

The Case of the Half-awakened Wife

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The Case of the Half-awakened Wife

by [mydogwatson](#)

Summary

John cannot sleep after the events at the airfield.

Notes

This one is going to require a little explanation. I have a set of postcards that are replicas of vintage Penguin book covers. Just before my recent trip to London [Hamlet!], I blindly selected one card for each day of the trip. Every morning in London I [again blindly] chose one card from the pile and then I would write a johnlock vignette based on the title that came up. I mailed each card to myself, every one covered with tiny print. Because it is against my religion to post a first [or second] draft, I am polishing each little story before posting. My plan is to post one a day, although I am also trying to get a novel ready to send to a publisher, so we shall see. Anyway, these are just a bit of fun and I hope you enjoy. Since this note is almost longer than the vignettes, I will now shut up.

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

John finally just gave up on the whole trying to sleep thing. Probably for the best, as he knew all too well what sort of dreams would arrive if he actually did manage to drift off. Instead, he slipped from the bed carefully and padded over to the window, twitching the shade open just a sliver so that he could look out at the emptiness of the middle-of-the-night road.

Only vaguely aware of what he was doing, John searched the pavement, the shadows and the empty doorways, not allowing himself to hope that he would spot a familiar lanky figure wrapped in a ridiculous coat lurking out there. His last sight of Sherlock had been of the other man being pushed into Mycroft's car before it sped away from the airfield.

John had wanted to jump into the car as well, wanted desperately to know what the hell was going on. But Sherlock only gave him one long, unreadable look, Mycroft waved him off disdainfully, and Mary tugged urgently at his arm, reminding him of where he belonged now.

Well, apparently he belonged here in this claustrophobic suburban bedroom and in that heavily pillowed bed with a woman he seemed to know not at all. And about whom, he feared, he was beginning to care even less. But he had made a vow to her and there was a baby coming.

However, he had also made promises [spoken aloud or otherwise] to his best friend and shouldn't those pledges count for something, too? Not to mention that a baby was not something he had planned for or even, truthfully, ever really wanted. But here he was. Where he belonged.

John Watson was pretty sure that his heart was breaking, even if it was unclear to him why. His forehead rested against the cool glass of the window as he stared at the empty road. Which seemed symbolic somehow.

Behind him, he heard the sound of Mary [or whatever the fuck her name actually was] turning over in the bed. "John," she mumbled in a voice thick with sleep. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he said flatly. Everything, he didn't say aloud.

"Come back to bed."

He took one last look up and down the road, just in case, and then he went back to bed.

#

End Notes

Title from the novel by Erle Stanley Gardner

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