

Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Purple Leotard

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Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Purple Leotard

by [pamdizzle](#)

Summary

John had taken the card from Coach Babcock in good faith, but after five minutes in the same rink with Sherlock Holmes, he's ready to walk out...if only he weren't even more desperate to fix his unruly leg, that is.

I apologize ahead of time if it's a bit OOC as I'm still not confident in my interpretation of the characters, but I stumbled upon anotherwellkeptsecret's picture (embedded btw) on tumblr, and the plot bunny just wouldn't fucking die. Mostly, it's an A/U first meeting fluff fest. I'm sorry! I couldn't help it!! I really hope you don't think it's crap. (hides)

Notes

Inspired by the lovely art by AnotherWellKeptSecret on Tumblr:
anotherwellkeptsecret.tumblr.com (picture embedded below).

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

John swallowed his nerves before squaring his shoulders and gliding out onto the ice. He stumbled a little, unaccustomed to wearing skates that weren't designed for playing hockey. His leg gave a telling twitch but he forced himself to continue toward the figure in the distance. Sherlock Holmes, consulting therapist, was practicing axels in the center of the otherwise empty rink. A damned figure skater, for Christ sake. If this was his coach's form of a joke...He shook his head at the thought. That was his pride talking—John had already researched what was to be his new physiotherapist online and found that he was a legitimate athletic consultant. Apparently, Associate Coach Babcock believed that if anyone could help John 'improve his legwork' in time for official tryouts for the 2014 Olympic Games, it was Holmes.

"John Watson, I presume," the purple-leotard-wearing therapist remarked, somewhat winded, as he coasted over to John and slid to a halt. He offered his hand. "Sherlock Holmes."

John took it into his own, Sherlock's skin a pleasant warmth against his palm compared to chill in the air, before releasing his grip and slipping on his gloves. "Call me John, please. It's a pleasure to—"

"Don't bore me with false pleasantries. No one Babcock ever sends me is pleased to make my acquaintance," Sherlock interrupted, eyes boring into John's own. He stared back unblinkingly from behind the lowered visor of his helmet.

Right. He was wearing his gear. All of it, less the appropriate skates of course. He had figured it only made sense. Practice how you intended to perform and all that. Sherlock, by comparison, was dressed in a glittering purple leotard and black pant-legging-things. He glanced around, suddenly feeling a bit awkward. Nevertheless, John squared his shoulders, keeping his gaze level with that of the man before him. It was a bit of a challenge, actually, because up close Holmes was rather more attractive than any man had a right to be—all usable muscle, the way all gymnasts were built, and all on display since his outfit left very little to the imagination. He was at least a full six inches taller than John's 5'11"—and his eyes were both razor sharp and nearly translucent blue all at once. Black, curly hair fell over his forehead, wind tossed from his warm-up, yet he was looking down at John with all the austerity of the Queen herself. John inclined his chin, ready to get on with whatever this 'session' was supposed be as quickly as possible. "Should we get started then?" he asked stiffly.

Sherlock regarded him with a bemused grin, picking at the sparkly, purple strap clinging to his left shoulder. Slowly, the smile broadened. John was again taken aback by how striking the man's features were. He was undeniably one of the most attractive people John had ever met...until he opened his mouth, that is. "No, I think not, actually."





John's brow knit in confusion. "No? What do you mean—why not?" John had cancelled other plans to make this appointment. If Holmes had needed to reschedule, he could have phoned. "Look, I just want to—"

“Get this over with—I’m aware. Wholly predictable, but you’re not dressed appropriately.” Sherlock waved a hand at John’s equipment. “In case you failed to observe the absence of goal posts, pucks and sticks, we aren’t here to play hockey.”

John stiffened further and clenched his jaw as he replied, “I know, that’s not—”

“Spare me,” Sherlock huffed before reaching up to unclasp the strap under John’s jaw. His fingers were warm and surprisingly gentle where they brushed momentarily against his skin. “You assumed that wearing your gear will somehow assist with the application of our sessions—an erroneous and poor excuse.” Sherlock’s eyes narrowed, focusing on John with unnerving intent as his voice lowered and he continued, “For you, this,” he plucked the jersey, “isn’t just a uniform. Ever since your accident eight months ago—likely a very nasty one given the effect it’s had on you—people look at you differently, like a dismissal waiting to happen. If our consultation is unsuccessful, you stand to lose quite a lot, including the right to call yourself a member of Team Canada. Wearing it reminds yourself and everyone else that you haven’t been tossed out just yet.” With that, Sherlock lifted the helmet from John’s head and dropped it onto the ice beside them before punting it away with a swipe of his foot.

“Hey, that’s—”

“Which is quite ridiculous, considering there isn’t anyone here but the two of us.” Sherlock leaned forward, more than John thought was appropriate, and glared. “The jersey, pads, gloves—they’ll be in the way, John. You need to be able to move freely, or else you’ll put us, and especially me, at risk for injury. Now, off with it.”

“Right,” John replied flatly, his jaw clenched in annoyance. He turned toward the direction his helmet had been launched, and slowly skated after it.

Sherlock huffed behind him, sounding entirely bored as he called out: “Good luck making the cut for the Olympics while still *visibly* favoring your right leg. Tell me, is it every time you lace up your skates or does the pain hit the second you step onto the ice?”

Pissed off and feeling more than a little humiliated, John bent stiffly and plucked his helmet from the ice. His leg was throbbing now, and that was about enough of this. What Sherlock had said wasn’t untrue—he frequently had to make a conscious effort *not* to favor his right leg despite being fully recovered from what was indeed a head-on collision—some drunk bastard running a red light and sending John’s car rolling off the wrong side of a bridge. Physically, there was nothing wrong with him—he knew that—and he was tired of having it tossed back in his face.

To think, all of his training—his entire career—down the drain over something as ridiculous as a psychosomatic ailment; one that wasn’t even consistent. Coach Babcock had been tactful...and John had no doubts in the man’s sincerity when he’d offered up Holmes’ card. Sure, John was no one’s whipping post and maybe Sherlock got his kicks by pulling people’s strings, but the sad truth of it remained that he was willing to try just about anything. Annoying bastard of a figure skating therapist or not. Slowly, he made his way around the barrier into the player’s bench and tossed his helmet into corner.

He pulled his gloves off next, then sat and began unlacing his skates. “What are you doing? The exit is that way.” Sherlock pointed toward the exit, having followed John over to the sidelines.

“I don’t need to leave the rink just to take off my gear,” he answered with no small amount of his own annoyance, snapping his head up to meet Sherlock’s imploring stare. He wasn’t expecting the open surprise that stared back at him. He focused on calming down, his eyes falling onto Sherlock’s hands, where they rested over the edge of the barrier. They were nice hands, with long fingers that looked like they belonged on a piano or maybe a standing bass. They were as posh as the person they were attached to, certainly. With a shake of his head, he pulled his jersey off and started yanking his elbow pads down his forearms. When he reached around his back to get ahold of the clasp for his shoulder pads, he heard Sherlock ‘tsk’ derisively.

“Stand up and turn around,” he huffed impatiently. “We’ll be here all day at this rate.”

“What do you care? You’re paid by the hour anyway.”

Sherlock snorted. “I’m being paid to work, not succumb to boredom watching you undress in the world’s least sexy striptease.”

John erupted into a fit of surprised giggles. “Like to see you do it better,” he jested, standing and turning his back to Sherlock, submitting to the man’s assistance.

“No need,” Sherlock pulled at the clasps, loosening them until John’s shoulder pads slid forward. “I’ve been told that my outfits leave nothing to the imagination as it is. How the hell did you get this on by yourself?”

John turned and grinned, eyes automatically dancing over Sherlock’s body. Very little indeed, he thought. “Hanger.”

Sherlock smirked, “Ah.”

Too soon, John once again found himself face to face with his athletic consultant in the center of the ice. Only now, he was feeling ridiculously naked, even though he was still fully clothed in his black, long-sleeved Under Armor shirt and white pants, though they were a bit loose around his thighs without his kneepads on. It felt awkward, being on the ice without his teammates or the intent to play hockey. He hadn’t gone skating just to skate in...forever. Come to think of it...

“Right, so... What exactly, does a session with you entail?” he asked, regarding Sherlock expectantly.

“Well, now that we’re ready to begin...” Without so much as another word, he took John’s hand with vice-like force and shot off, pulling John—who stumbled precariously—right along with him. They were halfway around the rink when Sherlock shouted back, “Do keep up, John! I was under the impression that professional hockey required its player to know how to skate!”

Snapping out of whatever overwhelmed shock he'd been experiencing, John yanked his hand free, pushed forward with his own momentum and overtook Sherlock easily. He lapped the abrasive therapist a few times before doubling back to skate backward circles around him. Sherlock had slowed down to a glide and was watching John with a bemused expression. "What? Not up for a race, then? All that fancy skating earlier wear you out?"

"Ah, you saw me practicing," Sherlock answered, spinning now in the middle of John's circles.

"Doesn't that make you dizzy?"

"I'm more interested in whether or not your leg is still bothering you."

John's eyes widened at the mention of his leg, and he looked down. For a moment, it seemed like it was its old self. Holding him steady as he glided effortlessly over the ice. But only for a moment. Nearly in the same instant a lance of pain shot up his leg straight to his lower back, causing his knee to buckle. It happened too suddenly to prevent a loss of balance and he began to flail backward. "SHIT!" He hoped that however he ended up landing, it wouldn't be on one of his exposed wrists.

The impact never came. Instead, Sherlock was crouched behind him, his elbows bent under John's armpits to hold him supine above the ice as they sailed steadily backward with the force of John's almost-fall. Sherlock's head was next to his own and he heard the other man sigh, before uttering softly next to John's ear, "My apologies. I underestimated the severity of your psychosomatism."

Once they came to a stop, Sherlock released him, gently lowering John's back to the ice, before sliding around to sit at his shoulder. Sherlock was looking down at him, another speculative glance drifting over John from head to toe. "That was actually...um...pretty amazing...what you did, earlier," John finally said. "How did you know about the accident?"

The question seemed to rouse Sherlock from whatever observations he was making of John's right knee. Being analyzed didn't bother him nearly as much as being gawked at or pitied. Still, the intensity of the man's focus was unnerving. Sherlock's mouth was upturned slightly at the corner—not so much a smirk as a rueful half-smile. "I deduced it."

John chuckled skeptically. "You deduced it? Meaning..."

"People see, John, but they do not observe," Sherlock replied with a shrug. Then, more than just a tiny bit haughtily, he added, "It's what makes my methods so effective."

"And how did you deduce that I'd been in a car accident?" John found himself grinning.

The sharp pain which sent him careening a few moments ago had already dissipated but his leg now felt hollow and impotent. He would need a few minutes to recover, but at least there wasn't anyone waiting impatiently for it to pass and Sherlock seemed keen on the idea of showing off. "It's the effect which I deduced—the psychosomatism. Your left knee, appearing larger beneath your trousers—the addition of athletic tape under the pad—suggested an injury. I would have detected the type of injury before you came onto the ice,

but the favor to your right leg didn't appear until *after* you began skating out. Combine that information with the fact that you aren't wearing a back brace—rules out lower back pain, which is typically a resultant effect of physical strain in the feet and knees. You also haven't been cut from the team or otherwise benched, which excludes a serious physical injury. Therefore, distraction. If the symptoms of pain are indeed," Sherlock air quoted, "imagined" then sneered, "then I can account for the competitive nature of most athletes, and distract you from your leg by purposefully throwing you off balance and then issuing a banal challenge in which you could prove your superiority."

"Did you just call me a show off?" John asked with mock affront.

"Mmmm," Sherlock hummed his agreement. "Unfortunately, I miscalculated the intensity of your symptoms."

"Right—"

"You also like my hands," he added abruptly.

John could feel his face heating. "Caught me staring," he muttered, embarrassed.

"Staring alone isn't enough," Sherlock corrected as he made to stand. He then offered John a hand and assisted him to his feet. "Your pupils also dilated, and your temperature increased as evidenced by the addition of color to your cheeks. You were watching me, and I *observed* your reaction."

John cleared his throat awkwardly. "Alright, so, back to my therapy...you were able to figure out what I already knew just by looking. How does that help you fix my leg?"

"It's not the leg that needs fixing," Sherlock insisted, flicking his tongue briefly to wet his lips.

John immediately moved his gaze elsewhere. "No?"

"*No*. Your leg is a superfluous front for the actual problem," Sherlock stated lowly, stepping into John's space.

"Right." John began to recite his therapist, "The crash made me skittish. It's all in my head ___"

"Not quite."

"It's not all in my head?"

Sherlock smiled, "You're staring at my lips now, despite your best efforts not to."

"I—"

"Does it excite you—the things you'd like to see them wrapped around, the thrill of following through with your attraction to a complete stranger?"

John blinked and attempted to put some distance between them, thrown off by the swift change of conversation. It was a failed maneuver, as Sherlock reached out and snatched his hands, using them to pull himself directly against John's front. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply, trying very hard not to think of hands or lips or how unfairly attractive Sherlock was or how warm and pliable he felt against him... Leave it to Babcock to refer him to a therapist that was distressingly good looking and more than a little flirtatious. He shook his head to clear a bit of the fog, "Look, I don't think...I'm not here to—"

Sherlock's voice was a deep rumble. "Oh, but you *are*. You're skating again."

This time, there wasn't a chance of falling with Sherlock's steadying hands gripping his forearms, ready if his leg buckled again. John giggled a bit, feeling equal parts foolish and amazed. "That's brilliant!" he exclaimed emphatically. "I didn't even know I was moving." And moving swiftly too; John's feet skating them backwards, pulling Sherlock along without even thinking about it.

"You're at ease enough on the ice that your body reacts to it autonomously," Sherlock insisted matter-of-factly.

"Like riding a bicycle."

"Essentially," Sherlock smiled.

John bowed his head. "You're brilliant," he muttered, in awe. He was skating and his leg *wasn't* bothering him.

"Really?"

"You absolutely are! Just brilliant!" John chuckled with exasperation. "You've accomplished in less than an hour, more than my therapist has been able to accomplish in six months! I should call Coach Babcock and tell him to pay you double."

"That isn't what people normally do," Sherlock replied mildly.

John smiled, curious now. "And what do people normally do?"

"Fire me on the spot...walk out...*attempt* to chase me off the ice..."

John laughed again, picturing the man in front of him fleeing from an insulted, begrudging athlete. "Well, I don't think I'll be chasing anyone, anytime soon. At least, not just yet."

"Soon is a relative term," Sherlock offered. "However, I do think that's enough for today. Still steady?"

"Hard to tell, that's the problem. It comes and goes, except when I get on the ice. The soreness begins almost immediately. I don't know what triggers it," John confessed.

"But now we know at least one way to distract you from it," Sherlock pointed out with a smirk.

John rolled his eyes, “Yes, well, you’re very attractive, aren’t you? Good for you. I don’t think you’ll be welcomed onto the ice to flirt with me during an Olympic Game though.”

“Unlikely, yes, but that was only *one* theory.”

“You have more?”

“A few,” Sherlock admitted. “We’ll go through them one by one. I’m an easy focal point to you right now because I’m an unfamiliar variable, which requires more of your mind’s focus in order to interpret the various points of stimuli my presence introduces.”

John rolled that around in his head for a moment. “Did you just compliment yourself at my expense?”

“Meaning, distraction is only a temporary solution.” Sherlock smoothly redirected, “We need to find a way to eliminate the underlying factor concerning your confidence...”

John followed Sherlock across the ice, back to the players’ benches. He worried his bottom lip a bit as a thought struck him suddenly. “Do you always use flirtation to herd your clients down the path of least resistance?”

Sherlock’s cheeks were flushed when he turned around; whether it was from John’s question or exertion he couldn’t be sure. The consulting physiotherapist plucked at the shoulder strap of his purple leotard. He seemed to hesitate before answering, “No.” Then, straightening a bit, he added, “As I said, by now I’ve either been fired or otherwise dismissed.”

“I wasn’t trying to suggest anything...I just...I mean...”

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed, then widened. “Ah. You want to know whether or not I was acting or if I was legitimately interested in you.”

John nodded stiffly, and hastily babbled, “It’s fine—if you weren’t, that is. Though, it’s fine if you *were*—it’s, uh...what I mean to say is...it’s *all* fine.”

Gracefully, Sherlock glided back to John and, after a beat, wrapped long, warm fingers around his wrists. “I suppose I could...lie. I could tell you that it never occurred to me to flirt with a client, or anyone really, and manipulate them in order to achieve a desired result. Alternatively, I could be honest and tell you that I did it all the time. Or, I could embellish the *truth*, and tell you that you’re the most attractive man I’ve ever seen, that I simply couldn’t help myself, which we both know is ridiculous—you’re ordinary looking at best.” Sherlock leaned forward until their lips were almost touching and his eyes never left John’s. “But...”

“Go on...” John said, very much interested in hearing what lay on the other side of that ‘but’. It was true, he didn’t know Sherlock—no better than any stranger he passed on the street—but there *was* something there and whatever it was...it made everything else less important. For the first time since his accident, here was someone who looked at him and didn’t see something near broken enough to discard. Rather, Sherlock looked at him as though he were a Rubrics Cube a few clicks away from being solved...like he was someone worth *taking the*

time to solve. So there wasn't an internal war of 'should I or shouldn't I' when John closed the lingering distance between them and met Sherlock's lips with his own.

Sherlock bristled for a moment before he relaxed entirely and pressed back. It was soft and brief, but resonant nonetheless. When John opened his eyes, Sherlock was peering down at him through his eyelashes, seemingly unsure before he closed his eyes completely and swooped down to kiss John a second time. The hands he'd been caught admiring earlier were suddenly behind his head and in his hair, and John's arms instinctively wrapped around Sherlock's waist in reply, pulling him in the way he'd wanted to when they'd been skating.

He let Sherlock lead the kiss, answering each nip and lick in kind. When a warm tongue pressed shyly but insistently between his lips, John was only too happy to open his mouth and welcome the seeking appendage inside. Sherlock tasted like spiced cocoa and caramel—the kind of treat his mother used to go through great pains to make John avoid, and there was no way one moment, one meeting, one heated kiss from Sherlock was going to be enough.

"But..." Sherlock huffed against his lips when they finally broke apart, his mouth trailing along John's jaw and down his neck.

"Yeah?"

"But I *am* attracted to you...despite your homely appearance."

John chuckled, though it sounded more like a wheeze since he was having trouble breathing appropriately with Sherlock's mouth against his skin. He was immensely grateful that he'd been forced to remove his gear as his hands slid over the lean muscle of Sherlock's back. The thin material of his leotard had to have been crafted with necking in mind, as it allowed John to feel every detail of the skin beneath it. Desperate for more, he pulled Sherlock closer to feel as much of the therapist against him as possible.

"What I said earlier—about following through with an attraction to a stranger..." Sherlock's mouth found his earlobe and bit gently, flicking the soft skin with his tongue before pulling away to whisper, "Where did you say you lived?"

"Quite a-ways, I'm afraid," John replied regretfully, surprised by the even cadence of his voice as turned on as he was. "You?"

"Close."

"How close?"

"*Very* close."

"Right." John licked his lips. "Are you...I mean, would you like me to...?"

"And you're willing...to see this through?" Sherlock asked, kissing his way back to John's mouth.

"Oh, God, yes," John replied emphatically. Sherlock pulled away then, regarding him somewhat pensively. John added swiftly, and meant every word, "but only if you want to. I

mean, we could just go out for dinner or coffee or something or...not do any of that at all and just—”

“Shut up, and grab your things. I’ve got a cab scheduled for six-fifteen.” Sherlock raced off toward the locker room and, without a second thought to the consequences, let alone his leg, John grabbed up his discarded gear and followed expediently. Therapy with Sherlock Holmes might just prove to be quite effective indeed.

End Notes

I also write original m/m erotica fiction, if you're interested. You can find it [here](#)

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