Innana

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Summary

For in the darkening pupils of Sherlock’s moonlight eyes are etched seven year's worth of longing, love, faith, vulnerability and submission...everything that he is willing to give him at his beck and call. Everything that a man desires and some more. It is the same look that John Watson has denied witnessing all along, if only for the safety of his heart and soul.

Sherlock Holmes is in need of therapy. A different kind of therapy. He explores his sexuality and his potential for romance in a hot, kinky, adventurous journey.

Notes

Hey guys, this happens to be my very first work in English and my virgin attempt at smut. And English is not my first language. So, bear with me if and when I make mistakes. Happy reading!

***** There are some explicit BDSM scenes depicted in the story, therefore I kindly request you to stay away from it if such things put you off. But if you are the daring kind, please buckle up and take the ride. It's hot and kinky and a bit angsty.
The day I first met Doctor John Watson, I was at 221B, Baker Street; the flat he shares with the world's only consulting detective; Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I was seated on a chair, the doctor's daughter of one year and one month on my lap. Rosie Watson was a delightful bundle of cuteness, blonde curls, soft, pink chubby cheeks and clear blue eyes with a light tinge of gold. I almost missed his arrival, as I was so engrossed with little Watson's toddler charms, wise blabbering and the soft caress of her chubby little fingers on my face, who, for some unfathomable reason that is peculiar to one year olds, took to liking me, to the extent that she has preferred my company over that of the Consulting Detective; her usual companion, caretaker and babysitter, very much to the dismay of the said gentleman, whose tall, lanky and graceful figure was perched on the chair across mine, wearing a look of mild interest which was blended with like doses of annoyance and jealousy with which he regarded the scene that was unfolding before him. The doctor looked from the morose look of his flatmate to the rapturous one of his daughter, and took in the stream of nonsensical sweet nothings I was pouring in her toddler ears, and the enthusiastic responses of joyful squeals and giggles they were receiving, which was, John Watson correctly deduced, the source of Sherlock Holmes's annoyance.

"Oh! Hello?"

It is difficult to assume whether it was a greeting or a question, but one could immediately sense the hesitation and the careful manner of the utterance. I chose to greet back. Sherlock Holmes tensed up the slightest bit, and made no attempt to introduce me to the faithful blogger. Rosie's attention immediately flew to her father. She started wiggling on my lap, putting up her hands to him in clear invitation, and addressed him "da!", to which he complied by promptly taking the baby away and gathering her in his arms with a sigh of relief. Well, was he overprotective and wasn't that embarrassing. I felt like a kidnapper.

Doctor Watson, as open as he is to the human emotions, and as innately kind and gentlemanlike as he was, spotted the unease and politely smiled at me. He cleared his throat once, and asked "client?", nodding his head once, in the general direction of Sherlock Holmes. It was kind of funny to see the two middle aged gentlemen playing a game of who best avoids eye contact.

"C-client yes," Sherlock Holmes blurted out, didn't make any attempt to verify which one of us was. It is an ethic of my profession to guard the privacy of our clients so I was not offended in the slightest. People had been assuming that their relationship was not quiet platonic, them being two bachelors, who have been solving crimes together and sharing a flat for the better part of the last decade, and are raising a baby girl together. However, my short encounter made it quite evident to me that two men could not be more farther apart, from the cautious manner in which they regarded each other, hushed and polite tones with which they addressed each other, the religious way in which they avoided each other's eyes, stepping around each other with utmost respect to each other's space. Clearly, these two gentlemen are not in terms of sharing each other's secrets of a very private nature. The silence in the little flat grew intolerable. Even Rosie made no noise.

John Watson knows his flatmate has a secret, and would not inquire about it, and if he is hurt by the fact that Sherlock Holmes; his partner would not let him in on it, he does not show it. Sherlock Holmes knows he's hurt, and feels guilty, but would not disclose his secret to Doctor Watson.

"And she is about to leave, aren't you Miss Innana?" Sherlock Holmes blurted. He couldn't have been more obvious if he lifted me up and threw me out the threshold over the staircase.

That is clearly not going to bode well for you, Mister Holmes.

"Yes, thank you Mr. Holmes" I muttered pointedly at him, and nodding at the doctor, I hastily
withdrew from 221B Baker Street.
The door to my basement creaks on its hinges when I open it. I'm wearing my military fatigues, because he informed earlier that he prefers me in them during one of our online chat sessions, which I always do as a background check, before the actual session begins.

He stands in the middle of the semi dark room, the only source of light being the single lamp above his head. It's a silent tropical November evening. And yet, he is immaculately dressed in his primly tailored posh boy attire. I see his aubergine shirt beneath the dark coat, punctuating the marble smoothness of his lithe neck illuminated by the night light above his open collar.

He looks at me, taking me in, in the way that only the world's only consulting detective could. His gaze is, needless to say, a bit unnerving, I wouldn't want to be at the receiving end of it if I were a culprit of a crime. His cold, steel eyes rove over my thin, short yet athletic physique, sultry tan complexion of us South Asians, dark hair gathered at the back of my head in a tight knot and concealed by my beret. My features unremarkable and slight. Of course I do have big boobs. I am proud of them. But he doesn't even seem to notice anything remarkable about them either.

I've gathered during my background study from various resources, that he is suspected to be asexual. If that is the case, why did he volunteer for recreational scolding from a pro-domme?

He smiles in greeting. A very fake smile. His face softens with it but his eyes don't. The fake sweetness was grudgingly alluring.

"Good evening, Miss Innana! " his baritone voice rumbles.

Charming. Reserved. Posh.

As if he doesn't know he's going to get ravished presently.

"You are dressed as if u are to dine with the queen at the Buckingham palace"

"Oh, I only wore a bedsheet to the Buckingham palace "he deadpans.

"So I have read in doctor Watson's blog " I rejoin.

He smiles. A genuine one. I chuckle.

What the hell is wrong with me. Of course he knows I'm an amateur, but still!

I should not be chuckling. I should be looking, ahem, intimidating. I pull myself together, and draw myself to my full height, (which is as good as that of a hobbit), and assume a military stance. "You know I'm going to remove those cloths anyway"

He chuckles.

"And Sherlock, you are not allowed to chuckle...", thus I start reciting the code of behaviour I require from him, when he is in subspace. He listens attentively, and yet, there is a mischievous twinkle somewhere behind his solemn demeanour, making me uncomfortably aware of my inferiority to him, in both physical and cerebral strengths. The way he holds himself is a silent warning.
Make me obey. Or I will rebel.
I swallow hard.

"Right. Go on. Remove your clothes and stand near that wall, facing me, and assume position "

"What if I don't? "
My jaw drops in an unguarded moment, seeing my nightmare of mere seconds ago materialising.
"That a challenge, Sherlock? "
He doesn't answer.
"You forget that you are a thousand kilometres away from your London, and deep within my territory " I counter.
"And you assumed I came unguarded ?"
"I assumed that you wouldn't want to let the 'British government' know that you have developed a craving for 'recreational scolding. "

He scoffs.

"You hired a rookie, an Asian and an unremarkable little woman because you wanted to be discrete. Nobody knows you are here. And you would tear your tongue out before telling your flatmate , so there you are. You are very much at my mercy Mr. Holmes" I assure him.

"You know that I am stronger than you, and that I can overpower you with so much as my thumb. And if I suddenly change my mind about letting you 'scold' me, I would just shackle you to the wall, and leave you here to rot, for all I care"

Valid point. There's no malice in his matter of fact voice. Which was, dangerous. And instead of walking towards the wall at the back, he walks towards me, and looms over me.

Like a bloody giant.

And thus he stirres the untamed animal in me who feeds on adrenaline . Perhaps that was his intention all alone.

Like the genius that he is.

My eyes suddenly flare up with a predatory hell-fire. I pull out my gun almost reflexively , and draw the butt smoothly over his cheek. "I may look like a kitten but I do have claws", I purr.

He smiles like the sphinx.

"You forget that I am here on my own accord"
Right. Don't fail to make me sound like an idiot, you genius bastard! I put the gun back in the holster.
"Then why don't you stop with the nuisance and remove your clothes? I hate repeating myself . By the way, leave the pants on while you are at it. " I tell him.

I could have worded that in a different manner . I should have worded that in a different manner. A more commanding manner. But I'm sure my voice is stern enough.

Military training has its perks. He seems to have thing for commanding voices after all.
To my relief, he complies without further hesitance.
I feel accomplished, after scoring one point over my soon to be sub in our small foreplay of assuming
who the Lord of the manor is.

I have seen many a man and women undress for me in my day. And yet, I have to admit that there's a certain gracefulness in the way he moves, a certain appeal in the vulnerability creeping into his eyes with each item of clothe that he removes, with each inch of skin that he exposes. He stands in front of me, hands on either side of his body, his supple skin over hard muscles as smooth and as strong as a marble Grecian statue, his elegant head adorned with those soft raven curls and he looks like a Botticelli come alive, his eyes hooded with a weak glow of a heat yet to rise. An angry purple scar of a bullet wound on his abdomen. Below that, a trail of light wispy hair runs down and disappear into his sleek, tight, black pants.

He walks obediently to the wall. That is when I spot the scars across his back. "No stranger to pain, I see"

He turns on his heals. "Problem?"

"How familiar are you with pleasure, Mr.Holmes? "

Botticelli's transforms into an Enigmatic Monalisa.

Never mind. You'll tell me eventually .

He waits till I secure him to the hooks on the wall with chains running through his chest and around his wrists and ankles.

"Safeword, Sherlock?"

The things that we have discussed during the online chat sessions.

"Hamish"

"Hmm" I nod.

"Why are you here on your own accord, Sherlock? "

"Oh. You are stressed", instead of answering me, he states. Here we go. He's about to deduce me within an inch of my life, if what's recorded in Dr. Watson's accounts are true. "You have problems at work because you can't stand your superior officer, because he is a prat. Oh, and you have an upcoming exam and you are not studying. Instead, you have been lounging around the whole day trying to conjure up various sexual fantasies ....about...me?" He finishes with a question to which he knows the answer, and looks ever so smug.

"Right. Thank you Mr.Holmes. If you want to impress me, tell me something that I don't know. Tell me why, as inexperienced as you are said to be in "sex", why you would choose to be introduced to the topic in the hard way "

"Oh God! Why am I surrounded with dumb idiots who want me to explain everything to them from A to Z. Didn't I make it clear to you yet that I am not here for small talk?" He glares daggers at me.

The bloody cheek of him! Being all chained up and completely at my mercy, yet calls me a dumb idiot?

"Are you deliberately trying to provoke me? Aren't you craving for punishment ? "

"Good. You are scintillating this evening, Madame "

Ok. That's enough of it. Let's get down to business that I'm being paid for.

Thwak!

I slap him very very hard across his cheek. The wiry strength of my small hand must have taken him by surprise.

"keeping silence in the right moment is also wisdom, Sherlock "

He doesn't look chastised at all.

"I feel like using a ball gag. But I wouldn't want to miss the fun of making u scream while I am punishing you."

An amused little crinkle appears at the corners of his eyes, despite the fact that he now sports a red
mark of my hand on his left cheek.

"Does that amuse you? Hmmm? " I ask him thoughtfully. "You have decided to come here in the first place, and you are trying to provoke me right now, because you are a hopeless painslut Sherlock, you belong to the kind of bitches who feed on adrenaline and endorphine. Because, despite your false 'posh-boy front' and alleged virginity, you are a WHORE! You crave to be humiliated. To be toyed. To be used. To be fucked. Don't you, Sherlock Holmes, hmmm? " I ask him, keeping his gaze imprisoned with mine, while running a finger through his bare chest. And I revel in the impact my dirty talk has made on him. His pupils dilate into tiny saucers, turning the colorless eyes into twin pools of gathering darkness.

"I asked you a question and I need a verbal response." I tell him.

"Yes," his response comes in a considerably low key.

Yet another slap on the same cheek, giving the pale skin a heated crimson glow. Adorable, really. "Yes Who?"
"Yes, Madame " he corrects himself.
"Right. Remember, slut, you forget instructions, then you learn them the hard way."
"Yes Madame "

Sounds obedient. Well, that was easy. Is that suspicious?

Not much, judging by the look he gives me under his long lashes. He really is moving into subspace, giving himself finally into a subconscious pull that has been lurking within him for a long long time.

I contemplate, looking into his eyes. They are still unreachable. Unfathomable. There's something else Sherlock. Something which I can't quite put my finger into, yet. Something which runs deeper. Something closer to your heart. I know that it exists somewhere there, unknown but present. A persistent, living, pulsing desire of unknown origins.

It would be wonderful to take you apart.

I pull out the black silk cloth from my trouser pocket and start running it oh so softly over his chest. It tickles him. His eyelids flutter, but he doesn't dare close them. He doesn't seem to like the idea of not keeping all his faculties alert and ready.

Then I blindfold him. I know he doesn't feel comfortable, deprived from one of his keenest faculties of observation.
"Do you trust me Sherlock?"
"I want to....madam"

That was honest. Honesty is just as important as trust so I'm satisfied with what I heard.

"Relax"

He does the exact opposite and tenses up.

"Oh pet, tut tut, we can't go on if you are strung up like a wire on a guitar. what's the use of being tense. I mean, I'm gonna torture you anyway."
To Burn You

Then comes a bottle of massage oil out of my trouser pocket. Sherlock sniffs. Where one faculty of sense is cut down, he has grown keener on the other senses. "Do you like the smell, pet?" I ask him. He nods and quickly adds "Yes Madame."

I pour the oil on my palm, and lather it. Then I start running my hands in slow rhythm all over his bare chest. He starts relaxing into the touch, so when my fingers reach his throat, he slowly throws his head back and offers his neck to my touch. My fingers rub the back of his ears and a low moan escapes before he checks himself.

Erogenous zone then. I keep rubbing my fingers there for a while but he doesn't loose his control again. I try a different tactic. I take my hands off him, let him be for full five seconds and rub my thumbs hard on his nipples. His breath hitches. My fingers continue playing on the pink nubs, squeezing them between my thumb and forefinger, pulling them and rubbing circles over them until they are erect, hard and sensitive and I watch him purse his lips very hard to stop any kind of sound escaping through them.

I pour more oil onto my palm and my hands reach for his concave belly in slow, erotic movements. His lips, swollen and red by his worrying, hang open in a gasp when my hand moves down the path of hair below his belly button towards the hem of his pants and I notice a very distinct bulge inside them. His hips buck forward craving for a touch that he is yet to earn. Instead, I kneel before him, the growing bulge inside his pants inches from my face, and my touch trails up and down along his inner thighs, making gooseflesh break on his skin and this time, he shatters into a moan.

The dark spot on his pants and the musky smell of sex emanating from him are so tempting, I can't resist the urge to bite his erection through the soft material of his pants, hard enough to make him groan in surprise.

I stand. "Pleasure, Sherlock...." I whisper into his ear. He gasps when warm breath touches his ear lobe. "What do you say when I pleasure you, pet?"

"Thank you, Madame " he breathes.

"My pleasure " I tell him. "And this is only the beginning of it pet."

Thus saying, I leave him for the moment.

Time to break his relaxed erotic stupor. He starts when he hears a match strike from the other side of the room, and asks "What- what's happening Madame ?" when he smells the candle burning.

"I'm going to burn you!" I tell him.

He is positively alarmed. I see the muscles in his arms strain and veins bulge, when he makes a poor attempt at freeing himself from the fetters.

"Relax, pet." I tell him.

I set the candles on the oriental mantle next to him. Illuminated by the light of a dozen of red candles, he looks ethereal. He looks like a sacrifice on an altar for an ancient mythical goddess of an unknown desert land. Pure, virginal, beautiful, panting with fearful anticipation and novel desire.
"I'm going to teach you," I tell him, walking up towards him, "of the contrasting forces of nature."

Unbeknownst to him, I hold an ice cube in my palm, which I rub through the hard pink nub of his nipple and he gasps loudly at the sudden change of heat. "I thought you said you were going to burn me" he says.

"So I said. It's one and the same thing, pet. Ice and fire. Darkness and light. Pleasure and pain. Nature. You can't control it. No matter how hard you try, some day, you are going to have to succumb to its power. Stop denying it pet. Succumb to it."

He's attentively listening now.

I put the cube of ice in my mouth, let it sit on my tongue for a brief moment, and then attack his mouth with my own. The beginning of the kiss was forcible, but his lips, soft but hard at the same time, part immediately and he starts kissing me back with a fervour not less than mine, and we play a small game of pushing the cube of ice into each other's mouths with our tongues until it melts. I draw back, and watch him pant through kiss swollen lips, parted and slack. Then I take a candle in my hand, with its pool of melted wax, and hold it above him. Then with a flick of my hand, the wax fall on to his belly. It was so sudden and unexpected that he fails to make a sound, even of surprise. His mouth hangs open. The wax, hot to heat his skin and give him pain, but not too hot to actually burn him, cools in crimson streaks on his belly.

I put another cube of ice in my mouth and run it along his throat. He whimpers.

The next time I pour the wax on his belly he knows what's coming. A gasp of pain escape his mouth. I rub ice on his other nipple. He shivers.

Then Wax on his shoulder blades. He groans. He is a man who is used to deduce whatever happens next. Thus the element of surprise itself is a surprise to him. So I allow him no time to deduce, and surprise him as much as I can with the switching of cold and hot. Ice on his belly button. His abs twitch. Wax on his thigh. He gasps in pain. "Are you enjoying it Sherlock?"

"Yes ma'am" he pants. His pants are tented with the pole of his erection, leaving me with no doubt at all as to the truth of his response. "Do u want more?"

"Yes. Please ma'am" he whines.

I slowly remove his pants, and his erection pops out. A breath that he was holding escapes in a sigh of relief.

"Do you want me to touch your cock, pet?"

"Yes! Please Madame!!" he says.

"Not yet. You have to earn it pet. I'm sure you will"

I loosen the chains a bit, and turn him to face the wall.

"I like your arse, pet. For a lanky one like you, its surprisingly lush." I knead his arse cheeks and he succumbs into the pleasure, loudly moaning in unguarded want. I force my thumbs between the crack of his cheeks and he whimpers. He makes loud obscene noises that he may have never thought he was capable of making, when my fingers furtively rub his perinium. His beautiful mouth is opened in a perfect "oh". I can't resist kissing him then, claiming his mouth with the assault of my
tongue. He complies with ardour.
"You are so good for me pet. " I tell him.
I smack his ass hard in quick succession, until the smarting of my own palm grows a bit too unbearable to carry on further, enough to make his skin sensitive and beautifully marked. He jumps when I start running a cube of ice slowly and smoothly over the reddened, thoroughly smacked skin on his arse cheeks and I know it stings. I keep at it until his heated up skin melts the ice completely, him making small, whimpering noises all the while.

"Ready Sherlock?"
"Yes" he breathes.
I smack his ass. Reminder. Discipline.
"Yes ma'am" he corrects, then groans at the stream of hot wax I pour along his back. The crimson streaks of hot wax upon his pink and marble skin are so aesthetically pleasing that I step back to admire the view to my heart's content for a moment or two.
He listens, trying to understand the cause of the sudden, total silence.
"You are so beautiful Sherlock, hasn't anybody told you that before?"
He is silent for two seconds before he remembers that his Dom requires a verbal response when a question is being asked, and answers in dissent, coupled with a respectful "Madame". He's a good boy, a fast learner and I tell him so. He stammers a "Thank you Madame" almost inaudibly.

"You are beautiful! I affirm him yet again, "and no one has ever seen you this beautiful and this vulnerable, none but me." My fingers run along his flanks. He sighs with pleasure.
"There's a pool of red hot wax here Sherlock, do you want me to continue burning you pet?"
"Do whatever you wish, madame" he rasps. I reach up and lick his earlobe in hot, wet licks, and start to fuck his ear with my tongue. He inclines his head and moans.
"Where do you like the wax next, my slut?" I breathe into his ear.

"On my ass...Burn me there please" he pleads.
I am a generous Dom after all. Now that the cold of the ice has faded away and his ass cheeks are perfectly over sensitive, why hold back?
I take two candles on both my hands and flip the wax over his ass.
His head falls back and he groans.
"Turn, whore. Face me." I command. He obeys.

A fine sweat has broken all over his body and he glistens in gold and red in the flicker of the candle lights. His face, a mask of pleasure, pain, anticipation of fear and desire. Oh fuck, Sherlock! If you knew the power you have over me at this moment! You could make me march into my own death with a simple plea.
Instead, you have given up yourself to me.

"Didn't I tell you that you are a hopeless painslut Sherlock?" I ask him. "Yes..yes ma'am"

"So, let's take it to the next level" I tell him.

My fingers ghost down his pleasure trail and reach the hem of his pants. Then I tug them down,
freeing his painfully erect cock with its weeping, swollen, purple head, and the breath he has been holding leaves him in a whimper.

"What do we say now, slut? Now that I have granted you a reward you owe me something" It must be phenomenal that Sherlock Holmes takes more than sixty seconds to gather his wits to make a simple appropriate utterance.

He finally stammers "Thank you", cautiously and doubtfully, then sighs in relief once he gets to know that I am satisfied.

He jumps when my fingers circle his cock and gasps with pleasure with each stroke with which I bring him to fullness, and squirms when I secure his erection with a cock ring.

I collect the hot wax pooling on the candle between my thumb and forefinger, and touch his bollocks with them.

"Aaargh!" He screams.

"Like it?"

He is stunned and does not answer. I repeat the waxing. He screams louder.

"Do you want to safe word, slut?" I ask him. He shakes his head "no" vigorously.

"Good slut. That's my good pet." I take wax onto my fingers again, and then touch the dripping eye of his cock.

He screams bloody murder and tries to double over, and the chains strain his arms, directing his pain elsewhere from his cock.

He whimpers with alarmed anticipation. The fact that he knows I'm going to pour wax over the most sensitive part of his body does not really prepare him for the pain any better. His scream ends in a sob.

"More, Sherlock?"

"Yes, please" he sobs.

He isn't one to give up on a game halfway

I flip the candles making the hot wax fall on his cock and he starts crying unashamedly.

"More, slut?" I ask him, grabbing a handful of his hair in a tight grasp.

I thought he'd beg for mercy, but the man took me by surprise saying "yes" and nodding his head to punctuate it.

He did sound a bit insane though. Maybe it's time to retreat.

"That's enough of it Sherlock, You did wonderful, my brave pet" I remove the black silken blindfold; wet with his tears.

His eyes are almost colorless and glassy, moist and heated. His curls are damp with sweat and glistening. He drops his head and is visibly shaking. He looks at me pleadingly through his lashes and I can't do but kiss him.
He melts into the kiss and moans his pleasure into my mouth. His mouth pliant, wet and hot.

"But I'm not done with you yet, pet. I'm gonna break you. I'm gonna fucking break you like a sea wave upon a beach"
Take your breath away

Chapter Notes

It's my birthdayyyyy!
And loads and loads of love to u wonderful people who have left me kudos and comments! Your remarks mean the world to me. I can't even imagine people actually read my utter depravity, let alone imagining I could ever entertain you.
Love ya'll!

"I'm going to remove your restraints now, pet." I tell Sherlock and he nods once.
"Yes, Madame " he rasps.
Once the support from the chains are withdrawn, his knees buckle, yet he valiantly manages to keep himself from falling.
I am about to ask "can you walk?" before I check myself. I am the Dom for God's sake, I have to command him!
Pull yourself together, Innana.

"Walk to that table and lie on it Sherlock. Face down"

He listens attentively, his head dropped, lashes drooping, few people have made me so hot, wet and sticky down south as this man in his subspace does.
Got a bit carried away there now, didn't you?
He lies down, cringing at the contact with hard, cold, metal surface.
The fact that there is a fine layer of massage oil lathered on his skin, making it easier for me to remove the candle wax , doesn't make the process any tolerable for his hyper-sensitized skin. He yelps and groans all the way through it but doesn't complain, yet he loses it when I flip him and remove the thick crust of wax from his cock.
"Awwwe It hurts!" he cries, then an undignified sob escapes him.
"Hurting you was the intention ." I brush his lush lips with a feather soft touch of mine. His hands hold on to the edges of the table in an iron grip, making his knuckles white. I wait until the agony of the tortured cock settles into a bearable sensation of burn and then move on, murmering soft praises in his ear all the while as to how beautiful he is and how amazingly brave he is being. And I lick and nibble every bit of skin that is exposed with each removed layer of wax. His sensitive skin sings with the twin sensations of pleasure and agony. His eyes are squeezed shut and a few drops of tears escape the eyelids to run down his temples and get trapped in his curls which are already slick with sweat.
I swollow hard.
"Sherlock?"
"Hmmm?" Etiquette forgotten.

For once I don't really mind. For God's sake I'm handling a virgin, and he is learning his first lesson of sex in the most intense way possible and yet he is receiving pleasure and returning me delight in the most unimaginably wonderful manner possible, I will be ungrateful to complain.

I am a lucky girl.

I have the most delectable man laid down on a table in front of me, solely for me.
Vulnerable, inexperienced, so responsive for me and utterly utterly beautiful in almost an otherworldly manner. And I am getting paid for this. What the heck. "Open your eyes for me pet." He does. "I sometimes wonder, Sherlock...." I start, then my jaws drop to the floor. I mean, what colour are those eyes? In the dim light his irises glimmer in almost all the hues between silver to blue. A speck of green here, and golden brown there, Verdigris swirl around those pupils, dilated into darkness of a mysterious sky on a moonless night. And their gaze hold mine. My heart stops. Literally.

"Fuck "I mutter under my breath. "What have the world been doing until I found you? " I ask him. "No, the question was rhetorical, you don't have to answer."

I lick his chest in hard, long, wet swipes and am elated by the moans of pleasure I'm drawing from him. Then I move on to rub and smack his inner thighs, tantalizingly close to his cock, which lies erect, with pre-cum glistening on its head. He bites his underlip, trying very very hard not to squirm or to buck his hips in search of contact. "My point is this, Sherlock. You are too gorgeous and wonderfully responsive to be left unfucked! You should have been made the country-whore and forced to kneel in the town square, naked and filthy and dirty like the fucking whore that you are and made to serve the entire community. "

It was a delight to watch the impact of humiliating dirty talk have on him. His breath hitches in his throat. "Would you like to do that, my little slut?"

"If...if u wish so" he stammers. A witty answer, for someone who is sporting a painful erection and a silicon cock ring tightened around it. Impressive.

And he watches me intently.

Him watching me from beneath his long, dark eye lashes, with the fear, lust and anticipation etched in his gaze, and to have suddenly become the centre of his adoration is so surreal that I feel my heart clench and knees weaken, I have to climb up on the table and straddle him. I rub my groin over his thigh, an almost subconscious surrender to the attention my vagina had been craving for a long time now, with its sticky juice overflowing in animalistic heat. Even through the hard material of the combat trousers and the fabric of my cotton undies, the contact makes me moan. The impact of the evidence of his Dom's pleasure on him is instantaneous. He moans back with ardour and throws back his head, opening that endless stretch of ivory throat to me. It makes me squirm with lust. Blood lust! I must be growing fangs. I lunge forward with a feral growl to close my mouth on the side of his neck and suck hard. A low keening noise escapes from him. "You're mine Sherlock "I whisper against the blood red mark I made. "Yours," he affirms, in a broken rasp, "um yours".

"Yes, you-are-my-whore-im-sharingyou-with-None"I groan back, nibbling and laving the same spot between each word I utter, and I lift my head just in time to see his eyes roll back into his head before they flutter close. I grasp a handful of his hair in my hand and steady him.

Then I bare my teeth and bite him. The salty taste of sweat suddenly changes into the coppery tang of blood and I hear his groan as if
from far away. I suck the wound, tasting his blood, and with each lick of my tongue, with each bit of
his blood I taste, my sanity melts into a burning, wet, liquid mess and pools in my groin.
He draws his knees towards himself and I'm thrown up and forward, placing me on his rock hard
errection, and he starts rutting and humping wildly. Neither of us are quiet conscious of the brutal
strength with which he is holding onto my biceps.

Oh fuck!

Oh fuuuuck!
All it took was a single moment of abandon and I loose control over my sub.
Damn you, Innana! Shame on you if you disappoint him now.
Not him.
Not now.
"SHERLOCK!"
His eyes widden and his grip loosened. I manage to pull my hand down, and i close my fingers
under his jaws and fasten them. "You can't touch your Dom unless you are ordered to do so, you
filthy whore" I sneer down at the man who is suddenly aware of the strangling and looks panicked,
and he quickly draws his hand away as if he has recieved an electric shock.
But I don't stop strangling for another couple of heartbeats. "Sorry...I'm Sorry Madame "he croaks,
but his hands do not move from where they are hanging from either side of his table, nor does his
body move. He just keeps looking at me pleadingly like a deer caught on headlight.
I take my hand away. He heaves a breath in.

"I'm going to punish you for your misdemeanour ,you filthy slut." I tell him.
"Yes..yes please!"he begs.
Fuck !
So much seduction in a single plead for punishment?
His tortured voice is crumpled velvet! Heated, melted, stirred chocolate! Liquid sex! And how can it
be fair that a poor Dom like me has to remain sane in the face of this all? Bloody unfair, like,
pleeeeeeese Sherlock, don't torture me!

I climb down from the table and he looks bereft at the loss of contact that his hand almost move to
stop me, to hold me there. Then he remembers, and clenches his fist, his eyes following my every
move. "D..don't leave , please I.", he swallows, the earlier pressure on his throat making it difficult
for him to talk. "I'll be... good for you, Madame " the effort makes him cough and heave dryly.
As if I can leave.
As if he doesn't know that he draws me like a bloody magnet.
I pretend to consider his request.

My man.
My slave.
My toy.
My own aphrodisiac.

What possessed me when I signed that contract with him prohibiting any kind of vaginal penetration?
Gay, he said.
Doesn't wish for any further involvement, physical or emotional, because he doesn't require any
complication in his life, they put him off, he said. I agreed. But now, all I want to do is to ride that
cock like crazy and come again and again and again and again till I fucking die impaled upon his
cock.
Or make him a sacrifice on my altar.
Both the prospects are good. And the second one is not covered in the contract and I guess I am free to act on the notion.
"Fine" I tell him, and he sighs in relief. "But don't be sure that you are not going to regret your request when I am finished with punishing you."

I take his long disregarded erection in my hand and circle my fingers around it. He yelps, and stops breathing completely. His irises are two tiny saucers of wonder and shock and lust.
"Pet, breathe."
He tries.
"Because you are gonna need your oxygen"
He exhales in a whoosh.
I caress his erection. He feels like an iron rod clad in velvet under my fingers. I stroke him steadily, just hard enough to take him to the edge and soft enough to torture him. He whimpers. I palm the weeping head of his cock. "Stop squirming" I bark at him, and slap his inner thighs. I see he tries.
"Like it Sherlock?"
"Ith.......s haaaaaaaanh...inhense"
Did he just lisp?
Is there a limit to your adorability, Sherlock???
I smile at him.
"You didn't feel intensity yet, my pet"
I alternate between strong speedy strokes and soft slow caresses, thumbing the precum at intervals. His thighs twitch and his abdominal muscles clench. "Oohhhhh please!" He ends in a gasped plea.
"Please what, Sherlock?"
"Please.."
He sobs.
"Please what, Sherlock, ask for what you want."
"I.."
He watches me, lost to coherent thought.
"Yes?" I prompt him, inclining my head to fuck his belly button with my tongue. He throws back his head, and screams in throes of sexual abandon.
"Demand what you want my baby boy, or you are not getting anything."

"I...want...release, please..."

I start stroking him seriously, urgently, "You are allowed to cum sherlock. Cum for me"

And while my right hand is working to bring him over the edge, my left hand close around his neck and I strangle him, a momentary cut of oxygen flow to his brain.

And he shatters beneath me.

Literally.

His cum hits my belly where I'm bending over him. I let go of him. For a moment he looks unconscious, his eyes feverish and aftershocks of his orgasm wracks his form. I climb onto the table and gather him in my arms, rocking him gently, "breathe, Sherlock, breathe for me...I got you. I got you..."
A silent tear falls from his open yet unseeing eyes.
"John?" He says.
"John"
He cries.
"Shhhhh I got you" I tell him.
No I haven't.
Daddy me baby

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

Guys. Thank you for enjoying. And if it is not asking for too much, leave a comment too. Since it is my very first attempt at fanfiction, your comments mean so much to me. Love you!

The tropical sea is a massive, breathing, pulsing, thriving living being, in this hour of gathering twilight, beneath the dark pink and coppery gold hues of the sky. Far away in the horizon, where it shares an eternal kiss with the edge of the sky, the ocean is deeper and calmer and content. But here, it is a wholly different story. Here, the ocean cries in passionate upheavals, roars and wails in discontent; a frustrated, wild creature which throws itself upon the sandy beaches and shatters into pieces like Crystal mirrors on a rock; its own power, a self destructive force.

Seated across me, in a private balcony overlooking the sea, in the hotel room that I have booked for our second appointment, my client; Sherlock Holmes watches the ocean with fascination. He sips the cup of coffee that I have offered him in a leisurely manner. The only clue which gives away the excitement of having his dominatrix next to him is the way he avoids eye contact with me. His blush is almost imperceptible in the pink evening glow.

"Why here?" He breaks the silence.

"Change of setting. Lest we might get bored" I tell him.

The hour is warm. He has rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt up to his elbows and the first three buttons are opened, revealing way too much skin, and the spares hairs on his chest.

"Judging by the data I gathered from our last session, I don't think you are about to get bored of me in a short two weeks time and as for myself, I think you are rather...interesting. I like the way you do what you do." He says. Wow! A complement!! And he steals a shy glance at my countenance from beneath his lashes.

This is the virgin who let me deflower him two weeks ago. This handsome, beautiful, genius specimen of human being who is mine for the night. I gulp the sip of coffee audibly as breath leaves me momentarily.

"Rather romantic, don't you think?" I blurt out.

Shut up Innana! Shame on you!! Since when have you started discussing romance with your clients? Worse, with Sherlock Holmes, who is reputed to not know what on earth romance is, even if it is shoved in his face.

True to this reputation, he rolls his eyes, thinking that I cannot see him doing it.

"Sentiment, Madame? Really?" He asks with as much abhorrence as he would ask about the plague. Sentiment.

We both are aware of its presence, even if it is not regarding each other. But we don't bring up the fact that I had to helplessly listen to him crying for "john", feeling like none in the world but a hopeless voeyer, witnessing the intensity with which he bared his soul and left that bleeding, hurting wound of the innermost part of his soul open. Coupled with the hallucinogenic effect of the erotic
asphyxiation with which I brought him to climax, it is good to imagine that he does not remember any of the things he uttered during the sub drop. Most of the subs don't. But Sherlock Holmes is not most of the subs. However it is healthier for my peace of mind to imagine that Sherlock is no exception, for obviously, although I have managed to have his body surrendered, conquering the loyalty of his mind is still a far far cry for me. Proof that I am a failure at dominating him, no matter what I have achieved thus far.

"Sentiment?" I say dismissively. "You pay me too handsomely for me to be sentimental."

My words immediately put him at ease. He looks at me, and watches as a slow sweet smile spreads through my face. He knows the sadist hidden behind the sweetness, and his eyes harden and darken. He starts watching me with the same fascination with which he watched the sea moments ago.

"Innana."

His voice is a low rumble, and under the table, I squeeze my thighs together.

"Name derived from the Mesopotamian goddess of sensuality and war. Interesting pseudonym. Suits you."

Oh! Ohh! It took me some time to realize his game. Unlike the last time that he tried to piss me off, he is trying seduction.

"Alrighty then, inside?" I tell him.

I stand and offer him my hand. He takes it in his, and holds it there, suavely disarming as a lover in a silent era movie.

Once inside, he takes his surroundings in. The rose petals scattered on the luxurious bed, the neon red lights, the wine in the basket on the nightstand. A honeymoon suite.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" I ask him dreamily.

"Why...what?" His brow furrows and he watches me suspiciously. "You have something hidden in the washroom and You mean to make fun of me, with whatever you have in there and therefore I object to it."

"I'm not asking you how you do it Sherlock but yes, yes and no You can't. Follow me" He follows me to the bathroom, grudgingly. I hand him a beautifully wrapped parcel that I've kept there.

He takes it into his hands, tentatively, and shakes it twice.

"Clothes. Soft materials."

He tears the wrapping open and takes out...

"Lace. Lingerie. You are going to wear them for me, Sherlock. Because tonight you are gonna role play as my sweet little baby girl"

"I'm 'Not' doing this"

"Yes You are"

"I agreed to be punished, not to be ridiculed, Miss Innana, and therefore I'm definitely not going to do -"

"Shut up." I say sharply.

He does.

"If you don't remember that you agreed to role playing during our sessions, do read the contract again without being a complete disappointment, you mumbling little idiot, because you have already earned your punishment of twenty spanks across your bum for the disobedience, even before we have started our foreplay, and if I hear anything else akin to disobedience from you, I'm gonna parade you in the local streets wearing that. I'm gonna hate you for it because you are mine, and showing your skin to the public is the last thing I want to do. And therefore I'm gonna torture you till I ruin you with pain and you'll wish you have never ever met me when I am finished with that." I huff a breath.

"Would you ever learn that threatening me cannot get you anywhere, Miss Innana?"

"They were not threats, Mr.Holmes. They were promises." I run my index finger across the bite
mark on his neck, which is healing, leaving a beautiful red mark in its stead. A subtle reminder of the
hold I have on him, bound or otherwise.
"Be my girl?" He stands frozen, processing.
I turn on my heals and leave the bathroom. I have a role to play too. And I need to get ready. "Oh,
by the way, if you need any help with the make up I'll help you, Mr.Holmes. But I'm sure you are a
better hand at disguise. Doctor Watson's blog says you have done all these before so don't play coy
with me. " I call out, while changing into the attire of a gentleman. I wouldn't need make up. My
features are sharp enough to look like a passable tomboy.
I hear him grunt.
I chuckle.
"The game is afoot, Holmes. Don't chicken out"
"Shut up"
"Thirty spanks"
Time passes by and I'm not the most patient of humans.
"Holmes. The more time you take to get ready, the longer will I draw your torment. And that is also
a promise.I need you out in ten"
I drop into the couch and glower at the bathroom door.
It opens.
"Holy Molly "I mutter under my breath.
The creature that stands near the bathroom door is exquisite. Mouthwateringly exquisite. Holy fuck!
The red corset and the panties cling to his beautiful ivory body as if they are meant to be nowhere
else in the world but right there. Then he lifts his head and looks at me, challenge in his eyes. And
even as I watch, the challenging gaze morphs into one of innocent petulance. He doesn't look like a
drag queen, a cross dresser or a transvestite. He looks so naturally in character. A lady. My heart
skips a couple of beats and I remind myself to breathe. "Stand in front of me." I almost stammer.
He drops his gaze, and moves to the place I point with my hand.
"Kneel, baby girl"
He complies. Elegantly.
Fuck me sideways if I have ever moved with that much of feminine grace in my whole existence.
The tight bust of the corset even shows a slight cleavage.
"Good. You are beautiful. "
"Thank you, Madame "
"No. You are not to call me Madame. To the entirety of tonight's session you are going to call me
'daddy' and You are gonna be daddy's little girl. "

He looks shyly at my face beneath his eyelashes which are lengthier and more voluminous with
the generous amount mascara he has applied on them, and whispers "yes daddy". What a loss to the showbiz. He could have given Jared Leto's Rayon quiet a run for his Oscar.
"Who are you ,again? "
"Daddy's little girl"
"Daddy's little slutty girl. What will you do to please me tonight?"
He takes his time. Full ten seconds. Then replies. "Whatever daddy wishes of his little girl"
He learns very very fast. I feel proud about him. Then I feel inadequate. Isn't he too exquisite for me?
Too much of a genius to my dull brain. Too much of a beauty to my mediocre physique. What am I
even doing with him?
Get on with it, Innana.
"Stand, my baby girl. If you'll be good for daddy, daddy will give you candy."
"I will be good for you, daddy"
Oh my gawd
"Dance for daddy." I order him. His eyes widen momentarily but he collects himself.
"Can you do that?"
He nods. I shoot my eyebrows up. "Yes daddy" comes the prompt rejoinder.
I play the track for him, Beyonce; Partition, and for a good minute he just stands, completely out of his depths.
"Move, slut." I say in a bored voice.
He starts moving. And I can no longer feign boredom. The shizz he moves right! The way he swings his hips is fucking mesmerizing and from now on I'm officially a lesbian. He runs his hands along his chest, belly and move them towards his back in erotic invitation. And that ass! Oh man that ass!! I need my hands on that ass right now.
"Come here" I tell him, patting my lap.
He moves towards me, and keeping his hands on the back of the couch, on either side of my head, he moves his hips to the music. The red lace panties are tented up with his hardness. I loose no time in drawing him closer to me, and putting my hands firmly on that arse, I knead the cheeks hard, and spread them apart with as much strength as I can put into it. He climbs onto the couch and squats, and with a kinky smile of his own, draws his face close to mine. His lips, perfect cupid's bow, luscious panting, inches away from mine. His eyes dancing with heated mirth, watch me lose myself. I try to stifle a moan, as his bulge accidentally rut against my thigh, but the noise escapes nevertheless. He hears it, even through the loud music.
"Oh, Beyonce!" I murmur.
"What's a Beyonce?" He asks.
Of course he doesn't know who Beyonce is. I pinch his arse playfully. "Forget it. And turn. I want to see you move your beautiful booty for me, baby girl"
And that's exactly what he does.
What's a Nicky Minaj by the way?
Is it physically possible for a woman to cum without touching? Because that's what is about to happen to me.
"Right. That's...that's very good baby" I fumble with the remote to turn the music off and manage somehow. He turns towards me. Sweat has broken all over his body and it has made the lace of the corset wet and dark. And then, there's another wet spot, left by pre cum, in the prominent tent of the lace pantie.
"Come here, and kneel between daddy's legs"
Oh baby I want to grow a cock for you.
Kneeling between my legs, he inclines his head and rests it upon my thigh, and turns his eyes up to look at my face. I groan audibly.
"You have been good for me and I want to give you a reward. And yet, I haven't forgotten that you have earned your punishment earlier. I would like to forego them." I card my fingers through his sweat-slick curls. "Please don't" he replies. "Because I want you to spank my arse, daddy."
"You are asking for punishment even when I relieve you from them? Slut, you are impossible!"
He smiles. "Well, we both like it so I don't see the point of forgoing it."
"Right. Right. Sit across my knees on the couch, and count each spank. I am gonna give you thirty on your ass and make it beautifully marked and warmed up, so be grateful by saying thank you after each and every one of them."

He obliges, and sitting across my lap with his arse presented to me, he rests his head on the arm of the couch and supports his weight with his elbows and knees.
I tug at the laced pant so that it is stuck in the crack of his arse cheeks, and take a moment to appreciate the beauty of the voluptuous yet tight swell of his bum. His erection is pressed snugly against my thigh. He turns his head to watch the greed in my eyes and wiggles his ass. My head falls back and I moan heartily.
Loser dominatrix, you are more affected than your sub. How are you going to survive this? You have not even made it one hour into the night.
"Daddy, " he calls.
I groan and chew my underlip hard.
"Please spank your baby girl"
"I will. I..." I tell him. And gathering all my pent up sexual frustration in my hand, I bring it down hard upon his right ass cheek. "One. Thank you, daddy" he purrs.
I rub my palm on the gathering redness. Sadism is my element and I'm getting there. Slowly. But steadily. And then, you will no longer be able to play me like you do now, Sherlock. I hit his other ass cheek.

Time moves on and the spanking continues. He has started moaning and he can't keep himself from rutting against me in search of friction so I warn him. To my credit, I am confident I can survive the night, now that I am in my domain, if only my hope of satisfying him is the single reason that keeps me going.

For it is never about achieving the end. It is all about striving together to reach the end, and living each passing moment to its fullest.
"Twentyone thank you it Hurts!" He says.
"I thought you asked me to hurt you."
He burrows his toes into the arm of the couch in an effort to bear up the pain. I knead his reddened ass and he whines. "Want me to stop and disappoint me ?"
"No, daddy"
"You are lovely when you are in pain. I wouldn't be able to stop myself even if you begged me" Even if you safeworded. So please don't. I spank the exact same spot that I have left the mark of my fingers previously and he whimpers. "Th twenty..ahh..two. thank you daddy"
I drag my nails along the stinging mark. He clenches his arse cheeks together, in a vain attempt to escape my torturing fingers. Then I spread his cheeks, and slither my thumb inside his panty and touch the puckered, sensitive opening of his ass hole. He moans again. This time in surprised pleasure.
"Ohhh, you like that , baby girl? "I keep circling my thumb just there, and he spreads his legs and arches up to give me more purchase. "You like that so much you are moaning like a bitch in heat. Daddy likes your moans babe, keep em coming" I draw my thumb out of his panties and hit his arse so fucking hard that he falls on the couch with a grunt, crushing my lap with his weight. "Count" I remind him.
The thirty spanks being given out, I order him to stand. He's beautifully mussed up, his lipstick and mascara smudged and his hair is a mess. So hot. So bloody sexy. Fuck me some? Love me maybe? Shut up , loser.
"I'm not finished with you yet, this is only the beginning "I assure him.
"I know"
Of thorns and roses

Chapter Summary

Sherlock wanted to be punished but not to be pleasured.

Chapter Notes

I love your comments. They are very encouraging and motivating and at the same time they help me a lot to shape my story. So please leave them for me, beautiful people. Love!

I walk to the night stand. Pouring two glasses of wine I offer him one. 
"Drink that. I'm gonna hurt you very very bad and you will be thankful for the liquor in your system, baby girl"
He accepts the proffered glass with a whispered "thank you daddy".
"For the zest of the game" I toast.
He lifts his glass. "For the zest of the game."
I watch how the carmine lipstick leaves a smear on the brim of the glass where he touched his lips and involuntary lick mine.
He notices.
Nothing escapes his eyes.
"Care to tell me what you have planned for me next?" He asks.
"Too eager now, aren't we?"
He takes another sip. I watch how his throat moves when he gulps down, momentarily hypnotized, before I collect myself to answer.
"Observe and make a deduction." I tell him.
He smiles.
"You keep glancing at the night stand so there must be something in that drawer, but I don't have the faintest idea what it is. There are chains attached to the posts of the bed so you are going to tie me up, spread eagled, on the bed. And you mean to make a contrast between the comfort of the soft, satin bed sheets at my back to whatever it is that you are planning to do to the front of my body. Assuming that you are going to have me lie on my back, which I am sure, is what you wish to do, since although you like my backside, you kept working at it for the better part of an hour now. And at the same time, you like watching my face when I'm-in...er.."
"Gosh! That's amazing. Didn't know my perversity is that transparent though. Go baby girl, and lie on your back so that I can tie you up and do whatever it is I am planning to do to your front"
He smirks. And placing the empty glass on the nightstand, he climbs onto the bed, lies on his back and flinches a little when his sore ass comes into contact with the soft sheet.
I crouch over him, and as he correctly predicted, tie his wrists and ankles to the four bed posts. He tugs at the chains and see that they are secure enough.
"Baby girl,"
"Yes daddy?"
I prop a pillow up to rest his head.
"Daddy wants to play with your boobies" I tell him.
He worries his lower lip and blushes like none in the world but a teenaged girl, at the idea of what
I'm going to do to him; charmingly self-conscious, and that's not even play-acting.
Seeing that I'm waiting for an answer he stammers a "Yes, daddy".
I place my hands on his pectorals and slide them up and down. When I find his nipples harden
against my palms, I start rolling my index fingers on them. They grow hard against the clingy
material of the corset. I take them between my thumbs and index fingers, and pull them out, so that
the erect nipples are stuck out taut from the thin lacy fabric. "Unnh!", he mutters, and tries to lift his
head to see what I'm doing.
"I want to suck them" I decide, and rip the corset in two. The unexpected suddenness of this act
causes his breath to hitch. I lave his pink nipple wetly with my tongue, and start sucking at it hard,
twisting the other nipple while I am at it. Then I release him, only to switch the sides. He squirms
under my attention.

Having satisfied myself that these two nubs are sensitive enough, I move my head to a side and bury
my nose under his arm pit, inhaling the heady male scent. He gasps when I stick my tongue out and
taste the salty sweat there in long and greedy swipes.
"You smell nice, baby girl, but you taste nicer, so if I get the notion, in the course of the night I might
actually eat you" I murmur, nibbling at his neck, where my mark still stands red and beautiful.
"Yes..." he pants, "Yes please!
"Shhhhh!" I keep my finger on his mouth in a gesture of silencing him, then I cannot hold myself
from shoving it in his mouth. He sucks at it, rolling his tongue around it, seductive as fuck. And I let
him, giving myself a moment's leave to enjoy the pooling warm wetness in my groin. He watches me
through hooded, darkened eyes, and I know that he sees, he observes and he understands exactly
how horny his Dom is getting.
"Discipline Innana!
"Right. That's enough. Daddy's gonna surprise his baby girl now", I open the drawer and take out the box of wooden
clothespins," with these vicious little beasts." I wag the box in front of his face. "They are gonna bite
you baby."
He knows what's coming.
I take one in my hand and open it. "Where do u want it?"
He doesn't answer. My eyes run to his pelvis and he tries to turn that part of the body to a side and
away from me, almost instinctively. Forgotten your chains, have you, baby?
This is gonna be fun!
"Hold still, bitch, and don't you dare try to hide from me" I tell him, and slap his thigh sharply.
"I'm sorry, daddy!" He says hastily, and holds his breath when I start running the clothespin along
the inside of his thigh, lingering too close to the red laced panties for him to be relaxed. Then I run it
upwards, over the skin just above his hips, then along his belly and reach his nipple. He can see the
pin now, and his pale grey eyes widen with fear when I clamp the pin only halfway, giving him a
taste of what's coming. He shakes his head 'no'.
"No? You don't get a say in this little slutty bitch, your body is mine tonight, to use it as I like. I'm
not clamping it there anyway, not yet. You can't take it there yet."
I open the clothespin and trace circles with it around his nipple, before continuing its journey
upwards, each trace an adoration of his beautiful marble skin, his prominent collarbone, his elegant
throat and his jawline, and passing his armpit, I open the clothespin and clamp it on his underarm and
he flinches and groans.
"Daddy doesn't lie to you baby girl."
He watches with eyes widened and mouth hanging open, as I place a line of clothespins under his
arm, and flinches each time.
"Does it hurt?"
He groans but shakes his head in negation.
"Not exactly painful...but not comfortable either. It's just..."
I know how it feels like. I have done this to many people in my life. I know that the initial pressure and discomfort makes him want to beg me to remove it immediately from his skin. And then it subsides into a slow, warm and burning sensation which settles, arresting the attention of the wondering mind and grounding it there. Every time I place a clothespin on his skin, this circle starts again. A rollercoaster of sensations. The sting, the immense pain, the slow burn, the throbbing.

And then, just when he begins to think he has got it under control, it starts all over again. I then clamp one on his nipple, carefully, giving him time to adjust to the onslaught of sensations, if it is at all possible.

"How about now, baby girl?"

He doesn't give me the satisfaction of at least a grunt, but grinds his teeth in an attempt to alleviate the pain. Well. This...pisses me a bit. So I tug at it once.

"awwwwh!"

"That's good. Hold back on daddy and I will make you cry like a pig being slaughtered "I tell him. And without any preamble whatsoever, clamp another clothespin fast on his other nipple and he whimpers.

"Because baby girl, "I start clamping another line on his belly, gathering the skin between my thumb and forefinger because his skin is slick with sweat and the pins tend to slide loose. He breathes through his mouth and watches me. "Because roses also come with thorns on their stems. Pleasures too, come with a price."

A low keening emanates from him when I clamp the pins along his inner thighs, and he starts struggling against my hands. Impossible, with his ankles chained.

And what's tricky and therefore vicious about clothespins is that, if you accidentally happen to jostle them, the circle of overwhelming pain starts all over again. He learns this quickly, and freezes. It is then I notice that his arousal has sagged. His cock has shrunk and lies flaccid within the confines of the lace panties.

Ungrateful!

I glower at it.

This is unacceptable.

I get up and draw out the riding crop and point at his groin with it.

"Look at that, dirty whore "I tap his cock with the riding crop." You failed to keep yourself hard and ready for me, when I'm in the midst of doing favours to you. Oh cunt, I'm fucking PISSED "My voice elevates in burning anger and I strike hard against his cock. He reels in pain, and wails.

"Sorry...daddy I'm so sorry that just happened " he sputters.

"Be ashamed of yourself, dirty cunt"

"I am. I am so ashamed of myself-No..NOOO!" he flinches, watching me bring down the riding crop again, but I stop myself five millimetres away from his cock and keep the riding crop hovering over his pelvis. "Thank you daddy." he breathes.

I roughly tear away the only piece of garment left on his body, to see that the previously sagged cock is already semi hard. " Why slut, you thrive on pain, don't you. I have half a mind to make u come just by thrashing on your cock. But as I told you, I'm so fucking pissed at your failure so you are gonna get punished 'cruelly'.....!". I tell him, while I bring him back to fullness with a series of flicks and strokes of the riding crop against his cock.

In the end, he lies panting, naked and vulnerable, totally at my mercy, awaiting punishment.

God! His eyes!! The submission reflected in them; fearful and yet undeniably salacious.

I take his cock in my hand, and gathering the soft skin at the base of his cock, place a clothespin there.

"Mmmmmrrph!" He grunts,"that hurts that hurts like hell take it off of me...please" he mumbles in a tiny whiny manner, his voice an octave or two higher from his usual baritone.

"Bear it up and stop complaining "I tell him in a sing-song voice, totally unsympathetic of his distress and continue to clamp the length of his cock, and then the balls, without keeping a space between.

Then I make the infamous zipper, threading a rope through it, and passing the other end of the rope
over the bar above the bedpost, straining his cock taut. He cries out once and stops moving completely in fear that the rope might come off. I bet he isn't eager to know the incredible and overwhelming pain his cock and balls will be subjected to, if the zipper accidentally comes off.

Silence fills the room.
Only the sound of the sea waves and the winds fill our ears.
I crouch over him. Our eyes meet.
"Take them off of me?" He whispers.
I bow my head so our lips touch. "It will hurt, pet." I whisper into his mouth.
"I know. When the pressure is withdrawn the blood in the pinched capillaries will rush back to the skin. It will definitely sting and will hurt like bloody hell. Clever plan, daddy." He smiles tightly.
"Even then, when they are taken off, you'll be freed, healed ... And restored. It will be a wonderful feeling of redemption. "I murmer.
"And that's why I don't want to back away from pain. There's hope in stoicism... that if I keep my head straight and grind my teeth and bear it all up, somehow, I will be healed and perhaps redeemed."
Suddenly, things grow solemn.
It doesn't take a genius to understand that he's not talking about clothespins.
"Do you... are you implying that you are not enjoying this?" my voice falters.
Loser Dom.
"Evidently I do" he says, and cranes his neck to have a look at his very erect and very much hard penis, despite the props on it. And I follow his gaze to see this exhibition of egoistic pride.
We look at each other. "No 'that'," I tell him, "is not 'stoic' per se"
We share a smile. As sweet and as intimate as lovers would.
"Make me stop thinking." He says. "Daddy," he adds a few seconds later, "I guess even I get tired of thinking..." and as an afterthought he adds, "and having everything under control all the time... or trying to do so. It's quite exhausting."
Oh yeah, talk to me about it.
I carefully lean over him and our lips meet in a chaste kiss.
"I will, baby"
And I bet he isn't prepared to what follows next.
I run my hands softly and caressingly up along his flanks, and when I reach his armpits, I start tickling him.
He jerks, and a number of clothespins stuck on various parts of his body get jostled. An excruciating pain runs through his body like a wave of electric shock and he screams out loud "stop that stop STAPHHHHHH!"
I do.
Instead of an expression of gratitude, which a Dom inevitably expects from her sub for having mercy, he looks disdainfully at me and says "You are evil"
"Oh God Sherlock you are definitely calling for hell" I tell him with true regret in my voice.
It takes time for the awareness of his own disobedience and riotousness to sink in, but when it does, Sherlock is truly horrified.
"I'm sorry"
"Empty words." I shake my head. "Whatever that follows from now on, is what you have brought upon yourself and none else is to be blamed. Do you understand?"
"Have mercy on me?" He says in a soft tremble.
"And face your ingratitude again? What did you take me for?"
I'm not even angry.
I climb down from the bed and pick the riding crop up from the floor. And with a flick of a practiced hand, the riding crop removes a pin off his abdomen.
He shouts out with a cry of pain and strains at the chains holding him, but he doesn't dare move, in fear of the zipper coming off. What is significantly monstrous about clothespins is that they hurt more when they are being removed. I make sure to press my finger on the skin where the held up flow of blood rushes back and he yelps. I aim at the next pin. He knows that there are sixty three more, excepting the ones on his cock and balls.

He shudders and whimpers but doesn't beg for mercy. At least not verbally. And yet, he watches me with tear filled eyes which are pleading with me so bloody eloquently that I have to consciously avert my eyes from them, if I am to keep my nerve till the end. And instead of removing the pins one by one, I swing the riding crop along his thigh and remove the whole line with a single sweep. He howls. I do the same to the other thigh. He howls again, and starts crying. "Stop bleating, " I shout at him, "and bear it like a man, you fucking pig"

He shakes his head as if to clear it. He probably doesn't know he's crying. "Breathe, Sherlock. Take steady breathes with me. Breathe in....Breathe out....I'm not done with you yet. What you said is true. I am evil. I sure am. And I'm mad as fuck. Which means you are totally screwed."

I press my free hand on his sternum and play with the pin biting his nipple with my forefinger, watching his face. "Please", he finally blurts out. "It hurts so bad" So I flick it away. Then the other one. He keeps squealing. None hears but the wind and his tormentor. "Baby girl" I call him. He doesn't respond. I slap him. "Pay attention, slut. Watch what I'm gonna do to your cock."

He obeys and lifts his head to do so, panting, whimpering, eyes wide with fear. I mercilessly tug at the rope and the line of pins along his cock comes off in a rush. "Awwwh FUUUUUUUCK!" He screams. If his rich vocabulary has become reduced to profanities, I must have granted him relief from thinking. He sobs shamelessly. Smudged mascara running in streaks towards his temples. Tears disappearing in sweat. "Oh baby you look so fucking beautiful when you are suffering. So fucking adorable I want to eat you alive you gorgeous bitch!" I tell him, and start stroking his cock which is tortured into sensitivity. His eyes roll to the back of his head. And I can almost pinpoint the exact moment when his agony transforms into heated, burning pleasure. His head falls back on to the pillow and he starts thrashing on it. I stop stroking him. He groans in protest. But I let him relax, leaving him to revel in the sensation emanating from the nerve ends of his skin which have come alive and are singing. I pour a glass of wine. I straddle him, and supporting his head with my free hand, I touch the cool glass to his parched lips. He inclines his head and drinks gratefully. "Daddy? " he murmurs in the end. "Yes, baby?" "Am I forgiven?" His words constrict my heart and I suddenly find it hard to breath. "Yes love," I tell him. "Yes you are"

My voice breaks and I hide my face in the crook of his shoulder till I regain my composure.
I will pay back Sherlock. I will pay you back my beautiful, and then forgive me, will you?

Determined like a soldier on a mission I get up. His tortured cock still stands hard and proud against his abdomen like a mast of a battered ship. I remove the restraints on his legs and ask him to bend his knees and open his legs wide.

He cannot see what I'm doing between his legs, but when he feels my hot breath near his balls his cock twitches in anticipation. But that's not what I am aiming at. Spreading him wide, my tongue seeks his puckered, sensitive anal opening and he moans with open, unashamed lust and wonder. I already feel forgiven. I continue my attention on his opening, lathering my hot and wet tongue on it, circling and pressing hard, for a long long while until my jaws hurt and tongue is numb. Finally, I see the virgin sphincter open for me.

"Daddy's going to pop your cherry now," I tell him, lifting my head to look at his beautiful countenance.

His breath hitched.

"Do you want me to pop your cherry my sweet little baby girl"

"Yes...please-"

That's all the permission I was waiting for.

Pouring a generous amount of lube on my index finger, I start working it in. I manage to work one knuckle in, carefully and meticulously, and he already seems to feel full. He moans heartily and widens his legs, game for it. Two knuckles in, he starts squirming. "Hold still, baby. Am I hurting you?"

"No...it feels good"he is too eager to respond, fearing I might stop halfway.

As if I could.

A sex worker never comes across a virgin to deflower. Not even in a blue moon. I am the luckiest of my creed and therefore I will handle this with care.

I twist my finger and prod in, changing the angle , and finally get there. The small nub of sensitive nerve endings that I have been looking for. And I brush my finger over it.

He jumps up and writhes in pleasure, and I press him back to the bed with all the strength that is left in me.

"Ohhhhh fuck...!"

He swears again I don't blame him for it. I know how overwhelmingly pleasurable the sensation of prostate stimulation can be. I draw out my finger completely, only to insert two fingers instead of one. He shudders, a low drawn out keening noise emanating from him. His cock is bobbing up and down each time he jumps up when my finger is brushed against his prostate.

I lift my head to see his face again. He watches me through hooded eyes, pupils dilated, wholly eclipsing the glassy grey, mouth hanging open, blushed in sexual heat and utterly utterly debauched in passion.

He watches my mouth in fascination when I lower it on the head of his cock. I stick my tongue out, gathering the glistening pre cum on it, and I make a show of laving it on my lips, for his pleasure.

For my sub's pleasure.

He moans obscenely at it.

I swallow the length of his cock till I gag on it and start bobbing my head up and down, playing my tongue along it, and the finger on his prostate intensifies its massage, to the point where it becomes too overwhelming that it's painful. He breaks apart, silently screaming, spasming and shuddering, filling my throat with spurt after spurt of bitter cum. I take my mouth away, sputtering and coughing and greedily swallowing some.

And then I press my cheek to his belly, and slide my hand inside my pants, my finger probing at my clitoris. I hold my breath and rub it, and shake as if I am having a minor earthquake when I orgasm,
the scent of sex of his groin taking me over the edge.
I pant. That's when I notice that he isn't moving. I draw the finger out and quickly look at him. His eyes are closed and his breathing is laboured.
Oh my God what kind of a looser Dom am I? Instead of giving him aftercare I took care of myself like a mean selfish bastard and look what has happened! I'm surely gonna blow your brains out and decorate the walls of the dungeon with the useless contents of it, if something happens to him. Shut up Innana. Take his pulse. Don't panic. He's gone through more. He'll survive. He's Sherlock Holmes.
I quickly remove the restraints on his hands and start rubbing them.
"Sherlock! " I call him.
He opens his eyes. Thank God he is conscious. He grips my arms and draws me towards him. And I'm almost lifted in the air and placed on his chest by the strength of his arms, lean looking as they are. Then he embraces me and looks into my eyes.
"I cheated on you. ", he tells me.
I furrow my brow. Did he now?
"No Sherlock, you can't exactly cheat on me. I mean, we don't have that kind of a relationship you know.."
"Don't we? I know we don't but..I can't really help thinking it. I am culpable but I am bound to you, and I can't imagine to severe that bond but then I cheated on you. I only wanted to be punished...for all the hurt I have caused you, but I didn't have the faintest idea that my transport could so crave for pleasure. It just betrayed me. And then, I've betrayed you"
My heart does a double take and my brain goes offline. A bond. Bound?
"Tell me you'll forgive me" He says. His words oddly monotonous.
"Of course I forgive you"
" No you don't. You never did," he draws his finger along my jaw in a sweet romantic gesture. "You keep torturing me John, and I welcome that. I'm sorry, my...... I'm sorry for being a selfish arragent bastard. I'm sorry for dying on you. Im sorry for being jealous of Mary. Im so so sorry she died on my watch. Im sorry but I so fucking love you John." He shivers and a tear drop escapes his eyelids. Here it starts again. "I love you so much but I'm afraid to tell you. You might leave me again, and take little Watson away. I can't let that happen. That'll burn me."
"Sherlock. I'm not John" I gently shake him.
"Of course I know you are not John. You are somebody else and I can't even remember your name. I'm high. Not cocaine induced high. The chemistry is different but the result is undeniably there. I'm hallucinating. Listen to me," he sniffs. "listen John, torture me all you like. Punch me in the face and don't avoid my nose and cheekbones even if you found them attractive once. But please please don't be silent on me John it's killing me"
And then those sobs which wracks his body breaks out. "I want things to be how they were before I took that accrued jump for you John..My John !"
"Sherlock I'm totally out of my depths here. I can't help you when your own mind is torturing you." He doesn't seem to hear. Even if he does, he doesn't seem to know how to get over it.
Maybe it is now that my role playing has really started. I clear my throat. An imitation of John Watson that I met few weeks ago. "Sherlock, look at me"
His head jerks up.
"I forgive you Sherlock, and I love you too. Things are going to be alright."
"You are not John , whoever you are" he says. And in the next moment, nurses my head in his large hand and kisses me. We have kissed before. But never has he ever kissed me that sweetly, and an irrational jealousy suddenly claws at my heart.

Of course he doesn't remember any of those post-orgasm sub drop events when he takes leave of me the next day. He looks as aloof and as handsome as he always is, in his flaring coat, white shirt and blue scarf. He shakes my hand and I watch the wrinkles his smile makes on his face, softening his expression. "Thank you Miss Innana."
"My pleasure, Mr. Holmes"

Then I remember how, last night, for one wild moment I thought he declared love for me. And now, in broad day light of the tropical December, I see how ridiculous I have been. He looks ever so distant and unreachable. The fairy Prince of the Far Far Away land. He turns away and walks towards the helicopter, taking his phone in his hand and rapidly texting someone. Melancholy fills me. I can't continue to do this with him if I am emotionally involved. Especially when he is emotionally involved elsewhere.
Wreck

Chapter Summary

Innana plans to humiliate Sherlock. How will he respond.

Chapter Notes

Bringing John Watson!!!!
I know its been a while and I'm so so sorry for taking long. I have been super busy, and a bit depressed. Glad to be back!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An apple fell on my head.
A metaphorical Newton’s apple.
Not exactly an apple.
It was a bloody grenade which fell on my head.
An apple shaped grenade. Metaphorically speaking.

I discovered that Sherlock Holmes had been using me, manipulating me, without my express or implied consent, to achieve his ends, and had been deliberately playing with my emotions, winding me up, stripping me of my pride and esteem as a dominatrix, all this while putting up an utterly convincing mask of submission until I lost my head over him.
Charming, elusive bastard. And I believed he admired me, he had given himself to me, or at least made a genuine effort of doing so.
So I am suddenly filled with an urge to seek revenge.
Oh shut up!
It's not his fault you fell in love with your sub, you piece of dominatrix shit!!
No. At least he's not culpable for that part of it.

So I avoided answering his calls or his texts which were surprisingly frequent after the last session. And when I made sure that i have made up my mind for the next move, i sent him a mail calling off The contract.
He was silent for a long time afterwards, and I was caught by surprise when he called me at mid noon on Boxing day.
The time difference is such that it is early morning for him when he Skypes me.
"Hi!" I find myself grinning ear to ear, all my crankiness suddenly gone with the wind to see his sleep flushed face and mussed up, mad genius hair.
"Morning" he replies, and smiles tightly.
Social situations are not his forte.
Then we both speak at the same time"
"Mr. Holmes, i have told you in no unambiguous terms that i..."
"Miss Innana, it's strange but I miss our sessions..."
We both stop midsentence.
"Proceed and be quick. I'm at work" I tell him.
"Yup. Yes. I kindly request you not to break the contract because I find your treatment quite refreshing and...And almost therapeutic and I guess I am in an urgent need of another one. " I see him blushing. Elegant.

"Why thank you, that's quite heart warming Mr.Holmes. But I don't understand why you, of all people, cannot find another better professional who could do a better job than me. You know I'm a rookie."

"Oh don't be an idiot, John, i would have done that ages ago if you are not satisfactory. You are doing fine" he quips back.

I'm two thousand percent sure he didn't notice that slip of his tongue.

"All right . Let's pretend that I didn't hear you call me John just now" I say quietly.

He is utterly taken aback. "Why-what-what did I-whatever I said I didn't..."

"You didn't intend to. And you apologise."

"Yes. I didn't intend to-

"I know Mr.Holmes. And I also know that you didn't intend to cry for John, post-orgasm every time we ended a session"

There, Holmes, out in the open. I feel ashamed for throwing that at your face but you leave me with no choice.

I didn't think he could blush any deeper but apparently I'm wrong.

"I..I said those things aloud? " he turned his head away and mutters "fuck" off camera.

"Yes you did"

"I didn't have the faintest idea and I sincerely apologize for saying what I said and-"

"Kissing me the way you did" I hiss. "Calling me John not-John. Reducing me into a faceless, nameless spectre ! "

The man has the modesty to look contrite and bewildered.

"You understand that those things were uttered when I was not quite myself, being inexperienced in sex and overwhelmed with...with orgasm and..."

"I'm sure you have not been overwhelmed with orgasm when you selected me as your Dom in the first place, " I cut him off, shaking with unreasonable rage. "Do you know what, Holmes. After you left that day , I donned my daddy clothes and stood in front of a mirror. And that was when it hit me. That I am a passable substitute for your flatmate. Same height. Same built. Same tan skin but you couldn't bear finding someone with same eyes. So you opted for an Asian woman. A military trained woman. A cunning plan, I say, a smart one. A Dom who looks like him but not him. A female Dom. Since you're gay, your default sexual preferences will not make you attracted to me unnecessarily. I should have guessed when you got so horny when I asked you to be my slut and call me daddy. You fucking blossomed that day, Holmes, and all that while I thought you were worshipping ME. But you had been trading me for someone else. I may not have your level of genius. But I can see through every single particle of you and do you know what??You have Never Been My Sub!!!" Silence.

He drops his head.

"Do you see why I don't want to continue Mr.Holmes" I ask him.

He nods.

"I see."

"Well. Goodbye. It's been a pleasure. " I almost sniff.

"No wait," he says urgently. And I want to linger a moment longer too. So I arch a questioning eyebrow.

"Well. It seems like I have no privacy left for me at your hands. You are not hopelessly idiotic either, and I knew you would figure this out soon.But honestly I had no idea it would affect you the way it did. And you are right to an extent because I do not deny that initially, those were the motives which made me select you specifically . But later on, i learnt to appreciate you for the way you do what you do. I like you. I like being disciplined by you... It is You I need... Not Him" he says with conviction.
His eyes wide and expression urgent. He takes a steadying breath. "Let me make it up for you Innana!"

Suddenly I find it that much hard to sever myself from whatever magnetism it is, that draws us together.
"Yes, Sherlock. I'll let you. But there will be new conditions. There will be no payment involved. This will continue as a non-monetary, non-contractual relationship. And you will be my sub, unconditionally, for as long as we remain consensual. Pay me with your complete surrender. And THINK WELL before you agree, because I am a dark person. A dark, ugly, dangerous biitch and you will suffer at my hands, Sherlock, I am abusive by nature."
"And I am addictive by nature, Madame, and my usual seven percent solution seems a little bit overly unhealthy after my latest stunt so you seem to be a suitable addiction." He replies quietly.
"You are my drug," his smile takes my breath momentarily away. "But there is one request which I must make and must beg you to honour."
"Yes?"
"Please do not ever let John know any of these."
He watches me with wide eyes so full of earnest plea so I say "yes".
My heart flutters in my chest.
"And now you're mine, pet?"
He takes his time, and inhales a lungful.
"Yours Madame, to do as you please."

Two days pass with no communication and on the third day I make a call.
He responds enthusiastically.
"I hope my pet is not on a case this morning."
"I am, but its barely a five. I will finish it before half ten, Madame. Where do I meet you?"
"You will not be meeting me today, pet. I am busy"
"Oh!" His voice drops with disappointment.

"Do you necessarily require my physical presence to obey me? Do i not have your complete surrender?"

"You do. You always do Madame"
"I have a new year present for you. It will be at your doorstep within another five minutes. Bring it to your room and then make a Skype call."
"Yes, Madame" he says, as excitedly as a kid on Christmas morn, and hangs on till I disconnect the call.
He calls me back, exactly seven minutes later. Dressed to go out. The box I sent on the bed, in front of the laptop, unopened. His fingers drumming on it.
"Eager to know what's in there, my pet? There's everything a proper slut needs. Open it."
He does, and it takes him a few seconds to quiet comprehend what is in store for him today.
"There's a collar. I want you to wear it throughout the day, then everybody who cares to look would know who you belong to"
He takes the collar in his hand. It's black leather, with a slogan "Slave boy" engraved in red. He swallows. "But.."
"Problem?"
"No, Madame."
Lick it.
He takes it in his hand, and runs his tongue along the length of the leather, making a seductive show of it for me.
"Wear it"
He removes his scarf and ties the collar around his neck. Black leather against ivory skin. Beautiful.
"You are allowed to wear the scarf, pet"
He says thank you, but I notice that he has wrapped his scarf so that a sliver of the collar is subtly visible for anyone who would look.
A sweet submissive gesture. A sign of belonging.
"We're running out of time. You are on a case so let's get down to business, yeah? Now take that bottle of lube and make your asshole slick and ready for me. "
"Yes, Madame, could you wait till I lock my door in case j-my flatmate interferes"
"Go on"

He returns, removing his belt and then he opens his fly. Down goes his trousers and pants. He squeezes the lube into his hand and sits on all fours on the bed, his ass open to the cam for my viewing pleasure.

Then he cups his bollocks and semi hard cock in one long fingered hand to give purchase to his other hand to reach the puckered opening. His finger circles around his asshole for a couple of moments. Then he works his lubed index finger inside.
It seems that he has had practiced this after all.
Two fingers in.
I hear him bite down a moan.

"Sherlock? " I hear John Watson shouting.
"I'll come. Give me a minute." He answers in an unsteady tone.
"Are you all right?"
"Of course I am, why shouldn't I be alright?"
Better.
His fingers go in and out.
In and out.
In and out.
He bites his lower lip tight.
"Another finger, pet. There's nothing called too much preparation. The more you prepare, the better."I tell him.
He manages a third finger, and turns his head to look at the cam. "That's very good Sherlock. Now let's insert that buttplug in. "
It is a huge monstrosity of a butt plug and I'm surprised he managed inserting it all on his own.
Then I let him stand.
"Not very comfortable eh pet? It will remind you what you are and what I can make you do, each time you move, every step you take. "
He knows I'm going to humiliate him. And much to both our pleasure, he finds the prospect of carrying our dirty secret around the town very much erotic.I see that he is already hard.
And I let him leave for his Work, a full half an hour late.
The next time I call him, he is at the Met. He answers at the second ring.
"Excuse them and go to some place hidden. I know that you know your hiding places at the Met. I don't mind even if it is an old cupboard but not the bathroom.I want you to do it 'Now' and don't disconnect till I say so"
I hear a scrape of furniture. "I have to leave now"
"But Sherlock! "
"The loo, Graham." Sherlock quips.
"I'm ready, Madame. "He says after some time. I hear him panting.
"How ready, Sherlock? "
"I have been walking the London streets with a buttplug up my anus and a raging erection in my pants, Madame, how ready can I be?" he murmurs, his voice liquid sex in my ear.
"Poor you! Let me relieve you. Sherlock. Wank off now. And make sure to be very vocal about it"
"Yes, Madame"
"Where are you Sherlock?"
"Not in a cupboard. A room full of cupboards. I have my back to a cupboard."
"What are you doing"
"I have taken my penis out, and I'm stroking it"
"Sherlock, don't hold back. Make those noises for me"
So he starts moaning simultaneously with each stroke. That deep rumble of his making those obscene noises doesn't fail to make me all hot and wet - And he gets louder.
"You know that anyone who passes by can hear you, slut, and know what you're doing. So much for the inexperienced chaste virgin boy! I mean, what if the good old DI Lestrade comes in search of you? Or Doctor Watson? John? Your john? What if John hears you moaning here like a cheap slut?"
At that he groans out loud, and whimpers "I'm coming..aaaahhh I'm coming.."
I listen until he rides through his climax and till his breathing slows down.
"Madame," he says shakily.
"Yes, pet?"

"There's a chance that John might actually come in search of me any moment now. Do I have your permission to go back, Madame?"
"You do. Umm, by the way, you don't get to wear your pants for the remainder of the day. Clean yourself up with it and put it in your coat pocket. I want to have you reeking of the smell of your own cum. By the way, make sure to do a good job of keeping that buttplug snuggly in your arse."

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"Where are you pet?" I ask him, another two hours later.
"St. Bart's, Madame, at the lab"
"Is John with you?"
"I sent him home"
"Good."
He waits in anticipation for the next instruction but that's all he gets.

I open the door of the lab to find him seated at a microscope, engrossed in whatever it is that he's mounted on the slide. The woman who is standing next to him quickly raises her head and smiles at me. I walk inside.
He takes a double take when he hears my footsteps and recognizes them. He pushes the chair back and stands, his eyes roving all over me, taking in my lab coat, glasses and the stethoscope in the coat pocket.
"Hi..." I say timidly, "Dr.Innana, I was told I could find Mr. Sherlock Holmes here."
"Of course. I am Sherlock. " he stutters. Cute.
"Molly, can you be a good girl and..And give us a minute and run away?" He takes the woman called Molly by the shoulders and practically shoves her out, much to her displeasure, and shuts the door behind.
Then he drops to his knees and 'crawls' to me.
Oh fuck! To see him doing that voluntarily!!
"Didn't expect you would make the journey to London for me" he says tremulously.
"I had to see you, my horny pet"
"May I hold you, please Madame?"
I nod.
He holds my hips with his large hands and burrows his head to my belly, pressing a kiss.
"I missed you. I never thought I could miss you like that"
I card my fingers through his hair, finding myself just as affected as he is. What's gotten into our
heads?
Why does he have to make this so difficult for me?
"Up" I order him.
He complies immediately, his eyes to the ground.
"Open your shirt"
He opens the first three buttons of his crisp white shirt, and I stop him there. I suck at his nipples
because I know he enjoys it. Then I clamp two tiny nipple clamps on them. Not to torture. But to
make sure that when he buttons his skin tight shirt again, that they show out for the outer world to see.
Then I remove his trousers and turn him around to see how the huge black butt plug is snuggly lying
in his arse hole, stretching it wide and making it swollen red. I kneel, spread his butt cheeks apart and
tongue at his sensitive opening.
He moans indecently.
"That feels so good Madame, "he pants. "Thank you."
"My pleasure, baby" my voice is muffled.
I take his painfully hard cock in my hand and give it a squeeze. "Do you want to come again pet?"
"Yes. Yes please!"
I turn him around and stroke it hard. His knees threaten to give away and he holds on to my
shoulders, breath hitching in his throat, mouth opened slack. Eyes rolling shut. Then, to his dismay, I
suddenly still my hand. His eyes open in horror, he has been so very close to the edge. "Oh Madame
don't stop now please please please...!"
"What do wise men say about patience?" I tug at the nipple clamps to make my point.
He stills, worrying his underlip.
"Put the trousers on"
He complies silently, tucking his painfully erect, swollen, leaking erection inside his trousers.
I place my thigh between his legs and lift it so that it rubs against his cock, and he "aaahhh"s in
pleasure.
"Come on. Rut yourself against my leg like a good little whore, because that's the only way you are
allowed to get off"
God damn it! He holds me by my hips in a wise like grip and my hips slam on the hard counter
behind us. And then, like an animal in heat he starts grinding his hardness against me, which I left so
close to the edge of the point of no return. He presses his faceto the crook between my shoulder and
neck and I feel his breath in warm and wet gasps. My hips hurt where his hands are gripping them as
if for dear life, and my back, where it is harshly pressed against the hard countertop. He starts rutting
his hard cock against me in earnest, gathering speed, getting more erratic and desperate with each
move. And from his mouth escapes the most erotic low moan I have ever heard in my life.
I slide my hand down and gather two handfuls of his ass cheeks through his trousers and squeeze
hard. He jumps forward, and presses himself to me, somehow managing to drape his whole lanky
form onto my shorter one, hot and strong and shaking with primal want. And when he moves again,
the clamps on his nipples jostle against my chest. He presses his lips against my neck, hard, enjoying
the sudden onslaught of pain, and mumbles into my skin, "let me come, please, ma'em"
"Yes, pet" I turn my face to look at him. "Come now"
In mere seconds he groans "m cming " and his whole body spasms with pleasure. Then he stills,
pressed against me.
I hold him there for a few minutes, listening closely until his breathing regains its regularity.
"Sherlock?" I ask him cautiously.
"Ma'em" he whispers.
Thank God not John!
He straightenes up and we both look down at the wet mess on the front of his pants, I, with glee, he,
with horror.

"Oh !" He comments weakly.
Well, He has known this was exactly the kind of public humiliation that I have planned for him and was all game for it, until now, until the high was over and reality hit home. 
"Why Sherlock, you came in your pants like a teenager just now, at the Saint Bartholomews Hospital, where anyone and everyone can see you. That woman is almost at the door. What were you thinking you horny little slut! shame on you Sherlock, really"
A beautiful flush rushes to his face and ears. The look he gives me is wild with fear. The sadist in me preens.
"Please, Madame " the words plop out from his mouth.
"Please what? U know totally well that I can't do anything about that!" I tell him, waving my hand at his wet trouser front in disdain.
He looks about him like a scared rabbit, when he hears Molly's footfall outside the door. 
"I didn't give you permission to clean yourself, pet"
He takes a steadying breath.
"Madame, please, I have been good for you from morning and didn't disappoint you once. Please please please don't let Molly see me like this. " he pleads in earnest. His eyes wide.
Two things happen at the same time.
Molly Hooper opens the door and I hand him his coat in a flash of movement.
He turns around, muttering a "Thank you doctor" and covers his shame with it.
The woman looks at me with suspicious scrutiny, making me wonder how much of my state of sexual arousal is visible from my heated up face.
I smile tightly, nod at her curtly and leave. Sherlock follows suit and falls behind me.
"Where are we going, Madame? " he asks.
"Bathroom. A baby boy needs cleaning up. And remember, you owe me one now."
"Yes, Madame, " he replies. "I'd be more than glad to pay you back in whatever way you want"
I turn around, my face inches from his. "How would your dirty gay mouth like eating my pussy? "
He swallows.
"I would like it very much" he says with vehemence.
"I'll save that for later." I smile, "Which way is the bathroom?"

Twenty minutes later, we are at the rooftop of St. Brats. Sherlock is barking instructions at DI lestrade as to which suspect should be arrested. He's seated, legs spread wide to dry up the wet smear on his trouser front.
He ends the call and shoves the phone in his coat pocket. Then he turns his head to me and smiles. It worries me that whenever he smiles one of his genuine ones, like in this moment, it is mingled with a painful amount of hidden sadness that seems to have imprinted into him somewhere deep down inside.
I wish I could cure that.
I wish he let me.
"This is where I took the fall, for him" he says.
"I know"
"And it fucked up everything. " saying thus, he drops his gaze. Silence falls.

It is windy, bitingly cold and the Sun shines with a weak glow.

"Everything that we had between us was ...changed, not exactly broken but damaged. And it never became the same again. I hurt him in ways which are not forgivable and irreparable . And life moved on. And then this silence grew between us. It hangs there like a ghost and I'm scared of it." I have got nothing to say to him. But I am honoured that he chose to open up that much to me. I slowly stand, and he follows me to the edge of the rooftop. I glance down and squeal in fear as a panicked dizziness hits me. A very girly squeal.
From behind me his arms wrap around me and he presses me to him protectively.
"For all your bravado, it is rather amusing to see you are not invincible to mundane human weaknesses like acrophobia, goddess as you claim yourself to be." He murmurs in my ear.
I squeeze my eyes shut, but none of us make a move away from the edge.
"We're you not afraid Sherlock? "
"Of what?"
I drop my head and rest it upon his chest.
"Of falling? Dying?"
"Not as much as of having to live a life without him in it. I fucking love him to the core of my very being Innana"
"Why don't you just tell him"
"Scared." "I don't believe it. You are the bravest man I know. You are someone who faces your demons and somehow transforms them into pleasure. At least, that's what you do when you are with me so it must an ingrained part of who you are"
He sighs.
"We don't talk like that Innana. How I open up to you today is strange and almost miraculous in itself because I'm not like that. We both find it hard to speak our hearts. "

" You don't even have to speak. I mean, for someone who has eyes, one look at you would be enough.Seriously Sherlock, if after seven years of cohabitation he still doesn't understand-"
"The world never sees me vulnerable the way you do,"
"If he doesn't see you care-"
"He's not gay."He cuts me short yet again.
"If he still doesn't understand how you feel for him, " I continue, disregarding his interruption , "he's the most dim-witted motherfucker ever to have walked on the face of earth "
"I might throw you off of the edge Innana, no one insults John Watson and leaves unscathed " he threatens, but there's a smile in his voice.
"I'm sorry. Let me correct myself. You are the most dim-witted dumbass on earth and therefore he's saved from the superlative title"
"Can I kiss you?"
"You are surprisingly good at flirting but I decline. " I tell him, and removing myself from his warmth I start walking away. "But I'm not done with you. I'll let you know where to meet me again and until such time you are not to go home or meet anyone of your associates, especially, John Watson. "

A ghost of his warmth still lingers on where my body has been pressed to his. And I curse myself for not taking him at his word and snogging him when I was offered the chance. When he was brave enough to initiate it.
Because I am sure, by the end of the evening, I'm going to lose the chance of kissing him forever.

******************************************************************************

John Watson is seated next to me at a restaurant close to his residence. The restaurant offers private booths so it is a proper place to discuss important, personal matters. Which is exactly the nature of the matter that I wish to discuss with him this fine evening.
"You might not remember me, doctor, I came to consult Mr.Holmes and..."
"I do remember you. Sherlock didn't want to tell me about you. So it comes as a surprise when you yourself volunteer to reveal whatever the problems you have to me, when Sherlock went into considerable lengths to protect your trust and secure your secrets from me"
I take my time to blow at my hot cup of tea before taking a sip.
"It is, isn't it. How will it surprise you if I tell you that he was the one who consulted my service. " His eyebrows hit his hairline.
I must tell you that his face is very expressive you could read him like an open book.
Quite an enjoyable book.
Except when he carefully shuts it down. Like he does just now. An excellent coping mechanism when you have to live with the most observant man in Britain.

"What's wrong with Sherlock?"

"Nothing. It's just that he has figured out his sexual identity. Rather, he has identified he has a sexuality so he consulted me. I am a professional dominatrix, and I go by the name Innana. We have been having a professional dom-sub relationship for about one month now. And couple of days ago he expressed his wish to move into a more personal relationship, and now it has been happily converted into a consensual dom-sub lifestyle"

John Watson opens his mouth once, then closes it, then opens it again, suddenly becoming aware that his vocal chords have stopped functioning when he needed them the most.

He tries another technique and clears his throat.

"D-do u mean...that Shlock Holmes is your...er..."

"Sub" I smile a miss congeniality smile. "Pet. Slave. However you would like to name. But the dynamics are the same."

"What is it with him and dominatrixes?", he mutters under his breath."Remind me again. Why are we having this conversation? " he asks, and it doesn't take Sherlock's level of observational skills to see that the man is thoroughly pissed.

The man is handsome. When you get to see him at close quarters for sometime you begin to see the beauty of those indigo eyes, and that the swoop of his Gray hair is hot, and his thin red lips look delicious to try. Just like Sherlock, he's not your conventional handsome. However there's something about his personality which is disarmingly attractive. Even when he is pissed. He's a mixture of attraction and danger. Everything a submissive needs in a potential dom-lover, and I cannot deem how Sherlock has survived all this while.

And I forgive Sherlock for whatever mundane wrongdoings he has done to me.

"We're having this conversation because Sherlock has told me that you are his only friend and family, and therefore if ever any soul is concerned for his goodwill it would be him." I lean towards him across the table. "This is concerning his goodwill. Doctor Watson I am in love with him."

I watch his face for signs of envy and sigh in satisfaction. "And he has a genuine need to reciprocate my feelings. But something keeps him from it. Do you have any idea what that might be?"

"How would I know?"

"There must be someone in his life, a romantic entanglement, at least a romantic whim"

"Could be the other dominatrix."

"Irene Adler?" I ask him pensively, and shake my head in fake worry. "No doctor Watson, he's gay"

I raise my eyes from my cup of tea to see the sudden panic in his eyes.

"What do you mean he's gay?"

"I mean he sexually prefers male partners. He's a homosexual. What the heck. You are a doctor you must know."

"I know who a gay man is"

"I'm sorry. I'm just over excited. I mean, i am a sex worker. I have had sex with so many men and women but Sherlock", I give a low whistle.

Horified, John Watson looks around to see if anyone noticed.

Well, I chose this restaurant for a reason.

"He is the most gorgeous thing on two legs and the hottest ass in England. I fucking adore him doctor. I mean, have you seen the man?"

"I have lived with him for seven years." He quips.

"You see but you don't observe."

He straightenens up in his chair and puffs his chest forward. The borrowed line must have hit a sensitive point.

"John Watson, it is a waste not to torture him. It is fucking criminal not to please him" I mutter at him. "And stay a while, if you truly care for him. Because he's gonna be here in a minute. Because tonight is crucial. I am gonna choose whether to love him, or fucking destroy him in case he doesn't
respond in kind. And he will need a good friend's support when that happens."
"You just confessed that you loved him. How can you destroy him then?"
"It's one and the same thing doc. Love is destructive"

John Watson's eyes grow wide as he watches the entrance to the restaurant, and I turn my head around in time to catch a panicked consulting detective make a move as if to leave the way he came as fast as his feet would carry him.

I ring his phone.

He takes it out with shaky fingers, and presses it to his ear, glaring bloody daggers at me.
"Sherlock Holmes, if you don't bring your bloody ass to the table this moment, I will spill the beans to doctor Watson. This isn't a promise, Sherlock, this is a threat."
"I will kill you Innana", he growls.

I smile.

"Not before I tell doctor Watson what you usually say after you cum"

John Watson makes a move to stand, forever the gallant soldier, to save the damsel in distress. But I have come prepared for this. I press the mouth of my gun firmly to his knee under the table.
"Stay, Watson, and keep your hands on the table where I can see them."

His nostrils flare, and he looks like he could actually blow fire through them.

Very intimidating.

It's exhilarating to meet a man who would actually kill you, and sit with him cosily at a restaurant table.

Two men who could actually kill you.

Because Sherlock Holmes has come and sat at the chair I showed him, placing himself between John and me.

"Why did you betray my confidence?" He hisses.

"Which part of 'I'm an ugly dangerous bitch and think before you agree' was not clear to you, my whore?" I ask him, caressing his protruding cheekbone with a finger.

"Keep your hands off me, this relationship ceased to be consensual and is over now"

"Not until I have a vibrating dildo up your ass and the remote control in my pocket. I'm sure you must have followed my instructions to the letter and replaced the earlier butt plug with the dildo before you walked into the restaurant. Don't make a false move because I have my claws pressed at John's thigh right now."

I didn't imagine it was possible for him to grow any paler than he already is, but I am proved wrong. Every last drop of blood drains from his face and a deathly pallor settles there.

In stark contrast, John's weathered face is livid red with murderous fury.

A waiter appears out of nowhere with my order for three, including red wine.

We all wait patiently, holding our breaths, till he leaves.

"Leave John Watson out of this, bitch" Sherlock sneers at me.

Why the hell am I playing this game, sandwiched between two very dangerous men who crave for my blood?

Love is a dangerous motive.

"Time to teach you a lesson, baby boy" I lick my parched lips, and press the button of the remote control at its second setting.

Sherlock grabs the edge of the table and bites his lip hard, in a vain attempt to regain control. "Come on Sherlock, make those gorgeous noises like you always do, like a bitch in heat."

If looks could kill, he would have killed me in thousand and one different ways by now.

I press the button at the next setting and he doubles over.

"Sherlock" I hear John calling in a low voice, but Sherlock is past hearing, the unsympathetic vibrator relentlessly going at the sensitive nerve endings of his prostrate gland.

"Stop it, for fuck's sake" Dr. Watson says, just as a desperate moan escapes from Sherlock.

"Not your call" I tell him.

"Stop" Sherlock gasps.

I grab a handful of his hair in a painful grip and shake him by it.
"Where are your manners you fucking whore? "
He squeezes his eyes shut and grinds his teeth.
"I'm sorry, you are asking for the next vibrating setting I guess. This much rubbing is not enough for
your horny ass hole?"
"Stop..pl..please"
"Please who?"
"Madame" he is visibly shaking, violently, drawing a few inquisitive glances from the good folk at
the restaurant who have come to spend a peaceful, event free evening, and haven't the faintest that
there is a kinky monster seated between two very angry men with murderous instincts.
I switch the vibrator off. Sherlock sags in his chair.
"Did that help remind you who you are, and who you belong to?"
He nods.
The vibrator restarts at that.
"Yes Madame "
The dildo falls silent in response.
"Who are you?"
"Your sub, Madame "
"And?"
"Your pet, Madame "
"And?"
"Your slut, Madame "
"And?"
He looks up at me. Blood has rushed back to his face. Jesus fucking Christ! Sherlock Holmes has
started enjoying this!! Being humiliated in front of John Watson.
"Your slave boy"
"Prove it"
He removes his scarf, revealing the slave collar.
From the corner of my eyes I see John Watson watching this exchange with grudging, open-mouthed
fascination.
I slide my finger along the edge his collar, lightly touching the skin on his neck as I go. He shivers.
"For a moment I thought I lost you," my voice breaks. And a drop of tear forms in my eyes as we
hold the gaze of each other, singling each other out from the rest of the world and giving into the
familiar magnetism that is very real, very much alive, crackling like a live wire. His blue-gray-silver
and my dark black dancing around each other.
His lips quiver as he places a large hand on my face, cupping it, and he wipes the drop of tear with
his thumb.
"I trusted you so much. Why did you betray me?" He whispers.
"It is necessary. " I tell him. "Because I'm going to take my revenge, I'm going to claim your body in
front of the man who has laid claim on your heart, Sherlock. " I whisper in his ear, and "Why don't
we all enjoy our dinner now" out loud as brightly as possible.
"Please Dr. Watson. I implore," I tell him, knowing fully well that a gun pressed at one's thigh helps
a man's appetite not.
But then, I have more pressing matters to attend to. Matters like, feeding my sub.
I take a potion of pasta between my fingers, and bring it to his mouth.
He slurps it, and then licks my finger tips clean.
"Good boy " I praise him.
I feed him another potion.
We both simultaneously steal a glance at John Watson, who is transfixed in his seat.
He clears his throat.
"Why am I still here? I see that the two of you have made up so my job here seems done."
Sherlock drops his head and I look at John Watson.
"Done? Not even close to it. What makes you think I have made up with him? Is it because I stopped
humiliating him. Torturing him? I can start again"and right at the end , I press the remote control in my pocket. I know it is cruelty to do so, but I do it all the same.
It takes Sherlock by surprise and he groans. He squirms as if that would squeeze the bloody thing out. This only makes the vibration more intense. And then, very personal , very secret, very obscene sounds start escaping from his slack mouth. His hand instinctively reach towards John, who grabs it tightly, and holds it in a death grip.
Interesting.
Interesting to see how John Watson's breath hitches in his throat, and how his hooded eyes are openly fucking his tortured friend, while his hand is trying to console him.
Not gay my ass.
It all ends in half a minute and Sherlock draws his hand back as if he had an electric shock.
"Slave boy," I tell him. "Suck Doctor Watson's cock and make him cum"
"Alright, had enough of this now," says John, and I press the gun harder. "What are you going to do now? Shoot me with it? In this crowded place? And do you think you can get away with that?"
"Sherlock, he's pretty annoying, this flatmate of yours. Shut his mouth now"
"Dammit" Sherlock mutters under his breath, and stealthy and agile like a cat, he ducks under the table.
With one surreptitious hand, he moves my gun away. Then I hear John Watson's fly being opened and his trousers being slid down.
"Oh fuck!" John Watson says .
Sherlock must have started his duty .
John Watson looks down at his groin and then his head falls back, eyes rolling back into his head . It takes him sometime to register that the gun is no longer there.
"Alright, stop it" he shouts at Sherlock.
Defeated, the man comes up from under the table, his lips swollen and eyes puffy. John fidgets in his sear,pulling the trousers up. Pushing the chair back, John stands, dragging Sherlock with him by his shirt collar.
"This is what you chose for yourself, Sherlock ?"He asks incredulously, pointing at me.
"John, please, I can explain"
"Yes. You can. And you will. But not here. Let's go home"
"That's rude Sherlock, " I say loudly, now that there is a considerable audience watching the scene we're making. "You awe me one. You promised to eat my pussy by means of payment "

John Watson slams his fist on the table and it rattles in fear.
"Leave. Him. Alone " he says, his voice deadly.
A vein bulges up on his forehead and his nostrills flare.
A menacing smile appears on his face and I know when to retreat.
"Bye Sherlock. By the looks of it he's either gonna beat you senseless, or shag you senseless tonight. Or both. And if he doesn't, " I call after them, "he doesn't deserve you Sherlock."
They disappear into the cold night outside.
I drop down on my chair.
My work here is done.
Why am I shivering.

Have I just wreck Sherlock's life?

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry but you'll have to wait till the next chapter to see Captain John Watson in
action.
And please, leave your comments. I appreciate them so much. I'm open for constructive criticism too.
Taking Chances

Chapter Notes

Well, that was an unforgivably long time to go silent. But the author was under the weather and was experiencing a major case of libidinal crash down. Let bygones be bygones because yours truly is back! And I am here with my very first JOHNLOCK chapter!!!!
And I cannot tell you enough how much your comments and kudos means for a rookie like me. I love you all.
And yeah, here be johnlock!

"John" Sherlock says in a timid little voice, not daring to test the waters too deep.
"What?" John spats. His face is resolutely turned away from Sherlock.
"Can we slow down a bit?"
"Why?" Without slowing the stride, John turns his head back and checks whether the shameless woman has followed them.
"No she hasn't " Sherlock answers the unasked question. "It hurts...the..this thing inside my..." he stammers and then completely trails away, flushing hard.
John halts in his tracks. He is suddenly too aware of his right hand which is firmly latched onto Sherlock's lower back, by which means he was leading him, and of the maddening and almost painful tightness in his trousers crying for attention, which does not seem to go away in the foreseeable future without proper attention, and which actually makes walking rather uncomfortable for him too. He quickly snatches his hand away and mutters "Christ!" under his breath because thinking about how whatever it is, is up wherever it is in Sherlock's body is not healthy at all, in the current situation.
With a jerk he starts walking again in a slower pace, and Sherlock is thankful, although he is rather depressingly aware of a John's hand-shaped burn at his lower back, where the touch of the comforting, protective and covertly possessive touch has been withdrawn.
John opens the door to 221B and they enter into the dead silence inside, the deliberate silence that has grown surrounding them, hovering there like a miserable ghost. The usual silence is more pronounced today since Mrs. Hudson is visiting her sister who has fallen ill.
Sherlock follows John up the staircase. John opens the door to their flat and without sparing a look at Sherlock, walks into the kitchen.
He wishes little Watson was home. She is probably with Molly.
The silence is hateful. And threatening since it is now burdened with doubt. He knows something has taken a turn towards an irreversible change and he can't fathom what, how or whither. He closes the door and leans on it, listening to John bustling around the kitchen, putting the kettle on, opening the cupboards, clatter of mugs and spoons. Perhaps if he stays very very still, the time will stop, because Sherlock Holmes is scared of what the next moment would bring. Or would take away from him. What if-? What if...? No he can't find it in himself to pursue that incomplete thought to the end.
He removes his gloves and sees that his hands are shaking. He touches his lips tentatively with those shaking fingers. His lips, which had been encircling John, his tongue, which still tastes of John...his John...his john's taste. And within the span of exactly forty three seconds he has catalogued every sensory information he could gather of John's penis,( musky, masculine, bit salty, very much John...)and he is still delirious with it, euphoric, And he wants it. He needs it.
Intense love and fear of loss gnaw at his heart, as if he is standing on the edge, about to take the fall.
And the remnants of the taste of desire lance through his body like an all consuming fire.
He removes the belstaf and hangs it, and turns around.
John arrives with two mugs of steaming tea in his hand, and John, in his inelegant jumper, in this
everyday normalcy of bringing tea, makes Sherlock's heart flip, his belly burn.
It is that same sensation you get when you start falling.
John sets his mug on the table, carefully avoiding Sherlock's eye.
The silence.
John?
John can't you hear me?
Can't you hear me screaming?
"You have questions. " Sherlock states.
"No I don't" comes the offhanded reply.
He watches as John settles in his chair with the steaming tea in his hand.
What does it take to make you hear John?
What does it take to make you see? Observe? Understand?
He sips the scalding tea and curses as his tongue burns.
Every little familiar gesture makes Sherlock yearn with affection that it hurts.

His grey hair.
His indigo eyes.
His round nose.
His thunderous expression.
His unimpressive shirt, ugly cosy jumper.
The mettle of the man within.
The taste...
"John"

John gives the man still standing near the doorway a once over and looks away, opening a
newspaper and starting to read it studiously, as if newspapers actually carry interesting tidings.
"John look at me." he says.
John does.
"John I..." what's the use of eloquence if your tongue is tied when it is most needed?
"No, Sherlock, shut up." He says, standing, shoving the newspaper aside. And he strides towards
Sherlock; his smart military stride, and Sherlock halts breathing.
"If you really do want to speak, then tell me one thing. You being who you are, and with your level
of reputation, what made you mad enough to trust yourself into the hands of a psychopathic
vixen?" his voice raises and last syllable hits the ceiling, making Sherlock flinch.
He isn't aware that he has stepped very well into the personal space of Sherlock, his face mere inches
away.
"Hmmm?", Captain Watson prompts.
Sherlock steadies himself. Because John's proximity has somehow emboldened him to fight. To
claim him, or die trying.
"Because a wise man once told me to take my chances. Because they don't last forever and are gone
before you know it."
"Oh f... what made you imagine that I wanted you to take your chances with the likes of...of 'that
vixen'?
"I didn't see the difference between one dominatrix and the other"
John Watson is left utterly dumbfounded by this unimaginable, inexcusable idiocy of the so called
genius that he groans in frustration.
He's adorable when he's ruffled. Dangerous, yes. But when has Sherlock Holmes ever backed away
from a chance of flirting with danger?
"John. We never had intercourse. She just gave me recreational punishments at my behest, and I didn't have the faintest that they could be sexually arousing. As you know I have never had any other experience to compare with it, or to predict what may happen. I was always in the receiving end of the whole affair. And I confess I had orgasmed a number of times and figured out that I can actually enjoy them but it turns out that in my post-capital haze I have cried out for the...for someone else. She felt belittled by this and sought revenge and I let her. Because it's only fair."

Sherlock finishes in one breath, lest he loses nerve.

Silence falls again.

But this time, the silence is charged.

John's eyes have a flickering light, his nostrils flare and a flush has crept to his face.

"You are a madman!" He says as if in revelation.

"Hi. I'm Sherlock Holmes. I don't think we have met before." Sherlock returns. For one wild moment he thinks that John Watson is going to head-butt him but somehow it doesn't happen. So he continues. "And so says the man whose hard-on caused by his very male flatmate performing fellatio on him hasn't gone away even after all this time, and still believes it will go away by itself when all your subconscious needs is to shag me right into this wall, John 'not-gay' Watson. By the way, don't even begin to think that it had escaped the eyes of the most observant man in London, (hi, that's also me), that you were hopelessly turned on by watching your flatmate being sexually humiliated in public by a stranger."

"Shut the bloody FUCK up!" cries John, pinning his mad flatmate to the door by his lapels.

"You are as mad as I am, John " says the madman, his voice an octave or two lower than its normal timbre, and John Watson feels his long fingered hand pressing against his bulging crotch. Because Sherlock is going to take his chances, come what may. Because if he is doomed to lose his John for good, damn him if he doesn't put his mouth on that cock and swallow his ejaculate and relish that memory for ever and amen, while he still can lay his hands on the man.

John freezes in his stead, and lets Sherlock pry his hands away from his lapels. Then he watches as if in a daze, the way Sherlock falls on his knees before him as gracefully as an angel. The way he removes John's belt, pulls down the zipper and pulls the trousers and pants down to his knees all in one swift movement. The way he makes these lewd acts as beautiful as movements of a ballet. How poised he is, when he lifts his swan-like neck up to look at John's face.

It was John's turn to hold his breath.

"Because that's who we are, John Watson," the madman murmurs. And John watches his erect penis disappear between his lips. Once. And Sherlock's mouth releases him with a pop. "Take me!"

He swallows again. That maddening wet heat. Then all too suddenly the cold open air.

"Use me!" Sherlock says.

He swallows and releases him yet again with another pop. "Fuck me! " he urges.

And even then, Sherlock should have known that John Watson is the one mystery that he is never to unravel. That he had never been able to, nor will he ever be able to predict John Watson. For the man roughly shoves him away, and Sherlock falls to the ground in an ungraceful heap.

He squeezes his eyes shut in abject defeat and still cannot will his other senses not to be aware of how John readjusts his clothes, takes his coat and wears it, opens the door and hastens down the stairs and bangs the front door shut behind him.

"What were you expecting, Sherlock Holmes?" the silence mocks him.

What possessed him to imagine that he could brave himself into gambling John's seduction, and that he had the courage within himself to suffer the consequences if everything goes tits up, as it obviously has.

Without John.

With John's rejection.

Without John and with his rejection, the silence presses him from every side and pours itself into him through the pores of his skin like a pestilence and he squirms beneath it as if it was a physical pressure.

After sometime he picks himself up from the floor, all too aware of the dildo inside his arsehole,
pressing against him like a token of his failure, humiliation and dejection.
How convenient that Ophelia went insane.
Insanity is an effective coping method.
"Really Sherlock, see where your momentous insanity has brought you", a familiar nonchalant voice chastises him from within his mind palace.
"True that", he thinks grudgingly. Looking around, he sees John's mug of tea. Cold now. He picks it up, and licks its rim on the place where John's lips had touched on. To steal a taste of John.
Taste of John.
He goes to the bathroom and removes the shameful dildo. Then he cleans himself and takes a long bath, until the hot water runs away. Then he towels himself and creeps into his bedroom. All in monotonous and mechanical precision. And suddenly he stands in the middle of the room, shivering in his ratty pyjamas and blue dressing gown.

He must have gone to collect little Watson.
Will he leave him?
Will he take little Watson with him too?
He will, won't he?
He could give his life away in a heartbeat if only he could gain John Watson's friendship back. Even if it is in the form of the silent tango that they have been playing after Mary's death, and Musgrave and his moving back to their home with little Watson.
And he jeopardized everything in a moment of insanity. A moment of blind desire.
Couldn't keep it in your pants like you did for seven years. Shame on you. Damn you.
Then he freezes.
He hears John's footsteps in the living room.
And no baby.
What does that imply?
Then John opens Sherlock's bedroom door without so much as a knock. Sherlock has his back to the door and his back is strained . He hears John coming closer and sniffs the air stealthily for smell of alcohol. He senses none.
"Sherlock "
The quiet words makes Sherlock jump.
He's gonna beg. He's gonna plead. He's gonna do anything, anything and everything to keep John with him. He has survived almost two scores of his life without sex, almost a decade hiding his love, a year watching the love of his life belonging in matrimony to another person and he is more than sure that he can pawn his soul to metaphorical Satan for John if only he could live by his side. He draws a shivering breath. He can't find the words. His guilt has crushed him. Broken him.

"Sherlock, what did you tell me earlier? "
"I-what?" His voice is hoarse.
"What did you ask me to do to you when you were sucking my dick?"
John's voice is calm, calculated and steady, like in those moments when he raises his gun for the kill shot and like hell does that voice reach Sherlock's groin before it reaches his head.
His head, where his eyes have bulged out of their sockets and brain cells have taken his metaphorical soul-pawning reference in its literal sense.
"T-to take me, use me, fuck me"
He drops his head and feels a hot sting in the corners of his eyes.
"Did you mean what you said, Sherlock? "
He nods his head imperceptibly.
"Speak up"
"Yes"
"Then raise your head, look me in the eye and own your words like a man." John growls. He watches patiently till Sherlock turns back and looks him in the eye. Then Sherlock sees a faint shudder pass through John's frame, which Sherlock observes with a flicker of hope. Then that pink tongue licks that nether lip in that familiar gesture of lust, in stark contrast with the tranquil fire of wrath burning in his eyes. That combination has never failed to turn Sherlock's knees into jelly and it was all he could do not to topple down and strip him of what minuscule pride left for himself.

"Right, Sherlock. Here's the deal. If you want someone to discipline you, or fuck discipline into you, and since you asked so nicely, I am capable of doing that to you better than any whore you buy for yourself."

Well, Innana was no whore and their monetary relationship was long over, but Sherlock is not going to explain any of that now because it is suddenly Christmas!

"But then, I'm not a whore and you can't pay me with your ordinary currency and therefore, Sherlock, if you want me to be your 'Dom', earn me."

"Earn you? Earn you how?" Sherlock stammers.

John takes his time.

"Fight me."

Sherlock shakes his head as if to clear the cobwebs inside.

"I can't."

He can't hurt John, for starters. He knows John is trained in hand-to-hand combat, has seen him taking down men twice his size, and cannot really forget how he beat him into a bloody pulp not so long ago. But then, Sherlock can hold his own in a fight. He was a kick boxer although he hasn't practiced his hand at it in ages now. And he is a master at Bartitsu and knows his fair bit of Judo to save the day.

But he was not going to hurt John.

"I'm not going to hurt you."

"Let me get this clear. From what little I know, the sub doesn't get to make rules, does he?"

Sherlock sighs.

"Three rounds-

"One round, John, please."

"I get to make the rules."

"I get to beg till you take pity on me and consider my humble requests. One round is enough, please."

"So cocksure of yourself?"

"Start now?"

John watches him for a moment or two. "Remember, you lose once, you lose forever."

"This is madness John." Sherlock whispers in uncertainty.

"That's what we are, Sherlock."

Sherlock removes his dressing gown and lets it fall to the floor.

John takes aim.

"On the count of three, until one pins the other one down and holds for ten seconds."

Sherlock nods, and John watches the sudden hawk-like gleam in his eyes with satisfaction. Sherlock Holmes has not lost his mettle.

On the count of three John's right hook connects Sherlock's jaw and he sees stars. Well, that was enough reminder that they are not play acting and the next time John hits Sherlock knows how to dodge.

And it takes no time for John Watson to realize that his opponent is not hitting back and he just defends his ground, and is preserving his strength until John tires himself out. Cunning bastard. And with his superior height and longer limbs, he's more advantaged till John can get closer and wrestle him down.
And then, in a flash, the lanky git bends his knees as if taking a blow, picks the discarded dressing gown from the floor and throws it at his face. In the single moment John was blinded by the onslaught of blue silk, Sherlock has tackled him down to the ground and is counting.

John couldn't have wished for a better opportunity to win. He is the stronger one, and the one that is trained in Wrestling techniques. He wraps his leg around Sherlock and snakes his hand between their torsos, and with one skilled, swift movement, flips Sherlock's body and pins him down. The man writhes beneath him in earnest, unable to free himself from the iron grip, his eyes getting wilder by each count, and at John's ten he cries out as if in unbearable pain.

For now he has had John Watson's warm, strong body plastered to him for the length of ten counts and he can't imagine the rest of his life without that contact. He manages to turn on his back and then he wraps his arms around John and holds onto him desperately with all his might and God knows, if Sherlock doesn't, that John doesn't intend to let go too.

"John," he whispers, and raises his head an inch from the ground so he can nuzzle John's neck. They are both panting, probably not only with physical exertion.

"John if you don't take me now," Sherlock murmurs into the sweat slicked skin, "if you leave now, I will die"

"Drama queen " John gives a low chuckle, but his tone is placating .

"No, honestly I will. John, please! "

"You know what? I very much like that please in the end. I think I can get used to that"

He watches mesmerized as a coy smile spreads slowly on the detective's face.

"Please " he murmurs.

The first thing John does once they get up is to attend the bruise on Sherlock's jaw. "Come on John, stop fussing over trifles " Sherlock quips impatiently. Well, that doesn't sound particularly submissive, thinks John to himself, with a small smile on his face.

Then that smile vanishes into grim concentration.

Oh! The bite mark.

John tentatively touches his fingertips to the now fading bite mark left by Innana.

"Sherlock "

"Hmm?"

"What's this?"

"A mark of possession. Primitive, I know. But it actually felt good while she was in the act of claiming me"

"She?"

"Innana of course."

"And you let her mark you as if you were an animal?"

Sherlock could pinpoint the exact moment when the dying embers of anger flared back into a raging fire again.

And a shiver runs along his spine.

"Sherlock," the calm voice that expresses the fury within John better than any holler. "If it is your wish to be treated like a stray dog, then I will. Tonight, Sherlock, I will leave my mark on you until you forget every trace of that woman who laid claim on you. I am going to possess you. Hear me?"

Sherlock swallows hard.

"Please!" he manages.

"Good." John nods. "I shall not torture you, beat you or flog you or make you call me ridiculous names and worship me at my feet. No not that. But punish you, I will."

"Yes, John. Whatever you would give me" Sherlock says in a low voice.

"Right. First things first. Suck me off"

And Sherlock doesn't miss a beat.

Sherlock holds on to John's hips with a surprisingly steady grip and sinks down to his knees in that
danseur grace of him, and runs his nose over the bulge in John's groin like none else but a pleased panther. He could have had purred. Not quite believing his luck, he raises his head to make sure that it is, in actuality, his John that he is holding. And John makes the mistake of looking down, and meeting that gaze.

The world freezes. For Sherlock is watching him as if John Watson personally hangs the sun and the stars in his world. The soft night light in the room makes him look seven years younger, making an illusion of remediing the harsh lines which years of physical and emotional struggle has carved on his face; struggles which have somehow failed to rob him off that almost ethereal beauty that he possesses. For in the darkening pupils of Sherlock's moonlight eyes are etched seven year's worth of longing, love, faith, vulnerability and submission...everything that he is willing to give him at his beck and call. Everything that a man desires and some more. It is the same look that John Watson has denied witnessing all along, if only for the safety of his heart and soul.

His heart and soul which Sherlock has dragged through the mud time and again, by denying his availability in their very first night at Angelo's ("I consider myself married to my work"), faking his death in a heap of crushed and scattered pieces of brain and a pool of blood on a pavement, right in front of his eyes, torturing him with that nightmarish memory, pain and loss for two years, reducing him into a bumbling, domiciled fool by withholding his ex-assassin wife's dirty secrets from him and never, ever coming forth with what he has truly felt for him and thus torturing John out of his sanity. It is the naked, heated gaze he has glimpsed out of the corners of his eyes or in a reflection of a mirror, when Sherlock thought John wasn't watching or that he couldn't see him.

His heart and soul which Sherlock Holmes.

The lust which has hitherto been hiding itself in the expensive, luxurious, skin-tight shirts and trousers that hugged his body, the hour long baths that he took, the divine smelling shampoos and conditioners with which he maintained those silky luxuriant curls and many such other small quirks which did not escape John's eyes.

The lust that rear'd its head in moments of a revelation of a mystery, celebration of a finely solved case, in an almost orgasmic 'oh' or an 'ah' and quickly disappeared into its confines.

John's breath stutters.

And that does not escape Sherlock's eyes. Emboldened by the evidence of the effect he has on the man he desires, all traces of vulnerability vanishes from those eyes. And only the heated glint of wanton want remains. His gaze doesn't let go of John's even as his deft, long fingers lowers the zipper, and in his haste, tugs down the jeans and pants in one go. John groans in releif as his aching erection is freed from its confines of tight fabric.

That groan is beautiful.

Sherlock certainly intends to elicit more of those. And many more. Sherlock intends to play him as passionately and as lovingly as he does his Stradivarius, if only to hear more of those lovely, erotic noises from his single object of desire.

He lowers his gaze to the swollen member of John and a shiver of pure ecstasy runs through his spine at the sheer thought of having it right in front of his face. It measures approximately 7.31", which is about 0.8" more than the average length of a British male's penis in its erect state. And it is every inch as impressive as John. Which means it holds more potential than its inches. Then the girth, forget the measurements, because he can't be bothered about that right now. It's shaft is adorned with veins whose throbbing pulse Sherlock cannot wait to feel at the tip of his tongue, and its swollen and reddened head has a trace of pre-cum which he cannot wait to taste that his brain short circuits in quite a liberating manner.

But before that, he lets himself drawn in the musky scent of John's groin, (the most potent aphrodisiac, if ever there was one), and runs first his nose, then his tongue all around the groves there, his testicles, his thatch of sparse golden hair, tasting the fine sheen of sweat.
And then, he takes John's length in his hands, hard as an iron rod and soft as silk to his touch, and takes turns to softly slap himself each side on those impossible cheekbones. His eyes fall shut, and a small satisfied sigh escapes his lips.

Just when John begins to wonder in utter frustration how long he is going to drag this preposterous fore-play, his patience waining dangerously thin, he sees that moist, pink tongue stick out in an almost serpentine move, and Sherlock runs the flat of his tongue the length of John's shaft.

Another barely suppressed groan from John! Ah! That's music!! Then, willing his upturned eyes yet again to tell John tales of his ultimate surrender, that he is John's slave and his sub and nothing more nothing less, he opens up, and swallows John's penis.

It was too ambitious of him to wish that he could take the whole of John's impressive length in one go, provided the fact that he has no prior practice but intense, hour-long searches on the internet on how to give the best blow job to your partner, and the knowledge of how he enjoyed it when Innana fellated him in another life time. Yet he seemed to be doing it right, because John's eyes have rolled back to his head, and a low moan escapes him.

John runs his hand through the soft curls on that bobbing head. God alone knows how long he had secretly wished to do just that. Just to know how those silky curls would feel, tangled around his fingers.

The soft caress makes Sherlock hum in pleasure, and the resulting vibration John feels on his cock makes him suddenly aware that if Sherlock continues in this manner, he will arrive at the point of no return in no time. And then, right then, Sherlock manages to swallow John's penis to the hilt, and his nose burrows into the thatch of hairs in his groin, and he locks eyes with John in victorious exaltation!

It was all John could do not to shoot a load of cum into that willing mouth right that moment. Gripping a handful of curls hard in his fist, John yanks back Sherlock's head, freeing his penis from the sinful ministrations in the last moment.

The moment his cock is freed, John regrets the loss of the wet heat of Sherlock's mouth and a frustrated growl involuntarily escapes him. But Sherlock,

Pleasure lances through Sherlock at John's rough hair pulling and he hisses "yesss! "

John looks down to see Sherlock pulling his head further away, just so he can feel more pressure.

"Sherlock! " He says hoarsly.

"Fuck my throat John!"

And when those filthy words are uttered in that posh voice; that posh voice with which he used to fire away deductions in the richest intellectual vocabulary, a hunger like which he has never felt has devoured John's very self. And he wanted to do just what Sherlock asked.

Fuck that throat.

"Come on John. Fuck my throat hard! Don't hold back John, I'm a whore's whore-"

And John doesn't wait to hear the rest of it.

He can't.

He squeezes Sherlock's cheeks with his hand to force that mouth open in an "O" and shoves his cock inside and starts ramming it. Two shoves and he feels Sherlock gag. Three, and he feels Sherlock's throat forced open.

Sherlock feels his airway being blocked. He is drowning, in John's hand, and is utterly at John's mercy. John pulls his cock out, and Sherlock gasps for air. And in no time he feels the huge cock invading his airway again. And this time John keeps it there for a moment too long. No knowledge of John being a doctor or his caring nature could alleviate the sudden rush of fear Sherlock gets when he is deprived of his breath. His watering eyes widen in silent plea, searching for John's. He only
sees the predatory hunger in John's eyes, as if in a daze.
John pulls his cock a little, letting Sherlock gasp for what little air he could afford, and fucks his
mouth in short, quick humps. "How's that for a throat-fuck, you cock-sucking whore?" he growls at
Sherlock.
"Mmmmph" Sherlock expresses his approval. He is holding on to John for dear life, literally, and his
desperate grip is inadvertently kneading John's arse cheeks, adding to John's pleasure.
And then, he shoves his cock down Sherlock's throat once more, and this time, squeezes his neck
with his hand, feeling the movement of his cock. That is the undoing of John. And a load of John's
ejaculate spurts into the open throat, his cock pulsating. He pulls out quickly, so the last of the semen
is spilled on Sherlock's tongue.
Lungs and eyes burning and head whirling, Sherlock coughs out the unswallowed bit of cum and is
panting for sweet sweet oxygen.
He feels John's hands under his arms, helping him up. Once he gets to his feet, he hears John's
concerned voice, "Sherlock! Are you okay Sherlock? Christ, tell me you're ok"
Sherlock's knees are still reluctant to help him up, and he collapses onto John's body,
and his John, his kind, caring John holds him in his strong arms, resting his head upon his shoulder.
"M ok, more than okay" Sherlock croaks hoarsly. "Thank you John"
"Idiot"
"Yes"
For all Sherlock knows about John, that little utterance was an endearment, johncabulary for 'darling'
', so Sherlock sighs happily, canting his hips and pressing his persistent hard on to John's body.
It is unforgivable that it took me four months to update. But blame it on the complete libidinal breakdown I suffered with my pregnancy. Yes, I'm expecting my bundle of joy. Bless us. And I will finish the story before she arrives.

Now that the arousal which had been causing immense frustration during the course of the evening had been taken care of in the most satisfying manner possible, John was finally able to take stock of paying the matter at hand with a clearer head. The said matter, namely Sherlock Holmes, his long time flatmate, his best friend (the status which is worryingly problematic lately), his crime-solving genius consulting detective and overall biggest pain in his arse, who has just finished giving him probably the most wonderful blow job of his life (not forgetting he has an international reputation; three-continents' reputation to compare it with), has draped his six feet of lanky body seamlessly into John's much shorter stature. How he manages to do that, like an Ivy growing on a wall, is a marvel in itself. And what clarity john had imagined he had gathered in his head suffered an instant and a severe blow when the man, who had heretofore kept his head buried in the curve where John's shoulder met his neck, raises his head, his face not an inch away from John's, and starts gazing at him with eyes blending hunger and innocence in equal doses, (aren't they two contradictory emotions? How on earth does he manage to pull that look? Hunggrily innocent or innocently hungry, and disarmingly irresistible, coupled with a look ethereal in the dim nightlife, like a bloody incubus) and the bulge in his pants presses onto John's belly, a warm, hard presence persistingly reminding him of the task that he has undertaken; to fuck discipline into Sherlock Holmes.

"Right," he clears his thought, and involuntarily drags his tongue along his lower lip. Sherlock slants his head as if to catch it with his lips, but stops himself, to John's disappointment. But then of course, Sherlock is the sub, John reminds himself of the dynamics of this game that he has signed himself into.

He moves to remove Sherlock's pyjama shirt, and Sherlock literally jumps when his fingertips touch the top button.
"Problem?"
Sherlock nods.
"Can I make a request John?"
It's a bit unnerving, to see Sherlock being all polite and demure. John reminds himself that it is part of the game they're playing so... His thought process suddenly freezes when Sherlock arches his chest into the press of his fingertips, craving for a touch of his beloved man, however small it is and Christ, the pads of John’s fingertips could feel how the man is burning up like a furnace.
John would have thought that he is running a fever, if he didn't know better.
"What is it?"
"Could you... could you leave the shirt on?"
Of course John doesn't have to know that Sherlock wants to spare him the complication of seeing the marks left by the two years of being dead to John, on his back. No, that would be problematic and the night would be totally unproductive. He can't risk it.
So he lets John put it down to him being a bit... shy.
"Errrr, I could -um, remove the pants of course, if you wish" Sherlock keeps stammering until he
feels John's hands firmly on his hips.
He swallows, and his eyes flutter close, but he wills them to open again, to watch his John pulling his pants down, unwrapping him like a Christmas gift. And he feels John's heated eyes lingering on his swollen member for quite a long time, and then continues roving all over the exposed alabaster skin of his thighs and legs; lean and yet strong and muscular, like a physical caress.
He wants me too... Sherlock revels in the thought... oh god yes he desires me too. That look cannot be interpreted any other way, even if John shouts out his "not gay" from the rooftop.
John Watson is not a sadist.
Per se.
He once nurtured a fantasy of making love to Sherlock. Cherishing him. Protecting him. Adoring him. But not this.. Not torturing him, not punishing him, although none deserves it more than the bastard. However, the way he submissively offers himself up to John, the utter vulnerability and openness with which he does it have given him an inkling of what desire crackles inside the not-so aloof detective. That Sherlock Holmes really does want him to flay him open, fuck him senseless, ruin him, take him apart and somehow restore him back.
Because John is his everything. His everything is John's too.
And John Watson has never been able to fail Sherlock Holmes in the hour of need. He'd die a couple of deaths before disappointing someone who has trusted himself unto his hands. Such is the mettle of the man John Watson was.
"Right" he says again, and clears his throat.
And Sherlock, being the ever observant bastard he is, recognizes the sign for what it is. That John is at a loss as to how to proceed from here.
"Handcuff me?.... Please. There is a pair in the-
That's enough, isn't it? John is supposed to call the shots here.
"No, Sherlock. We don't need handcuffs," says Captain Watson's voice. And that stills Sherlock, and his pupils flare and Adam's apple bob in the span of mere moments. Good. "Because Sherlock, when I command you to climb on the bed, lie on your back and bloody hold on to the headboard until I tell you otherwise. Clear?"
"Yes, sir" Sherlock responds in a small voice, an almost whisper, and hurries to obey his command. John Watson's life has never been normal, and thus, chaos has always been his normal. But now, when Sherlock Holmes, with all his gorgeous abandon and new-found over-sexedness lies on the bed with an open invitation to fuck him right through the mattress, John knows that this is going to be chaos of the highest order, and nothing....repeat, no-fucking-thing is ever gonna be normal ever again.
And he is not going to turn back. He can't, even if he was held at gunpoint.
He is not a sadist. But if he is asked to torture Sherlock Holmes, as it is the case now, he is a doctor, and he knows exactly where to touch, where to nip, where to bite, where to swat, slap, hit and with how much pressure and how much intensity to do so. And he was a Captain of the RAMC, he happens to know how to mete out punishment when required. And he is going to show Sherlock Holmes just that.
He involuntary straightens his shoulders, assuming a military pose, and proceeds to shed his garments, making a show of it for Sherlock. Of course, he is not as well proportioned or toned as he used to be in his hay day. But the way Sherlock's hungry gaze is feasting on his compact, strong and muscular body does so much to boost his ego.
"Just come to me John, "he whines in the end. And John watches with satisfaction how white his knuckles are, where they desperately grasp the headboard with a death grip.
Given chance, oh Sherlock would crush that dear body to his own and just die from joy.
John takes his time to climb onto the bed, and straddle Sherlock. Sherlock's hips are thus imprisoned between his strong thighs, and he heaves himself up, almost on reflex, in search of pressure where his groin is craving for it.
John holds him down steadily, by gripping his hips hard and grinding the detective to the mattress, grounding him.
"John! " he whispers.  
Because he is lost to words and that name and this man who bears that name eclipse him with a power beyond measure.  
And by everything that is holy and precious, if John doesn't put an end to his misery of seven years worth of anticipation, he will definitely lose his mind, right here crushed between John's thighs.  
And yes, oh yes, this is it! John bends down and licks the corner of his mouth.  
Just that small touch, and Sherlock starts whimpering.  
"Sherlock, " John says, "breathe "  
Sherlock isn't aware that he has stopped breathing altogether, at the first touch of those moist lip, and the first brush of that warm breath on his face.  
"Sherlock, I'm feeling generous right now. What do you want me to do? "  
"Hmm? " Sherlock is delirious, and he thinks it is idiotic of John Watson, his John, who usually increases the IQ of the whole if Baker Street, to ask the obvious.  
"Sherlock! "John repeats in a sharp voice.  
"Yes, John"  
"I want you to be here, and I want you to be alert for what I'm going to do to you, Sherlock, so don't get lost in that head of yours, did you hear me? "  
Yes, John, keep me grounded.  
"Answer me"  
"Yes, John"  
Yes.  
"Because I'm going to shag you till you forget anyone that has ever touched you, but before that, I'm gonna eat you raw, "  
The end of his sentence found john licking and nipping along his jawline, and his earlobe, and then down again, till he reaches Sherlock's neck. Sherlock knows john has always had a secret admiration for his swan like expanse of neck, so he throws it back, to give john more purchase of it, and whines, "bite me there John, please, please, mark me there"  
And John doesn't fail. He bites and sucks hard, all over the tendons of both the sides of his neck till it burns with pleasurable hurt, and then continues to lave his tongue along the dip of his Adam's apple, all of this, to the breathless chant of Sherlock's "yes, yes, yeeeeas"  
By the sweet glory of Christ, john Watson is on the wrong side of his forties, but he feels his blood starts a wonderful journey down south, not half an hour past him being thoroughly sated, all because of the gorgeous blossom of roses which has scattered all over Sherlock's face and neck and continues to spread towards his pecs.  
His pecs. That's where John's wicked mouth goes next. Because those two rosy buds, peaked and hardened, already tortured by wearing nipple clamps for sometime in the evening, are so alluring that John can't help taking one of them between his lips...why not add some tongue and then teeth( oh yes, because that makes the man squirm and it is incredible hot). John is a fair man. So, while he treats one of the nipples thus, he takes the other one between his thumb and forefinger and rolls it between them.  
Moving on. The swell of his pecs. The rises and falls of his ribs. The concave belly and the dip of his belly button. The delicate skin on his jutting hipbones and the pleasure trail running from his belly button to his dark pubic hair.  
He licks them, kisses them, bites them, leaving a trail of saliva which leaves a sharp contrast to the hot slickness of the attention of his wicked, clever mouth, thus making the loss of contact acutely known whenever he leaves a point of Sherlock's skin. Goose bumps have broken all over his writhing torso, and he hasn't stopped whimpering for the last twenty minutes now. And his nerve endings crackle with fire, and in his veins an electric current has replaced the stream of blood. Sherlock is this close to spontaneous combustion under John's ministrations.  
And yes, there are miles and miles of thighs and calves that are still waiting his sweet torture, but Sherlock seems to insist on thrusting his hips up and shoving his painfully erect and pathetically weeping erection at John's face when he hovers over his groin.
"Enthusiastic, aren't we? " he teases, and pitilessly holds him down by gripping his hips and fettering him with the grind of his strong thighs.

"John please! " an impatient whine escapes Sherlock before he could check himself.

"What do you want, Sherlock. Tell me. I told you that I'm feeling generous "

The greying fringe of hair has fallen upon his eyes but doesn't quite cover the mischievous glint or the hooded darkness of those ocean blue eyes. And Sherlock is mesmerized as he always is.

"F.. Fellate me, please"

John chuckles. It is absurd but so endearing that the man can't simply say 'suck my cock ' even when he is turned on to the very end of his consciousness.

"Fellate you? Hmm? God, why do I feel like I'm bedding a Victorian paramour ?"

Sherlock bites his lower lip and just holds his gaze. That trick never fails. He knows how eloquent his rainwater eyes can be, if his words fail to beg for mercy.

And John, his sexy and wicked hero, holds his gaze while he lowers his head and wraps his lips firm and hot around the head of his penis.

And not even his strong grip of Sherlock's hips could prevent the violent bucking of his whole form at that.

Because he has dreamt for ages, but has never imagined, in his wildest dreams, that he would see the day John Watson would actually wrap his mouth around his penis, like that. And he moans heartily. Christ, the way he moans. And sweet sweet Christ, how it feels like to know that John is the one causing that obscenely erotic moan! Pursuing more of it, John swallows the shaft of his cock, swirling his tongue around it, making it slick and wet and hot, the bitter taste of pre-cum on his tongue, and the musky masculine smell and something which is uniquely Sherlock filling his nostrils.

And in response, an equally enthusiastic moan leaves John and vibrates around Sherlock's cock.

And that does it for Sherlock. "Johnimgoingtocome" he rushes, loathing to end this so soon.

And right on the verge of it, John lets go not only of his cock, but also of every point of contact, and it quells Sherlock's impending orgasm, and leaves him bereft.

John gives him space to thrash about the bed, and sees that he still hasn't taken his hands away from the headboard. Instead, he is holding onto it with dear life.

He takes his time to calm down, and once he collects himself, looks at John and smiles.

A ruined smile. A ruined, yet sweet smile on that ethereally beautiful face, and it squeezes John's chest with a long-forgotten something he can't, dare not name. "Thank you, John" his voice is breathless and hoarse..

And John bends his head and nuzzles his face in the crook between his shoulder and neck, where it is still burning with a mild fire, and just breathes him in. And when that ever-persisting impatience kicks in once again, Sherlock wedges his thigh between those of John, ever so tentatively, to carefully prof at John's semi-hardness.

He has had enough data to deduce that John Watson's retractive period was normally far longer than this.

Enthusiastic, John, aren't we today?

And the movement causes John to chuckle. "I wasn't sleeping "

"I know "

"Oh Sherlock I'm so not finished with you!" he mutters into Sherlock's shoulder. Laying himself fully on Sherlock's body, no holds barred, John slides his hand between the two sweat slicked skins and strokes Sherlock's testicles.

Sherlock groans, his mouth fallen open slack. This is different, this touch of the calloused hand, the heat and the strength of it. It is more intense. More pleasurable. And inevitably wicked. John rolls them in his palm, tugs at them and massages them with his clever surgeon's fingers. Sherlock sighs and shamelessly stretches his legs as wide as it is possible, wanton with his want. And oh my god, John tugs at his penis with those fingers, pulling the foreskin down and exposing the glans and squeezes gently. And when the shiny pre-ejaculate appears, he smears it with his thumb.

And his thighs quiver.

He is craning his neck so he can watch the erotic play of his doctor's fingers on his penis and there is
a look so wild and passionate in his eyes that it leaves John dizzy.
"More, " the word wrangles out of him. "John, more!"

And John complies. Holding him with a firm grip, John starts stroking him. The smell of sex and the half voiced moans leading him on. "Sherlock you are so vocal, I like it. I like it so much, sweetheart"

Sweetheart?
Did he just say sweetheart?
Didn't he just...?

And he speeds up, freezing Sherlock's thoughts and zeroing his concentration only on what his clever john is doing to him down there. Heat pools in his belly and his spine quivers, and he knows he's there! No he doesn't know if he wants to end this, or if he wants the sweet sweet release. And he's there.." There there John, Jooooooollllllloooohnnnnggh" and he feels his orgasm surging through him, curling his toes and rendering him a quivering mess.
And he is suddenly aware of two things.
That John holds his penis right below the glans in a hard grip.
And no semen has ejaculated, although he felt every bit that's what has happened.
And that he is still high. He is still not sated. He still is thirsty and wanting and unsatisfied.
A dry orgasm.
And his penis weeps in frustration when John releases it. John bites his inner thigh hard, close to his groin, and Sherlock stops thrashing about.
His John, his smart, unpredictable, clever john has decided what is good for him and Sherlock will take whatever he gives him; because whatever is given by John is what he deserves.
"Didn't you want me to punish you, Sherlock?"

Sherlock still cannot answer so he slaps his thigh, not as hard as to be painful, but enough to get his attention.
"Yes, John"
"For what, exactly, should I be punishing you? For trusting yourself into the hands of a whore? For making a scene at a public restaurant? For mindlessly abusing yourself?"

"Yes"
Because that's all he can utter at the moment.
"I won't hit you, flog you, restrain you. No, none of those tomfoolery from me Sherlock. This is how I torture."

Oh clever! clever!!
"Use the bathroom, and then I'm going to feed you. And then we start again, but Sherlock, do not touch your cock. Understood? Good."

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