

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—whichever 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