

The Final Claiming

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The Final Claiming

by [Blackmoore](#)

Summary

Gregory lestrade has help with Charles magnussens death, and doesn't know how to tell Mycroft that and sherlock finally confronts Mycroft but saw something that scared him

Gregory lestrade looks at the note that was left

To whoever finds Charles Magnussens body

Good luck, and happy birthday everyone

James Moriarty, consulting Criminal, etc, etc

Greg lifts an eyebrow at this as he gave it to sherlock "Why would he admit to a crime like that, just signing his name and title."

Sherlock sighs "He wants to take credit, how was the body?" Gregory spoke "bullet behind the ear, easy to be recognized, when examined."

Sherlock nods "It's them." Greg nods "Of course, it is." Sherlock sighs "I'll have to go back to England." John nods "I'll drive, you sleep, sherlock."

They got into a car and drive back to England

Sherlock goes to where Mycroft is working right now "Charles Augustus. Magnussen, was killed by James Moriarty's people, he was there."

Mycroft looks up from his work "I thought you wanted to kill him, he's dead, sherlock, and Jim well that's an improvement." Once sherlock left Mycroft sent a text to Jim

Really, James, but thank you - MH

James Moriarty looks at the text and smiles as he sent a text back with the stupid smile on his face

You're welcome, Mycroft - JM

Mycroft smiled slightly as he sent a text back to Jim

I'll make dinner, bring a wine, James - MH

James smiles slightly even wider then before and chuckles

Of course, I will, Mycroft - JM

Mycroft nods as he finished the paper work and went home and make's something to eat for two

James Moriarty smiles as he enters the house with a smile and got two glasses and goes to the dinning room table and puts the glasses down and the bottle of rather expensive wine

Mycroft went into the dining room and smiles at the wine "James, I'm not leaving my post." James smiles and nods as if excepting what Mycroft just said "I don't expect you to, Mycroft."

Mycroft and James get food Mycroft gets a text from his brother "Oh for the love of."

Is James there, I need to talk with him - SH

James lifts an eyebrow at Mycroft's reaction "You okay, Mycroft?" Mycroft nods "Yes, sherlock is coming."

James smiles "I was expecting as much, but not this late." Mycroft nods, sherlock Holmes and John Watson go to the dining room

They entered when Jim kissed Mycroft and smiled as Jim spoke in a whisper near Mycroft's ear so only Mycroft could hear him "I've always wanted to, melt that ice of yours, Mycroft, the fire to your ice, the fire that could sting in the end if not careful with it."

Mycroft lifts an eyebrow at Jim and kept his face blank as he looks at the two people he didn't want to see tonight

Jim sips the expensive wine with a smile as Mycroft looks at Jim and spoke "Hello, Sherlock, John."

Sherlock looks at Jim then at his older brother "Why is he here, Mycroft?" Mycroft spoke "We are enjoying a nice dinner, Sherlock, with food and wine."

Sherlock joins them he gets his own plate and sat down and he prefers not to drink the wine "Well, no matter what you say, I'm joining."

John looks at sherlock and stays as well not wanting to leave his friend alone with the criminal mastermind, Mycroft sighs softly "We are trying to have a personal conversation, brother."

Sherlock looks right into Mycroft's eye's "I'm here to make sure you don't get hurt, by him."

Jim puts the glass down as he looks between them but didn't speak as he looks away and pulls his phone out and showed Mycroft "Here, the conversation between me and my most trusted sniper Sebastian Moran, if you want sherlock you can read it."

Mycroft looks at the text messages between Sebastian Moran and James Moriarty, and nods at sherlock to read it with him

You can have my criminal Empire, Seb-JM

I don't want it boss-SM

Then take the money and leave it to crumble to ash-JM

you need to take half, Boss-SM

No, I don't need the money-JM

You're a generous, bastard you know that-SM

Yes, too generous to my favorite sniper-JM

I do care for you, Jim, don't die on me, you idiot, and

we'll talk about what you've been doing-SM

Sherlock looks at Jim at the part he reads, Mycroft looks at his brother and looks at Jim as well, they continued to read

Yes I know, you'll spit on mine or his grave once you get back from Ireland-JM

Jim spoke once Sherlock looks up at him and started to talk "Just listen, please, at first I wanted to hurt Mycroft but the deeper I got the harder it got for me to even want to hurt him, I know, Mycroft would never leave his post, but I left mine, and Sebastian isn't going to take it."

Jim, I can't take it, you have to take the money, don't spend it, I'll find work with another cousin-SM
fine, I'll take all the money-Jm
Good, now go have dinner-SM

Jim looks at them as they look right back surprised by the news "Yes, Me and Sebastian are related, yes we've both been crime since the Irish mob.'

Mycroft looks at him "What did you tell me you know the, I knew you were ice the moment you rather stay behind the glass then." Jim nods "Something like that, Mycroft."

Sherlock looks between them and sighs softly as John spoke looking between them "Sherlock, I think Jim loves him."

Jim looks at John "At first it was a new obsession with sherlock's ice brother, but like unlike me I was the fire to Mycroft's ice, the coldness, that he shows to protect himself with, I melted his heart, but I wonder does he really love me."

Mycroft smiled "Of course, I love you, James." James smiles at him "Just curious, Mycroft after all I love you as well."

Mycroft smiles as his fire as Jim smiles right back at his ice happily

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