

## Sherlock Discovers "Three Continents Watson"

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# **Sherlock Discovers "Three Continents Watson"**

by [wendymarlowe](#)

## Summary

When Sherlock learns what John "Three Continents" Watson's army nickname is for, he realizes he's got the perfect opportunity for a first-hand experiment in physical passion from the one person he can actually stand to be touched by. John thinks there might be a bit more to it than that.

(Part of my "John and Sherlock's Kinky First Times" series of shorts, all revolving around the same basic theme of "John and Sherlock get sexy for the first time and also discover some kinky stuff about each other.")

# Chapter 1

“So is that tall, gorgeous bloke coming towards us your flatmate?”

John twisted around in his chair to look - and yes, it *was* Sherlock tacking through the crowded pub. The moue of distaste on his face made it blatantly clear what his opinion of the noisy establishment was, but he didn't stop until he'd dropped into the free seat next to John's.

“Sherlock Holmes,” he announced, offering Bill a dignified handshake.

“Bill, Sherlock. Sherlock, Bill.” John didn't even bother trying to hide his astonishment. “I can't believe you actually came.”

Sherlock quirked an eyebrow. “Miss my chance to hear first-hand all about your adventure-filled days in Afghanistan? How could I pass it up?”

Bill laughed at that. “He's just as posh as you promised, Johnny. God, that's hilarious. The two of you together.”

John tamped down the instinctive annoyance at someone yet again making assumptions. Especially since Bill should have known better. Neither of them were exactly reticent about sharing personal details in their occasional keeping-in-touch emails - obviously John would have mentioned it if he'd started shagging his closest friend. “We're just flatmates.”

“Right.”

Sherlock stiffened - not so much that anyone but John would have noticed, but John *did* notice because he noticed everything about Sherlock these days. “John's not gay,” Sherlock said slowly. “Surprised you'd get that wrong, you being 'best mates' and all.”

“Oi, don't be like that,” Bill retorted. “*You're* his best mate nowadays; didn't have to read between the lines all that hard to pick that up.” He grinned and took a long pull of his pint. “Besides, I've seen Three Continents Watson at work. A little detail like you being-”

“Dammit, Bill,” John grumbled. He could *feel* Sherlock mulling that over, and it was very definitely not something he wanted Sherlock deducing out of him. “Just - drop it, okay?”

Bill raised his hands in mock surrender.

Sherlock wasn't done, though. “Three Continents Watson,” he repeated, mulling the consonants over in his mouth and expelling the T in “Watson” with a sharp snap. “Army nickname, I presume?”

*Christ.* “One I despised, *yes* Sherlock, now drop it.”

“It was for . . . sexual activities?” Sherlock nominally directed the question to John, but his eyes were on Bill across the table. Ready to deduce the answer from his expression if John

and Bill didn't answer him verbally. "Is that for shagging women *from* three continents, or *on* three continents?"

Bill threw his head back and laughed loud enough to gather a few curious glances from other tables. "Started out as speculation," he said. "There was a fetching little redhead from the States who had her eye on him for ages. When John finally let her have him, she swore up and down she'd shagged blokes on three continents and John was by far the best. Was practically a line outside his tent, after that."

John could feel his face growing redder the longer Sherlock stared at him. "Interesting," Sherlock murmured.

"Word spread, of course," Bill continued, totally oblivious to John's mortification. "All John had to do was wink and he had his pick of the base. Never did hear anyone say the rumor was wrong, though." He fluttered his eyelashes and threw an exaggerated pout John's way. "Never did get to find out firsthand, either - arrogant wanker won't succumb to my charms."

"You don't have any charms, you arse."

"My arse is my favorite charm of all." Bill grinned. "Never had any complaints, at least."

"Not . . . not just women, then," Sherlock said slowly. "You always . . ."

John sighed and buried his face in his hands. "I always say I'm not gay because I'm *not gay*, Sherlock. I'm bi, not that it's anyone's business unless they're imminently likely to be in my bed. And I keep having to insist I'm *not gay* because I'm never going to get fucking laid again with you texting me all night whenever I'm on a date. Having everyone assume I'm shagging *you* kind of cuts down my prospects."

Bill made a vaguely embarrassed noise. "Shit," he said. "I'm sorry, mate - didn't realize I was outing you. Never really knew you to be shy about your orientation and all, so it never occurred to me you and Sherlock weren't . . . yeah. Sorry."

"No, it's . . ." John sucked in a deep breath and sat back up again. "It's okay. Sherlock would have figured it out sooner or later anyway. I'm just sick of everyone assuming, that's all. And honestly it's kind of nice to not have to live up to that reputation anymore. Not that it wasn't flattering, but I'd rather have been remembered for being a good doctor. Or a good soldier. Something other than just a good shag."

"You're a good *man*," Sherlock announced unexpectedly. And stood. "I apologize; I need to get back to Baker Street. Time sensitive experiment - I'm sure you understand. Nice to meet you, Bill."

The rest of the evening got a bit blurry after several more pints, John and Bill finally getting to catch up in person after nearly a year of hasty emails and the occasional text message, but John couldn't quite get Sherlock out of his head. The fact that Sherlock actually *came*. And the fact that, when he left, he couldn't meet John's eye.

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Things went back to normal (well, *almost* normal) for the next two weeks. Sherlock was perhaps a bit quieter than usual, and John had just reached the point of convincing himself he'd escaped scrutiny when Sherlock ambushed him over dinner at Angelo's one night with questions.

"Is the reputation deserved?" he asked suddenly, paying no attention to the other diners around them. "The 'Three Continents' nickname?"

John nearly choked on a forkful of lasagna. "I'm not really the best judge."

"But to the best of your knowledge - is it true?"

John flashed his best *drop it* glare. Not that it usually worked, but still. "Can't you just deduce it?"

Sherlock held the eye contact for a moment, but then - to John's surprise - lowered his gaze. "I'm . . . not really the best judge either," he admitted.

"Let me guess - *not your area.*"

"Don't mock me, John." Sherlock tried to glare back, but there was no heat in it. More like . . . *embarrassment? Seriously?*

"Sorry," John said automatically.

"It's fine," Sherlock said, dropping the facade. "It's only fair that you know. I'm not ignorant of it by choice, I just . . ." He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, a surefire sign he was trying to be on his best behavior. "I usually can't stand to be touched."

John thought back to all the times he'd seen Sherlock interacting with people he cared about - himself, Mrs. Hudson, Molly, Lestrade. Even Mycroft. He'd have never noticed it without Sherlock's comment, but . . . "You accept it better from some people than others."

"I acknowledge the role touch can play in reinforcing bonds, so I allow it from Mrs. Hudson and I tolerate it from a handful of specific acquaintances." Sherlock stared down at his barely-disturbed plate. "The only person I've ever actually enjoyed touching me is you."

"Oh." John wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that. Sad, perhaps, that Sherlock had clearly been missing out on a fairly major mode of human comfort, but also a bit chuffed that he was the exception. And *fuck* if that wasn't a screwed-up reaction. "I didn't realize."

"I've taken pains to hide it. I assumed you'd be disgusted if you discovered I . . . other-than-platonically enjoyed your hand on my shoulder or your fingertips on my arm as you saw to my cuts and scrapes. Most heterosexual men find homosexuality deeply threatening."

"You're gay, then?" John put his fork down - clearly this was going to be a conversation worth focusing on. "You never have said, so I always assumed you were either asexual or you were gay and intentionally celibate. I never felt it was my place to ask."

“You may always ask,” Sherlock retorted immediately. “But in truth . . . demisexual, maybe. I’ve never been motivated to find out.”

John suddenly had a very good idea where this conversation was going. “And you are now?”

Sherlock’s gaze snapped up to his. “I . . . you . . . are you offering?”

*Am I?* It wasn’t exactly a difficult decision - John had been keeping any and all inappropriate thoughts about Sherlock tightly under wraps since day one. Now it felt like a dam had broken. “I guess I am,” John said slowly. *Whatever it takes to get my hands on that delectable arse . . .*

Although that wasn’t it, not really. Yes, Sherlock was gorgeous and aloof and untouchable and unbelievably posh and all those things that made everyone want to take him down a peg - but he was also so wonderfully *expressive* in other ways. Sex with Sherlock wouldn’t be as much about getting ahold of his body, fit as it was, as it would be about getting ahold of his *mind*. Seeing what made him moan and what made him shiver and made his ridiculously oversized brain shut down completely before rebooting. The concept of introducing him to all that - of being his first - *that* was more arousing than any pornographic tableau Sherlock could have arranged himself in.

“What do you . . .” Sherlock cleared his throat. “What would this entail? With this offer?”

John looked down at his own half-finished plate, then at Sherlock’s barely-touched one. *Food first*. While he figured it out. “Eat.” He speared another forkful of lasagna and nodded toward Sherlock’s fettuccine. “Give me a sec to think it over, and we’ll talk more back at the flat.”

## Chapter 2

To John's surprise, Sherlock ate. And then paid the bill, and then hailed them a cab to save them both from having to walk back to 221B in what was very definitely turning from drizzle into actual rain, and then actually paid for the cab while John got to run ahead and get the door open for once. They ended up in their armchairs, facing each other, both trying to come up with the right words.

"This is . . . new to me," Sherlock finally admitted. "I'm not entirely sure how to proceed."

"Not exactly the way I've ever done it either." Normally getting a leg over was a matter of a little flirtation and then just doing what felt right - but with Sherlock, nothing was ever "normal." And Sherlock's complete lack of normal conversational boundaries meant that perhaps John could go at this head-on instead of having to sidle into the relationship aspect. *Definitely easier this way.* "Want me to ask the questions, then?"

Sherlock shrugged, obviously trying very hard to pretend he didn't care.

"Right, then." John relaxed back into his chair. "Easy question first: do you find me attractive? In a physical-body-transport kind of way? Or is this just a hypothetical scenario?"

"I . . ." Sherlock bit his lip. "I regularly have a physiological reaction to your presence, if that's what you're asking. In a manner which is consistent with sexual arousal."

"So that's a yes."

Sherlock inclined his head. "Yes."

"Right. Good. Second question: do you want to treat this as an experiment, or . . ." John waved his hand vaguely to cover over the fact he had no idea what the hell he was actually asking. "You know. Dating and all. Just trying to get an idea of what you want before I start having to guess."

"Not - not an experiment." Sherlock frowned. "Not a single experiment, anyway. John, this is . . . I've known this was a fairly significant gap in my knowledge for years now. And I *hate* not knowing things."

*Ta, I'd noticed that.*

Sherlock narrowed his eyes as if he'd heard John's thought, but he didn't comment on it. "I'm not sure what the extent of your offer is," he said instead. "I'd prefer not to do anything that might make you . . ."

". . . Leave?" That was an easy one. "Sherlock, you're not getting rid of me that easily. How about this: you promise me you'll say something if you get uncomfortable, and I'll do the same. Whether you just want a quick shag or a . . . something longer."

There was a long silence. “What if I don’t know what I want yet?” Sherlock finally asked.

“We’ll experiment, then.” John debated leaving it at that, but Sherlock would probably deduce him anyway and *the hell with it*. “Look. You already know people tend to find you attractive, so it’s probably not a surprise that I do too. I’ve tried to keep those thoughts under wraps for the sake of our friendship, since you never seemed interested, but - to be honest - the idea of helping you explore your sexual side is pretty damn hot. I find your experiments a good sight more interesting than I ought to anyway, and I love the idea of being your expert reference for once. Might make me feel like a bit less of an idiot the rest of the time.”

Sherlock didn’t even react to the “idiot” comment, a sure sign he was still feeling in over his head. A gentle warmth settled in John’s belly - Sherlock was just so damn *vulnerable* like this, unsure and hopeful and totally unlike his usual sarcastic self. For once, John would be the one having to lead. And then all of a sudden it was simple. John stood and strode to the middle of the room. “Come here.”

Sherlock hesitated, but then he came to stand silently in front of John.

“You’re going to kiss me,” John declared. “We can start with that.”

There was a moment of panic in Sherlock’s eyes. He swallowed hard, but then he lifted his chin fractionally and nodded. “John, I might not be any good at-”

“Not being graded, Sherlock,” John assured him. “But this is what I’m proposing: every time you want to try something further, you initiate with a kiss. And then I will decide what to propose from there. Can you trust me with that much, at least?”

“I do trust you,” Sherlock said instantly, his voice even deeper than usual. “I - fine.” He stepped forward and gripped John’s chin with one elegant hand, then pressed his lips to John’s.

*God, he wasn’t kidding.* Sherlock clearly had absolutely no kissing experience whatsoever - his technique was nonexistent and he was relying entirely too much on just puckering his lips and pressing. It was rather adorable, actually, and John let himself soak it in for a moment before responding. One hand on the nape of Sherlock’s neck, the other on his bicep, a slight tilt of his head in relation to Sherlock’s, and *there. Christ, that’s it.*

Sherlock could obviously feel the difference too - his entire posture changed. It felt like he was relaxing into the experience, letting John take the lead. Which John did, with enthusiasm. He tried not to push too much, tried not to overwhelm Sherlock with what were obviously completely new sensations, but he was *finally kissing Sherlock* and he’d be damned if he was going to let the opportunity pass him by.

“*Oh.*” Sherlock gasped into the kiss, his fingers loosening their hold on John’s jawbone.

“That’s it,” John murmured. He drew back only far enough to press the words into Sherlock’s skin, little teasing attack-and-retreat pecks against Sherlock’s lips. “Store it in your mind palace and go over it again later. For right now, just let it happen.” He slid his kisses over Sherlock’s mouth again, pressing a bit more, encouraging Sherlock to open-

*Fuck.* Sherlock finally seemed to get the idea and parted his lips. John pulled him closer, just close enough so their chests were not quite touching, and settled in to play. Little darting flicks of his tongue - not enough to dominate, not to overpower, just enough to tease Sherlock into reacting. Which he did, clumsily at first and then with more finesse, hesitantly copying John's motions. When their tongues touched for the first time, they both moaned.

It probably shouldn't have been a surprise that Sherlock would learn quickly. As it was, John lost track of how long they stood there in the center of the room, not quite embracing, just . . . exploring. Sherlock was clearly gaining confidence the longer they went without John pushing him away. It came through in the line of his posture, the angle of his head, the pressure of their lips together. He'd quickly deduced that his low rumbles of approval were turning John on in a major way, and as a result he'd stopped muffling himself at all. Every little motion from John elicited a new noise and it was absolutely bloody amazing.

It was very quickly going to become too much, though, if they didn't stop. John reluctantly broke the kiss and pulled back, allowing Sherlock the chance to get himself back under control before they pulled apart completely.

"Any thoughts?" John asked quietly.

"Always," Sherlock answered. The word fit with his usual arrogant wit, but the wistfulness in his voice told a different story. *Clearly still processing.*

"It's okay, you know." It wasn't what John wanted to say - hell, what he *really* wanted was to drag Sherlock to the sofa and wring some more of those bloody hot groans out of him - but Sherlock looked like he needed a bit of reassurance and John didn't want to push too hard during this, their first actual chance together. "Kiss me again tomorrow and we'll go a bit further."

Sherlock's brows drew together. "Why not now? I'm obviously willing."

"Because." John pulled back and tapped Sherlock playfully on the nose, which Sherlock didn't quite seem sure how to react to. "Because *I* am the one designing this little experiment, Sherlock, and I know you're terrible at waiting."

"But I-"

"Nope." John put on his best smirk. *Yeah, this is going to be fun.* "You want me to blow your mind - or anything else - you have to do it my way. I'll give you one experimental session per day, one kiss, but we're going to take this deliciously slow. Give you time to research and analyze and whatever other shit you do when you're gathering information to use in future cases. And in the meantime, I'm just going to sit back and enjoy knowing something you don't. I get the feeling you're going to catch on very, *very* quickly."

Sherlock still looked put out at having to wait, but *tough shit*. John didn't consider himself devoted to any particular kink, but the thought of making Sherlock wait, on edge for days or weeks or months . . . the idea of having his brilliant flatmate begging and whimpering for the chance to finally come, and John still turning him down until he was damn well ready to grant that privilege . . .

*Fuck, this is going to be fantastic.*

## Chapter 3

Based on the quantity and volume of completely non-musical violin noises Sherlock produced throughout the night, John half expected Sherlock to be either passed out on the couch or hovering at the base of the stairs and ready to pounce as soon as John woke up. Obviously the idea of having to bloody well *wait* for something didn't jibe well with Sherlock's toddler-like tendencies. It was a bit of a shock, then, to come downstairs and find Sherlock sitting anxiously at the kitchen table with an untouched slice of toast in front of him.

"Rough night?" John asked as he filled the kettle. "I'm guessing you didn't sleep at all, did you?"

Sherlock silently shook his head.

"Second thoughts?"

"No, I . . ." Sherlock tilted his head back and closed his eyes, his shoulders slumped in a way John had never seen before. Then he sucked in a breath and his posture changed - before John could react, Sherlock had popped out of his seat and darted forward to press a ghost of a peck on John's lips. He stood back a moment later, hands clasped behind his back, eyes wide.  
*Hopeful and nervous.*

John had rather expected some more time to plan - with luck, a light day at the clinic would have allowed him time to daydream in between patients - but hell, he *had* set the conditions, hadn't he? And Sherlock was clearly on edge as it was. For the always-confident detective to put himself out there like this . . .

*Fuck it. I've got an hour before I have to leave.* "Let's start with making that a real kiss," John said firmly, and stepped into Sherlock's space. A tiny intake of breath and a slight tension were the only signs of surprise Sherlock gave, but then Sherlock was parting his lips oh-so-sweetly under John's and John surrendered himself to the moment. It still felt important to hold back a bit, keeping the kiss to just this side of actual foreplay, but Sherlock reacted so genuinely to every little feint and press that it didn't take much before Sherlock was letting out a constant stream of those fantastic little whimpers and moans again. John had to quash down his instinct to back Sherlock into the counter and *really* show him what kissing was about. *A thought for a different day, maybe.*

"Let me guess," John murmured against the smooth skin of Sherlock's cheek. "You were up all night thinking about this. About me."

Sherlock squeaked and raised his chin higher, practically begging for John to lower his attentions to that pale neck-

"Patience." John relented enough to allow himself one gentle nuzzle against Sherlock's carotid - just one - and then forced himself to pull back to a safer distance. "We've got so

much ground to cover, and I don't want you to miss something important because you weren't paying attention. Since this is for The Work and all."

Sherlock swallowed hard - his Adam's apple bobbing tantalizingly a whopping three inches from John's face - and squared his shoulders. "Of course it is," he said in a slightly shaky voice. "I . . . appreciate you being willing to help me gather data."

*I'll bet.* John didn't bother to call him on it. Instead, he very deliberately backed out of Sherlock's personal space and turned to head into Sherlock's bedroom. "Come on, then."

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Sherlock acting skittish still felt overwhelmingly odd. John sat on the edge of the bed and waited while Sherlock evidently sorted through things in his mind palace first and only belatedly realized he was supposed to follow. He looked younger, standing there uncertainly in the doorway, eyes wide and hands twisting together like he didn't know what to do with them. It felt like a minor milestone when Sherlock finally took that final step into the room.

"I don't bite," John said gently. "Come sit with me."

Sherlock's gaze dropped to the bed and he stiffened, but then he crossed the room and sat primly on the rumpled duvet an arm's length away from John. Spine straight, head high, nothing at all to indicate either acquiescence or resistance. Waiting. The regal posture was somewhat ruined by the fact that he was still in his dressing gown and worn pajamas, but even so he managed to give an impression of bravery in the face of the unknown.

"Okay?" John asked.

Sherlock closed his eyes and nodded. "I'm ready."

"Good." John shifted closer and leaned in to feather a lingering kiss against Sherlock's cheek. "Because I meant what I said before - we're taking this really slow. Take off your shirt?"

Sherlock hesitated just a moment before shrugging out of his dressing gown and tugging his worn gray t-shirt off over his head. It wasn't the first time John had seen Sherlock's bare torso - the man wandered around the flat in just a sheet on a distractingly regular basis - but it was the first time John had been granted the freedom to actually look up close without the complication of a knife graze or mystery puncture wound getting in the way. Sherlock was still tense, though, so John kept himself from getting too distracted by all that gorgeous pale skin on display. Instead he put his hands on Sherlock's stiff shoulders and gently guided him to lie down on his stomach on the mattress.

"John?" There was more than a hint of confusion in Sherlock's voice, but he didn't resist.

And that - the undeniable sign of Sherlock *trusting him* - helped a lot. John settled Sherlock more evenly in the center of the bed, then swung a leg over him to straddle his hips. He kept his weight on his knees, not squashing Sherlock's pajama-clad arse more than was absolutely necessary, but Sherlock didn't seem to object.



“I’m guessing,” John said slowly, “that if you’ve never been much for touching, you’ve probably never had a massage before.”

There was a long pause, then Sherlock’s curls twitched as he shook his head no.

“You okay with this?”

Another ripple of curls, a yes this time as Sherlock face moved against the pillow.

“Just relax and let me touch you, then. That’s all this is - get you used to how it feels.” John started with just fingertips - a gentle pressure along Sherlock’s spine, tracing each of those bony vertebrae one by one. The morning sunlight was muted as it filtered through the window, indirect, but it was enough they didn’t need a lamp on. John left off trailing up and down Sherlock’s midline and ran his palms over Sherlock’s scapulae instead. They were too sharp - everything was too sharp, really. Sherlock needed to eat more. John pushed those practical thoughts aside and imagined himself in his flatmate’s shoes.

How would Sherlock do this, if he were the one giving the massage instead of receiving it? John closed his eyes and focused, really letting himself *feel* through his hands. Smooth skin, marred only by the occasional scar from some crime-solving spree cut too close. Most were too small and light to be seen by the naked eye, but under John’s careful fingertips he could read the hidden stories. Probably not as well as Sherlock could, but he could try.

*This pucker here - burn of some kind, relatively small. Accidental? Maybe. The ridge down here near his kidney is more obvious - I bandaged that stab wound myself. Was a close call. Slight abrasion just under his shoulderblade; no idea what that was from.*

Sherlock was starting to relax under him as he worked. It was a gradual process - a slight loosening of the shoulders, slower breathing, a more languid slump into the mattress. John put a bit more pressure into his strokes and purposely finished each with a tiny caress.

“Okay?”

“Mmm. Feels good,” Sherlock mumbled.

Of course it did - the great git probably spent the entire night stalking around the living room, sulking and abusing his violin and flinging himself gracelessly onto the sofa. None of which was good for the back, really. Or for sleep. With luck . . .

John didn’t look at the clock, but he did intensify his efforts. Individual touches became long, slow strokes up and down Sherlock’s back, wrestling the tight muscles into submission. By the time John’s arms were tired enough he wanted to stop, Sherlock was completely limp below him and his breathing had slowed considerably.

*There - with luck, he’ll get the rest he needs.*

John got to work with only minutes to spare while Sherlock slept.

## Chapter 4

John got home from his shift at the clinic that evening to find Sherlock already waiting for him, positioned perfectly in the middle of the sitting room to accentuate his affront to maximal effect. “You tricked me!”

“Yeah, probably.” John didn’t pause in peeling off his jacket and hanging it up in its place next to Sherlock’s Belstaff.

“You promised one sexual ‘experimental session’ per day, but you purposely encouraged me to fall asleep before we could do more than kiss.”

“Because you were positively knackered, Sherlock.” John took a moment to look his flatmate over - the rest had obviously done Sherlock some good. His eyes were brighter, his skin a bit less pallid. “You’re never going to have the stamina to keep up with me if you don’t rest occasionally. And eat.”

“Eating is boring,” Sherlock countered. “I’ve been bored *all day* - I’d rather do *this*.” He took three swift steps forward to cover John’s mouth with his own.

It took a minute for John’s brain to unfreeze. Somehow in the last nine hours, Sherlock had gotten *really bloody good* at this. His kissing involved a hell of a lot more technique than it had yesterday - Sherlock was using his tongue to good effect now, tangling with John’s own, and it wasn’t all that much of a hardship for John to just part his lips wider and let Sherlock explore.

*He’s been practicing.* That was the only explanation. John eventually got control of the kiss again and pulled back enough to speak. “You’ve been busy.”

“Research,” Sherlock admitted. “Turns out there are all sorts of ‘how to be a good kisser’ tutorials online. And I spent most of the afternoon testing technique on the crook of my elbow.”

*Bloody hell, that’s adorable.* John didn’t say it aloud - pretty obvious *adorable* was the furthest thing from what Sherlock wanted to be right now - but he couldn’t help but think it. He also couldn’t help the fact that he was well on the way to hard now, just from a two-minute snog with his inexperienced flatmate. *Yeah, it’s time to get this back under control.*

Sherlock clearly wasn’t expecting anything in retaliation, so it was easy enough to get a firm grip on both his skinny biceps. One quick bit of fancy footwork and John quite efficiently managed to tip him off-balance and rotate him ninety degrees. Sherlock’s back hit the wallpaper with a muted *thud* and he struggled to regain his balance - which John prevented by the relatively simple expedient of just redoubling the kiss before Sherlock could stand back up to his full height. Sherlock’s crooked stance meant his mouth was at the perfect height for John to really settle in and *claim*, which he did with vigor.

“Mmmgh,” Sherlock moaned.

“Shut up and take off your shirt.” John backed away just far enough for Sherlock to get his fingers on the tiny buttons, but not enough for him to get away. “I’ll humor you just this once, but after this we’re sticking to once a day. Understood?”

Sherlock’s eyes were wide, but he nodded and unbuttoned the shirt with an urgency bordering on desperation. “John-”

“Shove it, you git.” John stepped back in, pressing Sherlock’s now-bare torso against the wall with his own chest. His lack of height was not an advantage, here, but Sherlock seemed too dazed to object. “I want you to just focus on not falling over - that’s your job right now.”

The noise that escaped Sherlock’s throat could probably have been termed a whimper. John held Sherlock’s gaze, leaned back in as if he were going for another kiss, but at the last second he veered to the left and delivered a sharp lick to the underside of Sherlock’s jawbone instead. Sherlock tasted like soap and tea and clean, smooth skin, and John wondered how long he’d spent in the shower that afternoon. Daydreaming about *him*, probably. *Fuck*.

Sherlock wasn’t in any danger of trying to escape, at the moment, so John let his hands drop from Sherlock’s biceps and put them to work instead running gentle fingertips all over the pale torso in front of him. Sherlock had nearly no chest hair, which was perfectly fine - it meant John could see how the delicate pink flush on Sherlock’s cheeks was nearly dark enough to match the natural color of his nipples. John bent his head and delivered a flat lick to the left one, just to see-

“*Hng!*”

“My god,” John said, pulling back and utterly failing in his attempt not to grin, “you squeaked! That was cute - want to see if I can make you do it again?”

“John, I do not- *hng!*”

“Sounds like you do,” John teased. “If I really put some effort into it, on the other hand . . .” He tongued Sherlock’s carotid and swiped his thumbs over both nipples at once, gently enough to be more of a tease than anything but firmly enough not to tickle. Sherlock was panting, now, his head rolled back against the wall like his neck lacked the strength to hold it up anymore. It was pretty much exactly how John had imagined he’d look while desperate and gagging for it, and the sight made him seriously wish he’d worn looser pants.

There was nothing for it, though - and anyway, this little demonstration was for Sherlock’s sake. John let his fingers and his mouth wander over all the exposed skin he could reach, testing and tasting and learning what Sherlock reacted the most strongly to. There were some commonalities among most people in John’s experience - nipples included - but it was strangely intimate to learn this about *Sherlock*. To know that Sherlock trusted him and no other. It didn’t hurt that the man was almost ridiculously responsive to so many places - his neck, his nipples, his stomach, his earlobe. Sherlock made some half-hearted attempts to reciprocate, fingers occasionally spasming in John hair or jumper, but for the most part he couldn’t muster a coherent defense. By the time John made it down to the waistband of Sherlock’s trousers, Sherlock was whimpering on almost every exhale and his entire body was quivering under John’s fingertips.

“You like this, don’t you?” John murmured, dipping his tongue into Sherlock’s navel for another firm swirl and rubbing his thumbs over the crests of those too-prominent hipbones. “You weren’t sure you would, but you love it. Being swept away by the sensations. You like me taking charge.”

“I - I -”

“Think I can make you come like this, all melted against the wall?” John tightened his grip and stood, trailing his nose from Sherlock’s stomach all the way up his sternum and the long column of his neck to nibble on his ear again. “You’re wound so tight . . . I want to watch you give in. To see what you look like when you let your body take control instead of your mind. You’re so damn gorgeous like this, Sherlock. I want to take you right here, but I won’t. Because even though I know you want to race ahead, I’m setting the pace.” He tongued none-too-gently at Sherlock’s earlobe, eliciting an actual sob.

“John . . .”

“Feel this,” John growled. “Feel what you do to me.” He lifted up on his toes to press his clothed erection directly against Sherlock’s, grinding their pelvises together-

Sherlock mouth fell open and he shuddered as he came.

*Fuck yes. I did that.* John’s own cock was throbbing now, reminding him everything wasn’t supposed to be over quite yet, but he ignored it in favor of bundling Sherlock in his arms and slowly sinking to the floor so Sherlock could curl against him and bury his head in John’s shoulder.

“I didn’t know,” Sherlock whispered. “That was . . . I didn’t know.”

“Now you do.” John held still a little while longer, then reluctantly disentangled himself from Sherlock’s long limbs. “And that’s just the beginning - imagine what it’ll be like when we can do that without all these clothes. And when I have the chance to *really* take you apart.”

Sherlock’s eyes widened almost comically.

“Yeah.” John pressed one last peck to Sherlock’s lips, then scrambled to get his feet under himself so he could stand up. “Don’t forget who’s the lead researcher in this little experiment, Sherlock. We’ve still got *miles* to go.”

## Chapter 5

Sherlock was gone the next morning. So was his coat. John eyed the empty hook, then pulled out his phone and texted Lestrade.

*Sherlock MIA - is he with you? -JW*

The answer came less than a minute later.

*Double homicide - called him in at 6:30 but he claimed it wasn't worth waking you for. Git solved it in 15 minutes and has spent the last hour whining about having to actually give me something useful for evidence. -GL*

*He just left NSY - not sure where he went. -GL*

John wasn't entirely sure how he felt about Sherlock going off to investigate a double murder without him, but the sleep had been nice. And he did have a long day ahead at the clinic . . . in light of that, Sherlock had been damn near *considerate*. Which was beyond strange. He wondered idly whether Sherlock's newly-considerate streak would extend to washing some of the disgusting glassware currently sitting in the sink or whether he still expected John to eventually just give up and do it for him.

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John picked up curry on his way home. Sherlock was playing something jittery on the violin when John walked in the door, but he stopped and actually helped John get the food transferred to plates and their lap trays. They ended up side-by-side on the sofa, eating and watching Doctor Who and not actually talking. The silence was only bearable because John had a pretty good idea what Sherlock was jumpy about. Twice their hands accidentally brushed while getting the takeaway out and Sherlock nearly levitated out of his skin. *Still nervous about this, then*. John sipped his water thoughtfully and tried to formulate a plan.

"Do I need to brush my teeth?" Sherlock asked suddenly. "The internet said fresh breath was essential to kissing, but it didn't address whether that still held if we were both eating the same ingredients."

*Twit*. "You're fine," John said. "I refuse to go anywhere near your mouth after you've been smoking - yes, I know you sneak a cigarette from time to time, don't bother trying to lie to me about it - but other than that, don't worry about it. And stop asking the bloody internet for sex advice. I promised I'd teach you, and I meant it."

"I just don't . . ." Sherlock's lips screwed up into a pout. "I'm bound to disappoint you. I don't know what I'm doing. And then you're going to be mad at me and say this has all been a waste of time because it's not like I'm ever going to *use* these skills again anyway."

"Shut up," John interrupted. Sherlock being insecure was still odd and unsettling and John was very sure he didn't like it. "Shut up, put down your tray, and get over here to bloody kiss

me already. I've been looking forward to it all day."

"You . . . you have? Why?"

Up until having met Sherlock, John hadn't been aware it was possible to be feeling so fond of someone and so exasperated with them both at the same time. Now he recognized the state as one he pretty much constantly lived in. "Because I like kissing you too, you idiot. What, you think this was charity? Get over here."

Sherlock still looked like he half expected John to turn into a detective-eating venus flytrap or something, but he slowly put his tray down on the coffee table and then shifted closer. John met him halfway, so they were both crunched on to the middle cushion of the sofa and John was finally able to slide his arms around Sherlock's bony ribcage. Sherlock's kiss was tentative, cautious, so John didn't push. He kept his arms loose and his head steady, just letting Sherlock acclimate to the idea of *being wanted*. Eventually Sherlock was the one to break away first and bury his face in John's neck.

"I assumed it was pity," Sherlock murmured. "Yesterday I didn't . . . you're not getting anything out of this. I should be reciprocating. So you can experience orgasm."

John huffed a laugh into Sherlock's soft curls. "Hate to break it to you, Sherlock, but I'm actually pretty capable of experiencing that all on my own. If that's all I wanted, I'd be upstairs pulling myself off. But if it came down to either masturbating or sitting here just holding you, I'd choose you. Whenever you wanted me."

"Can you . . ." Sherlock drew back and met John's eye, although he didn't pull so far away that John had to let go. "What if I want you to not have to choose?"

*Perpetually brilliant.* John pressed a kiss to the tip of Sherlock's nose, then stood without letting go of Sherlock's shoulders. "You're always so good at reading my mind," he said as he tugged gently. "Up - we need your bed for this."

"I - John?"

John felt strangely giddy, but he kept up the pressure on Sherlock's shoulderblades as he wrangled the two of them toward Sherlock's bedroom. He allowed just enough space between their bodies for them to not fall over, but it was a delightfully awkward little shuffle-step-stutter affair as they moved and the confusion on Sherlock's face was worth it all on its own. John didn't let go until they stood side by side next to the bed.

"Your turn," he announced, stepping back and opening his arms wide. "I want both of us naked - you do it this time."

Sherlock drew in a long breath, but his gaze sharpened as he stepped forward and eased John's jumper off over his head. John stood perfectly still as Sherlock divested him of his clothing, one piece at a time, tossing each one negligently in the corner as he went. The room was silent except for their combined breathing. Sherlock paused when he came face-to-shoulder with John's scar, but after only a few seconds of staring - during which John felt sure Sherlock was probably storing away every scrap of information he could deduce for his

mind palace - Sherlock resumed moving quietly and efficiently to take his own clothes off as well.

"Sit," John commanded. He twisted onto the bed and scooted so his back was against the middle of Sherlock's headboard and his legs were spread comfortably. "Get over here - sit in front of me and lean back."

Hesitantly, Sherlock complied. John wrapped his arms around Sherlock's waist and kissed his shoulder.

"Best of both worlds here," he murmured quietly into Sherlock's ear. "I get to keep my arms around you, touching you, and I also get to make you come. You'd like that, wouldn't you? My hand on your cock, just the way I do it for myself? My breath on your neck as I do? I promise I'll take my time - nice and slow. Give you something to think about the next time you do this yourself."

The rapid inflation of Sherlock's chest was followed by several seconds of silence. And then a terse nod.

"Good," John purred. He spread his palms flat against Sherlock's bare belly and started sliding them gradually upward. "Tell me if you need me to stop."

"Don't stop," Sherlock whispered. "I . . . *don't stop*."

John didn't. He took his time, though, letting Sherlock acclimate to the feel of John's hands on his chest and John's body at his back. *He's so damn thin* . . . Sherlock's ribs stood out like miniature sine waves under his skin, but John focused instead on gently tracing the flat planes of Sherlock's abdomen and the expanse of his pectorals. Sherlock sucked in a gasp when John's fingertips swept over his nipples, but he didn't comment. John traced up to Sherlock's collarbones - sharp and defined, the way he'd always admired - and then reversed direction down his midline to his navel.

"Talk to me," John said quietly, letting the words sift through Sherlock's now-unruly curls. "Tell me how this feels."

"It's good," Sherlock said, a hint of a groan in his voice. "I . . . I don't mind when it's you."

"You just don't mind?"

"Not-" Sherlock tilted his head back, exposing more of his pale neck, and entirely on instinct, John licked what he could reach. "It's not like that," Sherlock gasped. "Please, John."

John gave into temptation and caught Sherlock's earlobe gently in his teeth. "Please what?"

*"Please!"*

"All right." John swirled his thumb one last time in Sherlock's navel - eliciting a truly gorgeous moan - but allowed his palms to drift lower instead. He kept them flat on Sherlock's stomach, spearing his fingers through Sherlock's pubic hair and tracing the shape of his pelvis down-

Sherlock whimpered.

John turned one hand over to caress Sherlock's erection, feather-light, and Sherlock's entire body shuddered. It was heady and amazing and John very much wanted to elicit that reaction again. He couldn't quite get both hands onto Sherlock's cock at the same time - the downside of being so damn short and the lower half of Sherlock's body being so far away - but he managed a one-handed grip just fine. The angle dug his own erection more firmly into the small of Sherlock's back.

"You too," Sherlock said quietly. "I want this to - I want you to come too. Share this with me."

"*Really* don't think that will be a problem," John murmured directly into his ear. "You first, though. I'm going to hold you right here like this and work you until you come all over my hand." He tightened his other arm around Sherlock's ribcage, sliding his hand back up to tease Sherlock's left nipple. "I want to see what you feel like when you tip over that edge - I didn't really get to, yesterday. You're so gorgeous, Sherlock. I may very well come just from watching you and feeling you pressed up against me. You want to do that? Want me to come on your back, get us both covered in it?"

Sherlock's head fell back and he groaned. "*Please*, John. Show me."

"Hands on my thighs, then. Let me do it all - I've got you."

Sherlock gripped as high on John's thighs as he could, which turned out to be about halfway. His fingertips dug in sharply, as if he were trying to keep himself from falling off a ledge - and in some sense, maybe he was. John stroked slow and easy, flexing his wrist as Sherlock's hips moved. Gentle. Relentless. Truly, the tension in Sherlock's frame was amazing - he was literally quivering now, his head thrown back, his lungs unable to take in more than a quarter-breath at a time. John couldn't help but flex his own hips in time with his hand, as if he really were stroking his own cock - hips forward, hand down, thumb alternately circling Sherlock's slit and pressing gently against the side of his shaft. Sherlock was drawn tight, a violin string on the edge of snapping, and the frantic vibration of his body pressed against John from collarbone to calves.

*Now.* "Come for me," John murmured in Sherlock's ear, and plucked at that quivering violin string one final time. It wasn't separate actions as much as one cohesive decision - fingers tightening on Sherlock's nipple, teeth closing on his earlobe, thighs squeezing close around his hips, hand tightening around the head of his cock for one last firm stroke, lubricated with enough precome to make an audible sound. Sherlock let out a cry like a wounded animal and came, his ejaculate leaking between John's thumb and forefinger and pooling in the indent of his navel.

*So. Fucking. Gorgeous.*

"I . . ." Sherlock turned his head as far toward John's as he could without actually moving the rest of his body, now slumping into a post-orgasmic lassitude. "You too," he insisted. "You promised."



“You want to help?” John asked back, trying to keep the *oh bloody Christ please say yes* out of his voice. “I can do it right here, or you can turn around and watch, or you can do it for me. Whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Sherlock bit his lip, looking simultaneously *really fucking sexy* and ten years younger. “Can you . . . I want to touch you, but I don’t know . . .” He waved vaguely, his hand flopping back heavily onto the mattress.

“I can work with that,” John said. He shoved at Sherlock’s shoulders, forcing him to sit up, then wriggled out from underneath him so they could lie side-by-side. “Give me your hand - you feel, I’ll do the work.”

Sherlock didn’t object when John picked up his unresisting hand and curled a palm around the back of his long fingers. A shuffle or two later and the angles were workable - John was propped up on one elbow, his *oh God so hard so ready* erection jutting obscenely from between his legs, and he had loose control of Sherlock’s hand. When he brought the two together, it was John directing the movement but Sherlock’s fingertips which made contact with the thin skin of his cock. He moaned. *Don’t even care if he’s analyzing me right now, that feels so good . . .*

It didn’t take long. Sherlock caught on quickly, wrapped his fingers around John’s shaft with just the right amount of pressure, but he still let John direct the up-and-down and the pacing. John rolled his hips upward with every stroke - this was masturbation, but it was *more*. This was masturbating with his flatmate’s long, elegant fingers and it was *glorious* and when his orgasm came crashing down on him, he reveled in it.

Neither of them said anything afterward. Not when John finally peeled himself from Sherlock’s bed to go dampen a flannel, not when Sherlock ducked to press a bashful kiss to John’s unblemished shoulder, not when they finally got up by silent consent and got re-dressed and John wandered upstairs to his own room.

*One kiss per day*, John thought to himself. *What the hell made me come up with that stupid rule?*

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Note: it really only occurred to me after I started in on this chapter that this whole series is “John and Sherlock’s kinky first times” and technically this and subsequent chapters will be second, third, etc. times instead. So, you know, if you only wanted to read about their FIRST time you should probably stop here.

Still reading?

Yeah, I thought so :-P

John awoke to find Sherlock in his bed. More accurately, he awoke rather suddenly to find his shoulder and elbow smarting from where they’d banged into the wooden floor and his legs caught somewhere above him, still tangled up in what was left of his bedsheets. Sherlock was leaning over the side of the bed and gawping with a vaguely concerned expression on his face.

“You weren’t supposed to do that,” he announced.

John took a moment to get his breath back and all his limbs under control before even attempting to make sense of the situation. “What the fuck, Sherlock?” he demanded.

“I - your startle reflex is more pronounced than I expected.” Sherlock bit his lip, but didn’t stop ogling John. Who was, as usual while sleeping, in boxers and nothing else. Because he had been in *bed*, damn it, and it was probably now arse-o’-clock in the morning and what did Sherlock want anyway?

John dragged his bare legs free of the tangle of sheets and stood. Before he could repeat his question Sherlock was already shuffling away from the edge of the bed, leaving a very clear John-sized space on the mattress next to him. John lowered himself down onto it with a sigh. Sherlock in just his pinstriped pajama trousers was too touchable to resist.

“Seriously,” John said. “Did you delete the minor detail of me being an ex-soldier with PTSD tendencies? Startling me awake is generally not a good idea. You’re lucky I didn’t break your arm. Or shoot you.”

“Nonsense - you keep your gun on the top shelf of the bathroom closet, behind the all-purpose cleaner where you think I’ll never find it. You stopped taking it to bed with you ages ago.”

“You-” John pinched the bridge of his nose. “*Fuck*. Not good, Sherlock, okay? Any of this.”

Sherlock visibly deflated. “You said I could instigate our arrangement once per day,” he said in a small voice. “I didn’t know there were chronological restrictions.”

“You tried to . . . kiss me awake?” John had a sudden mental image of himself as a terribly unlikely Snow White. *Sherlock would make a dashing Prince Charming, though* . . . “I don’t mind the kiss,” he amended quickly, “just the timing.”

“Oh.” Sherlock brightened a bit. “Now that you’re awake, though? You don’t work until Monday.”

*Berk. But sure, why not?* John would have been lying if he’d tried to claim Sherlock’s mere presence there in his bed wasn’t enough to have him in full-on randy mode already. The bare chest was certainly helping. “I suppose.”

Sherlock carefully wrapped his long limbs around John, clinging rather like an overgrown octopus but still with that impossible-to-read bright gaze. “I . . . would it . . . does the kiss have to be on the mouth?” he asked quietly.

“Um. Not if you don’t want to?” *Where else would he-*

“Because I woke up with an erection - *again* - and I’m pretty sure I was dreaming about sucking your cock,” Sherlock explained. “And if it’s okay for me to kiss you - *there* - would it . . . I mean, I know you want to be the one to direct this, but-”

*Fuck. Fuckfuckfuckaduck fuck.* John had to blink several times to keep from embarrassing himself at even the *suggestion* of Sherlock wanting that. With him. “You sure?” he asked in a croaky voice. “I mean, *yes*, of course it’s okay, but I assumed you’d rather be on the receiving end first.”

Sherlock’s eyes lowered and he shook his head. “I have no reason to believe I wouldn’t enjoy receiving fellatio from you,” he said softly, “but I anticipate it being . . . overwhelming. I won’t be able to evaluate the effectiveness of the techniques involved unless my own pants stay on and I’m able to focus. And I . . .” He swallowed. “I want to give you that, John. Please.”

Out all the possible events John might have ever experienced, he never imagined “Sherlock Holmes begging to suck a cock” would actually occur. Or that the cock in question would be his own. John felt the sudden desire to literally pinch himself, just in case he was dreaming - but then again, if he pinched himself he might actually wake up. Faced with Sherlock’s shy-but-eager expression and the fact that *fuck this really is actually happening*, there was really nothing for it but for John to stand up and shuck his pants.

Sherlock’s eyes widened slightly - the viewing angle when lying close and parallel to John was different than when John was standing near the edge of the bed, apparently. John was just about ready to rejoin Sherlock on the bed and lie on his back, the better for his lanky flatmate to maneuver with, when Sherlock slid off the mattress and dropped gracefully to his

knees at John's feet. He licked his lips and looked up at John's face, eyes wide and mouth slightly open.

And damn if he didn't look gorgeous like that. Every single pornographic fantasy John had ever entertained in regards to Sherlock or blow jobs or both came rushing to the fore.

"Show me, John." Sherlock's gaze dropped to John's erection, then slowly dragged back upward until they were making eye contact again. "I deleted all the fellatio-related pornography I've come across in the past because I assumed it was irrelevant. You're going to have to give me some direction."

*Oh, that's SO not going to be a problem.* John cleared his throat. "Probably just as well, honestly - most of what you see in porn isn't very practical for real-life application."

"Isn't it?" Sherlock looked honestly surprised to hear that. "That must have been why. It's not - performing fellatio is no more complicated than it appears, is it?"

John had no bloody idea how complicated Sherlock expected giving a blow job to be, but he shook his head no anyway. *God, that MOUTH.* "Just don't bite me and you're good."

Sherlock licked his lips again and nodded. "I - can I use my hands too?"

"You can - *fuck*, Sherlock. You can do whatever the hell you want to as long as you *just bloody touch me already.*"

Sherlock smirked a bit at that, but he did reach up to wrap those graceful fingers around John's cock. His first taste was light, a hesitant little lick across John's slit, but the next was bolder and the third involved making contact with his lips. John only had to intentionally direct him once, adjusting Sherlock's grip so he was able to keep one hand on John's shaft and the other free for more touching. Which Sherlock did, reverently at first, but with more blatant curiosity and intent the longer he went without John stopping him and throwing a fit and storming out. John mostly just focused on keeping his eyes open, not falling down, and not coming all over Sherlock's face within ten seconds of Sherlock's lips molding around him.

"You're brilliant at this," he murmured aloud for Sherlock's benefit. A muffled hum was the only response, Sherlock's soft palate vibrating against the tip of John's cock. John flailed blindly behind himself for the bedpost at his back - anything to help hold him upright in the face of his flatmate making such *obscene* and delighted noises.

Sherlock pulled off with a wet *pop*. "Do you need to sit down?"

*Yes. No.* John clutched the knob of the bedpost tighter and shook his head. "However you want me is . . . good." Words seemed to be much more difficult than usual. "Good," he repeated.

"Excellent," Sherlock declared, and promptly choked himself on John's cock. John could literally feel himself hitting the back of Sherlock's throat for a long, glorious moment before Sherlock pulled off and gagged. He recovered quickly, though, attacking the challenge with a

single-minded determination John usually only saw reserved for chasing serial killers and pissing off Mycroft. Within a minute Sherlock was deep-throating John with precision, holding his breath in long gulps and stroking John's sensitive bollocks with both hands. John tried to hold out, he truly did, but in the end he was reduced to silently tugging at Sherlock's hair in warning and gulping in air like a dying guppie. Sherlock refused to pull back until John tipped over that edge and came with a long groan. The look of surprise on Sherlock's face when he realized swallowing wasn't as easy as he'd thought was priceless.

"Bloody hell," John gasped, his knees weak. He gave up the fight, flopping onto his back across the bed. "God, your *mouth*. Fuck."

"An only partially accurate summation," Sherlock said. There was a hint of a raspy quality to his voice and damn if John didn't feel the tiniest bit smug over that. "A satisfactory experiment all around, I should say."

"Oh, you're not getting out of this that easily." John held out an arm to Sherlock, without sitting up, until the detective huffed and curled up beside him. "Give me a minute and I'll provide you with some more data," John murmured. Sherlock stiffened - just slightly, but then again John was attuned to Sherlock's body language by now. "If you want?" John added.

"I . . ." Sherlock bit his lip. "You'll stop if I ask you to?"

John wriggled forward and pressed a kiss to the tiny crease between Sherlock's eyebrows. "Of course I will."

"I suppose that's all right then."

God, it was hard not to laugh at that prim answer, but John refrained. "Good."

They lay like that together - John flat on his back, Sherlock rather awkwardly on his side next to him - for a few minutes longer until John felt more like himself again. When he finally sat up, Sherlock was staring at him with wide eyes. John made sure to move extra-slowly as he crawled to crouch on all fours over Sherlock's now-prone body.

"Can I take off your pajama trousers?" John murmured.

Sherlock blinked and nodded without making a sound.

"Okay," John said. "You just let me know if you want me to stop. Or to keep going. Harder, softer, whatever. Put your hand on my head if you want - don't try to choke me, please, but you can let me know what you like that way if you'd rather not put it into words."

Sherlock nodded again. "I trust you," he whispered.

*God, so much.* John was terribly aware of exactly *how much* trust Sherlock was exhibiting - for someone who didn't usually like to be touched by anyone else, Sherlock was being incredibly tolerant of John sliding the pinstriped pajama trousers down those long legs (no pants, John noticed) and settling in to just *look*.

“So gorgeous,” John murmured. It was true. Sherlock’s erection was even better from this angle than it had been the previous night, now flushed and straining against gravity as it tried valiantly to pull away from Sherlock’s stomach. John lowered himself down to hover over Sherlock’s thighs and gently traced a line up the underside of his cock. It had been a while since he’d done this, a while since he’d been with a man for longer than a quick hand job or casual frot, and Sherlock tasted very nice indeed. *Need to get him to let me do this more often*, John thought to himself as he worked his tongue a little more deliberately over the juncture where the soft skin of Sherlock’s bollocks met the firmer erectile tissue of his cock. Sherlock’s fingers flexed in his hair, but Sherlock didn’t seem to be asking for anything in particular so John took his time just enjoying himself.

Everything was different when his refractory period had already come into play. It was a bit novel, actually - usually John was insistent on getting his partner off at least once before he let himself come, so it was actually rather nice to be able to explore Sherlock with somewhat of a clear head. John lapped at Sherlock’s slit with long, gentle pulls and envisioned creating his very own mind palace. No, no need for a whole palace - a mind cupboard, maybe. Just enough room to store all the memories of how Sherlock tasted, how his stomach tensed and then relaxed when John did something particularly delightful, how he sounded when he was trying to be quiet but couldn’t quite restrain his little whimpers and moans. *Yeah, a mind cupboard devoted entirely to Sherlock during sex sounds just about right.*

“Good?” John asked, pulling away just far enough to speak.

“Good,” Sherlock echoed. His fingers tightened against John’s scalp. “I want - I want-”

“What do you want?” John pressed a soft kiss on Sherlock’s shaft.

“Suck . . . suck me?”

He sounded honestly surprised. John was too, a bit, but mostly at the slightly lost tone in Sherlock’s voice. He wasted no time in swallowing Sherlock down, though, angling his head and jaw so he could deep-throat the way Sherlock hadn’t quite managed on his first try. John knew the maneuver had succeeded when Sherlock instantly arched his back and squirmed against the mattress.

*Fuck yes.* John pulled off to gulp in a breath and worked himself down again, tracing patterns on the underside of Sherlock’s shaft with his tongue as he went. Sherlock was clearly beyond verbal now, just writhing and gripping John’s hair like a drowning man. John didn’t mind a bit. He did pull back some, though, letting his cheeks go loose and sloppy and doing what he could with suction and saliva instead to allow Sherlock to catch up.

“*Putain,*” Sherlock mumbled. “John - please, more-”

John gave him more. He didn’t bother with any of the really fancy tricks - Sherlock didn’t need them, anyway. In the end the thing Sherlock seemed to like most was just good strong suction combined with a little bit of friction. The moment John let his teeth not-so-accidentally scrape on the sensitized skin between his lips, Sherlock howled and practically jackknifed as he came. John didn’t usually like to swallow - no sense inviting more disease

risk than necessary - but this was *Sherlock* and so he kept his mouth there, loose and gentle, until Sherlock tugged at his hair and dragged him up the bed into a tight bear hug.

“That was different,” Sherlock said quietly. “I thought it would be overwhelming and distasteful. Instead it was . . . *you*.”

“You saying you liked it?”

John could feel Sherlock’s smile pressing against the top of his head. “It was brilliant,” Sherlock pronounced. “Positively extraordinary.”

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

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

John woke up to discover the world's only consulting detective passed out partway on top of him. Sherlock's nose was buried firmly against John's carotid and his left leg was thrown over John's thigh. He was also snoring slightly, which the git managed to actually make sound adorable instead of annoying. John let himself enjoy it for a few minutes before the pressure in his bladder made escape necessary.

"Mmm," Sherlock murmured as John shifted. "Y're warm."

"Go back to sleep, Sherlock," John said with a smile. "You needed it."

"Warm," Sherlock repeated. And then blinked himself a bit more awake. "This is . . . nice. Sharing a bed with you."

"You sound surprised."

"I've never tried it before." Sherlock shifted away and propped himself up one elbow, his hair fluffed wildly (and unevenly) in all directions. "Always assumed that it would impinge on my sleep patterns."

"What patterns?" John couldn't resist the impulse to lean forward and plant a kiss on Sherlock's temple, dandelion-fluff hair tickling his nose as he did so. "You don't sleep as much as randomly cease consciousness, most of the time."

"I sleep," Sherlock protested. "Just not during cases."

"Would that change if the bed had me in it?"

Sherlock smiled drowsily up at him. "Depends if you intend to keep my prolactin and oxytocin levels high. Associated with-" - he closed his eyes and let his head fall back to the mattress - "-both orgasm and slumber."

*Berk.* John forced himself to get out of the cozy Sherlock-scented bed and go use the loo. *Yeah, once per day can go hang.* It was his day off, Sherlock was adorable, and John *really* didn't have anywhere else he wanted to be.

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A case intervened, of course. John had showered, shaved, and was just making up a tray of breakfast nibbles to bring back to Sherlock's room when Lestrade called.

"Think his phone's off, mate," Lestrade said by way of greeting. "Is he there with you?"



John shifted over to the doorway, the better to look in on Sherlock's sleeping form. "Yeah, he's home. Actually sleeping for once."

"Huh - will wonders never cease?" Lestrade's smirk was audible even over the iffy connection. "Could really use him on this one, though: dead barrister found in his walk-in closet, nude except for a pair of pink bunny slippers and a rubber Margaret Thatcher mask. Anderson thinks it's some sort of kinky sex thing but I'm not so sure." He chuckled. "Not really Sherlock's area, I know."

*Christ.* "Yeah, it's really not," John agreed. "But you think Sherlock will find another explanation?"

"No sign of a partner," Lestrade explained. "Nothing actually sexual about the scene, apart from how it's just fucking weird. I think Sherlock should be able to manage okay - nothing to scar his poor little virgin mind."

*Not so virgin anymore,* John argued silently. Sherlock had sprawled back over the center of the bed after John left, burying his face in the pillow where John's head had been and displaying one long, pale leg. John wanted to slide in next to him and cover that long body with his own. Instead, he flipped on the lights and cleared his throat. "Text me the address," he said into the phone in an almost-normal tone. "We'll be there as soon as we can."

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The case took all day and a fair chunk of that night. It was looking like it would take much longer, but sometime around midnight Sherlock suddenly looked at the clock, stood up from where he'd been pacing Lestrade's office and shouted something unintelligible before dashing out the door. By the time John caught up to him at the other end of the corridor, Sherlock had already texted Mycroft that his top-secret MI5 operation was anything but secret and he really ought to do something about it. Ten minutes later the entire team was being pulled off the case and it was being handled "by an interdepartmental team specializing in circumstances such as these."

"Mycroft?" Lestrade asked as he hung up the phone.

"Mycroft," Sherlock confirmed. "Apologies - John and I need to get home. It's after midnight, you know. Brand new day."

Lestrade gave them a skeptical side-eye, clearly not buying Sherlock's sudden haste, but he let them go with a brief thanks and a promise to keep them informed if he ever heard back about the outcome. Sherlock wasn't exactly subtle as he swept John out the door and into a cab.

"New day, hmm?" John teased.

"Obviously." Sherlock huffed and resettled his coat, looking for all the world like a large bird fluffing its feathers. "I knew it was one of Mycroft's from the moment we saw the body, but I needed *something* to occupy our time until we could have sexual relations again. Since you insist on time limitations."

“You . . . dragged out a case for almost sixteen hours so we could *occupy our time*?” John groaned. “Bit not good, Sherlock. Greg, for one, would have certainly preferred not to be paying the overtime.”

Sherlock waved his objection away with an elegant flick of his wrist. “Lestrade would have been just as irked by a swift deduction. And I would have been bored.”

“Any chance of sleep first?”

Sherlock licked his lips and eyed John speculatively. “If I say no, will it decrease the chances of a mutually satisfying lesson?”

*God, that look.* The cabbie was definitely driving too slowly, John decided. A horny Sherlock was surely worth breaking a few traffic laws for. And maybe relaxing the “one a day” rule.

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Sherlock didn’t even wait for the door to close behind them before he had rounded on John and was leaning in for a kiss. John permitted it for only a few achingly sweet moments before pulling away and offering an apologetic shrug in return.

“Can’t do much down here without frightening Mrs. Hudson,” he explained. “If you want your mutually satisfying lesson we’re going to need a bed. And fewer clothes.”

Sherlock bit his lip, his eyes going dark. “You’re not mad?”

“At the idea of getting you naked?” John returned Sherlock’s lust-filled stare with a dark one of his own. “Sherlock, I’m just getting started.”

Sherlock swallowed hard. “Please,” he whispered.

“Up to your room then. I’d like you stripped and waiting for me when I get to your bed.”

Sherlock hesitated only a moment longer - to ensure his legs were still working, was John’s guess - then practically sprinted up the steps. John detoured to his own room for a few supplies first and then followed at a much more leisurely pace.

The overhead light was off and the bedside lamp on, bathing the room in a dim golden glow which somehow did nothing to conceal the unearthly paleness of Sherlock’s skin or the dark halo of his hair as it curled against the pillow. He was indeed nude, his sheet pulled primly up to his armpits, but his eyes tracked John relentlessly as John put down the condoms and lube on the bedside table, stripped out of his (admittedly a bit stale) clothes, and slid in under the sheet alongside him.

“This is all right?” Sherlock murmured. “I know you’re tired, but I was hoping . . .”

“It’s okay,” John reassured him. “I am a bit knackered, but snuggly-sleepy sex is every bit as much fun as the wild kind. And it’s something I haven’t ever gotten to indulge in all that often. If that’s okay with you?”

Sherlock tilted his chin up higher, a hint of a challenge in his spine, but he also wriggled closer and lay a warm palm on John's chest. "It's fine."

"Was hoping you'd say that." John closed the gap the rest of the way, pressing them chest to chest. And naked erection to naked erection. "I want you to just close your eyes and feel - can you do that for me, Sherlock? I've got you, I promise."

Sherlock nodded and let his eyelids drift closed. "Trust you," he murmured.

God, Sherlock sleepy and pliant was another vision for John's upcoming "mind cupboard." John left the sheet where it was, covering them both from the chest downward, but he let his hands wander over Sherlock's skin. Sherlock shivered and snuggled closer, wrapping his own arm around John's ribcage and splaying it possessively over his bullet wound. If it were anyone else John would have assumed they hadn't noticed the scar, but Sherlock always noticed everything.

"Learning it by touch?" John leaned his head forward to give Sherlock better access. "Would have thought you'd have memorized it by now."

"I have," Sherlock said softly. "Just marveling that you're permitting me to do this. To be here."

"Ditto." John was deliberately avoiding Sherlock's erection so far, but he did dare a little gentle grope of Sherlock's magnificent arse. "All those times I denied we were together - it was because I couldn't let myself hope for this. It would have hurt too much if you had . . . well, you know. Like you do sometimes."

"If I had deduced you and mocked you for your attraction to me," Sherlock finished for him. "I might have, when we first met, but after that . . . no." He kept his eyes closed, but a small smile drifted across his face. "You confused me, you know."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't mind you." Sherlock nudged forward into the pressure of John's hand on his shoulder. "This. Touching my arm or my back, brushing against each other in doorways or cabs at variable intervals. Makes my skin crawl for anyone else, but I didn't mind it with you. I couldn't figure out why."

"And now you have?" John tugged him closer, nuzzled a ghost of a kiss against Sherlock's jaw. "Am I an exception?"

"To everything." Sherlock opened his eyes and returned the kiss, a soft and achingly sweet brush of lips that somehow managed to convey everything his words hadn't. "You make me want to be . . . good. Better. For you."

"I love you just as you are," John said.

Sherlock stilled. "You're not . . . you're not lying."

*God.* John hadn't entirely meant to blurt it out like that, but Sherlock wore a stunned look John had rarely seen before and damn if it wasn't the royal icing on the sweetness of the moment. "Don't tell me you hadn't deduced that," John urged.

"I hadn't . . . I didn't dare to . . . John, I'm terrible at this." Sherlock went to bury his face in the pillow, but John kept a solid hold on his shoulder and prevented him from hiding.

"You're not terrible. I think you're doing rather well, actually. Wouldn't mind if we did a bit more, if you're feeling up to it."

Sherlock nodded frantically. "Anything."

"Tell me how you like this, then." John pressed all the way flat against him, one hand slipping down to guide Sherlock's arse forward and to press Sherlock's cock against his own. They both gasped in unison.

"I like it," Sherlock said unnecessarily. "Keep going."

"I've got you." John nudged his hips gently, getting Sherlock used to the feeling, then kissed him one more time and pulled back to grab the bottle of lube off the nightstand. "Okay?"

Sherlock bit his lip, his eyes wide and dark and so full of sexual promise John was hard-pressed to not just say *to hell with it* and throw the whole "soft and slow" thing out the window.

"John," Sherlock murmured. "John, I very much would like to have sex now."

John slid a slicked-up hand gently down Sherlock's cock. "That's what we're doing."

"No, I mean . . ." Sherlock slid his own hand down to John's arse, kneading him forward. "I want to have penetrative intercourse. My research tells me men participating in homosexual encounters tend to prefer to 'bottom' or 'top' - do you have a preference? I'm open to either experience."

*Christ.* John didn't let his slow, careful strokes falter, but the thought of Sherlock *open* in any sense was enough to make him groan. Still . . . "Probably best if you learn by example first, right? Here." He canted his hips backwards a few crucial inches, so Sherlock's long fingers slid from merely groping his arse to actually tracing his crack.

Sherlock didn't answer - couldn't, if the hitch in his breathing was any indication.

"You want to be inside me," John pressed. "Is that what you want?"

Sherlock swallowed and nodded. "That's - that would be acceptable," he choked out.

*Hopefully not just "acceptable,"* John vowed silently. *I'll settle for nothing less than blowing his fucking mind.*

"What do I do?"

“Start with this.” John extricated Sherlock’s arm and rolled onto his back. The change in position meant he had to let go of Sherlock’s cock, but it also meant he could grab Sherlock’s hand and press a dollop of lube onto Sherlock’s finger before the observational genius could figure out what was happening. *Direct information usually works best for him . . .* “You’re going to stretch me,” John instructed. “One finger first, then add a second when I’m ready. You want to move to between my legs so you can see better?”

Some of Sherlock’s nerves and shyness fell away as they worked out the blocking. They eventually settled on a pillow under John’s hips and Sherlock kneeling between his legs, looking awed and overwhelmed by turns. Sherlock’s fingers were long - much longer than John’s own - and John wasn’t at all surprised when Sherlock found his prostate almost immediately through some combination of luck and just observing John’s facial expressions.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” Sherlock murmured. “Am I doing it right?”

John groaned. “So fucking right you wouldn’t even believe it. Two fingers now - make me desperate for it.”

*Oh, Christ, he liked hearing that.* The thrill of the challenge shone on Sherlock’s face as he breached John with a second and eventually a third finger. John moaned aloud, both of them watching as his cock twitched and started drooling a little pool of sticky precome into his navel.

“Now?” Sherlock asked.

“Fuck, yes.” John grabbed a condom from the nightstand without twisting his hips and rolled it onto Sherlock’s cock as quickly as possible. “Go slow and wait for me to adjust, but I swear I’m probably so keyed up at the moment I wouldn’t even care. I need your cock filling me up *right the hell now.*”

Despite Sherlock’s inexperience, he was nowhere near as awkward as some of John’s previous partners had been. Was impressively in tune with John’s body language, as a matter of fact. John found himself feeling idly grateful that “reading micro-expressions” was information Sherlock had bothered to retain instead of tossing out as irrelevant and unscientific, because *holy fucking damn.*

Sherlock did go slowly at first, lining up his cock with John’s hole and only pressing forward in micrometer-sized increments. His long fingers gripped John’s hips tightly, holding John’s body steady and providing some stability. John sighed and wriggled himself further onto Sherlock’s cock.

Sherlock sucked in a breath. “It’s still not comfortable for you,” he objected. “This is as slow as I can-”

“You’re doing fine,” John promised. “I’ll say something if it hurts - but right now, I just need you inside me. You can-”

Sherlock cut him off with a very definite thrust which seated him most of the rest of the way into John’s arse. John dragged in a breath, nearly seeing stars, but quickly wrapped his legs

around Sherlock's ribcage and dug his heels into Sherlock's scapulae. "Again," he demanded.

Sherlock did it again, a little deeper this time. Damn the man for his giant brain and his keen observational skills - two more thrusts and he was grazing John's prostate with *just* the right amount of pressure, leaving John gasping and trying very hard to remember why exactly he thought he was in charge here in the first place. Sherlock's lips twisted into something dangerously like a smug smile as he settled into his role as "best damn fuck ever."

"You've been - *oh!* - researching, haven't you?" John gasped out as his hole took the delicious pounding. *God, so precise, so controlled.* Sherlock may have claimed he was new to this, but sometime since that first kiss he'd acquired a nearly supernatural set of fucking skills. "Watching porn in the name of science?"

"Too random," Sherlock murmured from above him. In that bloody deep voice that never failed to get John a bit turned on even in totally non-sexual contexts, damn it. "I did review select portions of your browser history, though." His dextrous fingers skimmed up John's sides, settled over his nipples, plucked and tweaked in time with his thrusts, and John involuntarily arched into the touch. "Needed to see what turns you on."

"You're - *ah!* - bloody good at it."

"Of course."

Despite Sherlock's casual words, his own body language was anything but. Even through his half-gone state, John could see the telltale signs - the dilated pupils, the tight breath, the flush creeping over Sherlock's pale skin. *He's thirty goddamn seconds from coming himself.* John arched again, taking the opportunity to clench his internal muscles at the same time-

Sherlock howled and abandoned all sense of control. No attention to finesse, now - both of them were chasing that final plunge. John dug his heels in tighter, lifted his hips to meet every snap of Sherlock's, threw his head back, and just . . . let it happen. Sherlock tensed and came three or four thrusts later, a look of complete wonder on his face, and John couldn't repress a smug smile.

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"Good?"

Sherlock hummed and burrowed his nose further into John's neck.

"Further experimentation necessary?"

"Not an experiment. Not with you."

"Everything's an experiment for you, Sherlock."

"Fine, then. Best experiment I've ever done. Brilliant." Sherlock tightened an arm over John's chest. "Need to prove repeatable results. And alter the variables next time." He paused, then pulled himself up to one elbow so he could see John's face. "Do we have to wait twenty-four hours?"

John rolled his eyes. “Shut up and kiss me, you git,” he commanded. And then dragged Sherlock back down on top of him before Sherlock could ask more questions.

## Chapter End Notes

And thus finishes another Kinky First Times installment :-) If you just follow this series and aren't subscribed to my other work, I've got a bunch of fics up since the last time I put a list of links in a footnote like this - several smutty one-shots, a handful of crack fics, a few angsty pieces, and I've also started a teen!lock I'm planning to have a lot of fun with :-D

You can find me on Twitter as @wendyqualls - come say hi!

Works inspired by this one

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