

## Homo Aceros

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2589110) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/2589110>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Sherlock (TV)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Jim Moriarty/John Watson</a> , <a href="#">John Watson &amp; Sherlock Holmes</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Jim Moriarty</a> , <a href="#">John Watson</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hornbill!AU</a> , <a href="#">Not a Wing Fic</a> , <a href="#">Danger Kink</a> , <a href="#">Mpreg</a> , <a href="#">Post The Great Game</a> , <a href="#">The Most Unhealthy Relationship Ever</a> , <a href="#">Mild Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">Gunplay</a> , <a href="#">Caning</a> , <a href="#">Breathplay</a> , <a href="#">Branding</a> , <a href="#">not bdsm</a> , <a href="#">Because this is not safe nor sane</a> , <a href="#">Knifeplay</a> , <a href="#">Minor (Canon) Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Reichenbach-Related</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of <a href="#">Species!Lock</a> , Part 1 of <a href="#">Homo Aceros</a>
Stats:	Published: 2014-11-09 Completed: 2015-01-15 Words: 18,727 Chapters: 13/13

# Homo Aceros

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## Summary

Jim is right; John wants him, all of him. His insanity, his impulsivity, the way he keeps John guessing as to whether or not today is the day John will die. John doesn't have a death wish, but the edge of living, the edge of death; that edge keeps him aroused and ready to explode in pleasure, excitement, in ecstasy.

So the fandom has wolves and cats and dogs and egg fics, and I just thought there are so many other types of reproduction from the animal world...

So, hornbills.

Note - This ISN'T a wing fic. Let's use all the other cool features of hornbills instead :)

## Notes

Not beta'd nor britpicked. Please (kindly) point out any mistakes!

While this is entirely consensual, it may appear abusive or non/dub consensual at times. Please read with caution, if these things upset you!

Examples of coloration/physical features such as crests/pouches can be found here:  
<http://phipiohsum475.tumblr.com/post/102252310438/to-give-you-an-idea-of-coloration-for-my-homo>

## **If Inconvenient, Come Anyways**

“Sherlock, run!” John rushes to contain the mad man in front of him, accepting his own death in the face of saving Sherlock. He wraps his arms around Jim's; his heart tremors in the moment, alive with adrenaline, the danger coursing through his body like power he'd only felt in Afghanistan. The surge of strength in the face of death sings through John's body, and he feels invincible even in the face of imminent destruction.

Jim taunts him further, and chuckles, feeling the press of John against his body; Jim realizes before his would-be-captor that John's body is betraying him. He feels the hardened length press against him. “You've rather shown your hand there, Dr. Watson,” Jim smirks, both in relation to his adrenaline lust and his sacrificial deed for the self-proclaimed sociopath in front of them. John hates this man, Moriarty, and is willing to drag him down into death; partly to save Sherlock, but partly to rid the world of one less evil genius megalomaniac. John holds tightly to the criminal mastermind, arms hugging the suit, shoulder buying into John's downy golden throat.

The red dot on Sherlock's body douses John's adrenaline with fear; replacing blood singing in his veins with ice. John can die for others; no one innocent is allowed to come with him. He steps away from Jim, distraught that Sherlock hadn't taken the opportunity to run. The man's brilliance is unmatched, he should be saved. John is a soldier, ready to lay down his life for the greater good. And that, in every scenario, in every dangerous game they've played, the greater good is always Sherlock.

John recognizes only belatedly that his cock is betraying him, straining against his trousers, and he panics at the implication. He'd not recalled the arousal accompanying the life or death situations in the desert; perhaps because they were predictable; the death of his comrades, his brothers in arms, was expected, the enemy acted with single minded focus and their motivations were easy to decipher. Not so with a man who could easily be diagnosed as clinically insane.

Even now, strapped with semtex, a pawn in a game between two brilliant, selfish men with just the delicate strains of childhood experiences leading them towards one path or another, John feels the surge of fight as opposed to flight, and the gorgeous brilliance coursing through him sends the blood rushing to his cock, bulging traitorously against his trousers. He doesn't know how far his role as pawn might last; and thus cannot know whether to expect death, torture, pain or that he might even be able to walk away, harm free.

The uncertainty baits him, draws out odd tendrils of pleasure against all the common sense he tries to muster. Waiting for two to finish their banter; their witty quips, he urges his own inappropriate interest down, a task not made any easier by the weight of explosives sitting tantalizingly fatal against his ribcage. John comes to his senses with Jim's sing song “No you won't!” and sighs in relief. He can remove the vest; but before he does, Sherlock is ripping it off him. John panics, he can't imagine that Sherlock will miss this obvious defect, these crossed wires in his body, and think horribly of him. The man who decries his own transport, scorns even the thought of love and lust and sexuality. He looks down, but his view of

Sherlock's face is blocked by fire orange crest extending from the top of his head, parting the soft feathers at the top.

And then the panic returns in that ludicrous Irish sing song; "I'm so changeable!"

And John, slumped against the pylon, finds himself hard as a rock, just moments of friction away from the more poorly timed orgasm in his life. He refuses to move, with just a nod of his head to affirm he is willing to die with Sherlock, to end this lunacy, and the humiliation that has revealed itself with it.

-O-

After a sweep, first by Mycroft's men, then by Lestrade's, the pool is declared clear and empty of all criminal masterminds and villainous henchmen with their laser sighted sniper rifles. It appears clear that there were fewer snipers than red dots, so a clear deception had place. Sherlock curses, wondering if that information might have changed the outcome of their little game.

John knows it wouldn't have mattered. Not on the outcome, not on his mortifying arousal. He barricades himself in his room for a few days, the clinic understanding his need for recuperation, only coming out for tea, the occasional beans on toast, and to use the loo.

He wars within himself, trying to decipher where in God's name this sudden freakish lust is coming from. Why Jim Moriarty of all people, should unlock a deep secret hidden within himself. He recalls his sexual experiences to date, has anything ever indicated this... kink, for lack of a better word. He runs his hand over his smooth red crest, then ruffling the golden feathers that run down his throat pouch. He ignores the black feathers curving up the back of his neck, but soothes the sparse, miniscule down on his arms, golden overlaying the last of his tanned skin.

He recalls.

*Losing his virginity to Emily McCallum, her soft little breasts with pert nipples, and a wide hips for him to grip as he slowly slid into her. How within minutes, lights flashed in windows; her father pulled into the driveway. Emily saw the lights, whispered, "Oh shit, it's my dad," and John came so hard he almost cried with the pleasure. At the time, he assumed the excitement stemmed from his first time penetrating a woman.*

*In college, being fucked by Tommy Zimmer. It was his first man, and once and for all settled the matter of his sexual preferences: a little bit of everything. They'd met in class, and had gone to a party, where some of his classmates were enjoying a myriad of drugs. Tommy was balls deep in his arse, holding John's arms behind his back. John was hard, aching for release as Tommy occasionally brushed his prostate with drunken inaccuracy. The party below throbbed and ebbed with music and drunken chatter, loud laughter echoing up the hallway stairs. An abrupt stop to all the noise caused Tommy to stop his deep, vigorous thrusting, and John whined in disappointment. "It's okay, love, I plan on coming deep in your gorgeous tight arse, fuck, yes, you're so lovely." And Tommy waited, still buried full hilt, stretching John open and welcoming, sopping wet with copious amount of lube. He started gyrating slowly into John, remaining quiet, keeping an ear for whatever was happening*

*downstairs, and John pushed back, aching for a harder, faster, fuck. Suddenly, a loud voice bounced up the stairwell, "Police!" and John, impulsively, thrust back hard against Tommy, and shouted in ecstasy as his neglected cock pulsed thick robes of come onto the bedspread below him. Tommy, encouraged by the throbbing muscles clenching his cock, thrust without abandon into John, pummeling his arse, splitting him open wide, and Tommy came with a shout, just as a sergeant burst into the room. At the sight of their unanticipated visitor, John came again, unpredictably, officer be damned.*

*And one of his more recent girlfriends, all women after Sherlock's rebuff of "not my area", somewhere between Sarah and Jeanette. Sherlock was right, they weren't right for him, and he kept forgetting their names. But the one, the curvy one with plush thighs, the thick waist, teal blue crest that matched her throat pouch and exhibitionist streak. They'd fucked relentlessly in public places, but the most memorable of such was when he'd invited her into Scotland Yard. They'd fucked in Lestrade's office, as Lestrade was off reprimanding Sherlock's behavior and soothing a witness. The woman lay supine on the desk, panting, squirming, begging underneath him, "Fuck me John, make me come, please baby, fuck me harder. Oh John, fuck me, John," and that dialogue continued on repeat as she lost her faculties in favor of the lust driven pleasure of being filled by John's gorgeously lush cock. He was close, so close, but despite her chanting his name, despite the filthiness of defiling Lestrade's desk, he seemed as though he was aiming for a goal he couldn't quite reach. And then the door opened; Lestrade gaping wordlessly at the scene before him, the woman, Angie, that was her name, Angie's breasts bouncing, John pounding into her wetness, the folds of her pussy gorgeously gripping his cock, and knowing he'd been caught, not sure how he'd be punished, the uncertainty of the outcomes of this potentially criminal situation, and his cock exploded into her pussy and he cried out, avoiding eye contact with Lestrade while he drenched Angie's cunt with his thick white come.*

John realizes that perhaps he does have a history; not of exhibitionism as he'd previously thought, but of danger. And though he wishes it were Sherlock that pulled this realization from him, *how easy would that be?* he knows Sherlock isn't interested, but Jim. Jim might be interested. And John shudders at the thought. How could he consider this? Moriarty is insane, deadly, vicious and villainous. John curses again, just the thought has him half hard.

Fuck. He might be wanking to the pool scene for years. To Moriarty. To that fucking semtex vest.

And as much as he might try to deny it, he hopes to see Jim again.

## Could Be Dangerous

John wakes on his stomach blearily, he goes to roll over, but realizes he's restrained, arms in soft leather cuffs chained above him, and a thick, stiff pillow props up his hips. He is naked, and he begins to panic. The position he is in seems as though he is being prepared for a thorough fuck, arse up, hands tied, and he doesn't know where he is, what bed he's on, nor what that soft, arousing scent overcoming his senses is. The mattress is covered in silky sheets, and as he turns his head, the bedroom he's in is rich and luxurious, in a minimalist modern sort of way.

Regrettably, he's hard, thickly erect, in anticipation for what might be coming next. The down on his arms chafes against the cuffs securing him, and he puffs out his throat pouch in frustration. He stills as he feels the gentle stroking of a hand running down his smooth crest, and he shudders, the soft down on his skin giving the tingle of pleasure away; an even more physical sign of his arousal. He knows he should be more concerned about who is stroking the bony red ridge jutting from his skull, but the unknown, restrained and at the whim of mercy of someone else, has him fighting his most basic instinct of arousal. John is angry with himself; why does this helplessness, this danger, affect him so? He feels abnormal, idiotic, and strangely weak.

"Oh, Johnny Boy," and the voice is unmistakable, "I knew you were something special."

John stills, though his erection doesn't wane. He can see Moriarty in his mind's eye; Jim Moriarty with his jet-black head of feathers, parted for the pale lemon crest, and the throat pouch colored like the bruises John hopes Moriarty will leave on his body.

Moriarty taunts in a teasing cadence, "You can't honestly believe I didn't notice at the pool. How the danger affected you. The thickness of your cock pressed against my arse; I'd be stupid, so ordinary, not to notice. Not to take advantage. Dull, mundane Sherlock, not realizing the prize just beneath him."

John feels the smooth, heavy, metal edge of a rod brush against his spine. Without looking, feeling its tip, or knowing exactly where the madman is standing, it is impossible to distinguish a harmless metal rod from the delicate danger of a silencer. John bites back a moan, but of course, Jim realizes his predicament.

"Johnny, this danger kink you have is bloody fucking perfect."

John feels the metal rod slip down the crack of his arse, slipping softly pass the sensitively pucker of his eager hole, and dipping down to press against his testicles.

"I can't even tell, Johnny Boy, if you would rather this was a metal rod, or an actual silencer. Can you even tell? Do you want to be fucked by a loaded gun? Or is it better to not know for sure?"

John attempts to stifle vocalization of his arousal; Jim doesn't miss it.

“Johnny boy, you are insatiable. A perfect specimen. Craving danger – will I kill you? Will I cripple you? Will I fuck you? I haven’t even decided yet. You intrigue me; I could own you, but I want to carve the heart out of Sherlock; so how do we compromise? Should I fuck you, mark you, record it, and show it to your pathetic little detective, so he knows that your loyalty is only dependent on who provides you with the greater danger? Do I keep you, like a pet, fucking you at my will, while I wait for Sherlock to find you?”

“And I know, Johnny Boy, I know that all these sound equally enticing. You want the danger, the unknown, the unanswerable question if I’ll fuck you then kill you, or if I’ll keep you forever, my slave, and pummel into that sweet, gorgeous arse time and time again, knowing you’ll crave every minute of my insanity. I could cut you, brand you, and you’d crave my touch all the more, not knowing the extent of my psychosis. Fuck, Johnny, do you have any idea how perfect you are for me?”

John cringes, but doesn’t struggle away. Jim is right; John wants him, all of him. His insanity, his impulsivity, the way he keeps John guessing as to whether or not today is the day John will die. John doesn’t have a death wish, but the edge of living, the edge of death; that edge keeps him aroused and ready to explode in pleasure, excitement, in ecstasy.

Tied, restrained, and softly thrusting against the silk sheets just listening to the filth with which Jim abuses him, John craves Jim, and desperately tries not to beg for a hard and fast fuck from his flat mate’s sworn enemy. His cock throbs beneath him, occasionally leaking drops of pre-cum on the silk beneath him.

“Tell me, Johnny boy, what do you want? Should I kill you? Fuck you? Keep you? I’m not cruel; I have men to be cruel for me. I’ll grant you whatever you wish.” As Moriarty taunts him, John feels the mysterious metal rod slip down to stroke the length of his erection, and he can stand it no more.

John finally surrenders, giving in to his most basic needs, “Fuck me, please, fuck me. Hard, fast, own me, Moriarty.”

Jim’s hand strikes fast and hard, leaving welts across John’s open, begging, empty arse, “James. Call me James, you filthy fucking slut.”

“Fuck, James, fuck me,” John begs, the pain bringing him half out of his mind with arousal. He’s still not sure if Jim will grant his wishes, but he’ll beg as he’s never begged before, thick and rigid with the knowledge that James could kill him as easily as he might fuck him.

Jim slides a slick finger into John’s arse, and John cries out. John has no idea how this scenario will devolve. He might die tonight, Jim might cut his throat while inside his body; or perhaps it is a ruse, a reminder of how a dangerous fuck will drive John from all the morals he assumes he once held dear. Is it a betrayal of Sherlock, his best friend and flat mate, to beg for release from his mortal enemy?

At the moment, John doesn’t care and babbles the begging words repeatedly, “Fuck me James, please! Don’t kill me, I’ll be a good boy, take me, fuck me, please, James, please!”

Jim, behind John, his facial expressions hidden, replies, “Good boy, Johnny, you catch on so quickly.”

John cries in pleasure, and feels Jim slide another finger into his arse; “Fuck me now, James, please sir, fuck me!” John knows his arse isn’t quite stretched enough, but he wants to feel the pain Jim has to offer, the pain he deserves for craving this dangerous man’s throbbing cock.

John feels Jim’s fingers leave him, and whimpers at their disappearance. “Oh, Johnny, I love how you crave me,” Jim coos, and John feels disgusted with himself, or at least he would, if he didn’t need release so frantically, from the unpredictable cannon that is Jim Moriarty. Jim lines his cock up with John’s needy hole, and John nearly cries at the feeling of Jim slowly pushing in, feeling his arse open in welcoming pleasure, stretched wide and gaping for a man who strapped him to a bomb less than a week ago.

Jim pummels into John, who can barely push back through his restraints, but tries valiantly, needing, hungering for more of Jim. Jim must recognized this, because John feels the edge of the metal against his neck, and he can tell now, from Jim’s position behind him, from the press of the cool rod, that Jim is indeed pressing a silencer to base of his head.

John curses himself, but only half heartedly, as Jim pounds into him, Jim’s glorious cock breaking John into pieces. With a sudden movement, Jim moves the gun slightly to the left, and rapidly pulls the trigger in time with his thrusts. John can see the bullet holes in the headboard to which he’s tied, and the knowledge of James Moriarty, driving into his arse, one hand on John’s hip and the other wielding a loaded gun, sends a wave of electric rapture through John, shooting through every nerve, down to his fingers, to his toes, up his spine, and finally, he screams through a blinding white orgasm.

“Good boy,” James moans enthusiastically, “So fucking good for Daddy.” He tosses the gun aside, with complete disregard for practical gun safety, but John’s too far gone to care. James grips tight, and with just a few more hard, violent thrusts, empties himself, load after load, into John.

James drapes himself over John for just a moment, and presses a kiss to his temple. “I’ll be back for you, Johnny boy,” James whispers, and unlocks the cuffs holding John into place. John collapses onto the bed, into his own release, sated and boneless, and James pushes off him and leaves the room.

John realizes he doesn’t know what James means. Can he leave? Is James coming back to kill him? Or to restrain John for his own personal use? John decides he needs to at least try to escape before James returns. As he gathers his clothing, washed and folded gently on the armoire, John both hates himself for engaging in this pleasure like he’s never had before, and for betraying Sherlock. John hopes, prays, that he’ll make it out of here alive, but knows that if he does, he’ll have to reevaluate his entire life; why he knew that James could pleasure him this way, why he wanted it so badly, and how he’ll explain this to the ever-omnipotent Sherlock.

## You Miss It

John doesn't know why he bothers worrying about Sherlock. John arrives back at the flat after his glorious kidnapping, a slight limp in his step, and a myriad of confusion, self-loathing, the glow of ecstatic pleasure, and anticipation bathing his face in a jumble of emotional mixed signals.

However, Sherlock, ruffling his deep navy feathers, and stroking his fire orange crest, has eyes filled with the empty blankness of exploring his mind palace, and John uses his distraction to shower and decompress after the intense cyclone that is James. John cleans the sweat and musk of sex off the golden down on his arms and legs, and gently attempts to wash the remnants of Jim's thick come from the inner depths of his arse. His fingers, delving into the loosened hole, reddened with sweet abuse, sends spikes of adrenaline as he recalls the panic of uncertain death he'd felt just an hour or two prior.

His cock responds to the memories, the loaded gun pressed against his flesh, the gunshots reminding him how James might have ended him and John's now palming himself, slowly stroking his cock to flashing images of semtex vests, sniper rifles, silencers, and the mad cackle of a criminal genius. He images James breeching him, the way his own body opened in an inviting plea, James fucking him with sinister joy, and John's coming hard again, muffling a great groan.

Out of the shower, John feels a wash of relaxation that he's not sure he's ever felt, at least not in adulthood. He plods into the sitting room, towel draped low across his waist, and dreamily realizes he's missed the stairs entirely. He turns, but Sherlock's back now from his mental wanderings.

"My, my, John. He must have been a lousy shag for you to have to come home immediately and masturbate in the shower. I didn't realize you had such broad preferences." Sherlock shifts his cupid's bow into a tiny, rewarding smile, "I suppose it's my fault for assuming 'not gay' meant 'heterosexual.' You should be congratulated on your use of semantics as a diversion tactic."

John quirks the corner of his lip into a barely noticeable smile; so rarely does he get the pleasure of Sherlock's erroneous assumptions, even more rare are their admissions. But he continues with a firm, steady-but-friendly voice, "I believe, Sherlock, this 'isn't your area' so I'll thank you to keep it that way."

Sherlock looks nonplussed; he really has no interest in John's sex life so long as it doesn't interfere with the work. "I was merely applauding you on having hidden something, *anything*, from me. I'm rather impressed, for someone so common." John knows Sherlock means this as a compliment, or mostly anyways, so he nods in acceptance, and starts up to his room. He needs a bloody nap.

In the weeks that follow, John finds himself on constant edge. There is an itch down to his teeth, a bite that is missing, and John dreams more and more frequently of the pool, of James, and the fatal peril, from amber crested, raven feathered, pale Irish psychopath. He dreams of bruises on his flesh, in beautiful shades that match the pouch at James' neck. He finds himself rushing head first into any and every threat he can find; by Sherlock's side, he finds plenty. John is chastised, and on one occasion, arrested by Lestrade, for his "fool hardy death wish," but they can't see, of course they can't, that John is chasing a high, a state of bliss, something to replace James and the pleasure only James can seem to give.

John needs an outlet; he begins to wonder how he might capture James' attention again, without alerting Sherlock or Big Brother.

As it turns out, James finds him. John suspects that will always be the case; James seeking him out; enjoying the control. He likely is watching John's every move, grinning wickedly watching John seek out inferior, second-rate replacements for the true danger only James can provide.

John leaves Sherlock in Irene's company to take a long walk away from their odd version of sexual tension. Though he knows Sherlock isn't interested in sex, whether through genuine asexuality, or simply a celibate choice, John isn't sure, but still; if Sherlock were to be interested, John suspects Irene might top his list. Her crest is white, soft and feathery, in contrast to the bony crest of most Londonites; it lends to her exotic appearance. Soft blue feathers swirl the edges at base of her neck, and the down on her arms is black, but tipped again in a deceptively innocent white. John feels oddly jealous, or perhaps regretful. Life would be much easier if he could satisfy this danger lust through Sherlock, but instead, he's bound to a man who claims mastery over all that is perilous, uncertain, and death defying. A criminal. A genius. A man with little to no moral guidance, and John knows that even if Sherlock declared undying sexual commitment to John and his perversion, that John would still choose James.

But today, James chooses John. After a quarter hours walk, John feels the biting sting of a needle, and the world goes black around him, the last sensation that of hands softly breaking his fall to the pavement.

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John wakes again, in the same bedroom as before, but kneeling on the ground. He tests his restraints; apparently, he's bound with thick, rough ropes, in a submissive position before the bed. He kneels, legs pushed apart by a metal bar, hands and arms firmly tied behind his back. The position he's tied in doesn't allow him to settle downwards, his back is erect, his arse cannot rest on his calves, and a round ball is shoved between his lips, gagging him soundly. He waits, the bronzed feathers at his throat heaving with each deep breath he takes.

Minutes pass, maybe an hour, or less; he can't be sure. His erection barely flags.

In the quiet, John hears a sudden whistle, but is immediately overwhelmed by fire shooting through a stripe on his back. Pain explodes through him, and at the second whistle, he tenses, waiting for the contact of another sweltering stripe of burning pain. John tries to scream; the

gag holds in place and instead, tears well at his eyes, pouring down as he wonders why the hell he's been summoned for this torture.

After countless stripes of a thin, springy cane, his back burns with angry welts, pulsing agony with each beat of his heart. Tears stream down his face, spit leaking out the side of his gag, and he whimpers, head down. He hates this scorching pain, but hates his arousal more; despite the thorough beating, his cock remains proudly erect in delighted confusion. Has James had his fill? Was John only good for a single fuck, then disposable? John finds himself hoping against hope, that despite the blistering anguish coursing down his shoulders, all the way to the plush flesh of his arse, that James will still find him desirable; will still use him and fuck him and pleasure him.

And suddenly, hope bursts through his chest, as he hears James command, "Enough, Seb." John whimpers in relief, and James notices.

"My good boy," he addressed John, digging his fingers into the fiery welts left behind by the vicious caning. John screams through his gag, and James chuckles. "You can't expect me to be so accommodating all the time. You want the danger, you want the insanity, the uncertainty of life and death, of pleasure and pain. And I want you. So Daddy will give you all of it. Johnny boy, someday, I will kill you. I promise you that. It might be next week; it might be years from now. But know, I control you. I own you. Each day of your life is mine to decide. And I refuse to watch you seek your death lust somewhere else."

John understands now, he thinks, why he was punished, but James corrects him, "This wasn't about punishment, Johnny. This was about reminding you of what you want. And what you need from me. I will hurt you and I will pleasure you. I will mutilate you, and I will comfort you. I will let you live, and one day, I will slay you. In everything, you belong to me."

John nods, desperate to please James, and James gently strokes John's crimson crest. "My boy, my lovely boy. I own you. Do you accept that?"

John nods enthusiastically, the stripes of scorching pain a testament to his sacrifice for James, a demonstration of John's commitment. James unlatches the gag, and John cries out, an involuntary reaction to the blazing heat streaking across his backside. James sits on the bed in front of him, and unzips his slacks, pulling out his gorgeous cock, hard and dripping, just long enough to bypass John's mouth and slip into his throat.

James pulls John forward by the crest, buries one hand in his feathers, and shoves John's head down onto his cock. John groans around the thick intrusion, pleased and leaking his own pre-cum, thrilled that James still wants him. James uses the hard maroon crest jutting from John's skull to press his cock deep down John's throat, and stays there, unmoving, feeling John's throat frantically spasm against James' cock in search of oxygen. John struggles against James, but without use of his hands, and James holding him down, John finds himself incapable, and after just a minute or so, John passes out, the lack of oxygen shutting down his brain.

John awakes, unrestrained, on the soft silk bed sheets, stomach down. His back stings with scalding pain, but he can tell it has been treated with soft, medicated cream, the gentle scent wafting into his nostrils. His mouth tastes of come, and his throat feels hoarse from misuse. John isn't stupid, he knows that after he passed out, James fucked his throat hard and vicious until he came, leaving behind the bitter, awkward texture of ejaculate, and a voice that will be hoarse for days. John is simply thankful for the gentle attention to his wounds; though he's not sure if James cared for him personally, or delegated the task.

Yet despite the cruel beating, the breath play, and coarse fucking of his throat while unconscious, John feels inexplicably cared for, adored, and he is already dreaming in anticipation for the next time James brings him here to play.

## **I Said Dangerous, And Here You Are**

Over the next few months, John is “kidnapped” a dozen or so times. He is beaten, abused, shot, and branded, and it’s the happiest he’s been in years. His body is a minefield of scars; some permanent and others healing. John doesn’t recognize a pattern to Jim’s sessions, or scenes, or whatever he might call them; it’s not as though it is something they’ve discussed. Despite outwards appearances, John isn’t a masochist. The pain is real, and he finds his arousal in spite of it, not because of it. But James is right. If there were no pain, no threat, no fear, there would be no true danger, and without it, this relationship of sorts, whatever they are to each other, wouldn’t work.

The sex, when it happens, is mind blowing. John has legitimately passed out from the onslaught of pleasure on more than one occasion. James’ touch is electric, his mouth wicked and biting, and his cock fulfilling on an almost primal level.

And despite himself, despite how hard John tries to avoid emotion for this psychopath, this mad bomber, this murderer, he finds himself deeply enamored in James. He isn’t sure if James is capable of sentiment, of love, but he adores James nonetheless. The way James plans elaborate scenarios in which to submerge John and his senses. When James calls him his “Good Boy” and praises John for his strength, his resilience, and for how fully he seems to satisfy James. How John is mortifyingly aroused when James refers to himself as ‘Daddy,’ and John feels dirty for not just accepting it, but reveling in it. Afterwards, once the adrenaline has dropped, James personally attends to any injuries that have been inflicted. Though he’s not always there when John wakes, there is always some token. A note, breakfast, the bloodied knife Jim used to carve into John’s thigh. And even better, when he is there, and James knows now is not the time for danger, but comfort, and John submits to James, crawling in his lap, letting James care for his needs, and James provides in full. In his weaker moments, John dreams of a life where James isn’t his deep dirty secret, but he knows realistically what they’ve created isn’t conducive to such whims.

Sherlock notices John’s improved mood, but assumes simply that John is content with his newest lover. Since said lover doesn’t seem to interfere with Sherlock’s caseload, nor the various ways in which John’s friendship benefits him, Sherlock pays John’s new paramour minimal attention. It is this complete inattention to John’s sex life that prevents Sherlock from seeing what should be obvious. Who else would demand so little of John’s time? Why else would John be fairly severely injured, just short of slowing him down, on a semi-regular basis? But Sherlock focuses on the work, and John hides his injuries well, and the connection is never made. As John has said before, on some things, Sherlock can be spectacularly ignorant.

So the day that Jim Moriarty walks into 221B as though he belongs there takes Sherlock by surprise. The jet black feathers accentuate the goldenrod crest, his beady black eyes alight with excitement, and his whole body, encased in another expensive Westwood, highlights his attributes in a way that exudes power. And Sherlock can only recall this man’s brilliant malevolence, how he strung John up in explosives, and he finds himself momentarily grateful for John’s bothersome flu, so that the presence of the vicious lunatic who used John as some

sort of sick bait won't further aggravate John's PTSD. John's nightmares had decreased in the last several months; a relapse would be most exasperating.

Jim walks in, and Sherlock holds his composure, hiding his shock, and coolly offers tea to his villainous counterpart. Jim sings softly, "Sherly doesn't know," and smiles broadly while Sherlock's mind processes any and all information; Jim cannot best him. He sorts through information on Mycroft, the Woman, on John. What would Jim know that Sherlock would not? Sherlock runs his hands over his blood orange crest. There are no obvious criminal oddities; aside from John's sudden escapism expertise from increasingly frequent abductions. The slight glimpse of new scars covering John's body, hastily buried beneath cardigans, button downs, and ugly jumpers. The bullet wound. The new lover. Suddenly, the details of John's secret life fall into place like a puzzle completed, and Sherlock gasps softly at the realization, the white, black and blue bands of his neck pouch puffing anxiously.

Jim chuckles, "You've got it now, dear, don't you?"

Sherlock blanches and stutters, "You? You've been torturing John." He cannot believe he is so blind; that Moriarty used his disinterest in all things sexual to abuse John so brazenly.

Jim giggles, like an adolescent sharing truth or dare secrets at party, "Torture is such a negative word. I've been giving him what he needs. Craves. Begs for."

Sherlock snaps back in anger, "John is no masochist."

"No, the pain is simply a necessity to feed his true fetish."

Sherlock swallows, eyes blinking while trying to re-assess what he knows about John Watson. The brief death wish from a few months back; the improved mood; the reduced nightmares. All in tandem with the torture he's been subject to under the ministrations of Moriarty's creative brand of evil. Without looking, he brings his fingers to his lip, and mutters the word, the dawning realization of what addiction Jim enables.

"Danger."

"Well done." Jim hollowly congratulates him, then adds a play spring to his voice, "I can't fault you for not seeing it; if even Irene can't entice you, then I've been frolicking in a field you've never even seen, let alone delved into the dark woodsy corners of fetishism and kinks."

Jim smiles, like he's offering neighborly advice, feathers ruffling mischievously, "I'd explore it just a time or two; who know what else you might have missed."

Jim stands, buttoning up his suit jacket and glances towards the upstairs bedroom. "I'll need to be attending to my dearest Johnny now."

Sherlock tries to dismiss him; there is too much information to sort and file and he can't bear the thought of John alone with Jim, "John had been sick for days, nauseous, the flu sending him running for the toilet. He's contagious, he's said."

“Good boy, limiting his exposure to your deductions,” and Sherlock can tell Jim is genuinely proud of John. “You would have eventually worked it out, even someone as ordinary as you. You’ll be seeing much more of me, I expect, as it will be my sole responsibility to care for my mate and our hatchlings.”

Sherlock chokes on his own saliva, “Hatchlings?”

Jim laughs wickedly, “You should be more conservative in your mental deletion. John’s been sick; sensitive to smell, staying almost exclusively barricaded in his room? Don’t you see? He’s carrying my young.”

# I Hope You'll Be Very Happy Together

John knows he's pregnant, but he hopes he's wrong; that he's not carrying the spawn of the most devilish, though satisfying, man he's ever met. He stays in his room several hours each day; the fewer hours he spends in Sherlock's presence, the longer it will take the detective to discover John's condition. And once the condition is discovered, Sherlock will eventually deduce the father.

John worries about the outcome. Will he be allowed to stay at 221B? Allowed to join Sherlock's cases? Will he be excommunicated, hunted, considered a villain as his lover is?

And James? Will this be the end of their relationship? Will James leave him and his young to suffer; will he need a surrogate father to care for them; would Sherlock do it? No, of course he wouldn't, not once he realizes, and John's heart is beating ever faster. Is this what James meant, when he said he'd burn the heart out of Sherlock, that he'd take John from Sherlock, and Sherlock from John? While devastating innocent hatchlings in the process? John feels sick, sicker than normal, at the realization that this might be true.

One morning, he hears James taunting Sherlock downstairs, and he knows the deception is over. James knows, and Sherlock knows, and John waits, his hand pumping tightly, his pouch feathers quivering in apprehension. He waits, and then hears James ascend the stairs; the gait between his lover and his flat mate distinct.

Then James is there, in his room, "Johnny boy, we need to talk."

John's heart drops, and his pouch deflates, and James notices in an instant, of course he does, "Oh, no, sweetheart," and James immediately comes to John's side, crowding against him, pressing him down into the mattress.

"I told you, you belong to me now. There will be no escaping, until Daddy's done with you."

John groans under the weight of James' body, James close enough for their pouches to brush against each other, the stimulation of feathers against feathers, the implications of James' ownership over John, and John stiffens. James chuckles knowingly.

"We need to discuss our arrangement, first, darling."

John thrusts against James, ignoring his words, in favor of his touch. James' hand shoots out, and wraps around John's neck, and John's erection grows harder as he struggles to breathe. "Discussion, first, you naughty fucking minx."

James keeps his hand tight, with the precision to allow John the shortest gasps of oxygen to stay conscious as James explains the newest terms of their relationship. "I know, dear boy, that you crave this. Me, the danger, our toxic dance, which will one day prove deadly for you. But that time will not be soon. We will have these hatchlings. Your deadly accuracy, thrill for danger, combined with my brilliance; God, our children will be amazing, gorgeous, *phenomenal*. Do you agree?" James releases John's throat, and John desperately gulps in air,

his pouch inflating and deflating in a rapid tremble. John nods his head quickly, while he still can, pulse quaking and downy feathers raised at the end of the gooseflesh of his skin.

James leans down to lay soft, apologetic kisses to John's aching throat, "Here is how this will work. I will not provide you the danger you crave in front of our hatchlings. They won't understand the difference between abuse and your filthy little fetish, and my hatchlings won't be raised in every present terror. I fear they might not grow up to be as well-adjusted as I did." James chuckles darkly at the thought, and John sees just the tiniest glimpse of James the boy, before the venomous spider clawed its way out of him. John nods again; he's in complete agreement with James' decree regarding their hatchlings.

Then James dips to whisper hotly in his ear, "But they won't be here for days, will they? And now I have you all to myself; no Sherlock, no Ice Man to hunt you down, for *days*."

John feels the adrenaline course through him, and he is euphorically terrified.

-o-

James convinces Sherlock to vacate the flat, with an enticing case in Eastern Europe; a human trafficking in forced slavery of men who had betrayed James at some point. James decided that this was a version of mercy; if Sherlock solved the case in time, then the men could be free; if not, well, James earned decent funds for the humiliation, breaking and servitude of those who dared to cross him. Mrs. Hudson conveniently wins a cruise; which she accepts with a knowing smile - her vacations were always gifted, never planned, and lovely.

James explains to John the rules of the next four days of their engagement, before John delivers their eggs. James reassures John that he would inflict no damage that might adversely affect their hatchlings, but that he does have a specific game in mind.

The game is this: James presents John with three separate brands, much larger than the inch sized brand he'd been marked with before. Then first, a long metal line, perhaps 25-30 centimeters in length, the next, a short metal line, half the size of the first, and lastly, a roughly 20cm square. "Johnny, we will live together, here in Baker St, for the next several days. I will brand you, burn my mark wide and deep into the skin of your chest, and you know you will always be mine, each time you touch yourself, look into a mirror, or cringe at another's touch. I will not tell you when I will attack, subdue, and burn my ownership into your flesh. And though I expect you to be an admirable foe; that you will fight and defend yourself with all appropriate force, I guarantee, before our young debut, you will be viciously branded as my property."

John's heart thuds loudly in his chest. His earlier brandings were small, but the brands this time are much larger.

James strokes John's cheek with a hint of malice, "There is one exception. I will not brand you should a part of my body be buried deep in part of yours."

-o-

The apprehension is low for the first few hours; John is fairly certain that James will build the tension, and John's fear will escalate. And that's his first mistake. He turns his back to James just once, to start the kettle; ears on alert for any sudden approach, when he began to feel dizzy, and slightly nauseous. He turns, in search of James, and sees the man wearing a gas mask. He panics, and attempts to dart out the kitchen door, but the door is barricaded. He clamors for oxygen as he attempts to pass James, but in weakened state, he finds it near impossible to fight off the man, and stumbles down to the ground, and feels James quickly restrain his hands and feet.

James pulls a remote from his pocket, and with the click of a button, John hears the whir of industrial fans, and suddenly he can breathe and his head clears. John rages that he is caught so soon, just an hour into their game, and struggles against his bonds, but James just laughs, and pushes John onto his belly in the living room. James pulls out rope, and ties the restraints from his feet to his hands, and he is, for lack of a better term, hog-tied.

James manipulates his body, so that John is now kneeling by the fireplace, torso stretched and open. Traitorously, his cock is painfully hard against the zip of his trousers, and he spreads his legs to try to reduce the pressure.

"My Johnny, my good boy. Look how badly you want this." James saunters into the kitchen, finding a set of blades, and tests each one against his pinky finger to determine the sharpness of the blade. Once he finds one sufficient, he comes back to join John.

John feels the warmth of the fire at his back, and James leans past him to put an iron into the fire, the single long line. John is shaking; the small brands adorning his thighs were intolerable; he can't imagine the pain to which he will soon be subjected. While the iron begins to heat, James starts to slowly slicing the clothing off John's body. Not just his torso, where the brand will be, but his trousers and pants as well.

James tuts at John's erection, and takes a single finger to swipe at the drop of pre-cum swelling at the tip. He laps at the tip of his finger, then groans with a smile. "Fuck, sweetheart, Daddy loves the taste of your fear. It permeates your body, your blood, your tongue, even your come." John is afraid; terrified of the upcoming pain, but his cock betrays him and another slick bead forms at the tip. "Oh, good boy," James giggles.

James leaves the room, leaves John taut and naked, while the fire cackles behind him.

# Daddy Loves Me The Best

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for delays, my kids broke my computer this week, so this has been hobbled together on a few devices that don't really talk to each other that well.

When James returns, he's holding thick yellow straps in his hands; the types that they use to restrain psychotic patients with in A&E. He places one around John's neck, and the message is clear – *Struggle, and you will suffocate*. Once John's head bows in submissive understanding, James murmurs agreeably and releases the bonds holding John's hands to his feet. Apparently, his taut belly and chest were a tease, while James readied whatever trick he held up his sleeve. John stretches out his tense muscles, but his hands and feet are still bound, and James yanks John to his feet.

James guides the coffee table over near the fire place, and using the nylon strap as a leash, forces John down. He straps John's feet and thighs to the table, and then, with a tight hold on the binding noose around John's neck, he releases the handcuffs, and then pushes John down onto the table. James straps John's waist, then his shoulders, his neck, his crest, and finally finishes by re-cuffing John's hands underneath the table.

The straps are all constricting, and John tries to move, but finds himself completely immobile. The implications are clear; John is completely helpless, dangerously out of control, and at James' every whim. His cock, thick and proud, demonstrates John's indescribable pleasure at this insanity; while his brain reels in terror at what comes next.

James straddles John, and places his knees on either side of John's hips. He leans down, and places a sweet kiss on John's lips, then drags his lips down to his jaw, and with no warning at all, James lines John's cock up with his arse and slides down. Yet again, John is surprised; though he supposes that is the point; the unpredictability of James Moriarty is practically a requirement of this attachment they seem to have formed. John howls his pleasure, shocked at the sweet, slippery slide, and he realizes that James' disappearance was not just to invoke tension, but he'd prepared himself to ride John, hard and fast. James buries himself onto John's cock, bouncing hotly, tightly, angling himself for John's cock to rub against the swell of his own prostate. John babbles, as well as he can through the tight nylon strap restricting his breath.

“James...” John wheezes, “Oh fuuuucck.” John can barely articulate the eroticism of being strangled and thickly encased in James' tight, hot, slick arse.

“Oh good boy, listen to you struggle, God, Daddy loves listening to you beg for breath. Do it again.”

John gasps hotly, as his orgasm wells closely to the surface of exploding into James' sweet body, and struggles out just one word, "D-d-ddaddy!"

James, the word sending blinding shivers down his spine, comes in thick hot ropes across John's chest with a guttural moan. John, feeling the seizing tightness strangle his cock, falls over the edge, and begins to pump load after load in James' arse. Simultaneously, as John's orgasm explodes out of him, James grabs the red hot iron from the fire, and presses the straight line into horizontally between John's nipples. John screams through the fiery pain, the pulsating orgasm, and his body panics at the dual sensations. His visions narrow to a single point, and then, when it is all too much, John blacks out.

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John awakens within moments, to the excruciating second degree burn striped across his chest and the scent of burnt feathers. He stifles his voice to a low groan, and he hears James' mellow, comforting voice, the words, washing over him as the straps are released. John continues to lay, feeling boneless, relaxed, but the pain is almost overwhelming. He can't seem to distinguish the feelings, and he feels high, or drunk, lost in a world of pain and pleasure and danger, and he can barely move.

James leaves the room for a moment, and John feels the loss of his mate, the father of his children for the minutes he is gone. But James returns, as John knew he would, and he gently rubs John's burns with a cool salve, strokes the velvety feathers of his throat pouch and John melts under his touch. The burn still blisters across his chest, but the coolness of James' administrations and coming down from the high of danger indulges John in a myriad of sensation and feeling.

When John's voice comes back, he chastises James through pained breaths, "What the fuck happened to no branding during sex?"

James smiles broadly, "I didn't say sex, Johnny boy, I said if *I* was buried in *you*. Which, in case you've forgotten, was most certainly, *deliciously*, not the case."

John huffs a high pitched laugh, "*Forgotten?*"

"Well, you did seem to lose yourself for a moment there," Jim teases with a taunting, satisfied smirk, "You even called me Daddy."

The blush blooms over John's face, the red deep enough to almost match his crest. He tries to respond, but instead just sticks up a single finger in pause. He gulps, then stutters, "No. Just, no," staring off into the corner as though it might erase his mortification.

James leans in to whisper, and his voice deepens in a seductive lilt, "No need for embarrassment, my good boy. It's just you and me. And Daddy liked it."

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John saw the brands. He knows there is more to come. And he understands now, why James attacked so quickly. The fear of anticipation accompanies the understanding of the pain, and

John cannot imagine doing this again; suffering like this for James. He knows, though, that he will endure anything James has to offer. But he also knows he'll fight harder next time.

The day continues uneventfully, unless one considers the gentle domesticity an event in and of itself. James prepares a thoughtful dinner in the slow cooker, while John cares for his wounds and then folds his and Sherlock's laundry.

The men skirt around each other, sweet and playful, with teasing kisses and flirtatious touches. John remains shirtless, letting the air help heal the burning wound on his chest, while he and James ignore the issue of pain, danger, and restraints that defined their morning.

The next morning, James attacks again, and attempts to garrote John from behind. John is on guard, ready, and fiercely fights back. He avoids the straps of the day before, and therefore avoids the fiery brands burning the feathers off his chest in a permanent scar. His quick thinking and sparring experience leaves them both breathless, and James with a sprained wrist. James leers at the pain; he is impressed, proud, and aroused that John magnificently fended off his advances with an attack of his own.

Once the unspoken truce settles between them, John wraps James' wrist, sitting on the coffee table whilst James leans forward on the sofa. John's tender bedside manner shows as John delicately holds the injured arm. The moment is oddly intimate, and for the first time in this perverse dance they call a relationship, John looks up into James eyes and sees. Really sees. Sees the brilliance, the psychosis, the passion, the peril, and for the first time he's noticed, John also sees unbridled affection. Once the sprain is adequately wrapped, John takes his chance; figuring it should be no more precarious than any of their other ventures. John leans in slowly, and when James doesn't pull away, he kisses James not as part of a role or scene, not accompanied with the hot passion of danger, but out of a sweet, emerging love.

-O-

In the end, James' promise holds true. John is well and truly marked; the vertex of the square meeting the midpoint of the first long line between his nipples, so that appears to be a diamond. The long brand was used once more to brand a vertical line that connected the top corner of the diamond to the bottom corner. The smaller brand was used twice to scar two more lines, running perpendicular at the midpoints of sides of the square closest to his hips.

The image looks abstractly geometrical, but John, as he looks in the mirror, can see how both a 'J' and an 'M' appear in the design and knows James spoke the truth four days ago. *I will brand you, burn my mark wide and deep into the skin of your chest, and you know you will always be mine.*

John smiles; to bear witness to the paternal instincts of James warms his soul, and he feels hope for their relationship, their continued association. James is here to take care of John. James will care for him, for their hatchlings, and Sherlock will, temporarily, allow John to stay. It doesn't do to dwell on what will happen once their hatchlings are ready to leave the nest; for at least the next few months, John is safe and James will provide for them.

# Do You Know You Do That Out Loud?

## Chapter Notes

Computer issues; can't spell/grammar check. Feel free to (kindly) inform me of any errors!

When Sherlock returns, having freed James' traitors, he is basking in the glow of success over Jim Moriarty. Jim just smirks; he enjoys creating little plots for Sherlock; their games are ever so much fun. And his treacherous men will betray him again soon enough, or others like them and he'd still sell them to the highest bidder. The money is rarely the point, anyways.

Sherlock rages at the sight of John's bare chest; he too immediately sees the ownership in the abstract imprint and spits venomous threats; half of which include Mycroft, before John can calm him. It is a difficult concept to explain to Sherlock; that he didn't want the brands, but he did want James; he didn't want the pain, but needed the adrenaline rush. And ultimately they must co-exist. In the end, John convinces Sherlock it is sentiment, giving the detective an out to dismiss his concerns with a flippant wave of his hand and derision for the chemical defect clearly present in John's brain.

John considers that conversation a rehearsal for the potentially explosive discussion they must have next. John feels safe at Baker St, and while he knows that James will protect him and their hatchlings at all costs, John desperately wants to nest in his bedroom upstairs. John tentatively asks, Sherlock balks, but just for show; he is relieved that John wants to stay. It is unfortunate John's presence will require Jim's for the next few months, and Sherlock uses that point to create unnecessary conflict. He hopes he can extort something for himself out of this arrangement; his own laboratory, perhaps? Sherlock and Jim engage in cutting, clever banter to work out a compromise.

Ultimately, Sherlock concedes to John's request. Jim knows Sherlock loves to put on a show, and they both perform a lovely production for John, letting John watch them fight and bicker over his companionship. Jim, knowing exactly Sherlock's end goal, offers to have 221C converted into a laboratory, and thus Sherlock graciously allows John to build his nest upstairs, and for Jim to stay during John's temporary interment.

John supposes Sherlock would rather John be close by and that having James nearby will provide him consistent entertainment. He appreciates James delegating the lab further from their young. He is also stupidly amused that they both thought so little of him as to act out

that obvious charade. John saw the look on Sherlock's face when he asked to stay: clear and utter relief. Everything after that was for show. Christ, were his geniuses the most bloody brilliant idiots sometimes.

-O-

Sherlock unashamedly confesses that he is intrigued to watch the development of John and James' young. Clearly, regression to the mean suggests it unlikely that the young will be as clever as Jim, nor as honorable as John, but Sherlock still wonders. Jim likely had some sort of defective nurturing; although John's childhood wasn't ideal either, what with the hereditary alcoholism and the inadvertent neglect. Is Jim capable of creating a stable childhood for his young? Can moral and good John counter Jim's psychopathy?

Sherlock begins to build a database; a system of documentation to watch their young. He recognizes that the sample is small, but alas, much was learned about language from the small sample of children raised in non-language environments; he supposes he can learn a great deal more with his intellect from this unusual coupling.

While he creates his research methodology, he apathetically ignores the nest being built. Delivery trucks leave numerous packages at their front door; Jim has various enriched dirt, soil and fruit blends shipped to Baker St. James and John mix the blends together, slathering each with their various bodily fluids, a sensuous blend that involves that apparently involves loud groans and banging noises that Sherlock steadily ignores. Though he isn't one to think

too carefully on bonding rituals, Sherlock is quite certain by midafternoon that he'd prefer the old traditions of using feces to harden the fruit mash and soil instead of semen. Eventually, the noises from upstairs are too distracting, and Sherlock wraps himself in his Belstaff, comforted by its familiarity, and dramatically storms from Baker St, a visual he's sure that Mycroft will mock him for when it comes across his daily briefings. He doesn't care; he simply cannot listen to the unmitigated lust and ecstasy echoing down the stairs. He never bothered to know much about John's love life, and he certainly doesn't intend to start now.

John and James playfully build a thickened barricade with the slurry mixture; their refraction periods minimized by the need to nest. James pulls John's back against his chest, and furiously pumps John's swollen cock, as he bites bloody marks into John's neck. With his other wandering hand, Jim gently traces the still fresh burns on John's chest, adding just the extra touch of pain that sends John over the edge. John comes, for the fifth or sixth time, and once the high of endorphins wanes slightly, he scoops the ejaculate off his cock, James' hand and add it to the barrier being built over the door.

Satisfied the makeshift wall will hold strong once dried, John pounces, pushing James on his back on the hardwood floor. He engulfs James' cock, desperately craving to pull the sweet

taste, the perfect fluids from his bollocks, to add to their nest, and he slides his tongue over James' slit, wrapping it around bulbous head, desperately sinking down hard, letting James slide slickly into his throat, gagging slightly. The pulsing sensation of John's throat pulls James' testicles tighter and closer to release, as his cock engorges diamond hard. John lets up slightly, and slides a slick finger to circle James' pucker, and with an ecstatic cry from his partner, suddenly accepts the gorgeous delivery of bitter ejaculate into his mouth. He smiles, careful not to waste a drop and they continue to merge it into the slurry, as the hardened shell begins to wall off John from the rest of the flat.

-O-

Throughout the day and night, they complete the nest's wall, save a small hole for James to slip nutrients, support, and entertainment, and offer words of encouragement to his mate. John helps, taking the mixture and blocking the window as well, leaving him in a dark, cavernous hole, dependent solely on James and his attentions. When the wall is nearly complete, James passes though a medical bag; he winks with knowing exaggeration. John feels the arousing flicker of danger, a flutter through his chest.

However, John feels that the eggs will be coming soon, and though he wants James, craves James, he knows James needs to leave the comfort of the nest so that he can adequately care for John and their hatchlings. Yet, John is thrilled; he knows James is here to take care of him. John smiles; to bear witness to the paternal instincts of James warms his soul, and he feels hope for their relationship, their continued association. James will care for him, for their hatchlings, and Sherlock will, temporarily, allow John to stay. It doesn't do to dwell on what will happen once their hatchlings are ready to leave the nest; for at least the next few months, John is safe and James will provide for them.

-O-

When it comes time, John pants heavily through the egg-laying. He squats in the soft down of the blankets, pillows and downy fluff nest. James is outside, cooing his comfort with calming words and affections. John reaches outside the opening of their nest, with a single arm, and James strokes the soft downy feathers, sweetly murmuring lullabies as John bears the overwhelming pressure of each egg, sweating through the contractions.

"Good, sweet Johnny, I love watching you do this. You struggle so sweet, so desperately, gloriously pressured. Our eggs, sweetheart, they will be so gorgeous, you've done so well."

John feels the gripping, painful urge to push, and over the course of an a few hours, he lays two bone white eggs into the feathery, plush nest. He plans on sleeping with them each day until his hatchlings are born, five to six weeks from now.

James continues to pet all of John he can reach, excitedly thrilled to see the fruits of their labor. James aches to meet his hatchlings, how they'll grow and flourish. Can he groom them? Will John counter or supplement his psychotic urges? He nearly hungers to find out. He craves to dangerously punish John, and realizes, that perhaps, he aches, simply just for John.

And maybe, just maybe, James Moriarty, consultant criminal, is in love.

## **You've Rather Shown Your Hand There, Doctor Watson.**

The soft shelled eggs lay nestled in the nest of blankets, pillows, and a scattering of their parent's feathers. The tans and rich walnut browns of John mixed in together with the jet black feathers of James. The eggs grew and stretched as the young inside reached their full hatching size over the course of the next several days. James stopped by every day or two with full provisions delicious, ready-made meals, the makeshift stove heating elaborate meals of the freshest vegetables, seafood, prime cuts of beef that James could afford. James provided expensive, rich teas, water, and a box of mid-grade junk food to appease John's baser cravings, much to James' dismay. He brought his lover medical journals, action DVDs, and a brand new laptop with the graphics and sound capabilities for the games he'd delivered as well. At times, he would sit outside the nest, his fingers in the opening, lingering with John and discussing the more neutral or positive facets of his work; the ways in which his empire brought swift vigilante justice, or brought down the occasional corrupt government, as said government refused to work with James, but against him.

James doted on Mrs. Hudson, and she in turn cherished James not unlike John, bringing him the occasional biscuits; a quick noontime tea, or simply giving him a quick kiss on the cheek as he oozed charm and charisma.

For Sherlock, to keep the violin antics and boredom at bay, James brought special editions of documentaries starring the best of James' unsolved crimes; the ones past the statutes of limitations. Sherlock, of course, scoffed and berated him, and James took joy in their fierce, but swift, verbal battles.

Overall, the situation, James living part-time at Baker St was much less destructive than John had anticipated. The geniuses played their games, James committed his devious crimes and Sherlock solved them, and yet no one seemed to make the connection the newest member at Baker St and the unusually conniving puzzles that came through Scotland Yard.

Except one. Less than two weeks into John's nesting, he heard the tell tale sign of two steps and then an umbrella clunk up the stairs. Mycroft, with his near non-existent pouch and tell tale red bill, came to snoop on John and his young.

"I must admit, Dr. Watson, it takes quite a bit to surprise me. Your liaison with the criminal Jim Moriarty is one of those surprises." Mycroft spoke through the hole into John's nest.

"What can I say, Mycroft? He panders to my needs. He's taking care of me and my young while we nest. What more could I ask for?"

"Perhaps someone whose morality more reflects your own?" Mycroft offered, not with judgment, but with suggestion.

"You have no idea, Mycroft." John smiled. His affections for James really were beyond explanation. He understood James and his plots more than he'd expected.

“I need to know where your loyalties lay, Dr. Watson.” Mycroft cut to the chase, “The fact of the matter is Sherlock and Moriarty are foils in this production they play; and you will need to decide to whom you will remain loyal. I imagine the time will come for you to make a decision. I believe you, more than any of us, know exactly what the consequences are of either dedicating yourself to either Sherlock or Jim Moriarty. There is no in between.”

And John considered the man’s words as he listened to the steps and umbrella clunk as Mycroft descended down the two flights of stairs.

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“Hey, love,” James cooed into the hole; he enjoyed John to come close to receive the nutrition, fluids, and entertainment he’d brought for John and their nestlings. John accepted the gifts with the love and attention with which they were brought.

“James, thank you,” John smiled, as the eggs occasionally shifted in the nest. John was bored, the eggs were still growing; but not hatched, and he craved contact. He stuck his hand out the hole in the nest to grasp at James, and threaded his fingers through the raven dark feathers.

In a split second, James had cuffed his wrist to something outside the nest John couldn’t see.

“What the hell, James?”

“Oh, Johnny, our eggs aren’t hatched yet, and I have needs.” John felt a point against his flesh. John’s heart beat faster, and his cock hardened in response to James’ unpredictability.

“Oh, fuck, James, am I going to be able to handle this?” John asked, genuinely afraid.

“Your kit is complete. I trust you to take care of yourself.” John felt his flesh give beneath the sharp object, and felt the blood begin to flow from his arm. “I will cut you, long gorgeous vertical lines of blooming red blood down your forearm. If I get lucky, I’ll hit a major vein. If you get lucky, you’ll come before I can. I’d start fucking yourself now. I need to hear you come, and I need it now.”

John felt the pained slice of a blade ripping apart his flesh, and his blood began to flow. He gripped his cock with his free hand, and he began to pump furiously. The mild discomfort of the dry masturbation session was nothing compared the second line James cut through the flesh of his forearm.

John fucked into his hand faster, trying to beat the risk of death, and the feel of the blood dripping down his arm, James digging a scalpel into his body for the third time, the line dragging down from his elbow to his wrist, and John shuddered in fear. His urge was close, the danger of bleeding out bringing him to the edge faster than he could have imagined. It took less than five minutes, and one more thick line slicing into his arm before his cock pulsed thickly onto the wooden floor beneath him; and John cried out loudly for James’ pleasure.

Within moments, he heard the tell tale signs of James’ pleasure exploding from him, and John knew that he’d used John’s own blood as lubricant. James slipped his bloody, come-

covered fingers through the hole, and John, sated and pleased, without instruction, licked his fingers clean.

“Good boy, sweet Johnny. Take it all in.” James praised him, and John felt a rush of peace fall over him.

Once James was clean, John summoned all his courage, and stuttered, to his humiliation, but also to his contentment, “Thank you, Daddy.”

James’ resulting moan was worth the embarrassment, and John felt just slightly better in indulging himself. He thought of Mycroft’s concern, and he didn’t know who could, who would, ultimately win his affections; but he could see himself, in the future, by James side; till death do they part.

But right now; it was time to stitch together his wounds.

## You're Enjoying This, Aren't You?

Three days later, and the wounds on John's arm are still bright red, but most of the pain has subsided. The burns on his chest are healing nicely, and the membrane surrounding the eggs is stretching thin as the bulky skeletons of his hatchlings grow. He reads up on embryo development, and knows that once the skeletons grow sufficiently, the membrane will harden like the eggs of other birds.

Evolution, somewhere along the way, decided to make their mammalian-influenced brains bigger, thus, their species delivered the necessary sized eggs for that size cranium pre-hardened. Thus, this nesting ritual of theirs became more necessary, as the young developed for up to a week in soft, expanding shells before being hardened by the oxygen in the air and the chemical composition in the waters inside. Then, they will develop further for a few months, and when the hatchlings both can walk, they will break out and toddle into the world. John waits expectantly for the eggs to harden, even as he knows once they've hardened, it will take another two weeks before they hatch.

John can hardly imagine it; just six years and they will be out of the house already. It seemed shorter now, at thirteen, than it did when he was young. But he supposes, given that he is nearly middle-aged (if he is lucky to live to thirty), that time is like that. The more if it behind you, the less it seems to stretch in front of you.

He is pleased by how often Mrs. Hudson stops in, always to bring him tea; he suspects James rewarded her in some manner to come by so often. Sherlock stops by at odd hours to discuss current cases, check if John has received any emails to the private case account, and also to discuss the research Sherlock wants to conduct on John's hatchlings. John decides he will allow basic samples, such as blood and urine, and then any observational and non-permanent and non-traumatic interventions. Sherlock can expose the hatchlings to different sounds, for example, but nothing loud enough to scare them. John expects all veto control, and Sherlock, in advance, begins to design interventional and observational experiments he wants to see, in addition to seeking out currently validated assessments by which to judge the two hatchlings.

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James stops by, with syrupy sweet coaxing words that John knows means danger is near. His heart pounds, his breath catches, his cock stirs and James coos his approval.

"Johnny, bring that sweet arse. I've got a new toy for you."

John approaches warily, "What's it do?"

"Vibrates." James presses a button, and the silicon toy shivers in his grasp.

"Ah, so just a little playful teasing, hey?" John feels relieved, but slightly disappointed.

"You know I will not risk my hatchlings, and I can't get to you in there. You'll have to make do. Perhaps I'll get Seb to shoot you again, that's was fun." James teases.

“If you want to play with me, you’ll have to give it here; I’ve learned the hard way not to stick my hand out of this hole.” John chuckles, “Thirteen stitches, you madman. Sherlock had a fucking fit.”

“Oh, yes, I was treated to his lecture on the way in. He’s rather protective of his blogger.” James’ eyes bulge sarcastically wide.

“Shut up you berk, I’m useful to him. Well, not like this, but I was, once.”

“Perhaps, but you’re perfect for me right now, Johnny. And there is nothing I want more than to see you knees weak, chest flushed, arse quivering for my cock. Let Daddy take care of you, good boy. I’ll give you what you need.”

John smirks and flirts, “Yes, *please*.” He accepts the gift as James presents it, careful not to let James have any sort of grip on his hand.

“I want to see you finger yourself. I want to see you work it in, watching your tight hole opening wide for me, for my toy. I can see your bed just fine from here; all fours, good boy.”

John does just as he is told, tossing a blanket over the eggs as he passes for his own personal comfort. He knows they can’t see or hear, but he can’t help feeling watched. He perches himself on the bed, on his hands and knees, then pours lubricant into his left hand, letting it slicken up the fingers. Reaching behind himself, turning his head to watch James through the opening to the nest, he slowly pushes one, then two, then three fingers in and out of his body, moaning desperately while he fucks himself.

“God Johnny, you wanton thing, look at you. I can’t believe it’ll be months before I can fuck you again.”

John moans again, thoroughly opened on his fingers, and he reaches for the toy. James watches as he slowly pushes the silicone toy inside himself, groaning deeply as his arse welcomes the thick toy. Once settled, he turns, and holding himself, looks directly at James, and asks, “May I?”

“By all means.” James offers.

John takes himself in hand, and begins to thrust against the wet tightness of his own fist. James encourages him, muttering filthy sweet nothings into the nest, watching. John feels the arousal of perversion, being watched, and let James’ lecherous eyes and naughty words send electric shivers down to his cock.

Within just a minute, John pulsates thick robes of come over his own hand, and his deep vibrations echo throughout the room; almost immediately replaced by his high pitched whine as vibrations from the toy in his arse spark for the first time.

“Oh, Johnny, I’m going to torment you. You’ll be incomprehensible by tomorrow; a soggy, drenched, come soaked mess.

“I don’t know how you expect to accomplish that, being all the way out there.”

“Oh dear, I must have forgotten.”

John’s voice hesitates just a moment before replying, “Forgotten what?”

“To warn you. The toy you’ve spread yourself upon; it’s thickness rubbing up against your prostate as you fucked yourself? It’s more than just a vibrator.”

“James, what the bloody hell have you done to me?” John’s voice rises mildly, and James can hear the beginning of his panic return.

“In addition to its typical sexual attributes, I had this particular vibrator designed with a small incendiary device, which leads to an explosion of about 15 centimeters in any direction. Enough to kill you, without harming my young.”

James smiled, all teeth and knives and death, while his voice dripped poison, “If you remove it for any longer than five minutes, give or take, it detonates. It’s a basic temperature based design, if it falls below a certain temperature, the device explodes. Enough time for you to attend to the most basic needs, but not enough to let that gorgeous arse contract too tightly.”

John cringes; he knows he stupidly walked into that one. They have yet to have any sexual encounter without immediate and present danger. He already delivered James’ eggs, so his presence, while convenient, is no longer necessary. He is expendable, and thus, vulnerable. And they both know it.

John’s cock stirs, but even as the toy vibrates, he knows to plan on at least one long night of forced orgasms and undeniable senses. He prays it will only be one.

# **I Like To Watch You Dance**

Once the panic ebbs slightly, John pauses, “Wait. What if I just remove it and toss it through the hole? Get it away from me and the eggs?”

“Oh Johnny, I’m disappointed it took you so long to think of that. Regardless,” and James stretches the next word into several more harmonious syllables than necessary, “NnaaaaAaaa NnooOooo BbotttssssS.”

“Say that again, and lose the song.” John orders, irritated.

“Nanobots, love. Or in this case, nanobombs. Did you think that was talcum dust on the plug? Did you even think to wash it off?” James descends into a patronizing tone, “No, the only way you don’t suffer severe internal hemorrhaging is if the plug maintains temperature. Don’t worry. It’s just twenty four hours. The bombs decompose, I toss out the trigger, and you take good care of my lovie. Ickle lovie-kins,” James begins baby talking to the eggs, and John shakes his head as he wraps his mind around his current predicament.

He hops off the bed, and his legs quiver as the vibrations hit his prostate. His body goes into panic mode; his heart nearly stops, lungs deflate as the breath punches out of him, and his stomach drops before he realizes the vibrations aren’t a precursor to the detonation, and with a gasp, he starts to breathe again.

James pauses in his affections and looks at John with dead, reptilian eyes, “You see how fun this will be.”

John feels chills unrelated to the vibrations traveling up his spine.

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Throughout the night, John manhandles himself a half dozen times, as the vibrations overcome his weakened body. The last four orgasms re dry, and he cries through the last two. He runs out of lubricant, and despite all the water available to him, his spit isn’t cutting it.

Finally, after eight hours, he hears footsteps on the stairwell.

“Oh God, thank god you’re back.”

“What’s that John?” and John sobs disappointedly at the sound of Greg’s voice. Not James, Greg. “Greg, fuck no, not right-”

“Holy hell, John!” Greg exclaims, as he looks into the room, seeing John’s bare form for the first time in months. He sees the fresh brands, old brands, scars and stitches. John is flushed, tear streaked, and hoarse. “What do you need? Let me call an ambulance!”

John finally feels the internal vibrations cease. James, from wherever the hell he is, has given him a few minutes each hour to recover; added to the four minutes he felt safe removing the

plug each hour, still means that he's endured hours of over sensitivity. John hears Greg babbling in the background and tries to focus.

"I'm calling 999; then I'm going downstairs and fucking arresting that bloody bastard. I don't care how many cases he's solved, he can't do this!"

The words finally register, and John demands "No! Put the phone down. Now!" in his most forceful command.

Greg pauses.

"Now!" John orders, the captain emerging full force, and Greg turns off the phone with a jab.

"John, I hung up. Now what the hell is going on? What did Sherlock do to you?"

"Not Sherlock," John groans, falling on the bed, arse carefully not in view of Greg.

"Then who did this to you? How did Sherlock let it happen? How could he let someone get close enough to his mate to inflict such damage?"

John can hear the skepticism in his voice, but ignores it. "Not Sherlock. My mate's. Not Sherlock."

"What?"

"Just go." John needs Greg to leave before the vibrations start up again.

"No. I have to know who did this. I'm going to fucking arrest someone."

"You can't."

"Like hell, I can't."

"No, I mean. You aren't capable. Maybe Mycroft. Not you." John tries to catch his breath and calm his panic.

"What the hell does that mean?" Greg questions angrily, and then hears the door slam two floors down. "Sherlock!" he beckons.

As the steps come closer, Greg begins to interrogate Sherlock, "Who the hell did this to him?"

Sherlock rolls his eyes, unaffected, and Greg's mouth drops in mild shock. He knew Sherlock was a bit heartless, but this is cruel. "Oh, don't be daft. If it were my choice, he wouldn't look like that at all." Sherlock flutters his hand in John's direction. "I was livid when I saw the brand. But John's a grown man. It's hardly my fault that he has an inappropriate sexual fetish for dangerous situations and persons."

Greg turns to John, agape, "You *let* someone do this to you?"

John huffs. Sherlock interprets. “It has to be actual danger, not the simulation thereof. So, in order to feel genuinely endangered, John must be subjected to the threat of pain or death. And if his mate never hurt him, that threat would dissipate. I’m quite certain it’s some sort of chemical deficiency in his brain.”

“I don’t care; this is still domestic abuse. Why does John say only Mycroft can handle this?”

“Because you’ve had your shot, and he escaped detection. He’s in the wind now.”

“Who?”

“Moriarty.”

Greg’s face falls in horror at the implications, and his head snaps back to John, “Are you fucking kidding me? You’ve mated with that criminally insane bastard?!”

The vibrations suddenly shoot through John’s body once again, and he lets a short scream before he can control himself.

“Oh, for Christ’s sake, it seems we’ve stumbled onto one of their twisted games. Based on John’s position, and—” Sherlock takes a long look into John’s room, categorizing the details, “Oh! Clever. A small incendiary device implanted into an anal plug. Some threat of bodily harm if it’s removed.”

“Fuck, that’s brutal. Wait – did you say – has he got a bomb up his arse?” Greg points, incredulous.

“Yes, well, it’s none of my business, any charge too large would harm the hatchlings, so it’s only John at risk. And as he has opted for this relationship, *against all reasonable advice*—” and here Greg notes that Sherlock is genuinely bitter about the relationship between his blogger and the criminal consultant, “-I suggest we go, Lestrade.”

Sherlock turns to head back down the stairs, and Greg looks in at John, painfully twitching on the bed, “Anything I can do, mate?”

John pushes down his pride, and struggles through the frayed nerves and raw arse, “Get me lubricant. Please. Ran out.”

“Oh, sweet Jesus.” Greg grimaces, but nods, “Yeah, I’ll be back with some. But don’t think we’re done talking about this.”

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When James returns that evening, John’s cock is chafed, his arsehole is red and pained, and the vibrations on his prostate are now driving the tears down his face.

“Please.” It’s the only word John can say. “Please.”

“Please what, Johnny?”

*“Please.”*

“You look gorgeous when you cry. And look at you, swollen and raw. Come here and get your reward.” James speaks softly and gently.

John sobs as he almost crawls towards James, and hears the man’s zip come down. John is almost hysterical in relief. Any distraction, anything to sidetrack him from the trembling in his arse, the sore and sensitive flesh of his cock, he’ll take. With pleasure.

He approaches James and engulfs his cock, the thickness sliding slowly down into his throat as bobs up and down, pouring everything into feeling James and trying desperately to avoid the sensations in the rest of his body. “Good, Johnny, fuck. I’ve been craving you all day, the way you’re body jerks and shakes at each vibration, the panic each time it starts anew, knowing life might end if I just get the slightest bit bored.”

John presses in close, and his crest juts up against the makeshift wall, pounding slightly with a dull knock.

“Oh sweetheart, I love you like this. If you can get me off, I’ll turn off the detonator.”

John moans with renewed determination, and sucks, bobs, and swallows vigorously around Jim’s cock, trying to fuck his own throat on James’ steady prick. His pace is fast, and he pushes himself faster and faster, the sweet release from the vibrating anal plug cum explosive motivates his tired jaw and sore throat. James growls his pleasure, “Fucking *hell*, Johnny.”

In just moments, John tastes the bitter flood of ejaculate and James gasps as John swallows around his cock. James slowly pulls out from John’s mouth, relishing the texture of John’s tongue on his softening member. John whimpers, and James coos, “Good boy,” as he turns off the vibrations.

John devolves into a hysterical mess of tears and laughter, and when he gains his composure a few minutes later, he checks, “I can take this out, right?”

“Yeah, love”

John painfully pulls the plug out one last time, the sensation overwhelming and raw, but finally, it is free from his body. With an odd, cracked voice, John sputters, “What the hell, James. I’m not sure if that was better or worse than being shot.”

“I have a confession.” James sings.

John starts laughing again, teetering on the edge of hysterics, “You fucker. There is no bomb, is there?” He rocks back and forth, with his head in his hands, laughter eking out of his throat like shattered glass.

“No, there wasn’t.” James sounds odd, and he pauses. “Johnny, I need you to come here.”

“Oh, no. I’m not doing this again. I’m not falling for this. For you.” John’s movements are frantic and tetchy.

“Love, I need you come here. Do it for Daddy.”

John snaps his head up and looks into James’ pleading eyes. Whatever he sees there entices him to come back to meet James at the opening. John’s eyes are wide and unfocused, and his breath is coming rapidly.

James reaches in to stroke John’s hair, his hand wandering to the gorgeous crest. He runs his fingers down John’s neck, softly massaging the tension in his neck and shoulders. John slowly loosens under his touch, and his breathing eventually returns to normal. James keeps touching him with mild, soothing caresses, and then pulling John’s jaw towards him, he meets him for a tender kiss. John feels the softness of his lips and the bristle of his stubble, and gasps slightly when James presses in further to nip at his lower lip.

When they break apart, James’ looks deep into John’s eyes, “Too much?”

John nods wordlessly.

“What was it?”

“Duration, I think.”

“I’ll stick to snipers and knife fights.”

John laughed, but this time it was his sarcastic chuckle, not the hysterics from earlier. “This is fucked up, right?”

James smiled warmly at John’s recovery, and then with a confident air, answered, “Yes, we are.”

# Let's Have Dinner

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slump over the holidays! I think we only have a chapter or two left, plus a handful of timestamps.

In the coming weeks, James and John's dangerous affair cools with the hatching of two bundles, both boys, sparse black feathers jutting out of their wrinkled skin. Jack and Cooper are both on the small side, each with James' piercing brown eyes. They roll almost immediately upon exiting the eggs, in search of their mother's scent. John welcomes them into his arms and cuddles their boys, offering soft mashed berries and a soaked, softened seed slurry. Jim spends most of his time sitting at the open hole, stroking their heads, and letting them get accustomed to his scent.

Their crests have yet to develop, and John cannot tell whose coloring will dominate but he can see the downy start of their pouches. As they mature, John can see that Jack has his raven body feathers and a rich walnut brown pouch and Cooper's feathers are jet black like his father and James' marbled blue-bruised pouch. It'll be about four years for the crests to appear; to really determine their final features. John hoped they might be a perfect mélange of their physical traits; a true mixture of their mating.

True to James' word, now that John is encased in a cavern with their two small hatchlings, the danger that had previously defined their relationship makes way for a simpler domesticity. Occasionally their kisses through the hole will include a sharp bite; a not-so-gentle reminder of the dangers to come once John and the boys were ready to venture into the world. But the stirrings of affection and love that both men have slowly developing blossom under these new constraints.

After a fortnight, John tucks the boys into the nest. He reads them a story, one from his blog, while he waits for James to return. Since their eggs hatched, James returns to the nest every night to say goodnight to his boys and sing them a sweet Irish lullaby as they drift into sleep. Tonight is no exception. Just as he finishes the Speckled Blonde, a honeyed voice drifts into the nest, "All these stories about Uncle Sherlock? It's making me jealous, Johnny, love."

John looks up to see the playful grin on James' face, "It's not like I can tell them stories of their father's work life. It'd be nice to keep them innocent as long as possible."

James affects a look of mock offense, "I'm hurt! I'll have you know I do a fair amount of good in this world."

"Press ganging suicide bombers?" John reminds him dryly.

“If it weren’t for me, those five criminals would be free. I should be a hero.” James lays his palm flat against his chest and looks wistfully aside. “No one appreciates my contributions.”

John laughs and throws his hand in James’ direction, “Five crimes *you* orchestrated!”

“I create blueprints. I’m an architect. I can’t be held responsible for how people use them.”

John hangs his head and swipes his palm over his own face, “I can’t tell if you’re fucking with me or not.”

“And that’s why I am so very good at what I do. No, Johnny boy, I know what I am. An agent of chaos. Chaos comes in many flavors; and yes, some of them are good. You let me tell the bedtime story tomorrow night.”

“Yeah,” John smiles, warmed by James’ concern of how his hatchlings view him, “Yeah, okay.”

“But for tonight, we feast.” James holds up a large paper take out bag, but John instantly sees it’s not from any of their usual haunts. John quirks an eyebrow in a silent question, but the smile never leaves his face.

“From a story we probably shouldn’t tell the babes,” Jim answers, “Let’s say... I’ve now got my own five star personal chef.”

John shrugs as he quietly drags the small table over the opening, along with his chair. “Tell me over dinner?” he asks conversationally, as he tucks himself in. James surprises him by passing a small table cloth, a china place setting, and a black candle in a crystal holder. John wordlessly sets up the implements, lights the candle, and takes in the overall effect. His brow furs and his stutter interrupts the fondness in his voice.

“Is this... is this a proper date?”

In lieu of an answer, James lights his own candle and John can see a similar place setting in front of him. They gaze for a moment at each other, a sudden understanding passing between the two of them, alighting John with a warmth that blushes his cheeks and fills his chest. After several moments, James blinks, grins widely, and passes dish after dish through the hole. A chilled pear soup, followed by lobster tail and melted butter, a thick filet mignon, green beans almandine, roasted butternut squash with a drizzle of pure maple syrup, and a dessert John couldn’t even name, but dances on his tongue, erupting with flavor.

James tells his story of the sordid affair of the five star cook, who tried to bribe his landlord into not paying the rent on his flat. The landlord belonged to James, so now the cook does, too. James tells the story in a way that would make John jealous, were he not so entertained. His timing, both comedic and dramatic, with the expressiveness of his eyes and the flamboyance of his gestures makes James a storytelling genius, and John finds himself laughing, at loss for breath more than once during a story of what should be a sordid story of crime, drug trafficking and bribery.

By the end, both John and James have warm, droopy eyes and full bellies. John slowly shoves the table aside after the meal, scooting his chair closer to the open hole. He rests his head on the edge of the opening, and James runs his hand over the red orange crest, and digs his fingertips into the feathers, massaging his scalp. John purrs and the tingles from his head melt down into his shoulders, releasing tension all down his spine.

“Johnny, my love, what have you done to me?”

John snickers lightly, but doesn’t move. He isn’t sure what he’s done to James, but knows what James has done to him. The warmth in his chest, the tingle down his spine, the relief that spreads through the arteries and the veins and capillaries when he hears James’ voice echo up the stairs; in John’s limited experience, he knows he’s in love.

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Jim walks past his driver, past the luxury car outfitted with all his personal comforts. He meanders down the street, ignoring the mild drizzle as his hair dampens. He kicks at some litter on the street; he lights a cigarette, then burns himself with it; just to feel the pain and remind himself of how it is so much lighter than emotional pain. John will have to choose at some point, between him and Sherlock. James doesn’t kid himself that it is a contest he’d win. Perhaps if he can distract himself from taunting Sherlock; from playing their game until the boys are bigger.

Then, he’ll make the choice for John. Let John think he loves James, while James’ heart melts for him. When the time comes, he will take himself out of the equation. Because, much to his disgust, and he burns himself with the blunt cigarette twice more as punishment, he’s fallen in love. And it will destroy him.

# Jim Moriarty Sends His Love

## Chapter Notes

Only 1 chapter left, plus at least 3 more time stamps (for a total of 4 right now, unless I get inspired).

When Cooper and Jack are three months old, their uneven toddles level out, and they can maneuver around the nest with relative ease. They clamor at the opening each time ‘Da’ comes over, and cry each time he leaves. Even John is getting antsy to be held by James. Or held *down* by him. Or maybe both. John’s major scarring, from the cuts on his arms, and the brand on his chest, have healed, leaving behind uneven skin and slight pinkness where the damage was worst.

It’s been difficult to keep up their sex life with the hatchlings in the nest along with John, and especially hard for *their* sex life. Thank god James is the creative type. John understands better about the problems the parents in his practice have complained about, and hopes that the change won’t be permanent for them the way it is for some.

The day finally comes to tear down the wall and John’s hands are muddy with filth because he’s too impatient to let the liquid wash dissolve the wall properly. He tears it apart with his own strength, as Jack and Cooper stare from the nest, and James cackles with glee as he sees John’s excitement. James helps, digging into the weakening structure, and joyous shouts come from all four when the wall finally collapses.

James rushes John, wrapping his arms around his lover, embracing him for the first time in four months. John holds tightly to James, like he will never let him go, and their dirty hands spread grime over their clothes as they grip each other through a heated, long kiss. James pulls on John’s neck feathers, and John moans as the pain shivers down his body and floods his cock. He pulls back only slightly to whisper in James’ ear.

“Nothing rough tonight; the boys might need us.” John is being responsible; the boys’ first night out of the nest might be difficult, and traumatizing, should they accidentally behold their fathers’ idea of foreplay. Once he knows they can sleep through the night outside the nest, he’ll recruit Mrs. Hudson to babysit while James and John take a night off.

“No,” James agrees, “Nothing rough.”

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When John told James ‘nothing rough’ he expected that he’d have to wait to feel James inside him, lighting his every nerve on fire with pleasure. He didn’t expect *this*.

Once the boys were tucked in, the monitor nearby, James lay John on silky sheets, and used a softened leather strip to tie his arms to the headboard. Once he restrains John, James stands at the foot of the bed, gazing at John's body. John's naked torso flexes in anticipation, and James climbs over him, gently sitting on his pelvis, and leaning over to lightly trace the branding on John's chest.

He bends down, and peppers kisses across the band, murmuring "Mine" as his lips gloss over the scarred flesh. John whimpers underneath him, not used to James' softer touches. His body shivers in delight, and gooseflesh covers his arms and legs. James lets his fingers drift down John's sides and John giggles under his touch, while his muscles twitch.

John's hips begin to gently grind up into where James presses hot against his thickening cock. James snickers, "So very eager, love."

John huffs, "It's been four fucking months, James."

"So you can wait a few more minutes," James smiled into his chest, his warm breath breezing through John's fair, downy chest feathers.

John groans as James slips down his legs, and slowly strips the flannel pajama pants down his legs, letting his fingers trail behind, teasing the soft pale flesh of John's thighs. John twitches again, but his ankles are still trapped by his pants. James eases them off and John instantly spreads himself wide. James starts at his left ankle, kissing softly up his leg to his knee, then works his way over to the right leg.

His kisses are soft and barely brush against John, leaving him aching for a firmer touch. James inches his way up John's tender thighs savoring little bites and licks; tasting John as though he were a sacrifice set before James to consume. John writhes underneath him, wrapping his legs around James, begging wordlessly for James to devour him. James comes up on all fours and crawls up John's torso to kiss him deeply, using one hand to stroke John's inflated pouch. John moans, the vibrations sending tingles up James' arm.

James teases John's neck, breathing warm heat on the feathers of his pouch while stroking his crest, the thick, hard bone jutting out the top of his head. John, restrained, stretches to reach James but whimpers when he can't. James just smiles.

John can't help but crave James' touch, his skin on fire from the feather light touches, the teasing and the provoking. After four months, John is hungry and deprived of James' touch and begins to beg. "God, James, I need you. Please, *please*, just fuck me!" John pleads, trying to thrust and jerk his body into James'.

James tickles down his sides, taunting him further, and murmurs affectionately, "You greedy, gorgeous cunt."

John is near tears when James finally gives in, and actually cries in relief when James pulls out a tube of their favorite lubricant. He coats his fingers, and John readily spreads himself as far as possible in invitation.

“Good boy, Johnny,” James coos, “I’ve been waiting so long to plough this perfect arse of yours.” James takes a single finger and slowly circles the pucker of John’s hole. He stimulates the sensitive sphincter while John writhes beneath him, sensitive to the touch but not wanting to pull away. John whines, and James slips the tip of his finger past the delicate rim. John moans, and James slowly works his way in, feeling how tight John’s arse is despite their regular use of plugs while John was encased in the nest. After John loosens up slightly, James surprises him by plunging in three fingers.

John yelps, but within moments, he’s grinding down into James’ fingers, taking in as much as he can. He pants, sweaty and flushed. His cock is rock hard, and an angry red from being left untouched. James pulls out his dripping fingers and strokes himself a few times. He kneels up, lifting John’s arse onto his thighs and lines up. Slowly, he watches as John’s arse opens up for his cock, and sighs in deep relief as he disappears into John’s wet heat. James growls as he pulls out, watching John stretch around him, and then dives back in suddenly, pushing the air from John’s lungs.

James picks up his pace, driving hard into John, who bites his lip to keep from waking the whole household. The panting and groaning can’t be stopped however, and James, an hour after they first began, finally takes John in hand and begins to stroke him in time with his thrusts.

“Jesus, Johnny... the things you do to me. I fucking... you fucking... ruined me!” James gulps in air between phrases, “God, you gorgeous fuck.”

John squirms underneath him, his arms flexed against his bonds as he tries to thrust James more deeply inside him and chases his own orgasm. “James, please, love, I’m so close.”

“That’s right sweetheart, come for Daddy,” James purrs, and at the word ‘Daddy’ John erupts, bucking wildly, a silent shriek adorning his face. James holds onto one hip and rides him out, his own release exploding into John, pulsating thick loads of come into his already slick arse.

James collapses onto John, nuzzling into his neck, and reaches up to release him from his restraints. He props himself up with an elbow and uses his other hand to stroke through John’s hair. “Why do you?” he asks.

“Do I what?”

“Love me?”

John chuckles pleasantly, “The heart wants what the heart wants. In this case, it wants a dangerous, morally bankrupt, brilliant genius who is the most amazing father I’ve ever met. You are an enigma, James Moriarty.”

“And you, John Watson, are a marvel. *I hate it*,” the last line is spoken with actual venom, and John’s eyes widen. “I’m not supposed to be in love. It’s a weakness. *You. You* are a weakness. And I can’t do a god dammed thing about it. It’s done.”

# Doctor Watson, I Know You're A Good Man

## Chapter Notes

Reminder: Age progression is faster in this fic by about 3 times (so when the boys are 5, they are physically and mentally around 15).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After the boys turn one, James buys out 221 Baker St, and the neighboring flat. With thorough construction, the neighboring flat is childproofed and family friendly, while 221 remains Sherlock's sanctuary. They work out a reasonable compromise. James doesn't work in England, and Sherlock doesn't work abroad. John can tell they both itch to play a game together, to match wits in a spectacular battle between their chosen professions, but out of respect and love for John, they taunt each other in lesser ways. As the years pass, John can tell James is getting itchy, and he tries to engage James with the boys.

Cooper thrives under James' attention, his temperament is similar to his Da's and he has James' brown eyes and bruised blue pouch coloring. When he hits puberty, his crest peaks, a rich blood orange color, and he's got John's natural marksmanship. Of the two, John worries the most about Cooper. He's got his Da's brilliance, but also his psychosis, and John, in the boy's best interest, allows James to train him closely. With Cooper's personality, the level of control and talent James has exercised will entertain his dangerous mind, but keep him out of prison, or worse, assassinated.

John loves them both, but it's Jack who follows his own lead. Jack is loyal, with a pale carrot orange crest, and James' brown eyes, but he's got John's walnut brown pouch. He's also got John unwavering sense of loyalty, morally grey, but not bankrupt, and studies hard like there is no tomorrow. His interests lie in biochemical weapons, both creating and subverting. But he's got his Da's unpredictability, so just when John thinks he understands Jack, everything seems to change.

Sherlock is constantly experimenting on them, and in a testament to nature versus nurture, the boys allow experiments long after they are old enough to protest. They indulge Sherlock, Cooper doing his very best to defy every experiment, and Jack does his best to comply, though at times he goes off the rails.

All in all, it is a satisfying arrangement.

It can't last.

-O-

When the boys turn 5, James takes John to Switzerland. They dine at the foot of the Alps, spend three days skiing the Alps and three nights making love on the bear skin rug in front of

the fireplace. They drink champagne in a hot tub under the night sky. It is a romantic's wet dream, and John is soaking up every moment.

On the last day, James decides that they need to take a hike. They admire the flora, keep an eye out for the fauna, and half way to their destination, James sinks to his knees in front of John. He takes out John's cock, and gives it sweet praise, before gulping it down. He is hungry, and John is happy to give. John places a hand on James' pale crest, enjoying the way James know how to pleasure him after all these years. James tugs gently on John's testicles, and John moans as he spills down James' throat.

James smirks, pleased with himself, and stands, kissing John. John offers to reciprocate, but James declines, pulling him further up the trail. They reach the head of trail, and the view is gorgeous. They stand at the head of a waterfall, at least 100 metres up.

James holds John tightly, and reminds him, "I can't believe I love you. It was never part of the plan."

And with a rush, James pulls John over the edge, and they free fall.

John panics, before he realizes that James has always promised this; to kill him. John regrets he won't see his children become adults, but he resigns himself, as he always had, to die at James' hand. He accepts his fate, as the water speckles his face, and he holds tightly onto James.

James holds him back, and he kisses him deeply, and they plunge together into the depths of the waterfall.

-0-

John wakes, drenched, at the foot of the falls. James lays next to him, not moving. John panics; he climbs over James and checks his breath and pulse, and sighs his relief when he feels them. He's glad to be alive; yet disappointed that he'd made his peace with death and it hadn't come for him.

James coughs underneath him, and relief floods John. Suddenly, he's ecstatic to be alive, and he pulls James' weak body into a tight hug.

"Fuck, you crazy bastard, I can't believe we're alive!"

James coughs again, expelling liquid from his lungs. Once he's able to breathe properly, John backhands James hard across the face.

"You fucker, what the hell?!" John exclaims, and James groans under his touch, before sitting up of his own volition. James whimpers, and John immediately feels bad that he smacked him.

"Please James, tell me you're okay."

"M'kay" James groans.

“Why the fuck?” John asks, once James responds. It seems more appropriate to yell at him now that John knows he’s properly conscious.

“Had to know.” James pants, and John waits for him to continue, “had to know... it’s okay.”

Even after James gains totally control over his faculties, he refuses to explain what he meant. He dismisses his words as that of a man half dead, and John is furious for days.

-O-

When the boys are 6, John takes them camping. They go with Harry, who’d since their birth, cleaned up her act, and have a lovely time, setting up the tent, building a fire, and roasting marshmallows.

John is skeptical of their survival skills, this is far simpler than any of his time in the military, but Jack seems to be the most flexible, and bends easily to the basics, so John doesn’t have to re-teach him. He spends extra time with Cooper, who can’t understand why one would choose camping as a vacation, when money is readily available. John blames James for his disinterest, but isn’t terribly bothered by it.

On their last morning, Harry tears into the oversized tent.

“Johnny, you need to hear this,” she exclaims, bringing him the radio. She’s got it set on the morning news, which is reporting about a London break-in. John almost dismisses it, until he hears the name Holmes and then he looks up at Harry, panicked.

He shuffles about for his cell phone and climbs out of the tent as he dials, leaving the boys behind to sleep. James doesn’t answer, but Sherlock does.

“Yes, John, there’s been an break in, in addition to other events.. I’m quite alright. I believe James is as well, thought I’m fairly certain this is him, engaging me. It’s time.”

John’s heart stops pounding, but doesn’t entirely resume its normal beat. He’s still anxious. *Was Sherlock right?* He wonders, but he knows, in his heart, that he is.

-O-

John and the boys return to Baker St, and John’s worst fears are confirmed. The break ins at the Tower of London, the Bank of England, and Pentonville Prison are definitely a play by James, engaging Sherlock in a game.

John knows, ahead of time, that his life is over. James had been itching for this battle as long as he’d known him, and he’d finally taken the plunge. John weeps for the love of his life, who he’ll never see again properly, for the father of his children, and for James Moriarty, unwanted orphan.

When John is called back to Bart’s to watch Sherlock jump, things coalesce slightly. James is dead, and supposedly Sherlock is too. But John himself had survived a taller fall, and understood now, what James needed John to understand a year ago. Sherlock is not dead, and it is only a matter of time before Sherlock is returned to him.

John knows it is a small comfort for him and his sons, but he can't stop thanking James, for teaching him that survival is possible, and a year later, John and Sherlock are reunited, with a hug and a handshake. The boys are still angry at their Da, at Sherlock, but John is simply too relieved.

He misses James, more than he thought possible. But he is infinitely grateful for the gift of his sons, and his life, given freely by James, and accepted greedily for himself. John regrets every wasted moment, every kiss that didn't further his relationship, every touch that didn't belong to James.

He'll never fall in love again.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope this is satisfying!

I've got a few time stamps, and a epilogue that will come later.

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