Disclaimer: The PPC was created by Jay and Acacia. *Sherlock Holmes* (2009 Film) was directed by Guy Ritchie. Kelly and September belong to me. *Welcome to the future* belongs to x-Pick'n'Mix-x. Beta'd by Cat-on-the-Keyboard.

September was asleep. Her dreams were a mixed-up muddle that was nonsensical and uninteresting in the logical world, but to the sleeping mind they were like the most wonderful thing imaginable. She woke to the muffled and quickly-aborted BEEP of the console.

September lay in bed for a moment before tossing aside her blankets and standing up. She yelled "I'm up" before stripping out of her pajamas and getting dressed. Several minutes later, she was stumbling out of her bedroom with her shoes clutched in one hand.

"What do you know about Sherlock Holmes?" Kelly asked.

September flopped onto the couch and started to pull on her shoes. "About the usual. Those things based on Sherlock."

"This is the 2009 movie adaptation," Kelly said.

September finished tying her laces and looked over Kelly's shoulder at the intelligence report. "Haven't seen it."

"I'll take the lead, then," Kelly said as though she wasn't usually in charge.

The two agents portaled into a three-bedroom flat somewhere in London and hid in the spare bedroom. The two stars of the story, Rhiannon and Lydia, were sitting on the couch and watching *Sherlock Holmes*.

Kelly sneered as she adjusted the see-through device. "The power goes out, they hear men's voices in the kitchen, of course they just go look without grabbing a bat or something."

"I don't think that gentlemen would just start playing with the appliances, time skip or not," September added.

"Righto," Kelly said as she scribbled in her notebook.

The agents were then forced to hide in the closet as the two girls arranged the spare room for Holmes and Watson to sleep in. They were then subjected to a bit of fangirl squealing that could be heard through the entire apartment.

"Oh for a pair of glopsnerch earmuffs," Kelly sighed as she opened a portal to the next morning.

Lydia wandered into the kitchen, believing that the last night was a dream until Holmes and Watson arrived. She then explained that the gentlemen couldn't wear their waistcoats while shopping.

"That's fine." Holmes smiled and Watson agreed.

“They seem kinda flat,” September said.

Kelly checked the C-CAD. “They're replacements, though we coulda guessed by them being younger than they should.”

While the girls and the gentlemen walked to French Connection, September commented. “This is a lot like that one movie with Hugh Jackman.”

“They probably saw it.” Kelly considered making another charge, but she decided that it wasn't a firm assessment.

Holmes was complacent during half of the shopping, though at one point he did try to escape out of boredom. He then protested at shopping for undergarments. When the shopping was done, all four went out for lunch, where they learned that Watson was just as perturbed about underwear.

A wave of nausea hit the agents as a chapter-break deposited them later into the same scene. A waitress was flirting with Holmes with inappropriate enthusiasm.

"I fail to see how this is even the slightest bit amusing! That woman just sexually assaulted me!" Holmes bellowed, picking up his bags and following us out of the shop.
"Oh don't be such a baby Holmes, it was funny." Lydia laughed as we left he shop and fell into step beside me.

“They really should take it easier on them,” September commented.

Kelly scribbled in her notebook. “That’s a charge for trivializing sexual assault.”

September frowned.

“Also do you see what they're planning?” Kelly asked. “The report says that they use a pink leg razor on Watson’s mustache, but she's buying special supplies now.”

“Ouch.” September grimaced.

The agents portalled to the next scene. After an argument about Watson's mustache, Holmes pinned his friend down so that the deed could be done.

The chapter break again deposited the agents later in the same scene. Watson's mustache was gone, and everyone else complimented him on his new look. Then the girls hailed a taxi to take all of them to an Italian restaurant nearby.

“Notice anything?” Kelly asked.

“They're spending a lot of money,” September said. “I wonder how they can afford all this.”

“Nobody knows.” Kelly grimaced. “It is a common Sue trait to never say where the money comes from, and these girls never get around to mentioning their jobs.”

The agents watched from a corner of the restaurant as Holmes guessed at a woman's profession. Lydia was too distracted by talking to Watson to notice, however.

"I see." He smiled and I noticed that his eyes roamed over her body subtly, and I laughed. I felt a tap on my shoulder and looked over to see Holmes leaning towards me again. I swallowed down my inner fangirl and smiled at him, nodding for him to speak.

He motioned me closer, and I leaned closer so he could whisper in my ear. "I do believe Watson is quite taken with Miss Bevan." I shivered slightly when his breath hit my cheek, but looked over at the pair as they talked, with Watson listening to whatever Lydia was saying with a smile on his face.

Kelly pointed at her mouth in a gagging motion. “Of course those two clones are falling in love with them.”

After the group got back to the apartment, Rhiannon got a call from her mother. Thanks to both Watson and Holmes speaking, Rhiannon's mother thought that both of the girls had boyfriends.

"Is there a problem, Miss Bevan?" Watson asked, looking worried that something had upset Lyd. Aww. Bless.

"Yeah… you two just made Rhiannon's mum think that you were our boyfriends, and now her mum and my mum are coming over to meet you." Lyd replied, rubbing her forehead and I could tell she was thinking hard.

Kelly snorted at the thought of a fangirl thinking.

"Ah. Well, we can't get you into this mess, and not help you out." Holmes smiled.

Does he mean…?

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, if they think we're together, we'll have to convince them that is the case." He replied simply.

"Indeed. It would un-chivalrous of us to not aid you. After all, we did cause this mess." Watson finished.

“What?” Kelly asked.

Me and Lydia just stared at them blankly for a moment before turning to look at each other simultaneously, the same look in our eyes. My inner fangirl was having a fit.

“How about explaining that you're just two strange men who fell out of a DVD player?” September asked.

Kelly scowled. “Because that would ruin the fantasy.”

When the girls' mothers came over, Holmes and Watson acted like twentieth-century boyfriends. Without being told, Holmes easily lied and said that his last name was Jones. The replacements also moved their things to the girls' rooms in preparation to sleep there.

“The perfect puppets.” Kelly's mouth twisted in distaste as she pulled out the portal generator. “Let's get them while they're in bed.”

While the agents were in transit, the girls' mothers decided to go to bed. The girls showed their ‘boyfriends’ how to use Google until it was time for them to go to bed as well.

"Oh, cool. So, sleeping arrangements…" Lyd trailed off, looking around.

"Well, we have to stay in the same rooms, to convince your mothers that we are, in fact, together." Watson answered. "I suppose it won't hurt to share a bed. We won't exactly be *doing* anything."

Late that night, Rhiannon and Holmes were rudely awoken by Kelly's voice. “Rhiannon Player, you are charged with making a poor copy of Sherlock Holmes to be your boyfriend, one that can respond to your very thoughts. You should be grateful that I’m sparing your life.”

Rhiannon's reply was cut off as she dropped through a portal.

Holmes sat up in the bed. “Now see here! Bring Miss Player back immediately.”

Kelly hit the remote activator again, and Holmes dropped through.

“Where did you send him?” September asked.

“Atlantic Ocean.”

Less than a minute later, the agents burst into Lydia's bedroom. Charges were repeated, with the addition of cutting off Watson's mustache, and soon her bedroom was empty. The agents then went to the guest bedroom.

Rhiannon and Lydia's mothers were awoken by September, who flashed them with the neuralyser. “Ladies, your daughters do not have boyfriends and you did not decide to come visit. Please step through the portal back into your own homes.”

Kelly glanced around the empty apartment and said, “You'd think that two squealy fangirls could make better copies of Sherlock Holmes and Watson. Come on, we have paperwork to fill out.”