Sex, Lies, and Duct Tape
by zemph147

Summary

Sherlock has a secret. John is jealous. Moriarty has enough fun for everyone.

Notes

I like to think of this as an AU where Reichenbach never happens and therefore everything is a little bit sillier.
Bathtub

It hadn’t even been a long day, only a long morning, but John was more than ready to go home. After a popped boil that wouldn’t stop gushing, one particularly snot filled teenager, and a case of food poisoning for the record books, no one complained when he decided to leave early. A long hot shower and an early bedtime between clean sheets would put a considerable dent in erasing the memories of endless bodily fluids.

The flat was quiet when he returned, and for a change there was a floral, perfume-y scent in the air, a lovely contrast to the usual underlying hints of mold, dead flesh, and chemical burn. In fact, there was an essence of control about the place; the normal chaos of Sherlock’s busy mind and messy life was absent. John felt calm overwhelm him for the first time in days.

He didn’t think to knock on the bathroom door, so the burst of steam clouding his vision when he entered the room startled him.

“Sorry, sorry,” he started, ready to apologize even when Sherlock had invaded John’s private bath time on countless occasions without second thought. Once he’d even sat for ten minutes beside an increasingly moody and prune-y John, monologuing until epiphany, totally oblivious to his flatmate’s nudity. Personal space was something of a myth in 221B Baker St.

But any backpedaling John was about to do stopped when he caught a glance of Sherlock’s state. Sherlock was really too lanky for the smallish bath, and yards of pale, bony leg folded awkwardly to maximize submersion under the water. But his arms were bent just above his head, wrists tied together with thick nylon rope that also attached them to the faucet. Sherlock’s head was twisted to one side of the metal protrusion anchoring his hands, which would have been the most uncomfortable aspect of his position if a large red ball gag had not been stuck between his teeth, held tight by black leather straps.

Sherlock’s eyes went wide when he saw John and he began to make deep rumbling noises which John took as an attempt to speak.

“Jesus, Sherlock, what happened?” John was instantly at his side, trying to release his wrists. Someone must have broken in, someone with a grudge, someone with some sick kink for torture and…warm baths.

The rope was expertly tied and it took John a good minute to get it loose from the faucet. Wrists free from their mooring but still bound together, Sherlock tried to sit up, sloshing water over the edge. It was only up close that John began to catalogue the handful of minor injuries on Sherlock’s person. There were scrapes across his stomach, a solid purple bruise forming under his left eye, bright red stripes across the tops of his thighs.

Sherlock was also half hard.

John wrestled with the ball gag, finally tugging Sherlock’s head down and reaching around to undo the buckle in back. He tossed it to the floor, stroking Sherlock’s hair, his face, massaging his jaw line.

“Are you okay?”

Sherlock refused to meet John’s eyes for a moment, and there was a flush across his cheeks, although that could have just been the warm room. John grabbed his face with both hands, forcing
him to meet his gaze so John could properly assess his friend’s mental state.

“I’m fine, John,” he said. His eyes flickered with a hint of shame that vanished so quickly it might not have been there at all.

“What happened?”

“It’s not your concern. You should leave.” There was no warmth in his voice; no hint that he was happy John had rescued him.

“Leave? Sherlock, something is clearly wrong here! I’m not just going to leave you bound and gagged, looking like someone took a beating to you.”

“Please, John,” Sherlock said, shrinking away from his touch. This was a red flag like no other, and it took all of John’s willpower not to scoop Sherlock out of the bath and carry him like a child to the nearest safe place.

“It’s consensual. I’m not in any danger. You need to leave,” Sherlock nearly whispered.

John sat back on his heels, letting the words sink through him. But his brain was only half way to processing the implications of Sherlock’s claim when another voice came from outside the door.

“Well, I couldn’t find whatever silicone based lube you were talking about, but John had this lovely strawberry flavored business in his bedside table. And look, I found the machete—”

Moriarty stood stark naked in the doorway, pink bottle of lubricant in one hand and massive knife in the other. To Sherlock’s credit, he was also sporting a blossoming black eye and a fairly impressive erection.

John looked from Moriarty’s startled face to Sherlock’s now certainly blushing cheeks, to the ball gag on the floor, to the knife in Moriarty’s hand, and back to Sherlock’s fading hard-on.

“Consensual?” John said softly to Sherlock.

Sherlock nodded, meeting John’s eyes with a defiant look that was only half believable.

“Well, John Watson, how pleasant to see you again. Wasn’t expecting you home so early,” Moriarty said in a delighted singsong, followed by a decidedly unmanly giggle. “Are you coming to play with us? I know our boy Sherlock would loooove that.”

“I’m not keen to leave you here with him and that knife,” John said to Sherlock, ignoring the murderous naked Irishman who’d once strapped a bomb to his chest. “Really, I’m not keen to have him in my flat at all.” His voice was rising. “What is bloody wrong with you? I knew you got off on danger, but this…” He stood, unsure of the emotions rising in him.

“You know,” John started, “I would have…” He looked over Sherlock’s cramped frame; his hands still bound together, his dark curls dripping with bathwater and sweat. “You have friends. Real friends. You don’t need the likes of him.”

Sherlock didn’t reply.

“Well, I’m going to call Lestrade,” John said.

“Party pooper,” Morarity replied. He raked his eyes over John, the raised an eyebrow with a grin. “Don’t bother. I’ll be long gone before they even reach their cars. Even if I do have to collect my
clothes from all over Sherlock’s bedroom floor.”

John would have punched him had Morarity not been holding the machete.

“You know how to reach me, love,” he said to Sherlock. “Maybe next time we find a place where daddy won’t come home and ruin all the fun.”

John waited in the living room until Moriarty reappeared in a suit that held no hint of recently being crumpled in the floor.

“It is a pity, John, you’re such a simpleton. Oh, the fun we could have with him. If I remember correctly, you like a bit of danger yourself.”

With a wink, he was gone.

John returned to the bathroom where Sherlock was still sitting in the now cold bathwater. He didn’t look up when John came in.

“You can get yourself out of those ropes,” John said. Sherlock nodded, even though it hadn’t been a question.

“Fine. Great. I’m going for a nap. Anything you need, don’t bother.”

Grime of the day forgotten, John slipped beneath his sheets. Though weariness pushed at his eyelids and weakness ran through his muscles, sleep was far from his mind.
Persuasion

Chapter Summary

John tries to reason with Sherlock, but he drinks too much and makes Sherlock laugh instead.

It was days before John saw Sherlock again. There was evidence of him being around the flat, his door would be shut or new unlabeled jars would appear in the fridge. But the man himself was absent. Whether he was avoiding John or just had better things to do, John didn’t know.

The image of Moriarty standing in the bathroom, erection jutting from his body and sharp blade in his hand, had not left his mind. He was mostly repulsed. Repulsed that Sherlock would have such disregard for their home, his own personal safety, and the basic laws of human decency. There was some disappointment in himself for not retrieving his gun and ensuring such an event never happened again. Simply a scolding from John would not stop Sherlock from pursuing whatever carnal pleasures so appealed to him.

There was also a heated spark in his groin that he pushed away because it was stupid, and a sharp pang in his heart he tried to escape because, Christ, who wants to be passed over in favor of the serial killer?

Sure, John was straight, straight, straight. And Sherlock had never shown any signs of interest in anybody. But they were at the point where if Sherlock needed something, be it a bullet in someone’s brain, retrieving his mobile from his own damn pocket, or assistance being tied up and gagged in the bathtub, John would like to think Sherlock would ask him. He was Sherlock’s closest friend, his only friend, probably ever, and John was beginning to believe what they had between them was true, brotherly love.

Because that’s the kind of love Sherlock was capable of. Though perhaps not towards his actual brother.

But this was unprecedented. John didn’t claim the skills of his observant friend, but trailing around after him for over a year now hadn’t left him totally inept. Surely their encounter with Ms. Whips and Chains not too long ago would have left some hint of Sherlock’s extra curricular interests. John didn’t share Sherlock’s penchant for prying through other’s belongings either, but he’d been through his wardrobe once or twice for innocent reasons and never encountered anything resembling a ball gag.

Maybe it was time to reevaluate all those swords and knives. Oh god, the riding crop.

Ultimately, the whole thing consumed his thoughts to the point of distraction. After reading the wrong chart and diagnosing a 12-year-old boy with Chlamydia, Sarah sent him home.

“Take a day off. Have a drink.”

He was four drinks and several hours into some ridiculous late night telly when Sherlock swirled through the door. He stopped short when he spotted John, and John thought he saw that ever-elusive blush dart across his face.
“Didn’t think you’d still be up,” Sherlock said, mouth forming a straight line.

“Well, we’re all full of surprises these days, aren’t we.”

“Look, I—” Sherlock started. He paused to take off his gloves and look at the floor for a bit. When he looked up at John again, he said, “Is this something we need to talk about?”

John coughed a laugh. “I don’t even know, Sherlock.”

“You’re angry,” Sherlock said.

“You think?”

“I admit it would not appear to be the wisest series of decisions I’ve ever made, but I assure you, I’ve been in far more perilous a situation than that.”

“Hmm, you think maybe when that same man had twenty snipers pointed at our heads?”

“I don’t believe he ever intended to kill me,” Sherlock muttered.

“Right, then. Because your life is the only one that matters.”

“I didn’t mean—damn it, John, this is my personal business.” John could see him becoming frustrated, trying to piece together John’s emotions into some logical picture. John stood, wanting to rub every last inconceivable, complicated emotion right in Sherlock’s face.

“I don’t like it either, Sherlock, but your personal business has become part of my life and my well-being.”

“I don’t see how that is my fault,” Sherlock said. His cold exterior was transparent, though. Sherlock was constantly involved in John’s personal life, constantly concerned about, at the very least, his physical wellbeing. The number of girlfriends John had lost because Sherlock couldn’t stand the thought of not being roomies and best friends forever was astounding.

“I see you. I know you,” John said softly. He was close to Sherlock’s face now, close enough to imagine Sherlock could smell his whiskey-laced breath.

Sherlock’s eyes darted around John’s face, taking him in but revealing nothing.

“Maybe you don’t know me as well as you thought you did,” Sherlock said.

“Maybe I’d like to know more.”

John could see one massive eye roll coming on, which would have resulted in yelling and hurt feelings and more avoiding around the flat. But John was in the military. He knew all about the pre-emptive strike.

Sherlock made a muffled “Mmmph” sound and nearly stumbled backwards when John planted his lips on Sherlock’s. The liquor had inhibited his coordination, but he still managed to hit his mark. After Sherlock gained his balance, they just stood still, John’s mouth unmoving on Sherlock’s. John hadn’t thought far past the initial action, so when Sherlock didn’t react, John didn’t quite know what to do. So he pulled back.

A smile was playing on Sherlock’s mouth, amusement dancing in his eyes.

“What?” John asked.
“That was your seduction attempt? Your scheme to coax me away from Moriarty?”

“Well, no. I just…”

A laugh was bubbling up in Sherlock’s throat, so John darted in again.

He kissed him properly, moving his lips gently, sucking a little on his bottom lip, nudging his mouth open to slip the tip of his tongue inside. Sherlock allowed this but did not respond, even when John let out a quiet moan.

“C’mon,” John said, pulling away. “I can only give so good to someone who’s behaving like a corpse.”

“Ah, John. Don’t rule out an experience before you’d had it. Corpses may be more exciting than you think.”

It took John an embarrassing amount of time to figure out he was joking. By then Sherlock had shrugged off his coat and scarf and was rolling up his sleeves.

“Ok, try again,” Sherlock said, giving John a little beckon. “This time, no necrophilia, promise.”

John had never seen Sherlock so playful, and it made him suspicious. This time, there was so stopping the eye roll.

“Oh, come on. Stop thinking.”

This time John came in slowly, smoothing one hand over Sherlock’s chest while wrapping the other around his neck, running his fingers through soft curls. John ghosted his lips over Sherlock’s, giving him a small nuzzle. When he fully pressed his lips to Sherlock’s, the taller man responded enthusiastically, opening his mouth and humming a bit. Very quickly there was tongues and suction and a hot feeling across John’s skin as Sherlock cupped John’s face in his hands and kissed him hard.

They broke apart and John tried to calm his flush and catch his breath. Sherlock smoothed out the wrinkles in his shirt and ran his fingers to tame his hair, leaving the only evidence of their moment together the pink tinge to his cheeks.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t like that,” John said, wondering if the wooziness in his head was from the kissing or the drink.

“I don’t think my liking kissing men was ever in question. Really, if anyone’s erection in this room is in danger of being denied, it’s a certain ‘I don’t know if anyone out there still cares, but I’m straight.’” Sherlock mimicked John’s voice poorly, so he sounded like a 13-year-old girl.

“Shut up. That’s not the point.”

“So what is the point? Are you going to take me to bed? Be my boyfriend? Whisper sweet nothings in my ear while you make love to me on a bed of roses?”

“I’m not nice,” John said.

Sherlock looked at him and for a moment there was sympathy in his face. Sherlock knew John was dangerous, that’s why they got on as well as they did. John knew Sherlock valued their friendship, relied on him as a companion, trusted their bond. But if John was the level of danger needed for a successful friendship with Sherlock, then for sex…
“But I’m not quite him either, am I?” John said.

“John, you are nothing like James Moriarty. And for that you should be glad.” Sherlock looked for a minute like he might be about to hug John, but then he just retreated with a sigh.

“Good night, John.”

“Yeah, sure.” John watched his slim frame disappear into the stairwell. Then he poured himself another drink.
The next day, things went mostly back to normal. John had a hell of a hangover and a stomach full of regret, but Sherlock acted like nothing had ever transpired with naked Moriarty, masochism, and a little awkward kissing.

Lestrade texted with a case and that was that. They were off about London, Sherlock deducing and ranting and annoying the police, while John apologized and corrected Sherlock’s social cues and acted as the official idea trampoline.

At night John complained about Sherlock not eating and Sherlock complained about crap telly, but that was the way John liked it. At the very least, Sherlock wasn’t someplace else risking life and limb to be a mad man’s sex slave.

And for a few days, John thought that would be the end of it. They would grow old together, bickering like a married couple, nobody getting laid at all. That would just be life. The good with the bad.

But then, a week after John’s failed drunken advances, he came home early to find the flat filled with that calming floral scent.

And Sherlock’s cries.

John’s instant reaction was to run to Sherlock’s side and save him from whatever horrible pain he was suffering. The loud screams of raw human feeling were clearly being wrenched from a miserable being.

It wasn’t until John reached the closed door that he heard, “Oh, god, yes!” in Sherlock’s unmistakable voice and realized exactly what was happening.

The door was locked and there was no response to a gentle knock. At least Sherlock was vocal enough that John knew he wasn’t dead, even from his seat in the living room. In fact, there was no place in the flat where he couldn’t hear Sherlock not being dead. John hoped Mrs. Hudson was not having tea.

Reluctant to leave in case the sounds did stop and John was needed to break down the door and rescue Sherlock, he settled in with a book and resolved to wait it out.
An hour later, John had read the same page ten times and was achingly hard in his trousers. Sherlock seemed to be going through a series of tortures and delights. For a while there had been outright screaming, which startled John until it evolved into deep moans. There was a good 15 minutes of whimpering at one point, and some whispers John had gotten up and pressed his ear to the door to hear. There was begging and grunting and slapping and whipping and something that sounded troublingly like knife sharpening, but was followed by some enthusiastic groaning.

Finally, after nearly two hours had elapsed, the sounds of fucking pulsed through the door. John had moved from the living room to a perch on the stairs to sitting against the wall right outside Sherlock’s bedroom for better monitoring. Now there was rhythmic grunting in Sherlock’s throaty growl and the first sounds from Moriarty, a breathy sort of moan that got louder and louder.

Sherlock began to chant, “Harder,” and Moriarty began to talk loud enough for John to hear.

“God, you just take it, don’t you, you little slut. I could do anything to you and you’d still want my cock, beg me for it, beg me to fuck your tight ass until you scream, until you hurt deep inside and every time you sit, every time you move you think of me and how I own you, how I break your body and you beg for it, go on, beg for it.”

“Please, Jim, please.” Sherlock’s voice was a desperate whine.

“I can’t hear you."

“Oh, god, Jim, please fuck me, please, harder.”

“You’re such a little cum slut, such a filthy boy, and you’re mine, I marked you all over, you’re mine, you’re mine.” And Moriarty gasped and shouted Sherlock’s name.

John shut his eyes and pictured it. Moriarty slamming into Sherlock’s body, Sherlock sobbing and coming for the billionth time, shooting into the sheets while Moriarty filled him, marked him, owned him.

It took everything John had not to come with them.

There was silence for a bit, then some murmuring John couldn’t understand even with his whole body pressed to the door. Some shuffling, someone walking about, and the lock sliding open.

John nearly toppled into the room when Moriarty opened the door.

For a man who’d been engaged in rigorous activity for the better part of the afternoon, Moriarty looked remarkably put together. He’d regained trousers and shoes, and though he was still shirtless, there wasn’t even a glaze of sweat across his bare chest. The only sign that he’d been in Sherlock’s company was a single deep purple love bite, just below the collar line.

“He said you might be starting to worry,” Moriarty said with a feigned pout.

Sherlock was in a much worse state. He was kneeling on the bed, wrists duct taped to the headboard in a way that spread his arms across the width of the mattress. There was blood everywhere, but it only took a few moments of John’s rushed examination to see it was from a variety of small, superficial cuts. Bright red stripes criss-crossed Sherlock’s back and thighs. He glistened with sweat and blood. Lube ran down the inside of his thighs. His head drooped with exhaustion from his suspended shoulders, and when John tentatively stroked his back, Sherlock heaved a pained sound.

“Hey, hey, hey.” Moriarty came over, shirt now on, shooing John away. The sight of the knife
made John’s heart jump, but Moriarty just leaned in and gently cut Sherlock’s wrists free, ripping the duct tape away from his skin with a swift motion. Sherlock collapsed on the bed and quickly curled into a fetal position.

“Normally I would take care of this,” Moriarty said, gesturing to the broken man on the bed, “but today took much longer than I thought and I have somewhere to be. Can I trust you to repair him?”

There was earnestness in Moriarty’s eyes John had never seen before. No camp or villainy or malice. Only honest concern.

“Yeah, of course,” John said. “Assuming you’ve only done damage I can repair.”

“I am a careful and deliberate man, John. He will recover completely in no time at all. In your competent medical hands, of course.”

Moriarty smiled and John nearly forgot they weren’t anything close to friends. Then Moriarty leaned down and whispered something in Sherlock’s ear before giving him a soft, lingering kiss on the lips. He stood and slapped John on the ass, causing John to give a small yelp.

“Well, you know what they say. Money to steal, drugs to smuggle, people to kill. Ta.”

Moriarty disappeared out the open window.

The moment Moriarty was gone, John was on his knees, running his fingers through Sherlock’s hair.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Mmmm,” was all Sherlock could muster, but it was a positive sound.

“I want to get you into the shower, clean all these cuts. Do you think you can walk?”

A less positive sound from Sherlock.

“C’mon, I’ll help.”

With a bit of a struggle, Sherlock ended up in the tub, sleepy and sated, while John gently cleaned away the evidence of the afternoon.
The Woman

Chapter Summary

John takes care of Sherlock. Irene takes care of John.

Chapter Notes

Thanks again to the wonderful beta, mugenmine!

And again, this is set in an AU where all my favorite characters stick around, so in this universe, Irene is just hanging out in London for whatever reason.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Though his eyes were closed, Sherlock still hissed when John gently ran soap over his broken skin.

“It’s okay,” John murmured. His sleeves were rolled up but his shirt got wet anyway as he knelt beside the tub, wiping a washcloth along Sherlock’s abused skin. The water turned pink as Sherlock returned to his usual pale self, the layer of smeared blood, sweat and semen washed away.

“He really did quite the number on you,” John said, mostly to himself. While it was true there was no lasting damage, Sherlock would be sore for days, and that was saying nothing of any muscle strain or sore arse John couldn’t visually assess.

“I’m going to pour some water over your head, okay?”

Sherlock might have been asleep except for the low groan that escaped his lips when John wet his hair. He whimpered as John massaged his scalp with shampoo and then conditioner.

“Jim?” Sherlock whispered when John wiped the suds from Sherlock’s forehead in a particularly loving stroke, cupping his face gently.

“Jim had to go.” John felt stupid making excuses for the man. But caring for Sherlock eclipsed any anger he felt. It eclipsed everything, really. There was something about this head space John found calming. Sherlock was naked in every way, pliant under John’s touch, completely dependent on John’s meticulous care. It made John feel important, and in a strange way, loved.

“C’mon now, out of the tub.”

It took some slipping and an awful lot of grumbling on Sherlock’s part, but John managed to get him out of the bath and seated on the toilet. There he toweled Sherlock off slowly, taking care around his wounds and especially around his penis, which was rubbed near raw. Then he retrieved his med kit from the cabinet and dabbed triple antibiotic ointment onto the cuts and whip marks. Only one cut looked serious enough for a plaster, but only for caution’s sake.

Moriarty wasn’t lying about being careful.
Sherlock’s sheets were in no state for sleeping, so John brought him to his own room, where he’d changed the sheets only yesterday.

“Where are you going?” Sherlock murmured after John tucked him under the covers.

“I’ll be right back, just going to get you something to drink.”

The dark kitchen reminded John of how long it had been since he’d eaten. He made two turkey sandwiches and two cups of tea, placing them on a tray to carry back to his room.

“Here, sit up a bit,” John said, stroking Sherlock hair.

Sherlock opened his eyes ever so slightly and a soft smile spread across his face when he saw John.

“I want you to drink this,” John said.

Sherlock eased up on one elbow, wincing slightly. John tipped the warm cup to his lips and Sherlock sipped warily.

“And a few bites of this now.”

Sherlock wrinkled his nose at the sandwich, but took a tentative bite anyway, chewing slowly. One more bite and he eased back into the bed, breathing deeply.

John ate the rest of Sherlock’s sandwich, perched on the bed next to his friend’s limp body. He wasn’t sure entirely what to do now. Maybe go get his book that had been so ignored all afternoon. But when he stood, Sherlock groaned.

“Don’t leave me.”

“No, no, I won’t leave you.”

John sighed. Seven o’clock was as good a time as any for bed. Stripping off his shirt and trousers, he located his pyjama bottoms from where he’d tossed them that morning. Then he climbed into bed next to his naked flatmate, who instantly curled in closer to John’s body heat.

They lay in the dark and John found himself surprisingly exhausted. As he slipped closer to unconsciousness, he barely heard Sherlock’s words.

“Thank you, John.”

* * *

When John woke up, Sherlock was gone and his side of the bed was cold. The extra turkey sandwich was gone too.

He found him in the kitchen, wrapped in his dressing gown, reading the paper and eating a piece of toast.

“Morning,” John said.

Sherlock just grunted.

“You feeling okay?”
“Fine,” Sherlock said. His movements betrayed him. Each turn of the page was slow and tense. When he lifted his cup for John to refill it with hot tea, he winced.

“Sleep well?” John asked.

“Yes, yes, everything is fine,” Sherlock said.

“Look, you really don’t have the right to snap at me right now.”

Sherlock’s eyes just focused on the paper, but John could tell he wasn’t reading.

“I’m worried about you,” John finally said.

Sherlock rolled his eyes and John knew at least he was mentally okay.

“It was not my intention for things to transpire as they did. I am sorry you had to see me like that. I am grateful for your care. Can we leave it at that?”

“No. I still have some questions.”

“Like?”

“Is this going to be a regular thing? Do I need to stock up on ointment? Are you going to wash your sheets today, or do I have to do it? Because I am not allowing Mrs. Hudson to touch them like that. And is there anyone, anyone else in the whole world who can do what he does to you? Why does it have to be him?”

“I don’t know,” Sherlock said, avoiding John’s eyes. “It’s never been like this before—I never…” He watched the steam from his tea curl into the cool morning air. “I’m not bored. He’s not boring,” he offered.

John laughed, though it really wasn’t funny.

“Most people are boring. 99 percent of people are boring,” Sherlock insisted.

“Am I boring?” John asked.

“Sometimes.” There was a pause. “You weren’t boring last night.”

“You barely knew I was there last night.”

“Not true.”

“You thought I was him.”

“He left an impression,” Sherlock said. “But he wasn’t the only one.”

John moved close to Sherlock. He hooked his finger under Sherlock’s chin. For a moment they neither moved nor spoke. Sherlock’s eyes were clear and emotionless. John envied his ability to hide his pain.

In a halting movement that was not as romantic as John had hoped, he leaned in and kissed Sherlock on the forehead. He paused to inhale the smell of the conditioner he’d so lovingly applied the night before.

“Stop being weird,” Sherlock said before John could even look at him again.
“That’s not weird! I gave you a bath last night.”

Sherlock shrugged. “It’s different.”

“How so?”

“Oh for Christ’s sake, John, you can be so thick sometimes.”

Sherlock jumped and yelped when John flicked him in the ribs.

“What was that for?”

“Just a reminder that I know where all your bruises are.”

Sherlock scowled but didn’t pull away when John kissed his forehead again. John smiled, and went to collect the sheets from Sherlock’s bed.

* * *

John figured there were two people he could call to help him through this trying time. One would take him deeper down the rabbit hole, the other would surely put an abrupt halt to any Alice in BDSM-land adventuring with Sherlock and Jim Moriarty. But if John’s goal really was to woo Sherlock, calling Mycroft might not be the best plan of attack.

He hoped the number he’d kept for her was still correct.

“John Watson. What a lovely surprise.”

“Hello, Irene.”

They met for coffee a few blocks from Baker St. The dominatrix had cropped her hair short and wore comically large sunglasses, but her flirtatious grin betrayed any half hearted disguise.

“I knew it,” she said when John finished summarizing his dilemma. “God, there’s just something about him that’s begging for it.”

“Really? Am I just totally oblivious then? Because this one blindsided me a bit.”

“Moriarty, though. That’s a bit of a twist,” Irene said, ignoring John. She drummed her perfectly manicured fingernails on the table thoughtfully.

“Anyway, I was hoping you might, I don’t know, give me some advice? Since this is your area and all,” John said.

Irene peered over the tops of her sunglasses, and for a moment she looked like Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany’s.

“I see. You want to tame that wild man of yours, keep his interests in house. I suppose I don’t blame you. I don’t think I would want Moriarty prancing around my flat naked either.”

“He strapped a bomb to my chest. Jesus, Sherlock once listened while he blew up an old woman.”

“Yes, he’s a troubled boy alright.” John wasn’t sure if she was talking about Sherlock or Moriarty. “Okay, Dr. Watson, I’ll help you. I can’t promise it won’t hurt though.”

John felt the heat rising beneath his skin. “Yeah, well, whatever it takes, you know.”
The next morning, Sherlock swept through the living room with his normal pre-case delight, talking to himself about bodies and spatter, and just where would they find the missing toe? There was only a small pout when John declined to come along, but then Sherlock was out the door, coat swirling behind him.

John texted Irene.

“You want to stay downstairs or do this in your bedroom?” Irene asked when she appeared at the door, carrying a small suitcase. She wore a short, low cut black dress and John had to resist peeking down it, despite the fact that it was nothing he hadn’t seen before.

“Bedroom’s probably best,” John said, unsure of exactly what activity they would be engaging in.

“I want you to know,” Irene said as John sat on the bed, watching her open the suitcase. “This is something I normally charge for. You’re getting a freebie because I care about Sherlock’s well being. And because Moriarty owes me money.”

“I appreciate it,” John said. Irene removed a number of metal contraptions and laid them out on the bed.

“Um, just what exactly are we going to do?” John asked.

“I thought we would start with a scene, just to give you an idea of what to expect. When you feel like you’ve got a hang of the mood and what not, we’ll swap round and you can give it a go. I’m very difficult to top, so it should be good practice for Sherlock.”

“Oh, so you’re going to…to me. Right.”

Irene pulled out two pairs of something resembling handcuffs and then an impressive wooden paddle. God, was that Mary Poppins’ bag or something?

“Is that okay?”

“Yes, yes, it’s fine.”

“You ever done anything like this before?” Irene asked, coiling some rope she’d retrieved around her forearm.

“I had a girlfriend in Uni who liked to be spanked. Not very hard though,” John said.

“Well, it’s a start.”

John eyed the riding crop Irene laid next to the rest of her tools on the bed.

“So, you want me to slow down you say ‘Yellow,’ you want me to stop, you say ‘Red.’ ‘No’ and ‘Stop’ won’t mean a thing to me. Do you know what soft and hard limits are?” Irene asked.

“Um, no.”

“Since we’re only playing once, soft limits won’t matter much, but basically they’re activities you don’t think you want to engage in, but might be open to negotiation. For example, I am not particularly keen to piss on anyone, but if that really gets my partner off, over the course of a long term engagement, I might come around to it. Hard limits are non-negotiable. No matter how much I love you, I won’t take a shit on you.”
John laughed but Irene just shrugged.

“To each their own,” she said.

“Well, I can’t imagine wanting to be pissed or shit on, so no trouble there. I’d rather you not cut me either, if that’s all right. Um, I’m not really quite sure what other things to include.”

“I won’t hit you in the face, that’s always a good starter limit. And I won’t make any permanent marks. Is there anything here that looks particularly off putting to you?” She gestured to the array of items on the bed.

“Ah, those,” John said, pointing to some long needles.

“Good. Anything else?”

“To be honest, I’m not even sure what some of these things are.”

“How about I keep it relatively vanilla to start, and if you experience anything upsetting, just safeword and we’ll stop immediately.”

“Okay.” John took a deep breath.

“Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

“Good. Let’s begin. Strip.” Her voice dropped an octave and John shivered.

He shrugged off his shirt and tossed it on the floor. Then he undid his trousers and slid them off as well. He hesitated for a moment with his hands on the waistband of his pants.

“Nothing to be shy about,” Irene said. She picked up the riding crop, twirling in her hand, and paced over to where John was standing, high heels clicking on the floor.

He slipped his pants down, revealing his already half hard cock. Irene ran the tip of the riding crop up the back of his thigh and over his bare bottom, giving it a very light tap.


John dropped to the floor without missing a beat.

“You like this more than you let on. Tell me, John, were you excited listening in on your flatmate’s activities the other day?”

John hesitated, barely wanting to admit it to himself. A loud crack and a sharp pain on his backside cut through his doubt.

“Yes,” he whispered. Another blow with the crop, slightly below its previous target.

“Louder,” Irene said.

“Yes.” Three consecutive hits and John was gasping, pain thrumming through his back.

“When I ask you a question, you will respond promptly and clearly. And you will address me as ma’am or mistress, nothing else. Do you understand?”
“Yes.”

Irene grabbed a handful of John’s hair and hauled him forward onto all fours, quickly placing three more blows directly to John’s arse.

“Yes, what?” she breathed into his ear.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good boy,” she said, releasing his hair and stroking his head gently.

John was fully hard.

“Off the floor, on the bed now, on all fours.”

John leaped up and arranged himself in no time.

“Tell me, John, have you ever had anything or anyone inside you?” Her hands ghosted over his arse.

“No, ma’am.”

“Have you ever thought about it?”

His hesitation earned him another line on his arse.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I figured as much.”

John was facing the headboard, so when Irene went to her collection at the foot of the bed, she vanished from John’s view. He heard the familiar snap of a latex glove and a soft click. Then a hand ran up his back and through his hair in soothing strokes, while another parted his legs a little more. A gloved finger stroked his crease and probed at his opening. He flinched at the cool gel being massaged about.

“This may hurt a bit, but I’m sure you won’t mind.”

As Irene’s finger breached him, John let out a sharp gasp. It was a faint pain, considering not only what John had just endured but also what he’d endured over his lifetime, but the sensation of a foreign object where it didn’t belong was enough to make John’s body clench and want to reject.

“Breathe, John.” She rubbed his neck with her free hand and he obeyed, letting his muscles go slack. Irene pushed deeper.

It was more overwhelming than unpleasant. By the time she’d reached a second knuckle, John was gasping for air and flushed all over. He also realized he’d gone flaccid. Irene noticed too.

“Mmm, perfect,” she purred. Ever so slowly the finger was removed and Irene vanished again. John instantly yearned for her touch, feeling abandoned on the bed.

But soon she returned his side, cupping his balls in her glove-free hand. John felt her gently maneuver his testicles through a silicone loop, then tenderly pull his soft penis through as well.

“Good boy,” she said soothingly. “Now, you’re not allowed to come until I tell you to, and this should help. If you come without permission, I will make it so you can’t sleep on your back for a
“Week. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Before he knew it, her finger was back inside him. He let out a small groan. There was more lube now and she began to move, in and out, with small, slick noises. John could feel almost her full finger inside him, wriggling. There was a small stretch of pain, but mostly the feeling of being full, penetrated.

Suddenly, the pad of her finger grazed something and a proper moan escaped from John’s mouth.

“There we are,” Irene said softly.

She stroked again, ever so softly. Without thinking, John thrust back.

“Easy,” Irene warned. There was more cold liquid at his arsehole, and with a more profound stretch of pain, a second finger joined the first. John huffed, torn between the burn of penetration and the warmth of her prostate massage.

Irene scissored her fingers and John cried out, though from pain or pleasure, he didn’t know. There was a tightness in his groin, and when he glimpsed between his legs he saw his erection returned, only bright red and strained through the cock ring.

Irene slid her fingers out and John couldn’t help his words.

“Please,” he whimpered.

“Begging already?” He could hear the smile in her voice.

“I need…” But he wasn’t sure what he needed. His skin felt tight and hot. His mind sputtered and tried to grasp at any complete thought.

The sound of lube squirting from a bottle came from behind him.

“This is going to feel considerably larger, but it’s nothing you can’t take. As far at butt plugs go, this is baby sized.”

Butt plug?

But then cold plastic breached John, spreading him much wider than Irene’s fingers had. It sunk in to the widest part, and with only a slight push, John’s body welcomed it. The slide sent sparks of pain shooting through his body, until it settled in as far as it would go, base firm against John’s arsehole, tip pressed firmly against his prostate.

John let out an embarrassing whine.

“How are your arms doing? You look a bit tired,” Irene said. John hadn’t noticed it, but his shoulders were beginning to cramp, especially his bad one. She placed her hand on the back of his neck and pushed him down into the bed, relieving his arms and tipping his arse higher into the air. It wasn’t the most comfortable position, but John figured that wasn’t really the point.

“I’d bet you look rather pretty trussed up,” Irene murmured, though John could barely hear her. Then his wrists were being pulled back, arms twisting in their sockets so they could be tied behind him.

“How does that feel?” Irene asked once John’s wrists were tied. His body formed a triangle on the
bed and half his weight was now on his twisted neck, his bad shoulder started to burn from its awkward angle.

John just groaned.

“Good. Now I’m going to paddle you and I want you to count. Ten strokes.”

The first crack of the paddle made John cry out. The pain was astounding, much worse than the crop had been, but the force of the paddle also thrust the plug against his prostate with incredible precision.

“Let me hear you count, John, or you get ten more.”

“One!” John barely recognized his own voice.

A second hit made John’s cock twitch. He couldn’t believe the tell-tale warmth building in his groin.

“Two!”

He faintly remembered Irene’s warning about coming, recalled not thinking it would be a problem.

“Three!”

How wrong he’d been. He could feel beads of sweat sliding all over his body, his arse throbbing, his cock aching, and his balls trying desperately to tighten in preparation for orgasm.

“Four!”

Oh god, he wasn’t going to last. Cock ring be damned, he was close to the brink.

Five, six and seven came in quick succession and John sobbed out their counts.

“Mistress,” he tried, “I’m going to…eight!”

“You can do it John. Just two more. You make it to ten, you can come.”

There were tears on John’s face, but he took a deep breath.

“Nine!”

The world closed in. His cock, his pain, and this brilliant woman were all he could conceive of. Everything in existence hung on this moment, this last hit.

“Ten!”

John nearly blacked out, everything expanding until his mind was one with the universe and then shrinking back until there was near nothingness, only the thrum of pain and release running through his veins.

There was no way he could hear the footsteps outside and the creak of the door opening.

“John, you have to come down to the station, Lestrade says I can’t interview children without you —oh.”

Through the haze John could see Sherlock’s face, and he wished he was in a position to appreciate
“You’re going to have to wait, Sherlock. He’s going to need at least an hour to come down. And I don’t abandon my partners while they’re still in subspace, unlike some people, apparently.”

Sherlock just sputtered, as he occasionally did in Irene’s presence.

“Out! I’ll come talk to you in a minute,” Irene said.

When Sherlock didn’t move immediately, Irene charged towards him and pushed him out the door, closing it in his face.

“Sorry about that, love.”

Irene eased John onto his side. She sliced the ropes from his wrists and then ever-so-gently slid the plug out. John felt empty but peaceful. He winced slightly as she removed his softening cock from the ring, stroking his balls softly.

“You did so well,” she said, rubbing his wrists and wiping tears from his cheeks. “How do you feel?”

“ Weird,” John croaked. “Good though. Tired.”

“Yeah, I think we’ll probably wait till another day to give you a try on top. Sorry we messed your sheets a bit.”

John giggled in a distinctly unmanly fashion. “Nothing they haven’t seen before.”

“I imagine so,” Irene said. “I’m going to get you some water and some salve for your bum, okay?”

She pulled the duvet over him before she left. John felt sleep edging in. He could hear voices downstairs, Sherlock’s raised growl and Irene’s boisterous laugh. John hoped she was laughing at Sherlock and not at himself. Doubt and a little bit of shame flitted through John’s chest. But then Irene was back, smiling at him.

“That man is a bit loopy, I can tell you that much.”

“Hardly news to me.”

It took more effort to sit up than John anticipated when Irene offered him the glass of water and a couple of white pills. His arse was raw, and even with ointment and painkillers, sitting would be a feat for a few days.

“On your stomach, then,” Irene said. John obeyed as quickly as he could, trying not to whimper as she began to rub cool lotion onto his rear.

“I didn’t expect you’d take so well to this,” Irene said. “I just thought you loved him enough to want to try anything.”

John let the assertion of his feelings for Sherlock drift away without denial.

“He loves you too. Just nothing can be easy with him.”

“Believe me, I know,” John said.

“You’ve certainly surprised him today though. You should see him downstairs, pacing and
muttering to himself. Just when he thinks he’s got you all figured out, you confuse him again. I think he likes it.”

John chuckled. “I’m glad I can entertain him.”

Irene wrapped John in the duvet again, carefully avoiding the semen splatter.

“Now, John Watson, are you a cuddling man, or do you like to be left in peace?”

“Ah, I’m fine,” John smiled. “Thank you, though. For…this.”

“It was fun,” Irene said. “Just call when you want to give topping a go, yeah?”

“Sure.”

“And if you run into any trouble healing, I’m sure Sherlock can give you some pointers.” She grinned, collecting her belongings, placing them meticulously back into her case.

Before she left, Irene leaned in and placed a kiss on John’s forehead.


“What’s that?”

“Nothing,” John said. “Just trying doing that to Sherlock before you leave and see what happens.”

Irene laughed. “Maybe another time, love.”

Then she was gone. Though he could practically hear Sherlock thinking from downstairs, it only took a few minutes before John was deep in peaceful slumber.

Chapter End Notes

Coming soon...more Moriarty, a threesome, and an appearance from everyone's favorite brother with a minor position in the government!
When John woke up, it was already dark. He had that groggy, almost sick, lazy feeling of sleeping all day, and his head didn’t feel screwed on just right. He sat up to check his clock and nearly cried out. Any weight on his arse at all burned like hellfire and sent daggers of pain shooting up his back. A little more movement confirmed that his shoulders would ache for days.

“Damn it,” he said, gingerly getting out of bed. He was thirsty and hungry and had to piss.

Irene had left a bottle of prescription painkillers on the bedside table next to a glass of water. John took three of them without even looking at what drug it was, chasing them with the cool water.

Sherlock was sitting in the living room when John passed through to the kitchen. Sherlock probably wouldn’t have given him a second glance had John been wearing more than just pants. But John could feel Sherlock’s eyes detailing the red lines left by the riding crop across his back. When John looked over to defiantly meet Sherlock’s eyes, Sherlock pretended to read.

Toast in hand, John made the mistake of trying to sit in his chair. He sucked in air through his teeth, squeezing his eyes shut until the initial sharp pain of sitting faded to a dull ache.

Sherlock blushed.

“Sorry I couldn’t come down to the yard today. Nothing too serious, I hope?” John managed.

“Just a double homicide. You clearly had more important things to do.” Sherlock waved his hand dismissively.

John sighed, not feeling up to a fight. They sat in silence, John munching on his toast and Sherlock reading his book without ever turning the pages.

Whatever pills John had taken began to kick in. He felt drowsy again. Still, the pain remained, and when he stood to go back upstairs, he couldn’t contain his groan.

Sherlock slammed his book down on the table beside him.

“John!” His eyes were clouded with a fierce emotion John couldn’t identify.
“Yeah?” John’s head started to swim a bit.

Sherlock stood and marched over to him. For a moment, John thought Sherlock might slap him. If John wasn’t feeling well enough to handle a verbal match, he certainly wouldn’t be able to handle Sherlock physically, not right now, not in this state. He took a small step back.

Sherlock did indeed reach for John’s face, but instead of striking him, Sherlock ran his fingers through John’s hair. It was an odd gesture, and when his hand reached the back of John’s neck, it only rested for a moment before being awkwardly jerked away.

“Can I help you with something, Sherlock?” John asked.

Sherlock took a step forward. They stood close now, their faces only a few inches apart.

“Look, I don’t know what sort of game you’re playing,” John said. “But I’m tired and--”

He was cut off by Sherlock’s lips on his own. It was a soft kiss, almost chaste. When Sherlock pulled back, he looked embarrassed. But then, before John could react, Sherlock kissed him a second time.

“What was that for?” John asked, pulling away.

Instead of replying, Sherlock stepped in closer and kissed John again. It was longer this time, more heated. When Sherlock’s tongue entered into things, John became overwhelmed and stepped back, putting an arms length between them.

“If you can’t talk about this, you don’t get to do that,” John said. He held up his hand when Sherlock attempted to close the gap between them.

Sherlock rolled his eyes. “I thought this was what you wanted.”

“What do you want?” John asked.

Sherlock brightened and stepped forward, eyes on John's mouth.

“No, no,” John said. “Use your words.”

Sherlock’s face fell.

“Why do we have to have a big, serious talk about it?” Sherlock whined.

“Don't you discuss things with Moriarty? Negotiate terms?”

“Not particularly. I find romantic discussion rather pedestrian.”

“Well, for me, it's essential.”

“Oh, please. You went and got The Woman to paddle you so hard you can't sit down, just to try and woo me away from Jim, and now you're turning me down because I won't have a little chat about our feelings?”

“I want to do...this. But I won't sacrifice our friendship for it. I want to do this the right way.”

“John, when have you ever known me to do something the right way?”

“Well, there's a first time for everything, yeah?”
Sherlock huffed. For a moment they just stood as Sherlock's mind churned. Then he met John's eyes, determined.

He stepped forward one last time, and when John stepped back to maintain the gap between them, he hit a wall.

Sherlock eliminated breathing room, pressing his body against John's, grinding his hips against him, pressing John's arse against the wall. John groaned in pain.

Sherlock leaned into John's ear, dropping his voice and purring.

“I can be very persuasive.”

John was hot all over, dick suddenly half-hard, brain fumbling for excuses, slowed by the drugs.

Sherlock pulled his hips back slightly, only to palm John's groin. John threw his head back against the wall with a thud. Sherlock nipped at John's exposed neck.

Visions of Moriarty's love bite flashed through John's mind.

“Stop!” John said, pushing Sherlock back. “Stop, stop. No. You can't just...no.”

“Oh, come on!” Sherlock threw his arms up in the air.

“I'm not your toy. I'm going to bed.”

“John!”

But John needed space, far more space than there was in the room with Sherlock. It was only once he was behind his own locked door that he felt like he could think. And the thought that dominated all others was the desperate urge for sleep.

* * *

For two days, John lay in bed. He had no work scheduled and Sherlock was avoiding him again, so there wasn't much else to do. He drank tea, read books, wrote mundane things in his blog, rested his arse and shoulders, and ate every last piece of food in the house, even the jar of pickles Sherlock may or may not have made himself out of probably not cucumbers.

On the third day, he had no other choice. He had to make the journey to Tesco.

The fresh air reminded him of the world outside the kinky sex game he'd been playing. But the sunlight did not bring clarity. He still felt terribly conflicted. There was the afternoon with Irene, and how much he'd liked it, turning Sherlock down after coming on to him only days before, and the fact that his dreams these days featured Moriarty in a starring role, always waking John up with an erection.

He did want Sherlock to be his and only his, despite it all. Retiring to the countryside and keeping bees sounded nice. More than anything, John knew he would do anything to keep Sherlock safe. And that meant ending Sherlock's entanglement with Moriarty.

But then there was the pain. John felt excited and ashamed every time he sat down. Visions of whip marks and silk ropes floated through his mind at all hours of the day. He wanted to heal Sherlock's wounds, that was for sure. Did he also want to inflict them? That was still to be discovered.
John had trouble reconciling his new sexual proclivities with his fantasy of his future life with Sherlock. Would they be 60, 70, even 80, playing with riding crops and handcuffs in the bedroom?

But there was no place for Moriarty, no place for whatever things the dark, secret part of John wanted Moriarty to do to him. What would they do, grow old, the three of them together? The thought of having to clean up after two minds like that overwhelmed John. The housekeeping would be dreadful.

John grabbed the essentials at Tesco, suddenly wanting to be home again, safe from thoughts of Sherlock and Moriarty bickering at the dinner table. And forget holidays with Mycroft. John shuddered.


Moriarty.

John did a double take. The iconic designer suit was absent. He looked almost like a normal person in his sweatshirt and jeans, baseball cap shadowing his face. But there was his grin, like a Cheshire cat. And he was looking right at John.

Moriarty leaned casually against the banana display. When John hesitated, he beckoned with one finger.

John went to stand beside him, pretending to eye the bananas.

“What are you doing here?” John whispered.

“It's alright, Dr. Watson,” Moriarty whispered back. “You don't have to pretend like we're Soviet spies.”

John turned to face him, feeling a bit silly.

“What are you doing in a Tesco? Don't you have minions to do your shopping?”

“Oh don't be silly. I came to see you.” Moriarty nudged John's shoulder affectionately. “You have our boy in quite the state. And I know he's not one for the nitty-gritty of human emotions, but I thought you and I might chat.”

“Why would I 'chat' with you?”

Moriarty picked up a single banana from the display and began to peel it.

“Because you've been having some pretty kinky dreams lately, with some unexpected guest stars.”

John choked a bit. “I'm sorry, I'm not really sure what you're talking about.”

“Oh, and I heard about your experiment in naughty playtime. I'd bet it's left you curious about how far your little kink goes,” Moriarty said.

“Really. As lovely as it is that no one I know has picked up discretion as a skill, despite them all being a part of either police work or crime, just because you heard it on the grapevine does not mean it's your business.”

John felt good for standing his ground with the Irishman, despite his correct assumptions. But Moriarty continued to smirk at him knowingly, unfazed. He broke off the tip of the banana and held it up to John's mouth, opening his own mouth for John to mimic. John grimaced and shook his
head. Moriarty shrugged and ate it himself.

“Well, that same little birdy told me that he wants you to fuck him hard until he begs you to stop. And it is my business to offer my services where applicable. I’ve got the...communication skills to make that happen.”

Another piece of banana was offered to him, though it took John a second to notice. Moriarty's eyes gleamed as John swatted his hand away.

“He’s a big boy. If he wants...that, he can ask for it. Would you stop that?”

Moriarty feigned a pout as he ate another piece of banana himself.

“I don't want to hear what you have to say. I don't want your 'services'. I don't want you. At all.” And just as John said it, he heard the lie in his voice, clear as it probably was on his face. Moriarty searched his eyes. “No, no, I suppose you don't.” He leaned in close to John and dropped his voice, so only John could hear.

“You don't want me binding you, gagging you, carving my name in you, forcing Sherlock to suck you but caning him if you get too close. You don't want him crying my name when he comes on you for a third and fourth time, because damn that boy has stamina like you wouldn't believe. There's no hidden desire in you, John Watson, to play assistant to my master as we make him scream and cry and beg. You don't care to know what he tastes like, you certainly don't want to know what I taste like, and you are positively repulsed by what it would be like to taste us together. On you, in you, body, mind, soul.”

He leaned in to whisper in John's ear. “There isn't a single part of you that wants to know just what it is I do to Sherlock that makes you so second rate. And you desperately refuse to wonder if I would do the same thing to you.”

John could hear his blood racing through his body at an accelerated pace. He felt dizzy, though he'd been off the painkillers for over a day. He hated Moriarty in that moment. For ruining what he might have with Sherlock, for invading his fantasies, and worst of all, for seeing right through every bit of propriety and morality John came up with to pass as a decent human being.

Before John realized what was happening, there was a piece of banana in his mouth.

“I will. Do it to you. If you want,” Moriarty offered. “And hey, I'll probably do it even if you don't want.”

Moriarty took the remaining half of the banana and popped it in his own mouth all at once and chewed thoughtfully.

There were no words supplied to John's mouth, so he made the only gesture his body seemed capable of at the moment. He nodded.

Moriarty grinned and looked like the happiest squirrel in London, cheeks full of mashed fruit. Then he swallowed big.

“It's a deal, Johnny-boy!”

Moriarty swung his arms around John, kissing him hard on the mouth, which John thought was odd until he felt Moriarty's hands squeezing his sore arse with far more force than was friendly. He yelled into Moriarty's mouth, finally managing to push him away. John wiped his mouth,
sheepishly glancing around at the other shoppers.

Moriarty licked his lips flirtatiously.

“Oh, what fun we're going to have!” he said. “I'll meet you back at the flat in a bit, I've got to collect some supplies. Don't over think this, Dr. Watson. Leave that to the brains, kay?” Moriarty tapped his head own head with a finger and pointed at John.

Then he was out of the shop, skipping like a child to a candy store.

It wouldn't be a hard order to follow. John could barely think at all. He rung up his groceries in a daze. It was only half way back to the flat that a complete thought passed through his mind.

He was in way over his head.

When he opened the door to the flat, Sherlock was sitting in his chair for the first time in days. He looked up at John and gave a quick smile before returning to his laptop.

“It's the strangest thing,” John said as he started to put away groceries. “I just ran into Moriarty at the shop.”

“Oh?” Sherlock said in a voice that suggested he might not be listening. “How was that?”

“He fed me a banana and then I think I agreed to have sex with him.”

Sherlock’s laptop crashed to the floor. He charged over to John.

“What?”

“He kept offering me bites and I kept refusing, because James Moriarty is not going to hand feed me fruit in a Tesco, but damn that mouth of his, and suddenly I'm working towards my daily potassium and he's fucking skipping home to get supplies. What is wrong with me?”

“John, snap out of it. What did you take?” Sherlock grabbed John's shoulders, shaking him slightly.

“No drugs. Just banana.”

“John, are you alright?” Sherlock felt John's forehead for fever and then stretched his eyelids open, looking for hints of intoxication.

“He's coming here now. We're going to chat.”

Sherlock searched John's eyes, presumably for a joke or falsehood, but came up empty. He released John and yanked his phone from his pocket.

“Fuck,” Sherlock said as he read what John assumed was a text from Moriarty. “That bastard.”

Sherlock began to type furiously on the tiny keyboard. But it was too late.

Moriarty strolled through the door. He spotted the pair in the kitchen and smiled brightly. He came over and wrapped an arm around Sherlock's waist, kissing him on the cheek.

“Honey, I'm home! You boys ready for playtime with daddy?”

For the second time ever, John witnessed shock on Sherlock's face.
Sherlock gazed at Moriarty, eyes wide. He shifted out from Moriarty's grip.

“What did you do to him?” Sherlock asked.

“Only what you couldn't,” Moriarty said.


“Sherlock...” John started, but nobody listened.

“Maybe all three. What a wacky twist! But then again, maybe I was trying to prove I can woo your boyfriend better than you can, just plain ol' me,” Moriarty said.

“He's not my—just, whatever has been done here is unacceptable. Our arrangement,” Sherlock gestured between Moriarty and himself, “does not involve John, does not involve my brother, does not involve anyone else in my life, at all, period.”

“Mycroft?” John asked, glancing between the two of them. He was once again ignored.

“Did you ever think, just for one second, that you are not the only person with agency and a little kink in this world?” Moriarty said. “I think the good doctor has demonstrated an interest in our playtime, and I intend to indulge him. I've come to,” he paused to rake his eyes up and down John's body, causing John to blush, “enjoy his presence.”

“The only thing John has demonstrated is foolish curiosity and a delightful inability to make up his mind about what he wants.”

“I'm thinking John's going through a bit of conflict about the morality of what he wants, but I think he does know what it is. And I'd bet money the reason he hasn't revealed that desire to you is because you've yet to offer him the opportunity.”
“Don't be absurd,” Sherlock said. “He's all 'ooh, let's have a drunken snog, ooh I'm mad at you, ooh let me bathe you, ooh no more snogging, I'm mad again.' If he knew what he wanted, he would have spit it out by now.”

“To be fair—” John started.

“Shut up!” Sherlock and Moriarty said simultaneously.

“It really is amazing, Sherlock, how you can be so brilliant and so sodding clueless at the same time,” Moriarty said.

“Oh, and I suppose you've just got the market covered on 24/7 brilliance, no more room on that train, except for that one part where you're totally without human decency and a precious trait called sanity.”

“Pot,” Moriarty pointed at Sherlock, then to himself. “Kettle.”

“Stop!” John cried. “For Christ sake, I cannot fathom how the two of you managed to shut up long enough to fuck.”

For a moment, Sherlock and Moriarty just stared at him.

“Sometimes I wonder that myself,” Moriarty murmured. “But then I remember, how it used to be when we were young.” Moriarty smiled at John wistfully. “I saw him across the ball, eyes twinkling like the stars, dress cut just a little too low, cheeks pink with champagne.” He swayed back and forth, moving towards John, backing him against the kitchen table. Sherlock rolled his eyes.

“It was a magical night. We danced and danced like there was no one else in the world. Then I said to him, I'm a genius. You're a genius.” Moriarty slammed his hands on the table on either side of John, thrusting his body flush with John's.

“C'mon, baby, let's fool around.”

Then Moriarty kissed John, taking him by surprise. It was a deep and forceful kiss, and it took John a moment to register exactly what was happening. When his brain caught up to his body he was half hard, but also unsure if he should kiss back, if he could kiss back in front of Sherlock. John ignored the fact that there was little question as to whether or not he wanted to kiss back.

Sherlock stepped in before John reached a verdict. He pulled Moriarty away with sharp force. John could see on his face he was livid, or maybe more of a raging lust, it was sort of unclear.

“You can't just...do this!” Sherlock yelled, gesturing at John and then throwing his hands in the air as if he didn't know what else to do with them.

“I'll do whatever and whoever I want. You need to make a choice, Sherlock. Am I your dom or not?”

Sherlock faltered at this, anger sputtering into conflict. He looked at John who stood sheepishly against the kitchen table, trying to avoid attention being paid to both his blush and his blossoming erection. Sherlock glanced back at Moriarty.

“What do you mean?” Sherlock asked, voice steady.

“Are you going to obey my orders or not? Because if you're done with all this, there is another
Holmes—“

“Oh, don't be thick. He would never...,” Sherlock said.

“Ah ah ah, you just don't know, do you?” Moriarty winked.

Sherlock paused, wheels visibly turning in his head. He looked to John.

“You don't know what you're getting into,” Sherlock said to him.

John shrugged haplessly.

“What are you going to do?” Sherlock asked Moriarty.

Moriarty smiled like a jackal. “I'm going to do the best I can.”

Sherlock sighed, eying John's now obvious erection and then the floor.

“Fine,” he said.

Moriarty let out a victorious woop. He grabbed Sherlock and kissed him fiercely.

“Oh honey, you give me the best presents,” Moriarty said, eyes gleaming. John thought he saw a small smile playing on Sherlock's lips, but it was hard to tell.

Moriarty pinched Sherlock's cheek affectionately and then released him. He stepped back, surveying the two flatmates with a calculating gaze. Then he giggled slightly.

“Oh, what fun!” Moriarty said, clasping his hands together.

He bent to retrieve something from the large black case he'd brought with him. A long, thin wooden pole, like a cane without a handle, emerged. He whacked the stick on the kitchen table with a resounding thwap that made both Sherlock and John jump.

“Kneel,” Moriarty said.

Sherlock dropped to his knees without missing a beat.

“Neat trick, huh?” he said to John. Then he focused on Sherlock, stroking his back with the edge of the pole.

“Wait, are we starting right now? I thought—“ John said, but was cut off.

“Open his trousers. Suck him hard like a good boy,” Moriarty said to Sherlock.

“What?” John said.

Hesitation crossed Sherlock's face.

The pole came down across Sherlock's back, hard. He crumpled slightly, but did not cry out. A deep breath, and he was reaching for John's fly.

“Wait,” John breathed. But then Moriarty whacked John's hand where he was resting it on the table. John cried out, jerking his hand away and cradling it, checking for broken bones.

Before he could think, his trousers were at his knees and his cock was in Sherlock's hand.
“Oh,” John hissed. “Sherlock, you don't--” he tried, though he could barely hear his own voice.

The stick was at the back of Sherlock's head, guiding him forward. John clutched the kitchen table as the Sherlock's mouth engulfed the tip of his cock. Wet heat and a little suction sent warm waves through John's groin and belly. He couldn't contain his groan as Sherlock bobbed gently, only covering a few centimeters more before pulling back to just the tip again.

“Such a good boy,” Moriarty said, pulling the cane away and instead stroking Sherlock's hair, curling it around his fingers. “But let's show him what you can really do, eh?”

Without warning, Moriarty grabbed a fistful of Sherlock's hair and shoved him forward onto John's cock, deep enough that Sherlock's nose grazed John's pubic hair. John cried out and unintentionally thrust forward. Sherlock choked, but Moriarty held him forward, pulling at his hair.

“Wait! Wait! Oh god, slow down!” John cried, grabbing at Moriarty's hand. A tear began to trickle down Sherlock's cheek.

Moriarty wrenched Sherlock’s head back and forth violently on John’s cock until Sherlock gagged. Then he leaned in so his nose grazed John's cheek.

“He wanks to this, the little slut, strokes his dick and thinking about choking on your cock. I bet he's about to come now. Fuck his throat, fuck him raw until he can't moan, can't scream. He'll swallow you down like the whore he is, you'll see, he swallows like a pro.”

“Oh God, oh, oh, Sherlock!” John tried to warn, but it was too late. He slammed forward, unable to control himself, shooting down Sherlock's throat.

Moriarty was right. Sherlock, tears streaming down his face, eyelids wet, cheeks bright red, pulled back only slightly and swallowed without a hitch.

John gasped, knees buckling. Sherlock pulled off his cock with a sloppy noise and sat back on his heels. He coughed a few times, massaging his throat, and then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Moriarty dropped to a squat beside Sherlock, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket. He wiped Sherlock's tears and stroked his hair. He whispered something in Sherlock's ear and Sherlock let out a pitchy giggle.

“Fuck you. Fuck both of you,” John said, trying to collect himself. He stepped forward, but neglected to remember his trousers around his ankles and stumbled, nearly falling over where the two men knelt.

“Fuck!” John dragged his trousers up.

“Hey, hey,” Moriarty said, standing. He put his hands on John's shoulders, which John immediately shoved off. Moriarty ignored it and instead cupped John's face. “You okay?”

“No! I am not okay! I thought we were going to chat! I thought there was going to be more...chatting,” John said.

“What was 'Fuck his throat, fuck him raw'?” Moriarty asked.

“No, no. No, no. Irene had limits. Irene had a safe word. I just came down the throat of my best friend and flatmate while a man with a history of trying to kill us both talked me off. We need to have a proper discussion that involves me.” John felt hysterical.
“I told you he doesn't know what he wants,” Sherlock said from where he still knelt on the floor.

Moriarty furrowed his brow at John.

“Sherlock, honey pie, what's your safeword?” Moriarty drawled.

“Cheney.”

“Good enough, doctor?” Moriarty asked.

“For starters.”

“What else do you need?”

“Limits. Emotional stability. Some sort of physical security.”

“Boring,” Moriarty said, and John could see Sherlock's agreement on his face from where he still knelt on the kitchen floor.

“Well, I'm sorry I can't be more interesting for you. That's just how it is,” John said.

Moriarty held his gaze for a moment, then went back over to Sherlock and held a hand out to help him stand. Sherlock took it and rose, watching John with an unreadable look. Then he inclined his head as Moriarty whispered in his ear. Sherlock stared into John's eyes while he listened to whatever secret plan Moriarty was imparting upon him. John felt slightly left out. Finally, Sherlock nodded.

“Doctor Watson, I have good news and bad news. Bad news is, stability and security are dull. I don't think anyone in this room passes as emotionally stable, do you? And I won't promise not to kill your or maim you, because that takes most of the fun out of it. But the good news is, should you wish, I will commit to not shitting on you.”

“You're mocking me,” John said. “Right. Well, sorry. I'm done.”

“John, wait,” Sherlock said softly, but it was too late. John turned his back and retreated to his room.

He left the door open, unsure if he wanted Sherlock to follow or not, and sat on his bed, taking deep breaths and trying not to think too hard about the post-coital buzz still running through his system. He vowed not to go back to the living room until at least Moriarty had left. Then maybe John might have a shot at rational thought, judgment not clouded by whatever insane lust he felt for that man.

To John's dismay, it was that man who appeared in his doorway only a few minutes later. He'd taken off his sweatshirt and trainers and now padded into the room uninvited in his bare feet, jeans, and an undershirt. John couldn't help but notice his body, small and lithe, but deceptively strong. John hated himself for it, but there was little use in denying his attraction to this man.

“Okay,” Moriarty said, coming to sit next to John on the bed. “Let's talk.” There was no hint of camp sing-song or villainous growl in his voice. In fact, he sounded like just another bloke down at the pub, wanting to chat about his day at work.

“I'm not sure there is much more to talk about. You're totally insane, both of you,” John said.

“Am not!” Moriarty said. Then, “Well, maybe a little.” He nudged his shoulder against John's and
flashed him the friendliest, most earnest smile. John was reminded of the day he'd left Sherlock in John's care, the odd sense that they were almost friends.

"I get it. You can pretend to be some normal bloke to make me feel at ease. But I know your shamming."

"How? Maybe all the mad genius crime lord stuff is for business purposes. Maybe, deep down inside, I'm just an average Joe who wants to have a pint with his mates. Sure, there's the sadism and the law breaking. But maybe that's just peripheral."

John shook his head. "We both know that's not true."

"I don't," Moriarty said. "Ask Sherlock. I brought him flowers once. Mocked me for it."

"Of course he did," John said, letting himself smile a little.

"But you, John. You seem like the kind of guy who doesn't mind a bunch of flowers at the end of a long day."

John was suddenly acutely aware of how close Moriarty was sitting to him.

"And a spot of dirty talk too, but the two aren't mutually exclusive," Moriarty said. He lightly ran his finger tips up and down John's thigh.

John sighed. "I feel like you're always manipulating me. Every goddamn interaction I have with you is just one big con to get me to do what you want."


"I hate it," John said.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry," Moriarty said, hand coming to rest on John's upper thigh.

"Really?"

"No, not particularly," Moriarty laughed. "But you don't really hate it either, not all the way."

"I do," John insisted. "I just also...I don't know."

"It's okay, John. It's okay to be conflicted." Moriarty lifted his finger to John's chin and tilted John's face towards his own. John swallowed.

"That's good, I suppose. Because I really don't know."

Moriarty leaned in and placed a soft kiss on John's lips. Then he pulled back, eyes searching John's face for a reaction.

John's stomach dropped out and he felt a bit like crying. Part of his brain screamed at him to leave, to leave the flat, to leave London, to get as far away as he could from a situation that could only end in horror. But John felt himself being sucked in. He knew, or thought he knew, that the warm hand on his thigh and the big brown eyes currently approximating a puppy's were all part of an elaborate lie. But the heat in his groin and the pang in his heart overruled his logical mind.
Maybe it really was okay not to know. Maybe he could jump into the deep, dark waters and expect to swim, expect to make it out again to dive another day. John muted the self-loathing and the doubt and the part of him shouting, “You stupid arse, you're going to get yourself killed.”

He leaned in and kissed Moriarty back.

It was slow at first. Light, breathy, open mouthed kisses with only tiny flicks of tongue and gentle nips of teeth. But then Moriarty pushed John back on the bed, straddled him, and took control. He kissed John deeply, sucking his lips and caressing his tongue. John moaned into his mouth, running a hand through Moriarty's hair. It wasn't long before Moriarty reached for the hem of John's shirt to tug it over his head, and John let him.

Moriarty dipped down to kiss John's neck and chest, nipping and sucking here and there, before returning to his mouth, lips slightly salty from John's sweat. John didn't think, only tugged off Moriarty's tank top as well, so they were skin against skin, hot and damp. John couldn't believe it, but he was getting hard again.

It wasn't long before John was breathless and thrusting slightly against the man sitting on his lap. Moriarty neither mocked nor teased, only kissed John deeply, stroking his hair and chest, finally reaching between them. But instead of cupping John's now near full erection, he stroked himself, letting forth a small moan.

John wasn't sure if he should offer to help. He'd never touched another man like that, and had sort of planned for Sherlock to be his first, should he ever be agreeable about it for even a second.

“It's okay,” Moriarty said, reading John's face. “I needed...oh, John, you should hear the sounds you make. They're divine. I just wanted to...because I want to be ready. You ever fuck anyone in the arse before, John?”

“Ah, no,” John said, fascinated by the vision of Moriarty's face above him, contorted in pleasure.

“It's pretty simple. Start slow and careful. Did you buy any more lube? I'm afraid we used the rest of the strawberry one. It's okay, I don't need it.”

“Are we going to...?” John asked.

“I'd like you to,” Moriarty said. He was so different from usual, almost shy now, smiling flirtatiously and kissing John like he cared. There was no hint of the man who had choked Sherlock on John's cock downstairs. He was nearly boyish.

Moriarty rubbed his arse against John's dick and smiled when John groaned.

“I don't know,” John breathed.

“I think you do, darling. Just give in,” Moriarty said. He kissed down John's chest and mouthed at the waistband of his trousers.

John let out an embarrassingly loud moan when Moriarty dipped his tongue into John's bellybutton.

“Fine, you win. How much do you want for proving your obviously superior seduction ability?” Sherlock said from the doorway.

John sat up, nearly knocking Moriarty off his lap.
“You can't give me ten bloody minutes?” Moriarty asked.

“I got bored,” Sherlock said. “How's ten quid sound?” He walked over to where they perched on the bed, pulled the note from his pocket, and passed it to Moriarty.

“I'd like to think my talents are worth a bit more than that, but the taste of victory is worth a million pounds,” Moriarty said.

“This is a fucking joke,” John said.

“But you like it!” Moriarty said, wiggling and grinning. “And it's not really a lie. I would bring you flowers.”

“Oh, Christ,” Sherlock said.

“Get the fuck off me, I'm leaving,” John said.

“No, you're not,” Moriarty said. In a flash, Moriarty had a gun to John's head. John felt his pulse race, adrenaline pumping through his body. It made him unrelentingly hard.

“Oh,” Moriarty breathed, smile of discovery playing across his face as John failed to hide the lust in his eyes. “What a fun discovery! He leaned down to whisper in John's ear. “Does it make it even better if I tell you it's loaded?”

John gulped.

“Where the fuck did that come from?” he asked, watching Moriarty's eyes gleam as his stroked John's face with the handgun.

“Sherlock brought it up for me. He's such a good pet. Bet he learned everything he knows from you.”

“Sherlock,” John tried, though he was unsure of what exactly he wanted from the other man. When he met his gaze there was a heat in Sherlock's eyes John had never seen before.

“Oh, hush,” Moriarty said, shoving the tip of the gun into John's mouth. The metal was briny and cold.

Moriarty snapped his fingers with his free hand and Sherlock moved to the other side of the bed, climbing on so he could kneel behind John's head. He produced a pair of leather cuffs from his trouser pocket, gingerly collected John's wrists and bound them together above John's head.

John was stretched across the bed, gun in his mouth, Moriarty undoing his trousers with his free hand. John couldn't have been more aroused. When Moriarty's hand made skin to skin contact with John's cock, he nearly came.

“So beautiful like this, John. Who knew you looked so good with something in your mouth,” Moriarty said, stroking him slowly.

John glanced up at Sherlock's face looming over his own. He was flushed, pupils blown wide, hair mussed and dangling. There was some shame in his eyes, some uncertainty, but mostly raw lust. It made John's skin hot all over, and he groaned around the metal to warn he was close.

“Ah, ah,” Moriarty said, grabbing John's cock tightly at the base. He leaned forward so he could speak into John's ear.
“I want to fuck. I want you inside me. Like this. Do you consent?”

John furrowed his brow at the question. It seemed like the last thing Moriarty cared about. John tried to speak, but was muffled by the obstruction in his mouth.

Moriarty pulled the gun away for a moment.

“Sorry, sorry. I won't shoot you, not now anyway. Not if you say no,” Moriarty said, like an afterthought. John didn't know whether or not to believe him. He hated how not knowing made his head swim and cock ache.

“So do you?” Moriarty asked.

John looked up at Sherlock's arousal-ridden face, back at Moriarty, whose face had returned to puppy eyes, and then down to his own cock, deep red and swollen.

“Yes, yes, I consent,” John said.

Like a coordinated double act, Sherlock took the gun from Moriarty, barrel going back into John's mouth. Then Moriarty slid down John's body, removing John's trousers and pants as he went.

“Legs up, dear,” Moriarty said, and John obeyed. A wet heat ghosted over John's cock, his balls, past his perineum, and then--

“Oh,” John tried to say.

Moriarty parted John with his hands and kissed gently around his arse before tentatively licking his arsehole. John squirmed, unsure if he wanted to pull away or push closer. Moriarty made the decision for him, pulling him down and thrusting his tongue inside. It darted in and out, wriggling slightly, mostly adding dampness to John's entrance and making John whine. A wet kiss, and he pulled back, climbing onto the bed and sitting on his heels, admiring John, whose legs were now spread wide on either side of Moriarty.

Moriarty stuck a finger out to Sherlock, who took it quickly into his mouth, sucking softly. John wondered what it would be like to get a proper blow job from Sherlock, not just a face fuck. Sherlock hummed and Moriarty pulled away, lining up the wet finger with John's entrance and breaching him without warning.

John cried out around the gun, though the pain was minimal. He mostly felt overwhelmed. When Moriarty found his prostate with expert skill, John thrust his hips off the bed, wanting more, more, more of anything.

“Sherlock, can you fetch the—good boy,” Moriarty said. Sherlock, to his credit, seemed to have brought an arsenal of gear in his trouser pocket. With his non-gun holding hand, he retrieved a plug, not much larger than the one Irene had used.

John had been too distracted to remember Moriarty's intention was not to fuck him, but the other way around, and the thought of the plug inside him while he was inside Moriarty was astonishingly hot. If he hadn't come only an hour ago, the thought alone might have pushed him over the edge.

Moriarty held the plug up to Sherlock's lips and Sherlock took it into his mouth just as he had the finger. There was only a minute of sucking and then John was opening for the wet plug, groaning as it stretched him, filled him, totally wrecked any left over good sense or misgivings.

Moriarty stepped off the bed. He unfastened his trousers and let them drop to the floor, followed
by his pants. Then he turned to search through John's bedside table, letting out a triumphant “A-ha!” when he found the condoms. He tore a packet open and slid the rubber down John's cock, John huffing and thrusting at the contact. Then he was straddling John's waist again, reaching around and lining up John's cock with his entrance.

“Don't you need lube?” John asked, although it sounded more like “Ohn ou ee ou?”

Moriarty ignored him, slowly sinking down. And then all coherent thought left John's brain.

Moriarty was tight, tighter than any woman John had ever been with, and the heat and friction was immense. The combination of the warmth around his cock and the burn in his arse stupefied him.

When he was fully seated on John's cock, Moriarty took the gun from Sherlock, shoving it farther into John's mouth. His face was almost serene, in total contrast to Sherlock, who was bright red and panting slightly, now holding John's bound hands against the bed. But then Moriarty lifted up and thrust back down in a swift motion and everybody in the room groaned, Moriarty squeezing his eyes shut and letting his mouth fall open.

The pace picked up almost immediately. Moriarty rode John with impressive control and rhythm, though he began to gasp and moan and a sheen of sweat broke out over his chest. John felt a hot gathering in his groin and he began to thrust up slightly to meet Moriarty's down strokes. But this only compounded the sensation, as with each upwards thrust came a downwards push on the plug, grazing his prostate.

Moriarty cried out, becoming louder and louder. The barrel of the gun forced John's teeth apart and his jaw was beginning to ache.

“God, your close again already, aren't you,” Moriarty breathed. “I want to see you scream.”

He pulled the gun from John's mouth, shifted his grip on it, and hit John hard across the face with it.

The pain was exquisite. John tasted blood. If Moriarty's intention had been to distract his body from impending orgasm, he'd gotten it all wrong. Moriarty must have seen the effect on John's arousal, because he laughed and hit him again.

Blinding white light seared through John's vision as he thrust up, up, up, pulsing into Moriarty's body. He could feel his vocal chords straining, but he couldn't hear his cry. Everything thrummed and expanded and for a moment, John floated in nothingness, completely without grasp on anything tangible.

Then he crashed back down to earth. After a few more thrusts, Moriarty pulled off of John, casting the gun aside. He shimmied up John's body, sitting on his chest, and began to stroke himself rapidly. He put one hand on Sherlock's shoulder to steady himself and then cried out, climaxing across John's face, striping semen to mix with the blood.

The room filled with the sound of heavy breathing. Moriarty rested his forehead against Sherlock's, forming an arch over John. John couldn't move, couldn't think, could only barely conceptualize how the spunk managed to miss his eyes. Some of it covered his lips and he licked at it experimentally.

Moriarty let forth a breathy giggle. Sherlock followed it with a quiet whine.

“Of course, dear. On the bed,” Moriarty said. Sherlock released his hold on John and lay out beside him. Moriarty crawled off of John and lazily opened Sherlock's trousers. John couldn't really see,
but the wet, sucking noises and Sherlock's moans were enough to inform him of what was happening.

It didn't last long, maybe a minute, before Sherlock yelled Moriarty's name, or rather, Jim's name.

John couldn't focus. Exhaustion overtook him. He vaguely comprehended his surroundings: the two other men moving about the room, someone removing the plug, removing the cuffs around his wrists, running a damp washcloth across his face, applying a bit of ice to his lip.

The last thing John remembered was warm bodies all around him, and someone gently kissing his forehead.

Then there was nothing but dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Next part probably not until next week, due to the end of school. But do not fear, there will be more, and there will be Mycroft.
In John's dream, they were on the beach. The sound of the crashing waves and the feel of the hot sun on his skin calmed John's mind. This was one of those paradise beaches, with bright white sand and water the color of a Blue Curacao cocktail. And then there was Sherlock and Moriarty beside him, clad only in speedos, making out like teenagers.

The sun suddenly felt hotter, the world was too bright, light reflecting off the blinding sand. John reached for the sunblock.

“Hey,” Moriarty said, breaking away from a panting Sherlock. “Want me to do your back?”

John woke with a start. It was dark, and the sound of rain pelted the window. Sherlock and Moriarty were curled on either side of him.

John was in the centre of an spooning chain, with Sherlock as the biggest spoon and Moriarty as the littlest. John had one arm slung around Moriarty's waist and Sherlock's breath damp against the back of John's neck. All three of their legs tangled together at the base of the bed. It had been over a year since John had woken up with another warm body in bed with him, and he never had with two. It was odd, to say the least.

Desperate for a piss and maybe a cup of tea, John carefully removed himself from the two sleeping men. They both looked so innocent and peaceful deep in sleep. John wondered if either of their brains actually slowed down in rest, or if their dreams also sprinted and leapt over the average. When John eased off the end of the bed, Moriarty groaned a bit and Sherlock shifted forward. They moved together to compensate for the sudden absence of John's warmth, but neither awoke.

John sighed, and then grabbed an extra blanket to drape over them. He moved with care, cautious of his potentially sore arse, but found he was in little pain. He scooped his pants from where they'd been tossed on the floor and put them on. As he did so often lately, he decided to forgo any trousers or shirt for walking around the flat.

John padded downstairs, flipping on the light in the living room to fight the dreary evening outside. At least the flat was warm enough. He had a piss, avoiding the mirror as he washed his hands to avoid the cliché of having a post-coital, soul-searching moment meeting his own eyes.

Instead he found himself pondering the mess of his emotions as steam curled from the hot water
heater. And what a bloody mess it was. John was past most of the denial. He could no longer avoid how much he wanted what had happened between himself, Moriarty, and Sherlock that afternoon. It had been easily the best, if most disturbing sex John had ever had, and to go the rest of his life without another encounter like this one would be a disappointment for his sex life. A relief for his morality, certainly, but something of an erotic tragedy.

It wasn't a sustainable arrangement. That much was for sure. It wouldn't matter how many flowers Moriarty brought John, he would never be a normal boyfriend. A strange mutation of a romantic relationship might exist between John and Sherlock someday. But there were certain lifestyle differences with Moriarty that even the most lustful and decadent sexual excursions could not override. Mostly the homicidal tendencies.

But John realised, for the first time, that he wasn't ready for this thing with Moriarty to end. Not just yet. It was a decadent, dangerous thing, tugging at John's unknown kinks and long dormant lust for Sherlock. It wasn't as if he'd never put his life on the line for not so good reasons before. He had, in fact, invaded Afghanistan. And this was a whole lot sexier than that. It wouldn't go on forever, no matter what John did, so he might as well indulge while it lasted. Then, when it was all over, he would cope with the shame and self-loathing. They weren't new feelings to him. What was another giant dose?

The ring of the doorbell shook John from his inner turmoil. He pushed away his polite instinct to answer it, remembering his state of dress and exactly who was asleep upstairs, figuring that whoever was ringing would just have to come back another time.

But without even a second ring, someone opened the door. Someone with a key. Heavy steps echoed on the stairs. John stumbled to his feet, but before he could reach the flat door, it was being opened, and their unwelcome guest entered.

"Hello, John. I'm terribly sorry to barge in on you like this, but I saw the light was on and—"

Mycroft took in John's state of undress. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Ah, a bit, yes," John stammered.

"No matter, I just need to speak to my brother. It won't take long."

"Um, right, he's not here right now," John said. "Maybe try texting him?" He was blushing now, he couldn't help it.

Mycroft's eyes went wide for a moment, and then a smirk spread across his face.

"I really am interrupting something, aren't I? I never thought I'd see the day. Well, you can just tell him I said congratulations."

John blushed even deeper, worrying any second Mycroft would calculate the marks on his body and realise the participation of a third party. "Ah, well...sure." Anything to get him out of the flat.

But it was too late. Without warning, Moriarty appeared in the doorway behind Mycroft, unfocused and yawning. Even in his sleepy state, the smaller man walked soundlessly, like a cat. He almost bumped into the elder Holmes. Moriarty was also stark naked.

John tried to make eye contact, give some sort of signal to run and hide, but Mycroft must have seen the look of panic on John's face. He turned and caught an eyeful of nude Irishman.

"Hullo, Mycroft. It's been a while, hasn't it? Since the last time you beat me half to death?"
John was amazed at the confidence and ease Moriarty could muster while standing naked in front of a man who very well might kill him on the spot.

“Yes, well it looks like it won't be long till the next time. And you might have company.” Mycroft turned back to John, a rage burning behind his eyes like John had never seen before.

“Is this some kind of a sick joke, Doctor Watson?” Mycroft continued. “A poorly executed petty revenge? Surely whatever Sherlock did does not warrant retaliation of this scale. I don't believe I have ever been so grievously mistaken in my judgment of character before. What a terrible shame, Doctor.” John could hear the subtext. I'm going to castrate you, Doctor.

“Ah, no, you see,” John tried, but was interrupted by Moriarty, who strolled right by Mycroft as if he were a statue.

“Did you make tea? How delightful. Thanks, pet.” Moriarty took the cup from John's hand and gave him a tap on the arse, before strolling into the kitchen.

John had never seen Mycroft's face so red.

“You were going to give me an explanation? Some unimaginable string of reason for the vicious misplacement of trust occurring in this flat at the moment?” Mycroft said.

“Well, you see, it's rather a funny story. I was at the Tesco and—“ John was cut off yet again by another naked figure coming down the stairs.

“If there is fucking going on down here instead of toast-making, I will...oh hullo, Mycroft.” Sherlock rubbed his eyes, more from exhaustion than not believing his sight. He blinked sleepily. “This is really not the best time for a visit.”

Mycroft's shocked face was not unlike Sherlock's: priceless and rare. He glanced up and down Sherlock, back over to John, and then winced at a crashing noise as Moriarty dropped something in the kitchen.

“Sorry, sorry,” Moriarty said as he reemerged with a plate of toast in hand. “Those were definitely not pickles.” He passed off a slice to Sherlock, who had made his way past the gaping Mycroft to his chair. “Here you are, darling. John? Toast?”

“No, no, I don't think I'm hungry just now.”

“Everyone, stop!” Mycroft roared, slamming the tip of his umbrella on the floor. Sherlock and Moriarty paused, burnt bread halfway en route to open mouths.

“Have you all gone mad? Is there some influx of compromising toxins in your drinking water? This man,” he pointed to Moriarty with his umbrella, “will annihilate all of us if given the opportunity, something I'm sure he's had several times throughout duration of whatever insanity has happened here. Need I remind you, John, of the explosive once strapped to your chest courtesy of this man? Sherlock, do you so quickly forget the near-death of the only man who will stand by your side? All to play some sick sex game? I am fully aware of the sheer amount of adrenaline addiction in this room right now, but this, this is a serious and deadly step over the line.

“I cannot think, I can barely see, while I am still in this flat, confronted the repulsive evidence of your complete and total lack of self respect bared shamelessly in front of me. Good God Sherlock, anyone could come in here right now and bear witness to your depravity. I am leaving now, as to avoid killing any and all of you, but do not think for a moment I am turning a blind eye to this.”
He turned to leave, but then hesitated. Then he marched over to John.

“You know, I should have expected this from them,” Mycroft said, gesturing at the two naked men, “because they lack any sense of what is good and decent in this world. But you...you should know better.”

Then Mycroft was gone, slamming the door behind him.

“Ooh, daddy's mad at you,” Moriarty said, and took a big bite of toast.

“Get out of my chair,” John said, rolling his eyes as Moriarty patted his lap in offering. “And give me my tea back.”

Moriarty smiled at him. He passed John the tea but did not get up from the chair. Sherlock crunched through the last bit of toast.

“So, neither of you are concerned about what just happened?” John said.

“The blissful, firearm filled afternoon we spent together? Or the blustering old fart who thinks he's going to ruin our fun?” Moriarty said.

“Mycroft may have penchant for rifling in my personal affairs,” Sherlock said. “But I assure you his anger is empty.”

“Jealousy,” Moriarty said.

“Inadequacy issues,” Sherlock said.

“Latent incest fetish,” Moriarty said.

Sherlock wrinkled his nose. “Overt fetish for beating the living hell out of you.”

“He's so good at it,” Moriarty swooned.

“So that really happened? You really,” John gestured between the three men in reference to their recent activities, “with Mycroft?”

Moriarty shrugged. “Only once without the supervision of the MI6. But then again, he may like group play as much as I do.”

“So you don't think he'll actually do anything?” John asked. “I mean, we are...harboring a known terrorist.”

“Who they can't manage to hold for more than a few days at a time,” Sherlock said.

“Really, John, give me some credit,” Moriarty added.

“But doesn't Mycroft have connections? Covert operations? Legal loopholes?”

“I'm a slippery little bugger. You know that, John,” Moriarty grinned.

“The only person who has any jurisdiction over us is...” Sherlock's face went paler than usual. “Dear God, he might call our Mother.”

“Sherlock, you're in a kinky relationship with Britain's most wanted criminal, I think your mother is the least of our worries,” John said. But one look at the fear on Sherlock's face confirmed
something John learned a long time ago: never, ever underestimate a Holmes.

“The real question now,” Moriarty said, “is do I leave now and risk encountering dear Mycroft in an alley, or do I stay til morning and place myself in danger of eating more food from that refrigerator?”

“Simply be aware of the labels. Honestly, there are things in this world besides food that require low temperatures,” Sherlock said.

Moriarty ignored Sherlock, instead making bedroom eyes at John with remarkable effectiveness. John shifted and looked at his feet, suddenly very aware of his own nakedness. Then he felt stupid, because there was no reason this man should make him feel like when older girls whispered about him in the hallways in secondary school.

“Tell me, doctor. In your expert medical opinion, do you think you're capable of another erection this evening?”

John blushed and swallowed. “I'm honestly not sure. I, uh, don't really usually have the opportunity to, ah, more than, you know.”

“Because I'd really like Sherlock, gagged and bound, coming over and over again while you fuck him into the floor,” Moriarty said.

“Ah, yup, yes, it looks like maybe we'll set a precedent,” John said, embarrassed at the effect Moriarty had on him, but proud to see his body might still have some youth in it.

John glanced at Sherlock, who was looking at the floor, apparently deep in thought.


“Stop!” Sherlock said. “I swear, sometimes it amazes me I let you gag me and not the other way around.”

“It's cause you like me,” Moriarty cooed.

The sound of the Bee Gees floated down from John's bedroom.

“Ah, bugger,” Moriarty said, leaping up. “Just a moment, gentlemen.”

John seized the opportunity to reclaim his chair. But then he found himself sitting in an awkward silence across from Sherlock, who now appeared even moodier due to the onslaught of pet names.

“You doing okay?” John asked?

“Fine,” Sherlock spat. Then, after a moment, “Are you?”

“Ah, well, I'm emotionally and morally conflicted, but the fucking is lovely so I'm trying not to complain.”

A small smile crossed Sherlock's face, and John relaxed.

“He's a bit of an arse,” Sherlock said.

“No, you're a bit of an arse. He's an amoral sadist who happens to mimic a sad puppy fairly well,” John said.
“You like him.”

“No, I like puppies,” John said.

Sherlock laughed outright. “I’m glad I’ve been made aware of your tendencies toward bestiality at this conjuncture, before any awkward visits to the pet store.”

Moriarty reappeared in the doorway, fully dressed.

“Boys, I have some sad news. Duty calls. Assuming I can avoid Mycroft and live to die another day, we will continue this at a later date.”

He darted over to Sherlock and gave him a quick but heated kiss on the mouth. Then he came to John's side and, instead of a kiss, licked a big, wet stripe up John's cheek.

“Don't you forget about me,” Moriarty sang, strolling out the door. They could hear him going down the stairs. “Don't! Don't! Don't! I say na, na na na na, na na na na,” it echoed out in the street until he was gone, vanished into the night.

Now it was just the two of them in the flat, sitting in the living room, mostly naked.

“So it doesn't bother you that whatever he's going to do now, we'll probably be trying to solve tomorrow?” John asked.

“It keeps things interesting,” Sherlock said.

“Yeah, but at what cost? He could be killing people, and you'd let him just so you could have a bit of fun. Is the reward really worth it?”

“You're the one who fucked him this afternoon while he shoved a gun in your mouth. Why don't you tell me a little bit about risk and reward?”

“That's different from letting him commit crimes just so you can have something to occupy your mind.”

Sherlock just shrugged. “I don't see you rushing to call the Yard. Really, what is in this for you aside from good sex? That hardly seems like enough.”

John paused, confronted with the internal conflict he'd been trying to avoid. “I like you,” John said softly. “And in a very strange way that I don't totally understand, I like him. I hate him, because he's mad and violent, and I can't control myself in his presence. But you, in my life, cured my limp. He's like you, times ten. Including ten times the insanity.”

Sherlock squirmed, clearly uncomfortable being presented as inferior to Moriarty in any way.

“Ten times the mortal risk as well,” Sherlock said. “So I'm not enough for you?”

“I didn't say that,” John said. “You brought him into this. You were the one who turned me down because I was lacking.”

“And if I said now that I'd had a change of heart?”

“I don't know if I would believe you.”

“What would it take to convince you?”
John didn't have an answer for that. They sat in silence for a stretch, contemplating each other.

“You fancy a cuppa?” John finally asked, feeling like a refill himself.

“Yes, thank you.”

John stood and started to go to the kitchen, but then turned again to face Sherlock.

“And then, ah, maybe a shag?” John asked.

A deep, rumbling laugh came from Sherlock, but then he looked up and caught John's face.

“Are you serious?” Sherlock asked.

John winced a smile and shrugged.

“Yes, alright,” Sherlock said.

Chapter End Notes

Final bit sometime next week. Thanks for reading!

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