

## Relaxation

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# Relaxation

by [anactoria](#)

## Summary

After a bad day at the morgue, Molly gets some much-needed TLC.

## Notes

Originally written for a kinkmeme prompt that requested kissing that doesn't lead to sex.  
Reposting because the world needs more Irene/Molly, oh yes it does.

The light's on in Molly's flat. She can see it creeping through beneath the door as she fumbles for her keys in the darkened hallway, and she definitely didn't leave it on this morning. Which means Irene's here. She does turn up like this occasionally—likes to keep Molly on her toes—and normally Molly would be feeling a warm thrum of anticipation beneath her skin right now, a shiver, not unpleasant, down her spine.

But this evening, what she finds herself feeling is guilty, because she's really, really not in the mood.

She's knackered, her nerves are frayed, and it's not the kind of stress that can be cured by a pair of handcuffs and Irene's mouth between her legs. She just wants to collapse into a heap with a very generous glass of wine and a tub of Ben & Jerry's, and maybe watch crap telly until she falls asleep. It's been one of those days. Busy, and a busy day in a morgue is never a good day. It had been a truly horrific traffic accident—some of the casualties were kids—and then there was Sherlock acting like all his Christmases had come at once, then getting distracted and demanding that she pull out a cut-and-dried paracetamol overdose from Tuesday, and if *that* wasn't enough, one of the new higher-ups picked that moment to appear in the doorway and demand to know exactly what she thought she was doing letting members of the public into the morgue.

She is *so* getting a warning for that. She sighs, and turns her key in the lock, dropping her handbag on the hall table as she enters.

And then she stops. Irene is standing in the door of the living room in her black silk robe, fine mesh stockings peeking out from underneath it, hair loose and framing her face like liquid jet, and Molly can't quite help a little smile at the sight. Irene doesn't say anything for a moment—just looks at her, head to one side, giving her the measuring, contemplative look that she uses in the bedroom, the one that usually quickens Molly's pulse, leaves her dizzy with anticipation. But—however nice the thought is—she *still* isn't in the mood, and she's opening her mouth around an apology when Irene smiles at her and just says, "Come here," without any of the usual teasing prelude.

Molly's surprised enough that she obeys.

(Who is she kidding? She always obeys.)

And she's surprised again when all Irene does is step around behind her, place cool hands over her eyes, and instruct her to keep them closed. She complies, tensing slightly as soft lips brush the back of her neck and she wonders what's going to come next.

But all that comes next is another kiss beside the first one, and then another, and another, a trail of them along her neck and jawline, and she can picture the prints of Irene's berry-red lipstick getting fainter and fainter as they go and she giggles. Irene hums softly against her skin, presses another kiss to her cheek, and then removes her hands to kiss Molly's temple. The thin skin there is sensitive, and any other time it would make her squirm, but tonight it's just a funny little buzz at the base of her spine that isn't quite arousal. Butterfly-wing kisses

for her eyelids, another on the tip of her nose, making her giggle again, and then, finally Irene tugs her close and kisses her full on the mouth.

It's still soft, still gentle and undemanding, and Molly remembers why Irene is so good at what she does. She doesn't just know what people like; she knows what they need, when to be soft as well as when to be harsh. Molly sighs into the kiss, feeling the tension of the day ebb out of her.

"That's better," Irene murmurs against her lips. "You can open your eyes now."

It's always a bit strange, seeing Irene in the middle of her own homely little living room—like running into a swan in the middle of Tesco—but tonight the lights are low and there are candles, two glasses and a bottle of wine that definitely isn't from Tesco standing on the coffee table, and it's almost like Irene has brought some of her own personal cocoon of decadence along with her.

She tugs Molly over to sit on the couch and reclines beside her, settling her stockinged feet in Molly's lap. "Now," she says. "Tell me all about it."

Molly feels her shoulders tense up again as she remembers the mess she's going to have to deal with at work tomorrow, all the explaining she'll have to do—

A sharp squeeze of Irene's hand brings her back to the present. Then Irene slips a hand into the pocket of her robe to retrieve her mobile. "And remember." She smirks. "I have Mycroft Holmes's phone number right here, and there is *very* little he won't do to get rid of me."

Molly smiles back at her. "Thanks, Mistress," she says, shyly, and leans over to press a kiss of her own to Irene's open palm.

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