

## It Started as a Problem

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# It Started as a Problem

by [fearfully\\_beautifully\\_made](#)

## Summary

All of the hints Sherlock leaves lying about finally add up for John and he has an epiphany... Sherlock Holmes wants him and what Sherlock wants, Sherlock gets.

## Notes

Once again, I must thank the lovely dreamsindigital without whom I am fairly certain this story (and subsequently series) would not have been written. She'd initially asked me to write a little fic in the "A Study in Pants" series in which John topped the hell out of Sherlock. Once that was written we started chatting and this work was born. She has been a lovely sounding board and has been so very encouraging. I plan to make this a series, tied together by a lovely, strong John mostly topping the hell out of Sherlock.

(I should probably apologize for my atrocious title, I'm truly awful at giving my works titles.)

Lastly, regrettably, I own nothing. None of these lovely characters are mine and I make no profit from these works.

Enjoy, darlings!

# Prologue

## Sherlock

*“Caring is not an advantage, Sherlock.”* Sherlock felt the mildly sickening feeling of loving something and losing it as Mycroft’s voice echoed around the caverns of his mind, filling up every space, consuming him, burning itself into every neural pathway in Sherlock’s mind before he evacuated his mind palace.

Sherlock Holmes had a bit of a dilemma. He was lying prone on the sofa, attempting to think of a solution for his conundrum but there seemed to be no answer in sight. Sherlock’s problems all stemmed from one entity and that entity’s name was John Watson. John had positively been driving Sherlock to distraction lately (if Sherlock was being honest, he had been from the moment they’d met.) As mundane and pedestrian as it was, he was hopelessly attracted to John Watson. At first it had been easy to ignore, Sherlock had thought it was just his transport rebelling and he had a lifetime of practice keeping his transport in check.

In truth, John Watson had been throwing kinks into his life from the first moment they met. He’d reminded him what it had been like to feel empathy for other people; he took the focus away from the what and pointed it at the who. That alone would normally be enough for Sherlock to ban a person from his presence or write them off as a sentimental fool. But John was no fool. And while he valued human life, he’d also been a soldier and had killed a man for Sherlock without batting an eye. John was interesting, he was a contradiction, and he was someone who Sherlock actually wanted spend time with. This would have made him the perfect flatmate were it not for the fact that John reminded him of all of his body’s primal urges he’d believed he’d conquered in his youth.

He could have continued to control his transport if not for the fact that somewhere along the way, John became someone who *mattered*. John was constancy and stability. John knew when to encourage and knew when to say enough is enough. John knew *him*. As a mental exercise (because John was attracted to Sherlock, of course he was) Sherlock had spent time contemplating what having a relationship with John Watson would actually be like.

The trouble was John Watson was a bit of a slut. Sherlock had watched him drag men and women back to the flat at all hours of the night, he’d seen the countless signs when John came back to the flat alone that he hadn’t come back unsatisfied. He’d gone out tonight for the very same purpose. John’s “relationships” never lasted very long (Sherlock recognized he was partially to blame for this) but lately John hadn’t even tried at having relationships. He just had a string of one night stands; once or twice a week he found some stranger to have sex with then never saw them again.

If Sherlock had thought it was intolerable when John had a relationship with one person who diverted his attention he now knew this was worse. It shouldn’t have been the case, it should have been easier because John went out and came back and Sherlock had him completely at his disposal after his urges had been fulfilled. But somehow it was worse, Sherlock was constantly subjected to watching John with other people (not literally, but he wasn’t the

World's only Consulting Detective for nothing) and John never approached him again after their first night at Angelo's.

Ridiculously, Sherlock longed for John to attempt to broach the subject once more, for him to ask again. But John, being the honorable, respectable man he was *respected boundaries*.

Sherlock groaned at the tedium. He'd never grasped the point boundaries or if he had, he'd long since deleted it.

He couldn't just ask John to give up sex, the man would never go for it. The obvious solution was to approach John about a relationship but the knowledge that John slept with one person after another indicated that John wouldn't want an actual relationship with him either. And on the off chance John did, Sherlock wasn't sure *he* wanted a relationship. He didn't have time to devote to anniversaries, and dinners, and dates, and all other manner of obligatory responses. How tedious.

And even if he could handle all of the banalities that went along with a relationship, how was he supposed to control his body if it became accustomed to sex all the time? Sherlock knew by nature that he had an addictive personality and sex would just be another thing to add to the list if he entered into a relationship that involved regular sex.

Before Sherlock met John he masturbated as necessary to maintain the integrity of his mind; if he went too long his mind would feel a bit foggy the way it did when he went too long without food or sleep. That had changed when he'd met John. His body had ratcheted up the number of times in demanded release and soon simply having a wank wasn't enough, he needed penetration to really feel satisfied; enter the dildo currently residing in his bedside table. It seemed his body was rebelling against his control even if he wasn't having sex with John.

And then there was the matter of Sherlock's emotional responses (he shuddered at the thought) to John's sleeping with other people. He was *jealous*. And what an ugly emotion jealousy was; Sherlock hated it, he shouldn't have to compete with strangers for John's attention. This is why Sherlock regularly ruined John's dates and called him away from them for all manner of reasons.

A case was the easiest to sell, John always wanted to come with Sherlock on cases in part because of his adrenaline addiction and in part, Sherlock suspected, because of his desire to protect Sherlock. John also genuinely liked solving crimes and mysteries, he genuinely liked helping people.

Regrettably, Sherlock had already contacted Lestrade, Dimmock, Gregson, and *Mycroft* and none of them had a case for him. He was completely disgusted with the class of criminals at the moment. Sherlock's dilemma was that he had no real excuse to call John away from his date and he was feeling particularly stropky tonight. He didn't want to share John and if there was ever a time he could be reasonable about John sleeping with a stranger tonight was not it.

The conundrum was the emergency had to be real, John wouldn't come away for just any reason and if he did come home for something that wasn't a real emergency he would be furious. A plan formed in his mind and Sherlock moved to the kitchen; he needed some

chemicals with a high flashpoint, his bunsen burner, and the handcuffs he'd nicked off Lestrade. This would work.

# Chapter 1

## John

John Watson was a man in love and everyone knew it. Every person who'd ever clapped eyes on him and Sherlock Holmes knew that John Watson was completely and totally besotted. Everyone knew that he would move heaven and earth for the man. The problem was that Sherlock Holmes was so stubbornly married to his work. It was this exact trouble that leads John Watson to the pub on Friday evening.

There are no shortage of people who would gladly sleep with John Watson; he is a skilled and considerate lover and so when John goes to the pub the question is not if he will pull someone but whom he will pull. Tonight he has his sights set on a lovely, tall brunette named Evan. Evan had been dropping hints all evening and currently has hand resting on the very top of John's thigh sliding dangerously close to a part of him that is a little too keen at the moment. That was one thing that John loved about sleeping with men as opposed to women.

While he loved a good chase where women were concerned, he loved how easy it was to know if a guy wanted to have sex; it could be so much less messy.

John reached over and brushed the dark curls back from his face and ran his thumb over his cheekbone (John had never had a type before Sherlock, but now he adored fucking or being fucked by tall brunettes with sharp cheekbones) before cupping his cheek and pressing his lips to Evan's. He barely had to touch his lips to Evan's before he had opened his mouth to allow John access, sucking at his tongue and scraping his nails down John's back. Hmmm.

A little rough sex might be nice; he let his hands slide down to grope Evan's arse and Evan groaned into his mouth. This was going swimmingly and John was thinking about asking if they should get out of here when his mobile rang.

He pulled away from his lips and glanced at the caller id, *Sherlock Holmes*. "Bloody hell." he groaned. "I'm so sorry, I have to get this."

"Are you serious?" Evan asked, looking completely befuddled.

John nodded, "Sorry."

He tipped his head at John, "Pity. I was really looking forward to a good, hard shag. I've got a bit of a thing for soldiers. Maybe another time." he winked and set off across the bar.

John gritted his teeth and picked up the phone, "This had better be bloody important."

"John, I think I've set the kitchen on fire."

"What do you mean *you think*?" John said, already grabbing his coat off the barstool and heading for the door.

"Well, I'm currently handcuffed to the bathroom sink but I smell something burning."

“You’re what?” John asked in exasperation as he flagged down a cab, he climbed in, “221 Baker Street, please” he told the cabbie, “As quickly as you can manage.” he added. “Do you want to explain to me why you are handcuffed to the fucking sink, Sherlock? Or how you’ve managed to set a fire in the kitchen when you aren’t even in the same room?”

“Well, I may have left an experiment on the bunsen burner when I went into the bathroom. While I was using the facilities I was reminded of that case we solved a few weeks ago and I wondered how difficult it could possibly be to escape handcuffs when you were in a *bathroom*. Honestly, do you know how many tools a bathroom has for picking locks? She had *hairpins* in hers for goodness sake.”

“And yet, you are still stuck handcuffed in ours.” John pointed out as he paid the cabbie and rushed into their flat. He dropped his phone as he took in the disaster that was their kitchen. The bunsen burner was indeed turned on and did indeed have some sort of concoction boiling away and creating a wretched stench; fortunately, there was no actual fire. John reached over and turned the burner off before grabbing a towel and wrapping it around whatever the (hopefully non-toxic) substance was and heaving it into the experiments side of the sink.

“Bloody hell.” John grumbled, shaking his head in dismay. This night had looked so very promising not even ten minutes ago.

With a sigh he moved toward the bathroom and gave a precursory knock before entering. Sherlock was in the bathroom sitting with his back against the sink attempting to pick the lock with what looked like a filed down toothbrush.

“What the actual fuck.” John murmured.

Sherlock looked up at him, “She had hairpins John.” he said as this explained everything.

“Right well next time, maybe you should make sure that you have hairpins before you start this mess of an experiment.”

Sherlock thunked his head back against the sink and sighed in frustration.

“Is that my toothbrush that you’ve filled down into a shiv?”

Sherlock looked down at the toothbrush in his hand and then slid his hand under his thigh, “No.”

“You’re impossible.” John groaned. “Alright, where’s the key? I’ll fetch it for you so we can get you out of those and you can clean up the bloody kitchen.”

“Well, that is slightly more problematic.” Sherlock said and John watched a blush form on his cheeks with some amusement. “When I.... borrowed these from Lestrade, he neglected to give me the key.”

“Right. So when you *stole them* from Greg you forgot to steal the key as well.” John said and he couldn’t hide his snort of amusement. He was living with a madman. And he enjoyed it.

What did that say about him?

“Perhaps you could just fetch my lock picking kit from my bedside drawer for me?” Sherlock asked with a smile that was a complete sham.

John rolled his eyes, “I’ll be right back.” He stalked out of the bathroom and down the hall into Sherlock’s room.

He pulled open the top drawer on the nightstand just as Sherlock called out, with a slight tone of panic coloring his voice, “The second drawer! Not the top drawer!”

It was too late, and John suddenly realized why his flatmate hadn’t wanted him to open the top drawer. The top drawer contained only lube and a black dildo. John felt his breath hitch as his mind was assaulted with images of Sherlock spread out on his bed fucking himself open with his fingers before pressing that dildo between his cheeks and fucking that instead. John let out a small, involuntary whimper as he stared down at these objects that the man married to his work allowed to fuck him.

“You opened the top drawer didn’t you?” Sherlock called from the bathroom sounding completely mortified.

John cleared his throat and pushed the drawer closed before he opened the second and pulled out the lock-pick kit. “No.” he called back. He willed his semi-erect penis down as he headed back to the bathroom.

“You’re a terrible liar, John.” Sherlock grumbled, looking like a petulant child where he sat on the floor and attempted to cross his arms over his chest, largely impeded by his hand being connected to the sink behind him.

“Look,” John said as he pulled out the tools to pick the lock and set to work, “There is nothing wrong with masturbation. It’s actually quite healthy, there’s nothing for you to feel ashamed about.”

“Is that your medical opinion, *doctor*?” Sherlock snarked.

“Well yes, as a matter of fact, it is.”

Sherlock huffed and glared at him, “This would be faster if you let me do it.”

John heard the tell-tale click of the spring as the handcuffs opened. “You were saying?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes and moved to stand.

“Here.” John said, reaching out to take Sherlock’s wrist in his hand, it looked rubbed raw and the doctor in John immediately set about wanting to heal him.

Sherlock flinched back away from him, and John glanced up at him, “You’re a bit jumpy tonight.” he commented as he took hold of Sherlock’s hand and inspected the wound before tutting and opening the medicine cabinet over the sink to pull out some ointment and a



bandage. John cleaned the wound diligently, carefully spread a bit of ointment, then wrapped it with the bandage.

“What’s the prognosis, Doctor? Will I need to lose the hand?” Sherlock deadpanned.

“I think you’ll pull through.” John said with a grin. “Just use something softer the next time you want to play at bondage.” he said with a wink at Sherlock, clearly the alcohol was still buzzing around in his system.

When he looked up Sherlock was staring at him with his mouth open before blinking rapidly, closing his mouth, and drawing his tongue over his bottom lip. A blush had spread across his cheeks, he cleared his throat and broke eye contact with John, stepping around him and exiting the bathroom.

“Oh come on.” John said, following him out. “It was a joke.”

Sherlock ignored him and made his way to the kitchen, looking at the mess of the kitchen table and beginning to work with some of the components once more.

John sighed, “Have it your way, then.” He moved to the fridge and pulled out a beer and went back to the living room. “May as well update my blog since tonight was ruined.”

Sherlock mumbled what sounded like “Rather the point.” under his breath.

John turned to look at Sherlock. “What did you just say?”

“Nothing.” Sherlock said quickly, looking down into the eyepiece of his microscope which didn’t have a slide on it at the present. John took it for the sign it was, when Sherlock didn’t want to talk he looked into the damn microscope regardless of whether there was a slide present or not.

John narrowed his eyes at Sherlock but walked away and sat down on the sofa and opened his laptop. The cursor blinked at him, waiting to do his bidding when a few things simultaneously occurred to John and suddenly the pieces that had been right in front of his face from the first night fell into place; Sherlock didn’t want John at the pub because he didn’t want John to sleep with other people. He’d made it clear a thousand times over with his jealous behavior whenever John so much as flirted with someone else, with the way he ruined all of John’s dates. During the Blind Banker case when John had said he was going on a date with Sarah, Sherlock had said very clearly that was what he was suggesting. He’d stolen a bloody ashtray from the Queen of England simply because John had mentioned it in passing. Just now he hadn’t been embarrassed by the thought of bondage, he’d been turned on. He’d probably manufactured this entire scenario to get John to come home and not have sex with Evan (or anyone else.).

“I’m an idiot.” John said out loud as he looked over at Sherlock where he was standing near the table with a paring knife and a carrot of all things.

“Obviously.” Sherlock said with a snort.

“You want me.” Sherlock's head snapped up to look at him then, looking completely like a deer in headlights. “You, Sherlock Holmes, *want* me, John Watson.” John said, standing up and moving toward Sherlock who backed away until he bumped into the wall, his eyes glued to John's face. John continued advancing until there was a mere six inches separating them and he could feel the heat radiating off of Sherlock's body. John lowered his voice to a sexy purr, “You do want me don't you, Sherlock?” he asked as he ran a finger down the line of buttons on Sherlock's shirt, watching his shirt rise and fall with his faster than usual breathing.

Sherlock, looking hypnotized, nodded once. John grinned and leaned in to pressed his lips to Sherlock's. This was a moment he'd only dreamt of and it felt like coming up for air. Every nerve in John's body was set aflame as he moved his lips against Sherlock's. Sherlock gasped against John's lips and John felt himself being drawn into Sherlock the way a comet was drawn in by earth's gravitational pull.

John pressed his body against Sherlock's, pinning his slender frame to the wall before linking his fingers with Sherlock's and pressing them back against the wall near Sherlock's head. Then he broke his mouth away to pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses down his neck before stopping to suck a bruise at his pulse point.

Sherlock moaned and his hips thrust up against John's instinctively. “Mmmmmh.” John groaned. “That's it.” John growled encouragingly in Sherlock's ear as Sherlock whimpered and ground his erection against John's hip, “If you wanted me, Sherlock, all you had to do was ask.” John said as he trapped both of Sherlock's wrists in one hand enabling him to move his other down to cup Sherlock's erection through his trousers. “That must be a bit uncomfortable.” John commented as he let Sherlock rut against his palm desperately for a few moments before moving his hand away to unbutton Sherlock's shirt. He took Sherlock's mouth in a possessive kiss once more.

He pried Sherlock's lips open with his tongue and thrust into Sherlock's mouth, stroking Sherlock's tongue with his own. Sherlock whimpered against his lips as John pulled the shirt out of his trousers and ran his palms up Sherlock's chest before pushing it off his shoulders.

Sherlock didn't seem to be able to stop his body from bucking against John so he stilled Sherlock's hip with his hands; John didn't want this to be over before it even began.

Sherlock whined against his mouth and his fingers clawed at John's shoulders as John moved his hands down to Sherlock's button and zip; he undid those and pushed the trousers down Sherlock's hips. He was surprised to find Sherlock wasn't wearing any pants. “No pants?” he asked.

“They ruin the line of my trousers.” Sherlock mumbled against John's lips as he squirmed the rest of the way out of his trousers and kicked them across the room.

John chuckled and his hands moved to grope that luscious behind. He cupped the firm mounds of flesh in his hands and massaged the globes, “Fuck.” John groaned, “This arse, Sherlock. The things I've want to do to it.” Sherlock ground his cock against John's trouser covered erection, wrapping his leg around John's hip to draw their groins closer together. “And now I'm going to do every single thing I've ever dreamt of to you.”

Sherlock shuddered and John slid his hands down and wrapped his hands around Sherlock's thighs before lifting both of his feet off the floor and wrapping Sherlock's legs around his waist. Sherlock went willingly with a moan, wrapping his arms loosely around John's shoulders and tipping his head back against the wall to allow John to suck more bruises into his neck.

Sherlock was a panting, writhing mess trapped between the wall and John's body. John looked down his body to see Sherlock's cock glistening between them, standing straight up against his belly. The foreskin was fully retracted, exposing Sherlock's glans positively dripping with precome.

John shifted so he could hold Sherlock's weight against the wall and run one hand over his cock. He ran the very tip of his finger up the length of Sherlock's cock and felt a whole body shudder run through Sherlock at the contact. Sherlock practically wailed against him even at such minimal contact, he was writhing so hard John had to use that hand to support Sherlock once more lest they both fall.

He bent and licked at Sherlock's collarbone before dipping his head and taking one sweet, dusky nipple into his mouth. John hadn't even sucked, his mouth just closed lightly around it when Sherlock began to beg. "John" he moaned. "Please. Oh yes. Please."

So John sucked, very lightly, at Sherlock's nipple before flicking his tongue against the pebbled flesh. Sherlock cried out and his back arched, pushing his nipple closer to John, his hands came up and tangled in John's hair and he held John tightly to his chest, clenching his legs around John's waist. John continued his ministrations listening to Sherlock mewl and cry out in ecstasy as he licked and sucked at the tender flesh.

He pulled back minutely and Sherlock gave a pitiful moan, John blew lightly across the damp nipple and watched in fascination as it puckered further. Sherlock let out a breathy moan and John couldn't help but suck his nipple back into his mouth once more, rolling his tongue around it, pressing hard to it, then flicking over it lightly and quickly.

It didn't matter what he did, Sherlock was completely and totally into it. He pressed against John, and moaned, and begged. John was quite certain he'd never seen anything quite as breathtaking as Sherlock was in this moment. Then, because John positively couldn't resist he bit down very lightly on the swollen nub of Sherlock's nipple.

"John!" Sherlock cried out, "Oh.... I.... Please!" he wailed.

John gave this nipple one more suck before licking and kissing his way up to Sherlock's collarbone. He nibbled across that, pausing to suck another bruise into his pulse point, then kissed his way down to Sherlock's other nipple. Before taking it into his mouth John licked a circle around the areola feeling the incredibly soft flesh under his tongue. He pulled back and blew lightly on this one and gooseflesh spread across Sherlock's entire chest and abdomen and his nipple puckered into a tiny, rosy bud positively begging to be ravished. "You are incredible." John whispered. Pressing a kiss to the center of Sherlock's chest. "So incredibly sensitive. You are a wonder."

Then without further ado he sucked Sherlock's nipple into his mouth. John could feel that his shirt had grown damp from where Sherlock's prick was trapped between their bodies. The fact that his cock was dripping such copious amounts of precome without even being touched was so unbelievably hot.

Sherlock was writhing against him and in his squirming he'd managed to get John's hand directly under his bum. Very gently, John pried Sherlock's buttocks apart and ran his forefinger lightly over his puckered entrance. Sherlock let out a breathy moan and begged and John stopped thinking entirely and sucked the nipple in his mouth hard before clamping his teeth down on it.

Sherlock practically screamed his name and his entire body jerked against John's as he came. His come covered both of their bodies, splashing all over Sherlock's abdomen and chest and completely covering John's shirt. John couldn't resist giving Sherlock's nipple one more loving suck and Sherlock's cock spurted a bit more come out in sympathy. John ran his tongue along Sherlock's nipple once more before pressing a chaste kiss to it.

When John looked up Sherlock had his face covered with his palms, "Did you really come just from me sucking on your nipples?" John asked with a grin.

Sherlock dropped his legs from around John's waist to the floor. "Yes." he groaned, "My nipples are incredibly sensitive. I'm so sorry."

John pried Sherlock's hands from his eyes, "That is the most ridiculously hot thing I have ever seen." He rubbed his hands up over Sherlock's abdomen and circled his nipples with his thumbs simply for the pleasure of watching Sherlock shudder.

"Do you think so?" Sherlock asked sounding small and insecure.

"Yes." John said as he leaned forward and captured Sherlock's lips in a kiss once more. He ran his fingers through Sherlock's curls and traced paths down his gorgeous neck, Sherlock was perfect. Kissing Sherlock was something that John didn't think he would ever get tired of, so as Sherlock came down from his orgasm John continued to snog him. He stroked Sherlock's tongue with his own and sucked and nipped at Sherlock's lips and Sherlock continued to whimper under him. Sherlock's whimpers did nothing but fuel John's lust and when Sherlock reached down and rubbed at John's cock through his trousers John almost came.

He spun Sherlock around and pinned him to the wall, sucking bruising kisses to Sherlock's neck and shoulders, coloring his alabaster skin red everywhere his mouth went. "Spread your legs, Sherlock."

Sherlock moaned and immediately obeyed. John wiped Sherlock's release from his stomach and spread it between his thighs and buttocks before unzipping his fly. "Thighs back together, darling." John said as he thrust his engorged prick between Sherlock's thighs and began to rut against him.

John pinned Sherlock's hands to the wall above his head with his own and Sherlock let out a moan like he was going to come all over again. "Do you like that, Sherlock? Do you like the

feel of my fat cock rubbing against you, the way it brushes your perineum and nudges at your balls?” John groaned and nipped at Sherlock’s shoulders.

“Yes.” Sherlock groaned and thrust back against John, squeezing his thighs together more tightly, clamping down around John’s cock.

“I’m going to come on you, Sherlock. Is that what you want?” John asked as he let one hand slide down Sherlock’s body and slip around his chest to tweak his nipples.

Sherlock whined and squirmed against him, “Yes, John. Fuck. Yes.”

John let his hands slip down to rub at Sherlock’s strong thighs and he started sliding them back up his abdomen when he brushed against Sherlock’s erection. “Fuck, Sherlock.” John said, grasping his hard length in his hand. “What’s this, then? Have I gotten you that worked up, love? Do you want to come again?”

Sherlock moaned and nodded, “Please.”

John spread some of the precome along the tip of Sherlock’s cock before stroking him firmly, “So wet for me, already.” John murmured. Leaning up to nip at Sherlock’s ear. “Your cock is leaking for me, that’s so perfect, Sherlock. You are a fucking dream, aren’t you?”

Sherlock started working his hips in a counter motion between thrusting forward into John’s fist and rocking back against John’s cock. “Mmmh. Yes.” John murmured, “That’s it, Sherlock. Fuck my fist. Are you going to come for me?” John asked before biting down on the flesh of Sherlock’s shoulder.

“John!” Sherlock groaned again as his cock pulsed in John’s fist and he came again, far less explosively this time but his body shuddered just as convulsively.

“Good boy.” John cooed as he stroked Sherlock through his orgasm. When Sherlock caught his breath he consciously clenched down around John’s cock and with a groan John was coming, too, painting Sherlock’s balls and the wall with his release.

When John’s cock stopped pulsing he turned Sherlock around again and pressed gentle, sweet kisses to his collarbones, up his neck, and then to those soft lips.

After a moment Sherlock pulled away and John opened his eyes to see Sherlock staring at him with tears shining on his eyelashes. “Don’t.” he said softly, shaking his head as he pushed at John’s chest to get him to step back. Taken aback, John moved out of Sherlock’s space and Sherlock fled to his room, leaving his clothes where they lie on the floor and shouting, “Delete it.” before slamming the door.

John stared at the wall he’d just had Sherlock pinned to, now covered in come and looked down at his clothes also covered in Sherlock’s come. How had this just happened? How had they been finally, *finally* culminating their relationship only to have Sherlock disappear without a word? What the fuck.

John ran his hands through his hair and stomped up the stairs to his room. *Delete it.* Not bloody likely. First thing tomorrow, he and Sherlock were having a long chat.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

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

#### Sherlock

Sherlock had a secret stash of cigarettes. It had been hidden in the floorboards under his bed since he had moved into Baker Street, there had been plenty of times when he had been tempted to pull them out and smoke a few but he'd never given in. He didn't really need them, most of the time he needed to throw a tantrum and have John pay attention to him.

But, oh, he needed them tonight. He'd sat on the floor in the corner of his room for the past hour and a half chain smoking one cigarette after another, lighting each in turn with the one he'd finished before it wishing it were something stronger. *Danger Night* Mycroft's voice rang in his mind. Yes, tonight was a *Danger Night*, Sherlock thought vindictively at the Mycroft in his head as he inhaled the tar and nicotine wishing it were something that would take him away from this world and into another.

The night of The Woman's death hadn't been, not really. But tonight, when he and John had been on the precipice of changing the entire nature of their relationship, when John had flayed him open with his eyes and with his words, this was a *Danger Night*.

Sherlock took another drag of what had to be his tenth cigarette, he was starting to feel a bit nauseous. This was more than a bit not good. He let his head fall back against the wall and berated himself, *Stupid. Stupid.* He should never have let it get this far. He should have remained married to his work. He should never have tricked John into coming home tonight. His ruse had been stupid and transparent, transparent enough that even *John* saw through it. He'd known better than to let John have intercourse of some variety with him.

Sex was going to ruin everything.

He closed his eyes and let his head drop forward onto his knees, once his eyes closed his mind was filled with images of John:

*The way John's eyes had closed in bliss as he suckled on Sherlock's nipples. The feel of his calloused hands stroking Sherlock's thighs as he pinned him to the wall. The way the muscles bunched in John's broad shoulders as he held Sherlock in place. The hint of a finger finally brushing against his anus and lighting him on fire. The feeling of being trapped and held together as he fell apart. The way his cock had thickened again so quickly after he'd just come. The feeling of John's cock thrusting between his thighs, against that sensitive strip of flesh no one else had ever touched.*

Sherlock groaned. This was unacceptable; completely unacceptable. He needed something to do with his mind that wasn't John. He stood up and stomped over to his dresser and pulled out a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt to put on before snatching his phone off the dresser and texting Lestrade.

*I need a case. Now. -SH*

**I don't have anything you'd be interested in. Additionally, it's 3 in the morning.**

*Yet you're still awake. Clearly there's a case stumping you. Give it to me. -SH*

**It's a robbery turned homicide, Sherlock. It's cut and dry.**

*What's the address? -SH*

*Your staff is incompetent. They've probably missed something. -SH*

**Bloody hell. We're doing fine. Go pester John.**

Sherlock groaned and tossed the phone down onto the bed then flopped down himself, covering his eyes with his arm. This was intolerable. A few seconds later he heard a knock at the door. He held his breath and hoped that John would go away, he wasn't ready for this conversation.

"I know you're awake." John shouted through the door. "I can hear you stomping around and grumbling all the way upstairs. Open up." After another moment of silence John sighed audibly and opened the door himself.

Sherlock uncovered his eyes to look at John, he looked as miserable as Sherlock felt. His pajamas were wrinkled from tossing and turning, his hair was mussed and out of place, and he had miniscule bags forming under his eyes.

John walked over to the bed, "Budge over." he said shoving at Sherlock's hip.

Sherlock shifted so he was lying on the right side of his bed. John settled next to him on his side staring at Sherlock. Sherlock turned his head to face John, and took in John's face from this close up, studied the wrinkles at the corners of John's eyes, catalogued the different shades of blues and greys in his eyes, the way his hair faded from blond to grey.

"Look, I'm sorry." John said. "I shouldn't have sprung that on you. I should have had better self-control. We should have had a conversation about having sex before we just did it."

Sherlock scoffed, "That wouldn't have helped."

"Talk to me, then. Tell me what's going on in that brilliant mind of yours. Tell me what you need." John said.

"I don't have anything to say." Sherlock said with a sniff.

"Ha bloody ha. You always have something to say. You told me when we first met you'd go for days on end without talking but you're always talking, even when I'm not here." John said shaking his head. When Sherlock said nothing John sighed, "Fine, I'll just kiss you again, then. I may not be as brilliant as you Sherlock but I know when someone wants me and when I want them."



“Don’t.” Sherlock said, it felt like he was stabbing himself in the chest but it had to be said.

“Don’t what?” John said exasperated. “You said that before you ran off to your room, what does that mean Sherlock? Don’t kiss you? Don’t touch you? Don’t hold you? Don’t tell you I want you?”

“Yes!” Sherlock exploded. “Don’t kiss me, don’t touch me, don’t hold me, don’t tell me what you want, don’t tell me what I want. Not if you’re going to touch me, and kiss me, and hold me, and *want* me tonight and pretend it never happened tomorrow. Don’t do any of those things if you are ever going to stop doing them.”

John frowned at him, his brow furrowed, a wrinkle forming between his eyebrows in his confusion, “Why would I pretend this hadn’t happened in the morning?”

“Because it’s what you do!” Sherlock exclaimed. “How many people have you slept with and then forgotten about their entire existence the next day, John? How should I know why you do it?”

John eyes softened. “You’re an idiot.” He cupped Sherlock’s cheek in his palm. “I’m in love with you, you git. I have been for years. That’s why no other relationship lasts, because you are the only one I want to have a relationship with.”

Sherlock blinked at him, trying to process John’s words, “Say it again.”

John grinned at him, “You’re an idiot.” John giggled and Sherlock couldn’t help the grin that tipped up the corners of his lips in response. John brushed his curls back and Sherlock felt a bit like a cat as his head pressed itself into John’s hand seemingly of its own accord. “I love you, you madman.” John whispered before pressing his lips to Sherlock’s.

Sherlock sighed, the kiss felt like coming home; he wrapped his arms around John’s shoulders and pulled him closer, pressing the length of his body against John’s. John’s fingers tangled in Sherlock’s hair, tugging gently at his locks making Sherlock groan.

John pressed Sherlock onto his back and straddled his hips, grinning down at him, “You are so incredibly responsive.”

“Sorry.” Sherlock said, feeling a blush staining his cheeks. He really was ridiculously sensitive, it was part of the reason he’d avoided relationships for so long. It would be easy to exploit his transport’s weakness and he’d never trusted anyone to hold this much power over him.

“No need to be sorry. You’re perfect.” John said, pressing his lips to Sherlock’s once more, “We are going to have so much fun with this.”

Sherlock shivered as John ran his hands up under Sherlock’s shirt across his ribs and abdomen. Then he leaned down and spoke into Sherlock’s ear, “Just imagine how perfect our lives are going to be now, Sherlock.” He ran his tongue around the shell of Sherlock’s ear and breathed hotly on it before continuing, “We’ll go take down criminals and solve crimes by day and come home and fuck like bunnies at night.” he nipped at Sherlock’s earlobe and

Sherlock reached up to wrap his arms around John, sliding his hands under John's pajama shirt and rubbing the smooth skin he found there.

John hummed and began kissing Sherlock's neck again, Sherlock arched off the bed and turned his head to the side to give John more room, feeling slightly breathless.

John started talking again, "You have no idea the plans I have for you, Sherlock. You've never felt anything as amazing as the sex we're going to have, I promise you that."

"John." Sherlock groaned, tugging at his shirt, "Get your clothes off. I want to see you."

John sat up and grinned down at him as he pulled his shirt off over his head, "Admit it, you just want to see the scar."

Sherlock glared at him, although in truth, he was very curious about John's scar. He could learn so much about the bullet trajectory, the distance the shooter had been from John, what kind of gun it had been, and all sorts of other information.

"It's fine." John said with a chuckle when Sherlock looked up, sure his eyes were pleading with John to let him investigate. John moved so he wasn't straddling Sherlock's hips and let him up to look.

Sherlock reached out to touch it but hesitated. "It's fine." John assured him, "You won't hurt me."

Reassured, Sherlock ran his fingers over the skin gently but instead of having deductions fill his mind as he'd expected he was filled with a dull sort of ache that John had been hurt in the first place. His chest felt a bit tight at the thought that he and John might have never met if the shooter had been a hair more accurate.

"It's alright." John said softly, taking Sherlock's fingers in his and pressing a kiss to his knuckles. John always read him so much better than he anticipated; he was so much more observant than Sherlock gave him credit for. "I'm fine, I'm here. And really, if I hadn't been shot I might never have met you in the first place, so let's call it a blessing, yes?"

Sherlock nodded and looked up at John. His eyes were soft and warm, his hair was dishevelled, and he was absolutely perfect. Sherlock took a mental picture of this moment to store away in his mind palace. "What have you done to me, John Watson?" Sherlock asked. "You've turned me into a sentimental sod."

John grinned and pulled Sherlock's shirt up over his head before tugging at his pajama bottoms and laying Sherlock out bare before him. "Let's see what else I can do to you." he said with a wink as he stripped out of his own pajama bottoms and pants. He crawled in between Sherlock's thighs and pressed kisses starting at the inside of his knee all the way up to the crease of his groin.

Sherlock's cock was fully aroused once again, lying flat against his belly and dripping pre-ejaculate into the trail of hair under his belly button. John licked at the tip of Sherlock's cock before taking hold of the shaft with his left hand and sucking the head into his mouth. He

flicked his tongue along the underside of Sherlock's cock and Sherlock bucked up into his mouth unintentionally.

John pinned his hips down with his free hand and ran his tongue in one long stripe from the base of Sherlock's cock to the tip before lowering his head between Sherlock's thighs and sucking one of his balls into his mouth. Sherlock gasped at the sensation and his head flew back as his fingers wrapped themselves in John's hair.

John pulled away and grinned up at him, "So, the question is how would you like to come tonight?"

"I want you to fuck me." Sherlock said quickly.

"On your hands and knees, then, my love." John said with a predatory grin.

Sherlock groaned and obeyed, exposing himself to John's gaze. John ran his fingertips down Sherlock's back, lighting fire to the skin he touched before spreading Sherlock's thighs a bit.

"You're fucking stunning." John murmured. He cupped Sherlock's buttocks in his palms and massaged gently before prying them apart to look at Sherlock's puckered hole.

Sherlock groaned and felt his cock dribble precome unto the bed at being so obscenely exposed to John's gaze. His balls were throbbing, drawn up high and tight to his body. John rubbed his thumb teasingly over Sherlock's flesh before he bent down and licked a stripe up the cleft of Sherlock's arse.

Sherlock gasped at the sensation, it was filthy and completely amazing. "Uhhhhn." he groaned.

John chuckled as he leaned back in and breathed hotly over Sherlock's exposed flesh. "Is this what you want?" he asked as he flicked his tongue teasingly against Sherlock's entrance before pressing more firmly to the muscles keeping his hole clenched tightly shut.

This was not an activity that had ever occurred to Sherlock, he'd never really thought people might enjoy this sort of thing but he'd been so incredibly wrong. He whined as John pointed his tongue and prodded directly against his hole.

Sherlock could help but spread his legs further to give John better access. John pulled back and rubbed at Sherlock's entrance with sure fingers, "That's it, love." he murmured. "Just relax, I'm going to make this feel so good."

Then his lips were back at Sherlock's entrance pressing a kiss to the flesh there before John sucked at the rim.

Sherlock let out a sob, his body shuddered and for a moment he worried he would come before John even got inside him. "Please!" he begged. "Please, John. Fuck me. Please."

"Beg for mercy twice." John murmured under his breath. "Ha." John pulled back and lube slicked fingers were at Sherlock's entrance once more, rubbing before one of his fingers

breached him. Sherlock clenched down instinctively around the intrusion, welcome though it may have been. John's thicker digits felt so different from his own.

John rubbed his back soothingly, "It's alright, love. Just relax. You're doing so well. So perfect, so good for me." John murmured as he began thrusting gently in and out. "Take a deep breath."

Sherlock obliged and felt his muscles give way as he relaxed.

"Fuck." John hissed. "That's it." He pressed kisses to Sherlock's back and shoulders before sucking a bruise at the center of his spine. "That's perfect, Sherlock. You're perfect." he encouraged as he slipped another finger inside.

Sherlock groaned and felt his body thrust back toward John in search of more.

"Good boy." John murmured. Then he tilted his fingers down and brushed Sherlock's prostate and Sherlock almost lost it right then and there.

"Please." Sherlock gasped. "Do it again."

He chuckled as he rubbed his prostate once again, "One of the many benefits of bugging a doctor."

John slipped a third finger in and Sherlock hardly noticed. Sherlock wailed John's name, not even entirely sure what he was asking for at this point, only hoping that John would discern his meaning as he always did.

John pressed a kiss to Sherlock's neck, "Just a little more. No one wants this to be painful. I believe I promised quite the opposite, in fact."

Sherlock groaned and rocked his hips back against John's fingers, "Please, John." he moaned, "I can't, I'm going to come."

John stilled Sherlock's thrusting hips, "No you're not." he said calmly and firmly. "You're not going to come until I tell you. Do I make myself clear?"

Sherlock groaned and nodded his head against his pillow.

"Good boy." John said as he withdrew his fingers. "On your back, love."

Sherlock shook his head and remained where he was. He wasn't going to say it, but he couldn't look at John right now. If he did he'd fall apart completely, not only physical sense but in an emotional one as well.

"Sherlock." John said firmly, his voice rumbling with authority. "I want to see your face." He said and Sherlock shivered, unable to resist the commanding tone in John's voice. Sherlock flopped over onto his back but kept eyes firmly shut.

John brushed the curls that were sticking to his face back, "Look at me, Sherlock."

Sherlock groaned and opened his eyes, John hummed with approval and pressed his lips to Sherlock's. When he broke away Sherlock asked, "So are you going to fuck me or not?"

John growled and nipped at Sherlock's ear, "Of course I am. Where are your condoms?"

Sherlock snorted, "Why would I have condoms? I've never had any need for them. It's fine, John. We don't need them."

John pulled back and looked down at Sherlock, "We absolutely do."

"I was tested after I stopped doing drugs and you're tested every three months; both of us are clean."

"It's a little weird that you know I get tested every three months." Sherlock merely shrugged. "But if you know that, you know I haven't been tested in two and a half months."

"As if that matters, John. You are meticulous about protection, you *always* wear a condom."

"How do you... Nevermind, I don't think I want to know."

Sherlock huffed, "Honestly, John. It's not a hard deduction. I haven't been spying on you, if that's what you were concerned about. You're a doctor with trust issues. As a doctor you know the risks involved with unprotected sex and the sometimes ghastly consequences, as a person with trust issues you aren't just going to believe someone when they say they don't have any communicable diseases."

John sighed, "That may be true, but I'm not putting you at risk until we know I'm clean."

Sherlock groaned, "Fine! If we hadn't started this argument in the first place you'd already have gotten out of bed to fetch the condom and you'd probably be fucking me by now!"

Sherlock shoved John out of the bed, "Your wallet's in the living room, and since you went to the pub tonight I know there's a condom at the ready in there. Go get it."

John shook his head, "Bossy bastard." he grumbled as he went to the living room.

Sherlock reached down and languidly began stroking his cock, which was painfully hard as he waited for John to get back.

John came back in a moment later and slapped Sherlock's hand away from his cock. "Maybe we should think about tying those hands up since you can't resist touching yourself." he admonished.

Sherlock's cock gave a twitch and he felt a bit of come drip from the head of his cock as he groaned.

John raised an eyebrow at him, "You'll be the death of me." Then he leaned forward and lapped at Sherlock's right nipple and Sherlock arched off the bed as shocks traveled down his body, making his balls clench.

“John.” he panted. “Fuck. If you want to fuck me before I orgasm, you’re going to need to not touch my nipples.”

John pulled back with a grin, “I just can’t help myself. You’re so fucking sexy.” John wiggled a pillow under Sherlock’s hips before his fingers were pushing back at Sherlock’s entrance once more, making sure he was still loose and prepared.

“John!” Sherlock moaned as his back arched and he reached up to grab the headboard for leverage to thrust down on John’s fingers. “Please. Fuck. Me” Sherlock groaned out between clenched teeth. “How many times do I have to ask?”

John kissed him again and Sherlock heard the condom wrapper get torn open, he looked down and watched as John rolled it over his penis before stroking himself perfunctorily with lube. “Yes.” Sherlock hissed as John led the head of his cock to Sherlock’s body and pressed it against his entrance.

“Is this what you want?” John asked as he rubbed at Sherlock’s hole with his cock. “Do you want me to push my thick cock into that perfect, beautiful hole, Sherlock?”

Sherlock groaned and nodded his head, trying to push his own body down on John’s cock and failing.

“What was that, love? I’m afraid I couldn’t hear you.” John teased as he bent down and sucked at one of Sherlock’s nipples.

“Ahhhh.” Sherlock gasped as he arched, his body taut as a bow. “Yes. John, please I want your cock. I want you to fuck me. Please.”

“Good boy.” John said as he slowly pressed the head of his cock into Sherlock’s body.

Sherlock gasped as he was breached. It was more painful than he’d anticipated. Pain sizzled down his spine and his body clenched down on the intrusion, making it sting worse.

“Sherlock.” John’s voice rang through the fog the sensations left in his brain, “Sherlock. Open your eyes. Look at me.” John commanded.

Sherlock obeyed because he had little choice, he could sooner ignore his own body’s needs than he could John’s voice; the fog faded a bit as he looked at John and he came a bit further out of his own head. Trust John to know he’d been retreating to his mind.

“Good. Let’s keep you out of your own head and out here with me, yeah?” John said when Sherlock made eye contact. “Just relax, love.” John soothed. “Deep breath, and bear down a bit.”

Sherlock did as John bid and he felt the head of John’s cock ease past the tight ring of his muscles. “That’s it.” John encouraged, “Good boy.” John leaned in and kissed Sherlock. “I need you to keep your eyes open. Keep looking at me, yes?”

Sherlock nodded.

“Good.” John said again. He kissed Sherlock again, distracting him from the bit of discomfort with the slide of his tongue against Sherlock’s lower lip and then his tongue.

Sherlock sighed into the kiss and felt his body relax further, his cock perking back up after a moment. “You can move now.” Sherlock said against John’s lips, feeling a bit ridiculous, like some stereotypical blushing virgin.

“Hush.” John chastised, nipping at Sherlock’s lower lip. “Stop trying to control everything. I’ve got this. I’ve got you. Alright?”

Sherlock bit his lip but nodded.

John reached down and stroked Sherlock’s cock a bit, not firmly enough for him to be in danger of ejaculating, just enough to send sparks of warmth tingling through Sherlock’s groin causing his anus to clench and unclench unconsciously around John’s cock.

John dropped his head forward onto Sherlock’s shoulder. “Fuck, Sherlock. You’re so fucking tight. You feel so amazing.”

Sherlock whimpered as John slowly began to press forward again. John looked up at him, continuing to stroke his cock. “That’s so good, Sherlock.” John murmured as Sherlock laid beneath him panting and writhing. “You’re doing so well, so brilliant. I love you.”

“Please.” Sherlock whispered and a moment later he felt John bottom out, his hips pressed tightly against Sherlock’s arse.

Both of them stilled and stared at each other. The moment felt completely surreal and somehow, even though Sherlock had been begging and pleading through the entire thing, he couldn’t quite believe John Watson was inside his body. “You’re inside me.” he stated dumbly.

“Excellent deduction.” John quipped with a grin. He reached up and pinned Sherlock’s hands to the bed beside his head and pressed his lips to Sherlock’s.

For some reason, being unable to move his hands filled Sherlock with a ridiculous amount of lust and the uncontrollable urge to rut against John. He wrapped his legs around John’s hips and ground his erection against him, “I’m going to need you to fuck me now, John.”

John rocked out of him and then pushed back in, still a good deal more slowly than Sherlock would have liked. “You are the least patient person I have ever met.” John said as Sherlock continued to thrust back against John.

John let go of Sherlock’s hands and unhooked Sherlock’s legs from around his hips before putting them over his shoulders and bending Sherlock in half. “Hmmmm. Flexible, too.” John said with a grin, he leaned in and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s lips.

Then he snapped his hips forward and Sherlock’s vision literally went black, “Fuuuuuck.” Sherlock moaned, “Yes. Do that again. Please, John.”

John obliged him, snapping his hips hard against Sherlock and Sherlock reached back to grasp the headboard and pushed down against John's cock.

"That's it, Sherlock." John groaned. "So good, for me." Then before Sherlock even realized what was happening, John had reached down and wrapped his hand around Sherlock's cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts. "Are you going to come for me again, love?" he growled as he tightened his grip and stroked from root to tip, adding a twist when he reached the head. "Come on, Sherlock. I need to feel it, I need to feel the way your greedy little hole clenches down around me when you come, the way it'll flutter around me and try to hold me inside of you."

Sherlock was so far gone he couldn't form words as John continued to pound into him, prodding Sherlock's prostate with every thrust. He was completely incoherent, even to his own ears as he moaned and babbled, the only word he could ever make out was John's name.

"Yes." John groaned as Sherlock's hole began to clench and his balls drew up tighter to his body, pulsing slightly. "So perfect, Sherlock." John leaned in and pressed his mouth against Sherlock, less in a kiss and more as another point of contact between the two of them because Sherlock couldn't have been coordinated enough to kiss John right now if a gun had been pressed to his head. John pressed kisses to Sherlock's jaw and licked a broad stripe up the side of Sherlock's neck before nibbling at Sherlock's earlobe. Sherlock shuddered under the assault. "Come for me, Sherlock." John whispered.

Sherlock's entire body tensed, every muscle held completely rigid for one moment before he came and every muscle released. His cock spurted over John's hand, splattering both of their chests with his ejaculate. His arse clenched down around John's cock and he felt John thrust once more before his cock pulsed inside of him. John moaned out Sherlock's name and stilled above him.

A few moments later John pulled out of Sherlock and eased his legs off his shoulders before tying off the condom and tossing it into the garbage can. Once that was completed John turned and pressed soft kisses to his cheeks and forehead and nose before brushing his lips back and forth across Sherlock's. "Alright, love?" he asked softly.

Sherlock nodded, but in all honesty his chest felt too tight and his heart felt like it was hammering against his rib cage, his throat felt raw, and he almost couldn't breathe. The corners of his eyes felt wet. *Tears*. His brain supplied.

Uggh. This couldn't be happening to him. Why was he crying? John wiped at the corners of Sherlock's eyes with his fingers and pressed a few kisses there. Sherlock felt his breath stutter in his chest, "Of all the times for you to pick to be observant, why now?" Sherlock grumbled as he opened his eyes to look at John. "I don't know why I'm crying."

John was hovering over him propped up on his forearms, his expression warm and open as though he wasn't at all traumatized by what was happening to Sherlock's body. "It's fine." John said with a chuckle. "I dated a girl at Uni who cried every time we had sex. I thought I was doing something wrong, I worked really hard at pleasuring her I did *research* to make sure I was doing everything I could to ensure the sex was fantastic. Turned out I was researching the wrong thing, the harder I tried the harder she cried. Research shows that



crying during or after sex is not uncommon; it's chalked up to the release of chemicals in your body or to the openness and vulnerability. When you give up control and really let someone in, your body and mind sometimes give up their hold on your other emotions, too, and anything you've been holding onto gets let go of. You'd be surprised how many blokes I slept with in the army who cried during and after sex. As long as nothing's wrong, I don't mind a few tears." John kissed Sherlock firmly on the lips, "You're not the first person to cry in my bed but I do hope you'll be the last."

Sherlock spluttered out a surprised laugh, "That was a terrible line, John. Even for you."

"But it made you smile." John said with a wink. He pressed his lips to Sherlock's gently over and over; soft, sweet pecks that made Sherlock feel as though his insides had turned into a puddle of goo.

When John pulled away and brushed Sherlock's curls out of his face Sherlock opened one eye to glare at him, "You've completely rotted my brain."

John laughed, "You'll be fine, I promise." he pressed one more kiss to Sherlock's lips and moved to get out of the bed.

"Where are you going?" Sherlock asked with a tinge of panic in his voice.

John smiled at him, "Just getting a flannel, love. I'll be right back."

He slipped out of the room and Sherlock released the breath he'd been holding in a huff.

Ridiculous. He was being ridiculous. Even if John did choose to go it would be fine, there was no reason to get so worked up. It was just his hormone addled brain talking, he reassured himself.

John was back a moment later and he wiped the ejaculate off of Sherlock's chest and stomach before gently wiping between Sherlock's legs, "You'll be a bit sore tomorrow, I imagine."

Sherlock shrugged, "I'm sure I'll manage."

John tossed the flannel into the corner of the room, "Budge over. Are you always this much of a bed pig?" he asked as he climbed into bed beside Sherlock and pulled up the covers.

Sherlock huffed, "Well, it is my bed afterall."

"Nope." John said as he pulled Sherlock into his arms. "Our bed. I'm afraid you're quite stuck with me now."

Sherlock sighed and snuggled back into John's arms, pressing his back firmly against John's front. "I think I can live with that."

That's the end of the first installment of this series. I truly hoped you enjoyed it.  
Comments and concrit are always welcome and encouraged, even. :)  
If you have any ideas that you would love to see written for these lovely boys, feel free  
to contact me.

Blessings. <3

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