Behind Closed Doors
by EchoSilverWolf

Summary

Descriptive visual of what goes on behind closed doors in 221b

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Sherlock is laid out, long and elegant for him against cerulean linens. Endless ivory legs trembling and spread wide. A downy pillow beneath his hips.

He teases, with feather soft kitten licks, around his lover's entrance. The heady scent of sex and sweat kindling his own desire, as he flattens his tongue and presses with more urgency against a quivering and slowly relaxing hole.

Sherlock’s muffled moans fill the quiet and his stuttering hips push back in need against an eager mouth. Long, elegant fingers grappling for purchase and twisting, white knuckled, into silky sheets.

John continues to work him open, gently but without mercy, revelling in the stifled mewing cries Sherlock is trying desperately to control - head turned slightly into the pillow behind his dark curls. Each small gasp and shudder goes straight to John's aching cock, hanging hard and heavy between his bare thighs.

His quicksilver tongue circling and pressing harder, with more intent at each pass, until he is able to slip just inside. Softly twisting, dipping in and retreating. Sherlock’s erection, flushed and firm,
laying flat against auburn curls.

He looks up and dark ocean blue eyes meet ethereal blue-green, almost grey, ones. He watches the storm growing behind them. Those eyes are mesmerizing, stunning, gorgeous and ever changing as the man himself. Right now they are barely halos around widened pupils, watching John's every move. Flashing with desire and love; rolling backward at each thrust of John's tongue. John knows he is cataloguing, saving each movement, each sound, each breath. Filing it away somewhere to be remembered later.

Without slowing his oral assault, he runs one hand steadily up an alabaster thigh, feeling the bristle of each fine hair against his palm until he reaches an angular jut of hip.

Grasping it possessively for but a moment before moving into a swatch of coarse reddish hair. Up further into the concave dip at his partner's navel. Splaying fingers tenderly across soft belly skin, before dragging short nails down, not hard enough to hurt, but enough to mark. To own. Smiling at the sharp intake of air from above.

He allows his hand, finally, to glide over the glistening tip of Sherlock's arousal. Running a finger through the slickness there, before sliding oh so slowly down its length.

The man above is unable to hold back a full body shudder and guttural moan, as he thrusts his pelvis involuntarily against the heat and pressure of John's hand. It forces his tongue deeper and John can feel each tiny spasm of muscle gripping him as he twists and circles it as deeply as he can before withdrawing just to plunge it back again with fervor. Short fingers encircle his lover's cock as he begins a steady, unhurried stroke.

Sliding out of the tight heat, to the sound of a desperate whine, he laves his tongue gently, lovingly, across the now loosened entrance, once, twice, before sitting back on his heels.

Heavy breathing and of a bottle clicking are the only sounds echoing in the moonlit room.

Then he is lowering himself down again between long legs, a slick finger probing where a tongue had been. Pressing, gently, firmly, before slipping inside. He takes his time, twisting until he finds it, brushing the pad of his finger against the nerves that arch Sherlock up off the bed with a strangled cry. He tenderly eases those hips back down onto the pillow, before a second digit slides in, moving, in and out - buried deep, repeatedly passing lightly over that sensitive spot. His own neglected cock throbbing, rutting into the mattress, with each buck of pale hips, each breathy moan.

Keeping a steady rhythm with his fingers he inches forward enough to lick along the crease between thigh and groin, eliciting another gasp from his wrecked and desperate partner.

He gives him a few quicker, firmer strokes before lowering his mouth over the length of him. Tasting the bitter salt of desire. Lolling his tongue along the underside with just the right amount of pressure.

Hands and mouth working simultaneously, have Sherlock bucking into his mouth wildly. Needy desperate sounds from above hitting a higher, frenzied pitch have John frotting violently into the mattress. Mouth, tongue and fingers fucking, licking, sucking until Sherlock arches up, muscles clamping down on fingers, and with a long keening moan, he is coming hot and pulsing down John's throat. Two, three more thrusts into the bedsheets and John is following.

Sweaty and breathless he rolls onto his back, catching his breath as the mattress dips beside him and a long pale arm drapes across his chest, dark curls resting against his shoulder. A long lithe
body curled next to him. For several long moments they lay there in silence, breathing and heartbeats slowing in the afterglow.

Just as sleep begins to drag him under, warm breath is in John's ear, a deep and softly whispered “I love you”.

End Notes

Betaed by the lovely Englandwouldfalljohn(theladyamalthea)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!