'A Learning Curve' or 'How Sherlock Seduced John Without Trying'

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'A Learning Curve' or 'How Sherlock Seduced John Without Trying'

by emmish, starrysummernights

Summary

Sherlock hadn't thought it would be this hard convincing John to sleep with him. John's nickname was 'Three Continents Watson' after all.
Inspired by the 50 Reasons To Have Sex Fic Fest

Notes

Welcome to mine and Emmish's newest story! This is not a sequel to Frustration but an entirely new venture. The idea for this story from the 50 Reasons To Have Sex Fic Fest and we'll be using that list as our guide through this sexy romp. Each chapter will use a different prompt and we hope you enjoy each and every one.
Because You Can't Get To Sleep

The door to John's bedroom softly swung open and a tall, wraith-like figure slipped inside, shutting the door behind it with a barely discernible click. On the bed, John made a sleepy sound of distress, throwing one arm outside his covers. The dark figure froze, its entire body stiffening. It silently watched John thrash on the bed before he settled, dropping back to sleep again.

Across the room, Sherlock breathed a sigh of relief, his heart pounding in his chest at the fear of discovery, at being in John's room while the other man slept. He knew this was a bit not good...but was unable to help himself.

A slightly chilly draft insinuated its way into John's room from the open window, causing the older man to twitch his exposed arm vaguely. The previous, record-breaking heat of the spring day had rapidly collapsed into a cool, starless night and the open window provided an enchanting, cool tang of London midnight air, tasting of pollution and the residual sweat of a working day. The cool air swirled in the room, mixing into a delectable cocktail with the sleep-tainted, mouth-watering musk that was John Watson.

Breathing deeply but softly, Sherlock moved quietly towards his...towards John's bed, kneeling carefully at the side, his knees making the barest of thunks as he lowered himself to the floor.

His eyes, keen even in the dark, roamed over John's supine body, frustratingly shielded from his sight by the sheet. Sherlock wanted to touch, wanted to reach out and run his fingers along John's exposed skin, feel the heat of his skin and the softness of John's fine hairs beneath his fingertips...

But then John would wake up. He'd blink sleepy eyes up at Sherlock, at first bemused by his presence...before frowning. He'd get angry, demand to know what the hell Sherlock was doing in his room at almost midnight.

Or would he?

Sherlock sucked in a sharp, excited breath and reached down, squeezing his firming cock through his pyjamas. Instead of getting angry, would John maybe smile? Give Sherlock a lazy, seductive grin and pull back the covers, invite Sherlock into bed with him? Would he kiss Sherlock- not the chaste pecks Sherlock was already addicted to- but kiss him properly, with lots of tongues and saliva and heat?

Sherlock glanced up, rather resentfully, at John's wide-open bedroom window, which was inviting the occasional moon-chilled breezes inside, birthing goosebumps on the sleeping doctor's arms even as Sherlock watched, his pale grey-green eyes aided only by the sickly-yellow, feeble streetlights at the end of Baker Street.

He wanted to close the window but was afraid the noise would wake John. And that was something Sherlock wanted to avoid. Desperately wanted to avoid.

He knew he shouldn't be in John's room without permission...but he wanted...he wanted more.

He and John had officially been dating for a week.

The past seven days had been the happiest and yet most frustrating ones of Sherlock's entire life. He'd thought, once he and John got together, that John would be more...ardent. More randy than he actually was with Sherlock. All Sherlock's data about John's past girlfriends suggested John would be trying to have sex with him after the very first day- and Sherlock had been eagerly, if a bit
But John hadn't even hinted at moving things beyond the too-quick pecks he sometimes gave Sherlock, innocently pressing their lips together before quickly pulling away. Sherlock's virginity obviously made John want to take things slow and Sherlock, for one, was tired of it.

Licking his heart-shaped lips, a rogue spring breeze almost immediately cooling and drying them, Sherlock took a few deliberately slow breaths and very gingerly inserted his long-fingered right hand into his pyjama bottoms. He gulped as he touched himself, wincing with a mixture of distaste and arousal as his fingers and thumb detected his own warm, slick, traces of pre-come.

He rubbed experimentally at the wetness, absently slicking it around the exposed head of his cock-

Sherlock gasped at the unexpectedly pleasurable lightning bolt of feeling the action elicited. It speared its way through his abdomen and ricocheted back to settle, throbbing and hot, in his testicles. Sherlock's cock bounced in his fingers, blood pumping hotly through it, and he bit his lip to keep any more rogue noises in.

He didn't want to wake John.

Slowly, mindful of making too much noise, Sherlock began a deliberate, firm rhythm at his cock, pumping his hand over the swollen shaft with brisk, business-like strokes designed to get him off in a hurry. He hadn't done this in ages- hadn't felt the need- but since his and John's first kiss, Sherlock's libido, usually quiescent and dormant, had taken a sudden upswing. It'd clambered for his attention on a daily basis, whereas before he'd barely felt the occasional twitch.

It was incredibly distracting.

Tonight, he hadn't been able to sleep for his insistent erection. His mind had conjured up the most lascivious fantasies involving things he and John could possibly do together…if only John would be amenable. Sherlock had finally given in to the temptation and touched himself, lying beneath a thin sheet in his own room. But it hadn't worked. He'd wanted to be closer to John.

Hence this, his clandestine visit. Sherlock closed his eyes, losing himself in the tingling sensations he was provoking in his own body. The fabric of his pyjamas rubbed distractingly over the head of his cock with each motion of his hand, brushing along the sensitive skin and making Sherlock shudder in increasing desire. He nibbled on his plump bottom lip, grimacing in pleasure, eyes still tightly closed. It was a risk he was well aware of- John could wake at any moment and catch Sherlock unaware- but he couldn't resist as his strong fingers continued to tease and tug on his tumescent shaft. Sherlock's staggered inhales, growing heavier the faster he moved his hand, tasted of John's sweet, sleeping, nocturnal, delicious, irresistible scent...Sherlock choked down a lustful growl as the sexual adjectives regarding his doctor- of which he had many- began to spin and mount into lascivious stacks and engage in vivid, flesh-coloured orgies in his Mind Palace.

He opened his eyes, staring at John's sleeping form laid out on the bed, still and quiet and unaware of what Sherlock was doing. For how much longer? How much time did he have before John woke? He had to finish this- now- before John came awake.

Heart pounding, Sherlock sped up the motions of his hand, face feeling hot as he stifled his heavy breathing. He was afraid if he opened his mouth and breathed properly he'd wake John…and this would all be over. He didn't want it to be over. He didn't want John to get angry with him, or be forced to go back downstairs to his own room and finish himself off alone, in the dark, without John. It was much better here, listening to John breathe, knowing he was just an arms-length away…
Sherlock, feeling the gravity of the situation, stroked faster at his cock, urging himself to come-
…come-

John suddenly shifted on the bed, body moving restlessly beneath the sheets, and Sherlock went instantly still.

His cock, gripped in his hand, pulsed, adrenaline surging through his veins. A thin string of pre-come welled from the tip, dribbling along his fingers as he held his breath, heart in his throat, watching John writhe.

Sherlock *ached* to move. His cock throbbed in heated arousal and he could feel himself poised on the very brink. He was afraid to move, afraid to give in to the overwhelming desire to finish himself off, afraid the smallest noise would wake an already fidgety John. And so he remained kneeling beside the bed, cock hard and leaking in his hand, holding his breath, waiting for John to settle again.

To Sherlock, mouth dry in arousal and fear, it seemed to take much longer than it should have.

Finally, once he was sure John was asleep, his breaths once again even and deep, Sherlock huffed in abject relief. He began furiously moving his hand over his cock, desperately needing to come. His hips twitched up into his hand and he grunted as softly as he could as he felt the first, faint stirrings of his orgasm looming.

Sherlock very slowly eased himself back from the bed's edge, where he had been soaking up John's unconscious sighs like a perverted sponge, and watched the minuscule hitches of breath expounded by John's lungs and expressed in the rise and fall of his chest.

His eyes slid almost shut, his mouth falling open in a soundless cry of pleasure. *Quiet, quiet, quiet!* His mind shouted at him, and he was trying. He was trying so very hard, even as his orgasm threatened to crest, singing along his nerve endings like fire and making him want to shout. He dizzily realized he had nothing to catch the result of his pleasure in and gave his pyjamas the briefest, irrational apologetic glance in the gloom of the barely lit room.

John stirred again, turning onto his back and throwing his head back, revealing the strained line of his neck. Sherlock choked, gasped, unable to stop himself, not when he was so close- he couldn't stop-

"Mmmm..." John moaned sleepily. It was a sound of contentment at finding just the right spot to lay or a really good dream getting even *better*…but regardless of the reason, the sound went straight to Sherlock's cock.

"Oh!...F-uck!" Sherlock forced out, losing his balance and helplessly tumbling back against the radiator, his body hitting it with a loud *CLANG*. He gritted his teeth and tried his utmost to hold back the desperate, breathy yelps that burned up his throat as his body trembled through the orgasmic shocks of previously unknown intensity. The sharp lance of pain in his upper arm translated as the merest whisper in his head under the paralyzing weight of his climax. Sherlock's entire body was trembling, pleasure zinging through his frame. His brain felt fried.

As the last of his orgasm faded, Sherlock, quietly panting, stared at John in dread, knowing he'd been too loud. He waited for his new boyfriend to wake up and discover him there- on his arse on the floor, his hand still wrapped stickily around his cock, his crotch covered in come.

John, though, slept on, unaware of what had happened.

Sherlock breathed a huge sigh of relief. Swallowing heavily, his chest heaving and limbs trembling,
Sherlock wiped his hands ineffectually on pyjama bottoms that covered shaky thighs. He inhaled a few more much needed breaths, his body reluctantly coming down from its orgasmic high, wincing at the feeling of lukewarm semen gluing itself unpleasantly to his crotch and upper thighs. Sherlock stood with a stifled groan, his muscles protesting the movement, his legs having fallen asleep as he knelt beside John's bed.

Sherlock allowed himself a brief glance at John, wishing he could just clean up and snuggle in alongside him and share in his languidness. Have John sling an arm around his body and share his heat. Sherlock had never woken up beside anyone before, he'd never even slept with someone, and he wondered what it would be like. Uncomfortable? Crowded? Strangely erotic? Stiflingly hot?

John had made himself very clear, though, on more than one occasion: he thought they should be taking things slow. Unhurried at an almost glacial pace. Sherlock smiled fondly but exasperatedly at his sleeping John. He was grateful John was the way he was...but he didn't want to move as slow as John was suggesting.

Heaving another sigh, he turned to go, walking on tiptoe to the door and carefully opening it. He slipped out without another sound, closing the door and creeping down the stairs, wincing at the way his drying semen painfully pulled at his pubic hairs.

After Sherlock's footsteps - heavier than he'd like to believe, despite all his claims of being a master of stealth (and, when he was drunk, "A... SUPER ninja, John! Like...a cartoon...like those...tortoises...") disappeared downstairs, John allowed himself to grin in the dark, hugging his pillow to himself. He chuckled and reached between his legs, his own cock hard from listening to Sherlock's impromptu wank session. Still grinning, he began jacking himself hurriedly, breathing heavily.

He'd woken when Sherlock had opened the door but pretended to sleep, wanting to know what his new, irrepressibly curious boyfriend would do. John had been shocked—shocked to his core—when he'd realized Sherlock was wanking, was kneeling beside his bed and touching himself stealthily in the dark…

"Oh." John breathed, replaying the way Sherlock had reacted to his staged moan, the way Sherlock had gasped and cursed through his own orgasm, unable to stay silent. Fisting himself harder, John wasted no time in bringing himself to a spectacular orgasm, sinking back onto the bed in relief.

He grinned into the dark, shaking his head. It seemed he needed to have a talk with Sherlock in the morning.
Sherlock groaned into wakefulness, sunlight spearing painfully through his eyelids, the peachy London dawn endeavouring to bugger up his already erratic sleeping pattern. He stretched in his bed and spent a few seconds assessing the statistics which, on a daily basis, immediately inundated his sleepy brain. Temperature of the room. The weather outside. Air pressure. His own body's status. The location of John.

John.

Sherlock moaned happily, smiling, the events of last night filtering back through his mind in wonderfully stunning detail. That had been fun. Immensely satisfying. And he'd got away with it—John hadn't known. Perfect.

Sherlock came fully awake, sniffing at the air, gathering the scents of eggs and toast, jam, and the sweet, pungent smell of tea. Smiling to himself, he climbed out of bed, groaning as he stretched. His strained muscles rewarded him with a jolt of pleasure and he unconsciously let out a small, indistinct noise of satisfaction. He yawned, pulling on a t-shirt and pyjama bottoms—a clean pair, since he'd discarded his soiled pair from last night—and fiddled about at his dressing table before leaving his room, tentatively peering at the dissected aphids which were languishing on microscope slides. He scowled, prodding at them with a pair of tweezers, making a mental note to come back to them later and give them proper care. He'd neglected this particular experiment for too long—fantasies of John having distracted him the previous night.

Making his way from his room, Sherlock followed the mouth-watering scent of food to the kitchen…but paused on the threshold, suddenly horribly aware of the fact that the last time he'd seen John, he'd been clutching his own cock and wanking over John's sleeping form. It didn't matter that John hadn't been aware of it, that he was currently blithely smearing butter on pieces of toast without an inkling of what had taken place last night. Sherlock knew. And the memory made him blush.

He hadn't realized it would feel awkward the morning after. He hadn't realized that, instead of scratching an itch and getting it out of his system, the wank had instead fuelled even more fantasies and made everything…worse.

Taking a deep breath and schooling his face into impassive lines, Sherlock walked into the kitchen, doing his best to ignore John and pretend nothing was wrong. He saw, from the corner of his eye, John look up when he came in and smile, his entire face lighting up. Sherlock felt a curl of pleasure, a happy jolt in the vicinity of his stomach, at being the one who put that look on John's face, just by walking into a room.

His cheeks flushing despite his attempted nonchalance, Sherlock swanned to the kitchen table and sat, plucking up the newspaper and opening it without a word, covering his face so John wouldn't notice his blush and suspect anything was amiss. John could be annoyingly astute at the most inopportune times.
The clink of a plate being set in front of him let Sherlock know John was nearby and suddenly, warm lips pressed against his cheek and a hot, swooping sensation fluttered in his chest.

"Good morning, Sherlock." John murmured, voice low and happy. Sherlock could feel his own face burning, and his mind was infiltrated immediately with factoids about arousal, capillary action, and blood flow. Forcibly pushing these thoughts aside, he swallowed hard and his long, pale fingers alighted in John's ash-brown hair for the briefest touch, before he pulled back abruptly. Sherlock's heart was hammering and his mouth was uncomfortably dry. John smelled wonderful—a combination of clean soap, tea, and the spicy scent of the lotion he used to shave with.

"Good morning to you too, John." Sherlock said tightly, trying not to give in to what he really wanted to do, which was turn, bury his face in John's stomach, and just breathe.

One of John's hands briefly touched Sherlock's thick, dark curls and, before Sherlock had had a chance to arch into the touch, John was gone, moving back into the kitchen for the rest of their breakfast.

Sherlock stared longingly after him.

"It's just...I'd like one," Sherlock uttered in a seemingly random non-sequitur, causing John to turn and frown questioningly at him, just as Sherlock averted his eyes self-consciously, his strong, white knuckles clenching distractedly.

"Like one what?" John asked, snagging the salt and pepper as he strode back to the table.

Sherlock couldn't say it; the words were lodged in his throat, choking him. He gazed up at John who'd stopped by his chair, his face calm and patient, one eyebrow raised slightly as he waited for Sherlock to tell him what it was he wanted.

"I..." Sherlock cleared his throat nervously, musician's fingers twiddling with his silverware, making the spoon and fork clink and chime together loudly. "A...a..." Sherlock brought one hand up to toy with his bottom lip and John's eyes jumped down to the movement. He smiled in understanding.

"You don't have to ask me for a kiss, Sherlock," He said gently, bending down and pressing his lips against Sherlock's.

There was a loud metallic clatter as Sherlock dropped his cutlery, the fork bouncing off the table and landing somewhere out of sight. The tinkling crash was almost drowned out by Sherlock's shaky grunt of desperation, his ordinarily talented hands scrambling weakly, and without familiarity, at John's nape.

Sherlock felt John chuckle into the kiss, his lips curving up even as he kissed him. Sherlock, feeling shaky, strained up, wanting more. Impulsively, he stuck his tongue out, without grace or finesse, against John's closed lips and John made a surprised noise, pulling away. Sherlock's hands slipped from around his neck.

"We don't have to rush things." John's thumb traced over Sherlock's sharp cheekbone, his eyes soft and reassuring…and Sherlock wanted to pull his hair out in frustration.

"Why can't we?" He asked, grimacing with irritation. "Your...your women- I'm not some...virgin who's going to shatter." He spat angrily. John pulled even further away, frowning.

"What about 'my women'?"

"You always slept with them on the first date, if they let you." Sherlock said, a voice at the back of
his mind telling him he needed to shut up *now*, that he was pushing John too far and he'd end up pushing him away...but he ignored it. "If they didn't, and the relationship worked out, you at least had sex with them by the second date. And then afterwards as many times as you could get it. We have been together for an entire week and haven't...you won't..." Sherlock huffed, his annoyance and hopelessness with the whole situation getting the better of him. "...If you don't want to sleep with me, just say so." His body tensed, waiting for John's agreement, his expression visibly, and deeply, unhappy.

"What? No- Sherlock, that's not it at all." John knelt in front of Sherlock and took his hands in his own. "Of course I want to...do that with you-

"You do?" Sherlock asked suspiciously, hope blooming in his chest.

"Of course." John smiled, squeezing his hands. "Of course I do. I have for a long time." He cleared his throat, cheeks going the slightest bit ruddy. "It's just...well, you *are* a virgin..."

Sherlock's face contorted in irritation as a delicious, happily apricot coloured London morning sun exposed itself beyond the slightly-grimy kitchen window, showering the flat with intense light. Sherlock blinked against the glare, trying to understand, his face a grim, frustrated portrait, clearly showing an inexpressible anguish over the whole situation.

John, heart clenching at the sight of his beautiful love so unusually confused, gave Sherlock a brief, chaste peck. "I'm incredibly flattered you want me, ok? Seriously. It's just a bit terrifying to think that I may hurt you or do the wrong thing or even- hell- scare you-"

"You won't hurt me, John." Sherlock scoffed. "And as I said before, I'm not going to shatter-"

"Well, I want to make sure you don't." John said firmly. "I want to make sure- as much as I can- that everything's perfect for you. All right?"

"Everything will be perfect if you snog me silly as often as I like and make me come on a regular basis, starting at some point today." Sherlock announced, straight-faced, before suddenly emitting his rare, adorable (to John), deep-toned giggle.

John gave a startled laugh, checking to see that yes, Sherlock had been completely serious, and shook his head. "We'll see."

He winked at Sherlock before standing and making his way around the table to his own chair, plopping down in it with a sigh and a happy look at his breakfast. "You are going to eat." He didn't bother making it a question and Sherlock, after making a moue of displeasure just for the sake of keeping up appearances, picked up fork and stoically began eating.

"So. What happened to your arm?"

Sherlock froze. "What?"

"That. On your arm." John nodded at the small cut on Sherlock's exposed arm, the skin around it discoloured by a bruise.

Sherlock followed John's gaze to the mark, heart starting up a quick tattoo inside his chest. A flurry of confusion, and then almost immediately, shock, threw him into a sudden, silent panic. "I...That. That happened when I..."

"Yes?" John prompted, eyes sparkling.
"That's...um..." A distant voice in his head reminded Sherlock he was only a good liar when he was prepared for it. Being put on the spot like this, he tended to stutter and flail about while he searched for a reasonable excuse. John knew that.

Sherlock took a large bit of toast and made a point of chewing slowly, intently, whilst he constructed a plausible backstory for the wound he hadn't even realised he'd sustained the previous night. His pale, grey-green eyes flickered tellingly as the feeble fabrication started to manifest. "...Oh, you know, I just...fell out of bed."

"Oh," John hummed, taking a bite of his own toast. "I thought you might have injured yourself last night when you snuck into my room for a wank. Dangerous business, that."

Sherlock inhaled his bit of toast, crumbs going down the wrong pipe, and coughed so violently, hunching suddenly over the table, that John's smug smile vanished and his doctorly instincts caused him to scramble to Sherlock's side, one hand protectively spread across his back.

"Are you all right?" John asked worriedly, patting Sherlock firmly on the back as the other man's eyes watered and he struggled for air. Sherlock nodded shakily, still coughing around the constriction in his chest, and gave John a watery, tentative look.

"Are you..." He paused to cough again, clearing his throat. "...Are you...angry?"

"Mmm...I should be," John shrugged, making sure Sherlock was ok before giving him a teasing smile. "But considering last night- listening to you wank by my bed- was one of the hottest things I've ever heard...no. I'm not angry."

Sherlock wiped his streaming eyes which was the result of nearly suffocating on his toast, and breathed deeply, relieved John wasn't angry. "I thought I'd gotten away with it. You were...wait… what do you mean, 'hot'?" he asked indignantly.

John bit his lip, giving Sherlock a mischievous look. "Listening to you gasp and moan while you touched yourself...of course it was hot. And then at the end..." He trailed off and Sherlock stared at him, trying to work out if he were being made fun of or not. But no, John was perfectly serious...and if the sudden bulge in his jeans was anything to go by, he was enjoying the memory of last night.

"Oh." Sherlock said nonsensically, not knowing how to move forward from this. John was obviously aroused and seemingly amenable to do...something... Should Sherlock make the first move? Should he wait for John to do it? Would John even do such a thing or would he wait on Sherlock?

"...If you knew...why didn't you do anything?" Sherlock asked rather pathetically, his striking features contorted in a beautifully baffled expression.

John shrugged. "I wanted to see what you were going to do. And then when I realised...didn't want you to stop." He leaned forward, fingertips tracing the side of Sherlock's neck, making goosebumps break out along his skin. "Wish I could've seen it though." He murmured, eyes dropping to Sherlock's lips. "God, the noises you made… Want to give me a demonstration?"

John was totally unprepared for the sudden and shockingly hefty weight of Sherlock launching himself from his rickety chair and tackling John onto the grubby kitchen floor. Rather violently and, as John's back landed against the floor with a jarring thud, painfully. Sherlock's weight was unpredictably and unbelievably heavy on top of him and John would have reprimanded him, or at least given a gasp of disbelief, if Sherlock hadn't been trying to snog him senseless with very little skill but a lot of enthusiasm.
John grunted, his hands flailing slightly before settling on Sherlock's bony hips, rolling him gently to the side. "We should - mmf."

Sherlock didn't wait for the rest of John's words, impatiently sealing their lips together again, not to be deterred from his goal. John tried again.

"Sherlock-" He raised his head out of Sherlock's reach and the man began pressing awkward, closed mouth kisses along John's neck, inhaling great lungfuls of air as he did so as if he were trying to breathe John in. "Sherlock...we should do this...on a bed...n-not on the kitchen floor." John protested, his voice wobbling when Sherlock's tongue snaked out and gave the barest of licks against his Adam's apple.

"This is...a horizontal surface...it's..." Sherlock growled against John's neck, grunting needily. "It's you and me, what more do you need?" he gasped, parting his heart-shaped lips and sucking very hard on John's jaw.

"Fuck..." John breathed, his resolution wavering under the sights and sounds of Sherlock practically begging him...but the idea of doing anything on the dirty, crummy kitchen floor sealed it. John shook himself free of Sherlock's grip and stood, offering him his hand. "Sofa. And I'll...I'll do whatever you want. Ok?"

That was the best thing Sherlock had heard John say in seven days. He seized John's smaller hand greedily and dragged him forcibly to the sofa. "Spread me, take me," he murmured, lying down on the sofa and staring up at John expectantly.

John frowned, trying to sync up this Sherlock, who was blatantly begging for it, to the shy, blushing Sherlock of the past week, the one who had stealthily sneaked into John's room and wanked instead of waking him up and demanding sex like this one would have done.

"Oh." Sherlock looked up at John, his eyes going heavy-lidded and lips parting. His body writhed sinuously on the couch even as his hands fisted, white-knuckled, on the cushions. "Oh, I want you, John. Make me feel good...like only you can. Make me feel every inch of your fat prick...baby."

John was shaking his head before Sherlock said the last word and at that, he winced. "Sherlock, no. Just...don't."

"Don't what?" He asked, licking his lips before drawing the bottom one in between his teeth, nipping at it coquettishly. "I just want your cock, John. Your thick, fat cock pounding into me-"

"Sherlock!" John interrupted him, not able to hear any more. "Why are you talking like this?" He rubbed a hand through his short hair, ruffling it in a physical expression of confusion.

Sherlock blinked. "I don't...isn't that what I'm supposed to say?"

"Who said that was what you're supposed to say?" John asked, a sudden, horrible idea dawning of Lestrade sitting Sherlock down and, for a joke, telling him to say those sorts of things. He'd kill him.

"I...I watched your porn." Sherlock mumbled, avoiding looking at John. "While you were out. Sometimes. With your girlfriends. And...in the porn you liked- I only watched the ones you'd viewed multiple times in order to get the most accurate portrayal...that's what the women always said so I thought...that's what you wanted to hear..."

John's face fell as he sighed, kneeling beside the sofa and taking Sherlock's hand, gripping it tight. "I want you to say whatever you feel you need to say, okay? I want to hear you tell me you're not comfortable, or if something hurts. I want to hear you tell me to stop if you need it or tell me exactly
what you want, what feels good. I want to hear the noises you make when you're so far gone you can't even vocalise anything except 'yes' and my name.” He grinned. "But I don't want to hear trite pornographic scripts because you think it'll make me happy. Trust me, it won't."

Sherlock frowned, eyes flicking between each of John's own, trying to understand. It didn't make sense. John had watched some of those videos upwards of twenty times. He'd even saved a few in special, password protected folders on his laptop. Sherlock had spent hours memorizing those 'trite, ridiculous pornographic' phrases John had obviously loved masturbating to...and apparently it'd all been for nothing?

"You...don't want me to say those things?" He asked hesitantly.

"Christ, no."

"You...want me to tell you what I want?"

"Yes. But in your own words, Sherlock. Not...not those."

Sherlock nodded slowly, swallowing thickly. "I'll just...start then?"

"Go ahead."

"I...I would very much like your hand...t-touching my penis, John."

John bit back a grin and planted his left hand firmly on Sherlock's chest, traversing across the fabric of his T-shirt to find the soft nub of his right nipple and pinching it delicately.

"I said penis!" came the sudden, but tellingly-urgent baritone complaint.

"Just thought you'd want to fully enjoy this," John said innocently, easing his way down and gripping the bottom of Sherlock's shirt, intent on pulling it up-

Long fingers grasped his hand, stilling it, and John gave Sherlock a questioning look.

Sherlock squirmed on the sofa, looking uncomfortable. "Can...can it stay on?" His eyes glanced at John's own T-shirt and boxers. "And can we maybe...close the curtains?"

John's gaze flicked over to the open window through which a steady breeze gusted pleasantly, the early morning sky outside brightly mango-coloured, spilling bright light throughout the flat. "What for?"

Sherlock shrugged, still fidgeting, and John decided not to argue with him. He got up and obligingly closed the curtains, plunging the room into semi-darkness. Sherlock relaxed against the sofa once the light was dimmer, but his legs trembled when John knelt in front of him, his muscles jumping with nerves.

"Can you not...look?" Sherlock murmured, his large hands unconsciously, irrationally, raising up as if to block an assault and not just John's view of his still-clothed body.

"Not look?" John repeated, bemused. "Love, we don't have to do this at all if you don't want-"

"N-no! I want to." Sherlock insisted, trying to force his stubborn body to just relax. He wanted this. He didn't know why he was so nervous. "I want to." He repeated firmly, catching John's hand and pressing it, decisively and insistently, against his groin. His cock had gone a bit soft from nerves, but he hoped the gesture conveyed his message.
"It's okay." John whispered in a deep, velvety tone which Sherlock hadn't heard before- and he thought he'd catalogued every single nuance, tone, and timbre of his doctor's voice.

Wide-eyed in the semi-darkness, he felt small but strong fingers slip under the waistband of his £100 designer pyjama bottoms and his heart skipped a beat.

"Did you ruin the last pair?" John whispered teasingly near Sherlock's ear, laughing softly and Sherlock responded with a short huff of nervous laughter- then tensed at the first brush of calloused fingertips against the top of his pelvis. They glided down, down, down and stopped just short of where he wanted them to be. John's fingers sifted through Sherlock's hair and he spread his legs further apart, wordlessly urging John to go lower.

"Is this all right?" John asked, his voice still low, incredibly intimate in the darkness of the flat, and Sherlock shivered, wordlessly nodding. John's fingers slid further down, lower, brushing against the bottom of Sherlock's cock.

"Ah..." Sherlock's hips bucked up at the foreign sensation of those fingers wrapping around the base of his cock, warm and rough and firm.

"Can I see?" John whispered and Sherlock opened his eyes, blinking a few times to bring John into focus. "Please, Sherlock? Can I see you?"

"Can't you just...can't you just touch?" Sherlock asked throatily, already disoriented and quite frankly stunned by the sensation of another person's fingers on his shaft.

"If that's what you want." John replied, not pushing for more, his hand smoothing along Sherlock's cock, causing the younger man to arch and stifle a moan, the sensation sparking along his nerve endings and making his eyes slam closed again. It felt completely different from when Sherlock touched himself. He'd never, ever touched himself and had it feel this…perfect. John's hand was differently proportioned than his own, calloused in places where Sherlock's hands were smooth, and the angle was different. Sherlock breathed in deeply through his nose, trying not to do something as uncouth as pant, aware of John's eyes watching him acutely. His long fingers scraped noisily on the well-worn leather of the sofa, before he realized the action would signify and betray his desperation. Sherlock gulped hard, his long, delectable throat bobbing. He stilled his hands but couldn't help a few struggled, wheezy breaths leaving his lungs as John gave a twisting pull at his cock, the movement making his skin break out in goosebumps.

"How does it feel, Sherlock?" John asked, his voice hushed in the dark gloom of their sitting room. "Do you like this?" John's voice made Sherlock's stomach flip and flop, and, embarrassingly, he felt a bead of moisture well from the tip of his cock.

"Y-yes." Sherlock managed to gasp and John made a pleased sound, swiping his thumb over the head of Sherlock's cock and using the wetness there to ease the glide of his hand. Sherlock whimpered, tossing his head and clutching his fingers into fists, trying to tamp down on the nonsense noises he wanted to make. John's hand felt amazing. His cock was throbbing and his balls drawing up tight against his body. He felt as if he were suffocating the closer he got to orgasm but was afraid to open his mouth, afraid if he did he would moan and John would laugh...

Sherlock writhed on the edge of orgasm, eyes tightly shut and brow crinkled, creating a web of pretty wrinkles against his skin in the early morning gloom. He could do nothing to smother the asphyxiated groans and grunts that forced their way from his throat and the few hissing breaths that escaped his moist lips as he approached climax.

"Are you close?" John's voice sounded in his ear, sending reflexive shivers racing down his spine.
"Are you about to come for me, Sherlock?"

Oh- oh, he couldn't hold it in anymore.

Sherlock's hips thrust up, his cock gliding through John's hand, and he desperately bit his lip as he tipped over the edge into orgasm. Distantly, he was aware of the stab of pain as his teeth nipped viciously through the thin skin of his lip, blood welling from the cut into his mouth, but only vaguely. Sherlock was flying on a wave of sensation, his cock pulsing out hot come all over John's hand, staining the front of his pyjamas, and dripping down onto his own skin. Sherlock failed to repress a short, violent series of choked groans, his hand seizing the familiar, soft anchor of the old leather on the top of the sofa and clenching it helplessly, every convulsive aftershock of his orgasm deliciously punching through his muscles and nerves.

He heard John breathe in, but his hand didn't flag on Sherlock's cock until the last tremors of pleasure had ceded and he had started to whimper with oversensitivity. Carefully, John withdrew his hand, easing Sherlock's pajamas back into place, and holding his come-covered hand slightly away from his body. "Was that ok?"

"Thankyousomuch." Sherlock muttered, still wheezing. He placed shaky, sweaty fingertips on John's face and attempted to pull him closer for a kiss, but John resisted and it was only when Sherlock tasted the next fresh bout of blood that he realised why. John shook his head, grabbing at a nearby box of tissues and using a few to staunch the blood trickling from Sherlock's lip.

"Don't know why you did that." He said, smiling as he carefully dabbed at the raw, open place. "You could have just...let it out, Sherlock. No one would have heard you."

You would have heard me, Sherlock thought, but shoved the thought aside. He still felt weak from his orgasm, limbs nicely trembly and loose, but already his mind was whirring, turning to the idea of reciprocating, of doing that to John. Still in the process of getting his breath back, Sherlock self-consciously re-adjusted his pyjama bottoms, dismissing his discomfort at the drying, rapidly cooling semen within them. Standing on wobbly legs, he made a quick mental recap of how porn...'people' pleased others with their hands. Recalling John's admonishment, he decided not to say a single word during the act.

"Lay down John."

"Lay down?"

"I wish to..." Sherlock searched for the right phrase- then remembered John wanted him to use his own words. "I want to pleasure you manually as well and I believe the best position for that would be you lying down on the sofa." He tried to keep his voice firm and in-control, as if he knew what he were doing, and, from the way John's eyes went dark and his mouth went all pursed, Sherlock thought he achieved it.

John stretched out on the sofa, his erection already visible beneath his boxers. Sherlock knelt beside him, avoiding looking at that place on John and shifting around until he was comfortable.

"Well then. Now." He nodded and gave John a tentative smile, eyes skittering to the tent in John's boxers and then quickly away.

"Sherlock...do you...want to see it?" John asked, grinning his genuine, clown-like grin in the imposed gloom of the living room which was rapidly being invaded by early-morning London sunlight - eye-watering and welcoming. John hinted wordlessly by hooking his own thumbs teasingly under the waistband of his boxers and tugging at them.
"Um...yes. Yes, that's perfectly..." Sherlock trailed off as John, taking him at his word, eased the fabric away from his body, pushing it down his thighs and revealing his erection, flushed and springing up once free of the confines of the fabric.

Sherlock's mouth went dry. He belatedly realized he was breathing faster than normal, his chest rapidly rising and falling at the gorgeous sight of John, half naked and erect, in front of him. John's thighs, muscular and stout instead of lean, were covered in a fine smattering of light coloured hair. The same hair surrounded John's cock (average length, slightly above average girth, with a gentle upward curve), in greater quantity and decidedly darker, though still blonde.

"Così bello," Sherlock uttered inadvertently, before pausing and meeting John's eyes with obvious worry.

"What does that mean?" John fidgeted slightly under Sherlock's perusal.

"...It's Italian...It means...'so beautiful.'" Sherlock confessed, watching John's eyes go soft and a sweet smile break out across his face.

"Thanks. Um...I guess it's a bit shoddy to say it now but...you're very beautiful, too."

Sherlock snorted and rolled his eyes, but didn't reply, not wanting to get bogged down in arguing with John over his looks (which he knew were atrocious) when he had more important things to do. Sherlock took a deep breath, which he was aware smelled strongly of his own ejaculate and the hopeful, musky scent of John's arousal. Extending a shaking hand to John's heavy, swollen shaft, he managed a strangled question. "Are you...fully...are you fully engorged?"

John glanced down at his erect cock, eyeing it playfully, speculatively. "Yes, I think so."

Sherlock nodded. "Perfect."

He shifted forward on his knees and tentatively touched John's cock. It was hard, hot. It jumped when Sherlock touched it, flexing over John's abdomen. Sherlock ran his fingers down the length of it, releasing a shaky breath and looking to John for guidance.

"Just...oh, fuck," John groaned, swallowing, as a lance of sunlight pierced through a gap in the curtains and burned his closed eyes. "Do it like...you would to yourself."

Sherlock huffed out a breath and reached for John's cock again, encircling it in his hand and, after feeling it throb in his hand repeatedly, stroked downward forcefully.

John's body went rigid and he hissed, hands spasming at his sides. "Gentler!" He choked and Sherlock loosened his grip, running his hand up and down the dry length of John's cock in a quick pace.

"Sherl...please- slower...wetter," John panted and when Sherlock stared at him in innocent confusion, John spat into his own hand and slicked himself up with a sigh that was comprised of relief, but also of slight anxiety at what his detective might do next. "Don't you ever...masturbate?" John asked timidly, not wanting to hurt Sherlock's feelings but Christ alive. Surely he didn't do that sort of thing to himself?

Sherlock shrugged, wrapping his hand back around John's slickened length. "Rarely. Last night was the first time I had felt the urge to do so in...six months."

John determinedly restrained a shiver at the still too-rough, haphazard treatment of his shaft. "You...didn't have an erection at all?...Or you had them and just ignored them?" His hands flinched
tellingly with the temptation to pull Sherlock's large, enthusiastic fingers away from his cock.

"I rarely experienced erections and when I had them I ignored them." Sherlock pressed his lips together before he revealed how many erections he'd had over the past week and how difficult those had been to ignore...especially when John was chastely snogging him. "When they are persistent and I am...unable to ignore them, I deal with them as quickly as possible so I can resume more important activities." Sherlock swirlled his hand around John's shaft as he'd felt him do earlier. He thought it was right from the way John's face crumpled and he arched his back but Sherlock decided to be a good, generous lover and ask- as John had done. "Is this right?"

"It's...it's.....Sherlock...olive oil, kitchen...we don't have any lube, I've run out," John suddenly uttered, swallowing awkwardly, giving in and halting Sherlock's amateurish, slightly painful ministrations.

"You want me to use olive oil?" Sherlock asked hesitantly. John nodded.

"Yeah. It'll...ease the way. D-don't you ever use lube when you...?"

"I usually produce enough pre-ejaculate that the use of lubrication is unnecessary."

John snorted. "If you go six months between orgasms I bet you do. Just...just go and get it. Please?"

Sherlock obediently got up and trotted to the kitchen, easily finding the correct bottle among the designated 'EDIBLE' section of various containers, and brought it back to the sofa, kneeling once more beside John. He unscrewed the cap and, after looking to John for approval, drizzled a large amount of the thick, fragrant oil over John's erection.

John responded with a little choked noise, batting the oil bottle away impatiently, and licking his thin lips. "...Fast, but gentle," he instructed with as much decorum as he could muster, considering the tenderness of his shaft and the demands of his animal brain yelling at him that he needed to come. He distantly hoped Sherlock wouldn't notice...or at least, wouldn't be offended, by his softened cock.

Those long fingers wrapped around John's more-than-a-little flaccid cock, giving it short, quick strokes, Sherlock keenly watching as it thickened again. John sighed in relief, mouth falling open when Sherlock, his hand slickened with the oil, began making longer sweeps on his cock, accidentally swirling his thumb over the head every few strokes.

"Oh...yes, that's it...that's it," John sighed tremulously. He winced faintly as a rogue, London-tasting breeze shifted the closed curtains and a blinding sunbeam pierced the window and his eyelids, his eyelashes fluttering at the intrusion.

Sherlock's hand faltered in its rhythm and John moaned, jerking his hips up, chasing after his orgasm.

"No, no, no- don't stop! Don't stop- I'm almost...there," John pleaded and Sherlock, spurred on, began jerking at his cock harshly, fast and hard, and John shrieked as he suddenly came, his orgasm being forced almost painfully from him.

Sherlock let go in shock as John spurted surprisingly forcefully, accidentally dotting Sherlock's face with a few renegade drops of come, and soaking his hand with his creamy release.

"Oh - oh, fuck!" John frantically reached for his abandoned cock, quickly jacking himself through the rest of his almost-ruined orgasm, gasping as the last shocks rippled through his body.

"Oh...Jesus..." He blinked his eyes open to find Sherlock staring at him, his cheek smeared with a bit of come and pale eyes widened almost comically, lips parted in shock.
Sherlock's heart-shaped mouth closed, before opening again wordlessly. He cleared his throat with a deep, strained noise that he struggled to keep under control, and spoke quietly. "You came."

"...Yeah." John agreed, deciding not to let him know it'd been a near thing. He'd wait until another time to tell Sherlock not to let go so quickly and actually finish him before stopping. "You did...good."

The lie was worth it.

Sherlock blushed and smiled shyly at John, glancing up at him from beneath his eyelashes. "I did?"

"Course you did." John blithely replied, raising up and pulling a face at the slick amalgamation of come and olive oil on his crotch. "Think I'm for a shower." He gave Sherlock a suggestive smile. "Want to join me?"

"...N...No...after you," Sherlock murmured, glancing down at himself, making sure he was fully covered by his clothing, and then standing on wobbly legs, going to open the curtains. His pale face squinched painfully as a surprisingly bright sun shrank his pupils suddenly and revealed every last aqua-stained imperfection of his irises.

"If you're sure." John murmured. "I'll only be a minute." He assured Sherlock, knowing the other man had to be even more uncomfortable with drying come in his bottoms. He walked down the hall bowlegged, his penis throbbing sorely, hoping he wasn't leaving a dripping trail of fluids behind him.
Sherlock huffed irritably as he followed John and Greg towards the pub a few blocks from Baker Street. The two men ahead of him were chatting animatedly and laughing, seemingly unaware of the consulting detective following in their wake.

Sherlock glared at the pair of them.

He'd hoped, once the case they'd been working on had been wrapped up and the annoying but necessary paperwork done, he and John could go back to their flat. He'd been hoping that once there, he'd be able to somehow convince John to engage in relations of a sexual nature with him. It'd been a whole week since the shared handjobs on the sofa and John hadn't so much as looked at Sherlock sexually- which was incredibly frustrating because Sherlock couldn't work out why. John seemed happy. He wasn't mad at Sherlock and Sherlock had made sure to do nothing to provoke him. He hadn't left any disgusting experiments on the table, no body parts in the fridge, and he'd even gone so far as to tidy his things in the sitting room…a bit. But John still refused to take things further- or even take them back to what they'd already done (Sherlock was very happy with handjobs- John was pleasingly skilled in that area).

"Why don't you take that damn thing off, Sherlock?" Greg asked merrily, glancing back at the detective who was still wearing his long, heavy Belstaff purely out of stubbornness. Sherlock's usually pale face was reddened from the unseasonably high London temperatures and perspiration glistened on the sweet dent of his upper lip and wilted the dark hair resting on his annoyed, crinkled forehead. Sherlock shrugged, exhibiting a childish pout which would've rivalled a two-year-old, and crossed his arms, as they got to the door of the pub.

"You've got to be roasting." John joined in as they entered the crowded, overly-noisy pub. "It's not healthy to wear that in this heat."

Sherlock humphed, pulling his coat tighter around himself and glancing around the raucous room with a disdainful gaze. Half the patrons already looked drunk and, judging by the game on the televisions, there was enough time left for the rest of them to get smashed as well.

Sherlock grimaced. God, they would be here ages. John and Lestrade would get involved in the game, start trading witticisms and ridiculous stories of their own glory days, drinking all the while...

Sherlock ground his teeth together in annoyance. It seemed he wouldn't be doing anything sexual with John tonight either. And then tomorrow John would be hungover and wouldn't be amenable…

"I suppose it's too much to ask that you hold my hand on the way to the sticky, beer-stained, eight-year-old, wobbly, Tunbridge Wells-bought table," Sherlock muttered in John's ear, barely audible as a table of men dressed in rugby shirts started singing a loud, very vulgar song.

John gave Sherlock a look from beneath lowered brows, clearly letting Sherlock know he was aware of the childish pout and wasn't going to put up with it much longer. He still clasped Sherlock's hand in his own, towing Sherlock along behind him like a dark, sulking thundercloud in a redundant coat.

"This a good spot?" Lestrade asked, scoping out the best seat so he'd still be able to watch the wide-screen televisions.

"Yeah, it's great." John slid onto his own seat, putting his hand over Sherlock's knee as soon as the taller man sat beside him.
"Satisfactory if you want to indulge your occasional homo-erotic urges by imbibing a lot of alcohol and watching a group of over-paid, physically-fit young men chase a ball around a tatty field like a pack of horny, starving lions pursuing a vulnerable lioness with a fresh kill," Sherlock mumbled sourly.

There were a few stunned seconds of silence as John and Lestrade turned to stare at the detective. Sherlock glared at the grubby tabletop and flipped his collar up belligerently. Greg recovered first.

"Think John's got another way to indulge his homo-erotic urges these days." He said childishly, nudging John and grinning widely.

John chuckled good-naturedly. "Ta." He smoothed his hand along Sherlock's thigh, patting him reassuringly.

"Not that he's indulged very much." Sherlock muttered mockingly and felt John's hand tighten warningly on his knee. Sherlock almost brushed John's hand away- he wasn't a child who needed scolding- but…it felt rather nice. The warmth and pressure of John's hand through his trousers was surprisingly pleasant and he wasn't about to cut off his nose to spite his face.

Greg, choosing not to encourage Sherlock's obvious sulk, swiftly changed the subject. "I'll get this round. Pint okay for you, John? ...Sherlock, you want anything?"

"No, thank you." Sherlock replied snidely. John waited until Greg had left before turning to Sherlock, eyebrows raised.

"Want to tell me what this is all about?" He asked, leaning forward so Sherlock could hear him and their conversation would stay private. "I would've thought after solving the case you would've been...happier."

Sherlock's eyes narrowed. "I'm very happy I solved the case, John. Who said I wasn't?"

"Come on." John replied, glancing around to check where Greg was. "What's wrong?"

Sherlock picked at a raw nick in the table's surface, still frowning. "You really are unbelievably dense."

John frowned and opened his mouth, no doubt to scold Sherlock for being rude-

"Here you are." Greg announced, plunking a glass in front of John and sliding back into his own seat. "Miss anything while I was gone?" He asked, nodding towards the large television across from them. Sherlock clasped his hands in front of him, his brow lowered, and looked away.

"They're talking about Hull's second goal…You're gonna lose, mate," John replied, forcing his voice into nonchalance, taking his glass and downing a few deep, fizzy mouthfuls. He ignored his boyfriend's irritated sigh, and turned to Greg. "How was your date the other night?"

Sherlock's pout deepened exponentially in the noisy gloom of the hot pub - he had no prior knowledge of the Inspector's assignation - but apparently, John did.

Greg shrugged. "Eh. Not too great. I knew what I was getting into when I let Elaine set me up with her friend. Blind dates always turn out the same." He chugged some of his beer and sighed, giving John a mischievous look. "You always end up with either the dull woman out of her flat for the first time in ages or the unapproachable ice queen who lets you know you're miles beneath her. Guess which one I ended up with?"
John took a few seconds to ostensibly ponder, his clownish grin soon showing. "Either you had the dull woman who was a scary secret nymphomaniac and who spouted a lot of creepy, rehearsed porn stuff, or you had the bitch who doesn't know a good thing when she sees it."

Sherlock's eyes flicked sharply to John's, his expression both murderously and stunned.

Greg laughed along with John. "I wish she'd been a nymphomaniac. Christ. She was as unapproachable as-" He cut himself off, realizing the person he'd been about to say was sitting across the table from him, his face pinched and angry. "Uh...you know, someone unapproachable." Greg awkwardly finished, taking another swig of his beer to hopefully keep his foot from entering his mouth again. "I think if she'd opened her legs ice would've come out."

John laughed heartily. "Still...frozen chick...you might've been able to make popsicles. Get something out of it. And hey, you can snowball with a bit of frigidity," he chuckled dirtily, hand clutched loosely on his pint glass, as a deafening roar consisting of simultaneous victorious yells and despondent groans as a result of a goal, sounded from the drunken inhabitants, making their ears ring.

Greg snorted. "This woman was so frigid she wouldn't have even known what that was."

Sherlock, looking from John to Greg, clamped his mouth shut and desperately tried to look as if he knew what they were talking about but found it utterly beneath him.

To be honest, he was inflamed with a troubling uncertainty and a smouldering and rapidly-rising anger. Why was John talking so candidly and callously about someone's desire to abstain from sex? Especially when John himself was very experienced, and yet refused to go further with him? Sherlock shifted in his seat while John and Greg laughed, feeling a hateful jealousy rise up in his chest, warring with his anger.

"Oh, god." Greg laughed, nursing his pint glass, and flicked his chocolate-brown eyes towards the widescreen TV before returning them to John. "Fucking funny thing I overheard..." He cleared his throat, chuckling slightly before sobering somewhat. "I remember after Christmas Mass we'd always go snowballing with the priest and that's why Father McGuire was eventually arrested.‘...So bad." He grinned, taking another sip of his Carlsberg.

"That's hysterical." John agreed, his charming grin lighting up his face as his hand unconsciously squeezed Sherlock's leg, which was starting to tap in agitation. "...Sherlock, you alright, mate?" He asked, eyeing him fondly.

Sherlock frowned. *Mate?*

John gave Sherlock's leg another squeeze and Sherlock couldn't tell if it was in warning, agitation, or reassurance. Perhaps all three.

"*Sherlock*, are you all right?" John asked again, stressing his name overzealously. "You didn't seem like you enjoyed the joke."

"I don't see what was so funny about it." Sherlock snapped, wanting to jerk his leg away from John but relishing the physical contact too much to take the high road. Everything was much too loud in the small pub, he was bored, and he just wanted to go home and get off with John. "What's so hysterical about snowballing? Mycroft and I used to play snowballing all the time when we were younger."

Greg choked on his swallow of beer and immediately set about coughing, pounding on his chest, his
eyes streaming. John looked shocked, eyes wide in horror, and Sherlock frowned, looking from Greg- who now had one hand planted in his silvery hair, giggling uncontrollably, his dark eyes crinkling in unrestrained amusement- to John, who looked incredibly angry, his jaw tight.

"What? I thought it was common for children to throw snowballs at each other. I see them doing it all the time on our street when it snows and they always end up pelting you, John. Though, you really encourage them and are just as bad as they are."

Sherlock didn't understand why John suddenly snorted, his stunned face melting into amusement. His hand came up to cover his mouth but not before Sherlock saw the huge grin plastered on his face and he came to a startling and unpleasant realization:

He was being laughed at. By John.

"I've had enough." Sherlock announced abruptly, standing with a flourish of his overly heavy, sweat-damp coat. Swiping a long hand across his wet forehead, he fixed John with a dark glare, supplemented with a wordless pout. He kicked the chair he'd been sitting on for good measure before storming towards the exit, re-adjusting his collar to restore the suffocating but comforting woollen barrier between himself and the rest of the world.

Sherlock, curled into a tight ball on the sofa in his PJs, heard the front door open barely half an hour later. He was surprised John was back so soon. He'd expected his boyfriend- flatmate? were they even together now?- to stay at the pub with Greg, drinking and joking and probably making fun of him behind his back.

Sherlock's insides twisted with shame over what he'd said. As soon as he'd got back to the flat, Sherlock had googled what 'snowballing' was, appalled to find out it had nothing- absolutely nothing- to do with children's games.

He heard John's heavy tread on the stairs and curled tighter, pulling his dressing gown around himself and wishing he were invisible.

"Spare me your drunken platitudes." He said as soon as he sensed John's footsteps entering the living room. If they were going to fight, it was best to start off being prickly and mean instead of soft and embarrassed.

John's footsteps paused for interminable seconds, then started again, this time in the direction of the sofa. Sherlock's heart rate kicked up and every hair on his body seemed attuned to John like a lightning rod.

"I'm not drunk." John replied, his voice low and...apologetic? "I'm sorry for the pub, Sherlock. That wasn't...we shouldn't have laughed like we did. I shouldn't have laughed." He paused and Sherlock listened to John take a deep, deep, deep breath. "I'm sorry."

Still buzzing with frustration and a lack of understanding over the events (or lack of events) of the past week- which frankly infuriated him- Sherlock let out a feral growl and flung the Union Jack pillow blindly over his shoulder, childishly hoping he hit John with it.

"What took you half an hour?" He asked, thinking John had probably stayed at the pub and told Greg about the whole thing, how ignorant and stupid Sherlock was when it came to sex. Not knowing about snowballing. Honestly.
"Could you maybe turn around and talk to me?"

Sherlock thought about refusing. He was still angry and hurt and, while he accepted John's apology, it still didn't solve the problem.

John sighed again. "Please?"

Huffing, Sherlock rolled over, putting as much belligerence as he could into the movement, but freezing when his eyes fell to the object John held in his hands.

The first thing Sherlock did was mentally reprimand himself for dismissing the sweet smell he'd noted as volatilized chemical compounds drifting into the sitting room from the street below. The second thing he did was forgive his own blunder because of his currently distracted state of mind. And the third thing he did was to flash a genuine, crinkly grin at the luscious red rose being offered to him, his insides warming at the sight.

John looked self-conscious, as if he expected Sherlock to sneer at his present or say something rude. He twirled the flower in his hands, eyes locked on it and not Sherlock. "I wanted to apologize...properly and all that. And I thought..." He trailed off, sighing, and wordlessly handed the rose to Sherlock, lips thinned down and obviously expecting scathing rejection.

Which was the farthest thing from what Sherlock wanted to do.

His fingers shook as he reached out and took the rose from John, plucking it from his fingers and staring at it as if he'd never seen one properly before.

"I am sorry, Sherlock." John repeated, watching Sherlock twirl the flower between his fingers.

"Thank you." Sherlock murmured. "I...I wasn't...in the best of moods...at the pub." He admitted haltingly, knowing he'd contributed at least a little to what had happened. "I've never been given flowers." He added with a faint chuckle, his pale eyes lowering in reminiscence. "Except that poisoned batch of tulips sent to me from Jessica Harding a few years before I met you. That was a close call... though I don't think, in this instance, those count."

John chuckled and bent, tilting Sherlock's head up with a finger. "Definitely doesn't count." He murmured before pressing his lips to that ridiculous, rambling, cupid's bow-shaped mouth. Sherlock, one hand still clutching his rose, arched up into the kiss, his other hand grasping the front of John's shirt and tugging. His intentions were clear and John hesitated- briefly debated- then pulled away. "Sherlock."

Sherlock growled. "Why? Why are you always pulling away from me? I may be inexperienced but I'm not a child. Stop treating me like one."

John licked his lips, groaning slightly as Sherlock's hand tugged insistently on his collar, choking him. "Sh...Sherl...let go," he managed, batting away the hand at his throat. The rose held in Sherlock's other hand twitched against his cheek, pricking him with a sharp thorn, and John pulled back forcefully, an impatient scowl on his face. Sherlock wordlessly dropped the plump, fragrant rose onto the floor.

John sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. He knew Sherlock was getting frustrated with how slow things were progressing between them but honestly, had he expected John to shag him six ways from Sunday as soon as they got together?

From Sherlock's furious, frustrated scowl- apparently yes.
"I know you're not a child. Ok? It's..." John fidgeted. Christ, he was no good with things like this. "It's just...this- us- is important. To me... And...I don't want to treat it like my past relationships. Ok?" John asked, raising his eyebrows meaningfully but Sherlock was staring up at him, looking angry and confused. God, he was going to have to spell this out, wasn't he?

"This isn't like my other relationships." John concluded. "This is important, Sherlock."

"You've already said that."

"Yeah, thanks." John quipped, taking a deep breath and whooshing it out agitatedly. "Look, I don't want to rush into this and make mistakes because ten years from now I don't want us to regret anything."

John, averting his eyes self-consciously, was suddenly brought back into Sherlock's line of sight with infinitely-talented, yet shakily-shy fingers gripping his cheeks. Striking eyes peered quizzically at him, brows crumpled uncertainly. "Ten years?"

"Sorry if that's not what you- I didn't mean it like that, Sherlock." John back-pedalled as quickly as he could, his insides sinking at the stunned look on Sherlock's face. "I don't expect you to stay with me that long or anything. I don't want you to feel obligated just because I said- It was just a thought-"

"Don't be daft." Sherlock cut off John's nervous rambling. "Of course I want to spend the next ten years with you." Forever, he silently added in his head, watching as John relaxed and he started breathing normally again.

"Oh. Ok. Right." John nodded. "That's...that's good to know." He smiled at Sherlock, his face creasing with warmth. Sherlock smiled back at him before shifting on the sofa, letting go of John and extravagantly spreading himself in his well-worn grey T-shirt, silk pyjama bottoms and dressing gown, on the leather. He gave John what he felt was a 'come hither' look...but John only chuckled, blushing, and moved away.

Sherlock sucked in a sharp breath, feeling the beat of rejection like an anvil blow- before his mind leapt into gear, running through the conversation he'd just had with John. It wasn't a rejection. Not really. He now understood why John wanted to slow their sexual progression and wait (disgusting word, Sherlock hated it) and the knowledge that John was planning to stay with him that long...was making that sort of commitment to him...

Sherlock swallowed against the uncomfortable lump in his throat and rose from the sofa, following John through the flat and stopping behind him in the hallway.

"John."

As soon as John turned around, Sherlock leaned down and kissed him.

After the initial kiss - as passionate as a closed-mouth kiss could be - Sherlock pulled back, gasping. His eyes were dilated in the summery gloom of the flat, translucent skin perspiring due to the season and arousal. "...Ten years isn't long enough." He admitted abruptly.

"Good place to start though. Yeah?" John murmured, heart melting at the innocent amazement on Sherlock's face.

Sherlock gulped. "Yes." He kissed John again, pressing his lips as hard as he could against John's, wanting to convey how much John meant to him and how very much he wanted him. They snogged indulgently for a few minutes and just as Sherlock eased back, determining this was probably violating John's definition of "waiting"... John sighed and pushed Sherlock forcefully back against
"...John?" Sherlock uttered, surprised and bewildered, his shoulder blades aching slightly from the impact. John sucked hungrily on Sherlock's throat.

"What do you want, Sherlock?" John asked, voice low and muffled against Sherlock's skin. "What do you want me to do to you, you gorgeous man?"

"Wh-what do you want?" Sherlock asked throatily, delighting in the scent and heat that was John beginning to dedicate himself entirely to pleasuring his inexperienced detective. John licked a wet line up Sherlock's neck and Sherlock arched, his spine bowing and hands coming up to settle on John's hips. He was already hard, just from this, just from John kissing him and doing deliciously wonderful, wicked things to his neck.

"I asked first." John said teasingly, nipping at Sherlock's clavicle and grinning at the accompanying gasp. He hummed, his hands sliding down to grip at Sherlock's hips, kneading them through the thin fabric of Sherlock's bottoms. Sherlock tensed but as soon as he felt Sherlock relax into the sensation, John yanked at him, pulling Sherlock forward and pressing his hard cock against John's hip.

"God!" Sherlock exclaimed violently, his white throat bobbing, his jaw clenching. The impact from John invigorated previously-unknown physical reactions and the weight and heat of John's hard-on against his leg felt unimaginably hot. Even if he had never done this before, Sherlock's body seemed to already know what to do. His hips thrust against John, dragging his erection against the solid length of John's cock over and over- before Sherlock, pleasure fizzing in his body, realized what he was doing and stopped, pressed flush against John.

"Is...is this ok?" He asked, voice wobbling in arousal and need.

"...You want to know if it's ok if I want to hump you fully-clothed against this wall?" John chuckled, his face wrinkling in amusement. "Because 'okay' doesn't even begin to cover it." He tugged at Sherlock's hips, insistently pressing their cocks together and Sherlock groaned, pleasure flaring beneath his skin. He was aware of John kissing him, his tongue snaking out and licking against his own while his hips gyrated, sending fresh bolts of hot arousal pulsating through his groin. His skin felt tight. Too hot.

"John, could you...maybe...take something off?" Sherlock managed, closing his eyes in a brief attempt at attaining sensible thought whilst being unfairly attacked by physiological desire.

"If you want me naked, strip me." John replied simply, lips moving down the column of Sherlock's throat and latching onto a pale section of skin, suckling at it gently. Sherlock's skin broke out in shivers and he fumbled at the buttons of John's shirt. The round discs slipped between his fingers, elusive and seemingly beyond his shaky control. John's sensual attack on his neck- now the other side- making Sherlock wonder if he would have a matched pair of bruises- wasn't helping, was leaving Sherlock scattered and lost. Finally, knowing John was distracted, Sherlock quietly snapped off the buttons from John's shirt as he went, catching them in his hand and pocketing them as stealthily as he could.

He slid the fabric from John's shoulders, running his hands greedily down the exposed skin, feeling the flex and pull of John's muscles beneath his palms. John arched beneath his touch, breathing heavily.

"Now you."

"What?"
"Now you." John tugged pointedly at the hem of Sherlock's t-shirt. "Can I see you this time? Please?"

Sherlock glanced in concern at John's bare chest. "You're, um...very..." He caught John's brief grin, and quickly stripped his own dressing gown and t-shirt, getting trapped in his sleeves in his hurry, and breathing hard in faint panic and awkwardness at being on a stage which was currently for John's judgemental eyes only. The t-shirt dropped, without drama, from Sherlock's wrists to their unclean floor, leaving him uncomfortable...bare. He nervously tried sealing their lips together again, a pointless effort at distraction- but John pressed him back against the wall, holding Sherlock at arm's length, eyes raking over the newly revealed chest and abdomen.

Sherlock watched John's throat bob as he swallowed, John's eyes flicking lower on Sherlock's stomach, taking in the way his pyjama bottoms hung from his bony hips. Sherlock fidgeted. He knew he was too skinny. Scrawny. His collarbone jutted out from the top of his chest and his nipples were twin spots of darkness on a milky pale canvas. There were no faint traces of abs, no clearly defined pectorals gained from lifting weights and strenuous exercise. There was just...skin. Taut skin to be sure but...nothing remarkable. Next to John... well, there was no comparison who was better looking.

Sherlock wished he hadn't taken his t-shirt off. He felt exposed. Too exposed. His hands came up, fluttering over his chest, and he self-consciously crossed as arms, blocking John's view.

"John...maybe this isn't a good idea" Sherlock said with a sickly expression. "If we just...you know...turn the lights off," he mumbled awkwardly. His erection, which had been very pronounced in his thin bottoms, had noticeably flagged and he couldn't look at John, didn't want to meet his eyes, afraid of what he'd see there if he did. This hadn't been a good idea. He should've listened to John when he said they should take things slow.

"What's wrong?" John asked, tearing his eyes away from the stunning view of Sherlock half-naked in front of him, worried when he found Sherlock shut down and closed off, no longer looking like a ridiculously innocent incubus intent on being ravished.

Sherlock's mouth twisted in barely-restrained irritability. "I'm bloody ugly, you complete idiot! Just turn the bloody lights off!"

"What?" John was startled into incredulous laughter and Sherlock, his face falling into hurt, closed lines, turned away. John's hand shot out and he grabbed him, spinning Sherlock back around and forcing him to meet John's gaze. "What are you talking about? You're bloody gorgeous-"

"No, I'm not." Sherlock hissed, anger and pain lacing his voice and turning it venomous. "I know I'm not and you don't have to pretend. I already know what I look like so you can just-"

"Well, obviously you don't know what you look like because otherwise you'd know you're fucking beautiful and my cock is so hard I could-"

"Physical stimulus is in no way indicative of my attractiveness-" Sherlock began but John cut him off again.

"Sherlock. You're stunning. Fucking gorgeous." He shook his head. "How do you not see that?"

"You say that to all your conquests. Please, John- if you still want to do this, turn the lights off. If there was a way I could see you and remain invisible, I would embrace it wholly. But I've memorised your...well, almost every inch of your body, and I can see you with my fingers, even in pitch darkness."
"I don't say that to all my 'conquests' as you put it- and *no*, Sherlock, I'm not turning the lights off-
Sherlock tried to turn away from John again… but again, John's hand turned him right back around.

"I'm going to keep the lights on, you impossibly beautiful man, and I'm going to kiss every... single... goddamn inch of you and fucking show you how amazing I find your body until you have to believe me." John declared sternly, pressed himself against Sherlock, their cocks nudging together sweetly - one half-hearted (really, John swearing was incredibly erotic for very odd reasons which Sherlock needed to investigate later) and one still vigorously rampant.

"Trust me," John murmured, placing his hand over Sherlock's flickering eyelids, eliciting a soft, yet not entirely-disagreeing noise.

"What are you doing?" Sherlock hated the way his voice sounded - stupid and weak - and pressed his lips together in thin line.

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course."

"Ok then."

Sherlock listened as John rustled around at the coat rack on the opposite wall, trying to deduce what he was doing - and nearly jumped when something soft touched his face. Fabric. Small. Narrow. A tie. He allowed John to wrap it around his eyes and knot it, careful not to get Sherlock's curls caught up.

"There." John's hands trickled up Sherlock's sides, tickling, a barely-there caress that made Sherlock shiver.

"...I can't see," Sherlock uttered rather pathetically, hands gripping at John's shoulders to anchor himself.

"Mm. That's the point, Sherlock." John hummed, hands still skating up and down Sherlock's sides.

Totally blinkered, his senses reduced to scent, taste, touch and sound, Sherlock nibbled his bottom lip, tilting his head back and absorbing everything he could. "...Your fingers...you're using a new handwash...I know you don't like using mine because you think it's too posh for you... but they're softer than usual... your breath... I can tell you're using the same mouthwash and toothpaste as usual even though... I can smell the beer from the pub earlier. A microbrew you're rather fond of... your voice... you've b-been spending time with a new employee at work who smokes... you pretend you smoke just to get the ten minute break."

"Amazing." John's voice came from the vicinity of his chest and he guided Sherlock into an easy, rocking rhythm, bringing their cocks together again and again. "What else?"

Unexpectedly, there was a brief flash of wetness against Sherlock's nipple and he shouted in surprise, arching. His hips jumped forward, grinding against John before he could stop them.

"Yeah?" John sounded amused and Sherlock grit his teeth to keep from asking John to do it again.

He silently nodded and John made a pleased sound, applying his mouth to Sherlock's chest again, swirling his tongue around the hard bud of his nipple. Sherlock groped one hand possessively against John's backside, the other ruffling through the pleasant softness of John's short hair, urging him closer and arching his chest against his lips. Sherlock groaned, his feet slipping as he tried to support himself more sturdily against the wall. His thoughts were scattered. He pointlessly tried to rally them-
but then John moved to his other nipple and laved over it with the same silky concentration he'd given the other. Sherlock rutted against John without encouragement, heart pounding in his ears, feverishly gripping every part of John he could get his hands on.

"J-John can we...can we...just a bit more? I'm- I'm nearly there," Sherlock admitted through gritted teeth, thankful for the blindfold so he didn't have to look at John while he said it.

"What do you need?" John asked but Sherlock shook his head, exasperated breaths panting from his lips. John grabbed his hips and ground their cocks together, rutting against Sherlock hard and fast, giving him as much pressure as he could. He swooped down and sucked one, copper-coloured nipple into his mouth, biting down-

Sherlock's spine arched inward as he suddenly came, a loud roar of pleasure forcing its way from his throat. His hips and thighs bucked sharply as his release soaked into the pyjama bottoms, a burst of short, laboured sighs and gasps leading to the sightless detective practically collapsing against his doctor.

John didn't stop moving, huffing when he suddenly had an armful of very heavy and almost lax consulting detective in his arms, intent on chasing his own orgasm. "Oh...Oh...fuck, Sherlock..." He hissed, tensing as the first spasms rocked his body, sending pleasure skidding along his nerves. He couldn't remember the last time he'd came in his pants like a sodding teenager.

"...Ten...years..." Sherlock whispered, gripping tightly yet exhaustedly to John's arms as John rode out the rest of his orgasm. Sherlock pulled away the tie blindfolding him and opened his eyes languidly. "Oh...John..." He kissed John's slackened mouth, peppering kisses all over it and licking his lips as he drew away.

He could feel John shaking against him and his own legs felt weak and unstable. They needed to get to a horizontal surface before they both collapsed but for now, Sherlock clung to John, the smaller man clutching him just as fervently, and dizzily realized this was just the beginning.
Sherlock grumbled as he strode around the flat at 7 in the morning, moody and irritable, glaring out the smeared window at the torrential spring rain which battered the glass like handfuls of pebbles thrown by an angry deity. He’d been hoping for a more desiccated atmosphere for his latest experiment involving salamanders and carbon monoxide in Mrs. Hudson’s small garden out back. The sky outside was dark, though, massive clouds heavy with rain, and Sherlock’s mood darkened when he realized his experiment would have to wait.

Pacing through the sitting room, muttering to himself, a glimpse of a rusty-red specimen under the coffee table caught his eye and Sherlock paused to investigate. He dropped to his knees and fished the thing out, frowning when he realized what it was.

Huffing irritably, he yelled indiscriminately, not entirely sure where John was, or whether he was even in the flat. "JOHN! Put my rose in water or it's going to die!"

Down the hall, the loo door opened and John stuck his wet, dripping head out. Soap bubbles clung around his face and slid down his neck. "What?" He shouted back, eyes squinted closed to avoid getting soap in them and Sherlock held up the almost-dead rose, holding it aloft so John could see.

"You need to put my rose in water."

John frowned and slammed the door without answering.

"John? JOHN!" Sherlock bellowed, before twiddling his three-day-old rose in his fingers, scowling when a wilted petal fell off and fluttered to the carpet. He strode to the bathroom door and banged on it. "YOU KILLED MY ROSE!"

"I didn't kill your rose, you bloody idiot!" John's voice came through the door, muffled and irritated. "You forgot to put it in water-"

"Which was your fault." Sherlock shouted back. "If you hadn't...if we hadn't..." He couldn't say the words, already blushing over the memory and his erection from the remembrance starting to tent the front of his bottoms. "You distracted me." he finished lamely.

Unsurprisingly, John didn't respond.

Sherlock listened as the water turned off and the sounds of John towelling himself off were heard. Sherlock allowed his mind to wander just a bit, still standing in front of the door clutching his rose. His eyes were only slightly glazed when John jerked the door open, towel wrapped around his waist. He gave Sherlock an amused look as his eyes darted from his flushed face to the rose.

"I don't think I was the one pushing people up against walls and grinding my cock against them for starters," he said, grinning cheekily and dodging around Sherlock, towel clutched in his hand.

"Well, actually –" Sherlock started tetchily…but trailed off as his eyes, widening in shock, took in John's suddenly naked body.

John, for his part, felt delightfully vindictive. It was gratifying- highly gratifying- to be able to reduce Sherlock to total speechlessness just by dropping his towel and walking starkers through the flat. He'd never been ashamed of his body but it was heady to see the way Sherlock blushed, floundered, and got hard just from looking at John. Maybe it wasn't good of John to use that power to his advantage…but he was only human.
And, for his part, Sherlock didn't seem to mind.

John looked over his shoulder to where Sherlock was still standing in front of the loo door, the withered rose in his hand seemingly forgotten, and quirked an expressive brow. Sherlock's long fingers visibly twitched and a slightly-drunken expression clouded his pale, grey-green eyes.

Turning away, John stretched indulgently, adding in an elaborate, staged groan, much like the other night when Sherlock had been wanking beside him in the dark, and calmly plugged in the old CD player that dwelled behind Sherlock's armchair. He turned it on, knowing that if they were going to do what he was planning on them doing, he didn't want Mrs. Hudson's breakfast disturbed. The music would hopefully drown them out.

As music started playing, John brought his towel up and scrubbed at his hair, feeling a little ridiculous as he struck something of a pose, legs spread apart, one hip cocked to the side, arse on display. When he lowered the towel and snuck a glance, Sherlock had wandered in from the hallway and was hovering, unsure and clearly aroused, in the doorway to the sitting room. His rose was gone and John wondered where he'd dropped it this time.

"S'up, Sherlock? You look a bit lost," John said casually, as Percy Sledge's "When a Man Loves a Woman" infiltrated the small flat with smooth, sultry tones. He snorted derisively, remembering the last time he'd used the CD player- Sherlock had been gone to Bart's and John had invited one of his girlfriends to the flat for a romantic evening in. They'd had sex to the entire CD currently playing but, for the life of him, John couldn't remember her name. He decided not to mention this to Sherlock.

"What happens when a man loves a man?" Sherlock blurted abruptly, his cheeks burning as he watched John towelling off.

"What?" John asked, his seduction derailed, hands pausing with the towel over his chest where he'd been needlessly rubbing at his nipples.

"I mean...the way he's singing, it sounds like something...life-changing. It doesn't sound very smart, now I think on it." Sherlock frowned indignantly as the singer crooned 'she can bring him such misery, if she is playing him for a fool'.

"You don't believe in love?" John lowered the towel to cover his penis, suddenly no longer in the mood. Something horrible and choking rose up through his throat, constricting his chest, as he waited for Sherlock's answer.

"No. I...I've never...It seems incredibly foolhardy to allow oneself to be so...enamoured with someone and allow them to be the only source of your happiness. People are inherently selfish and shallow. They rarely care for long." Sherlock stuttered out, clearing his throat and drawing on his usual reservedness, drawing in on himself, his eyes turning cool and shuttered.

John, instead of feeling a pang at seeing Sherlock retreating from him, actually relaxed. He recognized the protective armour for what it was and decided, for the time being, to let the subject drop. He'd known dating Sherlock wasn't going to be easy. He'd thought it might even be the best nightmare he'd ever had- but he was fully prepared to work for it. Work to make Sherlock realize he was loved, that love wasn't something to be afraid of.

Still clutching the damp towel to his groin, covering his modesty, John moved to his armchair and sat down, closing his eyes peacefully as the song drew to a close. He could hear Sherlock clear his throat ineloquently, waffling in the doorway, and John left it up to him to decide what to do next, not wanting to push him.
Sherlock, after a few seconds, edged into the room, blatantly staring at John's bare chest and firm, muscled legs. He'd tried not to stare at first, too stunned to realize that if John hadn't wanted Sherlock to see, he wouldn't have dropped his towel. When he realized John did want him to see, Sherlock looked his fill.

Feeling apprehensive, Sherlock stood beside John's chair, looking down at the expanse of his chest, wondering if John's nipples were as sensitive as his own. John had rubbed them earlier but with no visible signs of enjoying it- his cock had remained only semi-hard. Perhaps if Sherlock licked them…

John suddenly snorted, his eyes opening, gleaming with amusement. "Oh, god."

Sherlock frowned, stomach swooping as he tried to figure out what he'd done wrong. "What?"

"The song."

Sherlock cocked his head, a trait John had always found adorable- it reminded him of an inquisitive puppy. "What about it? What's wrong with it? What's funny?"

"...And if you feel, like I feel baby, Come on, ooh, come on-"

"It's 'Let's Get It On.'" John said, grinning ruefully and shaking his head. "I forgot that was even on here."

Sherlock nodded as if he understood. "It's...your favourite, then?"

"Not really, no." John chuckled, realizing he was going to have to explain this to Sherlock. "It's uh...it's a song people like to play when they're...when they're going to have sex."

"People? What people? Do you?" Sherlock asked, frowning, before waving his hand in a sudden act of anxiety. "No, sorry, don't answer that."

"It's just a funny song to play to get you in the mood." John said, smiling up at Sherlock and trying to wipe the anxious look from the man's face "I mean...it's really..." John trailed off, on the cusp of explaining to Sherlock the song was heavily clichéd and that if you played it for your lover you were more likely to get laughed at and then shagged...

Except...

John didn't want to ruin it for Sherlock, didn't want to prejudice him against it. This wasn't something Sherlock had ever experienced before- playing a silly song in the hopes of getting laid. John had fucked to the song a few times since he was a teenager- funny, stupid shags where he and his partner had giggled through the song before things turned strangely erotic. But Sherlock hadn't. He'd never had that.

"Want to try it?" John asked, perfectly serious, and Sherlock literally gasped, his jaw dropping. In another situation, it would have almost been comical.

He was silent for a few seconds, before his throat bobbed a few times. "...Sex?" His voice was shaking and he tried again. "You mean...you want to try sex with me?" At the very suggestion, his heart had picked up pace, speeding ahead and leaving him lightheaded. He wanted John on top, Sherlock decided. He wanted to be pressed down and consumed and he realized he didn't have any lubricant- stupid! He should have bought some- a lot- after the other night but he hadn't thought- He hadn't thought. It was galling.

No matter, Sherlock decided, eyes flicking from side to side as he worked it out. They could simply
use the olive oil again. There was plenty left and it smelled nice and was adequately slippery.

"I thought you might try giving me a hand job again." John suggested lightly, unaware of the aroused turmoil Sherlock was experiencing.

"I..." Sherlock blinked, features contorting in a visage of confusion.

"You don't have to. You don't have to do anything, I just thought..." John hurried to add and Sherlock shook his head.

"No. That's...no, I can." He took a shuddering breath, still slightly confused and disappointed. He'd thought...well. Never mind. "...I can try that."

Looking a bit like a fish out of water, Sherlock shrugged off his dressing gown and made his way closer to John who smirked and pressed something on the CD player to make the 'sex song' play on repeat. He turned the volume up a fair bit too, as the rainstorm became almost deafening, battering the windows and hissing against the walls of the flat.

While John resumed his seat, Sherlock snagged the bottle of oil from the kitchen, returning to the sitting room and dithering, uncertain, in front of John before finally sinking to his knees. He cleared his throat, staring at the towel John still had over his groin.

"Well. I'll just...shall I?" Sherlock gestured at the towel and John grinned, letting him carefully remove it and place it to the side. John's cock, half hard in anticipation, flexed at the sudden rush of air and Sherlock sat back on his heels, watching, extending one finger to give the organ a speculative tap.

John flinched at the inquisitive, violin-calloused fingertip that began dotting and delicately stroking across his exposed glans. He swallowed hard, watching Sherlock's fingers run softly along his cock, again and again, the barest of teasing caresses. John's cock twitched its way to full hardness- the sight of Sherlock on his knees, all his concentration centered on his cock doing things for John's libido which were dark and sinful. Sherlock's eyes were fixed, with almost scary concentration, on every little pulse of blood in the veins of John's rapidly-hardening shaft, every minuscule ooze of clear fluid at the tip, every unconscious bob of the plump dark member. It was unnerving.

Sherlock reached for the bottle of oil and drizzled some over John's erection, covering his balls with the fragrant fluid before setting it to the side, his eyes never leaving John's crotch.

"Just...be gentle." John warned, before Sherlock's hand, appearing disconcertingly large around his cock, slowly eased down, coating him fully with the oil. John moaned, hips flexing up into the caress.

Sherlock was flushed a shocking pink which made his wide, pale eyes even more striking in comparison. "Um, can I just...just once? Now?"

"What?" John's voice was ragged and Sherlock, without waiting for permission, bobbed his head down, eyes flicking up to John's, and pressed a kiss against the head of his cock. Sherlock jolted back in surprise when John gasped explosively, his eyes going wide and shocked, hips stuttering upward.

"God, yes...yes, you can...do that." He groaned. "Hand...hand and kisses...God. Yes."

Sherlock brought his lips to John's cock again, pressing another delicate kiss to the head and stroking slickly down the shaft. John hissed, thighs flexing to either side of Sherlock, and his next breath almost sobbed out. "Yes, just like that...fuck, Sherlock..." He encouraged, voice ragged, and
Sherlock, buoyed with success, kept going. He stroked John's cock slowly, his lips sucking kisses onto the exposed head.

"God, Sherlock...perfect..." John's damp hair brushed the back of the armchair, leaving sweet, mint-scented smears on the rich fabric. His bare legs twitched as Sherlock rested his free hand on one, warm thigh, rubbing slowly, and John grunted in gratitude and pleasure. Sherlock suppressed a pleased smile, proud he was doing so well. He kept his eyes trained on John's face, watching every single play of pleasure across his lined features, his own cock throbbing, demanding attention, but he ignored it, focused on pleasuring John.

Feeling daring, Sherlock opened his mouth and pressed a kiss against the very tip of John's erection, swirling his tongue over the slit, tasting the combined flavours of olive oil and pre-come. He was rewarded with a rough hand suddenly gripping his dark curls, and a throaty sigh of pleasure that pushed him disturbingly close to his own climax. He gave a stuttered little cry, breath gusting over John's cock, hand still working over it-

"Oh, shit, shit, shit!" John cursed and suddenly the fingers in Sherlock's curls were yanking his head back as thick ropes of come spurted from John's cock, narrowly missing Sherlock's face. Sherlock stared at the opaque pools of semen collecting on John's skin, grinning, triumphant. He winced as John continued to yank at his hair, though, hips bucking and head thrown back as he rode the waves of his climax. Just as the grip became too painful and Sherlock opened his mouth to protest, the fingers relaxed, and John blinked open dazed eyes, breathing out an apology.

"Sorry, sorry. Oh...fuck...that was brilliant..."

"You looked...you looked...very good." Sherlock admitted in a fiendishly-deep baritone murmur, eyeing the warm drops of come on John's quivering stomach hungrily. John huffed out an awkward laugh, shaking his head and reaching for the towel, wiping himself off and scrubbing at the lingering traces of come.

Sherlock bit his lip, mentally sighing.

"Your turn." John tossed the soiled towel to the side and gave Sherlock a mischievous look as the 'sex song' began playing again.

"Um...no, not that..." Sherlock demurred quickly, nibbling his full bottom lip and looking worried.

"Why don't you touch yourself for me, then? I didn't get a chance to see you the other night in my room and...I'd like to watch you make yourself come." John's voice was low and wicked, interested, and Sherlock debated. That seemed fine but...

"My bottoms stay on." He said, voice hard and brooking no argument. He expected John to sigh, to say he was stupid and if that was the case then he didn't want to watch- he would be able to see anything that way...but John nodded, leaning forward in his chair, eagerly looking at Sherlock, anticipating a show.

"W--um...where do you want me?" Sherlock asked, the pink flush on his sharp cheekbones spreading down his pale throat and decorating his lean clavicles. John's gaze flicked behind Sherlock.

"In your chair."

Sherlock moved back, leveraging himself up onto his expensive leather armchair and smoothed his
sweaty palms down his thighs to stop them from shaking. "Don't." He said when he saw John reaching for the small blanket on the back of his own chair, obviously about to cover himself up. "I...I want to see you...while I do it." He murmured, hoping John wouldn't say it wasn't fair that Sherlock got to see him naked and he didn't, etc.

John, though, smiled, and leaned back in his chair, eyes dark and trained on Sherlock, waiting.

"Oh god." Sherlock muttered to himself, briefly wishing he hadn't started this whole thing...before raising his eyes, normally so sharp, but now languid and tentative, to John. "You won't laugh?"

"Of course not- why would I laugh, Sherlock?"

Sherlock shook his head, pressing his lips together, and, after another quick glance at John who gave him an encouraging smile...slipped his hand beneath the waistband of his pyjamas. He exhaled shakily as he wrapped his still slick hand around his cock, the olive oil providing a pleasant alternative to his own precome. He set up a quick, business-like rhythm, trying to rub as quickly as he could to get it over with, struggling to focus...but got nowhere.

Breathing unsteadily, Sherlock sped his hand up but it didn't help his climax, which remained steadfastly nowhere. He whined very softly in desperation.

"What wrong?" John's voice broke through his shame and embarrassment and Sherlock shuddered, hand stilling on his cock.

"I don't...it's..." he closed his eyes, not wanting to disappoint John but thinking it might be for the best for him to just stop-

"I want you to touch yourself, Sherlock." John said and Sherlock's eyes snapped open to stare at him. "Touch yourself. Start stroking your cock. Slowly."

Sherlock, hunched awkwardly in his chair, frowned, and with one hand between his legs, nodded and acquiesced. He pulled on himself with slow, steady strokes, feeling that he would love to climax soon and have this whole embarrassing ordeal over and done with, but physiologically, he was still a long way behind.

"Perfect, Sherlock. That's perfect." John crooned, avidly watching the rhythmic flex of Sherlock's hand beneath his pants. He could see the barest outline of Sherlock's cock and his tongue snaked out to lick his lips. He couldn't wait to see it.

"Close your eyes." He instructed and Sherlock obeyed, his hand still stroking slowly over his cock. "Breathe...keeping breathing...does it feel good? Tell me how it feels."

"You feel...it feels good." Sherlock whispered with a shuddery groan, his hand speeding up a little, a tiny wet gush dampening the front of his silk pyjama bottoms. John caught his slip and his eyes narrowed, a smile playing around his lips which Sherlock, his eyes closed, didn't see.

"What're you thinking of, Sherlock?"

"I can't." Sherlock mumbled, his brow wrinkled deeply, his expression such an amalgamation of concentration and discomfort that John had never seen.

"Yes, you can." John encouraged, soothingly quiet in the flat. "Tell me, sweetheart, tell me what that great, amazing, fantastic brain is thinking of. I want to hear what you're fantasizing about.... Tell me."
Sherlock moaned. "I'm...I'm in you," he gasped, hips jerking slightly. "I'm inside of you and it feels...amazing."

"In me where?"

"In...where you probably won't let me." Sherlock admitted.

"Try me." John almost growled from across the room and Sherlock squirmed, his hand moving faster.

"In your arse." Sherlock's face flamed with colour at verbalizing that but, at the low, encouraging moan from John, he licked his lips and continued, his features easing their crinkled anxiety as he started to settle himself into his fantasy. "You're...a-above me...r-riding me...pressing me into the mattress and I'm...oh-" He broke off, body straining to the slickened strokes of his own hand. "...I...I've never been inside anyone...but...I want to..." Sherlock grimaced, tugging at himself even more harshly, his fist a silken blur beneath his pyjamas. "Oh...fuck...John...you...weigh me down." he garbled, gasping for breath as he desperately pursued his climax. "You're...riding me, g-getting yourself off on my c-cock."

Sherlock's hips began pumping upward, a shaky desperate rhythm, imagining it was John he was thrusting in to as he felt himself sliding closer and closer.

"Yes...that's it, Sherlock. Fuck, yes, that's it." John filthily encouraged, mouth dry at the debauched sight in front of him. "Fuck me. Oh, Christ, fuck me harder."

The detective gasped, John's words like a heavy punch to his gut. "I'm gonna come," he warned, his body sliding down his armchair and practically onto the floor as his body heaved. He moaned, kneeling awkwardly on the living room floor, fisting himself with brutal, blurry speed, struggling to reach his peak.

"Fuck, yes, Sherlock." John grit out through clenched teeth, taking a chance on what he thought Sherlock would want to hear. "Come on...come in me."

Sherlock shouted, surprised, and came, his release dampening his pyjama bottoms and dripping, warm and sticky, onto his legs. He shivered, gasping, suddenly aware of how awkwardly he was positioned, on the floor like a slut, his mind unhelpfully supplying all the things he'd said to John...

Embarrassment swamped over him, stealing the glow from his post orgasmic state and making him feel foolish. He sucked in a few much-needed inhales, then, after the obvious aftershocks had left his shivery muscles, he pulled himself upright with tremulous arms, and a loud grunt, back onto his armchair.

"...May I borrow your towel please?"
Dizzy and self-conscious, Sherlock took the proffered towel and quickly made his way to his bedroom. He sighed as he removed his third (and last) pair of come-soaked and ruined pyjama bottoms and wiped himself down. His cheeks were still burning as he headed to the bathroom and cleaned himself up properly, chucking the semen-stained towel in the washing basket. His mind unhelpfully supplied all the filthy, ridiculous things he’d said to John, playing the naughty confessions on an endless loop in his head.

Had John been laughing at him the whole time? He'd said he wouldn't laugh but...how could he not have? The things Sherlock had said had been the epitome of stupid. Awkward. Silly.

"You weigh me down..."

What sort of statement was that? Sherlock wondered if he could somehow live in the little loo for the next few days because at the moment he couldn't go back and face John. Not after...all that.

Lost in his self-recriminations, Sherlock was startled by the sound of the doorbell. He listened as John scurried upstairs to find some clothes before answering the door, although they both knew he needn't have worried. Mrs. Hudson was already awake and she always collected and delivered their post, no matter what time, day or night.

Steeling himself, taking a deep breath and trying to will his blush away, Sherlock nipped into his own room for clean clothes, feeling as if he were donning his own personal suit of armour as he finished buttoning the stiff shirt and adjusted his cuffs.

Two minutes later, a fully-dressed John tapped on Sherlock's bedroom door, sounding thrilled.
"Sherlock? You in there?"

Sherlock nodded, realized John couldn't see, and cleared his throat. "Yes."

"We've just received a... a summons- don't really know what else to call it- to a disturbingly high-class party." John chuckled, turning the heavily gilded, stunning card over in his hands. "You should see how extravagant this invitation is."

Sherlock wrenched the door open and, avoiding looking at John, plucked the needlessly elaborate card from his hands. He frowned as he scanned it then handed it back to John with a derisive snort.

"Problem, Sherl?"

Sherlock glanced at John's laughing eyes, his amused grin, and gnawed at the inside of his bottom lip. "I know for a fact you have enough acting ability to pretend you're not amused. I'd appreciate it if you used it." He snapped, striding to the living room, quite frankly not knowing what he was doing in there. He turned off the irritating CD player and thus the 'sex' song, and sank decisively into his armchair.
"What're you talking about?" John asked, following after Sherlock, the invitation still clutched in his hand. "This?" He brandished the card. "Because you're right- I can't help but be amused at the thought of you in a roomful of stuffy, arrogant, overbred people, deducing everyone to within an inch of their lives and making them all uncomfortable."

"I do that to everyone, all the time, and you know it. You don't laugh, though. You usually scold me and tell me to be nicer. Please don't pretend, John. I know why you're laughing."

John blinked at Sherlock, perplexed. "No, I don't. Why am I laughing?"

"Because of what I said!" Sherlock burst out angrily. He supposed this was another layer of humiliation John wanted to add, another way of poking fun at him by making him explicitly say it. His insides squirmed. He remembered this tactic from childhood days when bullies had cornered him in deserted hallways and made him spell out why they thought he was a freak."

"What you-"

"Said. Yes, Oh, John, I'm inside you. You weigh me down. I'm going to come." Sherlock gritted his teeth, spitting the words out. "I know you're laughing about it so you can just stop. We both know I sounded absurd so yes, very clever, the joke's on me- now drop it."

"...Sherlock...give me twenty seconds to tell you why you're wrong? Before you storm off in an unfounded huff?" John asked, smiling. He crossed the room, placing his hands on Sherlock's red-hot cheekbones, his palms actually heating up with the embarrassed fire that was kindled in them.

"You're wrong. All right? I wasn't making fun of you earlier- or now...or...ever. What you said earlier...Sherlock, it was incredibly arousing. Ok? Incredibly." John leaned closer, pitching his voice lower. "It was all I could do not to go over there, push your hands away, and do it myself. Touch you myself. So, no. I wasn't laughing at you. Don't be foolish."

Sherlock's eyes darted between each of John's own sparkling blue ones, trying to find fault in what he'd said, looking for the vaguest hint of a lie... but there wasn't any.

"Oh."

"Yeah. Oh." John's thumb swiped over Sherlock's cheek and, just as quickly, the reason for his blush turned into something else entirely.

"Would you...kiss me? A bit?" Sherlock asked abruptly, his pale eyes flicking down to John's thin lips.

"I don't know..." John grinned, murmuring teasingly. "What's in it for me if I do?"

Sherlock squirmed, refusing to let himself be aroused by John's low, joking voice. "John-"

His rebuke was cut short as John had mercy on him, pressing their lips together, his hand gliding up to tug at Sherlock's curls and angle his head, deepening the kiss. Sherlock floundered as John's lips triggered a fresh rush of serotonin, dopamine, and oxytocin. He tentatively prodded the tip of his tongue, inexperienced but hopeful, against John's mouth. He felt John hesitate….and then John was opening his mouth, his own tongue coming out to twine delicately against Sherlock's. Sherlock shivered, a low whine tearing from his throat as John's tongue pushed past his own, flicking against the roof of his mouth.

Sherlock groaned as John pulled away, slumping in his chair as John straightened and picked up the invitation again, seemingly not as affected as Sherlock. "Well. We've got some work to do before we
"Go?" Sherlock's eyebrows snapped together and he gave John a look as if he'd gone mad. "We're not-

"Yes, we're going, Sherlock. It's being given by Lord Ingram and he's invited us - well, you, as his special guest-"

"All the more reason not to go." Sherlock muttered.

"He was a good client - a well-paying client, remember, and he'll have lots of arrogant, well-paying friends for us to make contact with. So." John finished. "We're going. Think of it as a business venture."

Sherlock scowled childishly and opened his mouth to complain further, when John leaned close to his ear and murmured in a deep, sultry tone that he had frustratingly little experience with. "I promise I'll make it worth your time if you go."

"How?" Sherlock asked breathlessly, fingers curling into John's shirt and trying to pull him closer.

"I'll tell you..." John promised "...after you get a haircut."

"What!?"

"A haircut." John repeated, his expression brooking no argument. "You've let it get too long."

Sherlock pouted up at John, fingering his curls, tugging at them to their full length before letting them spring back.

"This is the longest I've ever seen your hair. An inch or two longer and it'll be touching your shoulders."

Sherlock smirked. "I know what you think of my hair, John. You love it because it's soft and tactile and shiny. You only want me to cut it because of some misguided social rule."

"It's not a misguided social rule for a man to keep his hair cut." John gave Sherlock a wicked look. "I like it when you keep your hair shorter. It makes you look manlier."

"So...so...'manly' isn't...a problem?" Sherlock questioned, ruffling his thick curls self-consciously.

"Of course not. Why would it..." John trailed off, understanding flashing across his face. "Are you... are you trying to make yourself look...Oh, Sherlock."

Sherlock glanced away as John knelt in front of him but John's rough hand forced Sherlock to look at him.

"No, Sherlock, manly isn't a problem. Manly is...great. Fucking fantastic actually."

"I'm not trying to look womanly." Sherlock explained, rather hating the way John's eyes had gone all soft and pitying. "I honestly just can't be bothered to get a haircut." He cleared his throat. "Still, you're not used to...'manly.'"

"No, I'm not." John agreed. "But I can't wait to get used to it." He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Now. We're going to this thing and you need a haircut. So, come on." He slapped Sherlock's knee encouragingly. "Let's get going."
Before Sherlock knew it, he was in his designer shoes, being shoved out the front door by a firm, strong hand on his arse, onto a pavement drenched in the abated rainstorm that had pounded Baker Street just ten minutes earlier. John took a deep breath of the damp, strangely-comforting pollutant taste of the London morning air.

Dragging Sherlock into an impromptu, deep kiss, he pulled back with a clownish grin. "I know it's early and no hairdressers are open yet. But I know someone who owes me a favour." He winked and dragged the speechless detective off through grimy puddles to their destination.

John curled his hands into fists on his lap, trying valiantly to keep them to himself, and eyed Sherlock's newly cut hair for the umpteenth time in the past hour. It was shorter than he'd seen it in a long time, the curls barely an inch long and slicked into a fashionable style. John wanted to mess that style up. He wanted to run his fingers through the gelled curls and ruffle them, tug at them, and listen to the way Sherlock moaned while he did it.

He'd seen Sherlock with his hair cut before...this time, though, they were together. He was allowed to touch Sherlock. Encouraged even, given the way Sherlock acted- as if he couldn't get enough of John's attention.

John gave himself a mental shake, telling himself to stop acting like an idiot, and forced his thoughts to go elsewhere. His dark blue eyes focussed indistinctly out the windscreen of the taxi, watching the grey, lifeless, yet infinitely lively panoramas of central London flick rapidly and colourlessly past them. They were almost back to the flat and he didn't want Sherlock to pick up on his deviant thoughts and get...well, the wrong idea.

Sherlock, looking ostensibly calm, his pale eyes watching the dirty, rain-slicked streets out of his own window, was very much aware of John's state of mind. He could sense- practically taste- the quivering anticipation and heady lust afflicting John, barely kept in check by his wavering, gentlemanly restraint.

Sherlock's mind buzzed with a fevered, haphazard mantra of immediate actions to be taken as soon as they arrived at the flat.

1 - Get home. Go to bedroom.
2 - Close curtains. Remove apparel.
3 - Be ravaged by John Watson.

Sherlock experienced some qualms about number two. The idea of removing his clothes made his stomach knot up and a dreadful nervousness threatened to quench his arousal. But John wanted to see him naked. He'd said as much earlier.

And John doubtlessly wouldn't ravage Sherlock if he kept his trousers on.

Well, he thought sardonically, it wouldn't even be possible at that point. Sherlock knew he was being as stupid as he always claimed Anderson was...and he jutted out his chin, determined to overcome it.

Still, closing the curtains was a must. Near-darkness would make things considerably easier. There was no way he'd be able to do this in any kind of functional light intensity.

By the time the cab pulled up outside 221B, neither man was bothering to disguise his rapid
breathing and tangible arousal. Sherlock got out of the taxi first, stepping straight into an oily, tar-black puddle in a pothole of the road…and didn't even care.

*This is it,* he thought in a dizzying panic, the words blooming and gyrating frantically in a psychedelic dance in his Mind Palace. *It's finally happening. Right now.*

He took a gasping, shaking breath and hurried to the door, uncharacteristically fumbling with his keys as John paid the cabbie, the noisy things jingling and rattling tellingly in his hands.

Finally, Sherlock wrenched the door open and stepped through, turning to find John behind him, closing the door, his eyes trained on Sherlock, dark with intent. Sherlock's mouth went dry.

"I'll…I'll just...go upstairs and...get everything ready...Just be a moment." Sherlock said, racing up the stairs, intent on closing every curtain he could once he got upstairs before shedding his clothes.

Sherlock was in the middle of the living room, in a stifling, deep gloom, and down to just his trousers and pants…when John cautiously made his way into the dimness, eyes dilated and intense as a hunting lion at twilight, fixated on its prey.

Fingers freezing on his flies, Sherlock cleared his throat. "John...I'm ready. You can…take me to bed." He couldn't see John's exact expression in the dimness of the room, but Sherlock saw John cock his head to the side, as if he didn't understand.

"What?"

Oh, this was so trying. Sherlock winced and looked down to where his fingers were still hovering over his zip. "I know you want to. You were thinking about it all the way here." He paused for breath, anticipation making him breathless. "So...take me to bed." Sherlock tried to purr the last part, as he'd seen a few of the actresses in John's porn do a few times, seductive and coy…but he thought he may have failed as the remark didn't seem to affect John, who started casually removing his shoes, leaning with one hand against the doorframe and toeing them off with agonizing slowness before kicking them to the side.

"John? I can't wait much longer." Sherlock admitted throatily.

"Wait for what?" John asked, straightening and moving towards Sherlock, his fingers picking open the buttons of his shirt as he walked.

"For you." Sherlock swallowed hard against the lump of pure need in his throat as he watched John bare himself, his hands coming up to smooth down the expanse of John's chest. John hummed approvingly in his throat and Sherlock pressed his hands flat against John's skin, closing his eyes at the sensation. Warm. Smooth. Springy hair tickling against his palms. Sherlock could almost smell John's arousal.

"Christ, John...are you going to...do it?" he asked, voice breaking embarrassingly before he cleared his throat. John's hands rose to sink themselves into Sherlock's dense, dark, short curls, massaging tenderly but with a tellingly shaky impatience.

"Do what?" John asked again, pulling at Sherlock's hair and bringing him down for a brief kiss, the caress fanning the already roaring flames of Sherlock's arousal even higher. "What do you think I'm going to do, Sherlock?"

Sherlock wrapped his arms around John's waist, bringing their bodies flush against each other, sighing when his erection pressed against John's hip. "I think...you're going to...fuck me."
"I'm going to be on top. Is that what you've decided." John didn't even bother enunciating his statement as a proper question, nipping and biting eagerly, teasingly, at Sherlock's full lips, relying on the guidance of the warm huffs of breath and the heat of skin in the darkness to locate Sherlock's delicious mouth.

"Yes." Sherlock whispered- the idea of John taking him, fucking him, making him impossibly harder. He impatiently pushed his cock against John, grunting eagerly as John kissed him. And John was agreeing, was going along with it. John was going to fuck him. Sherlock's head spun. Would he do it here- on the floor of the sitting room? Sherlock on his back, his legs wrapped around John's waist while John thrust into him? Sherlock could almost feel the way the carpet would scrape across his back, leaving stinging burns that would only heighten the pleasure. He kissed John back, as hard as he could, hips moving faster against him, frottting against him fervently.

With a strangled, surprised moan, Sherlock suddenly found himself being shoved back forcefully across the room, supported completely by John's strong arms, and slammed down roughly into his armchair. His sight weakened in the darkness, making him dizzy with blind excitement, Sherlock heard John chuckle before settling himself in Sherlock's lap, his legs spread to either side of Sherlock's thighs, and ground his hips down in a few excruciating rotations.

"Are you sure this isn't what you'd prefer?" John's voice was rough and strained as he continued grinding his arse against Sherlock's cock. It was an incredible feeling- much better than rutting against John's hip. The curve of his arse was plush, inviting Sherlock to thrust up against it which he did, over and over.

"J-John..." He panted, all rational thought gone, the heavy thickness of arousal stunning in its ability to strip away all his reserve and higher intelligence. "P-Please..."

"Please what? Is this what you want, Sherlock?" John asked again, ducking his head to nip and tug at Sherlock's earlobe. "Because if it is...I'd let you. I'd let you fuck me...I'd let you fuck me so hard-and come inside me..."

"Oh...oh, no." Sherlock uttered out of the blue, his deep voice strained with dread and John hissed in pain as Sherlock's fingernails, unexpectedly sharp, dug viciously into his sides. Sherlock tensed beneath him, his breath ceasing for a few stunned, worrying seconds, before a grating, wet wail eased itself past gritted teeth. A familiar, hot musk scented the humid air of the flat as Sherlock bucked hard a few times against John, sobbing in what sounded like frustration...as well as a brutal climax.

John froze, his hands buried in gorgeously dishevelled curls, blinking in surprise as Sherlock slumped against the chair, eyes closed, face turned away from John, radiating shame- the rigid line of his body against John spoke to that.

It seemed totally redundant to ask whether Sherlock had just come. Licking his lips, sitting on Sherlock's over-heated lap, John eased back very slightly from his lover's spent crotch, still clothed in designer trousers and underwear. It was imperative, John instinctively felt, to control the situation before Sherlock had a crisis.

"Um...Bedroom? Bit cramped here, yeah?" John grinned when Sherlock's eyes flicked open, cast down and to the side.

"John...I-"

"Bedroom." John repeated firmly, pulling at Sherlock's hand. He thought the taller man would resist
him, refuse to come along…but finally Sherlock sighed and stood, meekly following behind John down the hall to his bedroom. John closed the door behind them and turned to Sherlock. He hadn’t had a chance to close the curtains in this room and sunlight spilled through the window, dappling everything in rich tones and giving John a beguiling view of the wet stain on the front of Sherlock’s trousers.

"Christ, Sherlock." he exclaimed helplessly, tongue coming out to lick at his lips, throat bobbing with a desirous swallow. He reached out and brushed his fingers against the wet spot, lips parting as he felt the damp warmth of Sherlock’s release. "I did that." He murmured, rather stunned Sherlock had come so quickly, just from John muttering filthy things to him.

"Yes, you did." Sherlock snapped, two bright spots of colour on his cheeks. "And if you're going to laugh you can just-"

John grabbed him before he could spin away and, apparently, kick John from his room. "I'm not going to laugh." He said, eyes dropping once more to the evidence in front of him. "I think...Yeah, that's one of the hottest things I've ever seen."

"You keep saying that. I think you just get off on other people's...inadequacies." Sherlock muttered, staring out the window and itching to get out of the exposing, if grimy, light pouring through the window. He tried to distance himself mentally from the situation at hand.

"Inadequacy?" John repeated and Sherlock yelped slightly when John's hand tightened against his damp crotch. "This isn't inadequacy, Sherlock. This is me being fucking good. This is you wanting me so fucking much you- you- can't control yourself." He loosened his grip, his thumb brushing possessively over the soft ridge of Sherlock's cock through the fabric. "Do you think I'm inadequate when you make me come?"

Sherlock winced, shooing John's hand away from his very over-sensitised shaft. "I wanted to have sex with you." he said simply, glancing around the room and biting the inside of his mouth as his brow crinkled. "I ruined it."

John snorted fondly, carding his fingers through those lovely curls and turning Sherlock to face him. "There's more than one way to have sex, Sherlock. We can still...you can still get me off. Only if you want to." He hurried to add, not wanting Sherlock to feel obligated.

There followed a long thirty seconds of swollen silence and Sherlock's laboured breathing. "...What did you want?" He asked, sounding distinctly troubled and irritable. John shrugged.

"Whatever you like."

Sherlock's eyes narrowed and he gave John a look.

"Fine. I thought...I really enjoyed what you did earlier- when you used your hand and your...mouth." John's eyes strayed to the object in question and, for the first time since his disastrous blunder in the sitting room, Sherlock felt faint stirrings of interest again. "I thought you might...do it again?"

"I practiced." Sherlock announced abruptly, before looking shell-shocked, wide-eyed, and adorably lost. John paused before sinking down on the side of the bed, giving Sherlock a wickedly amused look.

"You've practiced?"

Sherlock nodded, walking over to John on wobbly legs and kneeling in front of him, sighing in
pleasure when John's hands immediately leapt up to run through his hair. Sherlock was starting to think John had developed a hair fetish.

"Did my hair start this?" Sherlock asked, visibly calming as he gave his delightful, honest grin, melting into the caresses like a spoilt lap cat. John laughed, scrubbing his hand through the shortened locks before releasing them.

"Sort of. Seeing you like this- hair cut short...you look handsome." His eyes twinkled as he leaned down to steal a quick kiss. "And I realized...you're mine."

"You only just realised that?" Sherlock laughed softly, spreading his hands on John's clothed thighs, kneading the denim subconsciously.

"Well, it's only been true for a week." John admitted, hips shifting on the bed as he watched Sherlock's fingers splay against his clothing. "Still not used to it." he huffed out a quick breath, digging his fingers into the duvet to keep from reaching and freeing his cock from the confines of his jeans to hurry things along.

He lowered his head, nosing his way past the zipper and rubbing his face against John's covered cock.

"Oh…"

Sherlock pressed a kiss to the straining fabric before pulling away and tugging at John's jeans. John eagerly lifted his hips, hitching his thumbs in the band of his pants and dragging those off as well, kicking them to the side and staring at Sherlock with undisguised want.

"I only practised with my fingers...practised having something deep in my throat." Sherlock said casually, his grey-green eyes fiendish, and his blush a wonderful pink rash across his sharp cheekbones. He nuzzled at the base of John's shaft, inhaling deeply, taking in all the information he garnered from mere scent, like a blind, hungry dog.

John moaned, hands fisting tight into the duvet again to prevent him from reaching out and taking what Sherlock was offering so sweetly...and naughtily. "That's...that's good. Good place to start." John rambled, cock jumping as Sherlock stuck out his tongue and ran it up the side of the hard flesh. He rolled his tongue in his mouth, analysing the flavour, and John dropped onto his back with an agonized groan.

He watched John's chest rise and fall rapidly, his cock jerking in the cool air of the bedroom, and bit his lip, feeling a thrill at the idea of reducing John to such a glorious mess. "What is it you want, John?" Sherlock murmured deeply.

John gasped, his fingers spasming in the duvet as he cursed. "Fuck...Sherlock..."

"I've managed to repress my gag reflex so it's only 12.2% efficient." Sherlock murmured seductively, before suckling with genuine pleasure on the base of John's shaft.

"Oh, Christ." John arched into the sensation, leveraging himself up onto his elbows so he could
watch Sherlock lick and suck his way up his cock, eyes sparkling wickedly the whole time.

"Oh, Jesus." John said weakly, cock flexing when Sherlock's hand wrapped around the base. The sight of sordid, saliva-slicked lips around his cock, sucking enthusiastically, and entirely pleasurably, caused John to groan out a few unintended growls of bliss. With a villainous grin, restricted by the suction around John's leaking tip, Sherlock sank his sharp fingernails once more into John's skin and, after a hefty inhale, he lowered his head and deep-throated John as if he had done it a hundred times before.

His victory was short-lived, however, as John gave a surprised shout and a reflexive thrust up into the slick, tight heat. Sherlock gagged around John's cock and quickly pulled off, eyes streaming. John immediately sat up, reaching for Sherlock and stuttering out apologies, his face red. Sherlock coughed hard a few times, looking queasy.

"Was that...not alright?"

"No...no. That was...God...that was perfect." John stumbled to explain, pulling Sherlock into an awkward hug, inadvertently pressing him against his spit-soaked cock. "That was amazing you just...I wasn't expecting that..." John let out a shaky exhale, squeezing Sherlock again before releasing him. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, of course...I was just...surprised. Let me try again."

"Not again." John said, pulling Sherlock away when he went to duck down again. "Not...not that deep, love. I don't want to hurt you and that...could seriously hurt you. Here." He grabbed Sherlock's hand and fisted it around his wet cock. "Like this. Just like this. God, I'm almost there after that anyway."

Sherlock snatched his hand back, grimacing. "I can do it. I want to taste you."

"You don't have to-"

"I want to." Sherlock gritted out. "I'm not a child."

"I didn't say you were-"

"Then stop coddling me and let me suck your cock!"

John sighed, then nodded in reluctant acquiescence. Sherlock immediately swooped down again and started sucking deeply and wetly on John's cock, with remarkable skill considering his previously non-existent experience.

"G-go slow." John cautioned, not wanting a repeat of earlier and willing his hips to remain still and not thrust. God, but Sherlock was good at this. John closed his eyes, wondering how Sherlock had got so good in so little time. Not that he was complaining but...oh, God...

"Do that again." John commanded breathlessly, and Sherlock swirled his tongue around the head of his cock, licking at the bead of moisture collected there. John blundered a hand into Sherlock's heavenly, dark curls, and gulped, his breaths starting to present a struggle as he fought his rapidly-rising orgasm. A few faint, closed-mouth moans and sobs, accompanying his tightly-closed eyes, betrayed his imminent climax.

"Might want to pull off." He said hurriedly, tugging lightly at Sherlock's hair but Sherlock sucked his cock deeper, swirling his tongue over and over the head- and John was lost. He shouted when he came, a wordless expletive, spilling into Sherlock's mouth in short, quick bursts that left him shaking...
and gasping for air. He twitched and shivered through his orgasm, breathless and wordless for thirty seconds before blinking his eyes open. Sherlock’s mouth was still on his cock, his eyes closed, tongue lapping up every molecule he could acquire from John's ejaculate, his hands traversing from John’s body to his own temples, fingers poised in their 'Real-Life to Mind Palace transition' position.

John chuckled weakly, the sight just a bit too funny after his amazing orgasm, and Sherlock's eyes snapped open to gaze up at him.

"Enjoy that?" John asked, realizing it should be the other way around but...from the look of immense satisfaction of Sherlock's face, it was obvious who had enjoyed it more of the two. Sherlock languorously swallowed the last, hot remnants of John's release, pulling back from his spent shaft with a small, wet 'pop.' He grinned, his flushed face wrinkling beautifully and John stared down at Sherlock, feeling rather uncomfortable for a man who'd just got done receiving one of the best blow-jobs of his adult life.

"Next time," he said, cupping Sherlock's cheek and kissing his forehead, "I'm doing that to you."
It's Raining

A frighteningly violent rumble of thunder helped John wake abruptly from the distressing dream he'd been suffering. He blinked in the darkness for a few seconds, gasping for breath, the dream replaying over and over in his head. John propped himself up with a tired sigh and rubbed his face—immediately freezing when he felt liquid on his nose, cheeks and chin. He knew what it was like to wake up with tears on his face, but this was different. An irrational surge of panic flared in his gut and he tensed, the remnants of his dream rushing to the fore, half-expecting to smell the coppery scent of blood, taste it, metallic, in his mouth….before a cold drop landed on his forehead, making him jump.

Heart still racing, John fumbled for the bedside lamp, flicking it on and squinting against the sudden flood of light. He swiped at his forehead as another icy drop snaked its way down his face and he glanced up at his ceiling.

The plaster was drenched. Water dripped from multiple places all over the worn covering, leaving dark, damp patches on John's carpet. Water was even streaming in a steady line in one corner of the room onto John's dresser.

"Oh, shit." he muttered, throwing aside his duvet and shrugging on his dressing gown in a rush, his glow-in-the-dark alarm clock sternly informed him it was 5.40am. With a put-upon sigh, John made his way downstairs and through to Sherlock's bedroom door, knocking insistently.

"Babe?" John clamped a hand to his mouth as if he could retract the pet name he'd unconsciously uttered. Hearing no scathing retort- for which he was thankful- he knocked again, his face flushed.

"Sherlock?"

A sleepy murmur answered him and John pushed open the door, poking his head around and peering into the darkness.

"Sherlock? Sorry to wake you..." John trailed off as Sherlock sat up in bed, his sheet pooling in his lap, leaving his chest bare and almost glowing in the darkness.

"John." Sherlock's voice was rough with sleep and he rubbed his eyes, yawning. "Are you wanting morning sex?"

"What? No, that's not..." John stoically dragged his gaze from Sherlock's astounding bare chest.

"We have a problem. There's a leak. It's dripping everywhere. I'm soaked."

"It's pre-ejaculate, John. I would've thought, as a doctor, you'd have known that." Sherlock replied, his voice still deep and groggy, eyes drooping visibly even from across the room.

"Christ. "No, Sherlock, it's not- it has nothing to do with my cock, ok?" John snapped. It was 5:42 am, he'd had a bad dream, he was sleepy and soaked and not in the mood. "Our roof has a leak."

"Mm. Sort it in the morning." Sherlock slurred, sighing happily as he sank back onto his pillow, hugging it dreamily, exhaling gustily.

John opened his mouth, fully intent on rousing Sherlock- only for the sound of a crash and a liquid-y sounding gush from the floor above startled them both. The sound shook Sherlock out of his doze, leaving him sitting bolt-upright as John cursed violently.

Sherlock stumbled from his bed, hot on John's heels as they raced up the stairs- pausing abruptly
when they got to the top. A large puddle of water was rapidly spreading from beneath John's bedroom door and, when John flung the door open, even more poured out.

The bedroom was a disaster. Half the ceiling had collapsed, chunks of plasterwork and wood littering the bed and floor. Rain streamed in from outside, wetting everything in thick, cold rivulets.

"Oh my god." John weakly uttered, taking in the mess in front of him, turning his head at the sound of Mrs. Hudson's call asking if everything were all right, that she'd heard a crash.

"Fuck, what do we do?" John murmured to Sherlock in despair. "Please tell me you know a builder who owes you a favour."

"What's happened? What's happened?" Mrs. Hudson cried, knotting her robe hastily as she tottered up the stairs. "Sherlock, what've you done this time?"

Sherlock frowned and opened his mouth but John beat him to it.

"The roof's caved in Mrs. Hudson. Sherlock had nothing to do with it." He gave his boyfriend a swift look. "Did you?"

Sherlock gave both John and Mrs. Hudson an injured look before stomping downstairs. John hoped he'd gone to get some towels.

"The roof?" Mrs. Hudson gasped when she took in the state of John's room, tsking over the mess and peering up at the ceiling, through which the stormy clouds over the city could be seen.

"Should I...call someone? I...this is new to me." John admitted, biting his thin bottom lip and staring with Mrs. Hudson up at the dark sky.

"Oh, no, dear." Mrs. Hudson patted John's hand, a worried frown on her face. "I'll call someone in the morning. I have a nephew who's very handy with construction and that sort of thing. I'm sure he'll be able to straighten this out."

Sherlock wordlessly reappeared, his arms full of towels, and Mrs. Hudson took one, spreading it ineffectually on the soaked floor.

"All your things will be ruined if you don't move them downstairs, John." She said. "You can put them in Sherlock's room until we get the roof fixed."

"It seems Fate has intervened in the form of a vindictive thunderstorm and a faulty ceiling." Sherlock grinned, turning with a flourish and heading towards his own bedroom, pleased. He'd been plotting different ways to get John to move into his room for days- the fact that John still insisted on sleeping in his own bed when they were together and Sherlock was making himself incredibly available was galling.

Sherlock had barely breached the threshold, though, when he became aware of an insistent, and exponentially increasing, drip of water in the far corner of his room. Frowning, he strode across the room (lit only by a milky, cloud-choked moon and feeble yellowish streetlights) and peered up at the spreading wet spot on his ceiling, getting a drop of water in his face for his efforts and grimaced.

"Mrs. Hudson!" He bellowed. "We have a problem."
Forty-five minutes later, Sherlock scowled up at the weak, feather-grey dawn that was beginning to bleed into the watery, tremulous sky as he exited the taxi, huffing irritably. The disgruntled sound was drowned out by the continuous, furious downpour, a deluge that was only barely seasonal.

Slamming the door, Sherlock left John to deal with their impromptu luggage. He blinked raindrops from his eyes and wilting, dripping hair, shrugging his rapidly-soaking coat tightly around himself. He was about to expound his irritation, but soon realised that it couldn't be heard over the sizzling, cold Spring rainfall.

"Get over here and help me."

Sherlock barely heard John's angry command over the sound of rain hitting the ground and, deciding to pretend he hadn't heard it at all, Sherlock pulled his coat even tighter around himself and walked up the steps to the building's front door, ringing the bell and waiting. He heard the slam of the boot and John cursing. There was an awkward noise of luggage hitting the pavement and splashing in a puddle.

Sherlock rang the bell again.

He was met with the disembodied voice of the security guard. Clearing his throat, he enunciated simply. "Tell Molly Hooper Sherlock Holmes is here. Telling her that I'm all wet and slippery may speed up the response."

"Sherlock!" John's angry shout was loud enough that Sherlock didn't think he could pretend not to hear it. He turned, affecting a look of surprise, to find John red-faced and irritated at the bottom of the stairs. There were suitcases tucked under each arm, two more dangling from each hand, and another three by his feet. "Are you going to help me or just stand there, you berk?" John asked, his voice muffled by the rain but since Sherlock was staring right at him he couldn't ignore him.

"You're doing fine, John." He smiled at him, trying to look innocent but John's scowl darkened. He opened his mouth, no doubt to unleash a furious tirade at Sherlock, but at that moment, the front door buzzed and Sherlock turned to find Molly herself opening it for him.

Making use of his most manipulative acting abilities, Sherlock grinned his crinkly grin and ruffled his newly-short, soaked dark curls, before placing a hand on Molly's upper arm, leaning close to her. "I'm sorry for this inconvenience. I wouldn't have asked if I didn't really need help."

"Oh- Oh, n-no, it's fine. More than fine, actually." Molly stuttered and Sherlock didn't miss the way Molly's eyes strayed to his hair and her cheeks flushed a dusky pink. It seemed John wasn't the only one affected by his hair. "I'm happy you're here. Not happy your flat's leaking!" She hurriedly explained, eyes widening. "That must be awful. I'm just...happy I can help."

Sherlock grinned at her. "Thank you for letting John and I stay here a few days."

"Oh, it's...it's fine." Molly replied weakly before glancing behind Sherlock. "Does John need some help?"

"Probably." Sherlock said bluntly, brushing past Molly and making his way upstairs as if he owned the place. He dumped his Belstaff on the landing and promptly peered into every room in the flat, eyes flicking about and taking in details that may be important.

Molly's flat was...nice. Nothing spectacular. Certainly nothing like 221B. But it was spacious, nicely fitted up and uncluttered. The scent of lemon cleaner lingered in the kitchen and living room, an even more chemical smell lingered in the loo, and Sherlock's nose twitched. It was obvious Molly had
speedily tidied up after Sherlock's phone call earlier.

"Molly, how much are you being paid to advertise bleach products?" Sherlock asked, trying his hand at a joke- Molly usually appreciated his humour and he turned, expecting to find her behind him, surprised when she wasn't. Then he heard the heavy footsteps, two people, coming up the stairs at a very slow pace. Ah, good. She was helping John with the luggage.

Sherlock glanced into Molly's bedroom. It was more tasteful than he'd expected, the walls a subtle dusky pink, though there were still about fifteen different cuddly toys scattered about on various surfaces. Judging by her blog, she had few qualms about appearing childish, and had made no attempt to hide or even move them. He opened a few drawers, her bedside table, eyes flicking over the contents. He flashed a brief, amused grin at the lilo on the floor beside her bed, dressed with a deep-red duvet, presumably the most 'masculine' one she owned.

"Sherlock!"

At John's angry shout, Sherlock turned, clicking off the bedroom light as he left, finding John and Molly in the foyer, both out of breath and red faced. Molly's face brightened on seeing Sherlock...then grew worried.

"What were you doing in my bedroom?"

"Establishing perimeters and escape routes in case of murderous intruders." Sherlock replied with a straight face. "Why, what did you think I was doing?" He asked softly, with a devastating, smile, his imperfect teeth flashing perfectly in a shameless act of endearment. Molly blushed and shot a furtive glance at John.

"N-nothing. That seems sensible to do, now I think of it."

John snorted. "Sounds absolutely rubbish to me. You were just wanting to poke through her things, Sherlock. Behave."

"I haven't poked anywhere Molly hasn't given me permission to," Sherlock retorted, ruffling his wet curls once more, unaware he'd said the most suggestive thing yet. "Molly...I need to dry off."

"Oh. Right. Loo's just down the hall- well, you probably already know that." Molly replied, the pink on her cheeks deepening until it looked as though she'd been slapped. Sherlock gave her another grin and John huffed.

"Think I'll come dry off too." he said, taking Sherlock by the elbow and steering him down the hall, slamming the bathroom door behind them.

"What do you think you're playing at, out there?" John hissed angrily, making sure to keep his voice down. "Molly was kind enough to give us a place to stay for a few days while the repairs are being made and you're fucking flirting-"

"For the greater good, John. For the greater good." Sherlock smirked indulgently down at John's furious face, picking open the buttons of his rain-spotted purple shirt. "I'm simply giving her what she wants so this remains an enjoyable favour for her and not a chore. Besides, you're the one who insisted a hotel would be an irresponsible waste of money. Honestly, John, do you even understand how much money we have? How much I've left you?" He grimaced and flicked a long hand dismissively. "But I don't care about that now. I want to unpack. You noticed that the spare room only has a single bed? Do you think she would give us her bed for tonight? It's a double."

"Left...left me?" John asked, frowning, trying to keep his train of thought while Sherlock discarded
his shirt, shimmying his hips to get his wet trousers off.

"Yes, in my will. Do keep up, of course I left you everything. Who else would I have left it to? Mycroft? He'd buy cakes and pastries and squander it in largesse."

"I...that's..." John blinked, trying to come to terms with what Sherlock had just told him. Sherlock had left him money? Had written it into his will?

Sherlock, who had managed to work his trousers halfway down his thighs, paused, suddenly realizing he was stripping, was almost naked in front of John. He tugged at the wet fabric, unable to pull it back up and so crossed his arms in front of himself, shielding his exposed skin ineffectually. "Could you just...go out for a bit...bring me my PJ's...and I'll see you in a minute?" He requested awkwardly.

"What?" John dragged his eyes away from where he'd been staring vaguely at Sherlock's bare chest and frowned at him. "What'd you say?"

"Just...go out and mollify Molly." Sherlock hissed, opening the door and grabbing John by the shoulder, shoving him outside and locking the door behind him.

The rain still poured steadily down over London that evening, lashing at the darkened windows and making everyone inside and out of the torrential downpour feel snug and grateful to be dry. Molly had made them a wonderful dinner (trying to show off her culinary skills) and even though John hadn't been able to eat the pork, being a vegetarian, Sherlock had devoured two helpings, making Molly beam with pleasure.

Sherlock had been planning to change into his pyjamas, before he remembered that he had managed to ruin the only three pyjama bottoms he owned. Well...John ruined them, technically.

Afterward, they sat in silence in Molly's bright, cheery sitting room. At least, John had described it to Sherlock as bright and cheery but Sherlock remained dubious. There were pictures of cats on the wall.

Sherlock, bored with the inane sitcom playing, glanced at John with a devilish grin and glittering grey-green eyes, managing to convey his unspoken message: 'Don't get pissy, John. I know what I'm doing.' It was a message John had received many times before, with varying degrees of veracity.

"Molly. Would you care to make me a cup of tea?" Sherlock asked innocently, giving Molly a wide-eyed, entreating look.

"Of course." She smiled at him, jumping up and setting her cat, Toby, to the side. "John? Want one?"

"No. Thanks." John frowned at Sherlock. The genius could have gotten his own cup of tea instead of making Molly fetch and carry for him. He waited until Molly had hurried into her small but neat kitchen, and was about to expand vocally on his internal irritated monologue when Molly's black-and-white cat stepped onto his lap and gave his stomach a few loving head-nudges, distracting him. Sherlock, taking his reprieve, stood and followed Molly into the kitchen.

Molly busied herself with the kettle, picking a few flowery-decorated mugs from the cupboard and plucking teabags from the labelled ceramic tins beside the microwave. She jumped and barely restrained a yelp when she felt, more than heard, Sherlock's sultry baritone voice rumbling right
beside her ear. The sound wound her up in such a pleasant way she was surprised her hair wasn't spontaneously reverting to its natural ringlets.

"I've been trying to get you alone." Sherlock muttered, careful to keep his voice pitched low. "I need something from you, Molly."

The pretty pathologist fumbled with the mugs, her slim hands shaking as she cleared her throat. Before she could reply, Sherlock murmured again, his voice deep and tantalisingly sinful.

"It's just...there's something...I think we might need later. I don't know if you...have any...in your bedroom. I checked earlier but...I know people tend to hide these sorts of things." He continued, stepping closer to Molly so they wouldn't be overheard. They could hear the sounds of the television filtering in from the sitting room and Molly heard John shift on the sofa, sighing. She swallowed heavily, her heart racing, feeling light headed.

She'd hoped- when Sherlock had rang earlier and asked for a place for him and John to sleep for a few days- that something might Please, God, happen but...she hadn't expected it so soon. And she hadn't even broken out her sexy pyjamas yet.

Feeling unbelievably flustered, but trying not to show it, she turned from the kitchen counter to look up and lock her chocolate-brown eyes with Sherlock's icy grey-green ones. She tried, really, to flick her gaze towards to the living room and see if John was listening, but quite frankly, she felt supernaturally rooted to the spot, and her focus was reluctant to shift. Only her mouth seemed functional, and she stuttered awkwardly, running a hand through her straightened hair in an irrational act of comfort, and attempted a display of confidence. "What...what were you thinking?"

Sherlock smiled at her, pleased, and Molly actually felt her heart stop beating for a few seconds. "I must confess that I don't actually have a lot of knowledge about things like this but I know later tonight things...will take a more...intimate turn."

Molly's eyes went wide. Intimate turn? Her hands came up to clutch at the counter behind her for support as she balanced on very wobbly knees.

"I was thinking...some..." Sherlock bit his plump bottom lip before continuing in an impossibly deeper, quieter voice, his stunning cheekbones colouring a beautiful pink as one large hand alighted on Molly's shoulder. "Some...lubricant. I don't have much experience and...I want to make sure it all...goes smoothly. As it were." he added, with a charming, self-conscious chuckle.

"Lubricant?" Molly repeated nonsensically, through numb lips. She could feel the warmth of Sherlock's hand through her top, on her shoulder heavy and strong. She resisted the urge to lean into the touch and tried to get her brain to focus. "You'll need...lubricant?"

"Yes. I've read people can get hurt without the proper..." Sherlock groped for the right word.

"Wetness?" Molly asked, taking a deep, stuttering inhale at all that implied, almost wanting to add that there wouldn't be a problem with wetness once they started.

"Yes." Sherlock beamed at her. "So...do you have any? I assumed you might own some...forgive me if I'm wrong." He grinned sweetly, fondness and anticipation obvious in his eyes.

"Y-yes. I have some." Molly breathed, managing to smile back at Sherlock. "I-

"Good. I know John says I did a good job the last time I gave him a handjob but I think I may have injured him slightly. Although that may be something he likes when we have sex..." Sherlock trailed off, eyes going glazed and distant, thoughtful.
Molly felt as if the floor had been jerked from beneath her.

To her credit, it only took her eight seconds to find her (admittedly ragged and strained) voice. "What do you...J...what do you mean, 'John'?

Sherlock frowned, shaking himself out of his daze. "Of course I said John. Who else would I have said? John's in the process of taking my virginity- well, has been in the process, depends on how one defines 'virginity'-." Sherlock shook his head, not wanting to debate technicalities. "And I need lubricant so he can continue the job tonight. Why?"

Molly's pretty face twisted briefly as she struggled to control her confusion and hurt before stuttering bravely. "You...I thought...he always says he isn't...you know."

"Gay? No, I don't think he is. We haven't fully discussed it yet but I think he's bisexual. Sexuality is so fluid and changing anyway, there shouldn't be a box for one person or the other to have to squash themselves in."

"Oh." Molly bit her lip to keep it from doing something stupid- like buckle- and Sherlock frowned.

"I'm not worried about it." He tried to assure her, thinking that was the reason she suddenly looked so...out of sorts. "He's proven to me multiple times that he likes being with men. The enthusiasm he shows when he strokes me off is enough to persuade me."

"Sherlock!" John yelled, the sheer volume countering his short stature impressively. Sherlock whirled, smiling at the sight of John entering the kitchen with Toby on his shoulder. The cat, unperturbed by John's anger, was calmly and affectionately nibbling at his hair.

"What're you doing?" John asked suspiciously, eyes narrowed. Molly's mind was suddenly inundated with the mental image of John stroking Sherlock's -what she imagined- gorgeous cock and she felt herself flushing hotly. "Sherlock, you are, right now, looking incredibly guilty." John muttered warningly. Toby, the visibly over-indulged cat, started licking his ear fondly.

"I was just trying to...lessen your discomfort later. I've already seen from my reconnaissance of the kitchen that Molly's out of oil."

"Out of...?" John's face flushed scarlet and he glanced guiltily at Molly. He knew that she knew and it was suddenly horribly awkward in the kitchen. Molly swallowed heavily, averting her eyes, embarrassment swelling and burning inside her body.

"I'll just...just go and get what you were asking for." She said feebly, edging out of the kitchen and making her escape.

Sherlock sighed resignedly as he watched a red-faced John drag the lilo from Molly's bedroom into the spare room.

"We might be able to fit in a single bed." He said thoughtfully, perched on the edge of said generously-donated bed.

"If we don't, you can sleep on the floor." John threw the sheet and duvet Molly had given them at Sherlock's head, still embarrassed over Sherlock asking Molly- bloody Molly Hooper- for lube. He watched as Sherlock fiddled with the bottle, watching the liquid glide around inside. John's mouth went dry but he was determinedly not turned on by that sight. He wasn't.
Sherlock held the half-empty bottle up to the weak light and watched the thick liquid swirl slowly within. Extending his left hand, he pumped a little of the flavoured lubricant onto the tip of his index finger, sucking it ponderously. He hummed, contemplating the flavour. "Nice. Cherry-flavoured is rather pedantic, predictable, but it will serve our purpose." He smiled at John. "I wouldn't want to use it when I sucked your cock, though. It would ruin the lovely flavour of your penis."

"Lovely?" John asked with a grin he'd been hoping to restrain. Picking open his shirt, he tossed it aside and sat on the bed beside Sherlock, nonchalantly moving his hands to his flies. Predictably, Sherlock's eyes jumped to the movement and John watched pink suffuse his cheeks as he worked the fabric off his hips and down his legs. Sherlock rolled to his knees and shuffled forward on the lilo, placing his hands on John's hips. He was at the perfect height to nuzzle his nose against the rapidly forming bulge in John's pants lovingly, but John pulled away.

"Ah-ah, what's this, Sherl? Last thing I remember, you were flirting with someone else."

"I wasn't flirting." Sherlock protested, trying to nuzzle one more against his favourite place on John's body...but John shuffled away again, his eyes glinting.

"It looked like flirting to me."

"I was just...acting in such a way that I knew would be conducive to our needs..."

"You manipulated her to get what you wanted. I know that sums up your attitude to everybody, Sherlock, but it is, in actual fact, a bit not good to flirt with someone else in front of your partner." John, his face blank, slid down his underwear, kicked it away, and settled back on the comfortable mattress with a satisfied sigh, putting his hands behind his head. Sherlock's throat bobbed as he swallowed, his eyes arrested by the sight in front of him, and he crawled onto the bed hesitantly, unsure if John was teasing him or honestly angry over what he'd done.

"I'm...sorry?" He asked, hands splaying on John's thighs and practically salivating (was it his proximity to John, the knowledge John was hard, or the anticipation of the act of sucking John's cock making his mouth water? Sherlock needed further evidence) at the sight of John's erect penis. John snorted, closing his eyes, but a telling smirk pulled at his thin lips, sweetening his face exponentially. "Sherlock, get naked. Now."

"Why?"

"So I can do incredibly naughty things to you."

"A-are you going to keep your eyes closed?"

"Nope. Wasn't planning on it. Was planning on sucking your cock, actually, just as soon as you take your trousers off."

Sherlock's shock and undeniable arousal was frustratingly drowned out by panic. He glanced frantically at the light switch and was relieved beyond words to see it was a dimmer switch. With a grateful sigh that was almost a physical deflation, he twisted it to its lowest setting...which was still brighter than he would have liked. John opened his eyes, frowning.

"What're you doing?"

"Just...setting the mood." Sherlock lied, fiddling with the button of his trousers as he returned to the bed, any confidence he'd had wiped away with John staring at him. "That's what people do, don't they? In these situations? Lower the lights, or have candles burning, flower petals, soft music..."
trailed off when John rolled to his knees and, traversing the same path Sherlock had made earlier, shuffled over to him, boldly pressing his face against Sherlock's half-hard cock.

"You're rambling." John's voice vibrated through the fabric in a very distracting way. "What's wrong?"

Deciding to leave his shirt on- John hadn't said taking it off was a requirement to getting his cock sucked- Sherlock's fingers popped open the button and dragged down the zip of his trousers...but he made no further move. His face tingling and burning with the effort of his anxiety and arousal, Sherlock swallowed, voice breaking in a way that John found irrationally irresistible. "...You...might not like it?" You might change your mind about everything.

"Why won't I like it?" John cocked his head to the side, gazing up at Sherlock and the visual- John on his knees in front of him, waiting to give him a blow job- made Sherlock's cock go embarrassing hard. At that angle, it was impossible to miss and John's eyes darkened, his tongue coming out to tease at his lower lip.

"I-" Sherlock broke off when John leaned forward, rubbing at his trapped erection teasingly. Sherlock shuddered, closing his eyes as John indulgently mouthed at his ever-hardening shaft like a hungry puppy at a teat. His hands gripped John's shoulders, in a schizophrenic display of both trying to restrain him and wanting to pull him forward.

Finally, he could take no more and, clenching his eyes closed, Sherlock peeled his trousers off his hips, letting them drop to the floor. He froze with his hands hovering over the waistband of his pants, unable to go further. John's tongue traced the ridge of Sherlock's cock through the fabric, lapping at it, a convulsive shudder wracking Sherlock's entire body. It was like an electric current, tingly and pleasurable, coursing through his body.

"Oh." He had to look down, had to know what John looked like, if he were disgusted and trying not to show it, or intrigued, aroused-

John's eyes were trained on Sherlock's face, his tongue tracing the head of Sherlock's cock, watching every emotion flicker across Sherlock's face as he elicited it. Nervously, Sherlock tried to speak, his voice cracking once more, which inexplicably make John flush. "...You might...have a bit of trouble doing it...sucking my...um...through a layer of fabric." He joked. "...And...I might fall over if I don't get to sit down soon." he admitted, his cheeks tarnished a fantastically lush, burnt pink that made John want to take a picture, take it to Dulux, and then paint the whole flat in that exact shade.

"Will you let me take these off then?" John snapped the waistband of Sherlock's pants, making him jump.

"Yes. If you...if you really want."

John grinned, hooking his thumbs in the waistband of Sherlock's pants and sliding them off. Sherlock's erection sprang free, bobbing in front of John's face, and he licked his lips without conscious thought.

Sherlock's knees gave out.

John grabbed his hips, skilfully twisting Sherlock onto the bed in a move Sherlock was more familiar seeing used on grubby, knife-wielding criminals, with far less comfortable results. They usually ended up with concussion from a concrete surface - he huffed as he was gently but firmly manhandled onto a soft mattress. Sherlock stared up at John with wide eyes, licking his lips nervously and John took the inadvertent movement as an invitation and kissed him, licking at
Sherlock's lips and tracing them with his tongue, provoking a low moan from Sherlock.

"God, you're bloody gorgeous." John growled against his lips, hands splaying on Sherlock's cloth-covered stomach and moving lower, feeling his muscles bunch and contract at the contact. "I can't wait to have your cock in my mouth."

A small, choked, and highly undignified noise left Sherlock's throat, his hand gripping tightly onto John's wrist, once again subconsciously torn between dragging it away from his groin and forcing those strong little fingers to seize him and wank him to death.

"Can I?" John asked. "Will you let me, Sherlock?"

"Yes." Sherlock managed to gasp out, arching against John and closing his eyes, only to just as quickly open them again when John shifted, settling between Sherlock's wantonly spread thighs.

"Oh, Christ," Sherlock uttered, with an unrestrained tone of disbelief and underlying anticipation.

"...John," he said quickly, "You don't have to."

John paused, eyebrows raised, and Sherlock blundered on.

"We- we can do something else. Anything else. I'll s-suck your cock and you can get me off with you hand- I love the way your hand feels. I've got lube- we can- there's frottage. Mutual masturbation. I'll-" Sherlock's frantic speech was cut off when John, smiling fondly, dipped his head and took the tip of Sherlock's prick in his mouth. If Sherlock's thoughts had coalesced into any kind of attainable, conscious logic, he would've realised the sound he made then was even less dignified than the one before.

As it was, he yelped under his breath, both hands instinctively cupping the back of John's head and kneading as his hips began to writhe inadvertently but sensually. His thighs came up, bracketing John's body between them as John lowered his mouth the rest of the way down, until his nose was almost flush with the dark brown curls surrounding Sherlock's cock.

Oh.

Oh oh oh. Heat. Wetness. Pressure. Sherlock's hips made tiny, abortive little thrusts into John's mouth and John, for the most part, let him and- oh god. He was going to come. Sherlock could feel it, tingling at the base of his cock, surging through his testicles-

No. He ruthlessly tamped down on the feeling, sternly reprimanding himself. He would not come so soon. He wanted to enjoy his first experience with oral sex, savour the build-up, not have it over with in a scant few seconds.

In an effort to distract himself, Sherlock tried to focus on calculating the pressure that his adductor muscles could feasibly exert in various conditions, squeezing his eyes tight shut, his fingers leaving John's scalp and instead clawing into the duvet. He tried to blot out the soft, wet suction noises that John's mouth was creating as he bobbed experimentally deeper, taking more of Sherlock's cock in his mouth and sucking.

His tight control almost shattered when John reached up and flicked at his right nipple through the fabric of his shirt, rolling the bud between his fingers. Sherlock's skin broke out in goose flesh, his hips jumping and he felt a spurt of pre-come well from the tip of his cock. He gasped when John hummed appreciatively, swallowing it and redoubling his efforts, bobbing his head more quickly and teasing at Sherlock's other nipple until Sherlock was a writhing mess on the bed.

His fingernails raked audibly on the bed and Sherlock's head fell back, knocking the wooden headboard noisily against the wall. He hissed repressed breaths through clenched teeth, grimacing as
if in pain as compulsive, shuddery spasms brutalised the tight muscles of his thighs and stomach. He struggled to enunciate, feeling his orgasm pulsing, taunting, delicious, but refusing to break free.

"Ung...Need to...can't." he seethed, his skin shimmering with sweat and twitching intensively.

"What do you need?" John asked, pulling off Sherlock's cock, making him whimper at the loss and reach blindly down to grope at John, wanting him back.

"I...I don't...know?" Sherlock's hips shakily thrust up, cock bobbing with the motion, and John's hand wrapped around it, stroking quickly.

"Come on, love. Want to see you come. Come on, Sherlock."

"Would you swallow?" Sherlock asked abruptly, before he flushed an even deeper shade of embarrassed pink when he realised he'd vocalised that thought, and that his brain-to-mouth filter, dysfunctional at the best of times, was in fact now a heap of humiliation-attracting wreckage.

"Yes." John said, latching on to the idea and lowering his mouth to Sherlock's straining erection again, licking it. "I want you to come in my mouth, Sherlock...Come...come in me."

It took another thirty seconds of enthusiastic sucking from John before Sherlock's groans became progressively more high-pitched, louder, less controlled, and his hips writhed, his whole body twitching with surprisingly violent spasms. Long fingers scratched at John's scalp warningly.

"I think...I think I'm coming." Sherlock grated. "J-John- John, I'm...I'm...Oh!" Sherlock's body spasmed as his orgasm crested suddenly, more powerful than he'd expected after being held back for so long. He muffled his shout against his hand, his throat burning with the effort of holding back, though a couple of sharp, loud whimpers forced themselves from him. Actual tears pricked his eyes at the overwhelming sensation as he emptied himself into John's mouth. It was unbearable.

"Sherlock? Sweetheart, are you all right?" John's voice was rough and scratchy and Sherlock opened his eyes to find John hovering above him, concerned, lips red and swollen. Sherlock surged upward, kissing John as passionately as he could, trying to taste himself in John's mouth and moaning when he did.

"You taste like me." He whispered reverently, fingers tracing the swell of John's lips. John snorted.

"I taste like your cock...and come."

Sherlock half-grinned but John could see residual paranoia in his tense features. He wanted to thumb away the moisture on his face - the sweat glistening beautifully on his flushed cheekbones, and in the sweet dent of his cupid's-bow upper lip. He knew however, that Sherlock would freak out when he realised John was actually trying to erase the visible wetness around his eyes. So instead he kissed him, reassuring Sherlock through wordless gestures and the gentle skid of his hands against his skin how beautiful he thought he was. The point was driven home, though, when John rocked his own erection, forgotten about in the heat of pleasuring Sherlock, against Sherlock's hip, moaning.

"John can I just...two minutes?" Sherlock asked, licking away the fresh drop of sweat from his impossible top lip that the doctor had been eyeing hungrily. Sherlock was practically steaming, and John grinned, somewhat smugly.

"Have you...done that before?" The detective croaked, clearing his throat and sitting up against the plump pillows, glancing down at his still-tremulous muscles with fascination, before dragging the sheet from the lilo to cover his modesty.
"Mm. Years ago. Not since I was in my twenties." John stretched out beside Sherlock, content to let his arousal simmer for a while, pleased he'd been able to reduce Sherlock to the semi-boneless state he was currently in. As far as that went, he could take care of himself. If Sherlock was too tired...

"Who?"

John, his hand hovering in the act of giving his cock an indulgent stroke, frowned. "What?"

"Who? Who else have you done that to- when you were in your twenties?" Sherlock demanded, looking suddenly more alert.

"A friend. We were close, both trainee doctors. I suppose...he was my boyfriend for a bit, but it didn't even really register until after we broke up, you know what I mean?" John asked, before realising with dread that no, Sherlock didn't know what he meant.

"Is that what we are?" All the lovely, lazy lassitude was gone from Sherlock's face, leaving behind a fragile sharpness that made John regret ever bringing it up. "Are we just...just...fuck buddies? Someone you can have a quick one-off with and not worry about entanglements?"

John was getting a little irritated by Sherlock's worrying displays of jealousy and self-consciousness. He felt that, at this point, he'd made it clear how he felt about Sherlock and he decided it'd be best to speak bluntly.

"Sherlock, don't be a dick. When have I ever given you that impression? I adore you- you of all people must realise that. Everybody else seems to realise it, and that was, let's see...barely 24 hours after we first met. So stop being ridiculous and realize that this-" John gestured agitatedly between them. "-isn't like anything else. I'm committed to you- for as long as you'll have me- and this is honestly the most important thing to me." He sighed, getting off the bed and flopping down onto the lilo, throwing his arm over his face and honestly, just ready to go to sleep.

He heard Sherlock shift on the bed, obviously mulling things over and dissecting everything John had just said, trying no doubt to find hidden meanings in every sentence.

"John?" Sherlock asked, tentative and unsure.

"Mmm?"

"Do you...I- I would still like to make you orgasm."

John grinned, despite himself. "Promise you'll do it without sulking, sub-plotting, or thinking of any kind?"

"Yes." Sherlock pouted. He was capable of getting John off without doing...any of that. John's arm fell away from his face and he smiled up at Sherlock.

"All right. What do you want to do?"

Sherlock hastily put his underwear and trousers back on- wriggling about under the sheet to manage it- before settling himself astride John's bare, muscled legs on the lilo, hoping the inflatable would be able to take their combined weights. He was hesitant to ask his next question, conscious of John's request that he didn't 'sub-plot' during an act of intimacy. But it had to be done. "Have you ever been penetrated?"

The question obviously took John by surprise and he flushed. "Uh. Yeah. Long time ago, though."
Sherlock allowed himself the barest second for a surge of jealousy that someone else had penetrated his John...before relaxing. He didn't want to make John angry. He wasn't supposed to be sulking.

"Why?" John asked in the pause. "Is that what you want to do?" His eyes flicked down to Sherlock's still-soft and sated cock.

"I'd like to...put my fingers inside you." Sherlock licked his lips self-consciously, eyes averted briefly. He suddenly added. "I've done some research. About the prostate. I can stimulate it for you." He smiled hopefully.

"You've done research?"

Sherlock's eyes narrowed at the trepidation mingled with curiosity he heard in John's voice. "Yes. Extensive research about the prostate." He stressed, smiling coyly at John. Instead of looking aroused, though, John looked a bit worried.

"Um. Right. O-ok." John cleared his throat. "If that's what you want-"

Sherlock scrambled to the side and snatched up the lube, excited. "I want to see if I can milk you." He stated. John's eyes went wide.

"You know that's not actually...pleasurable, right, Sherlock? It's not...I don't come that way?"

"It's not? ...But it was on the porn sites..." Sherlock looked deeply troubled.

"I think we need a new rule." John said, smiling ruefully at Sherlock. "You are not allowed to watch porn."

"You watch it all the time."

"Yeah, because I realise that not everything I see is real." John replied gently, bringing Sherlock's hand to his lips and giving it a quick kiss to take the sting out of his words. "99% of what you see in porn is a load of shit, Sherlock. It's all acting and trust me, very few find...that...the...milking a huge turn on. On a regular basis." John cleared his throat and averted his eyes again.

"So...um...but it is pleasurable? If I penetrate you with my fingers? A bit?"

"Yeah. Course it is." John lay back on the lilo, letting Sherlock clamber between his legs. He watched as the detective poured out a bit of lube onto his hand.

"More than that." John instructed. "More. Bit more...You're not taking me almost bloody raw, Sherlock. There. That's a good amount."

Sherlock looked at the sizable puddle of lubricant in his hand and resisted the urge to tell John they hadn't used this much in the porn he'd watched. Biting the inside of his bottom lip, Sherlock wondered if he was cut out for any of this. Hesitantly, he squelched the liquid over his fingers, the scent of artificial cherry overpowering. Maybe he should never have started this, he thought, heart leaping when John let his legs fall further to the side, spreading himself unashamedly for Sherlock's perusal. Maybe he should have stuck to being celibate. It was much less complicated and-

"Ohhh...god..." John breathed, spine arching at the first prod of Sherlock's finger against his hole. Sherlock froze, his fingertip barely pushing at John's opening, before pulling away with worry.

"John?"
"Nothing's wrong, nothing's wrong...God." John's hips did a strange, shivery grind against the bed. "It's great. Just...go slow, Sherlock."

Confused, but embarrassed to ask for even more guidance and direction, Sherlock let out a nervous exhale and rubbed gently at the skin of John's entrance, smearing it with the fruity lubricant. On impulse, eyes fixed intently on the previously-unseen territory between John's legs, Sherlock pushed his legs further apart and ducked down to kiss where his finger had just been, licking.

"Sherlock!" John's entire body jolted in shock and he bolted upright, trying to pull his legs together but with Sherlock still sitting between them he couldn't.

"Did I do it wrong?" Sherlock asked, unnerved by John's shocked expression. John sagged, his throat working hard before he was able to form words.

"No. No, you didn't...you didn't do wrong."

Sherlock looked adorably baffled, and his brow crinkled. "Then what's the matter?"

"You just...surprised me. No one's ever...done that."

Something warm and delicious curled in Sherlock's chest. "Can I do it again?"

"Sherlock...whatever you want." John huffed with a perfect, honest laugh, his deep-blue eyes darkened even more by his heavily-dilated pupils. His tongue snaked out and ran over his lips, and Sherlock wanted nothing more than to move up his doctors' body and snag it in a kiss, but he relented, reluctantly, turning his attention to between John's legs. *No one's ever done this. You're his first.*

He wondered if John felt this way- the swoop of arousal and the demanding possessiveness of knowing no one else had touched John the way he was about to- when John did things to him. He rather thought not, because the idea made Sherlock want to hide John away from the rest of the world and keep him all to himself...and John didn't seem to struggle with any emotions like that.

"Try not to suffocate me with involuntary muscle spasms." Sherlock grinned and John chuckled too, biting his thin bottom lip.

"I'll do my best."

Sherlock's face eased into its intensive-concentration expression, and he moved once more to lavish his tongue slowly, but firmly, against John's opening. The response was immediate. John's muscles clenched and he moaned, a low, grating sound that, if Sherlock hadn't been so sated, would have made him hard again. The opening under this tongue contracted and Sherlock massaged it with his tongue, coaxing it to open again.

John was far less restrained in his vocalisations than Sherlock had been and sighed and moaned extravagantly, before Sherlock pulled back with a shameless, smug grin and inserted one slick finger inside John. It went in easily, slipping inside John's body without almost no resistance and this time, Sherlock's groan echoed John's.

"I'm inside you." He whispered, awed, eyes wide and admiring. John whimpered faintly, teeth biting down on his bottom lip hard. His hands stuttered over the floor, before raking across his own thighs, and he huffed out a few sharp breaths. Distantly, he reminded himself that Sherlock would benefit from some gentle instruction.

"Thrust a bit...slowly...then add another." he gasped. Sherlock, as it turned out, was surprisingly
skilled at taking instructions. Before too long, he had three fingers inside John, thrusting them with increasing frequency. John was groaning, eyes tightly closed, fisting his cock almost desperately, the wet, fleshy sound of his strokes loud in the quiet of their room.

"Oh...Sherlock...f-fuck me harder. Harder-" John shouted which Sherlock immediately obeyed, pistoning his hand faster and rotating his wrist a bit, searching...

Sherlock felt high, positively crazed, as he pumped harder into his lover, eyes bright and gleeful as John began to buck. His arm ached with effort but he managed to speed up even more, laughing with heady intoxication. All thoughts of going back to celibacy or that this was all a bad idea were banished forever from Sherlock's mind. He was good at this. He was pleasuring John and, from the way John looked utterly tortured, he wasn't far away from-

"Oh- shit!" John cried, his cock twitching in his hand as he came, come dribbling over his fingers in warm, thick pulses. Sherlock carefully massaged John with his slick fingers, his wrist being forced to adapt position as John's hips shuddered and thrust, helplessly, and powerfully. John gasped almost asthmatically and took a hold of Sherlock's slim wrist, stilling his movement and slumping onto the bed. He squeezed the prominent bone there lovingly, in wordless thanks.

"Was that satisfactory?"

"You have to ask?" John giggled, high and thready, wincing when Sherlock carefully removed his hand. He chuckled into the deep, sloppy kiss that he was treated with, before pulling back, breathless. "Let's go to bed, Sherl."

Three feet away, on the other side of the wall, Molly Hooper came with a groan she barely managed to muffle by biting down on her teddy bear.
Molly had handed over her half-empty bottle of Durex cherry-flavored lube (bought at an Ann Summers a while back) with a strained smile that, on hindsight, probably looked more like a grimace. The idea of what it was going to be used for—when she had been so sure it would be used with her—was painful.

Molly's night had only got worse when John liberated the lilo from her bedroom, dragging it to the bedroom next door. It'd been obvious she'd expected Sherlock to sleep in her room. That, coupled with the knowledge that John and Sherlock were a couple and John was actively "in the process of taking Sherlock's virginity," made Molly feel as if she'd never be able to look John in the face again.

Dragging the lilo out of her room, John had looked as embarrassed as Molly felt, which only made her feel worse. Sherlock she could forgive because he seemed just as oblivious of the tension in the flat as ever. But John…John was nowhere as innocent as Sherlock. He knew.

Molly sighed, fluffing her pillow in the darkness of her bedroom in a fruitless effort at getting comfortable, and allowed the blush she'd fought the last hour or so flame into existence now that she was alone.

She'd never been more embarrassed in her entire life. Not even the time Sherlock had deduced, in front of Detective Inspector Lestrade, that she was sleeping with a co-worker and had semen stains on her skirt which could possibly compromise the integrity of her autopsies.

Molly sat up resignedly, pulling out the scruffy hair tie that was keeping her straightened locks in a loose ponytail, and then sank back down, clutching her fifteen-year-old teddy bear Sigmund to her chest. She could hear the faint conversation between John and Sherlock in the room next door, able to pick out most of the words.

John and Sherlock were...together.

Molly winced.

She should've known, she thought with a healthy dose of self-recrimination. Everyone had already thought John and Sherlock were together but she'd dismissed it all. Rumours. Lies. Slanderous gossip. John was straight and Sherlock was...Sherlock.

Apparently, though, something had shifted. Sherlock must've bewitched the adamantly straight doctor much as he had bewitched Molly the very first time he'd walked purposefully into her lab and demanded to view a corpse on her list. He'd offered the most sincere, irresistible, crinkly smile, as well as a few (fake, she later found out) credentials. He'd leaned over the eviscerated body, gnawing his plump bottom lip, his pale eyes flickering intently over the gaping wound on the abdomen of the
woman's body, before pulling back confidently.

"Thank you,...Molly." He'd said, glancing at her name badge, before dramatically leaving the lab, coat flapping behind him, texting rapidly with one long, pale hand.

Molly had been hooked.

"...What's this, Sherlock? Last I remember you were flirting with someone else..."

John's voice drifted through the thin wall and Molly's heart leapt in her throat. John thought Sherlock had been flirting with her? She hoped they weren't about to have a row...but at the same time a treacherous, dark part of her heart hoped they would have a row- a bad one- and break up. Then she could comfort Sherlock. She'd be the good friend, the shoulder to cry on, the one to offer comfort, and Sherlock may fall in love with her.

Molly wasn't proud of it. She even rather hated herself for being so mean-spirited and weak but...there it was.

Molly sat up a little more in her bed, adjusting the chemise she was wearing, and started actively listening to the conversation.

"...it is in actual fact a bit not good to flirt with someone else in front of your partner," she heard John enunciate.

"...Sorry?"

Oh- Sherlock had apologized? Sherlock Holmes had apologized? Molly waited with bated breath for John's answer...

"Sherlock, get naked. Now."

"Why?"

"So I can do incredibly naughty things to you."

Molly felt a familiar twinge in her abdomen, a quickening in the pit of her stomach, and was about to tentatively move her hands to her crotch...when she realised they were already there.

Molly bit her lip, shame she was touching herself while listening to Sherlock and John warring with a steadily growing desire to keep touching herself until-

"Nope...planning on it...Was planning on sucking your cock...take your trousers off."

Molly shook her head, unable to believe it, as she gave into the temptation to masturbate. If the two men next door were going to be so overt- in her flat- she would at least indulge herself. She slumped down in the bed, spread her legs, closed her eyes, and envisaged Sherlock stripping.

Her mind conjured up pale, bare skin. A pleasantly defined chest. Strong but lean legs, covered in a fine dusting of black hair. And his cock- Molly bit her lip, her fingers sliding through wetness as she circled a finger around and around the entrance to her cunt, teasing herself- Sherlock's cock was probably long, since he was tall. And she'd seen his shoes. One always said: men with big feet...

"Oh."

Molly shivered at the soft, deep exclamation which could have only come from one of the men in the next room. Ears straining, she heard a gasp and quickly sat up, scrabbling in her bedside drawer for
her vibrator. Settling back breathlessly, elbowing her cuddly toy out of the way, she circled the toy around her clitoris, spreading her wetness around the tip, before penetrating herself slowly but firmly with the bulbous rubber shaft, the fingers of her right hand tapping and nudging teasingly over her sensitive little nodule. She shuddered, spine arching a bit at the delicious intrusion.

"...Oh, Christ."

Molly bit her lip to suppress a moan at the sound of Sherlock swearing. She could picture it- Sherlock standing- or no, lying on his back, she decided, spinning her fantasy the way she wanted- and John kneeling between his legs, sucking at his cock, Sherlock throwing his head back and closing his eyes...

"...do something else...I'll suck your c-cock...I've got lube...We can...Mutual masturbation..."

Feeling herself beginning to sweat with the effort and with the heat of the unnaturally humid Spring weather, Molly kicked off her bedsheets, both hands between her legs. She spread her legs further and puffed a quick exhale to blow her long hair out of her eyes. There was little conversation from next door that she could actually hear, but a minute later, a strained request from John sounded out...

"Come on, love. Want to see you come. Come on, Sherlock."

Molly started pumping her vibrator hard, the fingers of her right hand struggling in slick patterns over her clit. She relinquished a gentle touch in favour of a quick, focussed rhythm, her wrist blurring in its movement at her crotch.

She panted, her heart racing, brow creasing in concentration as she felt her orgasm start to build between her legs, tingling sweetly through her abdomen and down into her groin.

"I think...I'm coming." She heard Sherlock gasp and Molly whimpered, picturing Sherlock above her, that instead of her vibrator it was Sherlock inside her, pounding in to her and about to come. His face would be contorted sweetly, eyes wide in innocent surprise at the feeling of immense pleasure he was experiencing, hips pumping quickly, smacking loudly into her skin, his lips forming her name as he came-

"J- John- John, I'm...I'm-...Oh!"

Molly heard the strangled words exceptionally clearly and her face contorted in frustration as her fantasy was intruded by John, the sound of his name shattering her fantasy. Suddenly it was him taking her place and insinuating himself between Sherlock's legs.

She squirmed on the bed in silent frustration, her orgasm, which had been looming and promising, now abated, leaving her throbbing in denial. Molly sighed, taking her hands away from between her legs and fisting them in the sheet beneath her.

She felt like an idiot for having made the fantasy...but luckily no one but herself would know about it. Maybe, after John and Sherlock settled down, she'd power up her laptop and scroll through her usual porn websites, get herself off to much safer material than what was going on next door.

After a few minutes, there were no further sounds from next door and Molly had decided to quietly retrieve her laptop from across the room when-

"I- I would still like to make you orgasm."

Molly's clit gave a violent throb at Sherlock's tentative, sweet voice and her hands leapt down to caress herself again. *Oh, yes, would you?*
Her small pink tongue protruded between lips set in an impossibly innocent-looking face. Molly set up a quick, no-nonsense massage between her legs.

"Have you ever been penetrated?"

Molly sighed heavily at the self-conscious words from the beautiful detective in the next bedroom, spreading herself with her left hand whilst simultaneously inserting the vibrator even more deeply, using the tip of her right forefinger to stimulate her clitoris.

"I'd like to...put my fingers inside you."

Oh, oh yes please, Molly frantically thought to herself, her mind already spinning another fantasy, placing herself on her back with Sherlock kneeling between her spread legs, his eyes keen and penetrating, staring at her and planning his next move.

Penetration. Oh, yes. Sherlock slowly, slowly sliding his cock into her wet cunt, letting Molly feel herself stretch around him. He wouldn't stop until he was all the way inside, watching her every reaction... before just as slowly, torturously, pulling out- then slamming back inside, setting up a hard rhythm.

Molly's mouth fell open and she panted, coaxing her body to pleasure as the sensations coiled tighter and tighter. Sucking on her bottom lip, eyes closed in utter luxury, she grinned as she listened to Sherlock's irresistible baritone, just metres away from her. In the heady darkness, she forced her toy harder and deeper inside herself, gasping indulgently, her heels skidding on her duvet as she pumped her hips upward in time to her self-induced thrusts.

She couldn't hear everything John and Sherlock were saying, only the occasional odd word that made no sense- something about milk, which was puzzling- but the rumble of Sherlock's voice through the wall was enough to speed her along. Molly rolled her hips as she flicked the button on her vibrator, finally turning it on, the buzzing sending her body into quick little shocks of pleasure, promising presages of more to come.

"Ohhh...god..." She heard John moan shamelessly soon after, and she bit down a yelp as she held her vibrator still, postponing her imminent climax. What was Sherlock doing? What could he be doing to her? ...He could have...have pulled out to lick her to completion... Molly imagined Sherlock's head between his thighs, his curls falling forward over his face as he devoted himself to the task. She gently rubbed at her clit, imagining Sherlock's tongue flicking against it, his fingers...

"I'm inside you." Sherlock's awed voice broke through her fantasy from the other side of the wall and Molly gasped, moving her vibrator again with steady will, feeling as if she were almost being directed by Sherlock.

Swirling her index and middle finger in a practised rhythm she had perfected when she was thirteen, Molly shifted on her bed, close to a climax but holding out as long as she could, wanting to hear more.

Just as she upped the speed on her vibrator, forcing it inside herself with slippery, almost-numb fingers, she heard a few words from the broken doctor that nearly pushed her over the edge.

"Oh...Sherlock...fuck me harder. Harder-"

Molly moaned, twisting her head to the side and encountering something soft and warm. She panted against it, distantly aware of the sound of John shouting, obviously coming but easily ignored-focusing on the rising tide of her own pleasure, imagining herself begging Sherlock in such a way...
Yes...oh yes, just a bit...a bit more...

"Was that satisfactory?"

A sudden, unnervingly life-like image of Sherlock tonguing voraciously between her legs, one large pale thumb circling almost indifferently at her clitoris, with a wicked smile on his face, eyes twinkling mischievously appeared in Molly's mind. She struggled with the force of her imminent orgasm, hands working at herself desperately, her chest heaving forcefully within the confines of her lacy chemise.

"...go to bed...Sherlock."

No, no, no! She needed something else, just one more little noise to push her over the edge-

Sherlock moaned, the sound of the lilo rasping against his body in the background, low and pleased-

And Molly came, biting down on her stuffed bear to contain her cries. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she apologised to Sigmund as she rode out her bittersweet orgasm. Her fingers quickly eased away her forceful aftershocks and she sobbed, her hips jolting, her long hair sticking to the sweet, frustrated sweat upon her face.

When it was finally over, Molly sighed, sinking onto her bed, feeling utterly boneless and nicely sated. She stretched, revelling in the aftershocks of her orgasm. It was quiet on the other side of the wall and Molly smiled, easing her vibrator out, promising to clean it tomorrow. The last thing she wanted was to bump into Sherlock and John on the way to the loo with a vibrator clutched in her hands.

Three feet away, on the other side of the wall, Sherlock smirked into his pillow as he heard the tell-tale squeaks of Molly's mattress as she came down from her climax.
Practice

Sherlock slept like the dead - once he actually went to sleep, that was. John smiled at the sight of Sherlock sprawled on his back like a pale starfish on the bed, mouth parted slightly and emitting the tiniest of snores as he slept. The room was barely illuminated by a weak, watery yellow light from outside which penetrated the net curtains. The sun had yet to rise and the air held a breathless hush as the entire world seemed to wait for the first rays of sunshine.

John himself had been awake for a while, the lilo too uncomfortable for him to sleep very well. Not hearing any signs of life from outside their room, though, he hadn't wanted to get up and inadvertently wake Molly...so he'd stayed put on the lilo, and just...stared at the gorgeous sight beside him.

Indulgently, John knelt up and tentatively spread his hand over Sherlock's bare chest, relishing the inexplicably soft skin and fine hair there. Sherlock's skin was hot, smooth, and while Sherlock slept on, oblivious, John made his own personal investigation of the scars on his detective's sternum and pectorals. He used his fingertips as sensors, transferring physical knowledge of keloid bumps and damaged streaks of skin, to his expert mind, sensing every injury Sherlock had sustained.

He frowned in the dark, wondering why Sherlock wouldn't let him look at him, was still so shy about revealing any part of his body to John.

I'll have to get him out of that, John thought, tracing over one dark nipple, making Sherlock arch and shift on the bed, his eyelashes fluttering against his cheek. John took his hand away, holding his breath, but Sherlock settled again and he breathed a sigh of relief.

He'd meant what he said more than a week ago at the flat - he fully planned on kissing every inch of Sherlock's body until the genius had to believe him...but to accomplish that John had to get Sherlock naked and Sherlock was...reluctant.

"Sherl? Are you awake?" John whispered, leaning close to the bed, his voice guttural in the humid darkness. A sleepy sigh was all he got in return and John smiled fondly (feeling incredibly sappy as he did so) and smoothed Sherlock's hair back from his forehead. "Sherlock?"

Sherlock's large, long-fingered fist pushed itself into his own eye with considerable roughness, knuckling it agitatedly, and he finally managed to meet John's eyes in the dark with bleary, tenuous concentration.

"Mmm?"

"Sherlock, can I lay with you? This lilo's really fucking me over and to be honest, it'd be nice to hold you."

"There's not room for us both. You decided that last night." Came the sleepy reply but Sherlock shuffled over just the same, making the smallest of spaces for John to climb up on the bed. Once there, John wrapped his arm around Sherlock's middle to not only cuddle the over-large child but also to anchor himself and keep from falling off the bed.

John snuffled against Sherlock with a soft laugh, hugging him tight and kissing the back of his neck with a mouth distorted by a helpless grin, all teeth and stretched lips and heated giggles. He spooned the taller man with unrestrained pleasure, taking delight in the feel of Sherlock's body against his, overly warm and snuggly under the covers.
Sherlock drowsily protested, making a small, irritated groan…but arched back against John for more attention.

"Your feet are cold." He muttered and John promptly stuck them between Sherlock's calves. He laughed, holding on to Sherlock as he bucked and hissed, churning the sheets like a restless sea as he tried to get the icy digits away from his sleep-warmed body.

"Sshhh. We don't want to wake Molly." John whispered, giggling, and Sherlock finally settled- but just as quickly tensed in John's arms as he came to a startling conclusion.

"...This is the first time." Sherlock said anxiously into the darkness. "This is our first time in a bed. Together."

"Mm." John pressed another kiss to Sherlock's now tensed neck and he heard Sherlock take a deep breath.

"Should we...have sex? To commemorate the occasion?" Sherlock's voice was soft and tentative, unsure, and tugged at something fierce and protective in John's chest.

"Not unless you want to."

"Oh." Sherlock paused, audibly swallowed, then... "No. I- I quite like just...this."

"Just this?" John uttered in a devilishly-innocent deep voice. "That's fine. Fair enough. Shame, though...I'm really in the mood to make you climax so hard you'll be blind for ten minutes afterwards and depending on my hands and voice to dictate how to finish me off."

"John." Sherlock reprimanded softly, voice choked, his skin flaming with colour, and John chuckled, nosing his way into the soft baby curls at the base of Sherlock's neck and breathing in the warm, sleepy-softness of him.

"I'm teasing, Sherlock. Seriously. I don't mind- we'll do whatever you want." He sighed, contented, and Sherlock shuffled back into his embrace, pushing John the tiniest bit closer to the edge of the bed.

John lost track of how long they lay together. Sherlock was motionless in front of him, his breaths even and deep, and John thought, after a few minutes, he'd gone back to sleep. It made something funny but pleasant rise in his chest at the idea of Sherlock falling asleep in his arms and he thought, for the first time, that maybe they should share a bed more often. He'd thought it was a good idea their keeping separate beds since they'd just started their relationship…but this was so nice. John could see himself falling asleep with Sherlock in his arms every night-

"John?" Sherlock asked hesitantly, jerking John out of his reverie.

John blinked his eyes, which had been preparing themselves for a well-deserved, luscious sleep now that he was in a real bed. Sherlock's heartbeat against John's chest had begun to prove itself as a wonderful, blood-heated, organic metronome that comforted him indescribably. "Yeah?"

"We could..." Sherlock paused, his body being held entirely motionless against John. "That is...that. What you said earlier. We could do that...if you still want to."

John honestly had to think for a few seconds about what Sherlock was talking about before it hit him. Then, his eye widened and his cock, which had been mostly soft and lax, twitched. "Oh. I thought you said you didn't-"
"I'm more amenable now that I'm fully awake."

"Okay…that's…yeah. Okay, Sherlock." John murmured breathily against the detective's nape.
"Let's…uhm…let's do each other. Face to face."

Sherlock obediently rolled over, letting John grasp at his arms and shoulders when the movement almost made him fall off the bed, and tugged the smaller man closer to him. John let himself be pulled against Sherlock's chest and quickly attacked his detective's plump, heart-shaped lips with a powerful kiss, a faint groan stuttering hungrily in the darkness. John groped gently between Sherlock's legs and when his fingers closed around Sherlock's cock, it was John's turn to groan into their kiss. Sherlock was already hard - had obviously been laying with John and thinking about what they were going to do and that…was _amazingly_ hot.

"God- _touch me_, Sherlock." John pleaded needily, smoothing his own hand along Sherlock's shaft gently. Sherlock grinned fiendishly, his large hand tickling teasingly near John's member.

"How...how shall I touch you?"

John stifled a curse. "_With your hand._" He ground out, not prepared to deal with Sherlock teasing him. "God..." He sighed shakily as Sherlock's fingers trailed nearer to his erection, those skilful digits refusing, it seemed, to do what John wanted them to do. "Oh, Christ..."

"Describe in every detail you can manage, how you want me to lick…or suck…or touch you. And I warn you, John, I won't be patient when it comes to your stuttered adjectives." Sherlock grinned with predatory amusement while John wondered where in the hell his shy virgin lover had gone, the one who had trouble articulating the simplest of things, and when this mischievous man had taken his place.

"_God._" John sighed, wrapping his hand more firmly around Sherlock's cock and squeezing. "Fuck - just fucking touch me, Sherlock. I want- I want your hand, wrapped around my cock, stroking..." John broke off when Sherlock's fingers did just that, wrapping around John's erection and carefully moving up and down. John huffed out a breath. "Just like that...slow...yes..."

Sherlock slowed his hand to a tortuous, snail-pace. "Slow enough?" he murmured, his wrist bumping awkwardly against John's in the dark as they both attempted to maintain their rhythms on each other's shafts.

"Not that slow." John grunted, still trying to stroke Sherlock off while at the same time let him do the same. John canted his hips away a bit, trying to make more room on the bed, moving himself precariously close to the edge and only freeing up a few inches of space. Sherlock let out a faint mewl of irritation as he tried to back away and make more room and hit the stone-cold wall. He quickly grabbed John's hip to prevent him falling from the narrow bed and sighed, irritated.

"This may soon become a bit of a faff." Sherlock announced quiet baritone that his doctor could tell was delightfully tainted with a grin, and John hummed in agreement, already calculating the logistics of what else they could do. Sherlock pulled away.

"Well, it was a nice thought but I suppose-"

"Where are you going?" John asked, not letting go of his grip of Sherlock's penis, causing the younger man to stiffen.

"I...I thought...this wasn't working so we'd..." He shrugged helplessly, bewildered. "Give up?"

"I'm not giving up until we've both had fucking spectacular orgasms." John declared, scooting closer
to Sherlock and pressing their lips together again. "We just need to rethink what we're doing. You're good at that."

After a minute of kisses which were of a short-circuiting intensity, Sherlock pulled back, huffing inelegantly for breath, and quite frankly lost for words. "You, um...we were...I'm...what?"

"Come on, Sherlock. There's got to be something you want to try. I'm feeling...adventurous." John whispered playfully, sending a shudder down Sherlock's spine.

*There aren't enough years in our lifetimes to do everything I want to try and experience with you,* Sherlock's mind unhelpfully furnished and he frowned, trying to form a coherent plan. "...Well...I quite liked having your mouth...on me." he whispered in the dark, his earlier bravado evaporating.

"Mmm. I liked that too." John kissed Sherlock again, a hot press of their lips with a hint of teeth. He started slipping down the bed- Sherlock's cock twitched with the promise of that move- but he grabbed John before he got very far.

"I...liked my mouth on you, as well."

"Well, I think there's an obvious solution to this predicament." John grinned.

"Hhm?" Sherlock uttered, baffled. It took all of three seconds for him to gasp out. "Oh."

Even though it was too dark to see, John could visualize, in his mind's eye, the long, delectable jaw falling open and pale eyes widening and dilating in realisation.

"...Yes!" Sherlock suddenly exclaimed, rather loudly, sounding very pleased with himself. "I saw this in a porn!"

"Thought you might have done." John said, nudging at Sherlock until he had room to lay down and spending the next few minutes instructing a blushing, nervous Sherlock into position: on his hands and knees above John's body, his head hovering over John's cock and his own dangling enticingly over John's face. Sherlock was thoroughly humiliated by the position. He was also incredibly turned on by it.

"I'm very aroused." Sherlock admitted out of the blue, swallowing thickly and flexing his hips unconsciously, almost rubbing his testicles on John's forehead.

"Wonderful."

Sherlock's hips jumped at the feeling of warm breath against his erection and he strained his neck to look down, upside-down, at John, who gave him a grin.

"I might be very bad at this." Sherlock warned, after clearing his throat awkwardly. He tried to keep his eyes on John's face, but the bobbing, hot, shaft near his plump lips, giving off an irresistible sex-scented perfume, distracted him. John sighed.

"You're not going to be ba-aaaaaad - Oh!" John yelped when Sherlock, without warning, ducked down, engulfing John's erection in his mouth and sucking wetly at it. Hollowing his brutally-sharp cheeks, the brunette swallowed John's cock repeatedly and indulgently, his gag reflex as unresponsive as that of a professional competitive eater.

John spent a few seconds panting, staring blindly up at Sherlock's prick while his own was treated to a wonderful, fantastic blow job. When Sherlock huffed around his cock, John recovered, realizing he was being an inattentive slug, and strained his neck upward, sucking Sherlock's cock into his mouth.
The result was instant. Sherlock moaned around John's cock, his mouth going rather slack, and his hips rolled down, fucking himself into John's mouth reflexively.

After thirty seconds, it was going much better than expected...each gratified, pleasured groan from one man led to tantalising vibrations on the shaft of the other, which resulted in a short buck and a reflexive suckle, and so on in a deliriously perfect vicious circle. John could feel himself getting close, the tingling pleasure in his pelvis getting tighter and hotter and he thought Sherlock was getting close as well. The taller man's hips were jumping against where John's hands held them, trying to keep Sherlock from choking him.

John's hands slipped as he tried to restrain Sherlock's hips, which had begun to pump aggressively into his throat, causing him to gag and slap redundantly at Sherlock's excited thighs in a mute plea for liberation. John muzzily realized he should have known better than to let Sherlock be on top for this as the other man kept thrusting, ignoring John's fists, his pace picking up, his own mouth now totally slack and unresponsive around John's cock. He groaned, frenzied and high-pitched, which was the only warning John got before Sherlock was abruptly coming down his throat.

A grating howl tore itself from Sherlock's throat as he shuddered through his climax, his teeth gritted and eyes squinched shut, pumping ejaculate into the warm, wet, tight receptacle that encompassed him. John tried to swallow as much as he could, his abused throat working frantically, but couldn't get it all. He choked, coughing around Sherlock's still twitching penis, eyes watering as he struggled to breathe. He heaved his body up, thrashing, and Sherlock mistook the movement as John wanting him to resume sucking his cock, which he fell on with lazy gusto now that his own orgasm was through.

John, desperately needing air, rudely shoved Sherlock away from him, the taller man falling heavily to the floor with a sharp thud. Sherlock winced before being greeted with a series of wet, throaty gagging noises that sounded as if John was about to throw up. Blundering around on the floor, incredibly shaky and pleasantly-numbed from his mind-blowing climax, he crawled back to the bed and extended a supportive, uncertain hand in the gloom. "John- John, what-?"

"Inadequate?" John croaked, massaging his throat as he stared at Sherlock. "Inadequate?" He closed his eyes, fighting for control, and Sherlock felt a frisson of worry blaze up his spine.

"Should I...do you want me to reciprocate?" He asked, hands inching towards John's now flaccid cock.

"No." John jerked away, and then sighed, giving Sherlock a half-apologetic stare, half-murderous. "No that's...that's ok. Thank you."

Sherlock was truly bewildered. "Um..." He licked his lips self-consciously and briefly entertained the notion of popping next door and asking Molly 'what he had done to upset his man.' Surely that was a regular article in the women's magazines she seemed adamant on purchasing (and collecting. The earliest ones he'd seen in the huge stack in her front room, dated 2008, had exactly the same front cover headlines as all the subsequent ones.) Being able to please the potential father of your future offspring seemed to be a recurring feature.
He watched John repeatedly clear his throat, wincing, his mind working at top speed. Oh.

"I...should not have..." Sherlock searched for an appropriate word "...reached orgasm down your throat."

"Well spotted." Came the acidic reply and Sherlock, now he knew what he'd done wrong, felt better.

"I wasn't expecting it to feel so good." He said, trying to explain, get himself out of trouble, and make John feel good at the same time. "Doing that together...it felt much better than doing it separately, one at a time. I got...carried away."

John glared at him, massaging his throat.

"You should have said something." Sherlock attempted jokily, smiling, the twinkle in his eyes almost visible in the gloom.

"Yeah, I would have thought my pounding on your leg was saying something." John groused, standing from the bed and wiping at his chin disgustedly.

"Are you...angry?" Sherlock asked, already knowing the answer and feeling very small and stupid. John sighed.

"No- yes. I'm not really angry I'm more...frustrated."

Sherlock watched John pull on his boxers and sit back down on the bed, with a sinking feeling in his chest. Something must have shown on his face because John, shoulders sagging, kissed Sherlock's forehead.

"I'm not mad at you, you crazy git."

The tsunami of anxiety he'd been trying to repress swamped Sherlock as he shivered unexpectedly and pulled away from John with the smallest, apologetic but rather aborted pat on his knee. He settled himself on the lilo beside the bed. *You failed*, a familiar voice in his head scolded him.

"I'm going to make some coffee, ok?" John said, setting his hair to rights. "Want anything?"


"No, ta." Sherlock mumbled, snuggling onto the lilo, breathing in the smell of John, and swallowing thickly as he heard the bedroom door close behind John, feeling crushed and unworthy.
Texted The Wrong Person But He Was Into It Anyway

Sherlock jerked awake, his eyelids sticking together unpleasantly. Blinking with the slow, silent frustration of someone who had suffered an incredibly unsatisfying sleep, he lifted his head and yawned, glancing around, taking stock of his surroundings.

He frowned when his surroundings were unfamiliar—until he remembered where he was, and why...and why he was alone. Sherlock shrank back onto the lilo, the heavy feeling which had evaporated when his needy body had slipped into sleep descending onto his chest again. It crowded up through his throat and choked him. He never wanted to leave the lilo again after such an embarrassing incident. He should have known better than to do that earlier—thrusting into John's mouth as if he had no self-control and coming down his throat—without even telling John. He was lucky John wasn't seriously injured. He could have been.

Sherlock hauled the sheet over his head completely, taking a few deep, grounding inhales, before peering out again, glancing up at the edge of the bed beside him, which seemed miles away, and cocked his head to better listen for John's breaths.

Sherlock listened, expecting to hear John's sleepy snore—but the seconds ticked past and there was no sound from the bed. Slightly panicked, he rose up, only to find that John wasn't there. He wasn't in the room anywhere and Sherlock remembered—he'd gone to make coffee. A feeble excuse at avoiding him, but he'd let John have it none the less. A quick check of his mobile confirmed that had been hours ago...and John hadn't come back.

Well of course he hadn't, a mean voice in his head whispered. Why would he after you almost choked him out with your cock?

Sherlock sequestered himself under the sheet once more, cocooning himself totally, and texted Molly.

Is John still here? – SH

He heard the mobile ding down the hall and waited impatiently for Molly's reply.

Yes. We're making breakfast in the kitchen.

Something in Sherlock's chest loosened knowing John was still in the flat. He'd been worried John would leave, that Sherlock had made too grave an error and John was now fed up with him. All his confidence from the previous night was shattered and Sherlock, debating on whether or not to join Molly and John in their little tableau of domestic bliss, felt raw with emotion.

Logically, he was aware he couldn't stay in his current position forever - weighing down a cut-price lilo with a very slow leak, and smothered by a Tesco’s sheet which was stiff and coarse and causing him to over-heat.

But...he was still highly reluctant to move.

Sherlock jumped violently when he heard a sudden, familiar yell, piercingly loud despite the little vessel it came from.

"Get out of bed, you lazy bastard!"

Trying to deduce whether or not John was mad from the timbre of his voice, Sherlock rolled off the
lilo, pulling on his clothes from the previous night with slow, methodical movements. He didn't look forward to facing either John or Molly in the kitchen. But mostly John.

His stomach twisted at the idea of John ignoring him. His eyes cool and distant. Being polite but no more. No warmth. No small "good morning" peck on the lips. No little brushes as he passed by Sherlock. Sherlock would be able to read what it was- the beginnings of the end- but John would torture him, would wait until they were back to Baker Street to tell Sherlock. He wouldn't want to break up with Sherlock at Molly's flat.

Sherlock skulked at the doorway to the kitchen. The smell of frying bacon (organic, streaky), sausage (artisan, rare-breed) eggs (omega-3 enhanced) and mushrooms (English-farmed buttons) was alluring, was almost enough to pull him further into the room. But he remained lurking in the doorway, unsure…until John stunned him by turning to him with a massive, fond grin, a greasy spatula in hand.

"Sherl, I've pretty much nicked all the veggies, but do you want any? She's got some homemade baked beans, really nice."

Sherlock blinked, not having expected John to be so…nice to him. He felt very wrong-footed. "Um...I...That's fine. Thank you." He murmured, edging a bit more into the bright little kitchen, not sure what he should do with himself now. John made the decision for him, taking a few quick strides over and giving Sherlock a quick kiss on the lips.

Sherlock's hands flew like magnets to John's waist, but he was too stunned to reply to the kiss before John pulled back, looking ridiculously...fine. His voice was noticeably croaky, and Sherlock tentatively extended a few fingers to his throat, just to caress.

"So, what do you want for breakfast? We've already got almost everything made. Should have known you'd lay in bed until it was all done, lazy sod." John said fondly, pulling away and returning to tending the bacon. Sherlock stared after him, trying to assimilate how things were different from what he'd envisioned in the bedroom. He still felt on edge, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Was it possible John had forgot what had happened earlier?

He shook his head to clear it, then noticed Molly watching him, a small smile playing around her lips. Sherlock had forgotten she was still in the room.

"...Um..." the brunette let out, uncertain whether he was more baffled by the behaviour of his current company, or by his own erroneous assumptions."...I'll just have...um...whatever John's having. Please," he said in Molly's approximate direction.

"Great." Molly beamed at him, giving Sherlock another sly look as she started arranging the plates on her small table. "I'm happy for the two of you. Really. I was surprised when I realized you were together, though." Molly explained, her cheeks flushing as she talked. John gave her an understanding smile as he passed by on his way to the table.

Sherlock took his seat at the table, leaving the rest of the preparations to Molly and John, feeling as if he were in a dream state. He flinched as Molly's fat black-and-white cat rubbed itself past him on its way to John, where it purred and head-butted the doctor's leg insistently.

"Think you've got a rival, Sherlock.." Molly teased, her face dimpling as she laughed at the disgusted expression Sherlock gave her. He spared a glare at the overly-friendly feline, hoping John wouldn't fall in love with it and start pestering him about bringing in strays to the flat. Their lifestyle didn't support animals.
"He's a sweet boy." John said awkwardly, side-stepping the cat- assuaging Sherlock's worries over a future of litter trays and cat hair everywhere- and pouring out coffee. Molly smiled at him, taking her own seat at the table across from Sherlock.

"So how'd it happen? The two of you, I mean." She asked, going back to the original topic, curiosity lighting up her features as she glanced between Sherlock and John. "I- I mean, you don't have to tell me if you don't want. Obviously. It's just…well, everyone thought you'd been together for ages but Sherlock made it sound as if…” She trailed off, not wanting to revisit last night's conversation with Sherlock.

Toby the cat followed John to the table and yowled at his feet, demanding attention. John gave it a few pats on the head before he settled beside Sherlock.

Smiling happily at his sumptuous veggie breakfast (Sherlock frowned at the joyful look on John's face and determined to learn how to make a fry-up. Better than Molly's.), John cleared his throat. "Funny story, actually…"

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A few weeks earlier….

The sound of the downstairs door slamming was loud in Sherlock's ears, leaving them ringing, as if after a large explosion. And, similar to a large explosion, it felt as if all the air had been sucked out of the room in the aftermath. He hurried to the window, twitching aside the curtains, and watched John stomp down the street, his hands clenched into fists at his sides, posture rigid in anger- anger directed solely at Sherlock.

Sherlock let the curtains fall back into place, his mind running through his and John's argument.

It'd been his fault, Sherlock knew as he sprawled out on the sofa. He'd come home from Bart's that morning to find evidence- lurid, disgusting evidence- of John having shagged his current girlfriend on their sitting room floor.

"John...for HEAVEN'S SAKE, have some decency! We walk on that floor! Or better still, just refrain altogether!" Sherlock yelled in a fury, halting for a few seconds so his pale eyes could alight on something breakable. He had an overwhelming desire to smash things. He picked up an old lamp in one hand, aiming to throw it against the flocked wall, when the doctor had knocked it from his grasp. It fell to the floor and smashed anyway. "I've never met someone who had such difficulty keeping their cock in their pants!" Sherlock shouted, his face close to John's, weeks and months worth of resentment pouring out before he could stop it in a venomous tirade. "Do you plan to sleep with all of London- oh, forgive me, Mr. I'm-Not-Gay- the female half of London before you're fifty? Because you're doing a remarkable job of it."

"Why the FUCK do you care, Sherlock? Seriously, why do you care? If you're so fucking frustrated, go and get laid! Fuck knows it'd be easy for someone like you," John snarled viciously in response. "This is my flat, same as it is yours. I pay the same rent, I do most of the housework around here. I clean up after you all the bloody time. I help with whatever it is you need- this is my flat and if I want to bring my girlfriends back here and shag them stupid I will." John grabbed up his coat and stomped to the door.

"Where are you going?" Sherlock asked, voice hard and angry but, beneath that, was a layer of fear.
“Out. Don’t follow me. I need to be away from you right now.”

John's parting words echoing in his head, Sherlock curled up on the sofa, wishing he'd kept quiet about what he'd seen but...he hadn't been able to. He didn't like knowing what John had done with his current girlfriend all over their floor. The evidence was there for Sherlock to see- there for anyone to see with half a brain- despite the fact John had tried cleaning it up. Sherlock closed his eyes, clenching his eyelids closed until they hurt, to keep from seeing…but he'd already seen it earlier that morning.

Half an hour later, John still wasn't back and Sherlock was feeling sorry for himself, bundled up on the sofa and watching terrible daytime TV. The idiocy of people making him even more irritable. He took a deep breath, coughing a little as his lungs reached full capacity and thinking he probably shouldn't have smoked those eight cigarettes yesterday. He took a shallower breath, feeling a vindictive thrill at the idea he'd gone against John's wishes- since John had been so reprehensible- and if Sherlock had had a pack of cigarettes at the moment he would've smoked the lot of them.

Sighing, feeling alone and rather pathetic, Sherlock plucked up his phone and texted his ever-present landlady.

I HATE JOHN. – SH

I heard the two of you having a row earlier. Honestly Sherlock the things you said. You should apologize when John comes back. - mh

If he comes back, Sherlock thought depressingly. He tensed as he heard her footsteps on the floor below, preparing to mount the stairs to 221B, and texted back quickly.

Don't come up. Attempted social interactions are so much more awkward in real life. I hate John. SH

You don't hate John. And while it wasn't well done of him to bring his girlfriend to the flat, she seemed like a nice, respectable girl. Very nice. - mh

Sherlock rolled his eyes.

He doesn't want or need 'nice' or 'respectable.' And I still hate him. – SH

I would think John knows more about what he wants than you do, dear. - mh

Sherlock growled, flinging his phone down the sofa. He rubbed at his eyes with the heels of his hands, frustrated and upset and-

He leaned down, snatching his phone and thumbed another text to his infuriating landlady.

If he knows so much about what he wants, why does he go on an endless string of meaningless dates and have night after night of ridiculous, obviously unsatisfying sex- going by the rate at which the man masturbates? – SH

That's more than I needed to know...What do you think he really wants then?– mh

Sherlock barely had to pause to think. It was a subject he'd had a great deal of thought over.

Someone exciting. Someone who holds his attention not because of how large their breasts are but because they're witty and intelligent. They need to provide him with the sense of danger
he seeks while, at the same time, giving him some sort of stability. – SH

While being available, on a regular basis, for sex. Sex seems to be important. -SH

Oh, Sherlock. Why not just tell John?_- mh

Sherlock huffed, his head beginning to ache, and he swore quietly before texting back with clumsy thumbs, rolling his eyes even as he typed.

Because if John knows I want to be with him he'll have a massive crisis and leave – SH

He rested his mobile on his chest, resigned and waiting for Mrs. Hudson's inevitable text back. This was a regular argument he and Mrs. Hudson had- or rather, she argued while Sherlock did his best to tune her out. John would never want him, despite Mrs. Hudson's assurances he did, that John was just a gentleman and he didn't want to pressure Sherlock or make him feel uncomfortable.

Gentleman, Sherlock snorted. Based on the evidence of last night, which was still stained on the carpet, John was less of a gentleman and more of a-

His phone dinged and he sighed before snatching it up, flicking it open and expecting to see Mrs. Hudson's usual 'But Sherlock you'll never know for sure, dear, unless you say something and true love always wins in the end, etc.'

The text message wasn't from Mrs. Hudson, though. Sherlock's stomach dropped all the way to his toes when he saw John's message.

Did you mean to send that to someone else...? - JW

Sherlock stared, uncomprehendingly, at the message for almost a full minute. His body was paralyzed in terror, eyes wide, heart rate kicking up.

I'm on my way back and then we're going to sort this out. JW

Sherlock launched himself off the sofa and pounded down the stairs, rapping urgently at Mrs. Hudson's door.

"Mrs - " He managed, before the door opened sharply in his face, his diminutive landlady looking up at him expectantly, wearing a flattering mauve dress, and a dubious expression, tainted with the faintest of smiles. Sherlock glanced back at the front door, not needing to falsify his breathlessness and panic. "Mrs. Hudson... Rufus Shinra's on his way. Mob boss. I need cover. Just temporarily."

"What?" Mrs. Hudson asked but Sherlock elbowed his way into her flat, eyes frantically scanning the familiar rooms for a viable hiding location. He wouldn't need to stay long- just long enough for John to give up on the idea of 'talking' about things and forget about it. Just a few hours.

"Did you say Rufus Shinra?"

"Hmm? Yes – yes - he's on his way right now and I need-"

"Now just a moment, young man!" Mrs. Hudson protested sternly. "I'll not have you racing in to my flat and making up stories. Are you high?" She asked, peering into Sherlock's eyes.

"No, he's..." Sherlock pulled away sharply and strode around the kitchen, eyes casting about for a good spot. "Ah!" Falling to all fours and pulling open the door of the cupboard under the sink, Why hadn't he thought of this earlier? He'd hidden here just last month when the gang leader and his thugs
Lestrade had been trying to nab had stormed into the flat with guns waving. Sherlock had secreted himself here and waited for the perfect opportunity to ambush them. It'd worked a treat and Sherlock was confident he wouldn't be found this time either as he tossed out the mop and cleaning materials. He took a deep breath and folded his long, lean body into the dark space, closing the door upon himself. "I'm not here," he added in a smothered deep voice.

There were a few beats of stunned silence before the cupboard door was yanked open and Mrs. Hudson bent over to glare inside. "Sherlock Holmes, get out of my cupboard this instant! I know for a fact Rufus Shinra's not a real person - he's a character in a video game. Now get out here now and explain what this is all about!"

"How do you...?"

Mrs. Hudson snapped her fingers impatiently and Sherlock found himself crawling inelegantly out from under her sink.

"I have a Playstation." She informed him, shrugging. "I'm not as ignorant as you think I am."

There was a slam as the front door opened and closed, and John's determined steps powered up the steps to 221B. Sherlock paled and his eyes darted pleadingly to Mrs. Hudson.

"Can I at least stay here for a while? I'll...I'll fix dinner."

"Oh, Sherlock." Mrs. Hudson sighed. "I know John was angry earlier but I'm sure, since he's had his walk and a chance to calm down, he'll be right as rain. You know he never stays mad for long. He's such a dear like that."

"You don't even know him," Sherlock muttered frustratedly. Then again, maybe you don't either, his mind supplied unhelpfully.

"He's been living under my roof the past few months- I think I know a good deal about him." Mrs. Hudson protested, crossing her arms. "Now. What is this about, Sherlock?"

Haltingly, face red, Sherlock managed to tell his landlady about the row earlier, then the text he'd mistakenly sent to John, finishing with: "So you see why I need to stay here until John is adequately distracted."

He barely felt it worth the bother to try and right himself when John appeared moments later, flustered, and anxious-looking, in the doorway. His doctor caught sight of Sherlock on his knees, looking sad and pathetic on Mrs. Hudson's floor, with a dustpan and brush twiddling distractedly in his hands.

"What are you doing?" He frowned, bewildered at the strange sight in front of him.

"Oh, John!" Mrs. Hudson's concerned face split into a happy smile. "I'm glad you're back, dear. I was afraid you'd get caught out in the rain. Sherlock is just helping me tidy things up a bit- my back, you know. It's hard for me to reach under the sink these days and he does a marvellous job of it."

She gave John a wink. "I'll send him up shortly." Mrs. Hudson waited until John had nodded, given Sherlock one more searching look, then disappeared upstairs before turning with a stern look.

"I can't tell him," Sherlock uttered frankly and simply, standing. "I would really appreciate it if you kept lying for me," he said, completely straight-faced, and in total seriousness. "Put it on the rent, I don't care. I'll pay you."

"Sherlock. I think you may be surprised if you'd just talk to John."
"Ugh, I'm tired of contesting this with you," Sherlock muttered acidly. He was fed up of discussing the issue with someone who knew nothing about John, despite Mrs. Hudson's insistence that she did know the man who'd been living under her roof for a good many months now. He strode from her flat and made his way upstairs, already preparing for "Total Ignorance" mode which had worked on John before.

John's head jerked up as soon as Sherlock walked in and he paused in his pacing. They stared at each other across the expanse of the sitting room, silent and tense, before John squared his shoulders.

"Want to tell me what that text was all about?"

"What text?" Sherlock asked casually, snagging John's laptop and earbuds and made his way, like a tall, pale thundercloud, to his own room, kicking the door closed behind him.

"Sherlock?" He heard John call after him but ignored him, studiously opening the computer and trying to deduce John's new password.

"Sherlock." John's voice was closer, muffled from the other side of the door. "Come out right now. We're going to talk about this like adults."

Sherlock ignored him. He heard John sigh, and then hesitate. He thought John would walk away, decide Sherlock was being too difficult and put the whole thing from his mind. He was rather counting on it- John opened the door, his face weary and patient.

"We need to talk."

Sherlock ignored him, earbuds in, and tapped confidently away at John's keyboard. After five tries, he still hadn't got it, and he grimaced irritably.

"Look, I was surprised- fucking stunned, actually- when I got your message but...You don't exactly see me having a crisis, do you?"

"Of course you're not having one." Sherlock rumbled out, turning away from John as his fingers hammered away at various password attempts. "You're planning dates with two different women this month. You're too nice to tell me straight...not even in a cute 'heart-to-heart' in the bedroom of your spurned, irrational, flatmate who you assumed was asexual. You'll try to pretend as if nothing has changed between us but of course it will. It already has. Your attempts will pain us both and be horribly awkward. You'll give notice to leave the flat in two weeks, which you deem to be a reasonable and polite timescale. 'Sherlock's just...'oh." He muttered. His fingers had unconsciously tapped in one of the words he had been speaking, and John's desktop flashed open for him.

"I...That's not...None of that is right." John finally spluttered, stepping further into the room and walking around the bed to be in Sherlock's line of sight. "I mean, yes, I did think you were asexual but that's just because...well, you've never shown any interest-"

"Pardon me for not trying to stick my cock in everything that has a pulse unlike some people." Sherlock hissed, keeping his eyes focused on the screen, bringing up random websites in order to look busy.

John laid one palm on the lid of the laptop and inexorably pressed it closed.

"My promiscuity isn't the issue right now, Sherlock." He said softly. "It's your text. Was it true?"

Sherlock still refused to look at him, staring at the singed corner of his pillowcase that had managed to catch fire after being too close to an experiment with camphor. "As if I would casually lie about
something like that, in a passive-aggressive way of getting you to leave." Sherlock muttered evasively. "What do you care if it's true?"

"I care because..." John sank down onto the edge of Sherlock's bed. "Because I feel...the same way."

"Don't placate me with your tiresome platitudes," Sherlock said grumpily. "We both know that's a lie. I know you're not gay, John. In fact, everyone we've ever met knows it because you make it a point that's one of the first things you say to them. And you've only ever slept with women."

"I said I wasn't gay, Sherlock." John said carefully. "I didn't say I wasn't bisexual. And I never told you I wasn't interested. You were the one who turned me down that night, remember."

Sherlock huffed out a sharp exhale that might have expressed irritation, embarrassment, frustration, or all three.

"Answer me, Sherlock...About your text. Was it true?"

"Yes."

"Yes- yes, it was true?"

Did John really need clarification? Was he that thick? "Yes. It was true!" Sherlock snapped, sitting up, angry- totally unprepared for John to lean forward and kiss him.

Sherlock's usually skilled hands blundered against John's body, not knowing what to do with them or where to place them. He tentatively received the kiss for a few seconds, before pulling back.

"You've never slept with a man. I would have known."

John smirked, eyes crinkling at the corners. "Guess that means you haven't deduced everything about me, huh? Even you can miss things sometimes." He pressed forward again, sealing their lips together. Sherlock's body tensed suddenly and disturbingly batted his hands against John's chest again. His pale eyes darkened and stared even more feverishly at the smaller man. He gasped and his mouth fell open in an almost comedic sucker-punch of realisation.

".....John!.....You just kissed me!"

"Yes. I did." John's eyes fell to Sherlock's lips, darkening, and Sherlock's heart rate kicked up exponentially. "Wasn't that ok?" He suddenly looked worried, brows coming together and pulling away a bit. "I'm sorry, I thought you wanted me to."

"No, no. it's...fine. Um...do it again." Sherlock uttered awkwardly, his cheekbones blooming a delicious, rosy pink. John smirked and reached for Sherlock again and Sherlock watched those hands, so skilled in so many ways, come closer and closer. He stared down at them as they came up and framed his face, going almost cross-eyed to keep them in his line of sight as they cupped his cheeks, rough and warm against his skin. John's thumb brushed over Sherlock's cheekbone and only years and years of pride kept Sherlock from arching into the contact. His throat went dry at the sensation, a hot fluttering swooping and diving through his chest as John slowly leaned closer...and closer... Sherlock's eyes widening the closer he got.

He still didn't understand...any of it. John was straight. No, now he was bisexual? He'd never slept with another man, as far as he knew. He slept with as many women as he could, as often as he could. And now, suddenly, he wanted Sherlock? Why? What-?

"Why me?" he asked abruptly.
"Sherlock, it would take a million words...and the smallest grin to show you what I feel, if only you would see it. It's difficult to describe."

Sherlock sighed tremulously, eyes fluttering closed, when John kissed him again, moving his lips against Sherlock's, a low moan reverberating through his chest and vibrating against Sherlock's lips. He'd barely allowed himself to fantasize how it would feel to kiss John, how those usually chapped lips would feel gliding against his, warm and alluring. Now he'd had it, though, he didn't think he'd ever not want John kissing him. Sherlock pulled back sharply.

"Call it off. Now. Those women. This month. That you planned. And no more." He demanded, his pale grey-green eyes tellingly anxious, his breaths shallow and his jaw clenched. John pulled back, his hands dropping from Sherlock's face.

"What...yeah. Yeah, of course. I wouldn't..." He shook his head, looking bemused. "Wait...does that mean...? Yeah?" He raised his eyebrows expressively, eyes hopeful.

"Do it now. I want to hear you. Phone them, tell them you're...that you can't see them. Ever." Sherlock was about to move back, but paused, his eyes catching John's. "And, um..." He cleared his throat self-consciously. "...And...mean it."

John cocked his head to the side. "And why would I do that, Sherlock?" He scooted closer to Sherlock on the bed. "Did you mean what you sent earlier then?"

"I mean everything I say. Everything. Often it's for the sake of a case, it may be a falsification, or, as you would say, a 'lie,' but I still mean it. False words can remedy the most wretched of deeds. John...fanciful speech aside...I don't want you to be with anyone else."

John stared at Sherlock for a few seconds, eyes darting between each of Sherlock's own before he finally nodded, seeming to come to a decision. "All right. Fine. I'll do it right now."

"My name is your password." Sherlock said abruptly, nibbling on his bottom lip and scooting forward to the edge of the bed. John paused.

"Yeah. It is."

Sherlock hesitated, wanting to ask John why, because it was something he was still having trouble figuring out. It seemed important, like something he needed to examine further. The missing clue in a difficult case which would bring everything together but it kept evading him, slipping through his fingers.

"It's also my pin number and the password to log in to my blog."

"Isn't it a security risk to have multiple, identical passwords for sensitive information?" Sherlock asked, brows crinkling questioningly.

"Probably. They're all different variations, though. Not just your first name." John's eyes dropped to stare at Sherlock's mouth and Sherlock felt his heart accelerate again. "I'm...I'm going to kiss you again. All right?"

"Mm. Mm-hm." Sherlock nodded, palpably nervous. "That's...that's...be...good," he murmured, closing his eyes as John commandeered his mouth with thin, eager lips.

"Can't believe I'm finally allowed to do that." John breathed against Sherlock's lips, voice full of wonder and longing, and he smiled when he straightened. "Well. I've got some phone calls to make. I'll uh...be right back."
Sherlock watched John go, biting his lip, a worrying fear clawing at his chest. He knew John was a man of his word- unswervingly loyal- if he said he was going to break it off with his women then that's exactly what he would do. Sherlock should be able to trust him. What if he didn't, though? What if he strung them along, told them he was just busy, waiting to see how this...whatever it was...worked out with Sherlock? Keeping his options open.

Sherlock found himself stalking quietly across the room and pressing his ear to the door, holding his breath as he listened for John's voice. He heard John clearing his throat a few times, before speaking into his phone. Sherlock was deeply tempted to wrench open the door, seize the phone, and claim his property audibly and without doubt to the wench on the other end of the line. He tensed, restraining himself admirably, and listened.

"Janet? Yeah, it's John...No, no, I'm fine- I'm just calling to...no, not cancel our date, actually...I'm calling to end things."

There was a long silence in which Sherlock didn't breathe, wondering what 'Janet' was saying.

"Yes, it *is* actually because of Sherlock." John abruptly said, his voice growing stern. Janet must have been angry. "I've- well...we have finally decided to give it a go and I thought it only fair to tell you..."

Sherlock pressed his palm against the door, the other going to press comfortingly between his legs, where a very happy and enthusiastic erection was rapidly burgeoning. He was surprised by his body's reaction- he hadn't had an erection in...Sherlock frowned, trying to remember. It must have been three months. He'd woken up from an indistinct dream, his penis hard and throbbing in his bottoms. He'd ignored it, turning over and forcing himself back to sleep, and in the morning had forgotten the whole incident. Now, though...

"Hi, Melissa?...I'm fine, you?...Good, good...The reason I was calling...Well, that was actually what I wanted to talk to you about. I've uh, I've started dating Sherlock-"

*Dating?* Sherlock couldn't believe his luck, some part of his distracted brain asking whether John actually meant what he was saying, or was just expressing the most efficient phrases in order to dump someone quickly and with minimal fuss.

"I know, and I'm really sorry... Look, it had nothing to do with you." John said soothingly. Melissa was obviously taking the break up worse than Janet. Sherlock wondered if Melissa even knew about the existence of Janet. "I know it's clichéd but it's really not you, it's me...I know it's unfair but I...No, it has nothing to do with that..."

Sherlock pressed closer to the door, wondering what Melissa was saying, breath coming in short little puffs as he strained to hear.

"Yes I...he's just..." John consciously lowered his voice, and Sherlock struggled to hear. There was another thirty seconds of inaudible mumblings, before a deep, heavy sigh echoed from beyond the door. The sound of the phone hitting the sofa with a muffled thump was followed by John's footsteps, making his way back to Sherlock's bedroom and Sherlock scrambled away from the door, almost tripping over his own feet in his rush to get back to the bed and appear as if he had been there the entire time. He was in the panicked process of trying to drag the thin bedsheets over his hard-on when the door opened and he promptly flung it away, trying to act casual. He rolled over to face John, his legs adjusted to disguise his arousal. He tried his very best to will away the searing heat in his cheeks that he imagined was blooming in scarlet badges of shame.

John paused on the threshold, eyes assessing, before smiling, obviously not noticing anything was
amiss. Sherlock breathed a sigh of relief. Sometimes John could be amazingly acute and observant...other times he was nicely dense.

"Well, that's done with." John announced and Sherlock carefully scooted over to make room for John to sit beside him on the bed. John's fingers immediately fell into his curls, stroking over Sherlock's scalp. "You all right?"

Sherlock swallowed, keeping his hands to himself for now. "You said 'dating'...We're not dating?" The fingers stopped their stroking and Sherlock wished he'd kept his mouth shut.

"You were listening to my conversations?" John asked, then snorted. "Not surprised you were. Yeah...I did say that but...we don't have to be dating- officially- or anything, Sherlock. It's...whatever you want." John gave Sherlock a serious look. "Whatever you want. It's all fine."

"But, you only just...I don't..." Sherlock frowned in honest confusion. "You kissed me...because you wanted to?...And...you were still going to go out with those women? Why didn't you...say something?"

"Of course I wouldn't have gone out with them again. I kissed you because I wanted to but...I'd already decided to break things off with them. I wouldn't do something like that to you, Sherlock. I guess I didn't make myself clear earlier...If you want a relationship with me, dating and all that, then that's fine. If you don't, if you just want to...see where this goes...we can do that too. I'm up for anything."

That was a lie, though. Sherlock could see it. John's eyes went all pinched at the corners as he said it and his mouth narrowed down. He didn't want to "see where things went"...he wanted...a relationship...with Sherlock. "You..." Sherlock squinted and dodged his head a little as he ascertained the expression in John's eyes and translated it.

"You want us to be together until we die," he stated expressionlessly.

"That's dramatically put, Sherlock." John laughed, ruffling Sherlock's hair and stood. Sherlock could read all the signs- he'd made John uncomfortable but he couldn't figure out why. "I'm going to start us something to eat, all right?" John dropped a quick kiss to Sherlock's lips before striding to the door.

He watched the door close with a loud click and then exploded into action, hurriedly sequestering himself in the bathroom and locking the door tight. He rammed a hand down between his legs, gripping himself eagerly, gasping as he selfishly envisioned John taking the place of the fist mauling his shaft. It'd been months since he'd done this and his traitorous body was already close to the edge. It was only a few more pulls on his cock before Sherlock was coming, muffling his cries against his forearm. He awkwardly smeared away the copious, white evidence of his climax with tissue, then stood straight on trembly long legs, panting.

He could hear John humming in the kitchen as he prepared dinner and he realized, like a bolt of lightning, that tonight, John would be staying in the flat. He wouldn't be going out on a date with one of his women because he and Sherlock were now together. Disregarding any potential complaints John might possibly have, Sherlock made his way to the sofa and snuggled onto the well-worn fabric, determined to sleep off his orgasm for an hour or two.
Molly openly gaped at John, flicking her chocolate brown eyes over to Sherlock as he filled in the more indiscreet details of their story, overriding his doctor and taking pleasure in expounding the intricacies of their pairing.

"W-well. That's certainly...I'm glad the two of you are together now." Molly stuttered, pushing her eggs around her plate to keep from looking at the two men.

"Molly, I'm...sorry," John muttered, his face flushed in embarrassment and his eyes flicked warningly over towards the oblivious detective, who gobbled down creamy scrambled eggs happily, oblivious to the awkward silence he'd just created. John gave Sherlock a quick kick on the shin, hoping he would understand the inference and to leave off any and all further allusions to their sex life.

Sherlock jerked and frowned at John. "What was that for? Why did you kick me?" He asked childishly, ignoring the wide-eyed, warning look John gave him and giving Molly his best innocent look. "I thought Molly would want to know and store up our stories for masturbation material later."

Both John and Molly choked and in the few breathless, painful seconds it took to regain their normal respiration, Sherlock grinned at the synchronicity of their discomfort.

"Sherlock!" John recovered first, face red both in second-hand embarrassment for Molly and oxygen deprivation.

"Wh-what? What are you talking about?" Molly echoed John, her voice tremulous and guilty.

"I heard you orgasm last night," Sherlock explained, "just after John had gone down on me, and I had fingered him to climax. Well...I say 'heard,' but it was mostly the tell-tale squeak of your mattress and the faint bump of your headboard. I hope what you heard was satisfactory?" He asked with a sweet smile. "I would hate if our performances disappointed you, since we are guests in your flat, as John keeps reminding me."

"I...I didn't...don't know what you're talking a-about, Sherlock." Molly stammered, her face going red and embarrassed tears springing to her eyes. She blinked furiously to clear them, unable to look at John and even Sherlock's face was too much to bear at the moment. "I- I really didn't...I- I mean, I did hear you and John but...and it kept me awake. I couldn't sleep for it but...I didn't do that."

Sherlock heard a faint 'Oh, fuck,' as John buried his head in his hands.

"People 'get off' on all sorts of things, Molly." Sherlock said, trying to make the situation better. He wasn't sure why Molly was so embarrassed and why John was so...annoyed. "Self-pleasure is hardly a crime. And it's gratifying to think that you got off to the thought of us having...relations. Judging by the physical response of your climax, it would seem that you hadn't had a decent orgasm in at least six months. They were tenuous and rushed at best. And your lack of dates recently has been abysmal. Not that you're the one-night-stand type, but by the fourth or fifth date one can usually expect the night to end with sexual relations of some sort with you. The lack of dates, coupled with long hours working- culminates in the fact that hearing us aroused you and-"

"Sherlock." John's low voice broke in and Sherlock faltered in his rapid-fire deductions. He blinked, taking in John's shuttered, angry face and Molly's flushed cheeks and shamed, averted eyes.

"John?" He asked, licking his lips, suddenly realizing what he should have done before. "...Was that...a bit not good?"
The hotel was grotty, in an unfashionable part of the city. Sherlock took a sick pleasure in informing John—after he'd vetoed every place Sherlock had suggested as too expensive—that no less than three murders had been committed in John's chosen hotel, one on the very floor their room was situated on.

"Sherlock, I don't believe you. If you're trying to sway me with morbid histories, you'll have to give me some proof." John replied to these morbid deductions, lugging their bags through the slightly sideways doorway of their hotel room. The room was about as passable as could be expected for a dirt-cheap, temporary residence—the wallpaper was hideous, the bed looked lumpy, and there were dubious stains on the carpeting that John didn't want to contemplate and which Sherlock looked all too aware of what had caused them.

"You mean besides the overpowering smell of bleach in the hallway as we passed 202 where the most recent murder took place? And the low rate for the rooms? The staff are all new, most people don't like working in a hotel riddled with murders." Sherlock closed the door behind them and took in their room with a disgusted expression. "None of the murders have been very inspiring. Nothing interesting."

John winced at the off-hand way Sherlock dismissed someone else's grisly end, dumping the bags beside the double bed, sighing heavily. He scrubbed his face and ruffled his hair in irritation. "So... 'uninspiring'...I take it you weren't involved with any of them?" John's face was still stoically expressionless, his features tense and blank after the episode with Molly earlier that morning which had necessitated their move from her flat.

"No. Thank god. If the Met can't get even simple murder right, I shudder to think of the future of our city." Sherlock pinched the fabric of the curtains between his thumb and forefinger before drawing away, wiping his fingers distastefully on his trousers. "This room is terrible, John. I don't know what was wrong with the last hotel I suggested. If you inspected this room with a black light it would light up like a Christmas tree with semen stains."

"I'm sure you speak from experience." John muttered, unpacking his meagre belongings and spreading them on the bed...before he flung his bag against the wall, his temper simmering dangerously.

"Well, there was that one case a few years ago. I was there when Anderson did the forensics and the entire room glowed...Oh." Sherlock trailed off, staring at the stiff line of John's shoulders. "That wasn't what you..." He fiddled with his hands, glancing around the room as if looking for clues. "Have I done something...wrong?"

"Sherlock, get on your knees." John stated tiredly. When Sherlock's mouth opened in surprise, John flicked his pointed finger toward the carpet, as if commanding a dog to sit. Sherlock blinked rapidly, obvious confusion suffusing his face as he slowly walked closer to John. He gave him a searching, puzzled look before gracefully sinking to his knees, wincing slightly when he made contact with the semen-stained carpet.

"John...?"

"You don't need to trawl the depths of your Mind Palace to understand what I want you to do. Besides...your gag reflex is only 12.2% efficient, remember? You can, and you will take it." John pulled open his jeans, yanked down his underwear without ceremony, and pulled out his half-hard shaft. His face was worryingly impassive and Sherlock licked his lips, eying the penis in front of him.
speculatively. John was angry. That much was obvious. He was surprised John wanted to work off his excess agitation through sexual release, though. It was a viable avenue. Sherlock had heard of people doing it...but John was usually the "yell then take a walk" type not the "shove my cock down my boyfriend's throat" type.

Perhaps he'd pushed John too far this time, Sherlock thought as he took a deep breath, glancing up at John's stony face, before licking his lips again and leaning forward, taking the tip of John's cock in his mouth.

John wasted no time in forcing himself into Sherlock's throat, gasping and pumping violently for a few thrusts, selfishly taking his own pleasure as Sherlock had done earlier that morning...before he gritted his teeth, feeling sick hearing Sherlock cough and choke around his cock while remaining unresisting.

John opened his eyes, looking down to where Sherlock was on his knees, eyes gazing up trustingly at John, mouth slack around his cock even as he choked on it.

"Sherlock...Christ, I'm sorry..." John pulled out of Sherlock's mouth as gently as he could, riddled with anxiety and guilt. "Shit...are you okay?"

"Yes." Sherlock said slowly, not understanding the sudden, inexplicable shift in John's mood. He'd been expecting John to use him for his pleasure and...had been very turned on by the idea. He'd expected John to come down his throat- as he'd seen done in pornography- and afterward, he'd cuddle Sherlock and that would be the end of their row.

"God...that was bad...sorry, mate." The tumult of conflicting emotions showed very openly on John's face as he rummaged through Sherlock's short curls apologetically. Sherlock grimaced at the use of the word 'mate' again, and while John distracted himself with needless apologies, he took him into his mouth again, sucking submissively.

"Sh-Sherlock." John gently disengaged him from his cock, running his fingers through Sherlock's hair. "You really don't have to do that. I was...being ridiculous. Stupid. That was too forceful."

"I...liked you being forceful." Sherlock admitted quietly, sitting back on his heels and staring up at John.

"Didn't it hurt?" John asked cautiously, though a small, dark part of his psyche goaded him by letting him know, like a vindictive little gremlin at the back of his brain, that he was more than happy to fuck Sherlock's throat raw if his lover were amenable to the idea. Sherlock shrugged.

"A little." He frowned, trying to parse through what he was feeling. Yes, it'd hurt- a tad- but somehow...the pain had added to what he was feeling and his cock had throbbed in arousal from the sensation.

"Why don't we...try something else? Ok? I don't want to hurt you. Not...not when I can pleasure you instead." John offered, awkwardly. "That is, if the 'uninspiring' murders of this particular venue haven't killed your mood entirely."

Sherlock snorted, feeling a pang that John wasn't going to use him. He wanted more data, more experimentation to figure out why he'd enjoyed it...but he shoved it to the side when John, still looking contrite, knelt and kissed him, curling his hand around Sherlock's now-soft penis through his trousers.

"Do you want to have sex?" John whispered in an astoundingly attractive, feather-light, innocent
tone. Sherlock jerked away, eyebrows snapping together, and gave John a surprised, searching look.

"I know you've been wanting it." John explained, taking his hand away from Sherlock's crotch, not wanting to influence him in any way. "You've mentioned it a few times now and I thought...we could. If you wanted. We still have the lube..."

Sherlock's eyes dilated. He hadn't realized John had noticed him secreting Molly's lube into his belongings but now he was glad for it. He then flicked his gaze tellingly to the open curtains, where a watery midday light filtered through. "...Right now?"

John's eyes followed Sherlock's gaze and he gave him a smile. "If you want. We can close the curtains."

Sherlock nodded, heart pounding in his throat at the idea of finally having sex- proper sex- with John.

While John stood and closed the curtains, Sherlock gnawed on a damp bottom lip that was at odds with his dry mouth and boosted himself gracelessly onto the cheap, lumpy bed. He waited until John had satisfactorily cloistered them in near-darkness before clearing his throat.

"John," he began in a trembly baritone, before stopping, literally not knowing what he wanted to express.

"What, love?" It was dark in the room, but not so dark that Sherlock couldn't see John rummaging in their bags for the lube.

"I want you on top." He blurted, immediately wanting to clap a hand over his mouth and take back those words. His face flamed with colour as a frantic, fast-forward slideshow of thousands of pornographic images flashing in his mind, crowding and writhing temptingly, instigating something of a panic.

"If that's what you want." John said, breaking into his scattered thoughts. "It's fine, Sherlock. Whatever you want...it's fine. If you don't like this as much as you think you will...tell me. I won't be disappointed. We can do something else."

"N-no. I...I want this" Sherlock started to fumble with his clothes, gasping shallow, quick, excited breaths.

"Not wasting any time, are we?" John muttered, watching Sherlock strip himself, his own hands starting to pull at his clothes, divesting himself of every shred in record time. Sherlock shoved his clothes inelegantly off of the bed and licked his lips eagerly, letting out a soft groan in the midday darkness as he felt John- wonderfully naked John- alight on the bed, and saw him crawl toward him with inexorable purpose.

God.

It felt amazing as John crawled over his body, hovering above Sherlock on hands and knees, licking at Sherlock's lips and kissing him filthily, with definite purpose. Sherlock's hands came up, circling John's biceps and digging his fingernails into the skin, shivering when John moaned. Swallowing thickly, he pawed at John's upper arms - firm, hard and strong under those bloody deceptive jumpers. Their naked bodies nudged together in a thousand mind-blowing places, and Sherlock had a difficult job holding back the involuntary noises that wanted to embarrass him by leaving his throat.

At the first brush of John's erection against his thigh, tantalizingly close to his own groin, Sherlock lost the fight and gasped, a small whimper escaping and he arched up, trying to frot against John. It
was imperative he did so. He needed stimulation. He felt as if he were about to crawl out of his skin. His cock was throbbing and his testicles ached.

"John..." Sherlock broke their kiss, moaning when John moved his lips down over his throat, licking along his collarbone. "John...d-do it."

"Shh, s'alright. Be patient. I need to open you up."

Sherlock bit his lip at the brutal connotation, feeling as if he were going to hyperventil ate and add to the list of deaths in the history of this god-awful hotel. "Yes." He said breathlessly, fingers knotting themselves in the cheap, stained sheets as John crawled down his body, hands trailing down Sherlock's sides, skimming over his skin. Sherlock's cock jerked against his stomach, a small puddle of pre-come forming on his concave belly. His legs jittered to either side of John. He felt spread out. Exposed. Even more so when John coaxed Sherlock's legs up, raising them and baring his arse to John's perusal.

"Oh, fuck me, ' Sherlock uttered unconsciously, stunned at finally- after countless fantasies- being in this position...then jolted when John laughed gently.

"Will do." He promised, lavishing quick, confident kisses on the soft, white skin of Sherlock's inner thighs. It was overwhelming. White hot heat was rising through his groin, tingling up his spine, constricting his chest and surging through his throat. Sherlock blinked rapidly, trying to parse all the sensations he was experiencing as John stroked his thighs, peppering kisses closer and closer to his erection. Sherlock quivered, eyes wide, tense and waiting...

"Oh!" Sherlock's spine bowed when John licked a wet line up his cock. He tossed his head back, shouting helplessly when John did it again, moving to take him in his mouth-

"No, don't!" Sherlock anxiously said, quickly pushing John away. "I'll c-come if you do. I don't...I want you to fuck me."

John grinned, running a comforting hand up and down Sherlock's side, as if he was soothing a worn-out racehorse. "Ok. Sssh...it's fine. I won't. Are you sure you're ready? I'm only going to use one finger first." He informed him, wiggling his hand demonstratively in the gloom, smiling infectiously.

"Oh." Sherlock huffed, closing his eyes, unable to look because if he looked he would imagine and if he imagined... He whimpered, fisting his hand even more tightly in the sheets, trying to ignore his pulsing erection.

The click of the lube opening was loud and Sherlock's eyes jerked open without his permission, seeking out John in the darkness and watching him warm the slick liquid in the palms of his hands.

"Are you sure, Sherlock?"

As if his wrecked body and hard, red, weeping cock weren't enough to convince John.

"Yes."

"Okay." John murmured. "Relax, Sherlock. Do you...need something to hold on to?" He asked with surprising intuition, offering his right hand to his partner. Sherlock breathed out a thankful breath and, disengaging a hand from the sheets, gripped John's offered hand. He thought he saw John wince in the darkness but couldn't be sure, and a moment later John gripped his hand back tightly, stoically. Sherlock breathed in and out, letting the contact ground him. "You're doing great, love. So great. I'm going to start now...ok?"
John's slightly cold, wet finger circled around Sherlock's tightly furled hole, gentle and sure, not yet penetrating but letting Sherlock get used to the feeling.

"I haven't even - haven't even tried this myself." Sherlock admitted with nervous laughter, gritting his teeth and trying to unclench the muscles that would soon be breached.

"Surprised by that." John's finger pressed more insistently against him. "Would've thought you'd want to know everything. And since you've been trying to suppress your gag reflex...only serves to reason..."

Sherlock inhaled sharply when the very tip of John's finger breached his body and John took a simultaneous breath as Sherlock's grip on his hand tightened suddenly. He squeezed the large, pale hand reassuringly. "I...I wanted you to be the...the first...in..." he trailed off, writhing as John pushed further inside him.

"Oh, Jesus." John whispered, briefly closing his eyes, his own cock hard and abandoned between his legs, all his focus on Sherlock. "Do you...fuck." He broke off, had to clear his throat. "Do you need more lube? Is this...is this fine?"

"No...John...yes...it's..." There was a long, restrained, shuddery growl, and Sherlock's body ground against the cheap bed tellingly, his thigh muscles twitching, and the heated pulse in his carotid artery throbbing visibly, even in the gloom.

"God, you're fucking gorgeous like this." John breathed. "Jesus. Look at you. You're taking it so well." John moved his finger in and out of Sherlock's arse, almost all the way out before pushing it back in. "You're so...tight."

"John...John!" Sherlock grated out, eyes shut tight and his body flexing, grinding forcibly. "...S-stop...I don't - want to c..."

"Sshh." John squeezed Sherlock's hand reassuringly, his finger going still, fully seated inside Sherlock's body. "You're not going to come. Just relax, love. You'll be fine."

Fine. Fine. You'll be fine. Relax. Breathe. You'll be fine. Sherlock chanted to himself, trying to will his orgasm away...but his arse rhythmically clenched around John's finger, reminding him of how full he felt, the burning pleasure sharp and intense-

Sherlock's cock jerked. Once. Twice.

"John!" Sherlock flexed violently, moaning alarmingly, with obvious anxiety as come squirted from his cock, painting stripes across his stomach as he writhed through his premature orgasm. John held his finger in Sherlock, bracing his arm as Sherlock sobbed and tightened, squeezing deliciously around his finger.

Sherlock didn't want to open his eyes. He was so ashamed he couldn't look at John, even though he heard John's worshipful tone of voice as he carefully removed his finger.

"Fuck...that was sexy."

"You...you can still fuck me...if you want." Sherlock offered tentatively, feeling like a fool. How pathetic was he that he couldn't even last through the preparation it took for sex?

"...Sherlock." John murmured, trying his best not to upset him. "To be honest, I'm nearly there. A few strokes and I'll be done. That was...you were...indescribable."
"Do you…do you want me to…?" Sherlock reached for John's cock, trying to make his message clear.

"Oh, god, yes." John scrambled up Sherlock's body, letting Sherlock wrap his fingers around his erection and start stroking, even though his hands were trembling.

"Can I…can I come in your hair?" John suddenly asked in hopeful, bashful anticipation.

"My hair?"

John nodded, eyes going half-lidded with growing pleasure, his hips bucking into Sherlock's grip. "Yes…your hair. I want to- Please?"

"If you want…"

That was all John needed. He brushed Sherlock's hand away and, jacking himself, clumsily crawled up the bed to Sherlock's head, positioning his cock over his curls, cursing. Sherlock watched John's luscious, swollen prick bob and bounce above his face, hypnotised.

"Oh, shit..." John's hips thrust forward as he came, come dribbling from his prick and spattering down to decorate Sherlock's hair in thick, fat drops. He stared down at the mess as he came, eyes dark.

Sherlock surprised John by giggling abruptly, a rare occurrence in itself. Sniggering, one long hand pushed against his full lips, Sherlock managed to clear his throat. "That brings the total tally up to you owing me a shampoo and three new pairs of pyjama bottoms." He stated, straight-faced, before collapsing into further, irresistible giggles.

John huffed out a laugh, easing away from Sherlock's head with an uncharacteristically shy expression, still staring at the mess he'd made of Sherlock's hair. He ran his fingertips over the semen-coated locks, biting his lip to contain his pleased smile.

"You do have a hair fetish, don't you?" Sherlock asked, watching John. John eyed the thick, white, rapidly-drying liquid which was congealing in the dark locks.

"Sherl...you have no idea how gorgeous...how...fucking hot this is."

"My scalp is your receptacle for as long as you want it. Anyway, isn't it supposed to be good for your hair?"
John twitched into wakefulness, frowning at the ratty wallpaper that met his eyes, wondering where he was.

He was horribly uncomfortable. The mattress was lumpy - a spring was digging into his lower back and he knew he'd be feeling that the rest of the day. He was also hot. Sweat beaded at his temples and soaked his hair and he shifted, wanting to throw the covers off...when he realized it wasn't the covers making him hot. It was a certain consulting detective who had draped himself over John sometime in the night and was currently using John as a body pillow.

Despite the memory of where he was and why rapidly returning, it still took John a few bleary moments to make the connections and settle himself into the heated embrace which was making him swelter. He acknowledged his morning erection and the awkward but wonderful position of Sherlock's lax hand resting over his hip, dangerously near his eager crotch.

It made his throat feel congested with sudden arousal and John's cock flexed its way to full hardness, desire pooling steadily in his groin. He craned his neck, checked to see...yes, Sherlock was still asleep, his breaths even and deep where his head rested against John's chest. The curtains were drawn but a surprisingly bright dawn light peeked through the cracks, illuminating the room, and John, sucking in a sharp breath, stared with unrestrained awe at the beautiful, sleeping detective.

The bright dawn painted Sherlock's body in yellow light, revealing the creamy smoothness of his skin, sprinkled with a smattering of fine, pale hair. The alluring curve of his side and hip where the sheets had fallen low, his legs splayed, one knee crooked and slung over John. His hair glinted with auburn highlights in the sun, the tousled curls almost artfully arranged and begging John to plunge his fingers through them.

He'd always been attracted to Sherlock, ever since the first day they'd met- and every other encounter since then had made John addicted to the person that was Sherlock Holmes. It wasn't just Sherlock's body and face he adored, but his mind. His wit. His personality. John had fallen for it all- and hard- but he'd always thought...well, that nothing would come of it.

Sherlock was married to his work.

Sherlock didn't feel things like that.

He wasn't gay.

He didn't do relationships.

John had let himself believe all that, until he'd gotten that text. And everything changed.

John grinned fondly at the faint sheen of sweat on Sherlock's cheekbones and forehead, a result of sharing a bed with another, warm human body...possibly for the first time ever. John froze as Sherlock suddenly flinched and let out a tiny mewl, his closed eyelids flickering, and he held his breath until Sherlock had settled again.

His erection was now tenting the sheets obscenely and John, not wanting Sherlock to wake up and see it and feel obligated to take care of it, tried to will it away. With deliberate slowness, John eased his hips away from Sherlock with small, shuffling movements. He closed his eyes and thought of work, steadfastly trying to forget the amazing tightness of Sherlock's body from the previous night. How Sherlock had squirmed and tightened around him. The way he'd looked as he came.
John smiled. He wasn't surprised Sherlock had something of a hair trigger. The man had been denying his body's urges for decades and everything they did was new for him. It probably shouldn't have, but being able to take Sherlock apart with just a few moves turned John on.

This train of thought really wasn't helping, John thought, huffing. In fact the locomotive transporting the lascivious, filthy thoughts which were currently plaguing him was rapidly wobbling off of the tracks of decency and getting ready to wreck itself in an embarrassing encounter.

*Okay, okay, just stop,* John sternly told himself, digging his fingernails into his palm and tightening his jaw. He would make this go away. He wasn't a teen anymore with no self-control.

It was the work of some minutes- and failing a few times as memories of Sherlock rutting against him in the sitting room and Sherlock asking John to fuck him kept intruding- but finally, John was soft again and he breathed a sigh of relief as Sherlock snuggled closer, snuffling against John's skin. He pushed his head against John's scarred shoulder, rubbing his cheek against it like a selfish cat and John made another attempt to shift himself away (though he was running out of mattress).

Suddenly, a thick, warm, and very stiff cock was pressed against John's thigh with a damp, half-asleep prod of Sherlock's hips.

*Oh.* John's mouth went dry and his own arousal, which he had forced into dormancy, surged back to the fore, clambering to make its presence known. The sheet had slipped even further down from their mutual shuffling and John, unable to help himself, strained his neck, looking to where Sherlock was slowly undulating against him, his body moving sinuously against the whiteness of the sheets.

In the bright light, John could finally see Sherlock, see the body the man had shyly been hiding, and John's heart stuttered and stopped...before accelerating at a rapid pace as he looked his fill. Lean, pale thighs, one thrown over John's legs possessively. Slim, long, deliciously bare legs that John was sure would look gorgeous wrapped around his hips while he fucked him. The swell of his arse, plump and very biteable, the tempting white nodules of his hipbones. His back, lean but defined muscles twisting beneath his skin, freckles creating a series of pretty constellations John wanted to explore with his tongue. The hint of sparse, shadowy hair traversing down from his navel. The dip of his iliac crest, begging for John to fit his hands there.

John's cock throbbed irritably, as if asking him what the hell he was waiting for, and a sleepy little moan from Sherlock as he insistently pressed himself against John made up his mind. He shifted, aligning his hip better to give Sherlock more to rub against, and John reached down, his eyes fixed on Sherlock's body, and started stroking himself.

He nipped hard on his bottom lip before his tongue snaked out reflexively, his eyes closing tight as he pleasured himself as inconspicuously as he could manage, not wanting to wake Sherlock. John had always enjoyed morning sex, lazy sleep kisses and the warm press of bodies and the clandestine nature of this encounter leant the entire thing a wicked edge. Sherlock grunted, gripping John's hip to anchor himself as he kept thrusting, still-miraculously-asleep and John wondered what sort of dream he was having. It had to be a good one considering the way Sherlock was carrying on, hips shakily moving faster, tiny little pants warming John's skin.

John's scalp prickled, knowing Sherlock was close, and he watched, jerking himself just as fast, wanting to see the moment-

Sherlock suddenly tensed, his body going rigid against John, and his eyes snapped open, blinking in the harsh sunlight. John halted his own hand, difficult as it was, and tried to speak without giving away his own arousal.
"Sherlock?" he whispered croakily. "You...okay?"

"I...I'm not..." Sherlock's voice, scratchy from sleep, was bewildered, as if he wasn't sure how he'd come to be where he was, pressed against John with a twitching, leaking erection jammed against his hip. "I didn't mean to..." Abruptly, without warning, Sherlock jerked away from John, diving for the covers and yanking them to his chin.

John was gutted and he couldn't choke down his groan of disappointment when Sherlock's stunning body was once again hidden from view. "Sherlock...please, let me see. We can..." he cleared his throat. "We can do it together."

Sherlock's face was flushed a dull red and he refused to meet John's eyes. "I...no. That's not what I want. Not anymore. You carry on as much as you want, John. I'll watch you reach orgasm if you want."

"'Not anymore?' What does that mean? I'm close, Sherl...I know you're close too...please, let's do it together. Side by side. Let me see you, please." John begged. Sherlock's throat bobbed as he swallowed and his eyes skittered nervously to the side. His hands tightened their grip on the sheet.

"You can touch me under the sheet-"

"Sherlock... Love, I've seen you naked before, you know. Just last night in fact."

"In near darkness. And you still refuse to address the issue of your slight short-sightedness." Sherlock muttered bitterly, though his voice was tellingly constricted by arousal that couldn't be ignored or tamped down. "If you don't get that checked soon, John, you'll regret it when you're sixty and your eyesight is so bad contacts will be ineffective. Let's...let's get ourselves off. Under the covers?"

"No." John said, kneeling up beside Sherlock. "No. I don't want a furtive, shameful wank under the sheets, you hiding from me because you think I'll be repulsed by you. I want to see you, Sherlock. Every goddamn inch of you because I don't know what's got it in your head that you're hideous but...you're the most beautiful, stunning, attractive man I've ever seen."

Sherlock looked flummoxed, his mouth open, eyes wide and blinking and he let John tug the sheet away from him, sliding it down his body, revealing him in all his naked glory with a flourish. Sherlock's nipples hardened in the cool air and his hands fluttered nervously, obviously wanting to cover himself up. John loosely clasped his wrists, preventing him.

"Like I said." He whispered throatily. "Gorgeous. I'll go first. I know you don't need me to explain what I'm feeling. Just...enjoy." A distant part of John's mind cautioned him that the last couple of words probably sounded ridiculous. The main part of his brain, however, told him, "COME. NOW. FAST." He let go of Sherlock's hands and reclined on the bed, fisting himself with vicious speed. He let his eyes wander down Sherlock's body, looking his fill, getting even harder at the sight of all that lean, pale flesh laid out. Sherlock's fingers twitched but he made no effort to cover himself up. John loosely clasped his wrists, preventing him.

"God, you're fucking beautiful." John choked out, hips thrusting up into his hand as he got closer, his eyes straining to remain open and focussed on the detective beside him.. "So fucking beautiful."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Sherlock murmured back, still flushed but eyes fixated on John's hand, his own cock hard and forgotten in his lap.

"Then I'm the beholder...and I say...you're fucking...oh, fuck-" John broke off, eyes closing as his
pleasure crested. He yelled, raw and deafening, sobbing through his orgasm. It took a good twenty seconds for his hips to stop bouncing uncontrollably, his stomach and thighs to stop jerking, and when he finally opened his eyes, panting inelegantly for breath, John immediately looked beside him.

Sherlock was flushed, his hands knotted in the sheets as he watched John ride out the last waves of his climax. John's eyes dropped to his groin, expecting to find Sherlock's prick hard, looking forward to maybe being allowed to help him get himself off.

He stared in surprise.

"Oh," John wheezed, his chest rising and falling with a rate that might be seen as a medical emergency by a casual observer. ". . . Oh... you... fuck, I didn't see it." John laughed, lightening up the room metaphorically, and Sherlock's heart literally.

Sherlock's cock was already limp again, a puddle of come resting in the enticing dip of his hipbones.

"You provided a very good stimulus." Sherlock admitted, smiling shyly, which soon turned into a huge grin as John laughed, launching himself at Sherlock to give him a sloppy kiss. His teeth clacked awkwardly against John's and he laughed through the ridiculous kiss, before John pulled back.

"Come on. We can't lie in bed all day. You need new PJ's. And don't think I didn't notice you snap the fucking buttons off my shirt, hoard them like a magpie, and then get rid of the remaining useless fabric a week ago." John reprimanded fondly. "You owe me as well."

"I didn't..." Sherlock started but John was already climbing out of bed, not pausing to listen to him lie. Sighing, Sherlock swung his legs out of bed, freezing when he realized John was openly staring at him.

"It's okay for me to look at you, Sherl. Unless... you really don't want me to." John flushed, averting his dark-blue eyes and rummaging for fresh clothes in one of the cases they hadn't been bothered to unpack the night before. Sherlock swallowed.

"N-no. It's... fine. I need to get used to it. I don't know why you want to though." He brushed past John on his way to the loo. John frowned, gazing after him thoughtfully.

The morning was cool and bright and tasted of a London summer, of heat and congestion and energy. Holding John's hand, having sensed his growing discomfort as they got closer to the shops he frequented, Sherlock finally was jerked to a surprised stop as John stopped short on the pavement.

"Yeah, you just go ahead, I'll wait out here. Not my kind of place." He explained, letting go of Sherlock's hand.

Sherlock glanced at the familiar facade of his regular clothes shop, then back at John who was looking away down the street, uncomfortable and frowning. "What's wrong? Why don't you want to accompany me?"

John shrugged. "It's just... not my kind of place, Sherlock."

"What does that even mean?"

John sighed, irritated. "It means that one of your shirts costs an entire week's paycheck for me and I'd rather just stay out here until you're done. Besides." He smiled but it was obviously forced. "I think
the salespeople in those stores can smell it when you don't have money. I'd hate to get us thrown out on our ears."

"They wouldn't throw both of us out. Not if you were obviously with me." It was a second before Sherlock realised he must have said something Not Good as John blanched and cleared his throat, clasping his hands behind his back, always a sign of discomfort.

"I'll go down the road and get a coffee. Meet me there when you're done-"

"No." Sherlock grabbed John's hand. "I want you there with me."

"Sherlock...I'm really fine knowing I can't buy things in there- you don't have to-"

"No, no, it's not that." Sherlock brushed aside the ridiculous things John was saying. "I want you to come with me because...I thought you might want to...choose things. For me. To wear." He clarified when John looked mystified. "For you."

"A bit like couples shopping for saucy underwear?" John asked, laughing awkwardly, still looking hesitant, but now lightly flushed and intrigued. Sherlock nodded, feeling flushed himself at the idea.

"I...you could pick whatever you wanted."

"And you'd let me take it off you afterward?" John asked, grinning. A couple (who looked as if they probably had at least two Rolls Royce's in the garage) walked past, glancing at him as they overhead his comment. Sherlock seemed completely unconcerned with passers-by.

"That's the point, isn't it? When you buy those sorts of things?"

John took a deep breath, trying to understand how his life had come to this- shopping for sexy things for Sherlock to wear, with the mutual understanding that John would be peeling him out of them later. Good God.

"Kay, Sherlock, we'll get you some sexy pants. Remember you do need PJ's as well, though..." He glanced at the next uppity-looking business woman walking towards them, tapping on her smartphone, and he smirked fiendishly. "Because you ruined all your other ones by coming all over them."

The women's head jerked up and she stared at Sherlock and John- Sherlock flushed a faint pink and John smirked smugly.

"Come on." John smiled innocently and Sherlock, shaking his head at John's antics, followed him into the shop.

Once John had crossed the threshold, he glanced about at the surprising airy store, a large, and presumably-extortionate rent space, filled with...not much. He looked to Sherlock to guide him.

"Mr. Holmes!"

An impeccably dressed young man strode toward them, positively rubbing his hands together and beaming at Sherlock excitedly.

"How are you today, sir?" He offered Sherlock his hand and, as they shook hands, John stood by awkwardly. He couldn't quite tell if Sherlock was a valued customer (with far too much money), and this guy was working on commission and therefore trained to be as obsequiously subservient as possible (the type of shop assistants he hated)...or, if he actually knew Sherlock and was genuinely
happy to see him again.

It seemed both as the shop assistant glanced at John and gave Sherlock a coy look.

"Oh, Sherlock. And who might this be, hmm?"

"This is-"

"John Watson." John finished, sticking out his hand, which the shop assistant took with wide eyes.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Watson. I know of you of course. We all read your blog about our Sherlock."

"Doctor Waston. Know Sherlock well, do you?" His smile, ostensibly friendly, was like a huge, poorly-fused, dangerous flare.

"Oh, yes. Very intimately." The still-unnamed sales assistant purred, giving Sherlock a once-over that set John's teeth on edge. "I've been dressing him the past four years." He gave a small, nostalgic sigh and John got the feeling the young man would have rather undressed Sherlock than dressed him. He looked to Sherlock for his reaction, but Sherlock seemed totally oblivious, glancing around the store.

"We're just going to browse for the moment, Chaucer."

*Chaucer?!* John couldn't hold back a strangled giggle and Sherlock gave him a quick look. He sobered as Chaucer (seriously, Chaucer?) bowed, promising Sherlock he would be within earshot if he needed assistance.

The displays were severely sparse, the complete opposite of what John was used to when he went clothes shopping, usually in a busy shopping centre. He wouldn't have known what to do with any of it, but Sherlock strode around, looking at things with a critical eye while John pretended he wasn't feeling massively out of place.

"What do you think of these?" Sherlock murmured, holding up a bit of cloth.

"Lovely...looks...stripey like your dressing-gown. They'd look good on you."

"Not for me, for you. Wine-red, silk...feel them."

"For me?" John eyed the scrap of cloth dubiously. "I don't think so, Sherlock-"

"They're silk, John." Sherlock protested, thrusting what was apparently a pair of pants into John's hands. "And I'll buy a matching pair. Just think...silk on silk."

John opened his mouth to retort, but his mind's-eye interrupted with colourful images. "That does sound...decadent." he admitted, turning the pants over in his hand before physically wincing at the price tag. "I don't think so." He tried giving them back but Sherlock refused to take them.

"I'll buy them for you." He whispered, knowing if he said that out loud John would get mad and refuse them.

John shook his head "No-"

"Please, John." Sherlock gave him an imploring look. "I've fantasized about this for so long..." He let his breath start coming faster and licked at his lips. Predictably, John's eyes dropped to follow the motion and Sherlock knew he had him.

"Really?" John whispered back, leaning up to reach Sherlock's ear, stroking his newly-short hair
briefly, and catching sight of the creepy sales assistant in the background. There were few places for
the interloper to loiter out of sight in the remarkably empty, yet massively-overpriced shop.

"Yes-

"Can I be of assistance?" Chaucer asked, traipsing up to them, looking hopeful. Definitely worked
on commission, John thought.

"Yes. We'll take a pair of these. In navy. For me. My usual size."

"Are you sure you don't need me to resize you, Sherlock? It's been at least two months since you last
bought pants. You may have gone up a size." Chaucer explained, looking- to John's mind-
anticipative.

"No, I'm sure that won't be necessary. You resized me last time. I'll take these. And another pair in
red for John."

John felt like a bug under a microscope as both Sherlock and Chaucer turned to stare at him, sizing
him up, their eyes centred on his groin. He felt as if he needed to cover himself from their stares.

"Sherlock!" He growled warningly. "I know my own size, thank you very much!" At two pairs of
raised eyebrows questioning him, he quickly corrected himself. "I mean...the size I wear."

Chaucer hid a smile behind his hand, eyes sparkling. "Of course, sir. I'll just go and get the correct
sizes and allow you to try them on in the dressing room." He motioned to the back of the store,
escorting John and Sherlock there, John still grinding his teeth.

Once they reached the sumptuous changing rooms, with sturdy walls and heavy lockable doors, John
snorted. Each booth was bigger than the bedroom of his last flat and much better fitted up. The carpet
alone probably cost more than he made in two months. Sherlock looked unimpressed.

Who the hell tried on underwear anyway? John's own usually came in packs of five or six and one
didn't try them on before buying them.

"Here we are." Chaucer swayed up to them, holding out the pants, eyes dancing wickedly as he
stared between John and Sherlock. "I've never known you to bring a gentleman with you to buy
your undergarments, Sherlock. I must congratulate you on your impeccable taste, though. Silk? Yes,
please." Sherlock smiled and Chaucer laughed. "If you're buying it for the reason I think…” He
lowered his voice, leaning closer to Sherlock. "You may want to purchase a bigger size…to make
room for obvious growth. They're not as...accommodating as your usual cotton." He added with a
knowing wink and a lascivious glance at Sherlock's groin.

John snatched the proffered garments gracelessly, uttered a reluctant "Thanks," and abruptly pushed
his tall boyfriend into the changing room, locking it. He chucked the underwear aside and forcefully,
but not viciously, slammed Sherlock against the wall, his small hands protecting the detective's
scapulae and spine from the impact. His face, though, was like thunder.

"We're not supposed to be in here together." Sherlock whispered shakily, staring down at his
dominating boyfriend with wide eyes.

"Sod that." John hissed, careful to keep his voice lowered so Chaucer wouldn't hear. No doubt he
had his ear pressed to the door, hoping to get some vicarious thrill. John realised, belatedly, that this
could actually manifest in twofold results. Raising his voice, he demanded. "Open your fucking
trousers."
"Wh-what?" Sherlock's eyes flared even wider and John, not waiting for him to do it himself, dropped his hands to Sherlock's flies, undoing them and pulling out Sherlock's prick. "What are you doing?" Sherlock asked, his voice a shaky, unsure whisper in the posh dressing room.

"Take a wild guess." John grunted back, skilfully working his hand over Sherlock's soft shaft. Chuckling softly, he hoped the fucker on the other side of the door realised now that they'd constructed their booths too well. No gaps under, or over, the walls. A completely sealed and now locked room.

"J-John...we shouldn't...Ch-Chaucer's right outside the d-door." Sherlock gasped, eyes rolling to the door as if he could see the sales assistant standing there watching them.

"So what if he is?" John asked, squeezing Sherlock's prick. Sherlock whimpered. "He seems to know you very well. Been doing a lot of private fittings?" John continued, gripping and teasing Sherlock's cock with occasional twists of his wrist, flicks of his thumb, and occasional series of three or four very hard, quick pumps. "I bet he knows which side you like to dress." John uttered, before biting softly, possessively, on Sherlock's earlobe. "...Did he do anything to you? If he touched you, I will fucking kill him."

"He...he's always been very p-professional...oh, John." Sherlock's fingers dug into John's arm, gripping it as he panted as quietly as he could. His hips stuttered into John's hand and John watched his eyes darken.

"He wants you, you know."

Sherlock shook his head.

"He does. He's practically undressing you with his eyes- not that he needs to, does he? He's already seen you naked." And that was the rub. Chaucer, a fucking idiot with a posh accent and a mincing walk, had seen Sherlock naked, multiple times, and John...hadn't.

"Didn't you see it, Sherlock? Didn't you know?" John asked through gritted teeth, as he began a feverish pace with his wrist, soaked with a surprising amount of pre-come, so much that small, translucent drops were plopping rhythmically from his fiercely-rapid hand, to the hatefully-overpriced carpet.

"No...he's just...friendly-" Sherlock broke off when John's grip tightened on his prick, gasping. "Please, John, someone will hear us-"

"I want him to hear us. Goddammit, Sherlock." John breathed.

"I want him to hear us. Goddammit, Sherlock." John breathed.

"John..." Sherlock's throat clicked as words failed him and John recognized the signs Sherlock was about to come. He stepped back, taking away his hand and smearing the remnants of Sherlock's (deliciously copious) pre-come on the velvet seat in the corner of the changing room. Grinning maliciously, he glanced back at Sherlock, whose arms were extended feebly but needily in his direction, like something from a bad zombie film.

"John-?" Sherlock blinked rapidly, his prick still out of his trousers, angry red and jerking from the denied orgasm.

"Let's get this over with." John ignored Sherlock's and his...predicament and snatched up the pants in the correct sizes. "You may want to put that away before we go out."

"Aren't...aren't you going to...to...?"
"You still need PJ's. Come on, the sooner you pick up the stuff you need, the sooner we can get out of this fucking hellhole," he said casually. "Oh...and we're not coming here again. Next time you need clothes from this shop, you can bloody well get them online."
Does it still count as "revenge" when the person you're getting revenge on likes it?

Sherlock felt as if he were walking in a daze. Everything around him was fuzzy and indistinct, his eyes unable to focus on any one thing. His prick pulsed inside his trousers, half hard and leaking, buzzing in arousal, still waiting to be brought off.

People passed by he and John on the busy sidewalk, not even glancing at them- for which Sherlock was thankful. He clutched the weighty shopping bag tightly- and prudently- in front of his crotch, hoping no one noticed the bulge in the front of his tailored trousers and wondering how he felt about it if they did.

John was still angry over their encounter with Chaucer. Sherlock could tell it in the set of his jaw and the way he walked, stiff and silent, in front of him. John had vacated the shop before Sherlock, telling him to pick whatever else he saw fit to buy and Sherlock, weak-kneed and shaky from his denied orgasm, had hastily obtained a few extra items, wanting the shopping trip to be over and done with so he could meet up with John outside and relieve the achy tension swirling in his body.

He'd experienced an unforeseen discomfort, though, as he offered his credit card to Chaucer, realizing the sales assistant had heard his and John's entire exchange from the cocky, knowing smile on his face.

"Are you all right, Mr. Holmes?" He'd asked, eyes trailing down Sherlock's body and Sherlock nodded, flushing. "Well, it's a very lucky bloke you've purchased all these lovely things for." Chaucer winked and Sherlock had been glad John was outside and hadn't seen. "Your bit of rough has probably never handled silk before. Make sure he knows it needs to be treated…gently."

Sherlock had made a garbled reply, snatched back his card, and trotted from the store, vowing never to shop there again.

Now, the detective followed his doctor as casually as he could, hefting the bag in a position conducive to giving him some sort of dignity.

"John?" He asked, in a strained baritone. "Where are we going?"

"Just down the road." John replied, evasive, and Sherlock wanted to moan.

"Can't we take a cab?" He swallowed around thick desire that clogged his throat and made it hard to breathe. He didn't know how John was acting so casually, striding along without a care, while every shift of his own body sent little flares of pleasure skating along his over sensitized nerve endings. The fabric of his trousers was maddening, brushing again and again against his sensitive prick, making it throb even harder, demanding the orgasm he'd been denied. The bright sunlight caused his pale eyes to squint painfully and he took a few deep, comforting, pollution-tasting breaths before speaking again.

"I trust you're not so much of an idiot that you don't realise exactly what state I'm in right now?" He
groaned uncomfortably and adjusted the decadent shopping bag over his extremely-happy, and very impatient erection.

Sherlock wanted to growl in frustration. Instead, he shook himself, trying to take back a modicum of control over himself. He was acting ridiculous. He'd gone six months before without so much as an erection, much less the need for an orgasm, and just because he'd been denied once didn't mean he had to go all to pieces. In broad daylight. In the middle of a crowded sidewalk.

"John...if I admit that I can't deduce your motivation in this instance, will you tell me what you're planning? If it's to do with Chaucer and your unreasonable jealousy, then you're storming off in the wrong direction."

"Unreasonable? When the man knows how big your prick is and drops hints about how thick you are...I don't think that's unreasonable." John halted and rounded on Sherlock. They were at the entrance of a lusciously green park, with multitudes of thick, healthy trees, beds of flowers which made the term 'rainbow' seem redundant, and a small lake inhabited by over-fed waterfowl.

Sherlock shrugged "That's his job. Clothes don't fit right unless all the appropriate measurements…"

John shook his head. Maybe it was Chaucer's job to dress Sherlock, to know the length of his cock and which side he favoured. And maybe it was his job to objectively and professionally know what Sherlock looked like naked…but John didn't like it. And it filled him with jealousy the likes of which he'd never, not once, felt for the women he'd dated.

Sherlock let out a delectable yelp when John seized his upper arms and stared up at him, his indigo eyes burning cold and dangerous in the grubby London sun.

"Sherlock," His voice was calm, yet impeccably threatening. "It's just you and me now. Yeah?"

"Of course." Sherlock frowned, not sure what John was getting at. He understood John was jealous of Chaucer but...surely he didn't think... "John..." Sherlock began hesitantly, but John had already seized his hand and was dragging him into the park.

John spared him the briefest of glances as he hauled Sherlock past picnicking families, students on bicycles, and tourists snapping photographs of the landscape. "I know you never shagged him, and never would. Fuck me, he's like Mr. Humphries," he sniggered. As they were talking, they passed under a series of sycamores, and a single leaf drifted down and landed, unnoticed, on John's ash-brown head. Sherlock plucked it up and pocketed it inconspicuously.

"I told you...you know I was a...that I didn't have any experience before you." Sherlock said awkwardly, hating to use the word "virgin" in relation to himself.

"I know. It's just...more the idea..." John muttered, still walking, his legs pumping and Sherlock strode along behind, wondering where they were going and what John had in mind. He staggered through a few brambles and soggy, bare areas of mud as John led him purposefully towards an unwelcoming looking thicket of vegetation in the distance. A group of kids were playing frisbee nearby the little copse, their parents overseeing the proceedings and cooing congratulations loudly with every toss.

"John- what?" Sherlock protested as John entered the little wood, dragging him along behind.

Sherlock's shirt snared on a branch and he struggled to free himself before he heard a delicate ripping sound. Then another. He huffed, his best clothes, ruined by nature.

"Shut up, Sherl."
"I didn't -"

"You were going to. I'll get you another fucking shirt. We could always ask your good friend Chaucer." He quipped, grinning bitterly, before protectively hooking his left arm around Sherlock's shoulder blades, his hand cupping the back of the detective's skull, and tugging gently at the luscious, black curls. In the same few seconds, John's right arm hugged Sherlock's narrow hips, and the doctor tackled him to the hard ground.

All the breath whooshed from Sherlock's lungs as he landed on his back on the ground, John a heavy but wonderful weight on top of him. He was surrounded by stimuli- the scent of fresh cut grass, the shouts of children not far off, laughter and happy screams, the hard, compact earth beneath him, smelling of dead leaves and a rich, dark smell he couldn't place. The sunlight speared through the foliage overhead, dappling all around them, turning John's hair wheat gold by turns. John's erection dug into Sherlock's hip, his own nestled snugly against John's thigh, finally able to seek the relief he craved.

Taking a few seconds to ensure Sherlock wasn't hurt by the gentle tackle in any way, John, panting with restrained excitement, smirked down at his partner. "I don't like knowing he's had his hands all over you." He breathed, making their impromptu bower seem even more secretive and intimate. "I don't like knowing you didn't even realize what he was doing the whole time you've been going there."

"What?"

"Plotting how to get you naked. Watching you strip. Fucking memorizing every curve." John's hands raked down Sherlock's body, possessive and demanding. "And then wanking that night when he went home, imagining the way you looked that day, fantasizing about you wearing whatever it was you'd bought..."

John sounded so confident, Sherlock almost believed him for a split-second. "You don't know that's what he did." He muttered, then whined sweetly when John's hand brushed over his crotch.

"That's what I would have done." John confessed and Sherlock gasped, eyes closing as he thought of John in place of Chaucer. Giving him those looks which Sherlock had always dismissed as teasing, not flirty. On John, it was decidedly flirty. When Chaucer-turned-John followed Sherlock into the dressing room to make sure he got the measurements right, to make sure the fit was comfortable, adjusting the way the clothing draped over his body to check, telling Sherlock he was a professional, this was what he did...Sherlock writhed, moaning. Maybe...maybe John had a point.

"John...this isn't the right place to...Ugh!" He yelped, loudly, as John flicked open his trousers with mind-boggling speed and skill, and shoved his hands into Sherlock's underwear. Sherlock winced with pleasure, but mostly with the realisation that John now had a few fingers' worth of copious, lukewarm pre-come on his hands.

"Do you want me to stop?" John asked, his voice a low purr in Sherlock's ear. "Do you want me to stop, Sherlock? I will. I'll let you do up your trousers again and we'll walk all the way back to the hotel."

At the idea of walking anywhere with his straining erection, Sherlock whimpered. "John...We can't!" He whispered beseechingly, breathlessly, tensing when he heard a group of Japanese tourists walk past the thicket not thirty feet away and a couple of gleeful screeches from the group of kids.

"Yes we can." John whispered back, thumb rubbing teasingly over the glans of Sherlock's prick, spreading the collecting pre-come there over the head. He lifted his hand from Sherlock's crotch and
twirled strings of translucent pre-come from his fingers like a slick, disgusting cat's-cradle. The detective gritted his imperfect teeth in embarrassment. Holding Sherlock's eyes with his own, John stuck his fingers in his mouth, licking off the traces of pre-come showily.

"I can tell you like it, Sherlock. You loved it back at the shop, knowing we were in public... And now, knowing anyone could walk over and see us..." John loosely gripped Sherlock's erection and gave it a few soft strokes, not nearly enough of what Sherlock needed. "They could find us at any second...you, spread out on your back like a whore...begging for it..."

Sherlock's breath caught in his throat at the images John was putting in his head, his prick jerking. "John...if you don't...shut up, I'm gonna..."

"What are you going to do?" John's hand sped up, jacking Sherlock ruthlessly. "Are you going to come, Sherlock? Come with people less than ten yards from us? You can hear them, can't you? Talking, laughing...not aware that we're here..."

Sherlock nodded, hips beginning to weakly thrust into John's hand, heart speeding so fast it felt as if it were about to beat out of his chest. He felt hot and his mind zeroed in on the people he could hear nearby, amplifying the sounds, enhancing the feeling of being in public, of almost getting caught. "You've done this before." Sherlock uttered in a strangled tone, abdomen and thighs clenched with the painful imminence of ecstasy. He winced, as he felt humiliating amounts of pre-ejaculate leaking from him, coating John's already soaked, sticky hand.

"I'm doing it now, with you." John replied, giving his stokes a little twist at the end, swirling over the head of Sherlock's prick, using the wetness to his advantage. "Christ...you're like a broken faucet."

"Don't laugh at me." Sherlock said with a stern (if watery) glare, shuddering again, long fingers scrabbling in dead leaves and grit, insect casings and damp soil.

"Not laughing at you." John panted quietly, glancing around, making sure they were still alone and the movement drove a spike of white hot arousal through Sherlock's core. He arched, muffling his choked, high-pitched cry, as he came, semen spattering down onto the front of his trousers in thick globs. John grinned in pure delight at seeing his partner writhe and gasp, jaw clenched, eyes squeezed tight, hands scrabbling through leaf litter in desperation. He swooped down, engulfing Sherlock's cock in his mouth, cleaning him with firm sucks.

"Enjoyed that?" John asked, wholly unnecessarily. It was obvious Sherlock had. He nodded just the same, glancing around. They were still alone.

"Now you." He nodded at the front of John's jeans, tented and strained against the bulge of his erection.

"Now I...what?" John nipped on his own bottom lip with a devilish grin. The smaller man rummaged inelegantly, and hypnotically, at his own crotch, grunting faintly as his palm nudged against his swollen cock.

"Now you...g-get off." Sherlock swallowed, glancing around them again, wondering if he should
drop to his knees and suck John off (a pleasing idea, especially as he heard someone laugh, sounding much too close) or pull John out of his trousers and wank him, keeping one eye trained around them to make sure they didn't get caught.

In the end, John chose for him- unzipping his fly and taking himself in hand, pulling Sherlock closer and kissing him as his hand worked frantically at his cock. The kiss was sloppy, wet, delicious. Loathe as he was to break it, Sherlock pulled back, his eyes hazy and deepened to a satisfied deep-green.

"What should I do?"

"Fuck- just kiss me." John choked, his breath speeding up as he tugged at himself and Sherlock quickly obliged, licking inelegantly into his mouth and tangling their tongues together. John huffed against his cheek, his arms beginning to shake, hips pumping steadily as he got closer to orgasm. Sherlock sensed every telling twitch, every stutter of breath, every muscle jolt, and he tried to move away, aware that John was going to come. John's hand shot out, pulling Sherlock's body flush against John's own, John's cock trapped between them as he pumped his hand in the narrow space, tensing-

John muffled his cry against Sherlock's shoulder, shivering as he came, semen splattering against the front of Sherlock's trousers and seeping into the fabric, mingling with the creamy stains already there. Sherlock groaned, watching John tremble and sigh, and dazedly stared down at the complete and utter mess that constituted his trousers. A mess John made worse when he rubbed at the come covering Sherlock's groin, spreading it around and into the fabric with parted lips. Then he blinked and glanced up at Sherlock, looking the slightest bit worried.

"I'm...god, was that too much? I'm sorry I don't know what I was...look, you can hold the bag in front of you until we get a cab and I-"

Sherlock cut off his apologetic speech, staring at the white mess decorating him. The idea- walking back through the park and down the busy sidewalks until they got to the hotel, then walking through the lobby and up the stairs to their room...all the while covered in evidence of what he and John had done... It almost made him woozy. It definitely sparked a sizzle of lust in the pit of his stomach. He would need to sort that feeling out later.

"You have nothing to apologize for." He murmured, glancing coyly at John. "I think I'd prefer to walk, if it's all the same to you."

"Bad man." John grinned. "Are they salvageable?" He asked, nodding at the undoubtedly painfully-expensive trousers.

"No." Sherlock grinned and John grinned back, chuckling.

"Fine, I owe you new trousers." John paused for a brief reflection, and then laughed, suddenly and sweetly. "This could become an expensive habit."
It was several hours later when John remembered to query the items Sherlock had purchased at the shop.

Reclining on the uncomfortable hotel bed at 7pm, idly scrolling through his laptop while distantly contemplating ordering some takeaway, the doctor suddenly recalled he’d given his new lover free reign to pick up saucy underwear after he’d vacated the shop.

Clearing his throat, he called out to the brunette in the bathroom wincing slightly at the smouldering sunlight from the open curtains. "Sherl? Stop faffing about and get back in here. I need you."

The bathroom door immediately opened and Sherlock emerged, looking both hopeful and surprised. "You do?" His eyes raked down John's body and a tiny line formed between his eyebrows. "I thought twice in one day would've been your limit, John. A man of your years typically has a slower refractory period… but it seems I've misjudged."

John frowned. "What makes you think I necessarily want sex?"

"You said you needed me."

"Mm. Yes, I did but that doesn't necessarily mean I meant...sexually."

Sherlock's face comically fell and John fought to keep himself from laughing. It seemed Sherlock's refractory period was more than enough for the both of them.

"Show me what you got from your dickhead friend." John said, nodding pointedly at the heavy paper bag that had been deposited by the dressing table.

Choosing not to correct John on Chaucer's real name, letting the jealous epithet stand, Sherlock rummaged in the bag, pulling out handfuls of fabric and tossing them to John. "Those are all for you. I got you more than the one pair. All in silk."

Sherlock went back to rummaging as John, putting aside his laptop, picked up the bits of fabric, inspecting them critically.

"Thanks, Sherlock." He said. "I'll pay you back when I can, yeah?" He watched, curiously, as Sherlock pulled forth a large handful of goods from the bag, as unassumingly-small as Mary Poppins'.

"I don't want you to pay me back. Just promise to wear them."

"Yeah sure. Of course." John beamed at Sherlock, easily giving the promise, missing Sherlock's sly grin as he turned back to the bag. "So what'd you get... for yourself?"

John had long known that, as he got older, his refractory period had got longer and longer. In his
teens and twenties, he'd been able to get hard as often as he wanted, whenever and wherever, without a thought. Now, in his late thirties, twice in one day left him totally knackered but he'd not really cared about it, never felt stymied by it.

Until now.

Seeing the little slip of fabric in Sherlock's hands made John's heart race, his throat go dry, and his prick made a truly heroic effort at trying to get hard. Sherlock twirled the white briefs casually around one finger, unable to restrain a self-satisfied grin as he saw John's reaction.

"Imagine what these would look like wet." He teased.

"Put them on." John gasped, the visual in his head stunning and his prick tried fruitlessly to get hard again.

"What?"

"Put them on. Now. Please, Sherlock."

"But...we can't do anything." Sherlock said, his teasing nonchalance dropping like shedding a cloak, his reticence making itself known. He stopped twirling the briefs and held them, clutched in his fist, looking as if he regretted showing them to John in the first place.

"Sod that. Just put them on and come here and kiss me." John yanked down his own boxers and kicked away the duvet, pushing his laptop to the floor with a dull 'clunk.'

Sherlock swallowed nervously, nodding. "I'll just...just go put them on in the loo..." He started edging towards the door but John stopped him, crawling to the edge of the bed.

"No, wait. Sherlock...put them on here. I want to see you."

That's what I'm afraid of. Sherlock thought, irritated. He was still intent on going to the loo and locking it, taking the time to pluck up his courage before coming back out in what were suddenly ridiculously small briefs. What had he been thinking when he bought them?

There was no dimmer switch, and John seemed adamant. Sherlock winced and his eyes slid shut reluctantly. "John, just...don't say anything. Okay? Not a thing." He muttered, taking a deep breath and, steeling his resolve, picking open his shirt, dropping the sumptuous material to the sparse carpet, before undoing his trousers, letting them fall, biting the inside of his mouth. Sherlock tried to pretend he was alone, that John wasn't sitting just feet from him on the bed, an expectant look on his face as he watched Sherlock undress.

He sighed, remembering all sorts of taunts and murmurs at school- how bony he looked, pale and fleshy like a fish, skinny as an eel. Ribs and jutting hipbones and smooth skin that never seemed to grow hair except on his calves and around his cock and balls. Sherlock shivered in the cool air of the room, quickly shucking off his pants and fumbling his way into the tiny briefs with shaking fingers, hoping he wouldn't open his eyes and find disgust or worse, amusement written on John's face.

Sherlock's fists clenched, his high cheekbones were stained a painful red, and he looked traumatised, and as exposed as the Elephant Man in public.

John felt a flash of genuine guilt and wished he'd not asked Sherlock to do this. He felt as if he'd forced Sherlock into it when all he'd wanted, John thought as Sherlock stood rigid in front of him, was to let him know he found him amazingly, astoundingly attractive.
Sherlock’s hands blundered awkwardly in front of his crotch, and he sighed with weighted anxiety at John’s continued quiet inspection. He didn't know what part of his body he wanted to cover up first. John had technically seen his chest a few times already and Sherlock knew he perhaps shouldn’t be as worried about that part of his body…but his hands still hovered over his abdomen, wanting to hide the concave portion of his stomach, his ribs, the copper-colored nipples. His legs were too skinny, too smooth, but his hands didn’t reach that far and spreading his palms over his thighs would only draw attention to them. Sherlock swallowed thickly.

"J-John...I don't..."

The doctor bit down on his right thumbnail in a vague sublimation of a curse. "You look fucking amazing." John confessed honestly, huffing in irritation at the refusal of his body to co-operate with the frankly-overwhelming lust which churned enthusiastically, but redundantly, through his system.

Sherlock’s eyes snapped open, pinning John with a heartbreakingly open, incredulous look. "What?"

John licked his bottom lip, eyes raking over Sherlock’s body as he patted the bed. "Come lie down?"

Sherlock’s stomach, tying itself into nervous, sick knots gave a lurch as he stared at the spot John was patting as if he’d never seen a bed properly before. It was a handful of seconds before he could make his legs move, wrenching them from where they’d been almost locked into place by fear and moving, hesitantly and jerkily, over to the bed.

"Sherlock." John murmured, as the taller man settled himself onto the bed with visible awkwardness. "I'm not going to do anything you don't want. I'm not going to do anything, in fact. Refractory period, remember?" He said, with a giggle. Sobering a little, he ran a hand reverently over the detective's bare, flat stomach. "But should we talk?"

"Talk about what?" Sherlock hated the way his voice came out- breathy and unsteady and betraying all the unease he felt. John's hands on him, instead of feeling pleasurable and nice, felt judging. Running around over his flaws and taking stock of all the areas he fell short in. The setting sun, and its exposing, yellow beams filtered onto Sherlock's abdomen. The warm light picked up motes of dust that were doing nothing, regretfully, to distract John’s intent gaze from his whippet-like body.

John hesitated, a brief, pregnant pause that put Sherlock even more on edge than before and made him want to dive for his dressing gown and cover himself up. "Why...are you like this? Don't misunderstand me...I'm not really bothered by it but...why are you so shy?" A single finger trailed down Sherlock's sternum, down his stomach, and ended at the waistband of his briefs. "What's made you think you're so unattractive?" John asked gently.

"I don't need any kind of external stimulus or suggestion to understand what I look like. I am perfectly aware of my deficiencies." Sherlock grumbled, his hands twitching in anticipation of pushing John's hands away.

"I don't see any deficiencies." John replied, hands spanning the width of Sherlock's waist. "All I see is a bloody gorgeous man I'm fucking lucky to have. I don't know who's ever told you that you're ugly or deficient or whatever the hell you think...but they were dead wrong."

"It's logical, John. Look at society's view of the ideal man. It's certainly not me. Even biologically, I'm useless as a virile, reproductive specimen."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"Considering the fact I'm gay there's a very small chance I'm going to be producing offspring at any
"Not unless I'm hiding a very, very big secret." John joked, trying to ease the tension in Sherlock's face but he remained stubbornly closed-off. "Look...Sherlock, you're stunning. When you walk into a room people stop and stare and when you leave the room they start imagining what that plush arse of yours would look like bouncing on their cock. Before...before we got together, I could barely keep my hands to myself some mornings, or evenings when you'd be sprawled out on the sofa, body stretched out..." John trailed off, licking suddenly dry lips and frowning down at his traitorous cock which stayed flaccid. "I'm surprised you never picked up on it."

Sherlock looked confused and opened his mouth just as John interrupted him.

"Why do you think Molly is so potty about you?"

"I-"

"Or Chaucer?" Jealousy and anger laced the small word.

"He was just-

"Or the new sergeant at Scotland Yard? Or the lady at Tesco who always offers to help you but never me?"

Sherlock looked totally and utterly baffled, his eyes strikingly pale in the lengthening sunbeams that pierced the unclean window. John caught sight of the little brown dot on his lover's right iris, and couldn't resist forcing a swift, deep kiss upon him- even though he'd promised to do nothing earlier. Sherlock was slow to respond, barely moving his lips beneath John's, and John pulled back to whisper against his lips.

"You're breath-taking. All you have to do is look at me and I get hard."

Sherlock gasped against his lips and John, taking it as progress, licked his way down Sherlock's chin and kissed the thrumming pulse at the side of his neck.

"I sometimes feel like we're in one of those bad Victorian movies...every time I glimpse a bit of skin I get so hard I ache."

"You watch bad Victorian movies?" Sherlock laughed awkwardly, his eyes flickering in the twilight sun with the temptation to close and release himself to blindness and vulnerability. John smiled against Sherlock's skin and Sherlock felt it.

"There's sometimes nothing else on late at night." Warm lips sucked and nipped at the column of Sherlock's throat. "God, this. I want to mark you up, Sherlock. I want to suck bruises into your skin and bite and let everyone know you're mine now." He let Sherlock feel the very briefest tease of teeth- Sherlock tensed, body sluggishly coming online- but John moved on, licking at his collarbone.

"...You can...what do you mean, 'bruises'? You're just kissing me hard. I don't quite...understand." Sherlock admitted, groaning as John bit gently at his right pectoral. John hummed, coming back to kiss Sherlock, biting at his bottom lip and drinking in Sherlock's pained little grunt.

"I've thought about it before." John admitted. "Decorating that lovely, elegant throat of yours with red and purple bruises. They'd be so stark...visible...you wouldn't be able to hide them. You wouldn't want to hide them." Sherlock heard John draw in a shaky breath, then. "Want me to show you?"

Oh, god. Sherlock nodded, anticipation and curiosity mingling into a heady, arousing mixture, and
he felt his prick, which had remained soft up until now because of nerves, plumping up. That particular organ apparently understood more of John's words than his brain did. "You're going to... induce a haemorrhage? For pleasure?"

"In a sense." John murmured, before his mouth latched on to the side of Sherlock's throat, sucking sweetly.

It feels rather…nice, Sherlock thought, shivering at the sucking sensations against what was apparently a sensitive area of his body. It felt like what he supposed an octopus's tentacle might feel like as one pulls it away-

All rational thought splintered at the scrape of John's teeth over Sherlock's skin. Hard. Biting. John sank his teeth into the flesh, still sucking, and- oh. Sherlock wailed, hands flailing before grabbing at John, pulling him closer, body bucking. John moaned around his mouthful of skin, the vibrations sending a convulsive shudder down Sherlock's spine, and he bit harder. Sherlock gasped when John released the pressure, a tremor working its way down his body and settling hotly between his thighs.

"That...that was..."

"Mm." John licked at the still-tingling place on his neck before traversing lower, fingers tracing around Sherlock's nipples which stood out in stark contrast on his chest, twin points of colour on an otherwise pale landscape.

"John...please...just ignore them? Please?" Sherlock implored, his arousal starting to dissipate, ready to barricade his chest with his slim forearms.

"Why? You've let me touch them before." John pointed out, recalling the last few times he'd made Sherlock orgasm, always touching his nipples as he did it. Sherlock liked it. What was the problem?

"You don't have to look at them." Sherlock uttered, gnawing on the inside of his bottom lip. An idea pounced unexpectedly into his head. "Have you heard of that restaurant in London? 'Dans le Noir'? The one where you eat in pitch darkness?"

"No." John said slowly, knowing where Sherlock was going with this but giving him the opportunity regardless.

"Let's do everything by touch. Our other senses. It'll be fun." Sherlock urged hopefully, his eyes not quite managing to hide the anxiety behind their ostensibly-bright eagerness.

"Mm. It probably would be. "John agreed and Sherlock almost melted against the bed in relief.

"Yes. It would be very fun, John. You'll like it. I'll get some blindfolds." He said eagerly, sitting up but John's hand planted in the middle of his chest stopped him.

"No, Sherlock. We're not doing that. Not this time. I want to see you."

Sherlock didn't even bother to hide his disappointment, a small huff of irritation leaving him quietly. He sat up against the cheap, wobbly headboard, and glanced around for his shirt and trousers.

"Sherlock..." John said gently, getting his reluctant attention. "You're gorgeous. There's nothing about you I find ugly or disgusting or...look, everything about you turns me on." John gingerly brushed his fingertips over Sherlock's nipples. "And your reactions..." He swallowed hard, eyes darkening as he stared at Sherlock, who had gone pink, his cock twitching at the faint caress.

Sherlock swallowed, averting his eyes, as small, strong, knowledgeable fingers traversed his nipples.
The hateful sun still beat hot and bright through the window and Sherlock gritted his teeth as the tired daylight star made his eyes water, his cheeks tingle with heat, and his confidence shrink with every second that it tainted him.

"Beautiful." John breathed, scooting closer to Sherlock and bending his head, pressing a sucking kiss to the center of his chest.

"What're you doing?" Sherlock knotted his fingers in the sheets anxiously, averting his eyes from the sight of John's blonde head in front of him.

"This." A brief lick at Sherlock's nipple had him arching against John, gasping, high-pitched and shocked. The same treatment was given the other while John's fingertips circled around the wet one, provoking shivers.

"Jesus, John." Sherlock moaned brokenly, his muscles seemingly watery and shaky.

"Fucking lovely." Came the growl against Sherlock's chest. Teeth scraped over sensitive skin and goose bumps broke out beneath the onslaught that was John.

"Amazing." John whispered, raising his head as his hands spanned Sherlock's waist, dragging his warm palms down to his hips, scraping his fingernails against his skin. "You're so pale-"

"I know- you don't have to tell me, J-John."

"It's exquisite."

"Your...excessive use of flattering adjectives is...nice," Sherlock laughed nervously before it suddenly occurred to him that he should repay the compliments. "You...you're toned...and strong, and your skin is like saffron."

When John quirked his eyebrow questioningly, Sherlock hastened to elaborate.

"It's rare...and rich...and god knows it's coveted." Sherlock explained, before squeezing his eyes shut and grimacing in frustration at his inability to express himself.

"Thanks." John grinned at Sherlock's inept compliments. "You've got fuck-me legs."

"What?" Sherlock's eyes snapped open in surprise and he watched as John palmed his bare thighs, not seeming to notice the unmanly lack of hair.

"Every time I see them I can't help but imagine how they'd looked wrapped around my waist while I fuck you."

"Oh." Sherlock blushed and his cock, trapped in the too-small briefs noticeably got harder. John grinned wickedly at him.

"Tell me what you think." Sherlock said, with a slight, croaky break of his baritone voice. Clearing his throat, his high cheekbones tinged a deep pink, as if the result of a physical assault. John wondered, fondly, if he even realised how deeply he blushed when he was really overwhelmed. "Tell me," Sherlock continued, "...what you imagine, when you think about...that."

"What I imagine when I think about that." John grinned, hands encircling Sherlock's calves and slowly bringing them up, forcing Sherlock to bend his legs, the position exposing himself- if not for the briefs. He swallowed thickly, cock giving another throb as John's eyes gazed at him. "I think about fucking you, using my fingers first. God, you were so tight the other night. I imagine the way
that'll feel on my cock, me stretching you open. And you'll be so good for me, won't you, Sherlock?" John asked, tilting his head to the side curiously. He knelt up on the bed, aligning himself in a parody of how he would fuck Sherlock, forcing Sherlock to wrap his legs around John's waist and grinding his still soft cock against Sherlock's turgid one.

"You'd be so good for me. Taking it. Begging for it. Your cheeks flushed, mouth open and panting as I took you." John ground down again and Sherlock shuddered helplessly, gasping just as John had said he would.

"I want you to be hard," Sherlock said suddenly, awkwardly swiping his tongue across his plump bottom lip. "I want us to do it properly. Like real people."

John paused, suddenly feeling a bit embarrassed. "I...uh...I don't think I'm going to be able to...again, Sherlock. Not tonight, at any rate. It's not that I don't want to." He hurried to add, exhaling gustily as he glanced down at Sherlock, gripping his knees where they dug into his sides possessively.

"But...I'm not exactly young anymore." John smiled. "But we will do it like real people. Normally. Just not tonight."

He leaned over Sherlock, grinding against him again, their chests warmly pressing together, and licked at the place on Sherlock's neck he'd sucked earlier. "And god, I can't wait to fuck you like you want. Like you deserve."

Sherlock grimaced, gritting his teeth, his lean hips beginning to grind sweatily against the bed sheets. "...John!" He growled in a fierce, desperate admonition. "This...I..." There was a small pause, and a choked sob. "Don't look."

"I'm looking." John crooned against Sherlock's neck, his breath hot against Sherlock's skin, and Sherlock groaned, hips thrusting up against John. "I'm looking at you, Sherlock, and god- the things I want to do with you. To you. You make me want to suck your cock and make you scream. Fuck you against any available surface until you're incoherent and just taking it."

Sherlock choked again, fingers scrabbling at John's shoulders, scoring red marks across his back and John hissed.

"Yes. Want to mark you-" "Oh...Oh!" Sherlock suddenly yelped, his grey-green eyes flashing open for a second, before squinching tightly shut again. "...John...I'm s-sorry," he hissed in a ragged voice before his orgasm overpowered him and he jerked irrepressibly, his come squirting hot and inconsistent into his virginal briefs.

"Yes. Want to mark you-"
Nothing Good on TV

After Sherlock's delectable orgasm, he sequestered himself, via slightly-wobbly legs, in the bathroom, where he comfortably locked himself in, removed his brand-new, soiled briefs, and had a cursory clean-up. He put on his new PJ bottoms, mentally promising himself that he would do his best not to ruin these ones.

At least, not right away.

With an ebb of endorphins and a barely-contained yawn, he crawled back into bed beside John, sighing luxuriously. He snuggled tentatively against his lover, who had re-dressed himself in a pair of his new silken underwear.

It was nice, being able to sleep beside John. Sherlock had only had the opportunity once before and the novelty of the act made him aware of every sigh and snuffle, every twitch and spasm of his sleeping John. It'd be nicer, he thought a bit wistfully, if John would hold him or...or perhaps throw an arm around his middle...but Sherlock didn't want to wake John, was reluctant to disturb him. If he did wake John just to suggest such a thing, it was highly possible John would just get grumpy about it.

As the final, scorching rays of evening sunlight disappeared behind a grubby urban horizon, Sherlock relied on touch and scent to appreciate his lover. After a few minutes' debate, he risked nudging his body slightly closer to John's, grinning to himself with honest happiness at the mere hint of the doctor's elbow and knee against him.

He sighed, breathing in the smell of John and the lingering scent of semen. He wasn't tired, didn't feel sleepy in the least, but it was worth wasting time lying in bed with John, just being near him.

Sherlock frowned. That was an odd, uncharacteristically sentimental thought. It rather surprised him.

He extended one hand carefully to John's hair and ruffled it with the tenderest of touches, categorizing the texture and length of the silky strands in his fingers. He smiled as John unconsciously sighed in relaxation and made a sleepy, redundant move to get closer to Sherlock.

Feeling brave, Sherlock licked his lips and wrapped his arm around John's body. A mix of fear and bittersweet sentiment swelled in his throat and made him feel a little breathless at his boldness.

"Mmm...whatcha doin', Sh'lock?" John slurred, not opening his eyes, and Sherlock tensed, removing his arm quickly.

"Nothing. I was just- nothing." He made to roll away, a heavy lump sitting in the pit of his stomach. He shouldn't have made a move like that, he castigated himself. John was used to sleeping alone and probably wouldn't want him climbing all over him at night-

"Get back here, you wanker." John growled sleepily, rolling closer to Sherlock and flinging an arm over Sherlock's chest. "Where're you going?"

Sherlock marvelled silently at the sensation and weight of John's arm across his own bare, vulnerable body. He couldn't fathom how people could do this on a regular basis. "I suppose this takes time to get used to it." he pondered aloud, voice stiff with confusion.

"Used to what?" John mumbled against Sherlock's shoulder, his lips tickling and the sensation was so odd and arousing Sherlock filed it away for exploration later.
"This." Sherlock stroked John's arm, hair prickling under his fingers, and shuffled closer, sealing their bodies together.

"Mmmmf." John's noise of agreement ghosted along Sherlock's skin and Sherlock shivered.

Oh, this was more than nice. This...this was...

"Go to sleep, Sherlock." John tightened his arm around Sherlock and, for good measure, swung a leg over his thighs too. Sherlock felt suffocated, wonderfully so, cocooned in John and that was...marvelous.

The next thing John knew, it was morning, and the intermittent tapping that, in his dream, had been hailstones against a car window as a T-rex stalked closer to his hiding place, slowly revealed itself to be the sound of rapid fingertips racing over a keyboard.

His eyes still closed, but with the bright dawn piercing them irritatingly, John groaned and kicked down the bed sheets which felt sweltering. He sighed happily at the cooler air over his body. Satisfied, he nuzzled against the warm flesh beside him, only vaguely recognising that it was a hip he was nuzzling sleepily, and not a sharp-featured face.

He blinked his eyes open, trying to clear them of sleep, and gazed somewhat confusedly at the side view of a laptop in his face, perched on the lap of the hip he'd been nuzzling. Sherlock had finished typing and was now staring raptly at the screen.

Rubbing his eyes, John groaned and peered up at the brunette, whose curls were in delightful disarray, spiralling in crazy, endearing formations. He smiled in approval- Sherlock looked sexy with bed head. Very sexy.

"Sherl? What're you doing?" John asked, hauling himself up and massaging his left shoulder briefly.

"Hmm? Oh, there was nothing on TV and I was bored. I didn't want to wake you so I thought I'd..." Sherlock trailed off, his eyes still fixed on the screen of the laptop, and John turned his head, wondering what held Sherlock's attention so much.

John opened his mouth to expound shock, before he realised that he wasn't actually shocked. Sherlock peered at the screen and winced at the low volume, tapping a couple of times until the unrestrained groans and yells of the men on the website were painfully audible.

"Sherlock...I thought I said you couldn't watch porn anymore." John grimaced as he heard what sounded like a ferociously-satisfying orgasm echo, tinny but loud, from the laptop's speakers.

"You said I wasn't allowed to watch it alone any more. But you were here."

"I was asleep." John protested but Sherlock didn't appear to be listening to him, opening another video and tilting his head to the side as the action on the screen intensified.

John pressed his lips into a thin line, biting his bottom lip as he propped himself up further, rubbing shoulders with Sherlock against the headboard, as he reluctantly watched the new video.

He flicked his fingers once more through his long eyelashes, waking up swiftly (in more ways than one) as the tall, slim man on screen bound his partner with thick red ropes, restraining him with swift, practiced movements. John tried to control his rapidly increasing breaths as the man on screen
moaned as he was forced over and his mouth pushed down onto the hard cock in front of him. Whilst Sherlock appeared calm and composed, John couldn't stop his fists clenching, his fingernails digging into his palms. He didn't dare clear his throat or adjust his position, knowing if he did it would be as obvious to Sherlock as an air raid siren. He could feel his cock expressing intense and urgent interest in the proceedings even as he tried to pretend as if he were only vaguely interested.

The man on screen choked on the cock, spit dribbling down his chin messily, but the hand at the back of his neck was implacable, kept the bound man forced into the position, forced him to keep sucking.

John couldn't stop himself taking a stuttering inhale as the dominant man abruptly pulled out and rubbed his cock all over the other man's face demeaningly. The man gasped for air at the reprieve, mouth open and panting as the cock painted his face wet with saliva, and his bound hands spasmed behind his back.

"Sherlock, why are you watching this?" John asked breathily, his dark eyes never leaving the screen, heart thudding in his chest.

"It's come to my attention that what we have thus far done is relatively tame compared to what we could be doing. Oh, I know we have a lot of ground to cover of even the so-called tame activities... but I thought it would be best to plan ahead, to know...things..." Sherlock's eyes flicked over John's face, widening. "You're aroused."

"Um. Yeah. A...a bit." John muttered. "...Are you...not?" he asked, unable to see Sherlock's crotch under the laptop but noting the brunette's demeanour as relatively unperturbed. Sherlock didn't answer, turning his laser-like focus onto John, and John shifted under the weight of it.

"You like it...the bondage." Sherlock murmured, laying the laptop aside and John winced. He was nowhere near as hard as John was.

"I know you're going to check for yourself anyway so...yes, I like bondage. As much as you like getting off in public." John grinned. Sherlock smiled in return.

"True. Do you...want to do that to me?" He asked, indicating the still-playing video where the sounds of rough, unbridled fucking were taking place.

"Umm..."

"Oh." Sherlock's eyes widened. "No. That's not it. Of course not. You want...that done to you."

John had to raise his voice over the extravagant grunts and yells of the guys on the screen. "It's...if you want to...it's just something...I like." John shrugged, struggling in the face of Sherlock's genuine curiosity. He didn't mention the fact that he thought taking control would give Sherlock some more confidence in bed.

He also didn't mention that the idea of Sherlock taking control made his cock ache.

Sherlock smiled, his eyes going slanted and he glanced down at John's lips. "I'd like to indulge you...if you're amenable."

John couldn't hold back a pained furrow of his brow and a greedy, insistent throb of his prick as he heard one of the nameless guys on screen screech in orgasm. "It's not...you don't have to-"" Oh, I want to. Very much." Sherlock purred and, when John, after a brief, silent debate, nodded, he sprang from the bed to rummage in his luggage for a few ties.
"Should've known you'd be good at this." John said awkwardly, as Sherlock bound his arms to the slats in the headboard with deft, no-nonsense movements. Sherlock bit his lip with malicious glee, eyes focused on John's barely-clad, obviously aroused body which was now spread out for his perusal. He swallowed and tried to tamp down on his own burgeoning arousal, which was barely hidden by his thin silk pyjamas.

"Did you ever...think about doing this?"

Sherlock shrugged. "Nothing concrete. Vague fantasies. I've always been good with knots, though. Never know when such knowledge might come in handy." He ghosted his palm down the heaving expanse of John's chest and John shuddered, gasping out a laugh that was part fond amusement and part anxious anticipation.

"What...what are you going to do?"

A flash of insecurity showed on Sherlock's face before it was wiped away by a confident smirk. "Whatever I want. That's the point of this, isn't it?"

"I trust you. Do whatever you want." John agreed and Sherlock hummed, staring at John's stretched out body, speculative. His hands hovered over the bared skin as if he didn't know what part of John's body to touch first. John laughed self-consciously as Sherlock's semi-ministrations caused his cock to pulse visibly.

"God, Sherlock," he muttered, staring up at the predatory-looking brunette in the sticky grey gloom, anticipation weighing hot and heavy within his body. Sherlock's eyes snapped to John's face and he took in the hopeful, aroused expression on his new lover's face. With deliberation, Sherlock placed his hand on the center of John's chest and dragged it down to his hips. John sighed, arching, and his cock pulsed again.

"Have you got plans, or are you just going to play by ear?" John licked his lips tellingly, writhing slightly on the cheap mattress, before his eyes darkened noticeably. "They're starting to show." He explained, nodding at the baby bruises on Sherlock's throat with a smug smirk.

"Good." Sherlock fingered the bruises, wincing a bit when he poked at them and they throbbed. The pain made his own cock start to thicken and he quickly took his hands away. This was about John, today. This morning, Sherlock wanted to please John. He was very much aware that, up until now, it was usually about him and what he wanted. John deserved to get something from all this too.

His doctor emitted a small, aborted groan as Sherlock's skilled fingers left the vicinity of his own body. "Um...Sherlock..." he huffed with a short laugh, tugging demonstratively at the tight silk ties binding his wrists. "It's getting pretty hard."

Sherlock raised an eyebrow. "This?" He asked, ghosting his hand along the ridge of John's cock, watching it flex beneath the luxurious fabric. John's eyes went half-lidded and his breath sighed out shakily. Sherlock's hands continued on, stroking the inside of John's thighs, tickling at the backs of his knees.

"I know for a fact you're not patient enough to drag out foreplay." John groaned, twitching at the sensations that long, pale fingertips were inducing. Sherlock's head snapped up, offended, and he gave John a glare.

"Really?"
"You're a naturally impatient person, Sherlock. You like quick results and instant responses." John murmured. "You're...efficient."

"Efficient..." Sherlock muttered, and John could tell a plan was forming behind his eyes. His stomach dropped in trepidation...and his cock got that much harder.

"You prefer not to waste time on redundant pursuits." John offered, his eyebrows raising, feigning indifference but showing his hand by the telling, excited pulse at his tethered wrists and the quick flicker of his sharp tongue pushing against his thin top lip. Sherlock smiled, a slow, devious stretch of his lips, and he moved closer, suspending himself above John on his hands and knees.

"I suppose you're right, John. I am impatient. But I'm also capable of being very, very patient."

John's faint huff of excited breath didn't go unnoticed as he swallowed and adjusted his hips awkwardly on the cheap mattress. "Prove it." He challenged, his dilated blue eyes glittering faintly in the grey dawn light. Sherlock chuckled.

"I intend to."

John had expected Sherlock to start off patient, teasing, but soon enough grow bored and impatient and progress to something else- giving him head or grinding against John until they both came. Something sweetly predictable. John had even been looking forward to it.

Almost an hour later, John was amending his previous assumption.

He was gasping for breath, flushed and overheated. His wrists hurt and chafed where he'd yanked against the ties so much. His cock was aching he was so hard. The morning had settled comfortably in the sky, hot and bright. The damp heat was certainly not the cause of John's slick-skinned body, red face, and asthmatic breaths.

"Sh...Sher...Need to...god, please!"

"Need to what?" Sherlock asked innocently, a wicked, pleased gleam in his eyes as he watched John writhe, his painfully erect cock jumping above his stomach. "I must ask that you exercise a little...patience, John."

"God." John gasped, tugging again at his bonds in a desperate bid to touch himself. "God...fuck-Sherlock!"

Sherlock was shamelessly thrilled beyond description at his lover's state. His left hand was planted firmly on John's right thigh, to counter the frankly violent jerks and thrusts the smaller man was attempting, seeking his climax. A climax Sherlock continued to deny him. He'd already had John close three times, taking a giddy, powerful joy each time he pulled away, tasting the salty hint of pre-come on his tongue and realizing John was close...before leaving him wanting.

Sherlock ran an appraising eye over John's flushed skin. He'd licked him everywhere, delving his tongue wherever he wanted it to go, savoring the wonderful smell of John as he mapped out his body to his satisfaction. Even though he knew John would be less than cogent in his current predicament, Sherlock thought it might be conducive to get some honest answers out of him.

He leaned down and suckled indulgently on John's upper thigh, feeling a kind of sublimated ecstasy as John's cock pulsed and bobbed beside him. Wordless, desperate entreaties sounded out in the
early-morning glow of the generic hotel room. They were music to Sherlock's ears. He loved having
John like this.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Sherlock asked, deciding to start out with an easy question. John took
a shuddering inhale and his body tensed the higher Sherlock's mouth went, begging with his eyes for
relief.

"Y-yes. That's not...I don't mean to say I don't want to...Christ, Sherlock- just let me-"

"Has anyone else ever done this to you?" Sherlock's fingertip traced the head of John's cock and
John's eyes slammed closed, his breath gusting out in a sob.

"Please-"

"Did your past boyfriend ever tie you down?"

The moment John's eyes opened, Sherlock knew that he was contemplating lying. Both of them
knew he wouldn't get away with it.

John heaved a few much-needed breaths and blinked perspiration from his eyes. "I asked him to." He
admitted, fists clenching anxiously within the sweat-soaked bonds of the silk ties.

"And did he?" Sherlock loosely wrapped his hand around John's cock.

"Yeah...a bit." John's hips ground fruitlessly on the mattress, whose sheet was well on the way to
being a thin, sweaty carpet, hanging damply off of the bed and trailing on the floor. He tried to thrust
up into Sherlock's grip. Sherlock took his hand away.

"A bit." Sherlock repeated, knowing there was a lie but unable to detect it.

John fidgeted under his stare and opened his mouth- but just as quickly shut it, knowing he'd only
say something and give it all away.

John and his ex had done this...and more. A lot more. There were things he'd done with his ex that
John didn't think Sherlock, even with his obviously extensive porn watching, knew about. And he
didn't want to tell him and possibly make Sherlock feel pressured. Make him feel as if he had to live
up to some sort of standard. Because he didn't. What they'd been doing together thus far had been
nice. More than nice. It'd been great.

John gritted his teeth as unhelpful memories of wild, rampant encounters with his ex-boyfriend
swamped his treacherous mind. What Sherlock was doing to him- now teasingly running his hand
along John's cock- was nothing compared to what his ex had done, what John had delighted in with
him...and that was fine, John sternly told himself, ridding himself of the memories and focusing on
Sherlock, whose head was cocked to the side, studying John, giving him the creepy idea that
Sherlock could read minds.

With a shuddery, inelegant gulp, John lifted his head and met Sherlock's grey-green eyes. "...Sherl?"

"What else did you do...with him?"

This wasn't a conversation John wanted to have at the moment. In another situation, his erection
would be flagging but, after being teased for so long, even a discussion about his ex and their sexual
escapades wasn't enough to make him go soft.

"Nothing...nothing much." John dropped his eyes to watch Sherlock slowly stroke him, trying to
appear distracted and not deceitful. Sherlock grinned, the smile not reaching his eyes, which were clearly vindictive.

"You're a terrible liar, John." He said, fist still working slowly over John's shaft. John inhaled, body tensing, as his orgasm loomed, so close he could almost taste it-

Sherlock took his hand away again, watching John as he cried out despairingly, pumping his hips up, trying to get friction on his cock.

"Sherlock...for God's sake...what do you want from me?" John growled, jaw clenched. He didn't know why Sherlock wanted to have this conversation now but he needed to come. He needed it. He couldn't wait any longer.

Sherlock cocked his head to the side, eyes flicking over John's face, clearly debating.

"Christ." John shut his eyes in irritation, beyond annoyed with the interrogation-

"I would like to make you reach orgasm." Sherlock suddenly declared, reaching for John's cock again. He stroked him quickly, speeding up the motions of his hand while at the same time squeezing, giving John the friction he'd been craving.

John, unprepared for the sudden change, yelped, hips brutally thrusting upward into Sherlock's grip.

Sherlock thoughtfully watched John buck and twist, his face contorted, teeth gritted. The well-worn mattress complained loudly with each forceful jerk of his hips into the receptacle that was Sherlock's heated, large, curled fist. He knew he wouldn't be able to get anything worthwhile out of John any more. Not at the moment. He'd teased his doctor too much to get any worthwhile information from him.

Sherlock watched, a bit dispassionately, as John's hips flexed, his cock hardening even further in Sherlock's grip. John had given Sherlock plenty to think over, though. From the little he'd said, Sherlock knew John was lying. How or why, he didn't know. But, he thought as the first spurts of come leaked from the tip of John's cock, he intended to find out.

John's jaw fell open, his lined face smoothing in the pure shock of orgasm, eyes wide and wild, before he shuddered violently, spurting hard over himself, and Sherlock's fingers, with a drawn-out, grating wail. After being teased for so long and held back, his orgasm felt that much more intense, almost mind-shattering. John was powerless to it, a heady sensation that he wasn't used to experiencing and a reminder of why he'd always liked things like this.

Sherlock worked him through it before pulling away, wiping his hand on the sheets.

"Sher...Sher," John wheezed, his expression one of indescribable pain as he twitched and jolted almost shockingly through the end of his climax. "Fuck." He sighed, smiling dreamily. "That was incredible."

Sherlock didn't reply, reaching up to release John's wrists from the headboard and tossing the ties aside.

"Give me a few minutes and I'll...do whatever the hell you want." John promised, chest heaving, looking almost giddy with pleasure.

Sherlock, surprised, found that he wasn't hard anymore. He wasn't even faintly aroused, the idea of John rolling him over and stroking him off or even using his mouth to make him come holding...surprisingly little appeal at the moment. As John recovered, Sherlock supposed he'd let
John do whatever he wanted. It didn't matter...

John moaned as he propped himself up on the mattress, sucking in a few undignified, deep breaths. He gave Sherlock a dopey smile before reaching for him. Sherlock felt as if he were functioning on auto-pilot as he kissed John, reciprocating but all the while his mind supplying him with an endless stream of questions he had to know the answers to.

"What do you want, gorgeous?" John asked and Sherlock, not really caring, asked for a hand job, rolling onto his back and spreading his legs so John could get comfortable.

"Mmh...it's good to finally look at you," John admitted dizzily, fondling Sherlock's shaft for a second or two before frowning at its softness. "Sorry, I thought you were...you know..."

"Oh, I'm sure it'll...perk right back up in a minute." Sherlock said dismissively, not caring in the least if it did or not. Either way, he needed John distracted. "You're...very skilled at doing that." He said, as John started gently stroking his soft cock.

Still riding on glorious tides of endorphins, John settled into a lazy, but attentive, rhythm of small, curled fingers on the taller man's shaft, staring at it with hazy, and grateful eyes, thankful that Sherlock was, for once, not trying to hide himself.

"You enjoyed that."

John glanced up at Sherlock and grinned. "Yeah. Yeah, it was...great."

"Hmm...I wouldn't be opposed to doing it again...should you want me to."

"You can do that whenever you bloody want." John chuckled, turning his focus more assiduously to Sherlock's limp prick, beginning to look a little perturbed when his ministrations had little effect on it.

"If it's something you obviously love..." Sherlock murmured, sighing. "I want you to enjoy yourself...with me."

"I always enjoy myself with you." John said, looking distracted as Sherlock was still failing to respond.

"Is there anything else you would like me to do for you? Something...you might have done before?" Sherlock asked, his mind on full deduction mode, his eyes cold, his body unresponsive.

"It's fine, Sherlock. What we're doing right now is fine." John leaned down, kissing at the base of Sherlock's cock, tongue snaking out to lick up his shaft, obviously trying to arouse him.

"You liked the bondage. There's...various sex toys. Dildos and the like. Plugs." Sherlock watched John's face closely, waiting for him to respond, trying to deduce which he had used with his ex.

"Whips. Crops."

John jerked in surprise. Bingo.

He stared at Sherlock, frowning. "What's this all about?"

"What did he do for you?" Sherlock asked bluntly, his face expressionless.

"What?" John looked dumbfounded, his hand still wrapped loosely around the base of Sherlock's soft cock, as if he'd forgotten about it.

"What did your oh-so-wonderfully kinky ex-boyfriend do for you? Sexually?" Sherlock snapped,
breathing heavily, eyes smarting.

John inhaled irritably, before responding with utter truthfulness, which he imagined would be a time-saver. "He did all sorts. We were pretty adventurous." He said calmly, his face deadpan.

Sherlock felt his heart clench in his chest. He knew what he and John had done up til now hadn't been adventurous. And he'd thought it'd been fine- more than fine, as John had said- but it turned out John wasn't satisfied. This faceless stranger had done all sorts of kinky things to John. To his John. "All sorts."

"I'm not going to apologise for having had sex with people before I met you." John muttered, removing his hand from Sherlock's still-flaccid cock, and laying back on the bed in a huff. Sherlock could feel the irritation emanating from John and he opened his mouth- though he didn't know what he was going to say- when John snapped.

"Just leave it, Sherlock. I'm...look, I'm...all disgusting. I'm going to take a shower."

Sherlock watched John's back as he retreated into the little attached loo, a heavy feeling in his chest as he realized the extent of his inadequacy.
Sherlock was fully-dressed and avoiding John's eyes stoically when he felt the faint waft of damp, hot air from the bathroom hit his skin in the small and ill-ventilated hotel room. Saying nothing, he fiddled with his phone, tapping with astonishing speed.

He pretended not to notice as John shuffled around the room, the silence between them tense and awkward. Sherlock was loathe to break it, didn't even know what to say. Where to even start. He jumped when John unexpectedly cleared his throat.

"Why don't we get out of here for a bit?"

"And do what?" Sherlock asked, voice repressive and disinterested. John shrugged.

"I dunno. Maybe get a cup of coffee."

Sherlock's eyes darkened at the presence of his doctor standing beside him in only a thin towel, the scent of cheap hotel shampoo and the heat of damp flesh drawing him irresistibly.

"Maybe." He frowned down at his phone, swallowing, distracted, as his fingers tried to make sense of the on-screen keyboard, a problem he had not previously experienced.

"Come on." John's voice was brisk, brooking no argument. "Get up and showered and we'll go down and find a good cafe." He slapped the bed near Sherlock, giving him a smile that made Sherlock feel a bit better, but not by much. "We need to get out of this room. Sun. Fresh air. Change of scene. Be good for us."

Sherlock made a moue of discontent- hating everything John had just listed off- but not wanting to argue further with him. He made to get up… but froze when John dropped the cheap towel carelessly to the floor and began sorting through their messily-packed cases for something to wear. Not finding what he was looking for, he crouched to dig through the bags better- naked and tanned and damp… feral, like something out of a caveman documentary.

Sherlock's throat went dry. He wanted to reach out and touch John, turn him around and kiss him, grind his cock against his thigh and have John smirk knowingly at him, reach down and tug at his dick. Sherlock licked his lips, visualizing it-

Then he remembered how *tame* and *innocent* such a thing probably was to John. John would probably be bored through the whole thing. He would get Sherlock off but would just be waiting for him to finish because it was so *tedious*. There wasn't anything fun or kinky about it.

The idea was enough to kill Sherlock's arousal and he stalked past John to the loo, slamming the door behind him with childish anger.

John sighed at the sound of the door banging shut and shrugged on a slightly crumpled dark blue shirt and black jeans. He crouched to look in the fingerprinted mirror on the dresser and ran his fingers through his hair which was drying into short spikes. He gave it a cursory judgement, shaking his head. It'd have to do for now. Grabbing his wallet and phone, he leaned against the wall outside
the bathroom, and waited.

He could hear Sherlock banging things around in the shower, giving vent to his emotions and letting John know, in no uncertain terms, that he was angry.

Well, he'll just have to stay angry, John thought. He can't have expected me to remain celibate my whole life, just on the off chance we'd meet and have it off together. Besides, Sherlock could have slept with half of London and I wouldn't care. It wouldn't make one bit of sodding difference if he had. They were together now. John didn't want anyone else.

And Sherlock had to have known John had a sexual past. He'd commented on John's dates and how far they'd let him get on numerous occasions. Why did the ex-boyfriend bother him so much?

John was still mulling this over when Sherlock emerged from the loo. He didn't acknowledge John, stalking right past him and flinging his clothes about the room looking for something to wear. With a surge of annoyance, John unfolded his arms and seized the petulant, flailing child with a strong hand, halting him. He was greeted with an indignant scowl for his troubles.

"What?" Sherlock snapped and before he could go any further, John rose up on tiptoe and claimed a vicious, hard, quick kiss. He pulled back with a smack of lips.

"See you downstairs, gorgeous." He winked at Sherlock, forcing a smile, before turning and leaving the room.

Sherlock frowned after him, with half a mind to not even go downstairs just to be petty. Except...he nibbled his bottom lip. If he went downstairs with John, he could keep asking his questions.

Plan in place, Sherlock began dressing.

Fifteen minutes later, John halted outside a busy Costa's, hands in his pockets. He hadn't said much during their walk and Sherlock had to grudgingly commend him on being almost as stubborn as he was. That was fine. There was still plenty of time to get the information he wanted out of John.

The two joined the long line of people waiting to place their orders and Sherlock glanced at John out of the corner of his eye.

"Will you at least tell me his name?"

John took a deep breath, eyes fixed on the back of the woman in front of him - five inches taller than him, middle-management, just back from holiday in Thailand. Shaking his head slightly to rid himself of his own unwanted Sherlockian deductions, he capitulated, sighing. What was the harm in a name after all?

"Shaun."

"Last name?"

"You don't need his last name."

Sherlock didn't say anything, content to wait John out, and after a few minutes, during which they moved up a few places in the line, John sighed again.

"Morris. Shaun Morris. Satisfied?"
Sherlock twitched his cupid's bow lips thoughtfully, feeling the waves of irritability ebbing from John, as invisible and yet tangible as radioactive carcinogens. "I'm sorry if I upset you." He said, lowering his eyes as he put on his best act of repentance and humility. "I'm not used to...all these things." He added, knowing adding a grain of truth always made a good apology believable. "I don't like the idea of you with someone else."

John's eyes softened predictably and his lips went a little less pinched. "Sherlock..." He reached down and grasping Sherlock's hand in his. "I'm not mad. Well, actually, yes I am mad but...I'll get over it. And listen, just because I was with him doesn't mean I still want to be. Okay? I want to be with you. I'm fucking stunned that I'm with you, all right? Stop being jealous of the past."

Sherlock smiled as John squeezed his hand and John beamed back at him.

"Look, why don't you go snag us a table while I place our orders. The usual?"

"And a double chocolate muffin. Let's go outside to eat, though. Too busy in here." Sherlock said, raising his voice above the clamour of the packed-out coffee shop. He strode outside, leaving John to deal with the banalities of ordering. After making a man leave one of the highly coveted tables by deducing his infidelity and affinity for furry pornography, Sherlock sat himself smugly down.

Checking to make sure John wasn't on his way, he whipped out his mobile and began searching for Shaun Morris.

By the time he had located the man in question- a gay Irish brunette in his late thirties- and started trawling through every Facebook profile detail and post, John was back. He distantly heard his questioning voice.

"Sherlock? What is it? New client?"

"Yes." Sherlock easily lied, frowning as he stared at the screen. "Not now, John." He murmured, knowing John was bursting to ask questions about a new client. They hadn't had a case in quite some time and the strain was wearing on them both. "Just let me..."

John nodded, placed Sherlock's muffin in front of him, and sat in his own chair, sipping at his coffee, content to watch the passersby while Sherlock did his clandestine research.

'Shaun Morris' was very attractive, Sherlock could grudgingly admit. He supposed he could see the appeal the man had had for John. Fit. Muscular. Happy looking. Straight, even teeth. Classic Roman nose. He was, what Sherlock was sure Molly's women's magazines would classify as, a 'catch.'

Sherlock needed to go further, though. Shaun's Facebook posts were telling, but nowhere near as informative as he would have liked.

"Well?" John asked, nicking a wedge of Sherlock's muffin. "Tell me."

"Mm...appears to be an open and shut theft. Maid." Only lies had details, Sherlock cautioned himself, being as vague as possible. "They're sending me the photos right now and then I'll..." Sherlock deliberately trailed off, as if he were deep in thought, and John took it as read and stayed quiet.

Shaun's Facebook password was highly unimaginative and in less than a minute Sherlock was in his private pages, opening up his full contact list and scanning his chats.

"Listen, sorry if I was a bit...off, earlier." John murmured, tentatively resting his hand upon Sherlock's knee and squeezing gently. "Do you...need me to do anything?" he asked, with a demonstrative nod towards the phone, the current focus of the detective's attention.
"No..." Shaun had a new boyfriend, Robert, and the two of them were very graphic in their chats. Sherlock opened the picture of his penis Shaun had sent Robert, scrutinizing it carefully. It was childish and puerile but Sherlock couldn't help the curl of satisfaction that his cock was thicker than Shaun's.

He pondered the various terms Shaun and his boyfriend used between them, complete with giggly emoticons and capitalized "LOL's" Some of them Sherlock had never even heard of-

Felching? Edging? Sounding? Figging?

Had Shaun done all those things with John, too? Were one of those…things (sexual positions? Need more data) something John loved, something that made him go rock hard in less than a second at the barest suggestion of- like the bondage had earlier?

Sherlock kept scrolling down the chat, a heavy feeling settling in his chest the more he read, when a certain exchange caught his eye.

'can't wait to see you 2nite. want to fuck those slick thighs until you're begging me to let you cum.'

He frowned, head tilting to the side like a confused puppy. How would one have sex with someone's thighs? There wasn't an orifice to penetrate there...? He quickly opened a new browser tab and googled it, not knowing what to expect.

The results were….acceptable.

More than acceptable.

Sherlock swallowed heavily, sudden arousal swamping his body and making his pupils dilate as he thought of it. Intercrural sex. His eyes darted over to John who was leaning back in his chair, unaware of Sherlock's activities, staring at the other diners as he waited for Sherlock to be finished.

Sherlock would be above him, slicking up the insides of John's thighs, smoothing over the sensitive flesh with the added glide of lubricant. He'd avoid John's cock- of course he would, not yet, too soon- and tell him to hold his legs together so he could fuck them. And John would as Sherlock pumped in and out between them, his cock sliding against John's perineum-

"Listen, John...I- I know you said I wasn't allowed to, b-but I...I saw some things. Online. And since we have nothing on, perhaps..." Sherlock opened his mouth to enunciate further, but then blushed and fell awkwardly silent.

"I thought you had a case just now."

"It was open and shut, as I said." Sherlock heard John shift in his seat, knowing he was intrigued. "And it's not that I don't love what we're doing together but...this is a rather odd request."

John licked his lips. Definitely intrigued. "What is it?"

"I was wondering...perhaps...if you wouldn't mind...I could...f-fuck your th-thighs."

The murmuring, sinfully-deep baritone affected John more than he cared to acknowledge, and he clenched his fists under the grubby table. Students, and businesspeople, and tourists and children strolled by in hasty droves as he considered his response. "Is that what you want?" He asked quietly, his hands itching to settle possessively between Sherlock's slim, strong legs.

"Yes."
John could see the pulse at the side of Sherlock's neck leaping, his eyes dark and dilated. Fuck. "Yeah. Sure." He smiled. "Of course you can."

Sherlock stood and began hastily gathering their things. John didn't protest, suddenly just as eager as Sherlock to get back to their hotel room.

Sherlock, predictably, seized the cheap curtains and nudged them closed as soon as they entered the room, to ensure the bright morning sunshine wouldn't taint the proceedings.

"John, please undress me." He asked bravely, breathing heavily, long fingers clenching into frantic fists at the request.

"You...want me to undress you?" John asked and, when Sherlock nodded, curls bobbing in the dark of the room, John bit out a soft curse. He crossed the room in three quick strides, tugging Sherlock's head down with one hand and sealing their lips together, and with the other one easily sliding the buttons of Sherlock's shirt apart. There was a faint, choked noise that could have been misconstrued as discomfort if Sherlock's erection hadn't been nudging politely against John's stomach.

"God, just look at you." John breathed as Sherlock's shirt dropped soundlessly to the floor. Sherlock made a faint moue of disagreement but did nothing to stop John when he, kissing at Sherlock's neck and sucking what Sherlock hoped would be another livid bruise against his skin, used both his hands to tug at and undo Sherlock's belt.

It was a matter of seconds before John adjusted his position and nuzzled and sucked at the beautiful red bruises that were already adorning Sherlock's previously flawless throat. He revelled in the memory of instigating them and the shuddery, breathless noises Sherlock had made as he antagonised them with a hungry tongue. He palmed Sherlock's hard prick through his trousers, teasing him with the pressure, loving the way Sherlock's hips rocked against him, seeking more, and the hungry little moan that echoed in the back of his throat.

"I need to get to bed." Sherlock whispered, his pale, dilated eyes flicking over John's shoulder to the lumpy hotel bed. His slim hips pumped unconsciously, needily, against John's steady hand.

"Fuck, yes." John muttered nonsensically, stripping off Sherlock's trousers and thumbing down the waistband of his pants so he could reach and grasp Sherlock's prick. Twitching at the touch, Sherlock took a small step back from his doctor, making no effort to cover himself up. Instead, he soberly removed his shoes, socks, trousers, and every strip of fabric barricading him from John.

It was gratifying- highly gratifying- the sound John made when Sherlock stepped further back, fully baring himself to John's perusal, before taking a few cautious steps toward the bed.

"You have a great arse." John muttered and it sounded so crude coming from him, as if it were something Sherlock would hear passing by a rowdy construction site, that his cock twitched, hardening even further. "I can't wait until you let me bite it."

Shit. Sherlock began to feel uncertain as his imagination offered him images of Shaun hearing the exact same phrases from John, receiving the exact same treatment. His own insecurities were, however, battling with the carnal, animalistic need to get off soon…and get off hard.

The little research he'd done at the cafe hadn't prepared him for the logistics of arranging John in the position he wanted him in and in the end, it was John who did most of the work. Grinning wolfishly, he arranged himself, naked, on all fours in front of Sherlock on the bed, handing him the bottle of
lube with raised eyebrows.

"Oh," Sherlock enunciated feebly, literally not knowing what to say as he bit his lip and let out a soft, overwhelmed moan at the sight of John, open and ready in front of him. He laid one hand on John's thigh, feeling a little short of breath. "...Can I?"

"Mmm." John moaned in agreement, dropping down onto his elbows and Sherlock shakily opened the bottle of lube and poured a large amount onto his palm, sliding the slick fluid along John's inner thigh, first one and then the other, huffing at the feel of coarse hair beneath his sensitive palm. John groaned and Sherlock watched his cock twitch in front of him before John crossed his legs at the calves, hooking his ankles together and creating a tight place for Sherlock to fuck...if he could make himself do it.

"Oh...Jesus, John..." Sherlock was audibly agitated, his deep voice breaking, and physically anxious. The fingertips that were grasping John's hips too hard, pulsed with a frantic heartbeat. "I've never...This..." he stuttered self-consciously.

"You're doing fine, love. It's not hard, Sherlock, just get a bit closer...yeah, like that. And then..." John moaned at the first brush of Sherlock's hot prick against his thighs, sliding along the seam where they were pressed together before the head dipped inside.

Sherlock, for his part, choked, overwhelmed. It was incredibly tight. John's thighs hugged around his cock in a silken, wet grip that made his pulse pound and spots dance in front of his eyes.

"John...John!" Sherlock uttered, panicked. "John, it's tight! Feels..." he trailed off before gasping, the muscles of his backside clenching and twitching as he gritted his teeth and tried to fight the orgasm that was surging through his body.

"Fuck." John rocked back against Sherlock, pushing him deeper into the crease of his thighs, his prick sliding wetly along his skin. Sherlock felt the head of his cock nudge against the underside of John's testicles, a teasing softness- John gasped- and pure, thoughtless lust took over Sherlock's conscious Mind Palace. It replaced structured rooms, cogent inhabitants, and logical information with a red, liquid flood that both terrified and thrilled him. Sherlock gripped John's hips in his hands, unleashing a flurry of pounding, punishing thrusts.

Throwing his head back, curls damp and wilting across his pale forehead, Sherlock grimaced, his face crinkling sharply, jaw becoming slack as he experienced the turbulent tremors that indicated his imminent orgasm. His fingernails dug deeply into John's hips as he snapped his own, selfishly chasing his pleasure.

"Oh," He managed to gasp out, hips stuttering as his cock pulsed, growing impossibly harder between John's thighs. "Oh, J-" Sherlock's orgasm crashed over him and he jerked against John, crying out incoherently as his come spurted between his thighs, each pulse of his cock encased in the constricted grip, an almost agonizing pleasure.

John braced himself awkwardly against the cheap headboard as Sherlock's considerable weight ground against him, his baritone yells piercing his ears, and large hands squeezing his hips viciously. Closing his eyes and enduring the violent rocking of Sherlock's aftershocks between his sticky thighs, John rode out the detective's climax wordlessly, He was rather surprised Sherlock had come that quickly. Even if it were the first time they were doing this, he'd expected Sherlock to last a bit longer. Not that it mattered, John thought with a fond smile. He could feel Sherlock shuddering behind him, his body an almost dead weight against him, and warm semen was running down his thighs. Sherlock had obviously enjoyed himself and that, John thought with a wince as Sherlock finally let go of his grip on John's hips, was what mattered.
In a surprising action, Sherlock collapsed on the bed- not John as he'd been expecting- and dragged John towards his mouth for a greedy kiss. John chuckled at Sherlock's lazy enthusiasm, lowering himself onto the bed and kissing him back.

"Enjoyed that, then?"

Sherlock's eyes fluttered open, his cheeks flushed a very becoming pink from his orgasm, and John couldn't help grinning. "John." Sherlock heaved in a sumptuous, breathless voice, his pale chest expanding and deflating with a rapid rhythm. "That was the best sex I've ever had."

"The best?" John asked teasingly, pulling away as if he were offended. "Even better than when I sucked you off the first time?"

"Of course, that was wonderful. I didn't say..." Sherlock began, then observed the twinkling of John's eye and the grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Oh. You're teasing me."

"Yeah." John laughed, raising up and hunting around in the sheets for something. "And now...if you wouldn't mind, love, I'd really like to get off, too. And," He added, giving Sherlock a devious look. "I'd like to do the same to you."

"Have you done this before?"

John, in the process of rearranging Sherlock's dead-weight legs, folding his body into an odd but not uncomfortable angle, kept his eyes averted. He lifted Sherlock's slim legs over his good shoulder. "Enough to be getting on with- what did you do with the lube, Sherl? Ah- here it is." He held the bottle aloft. "You'll have to squeeze your thighs together for me. Tighter than that, remember how I did for you?"

Sherlock dutifully clamped his thighs together, crossing his ankles, mimicking John's earlier actions. He bit his bottom lip, feeling exposed. "Is this alright?"

John's hands smoothed down his legs, eyes dark and hot against his skin. "Y-yeah. That's perfect, Sherlock." He murmured, throat bobbing as he swallowed. "Perfect. Is it...is this alright for you? I didn't ask...I just assumed you wouldn't care-"

"It's fine." Sherlock shuffled on the bed as John applied lube to his thighs, slicking it between them and licking his lips as he did, watching, entranced, as his hand disappeared between Sherlock's thighs.

"God, that...That's..." Sherlock winced a little as John's hands ghosted past a certain sensitive part of his anatomy. "Where do you want to come?" He asked abruptly, before feeling John pause with obvious curiosity.

"Where do you want me to come?" John asked, removing his hand and kneeling up.

"Somewhere you liked with..." Sherlock cleared his throat. "...Somewhere you like. Wherever you like."

"Wherever I like?" John pursed his lips, staring speculatively at Sherlock's body and Sherlock watched John's eyes flick around his form, trying to deduce from his gaze which places he had come on Shaun by the ones that held appeal to him on Sherlock.

"How about...here?" John asked, fingers tracing above Sherlock's patch of dark, curly hair around his now soft cock. "Would that be ok?"
Sherlock supposed. It was rather tame, not what he'd been expecting, and with a sinking feeling he realized why: John didn't want to push him. He still thought of Sherlock as breakable.

"I'll make it better than him." Sherlock murmured, rolling his hips enticingly. "Talk me through it."

"What did you say?" John frowned but Sherlock tugged at John's hips, urging him forward, and John pressed against him with a relieved sigh, his cock easily slipping between the slick skin with a soft, wet noise.

"Not much to talk through." He said breathlessly, eyes closing as he circled his hips slowly. "Just...keep your legs tight together...Ahhh...g-god."

"How does it feel?" Sherlock demanded, his eyes bright, the languidness and fuzziness of his orgasm ebbing swiftly, and his intense gaze now entirely focussed and uninhibited by the soporific effect of his climax.

"Good." John replied breathlessly. "Great. Fucking fantastic." His hips moved in smooth, measured thrusts, rubbing his cock slowly against Sherlock. His mouth fell open in a soundless moan, head falling back as his pace effortlessly picked up.

"You look..." Sherlock gnawed on his bottom lip as his doctor slowly, erotically pushed his swollen cock between the tight vessel of his legs. He winced as he felt the redundant twitch of his shaft expressing its fruitless interest in the situation. He stared up at John, watching as he started thrusting faster, the hardness of his cock between Sherlock's legs strangely erotic, very intimate, much more so than anything else they'd done. John was using a part of his body to find his pleasure and Sherlock, throat clogged in arousal, watched raptly.

John was pacing himself admirably, even as he was clearly experiencing rapidly-increasing sensations of pleasure. His long eyelashes dusted his cheeks as his eyes closed, a furrow of concentration intensely marking his forehead. "Oh," John began to enunciate shakily, hips bucking harder, but slower, wanting to draw this out. "Sh...Sh...oh...god."

Sherlock's heart thudded in his chest, sudden dread swamping him as he waited for John to finish his words. What had he been about to say? Sherlock...or Shaun?

John's eyes were still closed. Was he fantasizing about Shaun? Remembering the last time he'd done this with his ex-lover? Was Sherlock not doing it right, was so repulsive that John had to pretend he was someone else? Was that what John had been doing the whole time?

John bit his bottom lip and halted for a second, gasping inelegantly, his eyes still tightly closed. "Don't want to come too soon." He admitted, panting. A stab of envy went through Sherlock's chest at John's self-control and he glared up at the other man, trying to read what was doing through his mind from the little twitches in his face.

"Sh..fuck..." John grasped Sherlock's thighs, pressing them even closer together, sandwiching his cock hotly between them, and starting thrusting again, the pulse jumping erratically at the side of his throat. He groaned faintly, a few tiny beads of sweat decorating his brow, and he slowed his thrusts once more, relishing the tight heat of Sherlock's clenched thighs. "Oh, god...Sh..So good...tight...like I'm..." John babbled breathlessly.

"Like you're what?" Sherlock asked, wanting- needingleadership- John to say his name, to prove him wrong that he wasn't thinking of Shaun. Surely...please...he wasn't.

John hissed out a desperate groan, his voice catching in his strained throat. "...Like I'm inside you."
He was clearly struggling to restrain himself as the muscles of his arms, legs, and stomach twitched tellingly. "I really want to be."

Oh. Oh, John was staring at him, not through him, really seeing him and Sherlock gasped helplessly as John, still holding eye contact, seamlessly moved his hips. "I want you inside me." Sherlock whispered and John's hips stuttered.

"Oh, fuck...Sherlock..." He heaved out a grunt, teeth gritted, and eyes closed, and shuddered. Damp, eager hips pumped against the delicious receptacle that was Sherlock's sweat-heated, tight thighs. "Close...tell me..." John managed to utter, on the absolute edge of ecstasy.

"T-tell you what?" Sherlock found his voice, hoarse and overwrought. "What do you need?"

"Tell me...how you want me inside you." John seized every breath he could like it might be his last, as he began to pound between Sherlock's thighs desperately, eyes drunken and his thrusts practically mindless as he sought his climax. Sherlock swallowed down his discomfort over saying those words and managed to pant.

"I do. I want you inside me. I...I want you..." He drew a blank and frantically wracked his mind for something else to say, something daring, something Shaun might have said- Then he remembered the Facebook chat from earlier and grasped onto the crude phrase he'd read. "I- I want you to wreck my arse."

John frowned and his eyes opened briefly, before he squinched them shut again, gasping out a few words. "Sherlock...I'm nearly there..." He took a few seconds to suck in a couple of much-needed lungfuls of oxygen, his skin painted with a sweet sheen of sweat. "Just...no porn phrases, yeah?"

"Not a porn phrase." Sherlock staunchly defended himself, face flushing at being almost discovered. "I want you to...to thrust into my arse hard. Very hard. Like- like that, John." He moaned a bit theatrically as John, huffing, sped up.

"Sherl...Sh...Near..." John's words deteriorated into harsh curses, the viciousness of their integrity making itself known via a violent snarl and a few telling, sharp thrusts of John's hips as he neared his orgasm. The headboard of the bed knocked noisily against the wall with the power of John's animalistic thrusts. He jammed his cock between Sherlock's thighs one last time and stilled, gasping in a high breath, before moaning. Warmth seeped against Sherlock's skin and dripped down onto his stomach as John came, his semen splattering against Sherlock's pale skin.

Practically suffocating on his breathless climax, John panted as if he had just been rescued from drowning, his eyes dark and dizzy, his muscles weak and trembly. He slumped down against Sherlock without thinking, bending his legs further back until they touched his chest before Sherlock made a noise of protest and John apologetically lowered them.

"Christ. That was amazing." He giggled, kissing Sherlock lazily, breaths huffing hot and damp against Sherlock's cheek. "What made you want to do this? I mean, I'm glad you did- fuck, am I glad..."

"It seemed...fairly logical...seeing as I can't...last through real penetration." Sherlock murmured sulkily. John had lasted ten times as long as he had during intercrural sex and the shame was still fresh in Sherlock's mind from the one time they'd tried- disastrously- penetrative sex. Sherlock was sure Shaun had been able to last much longer. That, and he'd doubtlessly had a much more...imaginative mind.

"Sherlock," John muttered tiredly, still shuddering faintly from the endorphin rush of his orgasm.
"Do me a favour?"

"What?"

"Shut up, stop thinking, and snog me."

Sherlock laughed, startled, and for the moment pushed the repulsive, horrid thoughts from his mind. He devoted himself to the task of kissing John, sliding his tongue between his lips for John to suck on. This did, however, require further thought.

"Sherlock...I really can't put this off any more. It's starting to piss me off." John confessed a few minutes later. Sherlock, whose mind had been whirring away, wanting to go and retrieve his mobile so he could further research Shaun, tensed.

"What?"

"I can't stand you dwelling on me and Shaun. I can practically taste your jealousy, and it's fucking bitter. If you've got questions you want to ask...just get them all out of the way now so we can get over this."

Sherlock frowned, wondering if this were a trap. John had been reluctant earlier to discuss his sexual past with Shaun (even in his head Sherlock winced in disgust at the name) and now...now he wanted to talk about it?

"What makes you think I want to know?" Sherlock tried to sound nonchalant, doing his best to appear as if he weren't dying to know everything Shaun and John had done together.

"Because I'm not as dense as you think. And you're not as good as cloaking your emotions as you would like to believe. I'll tell you what you want to know. Because I know you want to know it. So let's just get it over and done with."

"How long were the two of you dating? What were the circumstances of your separation? How often, on average, did the two of you engage in sexual relations? When did the sexual side of your relationship begin? Was he a one-night stand- how did everything develop?" Sherlock took a deep breath, poised to ask more questions before John stopped him.

"One at a time, yeah? Um...We were...intimate for about eighteen months. On and off. We weren't exclusive. By any stretch of the imagination." Not remembering Sherlock's other questions, he shrugged helplessly. "He moved away after we both left the army. I might have stayed with him, if he hadn't...you know."

"He broke the relationship off." Sherlock slipped into analytical mode, ignoring John's flinch at the bald, painful facts of his past relationship laid bare. "He didn't like your cane. The limp. You weren't the same person you used to be after you were injured, the person he was familiar with."

"...Yeah. I was damaged." John said quietly. "Makes sense, doesn't it?"

"You weren't able to engage in the kinky types of sexual activity he wanted." Sherlock blinked, derailed in his deductions, and swivelled his head to stare at John. "You weren't damaged. He...He shouldn't have...I'm glad he left you."

John snorted. "Ta, Sherlock."
"No...I mean..." Sherlock struggled to find the words, edging closer to John. "I got to have you...then."

"How far would you go to protect me?" John asked out of the blue, gnawing on his thin bottom lip.

"I'd give my life for you." Sherlock answered truthfully, wondering where John was going with this, what bearing it had on their conversation-

"Kiss me. Please?"

Sherlock eagerly obliged, rolling onto his side and into John's arms, sloting their lips together and feeling John relax against him.

Without his consent, John's brain insisted on furnishing his mind's eye with colourful memories of Shaun, and their time together, in super-high definition and surround sound. Wincing unconsciously into the fervent kiss, he guiltily allowed a few of them to play out in full.
Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the slow update! Real life has really hit me (starry) hard. Also, John isn't exactly fantasizing about his ex while he's with Sherlock. Maybe we didn't make that clear. We were trying to set up this chapter as a flashback so... Enjoy :D

John stripped on the periphery of the communal barracks shower room, brazenly shedding his clothes and neatly folding them so they wouldn't touch the ground. The soldiers' shower room smelled like piss and looked even worse. They were more likely to get even dirtier attempting their ablutions (or, worse, catch cholera), but there weren't other choices for getting clean and John was sticky and exhausted. He just wanted the soothing sensation of cool water on his dehydrated, sunburnt skin.

The idea of a shower, even one with barely any water pressure and tepid water, made him almost ache with want and he hurriedly shucked off the rest of his clothing. It'd been a long day. Over ten soldiers had been brought in with heat stroke, dehydration (drinking too much clandestine alcohol and not enough water), and one with an injury he'd blushingly refused to disclose, instead waiting until John closed the thin curtains around them before dropping his trousers and turning around.

John had dealt with the injury as professionally as he could, but despite hearing all kinds of horror stories in medical school, he'd never expected to experience a self-pleasuring penetration so...bizarre. To be honest, he had better things to do. Unwanted, the memory of gathering hot, red slippery handfuls of intestines in his fingers and trying to gently yet forcefully re-insert them into an unnaturally-pale abdomen where they belonged assaulted him. John could almost feel himself gritting his teeth again and trying to focus through the pulse of terrifying adrenaline and panicked tears.

He wasn't going to think of that now, he sternly resolved. He was going to have a nice, relaxing wash and not remember the young man from yesterday. The young man- too young to be dying-whose hand he'd helplessly held as he slipped away after John's best efforts-

No. He wasn't doing that.

Giving himself a shake, John strode into the shower room, jaw clenched.

He didn't bother to hide his grin at seeing a young Irish man he recognised immediately. Shaun had trained with John at Bart's and didn't notice John enter the room. He was turned away from John, head lowered under the lukewarm water, one strong hand propped against the mildewed wall.

"That tattoo still looks like shit, good luck trying to wash it off." John teased, raising his voice over the running water and Shaun jumped, his head snapping up and John realized, belatedly, what he'd been doing.

It seemed taking a shower wasn't the only way to unwind.

"Oh. Sorry about that." He cleared his throat awkwardly, wondering if he should leave or-
Shaun chuckled, half-turning so John could see his red, swollen erection- which hadn't waned a bit at getting caught. John's eyes widened before snapping up to Shaun's face, his own cheeks flaming with colour.

"Don't just stand there, Watson. Either leave or help me out."

The first thought that came to John's mind was 'What if someone walks in?' The door and its lock were incredibly flimsy at best and nobody ever actually bothered to try and sequester themselves alone in the shower room. His heart jumped with worry when he realised that his second question was, 'Why would I help him out?'

Why hadn't that question been his first? He wasn't gay. He'd always dated women and fucking loved it. He'd never looked twice at a guy. The thought of helping Shaun jack himself off shouldn't intrigue him. He shouldn't be getting turned on by it.

Shaun smirked, his eyes traveling up and down John's body, lingering on his half-hard prick. "Come on, Watson. I'll do you if you do me." He grinned, boyish and carefree and something weird turned over in John's chest.

"The fuck is wrong with you?" John asked, even as he was taking a couple of steps closer to the lithe brunette.

"Just looking to get off with something other than my own damn hand. Come on, Watson, how long's it been since someone helped you out?"

John paused and Shaun grinned again, taking his hand away from his cock.

"I'll make it feel good for you. So fucking good." He licked his lips and John watched the motion with bated breath. He glanced behind him, checking to see they were still alone and then, before he lost his nerve, stepped closer to Shaun and tentatively reached out to touch his hard prick.

"T-turn away." John mumbled and when Shaun didn't hear him over the feeble hiss of water- or just chose not to obey- John forcefully grabbed his muscular hip and pushed him against the wall. Shaun gasped, making no attempt at resistance, and John pressed against Shaun, his chest flush against Shaun's smooth back.

Shaun shuddered when John stroked him, tentative at first, and his head fell back as he moaned breathily. John bit his lip, his own cock throbbing. At this angle, it was almost like he was stroking himself...except he obviously wasn't. John was firmly aware that the rigid, silken skin beneath his hand wasn't his own prick.

What am I doing? What am I doing? What the fucking fuck am I doing?

"Better hurry it up, Watson. Unless you want us to get caught."

John began yanking Shaun's cock, firm and very fast, in a well-practiced, efficient rhythm that he used on himself when time was short and a slow build-up was either unimportant or impossible. He felt his own cock reach full hardness, prodding hopefully against the sleek, hot wetness of Shaun's backside. He was totally unprepared for Shaun to rock back against him, pushing his arse against John's cock. John's hips jumped forward, grinding himself against the soft swell, and the two men set up a quick rhythm- John fistling Shaun's cock as fast as he could, his hand a blur, and Shaun thrusting back in counterpoint to John's strokes, letting him rut against his arse.

It wasn't the heat (which was considerable, sticky, and the source of much discomfort on John's part, who was more suited to cold weather), that was causing his face to redden so deeply that he could
feel it tingling. It was a peculiar cocktail of arousal and shame. This felt filthy: getting off in the middle of a communal shower room where anyone could walk in and see him practically buggering one of his mates, panting into the back of his neck while he frantically rutted against him. Shame burned deep in his gut at how people would look, the shock and disgust on their faces, if they saw how he was behaving-

"God- that's it. Fuck...just a bit more, Watson. Just a bit- bit more." Shaun panted, his hips pumping into John's hand, forcing him to go faster.

He really, really shouldn't be enjoying this. John couldn't even pretend it was a woman in front of him, despite having his eyes closed, as deep, masculine groans echoed around the slick tiles. The prick in his hand, hot and heavy, pulsed, got even harder against his palm-

And then Shaun was coming, moaning, painting the tiles with streaks of come. John tiptoed to peek over Shaun's shoulder at the mess on the wall. His stomach flipped with a strange mix of revulsion, and fascination.

Shaun was panting, chest heaving, and he spared John a half-smile, chuckling when he caught him staring. "That was incredible. Come on, then. Your turn."

John hesitated. He'd helped Shaun out, and the sight of his open, cheeky face, totally unperturbed by what had just transpired…unsettled him in a way that he couldn't explain. But he still wanted to get off. His own cock was throbbing, leaking beads of pre-come, and it wouldn't take much more.

He licked his lips, self-conscious. "Um...I guess-

Shaun took the choice out of John's hands, turning around and crowding up against him, slipping a wet hand down between them and wrapping it around John's prick. John gasped, eyes flaring wide, and Shaun smirked. John had no choice but to grip onto him in what looked like an embrace to stop himself slipping, falling, and breaking his neck in a piss-stained barracks shower. He averted his face, resting his chin on Shaun's shoulder so that the other man wouldn't be able to watch his expression as he came. Which, he knew, was imminent - the Irishman certainly knew what he was doing and was employing a series of dizzyingly-good moves that pushed John closer and closer.

In the space of less than ten seconds, John was coming with a strangled sob, eyes squinted closed, come splashing out onto Shaun's fist and dripping down between them. His heart was still thundering after his orgasm and John knew he was beet red, embarrassment over what had just happened ruining the high of orgasm. He couldn't believe what he'd let happen in a moment of weakness.

There was no doubt: that had been the best, most powerful orgasm he'd had since he'd been deployed.

And it had been with a man.

John pulled back, avoiding eye contact, and stepped away without a word. He didn't know what to say- Thanks for jacking me off? Thanks for the help? Anything that came to mind sounded horribly stupid.

He headed back to his own showerhead, determined that he wasn't going to flee, but he certainly wasn't going to say thank you for something he hadn't asked for. Particularly when it was a frighteningly-good handjob he didn't know how he felt about. He could feel Shaun's eyes raking over him and John clenched his jaw, turning on the water as high and it would go and lathering up. He stoically avoided Shaun's gaze and finally, snorting, Shaun seemed to get the hint.
"See you around, Watson." He murmured on his way out. John could hear voices from outside the shower room, approaching soldiers, and he was pathetically grateful they’d finished when they did. "If you ever need some help...you know where to find me." Shaun winked, slinging his towel around his hips before strutting off, leaving John staring after him.

John was glad, later that night as he reclined on his thin, hard bunk, that none of the other twenty men in the same barracks were snorers. It would've distracted him from picking apart the details of his encounter earlier which been plaguing him all day.

Uncomfortably hot, even wearing only shorts, he sighed and frowned as he adjusted himself irritably on the bed that was only barely tolerable. The knowledge that Shaun was sleeping opposite him, ten beds away in the darkened corner of the cramped barracks, didn't help.

John wasn't gay.

Was he?

It seemed the sort of thing he would know about himself. He'd always had mates, been comfortable around guys...but he'd never thought about sleeping with them.

Ok, maybe he had a few times, he admitted. In the darkness of his room, wanking, when his fantasies of big-breasted women would suddenly turn into broad-shouldered men...

But that hadn't happened a lot. Not enough to make him think he was gay...

Shaun, though...

They had trained together at Bart's, been pretty close mates for a good few years. To be fair, they weren't exactly bosom buddies...it was a typical blokey relationship, where neither really cared to know more about the other except what football team he supported and their beer of choice. But what he had done to John...John had a strong suspicion Shaun had definitely done that before.

He wasn't sure what he felt about his mate being...gay? At least, he wasn't sure what he felt about never having noticed.

And what did this mean for them now? Did they go back to being just mates? Shaun had said to look him up if John ever needed help...

God, John was already thinking of it.

It was selfish of him. He was just using Shaun. He just wanted the release. He'd always been a considerate lover, but he couldn't imagine seeking Shaun out just to get the other man off.

It'd be like Shaun said,though- you get me off. I get you off. Nothing more and nothing less. Just a simple sexual exchange.

Christ. What the guy had done with his hands… What could he do with his mouth, John wondered, before blushing and realising that he was actually, seriously entertaining the notion.

But...what if Shaun did the same to any of the other guys? Had he tried it with them? None of the other soldiers had ever mentioned it, ever given the slightest hint that they knew that Shaun was...was that way. For all John knew, Shuan was the camp slut, the sweetheart of the regiment, and
John himself been the latest in a long line of guys Shaun had fucked. He wondered if they all had a name for themselves, like an exclusive club or something. The thought depressed him.

He just wouldn't do anything like that with Shaun again. That was all, John decided, turning over on his bed and trying to find a comfortable spot to sleep. He would avoid Shaun. He didn't need the other man's "help."

It was only a week later when John made the fatal mistake of making eye contact with Shaun.

They were doing surgeries at adjacent beds (in far less sterile conditions than he was happy with), and John was ignoring Shaun as best he could, avoiding meeting those big, dark eyes that always seemed to be smiling, even under the most dire circumstances. But the more he resisted, the stronger the temptation became, until it was an infuriating itch that he couldn't scratch without ripping open an artery and dooming himself.

That was how John found himself with his pants around his thighs and Shaun on his knees eagerly sucking him off.

John was a bit hazy about how they'd got here. One moment they'd been talking, having an awkward conversation over coffee, and the next Shaun was dragging him away from prying eyes, dropping to his knees and-

"Ah!" John bit his knuckles to keep from making any noise. There were people less than 12 feet from them. They could get caught at any moment. He was close- so very close...

His fingers flailed for something to grab on to. The wall of the concrete building whose corner they were hidden behind was too far away to reach and Shaun's black hair was too short to get any leverage in. That was a situation John had never been in, and he was blown away by how much it turned him on, having no anchor, no way to ground his pleasure, focussing on staying upright whilst his orgasm roared to be released. He had always been vocal, and now the panic that the other guys would hear him coming explosively down his mates' throat, nearly did him in.

Shaun's fingers suddenly gripped his buttocks hard- painfully hard even through coarse army-issue fatigues- and John was done. He admirably managed to choke down his moans of ecstasy but it was a close thing.

Afterward, John wanked Shaun off, letting him spool onto his hand with a barely discernible grunt and watched, with wide eyes, as Shaun licked his ejaculate from John's palm.

John stared at the brunette, who flashed an impossibly-cheeky grin. He was about to ask some of the questions that had been haunting him, but Shaun shook his head in an almost telepathic response, saying in his charmingly-thick accent, "They'll wonder where we've got to." He promptly turned, looking frustratingly unruffled, and once again, totally unperturbed by what had just happened.

The next time was easier.

The next time, John was the one tugging Shaun into a darkened area and going to his knees, rolling on a military-issued condom (Shaun hadn't used one on him and John didn't know what to think of that) and engulfing his cock in his mouth.

It felt odd. Strange. But Shaun's choked breaths and hand at the back of his head guided John
through it. He was glad of the condom when Shaun ejaculated. He didn't think he wanted to taste Shaun's come.

How he had got in this position - literally and figuratively - John didn't know. Part of it was returning a favour. Part of it was curiosity. After Shaun had sucked him off so adeptly, John found his every waking (and sometimes, sleeping) moment consumed with an irrational obsession about blowjobs. Even stroking himself off was a hollow pleasure. He craved the wet, sucking heat of Shaun's mouth around him, watching the way his lips stretched and distorted to take him all in, and how he swallowed John's come easily, as if it tasted amazing. Previous girlfriends had told him it hadn't but it didn't seem to matter to Shaun.

John still hadn't asked Shaun the questions that were plaguing him. It nagged him that Shaun might be sucking off five different guys a day and John was just another cock on his list. They might even be paying him for it.

They repeated variations of their clandestine meetings every few days but every time, either beforehand when the very air seemed to be vibrating between them, or afterwards when they were both sweaty and sticky and sated...John couldn't bring himself to ask.

Alcohol had been involved, that was for sure. Quite a lot of it, in fact. But that didn't change the fact that, after seven weeks, this particular scenario had played out in John's head so many times it was practically imprinted on his retinas.

It was after midnight and a clear, unpolluted, starry sky shone above them, blanketing the men in a soothing silence that seemed to be feeding off of the muggy heat, remnant from a scorching day. They'd chosen their spot well: a deserted part of the camp where not many people went and where no one had any business being at this time of night. John was on his back, the world feeling hazy and fuzzy as he stroked his cock, watching Shaun kneel between his legs, eyeing John's naked, vulnerable body. A rough blanket had been hastily spread to avoid contact with the hard, sandy ground, though a few hot breezes occasionally ghosted a couple of tickly grains of desert sand across their bodies, John wiped his mouth impatiently when the miniscule grains got stuck on his lips, which he had been licking repeatedly in anticipation. He didn't know why he was letting Shaun do this. He felt they'd had a conversation about it earlier. That they'd agreed...about something. But he couldn't remember. He'd never done this before- had told Shaun that- and the other man had leered at him, laughing.

"So cute, Watson. Don't worry. I'll take care of you."

The first push of a slick finger in his arse made John gasp and arch. It didn't hurt. Surprisingly. Not in the slightest. Shaun's eyes glittered, black and playful, above him as he wiggled his digit in John without finesse but still managing to catch his prostate. Stars exploded in John's vision. In his inebriated state, John decided now was a perfect time to ask the questions he had been putting off for nearly two months. And if it wasn't, well, sod the consequences. His voice slurred as he tried to enunciate through too much whisky, laying in an unusual position in a desert war zone, and the fact of a strong, knowledgeable finger up his arse.

"Y've...done this a lot? Yeah?"

"Few times." Shaun grunted. "Been wanting to bugger you for bloody weeks." He added another finger and John's body, relaxed from too much alcohol, easily opened to accommodate him.
"Yeah but...you've been...getting off w'others. Haven't you?" John picked at him, wriggling his hips when Shaun scissored his fingers. He wanted him to touch his prostate again- not sure if he liked it or not- but Shaun didn't.

"Just...hands. Just...D...uh...Dawson."

"Why?... why you gay?" John managed, eyes bleary as he frowned upwards at the Irishman, who was, increasingly impatiently, working him open, making little noises of satisfaction and urgent need.

"Cause I am." Shaun replied simply. "Fuck, you're tight. Can't wait to get inside...Mmf...you ready yet, Watson?"

John didn't know. He couldn't tell if he was ready yet or not but he moaned and Shaun took that as a sign he was, jerking his fingers out and slicking his cock up quickly.

"Years...Didn't know." John breathed, feeling a slight wave of vertigo as Shaun pulled his hips closer. The bright stars in the gorgeously untainted sky above him swam in a brief, kaleidoscopic dance. John's world sharpened, though, at the first push of Shaun's cock into his arse. It burned. Hurt but less than what John had been expecting. He grunted then gasped in surprise when Shaun hauled his legs up, tilting John's hips and sloppily shoved himself the rest of the way in.

"Mm...god fucking hell." Shaun muttered drunkenly, before starting a sloppy, grinding thrusting.

"Wait just...just a bit." John beseeched, grimacing, the burn of the penetration softened by the ethanol buzzing in his system, but still painful.

"What?" Shaun stopped, leaving his cock buried in John's arse where it felt...uncomfortable. Hard and thick and invading. John squirmed, his legs still held aloft, and he shivered when Shaun turned his head to mouth at his exposed legs. "Need this." Shaun murmured. "Need you."

John sobbed, his drunken consciousness reluctant to believe such sweet talk. Generally, Shaun spouted enticing filth and made a lot of delicious noises. "...Hurts a bit." He managed, peering dizzily at the man above him, his own face crinkled in discomfort.

"Always does at first."

"Done this a lot, have you?" John's heart clenched in his chest even while he felt stupid asking.

"Couple...couple times. Not since...since we shipped out. Fuck, Christ alive can I move yet?" Shaun gritted out, his thighs quivering and hand shaking where he gripped John, his need to be moving outweighing everything else.

"...Yeah, just...slower." John murmured, eyes hazy as he rested his head back on the worn blanket, trusting Shaun to take care of him. He closed his eyes at the too-full, almost-too-much sensation of Shaun thrusting into him. He panted through his nose, feeling light-headed, as Shaun moaned, gripping John tighter and speeding up his thrusts.

"Touch- touch yourself, Watson. Show me how much you want it."

John's left hand blundered before gripping himself loosely, still acquainting himself to the force, and hot weight, and undeniable desperation of the meat inside him. He could hear voices far off and wondered, briefly, if they were going to get caught- then Shaun was leaning down, bending John's body at an odd angle, and mouthing sloppy kisses along his jaw, breath panting harshly in his ear.

Gasping with discomfort and impatience, Shaun leaned back and effortlessly hooked John's legs over
his shoulders, giving him a feral grin before he started pounding into him. John winced faintly but was more entranced with the beads of sweat dripping onto his over-heated chest like oil on a hot pan. He jacked himself harshly as Shaun had told him, pleasure coiling slow and reluctant through his body. He was distracted by the odd sensations of being fucked- of being stretched and used. Luckily-thanks to the alcohol- his inhibitions were down and John distantly thought he'd have a crisis fucking tomorrow over being fucked by a guy. Tonight...he just wanted to have fun.

A hard thrust against his prostate made John gasp, high and shocked, and Shaun grinned.

"There we are." John's shoulderblades raked beyond the confines of the blanket and onto gritty ground and he almost laughed at the sensation of being forcibly shoved along the ground by Shaun's vigorous thrusts. Shaun was fucking him at an unforgiving pace, teeth gritted, dark eyes desperate.

"Watson...John...do it, come." He huffed, sucking in fevered breaths, shoving one hand roughly into John's hair and tugging at it.

"Not...not there yet." John sped up the motions of his hand, trying to keep up with Shaun's thrusts. It was exhilarating. Almost made him feel like he was flying as everything around him spun at a dizzying rate.

Shaun let out a short, awkward noise, bit his lip, and then sucked in a quick breath, his slick and forceful hips not halting in their assault. Blinking sweat from his dark eyes, he hissed, "Let me do this."

John was rocking breathlessly, his free hand gripping blindly at the Irishman's tight, damp waist. His eyes registered a swift, clumsy, shocking movement, as Shaun seized his mouth in a ferocious kiss. It was like a shock to John's system. Unexpected. Thrilling. Every muscle in his body seized up. It was the first time they'd ever kissed and John gasped, surging upward and kissing Shaun desperately.

Shaun paused for a second, and John could feel every throb, every pulse, of the man inside him, the man who now bit gently at his lips, which were open with shock, and ripe for the taking.

"You feel...fucking amazing...do you want my tongue in you?" Shaun slurred, giving a playful, sharp thrust.

"Oh, god-...god, yes." John wheezed and Shaun teased him, licking at his lips but denying him, grinding his hips against John's arse- before artlessly plunging his tongue in John's mouth. John reflexively sucked on his hot, tasteless, dehydrated tongue, the reminder of the blowjob he had offered (and been given) flashing into his mind, and he started to squirm and jerk tellingly as his orgasm surged.

He moaned as he came, hips pumping up, pushing Shaun's cock deeper into his arse. It was nothing like coming on his own. This was bone deep, sharp pleasure that was suddenly too much. John hissed from oversensitivity as Shaun started a series of quick, desperate thrusts, grunting, chasing after his own orgasm with selfish determination.

"...John...yes...yes...oh..." With commendable restraint, the Irishman pulled out so that just he was just barely breaching John. His head fell back, his perfect teeth gritted ferociously, over-worked veins standing out like blood-hot cat's-cradles in his throat, before he screeched, ejaculating. He had hardly finished coming when he pulled out, got down on his hands and knees between John's legs, and spread John's thighs wide. Without further ado, he planted his mouth against John's opening, sucking hard.

"Oh!" John jerked, not having expected Shaun to do...to do that. He squirmed as Shaun plunged his tongue past his loosened ring of muscles again and again, swallowing enthusiastically. Guttural
groans and sharp, breathless gasps of air between his thighs truly bewildered the inebriated doctor. He was edging beyond 'drunk enough to enjoy and accept and remember,' and nearing the state of 'I'm not really sure what's going on but it feels alright, but now I'm getting tired.' His indigo eyes blinking heavily, he nudged at Shaun's short black hair. "Wha' you doing?"

"You taste wonderful." Shaun rasped, lifting his head and giving John a grin. He ran his fingers through the mixture of semen, lube, and now spit running down John's arse. "Mmm...how'd that feel?" The word 'condom' with a question mark floating around it popped into John's mind, but almost as soon as he recognised it, he forgot it, and he let himself collapse in drunken giggles at the sensation of various tepid liquids coating his thighs and buttocks.

"...’Mazing," John sighed, chest forcing out a few, overwhelmed exhales. He sighed, laying back heavily and gazing groggily up at the clear night sky. "Just...been fucked." he grinned. "S'good." He grabbed at Shaun, seeking his mouth for another kiss.

John was still shaking from the quick, filthy, sloppy blowjob Shaun had given him in the empty medical tent- when he felt Shaun pressing his lips insistently against his. He accepted the closed-mouth kiss- then pulled a face as the remnants of his own ejaculate were forced into his mouth. He'd tasted it for the first time when he was thirteen, purely out of curiosity, and had never found the taste pleasant.

Shaun, though, pressed forward, either not caring or choosing to ignore John's grunted protest, opening John's mouth with his tongue and pushing John's come into his mouth. His hand, forceful and implacable at the back of John's head, kept him from pulling away, forced him to take it.

John struggled but dutifully swallowed the slick, liquid bolus of come and saliva. Surprisingly, it tasted less unpleasant than he remembered.

In a spontaneous act that expressed his gratitude at Shaun's ministrations over the last nine weeks, John seized Shaun in a fierce hug.

Shaun laughed, pulling away, already unfastening his own trousers. "Care to return the favour, Watson?"

John wandered through the barracks, his heartbeat ratcheted up as he anticipated encountering the man he'd now been having sex with regularly- secretly- for over three months. He peered through the door to the barracks, not seeing the dark-haired Irishman.

Huffing in annoyance, he turned and abruptly walked bang into the man in question.

"Shaun."

"Watson." Shaun looked surprised. "Wasn't expecting to see you here. Weren't you taking McMinn's shift today?"

"Uh, yeah, I was...but his meeting ended early and so...thought I'd look you up." John stepped closer to Shaun, making his intentions clear. "Thought we could...I thought, what we did last time...fucking blew my mind." John laughed, his blush barely visible on his suntanned face.
"Oh, really?" Shaun tugged John closer and patted him awkwardly on the back. "Interesting. But um...I'm really...not in the mood right now."

John lowered his voice as a group of their comrades strode by, chatting and ribbing each other. He leaned closer, keeping his hands innocuously by his sides. "Don't worry. It's okay. We've got at least an hour. I found a new spot on patrol...no-one will be going past there again till 2. I'm gagging for it." He murmured, buzzing with anticipation. Shaun chuckled dirtily.

"Didn't know a bit of dick would turn you into such a little cock slut, Watson." He licked his lips, smirking. "But sorry, not today. I've already just finished with Jones."

"What?" John stared at Shaun in shock. He knew Shaun had messed around with Dawson - just handjobs, as far as he knew- but he'd foolishly imagined Shaun had stopped all that when he and John became...regular. They were doing it every two days, for God's sake, what more could he need? John swallowed and thought about Jones, a sleek, blonde young thing who had always come across as a bit of a jerk.

"Just now. He wore me out." Shaun admitted. "But look, if you still want...find me later. Wouldn't want to disappoint, and you look gutted." He laughed openly, eyes twinkling as he took in John's gobsmacked, hurt expression. John realized his mouth was hanging open and closed it, heart thudding in his chest with something akin to dread. He should've known better, he berated himself. He and Shaun hadn't decided anything, nothing had been said. John had just assumed.

And it was fine, he thought, nodding and forcing a smile as Shaun slipped past him, giving John a parting smile. It was really fine. They were just fucking. They'd always been fucking. Just a way to get off. Nice and uncomplicated.

John sighed, shoulders slumping, all the excitement of earlier evaporating as if it'd never existed. Sure. Maybe if he kept telling himself that he'd actually believe it.

Feeling far from horny now- feeling, if he were honest with himself, hollow and deflated- he wandered back into the muggy air of the barracks and to his bunk, distractedly swatting at fat flies, where he planned to continue the draft of his letter to his sister.

John was surprised when Shaun plopped down in the seat beside him that night in the mess tent. The dull roar of talking and laughter surging all around him had been background noise to the bang and clatter of his own thoughts. Now, the object of his musings grinned at him, snagging a piece of chicken from his plate, and wiggling his eyebrows.

"You still randy?"

John hesitated, and then flinched as a cheeky, bold hand snaked under the table and fondled his crotch possessively. He scooted away, his face forbidding even as his cock twitched. "Look, we need to talk."

Shaun groaned, his head falling forward in an exaggerated fashion. "Talk? You want to talk when I'm offering to shag you rotten? Come off it." Shaun barely bothered to keep his voice down and John was thankful for the rowdy inhabitants of the tent, all raucous laughs and yells and jeers.

"If you're gonna be fucking people other than me, then we need to sort some things out. Condoms every time, for one. Christ knows what you might already have given me," he said acidly. Shaun snorted, rolling his eyes.
"Please. I'm always safe. I've not given you anything. And besides, using condoms this late between us?" He shook his head and John bristled.

"Condoms or no more. How do I know you're not doing it with half the fucking regiment?"

"Not half the regiment. No one's that good. Even me." Shaun joked but John didn't find it funny.

"How many then?"

"How many what?"

"How many others have you been shagging?"

Shaun frowned. "How the fuck should I know? Since I've been deployed or since I've started shagging you?" He shrugged. "Nine? Ten? Maybe fifteen. What does it matter?"

It matters, John thought. It matters a whole fucking lot, you wanker. "Condoms or we're through. And no more kissing either."

Shaun sighed. "God. You're such a pansy. Yeah, fine. Condoms. It's worth it to get to fuck your arse." He glanced around before lowering his voice. "Come on, Watson. Meet me at the med tent in 15 minutes."

There was a long, swollen pause from John as he chewed hard on the inside of his mouth and his hands clenched. He glared up at Shaun and the other man rolled his eyes.

"Look, you want me to suck your cock tonight or what?"

Sighing resignedly, John nodded. "…Fine. Fifteen minutes."

John gasped, spine arching, as Shaun sucked at his cock, taking deep, strong pulls at him, hollowing his cheeks in the darkness of the abandoned med tent. He scowled in frustration that his fingers couldn't get a grip in Shaun's short dark hair and yank as painfully hard as the other man deserved. He was still angry with Shaun, furious the other man was shagging other people, and irritated that he couldn't just tell him to fuck off, that he didn't want him anymore.

Because that wasn't true. Far from it.

Pumping his hips, he forced himself into Shaun's throat, savagely hoping he bruised him, before pulling out. "Hands and knees, now." John growled and he heard Shaun swear breathlessly, fumbling with the flies on his uniform as he shuffled around on his knees, tugging them down and baring his arse to John. He reached beneath himself and stroked his cock with one hand.

"Bastard." John hissed as he pushed his rock-hard, spit-slicked cock warningly against Shaun's pucker. He flexed his hips a few more times before, panting, reached behind for the lube-

Shaun rocked back against John, his hand a blur at his own groin. "Oh, god yeah. God...like that. D-do it like that."

"What?"

Shaun rocked back again, managing to skid John's cock along his arse, and groaned. "Want it like this. Come on, Watson."
"You're mad." John looked down to what he could see in the dark: Shaun was barely prepared, only what he'd done himself while sucking John's cock, and his own cock had no other lube except saliva and the bit of lubrication on the condom. It wasn't wise. He should get the lube and-

"Come on. God…want it." Shaun pushed back again, spreading his legs. "Fuck me like this."

"Shaun."

"Just shut the fuck up, Watson, and fuck me the way I goddamn want." Shaun commanded breathlessly and John, gripping the base of the condom, held his breath and pushed inside, ready to stop at any second when it got too painful for Shaun.

Shaun groaned, dropping down onto his elbows, fingers scrabbling at the ground and gouging at the thin canvas sheet beneath him. He panted, clenching around John, moans issuing nonstop from his mouth. "Oh…oh fuck, Watson." He shakily gasped, restlessly moving. "Goddamnit. Oh God…" He forced himself back on John's cock, moaning, and John gasped, clutching at his hip.

"Steady-" 

"Don't want steady." Shaun almost slurred. "Want…you to fuck me."

"Jesus."

At Shaun's urging, they soon set up a graceless, violent rhythm. John's hips smacked into Shaun's arse over and over, bottoming out with considerable force as the other man forcefully rocked back against him, riding John's cock with obvious pleasure. He groaned, strangled and high-pitched, when John hit his prostate and John's free hand blundered underneath his waist, knuckles brushing against a remarkably turgid, eager shaft. He gripped it awkwardly and Shaun's cock twitched heavily in his hand, pre-come dripping from the tip like a faucet. John ruthlessly rubbed the head, smearing the moisture around, listening to Shaun's desperate whines as he fucked into him.

"Like this?" John wheezed, feeling his own climax approaching, surging hard and fast. "You like this?" He blinked sweat from his eyes and squeezed Shaun's cock. "Gonna come?"

"Oh god…god god god -" Shaun chanted, voice constricted, sounding feverish and utterly desperate. "More- W-Watson…fuck me…more."

John drank in Shaun's choked breaths like manna as the brunette struggled to claim each inhale, and force out each desperate exhale with a tangible, thrilled panic. He felt a fresh flash of fury at the thought of Shaun's other conquests, of Shaun doing this with all the other men, and he gave a particularly violent thrust. Shaun yelled and his cock filled in John's hand, impossibly hard, before he came, hips jerking forward as his orgasm was ripped from his body. He sobbed, shaking, as the last tremors ransacked his body.

"Fuck- fuck, Shaun!" John groaned as he spilled inside the condom, grinding his hips in long, agonising movements deep inside the other man's body. Slowly, he became aware of Shaun shaking, breaths still sobbing out in agonized wheezes beneath him, and John's heart dropped into his stomach.

"Shit." He carefully withdrew from Shaun but the other man still cried out and tensed in pain. There was a bit of blood, but nothing was torn or damaged…but he'd be sore as hell tomorrow and John didn't think he'd want to sit down anytime soon. He shakily flicked on a portable electric light nearby and Shaun winced, collapsed awkwardly on the come-spattered canvas, and heaving for breath. His dark eyes were shut, brows creased slightly, and he was simmering in a sheen of hot, stale sweat.
"Are you all right?" John asked, eying him with concern. "Here...let me get you something for..." He gestured vaguely where Shaun was rubbed red between his cheeks and plucked up a few antiseptic wipes. He used those to clean him up, feeling remorseful. "I'm so sorry." He said quietly, watching Shaun sit up with a hiss of discomfort. "Don't know what I was thinking letting you talk me into that."

"Sorry?" Shaun's voice was raspy and John winced. "You're sorry?"

"I won't ever-"

"I fucking loved it." Shaun pulled John down and gave him a heated kiss, sloppily twining their tongues together and forgetting about John's 'no kissing' rule of earlier. "That was...brilliant."

John melted into the kiss instinctively, his hands scooping around behind Shaun's back and pulling him closer, allowing himself to just enjoy the rare intimacy and abandon any thoughts for a few moments.

"God. We're doing that again." Shaun murmured, voice still wrecked. "Can't remember the last time I enjoyed something so much."

"Yeah...yeah." John murmured distractedly, initiating another kiss hopefully but with a breathy giggle Shaun pulled away.

"Until next time, John." he promised, eyes twinkling, pulling on his clothes and standing up with surprising and enviable decorum. He strode out and left John alone in the tent.
Stress Relief

John ran the back of his hand across his forehead, blowing out a sharp exhale and squinting his eyes at the setting sun, which was an eye-watering, dizzyingly hot fireball. The occasional gusts of air that swirled around him were warm and offered little respite as he and Sherlock entered the ornate gates of the park.

"Why we're doing this, John, is beyond me." Sherlock said, unhappy at being forced from their hotel room- where the wi-fi was free and his laptop fully charged- to commune with nature.

"Because we've been in that hotel room for almost 48 hours." John had explained this earlier, in their room as he'd bullied Sherlock into getting dressed. "We need fresh air. Sunshine. Remember that, Sherlock? Vitamin D."

"I could have ordered a mushroom omelette from room service and gotten Vitamin D." Sherlock grumbled, dragging his feet. He was unhappy. Hot. Sweaty. John's passion for the outdoors was a rare strike against him.

He was surprised when John grabbed his hot, sweaty hand, jerking him out of his sulk. Sherlock looked down to where John was clasping his palm, surprised John would want to be so open about their being...together. Not that he was complaining. After learning about John's previous relationship...Sherlock felt that he needed a bit of openness.

The park was at almost peak capacity, too, with numerous groups of people lounging about, sunbathing, picnicking on the browning grass - families, couples, groups of students, a few solitary people clutching books or kindles (and that was just in the immediate vicinity. The park was huge). People were traversing the terrain, dogs running around, children splashing in the fountain and screaming with youthful joy. And John was letting them all know, in a very obvious way, that he and Sherlock were together.

"Go over there?" John pointed to a series of benches near the small lake in the far distance, situated in a thick clump of weeping willows. Sherlock led John to one nested right at the base of one of the trees, which cast a deliciously cool shadow over them. Sitting down with a small sigh of relief, he looked out over the lake, pleased that this little nook of the park was quieter than the sun-drenched core.

If John wanted to do something so boring and mundane as sit in the park and watch people, Sherlock could at least be comfortable while they did it.

Beside him, John turned his face to the sinking sun, closing his eyes and taking deep, happy breaths. Sherlock watched him for a few minutes from the corner of his eye, tracing the wrinkles at the corners of John's eyes, at his mouth, the moles that decorated the side of his neck. Illuminated by the sinking sun, looking handsome and distinguished by the visible signs of his age, John was lovely.

Rolling up his shirt sleeves and blowing away a thick curl from his forehead, Sherlock scooted closer to John on their bench. He licked away a bead of sweat from the dent of his top lip and watched as the young family near the edge of the lake began to pack and make their way back to the park gates.

They sat quietly for a quarter of an hour as the sun sank beneath the horizon and the air began to cool pleasantly. Sherlock was just beginning to grow bored- *unbearably* bored (he'd been bored the whole time)- when John brought their still-joined hands up and kissed Sherlock's knuckles.
"Thank you." He explained when Sherlock stared in bewilderment at him. "I needed to get out of the hotel for a while." He offered Sherlock a smile before tugging him forward and slotting their lips together.

Feeling his face reddening, Sherlock held his lips awkwardly against John's for a few seconds, his free hand not knowing where to alight and hanging uselessly in the air. He slowly began to kiss back, eyes closing. A warm, evening breeze brought bittersweet particles of cigarette smoke to his nostrils, and he inhaled subtly. John didn't notice, tilting his head to the side and deepening the kiss, humming happily against Sherlock's lips. His free hand carded through Sherlock's hair, petting him affectionately. Sherlock tentatively placed his hand on John's thigh, flicking his tongue with growing confidence against John's.

He frowned at the sudden sound of loud, drunken jeers and cackles approaching from somewhere behind them, beyond the dense, shade-dappled thicket of delicate weeping-willows.

For God's sake, stay where you are, Sherlock thought as there was a sound of glass bottles smashing.

John broke their kiss, frowning behind Sherlock at the trees. "What...?" He glanced around, brow still furrowed, and Sherlock took the opportunity to kiss his neck, laving over the stubble that had accumulated there.

"Ignore them. They can't see us. Sounds like they're too preoccupied...racking up ASBOs...they'll catch up with you soon." He added teasingly, giving John a quick smooch under his ear, finding himself quite enjoying this 'public display of affection' business.

A few raucous laughs and aggressive curses sounded out, followed by another smash of glass. Beer bottles. At least five males, Caucasian, all early- to mid-twenties. Inebriated, Sherlock deduced idly, squeezing John's thigh.

"It's all your fault." John turned back to Sherlock, giving him a faux-stern glare. "I was a good, moral, upstanding citizen before I started running round on mad chases with you and getting arrested."

"That was one time." Sherlock started to defend himself, but John laughed and snogged him, effectively silencing him.

Sherlock, feeling a sudden, highly pleasant rush of endorphins, framed John's face with his hands and mated his tongue with John's even more thoroughly. A breeze, which was now cooler, buffeted them both. It picked up a glossy black curl from Sherlock's forehead like weightless fingers, and toyed with it, before dropping it back down on perspiring skin in even more disarray.

They both jumped as the voices abruptly sounded closer, accompanied by animalistic, drunken laughs and yells:

"Look what you did to my fucking trainers! Fucking shithead!"

"Oi, give it back!"

"Think you can get it, cocksucker? Fuck off, bloody wanker!"

"Shit!"

A smartphone suddenly sailed past them into the lake, narrowly missing a swan which honked and flapped its wings in a display of shock and anger. More deafening laughter rang out.
Sherlock moved away from John and the two of them turned, glancing behind them, where all the noise was coming from.

A group of young men (Sherlock felt justified he'd gauged their ages correctly) were grouped beneath the trees, cackling with laughter, shoving each other and stumbling about. Clearly drunk. There was a crackle of undergrowth and broken branches as one was pushed into a holly bush, before his assailant had his half-empty Bud bottle wrenched from his hands. The reek of alcohol was getting stronger, and one of the men, with a ruddy face and a tattooed neck, stumbled to the edge of the lake and peered at it, as if looking for the phone.

"Maybe we should go." John murmured quietly, not wanting to draw attention to them. Sherlock's eyes narrowed as he stared at the gang of young men now only a few yards from them. A swastika tattoo decorated the side of one's neck, while various other ones sported symbols affiliating them with a well-known gang which had been the perpetrators of a string of burglaries, murders, and drug trafficking. Sherlock had seen the file at Lestrade's behest. Not that these men were the ones who'd done such things. But they were part of the same gang. It stood to reason they were just as bad.

"Mm. Yes, perhaps." Sherlock said casually, not wanting to alert John to the danger. There were eight of the youths and only two of them. In a fight...well, the chances wouldn't be good.

"Come on." John stood just as the one who had been peering into the water had a foot planted against his arse by one of his comrades and he was kicked into the lake, followed by a few bottles flung with surprisingly accuracy when his head resurfaced. Swearing extravagantly, he pulled himself from the lake on wobbly legs, swaying, rivers of tepid water pouring off of him.

Sherlock and John began casually walking away, not looking back, when a sudden shout rang out behind them.

"Hey!"

Sherlock's stomach swooped, a familiar sensation of being caught-out running through him. Damn.

"Hey! Fairies! I'm talking to you."

John's spine went rigid but Sherlock kept walking, pretending not to hear. Taking his cue from Sherlock, John carried on walking too, though he was obviously braced for action. Sherlock heard the tell-tale sound of a bottle smashing against the bench they had just vacated, and in his mind's eye, could see razor-sharp, unclean glass clenched as a weapon in a strong hand. His eyes darted over the ground, looking for a weapon of his own, wishing they'd thought to bring John's gun. How stupid of them not to have done.

"Oi! Cocksuckers! Where d'you think you're going?"

The voices were louder and Sherlock, knowing the jig was up, that ignoring them would only antagonize them more, sighed and turned. The young men were loosely grouped together, a few holding broken bottles, others armed with just their bare fists.

"Holy fuck. It's fucking Sherlock Holmes."

At this, they all turned to look at one man with a crew-cut and two tear drop tattoos under his right eye. He looked young, baby-faced, and too innocent to have apparently killed two people. John quickly scanned the ground for rocks, and the waists of the thugs in front of them in case he could spot the handle of a flick-knife or something he could commandeer and use to protect Sherlock.

"Goddamn useless son-of-a-bitch." The boy snarled, stalking through his comrades, face contorted
hatefully as he stared at Sherlock. "It is you, innit? I'd recognize that poncy hair anywhere."

"Do I know you?" Sherlock asked coolly, rapidly trying to remember where-

"My brother. Edward. You're the one who put him in jail last year. All because of you."

Edward. Edward...Ah, yes. Edward Ferrars. Murdered three people who'd stiffed him while buying drugs one night.

"I wouldn't exactly blame me for his incarceration. He was the one who beat those Uni students with a bat after all."

"FUCKING CUNT!" The kid yelled, swinging his still-intact bottle at Sherlock's face with blind ferocity and insane speed. Sherlock quickly stepped back, feinting, and with calm and silent ease, John seized the boy's wrist and fractured it with an audible crack. The youth howled, dropping the bottle and cradling his injured wrist to his chest. His mates ranged around him, not knowing what to do, waiting for further direction.

"Get him, fucking GET HIM!" He screeched, and four of the drunker- and therefore stupider- ones moved forward, two pulling out lethally-sharp looking knives. The latter pair rushed John, and he scrabbled and defended as best he could against the men who were five inches taller and fuelled with booze and adrenaline. The rest of them soon bundled in towards Sherlock and John, each trying to outdo the others, trying to get the first slice, draw the first blood.

The first thug went down easy- too drunk to walk a straight line and tripping over his own feet. John just helped him along. The others weren't so easy. It'd been a long time since John had been in an honest-to-God fistfight and dodging knives and broken bottles wasn't exactly easy. And he was trying to keep an eye on Sherlock, the taller man feigning away from his own attackers while muttering in a low voice to them things John couldn't hear.

John panicked when he heard Sherlock grunt, saw him clutch a hand to his sternum, before delivering a blinding, knock-out right hook to the perpetrator. John gave the unarmed man grappling with him an enraged kick between the legs (not feeling the least regretful over it). Somewhere in the back of his mind, he was cataloguing the injuries he was inflicting. This guy would never have kids after this.

There were just too many of them. Distantly, John could hear shouting and wondered what the few other people who'd been in the park were doing - if anyone had called the police yet.

"Shit- it's the cops!" One of the men yelled and that was when John made a fatal mistake.

He looked.

He turned his attention away from the attacker in front of him and glanced around-

Pain suddenly exploded in his left shoulder.

Screaming, John staggered, then nearly collapsed when the five-inch blade embedded in his already extensively-scarred shoulder, was ripped out, taking with it a gushing, shocking prize of hot blood. He stared down at himself in shock, rapidly becoming numb to what was going on around him- the young men running away, the angry shouts of the police, someone screaming.

"John? John?!"

Sherlock's face was suddenly in his vision and John blinked at him, crying out when Sherlock
pressed hard on his wound.

"Oh, god. You're bleeding. You're..."

John stared hazily at the blood that had already, unbelievably, soaked his entire upper arm and was streaming in bright rivulets from his elbow, wrist, and fingertips. He vaguely heard Sherlock's sobbing, frantic breaths, and managed to clear his throat. "Gonna need...a new shirt." He laughed woorily...before everything ebbed away into aching darkness.

The smells were the same: Sterile. Chemical. Impersonal.

So were the feelings: Foreign bed. Painkillers flooding his system. The deep, insistent throb in his shoulder...

John heard the heart monitor pick up, signalling the exact moment when absolute panic set in. His eyes snapped open. Everything was bright - too bright. He was laying on his right side, facing a generic hospital wall. He heard some kind of alarm go off and vague, worried noises as he started to hyperventilate and shiver convulsively.

He was still here.

In the war.

A bullet had just been dug out of his shoulder.

None of it had ever happened.

There was no Sherlock Holmes.

None of it had happened. None of it had been real.

No. Wait. That wasn't right.

John frowned, blinking, trying to make his fuzzy brain function. He couldn't have dreamed up all that had happened...He'd not made the whole thing up. That just...he hadn't.

"Mr. Watson, what's wrong?" A nurse asked, rushing into the room and hurrying to his head where the monitors were going off.

"Where's Sherlock?" John grated out the words from a dry, scratchy throat.

"Who?"

John felt his heart begin to palpitate, skipping beats, just as it sank like a rock to the bottom of his stomach It couldn't be. No. It couldn't be. Please. Trembling, he stuttered to explain, praying, hoping against hope. "He's...he's tall...He's...where is he?"

The nurse gave him a quizzical look, checking the read out on the machines hooked to his body. "Sir, I don't know who you're talking about but you need to calm down--"

"Sherlock. Loads of curly hair. Looks like he's twelve. Really posh. Probably being a tit to everyone. Wearing a big coat."

"A coat? In this weather?" She asked, smiling. "Look, you've had a serious injury. You need to try and relax. You've been given quite a lot of painkillers and you'll be feeling confused for a while. Try
to keep still, so as not to disturb the stitches."

"No...It's...please..." John could feel his throat closing up, panic swamping him as he tried to understand that it had been a dream. A useless, idiotic dream. "It's not...It was real. I know it-"

"I don't care if he's in a closed ward! He's only in a closed ward because my brother ordered it! Let me in this instant- I can hear his heart monitor beeping from here!"

John's heart leapt in his throat and he scrambled to raise himself up, pushing against the restraining hand of the nurse, desperate to see the face belonging to that voice. He struggled into a sitting position, his fear giving him extra strength even as he winced and gasped from the pain the movement gave him, fighting against the uncomfortably tight sheets that pinioned him to the hard bed.

He was still sitting there, eyes swimming from the pain, when Sherlock pushed his way into the room, a nurse flapping behind him, looking very put-out. Sherlock's eyes immediately found John's and his worried face softened.

"You aren't allowed in here- Mr. Watson needs his rest and-"

"Mr. Watson is on the verge of a panic attack and since you seem incapable of doing even the smallest of jobs, I will handle this." Sherlock snapped back at her, striding to John, hands smoothing down his face and carefully pushing him back on the bed. John's eyes welled over with relieved tears and he pushed his right hand into the thick curls at the back of Sherlock's head, shaking.

"It all really happened. You're real." Sherlock replied, confused, letting John pet at him and sat on the bed, gently pulling John into his arms. "Breathe. Just...breathe, John. You're fine now." He murmured and John took a great, gasping breath of air, breathing in the familiar smells of wool and musk and cigarettes. He was so overwhelmed he didn't even have the energy to take Sherlock to task for smoking, he just clung tighter.

"You're wearing your coat." John laughed weakly, a laugh that held a disturbing undercurrent of residual panic. "...I thought I got shot." He confessed, before pausing, embarrassed. "How deep? How much did I lose?" He felt Sherlock hesitate and could tell, from the way his fingers tightened in his clothing and his arms squeezed just that much tighter...that he'd lost a lot.

"Let's not worry about that." Sherlock finally said. "You need to rest."

John's face hardened, and despite his physical weakness, his 'Sherlock, don't fuck with me' Look was as potent as ever. "Tell me, Sherlock."

"Quite a lot." Sherlock admitted. "It was...they thought they'd lost you a few times on the operating table and gave you three transfusions before you were...stable. " He wrapped his arms around John again and his next words were the barest of whispers. "I almost lost you."

John's eyes widened in shock at the raw pain in Sherlock's voice...and then immediately wondered at his surprise. By now, Sherlock had proved himself time and again to be as human, as fragile, as vulnerable to pain as anybody else. John hooked his arm around Sherlock's shoulders and hid his face in the warm, baby-soft skin between his collar and his ear. "It's ok. I'm fine now." He soothed and Sherlock snorted.

"I should be the one comforting you." Sherlock pulled away, his eyes distant and empty. The two nurses hovered in the background, watching the exchange shamelessly. "You should eat something."
Sherlock pulled even further away from John and one of the nurses sidled forward, ready to inspect their patient. "I'll…go and find something for you."

It was late the next afternoon when John was given the all-clear to leave the hospital, so long as he was under constant surveillance and 'took it easy.' A few texts to Mrs. Hudson had informed them that the flat's repairs were well underway, but that the premises weren't yet habitable. The effort John was putting into not limping was more of a burden than the actual pain from the deep stab wound he'd sustained.

He winced as he got out of the cab, trying to hide from Sherlock just how dodgy his leg had gotten. It was psychosomatic— all in his head— the panic attack he'd had the previous day bringing Afghanistan, and therefore his injury, rushing back. His leg buckled, threatened to fold, and John passed it off as pausing in front of the door, staring up at the hotel speculatively.

Sherlock, of course, had an innate sense when it came to John's distress, and he didn't need to be a consulting detective to see that John was in pain… and that his leg was playing up again. Hell, even Anderson would have noticed. He offered an arm for John to lean on, and felt a twinge of distress when the doctor pushed it away irritably.

"I'm fine." John snapped and Sherlock debated telling John he needed the help... but decided against it. It would just make him angry and he would still refuse the assistance. Sherlock did the best he could, hovering unobtrusively after John and steering him toward the elevator when he would have taken the stairs.

"John, it's-"

"Shut up, Sherlock." John huffed as they waited for the lift, before he bit the inside of his cheek and sighed heavily. "Sorry. It's just... I've been here too many times before."

Sherlock wisely chose not to comment, pushing the correct floor and plunging them into silence. The burden on his chest, which had descended over him when John had got stabbed, was getting worse. The soundlessness between them was oppressive. John nudged his right hand towards Sherlock's and squeezed one of his fingers briefly, like a toddler grounding itself to its mother.

The gesture was like a spear through Sherlock's heart. He was very much aware of the fact that, were it not for him, John would still be well. Healed. He wouldn't have almost bled out while being operated on because he wouldn't have been stabbed in the first place. Sherlock let John hold his hand until the doors opened onto their floor.

John relinquished his tender grip and strode purposefully from the lift, face set in a determined visage of denial. It was an obvious act. His arm was heavily bandaged and held stiffly at his side in a sling. Sherlock could see the pain every step caused in the tiny wince of John's eyes, the clenching of his jaw. Sherlock tried to get the door for him but John beat him to it, giving Sherlock a Look as he did.

"I'm fine." He repeated, even though Sherlock could see he wasn't and, as soon as they were inside, John went straight to the sitting area, lowering himself down in a chair with a stifled, pained groan. Sherlock followed him like a loyal dog, kneeling beside him and resting one hand on John's knee. Uncertainly, he uttered.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?" John placed his hand over Sherlock's and gave it a squeeze. "None of this is your fault."
He tugged at Sherlock's hand until he rose up on his knees and let John kiss him. Sherlock sighed into the kiss, but pulled back prematurely.

"Those men wouldn't have bothered us if I hadn't been involved."

John laughed. "They were fucking Neo-Nazis, Sherlock, and we were a couple of queers snogging on a bench. Of course they'd have bothered us."

Sherlock's lips tightened at John's dismissal and while John tried to snog him again, he didn't let him. "They recognized me and attacked you because of it."

"Sherlock." John sighed. "That wasn't it. They were going to attack us before they even recognized you." He grinned, tugging at Sherlock's hair playfully. "Why don't we go to bed? Hm? I'll let you...take care of me."

"John, you need to rest, not...orgasm."

"You promised the doctor at the hospital you'd take care of me." John leered. "So...take care of me."

"It's not appropriate."

"Sherlock."

"I don't want to." Sherlock blurted standing up and moving away from John.

"Sherlock!" John tried to ease himself out of the chair and hissed in undisguised agony as his stitches stretched. "For God's sake, I need this. Please give it to me?"

It hurt, John's plea, but Sherlock hardened his heart. He knew he was doing the right thing. "John...maybe later. We could...or rather I could...for you..." He trailed off awkwardly.

"I don't need your fucking sympathetic mouth! I just want..." John seethed in frustration, levering himself up clumsily from the cheap armchair, his shoulder and chest protesting.

"John..." Sherlock reached out to help him, not understanding why John- his usually patient and understanding John- was acting this way...because Sherlock hadn't wanted sex?

"Don't touch me." John snapped, face contorted in anger. "Just...fucking leave me alone."

Sherlock was truly baffled. It was barely 6 o'clock in the evening, and there was limited room in the suite for privacy. "Um...Shall we...can't we just...watch..." he struggled to remember the name of the TV show John liked. "Supernormal?"

John didn't so much as laugh. "No. I'm going to take a bath." He stomped over to the loo, leaving Sherlock staring forlornly after him.

John slammed the door behind him, rammed the feeble lock home, and abruptly burst into silent tears. He raked his right hand through his hair before smearing it across his eyes and swallowed down his anxiety and anguish. He sniffed, stifling himself and trying to keep from going to pieces.

With shaking hands, he started the taps, mechanically checking the temperature before stripping off his clothes. It was difficult and under normal circumstances he'd have called Sherlock for help and made a few cheesy innuendos while he got undressed...but Sherlock didn't want him. Probably didn't
want to see him naked.

He felt the irresistible urge to peel away his bandage and gape at his wound like a mindless tourist, circumnavigating the violent history narrated by the marks on his body. Waiting for the bath to fill, he took a couple of anchoring inhales, which in fact did nothing to make him feel better. Christ. He was going to have to share a bed with Sherlock later. While he was like that: damaged. One of the best, most intense (if, most dysfunctional) relationships he had ever had, had ended this way…and now, John suspected...it was going to happen all over again.

He felt ill imagining climbing into bed later and Sherlock turning his back to him, pretending to be tired and probably hoping John wouldn't ask for sex again. Not that he would, John resolved, lowering himself into the bath and wishing he had the salts and candles and things he did at Baker Street. If that was still his home. Sherlock would be too nice to tell John it was over and that he needed to move out. No doubt he would drop a few hints, though, once John was fully recovered. He wouldn't want to send a disabled John away to live on his own.

John suffered another choking surge of depression as he settled into the warm water, keeping his damaged arm safe and dry on the plastic periphery of the cheap bath. He heard the telly start in the other room and he sighed, leaning his head back and staring blankly up at the ceiling, mind circling around and around his current problem.

It was some minutes later when John skimmed his hand beneath the water, idly tugging at his flaccid cock.

His tongue sneaked out between his lips as his weaker right hand toyed with himself leisurely. He rarely used his right hand to pleasure himself...and when he did, it was to finish himself off when he was at the absolute brink of climax.

Now, with his dominant hand useless, John worked on different ways to grasp himself and awkwardly began stroking his cock, watching it sluggishly fill out beneath the water. He tried to keep himself from thinking of...well, anything. Not Shaun. Definitely not Sherlock. Just concentrating on the sensations and trying to drag pleasure from his body. He needed the stress relief that an orgasm offered.

His personal physiology seemed reluctant, though, to say the least. John gritted his teeth and fought to bring the most colourful pornographic images he could conjure up. He forced his fist to literally yank himself like a teenager in a darkened room, fast, and hard, and almost painfully.

He huffed out quick, shallow breaths, keeping his eyes closed and steadily thinking of sex, fucking into a tight, willing body, feeling muscles contract with pleasure around him, grunts of pleasure falling from his partner's lips- a partner who suddenly morphed into a man with curly hair, pale skin, and eyes blown wide in innocent, stunned pleasure.

"...Oh...god." John rasped, fighting to maintain his fantasy, that of a man who wasn't going to reject him because of his injury. Kaleidoscopic images of Shaun's body, his sweet grin, his openly-unimpressed grimace at John's handicap as he stared at John's cane, forced themselves into his mind's eye. He sobbed as his erection wilted, and stinging, unwanted tears endeavoured to release themselves from his eyes.
It quickly became a regular occurrence: Shaun would hunt John up, when they weren't busy tending to the soldiers, and the two of them would fuck.

That's what it was, John thought bitterly as he shoved his cock into Shaun's tight hole, listening to the man beneath him moan in bliss. Just fucking. Raw, passionate fucking to be sure, but just scratching an itch. Getting satisfaction. He choked Shaun sometimes— at Shaun's behest— astounded that a little asphyxiation turned the Irishman into an absolute firecracker. Loud and shameless and completely, utterly gorgeous.

It wasn't long, though, before things evolved.

A month later, the med tent was deserted— thankfully— after a long, tiring day of seeing patients. John and Shaun were using the calm and quiet to their advantage. The heat was intense, heavy, and dense, and both were sticky before they'd even started snogging. The sun was just disappearing over a sweltering horizon as John dragged down Shaun's fatigues gracelessly. He gnawed at the poorly-executed tattoo on his left buttock, obtained illegally when he was sixteen.

"What do you want?" He asked, making sure to keep his voice low in case people happened to walk by. It was thrilling, doing this where they could get caught, and it added to the atmosphere.

"Is it loaded?" Shaun asked, on all fours on a sand-dusted canvas, his short dark hair scraping audibly against the sharp plastic. He bit back a breathless laugh as John bit down hard on his backside, kneading his fingers just a little too deeply into the firm flesh of his thighs. Christ, but Watson always knew how to get him going.

"Yes." John trailed the barrel of his gun against Shaun's back. He'd already checked and double-checked to make sure the safety was on but the way Shaun took a deep gasp before his breathing sped up, John knew he'd answered correctly.

Shaun twisted around, his damp, red erection bobbing with not even the slightest hint of self-consciousness. "Let me suck it." He demanded, eyes glinting fiendishly as he crawled closer to John. He opened his mouth and John, feeling as if the entire thing were incredibly surreal, slid the barrel of the gun between Shaun's lips. His heart seized in his chest and his eyes flicked down, checking once again that yes, the safety was on.

Shaun's eyes closed as if in ecstasy, and he tongued the barrel of the handgun, sighing and shuddering in bliss. It was only a few seconds before he gulped down the cool metal barrel. He salaciously touched himself, an act that he knew from sheer experience could turn John from ice-cold to red-hot in a matter of seconds.

John watched the performance with bated breath, arousal flooding through his body as panic spiked. They shouldn't be doing this. Something could go wrong. It was so dangerous.
It was exhilarating.

He slowly moved the barrel of the gun in and out of Shaun's mouth, teasing him with it, withdrawing it completely and watching his tongue snake out and lick the end. John's cock strained, swollen and aching, inside the constraints of his coarse uniform. It gave a massive throb when Shaun narrowed the tip of his tongue like a lizard and prodded it against the hollow metal barrel filthily. He grinned, before murmuring dramatically.

"You know where I need it now."

"Not...it won't fit." John fiddled with the now damp sight. "Not unless you want stitches after." He quipped, smirking, and Shaun chuckled.

"Would you be placing the stitches?" He cocked his head teasingly to the side. John shook his head, not willing to hurt Shaun that much, unable to believe Shaun would want him to.

"Turn around."

"Or what?"

John coolly thumbed the safety off. "Turn the fuck around."

Shaun obeyed, panting with unrestrained thrill and anticipation. "John, will you...are you going to?" His fingers raked on the crumpled canvas sheet beneath him, knees already starting to ache from the pressure of kneeling, and salty drops of perspiration regularly liberating themselves from his hairline.

"Shut up." John forced Shaun further down, trailing the barrel of the gun down his side. He hadn't flicked the safety back on and he could hear, in the excited wheezing of Shaun's breath, that he knew he hadn't too.

"John, I need it." He huffed breathlessly, slim hips grinding inadvertently. "Christ. Put something in me."

"God, look at you. Look at how fucking slutty you are." John murmured, scoring his fingernails down Shaun's back, eliciting a short cry from his lips.

"Y-yes...fuck, John...fuck me..." Shaun shook his head, sweat flying from his forehead. "Nngh...your cock. John...want your cock."

"How long do you want to breathe for?" John was already unzipping himself gratefully, his skin burning with both the heat of the desert, and the heat of a vicious attraction he hardly dared to contemplate. Shaun moaned, dropping down further and opening himself up to John.

"Not...not long. Make it...make it hard. Don't want to breathe at all." He panted and John swallowed thickly. Jesus.

He lubed his cock up quickly, before lining up and plunging inside in one quick thrust. He seized Shaun's throat, squeezing to compress his trachea, and the brunette gasped airlessly, putting up a token struggle just to feel how fruitless it was. John gripped him, hauling Shaun up close to his chest. He fumbled for a split second- Shaun shuddered- then pressed the barrel of the gun once again between Shaun's lips.

"Suck." He ordered, thrusting into him faster, and the resulting wail was undeniably one of arousal, despite the underlying pain that seemed to taint it. Shaun flailed, one hand grabbing John's hair and frantically tugging at the short strands. John eased up his grip, allowing him a desperate gasp of air
before cutting him off again. Shaun sucked fervently on the gun, bobbing his head and deep-throating the gun's barrel as if the hard shaft in his mouth was a sensitive, angry cock.

"God...gonna come from this? Huh?" John panted, wincing when Shaun's fingers tightened on his hair painfully. He let him take the barest of shaky inhaled before choking him again, Shaun's body tightened all over, muscles locking. John's own orgasm wasn't far off and he wanted Shaun to come first. John smirked smugly when Shaun forced his hand to tighten even further around his throat, a pressure that would make him black out in a matter of minutes if John kept it up. A sharp nod and a violent, wordless screech of desperation encouraged the older man to pump with wild abandon, a slippery, delightfully-disgusting wet rhythm orchestrating in the sandy tent.

"What if I pulled the trigger?" John breathed and Shaun moaned around the barrel of the gun. "I know it's not fully loaded...but there's still a few rounds left in it. What if I did? Feeling lucky?"

Shaun made a gesture of his head that was a bizarre amalgam of a swift, enthusiastic nod, and a shake of trepidation. A faint whimper caused John to pulse painfully inside the younger man. Biting back a curse, he adjusted his grip on the gun, sliding it further into Shaun's mouth. He blinked the sweat from his eyes, thrusting forcefully into the body in front of him.

"Here we go." He murmured warningly and Shaun's hips juddered frantically, pushing back against John, trying to fuck himself on his cock. John let the situation spiral for a dizzy few seconds, letting the tension build, Shaun's whines getting more and more needy...

He pulled the trigger.

The tell-tale click of an empty chamber was almost as shocking to both men as the explosive bang of a fatally-loaded one would have been. Shaun grated out an animalistic, hoarse scream, his hips locked and his arms trembling violently as he climaxed. He clenched tightly around John's cock, shuddering, and John wasn't far behind, coming with a muffled cry against Shaun's shoulder.

He eased the gun from Shaun's mouth and Shaun's panted breaths were suddenly loud in the otherwise silent room.

"You knew..." Shaun breathed. "You knew it wasn't loaded...the whole time...you cock." He dropped down onto his hands and rolled onto his back, giving John a lazy, satisfied look. "Fuck that was incredible."

John shivered as he came down from his incomparable high, and lay down beside the Irishman, kissing him tenderly and stroking his heaving chest. "You all right?"

"Course I'm all right. Bloody...fantastic." Shaun sighed, relaxing against John for a few seconds, then heaved another sigh and rolled away. "Need to get cleaned up. Have to make it back to my bunk before inspection."

"Five minutes, just five minutes," John insisted sharply, his frustration at Shaun's continued reluctance to share intimacy almost at a breaking point.

"Don't have five minutes." Shaun grinned, leaning over and giving John a quick peck. "Gonna have to rush it as it is. Fuck...my knees have gone all wobbly." He laughed, standing up and pulling on his fatigues.

John sullenly did himself up as well, smearing sweat from his forehead. Shaun was on his way out when John grabbed his hand in a gesture that couldn't be misconstrued as anything except romantic, and gave him one final, intense kiss.
"Take care of yourself out there." He murmured afterward, reluctant to let Shaun go after what they'd just shared, wondering if he were going to meet someone else for another fuck.

Shaun winked, pulling away. "I always do."

John had been fooling himself (without much success) that because he and Shaun were fucking on a nearly -daily basis (and a few memorable occasions where they had managed two rounds in a day), that Shaun had been keeping his hands off the other soldiers.

That was until John caught him well...with his hands on another soldier.

He stumbled on the pair of them in the barracks toilets. The other soldier- Wilkins- had his fatigues pushed to mid-thigh, baring his cock which Shaun was working with a steady, definite rhythm. His head was buried in Wilkins's neck, sucking at it, and neither of them immediately realized John had even walked into the room.

A thready sigh of resignation was the only outward sign of John's crushing disappointment. He turned and left them to it, not having been noticed.

He was surprised when he was approached with Shaun's customary cheeky grin and knowing, smiling eyes an hour later. It would seem that Shaun himself hadn't gotten off from his encounter with Wilkins and he was obviously looking for John to help him out.

"What's wrong with you?" Shaun asked after five minutes of cajoling, of dropping blatant hints, and even trying to once grab John through his trousers to get him in the mood. John jerked away, not wanting Shaun to touch him, wondering if he'd even washed his hands after tossing Wilkins off.

"Come on, John, you're the best of the lot...seriously," he wheedled, "I know for a fact you've got a few hours free..."

"I don't want to be the fucking best of the lot." John hissed, finally spinning around and giving Shaun an angry glare. "I saw you earlier. All right? You and Wilkins? And then you come to me and...what? Want me to toss you off? Go find Wilkins and get him to."

"I don't want to be the fucking best of the lot." John angrily relented. "Like you said, we've got a few hours. You don't have anywhere else to run off to afterwards." He said raising his eyebrow, daring Shaun to disagree. Shaun's eyes darkened and he hit his lip, obviously not wanting to disagree. "Whatever you want." He replied, following John further into the building, away from any prying eyes that may happen to walk along.
Shaun was being truthful when he told John he was the best. He would go so far as to say it was probably the best sex he had ever had, and not to put too fine a point on it, he had had a lot of sex. He was willing to pander to John's need for sweet talk and hand-holding if it got him a fuck. And he hadn't meant for John to walk in on him and Wilkins earlier...but Shaun was glad he had as John forced him to his knees and yanked at his fatigues, peeling them down and rubbing his arse, speculative.

"Brace yourself against the wall. You'll be glad you did," John ordered quietly, and Shaun obeyed, licking his lips in anticipation. This was going to be good.

He heard the no-nonsense whisper of supple leather being pulled through khaki belt loops behind him, and grinned to himself. This was going to be very good.

He revised that idea when the belt whistled through the air and cracked—stingy and sharp and painful—against his arse. This wasn't going to be very good.

This was going to be amazing.

He shuddered under the onslaught, moaning, as John hit him again and again with the belt.

"Wait, wait, wait!" He hissed and John immediately stopped, dropping the belt, his hands smoothing over the welts on Shaun's body.

"What? Shit...did I hurt you? Should I-"

"Use the...use the buckle." Shaun rasped and felt John draw back in surprise. He wanted to roll his eyes.

"But you'll-"

"I know, please," Shaun beseeched, and he sensed John hesitating as he eyed the scarlet, sore stripes already decorating his slim backside like perverted medals of honour.

He didn't hesitate long, though.

A quick whoosh of hot, dusty air, and a thunderclap of pain and metal on flesh. Shaun winced, adjusting his weight against the wall, and glanced down happily at his cock, which bobbed excitedly between his legs. A few seconds later, he felt a faint, warm dampness spreading across his broken skin. A high like he hadn't felt since before he'd left London for this godforsaken place spiralled in his chest. He could feel John—always annoying—hesitating behind him and so he poked his bottom out, angling it for another stroke. When none came, he wriggled it, trying not to get angry at John. That would just end things sooner than he wanted when John went off in a strop.

"Come on, John. Need it. You'll give it to me, won't you?" He shuddered, hearing the leather creak in John's hands. "Fuck, you will. Cause you're the best." He jumped in shock as John's tongue laved at the red smudges on his torn skin. When John had presumably cleaned the small wound, he promptly struck him again, in exactly the same spot. The sting was more pronounced now, the tell-tale numb heat of blood loss burned quicker. Shaun juddered in shock and pleasure, his cock jumping excitedly between his legs. He didn't even try to touch himself, just let the pleasure coil tighter and tighter, leaving his balls aching and hard, drawn up.

"One more...one more will do it," He promised, shaking, his orgasm throbbing just out of reach. His prick was steadily dripping, jerking with unashamed desperation.

He pushed his arse out, wanting—craving—more and John gave it to him. Another bruising smack on
his bottom sent Shaun careening into orgasm, convulsing and crying out helplessly while John dropped the belt and rubbed at his welts. The pain made his orgasm that much more intense and he could have sworn later that he saw actual stars dancing in front of his eyes.

"Oh, God, John...god," Shaun babbled, practically sobbing, his hands slipping on the wall. He stared down with hazy wonder at the substantial puddle of semen on the rumpled canvas floor, and the hefty spattering on the wall. He almost laughed when he heard John kneel behind him, squelching lube over himself. John hadn't put on a condom, and he dizzily wondered why.

"You come to me from now on. Only me," came the strained, but no less threatening order. He hissed when John shoved his cock in his arse, back bowing under the onslaught. He was too sensitive and John didn't seem to give a fuck and that was glorious. It was what Shaun always wanted- except John was too nice to do it.

He groaned as John fucked him, wishing he could get hard again. John pounded into him, bringing down his hand to slap the hyper-sensitive, brutalised flesh of Shaun's left buttock, where the blood-stained welts made his lion tattoo look like it'd had been whipped with razor wire by a cruel circus-master.

"Answer me." John demanded breathlessly, landing another deafening, violent smack.

"Fuck! Yes!" Shaun yelped, moaning. "Yes...I'll j-just come to y-you."

"No-one else," John re-iterated, his voice breaking slightly as he neared orgasm. "Because...no-one else can fuck you...like you need." Shaun felt John's cock pulse in his arse and the flood of hot semen inside him, feeling like a claiming. He reached down and jerked at himself, wincing from the sensitivity, a few watery drops of come dripping down.

"Lick it up." John demanded as he pulled out of Shaun, gazing down at the tepid gush of his own semen that dribbled from his lover's body. Loving this new side of John, Shaun didn't even hesitate before obeying, turning abruptly and licking at the cooling semen under his knees. He curled his tongue in his mouth, relishing the flavor and the stinging hurts that were starting to make their presence known.

If John Watson kept fucking him like this, he didn't need anybody else.

John dragged Shaun down roughly into his arms, laying them face-to-face. "You've got time for me now, right?" He grinned dangerously, snaking a hand teasingly over Shaun's sensitive groin.

"What'd you have in mind?" Shaun leered. He couldn't get it up again so soon but maybe John had an idea on how to punish him for that.

"Just kiss me. Talk to me. I want to know about you." John murmured, kissing him with exhausted, but totally-enthralled enthusiasm, gnawing on his lips. Shaun rolled his eyes where John couldn't see and heaved a sigh which he hoped the other man would interpret at exhaustion and not aggravation.

"What d'you want to know?"

"Anything. What made you join as a medic? Where are you from?"

Shaun mentally winced, wondering if John knew how much of a woman he was sounding. Christ alive. But if this was what he had to endure for an amazing shag...

"From Navan. Thought you knew that? Or am I just 'the Irish guy'? I joined because you and the other guys from Uni joined up. Wanted to be in a new...scary place with mates, I suppose." Shaun
replied curtly, wanting to get this over with as quickly as possible. They'd been mates for years, but
that had never necessarily precipitated discussing personal details with each other.

"I know what you mean." John said, nuzzling against Shaun's neck. "I wanted...something exciting.
Something I hadn't done before and what not a lot of people got to experience. Something thrilling."

"Yeah." Shaun echoed, wondering how much longer John would want to talk and just...lay there.

"Didn't expect it to be so boring, though." John chuckled and Shaun wondered how long John's
refractory period was.

"You know it's been ...well, six months now..." John bit fondly at Shaun's earlobe. "It's insane that
we haven't...progressed yet."

What the fuck would we progress to?

"What do you mean?" Shaun tried to sound interested. He nonchalantly rubbed at his cock, trying to
get it up again and hopefully distract John from this stupid talk. They still had almost an hour. Plenty
of time for another shag.

"Think I might...well...I think I might love you."

Shaun stiffened, stilling his lazy movements at his cock. He pulled away from John, staring down at
him incredulously-

"What the f-"

The sudden, ear-piercing sound of a siren, the alert of an attack, shattered the moment.
Sherlock stared at the television screen, not paying attention to the game that was playing at all. His ears were peeled for the sounds issuing from the closed loo door.

Splashing.

John grunting.

Rhythmic sounds of flesh moving over flesh.

Silence.

A watery sigh.

Sherlock bit his lip, frowning worriedly, wondering what to do. He didn’t know how to make the suddenly horrible situation between himself and John better. He was never good with these sorts of things.

Things had been going so well, he thought despairingly. Their relationship had been trundling along at a nicely normal pace. John had been happy. Sherlock had been happy. Their sex life had been satisfactory for all parties involved. And now…

The detective frowned unconsciously as the fit squash players on the TV shook hands and departed the tiny court. What was squash, anyway? Tennis for people who had no friends? Sherlock sighed, absently watching the squash players shaking hands, glaring when the camera cut to one of their girlfriends in the stands, pretty and blonde, applauding her boyfriend and beaming proudly.

**John would probably be all over that,** he thought caustically.

At that moment, the loo door opened and Sherlock immediately perked up, like a dog seeing its owner arrive home after a long day. John, though, didn't even glance at him, limping out of the loo with a dark scowl, towel swathed around his middle. Sherlock’s heart sank and his shoulders slumped in disappointment.

"Thought you'd be in bed."

Sherlock took a moment to realize John had spoken - rather growled- to him and swallowed. "I was waiting on you." He said, watching John flinch from his words as if he'd struck him.

John seemed strangely reluctant to sit beside Sherlock on the cheap, un-made bed, where Sherlock lay innocuously enough (at least he thought so) on the covers, fully-clothed apart from his shoes. His toes curled and his feet bounced very slightly on the lumpy mattress, a habit he had when he was stressed. John's face reddened tellingly, and he swallowed thickly, his throat bobbing noticeably from across the room.

"Look...Sherlock-"

Sherlock rushed in before John could finish. "Come to bed." He knelt up on the mattress, heart thundering in his chest, desperation to fix what was wrong between them bitter and acidic in his mouth. "We can...I can...There are positions...If you still want what you did earlier…”

John’s face was blank as he eyed the space beside Sherlock, which Sherlock patted encouragingly.
"Sherlock...I don't..." John trailed off awkwardly. "I don't know what I want, alright? Especially from you."

"Wh...what do you mean, especially from me?" Sherlock forced out through suddenly frozen lips, his insides constricting. Was John going to call it off between them because he'd been injured? Because it'd been Sherlock's fault that he was injured in the first place. They both knew it. Just neither one of them had said it yet.

"I...I know I'm not...incredibly skilled with these sorts of things but..."

"Maybe we should ask for another room." John said, leaning on the cheap, scarred dressing table as innocuously as he could. Sherlock saw through the ruse, observed the way John's bad leg was shaking, threatening to give out on him, and wished John would let him help him.

"Another room?"

"For you."

"For...me?" Sherlock's entire world was collapsing around his ears and he couldn't do a thing to stop it. He couldn't move from his kneeling position on the bed, could barely breathe, could only watch John nod, resigned.

"Yeah."

Sherlock blinked, desperately trying to work a way out of this. "I'm...I'm sorry I wasn't there to prevent your being stabbed." He began haltingly, hoping John knew he was sincere. "And I know it was my fault, but I'll do everything I can to speed along your recovery."

"No, I...no!" John exclaimed. "I already told you it's not your fault, Sherlock. I was talking about...this," he murmured, nodding at his injured shoulder demonstratively. He added, in a barely-audible mumble, "Twice now isn't coincidence. It's a sign."

"I know what you're talking about and your injury was my fault." Sherlock countered, his bemused frown mirroring John's. "It's why I know you want to change rooms- keeping me as far away from you as possible. It's dangerous around me, I've always known that, and I-"

"Wait, Sherlock. Stop, I...that- all that- has nothing to do with my wanting to change rooms."

Sherlock hated being confused, and his frustration was borne out in both of his hands’ frantic gesture at his head, scrunching his curls, his voice higher-pitched as he shrugged dramatically. "Then what? I don't understand!"

"Because I'm fucking crippled again!" John's face was mottled with red, ashamed at having to give voice to what they were both thinking. "I'm...first I was stabbed and then I have a bloody meltdown in hospital...and now my leg." He gestured disgustedly, finally giving in to the urge and sinking down onto the side of the bed, wincing in pain. "It's gone all...funny again. And you won't...there's no reason for you to want me now I'm...damaged." John's face crumpled in despair, and he failed to choke back a couple of sobs, rubbing his hand shakily across his eyes, before heaving in a deep, grounding breath and sitting up, his spine ramrod straight.

Sherlock was dumbfounded, but extended one hand very slowly, as if he was a game warden attempting to placate and aid a wounded, dangerous animal, making sure to keep in sight and make no sudden moves.

"That thought hasn't even crossed my mind." Sherlock whispered. "How could you ever think I
would harbor that idea of you? I...I l-" He bit his lip to keep the word inside, not knowing if he would be rejected now or not. John flinched, oblivious to the unspoken words, as Sherlock's dexterous fingers stroked along the back of his hand, mapping veins and bones and tiny scars in the tenderest topography. John sucked in another shaky, wet breath, and Sherlock continued quietly. "I loathe that you think that. Truly. What do you take me for? Apart from an arrogant, rude, sociopathic arse," He joked feebly. John chuckled wetly, turning his hand over and clasping Sherlock's.

"I know you're not so shallow. But..."

"He made you feel this way. Didn't he?" Sherlock asked, putting all the pieces together too late, he realized with irritation. "That's how it ended between the two of you. After you were injured. He no longer wanted to be associated with...his words...'a cripple.'"

John winced at the bald facts of his previous relationship laid bare, but he nodded, squeezing Sherlock's hand.

"He didn't deserve you." Sherlock whispered and it took all of John's willpower not to burst into tears again. Instead, he gripped Sherlock's larger hand viciously hard, trying to convey how those words affected him.

"Sherlock..."

"I don't care if you're injured- well, I care...but not in the way you're thinking. And if you don't heal from this..." Sherlock ghosted his hand along John's hip. "I'll still be with you."

That did it. John hissed a disturbingly-restricted, tear-soaked breath, and buried his face in the soft, warm skin of Sherlock's throat, making a gargantuan effort to hold his breath in an attempt to stem his grief. Sherlock wrapped his arms around him, mindful of John’s injury, and pretended he didn’t notice the wetness creeping down his neck where John’s face was pressed against him. The detective winced as the stoic grip on his hand began to quite painfully grind his finger bones together.

"...Still as strong as a bloody ox, I see," Sherlock huffed, laughing softly. “...You know...you're only in a towel. It's distracting me. You know what's in my Mind Palace right now? It's been infiltrated by cheap Ikea bath-wear. I can't see for hideously-appointed, fluffy fabric smothering something that shouldn't be hidden."

John laughed too, before raising his head and pulling Sherlock into a wet, passionate kiss. Sherlock eagerly reciprocated until John pulled away, giving him a vulnerable and yet scorching look.

"Do you want to go to bed?"

Sherlock's mouth fell open in surprise. After their fight, he’d been hoping for reconciliation sex, but John was so upset. So he’d assumed.... "Um...bed bed?"

"Unless you don't want to." John hurried to add, pulling away guiltily, unable to quash the feeling of rejection which showed plainly on his face. "It's fine...we can just go to sleep." 

"No, no. No. It's...fine. I just.. don't want to hurt you."

"You won't if you're careful."

"Then. Yes...I really want to." Sherlock admitted, anticipation and excitement thrumming through him. "What...what do you need me to do?"

John smirked, humour in the crinkles of his face, and arousal in the spark of his dark eyes. "Make
love to me."

Sherlock's eyes flicked around John's face, trying to pick up clues as to how he was supposed to follow through with that suggestion. What would that entail? What did John expect? What did he himself expect? Sherlock finally reached the conclusion that they should probably both be naked and plucked at his clothes, tossing them to the side before devoting himself to gently removing John's towel and helping him slide backward on the bed, resting his head against the pillows.

Then Sherlock faltered, staring. John grinned, eyeing his detective appreciatively.

"You left the curtains open," he murmured, openly looking his fill of Sherlock's naked body in late-afternoon, hazy amber sunlight.

"This isn't about me." Sherlock sniffed. "It's about you." And- oh. That was how he could make love to John. Usually, their encounters were about him and what he wanted and how John could best please him...this needed to be about John and what he needed and wanted.

John propped himself up, with a slightly ungainly wobble and kissed Sherlock's bare shoulder. He kissed the small burn scar that the detective wore, in the same location as his own, and spoke quietly. "Whatever you do...whatever you want to do...I want you to come inside me."

Sherlock had once been hit by a man on a motorbike. The driver hadn't been looking where he was going and Sherlock, dashing after a criminal, hadn't paused to look before he crossed the street. When the motorbike had slammed into him, sending him flying, landing on the pavement a few yards away, all the breath had been knocked from his body.

Now, staring at John, Sherlock felt that same dazed breathlessness again.

"Come...inside you?"

John nodded.

Sherlock stared some more.

"Tell me how."

John couldn't help but chuckle sweetly, as he lay down, and expounded his instructions as if he were telling Sherlock how to use a new microwave, a playful glint in his eyes and a teasing, fond lilt to his voice. "Well, first we snog a lot. Then you nab Molly's stolen lube, and open me up with your fingers. We'll take our time with that. And when we're ready...you penetrate me and thrust until hopefully, we both come."

_Hopefully._ That was the key word, Sherlock thought, leaning up and fulfilling the first requirement which was snogging John. John hadn't specified but Sherlock decided to add to the experience and use his tongue, slipping it past John's lips. Sherlock could feel the radiance of John's frustration at not being able to use his dominant left hand, yet enjoyed the slightly off-kilter rummage of an undamaged right hand in his thick, dark curls. John settled into the kiss with total ease and comfort, which soon transcended into eager, rapt arousal and obvious intent, as he pillaged the sweet, cupid's-bow mouth offered to him. Sherlock pulled away from the kiss, panting, and John made a noise of protest.

"What're you-"

"I want to suck you while I...open you." The words were almost stuck in his throat and Sherlock flushed at saying something so filthy and graphic. John nodded enthusiastically, a clownish grin
brightening his previously tear-stained face, hardly averse to the idea. He nibbled the inside of his mouth indulgently as he watched the totally naked, flawed yet flawless detective make his way down his body, peppering it with little kisses. The interlude was interrupted when Sherlock grimaced and leveraged himself off the bed without a word, dashing across the room with an impressive erection bobbing between his thighs, and rooted around in their bags for the lubricant. He returned, triumphant, flushed, and still aroused, and knelt between John's legs.

"You okay?" John asked, extended his right hand in supplication, and wincing as he unconsciously attempted the same movement with his left hand.

"Mmm? Fine. I'm fine. Just...just fine." Sherlock quickly stated, eying John's erection before darting his eyes down to shadowed area where his arse was, framed between his spread legs. "I...you'll need to lift your legs a bit...to let me..." He gestured with the lube, hoping John wouldn't make him say it out loud.

John snagged one of the limp, under-stuffed pillows from behind his head and shoved it under his backside, wiggling his hips salaciously as he settled himself comfortably on the feeble cushion. "Where do you want me?" He asked, grinning, knowing Sherlock was at a loss and, knowing it was bad, rather enjoying watching his boyfriend blush and stutter. God, he loved him.

"Lift your legs a bit..." Sherlock directed, bending John's leg at the knee and, blushing again, helped him spread his thighs. He swallowed, eyes fixed on John's tightly furled hole, gripping the lube much too hard.

"Sherlock...if you don't want to do this, it's fine." John said, taking pity on him. Honestly, he didn't want to push him too hard. Fun was fun but not at Sherlock's expense. "And if you do want to do it, it's nothing to be scared of. After the first time, it always gets easier," John parted his legs further, extending his right arm in invitation for a kiss.

"I'm not scared." Sherlock snapped and John's arm fell, his lips quirking up as he watched his obviously scared-but-pretending-not-to-be lover squirt some lube onto his fingers. Sherlock rubbed it together to warm it up and then shuffled forward, insinuating his finger between John's cheeks. John was about to offer guidance, but silenced himself when Sherlock's knowledgeable (if unsteady) fingers, carefully smoothed the tender skin around his entrance, prodding very gently, and tentatively, at the puckered, pink hole. He expected Sherlock to thrust his finger inside, wholly without finesse, and was prepared for the uncomfortable stretch, for the pain.... It came as a shock, then, when the very tip of Sherlock's finger glided inside, a teasing pressure, coaxing John to open and then withdrawing. John sighed, muscles he hadn't realized were locked easing. He groaned, his long-lashed eyes fluttering shut as Sherlock slowly, gently, acquainted himself with his insides, his own eyes wide and rapt as he stroked along John’s inner walls.

Sherlock froze, and ceased all movement when John yipped sharply and tensed.

"What? What did I-" Sherlock began, panicked, eyes wide...then he relaxed, stroking the spot inside John again. "Oh. Prostate."

"Yeah." John groaned, gasping when Sherlock repeated the movement again and again, cock starting to leak at the tip. "Add a-another."

Sherlock obliged, and his pale face eased and crinkled delightfully in an honest grin when John gritted his teeth and squirmed against the bed, hips grinding, and his hands scratching the vaguest of troughs in the thin mattress. Sherlock worked methodically, his fingers stretched and scissoring, brow furrowed as he watched himself work, forgetting his promise to suck John while he did it and John,
moaning, didn't want to break Sherlock's rhythm by reminding him. If he did, it was entirely possible that Sherlock would lose his train of thought and mess it up. He wanted to give Sherlock confidence in himself. Besides, being the center of Sherlock’s focus, having his fingers manipulating inside him, was almost as good as being sucked off. Almost. He could see where Sherlock was hard between his thighs and was faintly surprised at Sherlock's self-control.

"One more and then...then I'm ready," John growled, voice distorted by anticipation and lust rather than anger. "Want you to fucking take me, Sherlock."

Sherlock shuddered, a crack in his control showing, and the way his eyes fluttered when he added another finger made John moan. Color suffused Sherlock's face and traveled down his chest, staining his pale skin and John could see his chest heaving with suppressed breaths as he tried to stay calm.

"Do you need a minute?" John asked intuitively, even as his forehead crinkled with the agony of promised pleasure.

"Please." Sherlock said without hesitation, with obvious relief, sliding his fingers from John's body and hunching forward. He rested his forehead against John's knee and took deep breaths, a fine trembling shaking his limbs. John was patient, didn't move while Sherlock calmed down, doing his best to ignore his erection and the gaped, horribly empty way his arse now felt. It took a good ninety seconds before Sherlock pulled back, hazy-eyed and flushed a beautiful, rosy pink.

"Sorry," he murmured, in a deep, guttural voice.

"S'fine." John gave him what he hoped was a confident grin but it felt more like a pained grimace. "You ok?"

Sherlock nodded, glancing down to where John was still hard.

"It's...whenever you're ready, love."

"John, um...This is...new for me," Sherlock muttered, before giving John's swollen shaft a few loving, firm sweeps.

"I know, I know." John breathed, eyes shutting at the much-needed pressure. "It's okay. Just...put lube on your cock. All right?"

"I just...I mean, it might be a bit......quick." Sherlock explained quietly, squirting more lukewarm lube into his palm, and applying it to himself assiduously.

"That's fine. It's still fine." John had expected it to be over quickly- as most sexual things were with Sherlock- and he was already preparing what he would say to make him feel better after he came.

"...Okay," Sherlock cracked his knuckles awkwardly before taking the firm, delectable weight of John's thighs, and spreading them, nudging his weeping shaft towards its goal. John forced himself to relax at the first brush of Sherlock's cock against him and when he pushed inside, he took a deep breath and sighed it out, forcing his muscles to relax all over. The head of Sherlock's cock popped past the first ring of his muscles and Sherlock jolted as if he'd been shot, fingers digging into John's thighs.

"...John...John! It...feels...bloody...tight, feels...is it supposed to feel like this?" Sherlock gasped, pale eyes wide and adorably innocent.

"Yeah...yeah...it's fine. You're great, love." John babbled, frantically stroking at his cock, expecting to feel Sherlock tense at any second, coming with a tiny, broken cry-
"Oh." Sherlock's cock bottomed out and he held his position, frozen, for a few seconds before slowly withdrawing. John hissed, spine bowing at the pleasurable burn and friction. "Does it feel good?" Sherlock asked as he attempted a few, deep thrusts, clearly inexperienced and awkward in his movements. John nodded, fisting himself quicker.

"Fuck...yes. Of course it does. Not for you?"

Sherlock shook his head. "N...no. It does." He licked his lips, shuddering. "Feels...amazing...Can I...move now? A bit?"

At John's enthusiastic nod, Sherlock muttered a quick, fervent curse and, adjusting his grip on John's legs, rocked his pelvis experimentally, thrusting inside John. His rhythm was off, stuttering and awkward, but what Sherlock lacked in consistency he made up for in power, building in intensity until his hips were smacking against John's arse with a wet slap each time he moved. John emitted a wonderful, raw grunt with every thrust that he received, a constant, consistent melody of anxious and desperate sounds that were music to Sherlock's ears. He pounded faster, panting, and expounded his choked queries.

"John? John, is it good?"

John nodded, face contorting with pleasure, too breathless to respond, and he heard Sherlock moan. The man adjusted his grip on John's thighs, bringing them closer to his chest, almost bending John in two, and pummelled into him, the sound slick and obscene in the otherwise quiet room. Sherlock’s face was a visage of awe, and smugness, his orgasm lingering but not threatening. Bright-eyed and grinning, he digested the audible feast that consisted of John's helpless whines, and the juicy, carnal slap of wet flesh on flesh. He was incredibly relieved he hadn't yet come and the relief translated to his arms and legs, making them jittery as he flushed with triumph. He could do this...he was doing it....

"Oh...oh god, I'm gonna come." John suddenly stuttered, hand working quickly at his cock, eyes slitted in pleasure as he stared up at Sherlock. Sherlock felt John’s arse flutter around his cock, rhythmically clamping down on him, presages of John's impending orgasm, and he let out a frantic cry.

"John please come before me." Sherlock urged, pleading, blushing with exertion and self-consciousness, as he made a final effort to thump against his John’s prostate with insane speed and lack of precision, but tons of enthusiasm. John didn't respond, groaning, thumbing at the head of his cock, and his arse spasmed around Sherlock again. He could feel his control slipping at a dangerous rate- the knowledge that John was close to coming triggering his own delayed orgasm and the harder Sherlock tried to prevent it seemed to make it worse.

"Please, John...please come." Sherlock begged, hips losing their rhythm altogether, gracelessly shoving his cock inside John in halting, delayed thrusts, each time afraid the next one would make him climax. "Please come...p-please..."

John shivered, teeth bared and his lined face squeezed into a picture of agony. "Sherlock...god...Fucking kiss me!" John practically screamed, frightening Sherlock into stillness and silence for a few seconds. He quickly obeyed, falling on John like a wild thing and pressing their lips together, inadvertently grinding his cock against John's prostate. John jerked, screaming against Sherlock's lips as he came. Sherlock struggled valiantly against John's body, which bucked and twisted sharply, loosening Sherlock's station within his lover, his shaft slipping free with the most modest of slippery sounds. He hissed in pain as John's right hand seized a prize of his sweat-damp hair, yanking thoughtlessly as he howled out what appeared to be a terrific orgasm.
"Sherlock f-fuck..." John groaned, his voice garbled, and Sherlock quickly jammed his cock back inside John's body, selfishly thrusting only a handful more times before he came, burying himself in the tight channel and spurting with a relieved, drawn-out moan.

"Oh...god...yes...yes," Sherlock whispered, almost too overcome to expend any extra decibels on actually vocalising his pleasure. He realized he was shaking all over, slumped over John and still holding him in what had to be a horribly uncomfortable position now he'd come. He quickly lowered John's legs and almost collapsed atop him before remembering, the split second before he did so, that John was injured. He caught himself in the nick of time, surprised at how foggy his brain was, and rolled to the side, shuddering at the sensitivity of his cock as it slipped from John's body.

"Oh John," Sherlock whispered, breathing heavily. "Oh John that was perfect. That was beautiful."

John giggled, turning his head on the pillow to look at his exhausted, waxing-lyrical love. Sherlock didn't stop, his face deeply-reddened with physical effort, a little glossy with perspiration, his eyes a remarkably pale aqua in the lengthening evening rays of a dirty London sun. His damp hands gesticulated fervently, narrowly avoiding bashing John in the face by accident.

"It was...indescribable...so...so new, so...so deep and.....I was inside you." He beamed, loopy and delirious with pleasure and the knowledge of a job well done.

"Mm...came inside me too. Already forget that part?" John teased, smug at seeing Sherlock so wrecked even though, technically, he hadn't done anything. Still. It was nice.

“Oh, yes! Is it still there? How does it feel?” Sherlock asked excitedly, grinning widely, and extending one long hand to John's bare stomach, as if palpating for residual ejaculate.

"Stop that." John slapped at his hand, then yelped and slapped harder when Sherlock, not to be put off, probed between his slick cheeks and into his arse. "Stop it!"

"I want to see- how quickly will it leak out? Will you be feeling sore tomorrow? How-"

"Sherlock." John said sternly, giving his overly-excited boyfriend a look.

"Oh, John, you don't know how fantastic this is." Sherlock shook his head in delirious wonderment. He drew back his exploring fingers, but prodded with further questions. "Can you feel it? Is it still wet?"

"Do you really want to know?" John asked, grinning and Sherlock nodded, looking expectantly at him. "Then next time, I'll fuck you. And you'll know first-hand."

Sherlock deflated a little, was notably hesitant for a few seconds. "Um...yes...if, um...yes." He trailed off, fiddling with the calloused fingertips of John's right hand.

"Or not." John frowned at Sherlock. "I thought you wanted that."

"No, I...yes," Sherlock rushed to explain. "...I'm just a bit...not as good as you." He muttered, in what John thought was probably the most cringe-worthy, yet adorable thing he had ever heard in bed.

"Sherlock...you're great. There's nothing wrong with...anything about you."

"I mean...it won't be the same as...just now. It's too intense...well..." Sherlock muttered, voice lowering and darkening. "You know how it went last time."
"Just because it didn't...go the way you wanted doesn't mean it's always going to go like that. Look at tonight. Went great, right?"

Sherlock rolled his eyes. "John-"

"Just think about it." John smoothed his hand over Sherlock's cheek, smiling fondly up at him. "If you don't want it...that's fine."

"I want it," Sherlock immediately insisted, his body language telling John that he was absolutely itching to cuddle him, to hold him tight. "I want you to penetrate me and mark me and..." Sherlock’s hand waved as if trying to pluck words from thin air, "...drench me, finish me, complete me."

John smiled. "We'll talk about it later. Right now, how about you hold me for a while?"

Sherlock snuggled against him with palpable relief, mindful of John's stab wound as he adjusted himself around John's body.
The next morning, Sherlock groaned as the insistent, full-volume tune of his mobile's ringtone startled him from a delightfully-comatose, uneventful dream. He rolled to the side, fumbling for it, and knocked the mobile off the cheap bedside table. Cursing, he flopped after it, kicking John in the thigh as he flailed.

"Sh'lock?" John sleepily mumbled, staring at the expanse of pale arse. "What?"

"Answer my phone...I'm asleep," Sherlock mumbled, tossing his phone over his shoulder before stubbornly burying his face in the pillow and curling into a foetal position that screamed, 'Do not disturb.'

John moaned but dutifully opened the phone with his left hand and saw who was calling. Sherlock listened to him talk, obviously to Mrs Hudson, and was startled when John slapped him on the arse.

"Get up you, we're going home."

"M'asleep. Tired from all the...orgasm." Sherlock uttered almost intelligibly. "Bit more time."

"No more time." John said tersely, getting up and jerking the covers off Sherlock, pulling a brief, pained face as his left shoulder panged. "I'm sick to death of this bloody room. Get up and showered. We're leaving."

Sherlock's body curled in upon itself even further and he grunted, annoyed like a grumpy toddler. "Y'say I don't get enough sleep. Need it now. Body...drained...require recuperation. Also tea...sperm needs something to swim in." He babbled. "Hydration, please."

John frowned, sighed, then capitulated, throwing the covers back over his overgrown child and ordering room service for tea and breakfast. By the time he got out of the shower, packed both their bags, and thanked the bell hop for the food, he judged it was more than time to get Sherlock up. He dry-swallowed his prescribed painkillers from the bottle in the bathroom, and approached the indolent brunette.

Sherlock was thankfully stirring, rubbing his sleepy eyes and grinning the sort of ingratiating, irresistible grin that should be illegal. He ruffled his own wildly-rumpled dark curls, beaming with the dizzy focus and silly glee of someone who was lucky enough to have the best hangover imaginable.

His good mood wasn't even dented when John thrust the cup of tea, sweetened just as he liked it, in his face and sternly told him to hurry up. The tiny tic in his eyelid and the set of his jaw told Sherlock that John was still in considerable pain, but far too stubborn to vocalise his discomfort.

He held the scalding tea to one side for a second, and abruptly gave John a gentle kiss. "We did...it." He informed John, as if conferring a naughty secret.

That startled a chuckle out of John and he tapped Sherlock's cheek affectionately. "Yeah, we did, didn't we? And it was great too."

Sherlock gave John a shy look from beneath his eyelashes. "Great?"

"Knew you'd want to be praised." John snorted. "You were great. Amazing. Bloody fantastic. Can't remember the last time I came so hard and all from you fucking me." He gave Sherlock a cheeky
"It'll do for now," Sherlock replied, blushing but managing to wink cheekily. The effect was endearingly innocent and John felt something huge and hot rise up in his chest at the sight. He cleared his throat, looking away, masking over the emotion as best he could. After the emotional turmoil of the previous night, he wasn’t ready for any heartfelt declarations this morning.

"Good lord, I'll be doing that for the next few weeks won't I?" He quipped, steering the conversation into well-known water. Sherlock shrugged, sipping his tea.

"Possibly."

"Get fucking dressed, you amazing shag, you delightfully mad genius, so I can go home and sleep in a proper bed."

Sherlock deposited his tea on the table, clearly fighting, and failing to fight, a chuffed, bright-eyed expression. Feeling bold, he made his way, in broad daylight to the bathroom for a shower - completely naked. John managed to swallow down a carnal sigh at the rare sight of a confident, bare Sherlock.

Their landlady was waiting for them at the door of 221, grinning, arms open and waiting for them.

"Oh, I'm so glad the two of you are back! It's been lonely without you here!"

Sherlock strode towards her purposefully and picked her up in his arms, twirling her around, laughing at her fond squeal of protest. He put her down gently, beaming openly, before announcing: "Mrs. Hudson, John and I have fantastic news."

"Oh?" She glanced at John, still smiling and flushed from Sherlock's antics. "Well? What news?"

John frowned, quirking a confused, expressive eyebrow at Sherlock, who only offered an ambiguous crinkly grin, his eyes alight. Mrs. Hudson slapped her hands to her face, gasping. "Oh! Oh, you're getting married!" She cried happily, eyes watering and flicking between the pair of them. She wrung her hands before they strayed to clench against her chest.

"What?!" Sherlock asked, looking almost comically bemused. "What, I...I don't...Well, I don't think we are..." He cast a suspicious, sidelong look at John.

"No- no, we're not getting married-" John started, wading into the fray.

"We're having sex." Sherlock proclaimed loudly, loud enough for the people on the sidewalk to stop and stare, for John to flush and close his eyes in amazement that this was the man he loved.

"Utterly fantastic sex, actually. John said so." Sherlock explained further, nodding knowledgeably. "And he would know since he’s been with so many people, wouldn’t he? He said he couldn’t remember the last time he came so hard. So that means I'm good in bed." He informed Mrs. Hudson gleefully, practically bouncing with self-satisfaction.

"Oh, well...that's...that's very nice, isn't it?" Mrs. Hudson tried to muffle her giggles as she looked from Sherlock, who beamed at the praise, to John who looked fit to murder his lover, whether he'd come the hardest in his life or not.
"Isn't it? I suppose such things just take practice-"

"Sherlock!"

"But since there will be gratuitous practice in the near future, I'm certain I can exceed the last performance and truly satisfy any and all of John's needs. I'm aware you already own three pairs of earplugs and you might need to be using them sooner rather than later - keep them to hand. John can be quite vocal." Sherlock smiled sweetly, giving his landlady another tight, impromptu hug. Mrs. Hudson decided not to bother to ask how her tenant knew how many pairs of earplugs she had, but relented with another warm embrace.

"It's good to see you happy, Sherlock."

"Thank you." He ducked around her and jogged up the stairs to the flat, the two largest suitcases in his hands, leaving John staring awkwardly at a cheekily grinning Mrs. Hudson.

"Well. I'll just...erm."

"If you're the reason I'll need more ear plugs would you be a dear and nip around the corner for some later? I don't have time to go out today or I'd do it myself."

John took a second to understand that this was what his life had come to before lifting the lightest case in his good hand and nodding. Sherlock could get the rest of the cases later.

"……..Sure. I can do that. Of course. Need anything else?"

Sherlock pounced as soon as John had laboriously made his way up the narrow stairs to their flat.

"John? Are you ready? I'm ready. Let's do it again. You have perspiration on your face...it's making you even more sexually arousing," he confided, wringing his hands in anticipation.

John was not amused.

Lugging the case into the living room, a significant effort considering his injury, he panted and glared daggers at his lover. "It's no fucking surprise, is it! Some fucking help would be nice," he spat, dumping the case and kicking it for emphasis.

"Dull." Sherlock waved a dismissive hand. "Why waste my time helping you with the suitcases when you doing it yourself gets the blood pumping. You're angry- but aroused. Good combination. Excellent things have happened when you were both angry and aroused. I can think of several new things we can try off the top of my head."

"Oh, you little shit." John sighed with vitriol laced with adoration and seized Sherlock by the front of his shirt with his good hand, backing him up forcefully for a few staggered steps, halting just before the fireplace. Sherlock swallowed, throat bobbing....and tried his luck.

"I don't think you're in any position to call anyone 'little'..."

John's head snapped back in brief surprise...before his face relaxed and he grinned. "Oh, Sherlock. You want me aroused and angry, don't you? Really...really angry?"

Sherlock nodded, pulse thrumming.
"Congratulations. You've got it."

In a flurry of movement, John bit Sherlock's pale neck and groped him hard through his trousers, not surprised to find a more-than-eager penis straining fruitlessly against extortionate fabric.

"Want to come on your face." John growled, the thought popping into his head and taking hold. "Hm? Stroke me off." He ordered. "Let me come on your face."

“Yes, John- please.” Sherlock eagerly sank to his knees, John still muttering filthily.

“Come all over those pretty lips of yours. Your cheekbones.” He caressed the parts of Sherlock’s face in question while Sherlock shakily undid John’s jeans and tugged them down to let his cock spring free. Sherlock looked positively giddy at the opportunity of pleasuring John now that he had confidence in himself.

Sherlock sucked at John’s shaft like a hungry infant, pale eyes closed to savour the experience and taste, his large hands awkwardly, but enthusiastically, massaging the base of John’s cock, thumbing the hot, hardening skin with focussed fervour.

"Ah, god." John moaned, head falling back- before he hissed, the movement pulling on his wound and making pain flare up again. He brought his head forward, watching as Sherlock glanced up at him, concern brightening his eyes and chasing away the lust of before. "I'm fine." John whispered, caressing Sherlock's head. He winced as his injured arm twinged and he swallowed down a grunt of pain. He distracted himself by fingering Sherlock’s glossy curls with his good hand, pulling at them hard enough to make Sherlock’s eyelids flutter.

“Just…fuck…"

Sherlock nodded, and John inadvertently felt the slight ribbing of the roof of the detective’s mouth against his sensitive tip, and a sharp pulse of pleasure caused his left hand to move reflexively towards the mantelpiece. He hissed again, cursing.

"Fuck, Sherlock…Let’s…take this to the bedroom. Need to…lie down." He admitted, grimacing as if the admission were something shameful. Sherlock sprang up from his crouch, giving John's cock a lingering stroke. "After you." He murmured and John, feeling a bit like a tit with his cock hanging out of the fly of his jeans, hobbled down the hall, Sherlock hot on his heels.

They settled on Sherlock’s bed and he tenderly began removing John’s clothes, helping him navigate his arms out of his shirt without jarring John’s wound. Sherlock’s movements were slow and considerate, but the fire in his grey-green eyes was unmistakable. John swallowed hard, arousal beating through his body, the rest of his self-consciousness difficult to overcome. Sherlock was doing a good job of it, though, as he stripped off his own clothes, revealing his dusky erection which John hadn’t even touched yet. John flinched again as the fingers of his left hand flexed convulsively, just at the thought of gripping, pleasuring, and caring for Sherlock's plump shaft.

"I'm not a cripple." He uttered suddenly, before blinking self-consciously, his eyes focussed stubbornly on the smoke-stained ceiling. Sherlock paused.

"I know you're not," he said, glancing around John's naked body. "I...should I have let you undress yourself? I thought...it would be more arousing..." He muttered and John felt like an arse for undermining Sherlock's confidence.

"No. No that was...great. Loved that." He smiled and Sherlock, after a second, preened under the praise. John's previous antagonism dissipated quickly, and was replaced by a faint but persistent
nervousness. It began to wane as Sherlock lavished a hot, wet, eager mouth upon his cock. He was unable to prevent the first, lascivious groan escaping his lips.

John let his eyes slide closed and focused on the pleasure, sliding thick as syrup through his veins as Sherlock's hand slid along his cock, working in tandem with his mouth. He sighed, hips circling up into the caress over and over. Sherlock pulled back and murmured so quietly that John barely heard him.

“John, what are your opinions on spanking?”

John swallowed thickly at the burst of sudden, thick arousal. He took a shuddering breath, thoughts swirling through his head- Sherlock bent over, his gorgeous arse on display while John spanked him, making the white globes glow red...John with his belt...John himself bent over while Sherlock purred everything he'd got wrong in his deductions and giving him a sharp slap each time he reminded John of his mistake.

"Um. Yeah. It's...good." John managed to get out, his throat feeling clogged. His cock flexed where Sherlock held it.

"So...you wouldn't mind if I..." Sherlock slapped a gentle palm against John's hip, his other hand slowly manhandling John’s cock, thrilling at the little unconscious twitches and throbs that the swollen, mindless flesh made.

John jolted, breath leaving his body in a rush. He squirmed on the bed. "Yeah. That's...that's great, Sherlock." He hesitated, then. "You could...harder. If you wanted."

Sherlock's eyes flared and he bit his bottom lip fiendishly. Drawing back his hand, he delivered a short, sharp slap directly on John's erection.

"Fuck!" John shouted, hips jerking down in an attempt to get away from the stinging pain. "Sherlock! Why the fuck did you do that?"

Sherlock, hand raised to deliver another blow, blanched. "I...you said harder..."

John groaned, his face distorted in an expression that couldn't be construed as anything but pain and shock. The doctor's weak right hand hovered over his own crotch in a subconscious act of protection. "I didn't mean...I thought you meant my hip...I didn't think you were going to...God." John gave into the urge and cradled himself, cupping a hand around his soft cock and giving Sherlock a glare.

Sherlock eased his fingers a safe distance away from John's crotch, frowning anxiously before moving back entirely. "I'll stop now. Sorry. I thought..." His eyes flickered nervously as he eased himself backward and away from John.

"Jesus fuck." John moaned, closing his eyes, still cradling himself gingerly, and Sherlock moved further away, swallowing self-consciously. He felt like an utter failure. He'd been so sure of himself, so confident, that he'd be able to pleasure John this way-

"For the record, where'd you learn that?" John asked, his voice flat and Sherlock was instantly on alert. Sherlock could practically see the physiological result of the clench of shock he felt within himself - strained arteries, bouncing, mindless erythrocytes, lungs struggling like inconsistent, unreliable bellows.

"You mean, where did I learn to disappoint?" He spat, more acidly than he had intended.
"Disa-? What? No...that. The...the cock slapping you just did." John eased his hand away from his crotch, revealing his soft cock, flushed red from the sharp slap from earlier. Sherlock's icy eyes immediately went to the soft red flesh, and he felt a stab of remorse.

He abruptly rolled over and crossed his arms intrinsically.

"Sherlock." John's voice pitched down into dangerous levels, letting Sherlock know his obstinacy was getting him in trouble but continued to pout. "Where'd you learn that?"

Sherlock hesitated and thought of not answering. If the manoeuvre- the cock slapping- had worked, he had been prepared to let John believe he'd thought of it himself and be appropriately stunned by how brilliant and savvy Sherlock was. Since it'd gone so badly, Sherlock was reluctant to reveal the source of his information.

"Sherlock."

"From pornography, John!" He burst out, unable to take it anymore. "Where do you think I learn these things?" His hands gesticulated like clumsy white flags as he struggled to express himself. He exhaled dramatically, starting to look for the rest of his clothes.

"Sherlock-"

"Yes, I know you forbade me from looking at pornography and gleaning ideas from it, but where else am I to get my information?" Sherlock raged. "You've apparently decided I'm too delicate to be taught anything substantial. Sometimes I think you like knowing that I'm an idiot."

"Sherlock- we've only just started! I know you were a virgin, of course I didn't expect anything in particular!" John froze, eyes wide, and inwardly cursed himself.

"Anything in particular?" Sherlock asked, swivelling around and fixing John with his penetrating gaze. John decided, not for the first time in any of his communications with Sherlock, to be utterly and totally frank.

"I know what it's like to be a virgin, Sherl. My memory is actually functional considering my age." He chuckled weakly, but the humour didn't reach his eyes, and his impish smile was absent. "You're going to be a bit...rubbish your first time. Not just you. Everyone is always rubbish their first time. All this shit you see about the first time being perfect and magical and everyone came and no one was embarrassed is just that...shit. You're going to make mistakes and you're...you're going to be oblivious about things but guess what? You're going to get better at it."

"I don't want to be better. I want to be perfect," Sherlock muttered. "Otherwise, why would you -" He abruptly shut up, snapping his jaws closed, and pulled the duvet over his head, his near-black curls smooshed sweetly under heavy fabric.

The pieces suddenly slotted into place for John. He sighed, stiffly leveraging himself into a sitting position and peeled the covers back from Sherlock's head.

"Otherwise why would I stay interested in you?" He asked gently. Sherlock jerked the duvet out of John’s grip and smothered himself in it again, despite the sweltering, sticky London heat. After he had swamped himself totally in the duvet, he wriggled one hand out into John's line of sight, to flounce an 'I'm done with you now’ gesture.

John clenched his jaw, battling with his anger over Sherlock's accusation and his disappointment that Sherlock apparently still thought so little of him. After a few tense moments, John's rage, which typically could easily bubble over from ‘simmering’ to ‘all-out firestorm’ within seconds, combusted.
"You really believe I'm some...fucking nymphomaniac?! That I'm going to disappear because you're not one hundred percent perfect at sex?" He demanded, glaring at the prone, stubborn figure beside him. Breathing heavily, he murmured. "Christ, you really are a stupid twat."

Sherlock remained stubbornly silent beneath the duvet, but John could feel the anger radiating out from the cover.

"I don't care if we never had sex again." He hissed, glaring at the offending fabric where he thought Sherlock's face was. "We could never fuck again and I'd still be with you."

"I'd like to see you try." Came the low, unmistakable rumble, laced with bitter resentment. The tiniest tremor caused the heavy duvet to quiver slightly as it cocooned Sherlock's long, lithe frame. It must have been practically suffocating him in the muggy heat of London.

"You don't think I can?"

"I know you can't. You spend your every waking moment trying to get off with the nearest available person- and that person just happens to be me at the moment..."

John fists clenched, and the resulting jolt of pain in his left arm did absolutely nothing to ease his vitriolic mood. Buzzing with frustration, he glanced at the bedside table and growled quietly at seeing nothing breakable, nothing to create the sort of cathartic, audible crash of destruction that might appease him enough not to just slap the childish detective sharply round the head and be done with it.

"...Fine," he finally managed through clenched teeth. "You're on."
It's Getting A Little Hard

When John woke the next morning, he had already reached down to palm his morning erection… before he remembered his rash promise to Sherlock the day before.

They hadn't spoken to each other since the argument- Sherlock stalking around the flat with an angry expression and John silently fuming that Sherlock thought all he wanted him for was sex. Well. He was determined to win this argument, John thought savagely, jerking his hand away from his cock. He wasn’t going to let Sherlock have the satisfaction of seeing him fail and inevitably gloat about it.

John, frustrated and angry, was knuckling his eyes sleepily when Sherlock, looking fresh as a daisy, but nowhere near as happy, appeared in the doorway and chucked his own mobile onto John's lap.

"Case." He announced curtly, before waltzing out again.

John picked up the phone and fought a grin at the screen. There was a message notification from Lestrade, but the background image was now one of Sherlock, naked in his armchair, head thrown back so just the tip of his nose, a plump bottom lip, and a firm Adam's apple were visible. His hands cupped his dignity teasingly.

Oh, so that was the way of it, was it? John enjoyed the view, biting his lip, before throwing off the covers and hurrying to the shower. He washed quickly, not taking the usual time he would to leisurely soap his genitals and maybe wank. It was worth it when he came out of the loo and saw Sherlock peeking around the door to the sitting room, wide eyes taking in John's body and widening when he found that John hadn't got himself off yet.

John felt a vindictive thrill course through him.

"So, new case? What are the details? Lestrade’s message was a bit vague." John wandered into the kitchen, adjusting his dressing gown and tutting irritably when he noticed they were out of teabags.

"Nothing remarkable. Expect it will be solved in minutes but Lestrade wants me to take a look." Sherlock said, leaning in the doorway and watching John, his fingers teasing and caressing at the column of his neck as if in deep thought. He sighed, tipping his head back, and John's eyes were inexorably drawn to the sight- as Sherlock had known they would be.

John appreciated the display for a moment, as he was supposed to, before snorting with laughter. "You might want to cover that up." He nodded at the flourished, dark lovebite on Sherlock's neck, which had lingered longer on pale skin than John had anticipated. "Also, your razor needs replacing, and you've got a tiny bit of...brown sugar? Under your index fingernail." He deduced, relishing the look of wide-eyed bemusement that he received in return.

Sherlock looked wrong-footed and John took a sick pleasure in being able to surprise him. He nonchalantly turned back to the counter, making toast which they could eat on the way to the crime scene. He'd gone without sex - without getting off - before. Plenty of times. He could do it again and no little teases from Sherlock would affect him. However, two could play at that game. This wasn’t just about John, was it?

John carelessly shed his dressing gown as he left the kitchen, baring himself to kith and kin, and most importantly, to one very aroused consulting detective.
If Sherlock hadn’t already been dressed, he would have wasted no time in out-doing John's performance with his own display of his physical...temptations.

As it was, Sherlock, clad in his suit, watched John get dressed, feeling himself becoming more and more aroused by the sight of John’s lean muscles stretching and bunching beneath his skin. The way the light reflected off his skin, his hairs caught the light. His narrow hips, cock and testicles hanging heavy and low between his legs.

Sherlock swallowed heavily. If they hadn't been fighting, he would have attempted a seduction. Even now, if he didn’t push it too far, perhaps he could-

No, Sherlock sternly told himself. That was just what John wanted. John was waiting for him to offer himself. Another willing vessel, which he would accept with apparent altruism. Sherlock couldn’t give in. Not for one second.

John was going to crack, and Sherlock was determined to be there to see it.

He began to fortify the (comfortable, reassuring, beautiful, delicious) rooms in his Mind Palace marked 'John' with Mission Impossible-style laser beam traps and motion sensors.

By the time John was dressed and ready to go to the crime scene, Sherlock had his plan - and his defences - ready. He was going to win.

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They arrived at the fancy spa about midday and were forced to traverse multitudes of yellow police tape cordons and a gaggle of half-naked sauna, massage and alternative therapy customers who were being kept for routine questioning. John couldn’t understand why these people would pay to wrinkle in the same wet heat that was available for free just outside the front door in the sweltering late-summer City heat...but apparently that sort of heat wasn’t posh enough for those with means.

He knew it was widely touted as a health treatment, but looking around at the state of the towel-clad, confused-looking clients in the foyer, John doubted that it was doing any of them any good. Well… except one or two.

When he turned around, Sherlock was staring at him, his eyes narrowed suspiciously. John raised his eyebrows, trying to look innocent.

"We're here to investigate a murder, John. Not for you to ogle the witnesses."

"Who says I'm not just deducing?" John asked but Sherlock snorted.

"I should have known not getting off for one day would have made you so randy."

John glanced around briefly, judging the minuscule time-frame he would need, and pinched Sherlock's arse sharply. "You brought this upon yourself, Sherlock. Now be a good boy and go to work."

Sherlock gave John a venomous glare and stalked away, aware of the smaller man striding along behind him. He knew John was staring at the assembled people, probably playing some perverse game trying to decide who he would fuck. He strode up to the manager of the spa, frowning irritably and the man wilted under his gaze.

"Tell me how exactly how you found her."

The manager began to describe the situation succinctly and Sherlock listening raptly while at the
same time wondering which of the assembled witnesses John would prefer to him, jolted in shock when he recognised the familiar weight of Lestrade's hand on his arm.

"We've kept the crime scene intact for you. Thought you'd need to take a look."

"And you haven't allowed Anderson to trample all over it like normal?"

"You sound disappointed," Lestrade said tiredly. "I haven't got time for dramatics, Sherlock, if you can give me anything, do it quickly. This woman's a fucking Peer of the Realm and my superiors are breathing down my neck to get this wrapped up and solved."

After a few cursory questions for the staff, which seemed to John and Lestrade to be random and irrelevant, Sherlock swept into the crime scene. He had trouble concentrating on the body that laid on the therapy table, though, keeping one eye on John all the while. Observing the way he laughed with Lestrade at the periphery of the room, making plans with him for later in the week- pub, blah blah blah. Normal...but Sherlock was suddenly on edge. Would John try and have it off with Lestrade? If he weren’t supplied with ample, vigorous, pleasing sex at home on a regular basis…would John seek it from the next likely source? Someone he worked with?

"Why do you bother to ask for my knowledge when you won't pay attention?!" Sherlock asked furiously, turning a searing glare upon John and Lestrade. "I know everything that happened here. If you would prefer to taunt me, please carry on, but don't expect me to placate you in your pathetic attempts at personal gratification. And John, don’t trouble yourself about my possible physical reactions over the next few days. I'll force it away."

John's face turned a ruddy red and Lestrade looked torn over whether or not he should laugh or be embarrassed. He settled for chuckling awkwardly and rubbing at the back of his neck, which had turned a stunning shade of red.

"Called in the middle of a lover's quarrel, eh?" He asked, clearing his throat and avoiding looking at John. He paced toward Sherlock and away from a clearly simmering John. "Well? Tell me what we've missed."

"Are you sure you wouldn't prefer to keep ignoring me?"

"Sherlock. Just. Tell me what you know."

“First of all- John, I need you to confirm that her acupuncture treatment in this spa was in fact the last treatment she had before she died, and also that she had never received that particular treatment before. She comes here for relaxation and pampering, as opposed to actively seeking respite from any chronic pain or other physiological problems. The actual cause of death was asphyxiation, however there are no signs of manual strangulation, no evidence of water in the lungs, no bruising on her face which would suggest a pillow held over her face, and she was found relatively-peacefully after the acupuncturist completed the therapy. He left her alone for half an hour to rest. The causation was clearly chemical, then.”

Sherlock took a deep breath, and continued without further pause.

“One compound can be easily extracted from a reasonably common plant, wolfsbane, which is also easy to cultivate in the Northern hemisphere, especially if you happen to be a degree-level horticulturalist who is employed by this woman to maintain her extensive acreage of land. She wouldn’t recognise it; I doubt she would have known a nettle from a nasturtium. Long story short,
the toxin collected from the plant was applied via the acupuncture needles. The therapist who gave her the treatment is looking distinctly awkward, but it’s not fear or shock, it’s guilt. I suspect that it’s his partner, the gardener, who supplied the poison. Her heart suffered arrhythmia, and this soon led to asphyxia and death. I imagine the motive was money, she made an effort to bequeath substantial amounts to her loyal staff upon her demise. I suspect they couldn’t wait any longer,” Sherlock panted, clearing his throat with finality. Lestrade, pen poised over his notepad, stared openly at Sherlock, looking dumbfounded, and John grinned.

"That's fantastic."

"Aren't you used to that by now?” Lestrade snapped out of his daze and stared from Sherlock to the body and back at his blank notepad. Sherlock allowed himself a small smile at John's praise. Of course, if he could still dazzle and impress John he would always hold sway over him. He would always desire Sherlock so long as he was brilliant.

"Don't ever really get used to...that." John gestured at Sherlock, eyes doing a quick glance up and down his body- making Sherlock’s skin flush hot all over- before snapping to attention again. A comically-bemused expression crinkled Sherlock's features as he silently questioned John's implication. It might have been sexual, but...it was hard to say.

“I think we're practically done here,” Sherlock managed, making to stride from the room but finding himself unwilling to try and traverse past John in the doorway, like a full-size dog irrationally unsettled by a little cat in its path.

"Call Donovan in on your way out." Lestrade said, scribbling for all he was worth. "And I'll be calling you later to check these facts."

Sherlock nodded and, squaring his shoulders, marched toward the door, expecting John to naturally move out of the way. He didn't. Sherlock rather awkwardly brushed against John’s front, and he huffed, irritated, feeling his own cheeks burn as he caught Lestrade's dark eyes on him.

"John, I-" His mumble was cut short as John bestowed on him the kind of look which left Sherlock in no doubt of the smaller man’s cheeky, lascivious intentions, and his genuine sexual interest. Sherlock felt his body responding- right in the middle of a crime scene, a dead body not two yards from them- and he quickly slid the rest of the way past John, swinging his coat around him to hide his burgeoning erection. He hoped no one noticed and he tried to keep his face from showing how much he'd been affected. A quick glance at John confirmed that he hadn't been affected by their contact.

At all.

John was doing things on purpose.

Sherlock was sure of it.

He was positive John didn't need to bend over like that in order to get something on the bottom shelf at Tesco. And he didn't need to wiggle his hips while he walked through the aisles. And Sherlock wanted to wipe that smug little smirk off John's face- preferably by sucking his cock until he was gasping and gone with pleasure and he swore he’d never smile at the petite brunette they passed near the bread ever again.

And the rub of it was, John seemed totally unaffected.
To be fair, Sherlock didn't need to be there at all, shopping with him. In fact, John was probably finding it slightly suspicious that he would even choose to accompany him on so mundane a mission when before he’d declared he never wanted to set foot in a store again. The noise. The crowd. The tediousness of it all.

But Sherlock’s inner caveman instinct was, if not 'kicking in,' then certainly simmering vaguely...enough for him to want to defend his mate against potential usurpers.

John needed sex. Lots and lots of sex. If he wasn't having it, then he was thinking of it, and John's thinking of sex led to him wanking...and wanking led him to wanting sex. It was a cycle, one Sherlock had observed the entire time he and John had been flatmates. John had always been in the pursuit of women he wanted to sleep with.

Now that Sherlock had cut him off from sex, and by extension wanking...it only stood to reason he would be on the prowl. If John was going to try it on with someone else, Sherlock wanted to be there to see it. Well...he didn’t want to be there of course, and he didn’t want to see it at all- the pain of John finding someone else to have giggly, rough sex with was too painful to contemplate—...but he wanted to be proved right.

Sherlock quietly admitted to himself that the only thing he would prefer to being proved right, was if John stayed celibate for him.

But, as Sherlock watched John smile at a passing mother and her little boy, he doubted John would. He'd meant it when he said he didn’t believe John could go without sex. He really didn’t think he could. Sherlock bit his tongue for a few seconds as John’s smile widened at the woman, and he was secretly proud of his restraint that he didn’t snap something rude and get them both thrown out of the store. He was less happy that his deep voice broke tellingly when he next addressed John, over the annoying, noisy bustle and chaos of the supermarket.

"Friend of yours?"

"Hmm? Her? No, just being polite." John said off-handedly, his attention already focused on trying to decide between a few different cereals. "Which one, Sherl? And not to experiment on - to eat." He held up two boxes that Sherlock didn't care anything about. He tried to sneak a glance at John's crotch to see if he were aroused by his contact with the woman.

John, however, was flaccid and Sherlock decided perhaps more time needed to pass before John broke.

John was roused, as had become the usual these last few weeks, by the faint but very telling noises of frustration which sounded from the man who had invited himself (permanently) into his bed after the roof in his room had been fixed, and who had been spooning him with a cocktail of possessiveness, lust, and frustration over the last three weeks.

John mentally thanked god that he had the day off. Five in the morning was no decent time to be forced into wakefulness by your intransigent lover. He instinctively rubbed his left shoulder, which was healing remarkably quickly, his arm working almost at full strength, though it twinged sharply with pain every now and then- and focused back to the problem at hand.

Sherlock was rutting against him, sleepily but with obvious purpose, his erection poking John in the back and little desperate grunts huffing into John's neck. Sherlock's fingers clutched at John's T-shirt,
twisting the fabric and pulling John closer, whines starting to build up in his throat. Used to this scenario by now, John eased himself away, before turning over and pecking the sleeping detective lightly on the tip of his nose, using his hands to gently shake him into a modicum of bleary consciousness.

"J-John?" Sherlock gasped, eyes blinking open, dark and full of want. His hips stuttered forward again, once, twice...and then John saw the moment Sherlock realized what he was doing...Why it was wrong of him to be doing it.

Sherlock blanched and jerked away from John, rolling over in their bed and turning his back to him-not before John saw the prominent erection tenting his pyjama bottoms and the wet spot he'd leaked onto the fabric.

"Morning, darling." He said cheerfully, smiling at Sherlock's rigid back. He received the faintest, disgruntled rumble in reply, and Sherlock sequestered himself deeply under the bedsheets. The late-summer mornings were currently unseasonably chilly, damp, and grey, and John shivered as his sleep-snared body rapidly became aware of the coolness of the bedroom.

"Sherlock, give me some covers."

"My need is greater." Sherlock hauled the covers tighter around him, refusing to relinquish them even when John tugged at them. He tried to quietly control his rapid breathing, his penis pulsing in time with his heartbeat. Sherlock knotted his fingers in the blanket to keep from reaching down and bringing himself off, the lurid dream from earlier parading through his mind and making it so much worse.

He hadn't come in 3 weeks. It was by far not the longest he'd ever gone without sexual pleasure. Not even close. He'd gone 6 months before without an orgasm and not even cared or noticed. But this was vastly different.

John was always there. Looking handsome. Stretching and groaning as his muscles pulled. Throwing Sherlock dirty looks. Licking his lips. Reminding Sherlock of all he could have if only he hadn’t been so rash and started this stupid bet.

"Sherlock, I'm cold." John murmured. "If you’re not going to give me the covers back...why don’t you hold me...please?"

Oh, that voice. That request. Sherlock positively shuddered with want, able to imagine John's blue eyes, beseeching in the darkness. "You're not cold." He stalled, not wanting to turn over and show John how aroused he still was.

"Yes, I am. Come on, Sherlock, it’s 5 in the morning. Just...turn back over and hold me so we can both go to sleep."

There was no way he'd be able to sleep if he held John. Sherlock knew it…but he turned over just the same, bundling the covers in front of his crotch to conceal his erection. John, he noticed, was still soft.

John made a rather elaborate show of yanking up a handful of duvet and trying to pull it over himself, making a small noise of irritation when he felt resistance, and he tiredly pulled a few more times, before sighing in submission. "Don't know what you're doing but I'm cold. So, come on."

Sherlock growled. He felt as if he were burning up from the inside out with sexual frustration. He didn't understand it. John hadn't wanked or had sex in 3 weeks- a record for him as far as Sherlock
knew- and he seemed totally...fine. Oh, he glanced at Sherlock's lips every now and then, but for the most part he was fine. Not like Sherlock. He sometimes felt as if a stiff breeze blowing in the right direction would make him come. He was aroused by the most random of things; the way John buttered his toast, when he bit his lip, tongue poking out as he read the newspaper, crossing his legs, sighing...

"I don't want to hold you." Sherlock said petulantly. "Why don't you hold me?"

John beamed and scooted closer, strong arms encompassing Sherlock. One scooped under his torso and nudged against the slightly-lumpy mattress, the other clasped possessively around his shoulders.

“Mm. This is nice. Still cold, though.” John muttered, his breath tickling Sherlock’s lips.

"Buy an electric blanket." Sherlock replied sourly, closing his eyes and willing himself to go to sleep and stop concentrating on the pulsing need between his legs. This wasn't like him.

"We need to be closer." John tugged Sherlock against him, wedging his cock between them. "To ensure maximum heat transfer."

"Enough, John," Sherlock stuttered, with an obvious, telling hitch in his deep voice. "I know exactly what you're doing. Stop it."

John made a thoughtful little noise and nuzzled Sherlock fondly. "And I know exactly what you need. When's the last time you climaxed, sweetheart?"

Sherlock swallowed heavily at the question, at the idea. "Th-three weeks." His cock jerked upward at the words, clamoring for more attention.

"How does it feel?" John asked, nosing at Sherlock's throat. Sherlock’s pulse leaped at the contact. "...Is it driving you mad?"

"No." Sherlock lied. "I...hardly notice it. It's just my body, John. It's become used to regular orgasms, for the release. But I'm in control of myself. I...am perfectly fine."

"Hhm." John twitched his hips and his soft cock nudged against Sherlock. Sherlock shuddered.

"Sherlock. Tell me honestly. Do you want to get off? You know..." John said slowly, “they say that every time you lie, somewhere, a bee dies."

"They do not." Sherlock protested, then looked up at John, worried. "Do they?"

"Depends if you tell the truth or not. At this very moment, somewhere in the country, a bee is in its final death throes-"

"John-"

"Struggling for air, wings fluttering feebly-"

“Yes! I was lying!” Sherlock burst out quickly, knowing John was putting him on but unable to think of a poor bee in such pain. "I was lying, John. I want to get off. But.." He sighed. "That wasn't what was supposed to happen. It will just be proving me right that you can't go without sex."

"Not exactly." John's hand glided down Sherlock's stomach, stopping just short of his cock. "If I get you off, that doesn't mean I have to get off."
"That hardly seems fair, John."

"It’s fair, love. I’m still going without sex and I’m still proving a point. But just because I’m going without…doesn’t mean you have to." John’s hand moved another inch closer to Sherlock’s cock, a spurt of pre-come weeping from the tip. Sherlock very quickly made up his mind.

"Oh, Christ," He shivered, gulping audibly. "Can I...can I have anything I want?"

"Of course, love." John promised, moving closer and voice pitching lower in excitement. "Anything."

“Do you think you could...talk to me?” Sherlock asked, hesitantly and awkwardly. "And kiss me a bit? And just...tell me things? It won't take much." He confessed shame-facedly, feeling a steady, cooling trickle of liquid from his own turgid shaft dribble down his balls.

John surged forward, fervently kissing Sherlock and he moaned into John's mouth. They hadn't kissed like this in the past three weeks. Little pecks, a few longer kisses, but nothing...nothing like this. Sherlock's eyes rolled back in his head when John's tongue invaded his mouth and he clutched John's body to him, rutting against his hip. Sherlock's pyjama bottoms were becoming unpleasantly sticky as more and more precome spooled from his tip, but he didn't dare attempt to remove or even adjust them lest he distracted John and snapped him out of the glorious, deep, penetrating snog he was receiving. He couldn't, however, restrain the small, breathless exhales that were noisily exposing his true desperation in the otherwise-silent pre-dawn gloom.

"Missed you. Missed this." John confessed, breaking their kiss, whispering against Sherlock's lips. "Can't wait to see you come, Sherl. You're always so gorgeous when you come."

John's cock was finally responding. Sherlock could feel it fattening up against his thigh but John wasn't moving to give himself more stimulus, didn't start rubbing himself against Sherlock. He seemed to be ignoring it. Overcome, Sherlock huffed a hot, silent laugh against John's mouth.

"It's quite nice, this, isn't it?" He felt giddy, drunk on John’s kisses and his growing orgasm.

"Yes." John breathed, sounding sincere, nipping at Sherlock's jaw as he pawed at his back, his arse, hands greedy and possessive. Sherlock's hips stuttered and he tensed, ready to come.

"John, I wish you would come too." He admitted, groaning as his orgasm began to crest, muscles locking in preparation….and then it ebbed away tantalizingly. Sherlock panted desperately. "John..."

"I'll be fine." John kissed Sherlock, tugging at his lip. "I'll be fine. Come on, Sherlock, come on, love." He wedged a hand down between their bodies and cupped a hand over Sherlock's erection, massaging at it forcefully. "Let it all out."

Grunting, gritting his teeth in concentration, Sherlock writhed on the utter brink of orgasm. "Just...bit...m...more." He pleaded without conscious shame and John moaned, the first noise Sherlock had been able to tear from him in three weeks.

He stroked at Sherlock’s clothed cock, breath shuddering against Sherlock's cheek. John’s cock was trapped between them, rock hard, and Sherlock could feel him restraining his hips which jerked forward minutely before he stopped them, groaning. Sherlock took two huge breaths, tensing all over, whimpering as his orgasm loomed closer and closer- and then it crashed over him. His cock jerked beneath John's hand, semen spurting out and coating the inside of his bottoms, soaking into the material and onto John's hand, a thick, wet heat and refreshing pleasure that made Sherlock groan as if he were dying.
Sherlock rode out his long-overdue climax with little dignity, emitting a few sharp cries at the perfect peak, and then sinking his teeth thoughtlessly into John's throat as he rode out the aftershocks inelegantly with trembling shudders.

"How was that?" John asked, soothingly scratching at his scalp as Sherlock slumped against him.

"Mmph." Sherlock moaned, rolling his head up to gaze at John through bleary eyes. "Mmhmm." He glanced down between them where John was still hard, his red erection in stark contrast to Sherlock's semen-stained crotch. "You...didn't come." He mumbled, sleep tugging at his eyes.

"I told you, Sherlock. I'm fine. Now get some rest, love." John kissed his forehead. "I'll wake you for breakfast."
Hey everyone! So sorry it's taken us this long to post another chapter. I, starrysummernights, take full responsibility for that. Hectic work schedule and real life and all that rot. Anyway, hope you enjoy the new chapter :D

Sherlock’s body was nicely lax after his most recent orgasm. All the tension which had accumulated over multiple days was drained away and he felt refreshed. His bare arms and upper body soon informing him of the fact of the now-consistent chill of early autumn. From his clavicles down, however, he was sumptuously warm and cosy, and he allowed himself a gluttonous sigh of pure, uninhibited pleasure.

From his position, curled in the bed, he could hear the shower running and made a moue of discontent that John had already left the bed, that he would be prevented from morning cuddles-something he would deny he loved to anyone who asked. He listened to the sounds of John showering, drifting in and out of sleep, but perked up when he heard the water cut off.

"JOHN! Come in here so I can check your physiological responses to see if you've orgasmed or not." Sherlock yelled raucously- before jerking at the buzz of his phone on the bedside table and heaving a troubled sigh of effort as he leaned to read it. His brow crinkled when he saw who had texted him. Molly almost never texted him.

"I told you I'm not going to and I meant it." John scrubbed at his hair as he came into the bedroom, naked as the day he was born. "You know, a little trust would be nice." He frowned, staring at Sherlock staring at his phone. "Something the matter?"

"…People we know are procreating," Sherlock grimaced. "I'm going to have to add conservatories to my Mind Palace. Adding attics to house information about our friends in would be considered a Not Good, right?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Text from Molly. Apparently she's...with child."

John blinked at the out-of-date euphemism. "Molly's...pregnant?"

"Yes."

"Pregnant?"

"Yes, John, I just said-"

"By who?"

"Whoever she's recently had sex with, obviously. She's the sort of person who would delight in informing everybody she knows the moment she confirmed that her uterus was occupied with a foetus. It must have been relatively recent. She's intelligent enough to realise that a missed period is a warning sign, and of course she's qualified in the medical field. Within the last two months, then."
Who's she been going out with? That......" There was a long, furrow-browed pause. "......Craig?"

"God. Not Craig. He had the personality of a dead fish. She broke it off with him months ago. Nick. Nick was the latest one. The one with the fancy hair." John wiggled his hand over his own head demonstrably.

"Molly is expecting to deposit a viable foetus in seven months then, who is likely to have an unnatural fondness for out-dated hairstyles, and also displaying a helplessly meek personality. God help him. Oh, it will be a 'him', by the way, judging by her diet. I would need further details of her cycles, family history, and so on, to be sure," Sherlock muttered, hitting the phone button on his phone and listening to the ring on the other end of the line.

"Hello?" Molly sounded happy, ecstatic, and Sherlock could visualize the huge smile lighting her face.

"Hello, Molly. Congratulations. Before you were burdened with another human parasitising your womb, how heavy and regular was your flow?"


"H-hello, Sherlock. Um...thanks. I...I don't-"

"Quickly, if you don’t mind, Molly. These notes are important for me to make. I've never been closely acquainted with a potential maternal unit before.” Sherlock waggled an impatient hand at John, gesturing frantically for the notepad and biro on the desk on the opposite side of the bed.

"Oh. Oh well...I- I guess it was n-normal. Nothing...extraordinary." Molly stuttered and John, never one to deny Sherlock, pressed a pad and pen into his hand.

"And exactly when was the date of conception?" Sherlock only blinked irritably at the smart clip round the head that John gave him. "Sorry, John was domestically abusing me. Continue."

"I...I don't know exactly," Molly said, and Sherlock could tell she was gnawing on her thumb as she hesitantly continued. "I just...I just wanted to let you know, I didn't think...well..."

"Don't you want to hear my predictions?" Sherlock asked, fending John off with one hand while the doctor made desperate grabs at the phone. While naked. With his bits…dangling. It was rather distracting. "But in order to give you accurate measurements I need all the information." John, accidentally brushing his testicles against Sherlock, managed to grab the phone from him.

"Molly." He panted from the exertion. "Congratulations, love. Sorry about him."

"It's…it's okay. He can email me his predictions if he wants. I'm sure he'd do it anyway, with or without our consent,” she laughed softly.

"Yes, he will." John muttered, sending Molly his love and ending the call. He gave Sherlock, whose eyes were fixed on John's soft penis, a glare. "That wasn't on. What are you doing?"

"What?" Sherlock's eyes snapped to John's face, looking glazed. John smirked knowingly and knelt beside the bed, lifting the covers and sliding his hand toward Sherlock's erection. Over the last week, John had gotten Sherlock off several times, though Sherlock believed he had put up a respectable amount of resistance on each occasion to maintain his dignity. He did the same now, swatting away the inquisitive fingers that tip-toed playfully up his bare thigh.

"I'm not in the mood." Sherlock’s voice broke tellingly over the last word when John's fingers
brushed against his testicles. John's smirk widened.

"Aren't you?" He wriggled his eyebrows and Sherlock sighed. It had been weeks...and John still hadn't got off. Sherlock offered each time John made him climax, but John always laughed and waved him away, saying he didn't need it. That he was fine. He was proving a point. Sherlock knew John wanted to come- he still got hard, gave Sherlock dark, lustful looks...but he hadn't broken yet.

It felt like ages since he'd seen John come. Since he'd made John come, and Sherlock missed it.

"I would have known." Sherlock mused, knowing John would realize what he was talking about. "If you'd been doing it behind my back."

"Trust me, love, you'd know if I'd done it." John chuckled, tongue darting out to moisten his lips. "I can't hide anything from you."

"True." Sherlock blushed when John's fingers curled around his cock and began stroking it gently, teasingly. He inhaled deeply, eyes fluttering under John's ministrations. "Can't you just...touch yourself a little bit?" Sherlock asked as he eyed-up the bare body before him, taunting him with its seemingly-unflappable composure. "So I can …so I can watch?"

"You said I couldn't go without sex. So I'm going without." John pointed out. "Touching myself would be going against that."

"Just...just a bit." Sherlock prodded, needing to see John touch himself, feeling like a starving man he was so desperate to see John orgasm. It felt like an obsession.

John stared at him knowingly for a few seconds. Sherlock held his breath, hoping, trying to beg with his eyes for John to please, please do this for him...and then John raised his hand. Sherlock's eyes followed it like a hungry dog waiting for a biscuit, as John stroked his own collarbone, tipping his head back so Sherlock could see the thundering pulse at the side of his neck, and then travelled lower to traverse his shoulders. The left one now accommodated two scars - one creamy, smooth, and aged, and the other fresh, red and angry. Sherlock licked his lips as that hand slipped further down, over John's stomach, bypassing nipples which Sherlock would have licked and plucked at, and trailed lower…and lower...

Sherlock's breath sped up and he leaned forward, poised, waiting for John's hand to go wrap around his cock. Instead, John raised his fingers to his lips and proceeded to suck on two of them indulgently, his eyes darkening with apparent ecstasy, a small noise of pleasure that was impossible to describe as anything but 'delicious', leaving his throat. All the air in Sherlock's lungs left him in a rush as he watched, with wide eyes, as John fellated his fingers, eyes never leaving Sherlock's face.

"Oh, John," Sherlock leaned closer, clenching his fingers in the duvet to keep himself from touching. John didn't bother to mask the sloppy, gulping sounds that accompanied a real blow-job, and Sherlock stared even more fervently, his expression bordering on wild, and his body reacting in a very enthusiastic, revealing way.

John moaned around his fingers, lavish and loud, and Sherlock, gasping, was suddenly coming, his hips jerking beyond his control and spurting onto his thighs. Sherlock tried to moan but his mouth was suddenly stuffed full of John's fingers, still wet from the John’s mouth, and Sherlock gripped them between his teeth as he rode out the rest of his aggressive orgasm, sucking on them for all he was worth, wishing they were John's cock and that he was about to be gifted with a mouthful of come.

Sherlock pulled back for breath, totally shattered. "John...Now, now, now you," He insisted,
launching himself in the direction of John's crotch but John swatted at Sherlock's hands.

"I'm proving a point."

Sherlock whined. "John, please, you must be going mad with it. I concede." He said quickly. "I concede, John. I want to make you come. Please."

"Jesus." John breathed, looking torn... before shaking his head. "No - I mean, yes. Ok, Christ yes. But... but just wait... I've something planned for next week. Ok?"

Sherlock sat back, a look of disbelief contorting his pale, sweaty features. "Next... next week?! John, that's seven days away!"

"Yes." John took a deep breath and Sherlock was pleased to see that he wasn't as unaffected as he usually was. His color was high and his cock was fully erect, almost as if it were begging for attention and the promised orgasm. "It'll be worth it. Trust me."

A week later, Sherlock was wrapped in a Union Jack blanket that had materialised near the sofa a few days previously - he thought he might have lifted it from a crime scene and then forgotten about it, but he wasn't sure - sulking in his self-imposed cocoon, eyeing John with silent suspicion whilst pretending to watch Murder, She Wrote. John was noticeably agitated. It was obvious that his mind, like Sherlock's, was on the events of that night. Of what would be taking place.

Sherlock could barely wait. He was practically vibrating in nervous excitement. He wanted John's semen on his face, he'd decided, and had announced it to John over breakfast that morning.

"Will that be fine?"

"Um." John had gone wide eyed and his hand, frozen in the act of frying bacon, trembled. "Yeah. Yeah that's... more than fine."

Sherlock smirked at the memory, jiggling his foot, waiting until John said it was time.

"... What are you waiting for," he murmured with ostensible indifference, watching John dust the mantelpiece with revealingly-dilated eyes and tense muscles. He was tempted to throw off the blanket and relinquish his naked body to John's attentions... but it was simply too cold.

"Patience, Sherlock." John intoned, shoulders stiff as he pivoted around. His eyes slid over Sherlock before he turned away, throat bobbing. "I'm going to fix dinner," he muttered. "Why don't you go and shower?"

Sherlock let out a grumpy, petulant mumble and scowled like a toddler but, after a minute or so, he reluctantly stood and stalked to the bathroom.

John took a deep breath and immediately phoned their favorite take away place, placing their regular order before rushing about the room, placing the candles he'd bought earlier that week, strategically scattering them around and lighting them. By the time the doorbell rang and the shower had cut off, John was ready for their night.

"Something's on fire, and it wasn't me," Sherlock announced distantly as he exited the bathroom in his damp tan dressing-gown, distractedly towelling off his soaked, black curls.

"Surprise." John beamed as Sherlock, stopped short in the doorway, taking in the soft lighting and the candle lit meal.
"It's not our anniversary." Sherlock said, hoping he was right, worried he'd missed a major milestone and John would be angry. "...Is it?" He asked uncertainly, looking down at himself, naked under his damp, soapy-smelling dressing gown. John, he belatedly noticed, was wearing one of his best shirts, the red one, and new dark, well-fitting jeans. His eyes unfocussed and his lips moved unconsciously as he rummaged frantically through his Mind Palace documents relating to important dates.

Unfortunately, that area was susceptible to small fires and thefts from an unknown, outside agent, resulting in a perpetual loss of data like birthdays, anniversaries, and Christmas.

"Uh...yes, it is." John admitted, glancing around at all his preparation, suddenly feeling self-conscious. "It's...well, it's our 3 month anniversary."

"I...yes? Yes. It is. Of course. Happy..." Sherlock tried to think of the appropriate sentiment. "...'Us'?

John giggled. "Happy us." He agreed, motioning toward the table. "I, uh, ordered your favorite and...Christ. Is this too cheesy? This is ridiculous, isn't it? You think I'm being stupid." He scrubbed the back of his neck, agitated, hating the way Sherlock was still silent, staring at him as if he were more appalled than flattered.

"I'm not sure...what I'm thinking," Sherlock mumbled. "There are candles...the heat and light are appreciated. I assumed at first that you purchased them because of the temperamental heating in the flat. But wax-based combustibles are considered romantic, so...that's why there are..." his eyes flicked rapidly round the cluttered, golden-gloomed living room, "...twelve of them."

John's shoulders sagged in disappointment at Sherlock's blasé pronouncements. "Look- we can just forget-"

"I've never had someone do this to me before...I...I sort of...like it." Sherlock hesitated before swinging forward and pecking John on the cheek. "Thank you for the romantic gesture."

John grinned, but his eyes still betrayed a considerable amount of awkwardness. The detective quirked his head slightly, and swept down to overwhelm him with an intense, heated, wet snog, tongue swiping possessively at the enamel of John's teeth, and the slight ribbing of the roof of his mouth.

"Let me get dressed for the occasion. Five minutes." Sherlock said, hurrying towards the bedroom, inspired to make everything perfect for John's romantic gesture. "Oh. And I see you got fortune cookies. Never sold with Thai takeaway. If I didn't know better, John Watson, I'd say you were up to something," He winked, before swirling dramatically and entering his bedroom.

Clothed in John’s favourite purple shirt and trousers, resplendent in his sharp shoes, and soft, newly-manoeuvred dark curls, Sherlock settled himself with envious regality at the table. John sat across from him. Illuminated by candlelight, and Sherlock kept being distracted from eating by watching the way John's eyes twinkled in the light, the way the strands of grey in his hair glinted. John's weathered face was notably flushed, and he kept his gaze down as he munched his Pad Thai hungrily, a beansprout hanging delectably from his thin bottom lip before he sucked it up with a wonderfully dirty-sounding slurp.

"I...appreciate the candles." Sherlock said, stilted but wanting to make John feel better. "They...smell nice."

John gave him a look across the table and Sherlock smiled.
"All the magazines Molly subscribes to say you should light candles to...increase the sexual tension in the room. Is that what you're trying to accomplish?"

"Is it working?" John asked playfully, spearing another forkful of food. He paused with it nudging his lips, smearing a tiny amount of sauce there. "And do you think we need it?"

"Maybe not." Sherlock grinned, sliding his foot beneath the table until it encountered John's leg. John narrowed his eyes as Sherlock toed off his shoe and inched his socked foot up, up John's leg. John couldn't help giggling, his face creasing in honest amusement as he tried to maintain his sultry composure while Sherlock's toes kneaded at his thigh.

"Eat up, Sherlock. Then we can...talk."

"Ugh. Talk." Sherlock let his foot fall back to the floor with a thud. "Talking's boring. Eating's boring. What else are we supposed to do if not have sex since you've filled the entire flat with candles?" He pushed away his plate of food, looking obstinate.

"Not hungry at all? Not even something little?" John looked a tiny bit disappointed, but not particularly surprised. He scooped up a fingerful of sauce and suckled it showily, before nudging the anomalous little bowl of fortune cookies towards his petulant lover. (Actually, 'bowl' might have been an overstatement - the cookies John had ordered had in fact been deposited as artfully as possible in one of their larger mugs.)

"No, I don't want a cookie. They taste like cardboard. I want sex."

"Just one." John wheedled. "Please?"

Rolling his eyes as exaggeratedly as he could, Sherlock plucked one of the little cookies up, crumbled it in his fist, and prepared to read the fortune.

"No one eats them," John announced quietly, huffing with unexpected laughter as Sherlock fiddled with the small bit of paper with his long, dextrous fingertips, which in this instance, were apparently failing him.

"Then why do they even bother making them?" Sherlock groused, only to pause, staring at the strip of paper. "To my darling consulting detective whose arse...makes my mouth water." Sherlock blushed and glanced across at John. "You-"

"You should carry on." John said, nodding towards the mug and the rest of the unopened cookies. Sherlock proceeded to break the crisp little biscuits, increasingly excited and rummaging through sharp crumbs and grease-stained paper, his eyes alight as they took in the words of each and every scrap.

'Consulting Genius'

'Irresistible Bastard'

'The Most Beautiful Person I've Ever Laid Eyes On'

'I'm Lucky To Have You'

There was one half-way through that made a slightly-choked up Sherlock laugh, and wave the paper in question in John’s face. "'After All This You're Bloody Well Doing The Washing Up,' ...Should have really kept that till last. Not that I would do it anyway."
"Worth a shot." John shrugged, smiling, and Sherlock suddenly realized they were too far away from each other. He leaned over the table and pulled John into a desperate kiss.

"Wait, wait! Finish the rest of them!" John panted, trying to tug out of Sherlock's grip.

"No. I- I can't wait any longer. Please, John?"

"Okay...okay, let's...I'm ready. I'm so ready," John laughed. "Christ Sherlock, where do you want to do it?"

"Living room." Sherlock said, not sure if he would be able to wait until they got to the bedroom. It was too far away. He needed John now.

"You still want me to come on your face, right?" John gasped, his left hand already twitching near his own crotch, grimacing in anticipation of a massively-overdue orgasm, and at the background pain of his healing shoulder.

"Oh. Yes, please, John." Sherlock breathed, heart starting up a fast tempo at the idea. "Now?" He asked, starting to drop to his knees but John grabbed him, standing and giving him a shove in the direction of the living room.

"Sit in your armchair. Go."

Sherlock rushed into the living room, obediently sinking into his armchair and watched as John stalked towards him, looking like a wicked but short avenging angel. He straddled Sherlock with a grunt, legs bracketing to each side of Sherlock's own, and palmed himself through his jeans. He groaned, eyes falling shut, and every coherent thought evaporated from Sherlock's mind as John squirmed on his lap, grinding his erection against Sherlock’s.

"How have you managed," he asked breathlessly, wincing in apparent discomfort and hissing in a sharp inhale through his teeth as John bumped his impressive, blood-flushed hard-on against his own.

"You told me to prove I could do without...so I did."

Sherlock shook his head. "That's not...even after we started having sex again-

"Oh, I'm not saying it wasn't hard." John canted his hips forward, rubbing his straining erection against Sherlock's stomach. "But if you were the prize...it was worth the torment."

"Prize." Sherlock couldn't believe John had called him a prize. It was almost too much to believe- and what a poor prize he probably made to John…but he liked it. He hoped he was worthy of John Watson.

He cleared his throat ineffectually, before settling possessive hands on John's backside and aiding, encouraging his deliciously-repressed thrusts. "Claim me."

"Claim you? I like the sound of that." John giggled, drunk on the high of the moment, of knowing he was about to come, of just being happy joking with Sherlock after so much angst. "Gladly."

John quickly undid his jeans and tugged them down, letting his cock, blood red and hard, spring free. Sherlock swallowed a sudden inundation of saliva at the sight, and did his best to resist wrestling John to the floor, wolfing the smaller man down and gulping and gobbling with zero elegance until John rewarded his throat with a hot gush of liquid pleasure. John didn’t give him the chance to enact his fantasy, though. He’d already waited long enough for his orgasm and it seemed he was too
excited and couldn’t wait another minute. He started stroking his cock at a fast pace, hips urging upward and breaths stuttering and labored.

"How close?" Sherlock asked, voice hushed as he watched John moan. "How close are you?"

"...I don't...I don't think I can make it last." John gasped, sucking in a few tremulous breaths, his features contorting into something resembling anguish as his eyes started to close tellingly. Short, sharp wheezes and faint, masculine grunts of exertion betrayed his imminent orgasm, but also the fact that he was trying to hold back. Sherlock had waited weeks. He wouldn't brook one more second of patience.

"Please, John." Sherlock crooned, pasting on his best innocent expression when John's eyes opened, glazed and slitted in pleasure. "Please, will you come on my face?"

"Oh...god...just here," John pulled one of Sherlock's hands forcefully to cup his testicles, sobbing out a desperate, almost-alarming cry of need. "Sherlock...Sh...Sh...oh...f..." John's vocal chords rapidly lost their strength, multiple syllables a burden and excess words a drain on shallow breath. He began to pump his hips viciously hard into his own fist, gritting his teeth and throwing his head back.

Sherlock was breathless in anticipation, eyes darting between John's face and the leaking tip of his cock, not wanting to miss the moment he came, wanting to see it-

John suddenly shouted, hunching forward, semen erupting from the tip of his cock in strong, powerful spurts. Splashes of musky, hot liquid decorated Sherlock’s pale face in a barely-noticeable white patina. His enviously-clear skin glistening with John's release, Sherlock abruptly grinned with glee as he licked off the lukewarm seed from his front teeth, and knuckled a fist fondly into one of his damp eye sockets. He darted his tongue out to catch a few extra renegade drops as it slid down his face.

"Oh...oh god." John shuddered, easing his hand away from his twitching cock carefully. He blinked at the sight of Sherlock, face literally dripping with come, his shirt striped with it. His eyelashes were clumped together with thin strands of come and his lips, which Sherlock was sucking on, had been totally slicked. "Wow." John traced his fingers through the mess. "That's...quite a bit."

Sherlock giggled, happy and relieved in his own way. His sudden and relentless seizure of John's hair was marred slightly by the fact that there wasn't quite enough of it to get a very good grip on, but it was enough for him to drag John down for a disgusting, delicious snog. John yelped, struggling to get away, and when he finally managed it, his own face was smeared with semen. He could taste it in his mouth, the smell cloying and musky in his nose.

"Bad man." He whispered teasingly, before lunging back down to kiss Sherlock some more, delighting in the sheer filthiness of it. John felt the brunette's hips bucking and twitching beneath him, and decided that Sherlock shouldn't endure another clothed orgasm. Licking his thin lips, grinning at the taste of his own release, John beamed down at his dizzy-looking lover. "What can I do for you?"

Sherlock swallowed heavily. "Whatever you want."
"Whatever you want."

Sherlock shivered at the implications in John’s voice, his mind boggled by the choices open to him. Anything. “Anything? What’s anything?”

“Anything.” John smiled, eyes tracing Sherlock’s still come-covered face. “What's going through that gorgeous brain of yours?”

Sherlock’s eyes fluttered nervously, baffled. “I don’t…I’m not sure….”

“What do you want, love?” John prodded but Sherlock squirmed unhappily, starting to look worried-and so he changed tactics. “How about…do you want to fuck me?”

"You mean...um...sex sex?"

"Yes," John chuckled. "Sex sex. The kind of sex that involves you sticking your cock in my arse and thrusting...very vigorously."

Sherlock gave an aborted moan, his erection, which had faded in the face of too many choices, returning in full. He was very much aware of how good it would feel, what John had said, how much he wanted it. "I...yes. That. That’s more than…That is...if you're amenable...I would like that, John."

“I’m very amenable.” John winked, easing himself off Sherlock and standing, chuckling to himself at the twinge of his thigh muscles. He instinctively moved a fist to smear away the semen on his face, but paused. "Sherlock, would you like it if I kept it on?"

Kept it on. Wearing his own ejaculate like apparel. Sherlock nearly lost it.

"Take that as a yes." John said wickedly. He stripped off his jeans the rest of the way, tossing them to the side, and peeled off his shirt, tossing it cheekily to Sherlock. "Well? Going to get undressed yourself? Or are you wanting to be clothed when you fuck me?"

There were a few seconds of gawping muteness…then Sherlock hurriedly shoved his hands to his own crotch, scrabbling with startling impatience at his flies, already wriggling his slim hips in anticipation of nudity and satisfaction. John laughed, watching him struggle for a few seconds, before reaching into his own armchair and, rummaging through the cushions, plucked up a bottle of lubricant. Sherlock went still at the sight of it, his trousers only halfway worked down his thighs, his pants still on, tented by his erection. His breath caught in his throat in pure want.

"Hurry up and I'll let you get me ready."

An honest flash of self-consciousness and heady anticipation creased Sherlock's brow, dilated his eyes, and sharpened his breath. With a faint, inadvertent mewl of effort, he yanked down his trousers with a stupendous lack of decorum. His shirt went next, unbuttoned with shaky, clumsy fingers that slipped again and again on the buttons, made slick with Sherlock's own nervous sweat and John's semen striping the front. When he was finally free of the fabric, Sherlock made to stand- but John pushed him back in his chair, kneeling again over him. He was careful not to press their cocks together, knowing Sherlock may come quicker if he did.

"Here." He pressed the bottle into Sherlock's hands. "Get me ready."
Sherlock made a rather adorable, drunken-eyed assertion that they were both indeed naked, and took a deep breath. The resultant olfactory proof of John's previous, copious pleasure, made him almost woozy. "I...yes...okay, I can...yes." He muttered, thighs shaking beneath John. He then added, out of the blue, "...I can taste you in the air. Your semen. Your...cock. It's beautiful."

"Fuck, Sherlock. You can't just say things like that..."

"Why?"

"Christ." John breathed, snatching the bottle of lube from Sherlock's unresponsive fingers and drizzling a large amount over his fingers. "Get me ready. I need you to fuck me."

"Why can't I?...Oh...does it not...please you if I talk?" Sherlock asked, beginning to make tenuous plans in his Mind Palace for extra-strong, bedroom scenario brain-to-mouth filters, if need be.

"Because I fucking love it, when you say things- especially like that- but right now I really want to get off again. I've waited god knows how many weeks so if you'll just-" John broke off, gasping, when Sherlock abruptly shoved a finger into his arse, slick with lube.

"...Get off again?" Sherlock asked, preparing to take a new, heated inhale, but was briefly interrupted by a cool, collected drip of John's semen upon his bottom lip. Ingesting it surreptitiously, he spoke again. "...Um...John, you just came? You probably can't do it again so soon."

"Normally. Probably not. But I haven't come in weeks, Sherlock. Weeks. I'm pretty sure I have at least one more in me." John greedily pushed back against Sherlock's finger and his brain skittered off the rails.

"Oh...oh," Sherlock managed, slack-jawed in a way that would be highly unattractive in anyone else. He pushed his hips up, cock throbbing in protest at the tightness of John's arse.

"Like that?" John grunted, as if he were the one penetrating Sherlock and not the other way around. "Give me another. Come on, Sherlock."

"......Can we...can we go to bed so I can lay you down?" Sherlock asked, in a rapid, gasping request. John nodded, whining at the loss when Sherlock gently, reluctantly, removed his fingers. John skittered ungracefully off Sherlock's lap onto wobbly legs. They staggered to Sherlock's bedroom; John threw himself onto the unmade bed and unceremoniously shoved two fingers into his own arse. Sherlock stared unabashedly at the sight: John fucking himself greedily with his fingers, hips urging up at the sensations, cock more than half hard already and twitching into full rigidity. It was a lovely sight and Sherlock made sure to commit it to memory, frame it, and hang the picture in his hall dedicated purely to John.

In fact, he might photocopy it and also store it on a couple of flesh-coloured USB's in the shape of John's manhood, just to be sure.

"You look...you look like you're ready?" Sherlock asked hesitantly. John nodded, hair rasping against the pillow.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready." He slipped his fingers from his arse, knowing he was still rather tight but wanting to feel the stretch, wanting to feel full.

"Okay. I'm....alright," Sherlock announced in a fragile yet deep voice, his eyes concentrated on the soft, wet target between John's legs. He applied lubricant to his cock and then nudged forward a few awkward centimetres on his knees, pressing his eager, swollen tip to John's entrance, huffing a couple of grounding breaths before easing forward. John took a deep breath and tensed when the
head of Sherlock's cock popped past the first ring of his muscles and Sherlock froze, tensing himself and gripping John tightly.

"I...I can't promise I'll last," Sherlock laughed nervously, before clenching his teeth, wincing at the sensation of dried come creasing in the wrinkles of his eyes and cheeks. He pushed in further, with a sharp, high-pitched noise that delighted John with its newness, and surprised Sherlock with the same.

"S'fine," John breathed, shuddering, mouth falling open wider and wider the further in Sherlock pushed. "Oh, fuck...feels amazing."

Sherlock trembled, cock throbbing hotly in the tight passage of John's arse. He began to thrust slowly, trying to keep his own need and desire to come at bay, knowing John needed more than a few seconds of intercourse before he himself would reach climax. He needed to last- this time- for John.

Beneath him, John was groaning, pushing into each thrust with a slight whimper. He fumbled at his cock, jerking it frantically, out of sync with Sherlock's slow thrusts, trying to speed his own orgasm along before Sherlock came. Sherlock, however, was starting to feel an unnerving, gut-clenching certainty that something wasn't right. The metaphoric twist of his insides at his physiological nervousness was matched by a very physical, albeit very gradual deflation of his erection. Taking a fortifying breath. Sherlock pushed harder, slightly panicked as he watched the smaller man below him forcing along his own climax. *Relying* on him.

John was depending on him to be good at this, to give him a nice shag (that was what people called it, wasn't it? Sherlock wasn't sure but he thought he'd heard that phrase a few times) and he was messing up.

He jammed his cock inside John, panicking, and John moaned again, high in his throat, a gorgeous sound that made Sherlock echo it right back. *He needs you to be perfect. He needs you to satisfy him. He's chasing his second orgasm in a half an hour. Can you give it to him?* a disembodied voice asked acidly in Sherlock's head, in one of the larger rooms of his Mind Palace that unfortunately led to vast echoes and auditory repeats, in a totally unhelpful, unwanted input. He felt himself flagging further.

He tried harder, picturing the way John had looked earlier with fresh come on his face, the way his mouth had contorted in pleasure, the heat and clasp of his body at the moment... But the harder he tried, the more panicked he became and the softer his cock was and any second John would realize, would notice, would-

John stopped jerking at his cock, staring up at Sherlock, puzzled. "Sherlock?"

Sherlock would never have any idea how deeply he blushed when he was truly embarrassed, as if someone had taken a cat 'o nine tails to those flawless white cheekbones, but he could certainly feel the tell-tale burn of shame in his face. For once, he had no absolutely idea what to say. "...Um..."

"What's wrong?" John held his cock and Sherlock watched it pulse while his own slipped out of John's body, flaccid, in a rush of lube. He shuddered in defeat, avoiding John's eyes and wanting to crawl out of his own skin with embarrassment.

"I don't really know," He admitted quietly, before sparing a wistful gaze at John - on his back, sweaty and confused, on the brink of absolute pleasure.

"Did we go too fast, love?" John asked, looking concerned and taking his hand away from his cock, which had started to flag in the face of Sherlock's obvious discomfort. "Were you not enjoying it? I
thought you wanted it- you should have told me if you didn't." He said softly, understandingly. "I wouldn't have been disappointed."

"John!" Sherlock sighed exasperatedly, shaking his head and feeling his pale skin burn ever more noticeably. He mumbled his response, eyes averted from John's irritingly-concerned expression. "I want to...I just...can't."

"What is it?" John reached out, hand warm and a bit damp on Sherlock's arm. Sherlock jerked away from the soothing caress. "Sorry." John murmured, brow lowered. "Mm... why don't I suck you off, love? Hmm? We don't have to do this. Maybe something else?"

"Want to do something for you," Sherlock said almost inaudibly, scowling in frustration. "Want to see what..." he paused, and cleared his throat, shuffling slightly on the rumpled bed. "What your second orgasm looks like."

John frowned, clearly debating, but he finally decided to let it go, spreading himself out on the bed again and taking his cock in hand. He hoped this would help calm Sherlock down, help him with whatever was bothering him. He watched Sherlock as he started stroking his cock back to hardness. After denying himself so long, it didn't take all that much- even considering this would be his second orgasm- and he shifted his hips restlessly on the bed, wishing he had Sherlock's cock back in his arse but that wasn't important. He'd make do.

"Can I put my finger in...inside you?" Sherlock asked, after a few minutes of silently watching John. He crouched naked on the bed, dark curls tumbling over his forehead, face streaked with drying come, eyes uncertain and hopeful at the same time. His right hand hovered over John's thigh, waiting for permission. John had never seen him look so beautiful. He had to try twice before he was able to force the words out of his arousal-clogged throat.

"Y-yes. Fuck, Sherlock, yes, of course."

It was keen, sharp-edged pleasure when Sherlock slipped his finger back inside him and John whimpered, legs opening even further, pushing against the invasion, his hand a blur at his cock.

"Bit more, bit more, please, bit..." John struggled to enunciate as much as he could before the well-known, imminent point at which he knew he wouldn't be able to form proper words. "Can you...try...touch it."

Touch it? Touch what? John was already touching his cock and-

Oh. Of course. Prostate.

Sherlock mentally kicked himself as he angled his finger up, blindly searching in the slick, wet heat of John's body for the little bump of nerves. He focussed on gauging John's reactions, the little twitches in his lined face, the hitches and inadvertent brief seizures of breath, as he searched, trusting to luck rather than experience. Suddenly, John cried out, body arching off the bed and going rigid, hand clamped around his cock as his eyes flared wide in surprise.

"Just there!" He stuttered frantically. "Oh fuck- yes, just there!"

Sherlock froze, hesitating as John started a punishing flurry of strokes at his cock.

"R-rub it. Circles. Please, Sherlock."

Sherlock, hypnotised by John's lack of self-consciousness, his open acceptance and delight in his own body's responses, started gently moving his fingertip inside John, marking out the letters of his
own name in soft, sweet shapes over John's sensitive spot. In a tiny but substantial sense, Sherlock was marking him as his own. John shuddered, hips bouncing in time to Sherlock's clandestine ministrations, head falling back as he gasped for air.

"M'close." He murmured, shivering at the wash of pleasure Sherlock was evoking. "M'close...Sherlock..."

Feeling flustered, not knowing what more he could do, Sherlock extended a hand to John's free one, gripping his hot, damp fingers in a sticky embrace that would have felt unpleasant in any other situation. John immediately clutched at his hand, his grip hard and unforgiving. His eyes clashed with Sherlock's over his body before closing, squinting closed.

"Oh- F-!" John squeezed Sherlock's hand with surprising strength as he climaxed. Sherlock watched, fascinated, as John's cock spurted come in much more watery stripes than before, but still in larger-than-normal quantities. He licked his lips.

"Ch-christ, Sherlock! Stop!" John panted, suffering in the most spectacular way possible, hips still thrusting into the air as Sherlock continued tracing his name over and over against John's prostate. "Too much." He wheezed. "It's too much."

Sherlock, staring with almost comic engrossment, eased the pressure but didn’t stop rubbing. Letting go of John’s sticky, trembling hand, he placed his own tacky palm across John’s testicles and pushed down gently, easing his hand in quick, firm circles. His expression brightened in fascination as a few more watery spurts of semen spattered from John’s tortured shaft, the doctor twisting violently on the sweat-wet bedcovers and sobbing out hoarse, broken noises.

"Stop!" He jerked Sherlock's hand away and, in a fit of panic, propelled himself up the bed and out of Sherlock's reach. Sherlock's fingers slid out of John's body and John immediately collapsed on the bed. "Fuck." He sighed, gazing blearily down at Sherlock. Sherlock looked like a parody of a naughty child awaiting punishment, and then flashed an irresistible grin, his eyes laser-like as he surreptitiously dragged a few fingers between John's cheeks, prodding possessively at the hot, soft pucker there.

"No more!" John yelped, scooting further away and glaring. "Not tonight." He shook his head. "I know you want to try that...the uh...the milking. But just...another time, yeah?"

"...Sorry...I just...It was good to see you come. A lot." Sherlock admitted awkwardly. "And I enjoyed it too."

John grinned. "It's just...too much." He glanced between Sherlock's thighs where he was half hard, cock red. "Want me to...do anything?"

"...Can we go back to the kitchen?" Sherlock asked hesitantly.
John panted, his face wrinkled with the exertion of multiple orgasms, his thin lips parted to suck in the cool, home-tasting air of the bedroom, and his bare, damp chest heaving.

"Kitchen?" he wheezed, dark eyes heavy with residual tiredness yet bright with tell-tale intrigue.

"Yes." Sherlock said, sliding off the bed and pulling on a robe. "I thought...you might like a cup of tea."

John's eyes narrowed. "That, and all that work made you hungry." When Sherlock looked offended but swanned into the kitchen on his own, John laughed and followed after him.

The taller man was trying to re-adjust his damp, rebellious curls inconspicuously, when he felt warm, wet, reluctantly-welcome arms wrap around his narrow waist. He let out a very weak noise of disgruntlement. He was about to place his hands protectively, and thankfully, over his doctors', when John pulled back with a sharp exclamation.

"Christ, Sherlock, I forgot. Open the rest of the cookies?" Sherlock could hear the helpless, goofy grin without having to see it.

"I don't want any cookies." Sherlock pouted as John grabbed the mug and offered them to him. John's face fell, though, and Sherlock felt guilty so he plucked one of the few remaining ones. " You're gorgeous even when you're pouting." Sherlock read. "Very clever."

John huffed a sweet, high-pitched laugh, his face brightening beautifully. He eyed the last three cookies. Sherlock was about to crush one of them in a strong fist when he caught John's anxious excitement, betrayed by his breathing rate, pulse, and frankly everything in his demeanour.

This wasn't just about the cookies, he realized. There was more to this. John's anxiousness, his eager expression, practically vibrating with nervous tension. "What..." Sherlock trailed off, not wanting to spoil...whatever this was by asking John to explain it. He opened another cookie.

" 'Especially when you're pouting,' " he read aloud, and John laughed.

"That was a stroke of luck," the doctor confessed, starting to openly twiddle his fingers, the digits of his left hand still a little stiff and intransigent to his brains' commands after his injury.

Sherlock's eyes narrowed even further and, when he chose another cookie, John's breathing hitched and his throat visibly bobbed as he swallowed. " 'Cute arse.' " Sherlock grimaced. "Complete with the winky emoticon..."
Sherlock watched John worry his left thumbnail against his left forefinger, enough to cause a little pink rift on the calloused skin, a tiny trough of obvious emotional panic.

"One more," John uttered, with a sweet grin at Sherlock that told the detective that he knew that this was something important.

He had no idea what this could be, was trying to figure it out but was coming up with nothing. It was worrying. Fingers shaking slightly, Sherlock reached into the stained mug for the last cookie, took a deep breath, and opened it.

Sherlock cleared his throat, and read from the grease-stained scrap of paper. He squinted a little at the small font. "If we're going to be together I'm going to set some PROPER ground rules. BTW I don't know what I'd do without you."

"No, that's not...what?" John jerked the piece of paper out of Sherlock's hand and stared at it as if he were surprised. He turned to the table and scanned it, picking up boxes and the remains of their meal, searching.

"What is it?" Sherlock asked but John ignored him.

"Did you hide it? Was there another one?" John asked, his tanned face growing pale in pure panic. "...Shit...Oh, shit," John muttered, scrabbling around the kitchen fruitlessly, becoming as breathless as he was for his earlier orgasm, but apparently, for a far less satisfying and pleasurable reason.

Sherlock watched John scramble around, looking confused. "John, what-"

"It was here, Sherlock, it was here earlier." John glanced helplessly around again.

"What was?"

"One of the...one of the bloody fortune cookies," John uttered, scrubbing a hand across his forehead in anxiety, his face devastated.

"Oh." Sherlock looked down at the crumpled piece of paper in his hands. There were still crumbs stuck to it. "What did it say?"

"...It...it doesn't matter," John responded, his face wincing in an awkward half-smile, half-grimace, his dark eyes betraying the truth of an apparent deep feeling of unsettled disappointment.

"Maybe it will turn up later." Sherlock glanced around, shrugging. He didn't know why John was so worked up. The remaining cookie had probably told him how great his arse was or maybe his cock. On second thought, he'd rather like to have that in writing.

Sherlock took advantage of John's restless meanderings about the kitchen to surreptitiously pocket every single one of the little messages John had made for him, promising himself that he would photograph, photocopy, and memorise every printed sentiment, even the ridiculous ones. He might set up a luxuriant sapphire (John's birthstone? He thought so) filing cabinet in his Mind Palace to store them, and then indulge himself by wandering in there on lonely dark nights, armed with only a guttering candle and an un-admitted need for comfort, and re-reading all of them.

John was still agitatedly looking for the lost cookie and Sherlock wrapped himself around John's smaller frame, resting his chin on John's head. "Come back to bed?"

John was almost too irked by his loss to act out perturbation at Sherlock using him as a chinrest, but not quite. He shuffled his head in what amounted to a nuzzle, letting out a faint and not-particularly-
believable noise of irritation, even as he ran his hands up and down Sherlock's sides.

"Are you feeling better, then?" John asked, distracted, and Sherlock pressed against him.

"Yes."

"Well...I know you're going to...squirrel all this away because you don't understand it, and it's going
to bug you, and you're going to dwell on it, but can you do me a favour and try not to ask too many
questions? Just know that something I...planned went a bit...well, quite a lot wrong, and I can't tell
you what it is."

"What went wrong?" Sherlock asked, (logically, he thought) but John sighed as if he were
deliberately being obtuse. "Everything went...fine."

"It was meant to be a surprise. Though," John explained reluctantly, sounding rather more bitter than
he actually felt, "Maybe it's for the best. Maybe it's Fate taking action. Maybe it's not meant to be,
yet."

Sherlock's angular face crinkled in a frown, and he cleared his throat, speaking against John's
forehead, cherishing the tickle of familiar skin against his lips. "You're confusing me, John."

"Not meaning to. It's nothing." The shorter man said, hugging Sherlock to him before releasing him.
"Still up for going back to bed?" He asked, forcing a twinkle in his eye and a lascivious look.

Sherlock narrowed his pale eyes, and it was patently obvious that he was still deeply suspicious, his
curiosity piqued, but not in the sort of way that would fire him up to solve a bizarre element in a case.
John was troubled, and that knowledge morphed into a parallel discomfort on Sherlock's part, tripling
in its strength as it settled uncomfortably, and uninvited, in the detective's chest.

"Seriously, Sherlock, just let it go. Come back to bed." He grasped his hand, tugging Sherlock down
the hall. "You haven't come yet, darling. I'll make you feel fabulous." He promised and that, coupled
with the sentimental name, sent a shiver of pure arousal through Sherlock's core. He followed after
John on stiff legs, hoping to be called 'darling' again. Perhaps right before he came. He thought the
flood of chemicals that were induced by the moniker would feel nice at orgasm.

Sherlock was led back to the bedroom, where he furtively inhaled, taking in the pungent and mouth-
watering particles of sex in the air, something that wasn't noticeable until you had left the room and
encountered air untainted by pleasure. "...What are you going to do to me?" he asked in an unholy
baritone, a childish intonation made fiendish by a grown-man's voice.

John bit his lip, playfully shoving Sherlock onto the bed where he bounced, comical in contrasts to
his solemn question.

"Filthy things." John crawled onto the bed after Sherlock. Sherlock's heart began thundering in his
chest. "Utterly wicked things. You'll beg me to stop...but I'll just keep going."

John wasted no time in settling himself between Sherlock's legs, spreading them without decorum,
and suckling lovingly on the soft skin of his testicles, his hands distantly massaging the hard,
impressive muscles of the brunette's thighs.

Sherlock sighed, carding his fingers through John's hair, and spreading his own legs to give John
better access, for once not hindered by crippling embarrassment. He relaxed into the touch, arousal
slow but creeping through his body.

He hissed as John began enthusiastically lapping at his entrance, the doctors' hands kneading eagerly
at the tight muscles of Sherlock's backside. He still, though, couldn't quite dissipate the anxiety that he sensed still dwelt inside John, and he grimaced as he felt his erection starting to flag once again.

Suddenly and without warning, John stuck out his tongue and inserted it, as far as it could go, into Sherlock's arse. Sherlock gasped, stunned, hips jerking and cock hardening, as John wiggled the muscle inside him, flexing his tongue and prying his arse apart with his hands.

A choked, sharp cry heralded the penetration after a few breathless seconds, and John fought not to grin smugly as the fingers of both of Sherlock's long, elegant hands fist ed in his too-short hair, scratching for an anchor as Sherlock’s damp hips gyrated like an practising belly-dancer.

Abandoning his hold on Sherlock's arse, John reached up and fondled his cock, stroking it from root to tip, squirming his tongue around and around the rim of Sherlock's arse.

"...F...Fuck," the brunette muttered, eyes squeezing resolutely closed, swallowing extravagantly and nudging at the occiput of John's head, forcing him even deeper into his own crotch. "...John you've got to tell me what it is," Sherlock uttered hurriedly, writhing on the damp bed.

John, slurping at Sherlock's arse, didn't respond, instead giving his cock another blazing stroke, nose nudging beneath Sherlock's tightly-drawn testicles. He hummed, the vibrations translated to his tongue, and Sherlock spasmed on the bed.

"John...not long...not...oh, fuck," Sherlock seethed in a delectable deep voice that made the curse sound doubly sinful. His imperfect teeth gritting, his pale aquamarine eyes struggling to stay open, Sherlock yanked needily at John's ashen hair. "Need y- up here," he heaved.

"What?" John asked, pulling away and Sherlock yanked at him again, sending John sprawling on top of him on hands and knees.

"Kiss me-"

"You don't want me to- not after that-"

"John, please!" Sherlock beseeched, and John leaned down to snog him.

The shuddery, ecstatic groan of delight that rumbled into John's mouth was almost enough to send him over the edge again. After Sherlock had assaulted John's mouth briefly, but very thoroughly - saliva decorating both of their jaws, lips sore, and faces tingling with the birth of stubble rash, the detective pulled back, breathless. Panting a few wet necessary inhales, Sherlock tried again. "John what is it? Tell me. Need to know," he wheezed.

"I..." John sighed, taking his hand away from Sherlock's cock and breathing deeply. "I was going to say...it was in the cookie...that I um...That... That I love you."

At Sherlock's abrupt and shocking bodily clench and a frankly-frightening huff of air that told of troubled lungs, John started to panic. That was until, curled against him, Sherlock ejaculated copiously, eyes startled, pale and wide, and his delicious throat bobbing with each forcible, strangled yell of utter pleasure.

John waited until Sherlock had shivered out his aftershocks, looking totally wrecked and sounding even worse, before deigning to speak.

"I'll take that as a favourable response," he chuckled, hugging the overwhelmed detective to himself.

*_*_*_*_*
Forgot to Buy an Anniversary Present

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Sorry for the delay. As always, feedback makes us very happy bunnies :3

As Sherlock settled shakily into his arms, John recalled, inadvertently, but dramatically, the last time he had spoken those words to another man, and the events that followed – heartless, delicious, perfect events lasting nearly another year.

John grinned at the teasing pinch on his arse and didn't even have to turn around to know who it was. "Hey, you." He laughed as Shaun pressed himself against John.

John had suffered enough disillusionment and grief during his long deployment to cease caring whether anyone saw him being fondled by the man he was routinely shagging.

"Alright?" he asked, scooping up rations into a plastic bowl, a few ladles of slightly-suspicious meat stew.

"Better for seeing you." Shaun said, grabbing his own food and nudging John. "You got some time? Later? Yeah?" He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

John took a vaguely-composed breath, grinning widely and devilishly. "You know it’s a year, now. Today. Hope you bought me a present."

Shaun snorted. "Bought you a present? Where would I get it? Brought you my arse. Hope that's good enough." He winked and John rolled his eyes.

"...Do you not like giving it to me?...I would understand, God knows you would do anything to be fucked into oblivion," John murmured casually, taking his lunch and re-constituted orange juice over to the grubby barracks table.

"Mmm...you read my mind, Watson." Shaun plopped down opposite him and grinned, turning on the charm. "Fucked into oblivion sounds fucking great. I need it."
"You're still being a good boy? Just mine?" John asked, sipping with a faint grimace at his tasteless stew.

Shaun rolled his eyes, snorting. "Yes, John. Christ, you're worse than my last boyfriend. My arse is all yours, dear. If you could ream it later, I'd been entirely grateful."

"I might be 'worse' than your last boyfriend, but God knows I'm better," John said calmly, dabbling his spoon into the gloop of the rapidly-cooling stew.

"Fuck yeah, you are." Shaun grinned before leaning forward to whisper. "Meet me in the officer's quarters after you're done. Trust me. I'll make it worth your while."

**XOXOXOXOXO**

"Fuck, we're gonna get caught," John uttered breathlessly, as he pulled a desk to barricade the door, eliciting a loud squeak from the heavy furniture. He kicked a waste-paper basket vaguely in the same direction in a distracted attempt at privacy, even as he gasped at the sight of Shaun tearing off his heat-soaked uniform.

"We won't get caught." Shaun giggled, tossing his shirt playfully at John and shimmying out of his pants. "But we could. Great, yeah?"

"Fuck, kiss me," John demanded, and Shaun chuckled and moved to avoid him. Brooking no nonsense, the shorter man seized his lover by his hips.

It had been six months since John's admission, and whilst his emotions hadn't been vocally reciprocated, Shaun hadn't rejected him outright, either. In fact, hardly any discussion of the event had taken place. The five days following John's confession, and the subsequent barracks alarm, had led to them being kept apart by their individual duties, regardless of whether or not they wanted to speak to each other.

He still had hope that Shaun loved him back. He rather thought he did. They spent a lot of time together and Shaun seemed to like him. It didn't sit well with John to think that all Shaun thought of him was as a useful cock.

With all these thoughts entering his head, John snogged Shaun harder than he'd meant, desperately, and Shaun responded, moaning, already pressing his erection against him.

"I know exactly what I want to do with you," John muttered, swallowing with a faintly-unattractive gulp, his indigo eyes somehow dark and bright at the same time. As he spoke, he divested himself of the rest of his uniform.

"Mm...and what's that, Captain?" Shaun purred, teasing John's cock with a finger, dragging it along the large vein on the underside, tracing the mushroomed head delicately.

"I know for a fact that, not only have you never had anything bigger than a fair-sized cock inside you, you crave more. And you want to know, as much as I do, how you would feel, clenched around my wrist."

"Ooooh," Shaun shivered, a full-bodied shake, and sagged against John, his breathing suddenly unsteady against John's neck. "Oh, god. You're serious? John...you...fuck, you're serious?" He blathered, cock smearing trails of pre-come over John's hip.

"You've been thinking about it," John chuckled, biting gently under Shaun's ear. He really did. He had offered it, without response, a handful of times since the first instance
that he had declared his feelings. He had soon realised that it was best to avoid enunciating the taboo words, for the sake of his own sanity.

Maybe Shaun just didn't want to get too involved when they were in the middle of a war zone. Maybe he was scared of commitment. Or he'd been in bad relationships in the past and wanted to take it slowly. John could have understood all that...but he wasn't going to ask. He wasn't going to pry.

"Y-yeah. I want it." Shaun murmured breathily, frotting against John with little hitches of his hips. "Please, John."

"This might hurt." John warned him simply, pushing Shaun down onto his knees. "Nearly out of lube, and there's only so much cooking oil I can nick from the kitchens before they get suspicious," he giggled sweetly.

"Oh, god." Shaun whispered, shuddering openly, shifting on his knees and spreading himself out for John. "Oh god. You're really going to do it? John? Will you fuck me afterwards?"

"You wouldn't even feel it, you'd be so wrecked, so open," John hissed, moving to kneel behind the Irishman, licking his left index finger, and running it roughly across the younger man's opening. "I'd have to fuck your mouth. And you'd let me, wouldn't you? Show how grateful you are for all I do for you?" John plunged the tip of his finger into Shaun's arse and the other man yelped, jerking, before relaxing, moaning.

"...You could do that now...I like it," Shaun confessed quietly, sighing with an amalgam of disappointment and hope as John removed his finger from inside him.

"Greedy. Not until after you've taken all I can give you." John moved back, pouring the near-empty lube from his fatigues on his fingers generously. "Such a slut."

Shaun huffed with laughter, biting his kissed-scarred bottom lip, and let his head hang down, his lengthening dark hair dusting over his damp forehead. "You're not going to listen to a thing that I want, are you?"

John paused. "I thought this was what you wanted?" He experienced a horrible feeling of doubt. "I'm sorry...I'll...we'll do whatever you want..

He was greeted with a delightful Gaelic chuckle. "John...John, don't be so fucking paranoid. I want you to ignore me. Use me...It's what I want. It's what I like."

"Oh." John glanced down at his slick fingers then back at Shaun. "Right. Well...ok then." His bravado from earlier was shattered and he knew he couldn't fake his way through it, so instead of trying, he shoved two of his fingers into Shaun's arse without warning.

The resulting, stuttered noise was a pleasure to hear, as was the sumptuous sight of the grind of Shaun's hips. The brunette braced himself strongly against the slightly gritty floor, his palms and knees burning with the sheer effort of holding his weight against the onslaught, as John roughly added another finger.

"Oh fuck. F-fuck, J-John!" Shaun’s body writhed under his lover’s ministrations and John reached around to feel at his cock, unsurprised to find it hard and leaking already. Shaun tried to hump into his hand but John took it away, denying him that friction, and rocked his fingers in and out of his arse, getting him loose for what was to come.

"I won't be gentle," John said bluntly, pulling out, before making a show of slicking his entire fist
with lubricant, down to the carpal bones of his wrist.

"Yes." Shaun breathed. "Don't be. Want to feel it." He squirmed, eager and excited, and John took a deep breath before lining his hand up and slowly sinking it inside Shaun's body. Shaun moaned, guttural and intense, and spread his legs even wider as if that would help John get inside.

John had squeezed his four fingers into the tightest bunch he could manage, his thumb still free on Shaun's blood-hot body, and leaving a slick print upon the skin above the younger man's coccyx with every thrust.

"We're not quite there yet. Have you...ever had this before," John muttered with only the vaguest intonation of a question, biting down his own arousal at seeing the brunette opening for him, inviting him, practically dragging him in.

Shaun shook his head. "No one...ever wanted...oh, fuck Watson. Fuck me." He dropped onto his elbows, changing the angle, and suddenly it was easier for John's hand to slide further inside. Shaun keened.

"Thumb now. Kay?" John asked, squeezing the plump, tight flesh of Shaun's backside with his free hand out of a selfish whim. If it pleased the other man, well...that was incidental.

"Yeah." Shaun huffed out a deep breath, relaxing, and John turned his hand around, gingerly sliding his thumb in alongside the rest of his fingers. Shaun cried out and he froze, ready to pull back- "Perfect. Oh...perfect." Shaun trembled, overwhelmed, and John smirked.

John very carefully inserted his digits until all his knuckles were nearly enveloped, anxious about forcing himself further, despite what Shaun wanted. He was about to express a doctorly warning, in anticipation of his small (yet still-substantial) fist, breaching the other man. The words were short-circuited, however, by the shocking, brand-new, numbing sensation of Shaun clenching around his fingers.

John swallowed thickly, aroused beyond belief at the sight of Shaun's anus clenched around him. His own prick pulsed, bobbed between his legs in want, and he licked his lips, wanting to bend down and lick around the stretched, taut, skin but afraid of hurting Shaun by moving.

"Shaun?" he asked throatily, his normal playful, every-man voice damaged by lust. "I really want to come. But I want you to come first. Do you think you can? If I fill you?"

Shaun moaned and nodded frantically, struggling to make words. "Want...want to come on your fist." He slurred.

John grinned his clownish, rather smug grin, and pushed the rest of his hand inside the brunette. Almost immediately, he started feeling the tingles of imminent pins and needles in his hands.

"You okay?" he asked, panting.

Shaun nodded again, grunting, and pushed back carefully against John's hand. "Shaun-" John stopped him and Shaun whined high in his throat, reaching beneath him to start frantically tugging at his cock.

"...Okay," John huffed with open fascination, barely pumping his numb wrist inside the other man, clinically amazed by the sight which was virginal to him, the easy stretch of pink outer flesh, the adaptation of internal organs around a glorious intruder...

John caught the brief reflection of a tear dropping from his fellow doctor's dark eye, splashing feebly
upon the grubby officer's quarters' floor.

"Christ, Shaun, if I'm hurting you...."

"No!" He swore, still tugging at his dick. "Not hurting me. John...you're not...oh! Gonna come...gonna come!"

John shoved his doubts aside for a few moments, as he steadily, gently, made tiny punching movements inside his lover, ensuring his knuckles troubled Shaun's prostate with utmost accuracy, whilst preparing to control the orgasmic struggles of the other man, his right arm squeezed protectively around Shaun’s waist.

Shaun screamed when he came, disregarding that they needed to be quiet, and his body juddered beneath John, veritably dancing at the end of John's wrist.

"Oh, god, God...gotta be quiet, babe...shhh," John managed, riding out his lover's unbelievably intense orgasm, kissing the younger man's back lovingly, soothingly.

Shaun shuddered again, stifling his moans against his forearm.

"John..." His voice was weak and breathy.

"Are you ok?"

Shaun nodded. "Yes...more...more than ok. You can...ung...you can come now."

"Shaun...please just relax a bit, I need to pull out. Brace yourself," John added, with a humoured but mostly concerned mumble.

John squished all the digits of his left hand into the narrowest shape he could manage, pulling out slowly and wincing at the short, sharp noises that Shaun made as he withdrew. Steadying his free arm against the Irishman's backside, he relinquished his presence inside the other man with a wet sound that would have made John chuckle dirtily, if he wasn't already concentrating on avoiding his own ferocious, demanding arousal.

Shaun groaned when John's hand finally slid from his body and John immediately checked to see he was fine. When he was sure he was, he slicked between Shaun's thighs, gently fingering his largely dilated hole while he started fucking his thighs in short, quick bursts.

"I bet you're wondering - " John grimaced briefly, gritting his teeth, "How much...you can...we can...Ah, fuck," the dampened doctor uttered distractedly.

There was a tenuous noise from John before he attempted further questions, still delighting in massaging the lust-softened muscles of his lover. Spontaneously, he pulled back, and suckled hungrily at the illegal tattoo on Shaun's buttock.

"Your mistakes taste amazing."

Shaun, it seemed, was too blissed out to do much of anything besides moan and rock back a bit against John. John even had to grab his legs and hold them together to create a slick channel for his cock to glide through. Shaun's legs were shaking and he was obviously almost ready to collapse.

A sudden, spontaneous and irresistible idea swamped John’s dizzy consciousness as his body taunted him with the fact of his animalistic need to come.
“Take it inside you. Take it inside you,” John heaved eagerly, nudging his cock hopefully between Shaun's buttocks, gripping it, sliding the head over the soft, hot, wet opening. The Irishman made a faint noise and promptly and gracelessly sank to lay flat on the floor. Grinning, John settled himself to lay directly on top of him, prodding again between the now tight buttocks.

Shaun was still loose, amazingly so, but provided enough friction to John's cock for him to get off. And it was hot, feeling how stretched Shaun was around him, drinking in his gasps as he was fucked, oversensitive and shaking while John plowed him.

He felt his orgasm looming, his testicles drawing tighter to his body, and John gave a few more hard thrusts before coming.

Biting hard enough to leave little, baby-pink tooth marks in the flesh of Shaun's shoulderblades, John emitted a few unattractive, helpless groans, and exhaled made deliciously ugly by the saliva flooding his mouth. Pulsing messily, beautifully, inside Shaun, he finally managed to swallow and take in a couple of heated breaths.

"Christ...Shaun...you were spectacular," he heaved, hugging the younger man to himself and trying to stay inside him as long as he physically could.

"Not so bad yourself," Shaun murmured, sounding shattered, and John kissed his shoulder. Affection swelled inside his chest and he hugged him tighter.

"Glad you enjoyed it."

As he slowly deflated, John pulled out, instinctively massaging his lover's rump, his trembling, tight thighs. He lowered himself beside the Irishman, propped on his elbow, and grinned honestly.

"Never seen anything so erotic in my life.......Are you sure you're okay?"

"Mnhmmm." Shaun moaned, cracking open an eye. "Don't spoil it by being a cunt, Watson. Let me float a while."

John rolled his eyes, checking to make sure Shaun was ok, but did as he was told, falling silent while Shaun rode on the waves of endorphins and adrenaline.

John's languid, ebbing pleasure from his orgasm, was rapidly translating into a faint but vicious panic as he cradled an equally shagged-out, scarily-silent Sherlock in his arms. Looking down at saturated black curls on a practically-immobile head, he spoke hesitantly.

"Sherl? Was that...um...I didn't mean to...you know...freak you out..." he muttered, voice steadily growing weaker and more self-conscious.

Sherlock didn't respond. He took a deep breath, eyes wide, blinking at John in total surprise. It appeared his brain was having a malfunction. John stroked his hair, trying to soothe him, and Sherlock's eyes narrowed.

"You said...what...that thing you said..."
"I'm sorry...I know..." John looked away for a few seconds, dark eyes unfocussing as he tried to ground himself, while mentally constructing an excuse that Sherlock would neither laugh at, nor be horrified by. He thumbed the tight, warm muscle of Sherlock's bicep before replying.

"I understand if you don't accept it. If you don't want to hear it. But I won't take it back, because it's the truth, and fuck knows I'm sick and tired of keeping it to myself, and sick and tired of not letting you know how much you mean to me."

"So...you mean to say...you...meant it?" Sherlock asked hesitantly, still frowning. John frowned back at him.

"Of course I meant it. I don't just go round saying I love you to random-"

John was surprised by a long, hard hand covering the bottom half of his face, smothering his mouth. Grey-green eyes, doubtful, curious, and hopeful, transfixed him, as did the plump, open cupid's bow lips, the ice-white skin, and the supernatural cheekbones.

"You meant it?" Sherlock repeated, eyes flickering between John's, the doctor's gaze hypnotised by the little hazel imperfection of the detective's right eye.

John nodded and Sherlock crumpled. He buried his face in John's neck, breaths quick and agitated against his skin.

"You meant it. You meant to say those exact words. You meant it?"

"Why do you keep asking?" John asked awkwardly, his clownish grin a little strained. "Those exact words...and the connotation that you expect. Yes."

"I...can't believe it." Sherlock quietly admitted. "It doesn't seem real. Why...why would you love me? Me."

"Christ Almighty, where should I start," John giggled, an honest, extensive, heart-warming giggle. Sherlock frowned dutifully at him until the doctor calmed down and seized him in a four-limbed hug.

John suddenly froze in his movements, and eased away slowly. "If you don't want...this...any of this...please, tell me now."

"N-no! I want it! Don't be ridiculous." He wrapped himself around John, laying his head on his chest and sagging against him. "Tell me."

"You're a bloody narcissist," the doctor told Sherlock firmly, grinning openly. He tilted the brunette's pale angular chin towards his face for a kiss, before using his hands to pull Sherlock's body inelegantly upwards.

Sherlock gratefully kissed him. "I thought you only wanted to have sex."

John stiffened, pulling away, a dark weight settling on his chest. "You thought...I was just using you...for sex?"

"Not using me." Sherlock protested, realizing he'd said something to upset John but not knowing what. "I enjoyed it too."

“But...you thought that was all I wanted? Seriously?" John's face was ashen, his disbelief obvious. The evening chill distracted him, resulting in a sharp, brief shudder, but his dark-blue eyes stayed resolutely focussed upon Sherlock's.
Sherlock hesitated.

"No?" He asked slowly, not wanting to make John angry or upset.

"Sherlock-"

"Well, yes. Alright. Just a bit."

John cleared his throat diligently, frowning a little, and trying to express himself in a manner that would maintain Sherlock's notably short-lived attention span, as well as articulating what he wanted to say.

"We've been together...for years. Not...together, but...don't you understand what we had, even before all this? I mean..." John exhaled tremulously. "You must have felt it too?"

"I...I thought we were friends. And that...you were...fond of me. Beyond that...I...wasn't sure."

"So you thought I was just...and you were okay with that?"

Sherlock squirmed. He shrugged.

"Why in the hell-" John started angrily but Sherlock cut him off, blurting out-

"Because I love you too."

John's face fell in a visage of shock, before he huffed out a sharp, brief gasp of amusement, his brows raised, his face crinkling delightfully.

"You meant it. You meant to say those exact words. You meant it?" John parroted the detective's earlier words playfully, but there was a clear seriousness in his eyes, preparing to judge Sherlock's response for truthfulness.

"Yes, I meant it." Sherlock murmured shyly, ducking his head.

"Oh, Sherlock." John whispered before sweetly kissing him. "I love you."

Sherlock laughed self-consciously, and was about to pull John down for a 'probably redundant but still enjoyable' mutual orgasm attempt, when John's phone bleeped antagonistically from the bedside table.

"Leave it."

"Might be important." John strained to reach his phone.

"How could it be important? All your friends hate you."

"Fuck you too, love...Bill. Hey," John answered, sounding enviably composed and amiable. "...Yeah...course...not doing anything tonight," he spoke happily into the phone, swatting away the detective who was selfishly nibbling at his navel.

"You're doing me. Hang up," Sherlock muttered.

"What? Yeah- pub night sounds great." John tried pushing Sherlock away but he suddenly latched onto his cock and voraciously sucked at it.
"Tex - Text me...place, time," John seethed, flinging his phone away, hearing it bang unhealthily against the wardrobe, before he yanked at Sherlock's beautiful, glossy black curls.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" He hissed while Sherlock rolled his eyes up at him and kept sucking, swirling his tongue around John's thickening cock.

"This isn't...isn't on. There's no way I'll be able to...be able to...oh, Jesus.."

Sherlock smirked around John's cock gluttonously, and extended two long, pale fingers to tap Morse code into John's twitching thigh.

*Try to tell me you don't love it.*

"Course I fucking love it...not 20 anymore, though." He pumped his hips up, pushing his cock into Sherlock's mouth, face contorting painfully. "Don't think...it'll happen."

*Who is he,* Sherlock tapped out with beautiful long fingers, before swallowing down John's shaft with gusto, gulping inelegantly upon his doctor's sensitive cock with the kind of extravagant, wet noises he knew John enjoyed.

"Old army friend. Got an email from him a few days ago. We're supposed to meet up. A bunch of us. For drinks." John shuddered, a full-body tremor, his cock incredibly sensitive.

"Look, Sherl...sweetheart, I don't think I can...can we just...you know...share some mutual body heat and...snuggle for a bit?" John asked, chuckling adorably.

Sherlock huffed, pulling off John's cock with a slurp, and flung himself down onto the bed beside him.

"Thank you. That was...if I hadn't already been knackered that would have been...."

Sherlock rolled away from John, presenting him his back.

"If you're making me snuggle with you then I get to be the little spork." He demanded sulkily.

"I'm stunned that you even know what a spork is," John giggled charmingly. "And I'm happy to 'spork' you, but you know that practically, it's best the other way around? Because...you know..."

"You're a midget?" Sherlock asked, still apparently angsty, crossing his arms resolutely.

"Because you're a fucking beanpole." John groused, settling himself along Sherlock's back and scooping him up in his arms. He curled his body around as much of Sherlock as he could and the taller man made a happy, contented noise.

“...Do you want to come tonight? To the pub, I mean,” John asked quietly, treating himself to a quick nuzzle into the damp curls at the base of Sherlock’s skull.

"We've done that before, John." Sherlock reminded him, scooting back closer and sealing their bodies together. "Your friends and I...don't get on."

"I could count on one hand the people you 'get on with,'" John chuckled softly, smooching at Sherlock's occiput. "Please? I'd rather you were with me."

Sherlock sighed. "If you really want me there....though I'm not sure why."

"Because I love you. And you love me. Remember?"
Sherlock was actually scuffing his feet like a stubborn toddler as John pulled him with considerable effort down the street.

"Christ's sakes," the doctor uttered, shivering in the liquid-black, late evening London cold. His teeth chattering slightly, brow crinkled, he dragged Sherlock to a stop. "Go home if you want. But...I really...wanted to show you off."

The burst of pride was short lived as Sherlock flinched as a raucous group passed them. "I'm not a prize stallion."

John leered at him, the effect lessened by his shivering. "You're my stallion."

The detective grimaced as if he had tasted something intrinsically poisonous, scowling and folding his arms.

"...I'm not a horse."

There was a huff of sweet laughter at this serious statement, and John tried to compose himself in order to respond like an adult.

"Hung like one." John muttered, unable to resist the puerile comment. "Behave, love. Please?" He squeezed Sherlock's hand as they paused outside the pub door.

There came a loud, unhappy noise of disgruntlement, before Sherlock squeezed his hand back with reluctant fondness. He followed him into the hot, rowdy atmosphere of the pub, inundated with after-hours office workers gossiping loudly over mid-priced pints, single older men who had clearly been making this their nightly routine for the last twenty years, and a few misplaced female, over-dressed teens who had underestimated the attention they would receive in this small, cheap establishment.

They quickly spied John's friends who had snagged a large table in the corner and were already drinking and laughing. Sherlock trailed after John, feeling out of place in the crowd, not knowing how to act.

John distantly took in Bill's countenance in the smoke-mottled corner of the old pub before he halted, turned, and gripped Sherlock's biceps decisively. "Give us a kiss before we go over?"

Sherlock obligingly ducked his head, letting John kiss him with obvious enthusiasm. He jolted at a sudden burst of laughter from some other patrons, staggering closer to John, and the shorter man wrapped an arm around his back, humming, pleased.

"You're mine," John stated simply, with a quick, beautiful smile. He pulled the tall detective down so he could murmur into his ear. "And everyone knows it." He ended with a swift smooch upon Sherlock's ear, causing the brunette to unconsciously nudge his knuckles against his ear to ease the tickle, like a grooming cat.

John led Sherlock over to the table, the taller man trying to hover behind him and appear as if he belonged in such a place. The soldier was greeted with a yell of "John!" Some of the men stood and pulled him into rough hugs, patting him on the back.

John accepted the masculine embraces, grinning with honest happiness. Pulling back, he turned to Sherlock, ready to introduce him. The look on the detective's face, however, caused him to freeze, to tense up cautiously.
"Sherlock, what is it?" he asked, having to elevate his murmur to a fairly loud question above the noise of the pub. The shell-shocked brunette nodded almost imperceptibly towards the bar.

John turned, dread tightening his chest, afraid one of the many criminals Sherlock had made enemies with other the years had maybe escaped.... but nothing could have prepared him for the face he saw.

John's mouth fell open, groaning quietly in disbelief as his eyes met those of the last man he had been with, the man who had taught him, wordlessly, exactly what the meaning of a dysfunctional relationship was.

Shaun.

* * * * *
Rebound

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year everyone :3 Feedback always welcome and much appreciated! :D

Rebound

Afghanistan…

'Shaun its dodgy wont see you for a bit love you'

Hunched behind a bunker made of feebly-filled sandbags in searing Afghanistan heat, a confusing flashbang of memory, of the last message John had managed to send to Shaun, dazzled him briefly. He grimaced and checked the bullets in his well-worn rifle, jamming them back into place with a sharp click, which was not as much as a distraction as the pitiful sobs of the twenty-year-old beside him, struggling with his weighty artillery.

He wasn't even supposed to be fighting, was just here to take care of the wounded, but they were surrounded - an ambush - and it was every man needed. John cursed as a bullet hit the dirt close to his hand, making him crouch reflexively, trying to defend himself.

The kid beside John screeched in panic, his brown eyes bloodshot with stress, and he chucked away his gun, beginning to sob hysterically.

John didn't know his name, but he put aside his own gun and pressed a firm hand upon the shoulder of the hyper-ventilating recruit. "Get a hold of yourself!" he demanded, as loud as he could above the terrifying cracks and pops of bullet impacts nearby.

"Wanna go home!" He wailed and John clenched his jaw.

"Then pick up the gun and fight! That's the only way you'll be going home!" He shouted.

Tenderness was going to do nothing for this kid – stark, no-nonsense instructions would. John eased back and levelled his gun, picking off a few insurgents with a couple of fatal squeezes of his finger.

"Pick that gun up!" he snapped and the boy scrambled for his rifle, picking up his gun with shaking fingers and, sniffing, steadying himself visibly.

There was a full minute of near-silence and non-combat, and John panted, drenched inside and out with adrenaline in the middle-eastern heat, shivering with anticipation. The kid next to him raised his head hesitantly above the sagging sandbags.

"Think it's ove-" He cut off with a scream and the whine of a bullet followed by the meaty sound of it embedding itself in human flesh. Blood flowed freely from the wound and John hurried to staunch it, not wanting to see the kid bleed out on his watch.

John did force his weight upon the ragged throat laceration, but there was nothing he could do
against the hot flood of blood that gushed between his fingers. He choked back his panic as the kid paled dramatically, his long, young fingers scrabbling desperately at John's arms for help.

He was still struggling, trying to save the life flickering beneath his palms, when fiery pain shot through his shoulder. It was excruciating. John had never felt or imagined such pain in his life.

Gritting his teeth, he trembled through the agony as he focussed on the young man ebbing away beneath him. It took a surprisingly short amount of time for him to begin to swoon, his vision to darken, his movements to feel numb. The last thing he remembered before passing out, was the fact of a cooling, pulse-less young man under his own care, and a vague recollection of his own blood-soaked, dripping shirt and urgent yells in the background.

John slowly blinked awake, disoriented, unsure of where he was. A regular beeping played havoc with his brain for a few seconds before he identified it as a pulse monitor. It took him even longer to realize it was his own pulse monitor. The room around him was familiar, was the surgery they kept patients in, but John couldn't remember why he would be there, in a bed, his body throbbing in pain.

"...I...he was..." John spoke incoherently, before his bleary-blue, confused eyes had a chance to take in the fact that there were no staff present in the room. A...room, John belatedly realised. Not a tent. An actual hospital. Christ, shit must have really gone down.

He heard the heart monitor start beeping faster, his chest rising and falling as he started to pant, panicking. Each breath hurt, made something on his chest pull and smart and sting. The door suddenly opened and a nurse hurried in. "Watson, you'll have to relax."

"I...ah, fuck!," John exclaimed as he attempted to sit up. "What..." he paused for a second whilst he frowned, birthing troubled, telling crinkles in his brow that would stay with him forever.

"Is he okay?"

"Is who okay, Watson? You need to lie still, sir, or we'll have to restrain you. You'll tear your stitches."

"Why...do I have stitches?"

The sullen nurse was about to reply, when John spoke up again, "What happened to the kid? The kid who was...who was shot?"

"I'm not sure, Watson." The nurse dismissed the question as he adjusted something on one of the machines attached to John. "You need to calm down."

"But...I need to -" John was abruptly cut off as he once again struggled to sit up, as a prepped needle was pushed resolutely into his upper arm. He struggled valiantly for a few seconds before sinking into an ungratifying unconsciousness.

John stared morosely out the hospital window, watching the sunshine dance and sparkle. He felt numb. Detached from it all. Guilt and depression weighed him down, was an almost physical weight on his chest.
After waking up, he had insistently prodded the staff (who were absent more often than not) for information, and learnt that the kid had indeed passed away after his injury. The fact of the ragged wound in his own shoulder seemed almost incidental, and with all the pain meds he was on, he hardly gave it a second thought.

His body felt as if it weren't his own. Even more so since, a few days ago, the staff had decided he would be able to walk himself to the loo and back. When his leg had gone out from under him, suddenly and unexpectedly, John had been shocked. After the battery of tests, trying to determine the cause of his limp, it was found out...nothing. Psychosomatic. John sighed. Great.

His few belongings had been wrangled and dumped roughly beside his bed, and he had immediately reached for his phone, his shoulder twinging with only a ghost of pain. John knew very well that without the strong painkillers, he would be in utter agony. He had peered at the vicious wound with a clinical eye, and ascertained exactly what damage had been done. The frank knowledge that his dominant arm would never function properly again practically passed him by as he dwelled in a frustrating living coma.

His life had been irrevocably changed. He wasn't out of hospital yet so there weren't any decisions he needed to make except get better. Rest. Relax. Let others take care of him. It was horrible. He chafed under the constant care, the way the staff looked so concerned and talked in a hushed voice to him. He wanted to shout at all of them. He'd sent Shaun numerous messages, none of which had been answered, and John wondered about that. He knew Shaun was still alive, had made enquiries about him, but he remained silent.

Still staring out of the window, looking but not seeing, he heard very distant gunshots, and he spontaneously pushed both hands against his face, the left one clumsy and oddly-numb. The redundancy of the attempt suddenly reduced him to a shock of tears - wretched, horrible sobs.

He shuddered, self-hatred warring with fear until he finally got himself under control. He scrubbed at his face, squaring his jaw, refusing to give in to weaker emotions again. The sound of the door opening barely registered. He was sure it was one of the nurses, checking on him.

"I'm fine, no need to bloody check on me," he muttered shakily, still staring out of the sun-drenched window with bleary eyes. "I've not offed myself yet."

"I should hope not, mate." John jerked, awkwardly turning around in his chair at the sound of the familiar voice, heart leaping in his chest.

"Oh, fuck, Shaun, where have you been," John hissed desperately, the tears threatening to re-appear, as he stood and shamelessly grabbed the other man in a violent hug, pushing kisses against his throat.

Shaun laughed, uncertainly patting John on the back and pulling away from his enthusiastic embrace. "Fighting a war. Not like they give day passes to get away."

Something was wrong. John could tell, the knowledge filtering through his brain and leaving his chest tight.

"I sent you messages."

"I...look, I don't think this is...I wanted to see you again, but..." Shaun shrugged awkwardly.

His eyes lingered on John's crutch, which he had been forced to use when it was obvious his limp wasn't going away. John wanted to hide the hateful thing, fling it away, feeling horribly exposed and raw in front of Shaun. "But?" He asked, squeezing the handle of the aluminium cane tightly to hide
the tremor in his hand.

"I think I'm gonna have to...you know. Stop all this."

John felt as if he'd missed a step going down, his stomach lurching in surprise. "What?" He managed to ask through numb lips. "What do you mean?"

Shaun scrubbed a tentative hand through his short dark hair and sighed. "What we've been doing. Recently. I think we have to stop."

Recently, John instantly thought. It's only been eighteen *fucking* months. Some of the best months of his life.

"Alright." He said, shifting on his feet, leaning heavily on his cane as his leg gave a twinge. "If that's what you - no. Fuck this. Why? The least you could do if fucking tell me why. After all this time-what? Is it someone else?" John demanded, shoulder wound pulling as he heaved in deep breaths.

Shaun's face betrayed a brief flicker of emotion, but it quickly regained its impassiveness. "I don't...'love' you. And now we can't...do what we were doing."

"What, because I'm injured?" John asked incredulously. "I can't rough you up for a few weeks so you've suddenly decided-"

"It won't be for a few weeks." Shaun said softly. "This," He nodded to John's leg. "This isn't going away. And...I'm not cut out to be your nurse the rest of my life...And," Shaun added, "I've never...loved you." He winced at the word. "I know you think...that way, but I just..." He huffed a tired exhale. "This is really the end of it."

John had known Shaun didn't love him. But he'd hoped...He'd thought maybe, after all they'd done and been through, that Shaun was falling for him. That he just didn't feel comfortable saying it. They were blokes after all. They didn't talk about feelings.

"So," John laughed humourlessly, "this is it, then. You're going to fuck off because I happened to get shot trying to protect someone who was barely an adult. Shot in the *fucking* throat," he seethed, clenching his fists. One squeezed around the handle of the cane, and he could barely contain himself, grief and frustration boiling in his wound and his mind.

Shaun looked like he was about to argue, then closed his mouth, shrugging. "It would've ended anyway. You want all that romantic shit and I'm not that way."

"No, you just want something up your arse," John muttered, already turning away. "Really, just...just fuck off."

Shaun sighed, as if John were being unreasonable, and turned to the door with an underwhelming finality. "Take care of yourself, Watson."

John didn't deign to answer, just sequestered himself back in the barren hospital bed, and stoically refused to let himself burst into tears.

John's spine stiffened in shock and he knew he looked staggered at seeing the Irishman again. Shaun still looked the same, and he gave John a lazy grin, his eyes roaming up and down his body.
John stared at Sherlock in disbelief, feeling the blood drain from his face, his fingers unconsciously tightening on the detectives’.

"Sherlock, what do I do," he murmured shakily. "He...he fucking...broke my heart," he uttered. He soon felt sheepish and embarrassed when he realised that Sherlock probably didn't understand what he was on about. The detective's response was temporarily postponed by the raucous yell of the pub's inhabitants, deafening even the TV commentator with drunken joy at the most recent football goal.

"You remember Shaun, eh John?" One of the soldiers said, nudging him playfully in the ribs. John faked a laugh but it was horribly forced. Sherlock took the decision of what to do next out of John's hands by striding forward, his face a cool mask, and extending his hand. "I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Sherlock Holmes. John Watson's boyfriend."

Shaun responded with admirable composure, and a sickening smile. "You're a lucky boy."

Sherlock grinned back, baring his teeth. "Yes, I am." John glanced between the two of them, each posturing, before signalling for a drink.

John's discomfort, fifteen minutes later and with nearly a pint of beer down him, was only exacerbated when he felt Sherlock's nimble fingers start to make their way from his knee to his crotch. The sight of Sherlock's territorial passive-aggression, fighting wordlessly against Shaun on the other side of the table, had been peculiarly arousing.

He took a sip of his beer, pretending not to notice Sherlock sliding down the zip of his jeans and insinuating his fingers into the opening, stroking John's cock delicately. He stared straight ahead, trying to pay attention to some bullshit story his friend was telling while his cock throbbed into full hardness.

His peripheral vision was perfectly capable, however, of catching Shaun's gluttonous stare, and he decided not to hold back the little gasp that really needed to leave his lungs, as Sherlock fondled him.

He was wondering if Sherlock were going to stroke him to completion under the table and make him come in his jeans and wondering if he would care...When Sherlock stood and leaned down to murmur in John's ear. "Meet me in the loos."

The army doctor just about held back a dirty giggle, preparing to reply, before his lover strode off with confidence in the direction of the toilets.

His eyes met Shaun's and the other man smirked, obviously knowing what was happening. John discreetly zipped himself up and excused himself from the table, heading after Sherlock. He could feel Shaun's eyes burning a hole in his back as he left.

He caught up with Sherlock just outside the toilet, seizing him violently, pinning him hard against the tiled wall, and biting his neck indiscriminately.

"I want it messy. I want it loud. I want it now," John demanded, grinding against his lover.

"I thought as much." Sherlock purred, flicking his eyes behind them. "He's still watching us. Chances of him following us into the loos are very high."

"I want you to scream when I make you come," John growled, getting a vicarious thrill from doing
this- making Shaun jealous, shagging Sherlock in the gents. "I want you to walk back to that table, and for everyone to know what I've done to you."

Sherlock emitted an honest, deep-toned chuckle. "What you've done to me?" He asked, before pulling John by his belt-hooks into one of the grubby cubicles and locking the door, but something in his voice gives John pause. "I can't take all the credit."

"You can, you know. It's you, Sherlock. Just you. Always you." He vowed fervently, and then grinned. "Now, are you ready for me to fuck you?"

Sherlock treated John to his wonderful crinkly grin, and then promptly undid his trousers, pushed down his black briefs, and braced himself face-first against the cubicle wall, purring with deep and beautiful laughter.

John moaned, pressing against him, thrusting his hard cock a few times against Sherlock's sinfully plush arse. He nipped at his neck, wanting to leave a visible, unambiguous mark.

The detective winced, chuckling dirtily, at the sensation of wet, hard enamel biting possessively at the base of his hairline. They both ignored the chemical smell in the air, the less-than-sanitary location, and the pulsing throb of a bassline from dodgy, unpleasantly-loud music that was making its presence felt from the main room of the pub.

"Want me to fuck you? Here?" John asked hungrily, using both hands to seize gluttonous handfuls of Sherlock's sweet, tight buttocks.

"That is the point of all this, isn't it?"

"Prat." John grinned, pulling back to undo his fly....and then pausing. "Um...Sherlock?"

"Mm?"

"Did you bring any lube?"

"Why would I have brought lubrication to meet your old army friends at a pub?" Sherlock asked scathingly, looking at John over his shoulder.

"You're usually the one popping lube out of your pockets." John muttered, searching fruitlessly through his own pockets, even though he already knew he hadn't brought any,

The doctor rummaged vainly for a few more seconds, before letting out a frustrated growl that Sherlock had never heard before, causing him to turn to face his doctor in surprise. He let out a small, undignified noise as John pressed up urgently against him, murmuring like a wild thing. "Want to fuck you Sherlock. Want to fuck you so hard."

Sherlock swallowed hard. "I'm...I could suck your cock..." He offered, not sure how to make the situation better.

"Hmm..." John palmed Sherlock's arse feverishly, cupping it in his hands and squeezing. Sherlock bit his lip to keep in his undignified squeak. "I think I've another idea. Turn around again."

"Are you, erm...going to...'eat me'?" Sherlock attempted, frowning away a bead of surprising sweat that had materialised somewhere under his curly fringe and started trickling down his face. Rubbing his forehead on his shirt sleeve, he braced himself once more against the wall of the narrow cubicle.

"Such language." John rebuked teasingly, sinking to his knees behind Sherlock and hoping the floor
was sanitary. "Honestly, the mouth on you. Wherever did you get such an idea?" He spread Sherlock's arse cheeks apart, blowing air against the tightly closed hole. Sherlock's breathing faltered.

There were a few soundless, motionless seconds from Sherlock that made John panic that he'd done the wrong thing, before the detective's held breath eased out in one of the most delicious, sensual, unrestrained noises he had ever heard.

Adjusting his grip, spreading Sherlock even wider, John dipped his head and licked a swipe directly across Sherlock's hole. It clenched beneath his tongue, opening and relaxing before returning to its original state, and a fine trembling began in Sherlock's legs.

"Mm...talk to me, sweetheart. Might not reply, my mouth's..." he sucked greedily at the loosening ring of muscle. "...Occupied."

"John!" Sherlock writhed, spreading his legs wider as if that would help John and the doctor grinned before delving his tongue past the first ring of muscles. Sherlock cried out, entire body spasming in a paradox of surprise and pleasure.

"Touch yourself." John whispered, pulling back to tease at Sherlock's perineum. "Touch yourself for me."

"Shit!" Sherlock suddenly spat, eyes tightly-closed. He had painfully snapped a nail from scrabbling along the grimy top wall of the flimsy cubicle whilst seeking much-needed bodily support. "...You have to do it. Just with your tongue."

John chuckled, tugging one of Sherlock's hands down and wrapping it around his straining prick. "I said touch yourself," he hissed, before delving back inside Sherlock's arse, flicking his tongue in and out in quick, rapid bursts. Sherlock gasped, high-pitched, grunting, his hand squeezing around his cock but he seemed physically incapable of stroking himself, distracted as John pleasured him.

Sherlock's ordinarily-strong right hand soon abandoned his shaft and gripped the wall again, as he was getting more than enough stimulation from John's wicked tongue, and he really needed to hold himself up before he collapsed.

"I can't...stand up when you do that," he admitted with a breathless laugh. "Just tongue, please," he whispered, right before another crashing roar came from the pub, and the door opened, signalling another visitor in the small toilets.

Sherlock stiffened in alarm. John, on the other hand, began licking his arse with abandon, sucking at his rim and planting wet, sloppy kisses on his hole before flicking his tongue inside again and again. Sherlock moaned, muffled, and grunted and he pushed back against John's face.

Sherlock felt a little bit of shame when he heard the interloper outside the door unzip himself, take his cock out. Some fiendish and crazy part of his mind told him that whoever it was, was getting off to their own private pleasure.

"God, John, nearly there," he hissed, quietly but forcefully, panicked at the idea of a public orgasm with someone so close to them. "John! I can't do it," he heaved, squirming awkwardly.

John didn't answer, his tongue aching with how far inside Sherlock he had jammed it. He reached around and grasped Sherlock's cock, stroking him once, twice, before pulling him sharply into one of the strongest orgasms of his life.

John groaned partly with shock, wishing he could reach to muffle his lover, who yelled loudly enough to ruin eardrums. Sherlock gritted his teeth and writhed sensuously through his lengthy
orgasm, before abruptly sinking to his knees, shivering.

"Sherlock....ssshh." John hissed, embracing the trembling man to him, staring with wide eyes at the copious amount of semen decorating the cubicle wall, sliding down the tiles sluggishly. "Jesus." His own cock pulsed, trapped in his jeans, begging to be let out and allowed to claim its climax.

The detective looked quite worryingly dazed, his grey-green eyes viciously pale, his face red and damp.

"Are you all right?" John asked, whispering, aware of whoever outside their stall clearing their throat, washing their hands, and leaving, having never used the loo. Feeling filthy, he smoothed Sherlock's crumpled hair back from his face, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "Sweetheart? Are you ok?"

Sherlock swallowed a few times, looking totally bewildered. "...I...don't know. How did you do that?" he asked innocently.

"I'll teach you sometime." John laughed softly, hugging Sherlock again before standing up and offering his hand. "Come on. I'll help you-

"You haven't climaxed yet," Sherlock noted, his pants still around his thighs, semen dribbled around his cock, looking flushed and debauched. John had never seen him look sexier.

"Well. No. I'll just-

"Come on me."

John tried to fight back a fiendish chuckle, and failed delightfully. "Where do you fancy it?"

Sherlock thought quickly. "On my face. My shirt." These were the two most obvious choices. Easily recognized. Everyone would know, when they got back to the table, what the stains were.

"Sherlock, I can't do that. My friends...and-" he halted, briefly, but tellingly. "No, I can't. Do you want to introduce yourself as a slut? Because that's what it'll look like if you choose to go out there covered in come. Let me...prove you're mine in a more conventional way, okay?"

"Then what was this all about?" Sherlock asked from the floor of the loo, waving a hand at his own half-nude state.

"I'm pretty sure everyone knows what we've been doing in here. Just...choose a different place. Something not...obvious. Other people aren't...always nice, Sherlock. And they're really not going to be nice when a semen-soaked bloke sits down and pretends to watch the football with them." He paused a second. "You were mind-blowing, though...I wouldn't mind doing it again," he grinned cheekily.

Sherlock's face twisted as he silently agreed with John. "Come wherever then," he huffed gruffly.

"Ta, Sherlock." John replied sarcastically, pulling himself out with relief and giving himself a few quick strokes.

"Um...look, Sherl...can I just...since you've got to clean up anyway...just..." he trailed off, before gently coercing the brunette once more against the wall, and prodding himself questioningly against the plump, white backside in front of him.

Sherlock secretly hoped John would be done soon. He didn't think his legs would support him for
much longer and it was with relief that he heard John's breathing catch, stuttering out of his chest in a sigh. The slick sound of his hand rubbing at his cock was loud in the stall and Sherlock listened as John sped up, hands grasping at Sherlock- then the hot splash of his come jetting onto Sherlock's arse.

"Ugh," John heaved, giving an inadvertent full-body shudder as he rode his brief aftershocks, trying to drag them out a little more by offering a few sharp thrusts that caused his lukewarm, wet cock to slip up the irresistible pale fullness of the detective’s left buttock. "Jeez, Sherlock..."

Sherlock squirmed at the tickle of John's seed running down his arse and thigh, and John released him, apologizing.

"Here. Just let me..." John swiped at his skin with paper from the stall and Sherlock let him clean him up, feeling an odd sort of tenderness at the clinical action.

Once he had finished, flicking cooled, sticky tissues into the toilet and flushing it, their gazes met, and they both let out brief, dirty chuckles, Sherlock's deep and devilish, John's higher-pitched and infectious.

"We should get back." John finally managed once their laughter had died down. "I'll go first and you wait a few minutes then follow me. Yeah?"

Sherlock pulled John into a quick kiss, not relishing the idea of more networking with his boorish friends, but ready to do so...for John. He was certain that the mingled sweat and lovebites he was wearing would be more than sufficient as chainmail.
Celebrating the Joy of Life After A Near-death Experience

Chapter Notes

Hi again dudes and dudettes, we hope you enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

26 - Celebrating the Joy of Life After A Near-death Experience

Sherlock was squirming as subtly as he could on his seat at the scarred, wobbly table made sticky by years of ineffectual wipe-downs with a damp dishcloth. It had been an hour and a half since his and John's little rendezvous, and after acknowledging with some shock that he had ended up staying in the toilet for nearly twelve minutes to reduce suspicion, he was reluctant to make his way back there again.

He was somewhat relieved that John, and the majority of the men there were now at least slightly tipsy, and the raucous conversations they were having (loud even against the background roar of the busy pub) that were not being fuelled by alcohol, were being fuelled by adrenaline and honest, happy nostalgia.

"-and Johnson still owes me money from that card game. You all remember, right?" One of them crowed and there were yells of assent and laughter all around the table.

"Don't owe you nothing, mate-" Another man - had to be Johnson - started up.

"I caught you with the ace coming out of your fucking crotch! No wonder he hid it there- no one would've looked there!"

Shaun, who had been reasonably quiet so far, snorted with laughter and took another gulp of his double vodka and cranberry, before fixing his surprisingly-sober dark eyes on Sherlock, and then John again.

John, to his credit, had managed to ignore the Irishman, having far too many other friends and better memories to concentrate on, and was seeming to be having a good time, occasionally squeezing Sherlock's hand lovingly as he grew more merry.

Sherlock could see the jealousy and resentment lurking in Shaun's eyes. It was obvious and he wondered if seeing John now, without his cane, perfectly healed, was making him regret ever tossing John to the curb like garbage.

His thoughts were unpleasantly halted as his bladder twinged painfully, and he shifted again in his seat.

Staring daggers at the Irishman, Sherlock was startled by John's warm breath at his right ear, whispering comfortably to him, as quietly as he could in order for the detective to hear him above the yells, clinks of dozens of glasses, and piped classic rock music of the pub. "Are you alright, sweetheart?"
"Fine. Why shouldn't I be?"

John smiled. "I just know this isn't your thing. So...thanks. For doing this. It means a lot...having you here."

"No other place I'd rather be." Sherlock smiled softly in return, getting a kiss for his honest white lie, pleased to make John happy.

John leaned in again, grinning, his indigo eyes slightly unfocussed after he had moved onto shots from his beers. "You need to piss. You should probably go," he chuckled.

"Always romantic." Sherlock chided him, slipping from the barstool and wincing as the strain put pressure on his bladder. He left the table as there was another roar of laughter and he heard, over the chuckles, one of John's mates say, "Arse like that, no wonder you fell in love, Watson."

Sherlock paused, stopping and taking his phone out, looking at it intently as if checking an important new message, whilst he surreptitiously listened to John's response.

"His arse is the least of it," John chuckled. "He's fucking...perfect."

Sherlock couldn't stop his grin as he made his way through the crowd to the loos. Casting a disparaging eye over the urinals, he sequestered himself in one of the stalls.

Shaun moved around the table quietly to sit in Sherlock's empty seat. John was downing a shot when the Irishman nudged him on the arm, causing John to turn and frown at him. A little hazy, he let Shaun lean a bit closer, and speak. "Perfect? Can he do everything we used to do?"

John frowned deeper, considering the wording of Shaun's question. Not 'does he do everything,' but, 'can he.'

He thought of the eighteen months of violent, frankly sometimes dangerous sex that he had experienced with his ex-army colleague. He then shook his head slightly at the thought of inflicting any sort of pain upon Sherlock, who he really did love more than anything.

Therefore, he answered quite honestly. "No, he can't."

Shaun smirked, snorting. "Thought not. Is he still perfect?" He leaned closer to John, breath ghosting along his neck. "Bet he can't make you come like I could. Nowhere close."

"Move back to your bloody seat, Shaun. You had your chance and you blew it. I wouldn't have come out tonight if I thought it involved seeing your fucking smug face again."

"Come on, John. We were great together." Shaun chuckled, not looking put out by John's speech. "I know you and him had a quickie in the loo. What'd you do- a quick handjob because he's too scared to do anything else? I would've taken you in that stall and let you fuck me raw."

"As if you need it. You've probably got about four blokes on the go," John muttered, trying not to let Shaun get to him - he had been having a really good time and didn't want to spoil his mood. He nodded gratefully as Bill came back with a fresh tray of shots, and grabbed one possessively. He tried to pay attention to the others as they carried on gossiping the way only grown men can.

"This again?" Shaun licked his lips hungrily. "What is it with you and fidelity? All right. Fine. I'll let you shag me - fuck me, bruise me...god, choke me...and I'll give up the others."

John glanced at him and Shaun smiled.
"Not going to lie, John. I've...missed you. No one else can do the things you did to me. You were...you were amazing." His hand snuck under the table and grasped John's thigh.

In one quick movement, John punched the crook of Shaun’s elbow, shoved his unwanted hand away, and rather shockingly, undid a few buttons of own his shirt and yanked down the left shoulder, exposing the raw, red, damp scar from his recent knife wound. "Remind you of anything?!"

Resisting the urge to physically attack Shaun, he spat vitriol at him. "Fuck off back to your seat and try to manage not to be such an insufferable prick."

"Are you still on about that?" Shaun asked incredulously. "John...that was ages ago. Come on. I was a different person. You were a different person. Definitely not out as queer, if I recall," he smiled, not caring when John glared at him. "Come on. We could still have loads of fun."

The other guys at the sticky table had quietened warily to listen to the conversation at hand, aware of John's short fuse when something really riled him.

The doctor in question ignored the politely-silent audience completely as he fumed at Shaun, who was rubbing his sore elbow distractedly, whilst offering the charming, obnoxiously-confident grin that had enamoured John, even before they had both shipped out.

"You won't be satisfied with that princess for long." Shaun whispered, aware they had an audience, jerking his head towards the direction Sherlock had gone. "That little pillow queen probably barely knows what to do with your cock, much less where to stick it."

John clenched his jaw hard, staring daggers into the cold black eyes of his ex-lover.

"Who invited him," John murmured, and was greeted by a few faint noises. Furious, but determined to restrain himself as long as possible, he snarled deafeningly at his comrades. "WHO INVITED HIM?!"

One of the men directly opposite him shrugged, avoiding eye contact. "I didn't...more of an indirect invitation...know what I mean?"

"Ease up, John." Billingsly said, holding out a placating hand. "Just calm - calm down. We're all here to have fun - and Shaun? Get the fuck away from him. He already told you he didn't want you around."

Shaun raised his eyebrows, accompanied by a small, nonchalant smile, as he slid back to his own seat.

John's face was flaming with anger and discomfort, although he felt a vague, distant reassurance as his mates patted him on the back and glared at the now-unwelcome guest.

"Just a bloody suggestion." Shaun muttered, taking a swig of his drink, glaring over John's shoulder as Sherlock came back, sliding into his seat and glancing around the table, obviously picking up on the tension.

"Sherlock, stand up." John stated, standing resolutely, eyes intensely piercing the detectives'. The man in question obeyed, looking slightly nervously at the unanimously-silent, anticipatory men round the table, wondering if he'd somehow managed to do something Not Good within the last few minutes of his absence.

He'd only pissed. And he'd washed his hands after.
"What-?" The rest of Sherlock's sentence was cut off as John pressed angry lips against his, snogging him breathlessly in front of the entire pub and his friends. Sherlock's eyes went wide in shock and he tried to pull away but John's fingers knotted themselves in his hair, refusing to let him.

John was grinning happily even before the masculine whoops, drunken claps and yells of encouragement assaulted his ears over the ruckus of the pub.

"Love you," he murmured loudly, as he pulled back slightly from Sherlock's baby-soft, stunned lips.

"I- that's..." Sherlock shook his head, looking stunned and confused, adorable with his hair mussed and eyes wide. He glanced shyly at the table then back at John, his cheeks slowly reddening with color.

John's face crinkled delightfully as he chuckled. "I think it's probably time to go home. What do you think?" Without waiting for a response, he turned, downed his lukewarm vodka shot, and then planted his hands upon Sherlock's slim hips.

"...Hang on, hang on," Shaun spat, frowning indignantly, though he was drowned out by rowdy, noisy support for John, and the newly-increased volume of the shitty pub music.

Sherlock tried to look at him but John tugged at his hair, forcing his attention solely on him. "Ready to go, love?" John pointedly asked and he could tell, from the way Sherlock's eyes narrowed, that he suspected something was up.

"...John?" Sherlock asked, before he jolted in a mirror reaction to John, as the doctor was once more thumped on the back, accompanied by multiple manly chuckles and various filthy, playful insinuations.

Shaun stood, downing his raspberry-flavoured shot without the faintest acknowledgement of its' taste, and watched as his ex began to ease his boyfriend from the booth, John’s dark eyes tellingly hungry.

Sherlock was flushing over some of the more ribald comments- one man going so far as to ask John if Sherlock's arse was as tight as it looked- when Shaun snorted. "Go ahead and take the little princess home, John. But when he can't take your cock, my offer still stands."

Even as John gritted his teeth, his expression clouding frighteningly, Sherlock appeared to calm suddenly, and raised a long, pale hand for silence. Remarkably, silence fell, and all eyes were on him.

"Shaun, I wouldn't want there to be any bad blood between us, since you are one of John's oldest and best friends, and obviously you have history. We could probably break the ice properly outside though? It's a bit rowdy in here."

This telling pronouncement was met with winks and nudges and Shaun, looking cocky, sidled closer to Sherlock.

"After you."

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" John hissed as he followed Sherlock outside. "Are you serious right now?"

"John, shh, trust me," Sherlock uttered, gesturing a 'calm down' action with one decisive hand. The detective strode down the road, to where the lights of the old pub faded into a distant, chilly fog, and the nearest buildings were a closed estate agents', and a shut-down bookies.
"Shaun...what are you hoping for?" he asked in a deceptively calm tone, his face passive. "Just John? A threesome, perhaps?"

Both John and Shaun spluttered in surprise.

"Sherlock-!"

"As if I'd waste my time with a little fairy like you."

"So that's a 'no'...really?" Sherlock asked with a sweet, benevolent smile, leaning slightly closer to the Irishman. "Haven't you ever had two men at once? You can't say you're..." he lowered his already-sinfully deep voice to a truly decadent bass. "...Not curious," he uttered filthily.

Shaun licked his lips, staring at Sherlock before his eyes strayed to John. "Maybe I was a bit wrong about your boyfriend, John. Seems like he's just as freaky as you used to be."

John looked distraught, staring at Sherlock in disbelief. The detective flicked him a re-assuring, bright gaze, and his secret deeply-crinkled smile, before squeezing John's hand tenderly.

"So you'd," Sherlock started, clearing his throat as if choked with unexpected lust. "You'd like to make love to John? While I...watched?"

Shaun grinned. "Um...yeah. Yeah. Sure. Why not?"

"I'd need to prepare you first, of course...if that's alright with you," Sherlock purred. "Can we get a bit...further away from...you know, real people," he chuckled adorably, nodding down the street. "I like it in the dark," he added in a guttural groan.

Shaun licked his lips again, tossing John an incredulous look. "You've read my mind. That is...if John's up for it."

John was gaping like a landed fish, his brows creased deeply, and his eyes confused. The shiver he suffered at the cold night breezes molesting him were almost an afterthought, as he stared at his lover, who was propositioning his bastard of an ex.

"Shall I tell you what John wants," Sherlock imparted with a dirty, teasing growl into Shaun's ear.

Shaun leered. "I know all about what John wants. Rough and fast and hard. We did it enough - loads of times. Not easy to forget getting fucked like that."

The slight flicker of Sherlock's pale eyelids wasn't quite subtle enough to be explained away by the chilled breeze that buffeted him and dried his plump lips as he opened his mouth to speak again. John glanced at him anxiously, seeing the little tics and feeling the racing pulse in Sherlock's hand that signified his imminent meltdown.

Sherlock blinked a few times, putting on an ingratiating smile that didn't reach his eyes, and barely even reached his mouth.

"How many times?" he asked conspiratorially, nudging the Irishman with his shoulder.

Shaun smirked, glancing at John. "Loads. Whenever we could. In all sorts of places. Had me on my knees once, fucked me almost raw. Was walking with a limp after that one, John, remember?" John glared at Shaun and he leered even more heavily. "Like you didn't enjoy it. We can have that again."

Sherlock's hand tightened exponentially on John's, and his swallow was obvious, and the bob of his
white throat was eyed by both of the men beside him. An ugly grimace finally relented and commandeered his delicate, masculine features. "I'll tell you what John wants. He wants the delight of your total and permanent absence from his life. And if you ever attempt, in any way, to contact him again, I will personally cut off your stagnant testicles with a rusty scalpel, fry them in garlic, and make you eat them. Do I make myself **perfectly** clear?"

Shaun spluttered, the grin slipping from his face and he took a step back from Sherlock, eyeing him as if he were crazy. "Wh-what? I- I thought you wanted a three some-

As soon as John felt his lover pushing him gently but firmly behind him, he knew trouble was coming.

"You really are far more dense than I imagined," Sherlock uttered in a deep voice made of smoke and threat. "John must have been under some kind of impressive hypnotism to ever see you as a valid partner."

Shaun recovered quickly, not wanting to be intimidated by Sherlock. He thrust his chest out, squaring his jaw. "Yeah? Well I don't know what in hell he's thinking with you. Bet you'd never even sucked a cock before. Did he have to teach you how? Do you even swallow?" He laughed, derisive.

"Disregarding all of your puerile sexual connotations, I suspect the main reason is that I love him for exactly what he is, and I'm not going to judge him on his ability to get me off," Sherlock replied. "And now that we're both bored of your tiresome company, we're going home to make love." The detective made to turn away, pulling John with him, when he abruptly stopped, and turned sharply as if something had suddenly occurred to him. "Oh! I forgot. Shaun? ...You're a cunt."

The crunch of Shaun's nose breaking under Sherlock's fist was loud in the alleyway. "**Fuck!**" the Irishman shouted, clutching at his face as blood poured over his lips and chin.

"Christ- Sherlock..." John breathed, stunned.

The detective pulled a slightly disgruntled face, pouting as he rubbed the prominent, damp and red-stained knuckles of his right hand.

"Hmm," he pondered aloud, as if wondering if he could extract DNA from this sample and perhaps pinpoint some kind of 'dick-head' gene.

"Are you outta your fucking mind?!" Shaun shouted thickly, blood pouring over his face, glaring at Sherlock. "I'll fucking kill you-

John was quite frankly still dumbstruck by Sherlock's protective actions, and in the next few seconds, he felt a surge of three powerful, competing emotions. One was utter thrill at the detective's blank-faced physical defence of his own honour. The second was the burning, buzzing, illicit euphoria that his subconscious churned out in anticipation of taking Sherlock at his word, and to his bed, very soon.

The third was a natural rush of concern, as he stepped backwards, whilst eyeing the damage Shaun had sustained. "...You...you should be able to set that yourself."


Sherlock rolled his eyes and spoke again. "Maybe you forgot my earlier threat, mangled as your
memory is, by youthful excessive drug use and adult over-consumption of alcohol. I'm going to make an addendum. After I've castrated you, I'm going to make you cook them, and then watch you consume them from a delightful dinner service I personally stole from Sandringham."

Shaun paled, swallowed convulsively, then turned and vomited.

Sherlock spun away from him, grabbing John's elbow. "Let's go." He steered him out of the alleyway even as John twisted and looked back, following Sherlock without complaint.

Sensing John's underlying discomfort, Sherlock seized his face on the main road. The sky was a polluted grey-black, the air foggy and freezing.

"John, are you alright?" Before the doctor could open his mouth to reply, Sherlock claimed his mouth with a warm moan and chilled lips.

"Fine." John said curtly, delving his hands into Sherlock's coat. "Want you to take me home. Then fuck me. Hard. Please?"

Sherlock coughed quite dramatically as a result of a shocked inhale, and John grinned and patted his broad back in a motion that started as a hefty, masculine fix for a blocked throat, but which ended in a firm, tender rub of the younger man's scapulae.

"Taxi's here," John murmured, after lowering his spare hand, quietly revelling in the fact that for once he had managed to hail a London taxi without the apparent benefit of Sherlock's billowing, hypnotising coat-tails.

Chapter End Notes

As always, we adore feedback ;)


They fell through the door to the darkened flat, locked at the lips, Sherlock eagerly pulling open John's clothes to rake his nails along his skin. He was riding on a wave of adrenaline, wanting to prove to John he was just as good as Shaun. Was, in fact, better.

John stumbled painfully against the doorframe, before Sherlock grabbed his hip and shoulder, directing him with frankly-carnivorous growls towards his own bedroom. "I can do it...and you're going to feel it," the detective promised deliriously, imperfect teeth gritted and nibbling at John's throat as he tore away his lover's shirt. "I promise," he seethed.

"Yes." John breathed fervently, grinding his cock against Sherlock's hip. "Yes. Fuck yes. Take me to bed."

As John replied, Sherlock undid his own shirt as quickly as his long, dextrous fingers could manage. "John...I can't wait, take everything off. Now," he panted beautifully.

Without further ado, the taller man threw himself on the bed and kicked off the rest of his clothes with minimal decorum. Feeble amber streetlamps shed just enough maudlin yellow light to illuminate the room.

John shucked out of his clothes as quickly as he could, excitement pounding in his veins. He scrambled onto the bed, straddling Sherlock and feeling the insistent nudge of his erection against his arse.

"Get the lube." Sherlock commanded. "Get yourself ready."

Narrowing his eyes in playful disdain at being ordered around, John took his sweet time in fetching the lube from the bedside table, regardless of his own impatient arousal. Plucking the slightly-sticky bottle from its gooey harbour beside the lamp, he rotated his hips thoughtfully as he slowly popped open the lid, swirling the slick liquid in the transparent bottle rapty.

He was expecting Sherlock to take control - or to lose it - gasp and start grinding against him until he came, wide eyed and red-faced. He wouldn't be disappointed. He loved driving Sherlock mad so much so that he lost that chilly demeanor.

But he wasn't expecting Sherlock to lay beneath him and watch him prepare to finger himself with dark, hooded eyes. John's own cock twitched and he swallowed thickly at the sight of Sherlock. Jesus.

John planted his right hand on Sherlock's left shoulder in the golden, artificial light afforded by the streetlamp, quickly meeting the grey-green eyes in the gloom and wordlessly confirming that his weight was comfortable. He leaned upon the detective and knelt up after slathering his left fingers with cool lube. His dark eyes fluttered and his face flushed almost imperceptibly with slight self-consciousness as he penetrated himself.

He expected a gasped "John." For Sherlock to thrust up into him and start a desperate and quick race to orgasm.

"Fuck yourself." Sherlock murmured, voice as dark as sin. "Fuck yourself on my cock."
John paused for the first time, not...concerned, but certainly intrigued. He felt the need to enquire, though the question comprised of only one word. "Sherlock?" he asked, two fingers pushed rather awkwardly inside himself as he leant shakily over the younger man.

Sherlock didn't respond, only lifting his hips to slowly sink his cock into John, provoking a curse and shudder from the former soldier. "I said fuck. Yourself. On my cock, John." Sherlock rumbled, grasping his hips and pulling him down onto his cock. Hard. John saw stars.

A stuttered, sharp groan forced itself from John's mouth, and his eyes squeezed shut instinctively. His slick left hand anchored itself upon Sherlock's firm pectoral, whilst the other automatically snaked between his own legs, massaging his prick conscientiously.

"No." Sherlock said harshly, catching John's hand and twisting it behind his back, quickly followed by the other. He held them in a tight grip while John squirmed. "Don't touch yourself. Come. Just like this."

"Sherlock..." John huffed. "I can't...not enough leverage."

"Figure it out." Sherlock replied and John moaned at the tone of his voice. Grunting, he circled his hips, brushing his own prostate with Sherlock's cock. His own bobbed angrily between his legs. "Sherlock...please...."

Sherlock opened his cupid's-bow mouth to reply, when he was interrupted by a faint but distinct sob from the other side of the bedroom wall, from the neighbours, and a slight creak.

John was too busy starting to try and grind down upon his lover's stiff cock in such a way that would do more than just frustrate him to notice.

"Sherlock..." John struggled but Sherlock's grip was firm. "God. Please-" He started gingerly raising himself a few inches before dropping back down onto Sherlock's cock with a relieved groan. He repeated the move, muscles already protesting the strain but the arousal burning through his body demanded satisfaction.

Sherlock himself seemed distracted, head raised a little, dark curls awry, as he listened intently to the neighbours. Another soft groan and mattressy-bounces in the distant dark caused him to scowl.

"They're having sex," he stated flatly. John glanced down at him, barely listening, and took a deep, fortifying breath before forcing himself harder and faster upon the detective's shaft, each impalement eliciting a high-pitched, desperate little noise from his thin lips, and more tiny beads of sweat upon his crinkled forehead.

"Yeah, he's probably not making him work for it." John complained breathlessly, trying again to get free. He whined, rotating his hips again to grind against his prostate. It was likely the only way he was going to come.

"Sherl, what if I can't," he panted, licking warm sweat from his top lip, beginning to ride Sherlock as hard as he could, teeth gritted, stomach muscles screaming with effort, and a juicy, visceral slap of flesh sounding every half-second.

"What if you can't what?"

"Don't be a cock. What if I can't-" John broke off when Sherlock suddenly surged upward, thrusting into him brutally hard. John screamed as Sherlock gave a volley of deep, hard thrusts that had him arching his back and crying out to the ceiling.
Distantly, John could feel the ache in his knees and the anaerobic sting of his abdominal and leg muscles translating into the familiar twinge in his calf, but he really couldn't fucking care.

He whimpered, three minutes later, as he shook his head to fling away lukewarm sweat droplets from wet-sand hair like an exhausted marathon runner. Gasping, he was restraining his obvious near-climax noises by constantly biting his lip and swallowing extravagantly.

Sherlock grinned fiendishly, grasping John's fingers behind his back tenderly, still keeping them prisoner there. "No, John, no!" he exclaimed deliriously. "Louder, louder!"

"I can't...fucking louder...." John growled, helpless little cries falling from his lips as he desperately worked himself.

"If you scream....I'll touch you." Sherlock hurriedly promised.

The detective bared his teeth in a victorious grin as he caught the hesitant flicker of John's eyes, the unspoken acquiescence of the older man exhibiting a totally mouth-watering visage of sweat and lust and need and exhaustion, settled upon his cock like he was moulded around it. The look on John's face, like he might almost be on the verge of crying, nearly pushed Sherlock over the edge, but he resisted admirably, squeezing John's fingers.

"More," he ordered in a guttural tone.

"Oh god." John breathed, visibly trembling, cock so hard it was almost purple and stretched against his stomach. "Yes. Fine. Just-" Sherlock gave a greedy thrust into John and he cried out, a desperate wail as he began bouncing on Sherlock's cock again. Sherlock heard the noises from the other couple falter.

"Yes, John, yes! Like that!" Sherlock beamed, beginning to pump rhythmically into John with shallow, breathy, indescribably-erotic noises. He threw his head back upon the previously-pristine pillow, now impregnated with the sweet musk of his own perspiration, his wet curls swirling hypnotically as he rocked his head in pleasure, like dark seaweed tendrils in a low tide.

John moaned, tiredly trying to rock onto Sherlock but was so exhausted he wasn't able to do much. A variety of groans and curses echoed around their room, ringing in the silence. "Oh, g-god. God, Sherlock, please." John snapped, begging. "Oh! You said you would...you said..."

"Mmm," came the faint response, before Sherlock let go of John's hands, smoothing his own comfortingly across John's chest and stomach, before grasping his doctor's slick, engorged shaft, and working it effectively.

"Want us to...come together," the brunette murmured, starting to pump his hips a little faster, his inhales strained and his exhauses fierce as he neared his own climax.

John was beyond words. It only took a few twists of Sherlock's wrist before he was coming, thick stripes painting themselves across Sherlock's skin. The clenching of John's body and the restrained, pained scream of him coming sent Sherlock over the edge as well.

Fingernails digging sharp, tell-tale pink dents in John's hips, Sherlock howled out his own climax, blind-sided by the weight of John upon him, the convulsing orgasm of his lover that squeezed him indescribably, and the mere fact of one of the best orgasms of his life.

John slumped on top of him, breathing ragged, totally exhausted. He couldn't believe what had just happened. How dominating Sherlock had been. What he'd done. He blinked his eyes open to find Sherlock staring up at him earnestly. "Was that...was that good?"
"Oh, Sherlock...kiss me, you fucking bastard," John wheezed fondly, grasping the detective's diamond-cutter cheekbones and kissing the lips that were, by contrast, soft and pink and plump as rose petals.

"I...it wasn't too much was it?" Sherlock asked against John's lips. "You enjoyed...which parts, the best? If at all?"

"If," John said, before surrendering to helpless giggles. "...If you want me to give a scientific report on everything that I felt after that experience...it's fine. But please give me ten minutes to recuperate. You must need it too?" he asked, before lavishing a few selfish smooches upon Sherlock's damp, white, throat.

Said throat bobbed as Sherlock swallowed and he nodded. "I'm...surprised you managed that." John added cautiously.

"Managed? What do you mean? The volume thing? That was down to you," Sherlock chuckled happily.

"No. The, uh, the...you lasted a bit longer than usual." John tried to sound casual.

Sherlock pulled a face that contorted his already-angular features further - a face that betrayed his innate self-consciousness.

"...I thought it went well...why would you say that? Did it not go well?"

"No-no! It went great. Fucking fantastic." John rushed to reassure him, kissing his cheek and then, just in case, pressing a fervent kiss to his lips. "You were amazing."

"But it's good that I lasted, right? That's what partners want in bed, I was led to understand?"

John sighed. "I wouldn't care if you lasted two seconds or two hours, love. Just so long as you're letting me shag you, I'm happy."

"...I don't think 'two seconds' is adequate by anyone's standards, John. I'll try and make sure to last from now on. I, um...liked it better that way too. It was...stronger," he admitted, his already exertion-stained cheeks colouring even further, glossy with sweat.

"What was stronger?" John asked, knowing full well what Sherlock was talking about but wanting him to say it.

"The...uh..." Sherlock licked his lips nervously. "The...the finish."

"Finish?"

Sherlock's throat bobbed as he swallowed, shifting uncomfortably. "The...my...orgasm."

John wriggled slightly with quiet glee, loving the sound of the word on Sherlock's shy lips. "God, I could listen to you talk about orgasms for hours," he chuckled. "And when you got tired, I'd give you a couple more to talk about."

Rolling off of the detective, he sighed indulgently, radiating damp heat.

"Is that something you're interested in? Dirty talk?"

Sherlock and dirty talk. Yes, please, John thought wryly. He smiled. "Maybe later, love. I'm for a nap." He slung an arm around Sherlock and hauled him close, Sherlock laid his head on John's chest
without protest, his eyes sliding closed tiredly.

Sherlock was drifting into a comfortably dreamless doze when his phone beeped noisily from his trouser pocket. Groaning, he dragged his upper body from the bed, scrabbled for it in the crumpled mass of expensive fabric, and retrieved it. John glanced at him and huffed at the sight of his naked hips and legs anchored on the bed, whilst he balanced awkwardly on one hand on the carpet.

Sherlock glanced over the message, before chuckling and clumsily hauling himself back onto the mattress.

'Just had a 999 bout a domestic at your place. If the 'deafening screams and yells' are not what I strongly suspect they were, text back. if they are, youd better apologise to ur neighbours - GL'

"Who is it?"

Sherlock grinned, shoving his phone back onto the bedside table and leveraging himself back to wrap around John. "Lestrade."

"Case?"

"Mm. No. He said our neighbors called 999 because they thought you were being murdered."

"Death by sex...there are worse ways to go," John pondered, nuzzling aside dark tendrils of fringe and smooching Sherlock's heated forehead.

"Mmm...much worse. Have I ever told you about the man whose wife killed him with a potato peeler?"
They both woke embarrassingly late the next morning, in an overheated, tangled cocoon of duvet, intertwined awkwardly with each other and glued by a gossamer-thin layer of sweat. Both men were stubbornly ignoring the cool, bright sunshine searing through the open curtains, desirous of a bit more darkness, but neither willing to actually move and do something about it.

Sherlock wanted to remain pressed against John, so comfortable, but his bladder was protesting and so he rolled away reluctantly, staggering to the loo.

John swallowed, his throat dry and sore. Blearily, he sat up, kicking away the unpleasantly-hot duvet from his chest and leaning back against the cool headboard. Rubbing his eyes and ruffling his hair, he listened vaguely to Sherlock perform his ablutions whilst he himself slowly entered the land of the living. He glanced down thoughtfully at his covered lap, his left hand slowly, comfortably taking hold of himself and stroking slightly.

He was sore from last night, muscles he hadn't worked in years twinging, but it was a good sore. An arousing sore that reminded him of last night. And Sherlock.

He was still touching himself ponderously, unhurriedly, when Sherlock scuffed his way, yawning mightily, back into the sun-drenched, cool room. The detective turned a lazy head adorned with an impressively dense mess of black curls towards his partner, and stopped in his tracks, staring openly.

"What are you doing?"

"Mm...think it'd be fairly obvious." John smirked, looking at Sherlock through slitted eyes, pleased when Sherlock blushed as he watched John's hand moving under the covers.

Sherlock was gloriously naked, and now he perched on the edge of the rumpled bed, his sleepy features brightening with inquisitiveness and attraction.

"...Do you wish me to...help?"

"We could always try that dirty talk thing from last night." John spread his legs, still working his hand under the duvet, getting harder the more Sherlock's eyes darted down, almost without his volition, staring at the movement like an impatient cat.

He could see Sherlock's excitement ramping up exponentially by the fact that he was only getting hints of what he was actually doing under the covers. The imagination was one of the greatest sexual tools, after all.

John slid his free hand between his spread legs and slowly rubbed at the dry, warm skin beneath his testicles, the duvet rising and falling in tiny, teasing increments.

"Why don't you tell me about your orgasm last night," he suggested, his voice enviably calm, his eyes intense.

Sherlock frowned. "Why do you want to hear about that? Isn't dirty talk supposed to be...for...fantasies?"

John sucked in a sharp breath at the lovely blush that spread across Sherlock's cheeks. "Could be. It's
really for whatever you want to hear, sweetheart. And I would love to hear about your orgasm."

Sherlock contemplated this for a few seconds, still watching John touch himself, before nodding.

"Very well. My orgasm...last night...was...very nice."

John's right hand re-emerged once more, long enough for him to suck upon his index finger, wetting it sufficiently, before replacing it against his opening, prodding at himself gently, patiently.

"You were...demanding. Did you enjoy that? Did it turn you on, restraining me? Making me work for it?" John's voice was quickly becoming husky.

"Y-yes..." Sherlock stuttered, breath speeding up, inching closer to John on the bed. "I enjoyed controlling your movements while you were...while you were engaging in sexual intercourse of the anal variety with me."

John managed to chew back a grin, taking a fortifying breath. "Knowing I had no choice but to use your body if I wanted to reach climax. If I wanted to reach the absolute peak. I was depending on your cock for my pleasure. You were forceful. You wouldn't back down. I liked that a lot," the doctor told him, breath hitching a little as he pushed his finger fully inside himself, crooking it slightly, entirely unseen.

"John..." Sherlock breathed, taking another inch on the bed closer to John, flushed all the way down his chest, nipples hard and standing erect. "What...what else?"

"I thought you were the one who was supposed to be talking," John murmured, closing his eyes and leaning his head back with a luxurious sigh, the bedclothes moving in such a way that clearly demonstrated that he was thrusting his finger quite vigorously inside himself now.

"I...I..." Sherlock moaned low in his throat, his own erection now insistent and twitching against his stomach. "What should I say?"

"Tell me...tell me what you liked last night. Exactly what you liked. Details."

Details, details, Sherlock thought frantically, ransacking John's extensive room in his Mind Palace feverishly. The flesh-coloured filing cabinet with suspicious white stains on it that housed sexual memories was quickly overturned and hordes of powerful physical triggers hit him at once, leaving him struggling to articulate. "Muscles," he said abruptly. "The ones I could see in your thighs and abdomen clenching, they told my eyes you were exhausted and ecstatic and alive. And the ones I couldn't see, I could feel - they told my body that you were close to orgasm, that you were going to ejaculate, that it was down to me and me alone," he garbled at great speed.

John lazily grinned, tugging himself off more quickly now that Sherlock was actually talking. "What else?"

What else? What else? Sherlock knelt up on the bed as his mind powered away, trying to express into words the things he'd seen when John had been riding his cock.

"You looked overwhelmed. You looked like you were at breaking point. Utter desperation. There were tears in your eyes. I...I know that's not good, but...it...I liked it," Sherlock admitted quietly. As he finished speaking, he extended one spidery hand to the bedcovers, ready to peel them back and get an eyeful.

John slapped at his hand, breath huffing out quicker. "No, keep talking." His hips urged themselves up in a shivery grind and Sherlock moaned, fisting his hands at his sides while his cock throbbed.
"Let me see."
"No."
"I want to see."
"No."
"John..."

"Oh, god, Sherlock, I love the sound of your voice." John interrupted Sherlock's whine, closing his eyes and throwing his head back.

A bizarre noise that encompassed a bitter hiss and a guttural groan of pleasure at the same time erupted from Sherlock's throat, his long fingers clenching repeatedly into irritable, damp fists, yearning to see John bringing about his own pleasure.

"...Sherl...sweetheart," John gasped, looking delightfully wrecked. "Pass me lube? I need...more fingers inside me." The doctor's needy performance was only half-staged.

"Let me?" Sherlock asked, whining when John shook his head. He slapped the bottle of lube into John's hand with anger and John chuckled at him, slicking his fingers liberally before sliding them beneath the covers again. Sherlock watched him hungrily.

In the muted midday quiescence, the wet sound of John pushing two fingers inside himself was a fiendishly deafening tease for the detective.

"John, you're driving me to distraction," Sherlock muttered, grinding his hips in the tiniest unconscious increments as he watched the doctor penetrate himself, buried irresponsibly under hateful bedclothes.

"And you're not distracting me enough. Dirty talk, remember?"

Sherlock growled. He thought about leaving the room. That would show John. If he just got up and left. But no. He couldn't leave. Not when John had so obviously found his own prostate, eyes widening as he moaned, hand working faster under the sheets.

"John...." Sherlock's own hips hitched forward without his permission and he glanced down, surprised to find his own cock drooling pre-come onto the sheets beneath him. Suddenly, seeing his own cock, how hard and aching it was, made him aware of just how turned on he truly was. How his pulse had centered between his legs. Testicles drawn up tight. Cock bobbing.

Sherlock squinched his pale, ice-green eyes closed briefly, and his exhale seized with a small, strained laugh. "If I make a huge mess, it's your fault." He cleared his throat, taking a few extra seconds to indulge in the sight of John fingerling himself forcefully. "...Your prostate is clearly extra sensitive. I want to lavish it with attention. A shame my tongue can't reach that far..."

John gasped and Sherlock felt a flare of triumph.

"I would love to lick your anus properly. I've read the opening is particularly sensitive and I would enjoy experimenting to see if yours is the same." His own muscles bunched as his mind helpfully supplied a visual of him doing just that- placing John's legs over his shoulders, spreading his arse, and licking-

"Oh." Sherlock gripped the base of his penis but it was too late. Copious amounts of semen dribbled
The detective grimaced, squeezing viciously hard at the base of his cock, but a dormant, hands-free, and painfully drawn-out and lazy orgasm seeped through, unusually unsatisfying.

John's eyes were trained on Sherlock's cock as the remains of semen dripped off the tip. His hips pumped up, eyes jumping between Sherlock's face, stunned and embarrassed, to his cock which was slowly softening. He came with a strangled gasp.

Sherlock gritted his teeth, a latent, deep and forceful second climax taunting his muscles and mind. He sobbed in something approaching panic as he lunged and seized John's mouth with his own, snogging inelegantly, dragging John's left hand to his semi-stiff shaft.

"Sherlock-" John broke off when Sherlock kissed him, urging his hand into a quick and hard stroking of his cock. His hips jumped into John's hands and he moaned desperately into John's mouth.

Breaking away, the detective let out a sound that was vicious, yet guttural, most of the noise reverberating like a faulty engine or a languid big cat through his chest and against John's.

"...Coming," Sherlock warned with bared teeth, burying his head, with its beautiful mass of sable curls, against John's jaw.

Warm semen jetted across the back of John's hand and dripped down over onto his stomach. He worked Sherlock through what seemed a rather painful but relieving climax, whispering words of encouragement in his ear all the while.

"Look at the mess you made, you gorgeous thing," he murmured while Sherlock shuddered, breathing a sigh that gusted against John's neck.

Sherlock sank carelessly upon John's body, wheezing extravagantly whilst he suckled at his partner's carotid artery, apparently forgetting that his body weight, unchecked, was considerable and not entirely comfortable for the doctor. John was momentarily distracted by the ragged sound that years of cigarettes had inflicted upon Sherlock's respiratory system, but was side-tracked once more when Sherlock started talking.

"No. You. Gorgeous. And mine."

"Mm...I am yours, aren't I?" John ruffled his hair affectionately. "But it works both ways, just so you know. If I'm yours, that means you're mine." This time, he was entirely certain what caused the convulsive shiver down Sherlock's spine.

Sherlock sniggered with an effort of breathlessness, giving a faint cough as he snuggled John without shame. "As if I'd ever be anywhere else. Could you imagine?" he asked, before snaking a sweaty hand down to John's free one, squeezing it.

"Probably starving because you've forgotten to buy food and the toaster's disassembled."

"John..."

"That or one of your experiments blew up and now your eyebrows are singed away."

"John, I was being serious."

"Oh, or in desperate need of a good, rough shag. Would you be that, sweetheart?"
Sherlock huffed, plastering himself to John's side.

"Perhaps, John, seriously though," Sherlock uttered, clearing his throat, ready to speak. His doctor grinned shamelessly, before a soft avalanche of unstable papers suddenly cascaded from one of the cluttered bedside tables.

"...Pity's sake, Sherlock," John uttered without vitriol, leaning out of the bed and rummaging in the pile of old envelopes, letters, sheet music and printed emails, attempting to scoop it up. One card that was edged in gold-embossing caught his eye, and he swore quietly as he remembered its origin.
"Sherlock, I look ridiculous."

"You look gorgeous, John. Stop fidgeting. And stop doing that...thing with your cuffs. They're exactly where they're supposed to be. Stop it." Sherlock slapped John's hands away from adjusting his cuffs for the umpteenth time that evening, gazing approvingly at his boyfriend. The new tuxedo fit like a glove to John's body, hugging his shoulders and emphasizing his waist. Sherlock had made the correct plan, forcing John to accompany him to the tailor's.

"It feels a bit...wrong," John muttered, regretting his admonition to Sherlock two days previously. He was the one who had insisted on accepting the invitation to Lord Ingram's party.

They hadn't even crossed the glorious and well-appointed front gates of the stately home, and already the doctor felt out-of-place and awkward. John's eyes glanced about as they began to make their way along the long gravel path, bordered by generous, well-trimmed gardens.

Everyone here was doubtlessly a millionaire. There were sequins and diamonds and all things sparkly and expensive. And here he was, in a tux his boyfriend had bought for him, hair slicked perfectly into place, a former army doctor with £100 in the bank and a crap job. He didn't belong here.

Sherlock, though, took his arm and towed him forward, propelling him into a world of power and money. John could practically smell it.

Passing the ancient archway of the main building, John felt that he was the only one in attendance who actually paused to appreciate, however briefly, the beautiful architecture and history of the manor.

He was startled by Sherlock suddenly murmuring loudly into his ear. "Did you know Charles Dickens stayed for nearly 6 months at this residence?"

"What? Really?" John looked up again, marvelling at the architecture. "That's amazing. Not surprised, I guess. Don't tell me - some of the royal family’s stayed here at some point."

Sherlock gnawed upon his plump bottom lip fiendishly, pale eyes bright, before he leaned close again and growled.

"For...indiscreet reasons, I assure you," he chuckled darkly, his rumbling laugh somehow out-doing the classical music that awaited them in the main hall, and the vacuous chit-chat of the other guests.

John laughed, shocked, and beamed up at Sherlock, "Have to tell me that story later." He squared his shoulders, looking like a man about to go to the gallows. "All right. Let's...just get this over with. They serve alcohol, right?"

"Flowing."

"Perfect. May as well drink their best stuff if I have to suffer through this evening." John waggled his eyebrows.
"You're the one who insisted on coming." Sherlock smirked, his face crinkling sweetly, as he pulled John gently into the main ballroom. He was quietly excited by the number of exquisite portraits on display, but more enraptured by John's open awe at the surroundings.

"Oscar Wilde was here too," he whispered. "...Can I get you a drink?"

"Bloody hell. Please." John croaked, gazing at the roomful of people in front of him in awe and horror. "That's...the bloody Prime Minister."

"And his wife. Having an affair with that man, the one currently giving her a glass of champagne." Sherlock supplied helpfully.

"The...but he does the evening news." John whooshed out a breath. "I need that drink."

Sherlock fixed him with a devastating stare that managed to be blatantly lustful, and yet construed by normal people as an innocent expression. "Don't worry, you'll have something to drink."

Without further ado, Sherlock kissed John hard, and swanned off towards the bar.

John let himself admire the view because honestly, if he thought he looked like a walking knob in his tuxedo...Sherlock looked fucking gorgeous. His tux was exquisitely tailored, tight at his arse and highlighting how long his legs were. John licked his lips, gazing at that plump swell swaying, until guests moved in front of him, obstructing his view.

Sherlock returned with their drinks, pushing John's into his hand. "This is more fun than I thought," the detective admitted. "Have a drink."

The brunette downed a few gulps, and then heard his doctor exclaim quietly.

"God, look at her!" John nodded instructively towards a bleached, fake-breasted gold-digger who was staggering against one of the old MP's.

Sherlock spared her a brief glance- he supposed that sort of fake femininity appealed to some people- before turning back to John...who looked utterly enthralled. Sherlock was instantly on the defensive- noting John's wide eyes tracing down the woman's body, incredulous, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Impressed?" Sherlock asked coldly and John seemed to snap himself out of his daze.

"What? Christ, Sherlock, look at her tits. Look at her hair, her teeth, her tan," he chuckled, nudging his own knuckles to his mouth to stifle his giggles.

Sherlock's eyes narrowed. He didn't need John to point out how appealing she was. He could see it for himself. It was rude besides, for John to be ogling her in such a fashion. They were together now. Did John...did John want her? Sherlock swallowed thickly against the well of jealousy.

John was still trying to muffle his giggles. "Deduce her, Sherl, I'm interested."

Sherlock drew himself up indignantly. "I'm not...she...you. Come here." He said brusquely, grabbing John's hand and towing him quickly away from the throng of people. John stumbled, spilling his fancy drink. "Sherlock! What-?"

John's brow furrowed tellingly, and he halted abruptly, stalling hard enough to cause Sherlock to emit a faint, adorable noise of protest as he was pulled back against his steadfast doctor.
"I asked you to deduce her, for my entertainment. Tell you what...I'll have a go first, and then you can do yours. If I'm wrong, you can go ahead with whatever you were planning in that pretty head when you started dragging me off to the servant's quarters," John said sternly, before his face crinkled into a loving, clownish grin.

"What do I need to deduce that isn't obvious?" Sherlock snapped, face flushing. "She's obviously sexually available, for the right price. You wouldn't be able to afford her, John, though she would be passingly impressed by your army bearing. But nothing would come of it...because...you're...mine." He growled, pulling John after him.

John let his fuming lover direct him, one pale, cool hand seizing his, through what seemed like multitudes of beautifully-appointed, gloomy hallways adorned with the kind of stunning antiquities that John would give anything to own, and that the owner no doubt hardly even noticed, except when the cleaner failed to dust to his specifications.

Sherlock appeared to be a man on a mission, face grim and jaw set angrily, as he stormed down increasingly ill-lit corridors.

The detective let out another small noise of surprise, one John wished he could distil and drench himself with when they were separated, when the doctor suddenly shoved him very hard against a wine-red flocked wall.

"Do you wish you were still out there, ogling her? Panting after her like a dog in heat?" Sherlock asked, plucking at John's flies, undoing them with graceful precision.

John's thin-lipped mouth gaped only a second, before he slapped Sherlock's eager hands away, and bit hard at a portion of white skin on Sherlock's neck that was ambrosia made flesh.

"You're an idiot, Sherlock," he murmured, aggressively fondling between the detective's legs. "...I can't wait to...tell you how wrong you are."

"Wrong?" Sherlock hissed, thrusting his hips into John's hand. "I'm surprised you didn't attempt to copulate with her right there in front of everyone."

John licked salaciously, and wetly, up the throbbing pulse that was making itself known in Sherlock's pale throat.

"If that were the case...why am I not rutting against her outside a broom cupboard in a centuries-old manor?" he hissed, groping Sherlock hard.

"Because...I dragged you away in time." Sherlock thrust his hand between John's legs, gripping his erection. "Is this for me...or her?"

"Listen to me," John uttered, swallowing hard and noisily, the sound oddly organic and notable against the far-distant hum of the live classical band and the tiniest buzz of conversation in the main room. He bumped suggestively against Sherlock, hard. "You have to listen to my deductions. She's...fake. That's the main adjective," the doctor managed, forcing his stiffened cock needily in a quick, selfish coupling with Sherlock's thigh. "She's spent...thousands on surgery on tits, nose...her own money that she obtained during prostitution...the rest...shoes, hair...teeth...gifts...from...lonely rich idiots," John panted.

"And apparently that appealed to you."

John snorted. "I was pointing her out because I thought...thought we could have a laugh over it. That's all. I wasn't...interested."
The smaller man pulled back a little, indigo eyes boring into his lovers', his gaze a perfect, if under-
dog, competitor in terms of intensity.

"She's a fucking state. A whore. Bloody...train wreck. Must be about seventy percent silicone. Feel
bad for her, but....Oh, was I right, by the way?" John asked, grinning hopefully.

"Right?" Sherlock stuttered as John executed a particularly well-timed squeeze.

"Well...my deductions...were they right? Tell me...your.....thoughts," John uttered, nipping at
Sherlock's long, angular jaw with the soft, slightly-pained whimper of pleasure that constituted a
game-changer.

"I...I..." Sherlock shook his head as if to clear it. "You didn't want her?"

"Fuck no."

John swore before Sherlock tugged him into a kiss with too much teeth, painfully nipping on John's
lips.

With the shocking immediacy of a switch being flicked on - a switch controlling a million volts of
vital electricity - Sherlock's brain cottoned onto a fact that his body was already achingly aware of -
John needed to be fucked. Relentlessly.

He spun the short army doctor around and dragged his trousers down to his thighs. John didn't even
hesitate, bracing his hands against the wall and pushing his arse out naughtily.

Baring his teeth fiendishly, purely out of reaction, rather than an attempt to seduce or shock John,
Sherlock chuckled darkly. "There's a closet next to us. Safer. Anyone could walk past and see us
here in the corridor. Servants. Giddy guests. Security. Then again...I'm guessing you feel more
comfortable
out of the closet."

"Shut it, you." John giggled as he grabbed Sherlock and stumbled into the appointed closet. It was
pitch black when the door closed and there was a moment of disorientation before Sherlock
staggered against John and they groped at each other trying to find cocks and lips.

"You need to...you need to suck it or it's going to hurt," Sherlock uttered in a vicious baritone made
more intense by the sightless black density of the air of the closet.

John didn't waste any time, sinking to his knees as Sherlock fumbled with his own zipper and flies.
His cock hit John in the face, bouncing wetly against his chin before he engulfed it artlessly in his
mouth.

Sherlock vocalised a voracious, barely-restrained growl of pleasure, before sobbing quietly and
pushing his prick insistently, possessively, into John's throat.

John let him fuck his face for a few seconds before pulling away, letting saliva pool in his mouth,
slathering Sherlock's cock with it. It dripped down his testicles and John, as he stood, pulled his own
trousers and pants down completely. "Ok. Do it. Do it now." He ordered, turning around and
bracing himself against a shelf, knocking the contents to the floor.

The detective stumbled slightly awkwardly in the dark, his foot catching what was presumably some
sort of bottle of cleaning fluid.

"John...a chemical reaction may be imminent," Sherlock chuckled beautifully.
"Oh god." John rolled his eyes. "Just get on with it. They'll notice we're gone soon- ohhh, Jesus. Fucking!" He yelped as Sherlock penetrated him, the burn and stretch almost painful.

"No offence, but...do you think they even noticed us coming in, let alone leaving?" Sherlock stoically swallowed down a loud gasp, respecting John's wishes for a rapid climax, even as his own hyper-active imagination delivered violently vivid images of the various orgasms he might wring from his lover.

"Might have done." John whimpered, gripping the shelf with white knuckles and forcing himself to relax. He could fucking feel Sherlock's cock throbbing in his arse, lodged there hotly.

"Do you really want it to be over quickly?" The taller man asked in a voice as deep and dark and inflammatory as a lungful of coal. "I can make it last as long as you need. Or...as long as I want."

John shuddered, getting used to the overfull feeling of Sherlock's blood-hot length taking him, pressing inside him inexorably and leaving him panting and squirming.

"M-move. Just...Jesus. Move." John gasped, shocked, when Sherlock dragged his penis out of his arse, sliding it slickly from his passage until only the head was breaching him.

There was a tangible pause in the pitch-darkness, before John heard a query strained by awkward, sweet consideration.

"John?" Sherlock whispered. "Are you okay? Is this okay?"

John nodded fervently, shivering. "Yeah. Yeah it's fine. Just-" he broke off again when Sherlock slowly thrust back inside. The lack of lube made him feel twice as big, filling him up until he almost couldn't breathe.

"John, I'm not an idiot, I want you to enjoy this. I know I'm a bit of a sociopath, but your..." Sherlock cleared his throat, kissing John's occiput with worshipful, unfairly-decadent lips. "...Your comfort and happiness...and yes," he chuckled, "your sexual satisfaction whilst I'm inside you is deeply important to me. Tell me if it hurts."

"Doesn't hurt. Just...full. Tight." John gritted out, sweat starting to bead along his hair line. Pleasure zinged through his body despite the discomfort. The discomfort actually added to the pleasure.

Sherlock took a sudden, deep breath in the pitch black darkness, like a hungry dog sensing a treat. Snuffling at John's hairline, the detective started a firm, strong, blind rhythm inside his lover.

"You're extraordinary," Sherlock murmured in an ashen, honest growl, kissing sightlessly, and sloppily, at John's neck.

"Yes." John gasped. "Yes...yes, please, Sherlock..."

The burn and fullness was intense...but god, he loved feeling so full of Sherlock who was obviously marking his claim after earlier.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Sherlock whispered huskily, hissing with effort, as he began to push a little harder inside his lover, both of his long hands planted possessively on John's hips.

"Uuughh." John grunted, past words, unable to articulate anything while Sherlock's cock pounded away at his prostate.

The tall brunette chuckled as he moved his arms to hook underneath John's, his hands curling back to
grip his shoulders.

He raised his voice shamelessly, as his hips shoved harder, his backside flexing powerfully, and his
voice broke under pressure.

"...I...want you to..." Sherlock huffed out a quick, breathless noise, before panting heavily a few
times, and forcing himself recklessly, without grace, inside his lover. "...I want...this...I want you to
fuck me. Can't...wait for the first time."

John moaned, grinding back against each punishing thrust, mouth open as he panted and huffed. He
skin abruptly felt too tight, prickling, and he tried reaching down to stroke himself- and promptly was
shoved painfully cheek first into the shelf. He scrambled to recover while Sherlock profusely
apologized.

"Just...fucking touch me. T - touch me...."

"...Just this once, then," Sherlock muttered, before unhooking his right arm, lowering his hand with
almost un-erring accuracy to John's cock, and pumping it hard.

John was still awkwardly squashed against the unseen cupboards in hot, sex-scented dark, when he
began to hear, and drink in, the baritone, shaky, telling noises of Sherlock's impending orgasm.

He blinked away a body-heated droplet of sweat as he winced with a selfish pleasure at the sound of
the taller man's voice rising in inadvertent octaves behind him.

Knowing Sherlock was close, that his shaky, out-of-rhythm thrusts were drawing to a close,
beckoned John's own orgasm that much closer. He whined, thrusting into Sherlock's fist as rapidly as
he could.

As Sherlock reached the point of no return, his hands fell from their slippery, respective positions,
and grabbed John's hips once more. He yelled indiscriminately, a delicious amalgamation of deep-
toned, forceful roars, interspersed with short, higher-pitched yelps of ecstasy.

He felt impossibly bigger and then John felt the warmth of his orgasm in his arse. He shuddered,
clenching around him in want and pure desire. His own cock bobbed and throbbed between his legs,
demanding release that John, still holding himself up with his hands, couldn't manage.

He wanted to ask, was indeed desperate for it, but the sounds of Sherlock's saliva-soaked,
beautifully-unattractive groans caused him to relent briefly, in order for his lover to recover.

Sherlock was trembling behind him, sobbing out breaths like an errant locomotive, while John
trembled in the dark, his body on edge and vibrating with tension.

"Sherlock...Sherlock...please...."

He barely got the words out before Sherlock was tensing, realizing John hadn't come yet, and his
warm, moist hand was wrapping around John's sensitive, dripping shaft again, thumb rolling over the
wet heat.

"I'm sorry- I didn't-"

"Just make me come." John said desperately, not wanting Sherlock to start apologizing, misplaced,
for a fantastic shag.
Sherlock pulled out of him with a short, awkward observation. "Sorry. Doesn't feel good, I imagine."

The detective's adept fingers manipulated John's shaft for a few seconds, before he gave a throaty demand.

"Talk me through it."

"Not much...to talk...-" John broke off, gasping, hips pumping fervently into the circle of Sherlock's hand. "T-tighter...that's it...like that...you're doing fine, sweetheart. Perfect...Oh-" He shuddered, his entire body convulsing, as he orgasmed.

Sherlock's over-wrought throat ejaculated another delightful noise as a result of the pure pleasure of feeling John climax in the dark, as a result of the ministrations of his own hand.

John slumped forward, spent after coming, and snorted out a short giggle. "Can't believe we just did that. In this fucking place. Where royalty visited." He giggled again, high-pitched, and Sherlock joined in, his deeper bass rumbling in the dark.

"In this very closet, no less," Sherlock wheezed, his crinkly smile lost in the darkness, before he kissed John's hair. He sensed the shocked twitch of John's head, and immediately anticipated his question, "Yes, really."

"Oh my god..." John giggled, body shaking as he tried to keep his laughter inside. "You're not serious. Please...just...Oh god." Sherlock chuckled against him, his laughter a dark rumble in the blackness, and they shakily righted themselves as best they could, sticky and damp.

John's giddy giggles were silenced with an impromptu kiss, and large hands fondling his face. "Let's go," Sherlock said authoritatively, taking John's left hand and fumbling with his other to open the closet door. Still chuckling headily, they dashed out, only to bump headfirst into a short female maid, who looked adorably stunned at the two breathless men vacating the broom cupboard.

"Excuse us. We were just...just..." John fumbled for something to say, looking to Sherlock when words failed him how to explain where they were and what they'd been doing there. Already, the maid's eyes were flicking between them and the closet, her nose wrinkling.

Sherlock admirably pulled back the grin that was threatening to break on his porcelain face. "Just looking for damp and leaks. Structural anomalies in the walls. Can't be sure everything's straight in that room," he announced poker-faced, before murmuring to a flustered John. "Run, sweetheart."

Before anyone knew it, the detective was sprinting down the sumptuous hallway, bellowing over his shoulder. "Run, John!"
Banging for Roof

Chapter Notes

*Warning - elements of non-con.

Banging for Roof

John watched Sherlock strut down the sidewalk through Lestrade's binoculars, jealous rage simmering in his chest at the ease with which Sherlock's arse wriggled in his skin-tight leather jeans, his hip cocking out to the side, giving a passing car a wide smirk as it slowed so the inhabitants inside could look him over.

"Jesus." John growled, tightening his grip on the binoculars until his fingers hurt.

"He's always been good at playing the tart, yeah?" Lestrade said, taking a sip of his coffee, not aware he was pushing John Watson to homicide.

"Says who," John asked, his tone barely even suggesting a question, more a scarcely-restrained insinuation. His teeth gritted audibly. Under yellowish streetlights in the cold autumnal night, the detective paused to exchange cheeky words with a man in a passing car who had slowed down to idle by him on the grubby pavement outside the club.

Greg chuckled. "Says me. This isn't the first time we've done a case where Sherlock got himself all...well, you know." He gestured across the street and John looked at his boyfriend. Skin tight pants, a barely-there mesh top, his hair artfully tousled and a come-hither smile that had already had more than one car stopping to proposition him.

"It's all an act," John said, needing to make that known. The Sherlock he knew was blushing and awkward and innocent. Not a...not a street-walking prostitute who knew his way around a cock.

One man leaned out of his car window, shit-eating grin in place, and spoke a few words to Sherlock, who chuckled charmingly. John tried his best to lip-read.

The brunette ran a long, pale hand through his hair coyly, then nodded, speaking a few unknown words. The man extended a hand to touch the supple leather encasing Sherlock's strong, lean thighs.

John nearly broke a finger in his blind struggle to open the cars' door, yelling with fury.

Lestrade pulled him back, forcibly flinging John back into the car.

"Settle down!" He commanded. "You'll break his cover!"

"I don't fucking care - did you see him touch him?" John snarled, looking back at where Sherlock was flirting, slapping the man's hand away with a giggle.

With the tiniest flick of a thumb inside his trouser pocket, Sherlock activated the wire he was wearing, a signal that this man was a potential suspect.

John swore furiously, barely able to contain himself as the man took Sherlock's hand and toyed with
"Oi. Oi! I'm gonna send you home if you don't behave. Right?" Lestrade ordered voluminously, placing a heavy, stern hand on his shoulder.

"Yes..." John disturbingly said, settling down and listening as Sherlock flirted with their suspect.

"...might not be able to afford me," he tittered, voice fake and pitched low and seductive.

"I can give you whatever you want. Whatever you need," the older stranger murmured suggestively, his free hand fiddling with the steering wheel of his sports car. "I'm sure a boy like you has...needs? Let me just park this beast, and...maybe we can talk inside? They have great private rooms."

"Sounds wonderful." Sherlock murmured, straightening and blowing the man in the car a cheeky kiss. He revved his engine, peeling the car away from the curb and easily handling it into a parking slot.

"Wanker." John growled.

"For God's sake John, don't ruin this," Greg muttered as he watched Sherlock sashaying his way towards the private club. Multitudes of eyes in the vicinity followed him. Shamelessly.

"...He didn't... he never went with anyone before, did he?" John asked, trying his best to mask his jealousy.

"Not that I'm aware of. But he can do this. He's more than capable. And he is bugged. We'll hear it if things go south and rush in if he needs our help. Just settle down."

"I'm not happy," John muttered, before words crackled though the wire.

Sherlock took the driver's hand as he rounded the corner, his pale skin appearing almost jaundiced under the yellow, late-night streetlights.

"Oh, you are a pretty one." The man murmured appreciatively. "What's the going rate?"

"That depends on what you want." Sherlock countered smoothly, tipping his head to the side coquettishly.

"Mm. What do you do?"

"Everything." Sherlock purred seductively and John felt his heart skip a beat, arousal fluttering through his gut...before he remembered this was Sherlock propositioning someone else. A potential murderer. His jaw tightened.

John knew that Sherlock wouldn't risk the sting by making any contact...even eye contact, with John. Nevertheless, it destroyed him to watch Sherlock being led away by the hand.

"...Look, Greg... I have to go after him..."

"No, you're not fucking going anywhere," Greg hissed, enabling the door locks. John turned to glare at him. "Look, I know the two of you are...together now. Or shagging or whatever the hell the two of you are to each other. But Sherlock wouldn't like you coddling him. He can do this sting. He doesn't need your sodding hovering over him like he's an infant." He clenched his jaw. "So just...settle down."

John was about to punch the cars' console, when the tinny vocals from Sherlock's wire made it playfully.
"You asked what I need... I'm more interested in what you need... Lock the door."

The sound of a lock sliding into place was heard and Lestrade cursed.

"The fuck is he doing? That wasn't part of the plan. How are we supposed to get in if he locks-"

"I think you've got what I need. How about... a blow job? And then I want to fuck you into that bed until you're screaming. Sound good to you, slut?"

“If you want to play, you’ve got to pay,” Sherlock’s deep voice sounded through the crackly wire. His tone was still flirty, but there was an insistence to his words.

"Mph. Fine."

Lestrade and John listened as the man opened his wallet, thumbing at his money.

"There. That enough to cover it?"

Sherlock hummed and John could just imagine him, head cocked to the side, eyes squinted as he counted out the bills speculatively.

"This'll get you whatever you want. And more."

Sherlock, in the over-decorated private room that was trying far too hard to be sumptuous, pocketed the bundle of notes, before his mouth was molested by the older man’s, an inelegant tongue prodding against his lips, whilst eager hands squeezed his leather-clad hips.

"God, you're gorgeous. Get on your knees," the customer growled. "Suck my cock like you said. Want to see those lips wrapped around my prick." He nipped sharply at Sherlock's lips as he said it, drawing a startled yip from the detective as he jerked back.

"Well... g-get on the bed then," he instructed, fluttering his eyes as he tried to calm himself. John and Lestrade were right outside. Things were going perfectly to plan. He was fine.

Digging his fingernails anxiously, and unconsciously into the palms of his hands, Sherlock knelt on the plump mattress as the older man fell with a satisfied groan, onto the bed.

"Undress me. Want you to see what you'll be dealing with," the businessman instructed, eyelids heavy and body anticipating.

"Of course." Sherlock purred, actually excited about this part. He needed to see the man's crotch where, if he was right, he would have the tattoo identifying him as the murderer. It was located on his inner thigh and Sherlock shuddered internally as he braced himself to see the man's penis, which was already a hard outline in his trousers.

He slid the zip down and thumbed open the button. The man lifted his hips so Sherlock could peel the fabric down, trying to look excited to perform fellatio on the man and not keen to see the necessary tattoo.

Shifting up the man’s expensive shirt a little, Sherlock caught a glimpse of another tattoo. Feigning ignorance, he ran a long hand over the Latin script. "That's pretty. What does it mean?"
"Nothing you need to worry about." He said dismissively, reaching for Sherlock's trousers. "Take those off. If you're a very, very good boy, I'll jerk you off while I'm fucking you."

A flush of panicked blood was almost painful, swelling the fine blue veins in Sherlock's face and creating a messy artwork of red upon his high cheekbones.

The detective swallowed, his head filled with manic montages of John, seizing upon the images for comfort. Taking a grounding breath, Sherlock undid his flies and falsified confidence as he exposed his underwear to the stranger.

"Sexy." He palmed the front of Sherlock's silk briefs without asking- of course, why would he ask a rentboy for permission to touch him?- making Sherlock jump and flex his hips away from the intrusion. The man's eyes darkened in unmistakable anger.

"You can't be shy, slut like you." He smirked, grabbing Sherlock's soft cock through his pants and giving it a squeeze. "Finish what you started. Suck my cock."

Exposing the man completely with a few handfuls of fabric and a second of effort, Sherlock's ice-green eyes traversed the unwanted territory of aged, angry cock, towards the inked marks on his inner left thigh.

There it was. Perfect. The tattoo which meant he could call an end to this charade and-

The man jerked Sherlock to him, rolling him over onto his back, crashing his lips over Sherlock's and forcing his tongue into his mouth. Sherlock, now that he no longer had to pretend, since he knew he was dealing with a serial murderer, struggled for all he was worth.

"Mmm...I like it rough." The customer growled against his lips, thrusting his cock against Sherlock rampantly.

Before Sherlock could even take a breath to do so much as whisper the panic word, a firm, heavy hand smothered his mouth, even as he started to forcefully buck against the weight atop of him.

His eyes, wide and pale and fearful, flickered over the older man who was now grinding disgustingly against him, deductions screaming spontaneously into his head.


With his other hand, the man was tugging down Sherlock's underwear, in quick, purposeful jerks. Sherlock kicked, trying to open his mouth beneath his palm so he could bite him, doing everything he could to get free.

"What the fuck is he doing?" John asked, straining his ears to figure out what was taking place in the room upstairs.

"Snogging, it sounds like." Lestrade said grimly, pressing his earpiece more firmly into his ear, trying to get a better feed.

"Son of a-"

"He's got to lull him, John. Get him to relax."

John listened with a maddened ferocity, hearing the suspicious man groan pleasuringly, and a few
faint squeaks of a mattress.

"Greg...Greg...he might be...what's going on?" he asked quizzically, though worry imbued each and every word.

Greg frowned as he listened, pressing against his ear even harder. "You don't think- maybe he's-"

"Trojan horse!"

John and Lestrade jumped at Sherlock's sudden cry, his words garbled and sounding muffled. They sprang into action, flinging open the doors and sprinting across the street into the building.

John was as blinkered as a drugged racehorse, elbowing people aside, left right and centre, as he rocketed upstairs, yelling for Sherlock all the way.

Lestrade was right on his heels, just as worried, calling for backup as he thundered up the stairs after John.

The door was locked. Of course. John shouldered at it, trying to get it open and he heard someone curse inside, then-

"John!"

Jesus fuck. He backed up, bumping into Lestrade, the raced at the door, the lock giving way and leaving him stumbling into the room.

It took less than a second to ascertain that Sherlock was unharmed and relatively unmolested. It took another two and a half seconds for John to draw back his fist and deliver a devastating punch to the suspect, spraying all and sundry with nasal blood and a sprinkling of cartilage.

The man howled and John turned his eyes to the bed just in time to see Sherlock yanking up his underwear and trousers, red fingermarks marring the pale skin of his hips and groin where the man had pawed at him. John quickly went to him while Lestrade dealt with the criminal, arresting him and hauling him away. Sherlock's hands were shaking while he tried to do up his jeans and John took over for him.

"...John, I don't want to do this again," Sherlock hissed quickly, his grey-green eyes watery with utter terror, his brow crinkled in desperate supplication.

"I don't want you to do this again." John murmured, doing up Sherlock's jeans with infinite care, taking his hands in his own and squeezing them. "You're all right now, sweetheart. You're fine."

Sherlock shuddered, closing his eyes, and swayed forward, letting John envelop him in a hug.

"......I think I'm crying," Sherlock admitted awkwardly, before gulping down a few unattractive sobs.

"It's all right." John murmured, pressing Sherlock's face harder against his stomach, hiding his tears because he knew Sherlock wouldn't want anyone from the Yard seeing him so vulnerable. "Whenever you're ready, I'll take you home."

"...Mm. Take me home," Sherlock murmured, half to John, and half to himself in an attempt at a bolstering, reassuring tone.
A cab ride later, John helped Sherlock up the stairs to their flat. His assistance was unnecessary, Sherlock was fine if a bit shaken up, but John kept his arm around him, steering him into their flat and easing his jacket off Sherlock's shoulders.

"What do you need, love? Want me to look you over? I think I saw some scratches earlier I could do up for you...."

"He was going to rape me." Sherlock stated bluntly, still looking drained, his normally pale skin having taken on a decidedly deathly pallor.

John paused in his frenetic energy, slumping. "Yes. He was." He agreed, edging closer to Sherlock and taking his hand. "I wouldn't have let him, though. I was right outside."

"I was...unnerved." Sherlock's piercing, devastated, yet bemused stare nearly broke his heart.

John folded him in his arms, pulling him closer and feeling Sherlock's frantically-beating heart against his chest. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry you were in that position."

"...Can I have some tea?" Sherlock asked, with a weak, crinkly-faced chuckle.

"Of course." John said, hastening to get him some, clattering things around in the kitchen. "Maybe you can eat some biscuits too? Sugar would be good for you. Keep you from going into shock."

"Since this will hopefully be the last time this sort of thing happens, I'm going to milk it...do we have any of those jaffa cakes left?" Sherlock offered his most ingratiating, hopeful grin.

John snorted fondly but immediately found the preferred cakes and handed them to Sherlock.

"You know why these are called cakes and not biscuits?" Sherlock asked, mumbling through a mouthful of crumbs and orange jelly. "Because when biscuits are stale, they go soft, but when cakes are stale, they go hard. True fact."

John grinned, fondly allowing the detective his ramblings as he recovered from his earlier shock.

He listened mutely as Sherlock told him the history of the company which made the cakes, how Mycroft had had a crush on the boy on the wrappers when he was a child, and how Sherlock had once eaten all the cakes just to spite his brother, making himself sick in the process.

John took the hand which subconsciously eased into his, once Sherlock had finished eating and was sipping his tea, taking a breather from his monologue.

"Feeling better?"

Sherlock licked his lips, glancing down shyly. "Will you...will you take me to bed?"

John had a feeling this was coming. Clearing his throat, he raised his free hand and stroked Sherlock's brutally-sharp cheekbone, a fascination and indulgence that he could never get enough of.

"Only if it's absolutely what you want."

"...Sometimes...negative memories are best deleted when they're replaced with something...pleasant. Let's just say, you've replaced a lot of bad things in my Mind Palace," Sherlock admitted awkwardly.

John's heart broke a little more. "All right, love. Let's...why don't we start with a shower? You've still got glitter all over you." He smiled, indicating the tarty body glitter Sherlock had put on earlier. He also smelled like the man's cologne and he wanted to wash that away before he made love to
"Really? You don't think this is...becoming?" Sherlock asked, eyebrows raised, before giving into his deep, infectious giggle.

"You're gorgeous." John teased, tweaking one of his curls. "But after today's stakeout I think we both need a shower." He kissed Sherlock quickly before trotting down the hall to start the shower so it'd be warm.

Sherlock followed him quietly, appearing quite contemplative. As he lingered in the doorway of the bathroom, he took a halting breath, and then paused. John gave him a querying look.

"Look, John, do you think...um..." he trailed off rather feebly, beginning to pick at the glitter itching on his wrists with apparent idleness.

"What?" John asked, glancing up from testing the warmth of the water, brow furrowing.

Sherlock didn't meet his eyes, but hesitantly raised his voice. "Maybe we can try, you know. Me on the...you know...you on top," he muttered.

"Um. Uh...y-yeah. Sure, sweetheart." John said, heart suddenly thrumming in his chest. "Whatever you want."

"You don't...mind?"

"Of course not." John beamed before licking his lips. "Want to join me in the shower?"

Sherlock gifted him with an honest, quick grin, and peeled off his clothes, grumbling a little as he struggled with the skin-tight leather trousers, leaning one hand on the wall for support. "...You'd never manage a striptease in these...bloody things," he mumbled.

"I'm sure you could." John murmured, eyes raking over Sherlock's skin, lips tightening as he took in the marks that bastard had left on his pale skin earlier.

"Come on." He offered Sherlock his hand, helping him into the shower and easing him into the spray of water. "Tip your head back, I'll wash your hair."

Sherlock chuckled, before sighing happily at the simple pleasure of hot water on tired skin.

"Don't pretend that you're playing with my hair for any other reason than that you love it," he grinned.

"I do love it." John freely admitted, lathering up his palms before smoothing the soap through Sherlock's curls. "I love the way it looks when I grab it, curling around my fingers while I tug at it while you...suck...my cock..."

Sherlock's throat bobbed as he swallowed, cock twitching between his legs.

"Keep your eyes closed." John teased. "You'll get soap in them otherwise."

"Bad man," Sherlock uttered in a sinfully-deep, echoing tone. He moaned luxuriously as John massaged his scalp, breathing heavily in the heady steam of the shower.

He kept his eyes closed as John rinsed his hair, then started gently scrubbing his body, ridding it of the scent of the man's cologne and the residual glitter of his street walker attire.
"...We still have loads of that glitter left, you know," Sherlock commented airily. "You'd look good in it. It'd offset the dog-tags nicely," he huffed with soft laughter.

John laughed. "Maybe later, yeah? Let's get you fixed up, first." He sank to his knees and started soaping Sherlock's legs. Sherlock looked down and John grinned cheekily up at him, eyeing Sherlock's cock speculatively.

"Everything all right?"

Sherlock nodded, clearly hoping John would open his mouth- which was mere inches away from his cock- and take him inside, perhaps swirl his tongue over the head before sucking his cock....

"Patience," John uttered with a knowing wink. "...I know exactly what you're thinking," he said ponderously, before dipping a brief, teasing kiss to the turgid tip of Sherlock's shaft.

Sherlock gasped, shuddering, hips flexing forward before John's hands stopped him.

"Rinse." He instructed, standing, leaving Sherlock wanting, cock bobbing. He quickly rinsed himself in the warm water before turning to John expectantly.

Sherlock watched as John ruffled his own short hair, mussing it into sharp, boyish spikes, in a move that he found indescribably attractive. "John, I think I -"

"Return the favour?" the doctor asked ambiguously, dark eyes twinkling.

"Yes..." Sherlock whispered, excitement coursing through him at finally being able to touch John. He reached his John's cock- but John batted his hand away.

"Here." He handed Sherlock the loofah, smirking.

Sighing quietly, Sherlock gave John a reprimanding look, and then proceeded to soap him up and rinse him off effectively. His face was growing slowly more flushed, both from the heat of the shower, and the spine-tingling knowledge that with every second that passed, he was one second closer to being made love to by John.

He ached for it. After today - no, he decided, drawing himself up and shaking away the bad memories. He wouldn't think of that. Not right now. Now, he was safe. He was with John. John who loved him. John who was taking care of him with infinite tenderness, smiling up at him rather wickedly as he did so.

Sherlock let out a soft breath of relief when John turned the water off and stepped out, getting their fluffiest towel to dry Sherlock with.

The doctor didn't fail to spot the shakiness of the taller man's hands, and the quickened pulse in his damp throat. He felt a mirrored twinge of anticipation, praying to himself that it would all go perfectly.

He lingered a bit longer than necessary on Sherlock's crotch, gently rubbing his cock with the soft towel until it was standing at attention, bobbing slightly with every beat of Sherlock's heart. His testicles were drawn up from the cold and John stroked them lovingly, smiling.

"Ready for bed?"
You're Already At Their Place

There was a faint little noise before Sherlock cleared his throat, and then nodded affirmatively. Shivering a little from a mixture of the chilled air outside the steamy bathroom, and from eager nerves, he was led into his own bedroom by John, who looked reassuringly calm and in control. John flicked on a lamp in the corner of the room, imbuing them with a soft, low, yellow light, before returning to his lover.

John firmly placed Sherlock at the edge of the bed, urging him to sit and, as soon as he was, going to his own knees and insinuating himself between Sherlock's legs. Without thinking, Sherlock leaned down, sealing their lips together and John made a low moan in his chest.

Sherlock worried a little when John pulled back after a second, but gave a silly grin when the smaller man murmured against his plump lips, "I love you."

"I love you," he whispered back, barely having time to get the words out before John was kissing him again. It wasn't like their other times, though. This kiss was slow. Deliberately so John unhurriedly moved his lips over Sherlock's, eliciting shivers and small moans as he did so, tongue gently running over Sherlock's only after long minutes of snogging.

Sherlock was definitely still aroused, but for once his erection was happy to take a back seat for a while, the kiss practically putting him in a trance of bliss.

John's hands cupped his cheeks, directing him through the kiss before skimming down both sides of his throat, feather-light and indescribably gentle.

Their mouths now open, their tongues teased and tussled in a heated, deliciously-slow wrestle. John grinned as Sherlock's little huffs of breath started coming faster, his tight little noises and sighs getting louder and more frequent.

"Just let yourself go," he whispered, thumbs rubbing at Sherlock's shoulders, feeling the skin prickle with gooseflesh. "I'll be right here. I promise."

"Y-yes, John." Sherlock whispered back, hips easing themselves up from the bed just slightly, letting John know how aroused he was.

"Lay back." John instructed and helped Sherlock ease himself back on the bed.

John followed him, taking one of Sherlock's hands and kissing the back of it, in a move that baffled the detective a little, but that he enjoyed nevertheless.

"Can I put my mouth on you?" John asked, eyes darkened and pulse noticeably elevated, but maintaining impressive composure.

Sherlock nodded, wondering why John was bothering to ask. Of course he could. But John smiled again and dipped his head, mouth open and sucking gently at Sherlock's collarbone. His tongue was a quick dart of wetness, there and gone, which only added to the slow, burning tease.

Closing his eyes luxuriously, Sherlock allowed his head to fall back, and he sighed in pure pleasure, hands rummaging gratefully into John's damp hair. He allowed himself to get lost in the sensation of an arousal that was deep, and intense, but nowhere near threatening to send him over the edge yet, something he had been dreading.
He let John freely roam over his body, hands skimming lightly over his skin, mouth following right after. He gasped, spine arching, when John brushed a finger over his nipple, pleasure fizzing through his body.

Even the brief, repeated little kisses on his fingertips, and the inside of his elbows, were curiously satisfying and made his heart swell in a way he didn't really understand.

As John moved to mouth at his stomach, careful not to tickle him, Sherlock’s cock began to show more hopeful interest in the situation, twitching a few times against his lover's chest.

John ignored it, seemingly intent on kissing every inch of Sherlock he could. His mouth closed around one of Sherlock's pebbled nipples, mouth warm and wet, and sucked gently at it, not nipping or biting as he usually would have done. Sherlock shuddered, legs falling open, knees coming up to bracket around John's hips, cock nudging insistently against John.

It suddenly occurred to him that this was very one-sided, and he spoke quietly, almost afraid that volume would ruin this practically out-of-body experience.

"...John," he said, only a little above a whisper. "What about you?"

"Sshh." John shushed him, blowing air over his nipple before dipping and licking at the center of his chest. "It's not about me, sweetheart. Just relax."

Sherlock watched him curiously as John paused, not kissing, just pressing his lips to his sternum. Looking up after a few moments, John flushed, looking a little sheepish. "I can taste your heartbeat," he said softly.

Sherlock blinked. Derailed. "Wh-what?" Did that mean bloodplay? He wasn't sure how he felt about that, exactly, and now was perhaps not the time...

"...This belongs to me," John went on in a soothing mumble, stroking the warm skin above Sherlock's heart demonstratively, eyes going a little distant as he looked down at his detective. "...God, you're stunning."

Sherlock licked his lips. "You're...stunning too."

John smirked, clearly not believing him, and Sherlock rushed to explain.

"You are! Maybe not in a classic sense. In the way the rest of society thinks of and defines beauty. Your nose is too big. And you have grey hair. And there are lines and wrinkles on your face. But," He desperately said, watching John's smile melt away, "I think you're...you're the most gorgeous, stunning man I've ever met."

"...Thankyou, Sherlock," John grinned, easing away his lovers' anxiety. "Do you want me to tell you what I find attractive about you?" The doctor asked, chuckling to himself, as he smooched Sherlock's collarbone. "You're a narcissist, so I can guess the answer," John added.

"My face?" Sherlock asked, squirming against the onslaught of John's kisses, which he trailed across his collarbone and up his neck, teeth nipping at his earlobe, provoking shivers.

"Your face is only the beginning."

"Wh...what else?" Sherlock asked, unable to help preening just a bit, wanting to hear more of what John liked about him.
His doctor flashed his clownish grin, before pounding his hips teasingly a few times against his lover.

"I know that you know you're a genius. That's not news. But I bet you don't know that you have a cute little mole behind your left ear. That you sometimes talk in your sleep. And...God, if I'm going to tell you how gorgeous you are, we'll be here all night," he laughed, before his eyes darkened. "I'll pump up your ego when we're done. Right now, I have other things on my mind. Let's keep kissing."

John sealed their lips together and Sherlock hummed, arching against John's body, trying to get closer which was impossible. He made a valiant effort. He thrust against John, rubbing his cock against his doctor's hip.

"Patience." John murmured, pulling away and onto his knees, denying Sherlock the friction. He flashed Sherlock a cheeky grin before dipping his head and licking down his chest, ending at the dip of Sherlock's hip.

Sherlock raised his head, glanced down, and then let out a noise comprised of frustration and utter lust as he watched John’s ash-brown hair tickle his pale thigh. Letting his head fall back, he panted, closing his eyes and suddenly shuddering hard, before going relatively calm again.

“This…is going to be intense,” the detective laughed shakily, eyes still shut, and his Adam’s apple bobbing tantalisingly as he swallowed.

He expected, after the initial build-up, that John would sink his mouth down on his erection, finally giving him what he wanted. He was ready for the shock of wet heat, ready for the rush of sudden pleasure... None of that happened. Instead, the barest of licks flashed across the head of his cock. There and gone. Sherlock gasped, his cock bobbing from the stimulus, begging for more. Fingers, delicate and teasing, ran up the side of his erection, a barely-there caress which tantalized with what could be.

"John, hold my hands please," Sherlock beseeched, his spidery white fingers grasping for John's. "Could you have sex with me without your hands?" he chuckled, his dark curls troubling a gorgeous pale brow.

"Not really, love." John giggled, rubbing his thigh comfortingly. "Here." He offered Sherlock one of his hands which Sherlock gripped tightly.

Sherlock pulled John's hand to his lips, gifting his knuckles with a ferocious kiss, replicating his doctor's earlier actions. "...This is going to be...perfect."

"I hope so." John whispered before lowering his head and licking another quick stripe along Sherlock's cock. He watched as Sherlock's testicles contracted, drawing up closer to his body at just the smallest pleasure.

John looked up towards Sherlock's face, and allowed himself a swift, shameless grin, all thin lips and endearing teeth.

The detective's expression was torqued with a reluctant pleasure, brows crinkled, and a sharp tongue repeatedly dampening his full lips.

Ignoring Sherlock's cock for the time being, John scooted further back, encouraging Sherlock to spread his legs, which he did with a shiver. John licked his lips, sliding into the space made for him, and eyed the shadowed curve of Sherlock's arse.

John was being decidedly slow - unforgivably slow, and Sherlock, with a damp brow, and wheezing
noisily, made his opinion known.

The plea was heartfelt. "I would like to have you soon," he gasped, licking away a bead of sweat from his striking top lip. "Can we...are we ready?"

"You'll have me sweetheart." John soothed, running a comforting hand along Sherlock's thigh, easing him open even more.

"Wh-what are you... John?"

"Sssh." John blew a stream of air against Sherlock's arse before extending his tongue and licking a delicate stripe along his hole.

Sherlock emitted a throttled, harsh noise that John didn’t think he’d ever heard before. The detective’s strong thighs reflexively tightened around John’s head, before easing back.

When John pulled away slightly, Sherlock’s next move almost set him off like a rocket. Breathing rapidly, eyes closed, Sherlock let go of John’s smaller hand and proceeded to slowly grip himself, spreading his buttocks decisively.

"Good boy." He whispered, licking again at the tight pucker which flexed, opening and closing, at the stimulus. To either side of John, Sherlock's legs began trembling, gooseflesh marching up his calves and setting his hair standing at attention.

"I...it's just," Sherlock muttered, mindless. "That might make me come," he admitted throatily, before suffering a full-body shiver.

"It's fine, Sherlock...whatever you want. This is for you." John breathed, pressing a chaste kiss to Sherlock's rounded buttock before licking with more intention.

Sherlock arched his back, breathing turning unsteady. "But that's not...that's not...what I want..." His fingernails, where he was holding himself open for John, tightened, going white. "Please...want you inside me..."

"Ok. That's fine, love." John soothed. "We'll stop before you come, all right? Just tell me."

"I'm telling you now," Sherlock spat, a little more forcefully than he'd intended. "You know how it was before. Give me a minute?" he asked breathlessly, trying to tamp down the climax that had surfaced from nowhere, when John had used his tongue on him.

"Ok. You're ok." John eased away, caressing Sherlock's shaking thighs, not trying to touch his cock which jerked frantically as his orgasm retreated. Sherlock closed his eyes, breathing deeply, and John took the opportunity to give himself a few much-needed strokes. Not to get off, just something to take the edge off while he waited for Sherlock to come down.

"Felt good...so good...too good," Sherlock muttered in an irresistible deep voice, made of smoke and grit and pheromones.

"Good." John smiled at his already wrecked lover. "Think you can hold off while I open you up?"

Sherlock's eyes fluttered open, his cock jerking at John's words and he bit his lip. "Maybe? I...if you don't tease me while you do it."

John winked. "I'll be gentle."
"And don't talk," Sherlock wheezed authoritatively, comforting himself with closed eyes and hands that rummaged lovingly into John's ash-brown hair. "I need you to...I need you to...Just make it slow? Talking...you talking makes it...worse." He explained, frowning as John opened the bottle of lube, his cock visibly throbbing.

John didn't say a word, giving Sherlock's knee a gentle squeeze, before carefully sliding one slickened finger into his arse.

Sherlock tensed, sharply inhaling...before relaxing, keeping his eyes firmly closed, lips thinned down into a suffering line.

“Maybe...just my name, that’s okay,” Sherlock chuckled nervously, birthing awkward little crinkles on his high, pale cheekbones.

"Mm...Sherlock." John dutifully purred, corkscrewing his finger and spreading the slick further along Sherlock's passage. "My gorgeous Sherlock."

"Oh!" Sherlock urged out worryingly, before his porcelain skin eased its tight wrinkles away, his breath forcibly slowed and controlled as he fought to maintain composure, and not fall headlong into a premature climax.

"...You're too good," he whispered with a chuckle as he sobered gradually.

John grinned wickedly. "I try. Another?" At Sherlock's nod, John eased a second finger into his arse, biting his lip as Sherlock's hole contracted around his fingers, a presage of how it would feel around his dick.

"...Oh,...oh," Sherlock swallowed back further words, looking flustered, and awkward, and overcome in the low light. John could tell he was holding back, and frankly, he didn't want any of that nonsense.

"Sherlock, make as much noise as you want, as you need." He crooked two lube-slicked fingers towards his lover's prostate, nudging the edge of it with a tentative, squelchy prod.

"AH!" Sherlock cried out, spine bowing, and he fumbled to grip his cock, finger clenching at the base implacably. He moaned when John repeated the motion teasingly and a drop of fluid appeared at the tip of his cock.

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ," John uttered without conscious thought, staring down at the sight beneath him, before wrangling his own wayward dick metaphorically, and physically. Taking his free hand to himself, he squeezed reassuringly, as if in promise of imminent pleasure.

"Please just...please. I'm ready." Sherlock begged, cock flexing in his fist, angry red. His heels skidded along the bed as he impotently fought off his climax. "F-fuck me, John. Please. Do it. Now."

John let out a few telling, gusty exhales before leaning down to kiss Sherlock briefly. "I still need to go slow, sweetheart."

"G-go as slow as you want. Just. Start. Please." He spread his legs even further, offering himself to John. John hesitated but slid his fingers from Sherlock's arse, using them to spread lube on his cock.

"Oh, god, this is really happening," Sherlock uttered, aqua eyes dilated to a delightful, demonic darkness.

John smiled at his breathless anticipation, kneeling up and steadying himself between Sherlock's legs,
placing the head of his cock at Sherlock's entrance.

"Ready?"

"Mm," came the high-pitched response, followed by a few rough huffs, as if Sherlock had been holding his breath. "Please."

John flexed his hips forward, easing himself inside. They both gasped when the head of his cock popped past the first ring of muscles and Sherlock's grip on his cock tightened. It looked as if he were trying to choke it.

"Yes, yes, this is it, this is it," Sherlock babbled, head thrown back, jaw clenched, looking indescribably blissful. John had to fight hard to maintain his composure.

"Sherl...tell me if it hurts," he managed, physically trembling with both an animalistic need to fuck Sherlock into the acid-scarred mattress, and the necessity to restrain himself until Sherlock was ready.


John was more than willing to oblige. He snapped his hips, seating himself deeper into Sherlock's arse. His moan echoed Sherlock's, pleasure searing through his pelvis and tingling up his spine.

"Sherlock you're...unbelievable," John panted, pumping a few more times, taking a moment to absolutely assure himself of his partner's comfort. John felt the heat and dampness of imminent ecstasy emanating from Sherlock, eyed it hungrily in the form of shrinking curls, of beseeching eyes, of the thick, pretty cock that pulsed repeatedly against his stomach.

"I'm ready to go for it, okay?"

Sherlock nodded shakily, breaths ragged with excitement. His cock pulsed and a stream of pre-come spooled onto his stomach.

"Christ." He gritted his teeth, the tendons in his neck standing out as he tried to hold himself back.

John began to pump breathlessly into his lover, eyeing the cooling liquid on Sherlock's stomach with undisguised gluttony. His dark blue eyes squinching shut, John suddenly let out a few strangled noises, before gripping Sherlock's pale hips with deceptively-strong hands. "Shit...Sher...I think...gonna...FUCK!"

Sherlock's arse rippled around him, hot and slick and John felt his orgasm rising up sharply, way too soon. But there was nothing he could do to stop it. He gasped, gave a handful more thrusts, and sank as deep into Sherlock as he could, his testicles mashed against Sherlock's arse as he came.

"Fuck...fuck!" John managed, quivering violently as he rode out his aftershocks. Half of his mind was feasting itself on the delicious chemicals of his orgasm, half was dizzily constructing an apology for Sherlock.

Embarrassment invaded as soon as his orgasm was over and he slumped over Sherlock, taking his weight on his elbows and trembling legs.

"Fuck...I'm so sorry, love. I didn't...mean...fuck..."

"I'm going to file your filthy mouth in my Mind Palace, and I'm going to bring it up every time I want to relive your enthusiastic climax, because, I found it absolutely mind-blowing. Seems...seems there are jobs to be done, though." Sherlock giggled with a nervous tic, his long fingers clenching.
John laughed wetly, shaking his head ruefully before gently pulling out from Sherlock’s arse. Sherlock whined at the loss until John dipped his head, taking Sherlock’s leaking cock in his mouth and sucking back on it. Sherlock groaned, throwing his head back, hips stuttering up, pushing his dick into John’s mouth.

"I'm...I'm c-close-"

John struggled against his own smug grin, suckling upon Sherlock’s twitching, yearning cock. Abruptly, he pulled off. “…Do you want something inside you?” He tickled his fingers illustratively, and temptingly, between Sherlock’s legs, at the sweet virgin hole that had been claimed.

"Yes- please-" Sherlock wheezed, body convulsing on the bed with a shiver. "Just-John...something." John grinned and slid his finger into Sherlock’s loose, semen-filled hole, searching for his prostate.

"I'd prefer...two, maybe?" Sherlock asked, choked-up, and a little shaky and breathless. "......John, you do know, don’t you? That you’re...I....."

"Ssshh...I'll take care of you." John whispered before bobbing his head, taking Sherlock's cock into his mouth and giving a strong suck. Sherlock gasped, choking on air, and John took the opportunity to slide another finger in alongside the first, crooking both of them and rubbing directly against Sherlock’s prostate. Sherlock hollered, hands grabbing at John's head, skidding off his short hair in an effort to find something to grip onto.

Long, strong hands, vaguely slicked with a brief fumbling of lube, as well as an organic dampness of sweat, pawed at John with addendums of sharp fingernails. John grimaced through nicks in his scalp and persistent, noisy, baritone yells of pleasure.

He closed his eyes, sucking on Sherlock’s cock, willing him to come before the genius inadvertently drew blood. Pre-come flooded his mouth and Sherlock's thighs began shaking in a tell-tale presage of his orgasm.

He didn’t know whether to smirk or wince, when Sherlock’s yells, swiftly rising in octave and frequency, became quite literally deafening, making his ears ring, and John had no doubt the walls were probably reverberating, and that Mrs. Hudson would kill them come morning.

Mrs. Turner’s next door were certainly getting an earful, he thought sardonically, with a twist of smug satisfaction.

Sherlock's hips pumped up, sliding his cock into John's mouth repeatedly- before Sherlock stiffened, freezing, going entirely silent- before shouting, spurting into John's mouth.

John really wanted to swallow, but he only managed one quick, gagging ingestion before pulling off and watching, hazy-eyed, as Sherlock bared his teeth and squirmed, legs tightening and flexing violently, thoughtlessly. Body-heated spurts of come spattered over the left side of Sherlock’s chest like a sinful, liquid badge of honour. His final roar of ecstasy was something that had to be heard to be believed.
"Thanks for the warning, love," John sheepishly remarked, inconspicuously wiping his knuckles across his lips.

"No problem," Sherlock croaked deliriously, broad chest heaving, dewdrops of sweat shining on his collarbone, his upper lip, his forehead.

John cleared his throat, and massaged Sherlock's shivering thigh lovingly.

"Is it......do you mind if I...lick you out some more?"

Sherlock raised his head, giving John a bleary, surprised look. "You want...why? I already came." He ran his fingers through the semen cooling on his chest and John chuckled. "Hard to have missed that."

"I would just enjoy it," John shrugged, speaking frankly, in the dim light. "Do you..." His face contorted anxiously, brow furrowing. "Sorry...forget it...if you don't want it."

"No, no!" Sherlock threaded his fingers more gently through John's hair, as if in apology. "It's fine. You can...do whatever you want. I won't mind," he giggled, wriggling his arse temptingly.

"Bear with me," John offered in explanation, laying alongside Sherlock so that his face was adjacent to his lover's softened cock, and his own crotch was settled, with the occasional residual quiver, by Sherlock's striking face. The room stank of sex and sweat and semen, and the musk between the detective's thighs was animalistically tempting. Heady, delirious, John spoke up once more. "Lift your leg for me."

Sherlock obliged, bending his leg at the knee and raising it, giving John more room to insinuate himself between his legs. It left Sherlock feeling ridiculously exposed, especially considering that now since he had come, he was becoming more aware of how silly he must look- sweaty, covered in his own come.

As the detective raised his muscled, pale thigh, John hooked the heavy leg over his head. With a shameless, indulgent groan, he laughed a little drunkenly, and promptly descended without decorum upon Sherlock's damp hole, proceeding to feast.

Sherlock twitched from oversensitivity, grimacing at the dual sensations of pleasure and a screaming idea of 'too much' which warred through his body. His grit his teeth, cock twitching as John delved in his tongue in and out of his hole, legs tensing over and over with each swipe of that dexterous muscle.

John was trying his best to be conscious of Sherlock's reactions, but it took a heavy thigh in the face to cause him to pull away with a sore cheek and a little giggle. Shakily, John pulled away and collapsed on the damp bed, face-to-face with Sherlock, licking his thin lips.

"Sorry, I know that was probably too much." John admitted, grasping Sherlock's hand and giving it a squeeze. Sherlock tiredly squeezed back.

"No..it was...fine," he said, body jittery as it came down from his orgasm and John's teasing. "As long as you enjoyed it," The detective heaved, his pale chest punishing itself with gasping breaths,
the milk-white skin covering his troubled lungs jewelled with warm sweat.

"Of course." John said, and Sherlock beamed with pleasure, resisting the urge to preen with pride. *Of course* John had enjoyed himself. *Of course.*

"Well. That's...good to know." He stammered, wishing John would hold him.

Sherlock could hardly take his eyes from John, who lay beside him, reeking of sex, and exertion, and glorious pleasure. His doctor's ashen hair was wet, mangled, his dark blue eyes were dilated, and deliriously happy. John panted beside him, and the image dislodged the mental screenshot of Machu Picchu in his Mind Palace, as the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

He couldn't contain himself and rolled atop John, bracing himself with rather shaky arms, to lean down and steal kisses from John's smiling lips, nipping at the thin bits of flesh. John hummed in enthusiasm, hands skating up Sherlock's sides and eliciting shivers.

"Hello." Sherlock grinned.

"Hello, you," John chuckled infectiously, squeezing his arms lovingly around Sherlock's firm torso. "...You know, you're alright."

"Just all right?" Sherlock asked archly, cocking his head to the side and rubbing himself against John's softened cock.

"What if I said something different?" John queried, flashing his clownish grin, before suddenly smooching the detective decisively on his pert, plump mouth.

"What- what would you say?" Sherlock asked, keen to know how John would describe him. *All right* was almost an insult.

"Maybe it's a plebeian thing. When I say you're 'alright', it means that you're cool. That I like you," John laughed sweetly. "Being posh, you probably wouldn't get it. Give us a kiss, darlin'," John pronounced extravagantly, in his best East End accent.

Sherlock giggled, giving John his mouth to smooch, which he did with extreme gusto, smacking their lips together extravagantly.

"Makes me happy to see you smile," John said, with a warm grin, looking up at his lover, who had slowly, gently lowered himself to lie upon the smaller man. John was about to say 'after earlier,' but decided not to bring it up and ruin the moment. Sherlock, of course, still saw the brief darkness clouding his doctor's expression.

He blinked, stomach sinking and John must have seen something of his disquiet on his face because he wrapped his arms around Sherlock's frame.

"No more of that." He said seriously. "Putting yourself in those situations. I don't think I could take it if something happened to you."

"I thought you said you'd always come and save me," Sherlock mumbled distantly against John's throat, nuzzling him vaguely for comfort.

John sighed. "I would. If I could. But Sherlock...what if I can't?" He rubbed the back of Sherlock's head, ruffling his hair fondly. "There are...things can always go wrong. And if something goes wrong badly enough...and I can't save you before something happens..." He trailed off, voice
"...I still have to do it. Or I can't do my job. And then I'll have to work in Tesco's. And you know I'm not even allowed in there any more after all that shoplifting."

John laughed, which was what Sherlock had been aiming for, and he smiled as he listened to John giggle. Today had been a close call. And it had left him shaken. And he knew where John was coming from. However, close calls were part of his job. He couldn't give that up just to stay safe. He hoped John understood that.

"...You're 'alright' too," Sherlock said quietly, reluctant to roll off of the smaller man, even though he knew he'd have to eventually.
Sherlock had been awake for a while, listening to Mrs. Hudson putter about downstairs, smelling the scents of a large cooked breakfast she'd made them, and listening to John snore peacefully beside him - deeply asleep and without a care in the world. He didn't want to wake him.

His nose wrinkled at the strong smell of bacon and eggs, the thought of ingesting so many calories so early in the day making him feel frankly nauseous.

He tapped contemplative, anxious fingers against his slim phone, reading over the message once more.

Mycroft with a case. A 9, at least. A very tempting, very alluring, very dangerous nine. Sherlock's eyes slid over to John, guiltily. There was nothing to consider. He was going to take the case. He'd already told Mycroft he would be there. To have a car ready for him in an hour or so. He didn't know how to break it to John.

John would absolutely put his foot down and forbid him from going, even if it meant wrestling him to the floor before barricading him in the bathroom and slipping the occasional sandwich through the door until the case was over.

While Sherlock thought there could maybe be a certain sexual appeal to being held captive by John Watson, he didn't want to miss this case. Besides, Mycroft needed him. He wouldn't have come to him if he didn't.

He heaved a deep breath, steeling himself to lie to John. Well. Not lie. That sounded dishonest. He would just...obscure the truth. Keep some of it hidden. A bit. For a few days, until he could finish the case and come back to tell John all about it. There. That wasn't so bad, was it?

Having sort-of convinced himself, he nodded imperceptibly in decision. The doctor's fingers had strayed to his bicep, gripping with the impotence of sleep, and he snuffled in the early-morning gloom. Sherlock grinned fondly down at him, his own face illuminated by the cold white light of his phone screen.

He turned his phone off, tossing it to the side, and nestled in alongside John, burrowing into his chest and breathing in his sleep-warm smell. He wouldn't have this for days...he intended to make the most of it.

"John?" He whispered, tickling a few cool fingers across the doctor's cheekbone, playfully booping the tip of his nose. "I love you."

"Mmph."

"Mmph." John frowned, tossing his head on the pillow, stubbornly refusing to be woken up. That was fine. Sherlock had another plan.

He dipped beneath the covers, tracing his way down to where John's penis lay, flaccid and nestled atop his testicles. Still asleep. He cocked his head, smiling at it...before tonguing the head.

There was an immediate, faint noise of surprise, and a warm hand slowly pushed into his hair, in the most half-hearted attempt at discouragement imaginable.

Sherlock ignored him, running his tongue along the warm, salty length of John's cock, feeling it slowly and reluctantly swell beneath his questing tongue. John made a noise of protest, hips twitching- and Sherlock engulfed the entire length of John's cock into his mouth, sucking gently.
The response was now louder and considerably more alert, a delectable, wordless moan of surprise and delight. Two hands now held his head lightly, fingertips unconsciously fiddling into his sleep-tousled curls.

"What y’doing?" John mumbled sleepily, hips canting upwards, rubbing his cock into Sherlock's mouth which Sherlock was only too happy to allow to continue happening.

Sherlock chuckled, a baritone vibration around John's increasingly-excited shaft that made the doctor hiss. Sherlock scooped his hands under John's bare backside, lifting him a little, and kneading firmly.

John's breathing hissed out, fingers carding through Sherlock's curls, directing his head into a slow bob over his erection.

"Fuck...Sherlock..." His voice was high and breathy. The sound of it did things to Sherlock's own cock which bounced in time to his heartbeat.

Once Sherlock was sure that John was fully hard and thick in his mouth, he pulled back, licking his cupid's-bow lips, making a happy little "mm" noise. He sat quite still and quiet for a few seconds, just grinning at his lover.

"That all you were planning on doing?" John teased, cock twitching as Sherlock eyed it with undischguised pleasure. "Not that I'm complaining....better than an alarm clock but...

Sherlock affected a look of pure innocence, and lowered his eyes apologetically. "Sorry. I should let you get back to sleep. That was a bit not good."


The detective laughed, his face beginning to exhibit a gorgeous, telling blush. Swallowing self-consciously, he settled back a little bit, reaching behind him to take hold of John's prick. He nudged it pointedly against his own backside, raising a querying eyebrow.

"Fuck yes." John breathed, flinging out an arm to fumble beside him for lube.

"Hurry." Sherlock tossed his head back, extending the line of his throat, knowing how he looked-John cursed, shoving a slickened finger into Sherlock's arse wholly without grace.

A throaty groan was the response, and Sherlock settled himself a little more comfortably upon John, his hands flat on his chest, his knees splayed wide either side of John's waist.

When John inserted two fingers and tried stretching him, Sherlock batted him away.

"I'm ready." He announced, shuffling back and rubbing John's cock against his hole.

"Sherlock- you're not-" John grasped his hips, preventing him from impaling himself down on his cock. "I don't even have anything on my dick yet."

"If you'd let me move, you soon would," Sherlock growled, eyes bright and face reddened with excitement, his hips grinding impatiently under John's grip.

John glared at him from beneath lowered brows. "That won't be enough- Sherlock!" He yelped as Sherlock tried twisting away from him, managing to slide his slick hand along his own shaft once before Sherlock sank onto the head of his cock.
Sherlock's eyes squeezed shut and his teeth bared, his head thrown back once more as he seethed out a deep, sticky moan.

John gasped, fingers digging into Sherlock's hips hard enough to leave bruises, looking shocked as Sherlock sank further onto his cock, taking him all the way down until he was fully seated, groaning.

"Oh Jesus...oh fuck..." John's hips jumped before he managed to get himself under control, eyes wide.

Sherlock looked pained, but John recognised it as the breathless, heated, gorgeous pain of ecstasy, and he was proved right by the little, constant whines and sobs of the taller man who was beginning to experiment with little bumps and swirls of his hips.

He panted, the slide and raw constriction of Sherlock's arse around his cock threatening to rob him of all control. To give himself something else to concentrate on, John grabbed Sherlock's cock, giving it a stroke which made Sherlock clamp tighter around him, moaning.

"Yes...yes," Sherlock murmured, gulping a few times as he swivelled his hips harder, making a few tentative bounces, his mouth falling open wide, eyes still closed. "Gonna ride you...so hard," he wheezed, looking indescribably aroused.

"Fuck...please..." John managed, "Are you...are you all right?" He asked, praying that Sherlock was, that he would start moving soon.

One of Sherlock's hands hooked under John's backside, easing him up in little thrusts, acclimatising himself to the sensation. He leaned back on his other hand, stretching his body and causing his cock to be presented to John like an irresistible trophy.

John was only too happy to take that prize, sliding his hand over the hot length, seeing what sounds he could tear from Sherlock's throat as he stroked him while Sherlock slowly slid up and down on his cock.

A strangled "Nnngh!" was the first, glorious eruption, Sherlock wincing in pleasure as he began to bounce faster, biting down hard on his own bottom lip.

"Let me hear you." John urged, thrusting his own hips up, tearing a delightfully surprised "Oh!" from Sherlock's mouth. "Like that. Fuck, like that. Want to hear what you sound like, gorgeous."

Sherlock finally opened dizzy eyes, staring down at John blearily as he felt his lover pound him harder, John's skin already glowing with a sheen of arousal, and his eyes hazy with lust.

Then came a minute change of angle, and the detective coughed out what would have been a protracted wail of pleasure, if the increasingly powerful thrusts weren't practically knocking the breath from his lungs.

Stars exploded behind his eyelids as John's dick grazed along his prostate, making his cock jerk frantically and leak out a stream of pre-come which spooled down onto John's stomach.

"...I...I'm...g-gonna..." Sherlock panted gracelessly, the exertion burning in his muscles, and his imminent climax a wildfire in his blood.

John lunged upward, tugging Sherlock tightly to his chest, and quickly reversed their positions, flinging Sherlock onto his back. His cock slipped out and he cursed, jamming it back in and hooking Sherlock's legs over his arms, starting a flurry of hard, almost violent thrusts into Sherlock's prone body, teeth gritted from the effort.
Sherlock's beautiful face crinkled deeply as he howled, climaxing suddenly, and very hard. He sobbed and cursed his way through it, wriggling and writhing almost uncontrollably.

John huffed, hips smacking against Sherlock even harder, chasing his own orgasm with selfish abandon, despite the fact Sherlock was writhing below him from sensitivity, cock twitching a few more spools of come.

"So fucking...beautiful, so fucking!...mine," he growled, finally easing over the brink of orgasm, and even through the utter, blinding, noisy force of it, he felt the sensation of goosebumps on every inch of his skin, the ache of his clenched jaws, the sting of sweat in his eyes.

He slumped down onto Sherlock, whose long arms came up to clutch at John's sweaty sides, holding him to Sherlock's heaving chest with shaky intensity. John huffed, breath slow to come back, entirely shattered.

Sherlock giggled abruptly through his airless exhalles. He could feel John’s heartbeat, he could hear it, and it was glorious. "John? You okay?" His question was adorned with a gorgeous, naked grin.

"Mmph." John moaned, sliding his body lazily off Sherlock and sinking onto the bed beside him. "Ask me later. Knackered."

"I'm glad I'm such a good fuck." Sherlock quipped, the word foreign in his mouth but loving the way John's eyes lit up at his use of it.

"A damn...good...shag." John drew the words out tiredly. "That's you."

"I will cede to that," Sherlock muttered fondly. "It's 9am. I will allow you some more sleep. But don't expect leniency when you wake up. I'm going to demand satisfaction, and you'd better provide it."

John moaned. "You can use my body however you want. Later." He grunted, tossing himself over in the bed, turning around and snuffling into his pillow. "Wake me later, yeah?"

"Of course." Sherlock lied, swinging his legs from the bed and pulling on his dressing gown. He tiptoed around the room, watching as John grew more and more boneless against the bed until he was...finally...asleep. Sherlock felt a pang for what he was about to do- but then a surge of anger. He shouldn't feel bad for doing his job. It wasn't any different from John going to work each morning and leaving him.

Sherlock pulled an inadvertent, irritated face, casting his icy eyes upon his doctor. Wincing against a rogue spear of sunlight, which was struggling to shake off the bland, blank dawn, Sherlock sighed, as if put-upon, and leant down beside his sleeping lover. He gave him a long, yet chaste kiss, before swallowing audibly. "Love you, John. If I don't come back, then...well...I guess that's that," he chuckled quietly. "But know that I care for you. Beyond belief. And...I really hope to come back, because...I would miss you...so much."

Sherlock sniffed and realised that his diatribe was essentially a suicide note, and therefore cleared his throat, standing up tall, and taking a fortifying breath.

"I'm going on a case." He announced in a small whisper. John didn't wake up but that was hardly Sherlock's fault. If John chose to be asleep when he told him where he was going...well...that was John's problem. With a clean conscience, Sherlock turned and quietly began packing his bag.
Sherlock was outside the flat a little later with a semi-heavy overnight bag, smoking his third cigarette whilst waiting for his brother to turn up with a predictably over-priced car. Inhaling the grim fumes of his fag with true gusto and undisguised pleasure, Sherlock eyed the black BMW rolling down the quiet street.

The car slid to a stop beside him, and the driver sprung from the front, bobbing his cap and taking Sherlock's bag without saying a word. Sherlock didn't wait for him to open the door for him but climbed into the back of the car, eyeing his brother.

"You've gained four pounds."

Mycroft rolled his eyes, and sighed dramatically, before deigning to respond. They both bounced inelegantly as the car pulled away, swerving rather awkwardly out of the path of a particularly egregious taxi. "How am I ashamed by you? Let me count the ways," Mycroft uttered irritably.

"Mm... maybe you don't need me for this mission then."

Mycroft's lips tightened. "This isn't a time for you to be childish, Sherlock. This mission is of vital importance-"

"-and here I am. Ready, willing, and able."

Mycroft was about to expound his directions, when Sherlock's phone beeped, and the detective's face flinched with the briefest, yet telling pang of nervousness. Mycroft smirked, watching smugly as his little brother blushed and thumbed through the message that was undoubtedly from John.

_Sherlock? - JW_

"Has Mother John found out you've sneaked away?"

Sherlock glared at Mycroft, hesitating before thumbing out a message and sending it.

_John. - SH_

"I told him I was going."

"Mm. And was he cognizant when you told him, brother dear?"

“Do you want my help or not?” Sherlock spat, grimacing and crossing his arms, turning to stare out of the speeding taxi's window at the dizzy amalgam of populated tourist attractions, and the more-densely populated, less attractive districts of central London.

Mycroft sighed, choosing not to comment which was in itself telling. Sherlock's mobile pinged. He ignored it.

It pinged again.

Mycroft's silence on the other side of the car was irritating.

Sherlock yanked his mobile out of his pocket.

“Shut up,” Sherlock spat in anticipation of Mycroft's catty remark. He eyed the messages expressionlessly, though his chest constricted oddly at the sight of them.

_Are you okay? - JW_
Love you. – JW

Not quite what he had expected. No ‘Where are you,’ no ‘What the hell are you doing now,’ just… ’Are you okay.’

Fine. Love you too - SH

Sherlock texted back, waiting on tenterhooks for John's reply...which never came. It was clear he didn't know what Sherlock was up to. His stomach sank. What was this feeling? He frowned, trying to parse through what exactly it was.

Guilt? Surely not. He hadn't felt guilty about anything in a long time.

He heard the shallow intake of breath preceding Mycroft's comment, and saw the bitchy eye-roll without actually looking. "I said shut up," he re-iterated, going into full-on Sulk Mode.

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John frowned, glancing around the empty flat. Sherlock had been gone all day yesterday. All night last night. And there was still no sign of him this morning. John wasn't exactly worried. Sherlock sometimes forgot himself when he was working on an experiment at Bart's, or maybe he was down by the river looking at mud under his magnifying glass. He'd probably forgotten about the time.

Still, his phone calls were going unanswered, and his texts were getting no responses. He was trying not to seem paranoid and naggy, but this was Sherlock. Whereas a normal person might feasibly lose track of time, they certainly wouldn't end up on top of a London bus, gripping the edge like Spiderman, oyster card clenched between imperfect teeth (that had definitely been a memorable occasion). John wouldn't put anything past his reckless lover.

It wasn't until midday, when he still hadn't heard from Sherlock, that John started to feel a bit worried. Just a bit. He phoned Lestrade, who hadn't heard from Sherlock in days. And Molly fretted when she told John Sherlock hadn't been at Bart's either.

He left a voice message for his lover, clearing his throat a bit self-consciously as he tried not to sound like he was at all anxious, and making his own voice sound even more strained as a result.

"...Um, Sherl?" He said, as the beep welcomed him to speak. "If you're okay, can you let me know? It's just...you know...um..." he trailed off feebly as the phone cut him off.

He sighed, setting the phone back down and frowning at it with narrowed eyes.

Where the hell was Sherlock?
"You know that...there's no..." Sherlock paused to spit out a choking coagulation of saliva and vibrant blood, before inhaling bravely. "There's absolutely no proof that eating human flesh...prolongs life." Shuddering, he fought back another gagging mouthful of blood as he was kicked viciously in the side.

A single finger swirled through the blood covering his chin and he watched, with disgust, as the man above him sucked the digit into his mouth, slurping at the blood with obvious relish.

"Can't hurt to try." He winked at Sherlock, eyeing him. "And your flesh looks like it'd be very...sweet."

Sherlock managed a disdainful sigh as he flicked his bloodshot gaze away, but he was losing the ability to ignore the agony of his trussed, raw wrists and ankles where they were bound with tough leather, the sting of his scraped knees on a grimy concrete basement floor, the desperate pain of being alone.

He knew his captors wouldn't eat him...yet. (And wasn't that one of the worst thoughts he'd had in a while?) They needed him for information. Needed to know how and why he'd infiltrated their ranks. What information he had (already sent to Mycroft) and how to keep him silent. Then...if help hadn't arrived, they'd strip the flesh from his bones. The man above him, Sherlock knew, liked to season his meat before consumption.

He had been stripped down to his underwear for a reason that he didn't want to even speculate. He swallowed another quick mouthful of blood from a dislodged molar, trying to ignore the worrying wobble of the tooth in question. He held his breath and braced himself to attempt to disguise the shiver that was tremoring through him from the chill of the ill-lit basement.

"Now...tell us what you know...and we'll make this...quicker." The goon in front of him said, kneeling down to Sherlock's level and giving him a creepy smile. "Tell us...and I won't eat your flesh from your very bones while you're alive."

"What, no stir-fry?" Sherlock replied flippantly, letting out an exaggerated, bored sigh. His gaze had already flickered around the featureless room, and had seen no evidence of bladed weapons as yet - the assaults had been purely manual. He subtly continued trying to stretch the tough leather bonds that were currently tethering him, kneeling, to four sturdy rings in the gritty floor.

The man grinned. "Didn't say that." Sherlock watched, with a quickly beating heart, as the man's hand slipped down the front of his pants, fondling his flaccid cock and rolling his testicles, which shrank in his grip, in his fingers. "These'd fry up pretty sweet and tasty. Keep you alive for it and let you have a taste."

Sherlock was beginning to feel the distracting and unhelpful burn of honest panic under his skin, and he struggled to keep his breathing measured, as he jerked as far away from his antagonist as possible.
The man in question was remarkable in that his appearance was utterly unremarkable.

He tried to get himself under control. Punches and hits he could take. Even a few kicks to his ribs and stomach- which had already been done. But talk of what the man genuinely wanted to do to him...left him panicked. He was in no position to get out of this either. Not without help.

He had watched his phone being taken from the room along with the rest of his clothes, and he could only pray that it was still turned on somewhere, and still had some battery life. The basement he was currently in after being subdued into near unconsciousness with fists, was practically subterranean. He wasn't sure how many flights of concrete steps he had been dragged down, but he was sure that any reception on his phone was going to be tenuous, if it existed at all.

It was the only way Mycroft could find him and now, when he was bound and in trouble, Sherlock was realizing just how fool-hardy his plan had been. He should have taken more precautions.

"Make a kebab out of this." The man said, jiggling Sherlock's cock, drawing his attention back to the threats being made against his person. "That arse is enough to feed all of us. Juicy." He licked his lips and Sherlock felt ill.

"Maybe your friends are less pre-occupied with my cock than you obviously are," Sherlock muttered, though his deep voice broke slightly.

The man laughed, tossing his head back, eyes sparkling. He was demented. Sherlock shivered.

"Nothing wrong with enjoying the best bits of a body. Nothing wrong with that." He slid his hand out of Sherlock's pants and he couldn't help but sag a little.

The man was grinning happily to himself when the single heavy door in the corner of the room opened, and another, younger-looking man who looked surprisingly upper-class, entered wordlessly and offered a plain white plastic lunchbox to Sherlock's tormentor.

Sherlock eyed the man, trying to pick up on any information he could, grasping at straws to find a way to escape. He almost missed the lunchbox...but he already knew what was inside. His stomach sank.

The young, indistinctly-featured man peeled open the lunchbox, placing the plastic lid on the floor beside Sherlock's bare, scraped knee. A pungent, meaty, tangy scent pervaded the cold air of the basement.

The antagonist scooped a few fingerfuls of browned, peppery meat into his own mouth, closing his eyes, pausing...then nodding with culinary satisfaction.

"Delicious." He pronounced, opening his eyes to give Sherlock a wicked grin. "Of course, you'll probably be much more savory." He eyed the bend of Sherlock's neck. "Not too thin but lean meat. Juicy and succulent. This fellow's name was..." The man turned to his well-heeled companion, quirking an eyebrow. "Eamon, wasn't it? Or is he still in the freezer?"

He shook his head. "Still in the freezer. That there is Derek. The little twink from London. The one in the leathers."

"Ah, yes. Sweet little thing. Sweet meat." He smacked his lips appreciatively. "And it'll make you sweeter, my dear."

Despite everything, Sherlock couldn't help but sneer at the appearance of a cheap plastic spork, obviously procured from KFC, that his tormentor was dabbing into the meaty mush, preparing to
"You've gone overboard on the tellicherry pepper. Quality condiments should really be used in smaller quantities."

"I'll try and remember that, sweetheart." The man leered suggestively at Sherlock. 
"When I cook you up." He smacked his lips together, forking up a portion of meat. Sherlock felt a gag rising in the back of his throat as the man waved the fork in his face. "Open wide."

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Three floors up, shivering in the spring coolness, exacerbated by grim, concrete walls, Luke fiddled dizzily with Sherlock's phone. A few good swigs of the potent home-made gin nestled between him and his colleague had already had an effect, and he squinted at the smartphone. "So where's...where's he going? I thought the last batch was going to Japan?"

"Nada, mate. They're going to prepare him tonight. One that good, they're not going to let him escape." Samuel replied, accepting the gin from Luke and taking a gulp.


"Supposed to keep that off."

"No one's gonna know." Luke snapped, watching the phone start up. "I'm bored as hell out here. Let's just...see what he's got on here."

Samuel leaned close, bumping against Luke drunkenly.

"Careful, queer," Luke muttered, frowning at the phone as he slowly thumbed through it, "Photos, yeah?" he laughed, nabbing the bottle and wincing through a few more deep swallows.

He almost choked, though, when the first photo that brightened the screen was a cock.

"Jesus- fuck!"

"Damn poofter." Samuel said gleefully, grabbing the phone from Luke and staring at the screen. He flicked to the next photo which showed a blonde-haired man grinning at the camera, his hand gripped around his cock and holding it to show the camera.

Luke exploded with a giddy, loud giggle, holding his stomach as if to try and contain his mad laughter. "He's already had a taste, fucking bastard." He collapsed into further manic chuckles.

Samuel sniggered. "Must've liked what he was tasting." He angled the phone to Luke who sobered enough to squint at the screen, taking in the new photo showing the man downstairs with the curly hair sucking on the tip of the blonde-haired man's cock, his cheeks hollowed. Clearly, the blonde-haired man had been holding the phone. The next few snaps were of their prisoner sucking on the cock, taking it almost the root.

"Christ...maybe we should postpone it," he uttered, biting his bottom lip thoughtfully. "Maybe if we take his teeth out first, then there's no risk," he sniggered.

"God..." The screen depicted the curly-haired man licking his lips, clearly trying to clean up the white mess decorating his face. There were a few more pictures, him staring at the camera while the other man had taken multiple photos of his debasement.
"Jeez...I would fu-" There came a sudden, muffled but distinct bang of metal doors upstairs, distant multitudes of yells, and the vague shuffling of scuffed feet. The indescribable realisation of the authorities storming the place caused a vicious, sick shiver and panic.

The two men dropped the phone, grabbing at their guns and spinning around toward the source of the noise.

"Gotta tell the boss-"

"He's busy-"

"Fuck-!" Samuel grabbed at his radio, managing to get connection before a bullet hit his throat in a spray of blood and dense material.

Luke staggered away from the weapon he wasn't accustomed to, holding his hands above his head and muttering in supplication, eyes lowered.

"Down to your knees." A rough voice ordered an he quickly complied. "Where is he?"

"...The...the guy with the coat? I don't know, I don't know! They were gonna fucking...cut him up." the lackey gasped, eyes bulging and ultimately telling.

The man loomed over Sherlock, a forkful of meat in his hand and a leery smile on his face.

"Open up, dearest," he crooned in a horrible mime of a lover's voice. "Down the hatch-"

A sudden gunshot startled them all. Sherlock jumped, hope blooming in his chest that perhaps that meant rescue was on the way.

He still couldn't resist peering one eye down at his own chest and abdomen, despite the knowledge that he hadn't been penetrated by a bullet. He attempted to glance upwards, towards his saviour, but was blind-sided by the image of his captor's arterial blood pulsing out over his crotch, drenching his underwear, a deathly-pale head smacking lifelessly down upon his thighs.

Sherlock wasn't one to be squeamish but the feeling of the dead weight of his would-be murderer upon him made him antsy. He bucked, squirming his body to make him move, breaths labored and panted from exertion. All around him bodies fell in a spray of bullets.

Sherlock had no idea if this particular gang had perhaps grassed on some of their friends, and were now facing the vicious, deafening consequences. He closed his pale eyes, giving a few more fierce yanks at his bonds. He wasn't ashamed to emit a faint hiss in the dark dank gloom as he imagined never seeing John again.

In the sudden silence, Sherlock's ears were ringing from the sounds of gunfire and he blinked rapidly, trying to disperse the resonance in his head.

John's face swam into his line of sight and he froze in disbelief.

Sherlock dizzily pulled forward for a redundant hug, squinting at his lover, and swaying in the dark.

"John...are you alright?"
John’s face was stern, almost transformed into a person Sherlock didn’t recognize.

"Fine." He said curtly, not returning Sherlock’s attempted hug, instead reaching for a knife to cut through his bonds. "Come on. We're getting out of here. Mycroft's arranged the helicopter to meet us on the roof."

"John-" Sherlock started, wanting to explain but John cut him off.

"Not here, Sherlock." He snapped, lips thinned down. "We don't have time for me to yell at you like I want to for you being such a goddamn-" He broke off, jaw clenching, and carefully sliced through the rope binding Sherlock’s feet. "Later." He promised darkly.

"...My clothes? I couldn't see," Sherlock whispered, his deep voice a tragically broken utterance.

"Here." John thrust a pair of jeans at him, woefully too short but Sherlock was thankful for the coverage. He was covered in blood but he didn't think he had time to clean himself up. He tugged on the jeans and John watched him, eyes bright and hawkish. It made Sherlock's skin tingle in awareness but once he looked at John, he turned away.

"Come on."

Sherlock staggered to his feet with a pained grunt, and leant one hand on the gritty, bone-cold wall of the room where he had been about to be tortured. His knees, wrists, ankles, torso, face…everything throbbed and stung agonisingly.

Once he had done up the jeans with considerable difficulty, he wiped his eyes and lip of blood, smearing his reddened knuckles on the fresh denim. His blood-saturated underwear was sticking in the most unpleasant way possible to his legs.

"John?"

John slumped, sighing. "What the hell were you thinking? Going off on your own? To a place like that? Getting yourself captured and--" He broke off, breathing deep, angry breaths. "And you didn't tell me where you were going. Did I really mean so little to you?"

"I thought it'd be easy," Sherlock muttered in a broken baritone voice, his tongue continuously running over his scarlet, seeping upper lip. "I...hurt...a lot," he confessed with an imperfect smile stained with shocking red blood.

John's face softened and he cupped Sherlock's face in his hands, turning him this way and that as he inspected him. "Come on. We need to get you out of here. You need medical attention."

"Don't be angry with me." Sherlock pleaded and John sighed again, brushing his thumb along Sherlock's severely bruised cheekbone delicately.

"Come on. Chopper should be here."
Love

Sherlock blinked bleary eyes, groaning indistinctly before he gritted his teeth and shakily dragged the clinical sheets higher up his near-nude body.

He was cold, gooseflesh breaking out on his skin and leaving him shivering. He wished he were back at the flat, bundled under blankets which were familiar and not the rough, scratchy sheets.

Squinting, he snuggled as best he could into the hospital covers, eyeing the cold white bedside table, the harsh, bare hospital walls, and the conspicuous lack of John, which was fogging his dizzy eyesight more than anything else.

He’d expected John to be there when he woke up. The flicker of anxiety that he wasn't there to greet Sherlock and make sure he was ok was great, and tightened Sherlock’s chest.

Had he gone too far? Was John truly that angry with him that he...didn't care? About Sherlock?

Sherlock could hear the heart monitor attached to him start to get faster, broadcasting his distress, and the door opened, John quickly striding in with a worried look on his face.

"Sherlock-? What is it? What's wrong?"

Sherlock sobbed through a violent tremor of terror that he managed to tamp down by clenching his fists, fingernails digging into his palms to ground himself. Breathlessly, Sherlock panted in entreaty. "John, you're here."

"Course I'm here. I was just out in the hall talking to your brother. He's got some questions for you, of course, since you were out on his assignment." John's voice was clipped, betraying his anger which he was obviously trying to stifle since Sherlock was still in hospital and hooked to IV's and multiple machines.

"Asking how badly I suffered seems..." Sherlock swallowed once more, his tongue fiddling subconsciously with his wobbly molar. "…Bit redundant. Do you still love me?" came the frank, abrupt query.

John stopped squinting at the monitor which readout Sherlock's heart rate and glanced at him.

"What?"

"Do you...still love me?" Sherlock hated the wobble in his voice but couldn't stop it. He didn't know what he'd do if John didn't, he realized, imagining John moving out and the two of them stop speaking.

"Of course I still love you." John sighed, sinking down into the one chair beside the bed. "That doesn't mean that I'm not seriously, incredibly pissed at you, Sherlock."

Sherlock chuckled, still tasting the coppery remnants of blood on his teeth. "Can you do your diatribe after you've gotten in bed with me?" He ruffled his dark curls into a delightful mess with weak hands.

"No." John snapped, eyes roaming over Sherlock's body. "I'm still...Sherlock, I'm angry."

"I would just like a bit of contact. Even vindictive body contact. You're always fucking angry,"
Sherlock muttered, before turning over and cursing as his wires snagged.

He heard John sigh and then the small bed dipped as he climbed onto it, snuggling behind Sherlock and gingerly fitting his arm around his thin frame.

"It's not vindictive." He murmured softly. "I just… Christ, Sherlock what were you thinking?"

"Perhaps I wasn't," Sherlock whispered, sequestered in an alien room, with the only person who meant anything to him behind him. "But...the closer I keep you, the more danger you're in."

"The more danger we're both in." John stressed, hugging Sherlock tighter to him. The embrace hurt Sherlock's aching ribs but he didn't protest, relishing the contact. "Sherlock...I don't want anything to happen to you. I wasn't there to help and you almost got yourself..."

"...I didn't know it was going to turn out like that. And who's to say that we wouldn't both be there now, tied up and about to be force-fed...well, you know," he trailed off.

John was silent behind him and Sherlock wondered if he should tell John the whole of it. The way the man's hand had fondled him as he leered and talked about eating his genitals. He shuddered in revulsion. "Sherlock?" John asked, worried. "You ok? Should I call a nurse?"

Sherlock felt a hitherto-unknown cold surge of tension, sweat breaking out on his face even as he started to shiver violently, teeth chattering and breathing speeding up.

*Great*, a smarmy voice in his head said. *The ideal time to have your first panic attack.*

"Sherlock?" John sounded worried and Sherlock didn't want John to be worried. But it was nice to hear concern for his well-being given voice.

John made to rise, a sudden gust of cold air taking the place where his body had been warm against the detective. Sherlock stopped him with a stutter, tugging him back down as well as he could. "N-no! Don't go. Please."

"Oh my God," John muttered, feeling panicked himself, as Sherlock's body shuddered harder, and he could hear the clack of his chattering teeth. "Sssh, baby, just breathe deep and slow, okay? I'm right here." He hugged him with the kind of force that ordinarily would have been too much, and kissed the other man's bedraggled curls repeatedly.

Sherlock closed his eyes, sinking into the contact. He was safe. He was here with John and- "They wanted to eat me," he blurted out through trembling lips, and John froze.

"I know, baby, I know but I got you out. You're safe now."

"He wanted to eat my...my...."

John waited patiently, politely ignoring the two wet sniffles that followed. "…He touched me," Sherlock admitted quietly.

"Where?" Sherlock shivered at the suddenly deadly tone John's voice had taken on. "Where did he touch you, sweetheart?"

"......Down there," came the very quiet murmur, after an anxious pause.

John inhaled slowly, a tactic Sherlock knew he employed when he was trying to remain clam. "Okay. He touched you...there. And when you said he wanted to eat you...you meant your...?" He
trailed off and Sherlock, shivering from the memory, nodded.

"It was the first thing he...went for. I tried to joke about it. But..." There was a thick, audible swallow, and Sherlock's chafed wrists and hands tightened upon John's, as they hugged his chest.

"You're fine now, Sherlock." John whispered, even if he sounded angry and Sherlock could feel the tension radiating from him. "You're fine."

"Will you touch me?" Sherlock asked hesitantly.

John didn't know what to say, torn between outright rejecting him for a deed that might emotionally scar him even more, and grudgingly accepting. He felt Sherlock's large, cool hands slowly, so slowly, pull his own towards his crotch.

He could feel Sherlock still shaking and was about to protest when- "Please, John. I...I can still feel him. I want...I don't want to feel anyone other than you." Sherlock said softly.

"...If you're sure," John murmured soothingly. "One second." Sitting up and peering around the empty private hospital room, he gently nudged the curtain of the bed all the way round, shielding them. Sherlock made a little sigh of relief, and turned to face John. The older man's heart panged at the sight of his split lip, the blooming bruises on his high cheekbones and chin.

Someone had hurt Sherlock. Had touched him and violated and damaged him. John was glad he'd killed the bastard. He only wished he could do it again, more slowly this time. Make them suffer like his beautiful love had.

He slid back into the bed, which seemed oddly-shadowed now the curtain encompassed it. He leaned forward and kissed the tip of Sherlock's nose, nuzzling it with his own, before speaking softly against his mouth.

"Love you."

"I love you, John." Sherlock said in a rush. "And I'm sorry I didn't-"

"Sssh. It's alright. We'll talk about it later, okay?" Sherlock nodded and John smiled crookedly at him. "My beautiful boy." He gently kissed Sherlock's lips, hand palming his hip. He softly took the hem of the detective’s hospital gown, and raised it under the sheets, lightly fingering the fine hair on his upper thigh.

Sherlock breathed out sharply and closed his eyes- but John was having none of that. "Look at me." He encouraged. "Watch me touch you, Sherlock."

The detective groaned out a faint little noise when John's feather-light touch skimmed his bare testicles, weighing them carefully in his knowledgeable palm.

"Did he......these?" John asked carefully.

Sherlock nodded, incapable of words, shuddering at the memory of how the man had weighed them, considering. "Said...they were...sweet."

John narrowly avoided squeezing them hard as his fist tightened reflexively. He reined his anger in just in time, and gritted out more words as he stroked Sherlock's velvety shaft. "And...this?"

Sherlock whimpered, eyes closing again before he forced them open. "Said...it was juicy."
"...Sherlock...do you want me to - make you feel good? Or just touch you?" His caress was still light, gentle.

Sherlock swallowed reflexively. "I...I don't know. Maybe just...touch. But...I might-"

"If you get hard and want me to do more I will." John's fingers stroked carefully along Sherlock's flaccid cock, gentle and sure.

"Okay." Sherlock relaxed, watching John's face as he touched him.

"Anything you need," John began soothing him with little sentences, interspersed with delicate, closed-mouth kisses. It was oddly quiet in the sterile hospital room, at nearly 2am. He listened with a practised ear as Sherlock's heart monitor slowed to a calmer pace with every passing moment.

He stroked Sherlock's cock reverently, not trying to get him hard but realizing he needed the comforting touch. He dipped down further and fondled his sac, carefully rolling his testicles in his hand and feeling Sherlock shake minutely against him. It was only after long minutes of this that John felt the change in Sherlock's body. The growing rigidity. Sherlock canted his hips forward, the movement almost totally obscured by the blanket. John nearly didn't feel it at all.

"Mm," Sherlock murmured unconsciously, eyes now closed, and his bruise-painted face relaxed and open. He nudged his head affectionately against John's cheek, sighing.

John stifled a grin, gliding the pads of his fingers teasingly up the length of Sherlock's shaft. He was slowly getting hard against John.

"John...you're so..." Sherlock's deep, grating voice caught and he let out another indulgent sigh, hips definitely pumping slightly now.

John tightened his hand on Sherlock's cock, giving him something to thrust into. Sherlock groaned, staring almost disconcertingly into John's eyes while he did it.

"So...so," Sherlock swallowed a few times, huffing a sharp exhale as he started a deliberate, slow, hard rhythm. His sore hands twitched as he sought the anchor of John's shirt.

John was afraid to speak, afraid he'd break whatever tenuous peace Sherlock had gained from his touch. He held his breath, watching a flush stain Sherlock's cheeks, the knowledge that this mad genius had almost been taken from him hitting particularly hard.

A carnal thrill marred John's grin, which he sharply tamped down, in light of the brunette's imminent, beautiful orgasm. Gritted teeth and clenched fingers, a crinkled frown and breathless, gorgeous noises added to the glorious sensation.

Sherlock spilled between them, warm wetness spreading across John's hand. Behind him, the heart monitor had picked up speed, beeping erratically, and John knew in a few seconds a nurse was sure to come in and check on the patient. He didn't stop stroking Sherlock, wringing the rest of the orgasm out of him hitting particularly hard.

Sherlock shuddered through his aftershocks, wide--eyed and open-mouthed. The delightful shock of his orgasm left him lax but shaky.

"John, you're perfect," he whispered through heart-shaped lips.

"You're perfect, you crazy tosser." John murmured back gently, cupping his hand around Sherlock's softening cock and testicles, giving him the comfort of warmth and touch while he was at his most
vulnerable. "You drive me mad, you do. But...it only drives me mad because...because I love you. So damn much."

Sherlock sighed delicately through the deep, penetrating throbs of his climax, and nuzzled aggressively against John with little sighs and wordless moans.

"Can I touch you?"

John chuckled. "Probably not the best idea. A nurse is sure to come in any second and make sure I haven't killed you." As if on cue, the door opened and a nurse hurried inside, twitching aside the bedside plastic curtain and stopping and staring at the sight of the two men on the bed.

John made a perfunctory move to adjust himself, whilst Sherlock made no such effort, and anchored John with spidery fingers.

"Ignore her. Stay here?" the taller man asked, his sweet smile tainted with the garish purple bruises decorating his face.

"Let her check you over." John murmured, giving the nurse an apologetic glance while he openly ogled. "I won't go far."
"God damn it," Sherlock cursed, his ugly grimace almost audible in the cool evening light. He bared his teeth, then gave into a loud snarl, whacking a bony fist against the peeling kitchen wall in utter frustration. "FUCK!"

"Still at it?" John asked coolly from the doorway, raising an eyebrow at Sherlock's dark scowl. "My answer is still no. But go ahead, give the walls a pounding."

Sherlock hissed in a furious, frankly-disturbing inhale through his teeth, pale eyes closing in surrender.

"Everything. Everything...bloody hurts, John," Sherlock seethed, losing his mind at the sensation of bruises on his thighs, arms and torso, the stinging cuts on his face, wrists, and ankles.

"Yeah, well it would. And you're making it worse storming around throwing a tantrum like a three year old. Sit down. Your body needs rest, not...whatever it is you're doing to it." John sat in his chair, levelling a stern look at the seething man across the room from him. "This is why I said you couldn't take the case-"

"John!" Sherlock collapsed dramatically into his own armchair.

"You're not well yet, Sherlock, and if running around the flat winds you so much how do you expect to run round a crime scene?"

Sherlock scooped a long hand, still hinting at debilitation, through his impossibly-mussed curls. He sagged in a feeble, lanky exhibition in his own armchair, eyes watering in the golden evening sun.

"...I hate to ask you for this," Sherlock suddenly murmured, swallowing audibly.

"Ask me for what?" John asked, switching from apathetic doctor into concerned lover in a split second.

"......Just leave me," Sherlock muttered, his eyes shimmering, mermaid-green. His beautiful, bruised face was lined, not by the dirty deep giggle that John adored, but in utter despondency.

John heaved a sigh, leveraging himself from the chair and taking the few steps to kneel in front of Sherlock. "I'm not going to leave you. No matter how much of a wanker you are." He smiled sadly. "You're still healing, love. You need to give your body time to fix what's wrong. And if you keep exerting yourself you'll only make it worse." Sherlock wrinkled his nose, disliking it when John was so calm and rational and hateful.

"I miss the work," he murmured, and John squeezed his knee. "...John, you know...it'll be easier for you if you leave now. You know...permanently. And you won't have the burden of further...worry, and grief, and...stuff," Sherlock shrugged, before wincing and grunting loudly in pain at the movement.

"Shut up, Sherlock." John said angrily. "You didn't leave me after this." He gestured at his stiff shoulder where he'd been stabbed. "Remember? You stuck around even when I couldn't do
everything like usual. So no, I'm not leaving. Just get that thought out of your head."

Sherlock sighed theatrically, though the deep purplish smudges under his eyes and his shivery fingers reminded John that his lover was, as usual, choosing intransigence over acceptance of his own deteriorated state. The detective swayed a little, one spidery hand gripping the arm of his leather armchair as he fought against the consistent throb of pain that plagued almost every part of him.

"How about a cup of tea? Biscuits? You could use the sugar." John winced as he got up, his knees popping loudly as he did so.

To his surprise, Sherlock arose too. He made his way in silence to his own bedroom, gently lowering himself with a soft, pained groan onto the pristine covers, after removing his dressing-gown. John followed him curiously. The curtains were drawn, the atmosphere heady, warm, and tense.

"Cream, please," the detective uttered authoritatively, flicking one hand weakly over his own shoulders to point at his own naked, bruised scapulae. John's brow furrowed, his teeth bit into his bottom lip, at the sight of the sore, chafed, red line that circled Sherlock's slim wrist.

John lowered himself onto the edge of the bed, worried at the slow way Sherlock's half-naked body was healing. He should have been healing faster- then again, he should have been bed-ridden the last few days while he'd insisted on being up and about. It was maddening.

"Cream. Cream!" Sherlock yowled petulantly, flinging his right hand, with its bracelet of red scarring, towards the tube of antiseptic cream on the table. He huffed and buried his face in the under-stuffed pillow, grumbling to himself.

John sank down onto the bed and gently, as tenderly as he could, spread the soothing, cool cream over Sherlock's wounds. Sherlock moaned gratefully, relaxing against the bed.

"You can't go out on cases," John began, his conscience pricking at him, seeing Sherlock so vulnerable. "But maybe Lestrade can send everything to you."

"I have a few that just about warrant my attention. One based in a pet shop, in fact. Might be fun. You like cute furry things, right?"

John huffed a small, private laugh at the thought of Sherlock as any kind of animal - 'cute and furry' would not be the immediate adjectives.

"Ask Lestrade." John said, finishing up tending to Sherlock's wounds, letting him roll over with a wince. "He can send you all the relevant information and photographs...you can solve it from the sofa. Yeah?"

"What if they miss something crucial? You know how inept his team is."

John shrugged. "Photographs of the crime scenes too. Everything. You don't need to be there in person to solve it. You're smart enough."

"Flattery will get you nowhere John, I know you too well...oh........um....."

Sherlock quirked his brows in confusion, raising his head to look down at his doctor, who had dragged down his pyjama bottoms, and apparently abandoned his argument in order to manifest his mouth upon Sherlock's penis.

He shivered at the feel of John's mouth on his cock. John had been so annoyingly gentle with him, barely touching him at all since the hospital. Not touching him unless it was for healing or helping
him from the bed or onto the sofa. It'd been highly irritating. But now, with John's mouth hovering around his cock, Sherlock's frustration was paying off.

Sherlock wasn't quite sure whether the sexually-invigorating words he had in mind would work, so he decided to carry on expounding his thoughts on the current case. He squinted and swallowed a few times before he could talk again.

"They have......have...tarantulas? But I think....Oh, crap," he hissed, grinding pale hips on the bed, tinted gold by the grubby late-evening London light.

John hollowed his cheeks, sucking back on Sherlock's cock, causing him to spasm on the bed, pushing his hips up greedily into John's mouth. Pleasure zinged through his body, up his spine, clouded his head and made it hard to think.

"It's the...it's the...Oh, God," Sherlock uttered, gritting his teeth, and planting long hands into John's short, ash-brown hair. "We need to go there….pet shop...because..." John gave a vindictively-deep suck and Sherlock's throat emitted a desperate, high-pitched noise that John hadn't heard before.

He smiled around his mouthful of cock, loving his ability to make Sherlock go breathless, stealing his words away with the smallest of licks.

The detective struggled through a few wheezy gasps, eyes on the smoke-mottled ceiling, lips parted. "...It's a...hybrid or...a...ugh," he groaned deliriously, long fingers massaging John's scalp with a mixture of fondness and greed.

Sherlock's phone pinged beside him on the bed and he whined, groping in the unmade sheets for the device. He fumbled at it, concentration slipping as John took his cock almost down his throat- but eventually managed to swipe the screen and read the message. Lestrade, about the case. Sherlock's vision sharpened as he scanned the new evidence and his cock, still in John's mouth, began to lag.

John felt him softening a little, and grunted a little in retaliation and determination. A few seconds later, Sherlock let out an unseemly **yip** as a warm fingertip traced between his buttocks, prodding experimentally.

"John!" He jerked, unwilling to look away from the screen as he scrolled.

"Mm-hm?" John questioned, mouth still stuffed with semi-interested cock. He shook his head obscenely, still humming randomly, letting the head of Sherlock's penis tap against the hot, wet sides of his mouth, grazing smooth teeth.

Sherlock's hips bucked up, pushing his cock into John's mouth, but he didn't take his eyes away from the screen. "Lestrade. He's...the suspect was caught on camera..."

"Mmmm," John replied, mouth full, eyebrows raised in exaggerated interest in whatever Sherlock was talking about. He deep-throated him for two brave swallows, then pushed his dry finger in suggestive little thrusts against the detective's perineum.

"John they might be...swapping...genetically mod...modified...spiders...Jesus...dozens...deadly," he panted, frowning in annoyance as he tried valiantly to text back with minimal typos.

"Mnhmm." John hummed around his cock and Sherlock's finger missed the button he was searching for, resulting in a text to Lestrade that was less than coherent. He cursed, debated on pushing John away, but a brilliant tongue at his tip put paid to that idea. He would just have to concentrate better.

"If you're going to do that...hurry it up...if you're not finished in five minutes I'm going," Sherlock
growled, unsure whether he was more frustrated at being delayed in the investigation, or at his own cock's less-than-ideal eagerness in the proceedings.

John pulled away and scowled up at Sherlock. "You could sound a bit more enthusiastic, you know."

"It's not that – Lestrade - he's needing my - Oh!" Sherlock's eyes flew open, wide and shocked, when John abruptly licked a hot stripe over his hole, tongue squirming the tiniest bit inside before he withdrew.

"Lestrade...what?" He asked innocently.

"John, you're lucky I love you," Sherlock uttered, his pale brow crinkling beautifully. "Are you intending to finish me off? If you're planning to tease for the next few minutes, know that I will forsake physiological pleasure in favour of mental invigoration. By that, I mean The Work."

"I know what you meant." John growled, irritated, and set back to work sucking Sherlock's cock. Only...the wanker kept looking at his phone, frowning at it as he scrolled, and despite John's best efforts, Sherlock's cock was growing softer and softer in his mouth.

"It looks as though the perpetrator is languishing in the fact that he hasn't been caught, or even suspected, thus far. His...seventh attack...he didn't even bother to wear the wig and contacts that he had been relying on. Complacency is the ultimate weakness."

John made a noise of agreement, taking it as a personal insult that Sherlock was more interested in the case than him sucking his cock. It should be the other way around.

Sherlock was starting to ease his semi-soft cock out of John’s tight, hot mouth, ice-green eyes fixed intently on his phone screen. His doctor promptly scooped a hand under his backside and prodded his thumb against Sherlock’s damp entrance unequivocally, uttering a reverberating, feral growl.

John wasn't one to give up easily, and he was insistent where he could be. There was enough saliva in his mouth to let drip down onto his index finger, liberally coating it and he nudged the slick digit against Sherlock's hole, slipping it inside to the first knuckle.

He lifted his free hand and snapped his fingers loudly and resolutely. Raising his dangerous gaze to Sherlock's somewhat-startled and flushed face, he wordlessly curled his fingers, beckoning the detective to hand him the troublesome phone.

Sherlock clutched it. "N-no. I...he's to send me another photograph. There was...unusual..." He trailed off, hips rolling as John's finger sank further into his arse, the burn of it heavily counteracted by the fresh pleasure which made his cock twitch.

At the same time as John curled his right index finger in Sherlock's line of sight, silently asking once more for the mobile, his left one did the exact same thing inside him, stroking his prostate affectionately, and the doctor couldn't help but chuckle deeply in his chest, eyes alight and fiendish.

The mobile was slapped into his hand and John tossed it away, the soft whump as it landed further down the bed sending relief coursing through him. He then devoted himself wholeheartedly to making Sherlock lose his mind with pleasure.

"Argh," Sherlock sobbed suddenly, frowning as if in pain, as John rubbed his prostate repeatedly, relentlessly, worshipping the innocuous little bump of nerves. Sherlock's passage clenched reflexively tight, creating the slight sensation of pins and needles in his finger, and John could practically feel his fingertip wrinkling in the pulsing, moist heat of Sherlock's core.
He sucked hard on Sherlock's cock, hollowing his cheeks and taking him in as far as he could. Sherlock was hard, fluid beading from his tip, and as he ceaselessly worked his prostate, John knew it would hardly be a minute before Sherlock was coming.

"John...John...slower...please," Sherlock beseeched breathlessly, face contorted awkwardly and stained bright pink with the exertion of arousal. John nearly sniggered to himself. Five minutes ago, Sherlock had been telling him to hurry up.

He gentled his motions, wanting to make this good for Sherlock, not only to tear an orgasm out of him - as delightful as that sounded. He tongued at the slit in Sherlock's cock, tasting salt and musk, and Sherlock sobbed, his legs spreading wider, offering himself to John like a tempting buffet of carnal sin.

"Can we do it...like a..." Sherlock tailed off, and John paused, pulling back for some air, and just lapping comfortingly under the warm head of his prick. The detective looked uncertain, and deeply embarrassed. "...Like a...dog?"

John paused and drew away from Sherlock. "Like a what?"
"Is that not the right terminology? That's...how it's referred to, isn't it?"
"You mean..." John was reluctant to say the words, he realized, stunned. His mind stalled at the idea of saying that to Sherlock. "Um...doggie style?"

"That's what I said," Sherlock shrugged, trying and failing to look put-out. "...Can we?"

"Um..." John glanced at Sherlock's mobile, the screening lighting up with a new message. "What about the-"

"After." Sherlock licked his dry lips. "I want...this first."

John raised his eyebrows a little, absolutely not inclined to argue with his lover. He circled Sherlock's prostate one more time, then pulled out. No sooner had he done so, than Sherlock rolled onto his front and pushed himself onto his hands and knees. John stared open-mouthed as Sherlock, after a second's thought, placed one scarred, anchoring hand against the headboard in anticipation of getting fucked hard. John stripped himself completely in record time.

"Um.." John tried to remember what he had been going to say, a difficult task when Sherlock's arse was wriggling in his face. "Lube." He managed, rooting around, finding it, and opening it with shaking fingers. He liberally coated his fingers, gently opening Sherlock and smearing his passage with as much slick as he could, avoiding his prostate to keep Sherlock from being overstimulated and coming too soon.

He was momentarily side-tracked as Sherlock pulled his long palm from the headboard long enough to wipe it on the duvet, smoothing away the damp perspiration that was birthing there, and resumed bracing himself against the head of the bed. At this angle, John could see the sweet, tiny hint of his lower ribs with each excited inhale.

His own heart was racing as he finished and wiped his slick fingers on the sheets, mentally reminding himself to wash them later. He eyed the myriad, greenish bruises spread over Sherlock’s’ torso and legs, and hesitated.

“...Maybe we shouldn’t –”

"John." The strained intonation was darkly warning.

Sighing in resignation, and promising silently to be a gentle as he could manage, he confirmed with
Sherlock.

"Are you ready?"

Sherlock pushed back instead of answering, clearly impatient, and John took his own hard-as-diamonds cock in his hand, lining up with Sherlock's glistening hole...and pushed. They both moaned when the head popped past the first ring of Sherlock's muscles.

John had a dizzying thought as their size difference made it necessary for him to clamber up a little onto Sherlock's back, wrapping his arms tightly around his lover's chest - that they really must look like fucking animals. The idea didn't dampen his buzzing excitement.

If anything, it spurred him on, made what they were doing filthier and more illicit. When his testicles bumped against Sherlock's arse, his cock twitching hard inside his body, he allowed himself a shuddering sigh before humping against Sherlock, the slightest movement which dragged his cock against Sherlock's prostate beautifully.

He had no choice but to rest a lot of his weight upon Sherlock's lithe, healing back, which was radiating incredible amounts of heat. Calf muscles straining as his feet sought purchase on the bed, John started fucking him erratically.

He really did feel like an animal, unable to thrust properly and just gracelessly shoving his cock into Sherlock over and over, huffing and panting into his neck. Sherlock angled his arse up, offering him more to John.

The pleasure scraped through John with agonising, heady slowness, his own short fingernails raking purchase on Sherlock's ribcage. He had never felt anything quite like it, and the sense of not-quite-enough was stinging him, forcing a litany of gasps and grunts and sobs from his gritted teeth. He had never been this consistently vocal, and he couldn't rein it in. He thudded his sore, hungry cock harder, more inelegantly, inside Sherlock.

Beneath him, Sherlock was falling apart, rutting his own hips wildly through the air, cock slapping wetly against his stomach and huffing through his mouth a series of grunts and moans which made John dizzy to hear.

John glanced down as Sherlock let out a long, pained wail, but the detective hadn't come, he was just reaching a state of delirium, so much so that he was almost laughing in between wet hisses of sex-scented air and guttural, deep-toned growls.

John picked up the pace, slamming his cock into Sherlock as much as he was able, the slick slap of his hips hitting Sherlock's skin loud and obscene and Sherlock's breath hitched again and again with every thrust. He set his teeth in a snarl, feeling sweat beading at his forehead, and his heart leaped in his chest as he pounded into his lover.

Sherlock began to keen desperately, damp palms seeking purchase on the headboard and luxuriant bedclothes respectively.

"Oh...Christ...Sherlo-" John uttered, scrabbling at the detective's ribs, soothing the vicious purplish bruises at his scapulae with messy, wet kisses. "Oh, fuck, honey..."

"T-touch me, please, Jo-ohn...touch me," Sherlock whimpered, shuddering visibly beneath John and he felt Sherlock's passage flutter around him, signalling the other man was close.

"Oh, God," John hissed, suckling mindlessly at the base of his lover's neck, relishing the tickle of soft, damp, near-black curls against his face. He nudged a shaky hand from Sherlock's heaving,
blood-hot ribcage to his cock, which bobbed happily, as if glad to see him.

The angle was a bit wrong to stroke Sherlock off properly but Sherlock didn't seem to mind. John's hand was wrapped around his cock and that was good enough for him. He heaved his hips forward, fucking himself on John's cock while dragging his own cock through the circle of John's hand, breaths panted and labored as he tried to do both at once, nearly incoherent with pleasure.

John was rapidly nearing exhaustion, forcing himself inside his lover as hard as he could, the crushing release of orgasm bitterly distant and seemingly unattainable. He groaned in frustration, and Sherlock felt dizzy with excitement at the sound of John beginning to chant non-stop, his nonsensical words wheezy and hot against his spine.

“Sherl...yes...more...God...fuck...baby...ugh...”

He suddenly had a brilliant idea. Reaching back, he raked his nails down John's sweaty thigh, hearing his lover hiss at the pain.

"I...I l-like the way you fuck me." Sherlock stuttered, trying his hand at dirty talk. "It...your cock feels so big inside me."

John let out a gruff, breathy noise and reflexively tightened his damp, bear-hug grip around Sherlock's lean chest, inadvertently forcing sharp pressure on his bruises. The detective sobbed in pain at the resultant throb of damaged tissue, even as John keened excitedly, taking the sound for one of ecstasy. "Yes, Sherlock, that's it!!..Just...bit...more," he heaved, forcing himself into a wild, reckless, deafening assault, sensing imminent release like a sticky, hot sweet at the back of his tongue.

Sherlock grit his teeth, determined to let John have this, to not let him know he was being hurt and John sobbed a few breaths, hips shuddering as he thrust inside Sherlock.

"Feels...so amazing...I - I love it." Sherlock whispered and John groaned, his cock swelling even larger in Sherlock as he neared his release.

Absolutely lost, transmuted to a burning, shaking bubble of desperation, John grabbed a fistful of Sherlock's crisp dark curls and held tight as he blessedly began to orgasm. Ear-splitting, hoarse cries punched their way from his sore throat, before he submitted to the rolling, dizzying shocks of climax, sobbing and whining, mouthing wetly at his lover's back, saliva dampening his chin, and Sherlock's blood-hot skin.

Sherlock shuddered beneath John, the pain from his injuries eclipsing any pleasure he thought he could have had. He didn't want John to know, though. He knew John would then feel badly, and that had to be avoided at all costs.

He listening to John's liquid, noisy exhales that steamed against his back, and acted quickly whilst the doctor was still languid and hazy, coming down from what had sounded like a spectacular orgasm. With a faint twinge of irritation and frustration, and pained by the angry pulsing of his many half-healed bruises and cuts, he tensed himself around John's semi-hard shaft in what he hoped would pass as pleasurable spasms. Biting his lip theatrically, he groaned and gasped, jolting his hips forward a few shuddering times as if in climax.

John waited for him to stop moving, and palmed at his softening cock. He a noise of sleepy inquiry, to which Sherlock nodded.

"Yes..." He whispered, managing to collapse onto his side with John still inside him. He felt
inordinately shattered, drained, and he shivered from over-exertion. With one shaky hand, he plucked a tissue from the bedside table and pretended to clean himself of non-existent ejaculate.

"Fuck...give me a minute love...and then we'll go to the crime scene." John huffed tiredly against his shoulderblades. Sherlock heard his phone ping, and craned his neck to see where it was.
After Sherlock had wiped himself free of his imaginary semen, he tossed the dry tissue in the bin and disengaged from John, reaching for his phone and feeling irrationally resentful as John started waxing lyrical behind him.

“So good, Sherlock, that was…wow. God, the way you look when you come. Perfect. Sinful,” he babbled, lovingly palming the detective’s unsatisfied cock, and frotting gently against him.

“We need to get to the crime scene. Now that we've wasted so much time,” Sherlock snapped, thumbing through his phone and letting Lestrade know that he and John would be on their way. He glanced back at John who was still sprawled inelegantly on the bed, looking shagged-out and happy. Sherlock narrowed his eyes. "Hurry. Put your clothes on. We leave in another minute."

John rolled his eyes, too engorged with endorphins and, it had to be said, smugness at the thorough seeing-to he had given Sherlock, too sated to be overly irritated at the detective's abrupt manner.

"I'm sure the body won't be going anywhere soon," he observed, stifling a small yawn as he pawed about for his clothes, far too languidly for Sherlock's liking.

“"I know that."

“"And neither will you, presumably. Tired, yeah? Knees weak? Heart still racing a bit? We can give the case a pass, if you're not feeling up to it?"

Sherlock felt a stab of irritation. He was feeling none of those things. Couldn't John see?

"No, thank you, I'm perfectly healthy enough to go on this case."

"I can't argue that you do look very…fit,” John smirked, eyes focussing pointedly at Sherlock's firm backside as he the detective bent to pull his underwear and tailored trousers back on. His un-spent cock gave a little, sore twitch as the fabric caged it once more.

It didn't help that John, as he got dressed and followed Sherlock downstairs and into the cab, was relaxed and loose-limbed. Sherlock couldn't stop envy rising inside his chest.

Sherlock usually experienced post-coital John in much more domestic, relaxed settings, certainly not in the back of a grubby black cab with an out-of-date tax disc and faulty heating. The rapidly darkening evening was just nudging over the line of 'comfortably cool', and becoming distinctly, pervasively chilly. John seemed unflappably happy beside him, holding his hand and squeezing it (fondly? Possessively? Both? Sherlock wasn't sure).

Either way, for the first time since he could remember, it was the slightest bit...annoying. John's blissful mood was irritating while Sherlock was distinctly not happy and there was a persistent, niggling heaviness in his groin from unsatisfied lust. Not to mention his arse was throbbing from
earlier and - Sherlock suddenly realized - John hadn't even checked to see if he and his arse were okay. He suddenly felt vindicated in his bad mood.

It wasn't too far to the pet store, which, according to Sherlock's speedy background check, had unusually late opening hours, sometimes staying open till 9pm. Could be important. He was sifting efficiently through some slim but detailed files in his Mind Palace regarding commercially available hybrid spider breeds, when he was disturbed by a slightly-stubbled kiss on his knuckles, followed by a cheeky sequel on his jaw, accompanied by a soft, smiling huff of breath.

He frowned and turned to John. "What was that for?"

His quelling look surprised John. He saw the unease flicker across his otherwise happy, open face-and felt rather guilty at dampening John's good mood...then his arse twinged as the cab rounded a corner, and Sherlock stopped feeling guilty.

"I kissed you? Just...thought you'd enjoy it." John scooted back to his side of the cab. "Guess I was wrong."

Sherlock didn't say anything, just closed his eyes as he endeavoured to return to his Mind Palace. Moments later though, John spoke up whimsically, and Sherlock bit back a sigh of impatience.

"I had a pet tarantula when I was a teenager. Called him Bodie, you know, after that bloke from The Professionals."

Sherlock didn't know, but he nodded cautiously anyway, hoping John had quite finished.

"I used to like to scare Harry with him. She always hated spiders." John grinned and Sherlock rolled his eyes, losing patience.

"Yes, fascinating story, but at the moment I'm trying to piece together everything Lestrade's told me so if you could please...be quiet."

"Sure," John murmured distantly, turning to gaze out the window at the passers-by on the chilly street, highlighted with neon signs and blinding streetlights, at the same time they were shadowed with grime and iniquity. Sherlock had no doubt that the plebians traversing the pavement would know who 'Bodie' was. Frowning, he went back to his mental files, but couldn't focus, and found himself reading the same page over and over, not remembering a word of it.

The entire store was cordoned off, officers stationed outside to keep anyone who wasn't authorized from going in, but John and Sherlock were let through without question. John had to struggle to keep up with the detective, whose long legs were striding along at a brisk, although uneven pace. John smirked, liking the idea that he'd fucked Sherlock so well he was limping afterward. That had to be some sort of record.

He had to admit that he really wasn't quite in 'case-solving' mode at the moment, but couldn't quite bring himself to feel guilty about it. He felt giddy, high with an addictive cocktail of pride, lust, and adoration.

Sherlock was obviously in a bad mood, but John thought that had more to do with the fact that they'd had to leave the flat, post-shag, the semen barely cooling on their bodies, to solve a case. Well, maybe he could make it worthwhile, he thought.
John shamelessly let his mind wander to where he might be right now, if there hadn't been a case. Perhaps he'd keep Sherlock up all night and see how many orgasms he could give him. And when dawn broke, he'd massage him into a doze and then wank all over his shoulderblades...

He cleared his throat and had the decency to blush when Sherlock threw him a questioning look, as they approached a series of glass tanks, where all kinds of invertebrates were dwelling lethargically.

He trailed behind Sherlock to where Lestrade was waiting for them near the back of the shop, looking tense and worried, but relieved when he spied them. "Where the hell have you two been? I expected you here an hour ago!"

"John insisted on delaying us," Sherlock said bluntly, and there was no hint of humour in his cold green eyes. "I'm guessing that with the new-found complacency of the perpetrator, you have some half-decent physical evidence this time? Don't place too much value on it, there's a good chance it will have been planted and will have an obscure provenance to throw you off track. You're better off looking at past crimes with similar MOs. And this man will have a juvenile record of anti-social behaviour against non-specific individuals. Possibly even minor arson."

"How in hell did you get all that?" Lestrade asked. "I only sent you a few pictures-"

"That's right. You only sent me a few pictures. As usual. Because you know that's all I need. Why do you continue to be surprised at my excellence?" Sherlock snapped irritably.

Lestrade gave him a look before rolling his eyes. "All right. Come on. It's through that door back there. Watch your feet- there's glass everywhere."

"I'm not blind," Sherlock muttered defensively, but he followed without further complaint. His face, however, could have soured milk. Until, that is, he glanced around at the storage tanks in the high-ceiling, musty, warehouse-like room. He peered quizzically into a few smashed-up tanks that had very recently had little, multi-legged occupants.

"A few of these animals have been stolen to make the crime appear to be a straight-forward robbery," he pondered aloud. "The other victims all suffered death once they had taken their pets home...spiders that had been replaced with a similar-looking, deadly variety. That was done neatly, cleanly, and without anybody noticing until too late. This is overt. I think someone else is trying to get in on the act. They messed up, panicked...the victim died here. The victim was the female sales assistant, yes?"

"Uh, yeah. It was." Lestrade confirmed. "So wait. You're saying we're looking for someone else?"

"I did say the evidence was fabricated to make it appear-" Sherlock broke off, lunging toward one of the tanks, and kneeling to inspect a scuff at the bottom of one of the legs. Lestrade swore. He glanced around, shuddering at the occupants in the tank closest.

"I always hated spiders," he muttered to John.

"I used to have one as a kid-"

"Yes, John, we all know about your childhood fascination with arachnids." Sherlock snapped. The detective sighed and expounded some more, while his companions stood by. "She knew, or at the very least, knew of, the true criminal. She attempted to help him with the fake robbery here...the 'stolen' animals are probably in the bins outside. It's worth retrieving them to be sure. She was an amateur, the spider turned against her, stung her, she died. One less person to apprehend," he hummed.
"Amazing, isn't he?" John murmured to Lestrade good-naturedly. "Ignore his attitude. He didn't get enough sleep," he grinned, and the naked lasciviousness on his face was impossible to misinterpret.

Lestrade chuckled, a bit uncomfortable because it was Sherlock but willing to share the joke all the same. Sherlock pursed his lips, spinning away from the two men, disgruntled.

John followed him as he continued to look at the rest of the shop's storage and Sherlock let him. He was being quiet, unobtrusive-

"John!" Sherlock yelped at the sudden pinch to his bottom.

Eyeing John's innocent, annoyingly-kissable face with a calculating pout, he cleared his throat. "Actually, you can help me with something." He abruptly opened the heavy bolted doors in a corner, leading out into a grimy, half-lit alley full of skips, bashed-up cardboard boxes, and bits of plastic wrapping. He opened the chilled lid of a discoloured green skip, and made a pondering noise as he examined the contents. "Ah yes, here we go," he announced calmly, before reaching gently into the container. Cradling something in his large hands, he half-turned towards John. "Evidence. Put it somewhere safe." he said noncommittally.

John cupped his hand and allowed Sherlock to gingerly tip a furry thing into his palms. His eyes widened when he realized-

"Jesus fuck!"

"What? You said you had one as a beloved pet as a child."

"Yeah but...you didn't tell me you had one-" John grimaced as the tarantula stirred in his hand, sluggishly tapping its legs on his hand.

"It needs to be placed back in a safe tank as soon as possible, it's pretty weak. Poor thing." John quirked an eyebrow at this, but Sherlock didn't appear to be joking; his striking face was straight, his features calm, if a little distant. "We need to give Lestrade some bad news. Come on." He turned and held the heavy, chipped back door open for his partner.

Works inspired by this one: **For the Love of John Watson** by Spyre

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