Sleep Well, My Dear

by EmotionalStuntedTrash

Summary

Holmes sits by a sick Watson’s beside.

Notes

This is my very first fanfiction. I’m nervous about posting it. Still learning how to write Holmes and Watson, so they probably are a little OC. I just had this in my mind and it wouldn’t leave. Written in about 1 hour. Inspired by the a scene in Granada series of Sherlock Holmes The Man With the Twisted Lip.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Come in, Hamish.”

The three year old shuffled in from behind the door, walking toward Holmes. Holmes was sitting in the chair beside the bed, and reached down to pick his son up.

“Prey tell, what are you doing out of bed?”

“I want Papa.” Whimpered the small omega. He buried his nose into his fathers chest, smelling the comforting sent of his Alpha parent.

“I see. Papa’s right here, but he needs rest. So we need to let him sleep. Go get your book about bees and I’ll read to you. That way we can keep Papa company.”

Hamish nodded and toddled off to the sitting room. Holmes looked toward the bed that held his
sleeping mate. Watson had taken ill three days ago, while not usually a serious problem, being seven months pregnant with their second child had caused him to be affect much more. Hamish had not been allowed to see him much, Watson fearing that he would catch it. Though Holmes saw no reason why Hamish couldn’t sit with him until he fell back asleep. Hearing footsteps, Holmes turns toward the door to see Hamish crossing the threshold with his ‘bee book’ as the boy called it. Mycroft had given it as a gift saying that Holmes had had an interest in bee’s at a young age and that he loved to read about them.

Hamish got comfortable on Holmes lap and handed him his book. Opening it up, he started reading. His soft baritone voice soothed Hamish and ten minutes later, Hamish was sleeping with his head on Holmes shoulder. Setting the book in the floor, he started stroking the toddlers hair, closing his eyes. It had been a long three days.

“Holmes.”

The Alpha barely heard the whispered version of his name. Opening his eyes, he could see Watson looking back at him through half lidded eyes.

“My dear Watson, how are you feeling?”

“I feel better than earlier, my headache is gone. What’s wrong with Hamish? Is he sick also? Here, let me feel him.”

Watson started moving to sit up, but was stopped by Holmes hand on his stomach.

“No, lie back down. He’s fine, he was just upset and wanted to be near you. He doesn’t have a fever.”

“Oh, good. And you Holmes? How are you feeling?”

“I’ll be better when you are up and moving. Hamish is not the best conversationalist right now. “

Watson frowned, “I’m sorry Holmes.”

Holmes stroked Watson’s stomach, “You have nothing to be sorry for. Mrs. Hudson has been a god send, as usual.”

Watson just nodded, suddenly growing tired. Patting the other side of the bed he asked, “I know how you feel about Hamish sleeping in our bed, but could you lay him next to me? My fever has broken, I’m no longer infectious and I miss his smell.”

Nodding, Holmes carefully transferred the little boy to his side of the bed and watched him slightly wake up.

“Papa?” He asked, snuggling closer to Watson

“Yes, my darling, shh, go back to sleep.”

Sitting back in his chair, Holmes watched his two omegas as they started to fall asleep.

“Sleep well, my dears.”

Then reached for Hamish’s book off the ground and started to read again, sending the two in the bed into a deeper sleep.
End Notes

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