current chapter of the game, and the RO will have romance points currently with Sherlock 🌹

### Instructions:

*What do you wish to say to them? Do you have a question? A love declaration? A scolding for not sending flowers?*

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
None

Dear Doctor J. Watson

Jane , there are so many words I would love to tell you

Like how I love your bright smile , your kind nature ,and your blue eyes reminding me of a sunny day , my dear Loyal friend

I love you very much

And I wish for us to never be apart

Your Margaret

Letters rarely bring me this much joy, Margaret—I wrestle with bills more than letters of...

**O**f *affection*. Thank you for being my... *dear friend*. I fear you will never know how dear you are to me, but I endeavour to express it every day. In every word. Every action. I want none ever to question it. Not our... affections.

**V**ery few moments in life ever compare to any moments with you.

**E**ver yours, Watson.

Ps. I might require a warning before I receive a letter in this manner next. Stains have appeared on my paper, and some ink has blurred—less than ideal when I wish to keep it safe for reading and rereading.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear G. Lestrade

L bear, can I call you L bear? I just want to say your eyes are as dark as the night sky, yet I find myself drawn to them. I want to explore them like the cosmos and find the secrets they hold. Please say you will be my Valentine so that it can be true.

Who is this?

I am not amused. Nor am I a bear?! I do not even... How—is this some joke on my hair?

—And I am aware my eyes are unappealing, and few may stand them; *I do so* appreciate the reminder that the very idea that one may look upon them in the manner that you imply is a most amusing joke!

Whoever you are, I hope you had your fun and rid yourself of this amusement for good.

I only beg you keep your jokes to yourself next.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
See below

Dear G. Lestrade

Maybe once upon a time you could have a sliver of hope to have the right to look at her the way you do. Now you are but a shadow of a man. You do not deserve her.

Get away from Holmes, loser.

Ano Nymous

*// Sorry Lestrade, not so much of a romantic one! I wanted to see what would be his reaction to a jealous random letter (sent by someone that knows better than to provoke a cop in the streets so anonymous Valentine' card is the way to go xP). I guess I'd rather have his take when they patched things up with Holmes, as he would be not so crippled by doubts, but I'll let you work your magic!*

And how, pray tell, do I look at her?

I am curious how you perceive me, or what I once was, dear Anonymous. You seem to think I have expressed some claim over someone, someone much braver than you—I knew she had fans, but to think they were this deluded...

I shall meet you in kind, whoever you are, and promise that if I find you by a crime scene she is ever at—you won't ever see the outside of a cell again. You do not have a claim on her. Nor do I. But by God, you do not.

Stay fucking far away from her, you deluded fucking fanatic. Do not talk to her. Do not send her letters.

— A firm promise from this shadow of a man.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
See below

Dear G. Lestrade

I won't become a monster, I won't end up in an early grave. As long as you keep on pestering me about it I cannot give you this satisfaction, you won't end up being right about this.

You have my thanks.

S. Holmes

*// Ok here is the Sherlock that found his speech harsh but justified and thought it was a way for him to express his fears and care for her without enabling her terrible choices -in the dumbest way possible, of course-. To be fair she said terrible things to him more than once before for this same reason but unconsciously. (Yay toxic people gang up to save each other xD) Timeline is now and I guess I wanted to see if he can get this or if he is too deep in self-flagellation mode.*

You won't.

And I was wrong. And my words served no purpose in making it so. I am sorry.

Truly.

I had no right. Sherlock.

You have my apology, little it means. But I will prove to you that you are... Stronger than my fears and delusions. I owe you. And I will make it right.

You are brighter than you realise.

In my eyes.

~~—JUST IM A FUCKING IDIOT— ALL RIGHT?! DON'T EVER FUCKING LISTEN TO ME—~~

---

Dear Dear Honourable H. Hawthorne

I got your letter, hope that mine finds you well.

What a pleasant surprise it has been to find such a beautiful flower offered by such a gentleman. I wouldn't dream to do something as scandalous as telling you that I await with great expectations your Valentine's treat, so I'll content myself with this: you have my attention and I cannot imagine a world where you would disappoint me.

Keep me in your mind.

S. Holmes

*// Non-simp H. Sherlock has made an ingenious system as to when he opens the letter inside the envelope he has to get a little cut by idk a pin or something. I guess she wants to make sure that if he managed to draw blood with the rose she can do it too. And to inform him that she is down to play and win by the sheer power of her scandalousness! :D*

Dear Miss Holmes,

*Ever the surprise you are.*

Oh, your letter found me *well*.

I thank you for your constant consideration of my reputation as you show less regard for my flesh. However shall I keep your letter in perpetuity when it is stained a mark of red?

I could return it to you as a trophy of sorts. Would you wish this?

Few have spilt my blood, Miss Holmes, beyond a sporting thing. I am unused to it.

Hence, I am sure you are well aware—you are a surprise to me. And I shall have to endeavour to not become a dull, unsurprising thing *to you*.

*Keep me in your mind.*

– H. Hawthorne

## Patreon Valentine's Letters - Part 2

### Description:

The ROs (or characters, Mrs Hudson's love letter, anyone?) receive your letter sent to their residence.

And it just so happens to be Valentine's Day, and your letter appears rather perfumed and flowery 💖

- The timeline can be anything (and the RO's relationship to you or Sherlock can be any at all if you specify). Still, if nothing is specified, the timeline will be at a current chapter of the game, and the RO will have romance points currently with Sherlock 🌹

### Instructions:

*What do you wish to say to them? Do you have a question? A love declaration? A scolding for not sending flowers?*

---

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear Doctor J. Watson

You are, out of all of humanity, the one person I cannot do without. I beg of you, never leave my side, as it is where you have always, and will always, belong.

Is it not wonderful, Sherlock? I do not need your name on a letter to know it is you. Even without possessing your gift of deduction, I would know your lingering touch anywhere.

Is that not wonderful?

And so is your letter. I am supposed to be the writer between the two of us, and yet you continue to rob me of my words... May I borrow them again? I should like to be able to write you a letter which robs you of breath as you have of me.

- Ever yours
- Watson
- Ps. Would it be cheap of me to say that your letter's words are mine too? Or is it simply wonderful that they are? Because I could read them aloud to you and mean them to my very soul. In fact, I shall do so promptly—I hope you are still in your study—

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

(Basically send to any character author think fits)

Dear ... ?

This is the day where

Old and new friends, lovers

Under the same motive

Create and share, give

Honor and care, give

My own gift is here

Easy to find this year

Sherlock

// Acrostic poem. I guess my Sherlock was bored and wanted to do mischief? Would have sent it to Lestrade or Hawthorne but I guess I'd rather see what character you could use to make it more fun! :3 Not committed is my go to but I can do with everything!

Naughty minx.

One day.

- X

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
None

Dear ... ?

They could spit on the letter and I'd be fine with that i need content dori  
... Thankfully I don't think any of them would do that to you "anon".

(IKnowWhoThisIs)

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
None

Dear G. Lestrade

Lestrade,

I wish you to know that, despite everything, I still hold you in high respect. I have always enjoyed our bantering, and while we may sometimes- indeed \*often\*- disagree in our opinions, I appreciate being challenged and occasionally proven wrong. Your dedication to our craft, your grasp of interpersonal matters which I am lacking so severely- it must be said that you are an excellent detective.

You are aware I was hurt by the things you said that day. But in spite of the pain you have caused me, I think upon you with affection. I believe, given time, I will come to forgive you entirely. I simply hope you may come to forgive yourself in turn. Should you ever need to speak- should you ever desire my support, know I shall be there, not because I believe you worthy of pity, but because that is what one does for someone they care for.

With deepest regards.

Sherlock

I was never able to speak this in words aloud. So let me write it here, to you, now, Sherlock.

I enjoy our work together. I enjoy it immensely.

The work is the sole reason I am able to rise from my bed in the mornings. And despite my complaints on the contrary, you are a large part of what makes it *good*. And you are the reason I am *able to do good* in the world. I'd remain in ever in your shadow for that... There are much worse places to be.

I am aware. Yet I do not deserve your good opinion or an attempt at forgiveness. Put me out of your mind, and I will keep you in mine. I will make it right. Do not waste your time on me.

- Lestrade

- ~~P.S. Do you know how you...~~

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear ... ?

Dear X,

Good evening, is this available?

Yes it is

Please leave me alone, we are sleeping

Huh?

No more contacting please, thanks, appreciate

You contacted me

I know, I'm no longer interested, please stop contacting me now, I will  
contact attorney general if you do not stop, thsnks

I hope you do.

Come find me.

- X



---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear Mrs Hudson

Mrs. Hudson,

Your beauty grows ever greater with time. Such a lovely woman should never be alone on Valentine's day. As the youths are saying these days- hit me up.

XOXO

Dear sender,

Whoever you are,

I knew this day would come. I am immensely flattered, somewhat appalled, and a little interested. But, alas, I can not.

No, my duties are to my home and its occupants now. They fill my hours well, and I would simply not have enough for you too, dear writer; I am sure with your voracious appetites and my inherent magnetism, it would monopolise my time entirely.

I simply lack the time. And I am content with the memories of love; I have enough longing to last a lifetime...

You are kind.

For humouring me.

Take care of yourself, dear.

- Best regards

- Mrs Hudson

P.S. Do you have a title? How many carriages? I know two very unengaged youths.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

Mrs Hudson not being able to dodge the question or change the subject 😂

Dear Mrs Hudson

Roses are red, violets are blue, I see you as my mother, do you see me as your daughter too?

Sherlock, dear... Of course I do.

You and Watson are the closest thing to family I have left in this life.

And there is nothing that could ever change that.

Hence, I retain the right to nag you, of course. Tell Watson this too, the doctor seems to have forgotten!

Every right!

- All my love

- Your, still fetching and surprisingly youthful, maternal figure 🍷

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

👹 Bring forth the jelly, businesswoman (*\*me, the author, is "businesswoman". It's long story...*)

Dear Doctor J. Watson...

Dear Doctor Watson,

I can't wait until the next issue! But as it is Valentine's Day I thought I might ask a little favor. Given that you refuse to acknowledge your fans' inquiries about our best lady Sherlock and her near constant companion, I assume you dislike the pairing and fans should respect your wishes! But would you

mind terribly giving her a love interest? Maybe a swoon-worthy lord! Our book club heard gossip about a VERY handsome gentleman, VERY well-dressed, taking an interest on the inspiration for the great detective. It would be wonderful to have our smart and beautiful lady paired up with someone like him!

Thanks in advance and happy Valentine's Day! You are the BEST!

Yours truly,

Marie, your biggest fan.

Marie—Surely not the Marie I met the other day? If it is, I hope you are feeling better after your visit to the clinic. And do remember the salve, and to return to see me in a week; few do—but you promised me you would, remember? I can not have you becoming ill after a visit to my clinic; *think of my reputation!*

— I jest, *of course*, but I mean my words of you returning. One never knows with these things. Best be careful.

Now. Well... I... The stories are not fiction, and I remember we talked about this last time, too. And, hence, it would be... an ill fit to speculate on such matters, would it not? A little too personal...

Which is why Hawthorne will never be a romantic option for her. Or anyone of the like, for her.

It is simply impossible to happen in this world.

- Dearest regards,

- Watson.

P.S. I feel a need to clarify. You agreed previously, as I recall, that Sherlock and I make perfect constant companions. As such, we all should remain exactly as we are. All very happy, and together, always.

Perfect. Now that's sorted. Forever.

— *Also, do remind your club not to indulge so in gossip. Never anything good comes of it. 'Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women' says so!*

## Patreon Valentine's Letters - Part 3

### Description:

The ROs (or characters, Mrs Hudson's love letter, anyone?) receive your letter sent to their residence.

And it just so happens to be Valentine's Day, and your letter appears rather perfumed and flowery 💖

- The timeline can be anything (and the RO's relationship to you or Sherlock can be any at all if you specify). Still, if nothing is specified, the timeline will be at a current chapter of the game, and the RO will have romance points currently with Sherlock 🌹

### Instructions:

*What do you wish to say to them? Do you have a question? A love declaration? A scolding for not sending flowers?*

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

All the simp options have been taken, Sherlock is very attractive and she got white roses from Hamish, yes she's been as sweet and shy as possible (is it genuine or fake who knows)

Dear Honourable H. Hawthorne

Good morning dearest Honorable Hawthorne, I hope this letter finds you well. I wanted to ask if for tomorrow you would like to join me for a walk in the park as well as have a picnic afterwards?, it it helps I plan on baking cookies to go along with a blend of herbal tea that I was happy to find you also enjoy.

Watson has decided he would love to join us and Mrs Hudson got angry at that and said she would also join us to "have him mind his business"?, I guess Watson really wanted to go to the park too and poor Mrs Hudson didn't want to feel left out.

Oh and here I go rambling again, but yes if you would be free I would truly be happy to go to the park with you tomorrow, but if you are busy it is truly not an issue.

Dear Miss Holmes,

I would be honoured to join *you* tomorrow.

There are always matters that need attending. Nevertheless, I believe in finding the time for what is essential to oneself. Importance over implied haste, I am sure you know this well, do you not? Many things may demand your attention: many cases, many people, but you choose only that which calls to you.

That is to say, I am privileged to receive your letter, my lady.

– *Once again*, I will join you tomorrow at tea time. The carriage will be outside at precisely the hour.

- I await our meeting.
- Yours,
- Sir Hamish Hawthorne

P.S. I shall bring a book I believe you might enjoy. Perhaps we may book another time where it is only us, your tea, and your baked goods to discuss it?

Call on me, any day and at any hour,

And I shall choose to be there,

Most promptly.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

>> Oblivious dynamic. Also my letter is using Lestrade's first name based on gender, but I just wrote Lestrade to make it read nicely

Dear G. Lestrade

Dear Lestrade,

I hope the day treats you well. This may be the first year I give you a letter, but I thought it'd pair well with the treat I've wanted to share with you.

I've made you my favourite small cakes. It occurred to me that you don't visit for long enough, so I thought I should bring them to you. It's unlike me to write, but you're my dearest detective and I wanted to treat you well. You work too hard with little reward, so think of it as that.

My words escape me when we are face to face, so do excuse the embarrassment of reading the ink.

Sincerely,

Sherlock

P.S. I pressed this myosotis into a bookmark for you. Mrs Hudson tried to suggest a red rose oddly enough, but this is my favourite flower and I hope it brings you joy as it does me.

*// I'm going to write this as if it's a while after the ball!*

Sherlock, I... Why?

I do not know what I have done to earn... Have I unwittingly set loose a murderer somewhere? I am grateful—of course!

It is simply... I do not usually receive cakes. I do not know the etiquette, why I might be receiving them, what cakes mean—cakes *and* pressed flowers? Working long hours surely does not earn...

But—

If that is how you feel. If that is how you *really* feel. Then I should tell you I will work longer hours this coming week.

And you will be welcome to drop by the station. To deliver these cakes. I may only have undrinkable black tea, on its third brew, to drink it down with—unless you wish to pair it with a brandy. Either way, it, and I, will be here. If you do want to come by...

If you do.

- I will remain here.

- Lestrade.

P.S. No need for me to excuse any “embarrassment”. Words are... easier on the page, at times, are they not?

Many things are easier said.

~~Many things are easier said when they are written in ink, when my eyes can't linger on you, when my mind is not so distracted by you.~~

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear Doctor J. Watson

When I first resolved to write you this Saint Valentine's Day, it had been with the intent to reveal to you the depth of my ardor and affection. However, the longer I thought of it, the more reticent I became. I beg you to forgive my cowardice. If your companionship were to stop or shift in any way, I am not sure I would survive the blow. I so cherish your steadfast company. Your keen mind and kind regard for all are such a balm to my heart. You are starlight; you have replaced the dark of my life and quietly filled it with your dazzling presence. You owe me nothing, dear Watson, and yet I hold hope that like the stars you so resemble, you too can wait patiently for me to find

the courage to reveal my feelings to you. Until then and like always, my heart is in your gentle keeping.

Your ardent admirer

I do not know who you are, dear writer. But I know very well who I wish that you were. More than anything, I wish you were who I have in mind—who I *always* have in my mind, day and night, on good days, and more often, during the bad.

Dear writer... *Let me pretend.*

I have no address to return this to, so I beg you, cruel as it may be, let me pretend.

Let me pretend it is *you*. Let me imagine a world where such things could be true.

Where they love me.

As I love them.

- The one who pretends.

- J. Watson

P.S. I pray you pardon me for my weakness.

You, God, and all in between. Forgive me.

I had to write these words down.

Somewhere.

*I love you.*

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
They Haven Been courting each other for while

--

Dear Jane, I hope you enjoy flowers I got for you. I am will be joining you to our dinner date shortly. Yours forever Holmes

PS. Do NOT touch the flowers, they are extremely poisonus and I forgot to get the antidote

YOU ARE VERY LUCKY I READ THE LETTER FIRST, SHERLOCK!

WHY IN THE HELLS DID YOU SEND THIS IN A LETTER--

WHY--

WHAT IN--

-----

// Watson goes to find Sherlock to give them a scolding in person, which will be far too gentle for the matter at hand...

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?  
They Haven Been courting each other for while

Dear Doctor J. Watson

Watson, it is Valentine's and I wish to show my appreciation for you. I know we live together, and I would just say it in person, but writing a letter seems more special. You deserve special, I believe, because you are truly the greatest friend I have ever had. Never have I loved a friend such as I love you.

I know you have been upset with me recently, with... everything to do with the current case. I... do not believe our benefactor's intentions are as

malicious as you believe them to be, so I cannot step away from him and his case, but do know, John, that if there is anything else I can do to please you I shall do so in an instant.

All that is to say, Happy Valentine's Day, John! May you be ever by my side in the times to come.

Yours, Sherlock

Sherlock,

I am not upset with you! I—I feel I have to clarify this. I know how it sounds, how I have acted. Dear Sherlock, no matter how I may act, I am never upset with you. Not *truly*. I may be worried, fretful even. I may be hurt or prickly. I can be angry, but it is... not at you.

I know you think of them as a —

I know you —

You do not have quite the same misgivings as me, which is FINE!

I am sure we will see eye to eye again soon.

The case comes first. I know that. But it will be over soon, and it will all be behind us, and we will be back to regular worries, and all will be relatively well again. Just us, once more.

But — To please me, Sherlock?

Spend an evening with me. Let me sit in your rooms; I will read, and you can work on your plans, and you may tell me your theories and thoughts. And I will... listen. That is all I want.

- Yours, always

- J. Watson.

P.S. Never has a *friend* been as loved... Too true. I will be by your door at dusk.

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

[Forgive me, but this is a love declaration written by my F.Sherlock delicate and distant to others except her Watson(M)]

Dear Doctor J. Watson

Dearest John,

How do you show your love?

My deepest sympathy goes to you, the one who holds my heart, as I know I do not wear my affections in the way of others. I have taken advantage of you my dear Watson. Taken the privilege of your time with the expectation that your steady presence will always be by my side and we will simply fall into a romantic relationship like so many others. How could it not?

But these expectations make it so I overlook and scrutinize every interaction with you, deeming it sufficient if it is "romantic" enough. The basis of these observations stem from a specific day, but why this one day? Are we not allowed to show our affections for one another every day? Or is it that Valentines day is when we are allowed to have others observe us, to love each other in excess?

Is it to unbecoming, unladylike, to reveal that I need more than what I have seen from both this holiday and outside it? That I don't know how to ask for your touch as much as I need, that I lose myself in conversation because I focus too much on your mouth? How much more can I breathe in your presence? The line between love and lust, and obsession and possession is too heavily blurred for me. I do not want to ask for too much and I do not want to give you too little? Am I alone in feeling this way?

And so I have decided and deduced that I must ask you to show me how you love and how you want to receive my love. So I may study, may find myself proficient in the ways of our hearts.

With too much love,

your Sherlock

SHERLOCK—

—When you say *romantic* relationship—

Can you please very promptly clarify your meaning—

PLEASE SHERLOCK—

---

Watson waited by the door when you returned that evening.

They had carried a dinner-table chair, plush and upholstered, into the hallway and sat there. They sat there, sunken, like a guard dog that had waited forever long hours until their master returned. The letter, opened and well read, laid on the credenza to their direct side.

Your eyes fell on them immediately, and theirs shot up. The doctor stood in such hurry that the chair fell back and hit the floor. The racket had no diminishing effect on them and their wide-eyed, desperate gaze on you. You are not sure an explosion could have deterred them now.

As they took one quick step in your direction.

“How do I show my love?” Watson asked.

Then another step.

Their breath came upon your cheek, their left hand lifted to linger upon your neck, and their right took your hand to their heart.

“How...” they whispered upon your lips as they pressed upon you a chaste kiss. “In every way you’d ever allow me,” your doctor breathed.

And then the chaste kiss turned to one *with too much love*...

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear Honourable H. Hawthorne

Dear Honourable H. Hawthorne,

You will, perhaps, be surprised at receiving a letter from me; but as I have written it with the most honourable motives, I trust I may expect your pardon should the contents not be perfectly congenial to your views. I am accustomed to speak plainly with those I feel a rapport, and fear such talk may skirt the boundaries of the niceties of etiquette. Do not think the worse of me for opening my heart to you abruptly, without any preliminary flourishes. There cannot be anything offensive, I hope, in the candid declaration that I find myself thinking of you most dearly and often. Ever since the fatal or auspicious evening that I was introduced to your endearing presence, I have no longer been master of my own heart; your wit, beauty, and numerous good qualities, have enslaved it, and thus I offer it to your acceptance.

Will you allow me the pleasure of your society, and the honour of being your Valentine?

Your sincere and affectionate admirer,

A. Holmes

Dearest Miss Adelaide,

I shall return your method of bareing yourself to me—with a mere pale imitation.

*You are all my mind recalls at dusk and at dawn.*

Moreover, I would be honoured, but I—

Forgive me, I find myself regretting having little experience with matters of the heart when faced with your expertise; so delicately you unravel me.

I shall ask this *only once*: guide me in what you wish from me on a dear Valentine's, and I shall deliver every year to come; my books and even my butler were little help in what one should procure for such a date. I find myself... first time perhaps, in many years at the very least – I do not wish to ever dissappoint you.

Tell me once how you wish to be courted, and I will make it so. No thing too small, too precise, too costly, nor too dear to me or others.

I do not fear hard work, Miss Holmes.

Put me to it, and I shall dispel such notions swiftly.

- With profound respect and sincere regards,
- Yours, this Valentine's and after,
- H. Hawthorne

P.S.

I hold your letter to my heart. I find myself wondering if you can hear it... I found myself smiling as I wrote this. Could you tell?

*What have you done to me?*

*And would you do it again and again?*

*// The stamp of the letter is a gilded white rose. The stamp is at a right angle and firmly in line with your surname.*

---

// Any special requests for the answer to the letter?

None

Dear Mrs Hudson

Mrs Hudson , love has many forms

Even platonic ones you are not only

A lodger but a person dear to my heart

A fierce protective woman

Thank you for everything

Margaret

Dearest Margaret,

I shall bake you more bisquits. And your favourite dinner, today, and tomorrow.

Such a sweet thing you are!

"A fierce protective woman"

And never forget it!

I have scrapped with my share of scoundrels in my day. And so, if any shall find you, I will prove to them why old women are rarely sweet things in fairytales of old.

- If the coppers knock on our door without a case for you, burn this letter.
- *Watson is not the only one with experience.*
- LOVE YOU!

- Your one and only,

- Mrs Hudson

# Depths of Depravity

A Lestrade AU short story.

If the detective's nightmare came to life.

Thanks to Fab and Bag for the prompt! ❤️ (and all the help from the Discord peeps 🌹)

## Chapter 5:

*"We all expect great things the day you can't find an excuse from your own company... There's really only a few worthy ways this all ends. When the crime is too low, perhaps you can turn to making your own, really sink low and comfortable in the depths of depravity —"*

*Lestrade's eyes are dark, and firmly on you. "I've heard you must have great talents at such. How else do you puzzle the minds of all those vermin. But, no. I don't believe that to be the finale for you. No, no—as you gave me that same respect—we must press further, consider every facet of your particular faults and weaknesses—*

*"One which shines above all the rest."*

What if Sherlock became the worst killer London had ever seen?

## Part 1 –

### Sherlock:

You had wanted Lestrade to find you.

Perhaps you should even call it a need, for a want seemed too childish a thing to risk so very much...

You wondered...

If this is how he had imagined it? That day, so long ago now. At the White Horse pub, as derelicts and drunks had stumbled as they stared at you when, with little time, you had entered and left the establishment in a right hurry.

When he spewed those words.

Is this where he had imagined you to be?

Back then... How long had it been? Time felt a little... unsure now. There was no one left to keep the score of the weeks. To mark the days.

Only Lestrade remained from those days.

And you did not precisely *talk*...

Well... There were the letters. The thought of that public display of—you almost wish to call it affection? Fondness? Either way, it made your lips lift at the corners in a way that had been... however long it had been.

Now, there would be no more letters—

For you hear his footsteps, dragging and hard against the cobblestone of the graveyard steps. You know he could not stay away any more than you could have stopped.

Of course, he has hesitation in his steps. But you know he does not hesitate his steps out of fear.

He would not be alone here if that were the case.

No, he hesitates, and he comes alone because he feels as you feel

---

That this, the two of you here, are destined to meet.

Hell, if you were any other, he would have come with the firing squad. He was many things... But he was never as foolish as you might have implied and occasionally said.

“Lestrade,” you coo, with that rusty smile, and turn to meet the man you’ve not seen in however long it’s been since that day.

---

**Lestrade:**

“*Lestrade*,” you had spoken the words to him as if time had not moved since.

It had been 387 days.

And damn it all to the depths of hell, you appeared just the same before him now as then. A fair smile crinkled your eyes that had somehow kept that sparkle of depth he could never pin, or even grasp, only covet and admire.

You had teased him, still with that damnable smirk, “You look terrible.”

“You died,” he had replied. As if that was answer enough.

A hum from your lips. “If only that had been the case. Alas...”

“That day. Had you planned to—”

“You know me *better* than that.”

“But everything since?” He had to ask. Yet he knew.

“Everything since.”

He wanted to ask why—he wanted to shout it. He wanted answers and closure, but he knew why, to a point. And there were no words that could make it right. Was he asking for forgiveness for his own part in *their* demise and your eventual downfall?

Perhaps. But what pardon, what absolution could your hands give? Stained red with blood, it would be like asking the butcher to forgive the blade.

“I did not think...” he had not had the strength—not even to admit it to himself, so his words had come out strangled, quiet and hurt. “That you...”

“Oh, but you did. But that is not why we are here.” You took to lean against a tall, magnificent gravestone with a familiar name. There you and the stone stood comfortably, proud, and as if ready to remain there for however long someone lived to remember you both. “Tell me, Lestrade, how long did it take you to realise who it was? Dabbling in the corners, finding the little trinkets I left there, all for you.”

A bitter laugh escaped him; perhaps tears would have fallen had he any left. “Too long?”

“Evidently. I had to make it simpler...”

“I am here now. I found you.”

“Gregory... Did you?”

“Why do you—” a frown across his ever scowling brow and a deep breath. The familiar frustration reminded him of the old days...

Of the good days.

The stolen moments before the...

Would you even recall those days? Would it matter now?

“I never meant for this to happen, Sherlock—”

“They were your words. You knew before I did. *Bravo*—”

“I DID NOT MEAN—I never would have—”

“Oh, be a man. There is no need to lie. Not to me.” Such sweet softness to your words at times. And some words filled with such poison. “You meant every word uttered that day.”

“No, no, I—I was a bloody mess. That day... If I had once had the thought, if I had heard a vile rumour—I never should have spoken them out loud. It didn’t mean that I believed this to be your fate!”

“Then why am I here, Lestrade?”

“What?”

“Do you really think you could have caught me? *If* I took to crime—”

“I did, and *you did*—what are you—”

“Do you honestly expect me to ever speak to you again? Seek you out? Is this your little hero’s journey, where you find atonement by being partially correct with your hatefull words?”

Your words echoed.

“Wake up, Lestrade.”

And with a gasp, his eyes open, and he folds into a hunched-over position on a bed with sweat-soaked linen. Breath expanding and collapsing at a dangerous pace.

His lips part to practically pant as he finds the strength to drag a trembling hand across his face and feels the truth sink in.

*It had all been a dream.*

And that would be the last time he would ever be granted the privilege to see you smile.

---

\*P.S. MC also dreamt it! Double dreams ✨😌 (I wish I knew a better word for that...) Anyway, that's a thing that will happen in the game, mirrored-esque dreams (*what?* It's kind of a gothic romance game, I'm allowed...) though not this particular dream. Not in-game anyway. Though there might be some hints that it could have occurred 😬



Ok, so... I felt something was missing.  
I felt inspired the day after...  
So we are doing a part 2.

**Context:** Following part 1, lestrade had awakened from dreaming of you. But soon, he falls asleep once more. Yet again, he is in that same nightmare, but he can't quite remember that this is a dream he has over and over.

This night is his own personal purgatory.

But at least you are there. And he can pretend there's a future where you are, in a sense, happy to see him...

## **Part 2.**

### **Lestrade:**

Lestrade was so sleep-deprived, so dead in mind and body, that sleep came again, and again. Fritful and frightening. Closing his eyes, he only ever saw you.

Your eyes. As if cracked at the edges as the vision breaks.

He was haunted by each sight.

But he allowed the torment.

For penance.

For absolution...

The scene came back again. His memories jumbled and blurred. It all, never-ending, as the cold winter scene became a night. Became a rainy day. A foggy morning.

*What of rainbows?*

*What of a warm summer's day?*

No. What remained was always bad weather, you, and the tombstones; the death that surrounded you both.

This time, the mud kicked under his rough-made and uncobbled boots. He wished to plant his feet in it. Burry down. Sink in. Feel something but the heartache through that biting chill.

No. He had to face you.

He had attempted to exhale then. A test of lungs surely blackened and scarred. God. He felt weak. His breath came so ragged he wondered if he would remain upright the small distance to your form.

With the parting of lips and breathing out, there was that little whisp of his traveling breath before him, the little cloud he made. It only reminded him how *very fucking much* he'd kill for a smoke.

Christ.

He looked down as he approached you yet again, for he feared your gaze now but could not remember why.

You turned to greet him, and his cowardly eyes only saw your coat, drenched by the rain.

*"Lestrade."*

And he swallowed as the scene unfolded much the same.

Different. But all the same.

.....

He asked, confused himself as to why, "Are you cold?"

The figure only too soon returned, "Is it not a little too late for your *care...*"

Oh. It always was.

"Yeah," he huffs. "Didn't think you'd cared to hear it, then..."

What would the truth have done, what did such things ever do?

"What did your care mean, Lestrade?"

"Before?"

*Everything.*

.....

There was one scene above the rest.

One of the recurring nightmares, he had woken up from in tears, an amount of weeping he had not known he had kept the ability to

produce. Not now, not once grown. Not once he was old enough to speak and *to listen*.

Nor had he known how the gun had appeared in his hand.

That cold, familiar, firm metal.

Just as it had been every other time he held it.

And it fired, just as it had, every other time he held it.

—The pain of a bullet through the heart. Unforgettable. As you stood, a hole through you—he felt it tearing through him. It spread a cramping, chilling pain through his neck. His spine. The core of his shoulder, where nerves burnt and frayed with frozen shrieks.

He wished to scream, but he only fell to his knees.

Well... Had he not sought a distraction from that heartache?

~~*But can one die from a broken heart?*~~

.....

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

*"Lestrade."*

*"Yes?"*

*"I loved you. Did you love me?"*

*"You never loved me."*

*"But if I did?"*

*"Wouldn't change a thing."*

*"Not even if I really loved you, Lestrade?"*

*"Wouldn't change a thing."*

*"I'd love you all the same."*

*"You may hate me."*

*"Kill me."*

*"And I'd love you all the same."*

*As it bleeds through his fingers. Tell me, is this when he realises the truth of his heart?*

# Depths of Depravity

A Lestrade AU short story.

If the detective's nightmare came to life.

Thanks to Fab and Bag for the prompt! ❤️ (and all the help from the Discord peeps 🌹)

## Chapter 5:

*"We all expect great things the day you can't find an excuse from your own company... There's really only a few worthy ways this all ends. When the crime is too low, perhaps you can turn to making your own, really sink low and comfortable in the depths of depravity —"*

*Lestrade's eyes are dark, and firmly on you. "I've heard you must have great talents at such. How else do you puzzle the minds of all those vermin. But, no. I don't believe that to be the finale for you. No, no—as you gave me that same respect—we must press further, consider every facet of your particular faults and weaknesses—*

*"One which shines above all the rest."*

What if Sherlock became the worst killer London had ever seen?

## Part 1 –

### Sherlock:

You had wanted Lestrade to find you.

Perhaps you should even call it a need, for a want seemed too childish a thing to risk so very much...

You wondered...

If this is how she had imagined it? That day, so long ago now. At the White Horse pub, as derelicts and drunks had stumbled as they stared at you when, with little time, you had entered and left the establishment in a right hurry.

When she spewed those words.

Is this where she had imagined you to be?

Back then... How long had it been? Time felt a little... unsure now. There was no one left to keep the score of the weeks. To mark the days.

Only Lestrade remained from those days.

And you did not precisely *talk*...

Well... There were the letters. The thought of that public display of—you almost wish to call it affection? Fondness? Either way, it made your lips lift at the corners in a way that had been... however long it had been.

Now, there would be no more letters—

For you hear her footsteps, dragging and light against the cobblestone of the graveyard steps. You know she could not stay away any more than you could have stopped.

Of course, she has hesitation in her steps. But you know she does not hesitate her steps out of fear.

She would not be alone here if that were the case.

No, she hesitates, and she comes alone because she feels as you feel—

That this, the two of you here, are destined to meet.

Hell, if you were any other, she would have come with the firing squad. She was many things... But she was never as foolish as you might have implied and occasionally said.

“Lestrade,” you coo, with that rusty smile, and turn to meet the woman you’ve not seen in however long it’s been since that day.

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**Lestrade:**

“*Lestrade*,” you had spoken the words to her as if time had not moved since.

It had been 387 days.

And damn it all to the depths of hell, you appeared just the same before her now as then. A fair smile crinkled your eyes that had somehow kept that sparkle of depth she could never pin, or even grasp, only covet and admire.

You had teased her, still with that damnable smirk, “You look terrible.”

“You died,” she had replied. As if that was answer enough.

A hum from your lips. “If only that had been the case. Alas...”

“That day. Had you planned to—”

“You know me *better* than that.”

“But everything since?” She had to ask. Yet she knew.

“Everything since.”

She wanted to ask why— she wanted to shout it. She wanted answers and closure, but she knew why, to a point. And there were no words that could make it right. Was she asking for forgiveness for her own part in *their* demise and your eventual downfall?

Perhaps. But what pardon, what absolution could your hands give? Stained red with blood, it would be like asking the butcher to forgive the blade.

“I did not think...” she had not had the strength—not even to admit it to herself, so her words had come out strangled, quiet and hurt. “That you...”

“Oh, but you did. But that is not why we are here.” You took to lean against a tall, magnificent gravestone with a familiar name. There you and the stone stood comfortably, proud, and as if ready to remain there for however long someone lived to remember you both. “Tell me, Lestrade, how long did it take you to realise who it was? Dabbling in the corners, finding the little trinkets I left there, all for you.”

A bitter laugh escaped her; perhaps tears would have fallen had she any left. “Too long?”

“Evidently. I had to make it simpler...”

“I am here now. I found you.”

“Grace... Did you?”

“Why do you—” a wrinkle across her ever scowling brow and a deep breath. The familiar frustration reminded her of the old days...

Of the good days.

The stolen moments before the...

Would you even recall those days? Would it matter now?

“I never meant for this to happen, Sherlock—”

“They were your words. You knew before I did. *Bravo*—”

“I DID NOT MEAN—I never would have—”

“Oh, come now. There is no need to lie. Not to me.” Such sweet softness to your words at times. And some words filled with such poison. “You meant every word uttered that day.”

“No, no, I—I was a grave mess. That day... If I had once had the thought, if I had heard a vile rumour—I never should have spoken them out loud. It didn’t mean that I believed this to be your fate!”

“Then why am I here, Lestrade?”

“What?”

“Do you really think you could have caught me? *If* I took to crime—”

“I did, and *you did*—what are you—”

“Do you honestly expect me to ever speak to you again? Seek you out? Is this your little hero’s journey, where you find atonement by being partially correct with your hatefull words?”

Your words echoed.

“Wake up, Lestrade.”

And with a gasp, her eyes open, and she folds into a hunched-over position on a bed with sweat-soaked linen. Chest lifting and sinking at a dangerous pace.

Her lips part to practically pant as she finds the strength to drag a trembling hand across her face and feels the truth sink in.

*It had all been a dream.*

And that would be the last time she would ever be granted the privilege to see you smile.

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\*P.S. MC also dreamt it! Double dreams ✨😌 (I wish I knew a better word for that...) Anyway, that's a thing that will happen in the game, mirrored-esque dreams (*what?* It's kind of a gothic romance game, I'm allowed...) though not this particular dream. Not in-game anyway. Though there might be some hints that it could have occurred 😬



Ok, so... I felt something was missing.  
I felt inspired the day after...  
So we are doing a part 2.

**Context:** Following part 1, lestrade had awakened from dreaming of you. But soon, she falls asleep once more. Yet again, she is in that same nightmare, but she can't quite remember that this is a dream that she has over and over.

This night is her own personal purgatory.

But at least you are there. And she can pretend there's a future where you are, in a sense, happy to see her...

## **Part 2.**

### **Lestrade:**

Lestrade was so sleep-deprived, so dead in mind and body, that sleep came again, and again. Fritful and frightening. Closing her eyes, she only ever saw you.

Your eyes. As if cracked at the edges as the vision breaks.

She was haunted by each sight.

But she allowed the torment.

For penance.

For absolution...

The scene came back again. Her memories jumbled and blurred. It all, never-ending, as the cold winter scene became a night. Became a rainy day. A foggy morning.

*What of rainbows?*

*What of a warm summer's day?*

No. What remained was always bad weather, you, and the tombstones; the death that surrounded you both.

This time, the mud kicked under her rough-made and uncobbled boots. She wished to plant her feet in it. Burry down. Sink in. Feel something but the heartache through that biting chill.

No. She had to face you.

She had attempted to exhale then. A test of lungs surely blackened and scarred. God. She felt weak. Her breath came so ragged she wondered if she would remain upright the small distance to your form.

With the parting of lips and breathing out, there was that little whisp of her traveling breath before her, the little cloud she made. It only reminded her how *very fucking much* she'd kill for a smoke.

Christ.

She looked down as she approached you yet again, for she feared your gaze now but could not remember why.

You turned to greet her, and her cowardly eyes only saw your coat, drenched by the rain.

*"Lestrade."*

And she swallowed as the scene unfolded much the same.

Different. But all the same.

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She asked, confused herself as to why, "Are you cold?"

The figure only too soon returned, "Is it not a little too late for your *care...*"

Oh. It always was.

"Yeah," she huffs. "Didn't think you'd cared to hear it, then..."

What would the truth have done, what did such things ever do?

"What did your care mean, Lestrade?"

"Before?"

*Everything.*

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There was one scene above the rest.

One of the recurring nightmares, she had woken up from in tears, an amount of weeping she had not known she had kept the

ability to produce. Not now, not once grown. Not once she was old enough to speak *and to listen*.

Nor had she known how the gun had appeared in her hand.

That cold, familiar, firm metal.

Just as it had been every other time she held it.

And it fired, just as it had, every other time she held it.

—The pain of a bullet through the heart. Unforgettable. As you stood, a hole through you— she felt it tearing through her. It spread a cramping, chilling pain through her neck. Her spine. The core of her shoulder, where nerves burnt and frayed with frozen shrieks.

She wished to scream, but she only fell to her knees.

Well... Had she not sought a distraction from that heartache?

~~*But can one die from a broken heart?*~~

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"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

"Lestrade."

*"Lestrade."*

*"Yes?"*

*"I loved you. Did you love me?"*

*"You never loved me."*

*"But if I did?"*

*"Wouldn't change a thing."*

*"Not even if I really loved you, Lestrade?"*

*"Wouldn't change a thing."*

*"I'd love you all the same."*

*"You may hate me."*

*"Kill me."*

*"And I'd love you all the same."*

*As it bleeds through her fingers. Tell me, is this when she realises the truth of her heart?*