The Tailor and his Husband
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The Tailor and his Husband

by JinxWild19

Summary

John Watson has lost the ability to use his left arm after an accident at the clinic. He now has the job with the Pony Express. In need of an easier way of dressing himself, he goes in search of a tailor. He finds a tailor that changes not only how he dresses but how he loves.

Notes

I was asked to write a fic on tumblr with the parameters of Tailor!Lock, Carrier!John, loss of left hand or arm, and a modified bike for better use. This what I came up with. I originally thought it was going to be like a single chapter thing I was clearly wrong. I can't say if it will be explicit later on or not, but I do not see it going that way. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes.
John Watson had never really cared much how he looked in public, but he was not about to look disheveled unless he had finished with making love or lounging about the house. After his injury, John had lost the ability to put on his own clothes without help. Only being able to use his right arm made it difficult to dress himself and made it impossible for him to continue work as a physician. Due to these facts John had decided that he still needed to help people and the best way for him to do that was to deliver mail via the pony express. Now John had to modify his bicycle in order to ride it without falling off. He was glad that he still knew Greg Lestrade a friend of his who was very handy and fixed up the bike without asking for anything.

Greg was also the owner of the only fabric & sewing supplies store in town. Truly it was run by his wife, but Greg owned it. Greg eventually enjoyed the store more than he enjoyed his wife.

After a few months of working for the pony express John had earned enough money to buy himself a new wardrobe, but he couldn't find anyone who would be willing to make modifications to his cloths or make new ones that would suit the needs he had. While walking one day in the center of town on his day off he was stopped by a former colleague from the clinic he used to work at.

"John? John Watson?" The man said. It was a small-ish town, but there were still a lot of people from surrounding towns and cities that came in often that it was easy to forget a face. “It’s Mike Stamford. We work in the clinic together.” The man was bit heavier set than John, but John was now riding his bicycle delivering packages he was bound to be in better shape than other people would be.

“Yes, Mike hello. How have you been?” John replied finally remembering why this man look so familiar. Stretching his right hand out to shake the man's hand hoping to side step and other greeting that might alert Mike to the fact he had lost the ability to use his left arm. Regardless of the fact that by now he would have thought the whole town would have known, but luckily there were still people in this world who didn't gossip.

“I've been just fine. Haven't seen you 'round the clinic lately. I thought that I had heard you were just on a temporary leave of absence due to an accident?” Clearly the people he thought didn't gossip could only keep their mouths shut for to certain people.

“Well, yes I was on leave. There was an accident. I eventually had to quit because of the accident. It's hard to stich people up with just one hand.” John could only deal with so much of his pride being beaten down that he couldn't tell Mike that it was also his arm. “I work for the pony express now. Delivering what needs to be delivered via bicycle.” John did his best to have pride in what he did now. He was still helping people and that was what mattered.

“Well good for you. Glad to see that you didn't let the loss of a hand slow you down.” Mike said cheerfully.

“Mike do you know of any good tailors? I hate to ask, but because of my hand well...” John trailed
off not really wanting to fully confess to the weakness he had, no matter how well he was dealing with it.

“As a matter of fact I do. Oddly enough he was complaining to me about not having enough a challenge when it came to tailoring for his clients. Follow me hes only little bit up the road from here. I'm a little surprised he hasn't found you yet through his network.” Mike had a sly smile on his lips as if he was starting something that he was truly looking forward of it’s outcome.

“His what?” John asked bewildered.

“You'll see.”

Sherlock Holmes was the best unknown tailor in town. He preferred to stay unknow finding his own clients instead of them finding him. This made it to where he was able tailor people who would fully respect the work he did. It did not mean that he had clients who tested his abilities. If he moved out of the small town he would probably find the clients he wanted, but he was more than willing to wait for that one client that would truly push him. Even if he did have to wait in this god forsaken town. Sherlock enjoyed his job even more so because his brother despised it. His brother worked in interior design making the home of others look spectacular while his brother made the person themselves look even more so.

When John walked in to the store of Sherlock Holmes, Mike stamford would swear to you that not even the discovery of electricity would have made comparison to the the sparks that flew between Sherlock Holmes and former Dr. now Carrier John Watson.

“This is different from the other shops.” John said to Mike when he finally came too after breaking eye contact with Sherlock.

“Well Mr.Holmes is not the usual tailor. Holmes this is my friend John Watson. John Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.” Mike said.

“What happened to your arm?” Sherlock said not even giving a proper greeting to the two men who enter his building.

John looked at the man and then at Mike expecting to suddenly see a blood or an injury on him unable to believe this man he has never met could possibly know he had a bum arm. Mike looked at him and shook his head in amusement as well as curiosity as to why Sherlock had said arm and not hand.

“I said what happened to your left arm?” Sherlock said again but not in anger, but with more patients than John would have figured most people would have.

“I’m sorry, but how do you know there is something wrong with my arm?” John asked this new and very attractive man.

“You have clearly been to two or more tailor shops based off the statement, 'This is different from other shops', on top of the fact that I was just saying the other day to Mr. Stamford that I would prefer a bigger challenge when it came to my clients. If you have been to a multitude of shops and
“I...I, blimey that was, brilliant. I lost use of it during surgery when a patient reacted badly to sedation and caused my right hand to slip cutting a nerve. I have in fact been looking for a tailor who could modify my clothing to better suite the fact that I have only one hand and arm in which to dress myself.” John said astonished that the man had been so perspective.

“Well I must say I don't normally have people that are so forthcoming when I rattle off such details like that they tend to be less open to the idea of working with me. They also tend to say things a bit different than brilliant.”

“What do people normally say?” John asked all, but forgetting Mike who had slipped out during Sherlock deduction of his new client. Knowing full and well he was leaving his friend in good hands.

“Piss off.” Sherlock said with a smile teasing his lips. A smile that almost broke through when John began to laugh at the statement.

“So,” Sherlock said as Johns laughter died down, “How exactly did you need your clothes to be tailored Mr. Watson?” Sherlock said with the same teasing smile as before it turning into more of a smirk when he saw a slight red tint come across the other man's faces.

“Well, I need to be able to put on the clothes with just my right hand, and have my left arm not get stuck or twisted in strange ways. I might not have control of it, but I can still feel pain. Some of the positions my arm gets stuck in are, quite painful.” John looked away from the taller mans face as he finished saying what he need from his clothes, with a slight blush on his face. He was man who did not enjoy showing his weakness except in bed and even then it depended just how comfortable he was his this bed partner. “Please call me John.”

“John. I have a few recommendations on how to fix this problem of yours, but I do need to know what you do for a living, now that you are, I presume, no longer at the clinic. I also need to know how you do your new job.” There was something in Sherlock's voice that John could not quite place, but he was intrigued to see if he could eventually could.

“I work as a carrier with the Pony Express. I ride a bicycle that has been modified to allow me to balance with my right hand on the handlebars and my left shoulder on a sort of brace. I can ride one handed, but the brace makes it easier with heavier packages.”

“So you need something with padding on the left shoulder that is easy to maneuver in while wearing it and removing and placing it on your body. You also need to be able to wear this something while lounging about on your days off, days such as today. I do believe I can do that. Though I do wonder why you do not have your bed partner help you that does seem the easier and cheaper course of action?” John had now placed the tone. It was one he used when he was with a one night lover. The voice was seduction. Sherlock was attempting to seduce him or he was unaware of the fact he was. Regardless of whether or not this man was aware of what he was doing, it was working.

“I do not have a bed partner. Do you have a bed partner?” John was very sure this man did not, but he needed to be sure.
"No."

"So, unattached like me." John was not really sure how talk had turned to private matters, but they had.

"Unattached like you." and suddenly Sherlocks whole stance and voice changed, throwing John for a loop. "I should have the first outfit done by tomorrow evening if you would like to come back then and retrieve it. Do not worry about the price this first outfit is on me. If you like it and it fulfills what you need we shall discuss price and how many other outfits you need next Thursday. When you pick up your outfit come to 221B Baker St. My shop is closed tomorrow but I still do work from home. Stop by around six and if you want I can even buy you dinner. Good day." And with that Sherlock went to the back of the store closing it behind him. It separated the main area of which the clients stayed to be measured and where Sherlock worked his magic.

John was standing there a bit dazed and confused, but eventually left. Sure that most of what had happened was a dream. He walked back into the center of town and back home to work out the kinxs in his arm that had formed throughout the day. He went to bed thinking of the madman who was his new tailor.
221B Baker St.

Chapter Summary

John goes to 221B Baker St. and Dinner?

Chapter Notes

I am so glad to know so many of you are enjoying this story so far. Hope you enjoy this chapter as well. I would like to apologies for not getting this out sooner. I have no excuses other than lack of focus and computer problems. To tell the truth those aren't really good ones. Again I apologize, enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John had decided he would continue to ride his bike after he was done at work in order to know how well the padding worked when he procured his new attire. He was not going to think about the idea of dinner with his new tailor. He would not admit that he was unnecessarily intrigued by the man he met the day before. The man who made his breathing stop when he looked at him. No John Watson was not one for carrying an infatuation with males. And yet Sherlock Holmes was all John could think about during his deliveries. It wasn't till he had arrived in front of 221B Baker St. that he realised he had been in his head not thinking about what he had been doing, this worried John but once he fully processed that he was in front of Sherlocks home till he saw Sherlock open the door.

“Hello John, come in.” Sherlock said. There was a lady standing not far from Sherlock. She appeared to be older than Sherlock but not elderly. Not his mother and-

“Sherlock I am your housekeeper not your landlady. Please let me do my job.” the woman said.

“Mrs.Hudson you might be my housekeeper, but I would prefer to do some things on my own. Besides, my brother is the one who hired you to be my housekeeper. I would much rather you be here simply for the company.” Sherlock said. Then he turned back to John and gestured for him to finish stepping inside.

John was not sure what to make of the two, but could tell that the woman did think highly of the man due to her not being all that serious about scolding Sherlock.

“I'm up the stairs.” Sherlock said closing the door and stepping in front of John to lead him up the stairs. As they walked up the stairs Sherlock turned and whispered to John and said “She is also superb at helping me with my stitching when I take on too much work at a time. I don't know what I would do without her.” His volume increased with his final sentence and he flashed a smile at John when they heard a contented humph from below. “Did I mention the biscuits? It’s really just the biscuits.” Sherlock said a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“I heard that!” Mrs.Hudson said from below with a smile clearly heard in her voice. With that Sherlock turned back and finished climbing the stairs.
He waited for John to make the rest of the trek up before opening the door and following him inside his work room. It was bigger than what John had imagined, more cluttered as well. He saw the outfit Sherlock had made for him and immediately went over to it. It was one of the nicest outfits he had ever seen made for the sole purpose of being ridden in to deliver packages. “Sherlock I-” John wasn’t sure what to say and even if he had when he looked at the man behind him he would not have remembered. The man now in front him was beaming and clearly quite sure of his abilities.

“Try it on I need to make sure it fits you the way it needs to. Then after that you can ride your bike and tell me how it feels. I'll be right outside. Most of my customers prefer that.” Sherlock stepped out of the room leaving John a bit stunned and felt a bit of deja vu. Pulling himself together John striped and tried on the new clothes. It was all he could do not to vocalize his satisfaction in not having any trouble getting the clothing on. When he was dressed he opened the door ready to commend Sherlock for his amazing work. When he stopped and just stared at the trailer.

“No not really. It’s just, I didn’t take you for a man who smoked.” John said. “Anyway, this outfit is magnificent Sherlock! I had not issue getting it on. I can't thank you enough.”

“Well first John you can at least see if the padding works with your bike, then start thanking me. Second, if you have not made plans, I would like to restate the offer I made yesterday for dinner.” Sherlock said with a voice that was a bit more passive than previous. He had disposed of his cigarette by this point and was now inspecting the outfit on John making sure the stitching was right and not pulling. That it fit him in all the right ways. It made John slightly uncomfortable being looked at so closely by the man who had consumed his thought most of the day but shook it off knowing that he should not be worried about it and that there was another task to be done.

“Oh, Sherlock this is magnificent!” John yelled at Sherlock as his rode up and down the street. He could barely feel the metal against his shoulder it registered only as a faint pressure. John stopped riding and parked his bike getting off and walked over to Sherlock. John was breathing hard. He hadn’t been able to ride so fast on his bicycle for so long that he forgot how much fun it was to ride so fast. “Thank you Sherlock I don't know what to say.” John said

“Hungry?” Sherlock asked.

“Starved.” John replied still unable to remove the smile from his face.

Before they left for the restaurant Sherlock had John change back into his old clothes so that he could make the final changes. John was still so excited for his new clothes and just the high he seemed to get from being around Sherlock. When they arrived at the restaurant they were greeted by a gentleman that seemed to know Sherlock. He was a loud sort of a man and had a kind face.

“Sherlock! Anything you want I make for you and for your date.” The man said.

“I’m not. I, uh.” John said not wanting to offend the man now sitting across from him, but not wanting things assumed about himself.
“This man got me out of making an utter fool of myself at my wedding.” said the man clapping Sherlock on the shoulder.

“I helped a bit. John this is Angelo. On his wedding day he almost went out with his tuxedo falling apart showing his pants.” Sherlock responded.

“If not for this man I would have been an utter embarrassment to my fiancée of the time and who is now my wife.” Angelo said with a bit of a laugh.

“Yes, well.” Sherlock muttered picking up the menu.

“I’ll get a candle for the table more romantic.” Angelo said and walked away. This made John look more like a fish out of water than he had been before, but with a small hand gesture from Sherlock he calmed down. John was not sure why he did but this man had that effect on him.

“So, Sherlock, how long have you been a tailor? You seem to be the only one who will take someone with an issue with his or her limbs.” John asked once he had ordered his food. He was also curious as to why Sherlock had only gotten water, but it was not his place to ask.

“I am the only one who takes on case such as yourself. I have been in the business since I was fourteen. When I was younger I would just try and make clothes and things from my father’s ties and socks. It wasn’t until I had gotten to all of his socks that my parents finally gave in and started purchasing cloth for me to use.” Sherlock responded. “What about you, John. What made you want to be a doctor, and then a carrier when you could no longer do the former?”

“Well I always wanted to help people growing up and the best way I could find to do this was to be a doctor. After the injury I wanted to still help people in their daily lives and with my arm well I can only do so much...” John was still not used to talking about his injury. He did realize that with Sherlock it was much easier. John would have continued, but Angelo had returned and was whispering in Sherlock’s ear. Angelo had a sad look on his face when he looked at John before he left again. Sherlock was only sad in his eyes, the rest of his face carried no emotion.

“It seems that I am being summoned.” Sherlock said with a voice that was tighter than John had ever heard it.

“Who’s summoning you?” John asked, more disappointed than he would like to admit.

“One of my clients is due to be traveling soon and their neighbors cat got ahold of a large portion of their cloths and I need to determine whether I am too fix or recreate the clothing. It seems that our... dinner is to be cut short,” Sherlock stood up from the table, but before he left and John was able to stand up he said one last thing, “I do apologize John. Perhaps we can try again another night or possibly brunch in a fortnight?” Sherlock asked but turned away before John could respond. Perhaps Sherlock was able to read his answer solly from how his face changed. Regardless John was left with half a plate of food, a candle, and an empty seat across from him. John was not as happy now as he had been two minutes ago.

Chapter End Notes

Did you enjoy the chapter? If so tell me in the comments (if you want, don't do anything
you don't want to do' I am apologizing again for taking longer than I meant to. Chapter
three will probably take longer (I hope not though) because I am having family issues
and well I assume at least some of you know what that can be like. Anyway I will do
my best to get the next chapter too you, but life can be unpredictable.
The Needy Client

Chapter Summary

Who managed to whisk Sherlock Holmes away from his date with John Watson, and what are the two men up too leading up to the next one?

Bated by CrazySockGirl over on FFN.
Changes applied 3/30/2015

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Victoria, what the hell do you think you are doing pulling me away from a...client?” Sherlock asked his sister furiously once he got in the car, only then noting the presence of his older brother. Sherlock had hoped his sister would not use her power to this extent, though if he was being honest with himself, he shouldn’t have expected anything less.

“I was hoping, Sherlock, that you could tailor some clothes of mine before I head back to London, you’re the best dear brother.” Victoria said eyebrows raise.

“Yes, yes, Angelo told me you did, frankly I found the whole thing with the cat was a bit much, and if that was the only reason, I want to know why is he here?” Sherlock said pointing at the other man in the car, “I suppose the cat got to all of your drapes and pillows and you need your house redesigned as well?” Sherlock was thoroughly displeased to see his brother. They kept their distance the way they should, and could, and that suited them both just fine.

“Actually, that is one of the reasons he’s here.”

“One?”

“The other reason is to help interrogate you, as our dear sister put it. I personally could care less about what you do in your spare time. It is none of my business.” Mycroft looked at his sister, seemingly to try and get out of the situation.

“He’s your brother Myc, it is your job to stick your big nose where it doesn't belong. It’s my job as older sister and head of the Holmes family, when Mother and Father are out of country, to stay up to date with what you both are doing. Now Sherlock, what is it about this John Watson that has you so intrigued?” His sister asked in the nicest voice she could muster, but it was clear Sherlock had no choice but to answer. Very few could argue with Victoria Holmes without ending up in a corner licking their wounds and looking like a beaten puppy.

“If you want to know, dear sister, you will have to wait till I finish your clothes, after all you know how I need to stay focused whilst I work. Maybe you can have Mycroft start plans on your house while I do what I do best.”

They had now arrived at their destination and Sherlock set to work on his sisters clothing, prolonging the process as long as he could in order to cause his sitter tardiness if possible. He was not ready to
John Watson was a man who understood the necessity of being called to work on short notice, being a former physician, he was used to how demanding a job could be. Calls at four in the morning to help deliver a baby or do an emergency amputation, he would be silly to not understand. Despite this he was still upset at not having been able to finish his..., what was he to call that? At first he would have just called it dinner, but he felt like there was more to it than that. It felt like a date. He knew that considering his behavior in the restaurant, some people might think John was completely against the idea. But as he thought about it, and as he thought about Sherlock, John became certain the dinner was in fact a date. Then it hit John that in a fortnight he would be having another one with the same man. When he came to this realization, ten minutes from his house, he had to stop and pull over his bike. The feeling that had rushed through him threatened to make him crash his bike, but he could not wipe the smile off his face. John could not remember the last time he had felt this way for a person, or if he ever had. All he knew was that he felt this way because of Sherlock Holmes, his Tailor.

Over the two weeks leading up to their makeup brunch, Sherlock and John hardly had a thought go through their mind that did not involve the other. For the first time, John was happy he was no longer a practising physician. It was possible he would have gone off into dreamland while operating on a patient, now all he had to worry about was running into trashcans, or lamp posts.

Sherlock on the other hand, had to start writing down random sets of numbers in order to keep it all straight in his head. He found it odd that he was not upset about this. Normally, he would avoid anything that would make him less efficient at his job or force him to do it in a different way than he is used to, but John, is all the reason Sherlock could come up with for it not being a problem.

In fact, neither of the two men found any fault in not being focused on what they were doing unless it involved the one person who consumed the majority of their thoughts. The only issue they found was that they never specified whether they were to meet at 221B or Angelo’s. They both figured that it would be at 221B, but were afraid the other was thinking Angelo’s. Sherlock and John were both busy, so just dropping by was out of the question, but before John could figure out how to contact Sherlock without disturbing him, he ran into Mrs. Hudson at, Greg’s, now only Greg’s, fabric shop.

“Mrs. Hudson, Hi, I don’t know if you rember me or not I’m-”

“John. How lovely it is to see you again. Sherlock will be ever so displeased he decided to let me come here instead of himself. Oh well, how are you dear?” Mrs. Hudson replied. She was just as friendly with him now as she was when Sherlock was around.

“Yes, nice to see you too. I’ve been well, um sorry, what do you mean he will be upset? Why would he be upset?”

“Well because you’re here. He’s been muttering under his breath about you nonstop since you and he had dinner. He has also been fretting a bit about if you realized you would be meeting at his house. I was just about to go do the shopping for it after this, would you like to accompany me?”

“Um, sure Mrs. Hudson. Let me just tell Greg that I’ll meet him at the pub tonight. I’ll be right back.” John wasn’t sure what to do with this new information. Sherlock had been worrying about the same
things John had. This just made John even more nervous for what was to happen in two days.

He also had to console Greg to an extent about his wife leaving him. Greg didn’t seem all that upset really, but John knew that he must be, after all they had been together almost 15 years. After informing Greg of the change in plans, John and Mrs.Hudson went shopping.

Chapter End Notes

I know this is a short chapter in comparison to the other chapter and that sucks. I also have a WhoLock fic in the works, but that could be a bit too(sorry). Anyway, love you guys. R&R
Brunch

Chapter Summary

John and Greg talk about their life. John has Brunch with Sherlock, poor Sherlock should not play with fire.

Bated by CrazySockGirl over on FFN.
Updates applied 3/30/2015

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey Greg, sorry I’m late. I lost track of time whilst talking to Mrs. Hudson.” John said, sliding next to Greg on the bar, ordering two more pints.

“It’s fine I just got here half an hour ago. I got held up at the store. One of my frequent customers came in late for his order pickup. He was quite upset with himself for not being punctual as usual. It was a bit adorable really.” Greg started to have a small smile spread across his face remembering his favorite customer.

“Adorable? I thought I was here to console you after a divorce, not talk about the man you fancy?” John nudged Greg causing Greg to start blushing.

“Yeah, well he’s the reason why the divorce happened. Amber got a bit jealous of the my client and one thing led to another and that led to a fight. We decided a divorce was the best way to handle the situation. Frankly I am a bit pleased with the new arrangement. So is Amber, she is already engaged. turns out she had been seeing someone else and this just gave her an out.”

“Wow, you really are handling this well.”

“Enough about me, how do you know Mrs. Hudson?”

“Oh, well I know her because of the man she works for, Sherlock Holmes. He is the one who is tailoring my clothes, to better ride the bike you modified for me.”

“There is something else to it, you have a blush coming across your face.”

“Yeah, Ok, there is something else. We went on a date about a fortnight ago, but it got cut shot when a client of his had an emergency. We are having a brunch in two days to make up for it. I went with Mrs. Hudson, his land- his housekeeper, to shop for said brunch.”

“Good on you mate! I hope it works out for you. I thought you seemed happier, if a bit distracted earlier.”

“Yeah, speaking of things working out I hope you and this customer of yours works out.”

“I think it will. He is definitely interested. He under orders and over orders just to come into the shop.
I don’t think he expects me to know what he is doing, but that is just part of the game.” Greg and John continued to talk, leaving conversation of their love lives to the back burner, choosing instead to talk about sports and how business was going in general.

Sherlock and John finished brunch and John was preparing his leave when Sherlock stopped him.

“Why don’t you stay for a bit longer, I enjoy your company so it would be of no burden.” Sherlock said with an almost shy demeanor that was quickly suppressed behind the facade of a good host.

“I enjoy your company too Sherlock, and if it is truly of no hedurence than I would love to stay and continue enjoying the company you provide.” John was happy to oblige Sherlock, he did truly find him fascinating although he didn’t know why.

“Great! Any questions just ask. Also note that there is nowhere in this house you are not allowed, now I do have some work to do, but it is nothing I have to give full attention too. I have done it so many times I can do it in my sleep.” With that Sherlock got up from his chair and into a spare room off of the hallway. “You can follow me John there is enough room in here and there is a spare chair.” Sherlock called from down the hall. John followed and sat in the chair near where Sherlock sat working. They sat in a comfortable silence the only thing disrupting it being the sound of the rocking chair John sat in and the sewing machine Sherlock was using. Neither of them were aware how long they sat in that silence, but eventually John spoke up scared that such a peaceful atmosphere would lull him closer to sleep then it already had.

“So what made you become a Tailor, I know you have been sewing since you were young, but who taught you? Why a Tailor?” They had exhausted all polite and normal talk during brunch and now John really wanted to get to know this man better.

“Nothing really made me, but I did find that I enjoyed it and I learned most of what I know from my father and sister.” From the way that he said sister John knew to refrain from mentioning her at this time. Clearly the two were not on friendly terms.

“Your father must be some seamstress if you are half as good as he is!” A faint blush tinted Sherlocks cheeks, but his eyes flashed with something far from innocent.

“Yes my father is amazing, sadly I did not pick up on my mothers most fascinating trait.” The look in his eyes had dissipated and had been replaced with something similar to longing.

“What trait is that?”

“Being able to read people.” Sherlock has a whimsical sound to his voice when he stated thus. The wonderment of doing something like that shone in his eyes.

“I don’t think I understand what you mean by, read people.”

“What I mean is the ability to look at a person and know their life story. To obzerve the populus and know what makes them tick. How to be able to help or hinder them in the best way. Can you imagine how many more people I could possibly help if I had that ability. I would be able to leave this town and go to London or to other parts of Europe and find the most interesting cases for my Tailoring.” As Sherlock progressed in his small speech his excitement grew and so did Johns. As he watched this man speak about something he longed for and loved, he could only imagine how wonderful it would be to be in this mans presences all the time.

“That sounds amazing!”
“It is a skill that gets handed down from father to son, originally it was mother to daughter, but when one of my ancestors only had boys the tradition changed, and then changed again to have the father or mother teach all of their children how to sew in order to have the skill that is needed for every person as much as the need to know how to cook.”

John’s response was cut off by his growling stomach. John hadn’t realized how long he and Sherlock had been talking and how late it had gotten. He was also glad to have the conversation cut off, their conversation kept circling to possibly dangerous territory.

“John, is there something that you have neglected to say during your ramblings?” Sherlock said with a teasing smirk.

“Ah, well it seems I have grown hungry during the time that we have talked and I have rambled.” John had not been completely oblivious to the growing hunger in his stomach he just decided not to take to much notice of something less interesting than the man in front of him.

“Well like I said, cooking is also a skill that is passed on to every Holmes child. Mrs. Hudson servers magnificent food, but I do prefer to make my own meals more often than not. If you'd like I can cook a meal or we can go find some place to eat, dinner is fast approaching and I have no other plans for the night.” There seemed to be something else Sherlock was saying with his offer, but John ether didn’t understand what was being said, or didn’t want to understand.

“Another homemade meal sounds lovely, as long as it is still of no inconvenience.”

“No, inconvenience at all. I will make an appetizer and then start on the entrare in order for you no to get too hungry.” John blushed a bit getting a bit embarrassed at how much his stomach continued to growl in such persistence.

“Sherlock are you alright in there? I am not one to usually question the cook, but I smell something burning and there seems to be a lot of smoke.” 221 B had it’s kitchen in more of a closed off fashion. There was a door between it and the living room where Sherlock and John had eaten. John had found the library and amused himself by reading the medical books that resided on it’s shelf when he smelled the burning food. As he headed back towards the kitchen he noticed the smoke. The closer he got the harder it was to breath and he was beginning to start coughing.

“Sherlock please will you answer me?” John went to open the door when he had to pull back his hand mere centimeters before he grabbed the doorknob, he could feel the heat emanating from it. This confirmed that there was something wrong. He might have been a Doctor before, but he knew how to handle a situation with a kitchen fire, his mother died in one when he was five and he made sure that he knew how to apply his medical training to this situation.

He alerted Mrs.Hudson of what was going on and she phoned the firefighters and John went back up the stairs. When John got back up the stairs outside of the kitchen door and once again tried calling out Sherlock's name with the same result as before. John began kicking down the door one foot planted the other hitting right next to the door handle. After three well placed kicks, the door flew open and John spun behind the wall as to not get as much of the heat directly to his face. John entered the room to find Sherlock lying in a heap on the floor. John could not identify in that moment what started the fire, his first priority being to get Sherlock out and to a safe place. John lifted Sherlock with his good arm and then got him on his back wrapping Sherlock’s arms around his neck.

John made his way down the stairs much faster than he thought he would, but was glad that he did,
because when he reached the bottom of the stairs outside there was an explosion that caused all of the windows to burst outwards their shards of glass showering the sidewalk and pavement with its deadly rain.

The firemen arrived shortly after putting out the fire. John never got a chance to try and save Sherlock himself because the ambulance arrived and swept Sherlock and John away. When they got to the Hospital they directed John to the waiting room whilst they continued working on Sherlock.

It was two hours later, and Greg being phoned to watch over Mrs. Hudson that, John was aloud to go back and see Sherlock. On the way over to Sherlock’s room, the doctor told him that if not for him, Sherlock’s heart would have stopped. As it was, it was still a close call and Sherlock only had minor burns on his hands and was resting, but John had been approved by one of the other family members as someone who was allowed to visit him.

When John entered the room it was to find another man and a woman already sitting by his bedside.

“John Watson, how lovely to finally meet you, though I did hope it would be under better circumstances.” The woman said, rising from her position on the foot of the bed.

“Yes, sorry who are you?” John was glad to see Sherlock breathing in a regular pace and his monitors behaving appropriately, but was not comfortable being around these people he didn’t know, but clearly knew Sherlock. He felt he was intruding on something.

“I’m Sherlock’s sister Victoria, that,” pointing to the man sitting in the chair next to Sherlock’s head near the IV, “Is Sherlock’s brother Mycroft. Mummy and father would be here but they are still out of country. I thought you would like to see Sherlock today instead of tomorrow like they had predicted he would wake up. I already have it arranged for you to stay here with him so you do not get anny and you will be informed if anything happens if for any reason you are not here.”

“Thank you, but I don’t understand why you would automatically assume to do such things. I’m just...I’m just his client.” John didn’t know why he was having so much trouble with this situation, or why saying he was just a client caused him to stutter.

“Just his client. I wasn’t aware that my brother went on dates with his clients let alone cook dinner for them. No, Doctor Watson, you are more than just a client. How you and he with to define it is up to you, but let me warn you if you break his heart, there isn’t a place you can hide that I won’t find you and break yours.” With that Victoria left the room, chin up and with a purpose.

“I do apologize for my sister's antics, she takes her position as temporary head of house very seriously. It works well in her main line of work, but when it comes to family matters she can be a bit...stifling.” Mycroft had a small smirk playing on his lips while talking about his sister. There was only one chair which Mycroft occupied, so when he gestured to sit down John could only take the place Sherlock’s sister formerly sat. “My sister also has a taste for the dramatics, which doesn’t help matters. You will find Sherlock has a taste for it as well, but in a different form.

I don’t think I am supposed to tell you this, but I feel you need to know in order to keep a better eye on my brother. Victoria works for the British Government. Very high up in the British Government. She is currently working on a case that has to do with a very dangerous man who is targeting her specifically. The only way to get to my sister is through family, thus this maniac is targeting us. The reason our parents are out of country is to keep them safe. Sherlock and I would be out of country as well if not for certain reasons keeping us here.” Mycroft gave John a pointed look. “I do not wish to deter you from my brother, but I believe you need to know what you are getting yourself into. It is likely you will be targeted as well now that it is known you and he care for each other.” John was about to contradict when a hand gesture stopped him. “Do not bother trying to say otherwise, you
seem to care for him and I know he cares for you. You risked your life going back up there to get him out of that fire. If the fire started the way my sister believes it was started, you are now on the list of pressure points. You will be protected even if you decide to stop seeing my brother, but I advise against it. Now I must leave you. You need time to process what I have just said and I have an engagement that was postponed until further notice. I shall see you tomorrow Doctor Watson.” With that he left. John was not able to correct him that he was no longer a Doctor. John slumped down in the chair Mycroft formerly occupied. He had just been given a large amount of information and went through a big ordeal. All thoughts of eating had fled and all his body was willing to do was sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Love you guys! RR and leave a kudos!
“John.” The sound of his name being called made John stir from a sleep he hadn’t been aware of.

“John, wake up.” He was being shaken awake in such a gentle way that if he had not already been mostly awake he would have been lulled back to sleep.

“I’m up, I’m up.” It wasn’t until after he stretched and had whipped the sleep out of his eyes that he remembered where he was. “Sherlock!” he hugged the tailor so hard that it caused him to start coughing from lack of oxygen. John lets go looking a bit sheepish as he sat back down.

“Good morning, John.”

“Good morning. How are you feeling?”

“A bit sore. Do you know what happened? I remember starting to cook and then waking up to find you asleep with your head by my hip.” John blushed a bit, but Sherlock had such a kind smile on his face that just help easezz John’s mind.

“All I know is that I was in the library and I was headed back to the kitchen to see how the food was coming as well as to see if I could help. I also learned a thing or two about cooking.” John had a teasing smile on his face causing Sherlock to have a serene one cross his. “Then I smelled something burning. I eventually realized you were in a room that was on fire and I did my best to handle the situation. Ensuring that you made it out alive.”

“Thank you.”

“Your welcome,” they fell into a silence that was not quite as comfortable as the one they had shared the day prior. There was a tenseness that wasn’t there before. A feeling rang between them that words had been shared, but unspoken and spoke ones had left things unshared. When it seemed that the words that needed to be said would be, they were interrupted.

“Little brother, you’ve finally woken up!” Victoria's entrance startled not only John, but Sherlock as well. “


“Still on a date I believe.”

“Humph. I’d much rather deal with him than you.”

“Sherlock, is that any way to talk to your big sister?” Victoria was feigning having her feelings hurt
in such a sarcastic way that it was surprising that she wasn’t simply oozing essence of sarcasm.

“Is there a specific reason you are here or are you here to threaten John again?”

“You mean I can’t come to check on my little brother, who was rescued by his boyfriend from a burning building?” Sherlock gave John a sideways glance before responding to his sister, he was a bit surprised John had not told him that when he said he handled the situation he meant it literally.

“No.”

“You’re right I’m not. I used up all of my sentiment for the year last night. I came dear brother of mine to see if there was anything you remember before passing out if that is indeed what happened.”

“Of course I only passed out from smoke inhalation. There is no way it could have been anything else.”

Victoria sighed, “Sherlock, there are time, like now, were I don’t understand how we are related. Then I remember father and how irrational he is and how much you and Myc are like him. It would make my job much easier if you and he were more like mum and I.” Sherlock had started to lose his will to fight his sister once she brought up the subject of their mother. John was this and was not able to hold back the anger that started to boil in his blood seeing Sherlock like that.

“Wait one blood second. Sherlock is not irrational and he does have the ability his mother has. It just happens that he uses it differently. There is no need to treat him like a dog you dislike and would rather feed to a pack of wolves. He is one the brightest men I know, and if you can’t see that you need to leave.” Victoria stormed off, but not before giving a look at to her brother while John looked away from her and the she left.

Sherlock had so many feelings and responses to what had just happened that his heart monitor had started to beep. When John noticed this and noted that Sherlock was not in danger, he hit the temporary mute button. When he looked back at Sherlock it was only to have his vision and all other senses be immersed in Sherlock. When the kiss ended it was done to a lack of oxygen of both participating parties. John, even though he managed to get past his initial shock, was in a different kind of shock that had him sitting on Sherlock’s bed again. When John was finally able to speak again it was to ask one question,

“Do you always get this close to your clients?”

“Only the truly fascinating ones.”

“Oh Sherlock, it is so nice having you back in the house, it go far too quiet without you.” Mrs.Hudson hugged Sherlock and then grabbed his things to go put them away. “Don’t forget dear you are not to work on any of the clothes for your clients, we can’t have you pushing yourself too far.” With that warning she left.
“Sherlock, let me show you to your new room. Now I know it’s not 221B, but you will be back there as soon as my men have combed it for evidence and rebuilt it. I have made sure there are things here so that if John stays he will be fully accommodated.” Sherlock gave his sister a look of contemptment.

“I assure you that John would be fully accommodated with or without you help.”

“Regardless,” she responded, not missing a beat.” Your new room is to your right, sewing room down and to the left, not that you should have to use it, bathroom is across the hall and guest bedroom is right next door to yours. You already saw the kitchen back to your left as well as the dining and living spaces of the main entrance. If my calculations are right, and they always are, John will be here in no more than five minutes. Best get ready, ta ta!” The click of her heels faded back down to the entrance hall and out the door.

Sherlock went into the bathroom to inspect it and himself. He would not admit it, but his heart skipped a beat at the knowledge that John would arrive soon.

Before he had a chance to double check the bounce of his curls the doorbell rang, followed by the sound of Mr. Hudson answering the door and John being let in. “Right through there, dear.” Could be heard as Sherlock just managed to position himself in the sitting room, looking as if he was busy reading when John walked into the doorway.

“Are you aware you are reading that upside down?”

“I heard somewhere that you can learn different things by reading a book upside down.”

“Is that so?”

“No. Not really. I’m not even sure what this is. The dictionary.”

“Interesting read that.” They both laughed nervously as John sat down across from Sherlock.

“Nice house, temporary or-?”

“Temporary, my sister says that 221B will be rebuilt and I will move back in. Till then, here is where I shall reside.”

“Snice. Wonder who decorated it?” It wasn’t a real question, but of course it was to be answered.

“Mycroft. This is the house he decorates and redecorates to keep up with new trends. It is not normally lived in, but he offered this place as opposed to putting me in an Inn.”

“I see four doors, which is the bathroom and, uh, which is yours?”

“I can give you a tour, if you like?” Sherlock stood up, John following right behind.

“So what did you think of my little present? I do hope read the part in there about supervision
otherwise there can be nasty consequences."

"What do you want?"

"I'm bored. Everything is boring, you interest me or rather your reactions interest me. You always do the silliest things when rattled; like thinking you can hide mummy and daddy from me or even better trying to hide baby brother and his itty bitty little postman." With that the phone call ended leaving a dial tone ringing in Victoria's ear. Moriarty had struck and was poised to do it again.
“That’s the tour. Simple and to the point of what is needed for me to work and recover.” Sherlock and John had reconvened to the living room sitting closer than was usually considered to be normal for friends.

"What are you going to do about all of the clothes that you had been in the middle of making?"

"Right now I have been advised not to work on any of the clothes for the first three weeks of recovery. They want my lungs irritated as little as possible." There was a tone of annoyance in Sherlock's voice.

"I know it will be hard and maybe bad for business, but look at the bright side; you can start getting rid of your smoking habit."

"When put like that it's a good, but thing I can't create without my nicotine. The lack of nicotine causes a lapse in my creative process."

"Sherlock, you need to think about stopping altogether. After what happened your lungs aren't going to be able to handle the same abuse as before."

"You seem to care about this a lot, why?"

"What do you mean why? I want to keep you around Sherlock. I can't do that if you’re dead because you would rather smoke and cause your lungs to stop functioning than stay here with- with me."

"Oh. I...I hadn't thought about it like that. I'm not used to- there has only ever been one other person who was fascinating to me and, well, they left a long time ago. It's been awhile, and even they didn't care as much as you do."

"I'm sorry to hear that Sherlock, I am. I want you to know I will always be there for you; no matter what happens." John cupped Sherlock's face. The two locked eyes before Sherlock pulled away a second later. It was made clear to John that whatever happened with the last person Sherlock found fascinating did not end well. There was pain and fear in Sherlock's eyes that told John that whatever he did he needed to take things slowly. “I should go. I’m glad you are doing better and safe here, but I think it would be better if I left. I’ll come see you tomorrow after my shift.” Sherlock looked about to protest, but John cut him off before he could. “Don’t argue with me about it, please. It is best for both of us. I’ll see you tomorrow.” John leaned in and kissed Sherlock’s left temple and let himself out.

All Sherlock could think was how caring John was, how stupid he was and how stupid he himself was. Sherlock felt it was clear how John cared too much for him and that John wouldn't know how
to read a person's body language even if that person was sitting on top of him naked with the words 'Have sex with me' were written across their face. Then again as Sherlock reflected on what he was feeling when John said he wasn't going anywhere did scare him just a tiny bit. He just wasn't used to that much straightforward dedication from a person that wasn't family. Even then with family it was an obligation to be there for your other family members.

Before Sherlock went to bed, he told Mrs. Hudson he didn’t want to eat, and she could tell that no matter how much she pestered him he would not eat tonight. She sent him off to bed with a small plate of biscuits instead. As Sherlock approached his bed, he slowly became more zombie-like in his walking as he began to be drawn deeper and deeper into his thoughts. Thoughts that he steered away from most days in order to keep his sanity, but for John’s sake he knew he needed to face them if he was ever going to be fully present with him.

“Last delivery of the day,” John said to himself. This last delivery was not on his usual route, but the person who normally took packages to this recipient was away on holiday, so everyone was pitching in to cover for the round.

There were specific instructions to deliver this package directly to the person receiving it. John walked up to the door of the address Twenty-two Northumberland Street. He knocked on the door and within seconds the door opened. “Sorry saw you coming.”

“Richard Brook?” John asked reaching for the clipboard in his mailbag for the man to sign.

“Yep, that’s me, Doctor Watson.” John froze, he knew that there was no way for this man to know that he was formerly a doctor, and his last name was Watson. “I’d tell you not to be afraid, or to tell Sherlock ‘Hi’ for me when you see him, but I would be lying and being malicious. The only way you will be able to tell Sherlock hello or goodbye will be in your own blood, now do come in before Sebastian makes you. I would hate for things to get out of hand.

Sherlock was in a tizzy; it was three hours after the end of John’s shift. John had promised he would come and see Sherlock. Mrs. Hudson had reassured Sherlock many times that she had seen John during the day doing his run and that he seemed just fine. Sherlock was so worried he was on the verge of calling his sister scared that possibly the same freak thing that happened to himself had happened to John, but he didn’t want to cave so easily if it wasn’t and John was just bowing out gracefully from their budding relationship. So instead Sherlock called his brother to no avail. For a man who was always by a phone and telling Sherlock to call him a bit more often, he never seemed to be near a phone when Sherlock needed him most. He thought about calling John and his brothers mutual friend Jeff over at the fabric store, but that seemed a bit excessive. Just when he was about to cave, he heard a knock on the door. In his frantic state, he ran to it running past Mrs. Hudson and threw open the door, only to see his brother and sister with grim faces. Sherlock backed away slowly shaking his head he refused to believe what they were silently conveying. Mrs. Hudson came up behind him wondering what was wrong. All she had to do was take one look at the siblings in the door, and she ran out of the room in tears. Sherlock, on the other hand, had collapsed to the ground in the fetal position his eyes wide and unblinking; Sherlock wasn’t rocking back and forth, he was
just sitting there on the ground curled into a little ball. Trying to keep at bay the thoughts he thought he had defeated that now had more fuel on their fire than ever before. There were only two things that were going through Sherlock’s head; 1. Not John and 2. This is worse than what Richard did to me.
“Why didn’t you contact me sooner Sherlock?” Victoria asked her brother a few hours after she arrived at Sherlock’s home, and Sherlock had finally gotten out of the ball he had put himself. “You know you are being targeted and that John could also be in danger. As soon as you thought something was amiss you should have alerted me.” Victoria was angry, but if Sherlock was in a better state of mind, he would have realized that it was just a front for how worried she was. Victoria was fully aware of the feelings her brother had for John Watson.

“I thought he...” Sherlock mumbled.

“What?”

“I thought he...” Sherlock mumbled again to his sister's annoyance.

“Sherlock you have to speak up. You know I could never understand you when you mumbled, I’m not a mind reader.”

“I thought he left me and didn’t want to even tell me. That's what Richard did, and that’s what Redbeard did, so why should I expect to be treated any better by John because he saved my life? I have no reason to think he might want to stay around. If there is one thing I have learned from you and mummy, it’s that bonds can form quickly under certain situations, but can diminish just as easily. He saved my life I made him clothes, there is no reason for me to expect him to stay. I am not a reason to stay.”

“Oh, Sherlock. Not everyone who says that they care about you is lying. You should know better than that. People show how they care differently. Something I can tell you for sure about, John Watson, is that he cares for you, and this is not his M.O. for what he does for someone he cares about. I will find him, Sherlock, I promise you that, but you have to do something for me and him before I do.” Victoria was intense, clearly trying to get through to her littlest brother. “You have to find yourself, too. Use the techniques mum and I taught you. Get rid of these notions that you have in your head, the idea that you don’t mean anything to anyone. I have to go now. Mycroft will be over soon. I have calls to make and people to question. John Watson is my top priority.” As she walked out she was already making calls and giving orders.

Sherlock, on the other hand, only managed to hear some of what his sister had told him. Once he told her what his thoughts were, it was like ripping open a stitched up wound. Sherlock felt every single thread pull and break and rip at his metaphorical skin. The pain was so great that he was completely numb. Sherlock just stayed seated in the living room of his temporary quarters staring at the coffee table in front of him. Sherlock never noticed Mrs. Hudson bustling in and out of the room with tea and biscuits and with different types of meals. Sherlock never noticed his brother enter the room or when he left many hours later. It wasn’t until someone knocked in a very distinctive pattern on his door that he was jolted out of his thoughts.
John stirred groggily from where he was standing, a headache forming from the back of his head. The last thing he remembered was walking into the house of the man who was not normally on his route. The resident of the house closed the door and then... nothing. No, not nothing, pain. He was hit in the back of the head. John tried to move but realised he couldn’t. His hands were tied above his head. There was a bag over his head, and was why he couldn’t see anything even when he opened his eyes. His mouth hurt due to the gag that was in it. John Watson had been kidnapped and strung from the ceiling very much like a person that was about to be in a lot of pain.

“Oh good, you’re finally awake. ‘Was wondering if I hit you a bit too hard. The boss wouldn’t have liked that.” John heard what he thought was the scraping of a chair on the floor, along with heavy footsteps that seemed to be getting closer. “Oh, don’t try to act like you are all calm and collected. I’ve been in here the whole time. It sure did take you a while to realize your situation. Sorry to say, but it’s going to get worse.” The man seemed to stop fairly close to him sitting in the chair; John figured, he dragged with him. “When the boss gets a new toy, he doesn't play nicely with it. You’ve seen kids who, stomp and break their toys into little pieces; the boss can be worse than that. He does it slower and with more malice. The boss could be loving, or he could be cruel, with you, who knows. Look forward to seeing how long you last.” There was cruel amusement in the man's voice as he informed John of his fate. A fate he wished he did not have.

“Hey Sherl, how’ve you been, did you miss me? I hope you haven't been too down in the dumps while I’ve been away?” Richard Brook entered the room, pushing the coffee table aside and squatting down to be at Sherlock’s eye level. “Are you stunned silent and unmoving due to yours truly or is it because dear Doctor Watson is missing. Yes, I know about dear old Watson. I thought you told me you would never move on; you said you would wait for me to come back. Now here I come from my far away travels to someone sneaking into my bed and lying next to my Sherl. You know I don’t like to share Sherlock. I get very protective of my property.” Richard stood up and started walking back out the door not bothering to put the coffee table back where he found it. “I better be off. I’ll be back Sherlock, I always am, I do hope you remember that this time. You might want to find out who your new mail carrier is though, I think your last one quit.” The only sounds were the closing of the door and Sherlock’s erratic breathing.
Sherlock awoke in the hospital once more. He couldn't remember why he was there. When he opened his eyes and took in his surrounding seeing his siblings, he closed them once again, wanting the release of sleep or morphine, he didn't care which.

"Sherlock, I know you probably don't want to talk right now, but you need to tell us what happened. Mrs. Hudson found you passed out on the floor; the coffee table was pushed out of the way. The paramedics were worried about your lungs so soon after your previous release on top of the accident." Victoria looked less put together than she usually was. Her hair, normally had not one strand out of place, was now in a messy un-stylized bun. She had dark circles under her eyes. Her clothing was rumpled rather than its standard recently pressed look. She even had a coffee stain near the collar.

Sherlock's voice was strained and gruff in his response. There were grief and fear laced in his words. "Richard Brook is back, and he is not pleased that I have tried to move on from him." He did not speak loudly, but as soon as the name Richard Brook left his lips the room went silent. Both siblings had their breaths held. They remembered the last time Sherlock got tangled with Richard Brook, and they were never hoping to see a repeat performance.

It was Mycroft's turn to interrogate his brother for answers. He remembered all the hospital visits and late nights keeping his brother from the edge, and his brother receding within himself. Only with prodding continuing to do the work that he enjoyed doing. Mycroft Holmes might be an interior designer, but goddammit he was going to kill Richard Brook this time. His brother was meant for more than this abuse.

"Sherlock, did he say anything that might give you an idea of where he is, where he was going?" Sherlock shook his head with a guilt-filled frown.

"That's okay, Sherlock," Victoria said, cutting off any other questions her brother had.

"Why don't you get some more rest. I can have the doctor give you more morphine if you'd like." Sherlock shook his head with a guilt-filled frown.

"That's okay, Sherlock," Victoria said, cutting off any other questions her brother had.

"Why don't you get some more rest. I can have the doctor give you more morphine if you'd like." Sherlock gave no acknowledgment of what she said other than to roll his head away from his siblings and shut his eyes tight. Mycroft looked furious at such a suggestion and about ready to burst out in anger. Victoria quickly dragged her brother out of Sherlock's room, closing the door behind them.

"What is your problem Mycroft? I'm trying to help."

"No, Victoria you're not. You weren't here the last time. You didn't see him so numb that the undead would have had a better chance of passing as one of the living. He was close to death and wanted it. He never ate unless I force fed him. I had certain people around town keeping an eye on him. Because of that, I was able to pay off certain unsavory creatures from doing business with Sherlock. He was desperate for an escape, Victoria." The anger was slowly receding from Mycroft's face and turning into one filled with fear, his voice got quieter "I was almost too late once. He had tried to drown himself. There is a reason his doctors are so worried about his lungs other than the recent smoke inhalation. They were already damaged from his almost drowning. On top of that his smoking habit that came about a few months later." Mycroft was looking at some point in the distance, reliving the past only to break from his trance to look right in his sister's eyes. "When it comes to Richard Brook, Sherlock does not make the best decisions, Victoria, and Richard knows it."

"Why did you never tell me any of this before? Do mummy and daddy know?"
"To an extent. I never went into detail, but keeping hospital visits from them was not easy at the time, so they know about Sherlock's near drowning, but they don't know exactly how it happened. They think Sherlock fell into a lake and was saved by a nearby fisherman. It is partly true, there was a lake and a fisherman, but I was paying him to look after Sherlock."

"You still haven't told me why you never said anything."

"You needed to focus on the twists and turns of the government. It was your dream, and I did not want you resenting Sherlock or me because we pulled you away from your dream. You already had so many other things standing in your path; you didn't need another one. Then when you finally made it through all the hoops they threw at you, the crisis was over, and I thought it would never be an issue again."

"Oh Mycroft, you are my brothers. A crisis at home trumps any crisis that happens in government. Come on, we have some research and planning to do. We need to figure out where Richard Brook has been all these years, and why he is back now. I have a feeling it's nothing good."

"Moran, I'm back. How's Doctor Watson? Having fun, I hope; only the best for Sherl's new plaything," Richard said removing the sack over John's head. "Yes, dazzling lights. Get adjusted to them; I'll wait. I have all the time in the world, unlike you. You see, I don't take well to people invading my territory or messing with my property. I like my possessions only to be handled by me. When someone else comes in and smudges the clean finish on my porcelain, I get...edgy. I put a lot of effort into my… investments, Doctor Watson. I am going to make you take full responsibility for your actions against my belongings; however I see fit.". Richard was directly in John's face, and if it had been anyone else, namely Sherlock, John would have kissed them.

After a short staring contest where Richard was able to see every bit of fear that John Watson tried to hide, he shouted into his face, "Moran." With a quick grin before he turned to the man, he called for, "Get my tools would you, please. I am ready to have some fun with Doctor Watson. I think I might relieve him of his useless appendage." Only then did John's attempts at escape begin in earnest. If there was one thing he had learned from some former friends of his, it was how sadistic certain people could be, and John Watson just realized he was in the hands of one such person.

"What do you want?"

"Why so short with me, Vicky?"

"My name is Victoria. No one calls me that, Moriarty. You certainly cannot."

"Don't be like that Vicky, I just wanted to call and see how John Watson is doing, because from what I heard… he might not last for too much longer. Blood loss is a difficult thing to come back from. Richard isn't doing much better, do pass that message on to Sherlock, would you. I will save one them, I have the resources. He tells me who to save, and I'll do it, but only one. He has two days to choose, and then they all die." Then he hung up. Victoria didn't know what to do. Her youngest brother was under constant watch in the hospital, and her other brother and his boyfriend had been sent into hiding. Her parents were under a witness-protection-type program. The other heads of the government were questioning her motives and use of resources. She hadn't had a decent night's sleep in days or more than the bare minimum for hygiene. Her family's lives were at stake, and she had no
idea what to do to fix anything. Her life was falling apart, and Moriarty was winning.
“Richard Brook is missing.” Victoria was back at the hospital, informing her brother of what was now going on. There was an ultimatum that Sherlock had to decide.

“Against my better judgment, I must inform you of what Moriarty is doing. It seems he has kidnapped not only John Watson but Richard Brook as well. This makes sense when you add in what he told me last night. It seems you have a choice, Sherlock. He has already maimed them in such a way that unless you pick one for him to save, he will kill both or rather, I guess, let them die from their wounds. This is a horrible situation to put you in, and I wish there were another way. Oh, Sherlock, I’m so sorry.” Victoria, for what she was worth, tried to keep from breaking under the pressure she was in, but could no longer hold up.

Her brother was lying in a hospital bed with an impossible choice in front of him. Her other brother could now only be reached by phone, and she had lost the location of her parents. On top of all of that, Victoria had already been told that unless she finished this fiasco by the end of the week, not only would the resources she was using be redacted, but she would lose her job and any benefits she would have typically had. The one thing Victoria could not figure out was, why. Why focus on her and her family? Before she could figure it out, she was interrupted by the dumb-founding statement of her little brother.

“I won’t choose, I can’t. Either they both die, or it’s a trick or something, but I can’t make a choice like that. I gave everything to Richard, and he threw it in my face, but that doesn’t mean I don’t still care. And John. I want to give him everything, but it's hard after what happened with Richard, and I haven’t known him for as long. I refuse to choose between the man I once loved and the one I am growing too. It is impossible, and if John Watson is as strong as I think he is, he will make sure that I don’t have to choose.” Sherlock’s voice was quiet but firm and sure in his decision.

“Alright, I’ll..I’ll tell Moriarty if you are sure.” Sherlock’s only response was a glare until she left the room.

“Neither! Your fool of a brother is prepared to let them both die, and make sure that no one other than his family, if that, will ever love him. I thought you Holmes’s were smarter than that. Fine then, I choose.”

“That was not part of the deal!”

“I’m so changeable, my dear, it seems it is the wrong day to die for one of the two men I have in my captivity. Lucky for you, for them both to live, I have another proposition; but you, dear Vicky, must make the choice. To have both men live, Sherlock must marry Richard Brook, or else John Watson dies, and I just see what happens to Richard.” What was she supposed to do? How could Victoria choose something like this for her brother, especially after finding out what happened between Richard and Sherlock? She knew that John had to live for Sherlock to keep his sanity.

“Tick, tock, Vicky, the time to choose is running out...” Moriarty sang in a sing-song voice.

“The marriage. I choose the marriage” Victoria said quickly to stop the insufferable clicking sound Moriarty was making over the phone.
“Excellent choice, Vicky. Pleasure doing business with you. Richard will be delivered to you shortly, and John Watson in his coffin a day later.”

“But you said—”
“I did say how changeable I was, my dear.” With those final words, Moriarty hung up the phone, leaving Victoria to stare at the glass of whiskey in front of her. She had been sober for five years, but since the business with Moriarty, she had slipped up. Life was so stress-filled now; her parents were still nowhere to be found, Mycroft and Greg were in hiding, and now what she was about to put her brother through hell. Victoria turned away from the glass in front of her and grabbed the bottle instead.

“I did say how changeable I was, my dear.” Moriarty hung up the phone and turned back to John Watson, whom he had left on an operating table. “I do hope you have realized now that you are the only one here. There is no Richard Brook, or rather, I am Richard Brook, and there is no Moriarty. However, you want to look at it. We are one and the same, and we will be in full control of our property once more, able to cleanse it of all the impurities you have put upon it.” With each breath, Moriarty/Richard drove a lit cigarette into John Watson's body. John would have passed out long ago from pain if not for the different drugs Moriarty was pumping him with to keep him awake and able to feel every single thing.

The only thing keeping John from crying out was because his voice was already gone from the all crying out he did earlier. In retrospect, what Moriarty was doing then was nothing in comparison to what was happening now. There were many new scars on John Watson's body now. The one injury that would stand out the most would be the one where his left arm used to be -- where it was now a stump at the shoulder.

John had no thoughts of being able to leave; thoughts all left him shortly after the torture had begun, but upon hearing that Sherlock would be marrying the man who had been torturing him, new light sparked into John’s being. He was determined now to last long enough to prevent Sherlock from being locked into such a horrible marriage that would most certainly lead to his death. A new resolve came through John’s body, and after spending so much time with it, Moriarty knew instantly, and his malicious grin was wiped from his face.

“Do you think you can get out of this Doctor Watson? Do you think you can save Sherl from his fate? That’s quite stupid of you. Moran will make sure you can’t leave. You are to die here and be sent in a coffin tomorrow, to arrive on Sherl’s front step for him to mourn over. Once he does, he will close up completely, and I will be free to do with him what I please. I do thank you for all of your help, John, never could have done it without you.” Moriarty feigned looking at a watch, “I better be off. I have to get ready for my wedding!” And he strutted out of the room, removing the blood-soaked clothing as he went.
A Marvelous Marriage

Chapter Notes

The final chapter, I know it has taken forever for these last few chapters to come out. To be honest I had them written, but had no one to read over them before I posted. Finally found a friend to do it, Nimagine, they are amazing and helped in the creation of the ending of this chapter. I hope you enjoy this final chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Today’s the day. Sherlock.” Victoria said entering her brother's bedroom hesitantly. She was unsure what she would find when she entered her brother's room. Lucky for her, Sherlock continued to keep the same routine as the past couple of days since Richard had arrived and -- John in his coffin.

“I would rather you left, sister dear. Go attend to other matters.”

“No, Victoria. I. Don’t have to do. Anything. You. Need to leave. Now!”

“Alright then. I’ll just leave your suit here then. I’m sorry, Sherlock. I know that doesn't mean anything, but I am. I wish everything had ended...differently.” Victoria was met with a frigid silence.

With one last sparing glance at her brother, she left him to his own devices.

Since he woke up that morning, all Sherlock could think was, Today's the day, the day for battle. Only twice in his life did Sherlock ever think of marriage and himself in the same instance. Once when he was first in a relationship with Richard Brook, and the second time when he went on his first date with John Watson. When it came to Richard Brook, he only thought of how this was not a man who one gets married to. With John, it took all of Sherlock's will not to cry at the thought.

John Watson was the man Sherlock loved, and he was dead. Buried six feet under in the local cemetery -- in the plot reserved for Sherlock himself. A place Sherlock would not be allowed to follow him to if his family had their way. Soon his family would include Richard Brook.

Sherlock jumped at the knock on his door.

“Victoria, I told you to-” Sherlock was cut off by Mrs. Hudson entering his room. “Oh.”

“Hello, dear. I just wanted to know if you needed anything, any help.

“If only you could help, Mrs.Hudson. If only you could...” Sherlock whispered to himself into the mirror in front of him.

“What was that dear?
“Nothing. Don’t worry about it. I need to change and head over to the church.”

“Alright, dear. But if you do need anything, just let me know.” Mrs. Hudson left, leaving behind even more sadness than before she came. Sherlock collapsed to the ground once he no longer heard her receding footsteps. Sherlock thought he had gotten all of his tears out, but more came. Every time he thought of John, he cried. His John, gone.

Sherlock stayed in that position until he heard the church bell chime three. He did not have long to finish dressing.

“Battle stations...”

Sherlock could not believe what was happening. He was at the altar, standing in front of a priest, being married to Richard Brook. Sherlock was sure that before it got to this point, John would have stopped the wedding. Then he remembered. His John was dead. John Watson, who had sparked light back into his bleak and lonely life, was killed. Sherlock would have begun to tear up if his body had had any more tears to shed. Sherlock had not eaten or drunk anything in the past three days. In any other situation, this would be just fine with him, but he knew what was to come after the wedding was over. He knew he would not have the strength to endure what Richard Brook had in store for him.

“If there is anyone here who believes that these two should not be wed, speak now or forever hold your peace.” Sherlock did not even bother to look out at the small assembly. He knew he would not find what he would have been looking for. Sherlock was already retreating within himself in preparation for the rest of his life. Richard, on the other hand, gave a satisfied grunt after giving a sweeping glance at their audience. As the priest was about to speak once more, the doors to the church flew open.

“I object! I, John ‘Not Dead’ Watson, a local doctor and former member of the Pony Express, do object to the wedding of Sherlock Holmes and Richard Brook, aka James Moriarty!” By the end of his declaration, John had made it to the altar to stand next to Sherlock, and begin forcing Moriarty to release his hold on Sherlock.

“Thank God!” The priest said forming a cross over his body and looking up.

John ignored the priest’s declaration and continued the task he had at hand. Sherlock, on the other side, was in full-blown shock. No matter how much he had wished for it, he never truly believed John Watson would come back to life just for him. Sherlock was in such shock that he did not notice when he was being pulled further away from John and had a gun placed to his head.

“Now everyone, calm down. If you all sit back down, nothing will happen.” Sherlock was beginning to feel the gun pressing against his skull, but only just. There was something keeping him from reacting.

“Jown...” Sherlock slurred the words and his vision began to darken.

“Sherlock. Sherlock! Wake up, wake up!” John was yelling at him from the other side of the room. Moriarty was dragging Sherlock to the exit. John could see Sherlock losing consciousness and a new glint in the eyes of his captor. John knew that nothing good would from come from letting Moriarty leave the chapel.

“Don’t even try it, Johnny boy. Nothing you could possibly do could save him. He is mine. After
tonight he will understand that too.”

Suddnley Iron Man, Spider-Man and Captin America burst in through the celing of the chapel.

“You ain’t fucking with my OTP!” Spider-Man said while shooting a web at the gun pointed at Sherlock’s head causing it to fly across the room and attach to a wall.

“Language, kid!” Cap responded harshly.

“Sorry, Cap.”

“Focus you two,” Tony says while rushing at Moriarty and pinning him against a wall. Spidy had already bounded across the room and caught Sherlock before he could collapse to the floor.

“Choke me harder!” Moriarty says to Tony causing him to gag in disgust at Moriarties antics.

“Now litien here you little-” Moriary has grabed the gun from the wall and shot Tony in the face causing him to real back and droping Moriarty.

He lands on his feet in a superhero-landing. “Fuck my knees. Alright you fuckers, I said nobody move and no one gets hurt. Well, you failed.” He takes aim at Cap and fires. Tony jumps in front taking another hit this time right in his chest. The blue light goes out and Tony falls to the ground. Cap rushes over and cradles him in his arms.

“I told you’se guys to watch your language.”

“I *cough* know you old fuck.” Tony reaches up and disingages his helmet. “Now,” he cups Cap’s face, “say it one last time before I go.”

“I lov-” There is a resounding snap the emanates throughout the chapel.

Thanos is standing behind John, “Ok enough of this bull shit. This isn’t even the right world.” With that they all disappear.

John stands dumbfounded, “I don’t know what the fuck that was”

“You know what, I’m done with this shit. I jsut wanted to get my rocks off and this is way more hasle than I bargened for. Thank you Johny Boi for getting the begings of my rocks where they need to be, but since Sherlock has already surcumb to the apparent poision he gave him self in the previous scene I have no use for him any longer. I bid you all adue and let it be known I used to fuck whores to the knowlendge that one day I would kill you all. Ta ta!” And with that he shoots himself in the head.

“Yeah we won!” John says.

The Crowd replies, “Here comes the General”

“This should be fun...” And the whole place explodes

THE END
In all seriousness, I did write a lot of this before today, but the part where you can tell shit hit the fan is when I decided I just needed to end this thing. Truly everything ends with John saving Sherlock and Moriarty died. They live happily ever after doing cute things and loving each other fully. Greg and Mycroft get together and also do cute shit. It just all around adorable and wholesome, but I couldn't figure out how to get the story there so. This what came out. I hope you are all doing well and will forgive the shitshow that is this ending and live cute as shit and wholesome lives!

End Notes

R&R and leave a Kudos while you are at it!

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