A Matter Of Convenience

by Ariana (ariana_paris)

Summary

Sherlock catches John watching gay porn. So he naturally assumes John wants to have sex with him.

Notes

So. I had seen exactly two episodes of the BBC's Sherlock when I started writing this. A favourite trope of mine is "two characters talk each other into bed". This is that story for Sherlock and John Watson, albeit slightly cracky in places...
Chapter 1

Chapter by ariana_paris

Sherlock was dismantling the toaster. This was partly because one of the clues in their current case was the presence of toast crumbs trodden into a carpet. Indeed, it was quite possible that the ability to distinguish Kingsmill from Hovis would prove crucial to the case. But mainly, Sherlock was doing it because he was bored and he happened to have a screwdriver.

The toaster had been reduced to a pile of constituent parts when he finally looked up at the time. Ah. One a.m. John had turned in ages ago, ordering Sherlock to go to bed as he went. Not that Sherlock had paid any attention, of course. Quite frankly, John had been insufferable since his last girlfriend left him.

In fact, Sherlock was tempted to stay up just to annoy him. On the other hand, John was probably asleep by now, which meant that chances of annoying him were slim. Also, Sherlock was working on a case, and while lack of sleep didn’t usually hamper his intellect, it did dull his appreciation of his own genius when he made a breakthrough.

Abandoning the toaster, Sherlock headed for the bathroom. As he passed the door to John's room, he was intrigued to notice a pale blueish glow under the door. So John was not taking his own advice and getting a good night's sleep after all. Sherlock knew an opportunity for annoyance when he saw one; he paused outside the bedroom door, and hearing no noise from inside to suggest that John was aware of his presence, he swiftly opened the door.

"Jesus Christ, Sherlock! Can't you knock?" exclaimed John, slamming his laptop shut.

"What, and miss the fun of interrupting whatever you're doing?" said Sherlock, sauntering into the room. A quick glance at John, sitting at his desk in a T-shirt and boxer shorts, and it was all too clear what was going on. Sherlock gleefully grabbed the laptop and opened it. "Watching porn when you should be getting a good night's sleep..." He raised his eyebrows. "Gay porn, what’s more. Well, at least that's different." He handed the laptop back to a wide-eyed John.

"Well, since everyone seems to think I'm gay anyway," mumbled the unfortunate doctor, shutting down the computer.

"Yes. So you've decided to investigate whether 'everyone' is right," said Sherlock, picturing the pieces of this little puzzle as they rearranged themselves in his mind. Gay porn. John’s bad mood. The girlfriend... there was a picture there and he needed to make it out. “The question is, why? You've been acting strangely ever since that girl Suzy--"

"Lucy."

"--Since she left. Something she said perhaps. She certainly wouldn't be the first of your girlfriends to deal with the breakdown of your relationship by casting aspersions on your heterosexuality. But for some reason, this time, you believed her and decided to test the theory. Frequently enough that you have come to expect this activity to lead to a... 'happy end'." He indicated the box of tissues on the table.

John followed his gesture, gulped and looked away. It was hard to tell in the dim light from the bedside lamp behind him, but Sherlock was pretty certain that his roommate was blushing. John stood up, keeping his eyes downcast and turned his back on Sherlock to walk over to his bed.
"All right, you’ve rumbled me, Sherlock," he said, trying to sound unconcerned even though his body language radiated acute embarrassment and his voice was still hoarse with his recent arousal. He pulled back his covers though he didn’t get into bed. "Look, it's late. We both have a case to work on tomorrow, so can we -- just -- forget about this? Please?"

John's pleading fell on deaf ears; not only because Sherlock was in a mischievous mood, but because he realised that the picture forming in his mind was one he should have seen coming for a while.

"You've always denied being gay in the past," said Sherlock, gesturing as he got into the stride of this ad hoc investigation. "Always telling people that they were merely misreading our living arrangements. She said something that changed your mind. Perhaps something more helpful than the jealous recriminations of your past girlfriends. Something she noticed -- perhaps that they all noticed about you -- about how you spend your time, how you determine your priorities, and how you relate to--" Sherlock paused for a split second as he observed the picture the puzzle pieces formed in his mind. “...Oh.”

"No," said John with alarm, turning to face Sherlock fully and shaking his head. "Not 'Oh'. There is no 'oh' in this conversation! Absolutely not."

Sherlock ignored him, intrigued by what he now understood and curious as to why it hadn’t occurred to him before. Probably because it wasn’t the kind of thing that would occur to him - at least not unless someone was half naked and actually leaning in to kiss him.

"Do you want to have sex with me, John?"

John's eyes widened in disbelief, but then he threw up his arms and shook his head. "Incredible. You find me watching gay porn and you immediately assume I want sex with you. Your ego really knows no bounds, does it?” He grabbed Sherlock’s shirt sleeve and tugged him towards the door. “Now get out, go to bed and... just leave me alone!"

Not being prone to very strong sexual feelings himself, Sherlock didn’t tend to dwell on those of other people. On the other hand, he knew from observation that sexual feelings were important motivators in people's behaviour. John's sexual feelings were therefore very important. He actually lived with John and the truth be told, he really enjoyed living with John and couldn't imagine himself going back to living without him. So it naturally followed that he needed to know exactly what was going on in his woolly grey head. Besides, this unexpected turn of events presented a solution to a problem that had plagued a small part of Sherlock's busy brain for some time.

So first, logically, he needed to ascertain that his conclusion about John's sexual feelings was correct. He therefore turned abruptly in the doorway, leaned down, and kissed John on the lips.

In the split second before Sherlock's lips touched John's, he considered various possible outcomes. Given John's usual patterns of behaviour, he judged that the most likely result was for John to push him away, feigning disgust, which would give Sherlock an opportunity to observe from a short distance what physiological effects the kiss had had. John’s reaction would give him all the information he needed to verify his theory.

What Sherlock didn't expect, however, was for John to grab his neck in a vice-like grip and to find himself with not only John’s lips but his tongue too pressed against his mouth. John's hands felt warm against the nape of his neck. His lips were soft but disconcertingly wet and prickly with stubble. Sherlock could smell his toothpaste and his body and maybe his arousal, though he hadn't identified that scent before now. John's long nose pressed into his cheek.

A little thrown by this turn of events, Sherlock stood perfectly still, bending over slightly, and waited
with anticipation to see what else John would do. Whatever it was, it felt as if it might be fun. But all John did was give up on Sherlock's mouth and apply some desperate, short kisses to Sherlock's cheek and jaw. Then he rested his forehead on Sherlock's shoulder, arms now loosely wrapped around his neck. John's breath was uneven and tickled Sherlock's collarbone through the opening of his shirt. The sensation was oddly pleasant.

Then John stepped away and sat on the bed.

"You should go," he said with a sigh, looking down at the floor.

Sherlock took the opportunity to observe his friend. John looked disheartened and depressed, but most importantly, he was showing all the hallmarks of strong sexual arousal.

"Ah, you see, I was right," crowed Sherlock, unbuttoning his shirt. "You do want to have sex with me!"

"Why would I want you?" grumbled John. "With your little mean eyes and your ridiculous cheekbones and your weedy chest--" He glanced up. "What are you doing?"

"I gather it's usual to be naked when you're going to have sex," explained Sherlock, kicking off his slippers and tackling the button on his trousers. "You must know that. You've had sex before. I've heard you."

"No! No!" exclaimed John, springing to his feet with his hands raised. "I don't want to have sex with you!"

Sherlock paused, his fingers still hooked in the waistband of his trousers. "John," he said patiently. "You were trying to get your tongue in my mouth a minute ago. I think I can work out what that means."

“I-I- Oh god.” John ran his hand through his short hair, making small tufts stand up. “Look. Can we... I don’t know.”

In deference to John's apparent confusion about what he wanted, Sherlock kept his trousers on and sat on the bed.

“Yes, you evidently don’t,” he said. He pointed at John’s boxer shorts. “Or rather you don’t agree with yourself.”

John grabbed a pillow and held it level with his hips. “Sherlock, I don’t want to have sex with you. Never mind the porn and... I just can’t. It wouldn’t be right. I don’t want to take advantage of you like that.”

Sherlock tilted his head and looked up at him quizzically. “Take advantage of me? What am I, a twelve-year-old girl?”

“Yes. Well no, but you’re... you’re--”

“A genius?”

“Not... normal. I don’t mean in a bad way,” he added hastily. “Well, maybe I do. You’re pretty hard to live with. But the thing is you don’t see things the way the rest of us do. You don’t process emotions the same way. You don’t have the same... attitude towards your own body that most of us have. And you’re obviously not interested in sex at all, let alone-- Look, you’ve never even had sex before. I mean, you haven’t, have you?”
“No,” said Sherlock, because it really wasn’t something he was embarrassed about. “But then, I’ve never been in a relationship before.”

“This is a relationship?”

“We live together, we work together, we watch television together. We enjoy each other's company. We have a laugh. We argue and make up. We share common interests and common friends. Well, acquaintances anyway.” Sherlock gave him an amused look. "What else would you call this?"

“Fair point,” conceded John with a grudging smile. "I have to confess this is probably the most... intense relationship I've ever had. In some ways the most intimate too."

Sherlock snapped his fingers and pointed at John. "That's what your girlfriend Rosie said. Am I right?"

"Lucy. And yes, it was something like that." John lowered the pillow he had been holding. "She said I'd never find a relationship that could compete with the one I have with you."

"She's right. So what are we waiting for?" Sherlock spread his hands invitingly. "My cheekbones and weedy chest are all yours!"
John blinked, gulped and raised the pillow.

"Um," he started, trying to not to look at Sherlock's face or body. "Sherlock, this is a bad idea," he said more firmly when he found a point to Sherlock's left to stare at. "Look, I'm your doctor. So it's unethical for a start. And you're-- I don't know if you've ever been diagnosed but I feel you're probably on the autistic spectrum and I shouldn't be imposing my... well, my feelings on you. Also, I'm more experienced than you are, more used to dealing with the emotional baggage that comes with having sex. And the baggage that comes when things don't work out. I don't know how you'd react. You're pretty intense as a friend. I can only imagine what you'd be like as my... as someone's boyfriend. Let alone an ex. And the thing is, Sherlock, you don't really want to do this anyway. You didn't even kiss me back just now."

"I'm not used to people trying to lick my tonsils, that's all," said Sherlock lightly. "So basically, you think I should find some nice virgin with Asperger's to have sex with? The truth is, John, you're just making excuses about me because you feel nervous. The only thing wrong with me from your point of view is actually that I'm a man."

John looked him in the eyes again. "No. I'm serious, Sherlock. I don't think you really want this. You've never wanted to before."

"How would you know?" asked Sherlock. "Besides, just because I'm not usually interested in sex doesn't mean I can't do it. I have the necessary anatomy."

"Yes, I'm sure you're fully functional and programmed in multiple techniques," said John, quoting something. He lowered the pillow again and gave Sherlock a tender look. "Okay. So why do you suddenly want to sleep with me anyway, you strange man?"

Sherlock leaned forward earnestly. "John, it has been apparent to me for some time that the only reason you constantly put yourself through the tedium of trying to attract women is so you can have sex. I've often thought it might be easier if you could simply have sex with me. Or possibly Mrs Hudson. But I didn't think she'd be interested."

"Right." John was suppressing laughter. "So you're doing this to spare me the trouble of trying to attract women."

"That's it," said Sherlock flatly, knowing that John would pick up on his insincere tone. "Quite frankly, it's been very tedious. Up until now, you've demonstrated very poor taste. I'm glad you've come to your senses." He patted the bed. "Come on, I know this is bothering you, John. You've been very grumpy recently and I don't think us not having sex is going to help. Especially now you know I know you watch gay porn."

John shook his head in disbelief. "You're impossible," he said, though he did sit down beside Sherlock. He sighed. "I am worried about the emotional thing, Sherlock. You might be high-functioning and savant and I don't know what else, but you don't do emotions very well. And well, I don't think I'd enjoy it much if you didn't really want to."

Sherlock thought about this for a split second and then leaned over and kissed John's temple. He'd come across enough sex scenes on television and in books to have a basic scenario in mind. Kissing was usually involved and John's temple was closest.
When John didn't react, he kissed his cheek next, intrigued by the softness of John's skin above his beardline. Sherlock did pay attention to people's skin; it was often a major clue when he needed to know something about a person. But he'd never felt someone's skin beneath his lips. It felt nice so he kissed it again.

John sat perfectly still as Sherlock leaned further down to kiss his neck, though the quickening of his breathing and the rapid pulse in the carotid artery under Sherlock's lips gave the lie to his stoicism. Encouraged, Sherlock slid his hand under John's T-shirt, feeling the soft warm skin under his palm.

Eyes closed, John turned a fraction of the way towards him and Sherlock placed a kiss on the corner of his mouth. He knew that kissing on the mouth was a universally acknowledged signal for sexual activity. That should settle the matter of whether he was interested.

John made an appreciative little humming noise and opened his eyes. He was breathing heavily but a worried look deepened the lines on his face.

"This means a lot to me, Sherlock," he said softly. "Don't-- Please don't do this if you don't really want to."

Sherlock pondered that briefly. Then he smiled mischievously and took John's hand to place it on his trousers. "Oh, I think I do."

John's eyes widened and Sherlock suddenly found himself on his back, pinned to the bed by the weight of John's body and his hands around Sherlock's wrists. The reminder of John's military training gave Sherlock an unexpected thrill and he smiled expectantly.

John leaned down to kiss his mouth; unsure exactly what to do and expecting more licking, Sherlock tensed. John stopped and leaned back on one arm, shifting his weight off Sherlock and releasing his wrists. A little disappointed, Sherlock stayed as he was, his arms flat on the bed, uncertain where to put his hands.

"Sorry," said John, though Sherlock didn't see why.

The protest he was formulating died on his lips when John started to stroke his bare chest and stomach. The almost ticklish sensation made Sherlock swallow an involuntary whimper. People had occasionally succeeded in kissing him, but no one had ever simply stroked a part of his body.

"That's nice," he said, because he wasn't sure if John could tell that he was enjoying it. After all, John wasn't the most observant person. "I like that."

"I know," said John with a grin.

He continued to stroke Sherlock gently, sometimes lying his hand flat on Sherlock's skin and other times raising it until only the very tips of his fingers traced feathery soft patterns up his stomach, across his ribs and around his nipples. Sherlock knew about the mechanics of sex but he'd never realised how good it would feel to be touched, even relatively innocently, by another human being.

"Do you do this with everyone you sleep with?" he asked breathlessly. "No. Of course not. Most of your recent girlfriends thought you were rubbish in bed. So you didn't do this to them."

John pulled away his hand and scowled at him. "You really don't have to provide a running commentary, Sherlock."

"Oh," said Sherlock. Then, because he really did want John to continue, he added, "Sorry."
John resumed his manual exploration of Sherlock's chest, but after a moment, he leaned over and replaced the hand movements with trails of small kisses. John's lips felt softer than his fingers and the contrast with the stubble surrounding them offered an interesting juxtaposition. Sherlock thought he had underestimated how many nerve endings there were in his skin. He moaned again, more loudly this time, and realised that he was more than merely enjoying this for its own sake.

"This is--" He swallowed, startled by the combinations of sensations. "It's very arousing," he said finally.

Still leaning over Sherlock's chest, John looked up at him with amusement. For a second, it looked as if he was going to say something, but instead, he undid the button on Sherlock's trousers and put his hand inside.

"Ah," said Sherlock, closing his eyes.

He had always considered that there was a slim chance someone might do this to him some day. He’d had occasional offers -- among the few he’d consciously recognised as such -- when he had briefly wondered if that particular person under those specific circumstances should be allowed to get what they thought they wanted from him. Obviously, he had decided in every case that they shouldn’t, mostly because they didn’t deserve it and it wasn’t necessary, and partly because he’d never given his body much thought - beyond adorning it with decent clothes - and the activities he knew sex involved didn’t appeal to him.

He opened his eyes again to find John looking down at him with a tender expression. Without really thinking about it, Sherlock reached up to cup his cheek, tracing the lines on his careworn face with the ball of his thumb.

"This is very nice," he breathed.

"I know," said John. "God, you're beautiful, Sherlock."

Sherlock didn’t think it was possible, but the combination of John’s words and the look on his face seemed more potent than the mechanical process he was initiating. Sherlock could feel his body clamouring to take over, every nerve ending seemingly connected to the movements of John's hand, his body sweaty and out of breath as if he had just run a mile instead of simply lying on a bed with a surprisingly capable lover.

And then suddenly, the race was over. Sherlock let out a hoarse cry and grabbed John's arm, gripping it until the sensations peaked and started to ebb away.

Oh this was good, he thought wryly, lying in a quasi daze across John's bed. He was so pleased he'd convinced John to go through with it.
"You're very good at this," said Sherlock, mildly annoyed that there was something John could do better than he could.

"Yeah, yeah, plenty of practice." John was wiping him off with something silky, though he paused to look at him curiously. "You must have done that yourself, though, surely."

Sherlock frowned at him. "Not deliberately... it's sometimes happened at night when I've been dreaming about something."

"Oh yes, we all have those," John tossed the cloth he'd used onto the bed beside Sherlock.

"I know. I'm inexperienced, not completely innocent... did you just use my shirt to clean me up?"

"It was closer than the tissues. Don't worry, I'll wash it before Mrs Hudson finds it."

Sherlock grinned. "That could be embarrassing. Well, mainly for you. You're the one who has a fit if she so much as touches your underwear." He sighed contentedly. "So what do we do now? I gather gay sex usually involves some kind of buggery?"

John's blue eyes widened in surprise. "I-- um, I think we might cross that bridge some other time."

He laughed. "You know, you're practically as annoying to sleep with as you are to live with!"

"Keeps things interesting, though, doesn't it?" said Sherlock sheepishly.

John grinned, though the expression faded as he continued in a more quiet, serious tone. "Sherlock, if you don't mind, I'm going to sort myself out. Can I-- can I kiss you? I promise I won't try to lick your tonsils," he added wryly.

"Yes, of course," said Sherlock in surprise. He hadn't realised he'd made a big deal about John kissing him.

John sat up, his back to Sherlock, and pulled off his T-shirt. Sherlock looked down at himself and realised that he was still half-dressed, albeit indecently exposed, and his legs dangling over the side of the bed were getting uncomfortable. He peeled off his trousers and underwear, kicking off his slippers; in the meantime, John lay down lengthways on the bed, reclining on his elbows and observing Sherlock's stripping with amusement.

"In your own time, Sherlock."

Sherlock laughed at that. "Should have let me undress when I offered earlier."

"I will next time, I promise."

Sherlock lay alongside John, propped up on one elbow in a mirror image of their earlier positions. The only difference was that John didn't lie flat on his back as Sherlock had done. Instead, he shifted onto his side so that he was exactly face to face with Sherlock, and leaned forward to kiss his mouth.

Mindful of his earlier reaction and the effect, however subtle, it seemed to have had on John, Sherlock parted his lips, but John didn't try to deepen the kiss. Instead, he placed soft, gentle kisses on Sherlock's mouth until Sherlock was starting to feel a faint tingle of arousal building up again.
"God, Sherlock, I can't--" said John in a half-whisper, breaking the kiss. For one horrible moment, Sherlock thought he was referring to them having sex, but John was breathing heavily and was apparently more than ready to see this through. "God, I want you. I want you so much."

John often told Sherlock that he smiled at the wrong times, so he tried very hard not to grin when John pushed him onto his back again. He had a feeling that the middle of sex probably constituted as bad a time for grinning as inspecting a corpse during a case. For some reason, that made Sherlock smile even more, so he hid his face against John's shoulder, kissing the veteran's scars that marred his skin.

When John kissed him again, Sherlock met him with equal enthusiasm; John's tongue dabbed at his lips and Sherlock followed suit, so that in short order they were sharing an open-mouthed kiss. Perhaps it was this more than anything that made Sherlock understand what John meant about sex changing things. Sherlock could easily imagine ignoring the spilling of bodily fluids in the course of their day to day life, but he was going to see John's mouth every day. How could he work with him and not imagine them doing this?

Still, that was a problem for another day. If nothing else, Sherlock thought having John with him all the time would be convenient should such thoughts arise. In the here and now, Sherlock wrapped his arms around John, pulling him closer until their bare chests were superimposed. John made a sound akin to a chuckle and disengaged himself from the tight embrace to get more room to manoeuvre his hand into his boxers. Now feeling thoroughly into it, Sherlock followed the movement, wrapping his hand around the unfamiliar flesh. That prompted another "God, Sherlock" from John.

John drew further back so he could look at Sherlock's face and still cast occasional glances at what was happening further down. Sherlock's analytical mind automatically dissected the behaviour: John liked Sherlock's face; he liked to watch what was happening; he was very aroused.

Sherlock decided he was bored with lying on his back. Besides, they'd already done this earlier, albeit the other way around. It was time to explore new possibilities. Sherlock remembered the scene he had glimpsed on the laptop and an idea popped into his head. He gave a startled John a shove and sat up; too turned on to abandon the game, John kneeled up on the bed and kissed Sherlock so fiercely that teeth brushed his lower lip, sending an unexpected thrill down his spine. Before John could protest -- and before Sherlock himself could change his mind about the impulse that had just seized him -- Sherlock broke the kiss and lowered his head until it was level with John's hips.

John growled a quiet expletive and tangled his fingers into Sherlock's curly hair. His objection to penetrative sex apparently didn't extend to this. Or maybe he was just too far gone. A discreet touch on his femoral artery revealed a racing pulse which would have told Sherlock everything he needed to know even if he didn't have evidence of John's arousal right before his eyes. Which was actually more daunting than he'd expected.

However, the sight of John kneeling on the bed, eyes half-closed, his sweet face flushed and his body bathed in a light sheen of sweat kept Sherlock going once he realised the reality of the activity was something he hadn't really thought through. He found himself battling sudden misgivings about his project. He wondered what he was supposed to do when bodily fluids were involved.

"Sh-Sherlock, I'm nearly there," warned John. "You need to-- ah."

But by then, Sherlock had worked out what he needed to do. He held his desecrated shirt in place and watched in fascination as John's face took on an almost painful expression before finally breaking into a broad grin.

"Ah. You really are a dark horse, aren't you, Sherlock?" said John, laughing breathlessly. He fell
back onto the bed. "You've never even had a wank but you decide to give me a blow job on our first
time together?"

Sherlock lay beside him. "Well, since you weren't interested in buggery."

For some reason, that made them both laugh out loud. Sherlock ended up wrapped in John's arms,
enjoying the sound of his lover's laughter echoing in the chest beneath his cheek.

"Shush," admonished John when they'd calmed down. "Mrs Hudson will hear us." That didn't
bother Sherlock but John continued. "It's really late now. We still have that case to deal with in the
morning."

"Yes, I suppose I should go back downstairs to bed," said Sherlock with a dramatic sigh.

"You could always sleep here," said John kindly.

"Oh, all right." Sherlock pulled a corner of the duvet up and slid under it.

John did likewise -- apparently deciding like Sherlock that they'd attend to their hygiene in the
morning. "No hogging the covers, though, Sherlock."

"As if I would."

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Life with Sherlock had been thrilling from the get-go, but John woke up late the next morning
feeling even happier than usual. It was as if that last remaining piece, the one that made his life
complete, had finally fallen into place.

He stood up and looked down at the bed with a tender smile. Sherlock was fast asleep, his smooth
narrow face utterly at peace, his loose dark curls tousled and his body laid out starfish-like in the
middle of the bed. John hadn't slept well; Sherlock's hyperactive mind was at work even in the night
time, words escaping from his mouth and his limbs flailing as he was beset with dreams as exciting
as his life. It was also obvious that he'd never shared a bed with anyone before.

But John didn't mind. His reward for the restless night had come early in the morning, at the time
when they should have got up, when he'd woken to find Sherlock awake and ready to quite literally
pounce on him. They'd used one of the condoms from John's bedside table and it had been perfect;
as perfect as anything could be when John was ostensibly in charge but Sherlock was the one giving
instructions. Sherlock seemed to enjoy that rather a lot, John recalled, and probably a bit too noisily.
They'd both fallen dead asleep again afterwards.

But now John was awake again and thirsty and needed the loo. He put on his bathrobe and a pair of
slippers, and headed to the lower floor. He was trying to work out why the living room carpet was
covered in crumbs and what appeared to be the constituent parts of their toaster, when a sound
behind him made him jump.

"Ooh, I'm so sorry, John," said Mrs Hudson, standing behind him with her vacuum cleaner by her
side. "I thought you'd gone out. I was going to clean up this mess for you."

John made sure his robe was tightly shut. "It's okay, Mrs Hudson. Probably one of Sherlock's
experiments. If you leave the Hoover, I'll clean it later once I'm sure he's finished with it."

Mrs Hudson propped the Hoover against the wall. "I thought you two had gone out ages ago," she
said. "I heard some terrible screaming this morning when I was in the shower, but then it was all
finished when I came out. I was ever so afraid someone had broken in or something."

"Um, I-- I think that was Sherlock," said John, hoping that his face had not actually turned bright red. He couldn't let Mrs Hudson think anything bad had happened, but he had to think of a reason why Sherlock might have been screaming. Though given Sherlock's many bizarre habits, she would probably believe anything. "Well, in fact, he was, um--"

"Getting his brains shagged out, actually," said Sherlock lightly, sauntering past with one of John's Aran jumpers wrapped loin-cloth-like around his midriff. "Morning, Mrs Hudson."

John and Mrs Hudson stared at Sherlock's retreating back as he padded through the flat and into his bedroom. John wondered if Sherlock had actually forgotten about his trousers left up in John's bedroom... or was wearing one of John's jumpers for effect.

"Er, is there any chance we could pretend you didn't hear that?" asked John hopefully.

But Mrs Hudson just smiled widely and pulled John into a big hug. "Oh congratulations! And you've been waiting ever so patiently, too."

"I've been… What?"

Mrs Hudson pulled away. John debated whether her delight was just a little creepy or not. "I know, I'll make you both a big breakfast! Oh, I'm so happy for you boys!"

"Yes," said John, though she'd already gone around the corner. He couldn't suppress a wide grin. "I'm happy for me too."

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