

Devon Holmes

The Final Solution



Bonita Hightley

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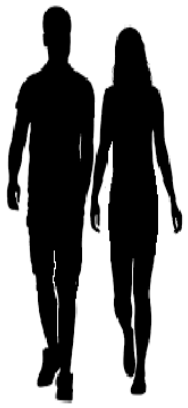
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This is my tribute to Jeremy Brett, 'Sherlock Holmes'



Devon Holmes





Dear Mr. Harold S. Holmes,

This letter is to inform you of your rightful acceptance of your Great Niece, Devon Myra Holmes. However, I regret to not disclose the true nature of her Great-Great Grandfather of which of the two, Mr. Sherlock Holmes or Mr. Mycroft Holmes.

Signed, Scarlet Holmes

Bonita Highley

Devon Holmes: The Final Solution

Midnight, Devon stood gazing at the bright midnight moonlight.

John, in bed, rolled over to see her. "And why are you looking out that window at this time of night?"

Devon, in her wondering deduction. "Imagine being caught into your own time era of the 19th century, 1886, to be precise. Knowing that your only destiny lies only within the time in which you live in. Knowing full well, that the time you have in your life, is like a shelf life with an expiration date on the box that says, 'use by January 1st 1900.'"

John, smirked, then a little chuckle. "Sounds a bit drab don't you think?" Then extends out his hand to her. "Well this day I know for sure. Come back to bed with your husband. We shall make the most of our time doing what makes us happy, productive and fulfilled in our own time."

Devon, grins at him, takes his hand, slips back into bed. Snuggling up to him, she places her hand around his.

John, his warm protective arm around her body. "And don't worry. We will soon bring forth our offspring that will continue well into the 21st century."

Devon turned her head to look at him with loving devotion.

John, taking his hand, gently gripping her soft face, taking the first kiss, once, twice, thrice, as she followed his lead, as he pulled her closer to himself, their passion overcoming them.

The next day....

Devon, entering into the living room, sees her mother Clara.

Clara, sat on the old tattered chair going over the notes from the file cabinet, slowly with a wave of invitation to her, but silent, greeted her daughter, her father, gent of all gents, sat reading his newspaper quietly.

Her grandmother, grandfather, sat focused them all.

Devon , with a cheerful grin, goes to her. “Yes mother have you found something of interest?”

John Watson, entering the room a moment later. Stood listening.

Clara, with scowl. “This letter telling about another letter showing the list of people that old crow James Moriarty had written, to blackmail the poor, innocent people. Mum knows all too well about that, right mum?”

Myra reached out for her husband’s hand in protection of the dreadful thought, sighed hard.

Clara, placing more attention on her daughter. “ According to this letter, the list is still in the apartment flat at 221B, London, England. But your great grandmother could not obtain it at the time since Moriarty was in the way, the old banchee. But even he could not obtain it, thanks to the safe keepings of Sherlock and Dr. Watson.”

Devon, tapping her fingers onto her chair in wondering. “So, what now?”

John, came forward. Stopped mid room. “I’d say we go find it. Devon. How does a trip to London, England sound, to the flat, 221B?”

Devon, retracts her hands. “Why not? When do we leave?”

John, grinned.

On an airplane to London England.....

Devon sitting next to John.

Devon, already bored. “ 12 hour flight is enough to scare the fright out of anyone.”

John, in attentive care, holds her hand in understanding. “There will be breaks.”

Over night stay in.

Back on the airplane.

In the castle hotel, he looks at her. “Here we are.” Grabbing her by her waist, twirling her around, running playfully across the long corridor, playfully grabbing each other in fun, laughing. Falling in together, exhaustion took over as they fell asleep.

The next day....

In a rented car, they drove to the old London flat of the historic building of 221B.

Devon, taking the first step inside the room of 221B, step by step she stood in the center of the room. Taking a sizable look into the very room of her Great-Great Grandfather, Sherlock Holmes. Everything in its place as it was back in 1846.

Watson, following behind her, then aside, stopped to see for himself of his own Great-Great grandfather's place of practice of his trade of Dr. Watson. The ray of sunlight beamed through the old curtains streamed of what use to be as both their feet cut through the thickened nostalgia. He turned to her. "Devon?"

Devon, in a gaze, stood completely captivated as if she could hear two men's voices from a long ago forgotten time surrounding her. A sound of voices in deducements to solve cases in progress, as though in the very room proceeds. Suddenly she veered to her right, in her mind's eye, an apparition in slow motion appeared before her, a tall man with dark slick back hair in 1800 suit walk across her path as she followed with her eyes to see him stand next to the fireplace, stood next to another man with taking notes, then, as they fade into the past.

John looked at her. "Devon? What is it?"

Devon, leaving her gaze. "I'm alright John. Just ghosts of the past. Now I know where it is." She goes to the mantel picking up nic nacks, finds it. A handwritten note signed by Dr. Watson.

Your personality on paper. See how the letters is cursive signature slant to the right, and this one of Mycroft. Sherlock said at one time, 'he writes like a drunken crab'."

John smirk in amusement. "And this one, what is your conclusion?" He handed it to her.

Devon, in a silent moment. "Watson. This is not Sherlock's handwriting." She looked up in stillness. "It is Moriarty's. "

They gave each other a hard lingered look, then promptly left the room.

John, entering inside their hotel bedroom.

Devon, stood looking outside the window. "John. I feel a dark cloud of fate over me. This will have to be resolved one way or another. This Napoleon of crime, for his family's last name's sake, must become extinct into a final solution. The sad truth is. He himself can turn from his exploits."

Watson, in reason. " Mr. Moriarty. I highly doubt. That man will not stop until he gains for his own."

Devon, gave into optimism with a slight grin. "We shall see."

Devon Holmes on her way to her room sees Mr. Moriarty stand with a crooked glare at her. "The letter of scarlet. Hand it over to me."

Devon, stood her ground. "Mr. Moriarty. So you came once again for the same reason. To learn the truth behind who was involved with your Great-Great Grandfather's blackmailing list. Your actions of tyranny will not be tolerated." With clever jeer look, to Moriarty "Moriarty, do you ever plan on any offspring?"

Moriarty, with wry grin." I am the last of my kind. I wonder what the future holds beyond us, if I allowed my next to kin to be brought forth into this world. Until my family's name sake at last will be exonerated. The privilege of mine over yours" He turns to walk away.

Devon, "Moriarty!"

Moriarty turns back to her.

Devon, adamant. "I accept the challenge. Turn from your exploits or expect the final solution."

Mr. Moriarty stood with a crooked glare at her. "You will concede to me! You.... will not outwit me. Stay clear, or reap the harsh consequences of your actions."

Devon, stood up to him. "I've endured far worse. Your gag order does not apply to me. And I shall warn you of your impending destruction of innocent people."

Mr. Moriarty, with wry grin. "This warning coming from a mere woman of 5'2". I am free to walk these halls as others do." He began to walk off.

Devon, taking her hand, tugged her jacket closer, she stood infuriated composure. "Moriarty! You forget my bloodline!" She snapped at him harsh.

Moriarty paused. Then continued onward.

Evening dinner.

John, gets up from his room's chair. "I'll order dinner.

A servant knocks, then enters their room. "Your meals Sir." Leaves the trays, leaves.

Devon, a pleasant taste of tea as she sipped. Sipping more. In her mind, the room morphs into other dimension, her as a young child of seven years, her mother taking her hand, lovingly tells her to 'stay with her', then in an instant, pulls her back, released her hand, disappeared. Devon running after her down the street with no end in sight, sees an old man in turn of the century 1800's black top hat, dark cape, ruthlessly walking toward her in unforgiving demeanor. The young innocence swiftly stop, taking two steps backward, turn to run away from him in a slow motion like dream. And while she ran, two men's voices calling out to each other, like echos from past of 1846, one, Sherlock Holmes' voice calling out to Moriarty as 'The Napoleon of Crime', as she stop once again in view of her Great-Great Grandfather in front of her, his next century descendant, she is suddenly nabbed by Moriarty. She screams out for her mother. "MOTHER!!!! MOTHER!!!! MOTHER!!!"

Devon, waking from her drug induced nightmare, taking her hands, she battles her striking stance against a fading imaged Moriarty, slowly coming out of the drug stronghold, she lay flat onto the floor, screaming.

John, holding her hands bracing from harming him, he held her down. "DEVON, STOP IT, ITS ME, JOHN!!! DEVON!!!"

Devon, looking straight at him, wimpered her last cry. "JOHN!"

John, in serous mode. "Yes, it's me. Are you alright? What happened to you?"

Devon, catching her breath, gathering her senses. "Lift me up!"

John, taking her hand, pulling her up. "What just happened, what's going on?"

Devon, coming back to her logical senses." Moriarty. Damn that man, he's found me out. Just a trifle scare tactic from him." She stood in front of John. "And like a guardian angel, Sherlock stood his ground against him. Come Watson, the game is afoot!"

Together, they walked side by side down the corridor in pursuit.

John, "To be sure to what to look for."

Devon, "The evidence of what was written inside the letter of Scarlet. A list of blackmailed people. Damning evidence against Moriarty. It would destroy his surname forever."

John, walking in swag agreement.

Then seeing a broken into busted door, then two amateur detectives touching upon the door with their bare hands their fingers touching the door's surface, a recent discovery of evidence. Suddenly halting in their tracks, extending their hands outward to each them in forewarning gesture to stop, don't move.

John, out of sorts. "Hold it, hold it, stop! Stop what you're doing at once! Your name!"

One tall man, "The name is Detective Jackman sir. We are in training just a few days but came upon this."

John, stood adamant. "That's not the way to do it. Go back to report to your superiors at once. We will take it from here."

The two rooky detectives in humble, left.

John, unamused. "I've never seen such a blithering fool make such a blistering mistake. Such stupidity in the highest degree of detection to leave a blatened mess of clues.

Devon, takes a huge sigh. "I'm getting patiently tired of pathetic villains."

John, "Perhaps the butler did it?" In joke.

Devon, gives him that sly look. “Watson. Your cleverness precedes you. But do spare me the contrary of old clichés.”

John, attentive. “Then what is your theory to this mystery? Let me guess. Picking a lock to bust in?” in sarcasm .

Devon—“Oh Watson. Now where is your common sense.”

John, stood enlightened. “Ok, the next thing you say, I got it wrong. No key.”

Devon, with clarification. “No Watson. It’s not that you got it wrong, you just didn’t get it right.”

John, stood with pride. “ Are you ready to investigate my love, before the police arrive?” Boldly stepped inside the room first. “The makings of Moriarty, I suspect.”

Devon, followed. “Yes, I’d say. He was searching for a person of great significance, an innocent person from the list of people of their families his 2nd Great grandfather tried to blackmail.”

John, searching, continued. “He didn’t have the key, nor the time to waste, so he bashed his way through quickly.”

Hearing the police arriving at the foyer, John, swiftly looked at her.”
Time for you to leave!”

Devon, quick minded, pulled out the old letter of the signed name, Mr. James Moriarty, from her coat pocket, dropped it on the carpet floor.

John, watching her. “ We’re going to need that for evidence.”

Devon, “I have a copy.” She smirked.

John, attentive. “They’re coming.” He escorted her from the room, spying around the door’s corner, seeing no one, he ushered her off out of sight, then returned stood waiting for the police as he now sees them arrive.

John, in respect. "Officers, you're just in time. I was about to go inside."

A tall, dark hair man, his hair slicked back, taking the first step to him. "I'm inspector Lestrade. I will lead in this investigation as you will divulge any solved clue directly to me."

John Watson, in astonishment. "Lestrade. Really?"

Devon, around the corner, stood still eavesdropping to every word, taking a double questioned look to her side of hearing the name- 'Lestrade.'

Lestrade, inquisitive. "And you are?"

John, with unimaginable stare. "It's Detective John Watson, Sir."

Lestrade, stared back. "Watson, you say. My great grandfather knew a Watson at one time. Huh. You just don't know these days who you run into. Right, let's do it." He turned to look around. "The door indicates an obvious break in, but for what? "

John, stood tall, his hands behind his back. "It looks as if the person who broke in was in a hurry for to grab for any evidence he could."

Lestrade, looks down at the floor to see the paper. "And what is this?" He crouched down to pick up the paper, takes a long loom it. "Ah, looks like we have the damning evidence. Thank you for your help in solving this mystery. We will take it from here. Officers, we are looking for a man named, Mr. James Moriarty. Go find him."

The officers left the room in search for the said man.

Lestrade, stood in place at John Watson. "Thank you Detective Watson. Well done. I shall notify your superior of your most outstanding helpful conduct. So sufficient in finds, if it weren't for my superiority, I'd say almost as if 'planted evidence."

John, with a cautioned wit look back at him, giving Lestrade a respect tip of his head.

Lestrade, left the room in boastful pride.

John, with wry smirk, left the room to fetch Devon, but the hallway empty.

In the foyer, Devon, stood profoundly in proud waiting, her focus.
"Inspector Lestrade."

Lestrade, halt in place. Looking at her in question. "Yes, what is it you want Miss???.?"

Devon, taking a step forward. "Lestrade. My name is Devon Holmes, I am descendant to The master Detective, Sherlock Holmes. It is an honor and privilege to meet you Sir."

Lestrade, stumped. "Devon Holmes....a descendant of Sherlock Holmes..... No Maam, It is certainly an honor and privilege to meet you. And if we were to ever meet again, until that time." He revered her with a tip of his hand, forehead, then outward in great respect to her, then stood mesmerized by her traits.

Devon, grins to her last link of what's left of detective of era in history.

Lestrade, leaves onward.

Devon, satisfied, hears the coming sound of police, looks down in waiting.

John, quickly goes to her. "There you are, I've been looking for you."
Pauses, stands by her side.

Moriarty ,being escorted by the police toward the foyer's door, looks at her with a glaring scowl.

Devon,stood adamant, raised her view straight at Moriarty, not wavering as she sees him leaving the room.

John, in illumination of the situation. "Ah, I see. Well done. It's quite in the blood, the Holmes' genes."

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