

## A Hand to Hold

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1072982) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1072982>.

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>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Sherlock Holmes/John Watson</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">John Watson</a> , <a href="#">Sherlock Holmes</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">POV Alternating</a> , <a href="#">First Time</a> , <a href="#">Hand Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Slash</a> , <a href="#">Male Slash</a> , <a href="#">Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Light Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Kitchen Sex</a> , <a href="#">Mild Pain!Kink</a> , <a href="#">Frottage</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-12-07 Completed: 2014-03-22 Words: 20,107 Chapters: 10/10

# **A Hand to Hold**

by [MuseRuse](#)

## Summary

Sherlock is surprised by his absurd reaction to John's accident. Hand holding ensues, followed by awkward self-discovery and a healthy dose of angst.

# The Accident

I sighed and flopped onto the couch. "Bored!" I shouted. "BORED!" My only answer was silence. Raising my head a bit, I peered about the study. Dust floated lazily in the pale sunlight entering through the twin windows. The fridge hummed steadily in the kitchen. Below, I could faintly make out the sound of Mrs Hudson's kitchen cabinets closing softly.

"John!" Silence. I rolled my eyes and huffed. I pushed my head firmly back against the couch pillows and glared at the ceiling. Dull. Everything is so dull. I ran through a list of activities to pass the dull, boring minutes until something slightly less dull should happen. Violin? I opened my left eye slightly and gazed across the room to where the violin case rested beneath the window. No. Too far away. Computer? No. The sodding computer is even further than the violin!

I sighed again and opened my eyes to resume my staring match with the ceiling. I pulled my dressing gown tightly around my chest and wriggled my bare toes under the cushions near my feet. I was midway through deducing each tiny crack and ridge in the ceiling when my phone assaulted my ears. My head snapped to the left and I glared maliciously at the device.

"John! John, my phone is ringing!" Again, there was only silence. "John, it's clear over by the fireplace!" I whined. The phone persisted in its racket. I sighed once again and sprang to my feet. I walked across the coffee table and retrieved my phone from next to my armchair. *Mycroft Holmes* the screen read. The phone ceased ringing. Good, I thought and was about to toss the device onto the seat of the chair when the noise resumed. Upon seeing the name *Lestrade*, I immediately answered.

"Lestrade. Do you have a case? Text me the details, I'll be there straight away!" I began to shrug out of my dressing gown as I headed to my bedroom to change. A case! A sure cure for this dull and drab afternoon. I was about to hang up when Lestrade began to speak.

"Sherlock. Did Mycroft reach you yet?" I detected a bit of panic in his voice.

"No, is everything alright?" I began assembling a list of situations that could cause Lestrade to panic. Not a routine murder, no. He'd handled too many of those by this point in his career. Was his flat on fire? No, Mycroft wouldn't have phoned. I ran through ten more theories before Lestrade continued speaking.

"It's John. There's been an accident. He's at Bart's." I stopped in the darkened hallway just outside my bedroom door. I couldn't breathe. My heart was pounding in my ears. John's been hurt. How? Where? A knife? Shot? Plane crash? No, he wasn't due to travel anywhere. Or was he? Was Dublin this week? No, that was months ago. Wasn't it?

"Sherlock? Are you still there? Sherlock?"

I took a deep breath. "Yes, I'm here. What's happened? Is he alright?"

"He's stable but in Intensive Care. He was in a cab. Another car, it ran a light and hit John's cab. The cabbie... he didn't make it. John's arm is broken and he's badly bruised. He... he's asking for you, when he's awake. Will you come?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm on my way now. Thank you." I disconnected the call and rushed into my room. I threw open my wardrobe and snatched a shirt and a pair of trousers off the hangers. Hooking the last button on my shirt, I leaned down to tie my shoes. A drop of water landed on the back of my hand. Curious. Was there a leak somewhere up on John's floor of the flat? I looked towards the ceiling and my vision blurred. I blinked furiously and more water slid down my cheeks and onto my neck. I wiped at my eyes with the back of my hand. Tears. Was I crying? I don't *cry*. Sometimes for a case, in order to make a point, but I certainly don't cry because of *emotions*.

Was I having feelings? Lestrade clearly said that John is stable. A broken arm. Those heal. He's stable, I repeated to myself. He'll be fine. I blinked away the couple more tears and finished tying my shoes. I all but sprinted through the flat, down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk. Along the way I had snagged my coat from the hook and swirled it onto my shoulders

I stared blankly into the street. I was about to hail a cab when I remembered Mrs Hudson. I fumbled with my key in the lock and after an agonizingly long three seconds, the lock gave way.

"Mrs Hudson!" I shouted from the foyer. "Mrs Hudson!" She opened her door and gave me a puzzled look.

"What is it, Sherlock? Why are you shouting?"

"John. He's... car crash. I..." Blast. More tears rolled down my face. Mrs Hudson rushed towards me.

"Sherlock, dear," she folded me into a hug. "Tell me what's wrong. Is he alright?"

I took a shuddering breath, trying to steady myself, as more of those sodding tears fell into her hair. "Lestrade says he is stable. Broken arm. A lot of bruising. He's in and out of consciousness. I'm... on my way there now."

"Good, yes," she relaxed her grip on me slightly and leaned back to look upon my face. "Dear, you hurry on to the hospital. I'll prepare you a nice meal. I'll put it in your fridge. Be sure to give him my love, yes?" She released me fully and gestured to the front door. "On your way, now!"

"Yes. Right. Thank you, Mrs Hudson," I hurried back out to the street and hailed myself a cab.

A half an hour later saw me arriving in front of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. After paying the cabbie, I stood in front of the building for a moment to collect myself. The cab ride across London had been terrifying. Terror. Another emotion? Why, after so many years, was I

feeling emotions now? I had found myself looking frantically in all directions at every intersection. Had the cabbie seen the car coming? Had John?

I fished my phone out of my coat pocket and reviewed the text Lestrade had sent at some point during my journey. I memorized John's room number and forced my feet to carry me inside.

# The Hospital

## Chapter Summary

### John's POV

A steady beeping sound slowly lulled me out of my dream. I groggily opened my eyes and stared at the machines surrounding my bed. Heart monitor, IV bags, Sherlock. My eyes quickly focused. Sherlock! I opened my mouth to speak but my tongue stuck uselessly to the roof of my mouth. I swallowed with effort. Sherlock noticed my struggle and passed me a small cup containing a few ice cubes. I shook one into my mouth and let it dissolve, savoring the soothing liquid before swallowing.

"How... how long?" I croaked out, cringing at the hoarseness of my voice.

"Four hours, twenty-eight minutes and... thirty-four seconds," he said without consulting his watch. I raised my eyebrows in question. Sherlock continued, "That's how long I've been here, anyway. You've been asleep. They had you quite nicely sedated. Oh, don't try to move that, you git!"

I winced in pain after trying to adjust my left arm. I looked down at the cast. Oh good, it's not pink, or neon green, or some other ghastly color. White. It will get dirty, but at least it won't stand out from 50 meters. I sighed and looked back to Sherlock.

"You've been here... that whole time? Why? That must have been quite... boring," as I said this, I noticed something flash across his face. Was that... pain? Fear? Whatever it was, it vanished quickly.

"I have a superior brain with amazing recollection. I simply sat here, organizing data in my Mind Palace and waited for you to regain consciousness. You snore."

"I... I do not snore!" I huffed. He chuckled and grinned at me.

"You do so. Here, I took a video. Let me show you," he collected his phone from its resting place on the tray next to my bed.

"No, no! Give me that!" I made a grab for the phone with my right hand. "Delete it this instant! Or so help me, I will compose a blog so embarrassing... The Yard will never let you live it down!"

He smiled again and turned the screen so I could see. "There's no video. See? I was just..."

"What? Feeling... playful? Sherlock Holmes, teasing me like a child on the playground? What has gotten into you?"

He looked down at the floor. "I was... worried. And now I'm not. It appears to have left me a bit giddy." His head still cast downward, his eyes peered through the mess of curls on his forehead and made contact with mine. I must have still appeared bewildered because a blush crept across his face. A Blush! Sherlock Holmes was blushing? At me? Perhaps it's too warm in the room. Yes, must be.

I shook my head slightly and settled back into my pillows. I was too exhausted to analyze what that meant. Probably nothing. Surely nothing. I'm sure I hit my head in the accident. Not thinking clearly: that's me.

I heard a sigh to my right and glanced over. Sherlock was now staring... no, glaring... out the window. His head bobbed ever so slightly as he apparently had an internal argument with himself. He sighed again and turned his head back in my direction. "Have you... Are you... How is your pain?" He stammered. "I can call the nurse, if you need?"

"No, no, it's manageable. Actually, yes, call her in. I'd like to know when I can get out of this bloody place! Hospitals are fine. I am a doctor, after all. But they are absolutely no fun when I'm the one confined to the bed!"

Some twenty minutes later, a doctor finally appeared in the doorway. He knocked lightly at the frame. "Mr Watson, how are we feeling?"

"That depends on if you're letting me escape soon..."

He looked down at the clipboard in his hand and flipped through a couple of pages. "Everything appears to be in order. I've written you a prescription for some painkillers to get you through the next few days and here," he stepped next to the bed and handed me some pamphlets, "is some literature on how to take care of that cast. How to shower, what not to poke down into it. I see that you are left handed?" I nodded. "Oh, how unfortunate. That will take a bit of getting used to, won't it? You should be thankful it was a closed fracture, it could have been much worse. You'll be in that cast for the next four weeks, I'm afraid."

The doctor took notice of Sherlock sitting in the chair next to my bed. "Ah, at least you will have someone to take care of you! Your partner has been here all afternoon, sitting vigil. Why, I even caught him holding your hand while you slept!" The doctor winked at me before noticing the panic on both my face and Sherlock's. He seemed to have caught his mistake because he coughed and averted his gaze.

"Right. So. Your clothes are in that bag there. I'll send a nurse in to help you get dressed while I work up your discharge order. Right." He turned and made his way out into the hallway, slowly shaking his head.

I closed my eyes to steady myself before asking, "You... held my hand?" There were several moments of silence before I opened my eyes to see if he'd run off. Sherlock was still sitting next to me, a glazed look in his eyes. I cleared my throat and his eyes darted to find mine. Terror shone in his expression. His lips and jaw worked idly at words that just wouldn't come out. He blinked a few times, stood up, and quickly strode out into the hallway. I stared after him. As his form cleared the doorway, it was replaced by that of the nurse.

"Mr Watson, shall we see about getting you into some proper clothes?"

-----

Sherlock was on his best behavior the night of my accident. He even brought me tea, before I had time to attempt it on my own. He made sure to set the cup directly onto the coffee table, I assumed so as not to make any accidental contact with my hand. We didn't speak that night or even really make eye contact. I turned on the telly and found something to fill the room with sound. I sipped at my tea and stared blankly at the screen while trying to process the fact that my best friend and flatmate had held my hand while I was unconscious.

Six days later and the confusion was still rolling around in my brain. Sherlock's hand... in mine. Sherlock doesn't hold anyone's hand. He's remiss to even touch another person, let alone such a personal gesture. And the blush in the hospital room, what was that all about? I'd been quick to write it off as an overheated room, but the image kept creeping back. A blush, a held hand, and teasing. Child-like teasing from Mr Anti-Social.

Could it be that Sherlock has feelings for me? I stared out the window at Baker Street while I pondered this. Has Sherlock ever had feelings for anyone? Girlfriends aren't his area, according to him. He never fully denied boyfriends, however. I tried to picture Sherlock in a relationship. Easy enough to imagine him in fancy dress, as he was always impeccably costumed.

I spun the scene out in my imagination. *Sherlock arrives at an expensive restaurant, his lucky bloke on his arm. They sit at a table in a dark corner, their faces illuminated by candlelight. A waiter appears with a bottle of wine and pours each man a glass. They smile lovingly at each other while gently clinking their glasses together in a toast.*

*Their meal is consumed, they leave and spend a closely snuggled cab ride speaking of their delightful evening. The cab stops in front of a flat. Sherlock pays the cabbie and exits the cab first. He leans back in and extends a hand to assist his companion. They walk up to the door of the flat. As they lean in to kiss, I see the numbers affixed to the wood. 221B. My heart flutters wildly as Sherlock's lips graze mine and I raise up on my tiptoes to deepen the kiss and my lips part to receive his tongue. He squares his hips into mine and the pressure of his arousal against mine has me gasping. I wrap my arms around him and pull him closer to me, increasing the contact between our bodies. Sherlock disengages from our kiss and breathes into my ear, 'Upstairs. Now.'*

My eyes flew open and I stared about the flat in panicked confusion. What the bloody hell was that? My heart was still racing in my chest and I reached for the cooled cup of tea on the desk next to me. I took a drink, careful not to let my shaking hand spill any. I sat the cup down gently and pursed my lips together. Downstairs, I heard the front door shut. Someone ascended the stairs two at a time. Sherlock.

He burst in the front door, his face glowing with excitement. "A case! Oh, a marvelous, gory, delightful case, John!" He grinned and hung his coat on the hook. He turned towards me and upon catching the look on my face, his euphoria dissolved.



"John, are you okay? Are you in a lot of pain? How is your arm? You look like you've seen a ghost! Let me get you some fresh tea," he whirled into the kitchen before waiting for my response to any of those questions.

# Shirts Can Be a Tricky Thing

## Chapter Summary

### Sherlock's POV

Tea. Yes, tea I can manage. I set the kettle to boil and retrieved two mugs from the cabinet. The look on John's face... He looked like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar. His eyes had been wide, his face flushed, and a range of emotions had played over his features. Confusion, fear, anger, even arousal. I pondered that last one. Could John... Is John... No, of course not. John and his endless string of girlfriends. No room for me, certainly.

Mercifully, the kettle clicked off. I slipped a tea bag into each mug and covered them with boiling water. I focused my attention on the brewing mugs, willing all other thoughts from my mind. I was absolutely not thinking about the feel of John's calloused hand in mine. I definitely was not thinking about counting the ridges on each knuckle with the tip of my thumb. Nor was I imagining my flatmate's fingers tangled in my hair, the rough feel of his lips as I sucked on his tongue. No. Definitely not.

John coughed lightly from the living room, jarring me from my reverie. I disposed of the tea bags in the bin, took a deep breath to steady myself, and transported John's mug to the coffee table. I placed it in front of him, careful not to meet his eyes. I took mine to my armchair, tucking my legs beneath me as I sat. I sipped the scalding beverage before clearing my throat.

"Crap telly?" I asked.

"Sure. Uhm, yeah," he responded in a bit of a daze.

I risked a glance at his face. He was staring down into his mug on the table, his eyebrows knit together in thought. He swallowed deeply and I watched the muscles in his jaw flex, his Adam's apple dipped slightly. I bit my bottom lip and looked away.

"Right. Where's the remote gone to?"

Later that evening, I was perched at the kitchen table, having a go at an experiment for my new case. I adjusted the slide in my microscope and frowned. Not good. Not good at all. I leaned back to record my findings on my laptop and was surprised to see John standing next to the fridge, staring at me.

He immediately dropped his gaze. "Right. Shower," he nodded to his pyjamas and a plastic bag draped over his good arm. He turned and walked briskly to the bathroom. I went back to my experiment. A few moments later, a ruckus erupted down the hallway. I heard several things clamor off the bathroom counter and onto the floor.

"Sherlock!" John shouted. I sprang up from my seat and ran to the closed door.

"John, are you alright?"

"Yes, no. Just, my sodding shirt is caught on my cast... and my head. I can't... get untangled."

I reached for the handle and found it locked.

"You'll have to unlock the door. Can you manage that?"

"Yes, right," I heard his hand smack against the door. "Where's the bloody handle gone to?" More smacking, a couple of breathless curses, and a few rustles later and the door swung open. I stifled a laugh but it unfortunately still came out as a snort. "Oi, quit your laughing and get this sodding thing off me!"

"Alright, just hold still already. You're just going to make it worse. Let me see," I grabbed his shoulders to steady him and analyzed his predicament. I slid my fingers into the neck of his shirt and cradled the back of his head, savoring the feel of his hair between my fingers. I used the strength of my hand to stretch the binding a bit which allowed me to lift the shirt up and off his head. I gingerly maneuvered the cluster of fabric over and around his cast and dropped the shirt to the floor.

I gazed at my now shirtless flatmate. Tiny beads of moisture clung to the light dusting of hair on his chest and glistened in the light of the vanity. John was slightly out of breath from the struggle with his shirt and his chest rose and fell dramatically. John moved to pick up the items he'd knocked onto the floor. I reached out and placed the palm of my hand on his shoulder to stop him.

"Let me," I insisted. I let my hand linger perhaps a moment or two longer than necessary, feeling the rapid flutter of his heart. I felt his breath catch. I relinquished my hold on him and tidied up the bathroom. "Good?" I asked. He nodded, his eyebrows knit together in his traditional Thinking Face. I took a long, desperate look, filed it away in John's room in my Mind Palace and hastily retreated back to the kitchen.

I sat at the table in a daze. The image of John, shirtless, lingered in my mind. His warm flesh beneath my hand, the catch of his breath, and the rapid beating of his heart filled my head with all sorts of confusion.. My heart was racing in my chest as I gripped the edge of the table. My trousers were a touch too tight and I glared at the bulge of my crotch, willing it to behave. I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head a bit, trying desperately to clear my mind. What was happening? This was John. My flatmate. My best friend. What the hell was I trying to do, anyway?

I've said it countless times before. I'm married to my work. I have no time, no need, for the hassles of emotions. Emotions get in the way and slow me down. When feelings get tangled into a situation, the logic gets cloudy. Decisions made in the haze of passion are often faulty. Once you start caring for someone, right and wrong, black and white, they all become grey. How many cases have I solved where the spouse, partner, significant other, made a hasty

choice and offered the one they claimed to care about? Death, that's what feelings get you. But try telling that to my trousers.

# A Shower and a Confession

## Chapter Summary

### John's POV

I stood, flabbergasted, staring at the bathroom door, my mind cloudy and unable to focus on anything. My breath came in short gasps and I worked to steady my racing pulse. Why was I getting so worked up about this? Sherlock and I had touched each other in the past, surely. A clap on the back, an errant touch of the hand while exchanging phones or cups of tea. Never such an intimate touch. Was it, though? Surely men touched the bare shoulders of other men, and for completely heterosexual purposes. Why did this particular instance carry such an electric charge?

Perhaps it has been the look on Sherlock's face. His lips were parted slightly, his pupils dilated. His hand certainly had remained in contact with my shoulder for longer than was necessary. Most likely, it was the remnants of this afternoon's fantasy, knocking around in my head and causing trouble. No, it was a daydream, not a fantasy, I tried quite unsuccessfully to reassure myself.

What did all of this mean? If Sherlock would just answer my question about why he held my hand at the hospital, perhaps this could all get sorted. I sighed in defeat, affixed the plastic bag to cover my sodding cast, and resigned myself to a shower.

Showers are a frustrating ordeal as of late, having to do everything with one hand. However, I found this particular shower to be frustrating for other reasons. As the warm, soapy water cascaded down my body, my cock steadily rose to attention. I tried to ignore it as I finished rinsing the soap from my skin. Wanking was difficult enough when I was on dry land, not having access to my dominant hand, after all. I wasn't sure if having a tug in the slippery shower would be such a good idea.

I stood beneath the warm shower stream a few minutes longer and tried to will away my erection. I thought about mundane things such as football, having a pint at the pub. Nothing seemed to quell the beast in the slightest. I closed my eyes and tilted my head backwards, letting the water run over my face. I leaned my head forward again and swiped the water from my forehead and eyes with my right hand. I huffed a sigh, added some soap to my cupped palm, and reached for my stiffened shaft.

After who-even-remembers-how-many years of wanking with my left hand, the grip of my right felt slightly off. I gave myself a few slow pulls, spreading the soap from base to tip. I settled into an awkward rhythm, not quite able to set a steady speed. I leaned against the shower wall to keep myself from slipping and tried to remember to keep the slapping noises of my activity to a minimum. Sound had an uncanny way of traveling from the bathroom and

into the kitchen where Sherlock had undoubtedly returned to his experiment. As Sherlock's name entered my mind, I found myself unable to not think of him.

*His pupils blown wide, staring at me before bending to tidy the mess I had made on the floor. He bends at the waist, his knees giving slightly as he retrieves the items. I am unable to look away from his backside and I reach out, cupping my hand to his arse, sliding my palm down and along the inside of his thigh. He turns his head to meet my gaze, still bent over, presenting himself to me. He sucks his upper lip into his mouth, exaggerating that delicious bow in the center, his eyes urging me to continue.*

*I step closer to him, my hand now on his hip, and I pull him into the bulge of my cock. He grinds back against me, the friction almost unbearable. I undo the button on my trousers, pushing them and my pants down, letting the items fall around my ankles. My stiffness now free of its prison, I press it back against Sherlock's cheeks, the tip leaving a trail of precum on the fabric. Sherlock grabs at my hand on his hip and slides it forward and around to cup the hardness in his trousers, pulling me closer. I rut against him, the fabric of his expensive trousers soft, but still a bit rough on my exposed shaft. I feel his cock twitch in my hand and this sends me over the edge and I shudder and cum, painting his trousers.*

I gasped as cum spilled over my hand and onto the shower floor. I leaned against the shower wall, panting, while the steadily cooling water flows over me, rinsing the evidence down the drain. *What the holy fuck was that?* I thought as my mind cleared.

-----

Two and a half weeks into the longest month of my life, it finally happened. It was a cold, blustery, grey London day as I sat on the couch, wrapped in my thickest robe, still in my pyjamas. The glow of the fireplace barely touched the chill in the room.

"I miss being able to wear my jumpers," I said idly.

"I removed the left sleeve from a few. You've never thanked me, nor worn any of them, for that matter," Sherlock replied, not looking up from his laptop.

"You mutilated my wardrobe!" I steamed.

"You presented me with a problem, I merely applied the most logical solution," he deadpanned. "It's not like you spent a fortune on any of them. If you recall, I've been at you to purchase higher quality items, anyway."

"I'm not going to walk around London with my jumper unraveling behind me, like I'm a kite on the wind!" I sighed. "Also, an army pension doesn't exactly afford Armani. You owe me four reasonably priced replacements."

He didn't reply, but I thought I might have caught the faintest hint of a smile. He continued to clack away at his computer, no doubt updating his extensive listing of tobacco ash. I leaned back against the couch cushions and tucked my feet beneath me. My eyes closed and I rested, the warmth of my robe almost lulling me into a doze. There were a few moments of absolute silence in the flat. The sounds of Sherlock's keyboard had ceased.

I opened my eyes slowly and caught Sherlock turned in his chair, staring directly at me. Upon being caught, he abruptly turned back to the computer, his back stiff.

"Sherlock, we need to talk. It's been two and a half weeks of nothing but awkward. What's going on with you?"

He was silent. His shoulders barely rose for the small breaths he was taking. His lips pressed together as though debating if he should speak. His voice was quiet when he finally spoke.

"John, you know how I am. I don't... process feelings the same way others do. When Lestrade phoned me to say you were in an accident, he told me you were stable, that you were going to be alright," he paused to take a deep breath. "But I am a man of science. I see things. I had to see that you were fine."

I furrowed my eyebrows, unsure whether I should prompt him to continue. My heart was in my throat. I swallowed deeply.

"Sherlock..." I began.

"No, wait. Just give me a moment, please. John, when I saw you in that bed, unconscious, it was as if... as if you were dead," he took another deep breath. "I knew you weren't. My brain knew you weren't. The monitors attached to you confirmed that you weren't. But my heart... I've never given much thought to my heart. My brain has always been the one to rule, but I felt the world drop from beneath my feet. I had to touch you, to feel the warmth of your skin, to make sure you were alive. I needed that knowledge."

He didn't move, he didn't look in my direction. He closed his eyes.

"So, yes. I did hold your hand. I held it to control the chaos in my head. I held it to bring me peace. I held your hand to comfort myself and I'm sorry that I violated your space for such selfish reasons. I've been withdrawn since the hospital because I didn't understand what was happening. I still don't. I've never allowed my feelings to overshadow me like that before. I promise to control it. I hate that I've made you uncomfortable," he turned his head slowly in my direction. The sadness he was feeling radiated from his entire body. He sucked on his upper lip, and a single tear rolled down his cheek. "Please don't move out. Please don't leave. I can get this under control."

I sat in stunned silence. He had feelings for me. The most impenetrable man in London had feelings for me. I chewed on my bottom lip as I attempted to process this new knowledge. There were a few things I needed to know.

"Sherlock, how long... how long have you felt this way? About me? Please, don't sugar coat anything. I need to know."

Sherlock's cheeks puffed outward as he blew a steady stream of air through his closed lips.

"The first night you ran through the streets of London with me, I knew there was a physical attraction that I felt towards you. I am human, after all, and these things do happen to me occasionally. I found I was able to suppress it. I am a gentleman, and you are a self-

proclaimed heterosexual, on many occasions. I would never dream of forcing you into anything you aren't comfortable with and so I never acted on it. I just buried it beneath work. I came to value your friendship so deeply, I found I was able to keep myself from having too many untoward thoughts about you."

"Ok. So, wow, that's a long time, then." I met his gaze and offered what I hoped was a reassuring smile. "I'm not going to move out, you git. Look, these last few weeks have just been very confusing for me."

He rose from his chair and began to pace the length of the room. He had his hands balled into fists at his sides. The panic on his face had subsided into a dull worry. He stopped in front of the fireplace and pondered the flames. His back was to me and I could see that his shoulder muscles were tense. My gaze traveled down the elegant line of this back. When my eyes reached the point where his slim-cut shirt was tucked neatly into his trousers, I was transported back to that evening in the shower.

*...still bent over, presenting himself to me.*

I squeezed my eyes shut and drew in a shaky breath. The images from that fantasy (yes, yes, it was a fantasy, damn it) were never far from my mind. I rose from the couch and padded quietly across the room to stand behind Sherlock.

*...I step closer to him, my hand now on his hip, and I pull him into the bulge of my cock.*

I shook my head and steadied myself. I smiled and reached for his hand, my thumb making circles on the back of his fist and my fingers prying gently at his. He turned to me, his eyes wide with shock, and he slowly relaxed his grip. I interlaced my fingers with his.

"Sherlock, I have absolutely no idea what is going to happen. My mind has been in such a frenzy. I know that I care deeply for you. You've saved my life, redeemed me in so many ways. You constantly shape my opinion of myself, always for the better. You got rid of my damned limp, for Pete's sake!" I shook my head and chuckled a bit. "I've never felt like this about another man before. Look, I can't make any promises, but I do know that I haven't been able to get you out of my mind."

His breath caught in his throat and his eyes darted quickly between mine, no doubt trying to assess the truth of my statements. I let go of his hand and ran my fingers slowly up his arm, letting them come to rest on his shoulder. I turned up a corner of my mouth in a sly smile, and moistened my lips with the tip of my tongue. With my heart pounding in my throat, I raised up slightly on my toes and brought my lips to his in a timid, questioning kiss. I kept my eyes open slightly, to check for signs of panic on his face. His eyes closed and he leaned in, his hands moving to the small of my back, pressing gently to support me against him, but not pulling me too tightly, as my cast was pressed awkwardly between us.

He captured my lower lip between his and sucked gently. A small gasp escaped from me and I crushed my mouth to his. I parted his lips with my tongue, my hand splayed across his chest, feeling his heart pound frantically. I traced my thumb along the harsh line of his collar bone, gently caressing the pressure point there.



He suddenly took a step back from me, his hands finding my shoulders and holding me at a distance. His brilliant eyes studied me from head to foot. He chewed his bottom lip pensively as his gaze darted from this point to that, accumulating data, analyzing it and filing it away. Sherlock focused in on my eyes, the corners of his crinkled in thought.

"John, are you sure? I can't... I don't want to push you into anything. If you're having second thoughts, please, let's just forget this ever happened. I'm certain I can shut this off. We can still be friends. I know we can."

"You will always be my friend, Sherlock. This is just," I smiled and stepped closer to him, his hold on me giving way, "better." He took one last questioning glance at my face before leaning down and kissing me again.

Below us, we heard several sets of footsteps on the stairs.

"Yoohoo! Boys! Didn't you hear the bell?" Mrs Hudson shouted ahead of herself. She said something softer to her companion, raising the words *shot it* loud enough for us to hear. Sherlock and I broke our embrace quickly and turned to face the door, guilt and fear evident on our faces. Mrs Hudson knocked cheerfully on the open frame before leading Lestrade into the flat.

Lestrade's gaze bounced between the two of us, his eyes squinting slightly. "Sherlock. John," he nodded to each of us. "There's been a murder across town. Need your help sussing this one out."

"Of course you do," Sherlock sighed in annoyance. "Why do you even bother paying your staff?"

I glanced down to the robe covering my pyjamas. "Right, I'd best pop upstairs and put some proper clothes on. Give us a mo', yeah?" I slipped a quick glance to Sherlock before retreating hastily up the stairs. I shut the door to my bedroom and leaned against it heavily. I brought my fingers gently to my lips, remembering the feel of Sherlock's kiss. My heart gave a flutter and I willed myself to get dressed.

## The First Time Is Always a Bit Awkward

As I watched John dash from the room, I could feel his lips lingering on mine. I wanted very much to continue kissing him. I needed to sit and sort through the data, but Mrs Hudson softly cleared her throat.

"Sherlock, dear, are you alright? It looked like you and John had quite the fright... You didn't see a mouse, did you? Oh, Sherlock, if you've gone and left a tray of fingers in the cabinet again..." she trailed off, tittering to herself, and bustled into the kitchen. I heard cabinet doors open and shut, dishes clattering softly together as she searched for my experiments.

Lestrade shifted his weight between his feet. He glanced at me, then at the door John had left through, and finally back to me. He raised his eyebrows and coughed lightly.

"So, you two are coming together," his eyes widened in panic. He looked away from me and continued, "Uh, no, that is, are you two, erm, riding in the police car? Both of you, separately, but you know, together..." his face reddened.

"We'll get a cab," I said bluntly.

"Right. I'll, uh, text you the details. You just come when you're ready," he coughed again before turning and fleeing towards the door. John arrived on the landing at the same time and Lestrade stuttered goodbye and all but threw himself down the stairs to escape.

"What the bloody hell is his problem?" John asked as he entered the room. I took a long, slow gaze at John, as though seeing him for the first time. I memorized the position of every hair on his head, the faint shadow on stubble on his face, the tan and maroon jumper... the jumper! He was wearing one of my handsomely modified jumpers! John smiled and blushed as he noticed my gaze fixed on his shirt.

"Oh, he thinks we're shagging. John, you're wearing a jumper!" I moved to pull him into my embrace, but Mrs Hudson reappeared from the kitchen. I stopped before reaching John and turned to her. "Did you find anything interesting, Mrs Hudson?"

"Oh, everything unsavory was at least confined to the fridge. Surely you could store those elsewhere? At the hospital, perhaps?" She shook her head and scooted by John, patting him on the shoulder as she passed. "You're looking quite dapper in that jumper. I haven't seen you dressed so nicely in some time. It's a shame that poor sleeve is such a mess!" She continued down the stairs and back to her flat.

I closed the distance to John and ran my fingers up the sleeve of his right arm, coming to a rest on the back of his neck. I leaned down and pressed my lips to his. I felt him smile before returning my kiss. My right hand found his hip and pulled his body against mine and I relished the feel of him so close to me. A moment later, my crotch began to vibrate and John giggled into my mouth.

"Oh, Sherlock! I didn't realize my kisses were that good!" He snorted as he laughed and backed away a bit. I huffed and fished the phone from the front pocket of my trousers.

"It's the address for the murder. We should get on our way. The quicker I solve it, the sooner we can get back to... this." I studied his face again as I looked for any signs that he may regret having kissed me. He nodded and retrieved his coat from the hook. He was about to begin the awkward dance of putting his coat on, but I snatched it from his hands. I held it up behind him as he slipped his good arm into the right sleeve and I settled the left side about his shoulder.

"Thank you," he said and gave me a peck of a kiss. "Let's go get this over with." He smiled and headed down the stairs.

-----

Two hours later, we were in a cab back to Baker Street. Lestrade had barely been able to make eye contact with either of us and continued to blush furiously. Donovan and Anderson could tell something was amiss, but their complete lack of intuition and observation skills kept them from being able to pin down anything to use as an insult. I had found it difficult to keep from touching John's arm or pinning him against the wall in a kiss, but had somehow managed. John yawned in the seat next to me.

"Who knew that restraining from kissing you could be so exhausting?" he smiled at me and settled more comfortably against the seat. He laid his hand flat on the seat between us. He rubbed his hand from side to side slightly, as though admiring the feel of the fabric. After a few minutes of this awkward movement, he looked up to meet my gaze. "I was subtly trying to hint that you should hold my hand, you git."

"Oh. I thought you enjoyed the texture of the seat cushion. I don't think anyone has ever wanted to hold my hand," I frowned. He sighed and turned his hand over. He looked pointedly between my eyes and his outstretched hand. I removed my glove and laced my fingers into his. He smiled and squeezed my hand gently.

Later, as the cab slowed to a stop in front of our flat, I paid the cabbie and exited the vehicle. I turned back to see John trying to awkwardly scoot across the seat, using his right hand for balance. I leaned in and offered my arm in assistance. He took my hand with a grin and let himself be hoisted from the cab. I dropped his hand and searched my coat pocket for my keys. I stepped towards the door, but John grabbed my arm and turned me towards him. He raised himself on his toes and kissed me deeply. After a few moments of this, he breathed into my ear, "Upstairs. Now." I nodded and fumbled with my keys in the lock. I pushed the door open and we hurried upstairs.

Upon entering the flat, John shrugged out of his coat, dropping it to the floor. He moved towards me, his right hand working at the large buttons down the front of my coat. "Damn this cast!" he exclaimed in frustration and I assisted him with the remaining buttons. I draped my coat neatly across the back of an armchair. He rushed me hungrily, his hand pulling our hips together and he kissed and sucked at my neck.

"J-John... Oh, mmm," I breathed a quiet moan as the stubble on his chin raked gently at my neck. His hand worked the shirt out of my trousers and I jumped a bit at the feel of his cold hand on the skin at the small of my back. He dragged his nails lightly and my hips lurched forward, the slowly growing bulge in my pants grinding against him. He shuddered and drew in a shaky breath before pulling me tighter against him. His hips worked back against mine, the sensation causing me to stiffen quite rapidly. My hands traveled down his back and came to a rest on his backside. I squeezed each cheek lightly and he rutted against me.

John came up for a breath and clumsily tried to disengage the tiny buttons down the front of my shirt. He frowned in concentration and unhooked the top two buttons before sighing in exasperation. I smiled and moved his hand aside. I slowly unbuttoned my shirt. When I was finished, John reached out and dragged his index finger down the center of my chest, stopping just before reaching my navel. He then pushed the fabric off my shoulders and I shrugged out of my shirt.

"Can you help me out of this jumper?" he questioned. "I'd hate to have a repeat of the bathroom incident."

I pondered the blush that spread across his cheeks. He was undoubtedly embarrassed because I'd had to rescue him that day. Or he may have correctly guessed that I had heard him wanking in the shower. I nodded and helped rid him of his jumper. We stood before each other in nothing but our trousers and had a proper staring contest. I gave him a moment to adjust before closing the distance between us. I kissed the skin just in front of his ear and whispered, "Alright there?"

He nodded, pulled me closer again, and his cast scraped against my chest. I hissed in pain. "Oh, damn this thing! First chance I get, I'm going back to that bloody doctor and seeing about having it removed!" He frowned and stalked off to the couch. He sat down with a huff. I followed and sat close to his right, our knees touching and his cast as far away from my bare skin as possible.

"Do you want to... continue?" I asked, the hope evident in my voice.

He looked down at his lap, his eyebrows knitting together. "I do. Sherlock, I really do. We just need to go slow. I've never... well, I have, of course... just not with another bloke, yeah? It's sort of intimidating."

"I understand. Your comfort will be our guide. Let's go slow, then," I leaned down and untied both of my shoes and set them neatly aside. "Shoes? You alright with those?" I gestured towards his feet. He smiled and nodded. I untied his shoes and set them next to mine. "Good! How about we live dangerously? Socks?" He laughed and nodded again. I removed our socks and tucked them into our shoes. I leaned back, lifting my feet off the ground and wiggled my toes, doing my best to make John relax.

He laughed again, his eyes crinkling as he smiled. He leaned over and planted a kiss on my bare shoulder. He trailed kisses across my skin and onto my collar bone. He licked and sucked at the hollow of my neck, his hand settling onto my thigh. His thumb rubbed circles against the fabric of my trousers. I sighed and relaxed against the cushions, adjusting my legs to get a bit more comfortable as my cock began to harden again.

"Trousers," he said. He stood and quickly worked the button on his trousers, slid them to the floor and stepped out of them. He immediately sat back down on the couch, close but not touching me. "Go on then," he urged.

I stood up and faced him. I unhooked my belt and slowly slipped it from its loops. I dropped it dramatically to the floor. Next, I slowly unzipped my trousers before undoing the button and allowing the fabric to pool at my feet. I stood before him in my pants, making sure he could see the outline of my semi-hard cock. His eyes widened as he stared at me and he swallowed deeply. I smiled slyly and rubbed myself through my pants until the fabric strained.

I sat down next to him again, our bare legs touching. I tried to reach for his thigh, but his hand stopped me. "Sherlock, I don't know. It's... fast."

I chewed my upper lip as I thought. "You know... a hand job is basically the same as masturbating. Or, if you'd prefer, we could just wank here on the couch. Keep our hands to ourselves."

He took a moment to ponder my offer. I noticed the hand in his lap working idly against the growing bulge in his pants. "I... I think I would be okay with that. The wanking, that is."

I nodded and grabbed the box of tissues off the coffee table and handed him a few before taking a couple for myself. I raised my hips and slid out of my pants. He followed suit, awkwardly working his pants off with one hand.

Freed from its prison, my cock was now at full attention and leaking precum. I used my thumb to spread it across my glans and took a full stroke. I glanced over at John. He had his impressively large shaft in his hand, stroking slowly. He moaned softly and I matched my strokes to his. He groaned and said my name under his breath, "S-Sh-Sherlock, ngh."

I let go of my cock and turned slightly towards him. "John... I'm going to touch your hand. That's all, okay? Just trust me, please." I reached out and laid my hand over his, my fingers matched with his, careful not to touch his hardened cock. I took control of his strokes, guiding his hand over his shaft from base to tip, rotating slightly as I went. He gasped and began to thrust his hips into our hands. I increased the tightness of my grip, and John increased the rhythm of his thrusts. Before long, his cock twitched and he groaned. I hastily maneuvered some tissues into place, catching most of his cum, although a bit dribbled onto our fingers. As he softened, I removed my hand from his. I handed him some more tissues and cleaned his cum from my fingers.

"God, Sherlock, mphf. That was..." he trailed off as he caught sight of my cock, soaked in precum. I settled back against the couch and gripped myself firmly. I watched his eyes, locked on my prick, as I jerked myself. I set a pace for quickened release, but John put his hand on my thigh. "Sherlock, wait. Let me," he breathed. He moved my hand out of the way and wrapped his fingers around my throbbing shaft. The touch of his hand was almost enough to send me over the edge, but I bit my lip and held back my orgasm. He stroked me forcefully, knowing I was close. I only managed to last a minute more before I moaned his name and filled a tissue.

We fell back, exhausted and panting. "Well," he said. "That certainly wasn't what I pictured for my evening when I woke this morning." He laughed and shook his head. He turned towards me, a giddy, dazed smile spread across his face. He kissed me gently on my lips. A moment later he stood up and began to dress. "Right, I'm famished. Chinese take-away?" I nodded and smiled as I watched him pull his trousers over his bare arse.

# The Grape Debacle

## Chapter Summary

### John's POV

The sound of Sherlock's violin wove its way up the stairs and into my darkened bedroom. I groaned and rolled over to check the time on my alarm clock. *05:43*.

"Couldn't wait forty-seven more minutes, could you?" I complained to the emptiness around me. I closed my eyes and listened to the melody below. The same phrase was repeated, a measure or two added each time. Composing, then. The tune was mostly comprised of hauntingly smooth low notes contrasted here and there by a measure or two of brightness.

I relaxed and began to drift off again, but was jolted fully awake by a smattering of badly tuned notes as Sherlock apparently became frustrated by something. A moment later, the music continued, smoothly. Seeing as how my heart was pounding in my ears and adrenaline was coursing through my system, I stared at the shadows on the ceiling and began to replay the events of last night. Everything had taken on a mottled, surreal appearance in the five or so hours I'd managed to sleep. There had been kissing, yes. Loads of kissing, in fact. When Mrs Hudson and Lestrade had barged in, I originally felt guilty and panicked. However, when I'd dashed off to my room, all I could think about was Sherlock's mouth on mine and how utterly okay that was. Kissing Sherlock was fantastic; euphoric; bewildering, certainly, but a brilliant sort of chaos. I suppose 'okay' was a bit of an understatement.

But then there was the other bit. I'd thought myself straight up until nearly three weeks ago... okay, mostly straight, if I had to be completely honest with myself. There had been a few moments, a few close encounters, while I was in Afghanistan. However, it was easy to look past that, given the extenuating circumstances. Last night, however, was not so easily written off.

Kissing was one thing... What happened at the end of the night was another animal entirely. It was the way Sherlock reacted when the cab had stopped in front of our flat. Seemingly hundreds of times prior, he would rush to the door and be up the stairs, usually inside the flat before I'd had time to pay the cabbie and exit the vehicle. Courtesy was not usually a word one associated with Sherlock Holmes. So, when he had leaned in and offered his hand, various scenarios I had concocted over the previous weeks clouded my head and I was lost to the moment. There was a hunger present that I hadn't felt in years. Blinded by passion, I had snogged Sherlock, in public, not caring who was around to see. And then a bit later: the nakedness.

I pressed the heel of my hand against my forehead. I really was not awake enough to analyze that. I threw back my covers, disengaged my alarm clock, and set off for the kitchen. *Coffee*,

*then soul-searching. Always in that order*, I thought to myself.

I entered the main floor of the flat via the kitchen door and set the coffee to brewing. I retrieved two mugs from the cabinet and set them on a small serving tray, to make it a bit easier to manage. I hoped to convince Sherlock to drink something; Lord knows he was probably up all night. Tray in hand, I ventured out to the living room to see Sherlock scratching some notes on his sheet music. I sat his mug on the desk near him. He didn't acknowledge my presence in the slightest. I made for the couch, but as I passed the coffee table, I noticed the scrunched up tissues from last night littering the floor. I remembered Sherlock's hand on mine, guiding my grip... *Drink your coffee*. I settled in my armchair instead.

"We need to do the shopping today. We're out of milk," I made an attempt at small talk. I was rewarded with nothing but silence from the man. Sherlock picked up his violin and started to play again, staring out the window. I huffed in annoyance. We had tossed off together not eight hours ago and I get the silent treatment. I certainly knew better than to expect a revealing tell-all, but I had hoped for a 'Good morning,' or perhaps a 'Thanks for finishing me off last night. You're a real pal.' Nothing.

I narrowed my eyes at Sherlock's back. Had I misread something? I was fairly certain we'd both admitted to having feelings for each other last night and that was even several hours before the... sticky... part of the evening. Afterward, there had been Chinese food and lighthearted banter, a rehashing of that night's case. We'd shared a kiss before heading to our separate beds. So why was he so cold this morning? I thought on it a moment more before sighing and retreated to the bathroom for a shower and shave.

When I reappeared fifteen minutes later, Sherlock was on the couch and staring at the ceiling, his fingers steepled over his chest. His eyes were dark and calculating and again he gave no hint that he was aware of my presence.

"I'm going to Tesco. I can't manage much, what with my arm, but do you need anything?"

I was just about to turn and leave when he said, "Three grapes, green; two drinking straws, without the ridged, bendy tops; and four potatoes, russet."

"Okay, right, you can hear me today. One order of crazy, coming up," I shrugged into my coat before heading down to Baker Street.

I returned with the shopping and dropped the bags on the table. I heard the shower running, so I didn't bother to announce my presence. I sorted out the sack containing Sherlock's absurd list of ingredients and put it aside before situating the rest of the goods. A moment later, Sherlock strode into the kitchen, a towel around his waist, his curls wet and plastered to his head. My jaw was surely on the floor as I watched a drop of water begin its journey behind Sherlock's ear, down his long and slender neck, pausing for a second in the hollow at his clavicle before finally coming to a rest in the light dusting of hair on his chest. He located his groceries and lined the potatoes on the counter. He removed two straws from the package of ten before dropping the excess in the bin. He was about to do the same with the grapes when I finally snapped back to reality and snatched them from his hands.



"You know, some people enjoy *eating* the grapes," I said. He frowned at me and placed the three on the table alongside the potatoes and straws. I popped a grape from the bunch, placed it between my teeth with my lips pulled back. I drew my lips around the grape and sucked it into my mouth. Sherlock's eyes grew huge. His gaze traveled between my lips and the grapes clutched in my hand. He drew in a slow breath and abruptly turned on his heel and stalked to his bedroom. I stared after him for a moment, confused by his sudden departure, before I realized what I had just done. I'd always eaten grapes in that manner... Had it always been so... erotic?

-----

In the five days since the grape debacle, Sherlock had made no more than strictly necessary conversation, and what was said limited itself to sharp and concise orders. Eye contact was nonexistent and I was completely frustrated by this point. Sherlock had given me a glimpse at what was hidden beneath his façade, and then immediately closed himself away again, and I just wanted to punch him for it.

I worked really hard to keep my violent outbursts under control, but there were days when he grated on every nerve in my body and I had to storm out of the room just to keep myself from attacking him. Today was shaping up to be one of *those*.

"No, no, *no!*" Sherlock shouted into his mobile. "The angle is all wrong, don't you *see*? Come on, Lestrade. If you would just shake your head, a couple of brain cells might collide and form a halfway sensible thought... No, I don't think I'm being... Oh, that's rich. Not your most unique... hello?" He tossed his phone onto the couch and stormed over to his computer. He punched the keys angrily and muttered a slew of insults under his breath. I ventured close enough to see that he was typing an email to Lestrade. There were a lot of capital letters and a line written entirely in boldface type. When an advanced scientific equation stretched across the screen, I lost interest and turned on the telly.

The clattering at Sherlock's desk paused for a few moments. My focus still on the screen, I said, "He's trying his best, you know. If you keep treating him like that, eventually he'll stop calling you for cases."

He slammed his computer shut. "His *best*?" he hissed. "These amateurs are playing at detectives and I'm supposed to pat him on the back for *trying*?"

"They're the ones who have put in the time and training. Some even have degrees," I looked over at him and immediately regretted it. His eyes were dark with anger, his chest rising and falling as he fumed.

"You think a *degree* just magically makes someone intelligent? You think it makes them qualified? Oh, what it must be like in your dull, simple mind."

Rage ignited deep within me. I tried to count to ten: one; two; where the hell did he get off calling me simple? Ten.

"So, I suppose that every detective ought to be an uncaring, insensitive, socially-inept tosser? Oh, what a police force that would be! You may be brilliant, Sherlock, but you are a complete

prat. You drive people away, you treat them like rubbish. You've completely shut me out."

"Is that what this is about? Have I hurt your feelings?" He rolled his eyes. I chewed at the inside of my cheeks, trying to keep from stalking across the room and slapping the smirk off his face. He continued, "This is who I am, John. This is what I do. Did you expect a bit of snogging to change me so drastically? Do you want to hold hands and skip through the park?"

I stood across the desk from him. I leaned forward, gripped the edge with my free hand, and snarled at him, "This all started because you, sir, suffered from *feelings*. You held my bloody hand, remember? You made it all awkward by ignoring me for weeks. And just when I think we're getting somewhere, you pull this childish act again! You can't beg me to stay and then treat me like I don't exist. You can't turn my world upside down and then disappear," I drew in a shaky breath. "Fuck you, Sherlock Holmes. Just... fuck you."

I balled my fist at my side and turned to storm out of the room. Before I could step away, Sherlock grabbed the front of my shirt and yanked me around the desk, my cast slamming into the wood.

"Ow, son of a..." his lips crushed into mine, stopping me mid-exclamation. The kiss was urgent and raw, our teeth gnashing together at times. My legs shook with adrenaline; I was still very, very angry. I bit down on his lip and he cursed in pain but it only made him kiss me harder. He wrapped his arms around me, holding me in tight, hardly enough room for me to breathe. I struggled against him but his grip never relented. I bit him again, in the same spot, hoping to jar him enough to relax his arms. Instead, he groaned and rolled his hips into me. *The son-of-a-bitch is getting off on this*, I thought. I searched his eyes and sure enough: his pupils were the size of saucers.

I wrenched my head to the side, gasping for breath. I spoke while I had the chance, "Let go. What are you..." his tongue swirled into my ear, "doing?" My knees went a little weak, this time from the tingle connecting my ear to my spine. Sherlock felt me sag in his arms and loosened his grip a bit, adjusting to support me instead of keeping me prisoner. He sucked my earlobe into his mouth and bit down gently. It was my turn to grind into his hip.

"Sherlock, this doesn't... change... anything," my voice was breathy and utterly non-convincing. "I'm still upset... OH!" I moaned and nearly came undone as Sherlock nibbled a trail down my neck and then bit the top of my shoulder through my t-shirt. I marveled at the amount of biting being exchanged, surprised at the effect it was having on me. Sherlock brushed the front of my trousers and made for the button. I stepped back, pushing him away.

"No. Sherlock, no. We can't," I said, shaking my head.

"If you are still uncomfortable engaging in direct sexual contact, we can repeat our previous encounter," he suggested, hope and lust saturating his features.

"I can't. Not like this." I hastily left the room, grabbing my coat from the hook by the door. I ran down the stairs, anger, fear and confusion clouding my vision.

I stopped in the foyer and leaned heavily against the wall. I let my emotions swirl around me for a moment, my eyes squeezed shut. God, I did want him physically, that much was clear. My brain had come around as well, but I needed to know where I stood with Sherlock. It used to be so easy: we were friends and he was rude to everyone, only a bit less rude to me. I supposed that was just fine between flatmates, but how would that translate into a relationship? A relationship with Sherlock Holmes... is that what I wanted? How surely maddening that would be.

I needed to get away and clear my head. I fired off a text to Lestrade: "*Pub?*"

# A Visit From Mycroft and a Drunken John

## Chapter Summary

### Sherlock's POV

I let out an exasperated sigh and sank down onto the couch. The flat was still and silent, save for the rush of the pulse in my ears. My hands shook slightly where I rested them across my knees. Below, John slammed the door as he left. I had the urge to run to the window to watch him walk away, but fearing the anger and disappointment I might witness, I reclined on the couch and studied the ceiling.

I was tracking and analyzing the length and density of the shadows on the wall when Mycroft appeared in the doorway to the living room.

"Do you even attempt to knock anymore, *brother*," I said disdainfully. He looked at me with pity in his eyes.

"Oh, Sherlock, what have you done this time?" he asked me, with a sigh. He lowered himself into John's armchair and crossed his legs. I glared at him.

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're hinting at, Mycroft."

He sighed again and continued in that grating voice of his, "You knew exactly why I was here the moment you heard me sneak in the front door. Do you want to tell me why John is at the pub getting pissed with Lestrade? More importantly, would you like to share why, exactly, they are both angrily chewing on your name? Or do you prefer I guess? I'm sure I can be fairly accurate in my postulating."

"Lestrade is an imbecile and John is... Well, that's really none of your business," I continued my glaring.

"Sherlock. Dear, sweet Sherlock. You are my business. When poor Mummy passed, rest her soul, she bade I look after you. Now, if you've gone and bugged up the only friendships I've ever witnessed you have, well, I feel it necessary to intervene. Please, do tell what you've done to make that army doctor of yours so livid," he made a gesture with his hand to imply it was my turn to speak.

"Lestrade is not my *friend*," I snarled.

Mycroft waited a moment before speaking. "And yet, I don't hear you denying the same of John."

I stood up from my wallowing position on the couch and paced the length of the room. If Mycroft thought he could just break into my flat and we'd have sweets and story time, he was sorely mistaken. The last person I wanted to discuss any of this with was my older brother. No, strike that, I didn't want to discuss this with anyone!

"John is my flatmate and my assistant. As to the current state of his demeanor, we'd simply had a... disagreement... about a matter this evening. That's all."

Mycroft shot me a look of disapproval. He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and shook his head sadly. "Is this about that Phillip chap from uni, still? Oh, don't look at me that way. Even back then, I had my eye on you. Now, what happened to Phillip was a real shame, yes, but why are you still letting it affect you? Why are you letting it affect John?"

I made a sound of disgust and threw my hands in the air. "Phillip? Did you come all this way just to rub that in my face? That was a long time ago and is completely irrelevant to this situation."

"You might be able to lie to John, but I can see right through you. If you're ever going to commit to him in the way he needs you to, you need to come to terms with this."

"Who said anything about commitment? What do you even know?"

He rolled his eyes. "I know the signs of a domestic when I see it. Somewhat recently, you and the good doctor have blurred the lines of your friendship a bit, yes? Now, given his... history... I'd say he's been a touch confused about these new feelings and... situations." He paused, I'm sure, to add a bit of that blasted drama he was always wafting about. "I'm also certain you've acted with your usual grace and tact and completely alienated the poor man."

I stopped in front of the window and stared out at the shadowy street. I retrieved my violin from its case and began a soft, mournful melody. Phillip's face hung before me, as clear as my own reflection in the glass. When each of my parents had died, I never wept. Neither had Mycroft, but that is beside the point. The day Phillip was murdered marked the first and only time I had ever cried. That was, until the day of John's accident.

I let the memories of Phillip surround me through the notes of my violin. I played also for John; for his friendship, his companionship, and also his heart. The heart I knew I had trampled on so carelessly this past week. One tear escaped my eye, the music intensified and I lost track of how long I had been playing. I let the violin drop away from my shoulder.

"You're right, Mycroft. I need to tell John about Phillip."

I turned to find the flat vacant.

-----

The sound of the door closing roughly below jarred me from my memories of Phillip. I sat folded into my armchair facing the door, my hands working nervously in my lap, and awaited John's ascension. I heard a string of muffled curses, followed by what could only be John's shin slamming into the entryway table. Mrs Hudson's door opened and a moment later she

was shouting my name. I rushed down the stairs to find John seated on the first step and leaned heavily against the wall, his head drooped down to his chest.

"Oh, Sherlock," Mrs Hudson said. She pulled her dressing gown tightly around herself and looked at John with pity written on her face.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Hudson. I will see that he gets upstairs."

She clicked her tongue and shook her head. "Never seen the poor man this way before. Is everything alright with him? I heard shouting earlier today... did you boys have a bit of a domestic?"

"Everything's fine, I assure you. Goodnight, Mrs Hudson."

She took one last look at John before turning and bustling back into her flat. I leaned down and shook John's shoulders lightly. He groaned and rolled his head so he could look groggily at my face.

"Aahh, S-Sh-Sherrrr," he paused and swallowed deeply, "lock. Sherlock. Come to rescue me? You like to play at the armor... Uhm, knight in shining armor. Alllllllways the hero, you," he yawned and closed his eyes again. "I can take care of myself."

"Oh, obviously. Let's get you upstairs, yes?" I maneuvered him away from the wall a bit and wedged my shoulder beneath his right arm. "Come on. Up." He swayed for a moment and I allowed him some time to get his bearings. "One step at a time. You can do it, John."

He looked at me through hooded eyes as his head lilted from side to side. "You're so bleeding tall... When did you get so tall? And gorgeous. All cheekbones and... lips."

I hauled him up to the next step. And then another, until we reached the landing. I directed him into the kitchen and propped him against the table. I fetched a glass of water from the tap.

"Drink this." I watched as he chugged it, dribbling onto his shirt. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and set the glass heavily onto the table as though he'd just downed a pint at the pub. He leveled his gaze with mine.

"You're still a wanker."

"I know. Let's get you up to bed."

"No. No more blasted stairs. I'll just..." he lost grip of the table and started to slide to the floor. I yanked him back up by his good arm. "...sleep on the couch."

I steered him gently down the hall to my bedroom and propped him against the frame of the door while I pulled back the duvet. I helped him sit on the edge of the bed and removed his shoes before leaning him back against the pillows. I settled the covers around him and before I could straighten up, he grabbed the collar of my shirt and pulled me down into a sloppy kiss. He mostly made contact with my chin. I adjusted and placed a kiss on his forehead.

"Goodnight, John." I turned to leave.

"Wait, where are you going? You could..." he scooted himself to the far side of the bed and flung the duvet back, "stay?"

I stared at him, my mind racing. Here was the man I yearned for, asking me to come to bed. He was highly intoxicated and I did not want to chance that he might wake up in the morning thinking I had taken advantage of him. I knew that things were still rough between us. A night of excessive drinking on his part was not enough to fix anything and I had spent my time apart revisiting memories I tried daily to forget. I knew that any other bloke would have jumped at the chance to slide in next to him but surely this wouldn't help.

"Please, Sherlock. Stop the room from spinning."

I relented and climbed into bed next to him. He nudged my arm up and out of the way and put his head against my chest.

"John," I whispered.

"Ssshhh," he groaned. "Just... anchor me. I can't take the spinning. Please."

I settled my arm around his shoulder and felt him relax. His breathing deepened and he was soon snoring. I ran my fingers across the rough surface of his cast. All of this, the dizzying whirl of the past month, the kissing and fighting, started with this cast. I breathed in the scent of John. He smelled heavily of the pub and all he had consumed while there, but beneath it all he still smelled of John. I pressed a kiss to the top of his head and settled back against the pillows. Tomorrow promised to be awkward.

# Finally

## Chapter Summary

### John's POV

I awoke with a steady pounding in my ears. I worked my mouth against the pillow and felt the puddle of drool I'd made during the night. My pillow rose slightly and fell. I realized with a start that the sound in my ears was the beating of a heart. I slowly lifted my head and met Sherlock's curious gaze.

"Good morning, John."

I propelled myself off of him and onto the far side of the bed. I groaned as the room spun and I squeezed my eyes shut.

"What the hell? Why am I in your bed? Also," I cracked open one eye and glanced back at the spot on Sherlock's shirt, "Sorry about the drool."

He continued to stare at me. I tried to read what was going on in that brain of his, but he has one hell of a poker face when he sets his mind to it. I closed my eyes against the sun streaming in through the bedroom window and leaned onto the pillows – actual pillows this time, mind.

"I'm having a hard time remembering...I was at the pub," I looked at him and he nodded. "I think I split a cab on the way home with Greg..." he widened his eyes and his mouth turned up in a small snarl.

"I thought you went to the pub with Lestrade, who is *Greg*? You spend the evening bad-mouthing me and getting pissed with Lestrade and then go home with some random bloke named Greg?" Fire burned in his eyes and his hands gripped the duvet tightly.

I held up my hand in defense. "Whoa, whoa, calm down, Sherlock. Greg is Lestrade. That's his name. You've known him for half a decade... you know his name, right?"

He studied my face for a moment before his shoulders relaxed. "No, I guess not. It's never become important to know his actual name."

My sluggish, hungover mind suddenly had a profound thought. "Wait a tick... you were jealous? Just then, when you thought I'd gone and shagged some guy I met at the pub! Sherlock Holmes, jealous. Imagine that!" I sat, bemused, as a wide array of thoughts and emotions played over Sherlock's features. "My point was that I can't seem to recall much of what happened last night. Nothing I can come up with explains why I was passed out on you or why my leg aches, for that matter."



Sherlock collected himself enough to speak. "Oh, you had an argument with the table downstairs. Mrs Hudson called me down to help you... or save her table, I'm not really sure which. I hauled you up the stairs and you refused to climb any farther than the first floor, so I deposited you here. I was going to sleep on the couch, but..."

"But, what?"

"But you wouldn't have it."

"Oh." I had spent all of last night being so angry and frustrated with Sherlock, and then when my mind was numbed by alcohol, apparently all I wanted was to be close to him. Despite whatever he felt or didn't feel towards me, he had stayed with me simply by my drunken request. He had even let me drool on him. I found I wasn't any less confused about Sherlock's intentions that I had been the prior evening. The silence between us stretched on and I felt myself begin to drift back to sleep. Sherlock cleared his throat and I opened my eyes.

"John, I need to tell you some things. About Phillip."

When he didn't continue after a few moments, I asked, "Who's Phillip, Sherlock?"

"He was my... well, he was my boyfriend when I was at University."

I took a moment to process what he had said. So Sherlock had been in a relationship before and with a man, at that. What had Sherlock been like at eighteen? Possibly softer, if he'd allowed himself a relationship. The Sherlock of today had insisted on many occasions that he had no time or interest in the frivolities of the heart. So someone had broken through. Someone before me.

Sherlock continued, his voice soft, "It didn't end well. He... died. He was murdered." His fists balled at his sides and he clenched the sheet beneath him. Without a moment's hesitation, I reached over and pried his left hand free before winding my fingers with his. I gave him some time to gather himself.

"I tracked his killer to a dilapidated house. Before I went in, I called the police to report a disturbance and then, in a fit of rage, I beat him mercilessly." My face must have been one of shock so he continued. "No, I didn't kill that pile of filth, I merely left him on the cusp for the police to find. I wanted to kill him, believe me, but as it was happening, I began to realize that I'd been the reason Phillip died. If I'd only opened myself to Phillip and allowed him to see that I had emotions... If he'd only seen how much I cared about him, truly, he wouldn't have been exposed to this monster. He wouldn't have been cheating on me and wouldn't have picked up his would-be murderer that night at the club."

I watched as Sherlock's face contorted in rage before settling into a heavy guilt. He turned to look at me, pain evident in every feature. I felt an overwhelming need to comfort him, but I couldn't work out what to say or what to do. I waited to see if he would continue.

He squeezed my hand gently. "He thought I didn't know. He thought he was stealthy. I knew he was cheating on me, of course. I let him continue in his charade because it was convenient for me. He came around for... well, sex... and when we finished, he always attempted to elicit

something, anything, from me that would indicate that I cared for him as more than a toy. But in my inexperience and ultimately ignorance, I assumed he would get bored and leave and that I would be okay with that. I didn't know it would tear me apart when he finally did. I was so distraught from losing Phillip that my emotions were difficult to keep in check. I always do so well to keep them locked away and most people assume I am incapable of feeling. I choose not to feel as it is often inconvenient and usually brings pain. With Phillip gone, for a while I lost the ability to control myself. I nearly drowned in my grief... that's when I sought out distractions of the chemical kind."

"Why are you telling me all of this?"

"I need you to know, John. I need you to understand. I... don't want to ruin you. I don't want to drive you away and I don't want anything to happen to you. I suspect that if I lose you, I might never recover."

I searched his face and he left his expression open and unguarded. I could see the worry and vulnerability, but most of all, honesty. I reached out and guided him into my embrace. I felt him relax into me and I kissed his unruly curls.

"Sherlock, I know you feel regret and remorse over what happened with Phillip, but history isn't going to repeat itself. You're my best friend. I know who you are and I see the person you are inside, behind the walls and masks you erect to protect yourself. I only wish you would have trusted me enough to talk to me earlier... It would have most likely saved me from this bloody hangover."

I brushed his curls away from his forehead and placed a gentle kiss on his brow. My lips lingered as I savored the feel of his warm skin against my lips. He slowly turned his upwards, causing me to trail a string of kisses between his eyebrows, onto the bridge of his nose, finally connecting with his lips. He shifted himself a bit, aligning his body next to mine, and rested his hand on my hip. I parted his lips with my tongue, deepening our kiss.

Sherlock's fingers worked their way beneath my shirt and he pressed his palm against my lower back, pulling me into him. His hand moved up my back, the fabric moving along with it. I broke off our kiss, sat up and struggled to remove my shirt. He smiled and I caught a bit of hunger on his face. He rose onto his knees and helped maneuver my shirt over my cast. He rid himself of his own before pushing me back against the pillows and straddling my waist. He searched my eyes and I smiled at him, letting him know that he hadn't crossed any invisible lines. He rolled his hips against me, just slightly, before giving me a devilish smirk and springing forward to kiss me again.

My breath caught as I marveled at the feel of his bare chest against mine. I explored his back, trailing my fingers over his taut muscles. I felt him gasp as I slid my hand into the gap at his waistband. I watched pleasure and fire spread across his features as I cupped his arse in my hand. He ravaged my mouth and ground against me with purpose. I felt myself harden, uncomfortable in my trousers. He felt it too because he sat back on his heels and moved down onto my thighs.

He hooked a finger into the waist of my trousers before asking, "John, are you... sure?" I nodded. "If we go much further, I don't know if I'll be able to stop..."

I moved his hand so that he could feel the hardness of my prick. He moved his fingers along the length of it and he made a noise not unlike a purr. I pushed against his hand.

"If you stop, I may have to hurt you," I said. His eyes lit up at the prospect. "Or... I could hurt you anyway?"

He chuckled. "Maybe later. I wouldn't want to spoil this." He unbuttoned my trousers, rolled off of me, and helped me shimmy out of them, taking my pants as well. I felt a little self-conscious as Sherlock eyed me from head to toe, but I resisted the urge to cover myself.

"Last chance," he said, "because, God, you're gorgeous." I blushed and smiled reassuringly. He moved up to kiss me briefly before licking and nipping his way down my chest and stomach. He gently kneed my thighs apart and lay between them. I forced myself to breathe as I waited anxiously for what would happen next. In a slow, firm line, he licked from the base of my cock to the tip. He flicked at the drop of moisture resting there before swirling his tongue around the glans and wrapping his lips around it. I clutched at the sheet and tried not to thrust myself deeper. Sherlock's gaze pierced mine as he worked me further into his mouth, those breathtaking lips of his stretching around my swollen prick. He continued to work his warm, wet mouth around me until I reached down and put my hand in his hair, stopping his movement. He pulled back with an obscenely wet slurp.

"Wait," I gasped. "Too close. I want... you inside of me." In for a penny, right? I thought.

"You're sure? Have you ever...?"

"No, not more and a finger or two, anyway. I trust you, Sherlock. Completely." He smiled up at me before climbing out of bed. He rid himself of his trousers and pants and retrieved a small bottle of lube and a condom from the nightstand. I gawked at the sight of his erect penis, remembering how it had felt in my hand. I now imagined it buried deep inside me and I almost came undone.

He settled back between my thighs and pushed my legs up a bit, so that my knees were bent to provide him a bit easier access. "Relax," he said as he brought a slick finger to circle at my entrance. I focused on breathing and when he felt me relax, he slowly pushed his finger in. I gasped at the initial sensation, somewhere between pleasure and pain. He worked at preparing me for a few minutes, adding fingers, scissoring me open, until I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Mmf, Sherlock, just... fuck me, please!" I didn't have to tell him twice. He sat up, rolled on the condom, and after slicking himself up, he pushed himself into me. When he'd bottomed out, he stayed still, watching my face. I closed my eyes and adjusted to the feeling of fullness. "Okay... Okay... mmf... move. You can move now. Please."

He rocked himself slowly - agonizingly slow. I wrapped my legs around his waist and rose to meet him, encouraging him to move faster. He took the hint and was soon driving me into the mattress. He leaned down to kiss me, trapping my cock between our stomachs. I moaned into his mouth as the friction of his movements on top of me brought me closer and closer to the edge.

"S-s-sh-Sherlock... I can't... I'm going to..." he plowed into me more fervently. My cock twitched where it was sandwiched between us and I tightened around Sherlock as I came. He dropped his head to my shoulder and bit at the skin there as he pulsed inside of me. I hissed and pulled him to me as tightly as I could. I lost track of how long we stayed like that, him softening inside of me and his jaw releasing my shoulder. He rolled off of me and fell onto his back, panting.

I stared at the ceiling, my mind a blurred and wrecked mess. "That was... I don't... I don't think I have words for that." In my peripheral vision, I saw him studying me. I looked over at him and caught the panicked look on his face. "It was amazing, you git. Utterly fantastic. Stop worrying." Relief washed over him and he relaxed into the pillows.

"Right," I said, "I'm calling the doctor and getting this damned cast off... I want to be able to participate a bit more next time."

He raised his eyebrows and grinned. "You really want there to be a next time?" I nodded. He fetched his mobile from the nightstand and tossed it at me. "Call. Now."

# A Date With Sherlock Holmes

## Chapter Notes

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

“You can’t keep expecting me to repeat his mistakes, Sherlock. That was over ten years ago and despite how you insist on painting me, I am not Phillip.”

Sherlock stepped into the street to hail a cab. Hands secured in his pockets and eyes downcast, he moved back to my side. He sighed, a puff of steam hanging in the air.

“I know you’re not Phillip. However, this is your first relationship with a man, yes? How am I to know you’re not going to turn tail and run to the first woman who bats her lashes at you?”

“Perhaps you could give me a little credit?” I said, my temper flaring. “You’ve spent the past year observing me. Tell me, am I the type to fluff off a relationship so quickly?”

The cab arrived and Sherlock opened the door, gesturing for me to enter. I slid across to the far side and gave the cabbie the address for Bart’s. He climbed in behind me.

“You have had numerous girlfriends. You never stayed with them for very long.”

“Yes, because I was always following you around. Saving your life, on multiple occasions I might add, tends to put a strain on my romantic life. Besides, I thought we’d moved past this the other day when we... you know.”

“I worry about the fact that you can’t even bring yourself to say it...”

“But there’s...” I motioned to the front seat where the cabbie was focused on the road. Sherlock rolled his eyes and turned to look out his window. I steeled my nerves and suppressed what I could of my embarrassment. “Made love!” I exclaimed. “Had sex! Fucked each other silly!” I caught the cabbie chuckle under his breath and I felt heat rise in my cheeks. The reflection of Sherlock’s face in the glass betrayed the hints of a smile. “Well?” I asked.

He turned to look at me once again. His face was stoic, but there was a slight sparkle of mischief in his eyes. “Well done,” he deadpanned.

“Well done? That’s it? You’re insufferable sometimes,” I feigned at being insulted.

“Oh yes,” a slight smile cracked through his mask. “You might just make Boyfriend Material yet.” We both laughed and I slid closer to him and leaned my head on his shoulder.

“In all seriousness, I do care about you. Quite a lot, actually. Everyone has to make the first steps at some point, right? Just because I’m making them with you, doesn’t discount what we have. It doesn’t lessen what I feel. It also doesn’t mean I’m going to run off on you. I’m still ‘me,’ I still have my values and principles. If this doesn’t work out, it won’t be because you’re

my first boyfriend. And,” I turned my head enough to look at him. “For what it's worth, I really hope this works out.”

Sherlock took my hand in his and gave it a light squeeze. He nodded and went back to gazing out the window. I closed my eyes and tried to memorize the warmth of his fingers, the feeling of his breathing, the sound of the engine.

“John, would you like to go to dinner tonight? You know, to celebrate your soon-to-be freedom?”

“Hmm, like a date?”

“Yes. I... I suppose it would be a date, wouldn't it?”

I smiled to myself and snuggled in closer to him. “Yes, a proper date with Sherlock Holmes. I'd like that.”

When we arrived at the hospital, I was so giddy with the excitement of getting this damned cast removed, I had to consciously stop myself from skipping along the corridor. The doctor met us in the hall and ushered us into an exam room.

“Ah, Mr Watson. Good to see you again. I see you've brought...” he trailed off while glancing at Sherlock.

The stretch of silence became a bit awkward so I interjected, “This is Sherlock. Sherlock Holmes.”

“Ah, yes, the gentleman that came to see you the day of your accident.” He looked down at his hands, wringing them together. “Look, I'm very sorry for assuming that you two... well, I'm just sorry if I overstepped any bounds. It was unprofessional of me.”

I smiled at Sherlock and reached for his hand. “Actually, Doc, I should thank you. *We* should thank you. Apparently we needed someone to come along and just bash us over the head with this.”

“Oh. *Oh!*” the doctor looked between us, visibly relaxing. “Quite right, it seems. Well, let's get that cast off, yes?”

Fifteen minutes of grinding and sawing and the doctor finally cracked my cast open like a crab leg. He cut through the gauze and I finally glimpsed my left arm for the first time in weeks. The skin was pale and wrinkled and my nose scrunched up as I was hit with a sour smell.

“Ugh,” Sherlock exclaimed and took a small step back from where he'd stood by my side for support. “You're quite ripe there, John.”

“Oi, if you couldn't wash your arm for a month, you'd stink, too!”

The doctor chuckled and set about checking my range of motion. “Good. Good. Everything looks to be in order, Mr. Watson. Now, just ease back into things. It will take some time to get

your muscles back to normal, so don't overdo it.”

He directed me to a sink and I washed my arm the best I could. The unscented soap made me feel cleaner, but there was still an odor about me. I couldn't wait to get home and shower. Out of habit, Sherlock held my coat up for me and I slid my arms easily into it, relishing the feeling of using both sleeves.

“I will never take the usage of my limbs for granted ever again.”

We said our farewells to the doctor and left the hospital to return to Baker Street. Once home, I showered and gently scrubbed the tender skin on my arm. I contemplated doing something I'd been aching to do properly for a month now, a familiar tingle beginning in my groin, when there was a loud banging on the bathroom door.

“There's no time for wanking, John. We have a reservation,” Sherlock shouted.

I finished my shower, wrapped a towel around my waist, and walked into the kitchen on my way upstairs to dress. Sherlock was seated at the table, a cup of tea steaming in front of him. He turned his head and gave me a lecherous stare. His gaze swept slowly from my face and settled on the line where the towel hugged my hip bones. He fiddled with the lapel of his finely tailored jacket, drawing my eyes to his eggplant colored shirt, the buttons straining against his chest. I drew in a shaky breath to steel myself against the urge to pop his shirt open to taste the pale flesh beneath.

“I'd better get dressed before I do something that will spoil our dinner plans completely,” I said, swallowing deeply.

He looked at me through hooded eyelids, a playful smirk curling at his lips, “Or we could skip straight to dessert.”

“Oh no, you're not getting out of it that easily. You promised me a date, and a date I shall have, Mr Holmes.”

“Fine,” he said, pouting into his tea. “We leave in fifteen minutes.”

I dressed in a hurry – trousers, my nicest jumper (with TWO sleeves) and my best pair of pants in anticipation of... dessert. It was probably silly for a grown man to have a favorite pair of pants, but I'd always felt very confident in these. I smiled to myself and secretly hoped Sherlock would find the white trim against the solid red fabric attractive, as well. I took one last look in the full length mirror, nervously smoothing invisible lines out of my trousers. Logic said I shouldn't be nervous about going to dinner. I'd been out to eat with Sherlock many times before, but tonight was different. Apprehension hung in the air, thick and almost tangible, but thankfully my excitement kept most the anxiety from creeping in and taking hold. *'You can do this. Dinner. It's just dinner with your best friend. Sure, you'll probably snog him in the cab afterward, but get through dinner first, John.'* I gave myself one last reassuring smile and went down to meet Sherlock.

Downstairs on the street, I paused for Sherlock to hail a cab. Instead, he started walking. I quickened my steps to catch up to his long strides. We traversed half a block before he slowed his pace to a much more comfortable cadence for my admittedly shorter legs.

“Mind sharing?”

“Hmm?” he replied, continuing to guide us amongst groups of people, happy couples, traveling along the sidewalk.

“Our destination. Where are we eating tonight?”

“Oh. Someplace special. Its only a block further.”

I waited but he didn't offer any further information, so I left it alone. We rounded a corner and I studied the buildings on the street. Small shops, entryways to the flats above and Angelo's Italian Bistro. Of course, Angelo's. The site of our first non-date date. I caught Sherlock studying my face as I made the necessary connections and he smiled. He reached for my hand and escorted me to the restaurant.

Bells attached to the door jingled pleasantly as Sherlock held it open for me. Angelo rushed to greet us.

“Mr Holmes! Mr Watson! So good to see you! I haven't seen either of you since that first night you were here. I'm so happy that you are still together. Let me get you a table where you can be alone.”

Angelo lead us to a table near the back in a secluded corner. The lighting was dim there and he lit two candles on the table. Sherlock took the seat facing the door and I sat opposite of him. Angelo bustled about the table, making sure everything was placed perfectly.

“Anything you want, on the house. I'll bring you a nice bottle of wine. Our finest! Anything for you two!”

I watched Angelo traverse his way across the room before turning back to Sherlock. My heart fluttered as I gazed at Sherlock's angular face, enhanced by the candlelight. His lips were in a small half smile and his eyes glittered in the soft light. He reached his arm across the table, his hand outstretched. I met him halfway and slid my fingers into his.

“John, I...”

He was interrupted as Angelo returned with the bottle of wine he'd promised. He paused a moment as he took in our clasped hands, his free hand moving to cover his heart.

“So beautiful, you two! I see how happy you are, Sherlock. Finally caught yourself a worthy bloke, eh?” Angelo winked at me and filled our wine glasses. “Do you know what you want to order? No, no... I'll bring you something special. You'll love it, I promise! Now, I'll let you two have some privacy.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and hurried away.

I squeezed Sherlock's hand and chuckled. “Oh, he sure is wound up tonight.”

“Yes, he was very excited when I made the reservation yesterday.”

“Yesterday? We'd only just decided on a date this afternoon.”



“I anticipated. This doesn't upset you, does it?”

“No... no. It's sweet, actually.”

I took a sip of the wine. I had never witnessed Sherlock drink before, so I was surprised when he lifted the glass to his lips. He swirled the liquid gently and closed his eyes as he inhaled the aroma. He took a small sip and his brows furrowed slightly as he mulled over the flavors on his tongue. He made a quiet noise of appreciation and my heart caught in my chest at the sound. He took a larger sip before opening his eyes.

“French. Pinot Noir. 1999. Very good year for the vineyards. I'd say... one hundred sixty... five pounds per bottle. Yes, Angelo is very happy for us. He purchased this bottle specifically for us. I've tasted his “finest” wine before.”

I nearly spit the wine across the table. “One hundred sixty five pounds! I've never had anything better than a ten pound bottle of red table wine from Tesco!” I gingerly set the glass back on the table, afraid I might break it and waste the liquid gold contained inside. “How do you know all that? I've never seen you drink before.”

“While Mycroft wallows in his pretentious upbringing, I've chosen to shed most of it. I've held onto the more useful pieces. Using my wine tasting skills to impress a very handsome gent... I put that in the 'useful' column.”

We made small talk, laughed at inside jokes, and enjoyed the delicious meal Angelo delivered to our table. Our knees brushed together, Sherlock's long legs a welcome intrusion into my space beneath the table. Between us, we polished off the extremely expensive bottle of wine. I drank the lion's share as I couldn't fathom leaving a drop of it in the bottle. By the time we left the restaurant, I felt a bit on the tipsy side.

We walked in comfortable silence back to our flat, our hands intertwined. We approached the flat as Mrs Hudson was locking the door on her way out.

“Oh, boys, you startled me. I didn't see you there. Just popping out to catch a play with some ladies from church.” Her eyes brightened as she looked us over, taking everything in, focusing on our clasped hands. “Uh-huh,” she nodded. “I see you boys have had a pleasant evening.” She winked and left to hail a cab.

After she had pulled away, I burst out into a fit of giggles. “I suppose I just came out to Mrs Hudson, eh?”

“Not that it was any big surprise to her,” Sherlock said, joining me in my giggles. Abruptly, he swept me into his arms and leaned down to press his lips to mine, stifling my laughter. He parted my lips with his tongue and kissed me deeply. By the time he pulled away, my knees were weak. “Ready for dessert?”

“Oh God, yes.”

He planted a series of quick kisses to my lips, my neck, anywhere he could make contact while guiding me towards the steps. He blindly fumbled for the lock, pressing me into the

door, still kissing me wildly. The lock finally gave way and we stumbled into the foyer. Sherlock kicked the door closed and we grasped at each other. We wrestled our way up the stairs and into the flat, trying desperately not to break contact.

I removed my coat and tossed it to the floor. Sherlock followed suit, removing his coat and jacket. I groaned and ran my fingers over the row of buttons straining against his purple shirt. "Bedroom," I breathed into his neck. I grabbed his hand and dragged him down the hall.

I shut the door and pushed him against it, my fingers working at his buttons. I lapped at the pale skin exposed as each button gave way. I made my way past his navel and pushed the fabric aside, lowering myself to my knees. I started on the clasp of his trousers and nuzzled my chin against the bulge there. Sherlock moaned and threaded his fingers through my hair. I carefully moved the zipper and then lowered his trousers and pants to his ankles. I moistened my lips and looked up into Sherlock's eyes. He stared back at me, hunger burning in his eyes. I slid my palms up the back of his thighs and grasped his arse before taking his cock into my mouth. I relished at the weight on my tongue and moaned. Sherlock gasped and thrust slightly deeper, his cock hardening completely between my lips. I curled my lips over my teeth and bobbed slowly, my fingers massaging the skin of his buttocks. I pulled off and flicked my tongue over his slit, tasting the salty precum.

"John..." he paused to moan as I continued to focus my attention on the head of his cock. "I would like... very much... if you would fuck me tonight."

I replied by taking him deep into my mouth and working my tongue against him. I pulled off of him again, afraid to take him too close to the edge before we had any real fun. I stood up and helped him step out of the pool of fabric at his feet. I pushed the shirt off of his shoulders and let it fall to the floor.

"You're wearing too much clothing."

"Yes, I agree."

"Well, are you going to do anything about it?"

I chuckled and removed my jumper as seductively as possible, which admittedly, was probably not all that successful. I had better luck with my trousers. I held Sherlock's gaze as I slowly unfastened my trousers and pushed them from my hips. I soon stood before him in nothing but my red pants.

"Oh, my. Yes, those are... I like those." He stepped closer to me and dragged his index finger along the white piping which just happened to be directly in line with my aching member. I shuddered and pushed into his hand. He hooked his fingers into the white waistband and lowered them to the floor. My prick bobbed slightly, free from its fabric cage. Sherlock grasped my hips and pulled me into him, our cocks rubbing delightfully between us. We kissed deeply, slowly rolling our hips together.

"Fuck me, John. Please."

I led him to the bed and bent him over. He supported himself on his elbows, his arse in the air. I was about to reach for the lube when I remembered a promise I'd made the last time we'd been in this position. I circled the palm of my left hand gently against his cheek before raising my hand and bringing it back down, just hard enough to leave a little sting. He moaned and looked at me over his shoulder. He gave a nod. I repeated my actions, a little harder each time, until his left cheek was a rosy shade of pink. By the time I set in on his right side, Sherlock was moaning and grinding his hips into the mattress.

When the right matched the left, I reached for the lube in the nightstand. I applied some to the fingers on my left hand and worked at the pucker of skin nestled between two rosy cheeks. He was soon open and ready for me. I rolled on a condom and gave my aching cock a few strokes to apply the lube liberally to the latex. I aligned myself and slid in slowly. A few seconds to adjust to the intrusion and Sherlock was moving back against me. I grabbed his hips and took control of the motion. I used my grip to simultaneously move him onto me as I pushed into him. We kept a steady pace until I couldn't maintain it any longer. I quickened the pace, driving into him. His arms gave way and he collapsed into the mattress. I fell onto him, my hips still thrusting. I wrapped my right arm under his chest and pulled him close to me, sliding him down to give his cock some room. My left hand slid around and stroked him, bringing him to climax. As he clenched around me, I gave a final deep thrust and cried out as I came.

I took a few moments to recover before slipping out of him. As I discarded the condom, Sherlock crawled slowly onto the bed. I climbed in next to him, and put my head on his chest. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me in tightly. I could hear his heart pounding rapidly. I tilted my head up and kissed the underside of his chin.

“How was that for my first time?”

He took a deep breath and as he released it, I felt his whole body relax beneath me.

“Perfect. Absolutely perfect. I especially enjoyed the... mmm... foreplay.” I snuggled in closer to him. The rhythm of his breathing had almost lulled me to sleep when he spoke again. “In the morning, would you like me to make you some Eggs Benedict?”

I laughed, assuming he was joking. “You... cook?”

“Yes, it's another useful skill I've filed away. I haven't had occasion to use that one in quite a while, but I believe I can still make a delicious Hollandaise sauce.”

“When did you learn how to make French cuisine? I imagine you had all sorts of kitchen staff, judging by your brother's complete inability to even make tea for himself.”

“My mother had a passion for cooking. I spent a lot of time as a boy in the kitchen with her. I didn't have a lot of friends to occupy my time, you see.”

We were quiet for a few minutes as Sherlock reminisced and I tried to picture a spindly young Sherlock learning his way around a kitchen. I squeezed him tight in an effort to bring him back to me.

“Yes, Sherlock, I would love some Eggs Benedict, or anything else you'd like to cook, for that matter. I'm going to enjoy uncovering all these hidden skills and talents you have tucked away. I hope you'll keep me around for a long while.”

He moved so that we were face to face in the dim light. He searched my eyes and smiled at whatever he found. He kissed me gently.

“John, I will keep you for as long as you'll let me.”

~The End~

#### Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed this story, please take a moment to leave a comment. :)

# Epilogue

## Chapter Summary

As a reward for surpassing 5000 hits, I thought I would write up a smutty epilogue. Nothing says celebration like oily, messy kitchen sex! Thank you to everyone who has commented on/left kudos for/bookmarked this story. I am forever grateful :) As a reminder, I have an author Tumblr set up. If you want to connect with me, feel free to check out the info in my profile. Thank you again!

My stomach growled painfully in response to the tantalizing scents swirling through the mid-morning air. I opened my eyes against the light streaming in through the thin curtains and inhaled deeply. I rolled over to find the bed empty, the sheets cold. Something clattered loudly into the kitchen sink, and I sat up in surprise. I slipped out of bed and surveyed the room for my clothes from the previous evening. A quick check beneath the bed and even on top of the wardrobe, but no luck. I threw open the wardrobe, retrieved a pair of Sherlock's expensive silk pyjama bottoms and slipped them on. I pulled at the too-long fabrics so that my feet once again made contact with the floor. I shrugged to myself and shuffled towards the kitchen, trying not to tread on the pools of silk at my feet.

I froze near the fridge and watched Sherlock move – no, dance – through the chaos that was now our kitchen. Pots and pans bubbled and simmered on each burner of the stove. Flour dusted every surface it could find, including Sherlock's wild curls which were now grey in places, thanks to the powder. His arm and shoulder muscles flexed as he whipped at something in a large mixing bowl. A timer buzzed angrily, a small puff of flour expelled from its casing, and Sherlock silenced it with his elbow, the rhythm of his mixing unmarred.

I observed his waltz for a few minutes more, Sherlock still unaware of my presence. I found myself longing to be nearer to him, the hours since our last encounter seeming an eternity. I started to stifle the longing before I remembered: *I can have him*. I grinned and my heart fluttered as I picked my way through misplaced cooking debris. I snaked my hands beneath his shirt and around his waist, stroking at the skin of his stomach, and sneaked a peek at the contents of the bowl. Sherlock jerked in surprise, his arm mid-whip. My eyes widened as dollops of freshly whipped cream splattered my face. He regained his composure but quickly lost it in a fit of giggles as he turned to face me. I felt myself mirror the smile spreading across his face.

“Look at you! You're a mess!” he laughed.

“I'm a mess?” I gestured around the room and finally to his shirt, splattered and painted with sauces of all sorts.

Sherlock just smiled again and gingerly wiped his finger at a spot of cream on my face. He slipped the tip of his finger into his mouth before working at the rest of the errant topping. When I felt that my face was finally clean, I moved in to kiss him. He stopped me with a gentle palm on my bare chest. In one swift movement, he swiped his fingers through the bowl and deposited a large dollop on my pursed lips. Sherlock gave me a lopsided grin before leaning down and darting his tongue across my mouth, a small *mmm* escaping his.

My heart fluttered in my chest at the contact of his lips and I pushed mine forcefully against his. Our greedy, hungry kiss spread the cream across our chins and up onto our cheeks. My tongue danced with his and I tasted the delicious concoction for the first time. Sweet, but also salty, as I combined the flavor with that of Sherlock's lips and the skin surrounding them. I worked my hands beneath his shirt and lifted the stained fabric over his chest. He bent a little and I freed the shirt from his body. Somewhere in the frantic groping that followed, the remainder of our clothing joined his shirt in a heap on the floor.

I held Sherlock at arm's length, savoring the sight of his naked body. My eyes traveled over his pale, smooth skin before settling on his eyes. I smiled at the hunger and adoration I found there. I am *his* and he is *mine*. I pulled him to me, my lips crashing to his, our growing erections trapped between our bodies. We both let out a low hiss as we ground our hips together. I dug my fingernails into the skin of his lower back, pulling him harder against me.

Sherlock answered the pain of my nails by trailing kisses along my neck, over my collar bone, and down my chest and stomach as he sank to his knees. I swallowed deeply before reaching out and clasping a handful of curls between my fingers. I tugged his head forward until his closed lips brushed the head of my cock. The heat in his gaze burned into me and he smiled, small and mischievous. His eyes stayed locked on mine as he parted his gorgeous mouth. I watched as his pink tongue darted around my tip and flicked lightly at the slit there. A gasp escaped my mouth and I tightened my grip on the locks between my fingers. With a groan and a sigh of pleasure, he swirled his tongue and sank down on my cock, his lips stretching and his cheeks hollowing as he sucked lightly. The flat of his tongue worked magic against the underside of my captured prick and my breath shuddered. I managed little moans and expletives through my stunted breathing.

"Fu... Oh God, Sherlock..." I strangled out through clenched teeth. Just before I reached the point of climax, he pulled off of me with a wet, obscene sound. My cock twitched at his absence and I took deep breaths to try and regain control over my faculties.

Sherlock reached one long arm up to the counter and retrieved a bottle of something while his other hand coaxed me to join him on the floor. I knelt in front of him on the flour coated floor. My eyes widen as he filled his palm with olive oil and slicked it over his engorged cock. His fingers slid effortlessly over his skin and his hips drove forward as he fucked his hand. Sherlock pushed a hand to my chest and I leaned back and he occupied the space between my thighs. My cock rested heavily against my stomach and he smiled at me as he drizzled olive oil along the length of it. He grasped it with his oiled hand and massaged me in the same lewd way. I began thrusting into his hand and he slid his cock into his hand as well, his long, thin fingers encasing both of our cocks at once. My back arched off the floor and my eyes rolled back into my head.

Sherlock's grip loosened on our cocks and he sprawled across me. Our hips continued to work against each other and I felt Sherlock's muscles tense as I gripped desperately at his back. Sherlock circled his hips, each movement bringing the divine pleasure of our cocks thrusting together. I wrapped my legs around him as I ground up against him. I bit at the skin of his neck, his shoulder, bruising the flesh with my teeth. Sherlock moaned loudly into my ear, his speed increasing, until we both shuddered and our come mixed with the oil trapped between our bodies.

Sherlock's arms faltered and he fell heavily onto my chest. I hugged him close to me as aftershocks coursed through us. I petted his messy curls and kissed lightly at the bruises forming where my teeth had so recently bitten. After a few minutes of recovery, we both struggled to stand, hampered by the oily mess surrounding us. I giggled as I clung to the safety of the counter top and extended a hand to Sherlock. His long, gangly legs slipped through the oil and flour and he looked like a deer on an icy lake. I pulled him roughly to me, securing my arm around his waist. I surveyed the kitchen. Oil, semen and flour combined in a paste beneath where we had so recently been entangled on the floor. Smoke was beginning to rise from the stove and Sherlock extended a long arm, deftly flicking the burners off.

"Oh, Mrs Hudson will have a fit if she sees this," I said, turning to Sherlock.

His lips turned up in a secret smile, one he saved solely for me. He pressed a single kiss to my lips, said nothing, and lead me carefully to the bathroom.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!