

Yo Ho, Me Hearties, Ahoy!

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Yo Ho, Me Hearties, Ahoy!

by [MagicaDraconia16](#)

Summary

Discovering one's wife was an assassin was bad enough, but to then have your cruise ship be attacked by a *pirate ship*? That's just not on! Although being pillaged by the pirate sounded like fun...

Notes

Inspired by the fake AO3 tag generator, which gave me 'Shameless pirate fluff', 'Rage-fuelled assassin aftercare', and to top it off, 'campfire eye sex'.

No promises as to speedy updates ;)

Chapter 1

John Watson tightly gripped the rail on the forward deck of the cruise ship and stared in disbelief at the black ship that was racing towards them, as the people behind him began running in all directions and screaming in hysterics.

The captain had just made an announcement over the loudspeakers that they were about to be captured by pirates. Pirates! In this day and age? But approaching was a proper, full-sail ship – Jolly Roger flag and all.

And he'd thought it unbelievable enough that his ex-wife had turned out to be an assassin.

He'd never have believed it; she'd always seemed so kind and gentle. But one day, by accident or design – he'd never found out which – she'd left her memory stick in his laptop. The special memory stick that she carried everywhere with her, and never let him see. He'd always just assumed she had patient files on it; which, yeah, was strange because they worked at the same place, so he had access to the same files, but he just thought she was really serious about her patient confidentiality.

As it turned out, she *had* been serious about confidentiality. Just not that of their patients.

After a blazing row, John had stormed out, and returned some hours later to a flat that was devoid of all of Mary's things. Divorce papers had come through the letterbox a week later.

After six months, his sister and his therapist had both nagged at him to get out more, leave London for a bit, meet someone else (nudge, nudge, wink, wink. He'd told Harry rather fiercely to leave off, and she'd retreated into sulky silence).

So now, here he was. On a cruise ship.

That was about to be boarded by pirates.

What the hell has my life become? he wondered, rather wildly.

The clank of a grappling iron hooking onto the railing alerted him to the fact that the pirate ship had now come to a halt on the cruise ship's left-hand side (he knew there was a technical term for it, but he'd been in the Army, *not* the Navy, damn it!) and now someone was – however ludicrous it sounded – *preparing to board*.

Hang on a minute . . . John squinted at the figure that was now zipping down the rope securely attached to the grappling hook. *That person's wearing a SUIT. What the actual fuck?* He shook his head. Had he been knocked out somehow, and this was all just a weird dream?

The surreal feeling got worse when the figure landed on the deck and smoothed down their suit jacket, before smiling at John.

“Don’t mind me,” the tall, young man said. “Just dropping by.” With a last tug to settle his jacket, he began striding off towards the main stairwell doors.

“Er, hang on!” John hurried after him. “‘Just dropping by’?” he repeated, raising his voice to be heard as he struggled to catch up. *Damn, that man’s got long legs!* “Who the hell *just drops by* on a CRUISE SHIP?”

The man came to an abrupt halt and spun to face John, who almost cannoned into him. “You aren’t running,” he observed, his gaze flickering over John so intently that John almost looked down to check if he was somehow suddenly naked in this dream. “You aren’t screaming. In fact, you look more annoyed than anything. And yet you aren’t the assassin I’m after. Interesting.”

“*Assassin?!?*” John spluttered, as the man spun back on his heel and began striding off again. “*Of course* I’m not an assassin; I was in the Army!”

“Po-tay-to, po-tah-to,” the man tossed over his shoulder. He reached the doors and tried to pull one open, only to find it locked from the other side. “Damn.” Pulling a slim leather wallet out of his jacket pocket, he crouched in front of the doors and began fiddling with them.

“No, I really think—” John began, then paused. “Are you . . . are you picking that lock?” he asked.

“How else do you expect me to get through this door – teleportation?” the man asked, somehow managing to cast a scathing look over his shoulder.

John rubbed a hand over the back of his neck, feeling awkward. “Well, I sort of expected a pirate to, er, blow it up,” he admitted.

The man paused in his lock-picking, and swivelled around to peer up at John. “You think I’m a pirate?” he asked. Then his eyes lit up, and John half expected him to bounce up and go ‘*Oh, that’s fantastic!*’ as the latest incarnation of Doctor Who did. “I did want to be a pirate,” the man admitted, turning back to the stairwell door. “When I was young. But then Mycroft informed me that I’d need to learn about the solar system to navigate by, so I gave the idea up.” He made a soft sound of triumph as the door clicked. “Ah-ha!”

A bit bemused by this sudden burst of friendliness, John was caught flat-footed as the man sprang up and dashed through the door. He barely managed to catch it before it slammed shut again.

He could just about see the man’s head (with wild curly hair – *seriously, what the hell kind of pirate is this bloke!*) disappearing down the stairs towards the sleeping quarters. Wondering just what the hell he thought he was doing, John trailed after him.

The man was picking another lock when John finally caught up with him again. Squinting at the gold number on the door, John frowned and folded his arms over his chest. “What do you think you’re doing?” he asked.

There was a sigh. “Isn’t it obvious?” the man asked. “This is the assassin’s room. Even if they’ve escaped me, they should have left something behind that I can use to track them again.”

“Whoever did your Intel needs to be fired,” John informed him. “There’s no assassin in there. That’s *my* room.”

The man froze, then slowly straightened up before turning to look at John again. “You said you *weren’t* the assassin,” he said. “I *know* you aren’t. My Intel is *never* wrong. So how can this be your room?”

“Because I, John Watson, booked it,” John said.

“No. No. This room belongs to Morstan,” the man said, shaking his head.

John had a sinking feeling. “Morstan? Mary Morstan?” he asked, arms dropping to his sides. *Shit!* “That’s my ex-wife.”

“Really.” The man was now studying him intently again, and John felt, underneath the horrified realisation, a vague sympathy for bugs that got put under microscopes. “Oh, that changes everything.” Reaching out to clasp John’s arm firmly, the man smiled at him. It was a predatory smile, and John felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. “I think you’re coming with me, John Watson.”

“Where?” John struggled a bit as the man turned him and forcibly started him marching along the corridor, but the man was stronger than he looked – not that that was hard, considering how lean and lanky he was.

“Why, aboard my pirate ship, of course,” said the man, as though that had been perfectly obvious and John were too stupid for words for not realising. “Where else?”

Chapter 2

“So,” John said awkwardly, from his current position tied to the main mast, “this is your pirate ship, is it?” He looked around. “Yeah, it's-it's...yeah, it's, uh, it's...nice,” he finished, lamely.

“It was the fastest available ship that was closest to yours,” the young man said, carefully spinning the steering wheel so that the ship tipped violently and abruptly to the left. John would have gone sliding across the deck if he hadn't been secured to the mast.

Looking around at the almost parade of speedy motor boats that were flashing past them, John looked back at the would-be pirate just in time to catch the flush of colour that spread across his cheekbones. “Fastest, right,” he said, deadpan.

The man spun the wheel back the other way, and John found his feet scrabbling to brace himself.

“Your ex-wife,” the man said, abruptly. “What made you marry an assassin?”

“It's not like I knew she was an assassin!” John protested. “I thought she was a nurse. And why are *you* after her, anyway? Are you more James Bond than Jack Sparrow?”

“Who?” the man frowned at John. “I've no idea who either of those people are, but I'm tracking your ex-wife as a—” He made a disgusted face, as though he'd suddenly bitten into a lemon. “—favour for Mycroft.”

John didn't know which point to address first. Never having heard of Captain Jack Sparrow he could *maybe* just about see – although considering the man had said he'd wanted to be a pirate when he was young, surely the Pirates of the Caribbean films would have been a must-see – but not knowing who *James Bond* was? Had the man been living in a cave all these years?

“Mycroft?” he finally managed, deciding that it would take much more time than he had to explain Jack Sparrow and James Bond.

“Essentially the British Government, very interfering, can never keep to his diet,” the man said. “Ignore him.”

“Er...right,” John said, wondering if this meant the mysterious 'Mycroft' was hiding on board the ship somewhere. “And, um, what do I call you? Can't just go 'Hey, you!', can I?”

Spinning the wheel back round the other way again, the man didn't spare a glance for John. “You could,” he said, absentmindedly. “Wouldn't guarantee a reply though. If you must know, my name is Sherlock Holmes. Won't guarantee a reply to that, either, if you try saying it when I'm in my mind palace.”

John's mouth fell open and he had to force himself to close it again. There . . . really wasn't anything to say to that. Any of it.

"Don't get seasick, do you? No. Good," the man – Sherlock – suddenly asked. His gaze was turned upwards, towards the sky. For the first time since he'd kidnapped John (*and that was a phrase you didn't say every day*), he actually looked . . . *worried*.

John followed his gaze upwards, and instantly found himself becoming worried. The sky ahead of the ship was a terrible dark grey colour, one that was getting increasingly darker even as they watched.

Oh, SHIT!

"Uh, you know how to steer this thing, right?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" Sherlock said indignantly, but with the kind of heat that made John think he wasn't quite as certain as he was pretending. "But you might want to hold on," he continued. "Just in case."

"Just in case?" John repeated, incredulously. "And hold on? Hold on to bloody what? In case you've forgotten, *I'm a bit fucking tied up over here!*"

"Right, right . . ."

John was fairly certain that he'd been forgotten about already, but decided that maybe he couldn't blame Sherlock this time. The man did have rather more serious things to concentrate on, after all.

There were always stories about people getting shipwrecked, and when interviewed afterwards – if they were lucky enough to survive – most said, *The storm just came out of nowhere!* John had always thought that was bollocks. It was a goddamn *storm*, for sweet christ's sake, how could you not notice it?

Apparently . . . very easily.

Within thirty seconds of John noticing, the sky above them was pitch black. He hoped that Sherlock really did know how to steer this thing, because he could barely see the end of his nose. Not that he'd be much help, what with being *tied to the fucking mast* and all.

Thunder rolled around them in a never-ending echo, but strangely, there was no lightning. Although given the size of the waves that were beginning to toss the boat around, then John thought he was okay with that.

Something suddenly caught his attention, and he pressed his head back against the mast to listen more closely. Obliging, the thunder chose that moment to pause for just an instant.

The mast was creaking.

“Oh, fuck,” John swore, and tugged hard on his bindings. He’d thought that was just a clever sound effect in films, but he didn’t want to find out the hard way that it could be made in real life too. Unfortunately, Sherlock knew his knots well – the rope around John’s wrists didn’t give an inch. “Sherlock! *SHERLOCK!*” he bellowed, but if there was a response, John couldn’t hear it. He didn’t even know if Sherlock could hear him.

The creaking noise got louder, until it was even audible above the thunder. Then there was an incredibly bright flash of light, an ominous snapping noise, and the rope that secured John to the mast caused him to jolt as the entire thing shifted an inch to the right.

Something crashed heavily against him. “John!”

“Sherlock?” The screaming wind dashed his voice away. “Sherlock, you need to cut me loose!”

“Hang on!” The words were screamed right into his ear, and even then he could barely make them out. “I need to cut the ropes!”

John had no idea what Sherlock was using on the rope, but sawing at it didn’t seem to be doing much. The only thing John was going to gain at this rate was rope burn.

There was another crash, and the entire vessel shuddered. *It’s no good*, John thought. *We’re going to sink.*

The mast abruptly splintered with an ear-splitting shriek of tortured wood, and as the ship tilted one way, the mast, John and Sherlock all plunged the other way into the cold ocean.

John barely heard a hideous crash as he hit the water, then the waves closed over his head, and the world went dark.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A bit shorter than I'd planned, because holy jeebuz, I was not expecting that to happen!
Spot the figment of Moriarty XD

When John awoke to find himself face down in a pile of sand, his first thought was not “Oh, yeah, I was kidnapped from my cruise ship by a would-be pirate and our ship got wrecked” but instead, *God, I hope that was an IED that got me, otherwise the lads will never let me forget I face-planted over a bunch of sand.*

His second thought, as water washed all the way up his legs, was, *Why the fuck is there an ocean in the desert?*

Blurily raising his head, he blinked rapidly to clear the sand from his eyes. Spotting a broken plank of wood several feet away, his memory abruptly returned. *Oh, right. Not in the army anymore. Kidnapped. Shipwrecked. Bollocks!* Groaning, he began to lever himself upright.

“It’s about time you’re awake,” said a voice from nearby, and John almost fell over trying to spin round before remembering the would-be pirate who’d kidnapped him, and then apparently saved him from a watery grave. “I thought you were going to sleep all day.”

“And you didn’t think to try waking me?” John queried, finally straightening up and looking around at their new landscape. Although sand stretched as far as he could see either side of him, he very definitely was not in the desert – water was lapping at his feet, and there were trees growing not that far behind him. “Where the hell are we?” he asked, finally looking at his shipwrecked companion (*And just how is he going to explain THAT to the owners of that ship?* he wondered).

Sherlock was sitting cross-legged, his elbows resting on his knees and his fingers pressed together in front of his mouth as if he were praying. “I was busy,” he said, dismissively. “And we’re on an island.”

John rolled his eyes. “Yes, I can see that, thank you, Captain Obvious,” he said. “Any idea *where* this island might be? And busy doing what?”

“Captain Yellowbeard,” said Sherlock absently. “I’m afraid not. And thinking.”

It took longer than John would have liked for him to realise that Sherlock had just answered him, in order, and corrected him. He rolled his eyes again. If this kept up, they might just roll right out of his head.

“Right. Any idea how we get *off* this island?” he asked.

“Mycroft will send someone for us eventually, when he realises that I haven’t checked in on time,” Sherlock assured him.

Nice to know that apparently Mycroft WASN’T hidden somewhere on that ship, John thought. “What time are you supposed to check in?”

Sherlock casually glanced at his watch. “Oh, about three days ago,” he said.

“Wha—?” John’s mouth fell open. “*Three days?!* ” That came out as a squeak. John hastily cleared his throat and tried again. “You were supposed to check in with this Mycroft *before* you stole a pirate ship and kidnapped me off of my cruise boat?”

“He only would have told me not to,” said Sherlock, waving a hand in dismissal. “He’s just so *tedious* that way.” He sighed, as though this were an unbearable character flaw.

John pointed an accusing finger at him. “No,” he said, sternly. “No! That is *not* tedious. That is common sense!” Sherlock scoffed, but John carried right on over him. “You stole a pirate ship that you couldn’t steer, got us shipwrecked on some deserted island somewhere, and because you haven’t been in contact for three days, nobody knows where the hell to look for us. *That is not what sensible people fucking do!*”

“What boring lives sensible people must lead,” Sherlock drawled, contemptuously. “And you aren’t exactly in a position to criticise. Assassin ex-wife, remember?”

“*I didn’t KNOW she was an assassin when I married her!*” John howled. Suddenly feeling quite certain that he was capable of punching Sherlock right in the face, he clenched his fists hard enough to draw blood with his nails, and turned to stomp off down the beach away from him.

Unfortunately, it was very difficult to stomp on sand, and since falling over would have ruined whatever shreds of dignity – and certainly wiped out any indignation – he still had left, then John didn’t get very far before he forced himself to halt.

Taking several deep breaths, he silently counted to ten, then again in Pashto, and then again in Farsi just for good measure.

And then he tilted his head back and screamed wordlessly into the sky.

When he finally turned and made his (short) way back to Sherlock, the other man was sitting with his knees drawn up, and his arms looped around his shins, looking more forlorn than any male older than twelve had any right to. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, as soon as he saw John approaching.

John sighed, and sank down to sit beside him. “Look, I’m sorry, too,” he said. “I’ve had a hell of a day, and it’s not your fault, but . . . wait, what the hell am I saying?” he wondered. “Of *course* it’s your bloody fault! But I still shouldn’t have gone off on you like that.”

“No, it-it’s fine,” Sherlock said, shaking his head. “I should know better by now—”

“Yeah, you should,” John agreed, then he snorted with amusement. “We could be here for the next six months if we start playing the blame game,” he said. “So how about we start afresh? Nice to meet you, I’m John Watson.” He stuck out a hand towards Sherlock.

Sherlock looked at it a bit dubiously, then tentatively stretched out his own hand. “Sherlock Holmes,” he said.

“Now then,” John began, “now that the pleasantries are out of the way, how about you tell me how we’re supposed to survive out here until this Mycroft finally decides to come looking for us?”

Sherlock took a deep breath that flexed his chest and shoulders out. *And what a firm chest it is*, John thought before he caught himself. Perhaps he’d been underwater without oxygen for longer than he’d thought. “First of all,” Sherlock started, completely unaware – hopefully – of the direction John’s thoughts had suddenly zoomed off in. “We need to build a fire.”

Chapter 4

The firelight gave John's skin a warm glow, even in the dark, and caught the glint in his eyes. Captivated, Sherlock stared into what he knew were blue eyes - the colour of the sky on a clear, sunny day. Unable to look away, unable to even blink in case he missed some infinitesimal change, he felt himself falling into those eyes as if he were falling off the pirate ship of his youth, into the depths of the ocean. As long as he never had to come up again, he would be quite happy to drown there.

John blinked.

Sherlock was abruptly completely aware of his body again.

He hadn't been *entirely* honest with John. There was actually a tracker sewn into the waistband of his trousers – all he had to do was press it three times in rapid succession, and Mycroft (or, more likely, Anthea) would dispatch someone to rescue him.

But when he'd approached the cruise ship that his quarry was supposed to be on (they'd been following Morstan for a long time now, but had never managed to discover if Morstan was male or female. They *had* noticed the name change to Watson, and the subsequent change back again, but had just assumed Morstan had changed it to go undercover for whatever reason), he'd spotted the man standing at the railing, framed by the hysterical people running here, there and everywhere behind him, and Sherlock's ever-present curiosity had nudged him.

Someone who apparently wasn't scared out of their mind. *Fascinating!*

And then to discover that the man had actually married an assassin – the very one they were chasing! Sherlock would have called it an amazing, unbelievable coincidence, but the universe was rarely so lazy, as Mycroft kept reminding him.

He supposed he didn't really *need* to have taken John onto the ship he'd 'borrowed', but the man was obviously an adrenaline junkie, and it wasn't exactly a harrowing experience being near the man.

And him being blond-haired and blue-eyed when Victor was black-haired and hazel-eyed has absolutely nothing to do with it! Sherlock mentally sneered at his mind's image of Mycroft, who – even in his head – was carrying that infernal umbrella and shaking his head sadly at Sherlock. Really, it didn't. He hadn't even noticed that John was good-looking, in a ruggedly handsome way. He *hadn't*. It was just the puzzle of the man, that was all. Puzzles always intrigued Sherlock...

Movement caught Sherlock's attention. John had been waving a hand in front of his eyes, and now sat back, looking mildly confused.

"Thought I'd lost you for a second there," he said. "Was about to check for a concussion."

Sherlock waved a hand, dismissing this. "Nonsense," he scoffed. "I'm perfectly fine. I was just in my mind palace."

"Hmm." John gave him a narrow-eyed look. "That kind of talk doesn't reassure me, you realise?"

"That kind"? . . . Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Sherlock, exasperatedly. He leant forward until he was in danger of toppling into the campfire, pressing a forefinger against his temple. "This is my engine; my hard drive. Anything that's unnecessary just takes up space, so I delete it. Anything that's relevant to my Work is stored there where I can access it at any time I wish. It's not that strange a concept! You should try it – it might help you."

"You . . . delete it," John repeated, slowly, dubiously. "Anything not related to your work. And just what *is* your work?"

"I'm a Consulting Detective," said Sherlock, proudly.

This time, John just mouthed the words to himself. Sherlock rolled his eyes. He obviously didn't appreciate just how *unique* Sherlock's Work was. If he couldn't see it, then Sherlock wasn't going to enlighten him. *Yet*.

"So, come on then, what sort of stuff have you 'deleted'?" asked John, clearly deciding to leave the subject of the Work for the moment.

"How should I know that?" Sherlock huffed in exasperation. "*I've deleted it!*"

"Right . . . right . . ." John frowned, thoughtfully. "So there's just random stuff that you don't know?"

For God's sake, how hard is it to understand?! Sherlock wondered.

Take pity on him, Sherlock, said Mycroft's avatar. *He's merely a goldfish. They see, but rarely observe. You know this.*

Oh, go and have some cake, Sherlock retorted, and slammed the door on his mental image of his brother, ignoring the exasperated sigh that echoed from behind it.

"You're doing it again," John said, peering intently at Sherlock. "Seriously, I think you have a concussion."

Sherlock snorted. "I told you – I'm perfectly fine. What makes you the expert, anyway?"

John suddenly grinned at him, and something in Sherlock's chest tightened abruptly at the sight of it. "I'm a doctor," he said. "*That* makes me the expert."

"A doctor?" Sherlock repeated. "But you said you were . . . oh, you were an *army* doctor!" he breathed in sudden realisation.

"Captain John Watson," said John, with the same pride that Sherlock had had when speaking of *his* Work. He suddenly looked around their little makeshift campsite. "Although in these

circumstances, perhaps being in the Navy would have been more helpful."

"Yes, you should think it through more carefully next time," said Sherlock.

John stared at him for a moment, and then – surprisingly – burst out into giggles. Sherlock stared in his turn, as John doubled up with laughter and almost fell over into the campfire. Normally, Sherlock would have taken great offense at being so obviously laughed at, but the other man's laughter was unexpectedly infectious. "Was it something I said?" he asked, feeling the corner of his own mouth begin to twitch.

"Believe me . . . I really fucking hope . . . there isn't . . . a next time," John managed to get out between giggles.

"What, you're not enjoying yourself on this wonderful deserted island?" Sherlock asked, unable to stop the smile creeping into his voice.

"Mm, I can just see it now – a whole new line of package tours," agreed John.

Their gazes caught, and then they both burst into peals of laughter.

It took a little while to stop, but when they finally began to wind down into hiccupping sighs, Sherlock found himself gazing at John again. The man really was good-looking, especially with the dregs of his laughter still lingering in his face.

"What?" John rubbed a hand over his mouth, then looked down at himself. "What is it? Have I got something on me?"

"No, sorry, it's just—" Sherlock began, then paused. For once, his great intellect seemed to have deserted him, as he couldn't think of a single plausible reason for him to be staring so intently. "Oh, sod it," he said, finally, and reaching out a hand to grab hold of John's shirt, he pulled the other man towards him, and kissed him.

Chapter 5

If John's mouth hadn't already been occupied, he would have been gaping like a fish out of water.

It wasn't that it wasn't a good kiss – in fact, it was a . . . a *very good* kiss – but John usually liked a little more warning before someone tried playing tonsil hockey with him.

“Sher—mmphf—*Sherlock*,” he finally managed to get out, tearing his mouth away with a gasp. “Wait—just—*wait a moment!*”

Sherlock gazed blankly at him for a moment, and then an expression of horrified embarrassment crossed his face as he sat upright again.

“No, no, no,” John rushed to reassure him. “It's okay – it's not – I just – you just . . . caught me by surprise, that's all. I-I liked it,” he admitted, feeling the heat creeping into his own cheeks. He'd never really thought of men as attractive before. He supposed he could have said whether they were good-looking or not, but it'd only been in an objective way, not really connected to *him*.

“Oh,” was all the response Sherlock made, but at least, John was glad to see, most of the horror leached out of his expression. He smiled shyly at John. “So you wouldn't be adverse to trying again?”

“No, not at all!” John exclaimed, a bit more eagerly than he'd planned. Sherlock looked a bit startled at his unexpected vehemence, but didn't object when John reached out and pulled him closer again.

The kiss this time was softer, gentler, as though Sherlock realised he'd never done this with a man before and was trying not to spook him again. Although John was fairly certain that if he hadn't knocked Sherlock out and run screaming after that first one, then he wasn't going to now.

To prove this, he curled his other hand around the back of Sherlock's neck, tangling his fingers into the messy curls. Sherlock apparently liked this, as he made a small noise that John hoped to get him to make again – and again, and again – and then opened his mouth.

After that, John sort of lost track a bit. They could have been kissing for days, or weeks, or centuries. When they finally had to part due to lack of air, his would-be pirate looked so thoroughly debauched that he almost dived right back in.

This must be what it's like being Captain Jack Harkness, he thought.

Sherlock abruptly frowned at him. “Who?” he asked, and John realised that he'd spoken his thought out loud.

“Umm,” he said, and blushed. “From Doctor Who? Guy who says ‘hello’ but means ‘I want to take you to bed’?”

“Is that from the same show as the other captain and James Bond that you were on about before the ship wrecked?” asked Sherlock.

John gaped at him, flabbergasted. “Yeah, no,” he finally managed, shaking his head. “It could take ages to explain James Bond and Doctor Who, and I’m fairly sure we could be using that time more . . . enjoyably.” Letting go of his grip on Sherlock’s shirt, he nimbly managed to unfasten two of the buttons so he could reach inside.

The resulting shiver that rippled over Sherlock’s skin was very gratifying, and John scrambled to unbutton the rest of his shirt so he could reach more of it. Easing his fingers from Sherlock’s hair, he used both hands to spread the shirt wide open to gaze at his bounty.

He’d seen plenty of male chests before – most of them burnt by the harsh desert sun, or in pieces from flying shrapnel – but he had to admit that Sherlock had a fairly good one, as they went.

Sherlock abruptly seemed to turn into an octopus. His hands seemed to be everywhere – nails dragging across the back of John’s neck, fingers skimming the small of his back, more fingers teasing their way up his chest underneath his T-shirt . . .

Suddenly desperate to feel more of Sherlock, although distracted by another fierce kiss, John began fumbling at the waistband of Sherlock’s trousers – only to nearly jump out of his skin when a piercing, high-pitched *beeeep!* abruptly sounded from between them.

“*Fuck!*” he yelped as he collapsed backwards, his heart beating a mile a minute. And not in the good *I’m about to get REALLY lucky* way. “What the— What the *actual* fuck, Sherlock?”

Sherlock just lowered his head and shook it slowly, sighing deeply. “My brother,” he said, in a very disappointed way, “is surrounded by idiots.”

“Er,” was the only thing John could come up with as a response.

“Mycroft gave me a tracker,” Sherlock explained. “It was supposed to be a *secret* tracker,” he added, glaring down at his waist, “but apparently Mycroft didn’t inform the creator of the fact that I might need rescuing out of a tight spot, and that therefore it shouldn’t make a noise.”

“You—He—Your—” John stuttered, this time tripping over the many sentences that were trying to get out. Finally, he closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and then tried again. “You have a *tracking device*?”

“Obviously,” said Sherlock, haughtily. John was fairly sure he was mentally adding *Doesn’t everyone?*

Well, he didn’t know about everyone else, but *he* certainly didn’t have one hidden away!

“And the reason you didn’t mention it before now?” he asked. “Or *use* it?!” Sherlock opened his mouth, but John carried right on before he could say anything. “I mean, it’s not like I was

worried that we were *fucking stuck on a fucking deserted island*, or anything!”

Sherlock looked confused. “But, John,” he said. “It isn’t deserted.”

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