Teaching Sherlock

by Sherlock1110

Summary

Sherlock is 24, his older brother Mycroft has had enough. John Watson is known for training subs, looking after them until they're ready to leave and never getting emotionally attached. At least that was what he thought until he met Sherlock Holmes, the troublesome submissive who no one could tame.

Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr.
Follow link at the bottom to kudos!
Sherlock Holmes, who acted emotionally like a teenager – the mood swings, the sarcastic comments - was in fact nearly 24. He was slouched in one of the chairs, in Dom Doctor John Watson’s rather large front room, his long legs spread and one foot tapping against the wooden coffee table. He was trying to think of a way out because he knew for a fact the front door was out of the question. There was no doubt that his bloody annoying git of a brother would have placed one of his men on the front door, if not one, then two. They would have no qualms in throwing him into the wall until the Dom appeared and took over.

His brother, Mycroft Holmes, was in a different lounge with the Dom, discussing Sherlock’s “behaviour”. Apparently it was out of order for a chemistry graduate turned detective. How many lounges did one house need? He had had asked the exact same question of his parents and was still waiting for an answer.

Since he’d found working with his brother’s boyfriend in the metropolitan police at New Scotland Yard a sometimes worthy distraction from the ever-present boredom, it had been noticed by said brother’s boyfriend whenever chaos appeared from nowhere, he was always at the centre. That was why he was sat where he was now, the extensive lounge of a well-known professional Dom, no doubt a boring professional Dom, Sherlock was sure.

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The lounge door swung open softly and Sherlock jumped to his feet, it was the Dom. He wore a smart 3 piece suit, except for the tie, and looked remarkably like Mycroft at that particular moment. Had the two of them been sharing their wardrobes? Sherlock shook the thought from his head. That was just what he needed, a mini-Mycroft.

“Where’s my brother?” he asked, scowling.

“Gone,” was the simple one-worded reply. “Now, shall we try that again or are you too primitive to understand the basic rules of sub-Dom interactions?”

The sub just glared for a moment before he looked around the room, disinterested. He sniffed, before dropping back onto the couch, slouching once again with a rather obvious attempt at ignoring the doctor.

Sherlock hadn’t failed to notice the cane he heavily relied upon, the Dom had used it the last time his brother had practically dragged him into the same room as the blond. The difference was, this time, the older man stopped whilst stood, therefore Sherlock had also not failed to notice that he barely leant on it at all. He was about to comment on it, but was frozen in his tracks by the Dom before he could.

“In my house, Sherlock, you follow my rules. For the first few weeks you will ask permission to do everything. You need the bathroom, you ask me. Go to bed? You ask me. Get dressed, if I allow your clothes, that is, you ask me. Is all that understood?”

The younger man nodded, rather dejectedly. He hadn’t managed to wind the Dom up with his little performance. Most Doms - professional or not - would have caned him already, lack of proper address, lack of kneeling, the glaring, but all he got was a soft, calm… army doctor; judging by his posture even with a cane.

“I asked you a question, Sherlock!” The doctor barked, sharply.
Sherlock flinched, a Dom repeating himself and not even a raised voice, just who was this guy and where did he get such a calm demeanour?

“I believe I understand English. You may have to be slower in the future, though. I get distracted when I’m bored. I can see that becoming a real problem if the last hour is anything to go by.”

“You brother said you were a cheeky brat.” The eight words were said almost… fondly? No, that couldn’t be right. “He said that you hate to be dominated. Pretty shit trait in a submissive.”

“What’s it to you?”

John tutted, much like a primary school teacher would to a seven year old. “You’re here whether you like it or not, Sherlock. Try to make it easier, if not for me, then for yourself.”

Sherlock barked out a laugh. “Why? You’ll get bored of me in a few days and send me back to my brother. That’ll be just what I need after you for a few days.”

“Your contract is for at least 3 months. You will not be going back to Mycroft a day before then, maybe not even then.”

“You’re not the first Dom to have me at their beck and call,” Sherlock spat, his voice was full of hatred and his hands had closed tightly into white-knuckled fists.

“Everyone has sent me back to him with a full refund and I’m usually… Well, that’s got nothing to do with you.”

“I don’t do refunds.” John used his stick to prod at one of the cushions on a nearby chair, straightening it up. “Mycroft knows that.” He knew he knew that, because it had been part of their discussion when he had been “warning” him of some of Sherlock’s traits.

“How do you know my so-called loving brother so well?”

“What implies I know him well?”

Was this old army doctor… intrigued by that?

“You called him Mycroft. Twice. Rather than ‘Mr. Holmes’.”

“I’ve known him for years. I train the subs that he needs for work. Or I did… before I took you on.”

“Monogamy.”

“You’re getting out of your depth.”

“How’s the leg? Wounded in the army were you not? But the limp’s psychosomatic.” Sherlock was determined to wind this Dom up, make him angry, like he did with all the others his brother palmed him off to. Then he could go home, with his room and his violin and lab equipment.

Instead of anger, it was further interest, “How do you know about that?”

“You’ve met my brother, you know of his intelligence. Did you expect me to be an imbecile?”

John sighed, shaking his head slowly, almost sadly. He remained above his anger, some way which Sherlock didn’t know.

“Well, you’d better get upstairs. Your room is the first on the right, and you’ll stay out of the last
on the left. You have done yourself out of a tour tonight because of your attitude and you can unpack on your own. You will put on what is on the bed and only that. The clothes you are wearing now will go in the hamper. Now leave.”

With a defeated sigh, Sherlock grabbed his rucksack, hoping his brother’s men had already dealt with his cases. He hated unpacking. It was tedious.

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John caught sight of Sherlock lounging back against the headboard of his bed, one of his long legs stretched over the other. All of his stuff was still in suitcases, the two or three he had brought with him scattered across the room. The Dom pushed the door the rest of the way open, allowing it to slam back into the wall. Sherlock resolutely ignored him, running his index finger along the patterns of the duvet cover.

“I don’t usually have to go down this route so early, if at all.”

Sherlock didn’t move or even acknowledge that the Dom had spoken. Apparently whatever he was doodling with his finger was a far more important use of his time.

Sighing, the doctor took a deep breath. “From this point on, you have no name. I refuse to recognise it or use it.”

“Until when?!” Sherlock yelled. He leapt off the bed, fists clenched, but he stopped himself doing anything rash to the Dom. The consequences would have been great even if this man had the patience of a saint. Mycroft would also be extremely unimpressed, just what he needed, an unimpressed angry brother.

“Until you earn it! I will refer to you as ‘boy’ or ‘pet’ depending on the attitude I receive from you and the level of cooperation you offer. Now, rule one: when I enter a room you are in, you kneel. And you kneel without fail. No matter what you are doing.”

John stared at the defiant sub pointedly for just over a minute before he swallowed his pride and fell to his knees.

The Dom pulled a leather collar from his pocket and moved towards his newfound sub. He unbuckled and moved to do it up around the detective’s neck. Sherlock grit his teeth as the blond did what he wanted.

“You do not remove this. I am the only one who can take this off you, is that understood?”

Sherlock nodded again. He didn’t flinch when he heard the buckle clip together, but it was obviously a conscious effort he was exerting in order not to do so. If he couldn’t make this Dom angry as easily as he had planned, then he wouldn’t show weakness either. His wall was up, he would not let it down.

The doctor cocked his head on one side, regarding the sub. He had the white leather fur-lined cuffs on his wrists and ankles. He had buckled them up, which John was surprised by, but they weren’t to a satisfactory tightness and he was sure his brat was well aware of that. He still had his trousers on and the cock cage which had previously been on the bed was over by the window.

“Didn’t like the look of that then, boy, no?!” John moved to pick it up and then dropped it in the sub’s lap. Sherlock didn’t catch it, just let it bounce across the floor, to land a few feet away.

Apart from the little metal tubing being on the other side of the room, it appeared as if Sherlock
had attempted to obey John’s demand, but got bored halfway through. From what his brother had said he wouldn’t put it passed him.

“Remove your trousers,” the doctor ordered.

Sherlock glanced up at him with a calculating look. It clearly said, “Make me”

“Don’t think of disobeying me, boy. You should already have done this,” John’s voice was calm, but it didn’t have the same effect on the detective.

As slowly as was humanly possible, the younger man unbuttoned his trousers and let them fall to the floor in a puddle around his feet. Knowing Mycroft as well as he did, he wouldn’t let his little brother dress in cheap clothes, especially not whilst living with him. John, therefore knew that his trousers were just as expensive as his own if not more so. It angered the Dom the way Sherlock had left them in a heap at his feet. He pointed at them and waited until the sub got the hint. The younger man picked them up and shook them once in the Dom’s face before throwing them over the baseboard of the bed, he hadn’t taken his eyes off the blond as if he was trying to prove a point.

“Now your pants.”

After completely disrobing, Sherlock turned away, his hands subconsciously moving to cover his cock. There was no point in being shy, he knew. John could do practically anything he wanted and he was here for at least three months - according to the Dom anyway. He just couldn’t bring himself to stand stark naked in front of the man who seemed to make him obey with a pointed look and a sigh.

“Turn back around, boy, and kneel.”

Taking a deep breath and once more swallowing his pride, the brunette turned and knelt at John’s feet.

“Don’t be so dramatic, boy!” John said as he weighed the cage in his hand and Sherlock flinched. “It’s not like I’m chopping it off.”

The Dom knelt down beside the younger man and took hold of his soft length. Sherlock pulled back, forcing the doctor to grab the D-ring on the collar with his finger to pull him back up straight.

“You’ve got a lot of bad habits, boy. This body is mine, you’ve signed the contract.” Sherlock grabbed the wrist that held his collar. “Fighting me won’t make this easier.” He glared until the boy let his wrist go.

With a well-practised hand John had Sherlock’s length encased in the little metal rings, securing the cage behind his balls and locking it with similar technology to what was in the cuffs and collar. “This is more for orgasm control than denial, boy.” He tugged the collar, sharply. “You will ask for permission when the time comes, but you will also have to earn it.” The cage was fairly basic, except for the technology at the base, it would allow him to go to the loo without a problem but getting hard or reaching orgasm on his own was near-on impossible. John tugged the collar again. “Is all that understood?”

There was another silent nod. Getting fed up of the silent responses, John pushed down on his cane and pulled himself to his feet.

“Get up, boy.”

Glaring, Sherlock stood, only obeying because it made him more comfortable and John knew it.
Deciding that perhaps he needed to try a different approach, he pointed to his pants that were on
the floor beside the detective.

“Seeing as it is your first day with me, you may put them back on.”

That caught Sherlock slightly wrong footed; wasn’t this supposed to be about power and
humiliation? He knew it wasn’t about pain anymore. After the last one, Mycroft had assured him
that he wouldn’t be left in that sort of compromising position again. The Dom could do practically
anything he liked. Why wasn’t he humiliating him at every opportunity? Why was he being so…
patient? Understanding? Either way, he immediately climbed back into his pants, feeling oddly
shielded despite it only being thin material.

“I’m going to collect something from my study at the end of the hall, when I return we’ll practice
rule one.”

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Sherlock followed John to the door and when he disappeared inside what Sherlock assumed was
the study, he grabbed his still packed rucksack, ignoring the other cases, and snuck out the room, it
was easier than he expected. Being barefooted meant that he could sneak around a lot easier.

The door that led to the outside world had more locks on it than Sherlock thought possible. They
all seemed to be joined together through the same circuit, though, so he fiddled with the key code
box beside the door, it took him less than ten seconds tho crack the eight digit code.

He opened the door and took a look around, it was freezing and he was just in his underwear. It
wouldn’t take him long. He’d find somewhere out of sight, throw some clothes on and run. He had
no idea where he was though. His brother’s car had tinted windows and although he knew every
street in London, outside of London was not his area. Apart from south he had no idea where he
was, but they hadn’t driven that long so he couldn’t be too far south. The steps that ran down the
front of the house had a layer of snow on them that hadn’t been there when Mycroft had dropped
him off. He would definitely have to be quick.

A quick glance over his shoulder and he was out. Well, he wouldn’t go as far as to say out. As soon
as he was over the threshold of the Dom’s front door, there was a noise that sounded like an alarm
blaring and a jolt that ran up his ankles. His feet had snapped together and joined at the cuffs and
some invisible force more powerful than gravity held him in that exact spot. His wrists were
tugged behind him and joined together, his rucksack dropped and forgotten. He yelled loudly, the
Dom had got the better of him. Again!
A slightly lower pitched beep and the alarm was off to be replaced by the sound of stomping on the
stairs. How the doctor managed to stomp with a cane and slippers, Sherlock didn’t know, but the
sound of the Dom heading towards him at such a casual pace wasn’t an exciting one.

“Boy!” Sherlock flinched even though the doctor hadn’t even raised his voice. For a man who
Sherlock thought was incredibly dull an hour ago, John had surprised him. He didn’t fancy his
prospects for the next few hours and John Watson was decidedly not as dull as Sherlock had
originally anticipated.
Caught

Chapter Summary

So Sherlock has already attempted to leg it, practically naked. What happened next?

Sherlock couldn’t help but find John intriguing, even though he knew whatever happened next wouldn’t be good for him and even if he did have an incredibly stern Captain Dom voice.

“I have these systems set up at every door and window, boy. Financed by your brother. It appears he has been right about everything so far. So, you can get out of the house if the lock doesn’t stop you – I’ll be changing the code by the way – but once you’re out, you won’t get far.”

John pulled a small black box from his pocket which looked like a TV controller. With a flick of the switch, the box undid the force holding Sherlock’s feet to the floor. The Dom reached out, grasped Sherlock by the scruff of the neck and pulled him inside, kicking the door firmly shut behind him.

“I was expecting it to take a little more than an hour for you to attempt to escape, boy, but if punishment is what you are after, I am more than happy to oblige.” He tapped another control and slid it back into his pocket.

Sherlock’s feet snapped apart with a surprising jerk, and he struggled to find his footing. John’s grip on his neck tightened before he could think of running. His wrists, however, stayed locked behind him.

He took the sub by an ear and dragged him up the stairs. Sherlock, aware how much trouble he was now in, surrendered to the Dom. John opened another door on the same landing as Sherlock’s bedroom. As the door slid through into the wall, a staircase was revealed behind it. He continued to drag the younger man up and threw him to his knees as he they reached the top. Without letting go of Sherlock’s ear, John reached over and began fiddling with the door controls. The door wasn’t like a normal door, it appeared old at first glance, but Sherlock realised it had been made to look old, old like a dungeon door, all stone and rock.

The door swung back on large hinges unveiling a large room. Sherlock was right on the dungeon idea. The room was split down the middle, one side for playing the other clearly for punishment.

The punishment side was decorated to go with the dungeon theme. It held all the things that was on Sherlock’s hate list. The other side of the room held all the things that Sherlock liked, where John clearly intended to enjoy time with the sub.

Sherlock quickly took in everything he could, not knowing how long John was going to give him or what was going to happen any moment. He couldn’t find anything that was on his limit list. John was an experienced Dom, he seemed to have every piece of kit he may or may not need. He must have somethings that were on Sherlock’s limit list so where was it all- oh. John really was an attentive Dom. The feeling of guilt quickly crept up the younger man’s chest. He’d clearly gone out of his way to remove things that would scare Sherlock. The doctor was aware of his past and things that had happened with previous Doms, Mycroft had made sure to sit them both down because he was more than aware that John would want to know and Sherlock would not be willing to give
anything away that would make him look weak.

Much of Sherlock’s past when it came to relationships were an absolute disaster. Previous Doms just didn’t know how to control him, or they thought they did and it made Sherlock worse. One in particular, Victor, had gone out of his way to punish him for the smallest things. Most of the time they weren’t even Sherlock’s fault. So naturally he was cautious around punishment implements and the list he had available to be used on him because of such wasn’t overly extensive.

John thankfully interrupted the detective’s thoughts, Sherlock didn’t like where they were heading.

“I was hoping we could play together in here first rather than punishment, but you had to try and run off.”

He closed the door and locked it. When he turned around, it was to find Sherlock lost somewhere in thought. He jerked as the Dom spoke, but made no other move to run or hide. Sherlock’s head was now low, and he was no longer full of that raw anger and rebellion - for now.

“No sub enjoys being punished. If they do, the Dom isn’t doing it right. No Dom enjoys punishing their sub. If they do, again they are not doing it right. However it has to be done for lessons to be learned, if not they are repeated. Do you consent to your punishment boy?”

“Yes, sir.” The word felt weird on Sherlock’s tongue, a word he hadn’t used in a very long time. “I consent to my punishment.”

John was taken completely by surprise, he had 8 counter-arguments at least prepared in his head for when the sub said no and went on a rant about how wrong this was; all now invalid.

Regaining his composure, the Dom smiled. “For accepting your punishment without argument and addressing me properly for the first time, I will halve the number of strokes I am about to give you.”

Sherlock slowly glanced up at the doctor in front of him and blinked. John was smiling and the detective realised that was the first time he had seen him do so. “Thank you, sir.”

Nodding once, John turned to the stool he’d set up. “Stand.”

The stool was about hip height and wide. It had three legs, and the top was padded by black leather, that ran down the legs about half way.

“Lay over it. Arms down the sides. You remember your safe word? What is it?”

Reluctantly obeying, Sherlock manoeuvred over to lay as directed and whispered quietly, “Redbeard.” With a touch of John’s box, Sherlock’s cuffs attached to the front leg of the stool. The Dom moved the boy’s legs so they ran parallel to the back legs of the stool and again activated the cuffs. Sherlock grunted as his legs straightened and he was bent double.

John touched his sub’s head briefly and heard him tense with a deep breath. Waiting for him to open his mouth and demand him to remove his hand, John was surprised once more when no dictation came but his head just dropped further.

“Do you know why you need to be punished submissive?” John asked, running his hands over the chosen implement for the sub’s punishment.

“Y-yes, sir.”
“Explain.”

“I snuck out of my room without permission.”

“And?”

“I tried to run.”

John pushed his hands through his sub’s dark curls and tugged. “What was that?”

“Sir! I’m sorry sir. I tried to run, sir.”

“And why is that bad?”

John got no response, however. Rather than jumping to the wrong conclusions and deciding Sherlock was ignoring him – after his attitude so far since he’d been caught, he knew that would be a bad interpretation of his actions to come to - he realised that his sub might not know the answer and his pride was too large for him to admit it. Rather than punish him further, he would help him. Sherlock needed to know that Doms weren’t against him or subs in general, he had just come across a bad bunch. He needed to gain the detective’s trust and the only way that was going to happen would be through communication and punishing him when it was justified, not when he felt like it or when Sherlock was upset about something. The sub needed to know if he was upset or angry that he could talk to John about it, not the alternative, which would be shouting and yelling until he had caused enough offence to be punished.

“If you were to get out, boy, anything could happen to you. I have large extensive grounds, you are wearing nothing but a pair of pants and it is the middle of January and you, my little sub, are a long way from home; you could have got hurt or worse.”

Sherlock realised there and then why John was so mad with him as to punish him before their first meal together. It wasn’t just because he attempted to run off. He was worried he would have hurt himself. The level of guilt inside Sherlock’s chest increased thrice fold and his shoulders slouched.

“Now your punishment was 20 strikes with the paddle. This is not the worse paddle I own, this is the easiest given it being your first transgression. The worst paddle I possess, worst for you at any rate, is the one with holes in. It doesn’t allow air resistance to slow it down. You will find that out for yourself when you transgress again. When, however is entirely up to you. Now, due to your recognition and your acceptance of your actions, I have decided to halve your punishment to 10 strikes. You will count each one and ask for another with the proper respect. Fail to do any of that and I will add the number to which we had got onto your tally and start again. Is all that understood?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock choked out, the position was already uncomfortable and he didn’t want to stay there any longer than absolutely necessary.

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John had reached his third hit and Sherlock hadn’t uttered a sound.

The first one had caught him by surprise. The second had landed directly over the first and hurt a lot more than he expected. The third had come down so fast that it blended in with the second.

“I was under the impression, boy, that you were meant to be counting, or do they not teach those basic skills at the private school you no doubt attended?”
He brought the paddle down again and Sherlock yelped.

“4, sir.”

“Oh, no, no, no. It doesn’t work like that. You count in order from the beginning of the number system. That’s how counting works. But as you pointed out, I had hit you 4 times, so we’ll go to 14. Shall we?”

Sherlock was aware that if he had just gritted his teeth they would be almost finished.

“Yes, sir, one, sir. May I please have another?”

“Good boy.”

The praise went straight to Sherlock’s head and he smiled slightly against the leather he was leant against.

The paddle rained down again and again, Sherlock didn’t make the mistake of not counting again.

“11, s-sir. M-May I have another, sir?”

Sherlock’s arse was thankfully still covered by his pants, it offered a small comfort and little protection, but John could see the pale white skin turn red and clash with white and black.

For the first time since becoming a professional Dom, John had the urge to stop on 11 rather than continue to the end. The boy in front of him was broken, completely. He was no longer full of fire and rage like he was a few hours ago. He looked lost. Yes, subs were usually quiet during punishment, but meek? Meek wasn’t a word John would associate with Sherlock Holmes after the way his brother had described him. He knew he couldn’t stop, that wasn’t part of his job. Sherlock would still feel guilty until his punishment had ended. It wasn’t at an end at 11.

He brought it down again, gentler this time. Sherlock’s yelps had long since died down to muffled moans as he tired, but John needed to finish this, not just for himself, but his sub too.

“12, sir. M-May I have another, sir?”

He brought the last two down quickly, leaving just enough time for Sherlock to count in between.

“Thank me,” he ordered.

“Th-thank you, for p-punishing me sir.” He took a deep breath and then sobbed quietly.

John went about removing the cuffs from the stool, but once he was free Sherlock didn’t move, even though the position would have been extremely stressful after so long.

“Stand up, pet.”

Slowly, painfully, Sherlock straightened, the back of his legs protesting at any movement as well as his no doubt bruised arse.

“I’m sorry, sir,” Sherlock murmured.

John looked at him in confusion then realised he was still holding the paddle and although the boy’s head was low, he was watching him like he would begin the rest of the hits the doctor had originally intended on.
“Good boy,” John said softly. He quickly put away his paddle and took the detective’s hand. He led him over to the bed that resided in one corner of the playroom.

“Lay down, pet.”

Sherlock realised then that he must have been good. That was the second time John had called him pet. The more he was called pet, the better.

Sherlock clambered up onto the bed, his ever present grace not left behind.

“On your front,” John added when he saw the look of horror on his sub’s face. The lack of verbal objection spoke volumes. He wouldn’t want to lay down on a freshly paddled purple arse either.

The Dom smiled as his sub obeyed. He knew it wouldn’t last, but for now he was willing to pretend that it might and jump straight into the aftercare the boy so obviously needed.
“W-What are you doing, sir?” Sherlock squeaked. He had flinched as the Dom slowly worked down his pants and applied cold gel to heated flesh. The hot and cold clashed together, but it felt good.

“Helping to soothe the pain you no doubt feel at the moment.” He was pointing out the obvious. Wasn’t that something that Sherlock detested? And yet he had asked the question, genuinely wanting an answer.

“W-why, sir?”

“Because the punishment is the paddling and part of the reminder of the lesson you should have learned is the pain afterwards. It doesn’t mean it should be excessive and it doesn’t mean it can’t be eased should it be possible.”

“But why, sir?” the boy repeated. Now he was repeating himself, John began to think there was something else going on here.

“It’s aftercare.”

“What is that?” Sherlock sounded confused.

John froze with one hand in the tub of soothing gel and the other just above his sit spot. It was clear that the term ‘aftercare’ had never been mentioned around him before. Maybe it had been called something else before?

“What do you mean ‘what is that’, your brother said you’ve had Doms before?”

“I have,” he grumbled.

“And judging by your attitude so far, you have been punished before, whether it be more intense than what you have received just now or less.”

“Yes. So?”
“Boy…” His new sub was walking a very fine line, he didn’t seem to be doing it on purpose however, more like he had merely forgotten the way things worked here. The way authority worked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Better. Then what is the problem?”

“Why are you… helping? I don’t… I-” Sherlock hid his face in the pillow. John screwed the lid back on the tub and clambered on the bed next to Sherlock. He laid parallel to him and put his hand gently in his hair. The younger man pulled away and John tightened his grip. “No boy. You’re mine, if I want to touch your body I will and you will not stop me. Now put your head in my lap.”

The detective turned his head further away.

“It appears I must continue your education before the obviously needed conversation. I use a tally system to keep track of misdemeanours which I don’t think require immediate attention, such as a lack in respect or cheekiness or a certain level of disobedience will be counted up. At 7pm each evening you will come and find me wherever I am and whatever you are doing. You will tell me the number for which you need to be punished for. You will ask for your punishment and thank me for it, like you did tonight. Your tally for tomorrow evening has started. I will not necessarily keep count, but if you lie to me, I will know. Now put your head in my lap.”

Sherlock refused to obey. John could see the obvious fight in him. The submissiveness was tugging him towards John’s lap, but the rebelliousness within him was pushing him away. It was a dangerous combination.

“For every 5 seconds you delay, your tally goes up.”

John had met subs like Sherlock before. That was his job after all, but they genuinely didn’t want to give in, to submit. John could tell just after a few hours of Sherlock’s company that he wanted to submit, he just didn’t want to want to. He liked it but he didn’t want to like it, or felt like he shouldn’t. This was new. John was seeing things in the younger man in a way he’d never seen in any of his subs before, so by giving him a consequence that was time sensitive, Sherlock felt like he was in control when in fact the younger man’s fate was entirely in the blond's hands.

He could see the internal war occurring inside his sub like it was a map laid out in front of him. He decided to make it a bit easier by gently tugging, this time Sherlock didn’t fight and slowly moved his head over onto John’s lap.

Once again John’s suspicions were confirmed, he wanted to obey, he just didn’t want to want to.

“That was 67 seconds boy, your tally has gone up to 15 from 1, quite a leap.”

“15!” Sherlock exclaimed.

“16 boy.”

John heard the sharp intake of breath for a retort, but Sherlock stopped himself. “Yes, sir.”

Smiling at the top of the sub’s head, John tried to carry on where they left off. “You were telling me about your previous Doms.”

“No, I wasn’t.”
“17.”

Sherlock glared.

“Do you want to go up to 18?”

He shook his head.

“3… 2…”

“No, sir, no!”

“Then speak.”

“What do you want to know? Sir?” Sherlock added the honorific just quick enough for John not to add to the tally, but it was clearly an open rebellion.

“Why you expected me to leave you alone.”

“I had a Dom in Oxford. He had a habit of punishing me for things he did wrong. Afterwards he would just leave me alone.” Sherlock didn’t sound upset about it. He sounded bitter, but not upset. He had got used to it after all, it had gone on for 2 years.

“Did you never think that was odd?”

“I asked him once. He said that was how it was supposed to work. I had never had a Dom before. I had no data to go on. I never really stayed with another Dom to get used to it again.”

“Except me…”

“I’ve hardly stayed with you. I’ve been here a few hours, and this isn’t my choice… Mycroft forced me into it.”

“You’ve signed the contract, boy. You have your safe word and you have the contract word.” If Sherlock ever said the contract word, he would phone Mycroft straight away, but somehow he knew deep down that Sherlock wouldn’t say it. He may have just been in trouble, but he was starting to settle in.

Realising he’d messed up again, he ducked his head to his chest. “I’m sorry, sir. I just meant, I’m used to having everybody else push me around when it comes to relationships.” The boy froze, realising he’d already said too much.

“Before you go any further,” the Dom started, well aware his sub hadn’t been planning on doing so. “Being submissive isn’t a weakness. At times, I believe being submissive needs a stronger character than being a Dom.” That wasn’t a lie, John genuinely meant it.

Sherlock frowned and looked away, thinking.

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“I know you are likely to get up and run tonight despite the warning I’ve given you about all the ways in and out, so I’ll make it easier for you to obey me.”

Sherlock eyed him cautiously. They had laid in the bed of the playroom for just over an hour. John had run his hand through his hair continuously and Sherlock tried with all his might not to get used to it. If he got used to it, he knew he would begin wanting to obey the man. He’d lain and argued
with himself for that entire time. Obey and make it easier, not just for the Dom but for himself also, or disobey and not show weakness. He still hadn’t decided.

John moved around quietly and instructed the younger man onto the bed in his room. So far, he hadn’t obeyed.

“Now, pet, this is new. It’s similar to a retracting lead. It runs inside itself, and has a length of about 20 yards, if you leave the house, you will be on this lead, so if I was you, I would get used to it.”

“Like a dog.”

“You’re not a dog. You’re a boy who will no doubt run at the first opportunity.”

“I’m not a boy!”

“That is an extra 2 for your tally, boy. What number’s that now?”

Sherlock glared at him and was trying as hard as he could to not lose his temper. He would not lose it before this Dom lost his.

“Answer. Now!”

“19.”

Another pointed glare from the army doctor. He was not giving Sherlock an inch. Sherlock realised he wasn’t going to at all, that was what this whole relationship was about.

“Sir. 19, sir.”

“Make that 20. Now get into bed.”

John didn’t look up as he fiddled with the leash and programmed it to the correct length that he wanted.

Sherlock, the stubborn git that he was, had got into bed so he was sat on his arse. John noticed that he immediately regretted it, but was biting his tongue, he couldn’t show that he had screwed up, he just had to go with it until an opportunity arose. He leant over to clip the leash to the front of his collar and Sherlock swatted his hand away like it was a fly.

“I don’t need a leash, I know how to stay in a bed by myself.” He didn’t know why the idea of a leash was so demeaning, all subs had them.

“I don’t doubt that you do. What I do doubt is your ability to do so. I believe after today’s events, it is not much of a leap that you will fancy a wander at half past 4 and believe you can leave.”

“But where can I go? You’ve said yourself that I can’t get out of the house.”

“I’m not stupid, boy, and you’re fairly intelligent yourself. You no doubt have already thought of many plans which will likely fail. I’m just saving you the hassle.” He turned to the wall where he removed a small chunk of it on a hinge revealing a metal ring, then end of the leash was attached to it, and John used the new technology to his advantage when locking it.

“Try anything tonight boy and you’ll find yourself cuffed tomorrow night.” The doctor finished what he was doing and ruffled the younger man’s hair, caught off guard he didn’t have a chance to pull away and John smiled.
“You have enough length in the leash to reach the buzzer for my room. Use it and I will be here within a few minutes. Whatever the reason “

“What if I need the toilet?”

“Like I said, whatever the reason. You have enough length to reach the buzzer.”

“I’m not waking you up for me to go for a piss.” Sherlock was angry again. Did Mycroft know this was going to happen? Because if he did, an argument was inevitable when they next spoke as was a punch in the face for the older Holmes brother. He gritted his teeth as the Dom spoke once more.

“You forget, you have to ask permission for that anyway, boy.” John said it casually, like it was an everyday thing. “So you would have had to wake me up whether you were tied to the bed or not. As for tomorrow we will start your routine then. You will be awake at 7 o’clock, see you in the morning. And do not forget the buzzer, it is your safe word throughout the night.”

“Whatever.”

John paused by the door and smiled at his defiant sub. He really was going to enjoy this. The challenge of the youngest Holmes.

“21, boy.”

Sherlock couldn’t help but smirk at his retreating Dom and reflected on the situation, he was tied to the bed, but he hadn’t been abandoned and left on his own at the end of a beating and this Dom hadn’t over-exaggerated the punishment and allowed him to seek comfort afterwards that he didn’t realise he needed. This might not be so bad after all.
John had expected his sub to be asleep as he wandered down the hallway. He’d been up just over an hour and was already immaculately dressed in his 3 piece suit. Yesterday was his brown suit. He always wore it when the new subs arrived or when they left. Today it was his grey suit; his favourite. Old army habits die hard; early mornings and dressing appropriately came naturally to the Dom whether he liked it or not. With Sherlock however, he doubted it somehow - he acted like a teenager and teenagers loved their beds.

At 5 past 7 he knocked briefly and opened his sub’s bedroom door, ready for the inevitable argument, to find Sherlock sat up, arms folded across his chest so that he looked like a sulking toddler. He even had his bottom lip out in a pout. Well he was a little younger than a teenager today then.

“Everything alright?” John asked.

“Well it bloody well would be if you untied me,” Sherlock countered immediately.

“Excuse me?” John raised a disapproving eyebrow.

Sherlock took a deep breath. He really was desperate for a pee. “I meant… can you let me go, sir?”

“See, you can be polite,” John teased. He got the ‘Sherlock’ glare as he had labelled it.

“Do you fancy adding another one to your tally tonight boy?”

“No. I’m sorry, sir. Just, can you untie me? I need the loo.”

“You need the loo?”

Sherlock sighed again, it was the wrong time to be arguing, naked in bed whilst his Dom stood in front of him fully clothed. It was a purposeful reminder that he was the sub and the ex-army doctor in front of him was the Dom.

“Can I go to the loo?”

“It’s ‘may I’. You’re asking for permission, not asking if it is physically possible.” It may have been petty in Sherlock’s point of view, but to John it was normal and part of the routine, he had also made it quite clear he would start as he meant to go on.
Sherlock growled. “I do not need to be told how to go to the toilet. And certainly not by you.”

“You do if you don’t want to wet yourself.”

Back to being stubborn again, Sherlock folded his arms once more. “For all you know I might not really need to go.”

“Oh, but you do.” The blond began to smile, this was going to be amusing.

“I’m not desperate though. I can wait until you get off your high horse,” the lie came easily to the sub.

John laughed, “I’ve been a doctor for many years, boy. By your expression when I first came in and the way you are holding yourself now. You are desperate. So I think if you don’t want to humiliate yourself even more than you already are by acting like a child, you should swallow your pride and obey me.”

Trust his brother to get a bloody doctor for a Dom.

“You’ve added an extra 4 to your tally, by the way.”

The younger man closed his eyes, and John quickly smirked. He’d been bluffing about knowing he was desperate. He could have been sat uncomfortably because of his paddling last night rather than needing the toilet, but he had seen his older brother, Mycroft, deducing things all the time and knew how it worked, even if he didn’t necessarily know how to do it himself.

When the boy opened his eyes, the smirk was gone.

When no words were forthcoming, John pulled the arm chair over and took his kindle off the shelf.

It was 7 minutes later when there was so much as another sound.

“Please, sir. May I go to the toilet?” his voice had been soft and quiet, two things the Dom doubted Sherlock’s voice had ever been before. Meek would have been a word he might have used, but that suggested it would happen again in the near future.

John’s grin was hidden by the device in his hand. He jumped up straight away and released the chain attaching the boy to the wall. “Good boy.”

The detective was on his feet in a flash and was heading towards the bathroom when the Dom grabbed him by his collar.

“Wait.” Sherlock whimpered slightly and stopped, regaining his balance on one foot. His shoulders tensed, but he didn’t pull away. His arms went out to the side as if he was expecting John to grab him.

“I’m sorry, sir,” the boy said quickly.

John released his grip seeing how startled the lad was. “You alright, boy?” he asked softly.

Sherlock turned to face the Dom, he let out a deep breath seeing him not angry and nothing but the passive expression he had held before.

“I don’t… I… yes, sir.”

“Don’t what?”
“Please, sir, may I go?” he nodded towards the en-suite.

The doctor nodded once and watched, concerned, as his sub rushed off. He was determined to find out why the boy had flinched at such a simple and common action in a Dom. He made note not to do it again, at least without warning.

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John followed his sub into the bathroom a few minutes later when he heard the chain had been pulled. He paused at the door to see him fiddling with the cage. He was clearly trying to get it off, but there was only one control box and that was in John’s pocket.

“And what would you do once you had got it off?” John asked, watching carefully. The sub didn’t flinch or jerk in surprise which meant he was more than aware he was scrutinizing him. He just didn’t care. John smiled.

“Wash it.”

“Obviously, but what next? You would no doubt break it in your attempt to remove it. How did you intend to get past me without it and without me noticing the lack of cage around your cock?”

“I was unaware that you could see through material.”

John glanced down to the pair of pants he was holding in his hand. He had collected them from the bedroom floor after last night. “These aren’t for you, the washing hamper is in here.” He dropped them in it.

“But-”

“It’s not your first day anymore.”

Sherlock growled and John’s whole demeanour suddenly changed. It was as if the growl was a switch and John had had enough.

“3 more to add to your tally boy! Now hands above your head.”

“What-”

“Another one. Hands above your head! Disobey me again and I’ll punish you right now.”

“How, sir?” he asked cautiously.

“Disobey me and find out.”

John was half expecting the younger man to push his luck so was pleasantly surprised when he raised his hands instead.

“Good boy. Leave them up there or I’ll cuff your hands behind you.”

The detective rested them loosely behind his head with a sigh as John began undoing the device around his cock.

The boy whimpered as he was freed. “I wouldn’t get your hopes up, boy. It won’t be for long.” John could see his hands itching to roam downwards, but forbidden to do so. Somehow, from somewhere came the strength to make him obey and continue obeying. “Good boy.” John leant forward so there was less than an inch between their faces.
Sherlock studied him carefully and the doctor was more than aware what he wanted. He pulled away and turned his back on his sub to fill the sink with warm water.

“You get one warning, boy. This is it. Just because I am not facing you does not mean that your hands can reach for your cock, if they are behind your head when I turn around we’ll say no more about it.”

How did he know? Sherlock was silently fuming. This blasted Dom was too good, not like he would ever admit it to the other man. All the same his hands shot back up behind his head, but John didn’t immediately turn around. He finished filling the sink up, rubbing a flannel with soap, then spun on his heel with a big grin on his face.

“Good boy.” John praised him yet again.

Sherlock reflected briefly on how the praise had been a rather regular occurrence so far that morning in only a matter of minutes. This new Dom was different with the way he praised. He didn’t wait for something massive to happen. He said it when he felt the sub needed it, not before and not after. Sherlock liked it. A lot. But he was beginning to show weakness. He couldn’t let himself want the praise because once he wanted it, he’d work for it.

John worked quickly and efficiently, his hands as professional as a doctor, as he washed him. When John had finished drying him off, he praised him again and pushed him towards the sub’s bedroom.

“You were very good then. Leave your hands where they are,” he added a lot softer than the first time he’d ordered it. He manoeuvred Sherlock’s slightly hardening length back into the cage.

Sherlock glanced at the slightly shorter man who had gone back to leaning on his cane.

“Sir…” he started tentatively.

“Yes, boy?”

“May I kiss you?”

John smiled, that had come far quicker than he had expected, especially from what his older brother had said and what he had witnessed so far. “You may.”

Sherlock kept his hands behind his head because he hadn’t been given permission to move them even though his cock was back in that blasted metal cage. He leant forward and their lips brushed. The Dom led the kiss as a Dom should and Sherlock surrendered his mouth to the older man. Most importantly he did that willingly. “You could have had that earlier if you had asked.”

Sherlock was glancing down at his caged cock as the doctor spoke.

“Will you ever let me out of it?”

“I just did.”

“Permanently?”

“Of course. Once you learn to address me correctly all the time and are well on your way to becoming the submissive you should be, I shouldn’t have to worry about controlling that part of you. You should just let me. Now, yesterday when I left you alone, albeit momentarily, you tried to run. Though your cuffs will ensure you don’t get anywhere, you need to learn to keep still when I
Sherlock’s customary glare was back. John couldn’t work out why the show of defiance in him was so amusing. He was a trainer; a professional Dom. He was supposed to crush rebellion in subs, not encourage it or relish it. He assumed it was the challenge this sub posed, but he knew deep down it was more than that and it was only the second day.

“Now kneel.”

With a loud deliberate sigh, Sherlock dropped to his knees, for once not making John repeat himself.

The doctor opened a nearby hatch in the floor and used the leash to attach his sub’s collar to the hook revealed beneath the carpet, similar to the one by the bed.

“Before you ask, yes, these little holes are everywhere.” He used his control box to activate the magnet and the leash pulled taught.

“You’ll wait here whilst I put some breakfast together.”

With that John got up and left.

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When Sherlock was sure the older man had gone, he took hold of the chain by the hook and tugged as hard as he could. All it did was rattle and clatter. He growled and managed to move around so he was no longer kneeling, but so his legs were either side of the hole in the floor. He looked about for his rucksack as he was sure his penknife was in there, but he couldn’t reach it as it was over by the bed and John had tied him to the middle of the room. Growling again, he went back to the tactic of tugging.

“30, boy!” came a stern growl from the door.

The younger man looked up to see his Dom stood in the doorway, arms folded. “Now let go,” he used his cane to point at the hands that were tight around his leash.

Sherlock’s hands reluctantly fell away from the chain, but clenched so hard his knuckles went white.

“No!” John headed over to one of the locked drawers that Sherlock hadn’t had a chance to break into yet and picked up a thin type of jute rope that didn’t appear to be very long.

He took the detective’s clenched fists and brought them round behind him where he attached the cuffs. Then he straightened his palms and fingers out, sighing at the little crescent moon shapes his nails had left behind. He pushed his palms together behind him with his fingers facing down and his thumbs sat in the crack of his arse.

“Keep them there,” John ordered.

Unsure what the Dom had planned, Sherlock obeyed knowing he would soon find out.

John began winding the length of rope around his thumb, middle and little fingers systematically. He tightened it up then threaded the length of loose rope between his legs, attaching it to the base of the metal around the sub’s cock. Sherlock whimpered.
“We’ve discussed this.” He pushed his fingers between his palms, brushing the fading marks. “You don’t hurt yourself. Ever. Now I told you to stay still. You will stay still or do I need to cuff your feet too?”

Sherlock shook his head as he tested the new bonds slightly. All he succeeded in doing, apart from proving he couldn’t free himself, was tug annoyingly at his cock.

“That was a question boy!” John barked.

“N-No sir!”

“No sir, what?”

“I don’t need you to tie my feet.”

The Dom raised an eyebrow.

“31, sir?” Sherlock offered, more than aware what the army doctor was going to say.

John smiled slightly.

“Too right. Now will you stay this time?”

Sherlock looked down at the small length of rope that was visible between his legs, regretting his new predicament and knowing it was entirely his own fault.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good boy.”

Sherlock sighed once John had disappeared through the door again. He wiggled slightly; not enough to be called struggling, but enough to test his situation more thoroughly than the first time he had tried it.

Immediately, Sherlock could tell how experienced John was as a Dom. The slightest arm movement tugged at the rope, consequently his restrained cock, but if he tried to sit back on his heels, he couldn’t. He got so far, but the rope pulled taught and he whimpered pitifully before returning to his upright position. He literally couldn’t do anything and the chain attaching his collar to the floor was just there to irritate him. The detective closed his eyes, he was going to be here a while.
It's all built on trust

Chapter Summary

Why did Sherlock sign the contract?

Chapter Notes

Thanks Sherlockian4evr!

“You stayed still.” John stated as he entered the room to find his sub exactly as he had left him.

“I didn’t have much choice.” Wasn’t that obvious? Or was this Dom just trying to wind him up? From what he had seen so far that wasn’t the sort of thing he thought John would do, but he didn’t know. This man was proving fairly difficult to deduce.

“You did. You could have behaved the first time and then you wouldn’t be stuck like that. That is what I said about submissives sometimes being the strongest. You going along and behaving makes me happy, in turn it’ll make you happy. Doing what you are told as a submissive makes you stronger than you think. There’s a lot of trust involved in relationships, boy, and therefore relationships are built on trust. From what you’ve already said so far you’ve had no reason to stick around, trust will change that. But it’s a two way thing. So what are you going to do the next time I order you to stay somewhere?”

“Stay, sir.” He said it. It didn’t mean it was necessarily going to happen. From the look on the blond’s face, the man didn’t believe it either, but he didn’t comment.

John knew, even if Sherlock ignored it, they had made some progress so far that morning. He unattached the rope from the cage, but left it so it was still wrapped tightly around his fingers. “By coming here you’ve admitted you want help - need help. Why did you sign the contract?” he asked at the snarl on Sherlock’s face.

“Mycroft made me.”

“He couldn’t physically force you, boy, you signed it with only me in the room.”

“Mycroft threatened to tell father about rehab. He said you’re different from other Doms; said he should have tried you sooner, but up until now you were imperative for work. He said I had to at least try with you and that the both of you would know if I bottled it rather than being genuinely unhappy. My brother cares, probably too much. He wouldn’t send me away to someone he didn’t completely trust. You should be proud. That’s not something my brother does lightly, trust someone. I couldn’t provide him with a reason why I couldn’t come, so here I am.”

“Clever man, your brother.”

“Whatever.”
“How about you leave the attitude up here?”

“How about you leave me up here? Preferably untied.”

“That’s 32, boy, but it could be higher so count yourself lucky.”

“What happens when you reach 1000?”

“You will have a very sore arse.”

Sherlock actually laughed at that, it hadn’t been the answer he was expecting, not from some seemingly uptight professional Dom.

“There’s something that needs to happen now, boy, in order for us to go downstairs.”

“Can you untie me please, sir?”

John hid his surprise well, at least from Sherlock, but that was a shock. “Yes, boy. I will.”

He unchained the leash from the hole in the floor and covered it up again.

“Stand, boy.”

“I meant untie all of me not just that stupid thing.” He stamped on where John had covered the hook in the floor.

“33 boy. You need to learn some patience. I was merely asking you to stand so I wouldn’t have to bend over, becomes a bit of a pain in the arse with the cane.” He pushed himself up straighter. “Because of your attitude you can remain like that for the entirety of breakfast.”

“But - please, sir-” Sherlock tried, but was interrupted before he could voice his many arguments.

“No! Actions have consequences. If I were you, boy, I would learn that fast.”

“I will. But please, sir, I didn’t know.”

“There’s going to be a lot of things you aren’t going to know, boy. That’s why we have trust.”

“But you could have-”

“Who’s in charge here?” he repeated sharply.

“Wha-”

“Answer the question, boy!”

Sherlock sighed in defeat. “You, sir.”

“Correct. So what does that mean?”

“You’re a-”

“Careful boy, you’re already on 33, rather large number already even if it is your first tally.”

“My Dom, sir,” he replied cautiously.

“Correct.” John nodded. “So what do I do? And do not say ‘Boss me about’.”
“Protect me, sir.”

John’s head tilted on one side as he regarded his sub. That was not the answer he had been expecting. It was better. That must have shown some underlying trust beginning to build.

“I do, pet.” He put his hand on the back of his sub’s neck and kissed him quickly. “Downstairs,” he ordered.

“Yes, sir.”

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As they entered the kitchen, Sherlock noted only one place set with food.

“You will eat everything I give you. Your brother says you are way too underweight and that you don’t eat healthily if at all. As I am a doctor, I will make sure what I give you will help you to build up muscle mass and a better diet.”

John sat at the place where the food was set and tugged the leash, clearly intending on making the sub kneel beside the chair.

Sherlock was having none of it. However, John was prepared and, the moment he pulled away, the Dom had shortened the leeway in the leash for the younger man as he stood up.

“Floor,” he growled dangerously, pointing at the spot beside the chair.

Sherlock paused for a moment, looking around as if for inspiration, but eventually he realised he wouldn’t get anywhere so dropped to his knees. “I am not eating out of your hand like a dog,” he growled to show his annoyance in another way.

“You will do what you are told!” John snapped, but he didn’t raise his voice, he never did. “Or do I have to start adding to your already incredibly large tally?”

“No, sir! No!” Sherlock had no idea what John would be hitting him with and he was sure he would make it go up on his own when he couldn’t help himself. This time he hoped he could.

“So what’s going to happen?” the Dom asked patiently, but with a touch of steel in his voice.

“I’m going to eat out of your hand, sir.”

“Right answer.” He ruffled his curls and for once Sherlock didn’t pull away. “Good boy,” he praised. He could see the effort the boy had exerted in not flinching away and began to unthread the rope from around him. He brought his hands to his front and cuffed them there instead.

“…sir?”

“Good behaviour gets rewards.” The look on Sherlock’s face said he clearly didn’t trust what had just happened. “Ask me nicely and I’ll get you a cushion.”

Sherlock shifted his knees on the cold tiles, but said nothing.

“Fine. I’m not the one naked, cold and kneeling.”

Sherlock’s head snapped up at that, his glare back in place. John was almost glad. He had almost forgotten what it was like. Even so, the cold was beginning to seep up his knees, because of being unclothed there was no barrier.
“You’re playing a game, boy. I am more than aware. There may be 2 players, but you can’t win.”

“Watch me,” he growled.

“You are making this impossible for yourself, boy. Your tally has already gone up to 37.”

Sherlock stopped himself before he replied. The doctor was right. He wasn’t achieving anything in his attempt to provoke the Dom. John wasn’t getting angry or frustrated. He was quite happy sitting there drinking his coffee. There was a line between provoking him and making him angry, but Sherlock hadn’t worked out where it was yet and carrying on as he was wasn’t going to get him anything, except sore knees. He took a deep breath and ducked his head. “Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

John had watched his sub process everything that had just happened and what had been said. He could see the cogs and wires twist and flair as he realised the truth in the Dom’s words, but that surprised him. He dropped his hand on his sub’s head. “Good boy. Now are you going to eat without a fuss?”

“Yes, sir,” the sub said without hesitation.

“Lift your head up then.”

John caught his chin in his hand. Sherlock didn’t resist as the doctor sought his gaze. The Dom searched for a moment before letting him go and cupping his cheek instead, apparently happy with what he found. Remorse, guilt and a touch of… fear? The beginnings of submission. John smiled. The Dom brought a chunk of toast to Sherlock’s mouth half expecting him to take a chunk out of his fingers. He didn’t though. Slowly, Sherlock opened his mouth to take the bite size piece of food. He watched it, cautiously, every second it was in the older man’s hand and took it from him, resolutely avoiding John’s fingers.

Every other sub he had ever trained would not be so petty as to not let their mouth touch his fingers. He actually liked it. It was a way of gaining trust and being intimate without being sexually demanding. John hid the hurt expression that flickered across his face quickly. Not 10 minutes ago, Sherlock had said he wouldn’t eat out from his hand so they had already made some progress.

He quickly gave him another bit before he got impatient. This time he received a “thank you, sir,” when he swallowed, but he didn’t look up like he had for the first bite. Maybe the detective had seen that flash of hurt…

For every 3 mouthfuls he gave Sherlock, he fed himself once. He wasn’t overly hungry as he’d snacked when he prepared the rest, but it was also Sherlock with the terrible diet, not himself.

The pair went a whole 10 minutes without anything going wrong, but that was when Sherlock’s next stage of rebellion kicked in.

“I don’t want it!” Sherlock growled as he pulled his head away from the piece of pear. John held it out patiently. “I told you you’d eat what I give you.”

“I’m not hungry.”

“We’re not discussing this, boy! Now open!”

Sherlock pulled his head away and backed up to stand. John sighed, but was more than prepared, in fact he was surprised it had taken the detective as long as it had before he rebelled again.
He stood with the younger man and hooked his finger through the D ring of his pet’s collar. He bent Sherlock double until he was forced to return to his knees.

“Stay.”

With the simple command, John moved to shut the door and lock it in case Sherlock decided to make a run for it again.

The Dom moved back to the table as calm as anything. He was pleasantly surprised to find his sub hadn’t moved at all. He tied the leash around the table leg.

“You should have done that earlier.”

“I thought you’d learned to kneel when told. Trust again, boy. It all comes down to trust.”

Sherlock felt a pang of guilt in his chest, but he ignored it. He had still ended up on his knees. It didn’t matter if he was tied to the table or not.

John picked up the bit of pear that he had dropped on the plate in order to deal with his sub.

“You will open your mouth right now boy or I am going to double your tally.”

Sherlock’s eyes went wide. “You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.”

Apparently deciding it wasn’t worth the risk he opened his mouth. “Good boy.”

Sherlock ignored the effect the praise had on him and swallowed the chunk of pear. It tasted bitter, but the sub kept his mouth shut.

John stood up and reached for his cane. “Usually I’d make you wash up, but you can stay there for now.”

Sherlock looked up at him confused. He glanced at the table and saw the empty dishes.

“There was only one piece left…”

“Yes. And?”

“You made me go through all that for one piece of fucking pear!”

John cocked his head on one side, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

“Why didn’t you just say?”

“Because you do what I tell you! It doesn’t matter what the circumstances are.” John wasn’t stupid. He knew the genius detective would notice the empty dishes and would jump to the right conclusion pretty damn quickly. He hadn’t been wrong, his reaction however was a little over-exaggerated than what he had been anticipating. The boy still needed to learn, whether he liked it or not.

“You bloody arse. You complete and utter fucking-”

“No!” John barked, his tone was not to be messed with. “You do as you are told, boy! And that you need to learn.”
Sherlock winced as he realised what he had just done. If he hadn’t been feeling guilty after being tied to the table, he definitely was now. He fell silent, his head dropping. He had never done such a thing to a Dom like that before. He did have some sense of self-preservation, at least when it came to being locked in a house with the same man he had shouted at. The closest he had come to that sort of attitude hadn’t had a great reaction. In a way, he realised he must have trusted his Dom already, enough for there to be no physical retribution immediately.

Aware he had control again, John relaxed slightly even if his face remained hard. “Now you wait there until I am ready to deal with you.” He turned his back on him to the sink. “And your tally has just doubled, boy.”

“But sir-”

“No buts, boy!”

“I ate the pear.”

“And I received swearing and abuse and still a lack of proper address!” John thundered. “Now if I were you, I would shut up.”

Sherlock did just that and stared at his cuffed wrists. That was the second time in under an hour he’d put his foot in it, first with the rope and now with a piece of bloody pear.
“Right, seeing as you’re already on your knees, we will practice how your present position is.”

Sherlock glanced up and caught his Dom’s eye. The look clearly said he’d be there a while. The sub had already angered the older man enough that morning. He had been trying to get a rise out of the older man. He wouldn’t say he’d got it, but he knew to mess up now might have drastic consequences for his arse later.

John used his cane to tap the insides of Sherlock’s thighs making him spread his legs a bit better.

“…sir?”

John eyed him curiously. “What?”

“May I have a cushion please, sir?”

John’s expression softened, but only slightly. “You may.”

He returned, but didn’t allow him to stand, just told him to shift onto it once he’d dropped the soft padding by his knees. Sherlock was further assured how this Dom’s temper worked. Even after the way he had just spoken to him, which even Sherlock knew was way out of order, he still fetched something that would give him an improved level of comfort.

“Now, depending on what I call you, will determine where your hands will go. If I refer to you as pet you may keep your hands behind your back. If I refer to you as boy, which seems to be all the time, you will raise your hands to behind your head.”

Getting the hint Sherlock raised his already cuffed hands to behind his head.

“You earn the right to be called pet and in return you kneel more comfortably.” He used this system a lot. He was sure it would work with Sherlock like it had with so many people before.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock said softly. That seemed a long way off.

“Back straighter,” John ordered and then returned to prodding his legs with his cane until he was in an appropriate position.

“That is how your posture will be when I say present. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir,” the sub repeated. He didn’t like this, not at all, but at the moment he saw no alternative especially after the way he had treated the Dom so far that morning.

“Now I want you to pick something you would like as a reward. When I think you’ve been good, you will be given it.”

He shrugged, awkwardly, given the position of his hands.
John had been expecting the word microscope or violin. Not receiving an answer except a shrug was a bit disappointing.

“Do you not want something like your violin or microscope?” he asked, hoping to lead the sub to an answer that would be beneficial for Sherlock when he saw what progress he made but also gave John something to see what Sherlock’s interests were.

Sherlock’s head shot up at that. “What do you mean my violin? It’s in its case in my bag.”

Ah. That hadn’t been expected.

“It’s not. Your brother’s assistants packed your things, I believe, and you haven’t unpacked to know what you have, have you? Well, your microscope and violin were given to me by your brother. You’ll have to earn them.”

Sherlock’s hands came down and he stood up in a flash, the leash only just long enough as the loop slid up the table leg.

“You can’t take my violin! It’s mine!”

“Down!” John barked. His brother had said that Sherlock had always been close to his violin, he acted as though it was sentient and his best friend.

On the verge of angry tears Sherlock dropped back to his knees. John smiled when his hands went back up behind his head without being ordered. Even so, the boy glared at the floor as if his violin was beneath it and he could burn a hole through it.

“So you can obey. Then why do you make it so difficult for yourself?”

He received no response, but then he wasn’t really expecting one. His sub’s head was too low.

“All privileges are earned and they can also be revoked. Is that understood, boy?”

“Yes, sir,” he said quietly.

“So what do you want as your first reward?” It was obviously going to be his violin, but Sherlock needed to feel responsible for that choice. What happened next surprised the doctor and made him realise the lack of respect he had received so far wasn’t without good reason.

“Whatever I say, you’ll hide and not allow me to have it, sir. You choose.” Then at least I can't blame myself.

John watched him suspiciously. He hadn’t moved since he’d dropped back to his knees, not even to fidget. He wasn’t even on the cushion anymore. The sub appeared to be resigned to his fate, at least for now, but what had caused it?

“Why would I ask you what reward you want if I had no intention of giving it to you?” The Dom was confused, yet interested in how the sub had made that leap.

Sherlock didn’t look up. “For that very reason, sir.”

John sighed. One of his closest friends’ little brother had some serious trust issues. Those stupid bloody Doms that came before him.

He pulled the chair out and sat in front of his sub. He raised his hand to cup his cheek and Sherlock flinched, then muttered a quiet, “Sorry, sir.”
“What are you sorry for?”

“Flinching, sir.”

“It is an involuntary reaction to well…”

“Weak subs.”

John shook his head sadly, it was time they talked. “Give me your wrists.”

Hesitantly Sherlock’s hands came over his head, but he watched them like John might cut them off.

“I’m only going to separate them,” John said encouragingly when the detective’s hands hovered in mid-air. He needed to be reassuring.

But the sub still froze.

“Do you trust me enough to believe I will release you and not do something worse?” John heard the sub swallow hard. “If you don’t, don’t give them to me.”

He shook his head. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, barely audible. Sherlock seemed defeated, but not in a submissive way. The doctor would go as far as to say his sub was scared.

He untied the leash from the table leg and held his hand out. He was pleasantly surprised when Sherlock took it to pull himself to his feet.

John didn’t let go of his hand, but gave him a moment to pull it free in case he felt crowded or threatened. When it became apparent that he wasn’t going to let go, John tugged him towards the stairs and into the room opposite Sherlock’s. Beyond the door was a sofa and a large flat screen TV. The walls were lined with books and the space beside the sofa was a square of soft padding. Sherlock was watching the padded area with something that resembled dread and was therefore surprised and more than cautious when John pulled him down on to the sofa next to him.

“I don’t want you to ever be sorry for flinching. Is that understood?”

Sherlock nodded mutely, but John didn’t push for a verbal response. The sub was clearly confused enough as it was.

“Now why would I offer you a reward and not give it to you?” John asked him the same question again because he was determined to get a more informative answer.

“Because that’s what Doms do. Tease and torment.”

“Have I teased or tormented you since you’ve arrived?”

Sherlock thought for a moment. “You made me kneel to eat.”

“A rule of mine for the start of a contract. Did I tease you whilst you were there?”

“No, sir.” Sherlock shook his head. The Dom had a point there.

“Once again, we’re back on you believing being submissive is a weakness it’s not. It’s a way of life. You’re more suited to being a sub. There is no point you struggling in a position that doesn’t suit you. Which is why there is that sort of divide, pet. For me to be trusted and respected by you, I need to trust and respect you. That is how it works. You know, I sometimes wish I was a sub.”
“No you don’t,” Sherlock argued quietly. “You get to do what you want.”

“There is a lot of responsibility being a Dom. You cannot deny that. I can’t turn to someone if it’s been a rough day.”

“That’s what subs are for.”

“No. I don’t know who told you that, pet, but they are wrong. You’re not there to beat and kick when I am in a foul mood. You’re there to be treasured. Yes, sometimes Doms need ‘Space like you need yours, but that doesn’t have to be through a cane or a whip. It should be through something light like bondage which I believe you enjoy, according to your contract.”

“I do, to a certain extent. Sir.”

John was amazed that the sub was still addressing him correctly. “Well, we’ll explore that. Together. But I won’t force you to. I will ensure you behave and I will punish you if you don’t, but I will not force you. I will not tie you up just because I feel like it and if there is anything you are uncomfortable with that’s why you have a safe word. But in order to play together you need to trust me and at the moment I’m aware you don’t. That’s fine, but we need to work on that.”

Sherlock was relaxing slightly beside him. He began to settle into the fabric of the furniture rather than avoid it as much as possible.

“Would you be more comfortable if I were to undo those?” he indicated his wrists and Sherlock nodded sheepishly, distantly unaware at what caused his hesitance. “If you trust me to untie you and nothing else, raise your hands up a bit.”

He held his wrists out with a lot less caution than John expected. The doctor detached the cuffs from one another and the sub smiled. “Thank you, sir.”

John smiled. “Good boy.” He really wanted to just lean over and kiss him, but the boy was looking so awkward and out of place as it was. John didn’t want to confuse the lad further.

“I…”

“Go on,” John encouraged patiently. “What is it?”

“I had a Dom who took all my things once, said I had to earn them back, like you did. I tried so hard to please him, when I asked when I was likely to get my stuff back the arse laughed. It turned out he’d burnt it all. I was lucky Vienetta was being repaired when he took my stuff.” His voice didn’t sound as lost and distant as it had earlier in the kitchen. He sounded bitter at the memory. John couldn’t blame him. He had to stop himself clenching his fists in anger. Sherlock didn’t need to see that.

“Vienetta?” John asked after a moment. It was clear the detective wasn’t going to continue unassisted and he wanted to change the conversation slightly. He didn’t want to appear to force information out of the younger man. He needed to talk in his own time. When he was ready.

Sherlock actually cracked a smile and blushed, a pale red creeping up usually pale cheeks.

“Mycroft’s idea of a joke when we were children. Mother would always let us have ice cream for pudding. Sunday was the only day I would stick around long enough to have some. The rest of the week was a choice between boring ice cream and my violin, but on Sundays we had Vienetta.”

John laughed with him. He seemed fond of the memory and the Dom reflected on how gorgeous he
was not only when he smiled.

Who would want to mistreat such a perfect work of art? The doctor cringed at the thought of it.

Sherlock turned away slightly. It appeared he thought he’d revealed too much and soon that wall would be back, shortly followed by the rebellion that had been so frequent thus far.

“You trusted me to uncuff you and nothing else. Would you be willing to trust me if I gave you my word that your choice of rewards, whatever they may be will not be withheld from you if you have earned them?”

Sherlock thought deeply, thoroughly, then nodded once. “Yes, sir. You don’t seem like Victor, in that respect at least.”

“Then what do you choose?”

Sherlock smiled. “Vienetta. Sir.”
“Now as you’ve been moderately well behaved, I am going to give you a choice. You can have the total amount of your tally tonight at 7 pm or I can halve it as it is and give you half now, but I will use the slightly worse paddle than I would usually use for routine punishment.”

Sherlock’s eyes widened. “You’re giving me a choice?” the detective sounded shocked.

“I am,” the Dom agreed.

“I don’t know.”

“Don’t know what?”

Sherlock chuckled slightly, almost nervously.

That was different, John noted, him being nervous. It wasn’t something he would have associated with the boy.

“I’m sorry, sir. I don’t know what number I’m on.”

“I told you to keep count.” John sounded unimpressed, but also slightly amused at Sherlock’s honesty.

“I know, sir. I’m Sorry, sir,” Sherlock repeated. “But it’s kind of shot up a lot in the last few hours.”

“So I suppose we’d better start again, if you can’t remember the number?” John offered, he wanted to know what Sherlock's reaction would be.

Sherlock looked up in shock then nodded, a smile tugging at his lips.

“Nice try, pet. I expected it to be a large tally to start with. Mycroft told me all about you, remember?” He pulled out his phone and showed Sherlock the number it had gone up to. The detective’s eyes widened, not realising it had gone up quite as high as it had. His shoulders slouched in defeat. “Can I have half now, sir?” Seeing the number made him realise he didn’t really have a choice at all, the full lot… it didn’t bear thinking about.

“Go upstairs to the playroom, kneel by the door and wait for me.”
Sherlock stood up and walked to the door when John unclipped the leash.

“Pet, what do you say?”

Sherlock froze, thinking. “Yes, sir.”

“Good boy.”

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John found Sherlock knelt where he had been told. His hands were behind his head rather than behind his back, which was more than slightly surprising, but he didn’t know whether the boy had done it on purpose or had done it by accident and had merely forgotten.

“Did you not remember where I said you should put your hands if I called you pet?”

“Course I did!” Sherlock snapped.

Well that put John a little taken aback, things had been going well. It must have been the idea of punishment. He’d learned from experience that if things seemed too good be true they usually were.

“Well?” He ignored the attitude and folded his arms after resting his cane against the wall. The sub hadn’t looked at him yet.

“I guessed you’d be pretty pissed off with me in a minute so it’d be back to you calling me boy again. I thought I’d save myself the hassle of having to move.”

John took hold of the younger man’s hands and brought them down behind him to rest at his lower back.

“If anything was likely to change my mood with you it would be you doing something to make my mood change. You do not get to predict what my attitude is going to be like in the future. I’m pretty sure your memory is substantial given your brother’s, so what was the last thing I said to you?”

“Good boy.”

John closed his eyes briefly. He would have smacked himself on the forehead if Sherlock hadn’t been there to witness it. He could see the badly concealed smirk the detective was trying to hide and had to change the subject to not laugh himself. Round 2 to Sherlock, though he wasn’t about to admit that.

Feeling the need to regain control, “I will never punish you when I am angry. If I feel my temper is likely to get the better of me, I’ll leave you in time out until I am calm enough to deal with you.”

“Very admirable of you.”

“You know, I don’t have to give you half now. I could give you the full 74 and however many you are no doubt going to add throughout the day, tonight at 7.”

“Whatever. Can we hurry up and get this over with?” Sherlock clearly didn’t believe the Dom, he felt the need to change his mind now so as to not be left disappointed later.

John grabbed him by the collar and began walking back down the stairs. Sherlock stumbled and followed, his hands flailing to balance himself.
It wasn’t until they reached Sherlock’s room did he believe John was serious.

“Sir- What-”

The Dom pushed him to his knees and reattached the leash to the detective’s collar.

“You were clearly thinking twice about being punished now, but that’s fine. It doesn’t bother me. It is supposed to be at 7 o’clock after all. I was just trying to make it a bit easier on you.”

He attached the leash to the floor. “Present, boy.”

Groaning, Sherlock lifted his hands to sit on the back of his head. Well there was him changing John’s mood and having to raise his hands in the first place.

“Good. You can stay there for 15 minutes and I’ll come and get you.”

“Sir- I do want half now. I didn’t mean what I said. It'll be too much tonight. Please, sir.”

“You had your chance. Now behave and do not make matters worse.”

“But, sir-”

“Boy!”

His head dropped in defeat. “Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

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15 minutes on the dot, John entered his sub’s room. He was staring down, whether it be at the floor, his knees or his caged cock it didn’t matter. What did matter was the fact that his hands were still behind his head and he hadn’t struggled or fought the leash this time. John found himself feeling bad for the boy… almost. He would have done the same with any other sub. Sherlock had over-stepped the line too many times whilst he’d been knelt at the top of the stairs. It had been uncalled for. But he still felt sorry for the boy. It appeared he hadn’t realised what he had been doing and if he had, he hadn’t realised he was being rude. John was back to thinking about Sherlock wanting to submit, but not wanting to want to. He had known from the first time he had met him that things would have to be different to how he worked with other subs. There would be a lot more patience needed, less routine because he was easily bored and therefore distracted and more second chances.

John slowly moved into the room so as to not startle the younger man, difficult with the noise his cane made, but the sub didn’t notice. He seemed miles away.

He dropped his free hand into dark curls and the younger man jerked, surprised.

“Shh,” John soothed. “You alright, pet?”

His head shot up and John could see the tears he was trying to fight. He was upset with himself for some reason. “Yes, sir,” he answered.

“I’ve got a question for you.”

Sherlock seemed distant, angry, but not with John, with himself. That was different. A sub angry with himself? Let alone on the first day.

“Would you like half your punishment now? I will use the harder paddle though.”

John smiled. He had half expected the detective to turn down the offer just to keep what he thought was the moral high ground. He was obviously angrier than he looked with himself and wanted to put things right. The “Thank you sir” had come as a bit of a shock. A good shock, but one all the same.

John took the detective’s hand rather than using just the leash to tug him upstairs. It was something the doctor had seen a friend do many years ago, whose sub had been traumatised before they’d found one another.

Sherlock’s head was low again, but he smiled at the hand that encircled his own.

“I don’t…”

“What is it, pet?”

John noticed Sherlock’s expression and sentences that started that way, from experiences so far, weren’t good.

“It doesn’t matter, sir.”

They’d reached the door to the playroom and John stopped and turned to regard his sub.

“No, what is it?”

Aware that if he argued anymore he was more than likely to lose the offer of half his punishment now. Again. He would not fail at this twice.

“No Dom’s ever held my hand that way before, sir. It’s usually my wrist and uncomfortably tight.” He’d done it again, told the doctor something about his past. Something he hadn’t wanted to, something that had just come out because of the patience of this man.

John was glad he had mentioned his past without a direct order or question, it was showing resemblances of trust. But he didn’t want to ruin it so changed the subject. “What way?”

“Nicely…” Sherlock trailed off after the one word and glanced back down to his hand. “I like it, sir,” he added not wanting it to be let go.

“If you’re good, you get to hold my hand whenever you want.”

The sub smiled and John saw then how small and innocent Sherlock could be deep down. It just made the doctor want to grab him and hug him forever. He opened the door to the playroom and led his sub in by the hand. He wasn’t about to give it up.

“I use a different bench for tally punishments, pet. For routine. You’ll be pleased to know it’s slightly more comfortable.” John reassured him seeing that Sherlock’s grin had vanished and he was looking about in apprehension.

John pulled a new stool out from a side cupboard. It was a lot lower than the first one John had tied him to.

“It doesn’t look more comfortable, sir.” the sub pointed out quietly. It wasn't aggressively said, it was more said with caution.

John’s smile was reassuring, soft and gentle. Formal punishment like this was likely unusual for
the sub, he wanted him to get used to it. “Come here and kneel there.” He pointed to part of the stool. A section at the bottom had slid out like a tray and had padding built into it.

Reluctantly Sherlock knelt. It made sense to have half of his punishment now, but it didn’t mean he had to like it. Or the fact he felt stupidly grateful to the Dom for giving him a second chance. He felt guilty for the way he had spoken to him when they were outside of the room earlier. He couldn’t help but want to be mad, and yet the Dom’s calm presence seemed to… do something he didn’t understand and he didn’t know whether he should like it or not.

“You don’t have to tie me down, sir.” Sherlock was glaring pointedly at the Dom’s hands which had encircled his wrists so he could attach the cuffs to the stool.

“It’s not about you running away the second I turn my back. The technology outside the downstairs door is also outside this one for when I want to activate it. It is about submission. You’ll find it easier like this.” He attached the cuffs to the front of the bench. This position wasn’t as strenuous as last nights, for a start his thighs and calves weren’t being pulled uncomfortably.

“Do you know why you need to be punished?”

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock stared at the floor, wanting to be anywhere but here. Wanting the ground to open and swallow him up.

“Why?”

“For all the small things I did wrong that added up.”

John nodded. Not the greatest of answers, but better than what he had been expecting, considering.

“So how many is it going to be if I halve your current total?”

“37. Sir.”

“Good. Count, pet.”

“Yes, sir.”

John retrieved the paddle he planned to use for this instalment and after the first few hits was glad he had offered the younger man the opportunity to halve his punishment and put 10 hours between it.

“4, sir.”

John tried to vary his hits, each one overlapping as limited as possible but at “18, sir” he was running out of room and he was only half way, just.

He continued on relentlessly, he couldn’t stop for too long between hits. Sherlock would wonder what was going on and may be led to think John was going soft, he couldn’t allow that sort of weakness to show. It would make it worse for the boy. It was easier to get it all out of the way and then they could curl up for a while.

The idea of splitting it into 4 chunks crossed his mind, but he realised it wasn’t his fault it had gone up to mid-70’s. It was Sherlock’s own doing. He had been given chance after chance. If anything it should probably be higher given the amount of attitude the Dom had been on the receiving end of.

He had covered all the paleness of the detective’s skin twice and now his backside was a deep red.
Sherlock hadn’t groaned or whimpered until the tally had hit 30 and John had covered his sit spot for the second time.

“37, sir,” he panted, his cheek resting on the edge of the bench in exhaustion.

“What do you say?” John asked.

“Thank you for punishing me, sir,” Sherlock said it so quickly it came out as a muddle of words rather than a sentence.

“Good, pet.” He wasn’t about to make him repeat it more understandably, it was enough he got the right answer for now. He released the cuffs and Sherlock fell back onto his knees, immediately wincing as his reddened backside came into contact with his heels.

His eyes were red, but he hadn’t actually begun to cry.

“Thank you. For letting me have half now, I mean, sir.” He honestly did mean it, twice that amount in one go would have been far too much and would likely have had him sobbing.

John held his hand out as a reward and his sub gladly took it, willing to accept any comfort the Dom was willing to give out.
“You took that well, pet. Hop up on the bed.” He had hold of the jar he had used last time. It seemed to help with the bruising.

“A-are you doing the same again, sir?”

“Aftercare?”

Sherlock’s arms wrapped around the pillow he had automatically grabbed and he nodded into it.

“Of course. I will always do it when you’ve been punished. No matter how good or bad you were during the punishment. Although I will point out, being bad when you are already being punished would be a very reckless thing to do.” John looked at him in a way that suggested he knew just how reckless the younger man could be.

Sherlock chuckled slightly at his Dom’s expression as well as what he had said. It sounded more like a hiccough, though, as tears caught in his throat.

When he was done, he got rid of the jar and climbed up onto the bed to lay next to his sub. He looked down at Sherlock for a moment from where he sat back up against the headboard. He was facing the other way and seemed to have calmed down, his breathing shallow. John could mistake him for being asleep, but knew better.

“Am I going to have to make you put your head in my-” John cut off as a mass of curls moved over from one side of the bed to land in his lap.

The Dom laughed. “Good boy,” he whispered. He ran his hand through said curls and ticked behind his ear. A shiver ran through the detective and John realised he liked that so he did it again, this time eliciting a purr from the other man. This is how he should be, all quiet and pliant. John’s aim, well John’s aim was to get him like this without the punishment first. He hadn’t been lying when he had said to Sherlock about not liking punishing his subs.

They cuddled for about an hour, John continually rubbing the spot that made shivers flitter through Sherlock. The detective continued to make the noise that sounded like he was purring. John didn’t comment, just made sure he kept dragging the noise out of him and smiled at the top of his sub’s head.

He squeezed him tight briefly before sliding off the end of the bed and hopping to his feet.

“Come on, pet, up you get.”

Sherlock rolled over, away from the Dom, and wrapped his arms back around the pillow he hadn’t let go of.

“Up, pet,” John said again.
“Don’t want to,” the sub mumbled.

“I loathe repeating myself and I have already done it once. What is about to happen can be easy on you or hard on you depending on how you act now. But it will happen.”

He looked up, pouted, which if it wasn’t for the circumstances, was adorable, and went back to hiding his face in his pillow.

“Alright, boy, your choice.” John walked the 7 paces around the bed without his cane and grabbed the sulking detective by his collar. He pulled him off the bed and dragged him to the middle of the floor where he pushed him to his knees. Sherlock should be accustomed to kneeling there already.

“Present.”

Sherlock sighed, but began to obey. He knelt up straight and moved his hands behind him to rest in the small of his back.

John moved around in front of his sub and folded his arms in disapproval. “I don’t think so somehow, boy, do you?”

Sherlock’s customary glare was back.

“38. I gave you a choice. I warned you. If you cooperated you could have been in the more comfortable position. Your own fault I’m afraid,” John didn’t sound as apologetic as his words seemed to make out. He forced Sherlock’s hands up to behind his head. “They will stay there, or there will be consequences.”

There was no verbal response, but Sherlock nodded.

“39,” John leaned over and whispered in his ear. He clipped the leash to the collar and to the floor again before leaving him to it.

Sherlock couldn’t help but feel disappointed, not just in himself but John too. Things had been going so well. Yes he had been punished, but he of all people was not going to get through the next 3 months with punishment never occurring. It was the second day and he’d been punished twice already and had completely blown the tally out of the water. As much as he hated the idea, it was entirely his own fault. John had given him plenty of warning and plenty of opportunities to obey, just some form of stubbornness that was deep set within him made him argue and get into further trouble. And now John had just left him alone, angry and annoyed. It was then that the stubbornness played a part again.

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When John returned, he was highly disappointed. Sherlock hadn’t just moved, he’d done so excessively. Every part of his position was different compared to how John had left him. He’d slouched down on his knees and his hands were in his lap. He’d also moved so the leash was behind him, making him closer to the door, presumably so he didn’t have to look at the thing that was keeping him on his knees. If it wasn’t for the leash, John wouldn’t put it past the brat to stand up and walk away.

John stood in the doorway and tutted. Sherlock was sporting a challenging smirk.

Bring it on.

Without muttering a word, John untied the leash from the floor and tugged. Sherlock stumbled to
his feet with the jerk at his neck, but he resolutely wouldn’t move and folded his arms in a clear not happening gesture.

The Dom sighed, reached up to Sherlock’s height and grabbed his hair. The sub still fought, so John let his curls slide through his fingers and gripped his ear. The younger man yelped.

“Going to cooperate now?”

Sherlock’s head jerked in the affirmative, but this time John wasn’t satisfied so used his grip of the detective’s ear to pull him out of the door.

“Argh! Sir!”

“Yes, boy?”

“I’ll cooperate. I swear.”

“Good.” He didn’t let go though. He opened his study door.

“I said I’d cooperate!” Sherlock yelled, adding on a belated sir when he got no response from the Dom, just a more strenuous position to walk in.

“And so you should.”

He pushed him to his knees at the back of the study so he was facing the wall and about 6 inches from it.

“Present, boy.”

Aware he’d already said he’d cooperate, Sherlock raised his hands and was unsurprised when his wrists locked together behind his head. He was surprised when John stood behind him and wrapped a piece of rope(?), by the feel of it, against his fingers, around the gap between his wrists and the D ring on his collar.

“By all means fight how you like now,” John offered.

Sherlock heard him sit down, shortly followed by the scratching of a pencil.

It was one thing to be tied up like this. It was another to be completely ignored in the process. He dropped his head.

Sherlock lost count at 17 minutes. John hadn’t said anything and he didn’t doubt that he hadn’t even looked at him as his pencil hadn’t stopped scribbling whatever it was noting down.

His arms weren’t aching yet, but there was more of a strain than normal because of the way they were pulled back and he was under no illusion that he would be there for a lot longer than a quarter of an hour.

The sub was more than right. It was well over an hour later when John finally spoke to him.

The Dom swivelled on his chair to face his sub to see that Sherlock’s head had fallen forward to rest against the wall, showing off his long pale neck encircled in the leather of his collar.

“Kneel up straight!” John barked. “I thought you were more than aware what your present position was.”
Rather than argue or be defensive Sherlock offered; “I’m sorry, sir.”

That was what John needed to see; an apology that wasn’t forced or on the other end of a threat or punishment. The ones that came with no provocation were the apologies that meant the most.

“What are you sorry for, boy?” John pushed.

“I didn’t stay when you told me to, sir.”

“If I untie you will you remain in position for another 10 minutes?”

Sherlock squeezed his eyes shut in annoyance. He wanted to move completely, but knew it wasn’t worth arguing. If he did, John would just leave him tied there and after an unknown amount of time John would just ask again until he submitted.

John’s smile grew wider as he saw Sherlock’s brain running through his options. He could almost hear the cogs whirring, trying to make a decision.

“Yes, sir.” It seemed to have come to the right conclusion.

The Dom was in no hurry to untie him, but when he had, he dropped his hand on his head and ruffled his hair slightly. “10 minutes, pet.”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock repeated. He didn’t want John to double it because he hadn’t replied.

The sub was more than glad when John told him his time was up and he could turn around. “You can lower your arms now,” the Dom said as he had kept his hands behind his head. The doctor hadn’t moved from his chair, but he had turned it around. He patted his thigh. “Come on over here then.”

John was the most surprised he had been so far when Sherlock didn’t stand up but instead crawled forward slowly, cautiously, as if John was going to lash out with his cane and hit him. The thought made the Dom shiver.

“Kneel beside me. I just need to finish this plan off and then you can go upstairs and unpack.”

Somewhat sheepishly Sherlock manoeuvred himself beside the Dom and leant back on his heels. John absently moved his left hand out and guided his head to his knee. Sherlock closed his eyes.

“Sir?”

“Yes, pet?”

“This is that aftercare thing again, isn’t it?”

John nodded. “We will do this a lot when I’m busy in here and you haven’t got anything to do. It’s a way to calm you down and keep you settled. You may also find subspace in the future just from this. And just because you didn’t get the paddle, it doesn’t mean aftercare can be avoided. Subs tend to ‘drop after punishment. They need to know they’re forgiven and so do you.”

“Am I, sir?”

The Dom’s brow furrowed. “What, forgiven?

Sherlock nodded. “I mean… yes, sir.”
“Of course, pet, you’d still be by the wall if you weren’t.”

It was another few minutes before John was finished. He’d kept his hand in his curls and Sherlock listened to the soft breathing of his Dom.

“Right. I can leave this for a minute and take you upstairs.”

“I can go upstairs on my own. Sir.”

“You probably can. But I’m sure the front door that you will pass on the way will be too tempting for you to resist, and I think two punishments before 11 o’clock is plenty for now, don’t you?”

Sherlock’s eyes glistened in amusement. “Maybe you’re right, sir.”

John smiled. “Come on then.”

The sub stood and then held his hand out for his Dom. Eyeing it warily the doctor took his hand and Sherlock pulled him to his feet.

“Thank you, pet.”
John remembered how much Sherlock loved it when he held his hand softly, it was a small, minor thing, but it was enough to help to make his sub feel more comfortable and for that reason he would ensure to do it whenever he could. Therefore when Sherlock took his hand to help him up, the Dom didn’t let go of it. He led him towards the stairs, still holding the leash. Experience told him to not let it go.

Sherlock glanced at the door, thinking hard. John didn’t miss the flash of light that brightened the detective’s features, even for a moment.

“Not going to happen, pet,” John said drawing his attention back to his Dom.

John opened the sub’s bedroom door and followed him in. He still hadn’t let go of his hand.

“If you promise to stay in here, I will unleash you and let you unpack. I’ll give you an hour and if you obey with minimal complaint, I will let you have your violin back for an hour. How does that sound?”

“An hour-”

John cut his sub’s complaint off before it could really begin. “And then you can prepare lunch.”

“I don’t want to prepare lunch. I’m useless at domestic things and can’t cook anyway. You’ll only end up-”

John cleared his throat, but Sherlock ignored the interruption, “-having to remake it,” Sherlock finished. He wandered over to his bed and flopped down, sighing loudly.

The Dom tugged at the leash he still held in his hand. “You’re failing at the proper respect again, pet.” John’s tone was calm hence the term of address, but there a touch of army Captain steel present.

“But-”

“Don’t bother arguing.”

Sherlock froze where he was indeed about to argue.

“Now, I have given you an order. What do you say in response to that?” John ploughed on when there was only silence. “C’mon, pet, you know the answer to that now.”

Deciding that his Dom was being rather petty, he rolled over and covered his head with his pillow. As if that would actually achieve anything except making the Dom mad.

Growling softly, almost inaudibly, John pulled the leash until a head of curls appeared from
beneath the pillows on the sub’s bed. John kept pulling and eventually Sherlock ran out of room to move and collapsed in a heap on the floor.

He spluttered and rolled over, defiance and anger flashing through his eyes. “What the bloody hell was that for?”

“40,” the Dom said simply. He pulled his sub to his feet and push him towards his cases. “Kneel.”

“What?”

“I’ve had enough of you prat arsing around this morning, boy, kneel.”

When no response was forthcoming, John shook his head, almost sadly. “41.”

Sherlock dropped to his knees with a thud. His thoughts did keep straying away from the tally. As if the last one hadn’t been big enough, here he was dragging it out.

“You had the opportunity to do this alone and the chance to earn your violin for a while. I would have thought an hour with it would have been enough just to let you unwind, but clearly that little show this morning about your violin was just a provocation. No doubt a failed attempt at making me mad.”

“No!” Sherlock snapped, but continued more calmly at his Dom’s unimpressed glare. “I mean, I’m sorry, sir, please don’t do anything to my violin. I do want it back.”

John’s heart clenched. Sherlock thought he was going to damage it just because he had messed up his opportunity this morning? He hastened to reassure the younger man. “I will not cause any damage to your violin. It is yours. I may have it at the moment, but that does not give me the right to destroy your property and especially something so precious. Even more so, the fact that the contract between us is only 3 months does not give me the right to do any damage to it. The same goes for your microscope.”

The Dom smiled as Sherlock sighed in obvious relief, his eyes dropping along with his head into a more submissive posture.

“You may get the opportunity to earn it back tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow-”

“Boy!” John barked.

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Better.”

Sherlock looked away, determined to hide the smile of appreciation at the slight praise. It would not get to him. It would not!

“You willing to obey me now?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock responded quietly. He just wanted this over with. The quicker it was, the quicker tomorrow would come and he would get his violin back.

“Stand.”

Sherlock was more than happy to get to his feet. He still wasn’t sure on the kneeling thing. He
didn’t understand how it made him feel. He didn’t know that he wanted to understand.

“Come here.”

Sherlock approached him, albeit cautiously.

“Kneel.”

Sherlock knelt.

“Good, pet, well done.” The words were spoken fondly and Sherlock had to hide another smile.

“Now here is what is going to happen next, I’m going to sit back and relax whilst you unpack all of your stuff.”

John sat back on the bed and shuffled up so he could see the whole room. His gaze dropped to his kneeling sub. He thought of tying the now-extended leash to the wall, but he always was a fan of the personal touch. He also liked the idea of being able to tug Sherlock over whenever he felt like it. It would no doubt teach the boy that submitting wasn’t a bad thing. If his Dom was happy the sub would be happy and if the sub was happy so was his Dom.

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The first time John tugged at the leash, he received the ‘Sherlock’ glare and an added ‘piss off’. After explaining to Sherlock rather long-windedly how wrong that was, he put his tally up to 45. The sub had been right earlier when he thought about his tally going up of its own accord when he couldn’t help himself. That had always been his weakness, knowing when to keep his mouth shut.

The second time John tugged the leash, Sherlock managed to prevent himself from opening his mouth, but the glare he couldn’t stop. It was incredibly irritating when he was busy to be stopped just to look at his Dom who was laid back watching him like he was at the cinema. John had explained to him last time that this was probably the easiest part of submission and if Sherlock hadn’t previously screwed up his chances with his violin, he would have been in a better mood; a more cooperative one. Then again, if he hadn’t screwed up his chances with his violin, John would be off doing whatever it was John did when he wasn’t with him.

John had thought that had gone rather well. He’d already managed to teach the younger man to hold his tongue, so for that achievement alone John didn’t put his tally up. The detective had smiled slightly when John voiced this and then sent him back to his unpacking.

The third time John tugged the leash, the sub dropped what was in his hand. That action scared him into turning around and grabbing hold of the leash tightly so the material dug into his fingers. He tugged at it sharply.

The Dom had recovered quickly and realised his sub was in Panic. It was like a flick of a switch and the doctor had no idea what had caused it. Subs in Panic tended to be destructive, not something John was in the mood to witness, and certainly not something either the Dom or sub enjoyed.

He scrambled off the bed to land in front of Sherlock where he was staring down at the broken dishes, breathing heavily. He yelled something incoherent and John knew he had to stop the ‘explosion’ that was imminent.

He hadn’t been fast enough once, long ago when a previous sub had gone into Panic and he had ended up doing real damage to himself. John didn’t fancy Sherlock’s chances with broken glass on
the floor. He reached out and grabbed Sherlock’s flailing wrists. He pushed them together in front of him and activated the locking mechanisms inside the cuffs. The detective continued to fight and growl words, some more coherent than others. The Dom was sure he had heard some “sorry”s in amongst it, but couldn’t work out why.

John knew he was stronger than the taller man. Years in the army and controlling wayward subs had gained him a lot of valuable strength. He’d also learned a lot of techniques, many that he had made up himself, which would almost definitely come in handy.

Happy that his sub’s wrists couldn’t separate no matter how much he struggled, John pushed him down to the floor, away from the glass, his head twisting sideways on the carpet.

John heard another “sorry” as he pressed one hand down on his sub’s neck to keep his head from thrashing around. He used one of his own legs to cross over Sherlock’s thighs.

They waited like that for what felt like forever. When the detective was finally calm enough, John stood up, resting heavily on his cane for the first time all day.

Sherlock didn’t move, through fear or shock, John didn’t know, but he remained motionless.

“Stand up, pet,” John ordered softly, but made sure to add a hint of sternness in there to ensure compliance, not like he expected him to disobey, but that was one thing he had already learnt with Sherlock Holmes; expect the unexpected.

Sherlock struggled to his feet and John saw his face for the first time. His eyes were red and blood shot. Tears had created their own tracks down his face. The Dom raised his free hand to rub away a couple of new tears and then kissed him on the forehead. Although calm, the sub still looked terrified so John tugged him over to the bed gently. He pulled him up and Sherlock instinctively turned into him burrowing his head into John’s neck, still muttering broken apologies through ragged breaths.

John cuddled him for well over an hour before he could even contemplate opening his mouth for productive means.

“Pet?”

Sherlock shifted slightly, but otherwise didn’t respond. He seemed to be coming out of Panic, but he wouldn’t be out of it fully for a few more hours, at least that was John’s experience. It very rarely occurred and usually he already knew the cause, but now he needed to know what had forced him into such a defensive mood. Once he knew, the same mistake wouldn’t happen twice and he could begin to bring Sherlock back to the ‘real world’. Panic had been explained to him by a previous sub like it was similar to sub-drop, that was another reason for aftercare. John wondered how often this had happened to his pet and what the consequences were when it did. It didn’t really bear thinking about.

“Pet?” he tried again, even softer this time, more of a whisper.

“Yes, sir?” Sherlock’s voice trembled as he responded to his Dom.

“What caused you to go into Panic, pet?”

“I dropped the petri dishes, sir,” he said quietly.

Well at least he knew what Panic was, John thought absently, slightly better than the fact he didn’t know what aftercare was until last night.
“And Victor,” John spat the name like it was venom, “punished you for this?” It was an educated guess.

“N-No, sir.” It would have been easier to agree rather than argue with the doctor, but he didn’t want to lie. The more time he spent with the army Captain, the more he realised he couldn’t lie to him.

“Another Dom then?” The idea that two of his previous Doms had been petty and abusive angered John, but he forced himself to remain atop of it, for Sherlock’s sake. He was scared enough at the moment as it was.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock quietly admitted.

John realised that since he knew what had sent Sherlock into Panic, there was no reason to dig up the past further. At least, not yet.

“Do you want to go and get a cup of tea, pet?”

“I” he did want a cup of tea. It sounded like a great idea and would more than likely bring him out of this floaty bubble, that felt similar and yet so far from subspace. But he was warm, and comfy.

“You what? It’s okay, pet, I’m not mad at you.”

“I like it like this, sir.” He sounded ashamed? Embarrassed? To admit it.

“How about we go and get some tea and then head to the den?”

Sherlock actually perked up at that. “Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

The ‘thank you’ surprised John, but he thought it best not to mention it.

“Good, pet.” He leaned over to kiss the detective, on the lips this time. He made it gentle as he was determined to separate himself from Sherlock’s past experiences with arsehole Doms, especially this unnamed one.

He helped Sherlock up and wrapped the dressing gown around him that was on the back of the door. He ignored the surprised look Sherlock sent his way. Being naked daily at the start of the contract was a rule of John’s, in fact it was a rule of most professional Doms and Doms in general, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t tweak his own rules when comfort was required.

“C’mon then, pet, let’s get you sorted.”

He took his sub by the hand and led him to the door.
Good Behaviour Gets Rewards

Chapter Summary

Things may go right for Sherlock for a change!

Chapter Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr

John had led his sub to the kitchen where he prepared tea for them both. He knew there was no point starting a conversation with the younger man. He was too distant to be able to construct a sentence, let alone a conversation.

John carried both cups through to the den and sat down in the chair, placing both cups on the glass coffee table to the side.

The doctor wasn’t surprised when the boy knelt beside him rather than sit down. Panic was just a spinoff of subspace after all.

When it became clear his detective wasn’t going to ask for such simple comfort as a cushion – though this time he was sure it was through fear rather than sheer stubbornness - John reached over behind the sofa where he had a collection of proper kneeling pads, each one tailored to something different. He attempted to encourage Sherlock up, but just received a head shake in return.

“No, sir. No. I’ll be good. I’ll stay on my knees, sir. I promise I can be good for you.”

“I know you’ll be good. You’re my good boy, but could you just shift slightly?”

When he didn’t do that either, John realised the fact that his looming over the younger man from the height of the couch probably wasn’t helping matters, especially with the head space that Sherlock was currently in.

John spun around to the floor in front of his sub, tucking his leg in under himself so he could kneel.

He took Sherlock’s head in his hands, placing them either side of his face as he kissed him softly. When the sub offered his mouth, John rocked back, but didn’t let go.

“Stand up for me, pet.” Sherlock obeyed this time and John could only describe the look on his face as relief when he saw the cushion rather than… John froze at the thought of what might have been used to punish him if he entered Panic before.

He pushed the cushion underneath him and told him to kneel again.

He would tell his sub to get up on the chair next to him and rest in his lap if he thought he would get compliance, but rather than force a change in submission when Sherlock clearly needed it the most, he settled for resting his hand in his curls and slowly encouraging his sub’s head over to rest
against his knee. He tickled the same spot behind his ear that he had earlier and received the shame shiver as before.

John watched as the younger man closed his eyes, no doubt thinking about what had happened and contemplating what could have or should have happened in his eyes.

Sherlock let heavy lids fall shut and focused on the breathing of his Dom. His current Dom, not his past ones, this one. The one who had so much patience and seemed to understand him even if he didn’t know why.

The sub was trying to work out why he hadn’t been punished yet. Was it his begging? Pleading? Neither of those things had helped before, but maybe this Dom was different.

He already knew how much John was different in comparison to Victor and the unnamed one. He hadn’t taken his things away to destroy and he had already offered him the chance to earn it back. The only reason he didn’t have his violin for now was the fact that he had messed up and put his foot in it, like he always did.

This Dom also used a tally rather than throwing him over his lap at every opportunity. It was a lot better than it used to be, but now he had to wait for the punishment in the evening. It was also loads better than living in constant fear as to when he might be hit next; it had always been when he least expected it.

He’d been with John less than a day, but he was completely different from what experience had taught him to expect. That didn’t mean he could trust him. He might have just been tricking him, letting him get close to hurt him psychologically rather than physically. It was just as feasible, if not more so than this Dom actually caring.

He tried to listen to the voice at the back of his head telling him how ridiculous that whole concept was, least of all because Mycroft trusted him and there was no way he would send his little brother into any danger. It didn’t matter whether it was physical or emotional.

Sherlock breathed deep, smelling John, calming down. John wasn’t hurting him. John was comforting him. He was doing that aftercare thing again, for the fourth time was it? And he’d been with him less than 24 hours. Why wasn’t he getting impatient and angry? Things were getting more confusing than ever.

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When Sherlock began to shift on his knees, slightly, but enough to know that he wasn’t thinking about the events of the morning anymore, John knew he would have to distract the younger man. He glanced at the detective, then at his watch. No wonder he was hungry, it had gone 2 o’clock. He wondered if Sherlock was hungry, but he doubted he would get a constructive answer if he asked the question. He may have been restless, but he was still under. The bleary eyes and the drowsy movements were proof of that.

He ran his hand up and down the boy’s arm, reassuringly. “Time for some lunch, pet.”

He couldn’t order Sherlock to make it like he had said he would earlier. He still doubted whether his sub could form a sentence, let alone make lunch, especially if he wasn’t very good at it like he claimed. He wouldn’t enjoy it enough for it to bring him out of subspace and it would likely put him into a deep subdrop.

The sub moaned something inaudible in response and John sighed. He had never seen a sub this
affected by these sorts of events, but then again he had never seen a sub quite like Sherlock before; unique in every way and only a sub because there were three categories: Dom, switch or sub, there wasn’t a range of choices.

John fiddled with the leash and wasn’t surprised that when he headed to the door, Sherlock crawled along behind him rather than get up and walk. John slowed his pace to match his sub’s and absently dropped his hand to stroke at Sherlock’s curls.

When they reached the kitchen, John wrapped the end of the leash around one of the cupboard doors.

“Stay there, pet.”

Sherlock whimpered when John moved away.

“I’m going to be 30 seconds, just while I get some stuff from the fridge.”

The whimper turned into more of a groan until John was back at the unit next to Sherlock.

The detective shuffled forward and knelt up, leaning against John’s hip, his hands clasped together behind his back.

John couldn’t believe his eyes; his sub had got into his present position without being told. He knew this wouldn’t last. Not only was this Sherlock, but it was only the second day. No sub had ever done that automatically on the second day without external interference, but he was going to enjoy it while it lasted.

“Good boy. I’m going to knock 5 off of your punishment tally, pet. It’s gone down to 36.”

“Thank you, sir,” Sherlock said quietly.

John busied himself with preparing a sandwich for the both of them and chopping up some more fruit while Sherlock leant against him, perfectly content to trace patterns on the Dom’s shoe with his finger.

“Kneel by the chair, pet,” John ordered as he finished chopping up the fruit and putting it into some dishes.

He half expected the younger man to protest, but he didn’t. He just reversed and then knelt up again.

The Dom contemplated cuffing him, but thought with the amount of compliance he was getting, there was no need, at least until he came out of Panic fully. Sherlock’s head remained on John’s lap as he ate bite after bite without complaining.

When he was done, John kissed him again and noticed that his vision was a lot more focused now and he was looking around less drowsily; more dazed and confused.

He untied his leash, and led him to the stairs again.

He released him at his bedroom door and told him to go in.

“Finish unpacking, pet. I have a surprise for you.”

“Yes, sir.”
He was very much out of Panic now, but didn’t seem to want to be. John knew how stupid that thought alone was, but if one word could be used for Sherlock it was unique.

He left his pet to it, reflecting on everything that had happened. He was greatly relieved that it hadn’t ended badly. It so easily could have and, judging by how easily Sherlock had seemed to slip into Panic, he knew it was going to happen again without a doubt. He also knew how to deal with it.

Sherlock himself was quite pet like. Many subs were similar, but the detective also had a bit of a praise kink. That combined with the fact that he could be very cat like when he was in a quiet mood could present countless opportunities as well as countless problems.

There was also the fact of how long he seemed to stay under. Whether that was a normal response for him in general was a hard thing to evaluate. At a guess, John assumed it was because of his past relationships with Doms that he had stayed under a lot longer than he would have done the first time on purpose. Whilst under, he wouldn’t have been that effected by much in his drowsy dreamy state. It would have made it easy for him to ignore people.

John was also proud that he hadn’t been ignored by the detective, even though he hadn’t really presented much of an opportunity to be ignored by not asking him many questions.

About ten minutes later, the Dom returned to find Sherlock pacing in his room, the rest of his stuff unpacked and his suitcases empty in the corner. If he was still under, he would have most definitely have been knelt. In a way he was glad he wasn’t. While pacing, John knew what to expect; Sherlock.

“Present for me, pet.”

Sherlock froze where he was and watched the Dom in the doorway who stood with strong arms linked behind his back.

Holding something, Sherlock’s brain automatically told him. But what was it? Good or bad? Sherlock watched him for a bit longer than John would have liked, but he was glad again. His sub was back to testing the system, back from the fuzzy area of Panic and into reality.

Sighing, the younger man dropped to his knees. Now that was a surprise, he had expected to have to repeat himself.

He ran his hands through his curls first, messing them up a bit before his hands settled behind his back.

“Back to testing the system, pet?”

“I obeyed, didn’t I?”

“Hmm?”

Sherlock ducked his head.

“I’m sorry, sir, I’m a bit… muddled still.”

“Thank you for being honest with me, pet.” He really was grateful, glad it didn’t go the other way and Sherlock begin to shout and swear. “I’m going to my study now. I want you to put the cases in the wardrobe in the corner and then I want you to knock on the study door, understood?”
He nodded.

“Pet…”

“Yes, sir. I understand.”

John nodded once, satisfied with that. “Go on then.”

Once Sherlock had moved to obey, John headed to his study and settled in his chair.

He examined what was in his hand carefully and couldn’t wait for Sherlock to poke his head in.

Moments later there was a tentative knock at the door, still not fully trusting then. He couldn’t blame the lad after the morning they had had and the fact that he had only arrived yesterday afternoon. John hadn’t done anything to properly earn his trust yet. Time was what was needed in these situations. They hadn’t been together long enough, but then again he hadn’t really done anything which would prove him to be untrustworthy.

“Come in, pet,” he called.

Sherlock’s head appeared around the door and the second he caught sight of what was in John’s hands, he rushed in.

“Shut the door, pet, and present.”

“But-”

“Now.” John’s sharp Dom tone was back and it had the desired effect. Sherlock turned and closed the door quickly, practically skipped over to him, and dropped to his knees a lot faster than when John had told him to present moments ago in his bedroom. It must have been the immediate sense of reward.

He knelt so there was about half a meter between them. His hands went to his back, but the doctor could see him wanting to reach out and grab it. He must have come to the conclusion he would get it faster if he obeyed. That was the conclusion he wanted the boy to come to.

When John plucked absently at one of the strings he saw a flash of hurt fly across Sherlock’s face. His shoulders rounded slightly and his head ducked immediately in defeat.

At first, the older man thought it was because he had played it in front of him, but then he realised that the sub didn’t have the greatest experience when it came to Doms and his property; specifically his favourite things. He probably thought he was now being teased with it. John imagined with clenched teeth that that was something this Victor would have done. He had said he wouldn’t be allowed to earn it until at least tomorrow after all.

He held it out.

“You can have it until supper, but then I will have it back from you without complaint, is that understood?”

“Yes, sir. Crystal, sir.” Sherlock’s hands stayed behind his back and the doctor’s heart clenched.

“Go on, pet, you can take it if you understand the deal I am offering you.”

“I do, sir. I promise.”
There was a glimmer of hope and once again John found himself imagining what previous Doms would have done at the sight - no doubt laughed and hidden it again.

“Here we go then. You can play it here for me so I can listen or you can go back to your room, nowhere else though, pet, ok?”

“Yes, sir,” he said quietly.

Tentative hands unclasped and slowly he reached over for his favourite thing, grinning widely when his hands clasped around it and he could feel it beneath his fingers.

“Thank you, sir,” he said his voice full of gratitude. “For letting me have it today I mean, sir,” he clarified.

Now that did come as a shock. “Good behaviour gets rewards.”
As John lay in bed the following morning, he contemplated the previous day. The evening had been odd, to say the least.

Sherlock had initially played his violin in the study sat alongside him and John had revelled in some of the beautiful tunes he managed to pull from the instrument.

Eventually the boy had decided he wanted to be alone and, seeing as John had not given him an order that would counteract him being alone, he expected him to just wander off. But rather than doing just that and leaving to go to his room, he came over and knelt on the floor beside his Dom. He leant against his leg in the normal comfort seeking position. It was the first time he had ever done it out of choice. He’d stayed there a few minutes and then asked permission to go.

John had been absently stroking his hair in shock and just nodded, caught completely unawares by the sub’s new attitude. It had to revolve around the violin. John knew he couldn’t rely on that. His sub had to earn the violin, not the other way around. He watched, speechless, as he stood and left closing the door quietly behind him.

What was happening? Since when had a sub rendered him speechless? And since when had he been so distracted by watching a sub move around the room graciously that he had done no work on schematics or plans at all?

That wasn’t part of his job that he had told the detective, but he was sure he’d worked it out just by the way his pen scratched over the surface of paper or card.

John left him to it, using the free time productively. He did, however, flick on the CCTV camera in the sub’s bedroom so he could check he arrived there and didn’t leave, which he would not put passed the younger man. His tendencies for mood swings were not well enough controlled for him not to suddenly decide to be rebellious and run off, or at least walk around and find some form of a distraction in other rooms, rooms he wasn’t meant to be in. But when the screen buzzed and the 4 cameras that were positioned in each corner focused, he saw him pace the bottom of his bed, violin in hand.

When time for dinner rolled around, Sherlock was laying on his bed fiddling with the strings of his instrument with precise finger twirls.

John had had to remind the younger man of the rule - when he enters a room, Sherlock should
kneel - and there had been obvious reluctance as he had knelt and handed his violin back to the Dom, but he had obeyed without complaint, despite the hesitance.

Dinner had happened wordlessly, both men stuck in their own thoughts. John was sure the only reason he hadn’t ran a mile when he had reminded him of the second half of his tally was because they had been so close to one another as he had said it.

He’d taken him up to the playroom again - by the hand as he hadn’t physically refused - and strapped him down to the bench. 36 wasn’t that bad a tally number given the events of the day and the fact that he had already been punished in the morning.

He had taken it surprisingly well, remembering to count off individually each stroke as it had landed. They had proceeded to cuddle for the remainder of the evening, the sub curled up on his lap sipping tea whenever John brought the cup near him.

The perfect behaviour would never last very long, and Sherlock soon got bored, but his tally didn’t start until John was putting him to bed. The grumbled argument had come when John had pulled the leash out of his pocket. He had demanded that he didn’t need to be chained to the wall, but John had just continued to put his tally up until he willingly allowed the Dom to hook it to his collar and then proceed to tie it to the wall.

As he rolled out of bed to get dressed and ready for the day, he contemplated what sort of a mood he was going to be in. He was nearly one hundred percent sure it was not going to be anywhere near as good as it had been when he had come out of Panic the day before.

Sherlock was knelt beside John at the table, feeling distant. The routine so far this morning had been identical to yesterday. Well, John’s part of the routine had been identical. Sherlock had decided that sulking when his Dom arrived at 7 was not the best way to go to the toilet. He also didn’t bother tugging at the cock cage when he went to the loo and let John wash him without a fuss. Because of this, his tally was only as low as 7, surprisingly small given the preceding days events.

Breakfast hadn’t been the ordeal it had been the previous day. He had also decided it was just best to get on with this part of the day without any agro. It wasn’t worth it. He’d knelt beside the table when told and even opened his mouth to receive every bite the Dom wanted him to. It was, however, taken advantage of as the doctor had made sure to eat less himself so there was more left for the sub. That had made the bother, both mad and snippy when he realised what John had done. Inevitably the tally had began to rise but it still was not as high as it had been this time yesterday.

He hadn’t given in, not by a long shot, but he knew that petty little feuds weren’t going to wind this Dom up. He couldn’t believe his behaviour last night. He hadn’t even been in Panic, and the aftermath had faded so he couldn’t blame the chemical imbalance. He must have been tired, but still he was beginning to slip up, so he had spent the majority of the night planning in his Mind Palace.

“Can I trust you to do the washing up alone for a moment?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock mumbled quietly.

John smiled with obvious approval. “Good, pet. If you dry them off as well, I’ll show you where they go when I come back down.” He nodded and left through the side door. “I’ll be five minutes.”

When he didn’t get a response he reappeared at the door, frowning slightly. “What do you say?”
“Um… Yes, sir,” he said quickly, “sorry, sir.”

He had apologised, hoping the older man would still leave again; ‘Come back down’ meant he was going upstairs, with his limp that gave him loads of time. He watched until the doctor had completely disappeared and the footsteps were dying out on the stairs.

His bag was hidden in the corner in a previously empty cupboard. He found a pair of trousers, t-shirt, socks and shoes before hiding his bag again and hurrying out of a different door that he was sure led to the lobby area.

He opened the front door, which again it didn’t take much to crack the code, despite John’s determination to make it random and impossible to crack. He laid down on his stomach and tried to work out where about the magnet was in the floor. He couldn’t use his hands as one wrong move would lead to them being held there in whatever uncomfortable position they were in and that would be a very embarrassing position to be found in by his Dom.

He had had a case about these sorts of security measures before. They were used at supermarkets to keep trolleys from being stolen. They had also been used at an airport, but it wasn’t the luggage trolley being stolen that the police had been worried about. It was the amount of drugs stashed on one of those trolleys. Anderson, the idiot that he was, always ended up being put on jobs he had no clue about. They didn’t even need forensics there. He had claimed that there was no way the trolley full of cocaine could get past them when he was clearly wrong because it had. Sherlock had taken less than 30 seconds to make the deduction and had pointed out that it was in fact easy if you just moved around the areas that locked the wheels. It was also just as easy if there were two of them, which was likely given the size of the job, to lift it up past the magnetic force’s reach.

Deciding he was getting distracted by reminiscing, Sherlock shook his head and listened for John, but there was no sound coming from the other man which was a welcome relief.

Using his knowledge from the drugs case - which he had quite proudly solved and found the location of all the missing nArctic’s as well as blowing open a nationwide drug ring - he came to the conclusion that he couldn’t go around it. It ran too wide. Instead he would have to go over it.

He jumped to his feet with ease and took a few paces back. He paused, listening for sounds of the Dom again. Content that there weren’t any, he took a run at the door and just as he reached the threshold he jumped.

He went up and up, given his long legs, but he didn’t land quite where he had intended.

The alarm blared, his feet snapped together and pulled down, sharply. His hands cuffed together in front of him this time, luckily, because he could use them to break his fall and catch himself as he landed, his feet forced so close to the floor by the force around his cuffs, he was left in a press up position. It was either that or crush his hands. He looked over his shoulder and realised the force must have been a lot more powerful than he realised. Mycroft! If he had been able to think of that way out, so would his brother. He would have told John to install extra powerful magnets at the door. He groaned at the familiar sound of footsteps on the stairs, but this time they weren’t in a hurry. This time he knew he was screwed more than he had been the first time he had attempted this.
Chapter Summary

So… Sherlock had been caught… again.

Chapter Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr

Ok, so I've had the question 'why is he running again?' A few times. We will find out, maybe not this chapter, maybe not the next but Sherlock will tell us

John wasn’t nearly as angry as Sherlock had calculated him to be. He just clipped the leash on his collar again and released the cuffs. Sherlock collapsed in a heap, unsure how long he had been holding himself up for. John apparently wasn’t in a forgiving mood though. He just yanked hard on the leash until Sherlock spun around onto his hands and knees.

“Inside,” John ordered sharply when Sherlock refused to cooperate. He may have crawled yesterday, but he was in the after effects of Panic. It didn’t really count. No way was he going to just crawl at this Dom’s whim. “And if you even think of standing up, this punishment will be like nothing you have ever experienced before.” Okay, so maybe he had underestimated how mad he was.

When he still refused to move, John bent down, picked him up by the scruff of the neck and dragged him inside the house, slamming the door shut with his foot. At no point did the detective use his feet.

“At least you didn’t attempt to run naked this time.” John’s voice was dangerously low and Sherlock knew he was playing with fire.

“I had pants on the last time, actually,” he spat. He had no idea how this Dom was still managing to keep on top of his temper.

John could see clearly that the boy was just going to argue with him at every opportunity. He was fine with that. He knew yesterday had been too good to be true and he knew this sub was going to be difficult. It was what Mycroft had warned him about after all. At this point in time, he didn’t really care why the brat had attempted to escape again. He had assumed they had formed a connection yesterday and he was positive that was genuine and not some performance. Nobody could ‘pretend’ to be that scared when he went into Panic.

“Strip,” he ordered.

The only response he got from the younger man was the ‘Sherlock’ glare.

With a sigh John tapped his little black box and his sub’s feet were together in an instant.
The detective growled when John carefully knelt down in front of him and attempted to remove his shoes.

“Lift your feet up, boy.”

It appeared as if he was trying to put more weight onto his feet. John once again wasn’t bothered and used his cane to prod the back of his sub’s knee and knock him to the floor. He hit the ground with a gentle thud and then yelled out something that John couldn’t quite catch, but whatever it was it was angry. The Dom needed to get on top of this. Fast. He gripped him by the back of the neck and pushed him face down. A hook appeared in the floor and John reached around, kneeling at his sub’s back to clip it to the collar.

“You need to calm down, boy.”

“I don’t want to fucking calm down,” he spat. His hands went to the hook and he begun tugging on it but he was just making himself cough. John touched the box again and his hands snapped around behind him.

“Before we move on and I punish you like you deserve, we need to get on the same page, which means you have to get on top of your anger because it will not help the situation.”

Minutes later and he still hadn’t stopped thrashing about.

“Boy, we cannot continue if I cannot trust you to not hurt yourself.” He uncuffed him and immediately ordered his sub's hands behind his head. It would be uncomfortable. That was the point. Once he had done it, he would be calm and ready to submit again. He could see the strain that the collar had on the boy being so close to the floor, but once again, that was precisely the point.

Sherlock lasted a very long time before John saw him begin to cooperate. Ever so slowly, his hands moved and his fingers locked together behind his head. The Dom moved to remove the boy’s shoes again but all he did was kick out. However, with one sharp, “no!” the lad stilled.

“Better,” John praised slightly, but his sub was in no way forgiven. Not by a long shot. He removed his socks next and then tugged his trousers off. “I’m going to need your cooperation in order to remove your shirt. Are you willing to comply?”

“Complying means you release me, right?”

John didn’t answer just waited. When no polite response was forthcoming he went and grabbed a chair from the kitchen and took a seat by the door so he could watch him. He was still breathing heavily.

It was a full hour later and the majority of John’s anger had resided. He knew that was good and he knew it wouldn’t come back as he punished his sub, but he couldn’t believe the amount of tied up anger inside a boy so young. His previous Dom’s must have done some serious things to him in order for him to be like that.

Eventually there was a quiet croak from the floor and Sherlock’s arms went back to his neck. ‘I’m sorry, sir.’

That was enough for the Dom and he immediately moved to untie the hook from his collar and release his feet. The boy was clever enough to leave his hands behind his head.

“Kneel,” came one quiet word.
Sherlock knelt without complaint, his hands going back to his neck after he had straightened up, he had been expecting the order

“Remove your shirt.”

John watched as the sub obeyed and threw it on the pile with his other clothes.

“Do you have any more bags stashed around with clothes in?”

He shook his head. “No, sir.” his voice was quiet and John realised his yelling had probably caused his throat to feel quite raw, although he did deserve it. He had admitted he was in the wrong and therefore was feeling guilty and ready to earn forgiveness.

“Stay.”

John was gone a few seconds and had him in his sight the whole time so there was no way he was going to be stupid enough to attempt the door again. He looked drained of energy if nothing else.

He returned with a glass of water.

“No, your hands stay there. You are still on punishment until I say otherwise.” He held the glass to his sub's lips and Sherlock guzzled at it greedily.

“Good boy,” John whispered when it was empty.

“Thank you, sir.” There has been no need for the Dom to do that he had every right to fetch a glass of water and pour it on the floor in front of him, making him watch.

The doctor nodded put the glass on the side and then pointed to the corner.

“Second escape attempt. You can kneel there for 20 minutes, thinking about what you have done. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

He crawled over to the corner and knelt up, his hands once more going to his neck.

The Dom made sure he remained in sight and when the time was up he reached for the leash running down the boy's back and tugged him towards the kitchen.

Sherlock was off guard the moment they entered the familiar room. Why weren’t they heading upstairs? Wasn’t he overdue a beating by now? Or at least a ‘paddling’ as this Dom preferred. He knew it would be worse than the first day. There was no way he would halve the amount of times the paddle would fall this time. This was also the second time he had broken out. A second offence so close to the first would mean a more intense punishment. When thinking this through last night he had thought through all the likely consequences he would face and he was sure it would be 40 with the paddle, twice the amount it should have been the other day, instead he was knelt in the kitchen. Again.

“I do believe I told you to do the washing up,” the Dom said, answering the unasked question as if he knew what his sub was thinking, but he didn’t elaborate.

Sherlock shrugged slightly. He couldn’t work out if this was better or worse than the paddle he had predicted, but either way he stood up at the sink.

The doctor shook his head and placed his hands on the detective’s shoulders, pushing down.
Obediently the younger man allowed his knees to bend.

“There, by the table.”

He moved again and ended up knelt where he did for meals.

The leash was just long enough for the Dom to make himself a cup of tea without letting the boy go, so he did so and placed it on the table. Then he moved all the dirty dishes to the floor beside the kneeling man along with a bowl of bubbly water. He also dropped a tea towel on his lap.

“You will clean and dry each dish individually and then put it away.”

“Individually? It would be easier if I-“

“Oh, I know, boy, which is precisely the point. Get started.”

Quietly seething, Sherlock complied. John didn’t open his mouth once, and each time it got to putting away each dish he just pointed mutely at whichever cupboard it belonged in. It wasn’t long before Sherlock was pissed off with the way he was being treated, but when he went to open his mouth and his Dom caught his eye, he froze. This was his own fault. He should have known by now that this Dom would find a more inventive way to punish him than just the paddle this time round. At least this would be over soon and painless. Sherlock couldn’t recall if he had ever been punished painlessly before, but he knew if he had it was rare and a very long time ago. He had probably still been a child.

When he was done, he knelt silently beside his Dom, his knees cold and sore on the hard, unforgiving floor.

He contemplated clearing his throat to get the older man’s attention, but something inside him prevented him from doing so. He knew that being cheeky right now at the end of the punishment wouldn’t be such a wise move.

It was a further 10 minutes when John seemed to be finished with his paper. He stood silently and walked to the door, shortening the leeway in the leash and forcing Sherlock to shuffle that little bit faster to match his pace and not get choked.

John took him to the den where he collapsed in one of the comfy chairs. Sherlock smiled when he assumed what was coming next. John shook his head. “I haven’t finished punishing you yet. Lay down.” John knew this was harsh, but he needed a decent reminder.

The boy lowered himself to the floor without a word of complaint, but he looked thoroughly hurt and confused. He cuffed his hands in front of him, forcing the boy to push up on his toes so they weren’t crushed beneath him like they could have been earlier and then he cuffed his feet. Sherlock growled silently. This Dom was clever.

“Please, sir. How long am I going to be like this?”

“I thought you liked the position?”

He shook his head and sighed. “Haven’t I been punished enough yet?” there was still a hint of anger in his tone and John wasn’t having that. Although, he realised, he’d barely been punished at all.

“I decide when you have been punished enough, not you. I believe I have already told you that. Now this is how this is going to work. You will stay in that position until you physically cannot
hold it anymore, but when that moment comes you will not lay down or try to make it easier for yourself. You will ask me very politely for permission to move. If I think you have lasted long enough, I will let you up here and we can snuggle. Is that understood?"

“Yes, sir.” He had to grit his teeth because the position wasn’t the easiest to maintain and talk at the same time.

“Repeat back to me what your orders are.”

“I have to hold out as long… as I can… and if you’re happy, my punishment will be over.”

John didn’t respond and the lad added on a belated, “sir.”

“Good.”

It turned out that Sherlock had quite good upper body strength and when he had finally expelled all his arms’ strength he took a deep breath through his nose.

“Please, sir. I can’t hold it anymore.”

“And?”

“Can I move, sir? I’m sorry. I’m sorry I ran again.”

John watched him for a moment. He had a bead of sweat running down his back and his curls were soaked. His arms were trembling and his legs looked like they were about to give out. He really had left it to the last minute.

“Yes, pet, come up here with me.”

The boy collapsed, panting hard. “Th-thank you, sir.”

John gave him a moment to collect himself and then helped him up and onto the sofa so he could lay his head in his lap.

“Am I forgiven, sir?” He asked after a while, he found he didn’t like this Dom being mad with him he needed his forgiveness

“Yes, pet. Punishment over. You held out a lot longer than I thought you were going to. What did you learn from that?”

“If I’m going to fail at escaping don’t get caught in a compromising position.”

John clipped him on the back of the head, but he couldn’t help but laugh.
Sherlock couldn’t believe this was his fifth day with John, and he also couldn’t believe the man hadn’t kicked him out yet. He hadn’t done anything drastic, but he hadn’t exactly been polite either. His previous Doms had made damn sure he knew his place. He did know his place, he knew he was submissive, but the thought of being submissive with them, right now, even then made him sick. He tried to process the differences between John and his old Doms and despite the fact that he found quite a few, the patience for one, he couldn’t make himself fully submit. He felt the urge to do so grow more every day and he knew it was inevitable. He liked to think that when it came he would enjoy it, it had been so long since he had managed to reach subspace and the last time he had done, he couldn’t help but think it hadn’t been healthy and the feeling afterward had been terrible.

He’d managed to hold his tongue the evening of his last attempted escape. He’d taken his punishment with the paddle as part of the tally when it came around to it, but he was glad he had attempted it, just pissed off he hadn’t been successful.

John was calm and a good influence and he could feel it, feel himself calming down in his presence, even if it was only day five. He was settled here, as much as he didn’t want to be, but most of all, he liked John. It was the first man, let alone Dom, that had had a positive impact on his life in practically forever.

He needed to get out, despite the fact everything was going well for a change. He had spotted his chance yesterday when John had given him the grand tour, apparently it was the first day he deserved it, if he had just behaved that first day when he had been sent to his room without being shown around, his first attempt wouldn’t have failed. But then again, he was glad it had, because now getting out wasn’t about running away it was about something else.

Now he knew what he needed to do, but he had to wait until he knew he had time. He didn’t care how long he would have to wait, he could wait weeks, but it would still be worth it. It turned out that the waiting period was just over 26 hours after Sherlock’s plan had come to his head.

Just after lunch, John gave him an hour with strict instructions to be back within the allotted time and not to go into the playroom. Sherlock grinned to himself, this was his chance!

If John was going to be out of the way for an hour, it would give him plenty of time to put his plan into action. He went to his room and found some clothes before heading up to the attic. He wasn’t 100% sure, but he thought he had seen a window in the attic, even if it was the playroom. He was
breaking John’s rules by attempting to get out as it was, going in the playroom despite John’s specific instructions was the least of his worries.

It didn’t take him long to uncover the ‘window’ and he was right, it was an old fashioned angled window that swung back out of the way leaving him more than enough room.

He looked around for the stool that he had been over that first day and paused, was this worth the consequences if he got caught? It wasn’t like he actually wanted to run, he just…

Damnit! He was better than Mycroft! He pulled the stool over and clambered up, he needed to see out before his hands or collar went near it. He thought of trying to get the collar off, he was, after all, good at locks, but that was beside the point. All or nothing. However that wouldn’t anger John, it would upset him, Sherlock was sure. He seemed to be a very sentimental Dom and the aim of this was not to anger or upset the doctor, but to prove a point.

After checking the window – thoroughly – he was pleased to see that the older man had missed something, or at least misinformed Mycroft and his minions about something. One up!

He pulled himself up onto the ledge and looked around. The angled part of the roof wasn’t that high, within about a yard was a ledge and he knew from the outside view that it was flat to the edge of the rather big roof.

He spun himself around so his legs moved out of the window and dangled over the edge of the ledge. He peered over to see the drop and it wasn’t as far down as he had predicted. He paused and took a deep breath, just looking around, reflecting. It wasn’t that bad here with John, in fact he could almost say he was enjoying it, if he ignored the punishments and John’s petty polite kneeling by the table routine.

It was quite a view. John’s land was so big he couldn’t see the end of it, he couldn’t see the end of the driveway and he didn’t really recall the journey up the path at all, Mycroft had been demanding his attention and cooperation so he had hidden in his Mind Palace while they were in the car.

The Dom had been right that first day, where would he have gone? He could have walked for hours and still been on John’s property and five days ago he didn’t want to be here, so he would have had to have gone somewhere. Just the thought of being here had put him in a foul mood, hence why the tally had been so big. Again another difference between this Dom and the others, this one had given him not one, but two chances to make such a large tally easier on himself without backing down and letting the younger man ‘win’.

Conclusion; he definitely liked John.

He assessed the roof beneath his dangling legs and was sure it would take his weight. It wasn’t being up here that was bothering him, chasing criminals all across London as well as avoiding Lestrade and the Met had its benefits; roofs were his favourite place. No, what was bothering him was the descent. Usually he had a plan, because usually he climbed up so would know his way down, he didn’t think he had gone up the inside of a building and down the outside before. He would have to try the drainpipe, which was a common tool he had in his arsenal.

It took a matter of minutes to locate one that stayed away from windows and magnets and even less time to descend. He jumped to the ground and rolled before hopping back to his feet. Yes! He skipped down the steps and sat on the bottom one. He’d done it, he had actually done it, he had beaten Mycroft! That had to be 3 up!

Jumping back to his feet he walked back up the steps and froze just in front of the doors. Damn! He
hadn’t thought this part of his plan through, he had planned every detail of the getting out, but the getting back in… that was going to be a problem. The only way of turning off the thing that would tie him to the floor was in John’s pocket and he was not getting caught in a compromising position, he had learned that lesson the first time round.

Grrr! He kicked at the wall and sunk down it, his head in his hands. He was supposed to be good at this sort of thing, breaking and entering, it was sort of in the job description, but this plan of Mycroft’s, despite the fact he had indeed got out, was practically fool proof.

It was over an hour later when he heard the front door opening and the sound of energy disappearing.

“My last 2 punishments when you’ve attempted to get out have obviously been far too lenient.” John grabbed him by the hair and pulled him to his feet. “As if I didn’t have enough to do today without you pulling another stunt like this.”

Sherlock had been calm, he had been fantastic. He’d got out and beaten his brother and it had only taken five days. But without being able to get back in and sitting waiting for the inevitable had just been making him madder and madder. He kept telling himself he’d got out and that was all that mattered.

His anger wasn’t dwindling at the thought of John’s it was making him worse. He yelped as John grabbed his arm and twisted it up his back, forcing him to double over. He then grunted as the doctor used his position to his advantage and forced him back through the door. Sherlock grunted, but not just through pain, through irritance too.

“Oh, is that uncomfortable, boy?”

“What do you think?” the detective snarled.

John’s anger and adrenaline fuelled his leg to be more cooperative without his cane as he dragged the petulant younger man up the stairs; his grip meant that Sherlock would only hurt himself if he fought and he found that out pretty quickly.

John didn’t stop on the second floor, but then Sherlock hadn’t really expected him to. “Your anger is not going to make this any easier for you to deal with. And frankly it’s your own fault. Move.”

He unlocked the door to the playroom, his grip on the boy’s arm unrelenting. He dragged him into the corner of the punishment side of the room and used the tip of his cane to make the detective’s knees bend. He hit the floor with a thud and a growl.

“An hour,” John snarled in his ear.

“An hour? That’s insane-”

“That’s the start.” He clipped him on the back of the head for arguing, not lightly either, his head ducked forward and hit the wall. “Stay there.”

He was still fully dressed and that wouldn’t change, for an hour at least. He’d also be sure to make the brat stay out of clothes for an additional 2 days, considering it was 2 days since his last escape.

Something about his sub’s posture made him realise that the second he turned his back he would no longer be in the corner.

He pulled his arms around behind and cuffed him, he did the same with his feet before attaching
the leash to a removable hook in the wall.

“You tell me to stay here and then tie me up so I can’t move anyway.”

“Since when did obeying my instructions come naturally to you?”

“It doesn’t, that doesn’t mean you can tie me up when you feel like it.”

“I do get to tie you up when I feel like it, I’m your Dom. But none of this is without your consent, you know that so there is no reason why you can play that card with me.”

The boy’s head dropped a bit lower.

“Do you want to safe word out? Either your normal or your contract?”

“No!” he said, quickly.

That was quick, too quick. Odd, he wanted to be here? Well things had clearly changed since his last attempt, or even since his first attempt.

“Are you sure? Only these past few days, although they haven’t been easy, they have been getting better, why did you suddenly run this morning?”

He got no response.

“I will pull the plug on this contract, despite what I said the first day about ending it in 3 months, if that is what you really want. One word, boy, that’s it.”

“No! No, sir, no. I’ll stay here, in the corner. For an hour, sir, I promise.”

Nodding slightly, even though he couldn’t see because he hadn’t turned around John took a step back, well if getting away wasn’t his plan, what was? Did he actually want to be here?

John spotted the open window the other side of the room. It had previously been covered up and he had completely forgotten about it, but the brat must have spotted it at some point, he really was clever… observant, but then again he knew that, he had met his brother. So he had found a way out and then what… climbed? Down the building and just sat by the door. Why hadn’t he run off? He had ample opportunity. And all his stuff, he had been left alone for an hour. He had more than enough time to get his stuff and throw it out of the window. Maybe he hadn’t been trying to escape, maybe it was something else.

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“Have you been thinking about what you’ve done?” John asked from behind the kneeling boy.

The boy jerked, he had clearly been deep in thought, for a change. “Yes, sir. Nothing but…” He admitted.

“Good. Well, that’s good. Stage one over.”

“Is stage two a beating, sir?” the detective asked, he might not like the answer, but he still needed to know. It was easier to take when he was well prepared.

The way he said it so easily made the Dom’s heart clench. He was glad he had decided against it at this point otherwise he would be in one hell of a position.
“No,” he said simply.

Seeing as the conclusion he had come to was not the fact he was trying to get away but something different. He didn’t want to beat the idea out of him, he wanted to know what he was up to with his consent, not through pain or humiliation which is what he seemed used to. Too used to. That thought didn’t sit well with the blond. He released the tightness of the leash attached to the wall and the sub turned.

“You’re not giving me the paddle, sir?” He seemed wary, but there was something in his face that suggested he was used to reminding certain arseholes that he needed to be punished.

“Do you want the paddle?” John offered, not entirely joking, if he was more willing to have that as a punishment he would offer it, but from his hate list, the paddle was the most despised area of punishment.

“What?! No, sir.”

“Well, that’s good otherwise you would have lied on your contract about suitable punishments. However, I am sure that throughout the day you will get bored and decide to irritate me, your tally will then come into account. It is already at 11.”

“That’s- that’s…”

“Clever huh? I thought you would be impressed.” He tapped the black box to release the rest of the cuffs and helped him to his feet. “Now since we’re up here some of the equipment needs cleaning. I am willing to do my fair share, but you will be doing the same. That table with the cloths I’ve already got out is where you will start. You have half an hour.”

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By 4 o’clock John had been remarkably impressed by his pet. Of course he had slipped up and his tally was well on the way passed 30, but he could see how hard the boy was trying.

They had remained in the playroom for a few hours, Sherlock remaining within touching distance of the Dom and John never let go of his leash the whole time. He hadn’t actually complained about the fact he seemed to be grounded – like a child, anything was better than the paddle after all, even being treated like a 10 year old.

“Go and put the kettle on, pet.”

Sherlock glanced up, from where he was knelt beside his Dom’s desk. John had set up a small stool in front of him. On it; a pen a pad of paper and a dictionary.

As John had been working, he had asked permission to change position from where he was knelt and had moved to sit down instead. But the doctor had seemed so far from finishing, he had had to ask permission to move again. Both times John had seemed impressed at his sub for asking permission, something he wasn’t accustomed to, because of that he had knocked a mark off his tally both times.

It didn’t matter that he was behaving, he was still being punished and that meant the most depressing task he could think of without a painful backside at the same time; copying out the dictionary. There was no point to it; no purpose. Just boring and perhaps a lesson in patience, but nothing painful.

John knew this method would be more effective, not just in gaining his trust, but punishing him
“Go on then,” he’d been watching him cautiously for the last minute. “Make enough for the both of us and I’ll meet you in the den. I trust you aren’t going to run away?”

“No, sir. Not anymore.”

“Thought not. Go.”

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Sherlock collapsed to his knees beside his Dom who was sat in the comfy chair.

John must have been dozing because he jerked at the sound of the tray on the table and looked over to see his sub on his knees. Knelt in his perfect position, his posture spot on.

“Come up here, pet. I think it’s about time we gave your knees a break, no?”

“I guess, sir,” he replied, but he was still unsure.

He clambered up onto the chair next to the doctor, “It’s alright, pet, you can lean against me, I won’t bite.” He softly ran his hand through the boy’s curls.

Sherlock was sat bolt upright, not moving. John cupped the back of his neck with his hand and encouraged him down, automatically his legs flipped up on to the sofa and his head lowered to his lap and he did it all unprotesting, much to John’s surprise.

“You’re going to have to tell me, pet,” he said eventually.

“Tell you what? Sir?”

“About your previous relationships.”

Sherlock physically tensed beneath the hand carding through his hair. He didn’t want to speak about that… about them, they weren’t happy memories.

“How about I tell you how I got into my relationship and you tell me how you became a professional Dom because your brother clearly disapproves.”

“I was under the impression I am the Dom. I make the rules.”

“That you do, sir,” Sherlock confirmed, but he wasn’t deterred, John was clearly interested.

“And who mentioned anything about my brother?”

“Your phone did, sir.”

“My phone did?”

Sherlock grumbled something as he had to move while John routed through his pocket to pull his phone out, the detective took it from him and turned it over.

“‘John, from Harry’.”

“So?”

“Well it’s clearly from your brother given the engraving.” He cut off. “I mean an engraving from
your brother, that’s a bit weird don’t you think?”

John’s head cocked on one side. “Well that’s Harry for you, but go on, what says it’s my brother? It could be anyone.” the Dom was more than definitely intrigued by his sub now.

“There’s no kisses, no ‘I love you’ just simple words, so it’s a gift. This phone is 5… 6 years old, about the same time you came home from Afghanistan, and I’m guessing when you met my brother and got into this line of work?”

“I thought the game was: I ask you a question, you ask me a question? Because you’ve just answered your own.”

Sherlock shrugged rather awkwardly from where he was laying.

“Why do you seem to think he doesn’t like my job?” John was careful to not change anything the detective was coming out with, despite the fact some of it may have been slightly… off.

“From your phone messages, it automatically deletes them after 3 years, but there is no record in them or your phone transactions that you have had any contact with him in all that time. If it’s been 3 years it is statistically more likely that it has been 6.”

He had rolled over and was looking up at his Dom from his lap with a raised eyebrow.

“That. Was… Brilliant.”

Sherlock chuckled in relief, he was expecting the older man to be angry about him hacking into his phone and going through his private messages, but he didn’t seem bothered at all, instead he just seem amazed.

“But that doesn’t change the fact you’re about to tell me something important.”

The detective sighed, resigned. “I had a Dom in university. I finished early because I did my degree in 2 years rather than 4. It had absolutely nothing to do with the meltdown in the chemistry wing at Oxford. When I left I met Victor.”

“So how old were you at this point?” John silently encouraged him to sit up and he passed him his tea.

“This conversation is getting boring.” He had said one sentence, but still…

“You will give me a suitable answer, pet, or you can go back to copying that dictionary. How far did you get? D?”

Well, that was definitely more boring than sitting with his Dom without getting punished and drinking tea. “I finished university when I was 19.”

John did the math in his head. “So not only did you do the course in half the time you went to Oxford early?”

“I was nearly 17 when I finished my A-levels. So yes, I was a bit ahead. I don’t know why I bothered.”

“What A-levels did you do?” It wasn’t really relevant, but a conversation was a conversation and the more he could get the boy talking, the more likely he was to get something of use from him. Something that could help the both of them in the future.
“Does it matter?” Of course the brat would realise that!

“Question, boy.” He hoped that would be the only warning he needed to give.

He exhaled loudly. “Chemistry, physics, engineering and maths.”

“I figured it would be something like that.” John took a deep breath, now or never.

“You escaped this morning to prove a point, didn’t you? And the other day. The only time you genuinely wanted to leave was that first afternoon. You’re proving you’re clever, that you can find a way out.”

Sherlock swallowed audibly. “And it worked. I did it. I’m cleverer than my brother.”

John couldn’t help but smirk “Oh, brat, I already knew that.”

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He smiled. “Did I miss anything, sir?”

“Harry’s a drunk,” he confirmed, “and also a Dom… but because of the alcohol, relationships always leads to the mistreating of subs. When I found this vocation there was more friction between us and you were right, we haven’t spoken since.”

“Brilliant.” Sherlock’s grin was huge, proud of himself clearly.

“Almost.”

“Almost, sir?” he didn’t like the sound of that, he had gotten something wrong!

“Harry is short for Harriet.”
“Seeing as you’ve had Dom’s before and you are not a virgin, I know you have been penetrated before.”

Sherlock shivered at the though. It wasn’t a sliver of pleasure that ran up his spine, but one of fear and apprehension. He managed to chase the expression across his face and hide it behind his usual mask of impassiveness, but just because it was hidden didn’t mean it wasn’t there and just because it was hidden now didn’t mean John hadn’t already seen it.

“Your safe word still stands, pet.”

He nodded in understanding.

“However, this is part of the contract. Now I’m not just going to suddenly decide to take you over my desk whenever you’re in reach. I hope by now we have established enough of a bond between us for you to realise that, but you know how this works, eventually.”

He nodded again, his teeth gnawing on his bottom lip.

“We’re going to get you used to the idea first though, ok?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Come and kneel over here, then.”

Cautiously he walked over. John had removed his leash when they were downstairs rather than tug him up by it. He had taken his hand and pulled him towards the door. Sherlock hadn’t questioned why, but he guessed that he’d been forgiven for his little climbing escapade this morning. Now that John knew why and knew he was safe, he seemed more impressed and amused than pissed off at finding his sub outside.

Sherlock knelt in front of his Dom, his head bowed slightly lower than he would have liked, but he didn’t take his eyes off the doctor’s shoes.

“I know you are probably pissed off that you are still in the cage, but given the last few days, I’ve spent more time punishing you than anything else. We haven’t got around to you getting any
Sherlock had the sense to look slightly ashamed and John watched the blush creep up his neck behind the collar.

“Tonight will be different, alright. To get you used to being penetrated in a pleasurable way, you will more than likely be stimulated and if you behave you can get off as much as you want.”

The younger man almost looked… happy. Dare he think it?

“However if you orgasm without permission, pet, you will be punished as I see fit. The tally will not come into it. I am warning you now, if you think the punishments you have recently experienced are bad, they will be nothing in comparison. I use the method of punishment that other Dom’s do when this rule is broken and if you haven’t experienced it you will know of it, am I right?”

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock was slightly more wary now.

“If you feel like you are about to be pushed over the edge, you resist and ask permission. If I say no, you continue to resist. Is that understood?”

“I should be able to come when I want to.”

John sighed, but was still glad to see that defiance he had grown to love in his pet. “Who’s in charge?”

“You, sir. I’m not disputing that, but-”

“No ‘but’s’. What will you do if you want to come?”

“As, sir.”

“Good. We got there in the end. Put your head to the floor.”

Slowly, Sherlock’s head began to lower and the Dom was mildly surprised. His sub was beginning to trust him and beginning to obey immediately rather than argue about it for half an hour and then obey.

As soon as his head lowered and the Dom was out of sight, Sherlock flipped. He sprung to his feet so fast he should have found himself dizzy once he was vertical. Instead, he ended up pressed against the nearest wall.

John watched his sub in confusion. He was now in a ball, but was peering- watching him from through his curls. Panic. Again. John could see this becoming a regular occurrence at least until he understood more about what those arseholes had done to him.

He wandered over, careful to keep his hands in the boy’s eyesight, “Pet… pet?” He knelt down, surprised at the mobility he had in his knee, but more interested in his sub. He grasped him either side of the face and pulled him in for a kiss.

“Care to explain why that action alone scares you?”

“No, sir,” he shook his head.

Taking a deep breath, John stood up and held his hand out for the younger man. More eagerly than expected, Sherlock took his hand and the doctor led him over to the bed. He tugged him onto the
bed so he was rested against him again. “Pet, if you don’t tell me, I can’t help. And if I don’t know what upsets you or gives you painful memories, I won’t be able to prevent myself from doing either something similar (which he highly doubted) or something that triggers a memory that you don’t need to experience.”

“My first Dom.”

“What about him… it?”

Sherlock almost smiled at that, but then his expression took on a defeated look again.

“He… he would tie me up on the floor, mostly. He wouldn’t let me on the bed and push a rod that looked like a scaffold pole up my arse and something similar down my throat and then just leave me, with it pounding. He would turn up a few hours later, claiming the lecture had overrun, when in fact he had been fucking some girl that I could smell on him whilst watching me on the security camera he had in his room.”

John swallowed hard. “Thanks for telling me, pet. It wasn’t as difficult as you thought it would be, though. Was it?”

Sherlock’s hands were clenching and unclenching but he nodded. “No, sir. You were right. I’m glad you know.”

Sensing there was something else, he asked, “That’s not all, is it?”

“No, sir. That wasn’t the worst bit. He would carry me to my room afterward and drop me on the floor and the bubble I was in suddenly… disappeared.”

“Is that what you meant about not knowing about aftercare?”

“That wasn’t punishment, sir. That was his idea of fun. It’s what subs are for, right?”

“No. Subs have just as many human rights as Doms do. Just because this guy was a dick, it doesn’t mean you’re below anyone. And aftercare comes after all manner of scenes and sessions not just punishment.”

“Well, I am below. You’re in charge.”

“Yes, I am. I’m in charge of you. Not anybody else, just you. That doesn’t mean I beat you up for kicks and then leave you to ‘drop on your own. It also doesn’t mean I can go out and order every sub to kneel in front of me. Because the only one I can punish for not doing so is you.”

He didn’t look impressed.

“Being in charge doesn’t make me more or less of a person than you. It gives me more responsibility, yes. It doesn’t mean you can just disobey me. But obeying me comes with protection. My protection. You were not the only one who signed the contract and you may have done it under certain conditions with your brother, but I gave you a way out just this morning and you refused. You want to be here, pet, and you know deep down that I do not want to harm you in any way, hence the fact you have a safe word. How did you get out of the relationship?”

Sherlock looked away, but John tightened his grip in his hair. “When Mycroft found out, the sod ran, and at the time his position within the government wasn’t quite as strong as it is now… He couldn’t find him.”
“Well done, for talking, pet. I won’t ask you anything else right now.” John was amazed that just talking about it seemed to have Sherlock skitter around the edge of Panic rather than jumping head first into it.

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They cuddled for another hour or so before John slid out from beneath him. At his sub’s worried look, he hastened to reassure him, “It will not be as bad as you are imagining. I promise you, pet. You have blindfolds on your ‘no’ list, I should have known not to hide from you, so turn over and take hold of the headboard. We’ll do this with you facing me.”

John was not mistaken at the look of gratitude on Sherlock’s face.

“Bend your knees then, pet, and spread your legs open. Wide as you can.”

Sherlock obeyed. His caution was not gone, but it wasn’t stopping him either.

“I’m going to use a spreader bar, pet. It’ll make it easier for you to obey.”

“Yes, sir.”

John smiled at his boy and went to retrieve one from the rack on the wall. Sherlock was still holding the headboard when he returned and he didn’t let go despite the apprehension running through his muscles as the Dom pressed the bar between the cuffs already in place.

At his whimper, John looked up. “Oi, pet. Look at me!”

Sherlock’s eyes flickered up to meet his Dom’s. “It’s me, pet. Not that dick from Uni. I’m not going to do anything we haven’t previously agreed to and I certainly won’t do anything further if you safe word.”

He nodded, jerkily. “I know, sir. I’m starting to get that… It’s just… hard.” He struggled for the right word, clearly something he wasn’t used to struggling with… words.

He rubbed his thigh in a comforting way, “I know, pet. You’re doing well.” He went back to fiddling with the buckles and then crawled up between his legs. “I’m going to let you out now.” At that he nodded eagerly and the doctor couldn’t help but chuckle.

The boy gasped as his cock was released and John blew on it briefly, eliciting a shiver.

“My good gorgeous boy. You might not have previously liked this, but you will.”

Sherlock nodded again. “Y-Yes, sir.”

The Dom placed a well lubed finger at his hole and edged it in. He glanced back up at his sub again when he heard a bitten off groan. “Pet. Pet, you’re with me, remember.”

He nodded again and offered up a weak smile. John pushed his finger in as far as possible and then twisted it and swirled it around before locating his prostate. The sub’s length hardened immediately.

“Told you that you would like it.”

He removed his first finger and replaced it with two this time.

“You enjoying this?”
“Yes, sir. S’good.”

“Good boy. I’m going to try this, now.”

He slid a little plug from his pocket. It was small enough not to be a nuisance, but big enough for the sub to feel it.

“Pet, when was the last time you were in subspace?”

“I don’t know, sir.” He moaned as the plug was placed at his entrance and eased in.

“Well, I would say you are practically there. Just one last thing.” He covered his hand in lube and began running it up and down his boy’s cock. Deciding to make it easier for the younger man this time, he whispered, “You can come when you’re ready.”

His hand picked up its pace and pressure causing Sherlock to grunt his release.

“You, my gorgeous little pet, are well and truly under.”

“Hmm.” Sherlock had never felt so good, there was the usual bubble around him but it was calm and empty, there was nothing to concern him or anything for him to worry about, it was like seeing everything from the outside in.

Chuckling softly, he tapped the plug that ran flush with his hole and cleaned his boy up before joining him on the bed.

“You hungry?” he asked as he leant over and pulled a bottle of water and a straw from the side cupboard.

“No, sir,” he murmured and sucked on the straw when it was pushed between his lips. “What about you, sir?” he asked when he was done. His voice was barely above a whisper and John struggled to hear him.

“I can sort myself out later. I’ll be fine, pet. Just sleep.”

“Mmm.” The detective’s head immediately tucked underneath his Dom’s chin and with a deep breath he closed his eyes.
“It’s 7 o’clock, pet.” John gently rocked him. He found his internal body alarm useful in times like this. It meant he could fall asleep practically anywhere, including the playroom which he didn’t usually sleep in, and not have to worry about sleeping late. Sleeping in at times when he had a sub around could become disastrous. The sub needed routine and a clear divide between rules and consequences, therefore if the reason the sub slept in was because the Dom had, it would present complications.

Sherlock groaned and buried himself into John’s chest further. “So?”

“So, I think you’ll find my instructions were for you to be up at 7.”

“Mmm.”

There was no way he was still in subspace. John had allowed him to fall asleep in the playroom knowing Sherlock would be really high after his first time in subspace in so long, but the next time it happened he would be in his own room.

“Up, pet.”

“No.”

John slid out from beneath him and he groaned again, then turned to grab a pillow rather than the Dom. He punched it a few times before grabbing it in a death grip and hiding his face in it. Like that would solve the problem of his Dom stood right beside him.

“Pet!”

“Go’way.”

“Excuse me?”

At the lack of response, the doctor continued, “This attitude will not go unpunished, pet, but you are clearly tired after yesterday’s events, so you can have an extra hour in bed. When you wake at 8 we can discuss the tally we didn’t deal with last night.”
Sherlock moaned something that sounded suspiciously like “Piss off.” John ignored him, but vowed to come down heavy if the attitude wasn’t gone in an hour.

He was annoyed that he had drifted off with his pet, even if he hadn’t had a choice. He was also still in his suit, well what was left of it. His jacket and tie were over the bench where they had been discarded during some point of the previous evening.

Grabbing the leash off the hook, he made the necessary attachments to the wall and then clipped it onto his collar.

“Wh- what?”

“I’m not dumb, pet.”

“Could’a fooled me.”

“You’ll regret that comment, boy,” John told him. He cuffed his arms in front of him and locked the door, setting the alarm on the way out.

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An hour later, John returned, freshly showered and in a clean suit, to his brat kicking and tugging at the cuffs. John just stood there and watched. The boy continued to struggle until he realised the Dom was watching him with an amused smirk. Sherlock flopped back on his bed and sighed heavily.

“Can I go to the loo, sir? Please?” there was no point in fighting it with the Dom stood there, and he really was desperate. He wasn’t about to wet himself in front of the blond, especially after letting himself fall into subspace the night before.

He couldn’t help but smile. He may be a bit of a brat when he forgot where he was and who he was with, but he did learn and that was what was important.

“Yes. And then its paddle time.”

“What number, sir?”

“You forgot?!”

“I… well, yes, sir,” he knew there was no point trying to lie, but he could at least defend himself. “I knew last night and then once you offered to do it in the morning and I agreed, I kept telling myself the number over and over and then you shoved that plug up my arse and I forgot.”

The doctor laughed. “Alright. 22, I believe.”

“22! Sir, I could have sworn it wasn’t that high!”

“Well, it wasn’t that high last night, no.”

The detective sighed, “Sorry, sir.”

“You’re getting good at this, pet.” He made sure he spoke with a smile, any nice gesture in Sherlock’s direction tended to be appreciated, even if the sub didn’t admit it at the time.

“Well I realised I didn’t get to the toilet unless I’m nice. Please, sir.”
John chuckled again. He had never been so glad that a sub had started to relax around him.

He leant forward and undid the cuffs from one another and then led him by the hand into the corner where there was a small en suite toilet. “I assume you don’t need me to watch your every move now and that you can pee on your own?”

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock blushed slightly and ducked his head as John released him.

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“You can go over my lap for these, pet, seeing as it is your lowest tally yet.”

“Really, sir?” his sub’s expression lit up at that and John couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Did he want to be spanked? He daren’t push it, he thought, as he took a seat and patted his thigh. The sub laid himself over his lap and shifted so the pale flesh of his backside was in the perfect position for the Dom to lay down his hand. The doctor didn’t miss his hands creeping to the pillow and wrapping around them tightly.

“Count for me then, pet.”

“Yes, sir.”

John hid his surprise that time as he let his hand fall, not as hard as he had planned this morning when he had first woken the brat up.

“One, sir. May I have another, sir?”

Counting without protest. This was definitely an improvement and John could see that it was going to be a good day.

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Last night they had played again, using the same method of loosening him up a bit and allowing him to orgasm. He hadn’t lied to his pet when he arrived - the cage was for control not necessarily denial. He had made the detective ask permission and he hadn’t complained, doing what he had been told all afternoon, even during his second tally punishment. The only difference between the two evenings was John had ended up carrying him downstairs rather than using the bed in the playroom. After the cuddles they had had, subspace had also not been quite as potent. As he tucked him in, the sub was extremely quiet given he had just been put back in the cage.

“What’s up, pet?”

“N-nothing.”

“Pet?” It was barely more than a growl but was clearly a threat.

“You always leave.”

“What?”

“Once you’re done… last night was the only time…”

“I give you your own space, yes. Last night would have been dangerous if I had left you. There was a high probability that you would ’drop.”

“But-”
“But… you don’t like it?”

“I like it when we cuddle,” the sub admitted sheepishly. “Why do I have to sleep on my own?”

“Because you need your own space.” John wasn’t surprised that this question had come from the sub. It always did, but the thing that did surprise him was the fact that Sherlock of all people had wanted his company at night earlier than many of the other subs he had ever trained. “Subs always need their own space when getting used to a new Dom. I’m not going to force you to sleep with me, hence your own room from day one.”

“I’ve been with you forever,” the detective complained. “I’m used to you, despite what I’ve said, and you still leave even though you know that.”

“Are you getting shitty with me?”

Realising the respectful address of the Dom had gone somewhere and his tone had become somewhat whiny he shook his head. “No, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Good boy.” He sat on the bed beside him and raised his hand to cup his cheek. He smiled when the sub didn’t flinch or pull away through annoyance. “I’ll offer you a compromise. Think about whether you want to sleep with me or not and we will discuss it tomorrow after your punishment.”

“I might not get a tally tomorrow, sir.”

“Well, you’re already on 4.”

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Now, there was no time for playing. “I’ve got a friend on his way over, pet,” John said as he entered the room.

Sherlock pushed himself to his knees from where he had been laying. The Dom may have given him a few hours to himself, but that didn’t mean he could ignore him when he entered. He had learnt that the hard way on day four. John seemed extremely pleased as his hands settled behind his back.

He had been laying out on the floor of the Dom’s study, scribbling away as he composed. Sherlock felt a tingly sensation run up his back at the doctor’s obvious approval and from that point on the competition to make the older man mad was over. He liked the tingly sensations. He would aim for more of those.

“No you don’t, sir.”

“I’m sorry?”

“It’s not a friend, sir.”

“How do you know that?” John couldn’t help himself. He loved the intelligence of the younger man.

“Well, sir, if it was a friend, you would have no doubt mentioned it earlier as you would have been looking forward to the visit. You’re also pacing, sir, like you’re nervous.”

John grinned. “Brilliant. As always. Another Dom contacted me online. Said he’s looking to start up his own business in training subs.”
“So you are going to be the good British citizen and offer some advice,” Sherlock assumed. It wasn’t a difficult conclusion to come to.

“I’ve never done it before, with strangers, but then again, I’ve never been accosted before.” John couldn’t work out whether to be proud or slightly wary.

“Have you even been out of this house before?”

“I would keep your tally low if I were you, pet. You’ll no doubt double it tonight.”

Sherlock smirked, pleased with himself, “I do apologise, sir.”

At that, the Dom grinned back. He couldn’t believe how comfortable the brat was around him now. He knew that, at a drop of a hat, it could change. He knew there wasn’t 100% trust, not yet, but it would continue to get steadily better. “You arrogant sod.”

Sherlock raised an eyebrow. This was the first Dom he could speak to like that. He would have had his arse beaten so bloody with any of his previous Doms. He was so glad he could speak to this one as if they were on the same level, even though he knew that the older man tended to have the upper hand. He was getting used to that idea now. “Being rude, sir? That’s not like you.”

He chuckled softly. “He will be here at 7. Although you are due to remain completely naked for an extra two days thanks to your stunt at the beginning of the week, you will put on a shirt and a pair of trousers for the evening’s visit.”

Sherlock scrambled to his feet and was racing out the door, when he heard the usual magnetic click of John’s box and his arms snapped together behind his back, successfully gaining the sub’s attention.

“Sir?” he asked, slightly wrong footed. The man hadn’t spoken to stop him, just casually touched his box.

“That’s at 7, pet. You can get dressed at half 6. It’s 3 o’clock now. Do you fancy a cup of tea in the den?”

Sherlock glanced down at his cock still trapped in its cage and then to the Dom who held the remote like it was the most powerful thing on Earth.

“Uncuffed?” he asked, more cautious now.

“Of course. I might even find the chess set and let you beat me,” he offered.

Sherlock grinned. The doctor was sure that if he had mentioned a game of chess this time last week, he would have had so much attitude that the tally would have been impossible to keep on top of.

After a few hours of playing chess, John took him downstairs into the basement. Not many houses had basements anymore, but he had specifically wanted one. He led the detective inside by the hand and smiled at the gape of a reaction. Sherlock’s mouth preformed the perfect ‘o’ as he took in his surroundings. It was basically a lab, a few work benches, a Bunsen burner and some dishes.

“If you’re well behaved, I’ll let you down here, and the better you are, the more equipment you can have from the cupboard.” He indicated a cupboard in the corner that was locked in a similar way to his cuffs.
“My microscope?”

“Is in there. That can be the first thing, if you like.”

“Yes, sir,” he nodded eagerly.

“It may be temporary to start with.”

“But-”

“6, pet. Let me finish.”

“Sorry, sir.”

John smiled as he continued. “It would be temporary, like your violin was.”

“But that’s mine again.”

“Correct, but we did discuss me taking it away as punishment.”

“I know, sir, but you won’t need to punish me again.” Sherlock seemed incredibly confident considering there was at least another 11 weeks to go and they’d barely started when it came to the sexual aspect of their relationship. Neither of them had any idea how he would act in company, which they would find out that night. In public, neither of them had any idea what was likely to happen or how obedient he would be. John admired his optimism, though. It made a nice change.

“I also have a working relationship with Molly Hooper at Bart’s.”

“How do you know Molly, sir?”

“Before I took you on, in between training subs, I did a few shifts there.”

Sherlock nodded.

“Well, she said she would keep a few things back and when you were good you would be able to have them to experiment on.”

The sub beamed and spun to face John. “Can-” he started. “May I hug you, sir?”

Sherlock’s grin was mirrored on the Dom’s face as he nodded his acceptance and hugged him back when his arms wrapped round him.

“I’m under the impression you like?”

The younger man was speechless, “Well, I guess we should head back upstairs.” He ruffled his sub’s curls and then realised how dangerous that could be, but his boy just skipped back to the door humming to himself. If anyone asked him if he skipped, there was not a hope in the world that he would agree.

At half 6, John had let him go and throw some clothes on. It felt good to not be naked. He never realised how much he missed his suit when it was in the wardrobe. Although he had forgone pants, the trousers at the very least covered the cage. Out of sight out of mind didn’t quite apply, but it was pretty close!
Now, he was stood just behind his Dom as he answered the door.

“Ah, Sherlock good to see you again,” the man at the door said in greeting after he had spoken to John.

The sub’s eyes widened at the voice and he took an unconscious step back so he was more than partially hidden by his Dom.

“What do you say, pet?” John asked, nudging him slightly when Sherlock didn’t respond. His glare clearly said ‘Don’t let me down’. He was secretly wondering how they knew each other. When there was a further 10 seconds with no sub greeting, John moved out of the way and clipped him on the back of the head. “Unlike you to be so shy.”

Seeing the confusion on the doctor’s face, trying to work out what the connection was between his sub and this new Dom, he interrupted before the detective got the chance to answer to the clipped ear.

“It’s the famous detective, Doctor Watson. He solved a case at a club I was at a while back. Interviewed me with that rather hot copper.”

At ‘hot copper’ John looked even more confused.

The new man smiled, “Put it this way, sir, if he was a sub I would have snapped him up immediately.”

The doctor chuckled softly and he continued.

“I doubt that Dom will ever see the light again, eh, Sherlock?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock agreed, he daren’t not. John clearly didn’t know who this man was apart from a fellow Dom and he had just lied about how they knew each other. He knew from experience that he daren’t interrupt the man. He had a temper of, well… he was never calm, in fact, this was the calmest he had ever seen the other man.

“Bet that was good for the ego, pet?” John said with a reassuring smile.

“Yes, sir.” Just be good. Just be good. Be good and he’ll leave. Unless… maybe John had got bored of him like everyone else… maybe instead of sending him back to Mycroft, John was going to pass him over like a loaf of bread. It was well within his rights. There was nothing Sherlock could do, seeing that the only phone he had access to was the one for emergencies in the kitchen drawer. His Dom had said earlier that he’d contacted him because he wanted advice on a business like John’s. Maybe Sherlock would be his first client? He took another involuntary step backwards. John tightened the grip on his leash, forcing the younger man to take a step forward, putting him back where he had just been.

“Go and put the kettle on, pet,” John ordered seeing his sub still eyeing this new Dom warily. He had a right to be wary. He didn’t have a great track record with Doms and he didn’t know if their level of trust was strong enough, so when there was no response, he added a sharp, “Now, pet!” He didn’t want to call him boy. He would if he had to, but Sherlock nodded.

The detective stumbled for some resemblance of control. He’d just have to behave really, really well and then John wouldn’t want to get rid of him and he could stay here. He was finally ready to admit that he wanted to be here and he had thought John wanted him too.

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”
More than aware that the kettle took a long time to boil and aware of the fact John had just said to put the kettle on. He also didn’t know what drinks either of them would want so he wandered back to find his Dom, not both Doms, *his* Dom.

“Kettle’s on, sir,” he offered from the door of the sitting room.

“Good, pet. Come over here.”

Glancing cautiously at the other Dom, he moved to his own. John didn’t seem to notice as he was in mid conversation.

“C’mon, pet, kneel next to me. You know this.”

He dropped to his knees, still keeping half an eye on the other man. It felt weird having a layer of fabric between his usually bare knees and the carpet.

John attached his leash again and held it in one hand whilst he used the other to stroke at his untamed curls, something he was sure the doctor wouldn’t have attempted if he hadn’t been successful earlier in the lab, and he continued with his conversation.

Sherlock was struggling to remain on top of Panic. He could feel it bubbling up inside him and his Dom must have noticed because his grip became a little tighter. He used it to prove who was in control and remind the kneeling man where he was and who he was with. Sherlock focused on that until he struggled again and then glanced up at John, not meeting his eyes, so he could speak. “The kettle is probably boiled, sir. Do you both want tea?”

John shook his head. Kneeling seemed to be keeping the younger man out of Panic. If kneeling was what was doing it, he would keep him there. “Don’t worry, pet,” he said calmly, keeping his leash pulled down so he couldn’t rise. He leant forward for one agonisingly long second and the sub thought he was handing the leash over to the other Dom who had yet to speak to him again. This was it. This would confirm his suspicions. Instead, John opened up a familiar looking hole in the floor and locked the end of the leash there tightly. Sherlock didn’t know whether to be comforted by that or worried.

“Now, you kneel there and keep quiet, pet. I’ll go and get the tea. It was tea wasn’t it Mr. W?”

“Oh yes, Doctor, tea would be lovely. Milk, one sugar.”

John nodded curtly and ruffled his pet’s curls as he passed to the door, leaving the pair alone.

‘Mr. W’ was watching Sherlock and he wasn’t attempting to hide the fact that he was watching either. It didn’t matter though. His Dom was already out of the room.

“So then, Sherlock, I can’t believe you found another Dom. Who would be stupid enough to attempt to train you. The only thing you were good for was practising punishments and of course a good hard fuck. Has Watson done that yet, fucked you so hard that you screamed?”

Sherlock tried his best to do nothing but look down with his eyes screwed tightly shut.

“When this is done, you’ll come crawling back, won’t you, brat? I don’t know if I’ll have you. You’ll have to get down on your knees on my doorstep and beg me. Things have changed since being a teenager, slut.”
The boy’s breathing was getting heavier and he felt Panic on the edge. He couldn’t fall into it. That would be not good. That would be a bit more than a bit not good. He was concentrating so hard on not responding to the arse’s words that he didn’t see, hear, or even sense the other man get up and wander towards him. The first he knew of it was when there was a fist hitting the side of his head hard and he collapsed to the floor.

The man laughed and Sherlock groaned, knowing John wasn’t coming. The kitchen was quite a distance away. For all he knew John was in on this.

The standing man reached over and pulled him back to his knees by his curls before going again, this time harder, so he collapsed. Blood gushed from his nose and Panic set in.
Hesitant but hopeful

Chapter Summary

Sherlock was left with the mystery man, but who was he?

Chapter Notes

I hope you guys like this one, it's been a hell of a tough week and if it wasn't for my beta, sherlockian4evr this wouldn't be being posted!

John wandered at a comfortable pace towards the kitchen. He was positive his pet would be fine alone. He had realised early on that when he was kneeling, he was a lot more focused and they seemed to have avoided Panic. John had contemplated taking him aside after a few sharp orders being ignored, but this was new to the younger man. He didn’t want to show him up more than necessary in front of a stranger, especially a fellow Dom. Humiliation was slightly different when it was just the two of them and they only touched on it now after the trust they had fought so hard to gain this week. Taking him aside would make them both look bad, even if he wanted a chat rather than to bollock the younger man.

En route to the kitchen, John realised that it was a fair distance from the living room and he pondered on what a design flaw that was. He had only personally designed the upstairs and the basement recently when he had had Sherlock’s lab installed. The ground floor had been done by architects, but then again, his profession wasn’t unusual across the country and many professional Dom’s, including John himself, had staff for this sort of thing. He had contemplated keeping the staff on with Sherlock here, but from what Mycroft had said about his little brother’s past, seeing other subs that could “pose a threat” in his eyes probably wouldn’t be good for the younger man; especially given that he had spent the whole week up until an hour ago naked, as well as the two following days. Even though it was punishment, John wasn’t here to humiliate him. He would have been even more impossible if John had had him knelt on that first day for breakfast and had someone else there too doing the cooking. It had been bad enough as it was and he’d doubled his rather considerable tally without extra complications.

His boy hadn’t been against the idea of someone new coming over tonight. John had made sure to watch him closely when he had brought it up that morning and he seemed more intent on showing off than disagreeing completely with the presence of new people. John would have postponed if he hadn’t been comfortable, but his reaction had given him confidence that he would be ok. His response to the knock on the door had been more on the side of caution, but from how he had acted this morning, he had thought that he was not only wary of the unknown but of wearing clothes also. To a Dom, changing clothes was nothing except an everyday thing, but to a sub, especially one as reluctant to submit as Sherlock was the majority of the time, it would be more of a big deal. At least, that was the conclusion he had originally come to, but then he still wasn’t himself. He had begun to wonder whether he should make excuses and get rid of the other Dom and that maybe it was too soon. Maybe it was just the detective being cocky this morning that had made them both think otherwise. He had been surprised yet again when his pet appeared in the doorway after
popping the kettle on the hob. Surely, if he wanted to be out of the way, he would have waited with it and if things had been too bad, he would have safe worded- out of the room or the contract. Not that John wanted that. The longer he spent with the younger man, the more obvious the attraction was becoming. He had returned of his own volition and the touch of a hand seemed to keep his Panic levels well below the explosion level which John had seen- both in full force and the subtle. Panic had been averted by low conversation, kneeling and John’s hand hovering nearby. It seemed to have worked just as successfully this time and the last thing he wanted was to unsettle him further by making him get off his knees at the demand of tea.

He had still seemed tense, but not overly so, given the circumstances. Instead of leaving his leash hanging, he had attached it to the floor in an offering of comfort which Sherlock seemed to recognise now. He would need to get used to other people soon. He couldn’t keep him collared and in the house indefinitely. He was meant to be training him and with that came being a good sub in public circumstances, not just areas they saw as safe. One unknown member of society was the perfect way to ease him into it… or so he thought.

When he reached the kitchen, he saw his phone on the side, plugged in to charge. Something nigged at the back of his mind and he wandered over, sliding his finger across the screen. He had three missed calls, all from Mycroft, and in quick succession over the last 10 minutes. He had planned to keep it on silent until he was willing to give his sub his own phone back. The last thing they needed were distractions, but he realised this could have been a mistake. Therefore, when his phone buzzed again, his finger was quick to perform the motion to answer it.

“Mycroft?” he asked, already concerned by the fact that his missed calls were quite high in number.

“I’m on my way over. Where’s Sherlock?”

“In the front room. What’s going on? What’s with the missed calls? And the tone of voice?” John didn’t know which answer he wanted first, but any would do and he needed to get it all out.

“Is he alone?” the government official asked his own question in response.

“No, with Mr. Wilkes.”

John expected him to ask who the stranger was but instead there was a sharp breath, a pause that he only noticed because he knew Mycroft well enough and then muffled voices that sounded something like “Hurry up!”. “Sebastian Wilkes, John! Get my brother out of there!”

“What? Why?” The Dom was more than concerned now. Subs, especially Mycroft, never shouted at him and the tone in his voice was enough to make him move to comply without an answer, but he needed one to know what to do once he had reached Sherlock. Even so, he headed off at a fast run to the other side of the house. Damn the distance!

“He’s the Dom my brother obviously hasn’t spoken about. The one from Oxford.”

“The bastard!” John’s stomach dropped further than it ever had before, so did the phone in his hand as he picked up his pace with a determination he wasn’t aware he had been hiding.

He only just heard, “Quite. Deal with it, John. I’m 10 minutes away,” before his phone slipped from his grip and he slammed into the front room with his shoulder.

He caught the tail end of something that he immediately didn’t like, “… always was a useless slut.” The doctor caught sight of his defenceless sub on the floor, fighting to get back onto his knees. He
glanced at John in fear and his heart shattered. The boy looked just as frightened of him as he did of the man who had laid him out on the floor in the first place.

“Stay exactly where you are, pet!” John ordered, slightly sharper than he intended. It wasn’t obedience that made Sherlock cooperate and lay back down immediately, but quite clearly fear. He scanned him quickly, using some basic field training to sort his priorities out. They were decided for him, however, when he saw the grin on the twat’s face. Wilkes kicked Sherlock in the gut, and judging by the way Sherlock took it without sound or complaint, it wasn’t the first time. That did nothing to stem John’s anger and he flew across the room, his fist colliding with the underside of the younger man’s chin and sending him flying back into the wall. His head hit hard, but that wasn’t enough for John. Nothing but the man’s pieces all over the southeast would be enough, but he settled for punching him again, causing a similar amount of blood to explode from his nose as he slumped back in a heap. John stomped on his stomach hard, and all the air inside the prone man gushed from his lungs. The doctor used the moment’s distraction to his advantage by cuffing him to one of the hooks in the wall.

The sound of, “I am a Dominant, of equal status to you! How dare you cuff me! Release me now, Watson. The slut got everything he deserved and there’s a lot more on its way,” reminded the doctor he was still conscious.

“Bollocks!” John growled, smacking him with a clenched fist once more to make his point.

He then turned to his poor sub, knowing that he was much more important than his feelings towards the arsehole on the floor. Sherlock’s eyes were wide with fear and when he spotted his Dom looking at him, he pushed himself to his knees despite John’s protests. He was muttering out, “I’m sorry, sir. I’m sorry, sir,” on a never ending loop and it made the Dom feel sick.

With a last glare at the heap on his living room floor, he slid across the carpet on his knees and grabbed Sherlock, tugging his body into him and rocking him gently. “Shh, pet. Shh. It’s alright. He’s stopped. He won’t touch you again.” He was careful not to touch him in too many places. He would need medical treatment, but they would hopefully both benefit from this. John in a way that let him know his sub was safe back in his arms and Sherlock in a way that let him know the attack was over. He just had to convince him it never should have happened in the first place.

Sherlock jolted and sprung back from the Dom as the door slammed open and 5 people charged in. The only thing John paid attention to, though, was the detective as he gagged when his collar snagged on the leash that still tethered him to the ground. John felt another rush of guilt flood over him. He had basically tied him up and handed him over. He moved quickly to release the leash to at least attempt to prevent further injury and the boy shuffled into the corner backwards as fast as he could.

“John!” Mycroft yelled, taking in the scene in front of him in a way that reminded the doctor of his sub. He was the last in the room and his men were already in the corner.

“I’m on it, Mycroft!” he snapped back, not ready to face the anger of the older Holmes whilst the younger one was in Panic in the corner and already hurt.

A younger man that John knew as Mycroft’s Dom, Greg, appeared behind him with a placating hand on his shoulder. The tears or concern and anger coming from John were enough for Greg to persuade Mycroft to deal with the bloodied body in the corner rather than take it out on him. It wasn’t his fault.

***
10 minutes later saw Sherlock trembling, with no shirt on, as he sat on the edge of a chair, ready to bolt at any moment. John continued to examine him whilst Mycroft had insisted on remaining with his little brother as his men dealt with Wilkes. Once the detective had caught hold of Mycroft’s hand, he had refused to let go, the British Government didn’t mind even as Greg stood behind him with his own hands resting on his shoulders. They were there for comfort but also to keep him from dropping, the action wasn’t working. The more Sherlock whimpered and pulled away in fear or pain, the closer to Panic Mycroft was getting. It wasn’t long until Greg’s sub had pulled his hand free from his brother and moved to the nearest item of furniture, launching it across the room. Neither Dom was mad, it was just a form in which Panic liked to present itself. Sometimes there was quite worried behaviour, others there were uncharacteristic traits like anger. Sherlock cowered back in fear and John knew he needed to deal with one Holmes to get anywhere with the other, even if his trust in himself wasn’t great right now.

John didn’t know the Detective Inspector as well as he knew Mycroft, but knew him well enough to know that he liked privacy when Mycroft hit this area, many Doms did.

“Go to my playroom Greg. You know the code. There’s a bed up there too now. Calm him down.”

“Will you be alright here?” he asked, raising his voice slightly as the coffee table flew across the room.

He nodded. “Sherlock’s going to need his brother, but not like this.” The DI glanced at the younger man who had gathered his knees to his chest and was rocking silently.

Greg tilted his head in understanding and raised his hand towards his own sub. Mycroft caught the action and immediately dropped to his knees, his hands coming up behind his head, but kept tugging at his hair insistently. He needed a distraction, anything, to keep his mind off what he had let happen to Sherlock.

The doctor watched a moment, until the DI had encouraged him out of the room, and then turned to Sherlock.

The majority of the blood was cleaned up, but he was watching the Dom with nothing but fear and he flinched when John attempted to check him further. He mumbled another, “Sorry, sir.”

“Pet, what on earth have you got to be sorry about?” John cupped his cheek even though he pulled away.

“I moved, sir. I made you angry, sir.”

“Moved?” John was seriously confused and knowing he was the one who had messed up wasn’t helping.

“Yes, sir. You told me to be still, sir, and I moved.”

John sighed. “Oh, my beautiful boy,” he collapsed to his knees between his sub’s legs on the sofa and took his hands in his, being gentle with his left as he had appeared to have sprained it, no doubt caused by the oaf stamping on it. “You have nothing to be sorry for. Nothing.” The boy wouldn’t look at him.

“Look at me. Sherlock. Look at me.” He repeated. Slowly glassy eyes met his Dom’s.

“I’m sorry, sir,” he repeated.

“Can we drop the ‘sir’ please?” Part of John, quite a big part actually, could see their relationship
crumbling without the chance to rebuild after this, but the reaction he got was the complete opposite to what he was expecting.

Sherlock dropped to his knees away from John, looking down at the floor between them, “I’m sorry, sir. I’m sorry. Please don’t leave me, sir. I’ll be better. I like it here. I’m good here. I’ll be better, sir. I promise. Please don’t make me leave...” Sherlock was sobbing now and John couldn’t help but gather him in his arms and hold him tight, like one might do with a small child, because that was exactly what he was like in Panic: a child.

It took a very long time for the sobs to stop wracking through the younger man’s body, so long that John was sure he couldn’t cry any more if he tried.

“Can you let go of me, beautiful?” he asked softly when the crying had slowed down to a much calmer pace.

“Please, sir,” he whimpered.

“I’m not going anywhere, pet. I just want to get you strapped up fully.”

Carefully, Sherlock’s strong hand released his grip on his Dom’s shirt and allowed him to move away to gather the appropriate things to bandage his wrist securely. “Thank you,” he whispered and the look he received in response told John that this could very much be ok.

John kissed his wrist when he was done and tried for several seconds to catch his sub’s eye. Once he had finally managed it, he kissed his forehead, “If there is any additional pain you must tell me, pet.”

Sherlock nodded.

“No, pet. Use your words.”

“Yes, sir,” he sobbed again. He was still in Panic, even if he was at the edge now, so he no doubt saw the reminder as a threat of punishment later. “I understand.” John wasn’t entirely comfortable with him addressing him like that, but the last thing he wanted was him thinking he was being turned away, now, after how good he had been.

John didn’t trust his sub’s legs so he scooped him up and held him tight. Sherlock whimpered and curled into him. He was much too light for a man of his size, even after eating 3 square meals a day for a week.

He took him to his bedroom and laid him down, manoeuvring them both to get comfy. Sherlock’s head automatically came up to tuck under his Dom’s chin.

John cradled him to his chest like he might disappear at any moment. “You were such a good boy for me tonight, Sherlock. Do you know that?”

There was no response apart from a stifled sob and John tilted his head to look at him.

“You couldn’t have behaved better and I let you down. I’m so sorry, pet.”

“You didn’t let me down, sir,” Sherlock said eventually. “I should have told you more.”

“Maybe, but I should have got names from your brother.”

“He wouldn’t have told you names, sir. When he couldn’t find him and the case got handed to New
Scotland Yard, I made sure Greg promised that neither of them would mention his name again if I gave a statement. Despite some of my brother’s obsessive behaviour, he never breaks a promise, especially one to his Dom.” The sobbing the detective had done downstairs had seemed to be the majority of Panic wearing itself out and given his ability to communicate fully again, he was in a much better headspace then John could ever have imagined given the contents of the evening so far. That was most alarming.

“I still let you down and I’m sorry. I think you deserve a reward.” Nothing could compete with what he deserved, but they had to start somewhere.

“A reward?” his boy sounded confused and the doctor decided he didn’t like it.

“Your choice. Anything you want.”

“Can you- Can you stay with me, sir? Tonight?” he sounded hesitant, but hopeful.

John grinned, “Of course, beautiful,” and then added a very quiet, “I’ll never let you out of my sight again.”

Many, many hours later, John fell asleep, his pet curled in tightly on his chest, his two closest friends upstairs and his walking stick long forgotten on the floor of the kitchen.
The following morning, Sherlock awoke with a groan. His chest ached and he realised with a heavy heart it wasn’t the first time he had awoken in this amount of pain. It was, however, the first time he awoken in such a substantial amount of pain but not alone. He snuggled back into the warmth of the Dom that surrounded him. For such a small man, John Watson had a large presence. He could almost imagine the bruises littering his chest and his wrist was throbbing. He didn’t want to open his eyes because doing that would mean seeing the mess he had managed to get himself into. He also didn’t want to face John. He was probably only still here because he felt guilty. There was no way he would still want him after this. He wondered how long it would be until he called Mycroft and demand he take him away. He tried to do a mental inventory of his condition and decided his wrist wasn’t as bad as his chest. His wrist didn’t make breathing hurt. He had laid there long enough. It was time to enter the real world. What he didn’t expect to see when he cracked his eyes open was John Watson hovering over him, concern swimming in his sea blue eyes.

“Do you fancy some breakfast, Sherlock?” the Dom offered when the younger man looked away, ashamed. Ashamed of what, John didn’t know and he was cautious to demand anything of him this morning, especially something like food which he didn’t particularly enjoy, but he lived in hope.

The boy’s head snapped up.

“What?” the expression on the sub wasn’t helping to ease his worry.

“You called me Sherlock,” he stated as if it was the most obscure thing in the world.

“That is your name…” John trailed off. He had used it the night before, but he apparently didn’t recall. Given the circumstances, John wasn’t surprised.

“I know, sir, but…”

“I think you deserve it now, don’t you?”

Sherlock stared down at his hands, one neatly wrapped up. He could see bruised fingers poking out the top and shivered at the thought of last night, but that didn’t matter. Wilkes didn’t matter. He had John and John wasn’t sending him away, at least he didn’t think so. He decided he needed more data to prove it. “If you say so, sir.”

The doctor could see how hard he was trying to hide what he was really thinking and feeling. “It’s OK to be happy, pet,” he used the term cautiously, still not sure how Sherlock was in his head with Panic the night before and sub drop so close. But at ‘pet’ he grinned. “Can I kiss you, sir?”

John beamed back, letting out a deep breath. The sub was tentative in the kiss, but John could tell he really needed it when his good arm came up and wrapped around him instinctively. He held him and the younger man tucked his head of curls under his chin.

“I’m just amazed at the turn of events, sir.”
“Do you have any idea how good you were for me last night?” John asked. Sherlock looked away sheepishly. “I know you think you did wrong.” John couldn’t see why the sub would think that, but understood that abusive relationships did weird things, especially to the sub. It was clearly wrong, to him as a Dom. But for Sherlock, his past experiences with relationships wasn’t good at all and didn’t help to clarify black and white lines. Lines that had been crossed more than once if the younger man’s response was anything to go by. “But you could not have behaved any better.”

“If the pain in my chest is anything to go by…” he trailed off, not really knowing where he was heading with that statement in the first place.

“I’m so sorry, pet, I shouldn’t have left you alone with him.”

Well, it wasn’t to make the doctor feel guilty, Sherlock realised that was the last thing he wanted. “It’s alright.”

“No, it’s not-”

“Sir,” Sherlock interrupted his Dom and took his hand in a way a Dom would take a sub’s, but despite his confidence, John could see the caution on his face as he was unsure whether he would be in trouble for such a gesture, particularly without permission. John chuckled nervously down at the long fingered, pale hand gripping his own. “You saved me from him. I thought when you left that it was your plan. You said he was there for business advice. I thought you were giving me away, but it didn’t match any of the data I had on you and only served to confuse me further. When you didn’t hand the leash to him, I knew I was still yours and would remain that way for the indefinite future. I knew you would be back. I didn’t know how long I would need to endure it, but I am so used to him that it didn’t matter… you would be back and you would get rid of him.”

John watched him with wide eyes. He couldn’t believe the trust the boy had in him now, especially after a night like the last one. However, he felt compelled to offer a way out again. “Are you sure you want to stay? Your brother is upstairs with his Dom and will no doubt be more than willing to take you home, after this… after the way I let you down I am sure he wouldn’t refuse you. He may even let you return to Baker Street.”

Sherlock’s head jerked from side to side in what looked like a painful motion. “No, sir. Please… please don’t make me go. I like it here, sir. I like it with you.”

They were both surprised by that revelation. John had secretly guessed, given his actions on his fifth day, but it was still a shock to hear them said aloud, especially from the only person he had ever met had seemed to think he wasn’t allowed his own emotions. Then it dawned on him what his sub had said and he hastened to reassure his pet, “I’m not going to make you go anywhere, pet. I just needed to be sure this is what you want. You were quite out of it last night with Panic and the sedative I gave you. It wouldn’t have been right to assume-”

“Sir,” Sherlock interrupted yet again. “You’re rambling.”

John took a deep breath and let out a shaky laugh. He rarely showed his own emotions to his subs, he would hide behind a mask, but if something could be said of John Watson, it was his observational skills as a Dom. He may not be able to make deductions like a Holmes, but he could still tell a lot from a single glance, whether that was because of his army experience, the fact that he was a doctor or the fact that he was a professional Dom, he didn’t know. What he did know was right now, hiding his emotions from the near-broken man in front of him would have been a very stupid thing to do. “You’re right, of course. I’m sorry, it’s just…”
“I know what you mean, sir. Sentences are a bit beyond me too at the present time.”

“How’s your wrist feeling?” the Dom asked, deciding to change the subject for the both of them. Now that he knew his pet wanted to stay and it wasn’t just Panic talking last night, he felt more comfortable in manoeuvring him about. He lifted his wrist up to examine it and slowly unwrapped the bandage that he had secured around it last night. It wasn’t as swollen as it could have been and John kissed it softly, checking the trails of different colour bruising. He reached for the drawer and pulled out a fresh bandage and gently began wrapping it up again. Sherlock winced and the doctor immediately froze.

“It’s alright, sir,” the detective insisted.

When he was done, John leant up and kissed the younger man again before leaning back, entering Dom mode. “Now apart from having your name back, you can have your microscope. It will be in the lab permanently. I’m also going to give you the opportunity to pick something that Miss Molly Hooper is likely to have at the morgue.”

That surprised the consulting detective. “Really, sir?”

“Well, your wrist needs a few days to recover and you are incredibly bruised all over. It is going to be a few days before we play again. You’ll spend those few days in bed-”

Sherlock opened his mouth to protest, but John pushed a finger inside to cut him off, smiling when the sub automatically began sucking like it was the only thing he had ever had. “Let me finish, pet. You’ll spend the next few days in bed or in the lab or in the study with me, OK? You can also have your clothes back, but I still want you to sleep naked.”

Every other piece of information seemed to skip passed the younger man, “In your study? With you?”

“You don’t have to,” John said, suddenly unsure. “I just thought… you can stay in the lab if you want. It’s yours. I just want to make sure you’re eating enough and you’re in bed at night.”

“For a while maybe,” he murmured.

“What was that?”

“Nothing, sir.”

John smiled at him and ruffled his curls. It was the first time there hadn’t been a look of upmost hatred in his eyes as the form of comfort happened.

There was a knock on the door and out of reflex Sherlock snuggled into his Dom. John smiled at the top of his head. He couldn’t believe how far the younger man had come in a week. “Come in,” he called softly as not to startle his sub.

The door was pushed open and a tray was the first thing to appear.

They heard a quiet, “In!” and the older Holmes brother stumbled into the room.

“Greg, Mycroft,” John said. Nothing in his tone suggested they weren’t welcome. Greg had hold of Mycroft’s leash rather tightly and it appeared the older man was in trouble as he placed the tray on the edge of the bed. “Are you alright, little brother?”

Sherlock glanced at his Dom for reassurance before nodding.
“Do you want to-”

“No!” Sherlock snapped. “I’m fine. Which is more than can be said for your surveillance!”

Mycroft swallowed hard and at the hand on his shoulder kneeled beside his own Dom. “They have been dealt with, Sherlock.”

The younger man looked away, tucking his head into John’s neck. He didn’t see the smack the kneeling man received. “I apologise, sir,” he said to the doctor. “For the way I acted last night.”

“It was entirely understandable, Mycroft.”

He swallowed hard again and glanced up at his Dom.

“He has done his best to tidy up the mess, John. I assure you.”

“Panic has these effects on subs differently. It is fine.”

“It is more the anger that he presented. It has been very difficult for him to get on top of.”

“Like I said, it’s fine Greg. Why don’t you bring the seat over?”

The DI smiled and slid into the seat. Mycroft didn’t move to rest on his leg, but he moved to kneel beside the younger man. Sherlock couldn’t help but smile within the confines of John’s protective grasp. He hardly ever saw his older brother in trouble. Even though he had lived with the pair, Mycroft was the ‘perfect’ sub and many of his characteristics led to him being a Dom-like figure while Sherlock had stayed with him.

“This isn’t funny, brother-mine,” Mycroft spat.

Sherlock flinched.

“As I was saying,” Greg carried on after clipping him on the back of the head again and tugging his leash sharply. “It is Mycroft’s actions whilst outside of Panic which he apologised for.”

“His little brother was in danger. It was a valid response.”

Greg couldn’t believe his friend’s naivety, but then he didn’t know his sub intimately like he, himself did.

“His anger did not stem from that. He was aware that you were more than capable of looking after him. It was the fact that the surveillance he had put in place had failed and went decidedly over the top with his response.”

“So his anger is at surveillance that I wasn’t even aware of?”

Sherlock flinched. “I thought you knew, sir,” he said quietly. “My brother won’t let me out of his sight unless he knows who is coming and going.”

“So you set up surveillance on my house without me knowing?” the doctor stared down at the government official.

“I apologise, sir. I had assumed that Sherlock would tell you.”

“Bollocks,” Sherlock snarled. “You knew he didn’t know.”
The lowering of the kneeling man’s head was the only response the doctor needed. “I am not against the additional surveillance, now more than ever, seeing as the sort of people this one has had the misfortune of meeting, but I should have been told!”

“I know.”

“So if this surveillance of yours is so bloody good, why did they let Wilkes in?”

Mycroft kept his head low.

“Oh come on, Mycroft. After all, you love a bit of drama.”

“Enough, pet,” John interrupted, tightening his grip at his nape slightly in warning.

“Sorry, sir,” he murmured softly.

“Not at your expense.”

Greg glanced down at his sub. “Speak up, boy.”

“Think what you like, brother-mine, I would never put you in harm’s way for the sake of drama, as you put it.”

“Whatever, Mycroft.”

The older man looked up at the discontent on his brother’s face and he struggled to swallow around the lump in his throat. His chin dropped to his chest again and nothing else was heard from the kneeling figure.

Sherlock leant forward and snagged a piece of toast from the tray and then realised what he had done and glanced nervously at the doctor. “It’s alright, pet. I’m glad you’re hungry.” He smiled before devouring not just one piece of toast but three and an apple.

“Now why don’t you pour us all a cup of tea?”

Sherlock froze, but stopped himself from questioning the older man. It was Mycroft who was in trouble at the moment, not him, and he quite liked being the centre of attention when that attention wasn’t wielding a crop or paddle. So instead, he smiled and poured tea into the 4 mugs.

Greg took his and his sub’s, holding it out for the kneeling man, but when he didn’t take it he grew concerned. Feeling the need to investigate, he placed both mugs on the unit and tilted his pet’s chin up. Mycroft had tears running down his face, crying softly, inaudibly. ‘Pet?’

“S-Sorry, sir.”

The DI was slightly wrong-footed. Anger was one thing, anger was something the Dom knew how to deal with, but crying? Mycroft never cried. In fact, he had only ever cried once since he had contracted with Greg.

Greg pushed some errant hair out of his eyes and cupped his cheek, “Is this about Sherlock?”

Mycroft sniffed, but didn’t offer a response. It was probably everything. Yesterday Mycroft ruled the British Government and was the most feared man in the country. Today his military officers had let him down, he had been punished for losing his temper when he had managed to remain on top of it for so long, and most of all he had let down his little brother, something he hardly ever did anymore. He had once told Greg that he had become ‘The British Government’ to protect Sherlock
and that was as deep as it got with the older man.

“Oh, babe. C’mon up here.”

With a fair amount of encouragement Mycroft climbed up onto his Dom’s lap.

Sherlock felt slightly awkward watching. His brother and Greg had been in a relationship for years. He had only been with this Dom for a week and would only be with him another 11. He glanced up at the doctor who had been watching him the whole time. Sherlock would never know they were thinking the exact same thing.
Sherlock spent the next three days relaxing. He never expected to be at a place like this, i.e. with a professional Dom and be able to relax, not with the data he had collected on Doms. John Watson had completely changed his opinions on what Doms were like and what they stood for. He had just been unlucky enough to come across a couple of ‘morons’ as John called them. The facilities John had installed in the lab were just as good as the facilities at Barts and Sherlock really did appreciate it. Between the lab and sleeping, he didn’t feel like he was at some sub learning camp. He couldn’t draw himself away from the doctor for very long in order to have full use of the amenities that were available.

Earlier, he had gone down to the lab for a bit, placing the cartilage Mycroft had picked up from Molly and dropped off for him a few days ago into a mortar and began crushing it into dust. He’d planned on comparing it to other substances John had accumulated from somewhere, but, before he could put it on the slide to analyse it properly, he found that he couldn’t be bothered and headed back upstairs to find John.

That was how they ended up how they were now. Sherlock was curled up on the floor, his head resting on his Dom’s shoes as he dozed, and John worked. He was fully clothed in his usual shirt and a pair of trousers. He wasn’t wearing pants though, at John’s direction, and he wasn’t wearing socks because John had commented on how much he liked his pet’s feet. He was also still connected to his leash, because of the worried look that had flashed across his face when John had tried to remove it. The look hadn’t been more than a flutter, but, of course, the Dom hadn’t missed it and was more than willing to keep hold of the other end.

“Do you fancy going for a walk, pet?” John asked. The detective had been curled up on the floor for hours and had barely moved, one hand was wrapped loosely around his foot. He smiled down at him, but needed to get up. He was stiff from lack of movement, so Sherlock probably was too.

There was no response, but rather than get angry, he moved his toe slightly, lifting Sherlock’s head up and making the younger man groan in annoyance.

“Oi, pet! Wake up!”

“Mmm.”

“Do you want to wake up?”

“No…”

John chuckled and leant down to ruffle his curls. “That’s 4, pet.”

He still didn’t move. The doctor watched him with fondness. “Oi, pet!” he tried again, determined on getting his sub outside for a bit. “Do you fancy a walk?”
That got his attention and the reaction was a lot more sporadic than he had anticipated. He sat up sharply and gagged as his collar caught in the tightness of his Dom’s grip on the leash. “Bloody hell!” he spluttered. “Sir,” he added sheepishly. “5, Sir?”

John nodded.

“Did you say a walk?”

“I have large grounds. You’ve only been out there during your little mission impossible routines.”

Sherlock ducked his head, but realised the Dom spoke in good humour. His fear turned to a smile. I really didn’t mean to upset you, sir. I just had to prove to myself that Mycroft wouldn’t win.”

“You certainly did that, pet. The question is, did your arse agree with your mission?”

The grin that spread across Sherlock’s face was enough to make John have to sit back down and pull his pet up off the floor into his lap so he could kiss him without the risk of fainting. When he was done, Sherlock asked, “Sir?” with a raised eyebrow.

He laughed again. “Sorry, pet. Couldn’t resist kissing you, that’s all.” He patted his arse. “Up you get. I doubt you’ve seen the lake as it’s around the back. Unless you went round there when you got out?” At the shaken head, he nodded to the door. “Go and find some socks and grab both pairs of shoes. My walking boots are in my room.”

“I’m allowed in there alone, sir?”

“What did I say yesterday?”

“That I’m only allowed in your room with you.”

“Or?”

“With your permission,” he finished.

The doctor nodded. “Oh and that’s 8, pet. You can do better than that.”

“Sorry, sir.”

“Go on, then.”

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When Sherlock reappeared, he had some socks on, but no shoes. He knelt down in front of John and held the Dom’s shoe—leather, highly polished—so that he could slide his foot into it. He tied it up and did the same with the other before he rocked back on his heels and suddenly found his head all over the place.

“S-Sir-”

John glanced up as he placed the newspaper down that he had just finished with. Sherlock had taken a while to find the shoes. “Sherlock?”

“I-” he caught himself before he went any further. Don’t complain! John’s been great. Don’t complain and maybe it’ll continue. “Nothing, sir. Sorry, sir.”

The doctor wasn’t fooled that easily. “Stand up, pet,” he ordered.
The detective obeyed, but swooned slightly and ended up grabbing onto the arm of the chair. “Sherlock? What is it?” The doctor’s immediate concern just made Sherlock feel worse. He dropped back to his knees and turned, head as low as possible, in the direction of his Dom.

“Don’t apologise, pet. You’ve done nothing wrong.” He cupped his boy’s cheek when he didn’t look up of his own accord. He peered down into the grey-green eyes and almost got lost in the way the colours swirled together, but something wasn’t right. “What do you feel like? Can you explain it to me?” It could be Panic, John reasoned. It had been a few days since events had taken a rather dramatic turn for a few hours, but this could almost be an aftershock, which sometimes happened, and could be worse if the sub had been in Panic when the event had happened as well. It was like going into shock and then coming out of it only to return again when you weren’t quite 100% again. That wasn’t it though. It was almost like…

“I feel woozy, sir. Like I’m dropping.”

“Pet, you are dropping. Now listen to me, okay?” He waited for his pet’s nod of acceptance before continuing. “It was putting my shoes on that did it,” John explained. “Service, that’s all. Nothing bad. You need to do exactly what I say and you won’t go into ‘drop.”

“Yes, sir,” he murmured. John’s hand was still on his cheek and he pressed his face into it a bit more.

“Good boy. Go to the kitchen. Crawl. When you get there, put the kettle on and fill the flask. It’s in the cupboard in the corner by the fridge.”

“Yes, sir.”

The sub waited for John to straighten up before he turned and shuffled from the room on all fours. When he was out of sight, John laughed softly. Things were getting so much simpler, the more Sherlock was learning to trust. He had honestly believed after the mistake with Wilkes that this was all over; he was going to fail his first sub, but that hadn’t happened. Somehow, Sherlock had bounced back, stronger than ever. He was definitely the most surprising sub he had ever come across, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

When the detective found John again, he was on his feet.

“I didn’t know what to do, sir. I couldn’t crawl and keep it upright.”

“That’s fine, pet.”

He held his hand out for the flask and gathered his leash in his grip too. “Come on, then.”

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Sherlock smiled when John extended the leash out. It was retractable and reached nearly 15 yards, plenty of room for him to stretch his legs. The doctor walked with his hands in his pockets as he watched the younger man. He was so childlike at times as he examined some of the flowers around the edge of the lake.

“Do you like fishing, pet?”

“Fishing? Never been.”

“9.”
Sherlock sighed. “Yes, sir, but I haven’t been fishing before. Mycroft does, I think, with Greg.” He had stumbled over his brother’s name. It was the first time he had mentioned him since the other couple had gone home. He hadn’t spoken when he’d returned a few hours later with some of the things from Molly.

“Are you alright, Sherlock?”

“What? Yeah. It’s weird seeing my brother like that.”

“10.”

“Yes, sir. He’s always in control. You never see him open and, well, I haven’t seen him cry since we were kids and that was my fault.”

“What was your fault?”

“Redbeard and I used to like the park and every Sunday, Mycroft would take us, except Redbeard’s Frisbee got stuck in a tree. Mycroft broke his ankle trying to get it back. We used to do everything together, sir. It was weird when he moved out.”

“He wasn’t alone very long, though.”

“I know. I moved out at the first opportunity, too. Got into a bit of trouble though, sir, which was when Mycroft made me move in with him and Greg.”

“I bet that was fun.”

“It would have been, if I was still a child, but I was 18 and had already had one failure of a relationship. Mycroft saw it as his job to protect me, hence the security detail around the edge of your grounds.”

“Well, now that your brother has no doubt scared them shitless, they won’t fail you again.”

Their walk didn’t last long, as clouds began to settle over when they stopped for a cup of tea

“You know, Sherlock, I do love that coat of yours, but it’s rubbish in the rain.”

Sherlock chuckled. “It’s worth it, sir. The coat is totally worth it.”

John linked his arm into his sub’s who was hiding his hands in his pockets.

“Do you feel like you’re still in subspace?”

“It’s weird, sir. It’s like I am, but don’t want to be.”

“Why don’t you want to be?”

“Because I control it. I always control it. I do it when I feel safe, almost as a reflex, and I’ve never done it in response to Service before.”

“Tell you what, then. I’ll make it worthwhile when we get in. You’ll head straight up to the playroom and clean the bench, then ring the bell and I’ll join you. I’ll check your wrist and, if I’m happy, we can play. How does that sound?”

“Good, sir,” Sherlock answered. “But what about the paddle, sir?”
“I’m still going to use my hand, avoid the bruising for a while longer.”

“You could just not punish me at all, sir,” he replied cheekily.

“You wish, brat.” He smiled just as the clouds above them opened. They were soaked within minutes and half a mile from the mansion.
Ride Gone Wrong

Chapter Summary

Sherlock was doing so well…

Chapter Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr

Illness once again means time off uni which means another chapter

This may seem harsh but I will remind you guys that this is a D/s universe and this a common punishment for Dom to do in this situation. Sherlock had plenty of warning

“Same rules apply as last time, pet,” John said softly.

Sherlock had been good the past few days and their second week together was nearly over. Physically, Sherlock was a lot better. His wrist had healed of the slight sprain and the bruises were practically gone. His brat had spent the majority of the day persuading John to play with him. He’d finally caved in and Sherlock was now knelt by the door to the playroom. One of John’s little rituals, the kneeling outside part, he said it helped him to get into the right headspace. Sherlock disagreed. It was just boring.

John tapped in the code for the playroom door and dropped his hand onto his sub’s head who glanced up and smiled. “Of course, sir.”

He took his hand and led him into the room, over to the bed.

“Sir? You said I’m fine now. We don’t need to use the bed anymore.” It was where he’d been punished in the evening. John had made him comfy and used his hand. He also hadn’t done it for the first few days after he’d been hurt.

“I decided where we go, pet. Now, up. You’ll want the comfort for what I have planned.”

Smiling slightly lopsidedly, he clambered up onto the soft mattress.

“Spread your legs. I’m going to take the cage off.”

Sherlock’s grin got wider.

“And I think from now on, it can probably stay off. I won’t find you getting off in the shower will I, pet?”

“Me, sir?” he asked cheekily. “No, sir.”

John chuckled and tapped his thigh. The lean legs in front of him spread enough for him to
manipulate the cage and remove it. He dropped it on the unit by the side of the bed. “Face down then, my boy,” the Dom ordered.

Sherlock rolled over and grabbed the pillow, wrapping his arms around it. John smiled. His sub always grabbed one of the pillows during play or punishment. He couldn’t work out if it was a comfort thing or habit, probably both, he concluded.

“Tuck your knees to your chest and put that lovely arse of yours in the air.”

Once more, Sherlock obeyed. As John had been using his hand for the last couple of days, there was no redness to his cheeks at all. All he was presented with was nice pale flesh. He pinched him and Sherlock snorted. “Well, that was uncalled for, sir.”

“Well it’s your fault. If it wasn’t such a gorgeous arse, I wouldn’t want to play with it all the time.”

The Dom leant forward and kissed the back of his neck where there was a rather red blush creeping upwards.

John found the lube from the unit and began to ease the tip of his finger into his hole. The younger man whimpered beneath him, gripping onto the pillow for all it was worth.

“You’re not getting hard already, are you Sherlock?”

“Yes, sir,” he moaned. “But it’s not my fault, sir.” He had never been one for getting hard at the slightest touch. It usually took direct contact with his prostate and that had to be continuous, but this, the light pressure at his hole, the feathering touches of his Dom’s hand…it was too much like he was enjoying himself. He knew this Dom was different, the final proof had been what he had done to Wilkes, what felt like forever ago, but he made their sessions enjoyable for the both of them and Sherlock always got to come, always. He thought this wanting his pleasure would distract him from servicing his Dom, but it didn’t seem to work like that.

“Whose fault is it then?”

“Yours.”

“What was that, pet?”

“Sir,” he moaned again. “Yours, sir.”

“Good boy.” He kissed his lower back. “But what if I was to…” he trailed off and twisted his finger inside his hole, pushing it in to his second knuckle.

“I would yelp, sir.”

John laughed, pulled his finger out and pushed it back in as far as he could. “Go on then.”

He did.

The doctor removed his finger long enough to add more lube and then pushed two in at once.

It wasn’t long before Sherlock was pressing his arse back, meeting his fingers. “Oh, no, no, pet, this isn’t it. You’re going to ride me.”

Sherlock’s head shot over his shoulder so fast the momentum span him over, making him land on his arse. By the time his senses came back to him, John was sat in one of the chairs at the edge of the room.
“Over here.”

On shaky legs, Sherlock stumbled over to the doctor, his cock hanging hard between his legs.

John couldn’t help but allow the corner of his mouth to curl up at the look of his pet.

“Hurry up and sit on me, boy, or I’m going to come all over myself like a teenager.”

Sherlock straddled the older man’s lap and slowly lowered himself on to his cock. John used one hand to steady his cock and the other to hold Sherlock by the front of his shirt in a clenched fist.

“Go on, pet, bit more.”

Sherlock couldn’t believe the burn, but it was almost soothing, it wasn’t a thrashing. This was John, no one else, just John. He was brought out of his thoughts by a slap. “S-Sir?”

“You were miles away, pet. Focus on this, on me, on us.”

“Yes, sir.”

The doctor could see that he meant it. He had penetrated his boy with two fingers and he had been facing away. Compared to the first time they’d scened properly, this was a massive improvement.

“Well you can do the work, up, down, and you know what I said about what happens to you if you come without my express permission.”

Sherlock nodded and then eased himself up slightly on his arms. Up and down. Up and down. He felt like a yoyo, but it felt good. No, more than that, it felt fantastic. His cock was throbbing with pent up arousal. It always felt worse when the cage came off. He remembered it was there, he knew that sounded stupid, but sometimes he would like his Dom to fuck him with the cage on. It was at that point, with that thought going through his head, that John changed his position. He did it slowly to prepare the sub. He hit his prostate straight on, once, twice, three times and suddenly his release spurted from the tip of his cock before he tried to stop it. He coated his own shirt as well as his Dom’s in come. He wasn’t aware of anything for a moment, but when he came to, he was on his knees in front of John’s chair. The post orgasm bliss evaporated in a second at the look on his Dom’s face and he swallowed hard. “Sir-”

“Save it, boy! I told you what would happen if you came without permission! I warned you several times and yet you’ve still disobeyed me.”

Sherlock dropped his head. Back to ‘boy’ again and it wasn’t even said in the same soft, pleased tone he had used earlier.

“Boy!”

He flinched and looked up.

“What did I tell you would happen if you came without permission?”

“You’d punish me, sir,” he whispered quietly.

“Speak up, boy! You know how this works.”

The detective repeated himself louder, but with no more confidence.

“I told you, that I used the same punishment as other Dom’s when my subs come without
permission and I meant it. I differ from them in many ways, but this is something you were well warned about and something I can’t ignore despite how much fun we were having.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“I’ll believe that in a while. Kneel up.”

When John returned, he held the spreader bar, the same spreader bar he had used that first time. He strapped the cuffs around his thighs and placed the bar between them, pushing his knees apart. He was pleasantly surprised to see that the sub had recognised the term of address and his hands were behind his head rather than behind his back.

“Leave your hands behind your head. You will not like this. It will not be pleasant, but go along with it and it will all be over quicker.”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock agreed. To be honest, he would have agreed to anything if it meant his Dom no longer being angry with him.

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After what felt like eternity to Sherlock, John released his cock, leaving him panting. His head was low and his sobbing was out of control. He was, however, managing to keep as quiet as possible. He had orgasmed 4 times, but only managed to ejaculate 3 times. If John was feeling particularly harsh, he could have kept going, other Dom’s would. If it became a repeat occurrence, he would have to, but for now, he stopped and stood up, surveying his sub. His grip had also not been as hard on the last one, knowing it would be dry and painful enough.

“Feeling punished enough yet?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock whimpered. He wanted nothing more than to curl up in a ball and ignore the man that had caused the waves of agony to run through his groin, but ignoring the older man, now, would have unforeseen consequences. His hands stayed interlocked behind his head and he kept his head low.

“What was that punishment for then, boy?”

“Coming,” he panted through the pain, his tone was soft.

John’s growl was deep and threatening. It was enough for Sherlock to sob. “Coming without permission, sir,” and then; “Please, sir, please don’t punish me again. I’m sorry, sir, I’m sorry.” He hadn’t meant to be provocative. His mind was quiet, but it was distracting. He couldn’t think straight around the pain.

“Will you come without permission again?”

Sherlock doubted he would ever come again, but whispered a quiet. “No, sir.”

“You can move from position,” John said absently, there was still an under layer of anger in the Dom’s tone, but it was fading rapidly, especially with a meek submissive in front of him. He watched as the boy collapsed from his knees and curled tightly into a bundle; protecting his mistreated cock.

Sometime later, not even John knew how long, he leant forward and tapped him on the shoulder, trying not to make him jump. He had watched him throughout that indefinite time period and his sub had not moved once. In fact, if it wasn’t for his chest rising and falling, first erratically, then
more steadily, he would have said he wasn’t breathing at all. “You ready for a bit of a cuddle now?”

The mop of curls shook in a negative fashion.

“How about a cup of tea?”

Again, his head shook.

“What do you want to do right now?”

“Stay here, sir,” it came out as a croak and it sounded so far from Sherlock, if he hadn’t been watching him when he said it, he wouldn’t have believed it.

“You can do that. What about me? Shall I get a blanket? We could move this to the bed?”

“No, sir,” he whimpered.

Taken aback, John stood up straight and asked a question he didn’t really want an answer to. “Do you want me to leave?” He responded with a nod, clearly not up for talking much. “Are you ok?” Another nod, but he didn’t have to be an experienced Dom to see that was a lie.

That had completely broken him, the least he could do was give him a bit of comfort. He knew he couldn’t leave him alone all night. Sub drop was a dangerous place, as was Panic.

“Come on, pet, come up on to the bed…”

“No, I’m fine, sir. Thank you.” Sherlock’s voice sounded so distant and broken. John sighed and made his way out of the room, intent on getting two cups of tea and giving the comfort and aftercare Sherlock so needed after such a thorough punishment.

On return, Sherlock wasn’t where he’d left him. As he opened the door and looked around, the boy was curled up in the corner, looking very cat-like.

Spotting the Dom, Sherlock pushed himself to his knees, his hands taking the more uncomfortable position behind his head.

“No, pet. There’s no need for that. It’s time for a cuddle, not that.”

Slowly, he dropped his arms, but just returned to his ball in the corner. John could see how his legs were now open slightly and spotted how red and raw his cock looked. He must have been feeling that, especially in such a strenuous position.

For the first time in his job, John felt like he should feel guilty. He didn’t, however. He couldn’t. If he did, he would never punish the boy again. Sherlock had deserved it. It wasn’t like he’d forgotten to be respectful. He had come without permission. That was a major broken rule for any Dom and that was the usual punishment that Doms issued. Although he strayed quiet a distance from normal Dom behaviour in many aspects of the Dom/sub interactions, there were some things that had to be done in the correct way. It didn’t mean he had to enjoy it and it didn’t mean he couldn’t offer aftercare. Sherlock should know that, after every punishment they’d spent at least an hour together afterwards, but the lack of wanting comfort now was worrying.

“Pet, come out of the corner.”

He shook his head.
“Now, pet.” This time it was an order and the frame of mind Sherlock was in, he wouldn’t argue any further.

Slowly, the detective crawled out of his solitude, all his limbs moving shakily, as he struggled to hold himself up.

John held his arms out and was surprised when he didn’t get an armful of Sherlock. He appeared hesitant. John couldn’t really blame him, but Sherlock should know by now that when the crime had been punished, there was no need for bad feeling.

“Stand up, pet,” John made sure his tone was soft.

The sub obeyed and whimpered pitifully when his sensitive skin was tugged and stretched. He dropped his head to hide his face as he bit his lip to stop from crying out.

John gathered him in his arms, surprised when his boy didn’t move to hug back. He didn’t resist and was pliant, but he held his arms stiffly down his sides and his head didn’t burrow down into the Dom’s neck.

The doctor backed up, still holding onto the detective. He collapsed onto the bed and Sherlock fell with him, whimpering again.

“Sherlock, my beautiful boy, look at me.”

He obeyed, but John knew it was because it was an order rather than because he wanted to and was waiting for permission.

His eyes met with the younger man’s and he saw the pain there. “You know as well as I do that you deserved that, but it’s over, okay? You’ve been punished and now it’s time for a cuddle.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” he sobbed openly. “I didn’t mean to disappoint you.”

“I know. In the future I’m going to give you the choice of a cock ring to help you out, okay?”

“Yes, sir,” he choked and then he went flexible, gripping onto his Dom tightly and wrapping his arms around his neck.

“Settle under the covers and I’ll get our tea.”
They lay together for a few hours, Sherlock even going as far as to fall asleep. The sort of thing he never did in the middle of the day.

John was incredibly relieved that the detective was trusting him again, or at least willing to accept comfort. He had stated from day one that comfort would always come after punishment. Always. That however, left his curiosity unsatisfied. After what had happened with Wilkes he was determined to find out as much as he could about Sherlock’s past in order to prevent the past repeating itself, even if it meant dragging it out of him. He would not be responsible for any more harm coming to his sub in a way that was uncalled for, physically or emotionally. He knew he had to ask questions, some were going to be difficult and some the sub would not want to answer, that didn’t mean he could get away with not answering though.

It had taken a few days but Sherlock had begun to open up to him before, explaining about some things Victor had done. He had even discussed his violin and why it meant so much to him. Not answering the Dom’s questions had led to Wilkes gaining access to his property and doing far to his boy. His, John sighed, all these years he’d never referred to a sub that he was in the process of training as his. He looked down at the mop of brown curls on his chest. He was his boy, without a doubt.

Sherlock shifted against him, moaning slightly as something touched his cock. It wouldn’t be anywhere near as painful as it had been a few hours ago but that didn’t mean it would be completely desensitized. In a way the Dom felt it and tensed when Sherlock grumbled something again.

“Are you back in the land of the living, Sherlock?”

He hummed.

“No, pet, you know how this works.”

“Yes, sir,” he murmured, his breath warm on his chest, even through his waistcoat and shirt he could feel it.

John took a deep breath, ready to engage his pet when he was still dopey from sleep, he was more likely to answer his questions at this time than any other. “You know what happened with Wilkes a few days ago?”

“Sir?” Sherlock was immediately wary; he’d tensed at the mention of his old Dom’s name. John hastened to reassure him that he’d be fine by running his hands through his hair and pressing just above his ear, Sherlock pushed his head into the hand and John continued.

“Well, in order to prevent that from happening again you need to talk to me more openly. I’d like to think we’ve established a bond between us now, yes?”
There was another nod and another reprimand. “I will start your tally again, Sherlock.”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. But there is nothing left to prevent, sir.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, sir, you’ve met Wilkes now and Victor you know all about. Any other Doms I had were one night stands and did not impact my life enough for me to even remember their names let alone when any interactions occurred. Therefore nothing they did to me would be enough to push me in Panic.”

“Either way, I’m going to ask you some questions. I want you to answer them as honestly and truthfully as you can. Okay?”
He waited a while but when there was no response he jostled the detective slightly. “Okay?”

“Yes, sir,” he said but it was half hearted at best.

“Have you been punished like that before, pet?”
He let out a shaky breath. “No, sir.”

“Then how do you know about it?”

“Doesn’t every sub know, sir? Isn’t it common knowledge?”
John smiled reassuringly, he didn’t want to scare the younger man off when he was finally talking. “I suppose. How were you punished for it before? I’m assuming there was a before.”

“There was, yeah. I was um…” he turned his head away, not wanting to speak about it anymore. He wanted to talk to talk to him, he wanted to believe he could trust him. He’d been there when Wilkes had gone too far. He’d looked after him and not punished him like he believed he deserved but there was something. Something inconceivable that wouldn’t let him. It hadn’t even been 3 weeks and he’d let the Dom get too close to him.

“Come on, pet, talk to me.”

“Will you punish me if I don’t?” Sherlock’s tone was a bit more abrupt than either of them were anticipating.

Leaning back slightly, John shook his head. “No, of course not.”

“Then I’d rather not say.”

“Why not?”

“The past is the past. Sir. There’s no need to drag it all back up again.”

“There is every need if there is even a chance that one thing that has happened to you in the past can happen again in the future than I need to be able to avoid it. I want to- need to know about it.”

Sherlock nodded and pondered over it a minute. “I was never allowed to come, sir.”

“Well, you weren’t today.”

Sherlock didn’t respond, he looked away and John tugged at his curls. “Answer me, Sherlock.”
“I don’t want to,” Sherlock complained petulantly.

“Do you genuinely not want to or are you just saying you don’t want to to be contrary?”

“Does it matter?”

“Yes, it matters, boy. Everything that has the opportunity to hurt you further matters.”

Sherlock rolled off the doctor’s chest to face the other direction.

“Boy!” John wasn’t impressed with the sudden attitude the younger man was presenting. “We were discussing your previous punishments.”

“No, sir,” he sighed. “There’s a difference.”

“Difference between what? How I punished your previous experiences?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Sherlock repeated.

John could sense this going on for a while. He reached over and grabbed his pet’s tea. Sweet and milky. “Here.”

Sherlock didn’t take it and the doctor realised whatever was about to be said couldn’t be good, but then from what he had said so far he hadn’t really been predicting it to be the best experience Sherlock had ever had. He tugged at his curls roughly in order to ground him.

“Explain it to me, Sherlock.” He used his name deliberately, it would hopefully help the boy to understand that he wasn’t in trouble but could potentially be if he continued to be obstructive.

“I wasn’t allowed to come at all, sir. Let alone without permission.”

“You mean to tell me you didn’t come with your previous Doms? At all?”

He nodded but then shrugged. “Well I did, but I was punished.”

“Punished how?”

“Look, it doesn’t matter!” Sherlock couldn’t understand why he suddenly didn’t want to talk to the older man, it wasn’t even the conversation that made him tense, it was just being here, in his comforting arms in general. “Victor would cane me severely and Wilkes would lock me in my bedroom for a week. After the normal punishment. There, discussion had and it is really not that big of a deal.”

With that he rolled over, pushed himself to his feet, no longer feeling pain in his cock and he walked out of the room.

John was so surprised by the sudden outburst that he stared after him for a while in mute shock.

But then it hit him square in the face about how rude and abrupt his brat had just been and as far as he was aware it wasn’t very provoked either. He’d wanted to talk to him, but it wasn’t the first time, it wouldn’t be the last and yet Sherlock had reacted like the whole world was about to end. The younger man needed to understand the importance of speaking to each other, not just for trust purposes but to keep him safe from the things of his past. “Sherlock!” he yelled.

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Sherlock spent the next few hours hiding. The hallway on the second floor had many rooms that he’d never even thought of going in, they couldn’t be important though because his Dom had never mentioned them to say not to go in. But first he had gone to his room to find some clothes. He’d realised that his plan to anger the Dom had gone well out of the window days ago, he was too patient to be wound up. He couldn’t work out what he was thinking, submitting so easily. What was it about this Dom that made him want to be good? He didn’t know, but it was a question he had been asking himself for days but he still hadn’t managed to put his finger on it. Guilt hit him when he realised that John must have left the door to the playroom unlocked, here the Dom was trying to trust him and he rushes off throwing that trust right back in his face.

He heard John yell his name a few times as he paced up and down the hallway outside before it faded, where he must have gone downstairs. He didn’t know whether he was deliberately angering him or not, but he didn’t think so… all he felt now was guilt so he climbed in the wardrobe and pulled the door shut behind him. Darkness was safe, darkness was normal after what he had done today. He could feel Panic coming in, settling into him like a low fog. He wanted John; needed John. But he couldn’t move. Another hour ticked by and he buried himself in the closet further.

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John hadn’t stopped searching for the brat for the last few hours, everywhere Sherlock knew in his house he had checked. He hadn’t been outside, the attic window hadn’t been touched and the alarm hadn’t been triggered. With Mycroft’s assurances that Sherlock couldn’t hack into the alarm system without at least some equipment he didn’t have access to, John knew he was still in the house. Somewhere. It was just a matter of finding him, the problem was he was beginning to get concerned now, it had been a number of hours, and he was hungry so he knew his sub must be too. He was contemplating ringing his sub’s older brother for help.

After a further half an hour of searching, he checked the window one last time, to put his nerves at ease, if only slightly and then rang Mycroft. He picked up on the second ring.

“John? Everything alright?” the government official’s tone had enough mixture of concern and irritation in it for John to know that he hadn’t been in contact with Sherlock in the last few hours.

“I can’t find your brother, he’s disappeared.”

“What happened? He’s probably just sulking. Did you argue?”

“I wouldn’t say we argued. I punished him but that was three hours before he ran off and that was four hours ago. He hasn’t got out, at least the alarm hasn’t been breached and you said he wouldn’t be able to use the attic window again.”

“I changed the men over that were at your perimeter, they are under strict instructions to mention anything out of the ordinary, I think my brother running through your land would count as that, don’t you?”

John managed to smile, even if the older man couldn’t see him. “I don’t think he’s gone. His coat is still here and I know him well enough by now that there is no way he’d leave without it, especially in the middle of winter.”

“What was said or done before he disappeared?”

“I was trying to get information out of him before he ran off.”

“You know by now, John, that he doesn’t like dragging up the past.”
“I don’t care whether he likes it or not. It needs to be done or the past will repeat itself like it did last week.”

“What did you punish him for?”

“That’s not relevant.”

“It might be.”

John sighed, Sherlock would hate him for this. “Coming without permission.”

“And you used the traditional method I take it?”

“Of course. He had fair warning and I wasn’t harsh with him Mycroft if that is what you’re about to say. I could have gone a lot further.”

“I’m not suggesting you have been treating my brother unfairly, John, forgive me if that is the way it came across. I trusted you enough to pressurise him into signing a contract with you. I merely asked because he probably thought was fairly mild in comparison to what he has been through before.”

“What do you know about previous relationships with this sort of thing?”

“Victor used to cane him. Quite badly, it would affect him weeks later. He went to hospital twice about it before I found out.” John collapsed back into his chair in his study, unaware how close the person he searched for was. “He used to cane him on the night, wait for him to settle slightly and beginning to get pain free again and then he would cane him all over again, I don’t know the full extent concerning the length of time this was over, he hasn’t said and I doubt he will. And Wilkes used to keep him locked away. Usually in the bedroom in a cupboard.”

“He used to lock. Him. In. A. Cupboard?!” John hissed, livid. How could anyone do that to a sub let alone one so perfectly innocent as Sherlock. Of course John knew he could be a bugger but that did not deserve that treatment, not at all.

“As far as I’m aware it happened for as long as a week, only letting him out to use the toilet. He made a mess of himself before that happened though.”

“A mess as in…”

“He’d wet himself.” Mycroft didn’t sound spiteful, more apologetic. “He got punished for that and only after that did the bastard let him out once daily for the toilet.”

John could hear how angry Mycroft was but was surprised to find it wasn’t entirely at Wilkes, more himself for not spotting it sooner, for not keeping a closer eye on his baby brother. The elder Holmes’ voice interrupted his thoughts. “Where haven’t you looked?”

“I’ve looked everywhere he knows of and has been. Twice.”

“Then try the places he doesn’t know.”

“He wouldn’t go in some of the rooms, not without permission.”

“Think about this carefully, John. Did you specifically say not to enter them without permission or did you just not mention it?”

“I told him not to enter my bedroom without specific permission and he hasn’t. But you’re right,
the other rooms, so far, I have failed to mention at all.”

“He’s a stickler for detail, my brother, he’d have found a loophole in your rules. Check in those places first. If you still can’t find him then ring back and I’ll be over in under an hour.”

“Alright. Cheers, Mycroft.”

He rang off and sighed, he would check all the rooms on this floor in order. The only room with anything of significance with what Mycroft had just said was the one next to Sherlock’s.

He opened the door and couldn’t believe what he found. He smelt Sherlock before he saw him, long before.

John opened the cupboard door slowly, prepared to step back if the detective lashed out but he didn’t. He was curled up in a ball, sobbing uncontrollably, his shoulders trembling with heartfelt sobs.

“Sherlock?” he rested his hand on his shoulder, the previous anger that he had felt at his boy had begun dwindling over the few hours he had spent looking for the younger man but the remaining part completely evaporated at the sight of him. He had punished himself enough. He quickly found Mycroft’s number and punched a text out to let the older Holmes know his baby brother was alright.

“What are you doing in there?” the doctor asked softly.

Wide green-grey eyes appeared, they were red rimmed and he looked terrified. “I’m sorry, sir, I’m sorry,” it was like a mantra, he just kept repeating it over and over and over. Like when Wilkes has been here.

“Sherlock, pet, can you come out of there?”

He glanced down and saw his wet trousers.

“Sir?”

“Yes, hello, it’s me.”

He smiled shakily. “I didn’t mean to be rude, sir, honest I didn’t. I don’t know what came over me.”

“Shh, pet,” John interrupted. “Let’s get you cleaned up, shall we?”

“Yes, sir.”

He took his sub’s hand and encouraged him towards the door. He knew from past experience that Panic showed itself in many different forms, but as long as the boy wasn’t hurting himself John didn’t care which form it took. He just wanted Sherlock safe.
When John got in from the shops all he wanted to do was relax, maybe have a cup of tea with his sub knelt by his feet and a surgeon's hand pushing through the mess of curls that was Sherlock’s hair, but the detective was nowhere in sight.

It wasn’t unusual for Sherlock not to be about, he spent quite a lot of his free time down in the underground lab, the better behaved he was, the more equipment he was allowed and in turn this meant more time was spent playing with it and experimenting rather than getting up to mischief in front of his Dom and getting into trouble. He’d also had some more human body parts brought over from St Barts, mostly gifts from Molly trying to bribe him to pop his head in when he got the chance. Sherlock had pondered over asking his Dom if they could, but he wasn’t sure of the answer and he didn’t want to set himself up just to fail, because if that happened he was highly likely to get himself into a state and either end up in Panic or get into trouble, something he had been trying his upmost to avoid.

Because of the usual lack of Sherlock, John didn’t worry and he had had no warnings from any of the alarm systems, so Sherlock wasn’t up to no good. He could imagine that if he wasn’t well entertained, being up to no good would become a regular occurrence. That would be setting the boy up to fail.

The sub had taken a fair bit longer than normal to come out of Panic 3 days previous and he’d ended up being curled up in John’s arms, completely naked while the bath had run and his clothes had been put in the washing machine. The bath had been quick, an in and out job with Sherlock not really being much use and more of a pliable doll than a human submissive. They had proceeded to cuddle well into the night with John whispering soothing words in his ear and trying to comfort him the best way that he could, while the boy held onto the older man for dear life.

The doctor unpacked the shopping, buying twice as many teabags as he would normally, because Sherlock was like a drain when it came to the stuff and just as much fruit, because Sherlock refused to eat toast from the Dom’s fingers every morning. John couldn’t blame him, he, himself got bored of toast and he did end up eating the same thing as Sherlock just to save the argument that would occur if he spotted him eating something different.

As he climbed the stairs to place his new under clothes in his chest of drawers, he noticed his bedroom door was ajar. He always shut it because Sherlock wasn’t allowed in there and a closed door was a lot less temptation than an open one. He didn’t lock it however, John had always had a level of trust with his subs, and they always responded better to the trust working both ways. Him not locking the door to his bedroom meant that the subs stayed out through choice; through the will of not wanting to upset their Dom. He wanted to believe he could trust his pet, but as he loomed closer to his room he was finding it less and less likely.

He walked in normally, like the door was always open and went straight to his chest of drawers where he proceeded to empty his bag of clothes, he had asked his boy if he wanted anything, but the brat had had his head over his microscope and had done nothing but absently grunt in his
direction. John had just rolled his eyes and made his way out, setting the alarm as he went.

Placing each item in the correct drawers with precision, his gaze skittered around his room using the reflection of the mirror to watch for movement. He didn’t know Sherlock was still in here. He knew he had been, but whether he still was or not wasn’t an answer he could currently give. If he was still in here, the only place he could hide would be…

He wandered over to his bed, hanging his jacket over the chair as he went and kicked off his shoes. He settled in to the middle and made himself comfy, he didn’t know how long he would have to wait for something to happen, if anything.

John knew the importance of sleeping lightly, thanks to his time in the army, as he lay on his bed unmoving. He focused on levelling out his breathing, another army trick. If he waited long enough, he would know the truth. If he didn’t catch Sherlock in here, he couldn’t punish him for it. There was no proof that he was or had been, but… if he had, he was not going to enjoy the punishment he had planned. Being in here was against a direct order and he needed to know how serious that was. Even if Sherlock didn’t see it as important, he was still disregarding rules and that was never okay.

As time progressed and Sherlock settled, John had gradually become sterner, not noticeable to start with, but that would soon change. That was how this process of training worked. He didn’t change the rules, just enforced them a lot firmer than before, the little slips that he would let slide 2 weeks ago would no longer happen. The sub knew this, they had discussed it a few days ago, he hadn’t been happy about it, but he had understood and grudgingly agreed with minimal protest. He had been more surprised that John hadn’t punished him for his abrupt and rude behaviour a few days previous and had struggled to understand what the Dom meant by saying the punishment of locking himself in a cupboard for hours on end, let alone peeing himself had been punishment enough, scheduled by the Dom or not.

It was half an hour before there was any sign or movement and the Dom was beginning to think that the detective wasn’t in here at all and was indeed down in his lab concentrating on some experiment, that to John, who’s degree was in medicine, not chemistry, would be absolute gibberish. However, slowly, a mop of brown curls appeared first, then the rest of the boy. He stood up as quickly and quietly as he could and made for the door immediately.

The doctor waited for him to make some headway and then cleared his throat pointedly. “And where do you think you’ve been?” he asked, his tone brooked no argument.

Sherlock gulped so loudly that the Dom heard it from his relaxing position on his bed. His shoulders hunched up, hiding his collar behind his shirt as he turned around; well and truly caught.

“Um…” he struggled for an explanation that would explain his misdeeds. He doubted he could come up with one good enough at all, let alone in a matter of seconds.

“Think very carefully before you lie to me, boy!” John barked as he watched the cogs in the younger man’s brain try and decipher his mood and come up with a valid excuse.

The sub flinched, he had angered his Dom and now he needed to face the consequences, he didn’t have to like it though. “Under the bed,” he muttered petulantly.

“Why?”

Sherlock didn’t respond bar a slight shake of the head.

“Answer me, Boy!”
That was the second time he had been called boy in a matter of seconds, an appellation that the Dom hadn’t needed to use for days.

“Because you came in.” Wasn’t the answer obvious? He wasn’t playing hide and seek with himself as the doctor carried out his shopping.

“Because I’m not meant to be in here, sir,” he said slightly quieter.

“Unless?” the Dom prompted.

“Unless I have expressed permission from you, sir.” Sherlock was defeated now, shoulders rounded, head down.

“So why are you in here?”

“Can you just punish me and get it over with?” he snapped. Yes he’d snuck into a room he knew he wasn’t allowed into, yes he had known there would be consequences if he was caught, yes he knew the rules would be more strictly enforced now, yes he had hidden to avoid detection, yes he had gotten caught. Why couldn’t they just get on with it?

John glared at him, his gaze strict and unyielding. “Kneel!” he barked, unimpressed by his brat’s show of such open defiance.

Realising he hadn’t made his situation any better - he rarely did - Sherlock did the smartest thing he had done all day and fell to his knees, not being able to meet his Dom’s eye.

“If you want to be in here so much you can stay in here,” he used the stick that he was back to heavily relying upon and pointed to a clear-of-furniture corner. “Crawl.”

Suddenly terrified, Sherlock shuffled over as quickly as he could. John attached the leash to the radiator, leaving just enough length to sit up on his knees, but not enough for him to sit back on his feet.

“Hands behind your head.”

Shakily, Sherlock obeyed. Then John turned on his heel and left. Sherlock glanced over his shoulder when he heard the door click shut softly.

He was gone.

John had gone and had left him on his own.

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The doctor made his way to the kitchen and stuck the kettle on, he settled into his chair with a cup of coffee and flicked through the cameras on his internal CCTV until he found the one in his bedroom. He hadn’t originally intended to have cameras in his room, but they were fitted in all the rooms as standard and he had never got around to having them removed. He wasn’t happy with leaving him alone, but Mycroft had said a long time ago that the best way to punish him, as with any sub, just more so with Sherlock, was to keep it directly linked to his supposed ‘crime’. He had also mentioned how much Sherlock despised being alone when he got close to someone, it was the perfect punishment, even if neither of them liked it.

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At half past 10, the leash clicked. It sounded like it came from where it was attached to the collar. Caught by surprise, Sherlock jumped, his heart racing. He realised quite quickly it was probably just the magnet thing that controlled his collar. He calmed down at just that thought, but he daren’t move at all, he’d been there for three hours and if the wall was boring after half an hour of corner time, it was stupidly dull now. His arms were trembling from the tension he was forcing through them after so long. He’d also lost the feeling in his lower legs after the constant kneeling, being unable to move. He couldn’t believe the way the Dom had just left him, he wasn’t allowed in here and here he was knelt in the corner on his own. He weighed up the differences, he had permission now, and this punishment couldn’t be any closer to what he had done wrong. He hated to admit it but he missed John.

After a further ten minutes, he lowered protesting shoulders down to see what the click had done. Some mechanism had released extra chain so he could pull it out further. He had no idea what time it was, but he could guess it was late. Realising John obviously wasn’t going to come and get him, Sherlock curled up on the floor, glad the Dom had at least left him his clothes, even if it was only a shirt and a pair of trousers. He drifted off into what promised to be a fretful sleep.

The following morning when Sherlock awoke, he wasn’t cold, which he was quite surprised to find, but he was groggy. Usually John woke him up and they sat and drank tea before going downstairs. He could kneel with his head against the Dom’s leg and be fed toast and fruit. His gaze settled on the tray beside him, on it, a glass of water, a bowl of fruit and two slices of toast. Sherlock sniffed back a sob.

As a Dom Mycroft had privately contracted, John had promised to make sure Sherlock ate as he had been informed that he preferred to play truant when food was concerned, but right now, he still needed to be punished and the best way of punishing the wayward boy was leaving him alone for a while - not too long - he didn’t want it to be like what his previous Doms had done, the door wasn’t locked for the sake of emergencies and Sherlock could say anything and John would be straight there, despite his anger.

Sherlock had been with the professional Dom for three weeks and improvements had been seen in nearly all aspects, but only slightly in some compared to others.

John was supposed to stay emotionally unattached from his clients, he was supposed to stay professional, but with Sherlock it was different. There was something about him… the fact that he was the younger brother of a close friend only helped to push him closer towards him.

He knew it would be tough when he opened the door, Sherlock would more than likely resent him for leaving him alone, that’s where he drifted from other subs. Other subs would be apologetic and be after forgiveness; cuddles. Sherlock varied depending on the strength of the punishment, but it needed to be done, this was the second time with Sherlock he had had to reassure himself that the punishment was suitable – justified and not over the top.

By lunch time, Sherlock was sobbing uncontrollably, he had originally stayed curled up, but now he was sat back on his knees, his hands back resting behind his head, reminding him that the Dom was angry and had called him boy. He didn’t know why, he just felt closer to his Dom in this position, the one John had left him in.

He had been so angry… nearly as angry as when he had come without permission. He didn’t know what to do, he couldn’t go and find John to apologise. The leash probably had more spare inside it as it had retreated back inside the device when he had sat upright, but there was undoubtedly not enough to get him to the door and God knows what John would do if he found him trying to get out. He should learn to control his curiosity but this had been the first time the Dom had left him
alone in the house for a significant amount of time and he had wanted to find out what the older man kept hidden away. He hadn’t found anything though, so it was definitely not worthwhile, he was starting to think that even if he had found a dirty secret, this would not have been worth it. The doctor had also discussed with him how strict he would have to be now and Sherlock had realised then he was just another sub to a professional Dom. Yes, he liked John; respected him, even, but this wouldn’t last. It couldn’t. Sherlock was a detective, he ran around London for fun, ducking in and out of alleyways after murderers and hiding on rooftops. John was an ex-army doctor with a psychosomatic limp and a very successful business judging by the size of his house. Incompatible in Sherlock’s view. That didn’t stop him from feeling guilty though.

He glanced at the food he hadn’t eaten that morning. His stomach had been in his throat at the time and the last thing he had wanted to do had been to eat, but now, now he was hungry. He couldn’t bear to eat though, just the thought of eating on his own felt wrong. He hadn’t done it in what felt like forever, he enjoyed kneeling next to his Dom, being fed each mouthful by hand, his Dom’s hand. He felt like he should still hate it like he did three weeks ago, but he couldn’t lie to himself. No way was he going to eat without the doctor. He sniffed and faced the wall again.

Evening rolled around and Sherlock’s belly rumbled loudly. Usually by now he would be hungry. A few months ago a couple of days without food was as natural as breathing, but the last few weeks regular meals had done him the world of good and he had definitely noticed. That still didn’t mean he would eat what was on the tray. He wanted John; needed John, he would not eat without him. He had no idea that the Dom was stood at the doorway watching his sub where he knelt.

Tears rolled down his face. He had never found himself missing someone as much as he missed John Watson right now. His arms had lost all the feeling, as all the blood had no doubt flowed down, given the position he had held for so long, but he daren’t move. What felt like only moments later, the leash clicked again, letting loose the leash he had had the night before. Sniffing and trembling even more Sherlock curled himself into a ball once again, ignoring the food and ignoring the rest of the room. John still stood in the doorway. It was nowhere near night time, but Sherlock wouldn’t know that, he would have lost all sense of time by now. He had expected the brat to look up and across at the door; try to escape like he had that first week, but when he just curled up on the floor he decided to make a move towards him.

Sherlock must have heard his footsteps, because he tensed where he was in a heap. Slowly, but with controlled movements, he shifted around and pushed himself back onto aching knees; that’s what he had to do when the Dom entered the room, so that was what he did. His head touched the floor in front of the Dom’s feet briefly and then he brought it up so he could stare at the floor, his hands raised. After a second or so of trying to work the stiffness out, he he placed them behind his neck with a small sniff, not daring to speak.

John had been angry when he had stepped into the room, he had few rules, but the ones he did have he expected to be obeyed, he had intended on letting the brat sleep in here with him in the near future and had been more than disappointed when he found him in here without permission only hours before he would have been allowed.

“You haven’t touched your food, boy.”

“No, sir.”

“Why not?”

“It didn’t feel right, sir.”

“Didn’t feel right?”
“No, sir.”

“You hate eating out of my hand,” John pointed out as if it was the most obvious thing there was.

Sherlock’s head rocked forward and hit the floor.

“Don’t you?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, that’s news to me. Suppose you learn something new every day.”

Sherlock didn’t move, his breathing was erratic and there was no pattern to the deep or shallow breaths that he took, but suddenly he exploded into heartfelt apologies. “I’m sorry, sir, I’m really sorry. I shouldn’t have come in here, sir, I know that now. I know it’s not my place to ask, sir, but please, please can I come out now?”

He hadn’t looked up, daren’t look up. So John looked down, watching him for a minute, thinking.

“Why did you come in here?” he asked eventually.

“I was curious, sir. I’m sorry, sir.”

Sherlock’s voice was low and nearly broken as he spoke. With much hesitance he crept forward and rested his head on the Dom’s foot. When he didn’t immediately remove it from beneath him he pushed his head into the lower part of his leg. “Please, sir, please. I’m sorry.”

“Do you think you’ve been punished enough?”

Sherlock stared at the carpet just in front of the older man’s feet. He realised how wrong he had been, he had disobeyed a direct order, that was always bad, but this was the Dom’s private room, where secrets could be kept, he was technically only a guest. He should be punished much much worse than this, he should be left longer, he should be caned.

“No, sir,” he responded quietly. He couldn’t lie.

The doctor took a step back and sighed coming to a decision. He had intended on making him eat, letting him use the loo if he needed and then leaving him alone again, but that was not the answer he had been expecting. “You’ve been punished enough,” he concluded.

Out of shock, the detective’s head snapped up. “Sir?” he queried with caution in abundance.

For the first time, John caught sight of the tearstained face. With one hand he cupped his cheek and he held the other out, just above Sherlock’s extremely still form. Tentatively the sub’s hand came up and met the doctor’s. John squeezed his grip reassuringly. “Punishment over, Sherlock, time for some cuddles.”

The detective sobbed, still on his knees and John knelt beside him holding him tight.

“Shall we go and get you some proper food?”

It took a while, but the sub was eventually calm enough to follow the older man out of the bedroom and towards the stairs. “Yes, sir.” Even now he was being shown kindness. He watched the Dom’s hand around his as they walked.

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The doctor took him straight to the kitchen and tried to make him take a seat on one of the comfy chairs, but he shook his head and dropped with a painful thud to his knees beside the Dom’s usual chair. His groan was internal.

“You’ve been kneeling for a long while, Sherlock, give your knees a rest for a bit.”

He shook his head. “I deserve to be on the floor, sir,” Sherlock admitted quietly.

His pet was still feeling guilty then, John realised, well if he felt comfortable kneeling - even if he didn’t have to - John couldn’t force him into the chair. The blond fixed together something light and fairly quick, but made sure there was a lot of it and placed it on the table. When he turned around Sherlock was knelt upright, trembling hands behind his neck in his proper position. That had to be hurting. John took hold of his sub’s hands and moved them down behind him, he gripped one tightly with the other.

“You can sit down, pet,” John offered indicating the chair beside his own.

He shook his head vigorously, no, he deserved to be on the floor, he had no need to be on the chair, this was where he was supposed to be. If he sat on the seat then it would feel like further defeat and disappointment.

“Then at least sit back on your heels, pet.” He worded it like an order, but his tone was soft. He needed Sherlock to be more comfortable now, it was time to wind down and relax.

This time, the sub obeyed and settled back on his heels.

“Good boy.” He ran his hand through the younger man’s curls in a comforting fashion and took a seat. He used his free hand to cut the food up as he didn’t want to take the other one away as Sherlock melted into it.

“Here, pet,’ John said softly, “open up.”

Slowly, Sherlock opened his mouth with his eyes downcast. John pushed a piece of pizza between his lips, the sub didn’t comment as he chewed and swallowed.

This was how it went, Sherlock opened his mouth, chewed and swallowed until he had eaten more than half of the whole pizza then John moved onto some fruit. Once more, the detective didn’t comment as the Dom popped in a strawberry, one of his favourite fruits.

When he was done Sherlock’s head bowed once more. “Would you like a drink now, pet?” John offered. He shook his head slightly, but the Dom knew he was lying. “It’s okay if you do, Sherlock.”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered.

“Tea?”

Wet grey-green eyes flickered up in surprise. “If I’m allowed, sir.”

“Of course, pet, shall we go through to the den?”

At Sherlock’s nod, John took his hand again. “Come on, then.”
The Serial Suicides

Chapter Notes

To honour the special in half an hour, here's a chapter!

“Lestrade?” Sherlock questioned as he opened the front door.

The DI folded his arms, “I think it's a bit late for that, mate.”

The detective’s smile was lopsided even as he changed to, “Greg?”

“Can I come in?” he asked.

Sherlock jumped backwards, forgetting himself for a moment. “Yes, of course.” He held the door wide and moved out of the way for the older man to come through.

Greg paused by the shoe rack to slip out of his, by now rather uncomfortable, shoes. It had been one hell of a day.

The sub followed him through to the sitting room. “Can I get you a drink?”

The DI’s mouth opened a few times and then closed. “Er, no thanks it’s just a quick one. How are you doing, now?”

Sherlock smiled. “Loads better. My wrist has been completely healed for days. John’s been great.”

Greg couldn’t believe how his answer was so… well so normal, rather than snitty like he quite often was. They had always been… more than acquaintances, even before he had met Mycroft. In fact, he had met Mycroft because of the acquaintance, which was something he would forever be grateful for. He couldn’t work out why the detective’s behaviour was the way it was. Was it because he was a Dom and the younger man was finally learning some respect or was it because John had managed to teach him to be a well-mannered human being in general? It was an amazing transformation in just over 4 weeks. He would need to congratulate the Dom that was John Watson in the very near future.

“How- How’s Myc?” he asked tentatively, interrupting the DI from his thoughts.

“He’s alright, Sherlock,” he nodded his assurances at the same time. “He’s fine. Been busy at work, very busy, in fact.”

The sub smiled sheepishly and Greg saw regret flicker across his face, just for a second.

“You weren’t wrong for asking after him, Sherlock.” The Dom reached out and rested his hand on his shoulder in what he hoped would be perceived as a comforting gesture by the younger man.

“He hasn’t been in touch,” Sherlock offered quietly, looking away, but not stepping away from the firm grip on his shoulder. Greg had such a natural dominance about him that Sherlock felt himself drifting towards subspace. Something he couldn’t let happen, but didn’t know how to stop. He brought his head up and met the Dom’s eyes for the first time since he had arrived.
“He feels he let you down.”

“He didn’t,” the boy countered immediately and Greg saw some of the old Sherlock back in that act alone, it had been quick and snapped and almost definitely not thought through. He raised an unimpressed eyebrow at the younger man and Sherlock looked away. Even so, he couldn’t believe the fact that he was sticking up for his brother, something he had never seen him do when Panic hadn’t been involved. He was definitely going to tell Mycroft this little fact, hopefully he would take it the right way and treasure it for the sentiment it was and not use it to hold over his baby brother’s head.

Sherlock finally stood away from the DI, he shouldn’t have let himself get drawn into the authority that Greg seemed to radiate, yes he was a Dom, but he wasn’t his Dom. He let his eyes get drawn to the card folder in the older man’s hands. “Where?” he asked, not bothering to elaborate, he feared if he spoke anymore he’d say something he would regret and then he would tell his Dom. That would put him in a whole heap of trouble and would not put him in a good mood to let him work on a case.

The tension between them that could have been cut through with a knife was lifted as Greg smirked. Sherlock sighed in relief.

“Brixton, Lauriston Gardens.”

“What’s different about this one? You wouldn’t have driven all this way, knowing that there could be a chance I couldn’t help, if there wasn’t something different.”

“You know how they never leave notes?”

Sherlock inclined his head, reaching forward to grab the folder. “Yeah?” He perched back on to one of the arms of the sofa, his eyes flickering over the top page, taking in anything of relevance.

“This one did.”

Sherlock grinned, the earlier thought of subspace long forgotten. He jumped up and spun on his toe, but put his other foot out to steady himself as he remembered where he was.

“Will you come?” Greg’s voice was tittering towards hopeful.

“My Dom’s out.”

“Yeah. You’ve got the files there to look over until he gets back. Text me when you leave.”

“How do you know he’ll let me?” Sherlock was hoping for something that this Dom knew that he didn’t.

Greg shrugged. “I don’t. I just bloody hope so.”

Sherlock laughed and dropped down to the floor. There was a choice between reading here, on the floor or walking what felt like miles to the kitchen or the study that he wasn’t allowed in. clear winner. He swivelled around on his stomach and laid the files out in front of him, managing to take up the majority of the room.

Greg stepped forward and waved his shoe under Sherlock’s curls. His head snapped up and he winked guiltily, “He won’t be long, Greg, I’m sure.”

“Right, you git. Well, I’ll see you later.”
“Yeah,” the sUnited responded, but he was already engrossed in reading the case notes that the DI had given him, making sure to ignore anything that that pain in the arse Donovan had written. He had always found that no matter what the case, the Sergeant’s views were always biased.

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“Excuse me, sir?”

John looked up, startled from his laptop screen, and the room layout he was planning. Sherlock was in the doorway, his posture was confident where he leant against the doorframe, his hands clasped in front of him, but his voice had been small and slightly… insecure?

He hadn’t bothered to let Sherlock know he was home. He was usually busy and now he was sure that he wouldn’t even think of entering somewhere he wasn’t allowed. He knew that Sherlock was intelligent… he was a genius, but he could be daft. He did daft better than anyone he knew, but since the incident with being caught in John’s room, Sherlock had avoided that part of the corridor completely, it was actually quite comical.

“What is it, pet?”

“Um… well.” He brought his hand up and rubbed at the back of his neck awkwardly.

“Go on,” he prompted

“I’m assuming your relationship with my brother and his Dom has given you countless knowledge on me being a consulting detective for Greg and the Met.”

“It has,” John confirmed with a nod.

“Um…” Sherlock stumbled again, Sherlock never stumbled. “Greg popped around earlier while you were out.” He cleared his throat, his confidence gaining, but only slightly as he stood up straighter. “He tends to come to me when he is out of his depth.” He appeared quite proud of this fact and John smiled.

“Come here,” John ordered.

Sherlock obeyed, cautiously at first, but when he realised he wasn’t going to immediately shoot it down, he widened his steps and sunk to his knees in front of John’s chair without being told. The doctor’s hand immediately found the tangled curls and guided his head to his knee. “Good boy.”

The sub took a few deep breaths and brushed his cheek against the fabric of the Dom’s suit trousers. “You’ve seen the news, sir, you know about the serial suicides…”

“You know I will allow you out to crime scenes, I have no intention of locking you up here.” John turned his sub’s head so he could see his face. “You knew that, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well as long as you abide by my rules that I have set you and you do not remove your collar, Greg is more than aware of the situation and my rules and he will enforce them. Should you slip up, he’ll let me know.” Sherlock nodded and the Dom moved to cup his cheek. “You already knew all that, pet.”

“I know, sir. I was just wondering, sir, if you would come with me?”
“Come with you?”

***

Sherlock followed John up the stairs. He flinched when they approached the Dom’s bedroom, it seemed involuntary and John squeezed his hand reassuringly.

“Kneel, pet.” Sherlock was more than willing to comply. He sunk to his knees at the doctor’s feet, his hands moving around behind him to grasp one wrist with the other.

“Stay,” the Dom ordered.

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock whispered. He didn’t like being near this room, this was the room he’d spent a whole day in. Alone. The thought of that made a shiver shoot up his spine.

The Dom wasn’t very long and when he returned he had his collar up and was fiddling with a dark grey tie.

Sherlock caught sight of him and his breath hitched in his throat. He looked down quickly, trying to recover, as he felt subspace creep around him. Given the Dom’s height, Sherlock always saw his suit as an extra offence when it came to being authoritarian, with a tie he just looked… well, gorgeous was the only word he could think of.

“Why are you fighting it, pet?” John’s words interrupted his distractive thoughts.

The sub glanced up in horror. “Fighting, sir?” Fighting was bad, fighting would be punishable far worse than staying in the doctor’s room alone overnight. He shook his head furiously, “I’m not fighting you, sir. Honest.”

“You misunderstand, pet,” John interrupted him. He saw the worry on Sherlock’s face and reached down to cup his cheek. “Look at me, Sherlock,” he ordered. Tense, but unwilling to ignore the Dom, Sherlock met his eyes. “I was talking about subspace, not me.”

Sherlock’s shoulders relaxed as he sighed in relief. “A case has to take priority, sir,” he answered honestly.

The blond nodded. “Well, the car’s going to take 15 minutes at least, that should be long enough to put you under.” He admired the detective for a moment and then pointed to the door. “Go and kneel in your room, pet, by your bed.”

“Would it be ok if I was to text Greg first, sir? He asked that I let him know if you agreed.”

“Of course, I’ll be through in a moment.”

“Yes, sir.”

John turned to the mirror in the hallway when his sub had disappeared and finished tweaking his tie. Then he followed on and as expected Sherlock was where he’d ordered him, his hands behind his back, one loosely holding his phone.

The Dom ran his hand through the curls in front of him. “Good boy,” he dropped his voice to barely a whisper. He took his phone from him and slipped it in to his pocket. “Hand’s behind your head.” Sherlock’s head jerked up at that, but the doctor smiled reassuringly. “You’re not in trouble, pet, I promise.”
Letting out a sigh of relief, the sub lifted his hands to behind his neck. To his surprise the Dom placed his stick to the side and knelt down in front of him. He began to unbutton his shirt and Sherlock whimpered. “Shh.” He lowered his hands to help and John smacked them away making a tutting noise. “I told you to put them behind your head, that was an order.”

“Sorry, sir.”

John went back to the rest of the buttons and Sherlock couldn’t have helped if he had wanted to as he slipped into subspace and lost the control of his arms. John worked the pyjama shirt off one shoulder then the other and placed it under the pillow. Then he ran his hands over Sherlock’s pale chest pausing to tweak at his nipples slightly.

Sherlock’s breath hitched again and John moved on. He leant forward and placed a kiss on his forehead. “Go under, Sherlock, it’s ok.”

“Mmm.”

John smiled. He went to the wardrobe and pulled a shirt out that he liked the look of, but wanted to see his sub in it more, it was the dark purple one. The sub’s hands had gone back to behind his head so John took one arm – it was pliable like clay – and pushed it into the sleeve. His hand appeared at the cuff and John took his fingers into his mouth, Sherlock looked up at him and smiled dopily. “Are you my good boy?”

He nodded his agreement. John set about getting his other arm into the sleeve and then buttoned it up.

“Put your hands down now and up on your feet.” He placed his arms beneath Sherlock’s and helped him up. “Slip out of these.” He tugged at one of the legs, then he crouched down with a pair of the sub’s high-quality trousers. “Left.” After lifting his left foot up, John indicated the other one. After doing the same again, he pulled Sherlock’s trousers up and pushed his shirt in.

“You can sit on the bed now, pet, don’t want you mucking your trousers up now, do we?”

“No, sir,” he offered quietly.

John helped him with his shoes and socks and then pulled him back to his feet by the hand, before picking him up in a hug and spinning him around in strong arms. “Come on then.” He led the dopey man to the door, these days it really didn’t take much to put the younger man under, not much at all.
The Freak he is Not

Chapter Summary

They arrive at the crime scene.
John knows one thing for sure. He does not like Donovan not Anderson

Chapter Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr

Sherlock was incredibly quiet in the car, so much so that John slid across the soft leather of the seat and rested his hand on the younger man’s knee.

“What’s up, pet?” He hadn’t stayed under long, but it should be long enough to get him through the next few days. This wasn’t subspace quiet or even a variant on Panic quiet, this was something different.

Sherlock shrugged as he continued to stare out of the window. He should be happy with where they were heading, he hadn’t had a case in months and Greg had gone out of his way to ask for his help.

“I asked you a question.” John’s voice had gone a shade sterner, his authority ever-present.

“I don’t know, sir. Something feels… odd.”

“Is it because I’m here?” Sherlock seemed to think on it a moment but eventually shook his head.

“I don’t know.”

“It won’t be awkward, Sherlock. I won’t make things difficult for you, especially at your place of work, as long as you remember to be respectful and remember the rules. It should be nothing more than two friends okay?”

“We’re friends?” Sherlock’s eyes widened in surprise. He was never surprised. He glanced at the Dom and realised how wrong that statement was, John Watson had managed to surprise him in so many ways. Too many ways.

“You’ve lived with me for a month, pet, it is okay.”

“I haven’t really had a proper friend before,” he commented quietly. He stared at the back of the seat in front of him for a moment before looking back out of the window. His thoughts strayed to Redbeard and then to Mycroft… could your brother be your friend? Despite his resentment towards the older Holmes - that was quickly receding - it was almost like they were friends. They had done everything together as children, but had gone slightly different paths since they’d grown.

Deciding now wasn’t really the time for this conversation, but sure it would be nothing but destructive in his boy’s head, the Dom knew he needed a distraction to get him in the mode for the
case. He reached either side of the detective and grabbed his waist, Sherlock had no time to protest before he found himself sprawled across the older man’s lap.

“John-” John raised an eyebrow, more in surprise than a threat. Sherlock had never done that before. “Sir,” he tried again. John leant up to kiss him and Sherlock froze.

“Aren’t you meant to start the tally, sir?” The doctor laughed and buried his head in Sherlock’s back for a moment before coming up for air.

“That wasn’t deliberate, was it?”

“No, sir, I um… I’m not really sure where it came from.” That sentence just made John laugh even more.

“You are the most wonderful yet confusing creature that I have ever met.”

Sherlock pouted, but it was a clear mock.

Seeing that the mood was a lot lighter than it had been, John decided to broach the subject that he had previously pushed to the back of his head for later discussion. “What about Greg?” he didn’t bother to elaborate, he knew he wouldn’t need to. That thought was probably already swimming around in his boy’s head with no destination in sight.

“I like him, I just think he only likes me because I was the reason he met my brother. Not really the same, is it?”

“He likes you for more than just that. I mean I’m not saying he isn’t massively grateful, he just likes you for other reasons too.”

“I suppose he likes the fact I help on cases,” the sub’s voice was distant in thought.

John decided he didn’t like it. “I’m sure he does, but that’s not what I meant either.”

Sherlock just looked confused and John realised that this conversation couldn’t have been going very well with all these different reactions from the younger man.

“A few weeks ago, back when Wilkes got in back at home, Greg was genuinely concerned. Not just for Mycroft, but for you as well.”

The sub’s head went back to looking out of the window, this time the other side seeing as he was still on the blond’s lap. He was clearly content not to reply to that.

“So what do you do at these crime scenes, then?” John tried to turn the conversation around slightly rather than reprimand him.

At this, the younger man seemed like nothing had happened, like the last 10 minutes in the car hadn’t just transpired. He was suddenly invigorated. “Point out where they’re going wrong. Which is usually everywhere, especially if Anderson is there. He is an utter moron.”

“I hope you don’t go starting arguments, pet.”

“I don’t start them, he does. Or Donovan, she does too.”

John smiled. “If they start it, fine. But I don’t want you starting any fights and I don’t want you going too far either. You’ve come a hell of a long way in a month, pet, don’t let me down.”
John got the driver to pull over at the end of the street so Sherlock had the chance to pace, stretch his legs and clear his head of any worries over anything they had just discussed. He pulled him from the back of the car, resting as much weight as he could on his stick. He held him by the hand. “Come on, pet.”

“Sir, I don’t know if I can do this.”

“What’s wrong?”

Sherlock pulled his hand free and took off in the direction of a back alley, clearly somewhere that was lodged in his Mind Palace.

When John caught him up, Sherlock dropped to his knees and buried his head into John’s trousers, seeking comfort.

“Sherlock, what is it?” the Dom was growing concerned.

“I’ve never been like this before.”

“Come on, Sherlock, talk to me. Please.”

“I’m nervous. What if I mess up? What if I do something that angers you? Or worse, disappoints you?”

John ran his free hand through Sherlock’s curls. “The only way you could disappoint me is if you deliberately broke one of the rules. For now, you’ve got a bit of leeway. I’m aware that you haven’t had a Dom for a while, let alone in public, I’m not going to be as strict as I have been recently. Oh, my gorgeous boy.” He pulled him to his feet by his scarf and held him tight for a moment. “You okay now?”

“Yes, sir,” he took a deep breath and then dusted off the dirt from his knees.

“Shall we?” John offered, holding out his hand.

Sherlock nodded and took the proffered hand.

The detective worried as they walked towards the crime scene. He loved holding John’s hand, it made him feel equal in a way he had never felt with a Dom before, but he didn’t know if he could keep hold of his temper if Donovan started making comments about it. If he couldn’t keep on top of his temper, he would disappoint John, the only Dom he had actually cared about disappointing. However, he was faced with a dilemma, he didn’t want to let go of his hand because he didn’t want to upset the older man either. He didn’t want him thinking he didn’t like it anymore because he really did, even in public it wasn’t bothering him like he thought it would.

Sherlock’s issues were solved when John let go of his hand before they were in sight, the Dom had seen the dilemma written on his boy’s face. “I said I didn’t want to make things difficult for you, pet.”

“Thank you, sir,” Sherlock whispered back, feeling genuine gratitude towards the older man.

As they approached the tape the irritance in the officer waiting there was clear. John was about to open his mouth, but she beat him to it.

“Hello, Freak.”
Sherlock blinked once and held his breath for a moment. “I’m here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade.”

“Why?”

“I was invited.”

“Why?” She repeated. John was just about as annoyed by the four words this women had spoken as he had ever been before, in fact the bubble of anger rising up inside of him was verging on an explosion. The way she called him Freak so casually made him grind his teeth, but he had promised not to make things difficult for his sub. Still, the way he just seemed to expect it, but worse than that, accept it, was something John would definitely need to work on with him. Sherlock wasn’t arguing to be a good sub for his Dom, he wasn’t arguing because he genuinely believed it, he was almost glad that Sherlock’s tone was slightly more sarcastic in his reply.

“I think he wants me to take a look.”

“Well you know what I think, don’t you?” John was hoping Sherlock wouldn’t reply so he could and put a few words of his own to this irritating woman. He had only taken one glance at her to know she wasn’t someone he wanted to spend any more time with than strictly necessary and he definitely understood where the detective had been coming from in the car.

“Always, Sally,” he smiled politely and lifted the tape, he stepped under and then held it up for his Dom.

John thought that was the end of it, but Sherlock seemed to want to get the last worst in. He sniffed, “I also know you didn’t make it home last night.”

“I don’t…” she stumbled for a moment and then seemed to recover by noticing John for the first time. She had only taken note of him as he had stepped forward, almost protectively in front of his sub, putting him between the younger man and this god-awful woman. “Who’s this?”

Sherlock glanced at the shorter man, thinking on his feet. He wanted to say anything but the truth… a friend? A colleague? But then he realised in a way they were both true. John had said in the car they were friends, he hadn’t really seen it that way, but John always knew these sorts of things. It had taken a month, but Sherlock was well aware of that by now. He could also be a colleague, he was a doctor and was surely going to offer some advice, especially if he asked, that was what colleagues did, wasn’t it? Help each other out?

He swallowed, but knew what he needed to say, the full truth, he wasn’t ashamed of it after all. “My Dom, Doctor Watson.” He turned to said Dom and didn’t think twice about the appellation that was about to come out. “Sir, this is Sergeant Sally Donovan… an old friend.”

The doctor didn’t miss the sarcasm in the last part this time either, but he was more impressed by the fact Sherlock had referred to him as his Dom, let alone address him so fluidly in front of someone he clearly despised. It wasn’t muttered or murmured, he hadn’t stuttered or looked away, embarrassed. He was proud of him already and they hadn’t even got to wherever the body was. He could clearly tell that this woman was a sub, he doubted even Sherlock would be that brash, but then again, he looked back at how he had been when they’d first started the contract. His rudeness and arrogance was a seriously strong part of him, but even now in front of someone he had already admitted rubbed him up the wrong way, there was no sign of that Sherlock, not at all.

Donovan was gawping. Had the Freak just called someone sir? Did Sherlock Holmes even have manners? And since when did he get a Dom.
“A Dom? How do you get a Dom?” She let her mouth close finally. “What did he do? Follow you home?”

“Would it be better if I just…”

Anticipating what his Dom was about to say, Sherlock grabbed his hand, not caring who saw and shook his head firmly. “No, sir. Sally isn’t going to stop you.”

“I can, you know.”

Sherlock stepped forward, the upturned collar of his coat making him look far more dangerous than he had been before. “Try it,” he whispered quietly.

There was enough aggression in those two words that the sergeant just nodded her head once and lifted her radio up. “Freak’s here, bringing him in.”

John took a deep breath and gripped his sub’s hand tighter in his own.

Sherlock wasn’t listening to the other sub, he was glancing around, taking in their surroundings and whatever they could offer as an answer to whatever had happened here.

The detective rolled his eyes as a man in an all-in-one strolled from the house. With a quick glance at John he tugged his hand free and slotted both into his pockets before turning to the angry looking man, glaring daggers at him.

What was these people's problem? John met this new man's look with an equal glare.

“Ah, Anderson, here we are again.”

“It’s a crime scene,” he pointed out for no apparent reason. “I don’t want it contaminated, are we clear on that?”

Sherlock frowned, to which Anderson mimicked him as he breathed in deeply through his nose. “Quite clear.” He nodded once. “And is your wife away for long?”

John raised an eyebrow in the direction of his sub, what was he up to?

“Oh, don’t pretend you worked that out. Somebody told you that.”

“Your deodorant told me that.”

“My deodorant?” Anderson stumbled over the words.

Sherlock smirked. “It’s for men.”

“Well of course it is,” he stated obviously. “I’m wearing it.”

The detective glanced over his shoulder, still smirking, he winked at his Dom. “Well, so is Sergeant Donovan.”

The forensic scientist spun on his toe and looked towards Donovan, slightly worried.

Sherlock made a point to sniff again. “Oh and I think it just vaporised. May I go in?” he asked pleasantly.

The older man pointed at him, anger clear in the gesture as well as the look on his face. “Now
look, whatever you’re trying to imply…” he trailed off and Sherlock grinned.

“I’m not implying anything.”

John had just stood there for the entirety of the conversation watching his sub with amusement. He hadn’t gone too far and had been rather subtle with his accusations, well rather subtle when it came to Sherlock, and these two new people that his boy seemed to know quite well both had deserved it.

Sherlock took the doctor by the hand and pulled him towards the building. “I’m sure Sally came around for a nice little chat and just happened to stay over…” he glanced at his Dom who was trying to hide the smile on his face. “And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees.”

Both Anderson and Donovan shared worried glances, this could go very wrong very quickly.

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Sherlock had charged up the stairs and then held back as he remembered John.

When they reached the top floor the DI was already waiting for them.

“Ah, hello John, good to see you. You too, Sherlock.”

The doctor smiled a greeting and shook the proffered hand.

Sherlock just pushed passed his ‘friend’ without so much as a hello.

His Dom reached up and snatched him by the collar.

“Say hello, Sherlock.”

“Hello, Sherlock.” John glared at him pointedly, but not for the first time today, was clearly trying to hide a smile, Sherlock obviously knew so he stopped fighting it and grinned.

“Fine, you cheeky sod.”

“Alright, Greg? Would you tell me what happened to Seb?”

“I… Um…” Greg glanced at his fellow Dom looking for help.

“Mycroft took him, Sherlock,” John answered.

“Mycroft did,” he spun on his Dom. “Why?”

This time it was in reverse, the doctor glancing at the DI for help.

“John beat him up pretty bad, Sherlock, Mycroft said he’d um… finish the job.”

“Is he dead?” Sherlock’s voice was oddly detached.

“No. At least I don’t think so.”

“He’s your sub,” Sherlock growled. “And you don’t know…”

“Pet,” John interrupted, his tone was threatening and the sub knew it. He ducked his head. “Not good enough!” he clipped him on the back of the lowered head. “Apologise properly,” he ordered.
“It really doesn’t-” John cut the DI off with a raised finger.

“Now, Sherlock!”

“I’m sorry, sir,” he offered the DI immediately.

Greg was surprised at the apology. He knew he had never apologised without first being punished. He nodded, oddly proud, and with a glance to John to check it was alright, he raised his hand and tilted Sherlock’s head back. The detective’s eyes met his own, but he immediately averted them.

“In there,” he pointed, deciding to change the subject, he knew the answer to his unasked question was likely to ruin what had just happened if he began quizzing the sub. He turned to John when the detective moved into the room. They followed him. “Mycroft said you’d likely tag along if I got him involved.” He nodded at Sherlock who was crouched over the body on the floor. “This has been bugging me for weeks and I talked it through with him first, Dom or not, he comes first when it comes to his little brother.”

“Well I was happy for him to be just with you,” he glanced over to his sub who was now skittering around the women on the floor looking like his life depended on it. “But he wanted me to come, I was quite surprised, pleasantly so and I could hardly say no to that puppy look of his.”

“I’m not.”

“Not what?”

“Surprised.”

“No?”

“I saw him at yours back when Wilkes was around and earlier today. A few weeks ago I saw how he was around you. It was different, to say the least, there was an almost instant appearance of respect between the two of you. And the following morning… he was… well, not very Sherlocky.”

“I suppose you’ve had the opportunity to work with him before.”

“If this is what he’s like during, the difference between before and after is going to be massive. Even this morning he was… I don’t know… put it this way when I knew you weren’t there I felt like waiting until you were because I thought as soon as he saw me he would be out of the door. But I invited him to come along and the first thing he said was ‘My Dom’s out’.”

“Really?” that surprised the detective’s Dom even more.

The DI nodded. “Whether he wanted you to come then or whether he knew leaving at that stage was bad I don’t know, but whichever way you look at it that is a massive improvement.”

Their conversation broke off when John glanced down and spotted Sherlock knelt, head low, a few feet in front of them. John was sure that even had the DI not cleared the room when they’d entered, Sherlock still would have had the same response.

He wouldn’t have been able to hear them, they were talking in hushed voices by the door to a busy and loud corridor, even Sherlock’s super hearing wouldn’t have been able to hear that.

“Pet…?” John stepped forward when there was no response and leaned down to cup his cheek.

He flinched. “Sorry, sir, sorry.”
“Shh, it’s alright. What’s up?”

Sherlock was on the edge of Panic and John couldn’t figure out why.

“How long have you been knelt for?” He was angry at himself for not paying more attention to his sub.

“Don’t know, sir. Maybe 3 minutes?” John nodded, right. So on one side, Greg had been praising the younger man, on the other he had been seen to ignore him for that long, something though made John feel like it wasn’t the first time. He knew he’d punished him harshly a few days ago, but he had explained how that was comparatively harsh to his previous response to such a flagrant disrespect for the rules. This was something different, but here wasn’t the right place to put his finger on it. He pushed his hand into his sub’s curls.

“What have you deduced then, Sherlock?”

The detective opened his mouth once, twice, then closed it again, glancing at Greg.

“Can John take a look, sir?”

Greg was immediately taken aback. For a start, Sherlock was knelt as comfortably as what Mycroft would in the same situation and another had he just called him sir? He had done it earlier when apologising, but that was under rather strict guidance from his Dom. Judging by Sherlock looking away awkwardly, he hadn’t responded, just had that entire conversation with himself in his head. “Sure,” he said for nothing better to say, after all, to those puppy dog eyes, he couldn’t say no.
John followed the detective over to the body laid prone on the floor, he watched his boy crouch down and then lowered himself to one knee, grimacing as he did, he missed Sherlock’s concerned glanced and pushed his stick out of the way.

“Well?” the sub prodded.

John seemed to freeze for a moment before he regarded his sub. “What am I doing here?” he asked eventually.

“Helping me? To find a murderer and to prove a point,” he seemed unsure of himself but at a casual glance he hid it well.

“I am supposed to be helping you become a better sub.”

Sherlock raised one shoulder in a shrug. “This is more fun,” he said with a slight smile.

“Fun?” the doctor questioned. “There’s a woman lying dead.”

“Perfectly sound analysis, sir, but I was hoping you’d go deeper.”

He continued to watch his sub for a moment. He seemed to be in his element here, knew what he was doing and how he was going to do it. He sniffed and then shook his head before leaning over the body, getting a closer look. He examined her much in the way Sherlock had but he was sure he hadn’t picked up on anywhere near as much detail as his sub had.

“Any ideas, Doctor?” Greg asked, seeing he was done with his own, yet briefer examination.

John looked over his shoulder, even as he heard Sherlock’s small chuckle.

“I don’t know Detective Inspector.” He turned back to the body. “Looks like asphyxiation probably. Passed out, choked on her own vomit,” he grimaced as he said it. “I cant smell any alcohol on her. It could have been a seizure; possibly drugs.”

“You know what it is, sir.”

“I do?”
“The news. The serial suicides, you said it earlier.”

“This is another one?”

Sherlock nodded and pushed himself to his feet, he saw John trying to do the same and he held his hand out. The Dom smiled his thanks, rather proud of him, he was sure this was a different side of Sherlock from the DI’s point of view.

“What else can you give me, Sherlock?” the other Dom asked.

He glanced up at his Dom and John nodded reassuringly.

“Victim is in her late thirties. A sub but a professional person, going by her clothes; I’m guessing something in the media, going by the rather alarming shade of pink.” He paused to frown at it for a moment as if really noticing it for the first time. “She travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. It’s obvious from the size of her suitcase.”

John glanced up at him in admiration as he stopped for breath. That had literally come out as fast as water from a tap and yet neither Sherlock, nor Greg seemed at all surprised by it.

“Suitcase?”

That made the doctor look around in search of it, he shook his head in confusion about to ask his boy as well but he was off again.

“Suitcase, yes.” Sherlock seemed to dismiss the older men’s confusion. “She’s contracted with the same Dom for at least ten years, but not happily.” He looked around for a moment. “She’s had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was in a contract.”

“Really, Sherlock,” Greg interrupted. “If you’re just making this up.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes, feeling rather put upon. “Oh, please.”

John cleared his throat. “Er, pet.” His head was tilted on one side regarding him in a way that Sherlock correctly deduced as a warning.

He spun and pointed at the women’s neck. “Her collar. Ten years old, at least. The rest of her jewellery has been regularly cleaned, but not her collar. State of her relationship right there. The inside of her collar is nearly as new as the outside, she has it off as much as she has it on. It can’t be for work because she’s wearing it in public and she’s in the media as I had already deduced. So what or rather who does she remove her collar for? Clearly not one Dom. She would never sustain the fiction of being an untrained sub for so long so clearly a string of them. Simple.”

John stared at him for a moment. “That was brilliant.”

Sherlock spun on his heel and stared back at him, some of his defiance choosing this moment for some reason to exert itself.

“Sorry.”

Greg interrupted anything Sherlock might have wanted to respond with. “Cardiff?”

“It’s obvious, isn’t it?”

“It’s not obvious to me,” John admitted.
The sub squinted at the two Doms for a moment. “Dear, God, what is it like in your funny little brains? It must be so boring.”

“Erm, Sherlock, watch yourself.”

He sighed and turned back to the dead woman.

“Her coat. It’s slightly damp. She’s been in heavy rain in the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She’s turned it up against the wind.” He demonstrated with his own collar and John smirked, that wasn’t why his boy put his collar up. “She’s got an umbrella in her left hand pocket but it’s dry and unused. Not just the wind, but strong wind, too strong for her to use her umbrella. We know from her suitcase that she must have come a decent distance but she can’t have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn’t dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within in the radius of that travel time?” he pulled his phone from his pocket again and scrolled through it for a few moments. He stopped on the page he had glanced at earlier and showed it to the two Doms, both of which were looking mildly vacant.

“Cardiff.” Sherlock answered his own rhetorical question and glanced up at his Dom hoping he wasn’t in trouble for his little outburst a few minutes ago, or at least if he had been he had redeemed himself with his deductions.

Throwing all caution to the wind, the doctor let his stick lean against the wall and he wrapped his arms around the younger man. “That was fantastic.”

Sherlock stood there awkwardly for a moment and then smiled sheepishly once he had been let go. Greg was watching the pair of them with an admiring smirk on his face, the detective just poked his tongue out at him.

“If I see that again, pet, I’ll bite it off,” John laughed at the look on his face, he seemed to be trying to work out whether he meant it or not.

“Why do you keep saying suitcase?”

Sherlock spun around and took in the rest of the room, in more detail than he had the first time. “Yes. Where is it? She must have had a phone or an organiser. Find out who Rachel is.”

“She was writing ‘Rachel’?”

“No other word it can be. Question is: why did she wait until she was dying to write it?”

“How do you know she had a suitcase?”

Sherlock was trying his hardest not to get annoyed with both Doms complete obliviousness. With a deep breath and pointedly not looking at the DI he turned back to the body, pointing. “Back of the right leg, tiny splash marks on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don’t get that splash pattern any other way. Smallish case, going by the spread. Case that size, woman this clothes conscious, it can only be an overnight bag.” He squatted down again and examined the back of the women’s legs again, trying to process any alternative, he couldn’t find one. Sure, he stood back up again. “Now, where is it? What have you done with it?”

“There wasn’t a case,” the DI said it with conviction even if he was starting to doubt his own eyes.

The detective’s eyes flickered to his Dom and then to Greg. “Say that again.”
“There wasn’t a case. There was never any suitcase.” He seemed less sure of himself this time.

Sherlock raced to the door and swung it open, a load of Met officers were there along with Anderson’s team that had been kicked out of the room on Sherlock’s arrival. “Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase? Was there a suitcase in this house?” he began taking the stairs two at a time, completely forgetting about his Dom still at the top.

Greg yelled after him. “Sherlock, there was no case!”

The detective sighed and glanced up, slowing down to just one step at a time. Both Doms were on the landing outside of the room where the dead woman was. “But they take the poison themselves; they chew, swallow the pills themselves. There are clear signs even you lot couldn’t miss them.”

“Oh!” Greg barked, but Sherlock, for once, was unfazed.

Neither, it seemed, was Greg. “Right, yeah, thanks,” he yelled after him sarcastically. “And…?”

The sub paused this time. “It’s murder. All of them. I don’t know how, but they’re not suicides, they’re killings – serial killings,” he amended. He spun on his toe in pure glee. “We’ve got ourselves a serial killer. I love those. There is always something to look forward to.”

“Why are you saying that?”

John knew he should interrupt his sub but he was keen to find out how Greg dealt with him, he was frustrated, that was plain to see but he was such a natural Dom it didn’t seem to matter.

“Her case! Come on, where is her case? Did she eat it? Someone else was here and they too her case.” He zoned off and skipped down a few more steps, oddly glad they had had to ascend so many, it made his exit so much more dramatic. “So the killer must have driven her here; forgot the case was in the car…”

“She could have checked into a hotel, left the case there,” John offered.

“No! She never got to the hotel. Look at her hair. She colour coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. She’d never have left any hotel with her hair still looking…” An idea seemed to hit him like a ton of bricks. “Oh… oh!” he clapped his hands together and jumped up and down for a moment.

Sherlock was practically out of sight now and John began to make his way down after him but paused after a few stairs.

Greg leant over the banister. “What is it? What?”

Sherlock’s face is absolute manic delight as he glanced up at him. “Serial killers are always hard. You have to wait for them to make a mistake.”

“We can’t just wait!”

“Oh, we’re done waiting! Look at her, really look! Houston we have a mistake. Get on to Cardiff; find out who Jennifer Wilson’s family and friends were. Find Rachel!”

“Oh, of course, yeah, but what mistake?!”

Sherlock ran back up the bottom few steps. “Pink!” he yelled.

John had had enough now when his sub had completely disappeared from view, clearly content on not stopping. Nothing would bring him back but, “Sherlock Holmes!” he barked.
Sherlock turned came back into the house, rather sheepishly and froze on the bottom step.

John turned back to Greg, his height at a disadvantage seeing the few steps he had already taken on his route down. “I do apologise for the rudeness and abruptness of my sub, Greg.”

The Dom’s voice carried down the stairs and Sherlock’s head ducked, he had been doing so well!

“I suppose you are used to him just taking off whenever he pleases?”

“Oh yes, usually headfirst into danger.”

“Don’t worry, mate, I’ll deal with that.”

The DI chuckled and ran his hand through his greying hair. “I’m am quite sure you will.”

John offered a small smile in response. “Well I better deal with him then,” he nodded over the banister where the detective was pacing to and fro on the bottom step.

“It would be good to have you at all the crime scenes he turns up at.”

“I will try my best, thanks again, Greg.”

He began to make his way through the assembled police officers when the DI called him back again. “Oh and John?”

He turned.

“Well done with him, seriously. I’d call you a saint but I’m sure you’ve just got the patience of one.”

With another smile at the older man, John turned, his presence alone making all the other people in his way move to the side. When he reached the bottom he grasped Sherlock by the ear. He pulled the younger man out of the hall, not caring at that particular moment that half of New Scotland Yard could see them, it was a shame, he had been doing so well. He didn’t need to calm his enthusiasm but he needed to curve it away from abruptness that led to being rude, specifically to Doms but even more specifically towards Doms like Greg. Just because he put up with more crap from Sherlock didn’t mean he deserved it or had to.

He dragged him away from the front of the building, there was still a lot of officers going in and out as well as Anderson’s team. John didn’t want to show the detective up in front of people that clearly didn’t know the first thing about him or how to understand him.

“And where do you thing you were going?” he asked.

The Dom still had hold of his ear and Sherlock whimpered slightly. “I was going to get a cab? Sir?”

“And leave me here?”

“I… No, sir. Sorry, sir.” He closed his eyes in defeat and his ear was released. “You’re going to make me start a new tally, aren’t you?”

“No, I don’t think you realised what you were doing. Did you?”

“No, sir. It’s… I get excited with cases and forget things and…”
“Shh,” the doctor raised his hand to cup his cheek. “I know what you’re like, it’s fine. What’s the plan now anyway?”

“You’re asking me, sir? I thought you were the one in charge?”

“That I am, boy,” he responded. He smirked as Sherlock’s head snapped up at that term of address and realised he wasn’t really in trouble. “But I meant with the case, you git.”

Sherlock laughed at that. “I need to-” he cut off as sergeant Donovan approached. She had an evil glint in her eye as she called out; “Oi, Freak, I want a word with the organ grinder, not the monkey. That’s you by the way,” she added.

“Um…”

John held his finger up to halt him in his tracks. He didn’t want his sub to say something that he wouldn’t be able to let go unpunished. He could say that but at a distance from the younger man. Setting a bad example and all that.

“Pet, can you go and wait over there?”

“Go on, Freak, shoo.”

“Why?” he asked with a pointed piss off look at Donovan.

“One, boy, now.”

“Yes, sir,” he offered and turned to leave, he didn’t miss the look of the younger woman, it was a mixture of shock and disapproval. Why was there disapproval? He didn’t pause to ask though, that would be futile.

Sherlock began walking to the end of the street, he could maybe get a cab and hold it until John was done. But then he realised that John had asked him for the plan. Which meant he had no idea. Even though it appeared he was taking the lead, which he was glad about. It was great the way the Dom didn’t immediately take over something he wasn’t fluent in. John had said that as he was him, out of his own choice, that they would need to stay together, rely on each other, and that he needed to be polite and then they could act like friends. He knew the Dom would step in when he was out of line though, like he had in the house.

He glanced over his shoulder, fine misty rain clouding his vision slightly. The doctor and Donovan were arguing about something quite heatedly. They’d moved aside even further away from the Yard members. Sherlock was too far away to hear what was being said even for his super hearing. Donovan had her hands in the air and she was waving them dramatically making her point. Whatever the point was.

He sighed. The woman in the pink coat had been dead for hours, he knew what he would need to do he just hadn’t had the chance to tell John what it was, thanks to the sergeant. The rain would get heavier and the wind was likely to pick up too, he had the weather from the previous check on his phone entered into his Mind Palace.

There were many skips and bins around, if they got collected or relocated he’d lose his only chance at a lead.

Sod it, it was for a case, John wouldn’t be bothered about that. One last check over his shoulder confirmed they were still arguing. It wouldn’t take him long anyway. 5 minutes driving distance around the area would be the same as 5 minutes walking distance in central London.
He quickly dismissed the idea of getting a cab, deciding he would be quicker on foot. He raced towards the nearest alley he knew and then paused, looking around, he planned his route in his Mind Palace, not even bothering to think through the consequences.
What the Younger Brother Doesn't Know

John was pacing up and down by the police tape securing the scene. He was seriously hoping that Sherlock had gone back inside for something and he hadn’t noticed. He had been rather busy after all. He looked around, spotting someone far worse than his sub. Donovan. The argument had come to a halt when John realised Sherlock had gone but she was 30 yards up along the tape, making the Dom assume she had been put back on cordon duty. He really didn’t want to talk to her again, that argument had been quite enough but seeing as Greg was busy inside with the scene and Anderson he couldn’t say he had really been acquainted with anyone else. He was saved the indignity of asking when he saw her coming towards him, which led to her speaking first.

“He’s gone.”

“He has?” he tried to keep his voice level, even though this sub was being openly rude, the argument they had just had was more than enough to prove that. He also hated that she had noticed and he hadn’t.

“Yeah, he just took off. He does that.”

John was starting to feel incredibly stupid for trusting him, he should have known that the temptation to the detective who found cases such a vital distraction was too large to resist. Trusting him at home and trusting him here in the place where he feels the most comfortable were two completely different things. If he had wanted to just take off and do whatever he pleased he should not have signed that contract last month. But he had and that would have to be dealt with, John sighed, it felt like so long since he had had to punish the younger man. Even if he had come out to the crime scene without his Dom, he would have been supervised by Greg because of his specific tendency to find trouble. Mycroft had made it perfectly clear when they had signed the contract. It had been John’s decision to follow him on a case, it was his job after all and he hadn’t wanted to interfere where he didn’t need to. He should have known that the main place that he would need to; it was the main place he acted up. That was more than clear now and seeing how he had acted between realising it was murder and now he was wrong to ever give him the choice to go out on cases alone. He had also made it quite clear that as he was with him that he should not just take off when he felt like it. He had no back up for a start and this part of London wasn’t known for its friendly conversations.

Once again, swallowing his dignity, he asked, “is he coming back?”

“Didn’t look like it,” Donovan’s smug expression was starting to irritate the doctor in a way even Sherlock hadn’t managed. Yes, Sherlock could be a brat, heck, he was a brat for 70% of the time, but he wanted to do good or ‘be good’ as he so often called it. He had the natural submissive inside him yelling at him to behave he just tried to ignore it until he felt comfortable enough not to and for him that was a very rare occasion. This sub clearly didn’t care at all. There was the slight lowering of the head when Greg appeared but whether that was through respect to the Dominant or respect to the Detective Inspector John didn’t know.

He pulled his phone from his pocket and glanced at the screen. “No signal. Bollocks,” he whispered to himself. “Do you know where I can get a decent reception?”

“Er...” she seemed to recognise the Dom’s obvious dissatisfaction with the younger man and felt the need to point out what a good sub would do, so she held up the tape for him. “Try the main road.”
“Thanks,” the doctor chewed out.

“You’re not his Dom,” she said after he had taken a few steps.

He turned back towards her, frowning deeply.

“He doesn’t have Doms. So who are you?”

“In case you failed to notice the collar around his neck he is my submissive, we signed a working contract last month, not that it is any of your business. If you are feeling slightly overwhelmed by that information I can fix that.” He turned back towards the building where the woman was lain. “Greg!” he yelled, more than aware this officer wouldn’t let him back under the cordon.

It took a moment but eventually Greg appeared at the window. John waved him down and was incredibly happy that the DI nodded his ascent.

He walked out of the front building, already in full dominance mode, it was like he already knew what his friend was going to say.

“Is everything okay, John?”

“With me? Yes. With this woman? No, not at all.”

The other Dom folded his arms, looking thoroughly displeased. Donovan also seemed to tense. “What seems to be the problem?”

“Shall we start with the complete lack of respect?”

He glanced at his fellow officer. “That is a shame. I apologise for my officer’s attitude. Go and wait in the car,” he added to his sergeant.

“But, sir-”

“Go. Now. I’ll deal with you when we get back to the station.”

She nodded once and then hurried off.

“Cheers, mate,” John offered. “She was beginning to drive me insane. I thought Sherlock was bad.”

The DI glanced around. “It seems he is.”

“Oh, yes, according to Donovan he just took off. I had been hoping it was only for a few minutes but I am clearly mistaken. I’ll phone your sub if you don’t mind?”

“Of course. You’ll want the main road if you want signal though. And don’t damage your boy too badly.”

The doctor laughed. “I’ll try and remember that. See you later.”

As soon as he reached the main road he pulled his phone from his pocket and smiled when he finally had full signal. He put his phone to his ear so he could listen to it ring.

He sighed in relief when the phone was answered on the fourth ring. He waited out the deductions of the older man and then spoke himself. “Yes, Mycroft, he’s gone, I was with him and then looked up and he was gone. What is he? A child?”
“He is no doubt following a lead.”

“Oh, I am more than aware of that. But that is not the point and you know it!” he knew to stay with me. Have a car search for him, the longer he is out of my sight the deeper trouble he is in. He God damn knew not to run off!”

“You don’t need to tell me, John. I would be more than willing to tell him off myself. I know what he is doing now, my Dom told me about the case this morning. But there is no need for the car, I know where he will be when he is done.”

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Once Sherlock had found the right skip nearly an hour had passed. He wondered what to do now and thought through his options. He could go back to John’s but there was no guarantee that he would head straight there. He had been so busy in subspace that once again he had failed to pay attention to the journey which meant he had no idea how long away it was or even where it was, he wouldn’t admit that to his brother or his Dom but he still actually hadn’t worked out where John’s house was. When he finally got access to the computer he would deem to find out. He knew that John had said to stay with him but he had that blasted stick. He needed to find a way for the blond to get rid of it. If he did he wouldn’t be quite so slow. When he had first met the professional Dom he had expect John to hit him with it, he was pleased to know that that had been an entire figment of his imagination.

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As Sherlock went to relax back against the wall, Mrs. Hudson, his landlady appeared at her door, frying pan in her hand.

“Oh, Sherlock, dear.” Her relief was evident. “Aren’t you staying with your brother or that Dom he organised for you?”

“Mrs. Hudson?” Sherlock frowned in confusion. He held the suitcase rather awkwardly now he was with someone he knew.

She just pointed upstairs with her frying pan, not bothered by the bright pink case and then turned to go back into her flat.

Sighing, the detective twisted the case about slightly and sprung up the stairs. He flew into the flat to find his brother sat in his favourite chair.

“What are you doing here, Mycroft?!”

“Shouldn’t that be the question I am asking you, baby brother?”

“I am on a case,” he ground out. “John let me.”

“Did he let you run off on your own searching for that?” He used his umbrella to point at the suitcase in the detective’s hand. “Fetching colour, I wouldn’t say that it suited you though.”

“Yes, he gave me permission,” Sherlock lied. “I am just going to stay here for a bit. I need to–”

“And what does your Dom think of you staying here, you’ve been with him just over a month and how many times have you attempted to escape?”

Sherlock sighed. “I am not escaping. I’ll go back when I’m done.”
“Back, you don’t even know where your Dom lives.”

Sherlock frowned at him. “John is fine with all of this, brother-mine!”

“I don’t think he is.”

“How would you know? You know nothing. Now go home, Mycroft, I am busy.”

“Sherlock,” the older sub tried a different approach. “You moved in with me because I couldn’t trust you.”

“I’m not back on the drugs, Myc, I promise. I got out by the way,” Sherlock changed the subject. “Your little lock me in trick was a pain in the arse but I got out through the roof and before you say anything, yes, I was punished, it was almost worse than that blasted paddle of Greg’s with the holes in.”

“How do I know you are not back on the drugs?”

“Because there is far too much to do.”

“Including having you tied to the punishment bench for the next 3 hours,” came a terrifyingly familiar voice from behind him.
Sherlock swallowed hard at the sound of his Dom’s voice from the kitchen. It was so hard it hurt, like the large lump in his throat was expanding with every subsequent breath. The thought that John was in the flat, let alone being undetected, wasn’t processing inside his head, this man always managed to get one up on him and never failed to surprise him.

“How much did you hear?” he regretted asking the question, he regretted being the first to open his mouth even more.

John folded his arms across his chest and Sherlock sighed, the suitcase dropped to the floor.

“You could have warned me, brother dear.” He glared at the government official who just raised an eyebrow in response.

John took the few steps up behind him, his breath hot on the back of his neck. He tensed, not daring to even think about turning around.

“Kneel,” the Dom growled.

Sherlock dropped like a puppet whose strings had been cut. He raised his hands and settled them behind his neck.

“I am not going to punish you right this moment,” John began, “because I was in the middle of a nice chat with your brother, but don’t think for a second you are going to be getting away with this.”

The kneeling sub glanced at Mycroft, he was watching the pair curiously.

Not willing to show himself up in front of his older brother any more than he had, Sherlock nodded slightly, his curls slipping forward masking his expression. “No, sir,” he offered.

“I think you’re right about staying here, until the case is solved at any rate.”

Sherlock looked up at him, unsure whether he should be happy or confused, he settled for slightly more relaxed than he had been five minutes ago. The Dom cupped his cheek. “Why did you do it, pet?”

Pet? At this time? Wasn’t he supposed to be in trouble?

“I knew what I needed to do, and I it wouldn’t take me long, sir.”

“So why didn’t you say?”

“You were busy with Donovan, sir,” Sherlock pointed out, hoping that was enough of an answer if
a slight lie.

“Yes, well…” John cleared his throat. “I want you to keep away from that woman in the future.”

“Why? Sir?” he added at the raised eyebrow. He couldn’t believe he had almost slipped up again so close to his most recent disobedience.

“Because she seems to think you follow me home. Has she always been like that?” He didn’t mention what he had had Greg do to her, he didn’t want Sherlock to think he could deliberately provoke her in the future.

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, Mycroft, tell your Dom that we’ve found him. He’s no doubt got an area car out scouting around.”

“Of course,” the older sub agreed with a tilt of his head.

“Now, Sherlock, have you got to do anything imminent for this case in the next few hours?”

Sherlock made a point of thinking about it for a moment, but all he had to do was sort it in his Mind Palace and search the case that was now on the floor beside him. It was an obscure question, though.

“Well, boy?”

“No, sir,” Sherlock kept staring at the floor in front of him, looking anywhere but at his Dom, the disappointed look he knew the older man was sporting would have been too much for him to handle, specifically in front of his older brother.

“Then go and put the kettle on. Mycroft would you like a cup of coffee?”

Mycroft grinned, pointedly looking at his brother’s lowered head. “How could I possibly turn down coffee if my little brother is making it?”

“Good point,” John tilted his head on one side regarding the older Holmes for a moment before turning his attention back to his own. “I’ll have tea. Do not make yourself one and do not poison your brother’s. Go.”

Sherlock was scowling when he brought in two hot, steaming mugs.

“Why aren’t I allowed one?” he completely ignored the term of address he knew he should have added.

“Because I said so.”

“But, I’m thirsty,” the detective protested.

John reached down to his rucksack and pulled out a bottle of water.

“I don’t like water.”

The doctor sighed, replaced the water back in his bag and then folded his arms, he raised an unamused eyebrow at his sub. “You can’t be thirsty then. And that is an extra four on your tally, boy. Now, go and kneel in the corner.”
“But-”

“Now, boy!” John barked.

Mycroft was watching in curiosity as his little brother sighed and went to kneel in the corner, his hands went to his head without further intervention from the Dom. After watching the younger sub in the corner for a moment, he turned back to face the doctor.

“So,” Mycroft paused a moment to sip his coffee, he nodded at the taste, but absolutely refused to compliment his little brother while he was in trouble, his ego didn’t need a boost. “What’s your schedule like for your next house plan then?”

“Well, since a certain someone came round, I haven’t filled my diary, I want as much time as he needs.”

“I have a few investors on the side waiting, if you’re willing, of course. It won’t be long hours, maybe only two or three a week, but enough to keep you ticking over.” John was happy to continue his conversation with the older man, more than happy in fact. He held a lot of respect for Mycroft, the position he had reached within the government with the hindrance of being a submissive as well as trying to tame his incessantly misbehaving little brother. The time would give his brat a chance to think. After nearly an hour and two drained mugs later, Mycroft shifted around to look back at his brother. “You have the patience of a saint, John,” he said to the Dom.

“Not at all, I just treat him like a child when he chooses to act like a child.”

Mycroft examined his fellow sub for a moment longer, he was expecting some comeback or childish retort when nothing came and the only acknowledgement was the tensing of his shoulders and his back twitched beneath his jacket he looked back at the doctor.

“How-”

“Sherlock, turn around for me, boy,” John ordered, his tone wasn’t sharp, but it was enough to be a warning to the kneeling sub.

Slowly, the youngest of the three obeyed, his elbows knocking into the wall, as he was behaving and not lowering them even though he doubted he would be in any more trouble if he did.

“I think your brother was expecting some sort of witty retort. That doesn’t happen anymore, does it, boy?”

“No, sir,” Sherlock answered quietly, he was beginning to feel guilty for his slight arguing earlier and he was sure the doctor hadn’t forgot, but he wasn’t going to remind him if he had.

“Crawl over here and sit between my legs. On your way, pick up my stick and the suitcase you disobeyed me for.”

Sherlock had the sense to look ashamed, something else Mycroft found rather confusing as well as amusing. As he reached the doctor, he handed him his walking stick, then settled himself just in front of him on his knees.

Mycroft couldn’t believe this was his little brother, the little brother he had had to physically force to live with him months ago and only then did he get cooperation after promising to keep paying Mrs. Hudson for the flat. He was surprised, the younger sub wasn’t even embarrassed about being submissive; not like he used to be. He had spoken to Gregory and asked him for help when it came to the youngest Holmes, but the Dom struggled to offer any assistance which was beneficial.
Sherlock would listen to what he said and obey to a limit as soon as he could work out which orders were just being relayed through the Dom but originated from his brother he just completely ignored them.

Thinking of his Dom, the sound of footsteps running up the stairs announced the DI’s arrival.

“Sherlock, you git,” He puffed. “I’ve been running around London for hours.”

“Bollocks,” Mycroft hissed.

“Pet?” Greg’s question was a low growl as he stalked across the room.

The older sub immediately pushed himself from the sofa and dropped to his knees, his hands clasped tightly in front of him.

“Talk.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Sorry?” The DI raised an eyebrow in confusion.

John cottoned on before Sherlock. “You didn’t tell him,” he supplied for his fellow Dom.

“I forgot. I was so interested in Sherlock that I-” he cut off when Greg’s hand slipped into his hair.

“I’m sorry, Greg, I should have done it myself.”

"Not at all. It wasn’t a difficult task for the genius.”

Mycroft knew that was aimed at him as well as the doctor. “No, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Would you like a drink, Greg? Sherlock was about to put the kettle on again.”

“I was?”

John clipped the detective on the back of the head before pinching his ear between his fingers. “You do what I tell you to, boy.”

“Yes, sir.”

“It seems both out pets need to be taught some manners. Mycroft, help your brother in the kitchen.”

“Yes, sir,” he followed on after the younger sub who was rubbing at his ear as he disappeared into the kitchen.

“Both of you kneel there,” Greg ordered when they returned.

Mycroft knelt immediately and the doctor thought his boy was going to argue, show the pair of them up even more than he had already managed, but he didn’t, he just inclined his head slightly in his direction, as if confirming that it was what his own Dom wanted. At his nod, Sherlock dropped to his knees beside his brother.

“Have you… you know?” Greg tilted his head in Sherlock’s direction.

“Not yet.”

The DI clocked the pink case. “So that’s what you went after.”
Sherlock glanced down at it beside his Dom, when there was no response, John leant forward and clipped him on the back of the head again.

“Yes, sir,” he said hurriedly.

The doctor could notice how nervous his sub was and knew that he wouldn’t be able to concentrate until John eased his fear of punishment, at least allow him to concentrate on the case before he was punished. “Sherlock, I will punish you while we are alone, for now you have added 20 to your tally this evening. I’ll be using the paddle.” He turned his attention back to the other Dom. “Do you fancy eating out with us tonight? I doubt there’s anything in the cupboards here, and if there is, it is most probably depressingly mouldy.”

The DI looked down at his sub, his head was bowed, much like his brother’s. He didn’t ask if the older man had anything pressing at work, he wouldn’t be here if he did, but it was also about time they went out for an evening again. “Yes, I think we will.”

“Sherlock, you know the area, where would you suggest?”

“Angelo’s, sir.”

“Very well. I have no idea where that is but that’s fine. Now bring that case to me properly and talk me through what you did to get it and why it was so important that you left me stranded miles away.”

He crawled forward a bit. “The killer would have had it on them, sir.”

“How do you know that?”

“Well, it would have probably been in the boot or maybe the back seat. The driver could only take it by mistake.”

“So you knew he would have had to ditch it somewhere?”

“That’s right, sir. I thought of all the places within about five minutes of the body and only tried the ones big enough for a car.”

“Why didn’t you tell my men, Sherlock?” Greg asked. “They could have dealt with it and you wouldn’t have gotten into trouble.”

At the detective’s ‘idiots’ comment John’s hand found his ear again after yet another sharp smack on the back of the head. John pulled him so he was between his knees.

“Open it,” he ordered.

Sherlock hesitantly tugged the zip around even as John kept a hold of his ear, like he was going to bolt again. As soon as he had got the zip all the way around, all the caution about getting into further trouble went out of the window as he pulled free and began rooting through the case.

“Where’s the phone?” he growled.

“How do you know she had a phone?”

“Well, she must have done!” he explained, trying to get back to his feet, a rough tug in his curls stopped him.

“Politely, boy!”
“She must have had an organiser of some sort, sir, she was a journalist. She didn’t have a laptop on her so it must have been her phone.”
As soon as Mycroft had trailed after his Dom to head home and get ready for the evening, Sherlock could sense his own Dom’s distraction and took his opportunity.

He immediately began to sneak towards the door. Once out the door, he’d head for his room. There was a slight, problem though, John wasn’t as distracted as Sherlock had assumed.

John cleared his throat. “I don’t think so, somehow, boy, do you?”

He sighed as he turned on his toe, his shoe squeaking on the floorboards. “You’re not actually going to punish me, now, are you?”

The doctor had his stick resting up against the chair as he folded his arms, looking highly unimpressed. “I wasn’t going to, no. I was going to offer you a cuddle and a little relax before we need to get ready, but after that attitude, I think I will. Go and kneel in the corner.”

“But-”

“Now!” John barked. “And you’d better get back to addressing me properly, you’ve already added 20 to your tally today and now that is an extra 5. That corner is the least of your worries.”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Better. Now move.” He stared at his detective as he moved to his ‘corner’.

As soon as he had reached the corner, he was bored. It had been different earlier with his brother in the room. He had a reason to be still; not showing himself up. Now it was depressing and the corner was dank with mould from some experiment that had gone sideways months ago. He huffed. This couldn’t be it, he knew. John was clever, extremely clever and extremely original when it came to his punishments. He knew there would be more and that thought didn’t fill him full of hope.

“But! Are there any of your clothes remaining in your room?”

Frowning, as he tried to work out what John could possibly want with his clothes, he nodded once. “Yes, sir.”

“Stop thinking!” the doctor snapped.

Sherlock actually flinched. “Sorry, sir, I can’t help it.”
“Oh, can’t you?”

As the Dom’s steps drew near, the detective’s shoulders tensed, his collar hidden behind his shirt. The blond tugged it free and clipped on his leash and then cuffed him with the handcuffs that the DI had conveniently left on the table for him. The leash was attached to the cuffs and threaded around his fingers.

“Do not let any of that move.” John snapped a picture on his phone to compare to in a while.

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John was aware of Sherlock’s past. He had asked all the proper questions of Mycroft before the contract and even managed a small amount of discussion with the sub himself. He had therefore conducted his own research as well as his own experiences with drug addicted teenagers in A&E on a Friday night. He hated to think of Sherlock like that, but knew Mycroft had done a fantastic job in clearing up after him as well as putting him back together surprisingly well, according to Greg. He also knew he had to consider it, in case anything had happened with his pet before he had a chance to intervene. He therefore knew that Sherlock would have likely kept the scruffy trainers and jeans he would have worn all the time – a reminder to never slip up again. He dropped them on the floor beside the armchair and after half an hour of having Sherlock in the corner, he ordered him to turn around and made sure his arms were folded again to let him know he was still mad.

The detective’s eyes were immediately drawn to the pile of clothes – his old trainers, jeans and t-shirt. He swallowed awkwardly. Why could he never deduce John’s intentions? Even with so much evidence in front of him.

“Do you remember a few weeks ago when you tried getting out of my house and ended up stuck in the press up position?” he asked as he paced towards him.

“Yes, sir.” He could hardly forget, it was a rather embarrassing memory. He couldn’t help but think many years in the future it would be more amusing than embarrassing.

His head was pushed forward so John could release his hands and remove the leash that kept him in such an awkward position.

“What did I do to punish you then?”

He swallowed again, his throat constricting against the inside of his collar.

“That is not an answer, boy!”

“You made me hold it for as long as I could, sir.”

“Correct. I did. I punished you that way to make a point. The fact you were uncomfortable was not the issue, but helped to reinforce my point. Now, stand up.”

When he eventually obeyed, John held out his hand. Confused, Sherlock didn’t take it. The Dom shook his head once. “Fine. Kneel.”

Feeling like a yo-yo, he glared even as he dropped to his knees again.

“Your attitude is not helping your situation, Sherlock. I would have thought after a month, you would be well aware of this.” He picked up his stick again and began to pace around the kneeling sub. “Punishment from Dom to sub is for the benefit of learning a lesson as well as letting the submissive feel guilt free. You know this. Now crawl to the clothes in that pile and get changed.
You won’t just drop your suit on the floor either, you will lay it over the back of the chair and deal with it later.”

Sherlock was more than aware the last few minutes hadn’t helped his situation at all, so he did as he was told. It felt weird being in such scruffy clothes. He thought he was thin now - well John was always telling him he was - his jeans fit but the t-shirt was rather tight fitting.

The doctor held his hand out again. “I would not wind me up any more, boy, I’m hoping to get this out the way so we can have a nice evening together with your brother and his Dom.”

Nodding, sheepishly, this time, Sherlock took it. John led him to the door and down the stairs. “How long is Baker Street, boy?”

Sherlock delved into his Mind Palace quickly, eager to impress the Dom after what seemed like many hours of disappointing him. “About 700 meters, sir.”

“And we are already about 200 meters into the street, yes?”

He led Sherlock outside and looked up and down the path, the sun was high in the sky and there was a strong wind, for which the Dom was glad, it might make what was about to occur a little more uncomfortable. It was also fairly quiet, another bonus.

“Yes, sir.”

“Go on, then.”

“Sir?”

John smiled, glad it had been the honorific question raised rather than a grunted ‘what’.

“Run.”

“Sir?” the sub repeated again, a deep frown brought his eyebrows together. John let his hand go and ruffled his curls, they were going to be even messier in a moment anyway.

“You disobeyed me this time by running away. You are going to run to the end of the street and come back.”

The frown disappeared to be replaced by a broad grin. “That’s it?”

John smacked the back of his head. “Sir.”

“You won’t be doing it once.”

“How many times then!” There was a long pause before he added, “sir?”

“I’ll decide that as you go. But know this, if it is not enough and we are getting close to needing to get ready I'll make you do the whole thing again tomorrow and more. And I heard it is meant to be raining in this part of London tomorrow. All day.”

Sherlock smirked, but John could see his thoughts as plain as the current novel he was reading. “Oh and you can have your phone back for the run. You will keep FaceTime on as you are running, it can face the path. You’ll record the whole journey. If you so much as think of keeping going or not going the whole way or jumping into a cab or any other such crap, look at what you
are wearing and know that if you have any ‘technical difficulties’ on a brand new phone, the plans tonight are easily cancelled. Your arse is due a spanking as it is.”

Sherlock’s face fell. “Yes, sir,” this bloody Dom was too bloody clever and too bloody thorough. Despite how much he didn’t want to do it in the first place and just wanted it to be over and done with, he couldn’t risk the evening being cancelled. Plans were in place, at least theoretical ones in his Mind Palace from his 30 uncomfortable minutes in the corner, he still had a few hours before they needed to be put into action, but he also needed to be at Angelo’s. That was why he had suggested it in the first place. It wasn’t that far from Baker Street, but if the Dom cancelled because of his behaviour there, was no way he would leave him in a position to race off.

“What are you waiting for, boy? Run!” he shoved Sherlock in the back towards the longer end of the street and then immediately found his pet’s number to FaceTime him. “And you’d better answer it, brat!”

He heard a soft chuckle as he went back into the flat and was faced by Sherlock’s landlady.

“Mrs. Hudson?”

“That’s right, dear. Did I just hear you correctly?” she indicated the door John had left open.

“That depends on what you think you heard, Mrs. Hudson.”

She smiled, liking this doctor immediately. He was kind of soft and… fuzzy, dare she think it? But she could also sense the stern determination just below the surface that Sherlock no doubt aggravated all the time, and apparently right now too. “Making him run.”

“Ah, then, yes.”

“He always has been one for racing off…”

“It’s a good job he is collared now then, isn’t it?” the blond grinned. “I do intend to keep him from all harm, Mrs. Hudson, even his no self-preservation harm that he seems to cause himself daily.”

She chuckled. “Yes, that’s Sherlock. I wasn’t criticising you, Doctor Watson.”

“Oh, of course, I know that,” he tried to convey his reassurance in his tone of voice, the elder generation of submissives were all the same. They had a much more… built in level of respect for Dominants. “And it’s John, please.”

She nodded once. “I was merely thinking how imaginative you have been with him… He hasn’t been successful in relationships before, as well you know.”

“Well, I know his tendency for boredom first hand.”

He was distracted by his phone as it caught his eye. Sherlock was waving dramatically. He flicked it off mute.

“You really shouldn’t have raced to the end of the street, Sherlock,” he said through a smile. “Oh and say hello to Mrs. Hudson.”

The doctor could see him wanting to ring off, but he reconsidered quickly.

“Good thinking, boy. Well, come back then.”

“And then what?”
He cleared his throat pointedly. “You don’t want to show yourself up in front of your landlady now, Sherlock, do you?”

“No, sir. Sorry, sir,” he said hurriedly.

“Good boy. But what do you say to Mrs. Hudson?”

This time just Sherlock’s expression showed how much he clearly just wanted to growl and keep running with his phone in his pocket. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Hudson.”

“Even better, pet. For that I’ll take one lap off the amount I was going to make you do. Now come back.”

“Yes, sir,” he sighed. He had his breath back at last and spun the camera around again to face the pavement.

John managed to hold in his laugh long enough to mute the call again. He wasn’t the only one, Mrs. Hudson was chuckling silently too.

He could see that the older woman wanted to hug him, he obliged, she had clearly helped Mycroft to keep Sherlock out of trouble for many years.

“You are working miracles with that young man, John,” she said as she headed back into her flat. “If you are lucky, I might bring up a cake a bit later, that is assuming you are planning on staying here?”

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Hudson, if that is okay? I live a way out of the city and he needs to be here for this case.”

“Of course, dear. Have fun,” she winked.

“I intend to,” he agreed with a grin.

It wasn’t that much longer than the first half of Sherlock’s trip before the detective came in through the door.

“Off you go again, Sherlock.”

“Sir, can I-”

The older man raised an eyebrow. “Can you what?” he enquired.

“Have a glass of water, please, sir?”

“I thought you didn’t like water, boy?”

He sighed and dropped his head. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Good.” He walked to Mrs Hudson’s flat and knocked on the door.

“Could my pet have a glass of water please, Mrs. Hudson?”

A second later he was returning with a glass. He made Sherlock sip it slowly and took the glass from him when it was empty. “Go!” he pointed.
I'm extremely sorry to have to say this. For those of you that are enjoying this story, I am glad, it's what us writers write for after all!

But again, I am getting negative comments saying how this is unfair, how John treats Sherlock badly. I'm sorry I just don't see it and pardon my language but think it's utter bollocks.

If you do not like a submissive Sherlock story, why read a story based on submissive Sherlock?

As for John being abusive, again that's bollocks. "Why is he punishing him?"

Because it's a d/s au, that is what they do.

Now after this rant I am seriously contemplating ending this story here
Break or Stay

Chapter Notes

This chapter, despite its length of 2500 was incredibly difficult for me to write. I haven't wanted to but because of sherlockian4evr she convinced me I couldn't just leave it. The motivation I once felt for this fic has gone for reasons you guys are already aware and I only hope that it can come back.

As Sherlock ran, watching the floor disappear beneath him on his phone, he couldn’t believe how ingenious this plan was. He didn’t mind running, but doing it because he had upset his Dom put a spin on it that he couldn’t quite get his head around. It made every step feel that bit heavier, but in another light, every step was closer to John, to his forgiveness; therefore making it lighter in comparison to the previous one.

It was ingenious in other ways too. The idea of using his phone to track his whereabouts meant he couldn’t get out of it at all. The Dom had even ensured there were no loopholes for him to worm his way out. He was used to loopholes, he liked them. Going so far as to tell him that he couldn’t keep going and hop in a cab… clever, clever Dom.

He could see why he was in these clothes as well. It didn’t matter that he wore them, but he felt like some sort of chastised teenager. It did make it easier to run, John was a doctor, hence the idea of making him use trainers, but the rest of it seemed odd. There weren’t many people walking around Baker Street at this time of the afternoon, but those that were didn’t pay much attention. Sherlock found that he seemed to have a humiliation kink developing. Dammit! Did John already know? Or was this something that Sherlock now had to sit on the fence about, tell the man that had collared him or not?

As he reached the flat for the second time, John was stood in the doorway, grinning broadly.

Sherlock stopped himself from frowning, keeping his annoyance of the older man’s enjoyment of the situation to himself. “Am I going again, sir?” He asked quietly; resigned and slightly out of breath.

“No, pet.” John's tone was soft yet stern, as he watched his boy acting submissively, more than normal.

That answer surprised the younger man, he’d expected at least one more run, if not two. “You're only making me run twice, sir?”

The Dom held his arms out and it didn’t take long for Sherlock to bury his sweaty self in his chest, wrapping his arms around him snugly. “I'm sorry, sir. I'm really sorry. I shouldn’t have run off, sir.”

“No, you shouldn’t have,” he agreed.

The doctor ran his hand through his sweaty messed up – more than normal – curls, all the while letting his words sink in for a moment. “I know you are,” he said softly, eventually. “We have time for a cuddle before we’ve got to get ready for the evening. How does that sound?”
“Yes, sir. Good, sir. Thank you.” Sherlock’s voice was almost as soft as the doctor’s had been.

John smiled, running his chin across his hair once more before releasing him. He held his hand out, still remembering just how much Sherlock appreciated it, such a simple thing. A warm hand found his and he tugged gently towards the stairs. “Come on, then.”

When they reached the top of the stairs, John settled them on the sofa, but Sherlock shifted around, falling to the floor on his knees beside the Dom. Of his own choice, that was either completely new or not good…

“What is it, pet?” he asked, sensing his sub’s apprehension.

“Could I ask a favour, sir?”

The Dom raised an eyebrow rather astonished at such a suggestion so close to punishment. “A favour?”

He jerked his head in the affirmative once. “Yes, sir. Can I ditch these clothes now, please?”

John laughed, the boy actually said please, a word he doubted had ever crossed his thought processes let alone his tongue. Then he nodded back. “My gorgeous boy can sit with me naked if he wants too.”

Sherlock grinned and scrambled to his feet, beginning to strip immediately. He threw all his clothes in the direction of the hamper and knelt back down again, resting his head against the older man’s leg.

They sat like that for as long as they dared, the time for meeting with Greg and Mycroft drawing near.

“What is it, pet?” John ordered, groaning as he pushed himself to his feet.

But Sherlock stayed on his knees, trailing behind the Dom as he walked towards the bathroom. John poked his head into the shower checking that it would be big enough for the both of them and then began to strip out of his suit, hanging it all on a hanger that Sherlock seemed to have made appear from nowhere.

When the doctor was completely undressed Sherlock hung the hanger on the hook on the back of the door. “In you get then.” But as he glanced down to the detective – still on his knees – he saw him blushing red before either of them had attempted to get into the shower.

“What is it, pet?” he reached down and cupped his cheek. He was so red he should have been boiling hot, quite literally.

The sub shook his head, not answering. His top teeth had snuck out and sucked in his bottom lip.

“No, come on, you know how that works…” He raised an eyebrow as a non-verbal berating and Sherlock seemed to see it for the threat it was.

“I don’t think I’ve seen you naked before, sir,” he whispered, shifting his head from the Dom’s grip and glancing at the floor. He could feel the blush around the back of his neck and behind his ears. He didn’t know if that in itself was more embarrassing.

The Dom chuckled. “Not completely. No, you haven’t.” He raised an eyebrow – this time more seductive than threatening - and then twirled slowly. “You like?”
Sherlock smirked and then, before he knew what he was doing, he had wrapped his arm around him and was hugging him tight. “I like a lot, sir.”

The doctor stepped backwards, dragging his sub with him by the hand. He stepped into the shower. “We’re going to try something new. If you don’t like it, safe word, it will not affect tonight, but we will come back to it as it is something you should be able to do comfortably. We both know you aren’t really asexual.”

The younger man’s grin was a little one sided. Confused.

As they stepped under the spray, the Dom pushed him to his knees, his hands on the taller man’s shoulders.

Sherlock looked the blond up and down once, twice, three times. “You’re very hard, sir,” he pointed out, biting his lip again.

John chuckled and it made the detective feel the blush rise up his neck again. “I am, pet. And it is all for you.”

Sherlock frowned, his expression one of serious confusion, why did he have these sudden feelings? No not feelings, cravings. “Can I, sir?” he asked, trying his luck.

“Form a whole question, pet and I may oblige you.”

“Please, sir, may I suck you?”

John ran his hands through his curls. “Oh my gorgeous little brat. You apologising to Mrs. Hudson has given us this extra time together.” That was the half of it, John thought, but he kept it to himself. Sherlock had actually asked him. Like he wanted to. He brought his head into his groin and his sub instantly opened his mouth and latched onto his already leaking cock. Whoever said this beautiful boy wasn’t tameable?

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Half an hour later, John was forcing Sherlock into a completely different suit to the one he was used, it looked like… tweed? Apparently he wanted him to be a ‘respectable young man’. Sherlock just pointed out that as soon as they got to Angelo’s, he’d be on his knees anyway, but that didn’t seem to bother the older man.

The doctor recalled his blow job, Sherlock had a very talented mouth, specifically his breath control, he had deep-throated him far way passed the norm of a sub in a position such as Sherlock’s. His tongue had been passionate too. In fact, it had been one of the best blow jobs he had received. There was room for improvement, technique specifically, but overall John was rather proud of him, like he had made a point of repeating since they’d stepped out of the shower.

There was the sound of beeping from outside and John looked at his sub, “You ready, pet?”

“Yes, sir,” he sighed. He looked his Dom up and down. He’d clearly had his own suit dropped off when he had been doing his little jogging session. He smiled at the hand that was held out waiting for him.

The blond dragged him down the stairs and out into the car that had pulled up at the curb. The doctor pulled him down onto his lap rather than beside him or even on the floor.

He tucked his head under John's chin, much like he had earlier in the day.
When they arrived at Angelo’s, Greg and Mycroft were already there. Mycroft was knelt on a cushion that Sherlock recognised as one that came from behind the counter and there was another identical one set on the table.

“I wasn’t sure if you would need it or not?” Greg said with a smirk. Mycroft’s head was bowed low beside him. His ‘transgression’ hadn’t been as bad as Sherlock’s, but for the government official, anything out of place these days in a full relationship with a Dom he adored, made him feel guilty for days. It made him much more submissive, also. Specifically around other Doms, even around ones he knew.

“I’m sure mine can join yours. He had already deduced earlier that he would be on his knees tonight.” John inclined his head beside the seat and Sherlock sighed as the cushion was dropped, but he knelt without question.

“My boy has been feeling rather sorry for himself since we left,” the older Dom smiled. “Let’s just say Sherlock went for a little work out, isn’t that right, boy?”

“Yes, sir. I rather enjoyed it actually. Well… except the clothes.”

“Clothes?” The DI couldn’t for the life of him work out what the hell had gone on when they had left the younger pair to it in Baker Street mere hours before. One thing he did know for sure though was that Sherlock had been made to feel suitably punished and the doctor had certainly not gone ‘overboard’.

“Don’t ask.” John dropped his hand in Sherlock’s hair, ruffling it absently between his fingers. “It’s been quite an afternoon.”

The younger sub’s head found John’s knee within moments.

When a waiter came over to take their order, Mycroft was rather surprised to see that Sherlock didn’t look embarrassed about where he was knelt, he didn’t look shifty, just straightened up slightly. He just spoke to the young man in a calm manner, ordering John’s for him.

“I’ve already deduced the menu, sir,” he said, tilting his head on one side. “I knew you would like the carbonara.”

“Don’t forget,” Angelo called from beside the bar. “Anything at all. On the house.”

“Is that because of the British Government sat beside you?” John asked of the other Dom, when the owner turned away again.

“Not my doing, sir,” Mycroft answered.

“Nope. It’s mine, sir. Angelo faced a spot of bother as a young man, I got him out of a tight corner.”

“Oh yes,” the older Holmes said with a nod. “I remember that. You got him off of a murder charge. Out of prison?”

“Well… he still went to prison, but for the burglary on the other side of town rather than murder. He didn’t even know the guy. I have no idea how New Scotland Yard made such an elaborate leap. Just because he was ‘in the area’. They wouldn’t know-”
John cleared his throat pointedly. “I think you should stop just there, pet.”

The detective blinked, seemingly just working out where they were and then he smiled apologetically. “Sorry, sir.” He was speaking to John but looking at the DI.

They both nodded once, accepting the rare apology at face value.

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“Excuse me, sir?” Mycroft interrupted the Doms.

“What?” Greg asked, his tone sharp, he was still unimpressed with his sub’s performance earlier in the day, despite now running his own fingers through his hair.

Their meal had long since been finished and taken away. They were just quietly talking amongst themselves.

“I don’t mean to be rude by interrupting, but my brother has been an awfully long time in the toilet.” Any other time, Mycroft would have been smug, getting ‘one-up’ on his brother was enough to do that, but now, he just seemed respectful albeit regrettable.

Both the Doms heads snapped around at that. John looked over his shoulder towards the loo before standing up and poking his head in. Finding it empty, he returned to the desk which the waiter Sherlock had called Billy stood.

“Did Sherlock come through here?”

“Oh, no, sir.”

“Thanks,” he muttered, turning to route through his pockets in search of his phone. He had it earlier, he had been watching his sub run on it, after all. After going through each pocket in turn he tried again before looking over to catch gazes with a concerned Greg.

“Could you ring my phone, mate? I’ve seemed to have misplaced it.”

As the DI searched for his own mobile Mycroft was looking out of the window, still on his knees. His Dom would give him permission when he was to send out his minions on a search party.

He tugged the younger man’s sleeve. “He’s there, sir,” he said with a nod and a point.

John looked up just in time to watch Sherlock flicking his finger across the screen of a phone, declining a call. Greg’s call.

He swung the door open with much more ferocity than he had on the way in and snatched his brat by the collar, hauling him back into the restaurant.

“You took my phone!” he snapped, albeit more quietly than he would have done if they were at home.

Sherlock shrugged almost sheepishly. “I’m sorry, sir, but my number is on the website… the old website.”

“So you thought you would steal mine?”

He started scrolling through the recent activity to see if he could find out what his pet had been up to. Messages – he glanced up when he realised that his sub wasn’t paying attention to his
berating… he was looking out of the window.

“Oi!” he hissed, clipping him on the back of the head.

The detective’s head shook slightly as if he was trying to work something out then he snatched his Dom’s hand, with another muttered, “Sorry, sir,” and took off out of the building, dragging John behind.

When the younger man realised that John was following he let his hand go and charged up to the cab. But he was too slow and it pulled away before he got a chance to talk to the passenger.

Sherlock glanced at the older man, almost asking for silent permission. At John's slight incline of the head he took off down a side street more than aware that John would be following.
“Come on, sir, keep up!”

John stared after him… how can someone that ate so little and didn’t sleep much more have so much energy?

He was quite surprised that Sherlock stopped to take his hand before he got too far ahead.

The detective was quite clearly enjoying the opportunity to spread his legs without the guilt of leaving John behind weighing him down. He knew it would probably sound stupid if said out loud but he would swear blindly that running without John's knowledge/permission slowed him down. And what was more, it was far better running with the Dom, not running up and down Baker Street because of him.

“Bloody hell, pet, slow up a bit, will you?”

He slowed if only slightly, he took the opportunity to plan his route further but as they raced out of one back street the cab had already gone passed the cut-off point that had been in his Mind Palace.

“Bollocks,” he hissed. John nearly collided with him. “I’m sorry, sir, but we’ve got to go up.” he tugged him towards a fire escape ladder and only let his hand go so he could grab it and begin to scramble.

“God damnit, Sherlock, just be glad I’m with you this time.”

The younger man laughed out loud. “Actually, sir,” he called down to him. “I’m more than glad.”

John scrambled up the last few rungs and hopped over the small barrier that sat there. That answer from his pet was accustomed to roofs.

They weren’t in the skies of London very long - after a rather dubious jump across a side street between the roofs – Sherlock began to scramble down the other side of the most recent building, not waiting for John to join him on the ground, he raced out into the nearest street and this time had correctly pin pointed the interception point. He collided into the front of the cab they had been chasing, only the fact that the cab was going so slowly stopped John from shouting at his sub in
such a public location.

Sherlock was scrambling in his left coat pocket in search of what, John didn’t know. Suddenly he was waving a warrant card at the windscreen of the cab.

The doctor just watched him fondly as he ran around the side of the cab and started banging on the window. “Police!” Sherlock lied. “Open up!” he tugged at the passenger door, trying to get it open, while in a hurry as well as breathing heavily. He stared at the man inside and then growled in annoyance, he straightened up immediately, only his Dom being inches from him stopped him from kicking the cab in his frustration. “No!” He leaned in for another look. “Tan, teeth… you must be what? Californian? L.A. just arrived,” he huffed his impatience again.

When the detective looked at his Dom he was wincing as if he would be in trouble for getting it wrong, but John was frowning in confusion.

“How can you possibly know that?”

He thrust a finger in the direction of the luggage on the floor.

“It’s probably your first trip to London, right? Going by your final destination and the way the cabbie was taking you – sightseeing?”

The passenger nodded, looking around in confusion. “Sorry. Are you guys the police?”

Of course it was Sherlock who answered, John just feeling rather redundant beside him. “Yeah. Everything all right?”

“Yeah.”

The detective could sense the awkwardness and wanted to end the conversation as quickly as possible. “Welcome to London.”

John stared blankly after his walking sub for a moment and then smiled innocently at the Californian looking rather bewildered. He slammed the cab shut and jogged slightly to catch his boy up.

“Basically a cab that slowed down,” John asked, still trying to catch up with what was going on. Why had they chased it in the first place?

“Basically, yeah,” Sherlock grimaced expecting a clip around the ear for messing up so dramatically but John didn’t seem at all bothered.

“Not the murderer.”

“Not the murderer, sir, no, sorry.”

He ducked his head as the shorter man raised his hand and ruffled his curls. “Wrong country. Good alibi.”

“As they go, sir. Pretty good, yeah.”

John noticed he was still holding the small black wallet he had waved at the cab. He took the warrant card out of his sub’s hand, still breathing heavily. He flipped it open. “This is Greg’s.”

“Yeah, I pick pocket him when he’s annoying. You can keep that one, I've got plenty at the flat.” The detective seemed quite proud by that fact.
John wasn’t. “Well, stop. Not only is he an Inspector, he’s a Dominant. Your brother’s Dominant.”

Sherlock sighed, “But it’s funny.”

“Well, try listening to him the next time he’s ‘annoying’. It might be important.”

“It never has been before.”

The doctor raised his hand and clipped him on the back of the head. “Behave, boy,” he said but his voice held no real threat in it.

Sherlock smirked this time, he should have known John wouldn’t be mad at him for the weird race across half of London. He glanced over at the copper talking to the Californian man. “I’m sorry, sir. But…” he inclined his head. They were being pointed at now.

“After you,” John indicated the only way they could run, sure his boy knew where they were and how they could get back to Baker Street.

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The first Sherlock knew of there being no John behind him was when he collided with a random man along a street he wasn’t overly familiar with and the doctor hadn’t been there to witness – to either laugh at him or berate him, he still wasn’t sure he knew John well enough to make that call in a public place. If he’d run into something at home he would most definitely have laughed.

The worse part was not knowing John wasn’t there but not only that… when he had gone. This was bad. Very bad. How long ago did he disappear? They had been running… together, away from the cab and suddenly he was running on his own.

Sherlock had rounded the corner in a hurry to get home, back on the ground again rather than across the buildings, he preferred the buildings and wished he’d told John the quickest way was up rather than down here. Even if he had, he doubted if he would have been allowed. Earlier had been an emergency – well a sherlockian emergency, maybe not by an army doctor’s standards. But he had followed, that was amazing.

“Sorry,” he mumbled to the man in front of him, he was ready to get around him and find John.

He didn’t even need to look up to know the man he had collided with was a Dominant. The stance; stiff posture, the fact he’d yelled ‘oi!’ as soon as he had done it and the not backing away. Thinking on it, he should have actually acted the same. It was hard to tell a submissive at first glance unless said submissive was acting overly so. Sherlock’s collar was hidden by his scarf so that also hid the truth. The trouble was, he was so used to being around John now and the way the whole Dom/sub dynamic had worked itself out (no doubt through a very clever John’s vigorous planning, Mycroft would have also played his part) that he found it hard to fake his way as a Dom anymore. Bit of a downside really, given his job. Where was John?

As the shock of running into a Dom washed over him he realised that he recognised that ‘oi’ – that voice. He needed to go. Now. Quickly.

“Holmes!” a hand at the scruff of his neck dragged him back. A tight hand, tight enough to constrict his breathing if only slightly. “Rude and arrogant as ever.”

He was spun around rather forcibly.

“Benja-”
“Shut it, Holmes!” the Dom snapped, slapping his palm across the detective’s face.

Benjamin had been one of Sherlock’s ‘one night stands’ a long time ago – during university, his first year, before everything had gone so badly wrong.

Sherlock brought his hand up to his cheek in shock and tried to back away, this time his curls were grabbed by the Dom’s hand and he was thrown into the wall, face first.

The Dom held his arm up his back, his hand as close to his shoulder blades as he could get it. Sherlock hissed but bit his lip, he was used to this, he knew how to handle this… how he had always handled it. It was a matter of seconds before his hand was released and they were both behind him and cuffed.

“New police issue,” the Dom hissed in his ear. “Perfect for rats like you.”

God, Sherlock wished for John. Just because he knew how to handle this didn’t mean he liked it. John had shown him a better way – the right way according to him. John always knew what to do, he was supposed to appear around about now; save him. Protect him. He knew now that his Dom wasn’t on ‘their’ side, he was on Sherlock’s and he wanted to look after his sub, he hated it when he got hurt.

Sherlock found himself being pulled towards an open door.

“Douglas!”

The detective let his gaze flicker around the room. It looked like a strip club given the size and the layout of the room. Although, it was empty now, all chairs and tables pushed well away from the centre stage. Sherlock realised where he was. It was the place round the back of town that was the main D/s establishment in central London. The racks of toys and play things weren’t here, but that didn’t mean they wouldn’t be by the time the evening rolled around. His thoughts halted rather abruptly – Douglas – bollocks.

A man much beefier than the one holding him appeared from a side door. He caught a glance at the new arrival before bowing his head as submissively as he remembered the pair liking. Just his luck to bump into not one of his bad memories but two, in one go. Benjamin had introduced Douglas, before they had had their fun.

“Ben?”

“Look who I found. Actually, I suppose he found me. Well?” Ben snapped, kicking Sherlock in the back of the leg with the toe of his boot. “Remember your god damn manners. You kneel in the presence of more important people. I’ve tried hard enough in the past to get you to do so.” Sherlock thought it best not to mention the fact that the sod had been holding him up. “But you’re nothing but a robot, and even you are shit at that.”

The sub didn’t know what to do or say, he had tried to see how the cuffs held him but they were definitely new issue. Very new. Not something Sherlock had come across before. And he couldn’t reach his pocket for his lock pick kit, even if he could work out where the key went.

Douglas paced towards the pair of them, he scowled down at the kneeling man. “Fucking hell! Sherlock Holmes. It’s been a while.”

Ben’s hand was back in his hair as he snapped his head back, leaving his throat and chin open to anyone’s mercy – especially two psycho power heavy Doms.
“Doesn’t look like much has changed, does it?”

“Do you remember us, shitbag?” Ben hissed in his ear again. Sherlock hated that, it was just another way to be ‘on top’.

The sub knew he wanted a response. “Yes, sir,” he whispered.

Douglas paced around him as Benjamin spoke. He kicked at his knees, separating his legs even further. Then he nudged his arse with his booted toe. “He’s different.” Benjamin squatted down behind the cuffed sub and stared at his hands – almost examining them. “He’s not even fighting them,” he added with a smirk.

“Wow, someone’s been trying to tame you,” Benjamin filled in the gaps with a hearty laugh. “A quick fuck is all you are worth, even you know that, isn’t that right, freak?”

“Yes, sir.”

Sherlock found himself being pulled to his feet and dragged to the stage, he didn’t fight it, there was no point, if he did and Benjamin got hurt he would be in trouble for assaulting a copper, and with a witness… John wouldn’t be impressed, he might leave him there… his face hit the stage floor as he was bent over it as his trousers were tugged roughly.

“Time for some fun, shitbag, now you enjoy this fuck… it’ll be quick, but I’m due back at work in half an hour. Douglas can take over and we can have some real fun later.”

Douglas followed them over, also laughing. “Tame Sherlock Holmes? Who would be thick enough to even try that?”

Sherlock whimpered beneath the older man and closed his eyes, John!
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait guys!

This chapter is unbetad and I only read through it once as I wanted to get it out there so please ignore mistakes, they're all mine!

This chapter was fun to write

Also, I love reading you guys' comments so please keep them coming! I will try to get round to answering them all, promise

“Me!” came a yell from the door.

Sherlock let out a shaky breath. John was here, of course he was. John was always there. Always. It would be alright, like he knew it would be, because John found him.

Sherlock’s Dom had his SIG and the detective didn’t even want to contemplate where or why he had it in the first place. He was levelling it at the smaller of the two men; the one behind Sherlock.

Benjamin had his warrant card out in a flash. “I really don’t think that’s a good idea, mate. Put it down and walk away. I’ll say nothing of it to anyone, neither will Douglas.”

John stepped into the room, each step dangerous and threatening. Even a moron would have run but these two didn’t even seem to possess a moron’s intelligence, that thought made Sherlock smile to himself, it was easier to make jokes when your tormentor had a gun pointed at him.


“I am a police officer-”

“Not for much longer,” John snapped back. “I assume you are a Detective Constable at New Scotland Yard.”

The man grinned, proudly, the doctor couldn’t wait to work that horrendous smirk off his face. He didn’t want to be doing this though, he wanted his sub in his arms again. He didn’t want to be talking to this thick lump of shit but he couldn’t fire, specifically at a copper. But more importantly Sherlock was too close to the pair of them. He could get hurt.

“Newly transferred actually, a promotion of sorts.” The jerk was still grinning.

Sherlock had a few words he could use around about now but he kept his mouth shut. His eyes sought out John's and he nodded slightly – he was fine, just shaken up a little. There was no immediate rush.

“So you know DI Lestrade?” the doctor carried on as if the small interruption with his sub hadn’t happened.
The copper inclined his head slightly, he didn’t seem as effected by the gun aimed at him as he should have been. Douglas did, however, as he had moved a few steps back and away from his friend.

Despite the fact his boy seemed ok he wanted him off his knees and couldn’t wait to launch those cuffs as soon as possible… actually, he had a better use for them.

“Of course I know him. He’s my boss.” The way he said it, he was trying to make out that the blond had no idea what he was talking about.

“Well… you see, Greg’s a personal close friend of mine. My submissive’s brother is also Greg’s sub. Sherlock, there, also works for the met… so you can see the problem here then, can’t you?” the doctor quirked his eyebrow at the slow forming look of horror on the other two Doms’ faces.

“Now. Uncuff. Him.”

It was Douglas who moved to comply, the member of New Scotland Yard seemed to have frozen where he stood. He snatched the keys up from the table they had been thrown down on 10 minutes ago.

John did much the same and snatched the keys from the beefy man’s hands. He used his gun to shift the two arseholes back and out of the way. He quickly set about releasing Sherlock with half his attention on the other two Doms.

“Come on, pet,” John ordered, raising his hand as soon as his boy was released. Sherlock scrambled the few inches to John’s side, he stayed on his knees but wrapped his arms around his legs, holding on as if for dear life, the Dom was quite happy to let him stay there for a moment, he seemed to get enough comfort from the action alone. He waited until the sub pulled away on his own and pressed his mobile into his hands.

“You’ll be alright for a sec?” at his nod, he continued, “dial Greg for me, tell him it’s an emergency and to get here straight away, alright?”

“Yes, sir,” he nodded, glad to just have something to do, especially if it was for his Dom.

Benjamin’s eyes widened. “Mate- there’s no need for this-” John slapped him hard cutting off his protests abruptly. “He is my submissive, you. Will. Not. Fucking. Touch. Him!”

In his dazed confused state at such a sudden turn in events John managed to cuff the copper around a pole and then to his mate.

“You two should be very glad I didn’t just put a bullet in the pair of you, with who his brother is and my connections to authority at the Yard I would have even gotten away with it. But for now, think very carefully about what you are going to say to Greg. Because if I don’t like it I will tell him what I want to, I might do that anyway,” John breathed heavily around his anger as he heard his sub on the phone to the DI, telling him exactly what had been ordered. “and be warned, you pathetic shits. The British Government will be involved.”

Benjamin had the audacity to laugh at that. “The government isn’t going to care about him-”

John smiled smugly and it wiped that smirk from his face. “I’m talking about Mycroft Holmes. His brother,” he added with a point. “If you’ve been spending time with the DI at the Yard then I’m sure you’ve heard of him. What he is… what he does to vermin that touches his baby brother.”

He opened his mouth but John punched him again, splitting his lip and encouraging a gush of blood
to run from his nose.

John took a seat on one of the comfy chairs at the side of the room, he patted his lap and Sherlock climbed up. He was quite content to sit there with his boy on his lap and keep on the two cuffed men in the corner.

“Pet?”

“Mmm?”

John continued to stroke his hands through his curls as he tried to word what he wanted to ask. “You’re not going into Panic. You’re not even on the edge, why not?”

“You’re here. I knew you would be here. I had nothing to go into Panic for.”

“That’s it?”

“Panic is a reaction in a sub caused by a lack of understand or a bad memory or… no sign of help or assistance. Talking to you about my bad memories has been helping me come to terms with them. They don’t worry me anymore, at least not like they used to. Plus, you’re here, so what else is there to worry about?”

John placed a kiss on his subs forehead. “You’re my brilliant boy,” he said with a smile, hugging him tightly.

“How did you know where I was, sir?” Sherlock asked quietly, after a while. “That was the only part of your assured rescue mission that I wasn’t sure on.”

“When you ran off after that case in the skip yesterday,” he paused because his boy looked up at him guiltily, “I realised I couldn’t just activate the cuffs and lock you wherever you were so I set up your gps.”

“But that’s… well rather advanced. Sir,” he added, almost like a reminder of some sort.

John clipped him on the back of the head, ignoring the idiots over by the wall, he lightened the blow by laughing softly. “I had Mycroft show me how. Now shut it.” He pulled him down so his head was under his chin.

They sat like that for ages until;

“John?”

The doctor’s head jerked up to see the DI running across the room, the door slamming back into the wall in his wake.

“What happened?” he immediately noticed the comfort Sherlock had been getting from his Dom and realised that it was probably worse than the detective had made out on the phone.

He pointed to the men in the corner with one hand and patted his sub’s arse with the other. “Hop up, pet.”

“Ben?” the DI’s eyebrows rose as he noticed the two men for the first time. “What the-?”

“He-”

Despite his previous warning, John cut him off anyway. “Don’t even try it… I found him about
“I was not! It was entirely consensual!”

Sherlock stepped forward and took John's hand. “It wasn’t, sir,” he responded. “I bumped into him outside in the street. I didn’t mean to… he cuffed me and dragged me in here. I was only looking for John, sir, honest. We got separated.”

“It’s alright, Sherlock, I believe you. You wouldn’t lie to me, not anymore.” He looked Benjamin up and down. “And the bloody nose?” he nearly looked to Sherlock but the blond Dom intervened. “My fault.” John was proud of it, not ashamed of it. “It was the least I could do for my sub.”

“Well that’s easy enough, then.” Greg paced across the room, each step deliberate, much like John's had been before him. “I am informally suspending you from duty, you’ll be formally suspended tomorrow after a night in the cells. Warrant card,” he ordered, holding his hand out.

“No!”

“I can formally suspend you here if you like? In front of the man you were in the middle of abusing and his Dom who will be more than willing to put a bullet in you when you are no longer a copper.”

Benjamin looked around, as if anything nearby could be of any assistance to him, nothing could, not now, doubtful ever again with the DI of NSY there.

“Uncuff me and I’ll get it.”

The DI sighed and shoved him back into the wall beginning to search his pockets.

Locating the warrant card, Greg stepped back. “And what about you?” he asked of the other man.

He hadn’t said a word at all, he was looking rather bewildered but the only emotion that was definitely clear was anger but not toward the only sub in the room but at his so called friend who had got them into this in the first place. He kept stubbornly silent, refusing to meet the man’s eye.

“He’s Douglas, sir, Douglas Graham. An… old acquaintance from university, sir.”

The DI nodded once and then pointed at the other one. “And this one?”

Sherlock lowered his head. He knew what he was asking, seeing as he already knew he was. “Yes, sir another… acquaintance.”

Both of Sherlock's friends bristled at that, they knew what past relationships had done to him… changed him… scared him… broken him so very nearly if it hadn’t been for John, he saved him; fixed him.

Greg turned back to the two kneeling Doms after watching John engulf the younger man in a comforting hug. This time he wasn’t angry at a mere Dom trying out his luck with a passing sub, he was furious because these two shits were part of the reason his sub’s brother had been in pieces no more than a month ago.
“John can I borrow you for a moment?”

The doctor glanced down at his boy who had fallen to his knees again and nodded.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Hold this lump while I cuff this one over there.”

The DI pulled out his own cuffs and placed them in John's hand as the doctor moved forward to hold Douglas, not that he was struggling much anyway.

In next to no time, John was back holding his boy and the two now arrested Doms were against the back wall, their arms pulled back and cuffed behind two poles for suspension bondage when the building was used for its actual function.

“I suppose you thought, half an hour ago you were about to have the luckiest and most enjoyable evening your pathetic excuse for lives had seen since university. Must have been one hell of a fluke for Sherlock to pass by where you two psychos were. But then John turned up, an ex-army captain who still has a licence to kill. Oh, didn’t he tell you that? That would be because he protects the British Government’s little brother. And then I turn up, a bit shell shocked really but I’ll go along with anything me…”

“But me…” all five men turned to the door to see Mycroft enter. “I’m not shocked easily but when it comes to Sherlock… you better hope John isn’t the one who decides what to do with you. Hello, sir,” he said, grinning slightly at his Dom. He wrapped his arms around him briefly but made sure to check on his brother as he did so, he seemed content, for now.

“Did you even make it back to the office?”

“No, sir. Your text came through before I reached my club.”

Ben suddenly burst out laughing, he had nothing left to lose, his best mate and his recently acquired job gone to shreds in seconds.

“What of it?”

“This is him? The British Government you keep mentioning?”

“Problem?” Greg snarled, his tone almost vicious, a side, Mycroft noted, that he didn’t see often.

“This is him? The British Government you keep mentioning?”

“What of it?”

“He's a sub. What power does he have over me?”

“Being a Dominant does not give you power,” Mycroft hissed. “Submissive’s do that.” He wasn’t angry for himself, he was angry for Sherlock who was still being held by John. These were two he hadn’t known about, well he’d known the name Ben, but he hadn’t known what it was short for. Benjamin? Benedict? Or something else. He didn’t have enough data to dig into back then and he hadn’t even had the resources to be able to conduct a thorough investigation.

“Of course being Dominant gives you power! You wouldn’t dare to back chat him,” he nodded at Greg whose nostrils were flaring angrily.

The government official was watching the DI, he didn’t get to see this protective streak very often and it was rather arousing, despite the situation. “No, I wouldn’t. I wouldn’t even like to know what he would do to me if I did. So would you like to know where you went wrong?” he asked, not waiting for an answer. He pointed at his brother. “Him.” It would always be him.
“There’s nothing you can do,” Benjamin laughed. “You can't exactly throw me over your knee and spank me, can you? No. Didn’t think so. Powerless.”

“Men,” Mycroft called over his shoulder. Immediately 8, no 12 armed men came in, their rifles at the ready.

“Remove Mr. Annoying from that conveniently placed pole. Leave his hands tied,” he added.

4 men moved forward to comply at once, 4 went to stand in a security stance around Sherlock and John and the remaining 4 men set themselves up around Greg and the government official.

“Make him kneel.”

At once, he was forced to the floor, two men holding him and one with a decently placed boot in the back of his leg making his knee buckle.

“No. There.” He pointed about three yards in front of him, beside where Greg stood, the greying haired man took a step to the side to watch. He was more than willing to let his sub have some fun. Both he and this Benjamin character deserved it. He knew him, but only for the time of a month and he clearly didn’t know as much about him as he thought he had.

They picked him up and dropped him again, this time in the specified spot.

“Put your highly powerful rifle at the back of his head.”

“What-” Benjamin tried to protest.

Suddenly the barrel of the rifle was at the back of his head and he froze.

“Now, you…” he made a show of thinking of something for him to do.

Sherlock and John watched on, highly amused, now the detective had his doctor he really didn’t care what happened and much like Mycroft’s fondness of Greg's protectiveness, he was fond of the elder Holmes being protective of him.

“Put your knife to his neck,” Mycroft decided.

Benjamin’s eyes widened in horror.

“Cut his throat.”

They widened even more so now.

“No, wait!” the kneeling man almost begged.

Mycroft held his hand out, but his action was casual, he was enjoying himself far too much but didn’t want to go too far… this sod hadn’t been suitably punished. Yet.

“You, with the gun, take three steps to the right.” The man directly behind the kneeling Dom moved as specified once again and Benjamin could see him out of the corner of his eye.

“Now turn around, face the wall.” He obeyed. “Now jump on the spot. Stop. Turn around again.”

Mycroft stepped forward, one hand in his pocket, one clenched like he wanted to clock him around the jaw like John had a few minutes before. The knife was still to his throat as he spoke. “Power is power. Now get the pair of them out of my sight.”
“They are going to the Yard, pet,” Greg only now intervened.

“They can-”

“He is a police officer, or was as of an hour ago. He'll be going to the Yard, when he has been suspended by the superintendent tomorrow I'll let you do whatever you want with him. And that one.”

“Yes, sir. Put them in the van,” he amended his order. “Take them both to New Scotland Yard and be on call in the morning to remove this one to my facility. You all know the one I mean.”

The four men on the arrested Doms led them out.

“I’m taking this one back to Baker Street,” John interrupted them. “He’s going to fall asleep pretty soon.”

The other two laughed.

“We’ll catch up later.” They agreed.
Not a chapter but a thank you

Over the past couple of weeks the comments have been flooding in, thank you so much. It does mean a lot. I'm a nightmare at replying to all your brilliant comments and it's got to the point where there's about 300 I haven't answered so this is a massive thank you to everyone for your support. I had a very long discussion last night with sherlockian4evr who somehow despite some other nightmares with other fics has managed to persuade me to continue. Again, this is a thank you to all your comments and although I do love reading them and although I struggle to reply (both me and sherlockian4evr promise to try better!) i just needed to thank you once again for your continued support and will try to do better to responding to each of you. I will use the time I'm saving by thanking you here to write up the rest of my draft for the next chapter :)
They had been 20 minutes from home, when the car had picked them up. The detective wasn't even sure if it was Mycroft's car or John's. To be honest, he didn't really care. Sherlock was asleep instantly, curled up on his side, his knees tucked to his chest and his head in John's lap.

The doctor was just glad he'd got to him in time and that he was safe in his arms once again. He didn't know what he would have done, had he have been too late.

He roused him gently when they reached Baker Street, but Sherlock jerked awake, alert within seconds. John smiled, but realised it was most likely a defence mechanism - a way to protect himself.

“It's alright, pet, I didn't wake you because world war three is about to kick off. I woke you because we're back at the flat.”

“Not tired anyway.” He climbed out of the car first and opened the flat door. He ran up the seventeen steps, ditched his coat over the kitchen table and knelt beside the armchair John had taken earlier.

“Eager, pet?” John chuckled as he placed his coat next to Sherlock's.

“I'm just glad it's you I'm kneeling for and not Ben.”

“Me too,” the doctor made them both some drinks before settling into the seat Sherlock was knelt upright beside. He was proud of the way Sherlock had deduced his favourite spot in the flat and he hadn't even boasted about that fact.

It wasn't long before Sherlock's head was against his knee, his boy's soft curls rising and falling with each deep breath. A sudden thought occurred to him, the sub grumbled when John's hand left his hair to route through his pockets in search of his phone.

It took him a moment to know what he wanted his phone for, but when he decided, it was a matter of seconds before he flicked through the details in his phone to find his call log. He noted the number that had last been used. It was the one from the pink lady's case across the flat. Scowling down at it, wondering how the hell a dead lady got his number, he jumped across to messages. He read through the most recent one. After that, it was time to involve his sub.

“Sherlock… What happened at Lauriston Gardens? I must have blacked out. Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Please come?” John spoke it out loud as he read it, becoming more confused as he went.

Sherlock was surprised the Dom had thought to check his phone. He was even more surprised he hadn't noticed John was doing it. He found himself rather proud.

“It's why I went outside the restaurant, sir, I knew whoever it was still had her phone. Maybe she
dropped it. Maybe she planted it. Either way the killer has the phone. Any normal person who might have come across that message would ignore it, but the killer…” He laughed once. “Oh, the killer would panic and he did.” He had been surprised Mycroft hadn’t deduced what was going on with him. He knew that there was no way Greg wouldn’t have mentioned it and, even if he hadn’t, the government official tended to know everything about him.

John smiled at the ingenuity involved in working that out, but knew it was probably nothing for Sherlock. It was just rocket science for everyone else.

“Very clever, pet,” he praised, running his hand through his curls. “But why did you use my phone?”

“My number is on a website I started at university. It was a while ago, but I didn't want it to be recognised, sir.”

The pair were interrupted by a knock at the door.

“You'd better get that, sir,” Sherlock offered, smiling slightly. He was much more relaxed than he had been a matter of hours ago. He wanted to chastise himself for getting involved with John rather than the usual one night thing. According to Mycroft caring wasn’t an advantage, but by the knock on the door, maybe his older brother had changed his mind on that front.

John was glad that he could be the one to bring that about; glad his pet trusted him enough now, but he definitely noticed the conflicting thoughts on Sherlock's face. He only ignored them because of the insistent knocking.

“Why?”

“Open it and find out,” at John's look he quickly added; “sir.”

Sighing, John stood and went to the door.

“We've come to check up on Sherlock,” Greg said. He had hold of Mycroft's hand. The older man was stood a little behind Greg, with one hand behind his back.

“He's fine, but come on in.” He pushed the door wider.

Greg stepped in, but his sub didn't - he stood hesitant at the door.

“What is it?” John asked. “What are you hiding?” He heard his own sub sniggering behind him. Clearly having already deduced what was going on.

The government official moved his hand around in front of him and grinned. In it was John's stick. The stick he had taken to the restaurant. The stick he had left in the restaurant for a casual race across the rooftops of London.

The doctor stared at it for a moment and then looked over his shoulder at Sherlock before he burst out laughing.

***

The following day the four of them were sat in the sitting room in Baker Street. Well, Sherlock was knelt beside the doctor, Mycroft was knelt beside his own Dom even as Greg went through the case he had on his lap.
“How did you find this?” The DI asked. He doubted he'd noticed anything Sherlock hadn't, but for now he was willing just to know where exactly it had come from so he could have his men scope the place out.

Sherlock had his eyes shut where he knelt, John nudged him with his knee, trying to get his attention. He didn't expect the response that he got.

“What?”

John nudged him again, a little harder; it was a clear warning.

Sherlock didn't respond, so John took his ear in between his fingers and squeezed.

“Ow!” He snapped, trying to tug free. He wanted the Dom to just leave him alone.

John shot Greg a glance, unsure what had caused the sudden attitude from his sub.

“Apologise for the attitude, Sherlock, and then explain yourself.”

“No! Piss off.” Sherlock writhed and struggled where he was knelt until he had fallen to the side, off his knees and onto John's foot.

“Sher-” the older sub tried to intervene.

Mycroft was clipped behind the ear by his own Dom to shut him up.

“Sorry, sir,” Mycroft apologised immediately, glaring at his little brother.

Greg ran his hand down over his sub's neck, a silent well done.

“Now your turn,” John demanded sharply.

Sherlock returned to struggling.

“May I?”

Greg nodded once and snatched the leash up from the table, he bundled it up and threw it at John.

It took a matter of seconds for John to snag the sub's collar and clip the leash on.

“Hey!” Sherlock yelled.

Mycroft watched as the doctor dragged Sherlock from the sitting room. He hadn't realised his jaw had dropped until Greg tapped it shut.

“What's got into him, pet,” Greg asked, running his hand through Mycroft's hair.

“I don't know, sir. And I really hate not knowing.”

Sherlock had expected to be taking into the bedroom, but John just kept pulling him along towards the door.

“Get off,” Sherlock complained.

“If I was you, boy! I would keep your mouth shut. You're already getting a spanking tonight. I had said this morning we'd ignore your tally for a few days after the events of yesterday, but after that show of attitude it's not going to happen.”
He had pushed him to his knees when they were outside of the living room and had made him crawl to the top of the stairs.

“Sit there, on the top step,” John's voice was dangerously low. “And if you even think about answering back, think it through.”

With a deep and meaningful huff, he dropped onto the top step and wrapped his hands around his knees.

John pulled the leash taught and tied it to the top of the banister.

“You want to act like a spoilt brat, I am going to treat you like one. Now, if you even think of turning around and coming straight back in, boy, your spanking will be given now and you'll be doing it in front of your brother and his Dom.”

With that, the doctor slammed the door shut. Sherlock's head leant back to thud against the door in annoyance.

“I do apologise for my sub,” John offered as he reentered the sitting room where Greg and Mycroft were.

Mycroft looked towards his Dom for permission to speak.

Greg nodded once, giving it to him.

“No, sir. I apologise for my brother. I have no idea what caused that-”

John held his hand up to stall him, the sub's head immediately lowered in obedience. John wondered if Sherlock would ever be like that.

“It is not down to you to control your little brother any more, Mycroft. I have contracted with him, it's down to me. I have 7 weeks left, he'll learn.”

“I'm sure he will, sir,” Mycroft answered.

***

The first thing Sherlock did when the doctor had gone was untie the leash, he hated it. It was so constricting. It made him feel like the sub he hated being.

It didn't take much for him to get extremely bored. John must have shut the doors he went through in the flat because he couldn't hear a thing. Damnit, John knew him too well!

He sat, tapping his foot on the step, thinking of something he could do to forestall the boredom when there was a knock on the door. It came as a surprise. It could only be for Mrs. Hudson as nobody inside 221B had moved to answer it.

He heard Mrs. Hudson's heels on the wooden floorboards and crept down the first flight of stairs, making sure to pick his feet up so they wouldn't be heard.

“Taxi for Sherlock Holmes,” came the response after the land lady had said hello.

The detective froze where he was about to step down the next set of stairs... that was it... of course... the person that's trusted by everyone and just passes by. That blends into the background.

Sherlock almost skipped down the rest of the stairs, eager to see the man that was there.
“Thanks, Mrs. Hudson.” Sherlock hugged the older lady to him for a moment before he did anything else.

The landlady patted him on the shoulder as he turned on his toe to face the owner of the man's voice.

“Taxi for Sherlock Holmes,” the grey-haired man repeated.

Sherlock stepped out of 221 and closed the door behind him. “I didn’t order a taxi.”

“Doesn’t mean you don’t need one.”

The detective's eyebrow rose of its own accord as he finally recognised the man in front of him. Something was making him slow.

“You’re the cabbie. The one who stopped outside Northumberland Street. The one me and- the one I chased.”

He could just picture the man that looked over his shoulder in the driver's seat of the cab the day before. The way he had spotted the detective at the door to Angelo's and just calmly driven away.

“It was you,” Sherlock continued, unfazed by the man, he was clearly a sub, after all, “not your passenger.” He feared that had this man been a Dom a simple command would have him doing whatever he wanted thanks to John's influence.

“See? No-one ever thinks about the cabbie. It’s like you’re invisible. Just the back of a head. Proper advantage for a serial killer.”

Sherlock stepped forward, so he was closer to the man who was leaning against his cab that was pulled up beside the curb.

“Is this a confession?”

The other sub nodded. “Oh, yeah. And I’ll tell you what else: if you call the coppers now, I won’t run. I’ll sit quiet and they can take me down, I promise.”

“Why?” The detective asked, he could deduce the man meant what he said.

“Because you’re not gonna do that.”

Sherlock pushed his hands into his pockets. “Am I not?”

“I didn’t kill those four people, Mr. Holmes. I spoke to them ... and they killed themselves. And if you get the coppers now, I promise you one thing.” He leant forward so he was no longer leaning against his cab. “I will never tell you what I said.”

Sherlock stared at him, unsure quite what this older man was up to. After a moment, he straightened up and started to walk around the front of the cab, clearly intending to get in it.

“No-one else will die, though, and I believe they call that a result,” he was smiling to himself. Perfect result in fact.

The cabbie stopped before climbing into his vehicle. He thought for a moment before speaking.

“And you won’t ever understand how those people died. What kind of result do you care about?”
Oops

Chapter Notes

I know it's rather quick but I go into my second year of university on Monday and I wanted to give you guys something. But don't worry, I will not disappear off the face of the earth. Not with this WIP anyway, :) 

“Was that the front door?” Greg asked, looking around the flat. His hand had caught in his boy's hair and he quickly pulled it free when he winced. 

“Sorry, pet.”

With a glance at the other Dom and the only sub in the room, John stood immediately and went to the flat door.

The first thing he noticed when the door was open was the empty hall, the second thing he noticed was his sub's leash hanging from the banister; no Sherlock attached to the other end. He untied it, wrapped it around his hand and shoved it in his pocket.

“Bollocks,” he hissed. He ran back into the flat, straight to the window.

“Sherlock's outside,” both Greg and Mycroft stood to join him immediately, but they were still too late.

“He just got in the cab,” John told them. “He actually got in the cab.” He could not bloody believe his submissive.

“Bloody baby brother,” Mycroft growled, his Dom snagged his collar before he could storm from the room. “Kneel, Mycroft.”

“But-”

“Now, pet! I'll not have you going into Panic, it'll not help with anything.”

He dropped to his knees, “Yes, sir. You're right, sir, of course.”

John snatched his phone up from the table. He scrolled through the details until he found the message that Sherlock had sent. Locating the dead lady's number, he thumbed the call button and held it to his ear.

“I'm ringing the pink lady's phone. It's ringing out.”

“The cabbie is not going to answer it!”

“No, but if my submissive had any sense, he would.”

John stood for a moment more before realising that the cab, in London traffic, wouldn't have got far. He snatched up his laptop and began to type.

“He's less than a mile away, Greg your car is out the front, right?”
“Sure.”

“Come on then.” He began copying the details into his phone. “I'll trace him with this, it's a little more lightweight.”

The DI ran a hand through Mycroft's hair; softer this time. “Go straight to your office, attend that meeting you wanted to go to this afternoon. We'll deal with your brother.”

“But, sir, with respect-”

“No. Do it. If anything happens, you will be the first person I contact. Not even your brother is stupid enough to find himself in serious trouble two days in a row. At the moment, Sherlock is in no danger, he isn't one for suicide, after all.”

With that, he took off after John down the stairs.

Mycroft sighed, but grabbed his coat; his Dom was right, worrying about Sherlock all the time didn't help anything.

***

“Ok,” Sherlock started, staring at the man across from him, “Two bottles. Explain.”

As if the answer was obvious the cabbie replied, “There’s a good bottle and a bad bottle. You take the pill from the good bottle, you live; take the pill from the bad bottle, you die.”

“Both bottles are of course identical.”

“In every way,” the older man corrected, like that was the most important fact.

“And you know which is which.” Sherlock was eyeing the bottles with intrigue when it should have been concern, that had always been a fault of his, not like he was complaining at the moment.

“Course I know.”

“But I don’t.” Now he was stating the obvious, what was going on with his head?

“Wouldn’t be a game if you knew. You’re the one who chooses.”

Sherlock could think of many loopholes already, did this man seriously kill 4 people? And did he seriously think he could outwit Sherlock Holmes the only consulting detective in the world. “Why should I? I’ve got nothing to go on. What’s in it for me?”

“I haven't told you the best bit yet…”

Sherlock frowned, as if the man was an idiot, despite the fact he had already established that.

“Whatever bottle you choose, I take the pill from the other one – and then, together, we take our medicine.”

Now, the younger sub began to grin… this was becoming more interesting by the second, but that didn't mean that this jerk wasn't an idiot.

“I won’t cheat,” he continued as if ignoring the detective's thinking time. “It’s your choice. I’ll take whatever pill you don’t.”
Sherlock was still trying to work out what the game was. What the point was.

“Didn't expect that, did you, Mr Holmes?”

“This is what you did to the rest of them: you gave them a choice.”

“And now I’m giving you one.”

Sherlock smirked, if he wanted, nothing was stopping him from getting up and walking out.

***

“You ready yet, Mr Holmes? Ready to play?”

Sherlock barked a laugh. “Play what? It’s a fifty-fifty chance.”

“You’re not playing the numbers, you’re playing me. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? Is it a bluff? Or a double-bluff? Or a triple-bluff?”

Now that he knew how this all worked he was bored. And he couldn't help but think that John was likely to follow him. His phone was still in his pocket, he hadn't taken it out after yesterday. The whole tracking thing did seem to come in handy. He couldn't find himself feeling guilty, though, and he knew he should be; it was the new way. “Still just chance.”

“Four people in a row? It’s not just chance.”

“Luck,” Sherlock countered. He eyed the rest of the room, he didn't need to find a way out, he could see the door.

“It’s genius. I know how people think.”

Sherlock looked at the ceiling as if that would help him justify how this man was such a moron. Instead, he rolled his eyes, letting him continue.

“I know how people think I think. I can see it all, like a map inside my head. Everyone’s so stupid – even you. Or maybe God just loves me.”

Sherlock sat up in his chair and tucked his hands together on the table. He decided sarcasm was needed. “Either way, you're wasted as a cabbie.”

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“What if I don’t choose either? I could just walk out of here.” It wasn't like this man was a Dom, he couldn't stop him by way of an order, and despite the man's build, the detective was sure he could carry him in a fight, genius and youth would win out even if Sherlock didn't.

The cabbie almost looked disappointed when he lifted the pistol he had held earlier. “You can take your fifty-fifty chance, or I can shoot you in the head.”

If anyone had seen him; if John had seen him, he'd have thought him mad. Grinning like he was at the gun.

“Funnily enough, no-one’s ever gone for that option.”

But with John being ex-army he would most definitely know what Sherlock knew about the thing in the grey-haired man's hand.
“I’ll have the gun, please.”

“Are you sure?”

“Definitely. The gun.”

He knew the outcome of this. He was sure he had known the outcome when he'd got out of the cab in the yard.

“You don’t wanna phone a friend?”

Sherlock grinned as if to say he hadn't got any friends, briefly his mind travelled to his Dom. His brother. Greg. Oh well. “The gun.”

***

“Just before you go, did you figure it out...”

Sherlock froze at the door, trying to decide whether to turn around or not.

“...which one’s the good bottle?”

“Of course. Child’s play.”

“Well, which one, then?”

Now Sherlock opened the door, but he didn't want to leave and he didn't want to admit this man - this ordinary man had grabbed his attention.

“Which one would you have picked, just so I know whether I could have beaten you?”

The door clicked shut behind the younger man as he turned on his toe.

The cabbie laughed at Sherlock's response. “Come on. Play the game.”

As if thinking deeply, Sherlock walked slowly back towards the table, he snatched up the bottle that was closest to the man that was sat down.

“Oh. Interesting.”

The cabbie picked up the other bottle and slipped his hand around the lid, jerking it off. He poured the one tablet from the bottle into his hand.

Sherlock, for once, was being more cautious. He was examining the pill, but he was looking at it through the bottle.

“So what d'you think?” The cabbie looked up at Sherlock, “Shall we?” Apparently just looking at the detective wasn't enough. He stood up so he was the same height. “Really, what do you think? Can you beat me? Are you clever enough to bet your life?”

***

John burst through the next random door, Greg on his heels.

“There!” Greg yelled, pointing through the window.

There he was, his sub, his brat. The trouble was. There was a 20 foot gap between the window they
were looking through and the window Sherlock was the other side of.

“The cabbie is your serial killer,” John offered. Of course, Sherlock knew that. Bollocks. That's just made this even worse. He won't touch the ground.

John watched in horror, Sherlock was staring at a small bottle in his hand, but they were too far to see what was in it.

As he opened the bottle and tipped the contents out, it didn't take a genius to work out the contents now. Especially since he had seen the fourth victim, examined her.

With a glance at Greg, John ran to the window, knowing the pair of them were too far away to help him, or even stop him if he decided to play the game. Watching, John knew he would play.

He yelled out, “SHERLOCK!”

***

“… still the addict.”

Sherlock stared at the pill he'd been examining in the light and lowered it, it was head height.

“But this ... this is what you’re really addicted to, isn't it? You’d do anything… anything at all to stop being bored.

Slowly Sherlock raised the pill closer to his mouth, drawing it out for fun. The other sub copied him with his own pill.

“You’re not bored now, are you?”

From out of nowhere a gunshot rung out and a bullet impacted the cabbie's chest.

As the old man fell to the floor, Sherlock dropped his pill in shock. No reason to take it now anyway.

The detective walked over to the man lying down on the floor, he was barely moving but alive. “Was I right? I was, wasn’t I? Did I get it right?”

“No.”

Sherlock kicked him angrily, his head tilted to the side. He was dead. He was wrong! How the bloody hell had he been wrong… the man could have been lying. In fact, it was highly probable he was.

It was easy enough to deduce who had fired the shot. John really had saved his life. But he would not tell him that.

At the sound of footsteps on the stairs he took a deep breath and walked towards the door.

Sherlock walked out of the room his head low. As he reached the hall, John and Greg were racing up the stairs.

“Sherlock!”

“He's dead,” the detective replied, but it was in the direction of the DI.
With a glance at the younger Dom, Greg ran through to the room Sherlock had just come out of.

The simple fact that Sherlock was clearly ok, but hadn't first addressed his Dom, but Mycroft's pissed John off. He had thought Sherlock knew better. Had thought he understood the way things worked with him.

“You think this is a game?!” John yelled in his sub's face, not caring who saw it. The brat deserved this. “Putting your life in danger to prove you're clever?”

Sherlock didn't know what to do. He wanted to kneel, but didn't want to at the crime scene. He also didn't know where his ‘wanting to please John’ attitude had gone.

“I am going to punish you like never before.” It was a fair warning, but he should have already known. He really did deserve this.

He grabbed Sherlock's hand as he went to lift it. Using it as leverage, he spun him enough to grab his other wrist. Sherlock knew there was no point fighting, he trusted the doctor and yesterday had proven that, but now-

John threw him into the wall, pressing him up against it like Greg would with a suspect.

He quickly snapped the cuffs around his wrists that Greg had given him out in the corridor, well aware they'd be needed. Then he grabbed him by the arm and spun him around.

Sherlock swallowed, but John just leant forward and grabbed him in a hug. A brief hug. He needed to feel him for a moment, but he needed to punish him too. Sherlock would have hugged him back, but he decided against commenting. He wasn't suicidal, despite what it had looked like in that classroom with the serial killer. Satisfied the brat was in his arms once more, he took him by the scruff of the neck and dragged him back into the room where the cabbie was lying dead.

Briefly Sherlock tried to deduce why the Dom had cuffed him when he still had his contract cuffs on, that were only slightly hidden from view beneath his shirt sleeves. His pondering didn't take long as John opened his mouth and he realised he needed to pay attention or at least appear to.

“John?” The DI stood beside the body, still waiting on the rest of his team.

“Do you need this one?” He asked, shaking Sherlock by the collar.

“No, not right now,” he glared angrily at Sherlock. “I'll be over to collect statements whenever I get a chance.”

“Come to mine. We're not staying at Baker Street anymore.”

Sherlock looked for a moment like he was going to argue.

“Ok, I'm not sure when it will be. I'll give you a bell just before.”

“Sure.” With that he turned his attention on his sub and shook him again.

“Walk,” he ordered.

Sherlock realised he didn't really have much of a choice and let the Dom drag him down the stairs and out the front door of the building, passed the cab Sherlock had climbed out of earlier.

For a moment Sherlock thought they were getting in the cop car that Greg had obviously driven, but he was taken passed that just as blue flashing lights came flying into the car park.
John wanted to get his submissive out of the way of the coppers. Especially Donovan as she decided to jump out of one of the cars and join them.

Luckily, John's driver pulled up in time to open the back door for them.

“Thank you, Sam,” John smiled at him and forced Sherlock to kneel beside the only seat set up in the back.

The detective looked up to say something, but John held his hand up. “Don't.”
“Sir-” the detective tried to interrupt. He didn’t get very far.

“Shut up, Sherlock. Or I’ll gag you.”

The brat actually huffed. As if he was annoyed. As if he was the one that thought John was hurt or worse. The doctor growled. That was the worst possible thing Sherlock could have done at that moment. He knew it and did it anyway.

“Pull over, Sam.”

The driver obeyed immediately. John removed his seatbelt and climbed over the seat to reach into the boot. He pulled out a leash and a gag.

Once the leash was snagged onto Sherlock’s collar, he held it tightly, then he used the ball gag he’d retrieved and pushed it into his mouth. “Now get back on your knees.”

Sherlock had leant back against the seat and was staring at the floor.

John used the leash to control him, the only way he could when the boy was behaving like a prat. “I said on your knees!” John’s tone brooked no argument. Sherlock must have noticed, but that didn’t stop his gaze from darting up to stare at him.

Sighing, the doctor pushed his head down.

“Alright, mate,” he called through to the driver. “Home please.”

The doctor held him with his head down the whole way home. He couldn’t risk Sherlock fighting in the car. It would be dangerous and distracting for a start. He also didn’t want to punish him just yet. He needed to cool off.

For the detective it was yet another opportunity to work out where the Dom lived ruined. Would he ever know?

When the car pulled up, John grabbed his sub by the scuff of the neck and dragged him bodily from the vehicle.

“Sam could you request the maid staff to return please? I think it’s about time.”

“Of course, Doctor Watson.” With a nod the car drove around the side of the mansion, towards the garages.

He shoved his sub to the floor by the door, his hand pushed into the handle of the leash. He began tapping at the code for the alarm. Sherlock huffed as his wrists got closer together, his contract
The doctor reached down and snapped off the other cuffs, sticking them in his pocket. He took him by the scruff of the neck, straight to the toilet and yanked down his trousers. Sherlock couldn't speak and he couldn't do anything that would remotely help the situation, but he could make it worse. However, for once he chose not to. Things seemed bad enough. Especially when John grabbed his cock and aimed it at the toilet.

“Piss, Sherlock, because it's going to be a while before I let you again.”

The detective glared at him… almost making things worse. When the Dom didn't react Sherlock closed his eyes. How embarrassing! He hadn't had to pee in front of his Dom since those first few days. That was awkward enough, but now? Now he knew the man.

After a moment, he managed to go and John pulled him away from the toilet, far rougher than was probably needed, but he knew he deserved it. It had just taken a few hours for it to sink in. He was glad to be gagged. He was sure in the last hour or so he would have made things far worse for himself if he hadn't been. He hoped that one of the reasons John had chosen to gag him was for that very reason.

John dragged him as uncomfortably as he could make him all the way up to the play room. It seemed so long since the pair of them had been there, when it was in fact only a couple of days they'd been staying at Baker Street. He was starting to regret ever letting that happen. It wouldn't be happening for a while and Sherlock would most definitely be earning his trust once again and left on a very short leash.

John forced him over one of the taller benches. “Keep still,” he hissed down at him.

Sherlock seemed too terrified to move, his misdeeds settling inside him and his regretful submissive side making itself known. It never should have gone. He had been learning.

John moved around in front of the younger man and reached absently for the buckle for a moment. Locating it, he pulled out Sherlock's gag and dropped it in a bucket to be cleaned. The detective still hadn't moved, but he worked his jaw slightly where he lay still.

“It's not suitable for you to be gagged continually, it's impractical in fact. Until I say otherwise, you'll ask me for permission to speak. You will also not give more than one word answers unless I specifically ask for it. More than one word answers gives you the opportunity to lie to me. I will not let that happen. Are you clear on that, boy?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good.”

He took his leash and clipped it to the bench, then used his cuffs to attach his feet to the bench legs. He set about fingerimg his hole. Poking and prodding it slightly. “About time you had something back in here. I've been very lenient with you as of late. I won't be making that mistake again.”

He located lube and began working him open as slowly as he could manage. He was angry, but he wasn't about to hurt the brat. That was against everything he stood for. A second finger quickly followed the first as did a third. It wasn't long at all until the Dom was trying to work in a butt plug. It was wide, specifically at the base, but the plug itself was narrow.
“This is a control plug, you'll get nothing but discomfit from it. Try as you might, it will not reach your prostate. Trust me on that.”

Sherlock bit his lip, but nodded.

After working it in and twisting it to and fro for a while, he patted Sherlock’s white arse. Then, with that, he turned on his heel and left, more than content Sherlock couldn't do anything without his knowledge or his permission.

He made sure he had the surveillance equipment up there set up in his room so he didn't have to worry.

He grabbed a towel from the airing cupboard and gathered up a new suit before going through to the bathroom. He thought it was rather depressing that his cock wasn't even hard.

He quickly washed and then just stood under the spray, letting it try and wash away the headache of the day, but it didn't succeed.

John had never met a sub so intent on finding trouble, but he did concede he had never met a sub quite like Sherlock before. The boy never ceased to amaze him.

He groaned as he climbed from the shower and wrapped himself in his towel. He checked Sherlock on the screen of his tablet and was content that the detective wasn't struggling or fighting his restraints. Good. Otherwise he'd end up starting from scratch and tying the brat up every time he left the room until he learned to be still. It was good to see there was still trust there.

The Dom was beginning to seriously think 3 months wasn't going to be enough with Sherlock. It had happened once in his career where a sub had needed longer, that had been a case of abuse too. It had been so long ago, he hadn't been in his financial state then and he was working out of a small apartment in London city centre. Mycroft had joked about lengthening the time when they'd discussed Sherlock's contract all those weeks ago, but maybe the eldest Holmes was right. Maybe his younger brother did need more time. There was still such a lot for him to learn.

He got carried away in his thoughts watching his sub on the screen. He would need to speak to Mycroft at the nearest opportunity.

Sighing softly to himself, he quickly slipped into his shirt and waist coat, leaving his jacket on the hanger. Content he looked presentable enough, he headed up the stairs, tucking his tie into the waist coat.

He pushed the play room door open with his toe and folded his arms across his chest.

Sherlock's cheek was pressed to the bench and he was quiet as the Dom approached.

He ran his hand through his curls and then pulled his head back. “I am going to cage your cock again now, Sherlock.”

The detective's eyes widened. He clearly wanted to argue, but was restraining himself. The doctor nodded once at the lack of argument and confrontational behaviour.

Sherlock had been over the bench for about half an hour so it was time for a change in position. He removed the cuffs from the legs holding the bench up and detached his leash from it too.

“Kneel, Sherlock.”
“Yes, sir,” the detective bowed his head low, so low that John saw the back of his collar.

This time when he nodded again it was to himself. He would get praise and comfort when he deserved it. Not for a few responses or reactions he should have had anyway.

He left Sherlock's hands where they were, unbuttoned his jacket and then his shirt. He pushed both layers back so they bunched around the cuffs. Before he removed them he spoke low and slowly.

“I will uncuff you. When I do, your hands go straight to the back of your neck. Nowhere else. If I can't trust you now, you are well aware that your punishment could be made worse.”

“Yes, sir.”

As cautiously as he could John tapped the cuff controls for them to separate. To his surprise, Sherlock's hands went straight to his neck, interlocking behind his head. He quickly joined them to his collar, not taking any chances now that his shirt and jacket had slid free. He threw them over the bench.

“On your feet.”

He put his hand in the waist line of his trousers and pulled him upright. He undid the button and ordered him to step out of them.

He was surprised further when Sherlock didn't argue. It looked like it was punishment accepted.

Satisfied his sub was naked and pliant, he pushed him down to sit on the bench.

He tied the leash off again so Sherlock couldn't go anywhere and then retrieved a cock cage from one corner. This one had an addition; a narrow yet long penis plug at the tip.

“Disobey me the way you did and you have things to make up. For a start, proving to me you can take care of yourself, once again. That is, after all, one of the main reasons that you are here, isn't it?”

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock's voice was quiet, subdued.

Good, John thought. He was glad, he might not have to drag this out as long as he had intended.

He set to work, cleaning Sherlock's cock, specifically the tip with an alcohol swab. As soon as it touched his slit his legs jerked up.

“I'm sorry, sir,” Sherlock said quickly, his knees had narrowly missed the doctor, but he had moved all the same.

“I'll just tie you down, boy.” He put a hand on Sherlock's chest and pushed him back. The younger man went back without resistance. “Lay still.” He quickly returned his ankles to the spot they'd been tied to moments before. The only difference now being he was naked bar his cuffs and collar.

He set about cleaning his cock again before removing the sterile packaging around the sound and beginning to insert it.

Sherlock immediately thrusted against the chains pinning him to the bench. A reaction to something new. An unusual feeling.

“Steady, boy,” John warned, “hurt me and this will be worse.”
“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. It's just-”

“Shush!” He ordered sharply. “I have already made you well aware of speaking out of turn. Or was I not clear enough for you?”

“No, sir, you were, sir.”

The sound pressed in a little further this time and Sherlock tried his hardest to keep still. His breathing increased and he focused on a point on the ceiling.

Sherlock didn’t know how to explain it, let alone to himself. It felt like he was peeing backwards, or some strange inverted orgasm.

John watched his face, the way it flickered through every emotion Sherlock had ever come into contact with before. He tapped the tip when he got it fully inserted and he jolted again.

The cage soon followed, wrapping Sherlock's cock up snuggly as he fixed it to the sound and then the cock ring around the base of his sac.

“This time it is control over your orgasms, boy. As well as other things.”

He untied Sherlock once again and tugged him unresisting to his feet, then to his knees.

“Shame you can't crawl, boy. You'll have to knee walk.”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered as a response. His own mind was drifting off to the events of the day in order, and then got stuck on that plug in his arse and the... thing inside his cock.
This is mainly porn! I hope you enjoy the quicker chapter

John took the rather uncomfortable looking detective straight to the kitchen.

He was panting slightly by the time they got there. The sound deeply imbedded inside him moved
and jostled completely new things and feelings inside him. Feelings he had never felt before.
Feelings he wasn't sure he wanted to keep experiencing.

There was a warm heating sensation in his stomach and he could feel himself getting aroused. He
looked down and saw his poor dick imprisoned and locked away. “Bollocks,” he hissed. Then he
realised where he was.

He glanced up slowly and saw John watching him. He felt his blush rise up his cheeks.

“I'm sorry, sir.”

“What were you thinking about?”

The boy had to stop himself looking back down at the cause of his small outburst.

“Nothing, sir.”

“I don't believe you, for some reason, Sherlock.”

The kneeling detective didn't reply to that.

“Come forward, beside the chair. I'm going to prepare our meal. Then you are going to kneel there
and not complain. My leniency concerning your meals of late will be forgotten.”

“May I have the cushion, sir?”

John was reminded of Sherlock's very first day with him, how long it had taken him to get the
stubborn brat to ask himself.

“Of course.” He snatched it off the unit and settled it on the floor.

Sherlock climbed up on it awkwardly, head low. “Thank you, sir.”

John tied the leash around the table leg, that action alone made Sherlock duck his head again.

“Before I prepare food, I have something for runaway subs that I use after a month of a contract
starting. I know you don't like being tied to things, this is a compromise. One you won't like.”

John disappeared for the moment and came back with a chair. On it was a built in dildo.

Sherlock glanced at it and looked away immediately.
“You're aware what it is then.”

“Yes, sir. It's not a difficult leap.”

The doctor clipped him on the back of the head. That was the first remark the boy had made that was remotely the brat's usual attitude.

John untied him from the table and ordered him to his feet. He had been planning to let the boy kneel until he had finished making the breakfast but after that comment he could be on it longer.

After a moment he got compliance and he pressed down over the table with an order to keep still.

In a way, Sherlock was kind of looking forward to it, it was far longer than the current plug in his arse. John had said a matter of hours ago that the one he was currently wearing was only a control plug, it had no bearing on the sub's pleasure.

John pulled the control plug free with a bit of leverage and then he moved Sherlock to lower him onto the chair. The dildo was already lubed and the boy's hole was loose enough from the plug to be a smooth yet stretched transition from one to the other.

Sherlock glared up at the doctor and John grabbed his chin in his hand.

“You'd better lose that look on your face because as you can tell, your cock is caged and that sound deeply locked inside it won't let anything come free. If you behave and lose the attitude I might milk you tonight.”

“Sir-”

“No!” John snapped, he put his hands on Sherlock's shoulders and pushed him down, slowly, but there was no giving in.

Sherlock felt the dildo push deep inside him, his hole accommodating it without much resistance. He saw stars as it brushed his prostate and his head fell back. It felt like the sound inside his cock was getting larger as his dick tried to respond to the sensation.

Finally he was down, so his naked arse cheeks pressed against the seat cushion. John cuffed his wrists around the chair and pulled a few straps free to keep him down on it. A buckle came up either side and attached to the sub's cock cage.

Sherlock whimpered and closed his eyes.

John brushed his hand over his cheek quickly before turning to the kitchen counter to prepare some food.

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A short time later, long enough for Sherlock to have had too much and not enough stimulus from the mounted dildo, John pulled his chair up beside the younger man's and began feeding him from his plate. He was surprised when Sherlock took the bite, chewed and swallowed without any resistance.

“You looking forward to a milking later then, boy?”

“It's got to come out somehow, sir.”

Rather than be angry, the doctor smirked. Sherlock would hate being milked with a sound in, but it
would still happen. He wasn't about to mention that little detail to the lad, he would fight and resist as soon as he knew. John wanted this meal to be as painless as possible.

It wasn't that far into the meal that Sherlock started trying to shift his hips from side to side, trying to get some friction from the dildo that was rubbing up inside him. If he had to go through this every meal... if he wasn't caged it would have been different.

Eventually he had eaten everything John had wanted him to eat, but he was left there while the Dom cleared up.

A further 20 minutes later and John began removing the chains holding him on the chair. He helped ease him up off dildo with an odd slurping sound.

Sherlock's whine was pitiful as the dildo was pulled completely free.

"Oh be quiet boy, I'll plug you up again in a second."

He pressed him back down over the table while he dealt with the dildo and located the control plug. It felt small compared to what Sherlock had just accommodated and it didn't give him that spark either. He kicked out at the table in complaint.

John just grabbed him by his collar and dragged him towards the stairs.

Soon they were in the play room again. John took him straight to the punishment side of the room.

"Right," John began, "over the bed. You are to have six strokes with my cane every evening for 3 days on top of your usual tally. Understood?"

Sherlock sniffed, "Yes, sir." He was practically empty and the plug he had inside him was useless, but on top of that, John was going to cane him.

"You had me so scared, Sherlock," the doctor continued. "This is not just punishment, but a warning. I hope it reminds you what I'm here for and what I can do. It is also nothing compared to what Mycroft would do to you if he had been the one to locate you. You have 17 with my hand and then the cane."

He got himself into position and began his usual evening spanking. After 5 strokes, he had to remind his boy that he should be counting and ended up starting from the beginning.

He layered the strokes beside one another until Sherlock counted out the seventeenth stroke.

The sub wasn't crying yet, but his face was bright red. It wouldn't be long before he was sobbing.

"Right, cane next, boy."

"Yes, sir," he whispered, but his voice was muffled by the bed as he pressed his face into it, thinking it would help.

John tugged his head back by a finger in the loop on his collar.

"You'll count these 6 strokes and if I can't hear you, you know how it works."

"Sorry, sir," he whimpered. The Dom was right, he didn't want more with the cane than he had to, but he knew he deserved it, he'd worried the doctor, this was his way of reminding him of that.

The first strike fell, bringing Sherlock out of his thoughts. He hadn't even been aware the Dom had
left his side to find the cane in the first place.

“One, sir,” he puffed quickly, before John could think he was being a brat and not letting that one count.

The next one fell a quarter of an inch below the first.

“Two, sir,” he felt the beginnings of tears prickle the corner of his eyes.

Each cane stroke was the same distance below the one just before until he had six perfect lines across his arse.

Sherlock choked out the number and bit into his lip.

“I'm sorry, sir,” he managed to get out around his sobs.

John settled himself up against the headboard with a couple of cushions and within seconds the detective's head was buried in his lap, rubbing his face into his trousers.

“I know you are, boy, but that doesn't change what you did or why you did it. So close to the time before as well.”

He ran his hand through Sherlock's sweaty curls, trying to calm him down so he could breathe properly.

“You stay there for as long as you need, Sherlock, I'll be here.”

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It ended up being close to three hours before Sherlock began to shift and move.

The doctor knew he had fallen asleep, his breath hot against the Dom's suit trousers. It was always likely with subs during aftercare, they drifted to a sleep to calm themselves down. That was why he had a few books in the drawer beside the bed.

He had promised Sherlock a milking and knew he wouldn't be asleep very long. Not in the position he was in. So he had just waited.

“Hi, sir,” he whispered after a moment.

John grinned sideways. “Hello, beautiful, good sleep?”

Sherlock nodded dopily, “Yes, sir.”

“Hop up then. You want a milking remember.”

He glanced down at his caged cock and nodded. He had thought that had been a dream. The whole caged again thing.

“Yes, sir.”

“Lay over the usual bench.” Watching his boy comply, John moved to locate the fucking machine and he pulled it over.

The detective glared at it.
“You aren't getting my cock, boy. No way. That's something you would enjoy and you're still on punishment, remember?”

How could he forget? He managed to keep his mouth shut, though, he wasn't having John making this worse for him.

He stayed still as the blond buckled him down in as many places as possible, including his collar. He pressed his cheek to the padded cushion and focused on his cock and how it was going to get some attention at last.

All John did however was bend down to pull a small cap out the tip. Then he fitted a small bag to the end of the cage.

Sherlock groaned.

“Sir, that's not fair!”

“Neither was you charging off after a serial killer just to prove you are clever!” His tone had risen and Sherlock rightly fell quiet.

“Now, open your mouth again and I will gag you.”

“But you said-”

Growling to himself John moved to the gag shelf he had against one wall.

He returned with a panel gag, a small rubber dildo on one side. He wedged it between Sherlock's teeth and pulled the straps behind his head, connecting it to the collar.

Sherlock hated it already.

The blond moved back to his arse and fiddled with the plug for the third time that evening. He slid it free and lined the dildo up with his hole. He bolted the machine to the floor and held a button down while the phallus shaped device moved forward and pressed into Sherlock's hole.

If they had done this a few hours before, John doubted his boy would have been able to feel it because of his new meal chair.

He let it press all the way in to the hilt and tilted the machine just so, making it brush along his prostate. The second time that evening, Sherlock felt the spark of arousal wanting to settle in. He huffed into his gag, pissed off at the Dom for blocking off his speech.

The doctor flicked a switch and let the machine begin its job. Slowly at first, to check there was enough lube and no chafing, but he soon let it speed up.

The detective lay there, completely still, unable to fight it or move with it. He had been tied securely down. Even more so when John paced around him tugging the straps tighter still. He couldn't believe he had the sound in still, he was looking forward to a break from it. How was he supposed to know the bloody thing was hollow?

He lay there, groaning and sucking to himself as he felt his orgasm build and deplete before he had a choice.

His ruined orgasm squirted into the tube at the tip of his cock, his come squirting through the sound and dribbling out the end.
John sat in a seat just in front of the trussed man and ran his hand through Sherlock's curls.

“You're not done yet,” he said, leaning back again to watch the show.
...Forgiveness?

Sherlock sat on his by now normal chair. It had been a few days, but John still insisted on him using it. And he still tied him on it just as tightly. The dildo was no bigger than the first time he had sat on it, but it felt smaller to Sherlock, having got used to the feeling. The uncomfortably full feeling. It didn't help that his cock was still locked away, so he had that uncomfortably full feeling from both sides. John had only allowed his cock from the cage for a period of a minute while the Dom washed him and that was the most frustrating minute of his life.

John had allowed Sherlock to work on a cold case that early morning before breakfast, but had put him on the chair and left him there, his cock was still in its cage so he got no satisfaction from the stimulation. He was learning to ignore it, but not very well. Even the smallest of movements set his cock fighting for its freedom.

“I told you to eat, Sherlock,” John said from the door, he was clearly unimpressed and tired of disobedience. The plate of food had been pushed aside to make room for the case notes he was trying his hardest to read.

“I'm not hungry.” He didn't look up as he spoke, but he heard the intake of breath.

John slapped the crop down, hard on the table. He had taken to carrying it around with him in the house. It was easier to catch Sherlock's misdeeds when he carried it and it was quicker to grab his attention. The snap of the crop made the detective jerk in surprise and then groan as he shifted the dildo inside him.

“You will eat, Sherlock, or I will make you.”

The detective didn't move and he still didn't look up at the Dom.

“Fine,” John sighed, keeping his tiredness out of his voice. It had been difficult keeping Sherlock under tight control, he was still sleeping with him, but was cuffed and tied to the headboard every night. Something he hated, but hadn't yet commented on.

For his part, Sherlock had been fairly well behaved. It was the upcoming afternoon he was worried about. They had a busy day ahead. But a client visiting… if Sherlock was well behaved he might lift the new restrictions he had in place.

***

After feeding Sherlock every mouthful of his breakfast (he wouldn't have had to eat it all if he had done it himself) John got to his feet and stretched. He double checked his phone and then moved to untie the detective from the chair.

“Usual position,” he ordered when his sub was free of the mounted dildo.

Sherlock leant over the table, his wrists coming up to grasp the other behind his back.

John reached over and touched the cuffs together. The detective wasn't surprised and he didn't complain, this was the way things were at the moment. The Dom just didn't trust him as much as he had a week ago. He'd explained that it would take a while, but hoped they'd get there once again. He couldn't really blame him, the sub had been stupid and naive.

Sherlock didn't even move when John pressed the plug into his loose hole. He was used to it by
now, as irritating as it was.

“Permission to ask a question, sir?” Sherlock asked quietly.

John grabbed him by the curls and pulled him up straight, then he pressed his foot into the back of his leg, knocking him down to his knees.

“Go on.”

“Are you going to… you know, again?”

John tightened his fist in Sherlock's dark locks making the kneeling man wince. “I'm sorry, sir,” he puffed out, trying his hardest not to struggle. He should have known the Dom would react that way, John hated it when Sherlock avoided a question because he was ashamed or embarrassed of the situation. He always said if he was embarrassed of the situation it was because his own actions had put him there.

“You have one more chance to ask me your question properly. Without 'you know' in the middle of it.” That was unexpected, maybe there was the beginnings of forgiveness in his tone? It was all Sherlock could hope for.

Sherlock took a few deep breaths, his hair still in John's grasp. “Are you going to milk me again today, sir?” He didn't feel as ashamed as he thought he would at asking that question. He braced himself for the answer, sure he wasn't going to like it, but he needed to know.

“If you behave today, I will uncage you tomorrow and you will not be needing a milking. If you don't behave today… well I think it's fairly obvious.”

The sub tried to look up in surprise, but John's hand held his head still.

“You are well aware your brother is coming over in an hour, behave through that and we shall go from there.”

“Yes, sir.”

John untangled his hand and ever so briefly ran it down Sherlock's neck.

“Like I've just said, you have an hour, would you like to spend it in your lab?”

Now, the boy looked up at him. “Can I, sir?” He hadn't been down there in so long, he hadn't forgotten about it, per se, but he had expected it not to get used at all.

The Dom nodded slowly. “You may, you have some left over body parts in the fridge, you may experiment as much as you like, but only with the equipment not in that cupboard. You haven't earned anything else yet.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” He should have been angry at that. Not being able to use all of his equipment, but he wasn't. The Dom was right, he hadn't earned it and John had been quite clear what had to happen in order to get it all unlocked.

“Get up then.”

***

In the lab, which John had led Sherlock to by the hand (surprising the detective even more) the door was locked behind them. The mechanism was of similar standard to the set on the front door
and the alarm was set. There were windows for safety purposes in case Sherlock set anything on fire, a few lab stools in different areas, but even Sherlock's slim form couldn't get through small glass gaps.

“Your cuffs are set to the lock at that door,” he pointed to the only way in. “It will go off if you attempt to leave.”

“You're leaving me alone, sir?” Sherlock asked, slightly confused. It would be the first time in days that the Dom had left him to it.

“No. I have some work to complete at the desk,” he nodded to the one in the corner as he unclipped his leash. “But I'm not taking any chances with you.” He couldn't attach the leash to anything else because he had told his sub he was free to roam around the room so he took the leash with him to the corner.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock didn't know whether to be happy or sad that John was staying. Happy, because he got to spend time with the doctor and it helped ease his guilt, or sad because it meant he wasn't trusted. He was glad he hadn't had his violin taken away, it was on the list of punishments that had been agreed, but he had to admit, just knowing he had disappointed his Dom and lost his trust was far worse than losing his violin for a few days.

He watched the blond set himself up in the corner and began moving around the lab to gather his tools.

***

Sherlock knelt beside the coffee table in the sitting room, his leash tied to the floor while the Dom answered the door. They both knew who it was so Sherlock wasn't surprised when Greg entered the sitting room, tugging a leash with Mycroft on the other end.

The brothers ended up being knelt opposite each other as the Doms sat.

“How you doing, Sherlock?” Greg asked.

The detective nodded. “Good.” He cleared his throat. “Good, sir.” He glanced up at his Dom, it was clear that John had released some information about Sherlock's situation to the other man. Enough for him to know the boy was in trouble still. Quite right too.

“So, what happened to that cop?” John asked as he poured tea from the tray already on the table. Sherlock had prepared it 10 minutes ago. The cop situation had been a long time ago - or at least it felt like it and a lot had happened since.

Mycroft's smile was dangerous. “He got what was coming to him, I can assure you.”

“He still alive?” Sherlock asked quietly.

“Just,” came the response. “I've had my best men on his guard duty.”

“If every Dom in the city had at some point touched me would you kill them all?”

Mycroft frowned, thinking. “No. But if every Dom in the city had at some point touched you in a way you didn't like then yes.”

The younger Holmes blinked at that, Mycroft's expression said he resolutely believed it. But… “It wasn't my choice. It isn't a sub's decision how they are touched or used.”
“Sherlock!” John barked, his tone sharper than Sherlock had ever heard it. The younger sub flinched. “Enough of that talk or I'll have you in the kitchen writing lines to remind you.”

Sherlock knew exactly what that meant, despite the pants he had on it was clear to the other two men that he was caged, he ducked his head. “I apologise, sir.” He knew what that meant that bloody chair as well!

“Quite right too.” John watched him closely, hoping the sod was beginning to believe John's words.

***

Greg and Mycroft had stayed for lunch, but not much longer. The government official had meetings that afternoon as did John. It was only supposed to be a quick catch up after the case a few days previous.

Sherlock had spent half an hour reading through his statement on the cab driver incident and signed it. He'd signed enough of them to know it didn't really mean much unless you were signing a murder confession.

Greg had done them both a favour, however, by leaving behind a few more cold cases for the young detective. It should hopefully keep him out of trouble and make the DI's crime figures shoot down.

Sherlock was sat at one of the desks in John's study. He had the leash clipped to his neck that slipped around the doctor's wrist so he couldn't go anywhere, even if he wanted to.

As the doctor worked, he focused on the cold cases that he could solve without leaving the house. He was glad he was still allowed to use his brain in such a way. He didn't know how he could get through this if it wasn't for such an outlet as that of the cold cases.

“I have a client today Sherlock,” John started from beside him. The Dom's voice startled the younger man who had been intently focused on the picture in front of him. “I am not getting rid of her because you have been causing trouble.”

“No, sir,” he replied in agreement. He was slightly anxious at a stranger coming in, but despite the trouble he was in at the moment, he was aware that the doctor wouldn't bring another person like Wilkes in and leave him alone.

“Now she has a submissive of her own. I'm not sure if she will be bring her along.”

So it was a she... that was different. It wasn't uncommon for women to be Dominant, it was just the first he had heard of John knowing a female Dom. It was fairly obvious really and he shouldn't have been that surprised.

“I'm going to give you her name in a moment. If you know her or have had any contact you must tell me at once. I will not have what happened last time repeat itself.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Even if you bumped into her on a street, Sherlock. Anything, ok?”

“Yes, sir,” he repeated.

“Do you know an Irene Adler?”
Sherlock looked up at his Dom and made a point of thinking about it, despite knowing he hadn't met her. He hadn't even heard the name. Dom's, especially female ones tended to stick in his Mind Palace. He could only think of one.

“No, sir.”

The doctor nodded once, in relief more than anything else. “You've never heard of her? At all? And know if you lie to me I will punish you.” He meant it. And the punishment would be bloody harsh as well.

“No, sir. I've never heard of her, sir,” he confirmed. Why would he lie? Not after the beating he got last time. That was something he most definitely wanted to avoid. It was nice to see John in concerned mode though, especially after the last few days.

“Good. She does what I do. Obviously I do not see her as competition given her gender. We met on a dominance course a while ago and have kept in touch. She's far sterner than I am, so I warn you, behave. She won't hesitate to punish her own sub if she brings her along and I won't hesitate to punish you. Is that a problem?”

“No, sir.”

“So we're absolutely clear what I expect of you?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock nodded. He didn't want to let John down. Not today, not ever again.

“You'll be wearing just a shirt and trousers for her visit so finish up what you are doing and I'll take you to your room.” That was unexpected, he supposed he didn't want him naked in front of this Irene woman.

Sherlock didn't bother to say that he was quite capable of going alone. It hadn't worked when he'd tried it before, he knew with even more certainty that it wouldn't work now.

***

“Before you get dressed,” John took Sherlock to the bathroom by the hand and removed the tip from the hollow sound still in his cock, “pee.”

The sub didn't find it as annoying now as he had a few days ago when John had first forced him to piss with his company.

“Good boy,” he ruffled Sherlock's curls briefly as he replaced the cap and patted his arse.

“I'd also like to add some other things to ensure your cooperation.”

“Sir, I've already said I would-”

John fisted his curls in his hands and used them to guide him from the bathroom, he knocked him to his knees in front of John's bed where there were some toys laid out by the staff.

“I don't want you showing me or yourself up today. If I have to, I will gag you for the duration. Is that going to be needed?”
“No, sir.”

“I could also tie you up in the playroom. How about that?”

“No, sir. Please, sir. I'm sorry.”

“Good. When we're done here you'll have an hour to write out 'I'll not argue with my Dom again' as many times as you can. If I don't think you tried your hardest on them, you will continue on with them through Miss Adler's visit.”

The detective wanted to argue, wanted to point out how utterly purposeless that was, but he was well aware that John already knew that. He settled for stating a subdued, “Yes, sir,” instead.

“Bend over the bed, you'll be getting a bigger plug.”

Sherlock took up his position immediately, not complaining even as John cuffed his wrists behind him.

The Dom quickly set about removing his current day plug and replacing it with one close to the size of the mounted dildo down in the kitchen. He knew his sub was biting his lip at the burn as he eased it in, neither fast nor slow.

“Now turn back around and get on your knees.”

Sherlock was aware that if he wasn't cuffed it would be his 'boy' position not his 'pet' position. The knowledge of that fact made his heart swell with guilt. He lowered his head.

John played with his nipples, getting them to perk up and peak between his fingers. It was fairly obvious to the kneeling man what was coming next.

“These are slightly different to the clamps I have used on you once before. They're for long term use.”

He quickly applied them and joined them together. He ran one chain from the pair down his chest and to his cock cage and he ran another chain up to his collar. By doing it like this John hoped, Sherlock's movements would be more fluid, but he wouldn't be so quick to act, having to first think through the consequences.

“I'll be keeping a gag nearby, but for now…” he touched the cuffs and they separated. “You can get dressed.”

“Yes, sir.” Sherlock's voice was close to a moan as he avoided shifting too much.

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When Irene Adler was shown in by one of the staff, her sub crawled behind her, in leather trousers and a low top that wasn't too revealing. She and John had standards they both adhered to.

John and Sherlock had been occupying the front room while they waited, Sherlock had been sat writing those boring lines and was more than pleased when John had kissed him and said job done. But now their guests had arrived, the older man put his hand on Sherlock's shoulder and pressed the sub to his knees.

“Sherlock, this is Irene Adler, who I told you about, and this is her submissive, Kate.”

“Hello,” Sherlock whispered. Feeling ridiculous, as an emotion he had never experienced before
became prominent; shyness.

John had warned him to behave, and the clamps attached to his nipples forced him to remain upright and not lift his head too high.

“You'll address Irene as 'miss', Sherlock. Without fail.”

“Yes, sir. I apologise, miss.” He bowed his head lower to her. Hoping to make her look away.

John's grin was almost imperceptible, but it was there. Something in Sherlock knew the look he was receiving from his Dom so he smiled internally, determined to be as well behaved as he possibly could be. Not for this woman, but for John.

“Shall we reconvene in the dining room? I've had your favourite prepared, Irene.”

“Brilliant. Come along, Kate.”

Sherlock automatically went to crawl, but John grabbed his collar and pulled him to his feet. He waited until their two guests were out of the room before he leant in and nipped at Sherlock's ear.

“Good boy. I'm proud of you. Now go straight in and kneel in your usual spot.”

The sub dropped back to his knees and crawled slightly behind his Dom as John walked through to the dining room.

He knelt up where John had previously specified and tried to keep his movements slow with no jerks to prohibit the moving of the chains beneath his clothes. The problem with focusing all his attention on the clamps was the occasional brush of the new butt plug across his prostate. He could feel the beginnings of an erection attempting to swell within its tight confines.

Trying to distract himself, Sherlock watched Kate, slightly unsure how to react at another sub he didn't know, let alone a female one. The only other sub he had knelt across from was Mycroft and his brother hardly made their shared company practice for these sorts of situations.

“So, Sherlock,” Irene began, intrigued by the man John had spoken so highly of, “you're a detective?”

Sherlock blinked stupidly for a moment, caught off guard at being addressed so casually. John had obviously spoken a lot about him to this new Domme.

“Yes, miss,” he replied, careful to keep his gaze averted away from her and his position stable.

He would not be caught unawares again. It would make him slip up. He would not give John reason to punish him even more and even if he did - by accident, mind - the reason would certainly not be this woman. He couldn't bear the sight of disappointment in the doctor again so soon. He wanted to make him happy. To prove to him he could behave. That's what the whole contract was about, wasn't it?

“That's quite an achievement, for your age.”

John pondered that to himself. It was quite an achievement, the boy was only 24.

Sherlock realised Irene was speaking again and thought on her words. That sounded like a compliment. Was that a compliment? This was when he really needed John to translate human statements such as that. It would help with his response.
“Thank you, miss.”

John's hand was at the back of his neck, the pad of his thumb rubbing softly. He hadn't felt a touch like that in days. It was a relief. He hadn't realised a few weeks ago how punishment could be not physical and still be successful in curving his behaviour back towards the outlined agreement in the contract.

“My Kate wanted to be a detective. She's a nurse now.”

Sherlock raised his eyes high enough so he could see the other sub. She knelt in a position beside Irene almost proud, but terrified.

He realised this Domme was probably a little - or rather a lot - harsher with her sub than John was with his. The detective was instantly glad of that. And the guilt rose up again.

John reached down and pressed a cup of tea into Sherlock's hands. Irene held her sub's mug for her to sip out of.

“How's business?” John asked.

“Slow. It's practically non-existent actually. Most of my time is spent with Kate.”

“Shall we let them go through to the sitting room on their own?” John offered. “I'm sure Sherlock is bored already.”

“No, sir,” he replied immediately. In fact he was curious to find out more about this Irene.

“Even so, pet, go through to the other room. You can play something nice for Kate on your violin while we sort some things here.”

Sherlock didn't want to leave John, but he wanted to argue and upset him even less.

“Yes, sir.”

He cautiously got to his feet and walked from the room, slow enough for Kate to follow. He hated walking slowly and the look on John's face was enough to tell him he'd done the right thing.

When he reached the door he saw the female sub still knelt where she was when he'd left.

After nearly a full minute, Irene nodded.

Kate didn't stand up like Sherlock had, but instead crawled until she was out of the room before getting to her feet.

“You play the violin?” She asked after she'd closed the door.

Sherlock nodded once and refrained from telling her she was being obvious. “It's upstairs.” That was when he realised he hadn't been given permission to go up there alone. He doubted John would want him to. He hadn't done since they'd returned from the case.

He closed his eyes and growled at such a stupid oversight.

“Is there a problem?”

Sherlock sat on the bottom stair. “I'm not meant to go too far from my Dom.”
“You can't get out,” she stated, sitting down next to him and tapping the cuffs at his wrists.

“You've seen these before?” He had noticed earlier that Kate didn't wear them.

Kate nodded. “Mistress uses them when she's working.”

“It isn't the fact that I can't get out, it's the fact I can is the reason he likes me close by.”

The older woman frowned and Sherlock hastened to explain, feeling the need to show off.

“I've managed to get out before. When I first got here. They missed the attic window when installing the magnet things. I managed to get out through the roof and down the side of the house using the draining pipe and ledges.”

Kate grinned. “That's amazing. Where did you go?”

Sherlock paused, realising just how normal such a conversation was. The only person he had really spoken to recently was his Dom and half of those words were reprimands because he'd done something wrong. It was different talking to someone on his level, who he didn't have to show respect to. It was different with Mycroft, he seemed to act like his Dom as well as his brother. But even so, he had managed to refrain himself from rude or degrading comments, that must have been John's influence. And the simple fact that he knew if he upset Miss Adler's submissive his cock would be trapped forever.

“I didn't actually go anywhere. I was just proving a point. Had to wait an hour by the door before John came and got me. Most stupid thing I think I've probably done.”

Kate laughed.

“Anyway, I should go and tell John.” He got to his feet but Kate looked nervous.

“We shouldn't interrupt them.”

The detective shook his head, “John won't mind.” Even so, when he knocked on the door it was tentative.

“Yeah?” John's voice came from inside. “Sherlock?” He questioned when the detective just stood at the door. “You alright? I haven't heard your violin.”

“It's in my room, sir. Upstairs.” He took a cautious step into the room, now feeling the nerves Kate seemed to be fighting. He just didn't know why, it must have been this new Domme, he set his teeth on edge.

John's mouth formed a silent 'o'. “Come here,” he said instead.

Sherlock walked across the room, closely followed by Kate. As he dropped to his knees beside his Dom, Kate did the same beside hers.

“Good boy,” John praised, running his hand through his curls. “Well done for not just going up there. An oversight on my part, I apologise.”

Irene turned her nose up, “You're apologising to your sub?”

“And?” He asked.

She just shook her head in response. “And nothing. But you are a soft touch, John.”
The doctor shook his head, thinking on how well Sherlock had responded to being here since his arrival a few weeks back. The stern, but fair approach didn't seem to be doing his sub any harm.

“Irene was just saying how she'd like to watch a scene between us, pet. Maybe we could watch theirs—”

Sherlock's head snapped up at that and his eyes went wide. The doctor cupped his cheek immediately, not liking the look he was receiving. “Hey, hey, Sherlock,” he snapped his fingers in front of him and with no response but a dopey blink, whispered, “bollocks.”

He made sure his hand was in Sherlock's curls, reminding him of his presence for a moment as he turned to his guests. “Excuse us, make yourselves comfortable in the sitting room if you wish.” He bent down to pick Sherlock up.

“John, just leave him, he'll come out of Panic soon enough.”

John glared at her. “Thanks for the advice, Irene, but I will care for my sub my way.”

He carried him straight through to the den, ringing for tea when he arrived.

“Pet, pet, Sherlock, hey,” he sat with the sub sideways on his lap. He felt guilty, Sherlock hadn't been in Panic for so long which was likely why it had hit him so suddenly.

“Babe, don't worry about what I said, it was an idea, nothing more, Sherlock, I swear.”

The detective nodded, his head buried into John's shoulder. “I'm sorry, sir,” he whispered.

“What?” John pushed the boy away to look into his eyes. “What on earth are you sorry for?”

“Showing you up in front of Miss Adler, sir.”

The doctor shook his head and held him close once again. “You have nothing to be sorry for.” He pressed a kiss to his temple, and let his curls brush the underside of his chin.

When the tea was brought in, John paused the maid who had placed the tray on the table. “Would you give Irene my apologies and ask to reschedule?”

“Of course, Doctor Watson,” she nodded on her way out.

John gathered up a mug of tea, milky and sweet the way his boy liked it and placed it in his hands. “Drink, pet, we'll take as long as you need.” He kissed him again. “You've been such a good boy for me today. You're forgiven for last week, ok?”

That got a small smile as a response. “Yes, sir,” he whispered. “Thank you, sir.”
John sighed as he waited for Sherlock to join him for breakfast. He had been let off the punishment after the debacle a few days ago, but now it was blindingly obvious - without a punishment hanging over his head - Sherlock was bored.

When the detective appeared at the door, it was to see his normal chair back, he sighed in relief. He'd rather kneel at John's feet than sit in that god damn chair again. It wasn't just uncomfortable, it was sexually irritating too.

“Thank you, sir,” he whispered.

John nodded once, his back straight. “Sit down.”

Sherlock hurried across the room and sat down immediately. He doubted John would change his mind and swap the chairs, but he wasn't about to risk it, even if it was slim.

“You're not in trouble any more, Sherlock. You know that, right?” He felt the need to point that out, despite it being a few days.

“Yes, sir.”

“I've made your favourite for breakfast.”

John leant across the table and plucked the lid off the tray.

Sherlock smiled at the plate in front of him; waffles. The pile was steaming and covered in Sherlock's favourite chocolate sauce. He immediately dragged the tray towards him, digging in with only a fork.

“I think you're in need for subspace, pet,” John spoke after a long while of watching his boy eat.

Sherlock glanced up, the first time he'd looked away from his waffles since they'd been revealed. “No!” He hated that idea. He wasn't craving subspace, therefore he didn't need it.

The doctor rolled his eyes. “Don't be a brat, Sherlock, it's beginning to not suit you.” He tapped his fingers on the table, all of his attention on his sub.

“I don't want to.”

“Why not?” John let his eyebrow raise in question.

“I want to experiment.”
“Tough. I can either put you under quickly or scene with you for a while? Your choice.”

Sherlock sighed, but he knew what he'd prefer. “Will the scene be boring?”

“That's the fourth time you've failed to address me correctly, Sherlock,” John replied, choosing not to respond to the question and offer a reprimand instead.

“Sorry, sir,” the Dom wasn't surprised at Sherlock offering an apology immediately, but he was surprised at the need for it. When it came to respect, Sherlock was much improved these days, trouble or no trouble.

John watched him for a moment. “You're all over the place. What's wrong?”

“Nothing! Sir,” he added after a moment.

“That's bollocks if ever I heard it.”

Sherlock refused to respond to that, there was nothing wrong. He just wasn't in the mood for stupid questions.

John got to his feet and walked around the table. He pulled Sherlock up to his own and brought his hands around behind him, joining the cuffs there.

“Sir,” Sherlock complained tugging at his wrists, despite knowing he couldn't pull them apart. Even now, it felt like something he had to do.

“You're being a sod, so either you cooperate and I'll put you in subspace, or I'll punish you and then put you in subspace.”

Sherlock ducked his head, hating both options.

“Well, boy, which one?”

The detective's head fell even lower at that, feeling guilty. It was the first time in a long time he had been called boy on a normal day.

“The first one, sir,” he replied, his voice quiet.

“I thought as much.” He grabbed the collar of his sub's suit and shoved him towards the door, using the scruff of his neck to control him. “Upstairs.”

“Sir, I don't-”

“I could have put you under in the den, but that won't happen now. It'll have to be the playroom, I can't trust you not to need punishment.”

“John-”

“Enough!” The Dom barked, shoving him forwards. “You're bored, I get it, but you come to me. You do not act out. I had thought you'd grown out of the need for that.” He had the urge to yell you are not a child, despite acting like it!

“I have-”

“Not another word without permission, Sherlock. Or you'll be headed for punishment. That cage has come off your pretty little cock, but I can just as easily replace it and your favourite chair, how
“Does that sound?”

“No, sir. Please,” his voice was almost a beg, he hated that blasted chair, if he never saw it again it would be too bloody soon.

“No, I didn’t think so.”

When they reached the playroom, John shoved the detective to his knees while he thumbed in the code, then he dragged the awkward knee-walking detective inside. "Position, boy."

The sub sighed at the 'boy'. He hadn't realised how much he had grown to despise it. Nearly as much as that chair.

Sherlock dropped to his knees, and bowed his head submissively. Stay calm, make John happy. It couldn't be that difficult, he'd done it before.

John paced the room for a long while, looking for inspiration. Hoping for an idea to strike. He knew one thing for sure, the boy needed to be naked. He paced for a while longer before eventually stepping up behind Sherlock and detaching the cuffs. “Strip.”

“Sir-”

The doctor sighed heavily and Sherlock looked up in worry, realising he'd made a mistake when he saw what was in John's hand.

A muzzle gag with a small black ball on the inside was pushed into his mouth and buckled up around his head, no doubt messing up his curls.

Rather than repeating his instruction again, John forcefully stripped the boy of his suit, going as far as ripping his shirt. He threw the whole lot in the corner. He'd make the sub sort it later.

When John turned around again, Sherlock lifted his hands and put them at his neck, in his boy position. He wasn't going to mess up like that, John would end up punishing him for sure.

He kept his eyes lowered, partly through trying to show John he wasn't being deliberately bratty and partly because he didn't want to see what was going to happen.

He couldn't help but see when John crouched in front of him and began playing with his nipples.

He squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to focus on not writhing beneath the Dom's hand.

“Writhe all you like, boy, it won't change anything.”

Once he'd placed some of his sharper clamps on Sherlock's nipples he backed up and ordered his sub over the bench.

“Sideways, boy.”

Once the detective had got himself laid out, the clamps tugging and pulling, John began prodding and poking at his hole.

Sherlock closed his eyes, he needed to try and enjoy this. He needed to find subspace, he was sure if he deliberately evaded it John would punish him. And truthfully, there was no reason to avoid it, if subspace was where John wanted him, he shouldn't fight it. He was safe in subspace with John around.
The cold drizzle of lube at his crack made him realise he didn't really have much of a choice.

The feel of a silicon plug was pressed against his hole.

“Keep still, Sherlock,” came the inevitable order when Sherlock moved.

The detective nodded slightly, feeling the burn as it was eased into him.

Once it was fully seated inside Sherlock's hole, John patted his hand over it firmly, sending sparks through Sherlock like a firework, then he pulled him upright by his collar, a sharp tug to warn him not to disappoint.

As he settled himself down in the comfortable chair, he ordered the boy to kneel next to him.

Huffing through the gag, the detective knelt, further annoyed when the Dom joined his cuffs together behind his back and joined his feet. John poked and prodded his position until he was knelt upright perfectly, back as straight as possible.

“I'm sure if you could speak you'd tell me how unnecessary all this is. But I don't care, you'll get into subspace one way or another.”

Sherlock let his head drop back against the arm of the chair and John pushed his hand into his curls, tugging and pulling.

“You'll stay upright, boy. I want you focused on pleasing me, nothing else.” He pushed his head away and watched with amusement as his boy straightened himself back up again.

The kneeling man jerked when the plug up his arse suddenly decided to vibrate, pressing right up against his sweet spot for a few seconds before backing off and then reattacking it.

“It’s preprogrammed, boy,” the doctor pointed out with a smirk. “I do hope you enjoy it.” He reached down and tipped Sherlock's head back so he could stare into his grey-green eyes. “You remember what happened the last time you came without permission, don't you?” He reached down and gripped his hardening cock in his fist.

Sherlock jerked his head as much as he could in response as the plug vibrated inside him and his cock begun to harden by his Dom's touch.

Happy his sub wasn't going to be a brat anymore, he reached around and removed the gag.

“What do you say?”

“What do you say?”

“Thank you, sir,” he replied immediately, working his jaw for a moment while trying to get his mouth wet. It hadn't been on long, but gags always dried his mouth up, one of the reason he really didn't like them. As well as the whole no speaking thing.

“Now, what happened the last time you came without permission, Sherlock?” John was still stroking his cock, he'd gone as far as to tug him around by it, so the sub was knelt up in front of him. He ran his thumb over the head, precome beginning to escape.

Sherlock shook his head, somehow already on the edge, he hadn't come since before he'd been caged. That had to be at least a week? Was it a week? It seemed like so much longer! He wanted to ask John, but couldn't find the concentration to do so. Or find the point, as his prostate spasmed again.
“What happened, Sherlock?” The Dom repeated. He would get an answer, even if he had to force it from the sub.

“You… you p-punished m-me, sir.”

“I did,” the doctor nodded once. “How did I do that?”

“Sir, p-please don't m-make me say it.” He screwed his eyes shut, looking at John wasn't helping.

“Open your eyes boy!” The Dom barked immediately.

His eyes snapped open and he looked straight down at his cock, imprisoned in his Dom's fist. John tilted his head on one side, squeezing harder as he tried to make a point. “I asked you a question, boy, you'll do well to answer it.”

The vibrator shifted inside him and he groaned, fighting the cuffs around his feet and hands for a few seconds, as if it would help his situation. He knew what would help, but he couldn't bring himself to cooperate… how humiliating!

“Sir,” he moaned, brokenly, how had it all become too much too quickly? He knew he needed to regain control over himself. But was struggling, he didn't want to come… well he did, but with John's permission. From now on, always with John's permission.

“I've told you before, I'll not have you acting embarrassed when I ask you a question.” The doctor's voice was void of emotion as he spoke, his boy would behave. And he'd do it soon.

“But, sir!” Sherlock complained, trying to force his cock through John's hand that had stopped stroking.

The blond leant back in his chair, leaving Sherlock thrusting into nothing as he removed his hand.

“Come on!” He continued complaining, his wrists renewed their efforts at getting free and of course failed.

John stuck two fingers into his boy's mouth when he opened it to complain yet again. Despite, his annoyance at the situation, John could see the sub beginning to seep down into subspace, lower and lower his body went and higher and higher his head went. He'd be floating soon.

“You don't get to dictate what I do and do not do, boy,” John pointed out. “You'd think after 6 weeks, you would know that by now.”

“I do!” Sherlock's words were spoken around the fingers in his mouth, but they were clearly understandable.

“Now stop trying to change the subject, you brat.”

“Sir… you… you o-overstimulated my c-cock, sir,” he had to fight himself from closing his eyes, the usual blush flushing across his chest and up his neck as he spoke in such a way. It wasn't something he was accustomed too, although not entirely adverse.

“I did, didn't I? What was that for?” He was being obvious, but he didn't care, he'd get his answers he was sure.

Sherlock rolled his eyes, ignoring the Dom… or at least trying to. John immediately picked up the pace that his fist was fucking his cock, precome leaking out once again, he used it as lube and kept
pumping.

“Sir, please, please, can I come?”

“No, boy! You haven’t answered my question yet.” He loved that debauched look on the younger man's face. It suited him far too well, and he didn't get to see it enough. He would enjoy it - revel in it - for as long as he could.

“I-I-I c-came without permission, sir. But I'm t-trying to ask for-”

John shoved the gag back in his mouth, managing to buckle it up with one hand and making Sherlock choke on his words. John knew exactly what he was trying to do.

Sherlock dropped his head in frustration, that soon changed to submission.

The doctor waited until Sherlock fell completely floppy and then jerked at his cock a little harder.

“Come, pet.”

The sub came immediately, come spurting out into the pot John had put down. The Dom watched as it gathered, then he cleaned his hand off, as well as his pet's cock, and held him close. He ensured the clamps came off quickly and the vibrator was pulled free, but the restraints stayed on. Sherlock always said he fell under and stayed under far easier when the Dom had bound him. Bound him safely and never leaving him alone.

***

Many hours later, John had moved them to the bed in the corner. The detective was still cuffed, hands and feet and he wasn't complaining.

The Dom had stripped down to just his pants and Sherlock was laid out on his front, his head and shoulder on the older man's chest as he softly dozed in and out of awareness, quite content in his little bubble.

When his eyes next flickered open, John ran his index finger under his chin. “Now, young man, would you care to explain your attitude earlier?” He was sure he knew already, but just wanted clarification.

“When I'm bored my brain goes… ‘mental’, sir.”

At that, the doctor laughed. “Yes, pet, I'd noticed.”
“Sherlock, for Christ sake, will you bloody well slow down?!”

It was the last thing Sherlock remembered John yelling. Now he was surrounded by armed police with nowhere to go and no idea why. He needed a few minutes for his brain to catch up with the rest of the day… He had spent the last several hours with an Irishman he didn't know.

He had run free of John and collided with a few men in suits. Sherlock, at first had believed them to be his brother's men, but he had been thrown in the back of the van that had been parked in the alley and that wasn't something Mycroft's men would do through fear of dying painfully.

The van had been driven off at speed and was going so fast with so many random turns, Sherlock couldn't keep track, despite his avid knowledge of London. He doubted anyone saw it, and even if they did they wouldn't register it as abnormal. It was London at rush hour. And even if it wasn't, people were hardly observant.

He found himself being ordered to his knees, his hands behind his head. He obeyed without a word… he was still trying to work or what that man's game had been. Who he was and why he had appeared out of nowhere? And what did he wanted with him.

He shook his head slightly to clear it as he heard footsteps, then he noticed Greg amongst the several police officers that had gathered around him.

“Greg-” he tried immediately. He needed answers. Needed to know what was going on and how long he had been gone. Needed to find John.

“Sorry, Sherlock,” the DI did seem genuinely apologetic, it made the detective want to panic, and panic quickly. He could feel Panic approaching, quickly but this time there was no John here, he used all his might to believe Greg wouldn’t let anything happen to him.

“What?” He offered instead.

Sergeant Donovan stepped forward, a set of handcuffs in her hand but Greg pushed her back with just a glare. He had to do it, if he did it, he could unarrest the younger man when this was sorted. Soon, he hoped.

“Sherlock Holmes, I'm arresting you for armed robbery and murder, you do not have to say anything-”

The rest of Greg's speech went straight over the detective’s head as he was pulled to his feet, first one wrist was cuffed, then his second joined it behind his back. His phone buzzed in his pocket, a phone call he couldn't answer.

This wasn't good. This was really, really bad.

***

After being searched, Sherlock had been led off to the car waiting nearby. “Greg-”

“Don't say anything, Sherlock. Not until we've got you a lawyer. Watch your head,” he ordered pressing him down into the back seat.
“But-” the door slammed in his face and the DI climbed into the driver's seat.

“Seriously, shut it, mate,” he called back between the seats. For once he wished the detective would do as he was told.

“What have I done?” He almost yelled. He wanted answers, no he needed answers.

“Did you not listen to your caution?”

“No!” He wouldn't listen to that crap on the best of days, he didn't have the time or patience for it today. “I've got no idea what's going on. Why have you arrested me?”

“Your ID was found at the crime scene, Sherlock.”

“What crime sc- But I've been working with you all day!”

“You've been missing the last 6 hours. And not that crime scene. The jewellers.”

“6 hours! But I was-”

“Stop talking, Sherlock. Think carefully before you speak for the next several hours. You do not want to dig your hole deeper.”

Just as the DI finished speaking an officer opened the door the other side from Sherlock and climbed in. As if Sherlock would be dumb enough to bolt with his hands cuffed, he had learnt that the hard way with John, but now there were far more people around that would stop him at a moments notice.

Just to make the detective's day worse, Donovan got in beside Greg.

“No, no, no, get her out,” Sherlock grumbled.

“Enough!” Sally snapped sharply and it was enough for the submissive in Sherlock to turn his attention out the window.

Greg rolled his eyes, finding himself agreeing with the sub in the back. “Donovan, out.”

“But-”

“I've had specific instructions from Sherlock's Dominant to keep you away. I have to respect that until he is charged with anything. Out.”

***

John saw the traffic first and glanced at his watch, it wasn't right at this time of day. It was far too busy in this part of the city.

He ran to the end of the street and looked towards where the traffic was coming from. He spotted the blue flashing lights and made his way there at speed. Police cars were dotted around the street, abandoned up on the curbs, their lights flashing and spinning on top.

It was an all too familiar feeling when he saw Sergeant Donovan at the cordon.

“If you're looking for your pet freak you have come to the right place, just too late.”

John had to go careful to hold his tongue. It wouldn't do to give this other Dom a piece of his mind
until he knew what the hell she was talking about.

“Sherlock is not a freak. He is my submissive. Now where is he?”

“Yeah, you lost him, didn't you? Lost him and he went and did the things I told you he would do.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Freak killed someone. Thought it would be a game to rob a jewellers, armed.”

“What?!” John's voice rang so loud several officers from along the cordon looked over. His glare made them all turn away immediately, including the ones who were clearly Dominants.

“He charged into a jewellers armed with a hand gun, shot the owner and the customer.”

John took several deep breaths, absolutely positive the woman had divulged information she wasn't meant to.

“Take me to my submissive,” he said eventually. It's all he could think of doing. He just needed to check on Sherlock, even though the sod had run off. Again.

Donovan laughed in his face. “No chance.”

“Do you want me to start quoting the law at you, Donovan?” It would have been quite amusing doing it at a police officer. “Until my submissive has been charged with anything, he is still my submissive! You will bloody well take me to him or I will be speaking to my solicitor. You are, of course, aware who Sherlock's brother is?”

She gulped audibly.

“PC Roberts, have a car ready in a few minutes. Doctor Watson needs to be taken to the Yard.”

The officer nodded. “Yes, Sarge.” He took off at speed towards one of the waiting police cars.

John turned on the Sergeant again. “Until custody of Sherlock is released from me, you will treat him with respect. In fact, should Sherlock be charged with anything here, you will still treat him with respect, is that understood?”

Donovan nodded once and walked away, it was a matter of seconds later that a car pulled up and John climbed in.

“You can stick those lights on as well,” he ordered sharply.

“Yes, sir,” the officer was clearly a sub himself because he flicked the lights and siren on immediately.

***

“Where is he?” John demanded as he stormed up to the front desk once they'd made it to the Yard.

“Excuse me?” The man at the desk looked like a right grumpy arse but John didn't care.

“Sherlock Holmes. I demand I see my submissive, now!”

After a few seconds, a side door hissed and Greg came through it.
"John."

"Where is he, Greg?" John demanded immediately, ignoring any sort of pleasantries.

The DI looked around and then backed through the corridor, beckoning the doctor follow him into a more private area.

"Greg!" John snapped.

"You can't see him until after he has been interviewed."

"Why not?"

"You know why not," the DI countered, putting his hands on his hips.

The blond sighed and leant back against the wall, trying to take the day in. "How did this happen? How could I lose him for 6 hours?"

"He runs off, John. It happens."

"And I bloody well made him pay the last time he ran off. Yet he did it again."

"Maybe this is a big enough punishment."

"What exactly is going on? Donovan said he had murdered someone? Is she mad?"

"She did what? Never mind that, there is enough evidence to put him in the frame for this. I've phoned Mycroft, he's sent a solicitor and is on his way over."

The next person to show up was Mycroft. On sight of his Dom, the government official bowed his head, feeling incredibly bad for the younger two men. Greg indicated the lift and together the three of them ascended to the DI's office.

"Sir-" Mycroft tried as soon as they reached it but Greg shook his head.

"No, pet."

"But, he-"

"No," he repeated, his tone far more sharp. He paced the edges of his office and closed all the blinds, then locked he door. He sunk into his chair and pointed to the floor beside him where he had pulled out a cushion.

Greg could sense Panic approaching Mycroft and he needed to quash it now before things got far worse.

"No."

"Kneel, Mycroft," Greg ordered. "Right now!"

At that tone of voice, the government official couldn't ignore it. He crossed the room, dropped his umbrella and collapsed to his knees.

"Good, pet." He pushed his hand into Mycroft's hair and glanced at the doctor.

He was leant back against one corner, staring at the toes of his shoes and his hands stuffed into his
pockets.

“John!” Greg yelled out, but the doctor was in a world of his own.

He sighed, closing his eyes and leaning back in his chair. He didn't know how he was going to cope with this interview and he didn't want to discuss it with any of his superiors.

He pushed his chair back and turned to face his kneeling sub, “take my shoes off, pet. Start rubbing my feet.” He needed to distract his sub without the sexual aspect of their relationship being part of it. They couldn't do that at work.

Mycroft obeyed his commands without question just as Greg’s office phone buzzed.

He pressed the button, noting the Superintendent's number.

“Sir?”

“Lestrade, you won't be interviewing Holmes. It's too personal.”

“But, sir-”

“No arguments, Lestrade. Donovan shall be doing it. Is that clear?”

Greg closed his eyes again. “Yes, sir.”

The grumpy old man rang off without so much as a good bye. The DI found himself somewhat glad, it wasn't all relying on him now.

Mycroft was focusing every scrap of attention he could muster on his Dom's feet. He could worry about Sherlock after he had spoken to him, and he would be speaking to him.

Greg, watching his sub, could tell what he was thinking. “I can allow you to speak with your brother, Mycroft, but no more. They'll be no persuading people to let him off, ok? Let me try and sort all of this out legally.”

The government official’s mouth opened to complain again.

“No, boy, do not argue with me. You will do as you are told.”

Mycroft pulled his Dom's shoes on with a slight huff. “Yes, sir.”

“Could you bloody hurry up and interview him?” John hissed after a while, having completely blocked out the last several minutes.

***

Sherlock sat on the bunk and watched as the cell door slammed in his face. This wasn't good. This was really bad. He wanted John. He wanted to go back to his Dom's house. He'd sit on that god damn chair if it meant getting out of here.

He didn't know how long he sat there but it was long enough to make him thoroughly bored and quit worrying about being in trouble.

He looked up in surprise when the door opened. He was even further surprised to see Mycroft stood there. For once, the eldest Holmes had no umbrella.
“Mycroft!” He got to his feet. “You've got to get me out of here.”

“I can't,” the government official inclined his head, feeling genuinely sorry for the situation. “I'm sorry, little brother.”

“Why not?” He growled, kicking out at the wall.

“Gregory has asked to let him deal with it.”

“You're choosing him over me?” Sherlock's hackles were up immediately.

“No, Sherlock!” Mycroft snapped pacing into the room and dropping on the bunk beside where his little brother had collapsed again. “You're my baby brother. You will always come first. Gregory has asked to allow him to sort things legally, before I get involved. I believe you, Sherlock, someone is clearly setting you up, but whom? Where have you been for the last several hours?”

“I don't know,” he huffed in annoyance. “I couldn't keep track of the route. I was taken to this warehouse, there was an Irishman there.”

Mycroft's face ran pale at those last few words alone.

“What?” Sherlock asked seeing the look on his brother's face immediately.

The government official got to his feet and paced the cell for a moment, before coming to a halt. “Moriarty.”
Evidence Gaining

The night before had been incredibly strange, but the weirdest it got was when Mycroft had said 'Moriarty' then vanished completely.

The government official had turned on his heel and disappeared out of the cell without another word, there was no build up to it yet it still managed to be dramatic.

The duty sergeant had shut the cell door behind him, without a word and Sherlock had collapsed sideways on the uncomfortably solid bunk.

He had no idea what or who his brother had spoken about, the way things were going he wouldn't get to know either. He used to love being on his own, but now... now he just missed John, in a way he had promised himself would never happen.

He sighed heavily again and rolled over, staring into the wall hoping it's blankness would give him some inspiration.

***

Sherlock sat slumped in front of the desk, the solicitor that Mycroft had sorted sat next to him all upright in a posh suit. He didn't even know his name and didn't care.

They'd spent a whole hour in the next room discussing things, plans and strategies, without him really paying attention to anything that was said.

Below the table, his feet were kicking out aimlessly, as if he thought the tapping might make a hole appear in the floor that he could fall through and escape. It had to be better than this boredom infested place.

“Sit up, Freak,” Donovan ordered as she entered the room, her heels clacking on the floor. She had clearly forgotten John's warning from earlier in the day, either that or she didn't care now he wasn't here to enforce it. She dropped her notebook on the desk, in front of Sherlock's head. He realised he'd been lucky Greg had gotten rid of her in the car on the way over, but if Donovan was working the case, he stood no chance.

He glared at the notebook pointedly for a moment, before sitting upright and folding his arms, they'd taken his shit jacket before they'd locked him in the cell. It just felt odd without it. He settled for shoving his hands into his trouser pockets instead.

Content at last, Donovan reached over and flicked the tape on. She read out the usual procedural nonsense and then tilted her head on one side, observing the sub.

“Why?” She asked.

The boy sighed, “Why what?” Why was she being so vague? Why was she useless? Why was-

“Why now? I thought you had a Dom? Not that I believed that for a moment, but…” she had met John Watson again, too much of a coincidence for it not to be true. Something just didn't sit right.

“Sergeant, please keep to the correct line of questioning.”

She glanced from the sub across from her to the other Dom. “Excuse me?”
“Whether or not my client has a Dominant is beside the point. This line of questioning could be seen as intimidation.”

Donovan let out a dry chuckle at that, intimidation... of a psychopath, was that even possible? She didn't respond to the solicitor, just returned her attention to Sherlock again.

“Yes, I have a Dom,” the sub said after a moment. He was thinking that the irritating woman was playing dumb rather than being genuinely so, surely no one could be that stupid? In this instance, he snorted at the thought. Maybe she could, he made himself laugh.

“What's the problem?”

Sherlock had to duck his head to hide his sniggering.

Beside him, the older man was rolling his eyes. Mr. Holmes had warned him his brother was... no other word for him than a brat.

“Where were you between the hours of 4 and 5?” Donovan asked, glaring the sub down.

Sherlock glanced at his solicitor, knowing he had no alibi to present. “I honestly don't know.”

Maybe the truth would be enough? He hadn't know where he had been or who he was with beyond that... Moriarty.

“Do you have memory problems?”

Sherlock frowned now, having the horrible feeling that he was digging a hole. “No.”

“Then how can you not know where you were three hours ago?”

“I don't know!” His voice rose in annoyance, he still couldn't believe that he actually didn't. The place he ended up was far too complicated for him to have tracked. He didn't know why he wasn't mentioning it to anyone except his brother. His brother that had disappeared. Abandoned him. Left him with... her.

“What's the last thing you do remember?” The sergeant asked.

Sherlock had to think for a moment. “You lot arresting me,” he glanced at his solicitor, glad he wasn't being interrupted.

He replied 'no comment' to the remainder of Donovan's questions. He couldn't see a way out if he answered them in any other way. All they would do was dig his hole deeper.

***

Following that interview, the sub was taken back to his cell and his solicitor made a call, no doubt to Mycroft, explaining how screwed his baby brother was. Looked like Mycroft might have to step in... or he would have to if he hadn't disappeared off the face of the Earth.

Sherlock sat in the cell for at least another hour before the door opened, heavy and groaning.

When he looked up and saw who it was, he pushed himself off the bunk and to his knees with a heavy thud. The action itself made him seem defeated. “Sir, I'm sorry.”

“No, you're not.” The doctor stood in his three piece suit, his tie loosened through the stress of the last 24 hours. His arms were folded across his chest and his voice was stern, almost dejected.
The boy's head jerked up to glance at his Dom, he frowned in confusion, he didn't like that tone of voice. How could John say that? He was sorry.

"Don't look at me like that, Sherlock. I'm furious with you!" His sub clearly didn't realise it so it needed saying.

"I didn't do it, sir!" Sherlock replied, worried that John believed the worst of him. Worried he believed he was a murderer...

"Get up off your knees. You don't deserve to kneel for me."

"But, sir- I'm not a murderer! I was nowhere near-" If he could just clarify things to his Dom maybe things would be easier. Or at least seem it.

"Sherlock, enough!" John barked, his tone deep and rough. “You have no right to argue with me. None at all.”

“But-" the boy tried again.

The blond Dom sighed heavily. “I'm not angry with you because of these trumped up charges, Sherlock. I'm pissed off with you because you ran off. Ran away from me. Again!”

“Sir-”

“No,” the doctor reached down and dragged Sherlock to his feet, pushing him back so he fell to the bunk. “Maybe solitary confinement can get your head in the game.” ‘Because I'm clearly failing’ went unsaid.

Sherlock ducked his head and closed his eyes. He knew he shouldn't have run off, he knew it was wrong, but he'd done it anyway and then he had been caught by some mad man. That bit wasn't his fault, but John didn't seem to care.

“I'm in no way abandoning you, you are still my submissive. The contract is still valid, but when you're out of here you will be punished, Sherlock. And it'll be far worse than jogging up the street, are we clear on that?”

The boy didn't reply for a moment. When he did respond it wasn't the answer the Dom was looking for.

"Isn't this punishment enough?"

By this point, the doctor had reached the cell door and the sergeant that had been waiting, opened it. He was glad he had, he didn't want the conversation to continue if his sub was in this mood.

“No,” the Dom said, walking off up the corridor to find Greg.

***

“Greg, tell me everything you know,” the doctor ordered, kicking his office door in. He thudded back into the filing cabinet behind it, but John didn't care.

“Bloody hell, John, calm down

“Don't tell me to calm down! You've got my submissive in a cell!” He had a right to be mad, he'd kept his head straight while seeing Sherlock, he had to, but now it was getting on top of him and judging by the rumble the filing cabinet had caused echoing through the air it was obvious.
“Mate, there's nothing-”

“Don't tell me there is nothing you can do, either!” John snapped. “You're an Inspector! That means something.”

“Yes, and the Super has gone straight over my head to Donovan, she is dealing with the case now. I have no say in it.” His annoyance and disappointment was obvious, but it went unsaid.

“Why?” The doctor had to stop himself from stamping his foot, that was something Sherlock would do.

“I'm assuming she ran straight to him when I kicked her out the car telling him how close to the case I am.”

“She's a bitch.”

“I'm starting to get that, yeah,” the DI dry washed his face and leant back in his spiny chair.

“Where is your sub? Can't he help with her?”

Greg frowned. “He isn't downstairs?”

The doctor resisted the urge to roll his eyes. “No. When did you last see him?”

“When he went to speak to Sherlock.” The older Dom got to his feet and went to the window, glancing out to see it the government official was standing around out there, smoking or on the phone.

“What?”

“A few hours ago. I told him to let me handle the Sherlock matter. To try it legally before he stepped in.”

“What did they talk about?”

At the DI's lack of response, John slammed his hands against the wall. “Bloody hell. Phone him.”

“John-”

“Now! Or I will.”

With a heavy sigh, the older Dom pulled his phone from out of his jacket pocket that was on the coat rack in the corner and dialled his sub's number.

It went straight to voicemail.

“He hang up on you?”

“I don't think-”

John closed his eyes and fell back against the wall. “Is this deliberate? Is someone deliberately setting my sub up?”

“As opposed to what? Him actually doing this?”

“No. No, of course I believe he's innocent. He's just a kid.” He might have been a bugger and one
hell of a boy to try and control, but he was no murderer.

“He’s an intelligent kid who has run rings around Doms for years. He even runs rings around Mycroft. Very few people are capable of that.”

John didn't know how to react to any of this, but what the DI had just said reminded him of the Doms he hadn't managed to run rings around. The ones that were probably in similar cells to his sub.

“You have the contract on your side here, John. Apart from running away and having a slight attitude how has he been?”

The blond sighed. “You're right, of course, can you take me to the crime scene?”

After a moment, the DI nodded. “Ok.”

***

“I'm sorry, Sherlock.”

The detective screwed his face up in confusion as his brother's Dom entered the cell, where was his brother? “What this time?” He grumbled. “More fake evidence?”

“Can you take your shoe off?”

“What?” He was not in the most helpful mood. He was bored and fed up.

“Just do it.”

With a heavy sigh of his own, Sherlock bent over, unlaced his shoe and handed it to the DI. As he did so, he glanced around the older man in search of his Dom.

“Where's John?”

“Same size,” Greg said quietly, avoiding the question.

“What?” He repeated, eyes wide.

“I have enough evidence to charge you, Sherlock,” he replied eventually

Sherlock glanced at his solicitor, who had appeared at the door to the cell. “Do something!”

“These shoes were found in a bin half a mile from the jewellers.”

“Found by whom?” Sherlock snorted. “Donovan? She's setting me up, Lestrade, you blind idiot. How can-”

“No. Your Dom!”
Yet again, the previous night Sherlock had laid awake, staring at the ceiling when something dawned on him. He had escaped John's house. Unless he found out that Mycroft had designed the security on the doors and windows in the Yard as well as his Dom's, getting out wouldn't be a problem. That place was a fortress compared to this station.

Easy.

It wasn't like he had to plan a way back in this time, which was where he had shot himself in the foot a few weeks ago.

At about 6am, Sherlock got to his feet and whacked the cell door with his fist. It hurt, but he didn't care. He'd worked out the shift change over was 7am, the guy outside the door would be exhausted.

The latch slid open with a grind. “What?” grumped the Sergeant on the other side, Sherlock smirked, realising how right he was.

“I need the loo.”

The Sergeant closed his eyes and stared at the latch for a moment. “I'll see to it,” came a well known female voice from up the corridor. He hadn't been expecting that and by the look on the guys face outside the cell, he hadn't either.

Sherlock groaned. “I'm not going with her.” Trust the bitch to spoil his plans... or maybe not.

The older man had opened the cell door and the sub stood there with his arms folded.

“If you don't go with Sergeant Donovan, you won't go to the loo, son.”

“I'm not your son!” Sherlock snapped as Donovan grabbed him by the arm and took him off up the corridor. “Get your hands off me!” The boy tried to struggle free, but her grip became pinching. “Haven't you got a home to go to? Or anything better to do,” he hissed.

Sally ignored him, she had been in early to prepare for an early interview with Sherlock. She had been informed the night before by a friend in uniform that the boy had ditched his solicitor when the guy hadn't done anything about the shoes that had been found. It was the perfect opportunity to get to the bottom of this mess and more importantly have Sherlock remanded in custody without bail. Where he should be.

She shoved him into the disabled toilet. “Why can't I-”

“In there, Holmes, or I'll cuff you in there.”

“You can't threaten me like that, Donovan, I'll have my-”
“Your what? Your solicitor?” She laughed. “Your brother? He's taken off, haven't you noticed? Or were you going to say your Dom? The Dom that found the evidence that has damned you on a murder charge?”

The boy sighed and closed his eyes, the bitch was right and that was precisely why he needed out of this dump. He didn't know where he would go, but anywhere had to be better than here, better then being anywhere near her and better than the annoying whining tone of voice that was ever present when this Dom was around.

“In!” She barked. “Now!”

With a huff, Sherlock wandered into the toilet and closed the door, rather surprised she hadn't followed him in and completely taken away all his dignity. He didn't know if it was his submissive instinct that had been awoken by his time with John, or the fact he wanted to be as far from her as he could get that made him obey her.

After a minute or so she began banging on the door. “Out, Holmes!” What was he going to do in 1 minute? Get stuck in the toilet, he snorted at the idea, knowing Donovan's level of intelligence she probably thought that was likely.

He made a point of flushing the loo and opened the door. “Are you ever happy?”

“I will be in an hour.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” He frowned in confusion, trying to work out what she was going on about.

“Well, that's when I'm interviewing you again,” she took him by the arm and dragged him back towards the cell none too gently. He was sure that if she could get away with it, she'd have cuffed him and paraded him around the entire Yard laughing the whole while.

***

Sherlock had been given breakfast shortly after his trip to the loo, but he hadn't eaten it. If John wasn't going to be there to be proud of him for eating, he wouldn't even touch the food. He could hear the tell tale sign of Donovan being nearby as her high heels clicked up and down the corridor between the cells as she paced, waiting. Had she left custody at all since dumping him back in his cell? He sighed and glanced back at the food on the floor. He didn't need to eat and he certainly wasn't going to do it for her. Instead, he kicked the tray of cold porridge and the plastic cup of water across the room, splattering the mess all over the place. He then picked up the tray and flung it into the wall, watching it shatter with some level of amusement.

Donovan had appeared at the door in short order, opening the hatch and staring in at him like he was some sort of caged dog.

“You're going to clear that up, boy!” She ordered.

“You don't get to call me boy!” He spat, launching himself across the cell and lunging at the door. Only John got to call him boy! The Dom that wasn't there.

The Sergeant rolled her eyes, so much for an interview, she thought to herself as she slammed the alarm. The uniformed side of the force could deal with this tantrum.

***
The DI glanced up in shock and panic at the sound of the alarm in custody blaring. The cells... he knew what the problem was already, or rather who. “Sherlock!” He kicked his chair back and threw the door open, by the time he made it across the building and down the stairs, 3 uniformed officers were in Sherlock's cell. Two were pinning him down while the third cuffed his wrists behind him first, then his feet, trying to immobilise him as quickly and efficiently as possible, remaining in the law at all times.

He was lifted up onto the bunk and strapped to it, so he couldn't fight anymore. His collar was attached to the eye hole in the wood and he grunted, only trying to tug himself free once.

Greg walked in and crouched in front of Sherlock's snarling teeth. The boy seemed out of control and he had no idea what had set him off.

“Sherlock, what has gotten into you?”

“Fuck off!” He spat.

If it was anyone else, Greg would have had him on his knees begging to be forgiven for speaking to him in such a way. Instead, he ran his hand through Sherlock's matted locks.

“You need to calm down, mate.”

“Why?” He snarled, but surprisingly not trying to dislodge his head from the DI's hand.

“You're going to get yourself in more trouble.”

“So? No one gives a fuck. My brother's disappeared and my Dom... well I don't even know what he must think of me right now.”

Greg sighed and settled on the floor beside the trussed up sub. “Leave,” he ordered Donovan, the only remaining officer.

“But, gov, I-”

“You'll get your interview with him when he's had the sufficient cooling off period.”

“Yes, gov.” She turned on her heel sharply and disappeared up the corridor.

“Thank you, sir,” Sherlock whispered after a moment.

Greg closed his eyes and continued running his hand through Sherlock's curls, his response shouldn't have been as surprising as it was. He thought about what John had said when he'd found the shoes the night before, but maybe the younger Dom was wrong, maybe being near the boy was the way through this, rather than giving him time to think on his own while he looked for a solution that was probably illegal. Right now, Sherlock needed the emotional support only his Dom could give him more than escaping custody. He sighed and settled beside the boy for as long as it took, then he'd make sure he got hold of John. It wasn't often his friend was wrong, but maybe no instructions from Mycroft in this situation was rather unhelpful.

***

It was well over an hour later that Greg stood in the observation room beside where Sherlock was now being interviewed. The boy had calmed down massively in a few minutes, he'd only held Donovan off for so long to give him some time to come to his senses. Despite calming down, it was clear Sherlock hadn't. He refused to answer any of the female Dom's questions and for most of
them didn't even listen.

She got to her feet, her chair falling back as she slammed her hands into the desk. “You little shit! I know it was you!” She slapped him across the face and Sherlock bit his lip. “You know it was you! Why are you trying to act all innocent?” She was a split second from striking the sub again when the door slammed open and there was a sharp,

"Hey!"

Donovan backed away from the slightly cowering sub on sight of her boss. “Lestrade, I-”

“Save it,” he hissed, then glanced over his shoulder at the officer stood outside the room. “Adams, take Mr. Holmes to the toilet, to sort himself out, then take him to the doctor.”

An overly tall PC entered the cell and took Sherlock by the arm, his touch was far softer than Donovan's had been. “Yes, sir. This way, Mr. Holmes.”

The DI watched Sherlock be led away without complaint and turned back on his Sergeant. “Don't even try and talk your way out of this. Sub or not, you do not strike a suspect!”

“He's not a suspect!” She snapped at her boss. “You know it was him. Your pet is a murderer.”

Greg ground his teeth. “I suggest you cool off before I speak with you properly. You'll likely be on a charge of professional misconduct for this.”

***

A youngish man, with short cropped hair smirked as he reached for his mobile. He sat in the park opposite the Yard where he had been sat all day on specific orders from his boss. His back straightened in a military fashion as he dialled the number.

“Sir, it's me. Mr. Holmes has just come out of the window.”
Sherlock sat on a bin lid about a mile from New Scotland Yard, according to his Mind Palace, at least. He was tucked into an alley that he knew had no cameras surrounding it. The police wouldn't find him here, imbeciles, but now he needed to work out what to do next.

He stared at the floor, trying to work out what the hell was going on as well as what his next part of the plan was. His life had been going relatively well, for him at least. He had found a Dom that understood him. Yes, John could be an annoying prat sometimes, but there was no doubt the older man cared for him. It didn't matter it was a training contract, it was good enough for now. But these shoes were found by John? The evidence that was enough to have him charged by the police. That made no sense. He really hoped it hadn't been on purpose. Part of him expected it was... or maybe it was Mycroft's plan. He hadn't seen him since he'd bailed the station in a hurry. Everything always seemed to go wrong when everything was going right.

He shivered slightly and knew he needed to find a jacket of some sort without going home. Damn February weather. He closed his eyes momentarily before they snapped open again. He needed to change his clothes, but couldn't afford to just walk into a shop. He was sure he he'd been on the news... a charity shop though, a charity shop often had stuff left on the door during closed hours. Perfect.

***

John was sat in a cafe near Baker Street, contemplating what he was going to do with Sherlock. He knew the boy wasn't a murderer. Someone was setting him up, but who? And why? So many questions and he didn't even know where to start looking for answers. He shoved his hand in his pocket and pulled out his phone again. He scrolled through the calls list. He had phoned the elder Holmes 19 times with no response on each attempt. Mycroft never missed his calls. Not only was John a personal friend, but he was a Dom too, Mycroft had always respected that. Twice he had missed his calls in the past and he had phoned back straight away. It had been hours and nothing. What the bloody hell was he playing at?

He sat and stared into his half empty coffee mug. Deep down he knew he shouldn't have left Sherlock, but he had seen no alternative. How could he look his sub in the eye when he had been the one to find the evidence that had damned him? The evidence that meant he wasn't his anymore. There had to be a way to fix that, fix the bloody law.

His phone buzzed and he glanced at it with a heavy sigh. He left it buzzing to itself and held the mug up. “Can I get a refill?”

A short blond woman nodded once with a cheeky smirk as she brought the coffee pot across the room.

“Bad day?”

The doctor rolled his eyes. “You have no idea.”

She glanced at the phone which had started ringing again. For the third time in under a minute. “Is it about to get worse?”

This time, John's sigh was heaved a lot heavier. “Probably. Greg?” He asked as he answered. “He's done what?!”
Sherlock had slipped to the nearest charity shop he could find that was closed then slipped into a different secure alleyway to dress. At least they couldn't find him by his clothes now. It should slow them down. They'd look for his suit, the suit that was now in a large bin.

He leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes, trying to work out where he was and where he could go. Going to John's wasn't an option, he still didn't know where he lived.

With a resigned sigh he walked down one street and out the other side, into another. There had to be a hotel around here, somewhere he could sleep in. He found himself completely exhausted, but as he stepped into the third alley in a few minutes he was grabbed from behind and thrown into the wall.

“What?” He stammered thinking it was police. Thinking they had suddenly become non-imbecilic to know where to find him.

“You escaping wasn't part of the plan, Sherly,” came a nearly familiar voice from behind him. It was Irish... it was familiar, from a few days before.

A van slipped up beside the alley as the man cuffed his wrists behind him. The van was subtle and did nothing to draw attention. The van looked familiar, once again, assuming it was the police or Mycroft behind it would have got him in more trouble. But the Irishman... it had nothing to do with Mycroft.

As he was thrown in the back, he fell to his knees. He was grabbed by his curls to keep him that way as someone chained the cuffs to the floor between his feet. The weird grating was uncomfortable beneath his knees, but he didn't complain. He doubted the owner of the van cared much.

“Who are you?” Sherlock asked without caution. He didn't care anymore. What did he have left to lose after all?

The man behind him laughed... the Irishman. “You know who I am, Sherly.”

“Yes. Moriarty. According to my brother at least.”

“Mycroft knows? Ah good.”

Moriarty paced past the kneeling boy and fell to the small bunk shaped structure at the other side of the van.

“This is all about him, you know.”

“So why am I here? Get his Dom instead.”

Moriarty snorted. “DI Lestrade is one hell of a man to get close to in his department, but we all know his infamous baby brother is where Mycroft's heart truly lies.”

“Hmm,” Sherlock grunted and tried to glance out the window. They were blacked out so no view. Moriarty almost looked offended.

“It's been a long time before I could properly meet you, Mr. Holmes.”

“I'm not Mr.. Holmes. I save that crap for Mycroft.”

Moriarty laughed. “Petulant as ever. You should show me some respect.”
This time, Sherlock laughed. “You're not a Dom,” he couldn't help but point out.

Before the Irishman could respond, the screeching of tires could be heard as Sherlock was almost thrown flat on his face if it wasn't for the chains holding him to the van floor. The van jerked to a stop, going up on the curb as it did so.

Moriarty got up and slid the back door open. Sherlock got a quick glimpse at New Scotland Yard across the road as another man climbed in.

“You found him quick, boss.”

Moriarty chuckled. “He didn't make it difficult.”

“I am here!”

“Tut tut,” Moriarty shook his head. “Naughty boy shouldn't be speaking.”

“Who are you?” Sherlock repeated, eyeing him up and down again. The van was fairly dark, but he saw enough, at least he thought he had.

The man who had climbed in couldn't help himself, he reached up and rested his hand at the nape of the Irishman's neck.

Sherlock frowned and then closed his eyes in realisation. “You're not a Dom. You're a switch.”

***

John went straight to the Yard after Greg's phone call, demanding the cabby go twice as quickly, but also wishing he'd slow down.

“John, things really aren't looking good for him.”

Greg had spoken as soon as he'd climbed from the cab.

“That's fairly bloody obvious, mate.”

“Made worse by the fact he came out through that window and hasn't been seen since.”

“He knew you were helping him. Why did he bail?”

“Donovan-”

“What?” John straightened up immediately, his hands balling into fists. Before Greg realised what had happened he had taken off towards CID.

“John!” Greg yelled, but he had already reached the lift and the doors had already slid shut. With a heavy huff, he took the stairs two at a time. He crashed through the double doors seconds before the lift opened up.

He grabbed John as soon as he raced out and shoved him into the wall with a thud. A few grunts and yells later and the doctor was pressed up against the wall, his right arm up his back, his hand between his shoulder blades and a set of cuffs wrapped around his left wrist.

“I can carry on if you like?”

John's deep, ragged breath slowed as Greg held him tight to the wall.
“Alright,” he growled after a few more minutes, but just as the DI began to loosen his grip, the doctor turned, spotted Donovan in the window of CID and fought like mad for freedom again.

“Jackson, here now!” Greg barked. He held John steady as the terrified PC helped cuff him. Then together, they manhandled him back to the lift.

“Help me get him in my car, then you can be on your way.”

The young man nodded once, “Yes, sir.”

“Greg, you fucking moron. How is she still working here?” John thrashed, but it was half hearted. He knew he wasn't getting out of the cuffs.

“You don't even know what she did yet.”

“I don't want to know.”

The lift doors opened and they dragged John out of the Yard and towards the street where Greg's car was.

Once he was in the back seat and they were on their own Greg climbed into his own seat and turned the car on.

“Where would he run too?”

“I don't know!” John snapped.

Greg wanted nothing more than for the doctor to be a sub right now. At least then he could gain some control over the situation.

“John, think!”

John heaved several deep breaths. “I don't know,” he repeated slightly quieter.

“Does he know where you live?”

The blond shook his head. “No. He always misses it. Never fails to point out the fact actually.”

Greg snorted. “Ok, then let's try other places. Baker Street? Would he go there?”

“No. He's too clever for that.” He watched the back of the DI's head for a while as he thought. “He would have changed clothes.”

“How?”

John shrugged glaring out the window and releasing his hands from fists to relaxed behind him. They pressed up against the chair, pushing him into the seatbelt like a grounding presence.

“So he won't be in his shirt and trousers?” He asked, recalling what the boy had been wearing when he had been arrested.

“No. I doubt it. He would keep to all the back alleys and he knows where all the cameras are.”

Greg nodded once, checking the junction before turning.

“Greg.”
“What?”

“What are you going to do to him when you find him?”

“John, I'm 100% sure he's innocent. Even with the evidence stacked against him. Someone is setting him up. Don't know who or why, but we will figure it out. You'll get your sub back.”

“You've charged him, Greg. He's not my sub anymore.” And that thought killed him.

“Sod the law,” Greg smacked the steering wheel with his palm. “Mycroft will change it if he has to.”

The doctor snickered slightly, he bloody well would as well. Mycroft would move the planet for his baby brother, so where the hell was he now?

“What's going to happen about Donovan?” He watched the older man closely for a response. He didn't get the defensive/protective senior officer response he was expecting.

“She'll be dealt with, mate, that I promise you.”

“She won't lose her job, will she?” There was nothing he wanted more than to walk onto a crime scene with Sherlock, no Donovan in sight. Although, walking onto a crime scene with Donovan stood at the side watching Sherlock walk around it like he owned it rather than her would be rather satisfying too.

“She more than likely will now that Sherlock's escaped. When she went for him it was an offence enough, but she's the cause of a murder suspect escaping. Yes I know he's innocent, but at the moment in the eyes of my superiors, he's not.”

The blond nodded once. “Can you pull over?”

“I'm not uncuffing you.”

He huffed pointedly, not really surprised. “Greg, would the station know where all the cameras are?”

The DI glanced in the rear view. It didn't take much to work out what John was thinking. “We would only know the council cameras. And these days it's few and far between how many haven't been trashed.”

“Yeah, but we only want to know where they are. The bigger the gap in cameras, that's where he'll be.”

“Sherlock knows where all the private ones are too. I swear, he used to walk around all the time noting this sort of thing in that Mind Palace of his.”

John huffed. Why could his sub never make things easy? “Sounds about right.”

***

Before he was dragged from the van a soft lined blindfold was tugged over his eyes. He didn't struggle as he was manhandled from the back of the vehicle.

He was shoved to the floor again, his knees hitting the solid concrete hard enough to send a jerk up through him. He kept his eyes squeezed shut beneath the darkness that would be there if he opened them.
Before he could do anything, or say anything, the sound of tires screeching was all he could hear, then it disappeared completely. Was he in some sort of warehouse?

He began to tug at the cuffs then, thinking he had been abandoned and this was his only chance.

When he felt a foot push down on the cuffs between his wrists, he bit back his whimper. He would not grumble and moan in pain, not here.

Then the blindfold was ripped off.

Blinking back away from the light, Sherlock steadied his eyes to the brightness around him, 2 large white lights pointing down at him. When he could finally focus, he could see the camera aimed at his kneeling figure.

“Moriarty...”

The Irishman appeared from the blind spot in his vision and slapped him. Hard.

“Ow!” Sherlock complained, pointlessly. “What's with the camera?”

From out of nowhere, Moriarty pulled a gun, he spun it around on his finger by the trigger guard.

“Ok...” Sherlock mumbled watching it closely. Was he meant to be scared? He knew he probably should be, but he found himself not really caring. Too much had happened these last few days at the hand of one man.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Moriarty reached out with one hand, pointing the gun at he kneeling sub. With the other he flicked the camera on, activating the live feed.

“Say hello to your brother, Sherlock. Because in 30 seconds you will be saying goodbye.”
“What? Why?” Sherlock's eyes were wide as he glared at this... switch. This man that seemed to have Mycroft so worried. Who even had the power to make his big brother worry? He was the British Government.

“I was going to do this by a swimming pool,” Moriarty spun on his toe as he pondered out loud, “but I changed my mind.”

Sherlock frowned, rather intrigued, everything about this man was intriguing. “Swimming pool? What swimming pool?”

“None of your god damn business!” Moriarty yelled, his temper peaked immediately. He always did struggle to control it so he sighed softly when he felt the familiar hand on his neck. The hand of his boyfriend, his Dom.

“Calm, babe,” Moran jerked his head at the gun. “Or you'll lose that perfect aim of yours.”

The Irishman jerked a nod once, hating the way Seb had such control over him. He had managed for so long on his own, after all. “Say goodbye, Sherlock.”

The boy's gaze flickered around the room, the dark expansive room. He noted nothing of relevance, nothing that would help him escape or even tell him where they were. This man was clever.

“Now!” Moriarty yelled. “Big brother is watching.” He indicated the camera again with the gun.

Sherlock's gaze darted straight to the camera. “Mycie...” he closed his eyes, he had to say goodbye, didn't he? If this was it, it couldn't be for nothing. “Tell John... tell him that I...” that time he sighed heavily. “He knows. And you,” he glanced towards Moriarty who was wearing a manic grin, the gun held loosely in his hand. “Mycroft, you aren't the-”

Before he could finish his sentence, every door surrounding the room was kicked in. It sounded like some simultaneous thunder in about 15 different places. Dozens of armed officers raced in and surrounded them on all sides within seconds, elite officers, well trained... Mycroft.

Moriarty laughed, his cackling echoing around the room. It was the insane cackling you'd hear on one of those old black and white movies that just played in the background.

“Arrest them both!” Mycroft yelled running in behind the officers. He was wearing a stab vest as a precaution over his suit as he rushed straight over to Sherlock even before Moriarty had been properly disarmed.

“I should have known you'd escape,” he whispered, pulling the kneeling Holmes to his chest as he crouched down beside him. He felt that if he let Sherlock go he wouldn't see him again.
Sherlock took several long, deep, shaky breaths into the government official's shoulder. “Mycroft, the murder-”

“Shh. Of course I know it wasn't you. I always knew.” He pulled his little brother's head to his neck and held him tightly, as tightly as he could without suffocating him.

He sighed in relief, he would have hugged his big brother back, but he was still chained to the floor. Did John know? And Greg? Or did they believe the fake evidence John had found?

“Get these cuffs off my brother!” Mycroft yelled out, still holding Sherlock. His gaze fell on the camera. “I'm assuming that's the reasoning behind the email I received?” The email he had received and hadn't wasted time opening. Even if he had known Moriarty had his little brother... would he have opened that email? It was unlikely anything in it would have given away their location. Moriarty was too clever for that.

Sherlock nodded once, jerkily. “That man, Moriarty. He had all of this planned. He knew I'd escape. This is about you, not me.”

Mycroft sighed, “I know, little brother, I'm sorry.” He hated that Sherlock got caught up in his affairs, it was hardly fair.

“He said you were watching. That I had to say goodbye...”

This time, the older sub swallowed around the lump in his throat, he could only imagine what that would have been like, even for a boy like Sherlock: hell. He shifted slightly to let one of the officers unlock the cuffs and pulled his mobile from his pocket. Worry dawned on his face, but he smothered it out and then smiled at his little brother, Sherlock needed him more right now. “It's alright. My men have him now.”

“I'm assuming you just got some bad news on your phone?” Sherlock asked trying to rub his wrists, but his fingers were numb, those cuffs had been done up tight.

“87 missed calls.”

“Ouch,” Sherlock winced in sympathy. “From your Dom?”

“No. Well... a few, mainly yours..”

John? Why would John be phoning Mycroft? He shook his head, ignoring the thought for a while.

“Mycroft, that guy is a psychopath,” he had no idea why, but he felt like it needed saying.

With a snort, the older Holmes pulled Sherlock to his feet. “Good job you aren't with him anymore then.”

***

As soon as Sherlock had been checked out by the paramedics on scene (no long lasting affects from any of the drugs in his system), Mycroft herded him from the warehouse and into the waiting car after a rather long ear-bashing from Greg.

“Does this mean I don't have a Dom now?” The younger Holmes asked, climbing into the back seat. Mycroft had referred to the missed calls as from 'his Dom', but that didn't make any sense, he'd been charged. The contract was void.
Mycroft watched him carefully, slightly surprised at such a question from his little brother, the one who hated Doms, period.

“We have to go to the Yard. We need to talk to some people.”

“But it's obvious he set me up!” Sherlock snapped. Why couldn't anyone else see it? Why were they all blind and dumb and too slow to make a difference.

“I know,” he grabbed Sherlock's hand as it whacked the chair in front of him, trying to calm him. “We need to go so Gregory can formally drop the charges against you.”

“So John will-”

“They're both at the Yard. Waiting for us.”

He pulled his hand out of Mycroft's grip and turned to stare out of the window.

All he could think of for the rest of the journey was how he had let John down.

***

As they reached the Yard, it was a confusing situation for the boy. He didn't know whether they'd reached it not soon enough or too soon.

When the door to the station opened and both Greg and John came rushing out, Sherlock dropped to his knees on the path. He had taken no more than half a dozen steps from the car. His knees hit the gravelled path and he ignored the pain that shot up through them.

Mycroft glanced down in concern, but John had reached the pair of them and stepped in before he could say or do anything.

“Pet, get up,” John ordered, pulling him to his feet and hugging him tightly.

Greg grabbed Mycroft by the scruff of the neck and pulled him to the side, intent on finding out what the hell his sub had been up to.

Sherlock let himself be hugged. “I'm not in trouble?”

“Oh you are, you so are. I'll be tripling your tally for the next several days, but that's it.”

Sherlock frowned. “You're... I don't... why are you... I don't understand,” he finished lamely.

“I'll quadruple the tally if you don't start addressing me properly.”

Sherlock closed his eyes and nodded once, still holding onto the doctor. “I'm sorry, sir.”

“Good boy.”

***

“I had to run away.”

John sighed, he reached across and cupped Sherlock's cheek. “I know you did. I'm not mad at you for that.”

The four of them were sat in a cafe, 300 yards from the station. Sherlock was no longer a suspect;
his record was clean again. Greg had grumbled about the amount of paperwork he now had to do, but was more pissed off with Mycroft who was knelt beside his Dom rather than sat.

Mycroft seemed to have accepted his cock up and hadn’t grumbled about being knelt while his little brother was on a comfy chair.

“'There's something I don't understand about the whole situation, sir.”

John glanced up, still holding Sherlock’s hand beneath the table. “What's that?”

“Those shoes!” The shoes that had been the nail in the coffin in terms of his getting released chances plummeting.

“Sherlock,” John closed his eyes, thinking briefly, he knew that would be brought up, and he hated himself for being the cause. But if this whole thing was a set up, an officer was 100% likely to find those shoes anyway. “I thought they would clear your name not damn it more!”

The boy's eyes widened. “What?”

“When I saw them, I knew they were nothing like what you wear now. Only what you used to wear.”

Sherlock frowned, more confused. “Sir?”

“I thought bringing them in would clear your name. They were covered in the blood of the guy in that jewellery store.”

“So Moriarty took my shoes...” his head was spinning with how long this must have been planned. “He took my shoes months ago to frame me.”

Between watching his Dom to check he really was there, Sherlock kept glancing across at Mycroft, he wanted to feel guilty for his position but decided not to, not with what he had just realised. Mycroft had gone after the consulting criminal to catch him, not because he knew his little brother was there, he hadn't known he'd escaped like several of the missed phone calls would have likely told him. Then he remembered what the older Holmes had said when he had mentioned this whole situation being about the government official, 'I know’ he had said. But that meant... that meant he had known Moriarty would go after Sherlock. Would hurt Sherlock to get to him, which also meant Mycroft had to love his little brother a lot for Moriarty to use him as a threat. But not only that... he had put all his resources and efforts, including pissing off his Dom, into finding James Moriarty so he was no longer a threat. To either of them.

Something inside him knew that was more to do with the fact he wanted to protect Sherlock than it had been to protect himself. When did Mycroft ever do anything to protect himself?

He suddenly pushed away his mug of tea, it sloshing over the side and onto the table and threw himself on the floor beside his big brother. He hugged him tightly. “Thank you, big brother.”
John knocked on the door to the lab, waiting for his sub’s call. Part of him did wonder if Sherlock would just pretend to not hear it, or worse yet, outrightly ignore it.

When he got it, he opened the door and stepped into the room, pushing those thoughts away, he was subconsciously underestimating his sub. It wasn’t something he did anymore, mainly because the brat could outsmart him at every turn. He didn’t often knock when he entered rooms in his own house, but the lab was a private space for Sherlock and he often did weird and dangerous stuff inside. He didn’t want to risk that ending up all over the place.

He smiled when Sherlock dropped to his knees, his hands going behind his head. The boy was definitely learning. At long last.

“It’s ok, pet. It’s nothing bad.”

With that, Sherlock’s hands moved from behind his head to behind his back, for some reason it always felt like he was being watched more when he was in the ‘easier’ position. The Dom crossed the room in a few paces and ran his hand through his kneeling sub’s untamely curls.

“Good boy.”

Sherlock almost began purring when John began to tickle that little spot behind his ear.

“Any part of this experiment of yours time sensitive?” He continued petting his hair as he spoke.

“No, sir,” Sherlock’s voice was quiet. He wasn’t near subspace, but he was miles away from Panic which John loved. He didn’t like the way it presented itself in any sub, but with Sherlock... it seemed to hit him far harder. He supposed it ran in the family, Mycroft destroyed things when he was in that deep dark place.

“Do you fancy a picnic?”

Sherlock frowned, his gaze flickering up to the blond. “I’m sorry, sir?”

John laughed at that, brushing his index finger under the sub’s chin.

“You’ve been a good boy this week, taken your punishment well, I thought we could go for a walk through my grounds to the lalé at the bottom. There might not be any ducks on it at this time of year, but it’s nice and relaxing.”

The boy blinked dumbly. “Yes, sir. As long as we don’t get wet again.”

John laughed, surprised his boy remembered their first attempt. He had been far too floaty to properly pay attention.
“Can we eat there, sir?”

John chuckled at that and pulled his sub to his feet by his finger in his collar.

“If you help me prepare lunch. How’s that sound?”

He nodded. “Yes, sir.”

John made a point to take his hand and tugged him towards the door.

When they reached the kitchen John poured the tea from the pot to two mugs that had already been prepared. He pressed one into his boy’s hand. “Drink up,” he said with a smirk as he filled the kettle up and put it on again.

“Can we have hot chocolate in the flask sir? Rather than tea.”

John nodded once and pulled a chopping board out from a cupboard. “You chop up the vegetables,” he placed a few Tupperware pots with different sized compartments beside him. “I’ll make the sandwiches.”

***

John was holding Sherlock’s hand as they headed out across the grass. He had his Belstaff on and his scarf around his neck. John wasn’t sure if he liked it as it hid his collar, but it seemed to keep the boy warm. If he had to choose he would choose Sherlock’s warmth, but it wasn’t a big decision when they were in his own grounds. It was different when they were out on cases.

The last week had been odd to say the least, Sherlock has expected a beating, expected punishment beyond what John had said was going to happen, but the beating never came. The usual evening spanking was upped, like John had promised, and his arse smarted a bit, but he had been expecting so much more. Even now.

Walking for a picnic with his Dom was not something he had been expecting this morning when he’d woken up.

Still, it seemed pleasant enough so far, if a little cold.

The grounds were so extensive they didn’t see any of the guards, nor any of the staff, Sherlock still couldn’t believe no one had tried to stop him when he had climbed out of the attic roof a few weeks ago. He was still feeling proud of himself for that. Nothing was better than beating his brother.

When they reached the lake there, were 2 ducks on it, John was most surprised. Sherlock had to stop himself from chasing them like a child.

“Do you come down here a lot, sir?”

“Hmm. Never done it in February,” John laughed. “But you haven’t been out of the house for a few days and I know you hate feeling caged in.”

Before Sherlock could prevent himself he reached over and kissed John, but the Dom seemed to have seen it coming as he reached out, snagging Sherlock’s curls in his gloved fingers and forcefully continuing the kiss and more importantly taking control of it.

They were both panting when John was done, Sherlock was stood glassy eyed, making the blond
“Feel free to climb the trees, pet. I can see exactly what you’re thinking.”

Rather than argue that he hadn’t been thinking such a childish thing, he took off towards the nearest tree. John thought it was because he liked climbing trees, despite his age, but actually he hoped, if he got high enough without John yelling at him he might be able to get some form of a clue to explain where he was. Well over a month in and he still had no idea where this Dom lived.

John let Sherlock climb for half an hour while he set the several blankets out and the mini stools so they wouldn’t get cold from the ground. The boy had changed trees 3 times, and it was on the third tree John knew what he was up to, it made him laugh.

“Come on, pet, come and have some lunch.”

With a silent groan, he jumped from the branch he had been sat on and rolled to his feet.

“You didn’t bring my cushion, sir?”

John frowned and shook his head, indicating the stool beside him.

“I’m hardly going to make you kneel on the cold ground, pet.”

Sherlock shrugged as he took a seat, he didn’t see why not, but he wasn’t about to say that out loud. The Dom had made sure Sherlock’s stool was in reach of him as he sat back and pulled the lunch box from the backpack.

He reached out and pushed chunk after bite size chunk into Sherlock’s mouth.

He was rather surprised when the boy didn’t pull away and actually ate everything he was given.

“You figured it out yet, pet?”

“Sir?”

“Where I live.”

***

"Get the door, Sherlock!" John yelled at the knock.

It was several hours later, they’d sat in the sitting room by the log fire for over an hour, drinking what was left of the hot chocolate and warming each other up.

But now, Sherlock had been in his lab finishing off his experiment while John worked away in his study.

Huffing, Sherlock headed to the hallway, he had been happily playing on his violin while he waited for the experiment to bubble over, before the interruption.

"Mycroft!"

His brother looked him up and down. It was evident immediately how Sherlock refrained from running to him and closing the few yards across the threshold to engulf him in a hug.
He let his eyebrow raise, stopping the smirk he knew was usual at this point in their communications. He didn’t think it would be welcome right now. "Learning lessons, Sherlock?"
He asked sarcastically.

"It's horrible, Mycroft!" Sherlock claimed, smirking first.

"Oi, you." John appeared out of nowhere and clipped the back of his head, chuckling softly.

"Why are you here, Myc?" The boy asked, arms folded.

“I invited him for tea, I thought he would want to see how you were doing, but more importantly discuss a few things. Especially after last week’s escapade.” John now knew that Sherlock saw the government official for the protective big brother he was rather than an interfering hinderance he had seen him as before.

Sherlock took a couple of steps backwards, stunned. He shook his head, John had... the no beatings... after everything that day.... all John had said... he was going to- the- he couldn’t cope with this, he spun on his toe and raced off down the hall, in the direction of somewhere he could hide.

"What's that about?" Mycroft asked in actual surprise.

John shrugged, not worried yet, but not far off. "Do you want to go and take a seat in the lounge and I'll go and I will find out?"

"Of course,” Mycroft nodded, shooting a concerned look at his brother’s retreating form.

“Call the staff, they’ll get you a cup of tea while you wait.” with that, the Dom smiled reassuringly then took off up the hall, things were so much easier without his damn stick slowing him down and making him feel like an invalid, he’d known - deep down - for a long while, that he hadn’t been beyond his occasional temper flare. But even that was becoming so much easier to control, his position in society forced him to.

He hunted for what felt like hours, struggling to work out if he was getting more frustrated the longer it took to find his sub, or less frustrated.

Sherlock had curled himself up in a ball in one of the cupboards when John found him.

It took him nearly 20 minutes when he opened the door to the lab and couldn't spot him, there was about 1000 places he could be. He hadn't spotted the sub’s hiding place straight away because Sherlock had clearly thought it through, he’d put everything that had originally been in said cupboard in other ones to not arouse suspicion by making a mess.

"You alright, Sherlock?" He called in softly.

"Go away."

John couldn’t even see his face, he’d curled himself up so tightly.

"Excuse me?"

“I said go away,” Sherlock hissed. “Are you deaf?"

"I think you'll find I'm very much not deaf and if I was you I would get my arse out of the cupboard." John felt the tension rising. Over the last few days, he had assumed Sherlock would at
least try and stay out of trouble. To be purposely impolite... that was too much for even his leniency.

"No."

"Sherlock, what is this about?" They’d had a great morning, hadn’t they? He had been well behaved, he’d eaten and drank plenty which was becoming more and more the norm. They had enjoyed each other’s company.

"Piss. Off!" He tried to reach for the cupboard door but John caught his wrist and wedged his foot in the door’s path to stop it closing. The Dom winced at the slam of the wood but Sherlock didn’t feel guilty. He didn’t care. He wanted to be left alone where he could wallow in his misery.

"You will get your arse out of that cupboard, right now, young man and explain to me what is going on or you will be in serious trouble!"

Sherlock turned his head, trying to pull his wrist free from the Dom again and not succeeding. All he did was manage to knock his Dom off balance momentarily.

John used the position of his foot in the doorway to brace himself, then he reached a hand in and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, pulling him out. It was nothing but a bunch of limbs that appeared to flail around. The doctor didn’t let him fall to the floor though, he just forced him to his knees as controlled as he could be and did the cuffs up behind his back. It wasn’t long before it was clear his feet needed to be cuffed too.

"Get off!" Sherlock snapped. "Piss off, go back to my brother and tell him to piss off too!"

Rolling his eyes, John bent over and threw Sherlock over his shoulder, he carried him all the way back to the sitting room. Sherlock was about to renew his struggling, the last thing he needed was to be dumped on the floor at Mycroft’s feet like some trussed up slave. But instead, John dumped him on his knees outside the door and poked his head into the living room, keeping one hand in the brat’s curls. Mycroft seemed content reading from a file.

"I’m afraid I might be a while. Do you want to come back later or…"

"I’m good here, thank you, John. Plenty of work I can do,” he smirked up at the younger man, well aware his brother was about to be in all sorts of trouble.

The Dom nodded once. "Very well. Just tell a member of the staff if you need to go. I’ll be as quick as I can.” With that he closed the door and stared down at the sub fighting the cuffs.

"How many times have you been cuffed with those things?" John asked. “Enough to know you can’t get out of them anyway.” He picked Sherlock up again and threw him over his shoulder. “You should be thinking yourself lucky, boy. I could have quite easily have dealt with you in the front room. In front of your brother.”

At that Sherlock began thrashing, the Dom merely sighed. He put him down before they reached the sitting room and pulled his leash from his pocket. In no time he had Sherlock’s feet chained to his wrists and was dragging him up the stairs. He was just dead weight now, far heavier just less awkward.

The Dom didn’t put him down again until they were outside of the playroom.

“You are going to pay for your insubordination, Sherlock. Do you hear me? I don’t care what set this little temper tantrum off. I’ll calm you down, punish you, and then we can go and enjoy a nice
conversation with your brother without this brattish behaviour. Are we clear on that?”

Sherlock didn’t respond, just thrashed in the cuffs again.

“Fine,” John sighed, pushing the playroom door wide open.
John carried the sub into the play room and locked the door behind him. Then he set about uncuffing the brat that was now in a heap on the floor.

Sherlock was glaring daggers up at his Dom from where he was in a bundle, but before he could spring up and lash out, John grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. He shoved him down over the bench and chained his collar to the eyebolt. Sherlock had gone back to underestimating him as a Dom, and it was something that would damn well change soon or he’d suffer for it. It was that simple.

All John could think was that he needed to get his boy somewhere and restrained relatively confined so he couldn’t get either of them hurt with his anger.

With his collar chained to the bench, John gripped both of his sub’s wrists in his hands as tightly as he could as he removed them from one another. He knew the brat would fight and he was ready for it. He pressed one up his back so his fingers were between his shoulder blades, and completely still before he did anything with the second.

“Get off,” Sherlock hissed, tugging at his restrained arm.

John ignored him and within short order it was buckled to the bench, running perpendicular from his torso and soon enough his other wrist did the same. His feet quickly followed.

“John!” Sherlock snapped, his annoyance plain to see.

Straightening up, the Dom tweaked his tie then headed for the door, still ignoring the now growling man. He dimmed the lights down and shut the door behind him. He pulled up the app on his phone that held the security footage. It was clear he was still fighting.

After nearly an hour of the detective making it quite clear that he wasn’t going to give in, John sighed. Predicament bondage then. And if he still didn’t calm down after that he’d get Mycroft up here to watch.

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John managed to get the boy across the room and onto the bed, it took a lot of manoeuvring as the brat did not stop fidgeting the entire time and trying to lift Sherlock when he wanted to be lifted was such an easier feat.

Once he was in a tight as possible hogtie, John fetched a gag for him. He’d had enough of his noise. He pressed the ball between his teeth and let him fight the urge to bite into it as he buckled it up behind his head.

He sat beside the sub’s head and brushed his fingers across his cheek. “I wish you would just tell me what the problem was, rather than making me go through all of this with you.” He sighed
heavily and caught a few of his curls in his fist. “Rather embarrassing in front of big brother, don’t you think?”

Sherlock’s gaze flickered up at him and there was an air of defiance there that John really didn’t approve of. With a small huff, John got to his feet and found a hood. In short order he had it pulled down over Sherlock’s thrashing form. He tightened the strings up behind his head, tucking them into the collar so they wouldn’t get caught on anything.

The Dom snatched up lube and a plug, deciding against the fucking machine. He spread his pet’s hole and eased a finger in. Slowly. Enough to torment the boy into keeping still for a moment. Sherlock couldn’t see so he had no idea what John was about to do or what toys he was about to use. That one finger went in and out several times, John even tried to twist it to find his special spot, but he was too tight. Sighing, he pushed another finger inside and it was at that point that Sherlock started thrusting into the fingers.

John whacked his hip with his palm, “keep still!”

Deciding not to waste anymore time trying to see if pleasure was a way of calming the detective, John pressed in a third finger. He didn’t spend much longer working it in.

Sherlock groaned as the third finger breached him, he wasn’t a stranger to this, he wasn’t even a stranger to this with John as a Dom, but not being able to see or really move properly made it distinctly unusual.

He wasn’t surprised when a plug slipped into his hole with ease. The presence of it already seemed to calm him.

Then, after a moment or two, John was clearly setting up the ropes for the suspension. He held Sherlock’s hooded head in his hand for a moment before winching him up. He thrashed only momentarily until he realised he was in the air... flying.

He balked when he felt his cock being manhandled by his Dom. He couldn’t see anything and he didn’t like it but he didn’t even think of safe wording.

He yelped when John grasped his nipples, playing with them both at once with thumb and forefinger. The clamps also came as no surprise and bit into his nubs painfully.

John then wrapped some hemp rope in a figure of 8 around the detective’s cock and bollocks and let the loose ends hang. He weighted the rope and the clamps, then pushed them both so they would sway. With the stimulation in his arse, the rope immediately did its job.

“The more you fight this now, the worse it will be for you. That rope will keep getting tighter as will the weights. Behave, calm down and I will let you down. At which point I will deliver your considerable tally, you will apologise to me, and we will go and have a nice conversation with your brother who will no doubt be in a foul mood after waiting for his petulant brat of a baby brother to get his head on straight. For several hours I might add.”

The boy let his head hang in defeat, he couldn’t struggle, not with the rope around his cock. Which was clearly the idea.

John briefly patted his head then headed for the door and Mycroft.

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He gave his sub half an hour, suspended as he was. He had watched his phone out of the corner of
his eyes while drinking tea and chatting with Mycroft. After finding out what he was doing here, neither of them knew what Sherlock had supposedly deduced.

He was cautious as he walked into the playroom and paused at the door. Sherlock was whimpering to himself the vibrator being nothing but torture and his cock was purple between his legs.

“Shh,” John soothed, reaching out to cup Sherlock’s cheek. The boy stilled immediately, his whimpering trailing off. “Are you ready to obey me now?”

The detective’s head nodded minutely. He stood like that for a long while, holding him until he decided to remove the hood and the gag.

“Don’t say a word,” John ordered, fetching a bottle of water and a straw from the mini fridge.

Sherlock was silent until the Dom pushed the straw between his lips. “Not too fast.” He sipped slowly, trying to ignore the ever present buzzing up his arse. He hadn’t realised how thirsty he had been.

Content his sub had drank enough for the moment, John set about removing the vibrator from inside him, then the clamps, then he started on the cock rope, unravelling it.

“Please, sir,” Sherlock whispered.

“No. You are not coming,” knowing exactly what he wanted. “You are still on punishment.”

“But, sir, what has this been about if-“

John dropped his palm down on the detective’s arse, successfully cutting him off. “This was about calming you down. The paddling you’re about to receive is the punishment.” The doctor was most surprised that Sherlock didn’t start thrashing around again, or at least offering some argument.

He knew he couldn’t trust Sherlock with such a hard dick right now so he fetched some ice. “This will be cold. I’m going to cage you for 24 hours. Go back to being the good sub I know you can be and I shall remove it.”

The detective sighed, his head hanging low as he did. “Yes, sir.” He flinched as the cold was pressed up against the base of his cock and his bollocks began to shrivel up. He could actually feel them getting smaller.

“Good boy,” John soothed as he eased his cock into the cage. He had decided against using a sound, he didn’t want the boy in more discomfort than was needed right now, not seeing as the cage wasn’t the punishment... in a way it was to prevent further punishment that coming without permission would bring.

“Could I have another drink, sir? Please?”

The Dom nodded and snatched up the bottle. “I’m about to let you down, pet,” he informed him as he gratefully sipped at the water. “Are you going to fight me?”

“No, sir.”

John ruffled his sweat ridden hair and sighed in relief, having to do this to calm his sub’s wasn’t unusual but it wasn’t something he enjoyed having to do.

Once Sherlock was laid out on the bed, John began to untie him from the collection of ropes. He
released one leg first, then the other, lowering them both slowly down to the bed and massaging his thighs that had taken the brunt of the strain.

When his arms were released, they just fell floppy to the sides, Sherlock actually laughed. “Sir, I can’t feel... anything.”

John brushed his hand through his hair again as he worked feeling back into the younger man’s arms. “Should have calmed down quicker then.” He rolled him over so he was more comfortable. “If you had fought me much longer I think I would have needed to sedate you.”

Sherlock shook at the mere thought of that experience. “That sounds pleasant, sir,” he replied with clear sarcasm.

“You were going to hurt yourself. Or me.”

The detective frowned up at the Dom who had perched himself on the edge of the bed, one hand on his belly. “Sir?”

“Before you ask, yes, I’ve had to do it before. Because the sub hurt himself the first time he lost control.”

Slowly, the detective shifted on the bed and rested his head in John’s lap. Thinking back on it, he was surprised how much he had lost it. Since being a teenager things like his temper had tended to be controlled... just like Mycroft’s. But he had seen first hand that Mycroft couldn’t always control himself... especially with Panic. But this time it wasn’t Panic, it wasn’t natural submissive instincts, it was him.

John was glad the boy had moved for the comfort, he sat there with him for no more than 5 minutes then got to his feet, they needed to get this over with and get back to Mycroft. “Right, 60 with the usual paddle or 20 with the tough one? Your choice.”

“20, sir,” he said immediately. He was not going through 60 with any paddle, he was an emotional wreck as it was... but he knew the second he saw his brother he would be likely to lose it again... he couldn’t face it.

“Very well,” John led him across the room and pressed him down over the bed. “Can you hold your hands behind your back or do I need to activate the cuffs?”

“No, sir. I can hold it.”

And Sherlock did. He gripped his right wrist with his left hand as tight as he could and braced himself for the paddle.

John was quick but paced himself and the strokes to ensure they covered his whole arse. After 10 he could feel the heat radiating off the younger man’s arse.

Soon enough, Sherlock was panting out “20, sir,” and burying his head into the sheets of the bed.

John got rid of the paddle and ran his hand up Sherlock’s back, soothing him as much as he could. “Shh, it’s over. We’re done.”

Sherlock turned his head into John’s side, whimpering quietly. He gave him a moment to settle and then moved to put the paddle away. “As your brother has come out all this way to see you, I will cuddle with you in the front room and you will give him your upmost attention as dazed as that will be.”
“Yes, sir,” he sniffled, grateful that John was pulling a t-shirt over his head and letting him wear some trousers. Mycroft would deduce, but at least his dignity would remain a little.

Rather than make the sub walk, John scooped him up in a bridal carry and headed down the stairs with him.

Mycroft had successfully anticipated their arrival of the pair of them and there was fresh tea on the coffee table waiting.

“So, little brother,” the older sub began as John lowered them both onto the sofa, letting Sherlock turn sideways to protect himself. “What was all that about?”
Sherlock glanced at the folder and the few papers that were sprawled out across the coffee table and Mycroft’s lap.

“Like you don’t know.”

“Oi,” John growled the warning in his sub’s ear and the way the sub tensed suggested he understood it for what it was.

Sherlock reached forward, wincing slightly as the trousers shifted against his arse, and snatched up one of the sheets of paper. Mycroft didn’t try to stop him.

“What?” The detective stared at it blankly.

“That’s the transcript of the interview between my men and the widow. The one there is with the daughter.” He indicated the next paper on the table. “And those are from the first couple. The second couple is in the bottom folder.”

Sherlock got to his feet, dislodging the hand that John had on his knee. “It’s a case? You’ve brought me a case?”

John was watching his sub cautiously as Mycroft glanced between them. “Well, yes, little brother. Too much leg work involved on this one. What are you-“

“So you’re not going to take me away?”

Mycroft got to his feet and took a few steps, closing the distance between the sofa and his brother. “Why would I take you away?”

“The stuff. With Moriarty-“

“Wasn’t your fault,” Mycroft cut in.

Sherlock glanced at his Dom in concern.

“It wasn’t his either. I had been ignoring him for far too long. So it is technically my fault.”

“You... I...” he reached back to put his hand on the sofa as he felt rather dizzy.

“Down you go,” Mycroft instructed, pushing his brother down to the sofa with a hand on both of his shoulders.

John took his hand. “Don’t you dare go into Panic, pet, there is no need.” Mycroft moved out the way, so the Dom slipped from the sofa and crouched in front of Sherlock, taking his other hand as well.
Sherlock’s eyes widened in horror as he glanced between his Dom and his brother... he had made a massive fuss out of nothing. And got in trouble at the same time.

“Sir-”

“Shh,” John put his finger to his sub’s lips. “Don’t speak. Focus on your breathing. Come on, in and out. You know how this goes by now.”

“I don’t want to focus on my breathing,” Sherlock grumbled trying to pull his hands out of John’s grip, but the Dom stopped him.

“You aren’t to move. Or I will punish you again,” the doctor threatened, watching as slowly Sherlock started to breathe in and out with a more natural rhythm. “That’s better. See? Panic averted,” he kissed his sub on the side of the head but Sherlock couldn’t focus on John right now, he caught sight of his brother. “Mycroft-”

But the government official was looking out the window, clearly disheartened by his brother’s lack of faith.

“Mycie, I’m sorry.” Panic averted, the younger Holmes wanted to explain himself. It had been a massive oversight, but that didn’t mean-

“After everything, you thought I would take you away? From a man you clearly love.” Mycroft’s hands had clenched into fists. He wasn’t allowed to say that. It was still a working contract. There was an end date to it.

John swore internally. Just what he needed, all because Sherlock couldn’t control his deductions when they weren’t needed. The doctor had a duty to keep Mycroft to hand when Greg wasn’t around, not only because he was the only Dom for several miles but because of specific instructions from the government official’s Dom himself. That had been decided long before he had taken Sherlock on.

“Sherlock, phone Greg.”

The boy’s eyes widened slightly before he nodded. “Yes, sir.”

John waited for Sherlock to leave the room before he turned his attention to the older Holmes. He closed his eyes briefly, knowing there was no alternative. He knew Mycroft took the form of anger when he was in Panic, so it was something he wanted to avoid. “On your knees,” the Dom ordered, his tone stern.

Mycroft merely turned to face him, looking bewildered and definitely not like kneeling was a good idea.

With a sigh, John led the government official across the room, none too gently and pushed him down into the armchair for the support. “Alright?” He tried, but Mycroft’s teeth were clenched together and he wouldn’t meet his eye, choosing instead to stare at the floor between his Dom’s feet.

It was obvious to the Dom that Mycroft wanted to hit something and he’d seen his reactions when in Panic before. He went and opened a drawer and pulled out a set of cuffs, moving quickly because he didn’t trust the sub.

“Lean forward.”
When he didn’t get immediate compliance he pulled Mycroft forward by the scruff of the neck and forced the cuffs on him. Then he pushed him back so he was leaning on his cuffed wrists.

Sherlock had paused at the door, the Dom’s phone gripped tightly in his hand.

“Well?”

“He’s on his way, sir,” Sherlock offered quietly. He spoke to John, but he was watching his brother. He just didn’t know what to say.

“Over here, pet and kneel.”

Sherlock crossed the room instantly, but with caution. He didn’t know what he expected from John when he reached him. Even so, he dropped to his knees as he had been ordered.

“Sir, I’m-”

“Quiet, Sherlock, I’ll deal with you in a minute.”

“But-”

“I am dealing with your brother, before he breaks something or himself. Now you know what has caused this and you know how your brother reacts to Panic. So kneel there and keep quiet or I shall tie you in the corner.”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

John nodded once and turned his attention back to the older sub, he wasn’t concerned about Sherlock right now, his Panic had been successfully avoided, but he would keep an eye on him.

He loosened Mycroft’s tie and managed to undo the top two buttons of his shirt, but Mycroft’s composure was strained and he barely noticed.

Sherlock felt awful just watching his brother and his Dom. This was his fault, he didn’t find himself heading back towards Panic. He found himself feeling nothing but shame.

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It was nearly 20 minutes later when Greg raced into the room, having let himself in. He went straight to Mycroft and crouched in front of him. The DI could see immediately how well John had done. He’d stopped him from hurting himself or breaking something. But that didn’t mean he’d calmed down.

The younger man placed both his hands on Mycroft’s cheeks. “Come on, pet. It’s me. Hello?”

Mycroft was miles away and John stepped back to give the couple some room, at the same time he gripped his hand into Sherlock’s soft curls and dragged him back away as well.

“Sir, I didn’t-”

“Shh,” the doctor put his finger to his sub’s lips. “No talking now.”

“But, sir, you have finished with-”

John tightened his grip. “When I tell you to do something or not to do something. You obey me. Are we clear on that?”
John had Sherlock’s neck taught with the way he had his head pulled back. “Well?”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock whispered, wanting nothing more than to cry. But John had been right earlier, his attitude had put his brother in Panic.

“You need to explain yourself to your brother or he won’t calm down,” Greg ordered, crouched in front of a still cuffed Mycroft. “And actually, I wouldn’t mind an explanation.”

Sherlock’s gaze flickered to Greg then to John and he was immediately concerned that Greg would punish him. “I’m sorry, sir,” he said sincerely to the older Dom, hoping it was enough to temper the punishment if only slightly.

His own Dom dropped a hand in his curls, and he tried his hardest not to push up into the comfort those few fingers offered.

“Explain,” the doctor prompted.

“Mycie, I didn’t... I just thought... well all the trouble I’ve been in recently...” he thought that explained itself.

“None of it was your fault,” John pointed out. “Well, hiding in the lab was your fault. But the shit with Moriarty and those Doms certainly wasn’t.” Just really bad luck, he didn’t add.

“I know but, well...” he trailed off with a sigh. “I’m sorry, Mycroft.” His words were as sincere as they had been to the DI as he stared at his brother. John had his arm around his shoulders and gave him a quick squeeze, feeling proud of his boy. He really had come such a long way in so few weeks.

Greg watched the kneeling detective for a moment before nodding once. “Well Mycroft? I think it’s time to come out of this silly mood. Panic won’t do you any good.”

Mycroft had clearly missed the entire conversation and Greg sighed. He used the government official’s loosened tie and pulled him to his knees, then he took the seat Mycroft had been forced to vacate. He brought the kneeling sub’s head to his thigh and gently ran his hand through his thinning hair.

John took his sub by the hand. “Greg we shall leave you to it. Just ring the bell if you need anything and a member of my staff will come straight here.”

The DI nodded once. “Thanks.”

The blond Dom closed the door behind them and Sherlock immediately dropped to his knees. “Sir, I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I didn’t-”

John shook his head, putting his index finger to his pet’s lips. “Don’t. Let’s go to the den.”

The boy’s eyes widened at that but he nodded once, he could hardly say no even if he didn’t understand it.

Sighing, the doctor scooped his sub up off the floor with minimal protest and carried him from the entrance hall all the way to the den. He settled him on the plush sofa and then turned to ring the bell that was on the wall.

Elsie appeared at the door almost immediately. “What can I do for you, Doctor Watson?”
“Could you fetch us two cups of tea and a slice of whatever cake you have baked today?”

“Yes, sir, of course,” she bowed her head and then retreated, closing the den door behind her.

John settled on the sofa and then pulled his sub down so he was laid out across it, his head in his lap.

“What am I going to do with you, eh pet?”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“I know. I just wish you had explained before you ran off.”

“At that point I didn’t think you’d want to hear it, sir,” Sherlock admitted sheepishly. He wasn’t lying, he had thought John couldn’t handle him and the drama anymore and wanted him gone.

It was only a few minutes more before Elsie appeared with a tray and the drinks and cake. “Is there anything else I can get for you, sir?”

John glanced at the tray on the coffee table and shook his head. “No. That will be everything, thank you Elsie.”

She bowed again and retreated.

The Dom shifted slightly so he could lean over but still pet his boy’s curls with one hand. He managed to pour Sherlock’s tea before leaving the pot to steep a little longer for his own.

“You’ve got to start trusting me, pet,” John whispered, helping the boy to sit up beside him as he handed him his tea.

Sherlock held it in both hands but rested his head on John’s shoulder, seeking comfort. He didn’t respond verbally to the comment just nodded, rubbing his head up and down over the Dom’s shoulder.

They sat there for 10 more minutes, Sherlock gradually curling more and more into the Dom.

“Do you want to look at that case now?” John offered, knowing he needed to distract his boy for a while.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock whispered. He wanted to, but he needed the notes. And they were still in the other room a few mere inches from his brother and he didn’t think he could face him right now.

“You stay there and drink the rest of your tea, I’ll go and get the case notes, ok?” The Dom could read his boy like a book.

“Yes, sir,” the detective repeated, staring at his knees.

John got up and pressed a kiss to the top of Sherlock’s head before heading for the sitting room.

He worried that Sherlock would struggle to get past this. Mycroft would probably feel betrayed when he came out of Panic, because that emotion was likely to have caused the episode in the first place. He was sure they’d fix things but he knew his pet would go the long way about it.

When he reached the sitting room he knocked briefly before walking in.

Greg held his finger to his lips and then pointed at the kneeling sub. Mycroft had curled into his
Dom’s leg and had fallen fast asleep.

“You can take him upstairs again if you like?” The Dom offered softly. They weren’t strangers to his place, after all.

“No. It’s ok at the moment. If he sleeps for much longer I will take you up on that rather than move him. It’s clear he’s exhausted.”

“Sherlock didn’t do that to him,” John felt the need to defend his sub as he quietly gathered up the case papers that were still strewn across the coffee table.

“I know, mate. He’s been off the last couple of nights. It must be work and if that’s a case it must be to do with that.”

“He’ll open up when he needs to.”

“He’ll open up when I make him. I’m not having him hiding things but he can sleep for now. He clearly needs it.” He ran his hand lovingly through the older man’s hair, he didn’t even stir.

“I’ll send Elsie through with a cup of tea for you. Unless you want coffee?”

“No. Best not. I’ll want to sleep tonight,” he said with half a chuckle.

John nodded his agreement with a smirk and took the folder towards the den.
Sherlock was laid out on the sofa in Baker Street. His hands were pressed together beneath his chin as he gathered inspiration from the ceiling. His Dom had gone out an hour ago... to have a bath... meet a client... go shopping or something. He hadn’t been paying much attention. John had just forced his phone off silent and left it where Sherlock could reach it.

As he delved through his Mind Palace, he could see how the cases had escalated and the pattern developed. He had soon come to the same conclusion that Mycroft clearly had to put him in such a state.

Each burglary had been planned, each one had been a practice, and it was clear from the deaths in the third that he was escalating. But was the escalation planned? Or was it contingency... no witnesses?

He sighed heavily. He couldn’t think! This flat was boring now! Boring without John and John was out doing whatever it was John did when he wasn’t with him.

He got to his feet and opened the windows wide. It was pissing down with rain and he stood there watching, ignoring the rain that managed to reach him through the now open window. He looked out at the world of London below and sighed. All those people, walking around like they had a purpose. What were they doing? Going for lunch between some 9-5 boring job. What was the point? Besides getting wet.

He threw himself back on the sofa and tucked his feet up beneath him so he could try and focus on his Mind Palace again.

When he heard footsteps on the stairs, he knew it was John. He didn’t open his eyes. He needed to focus. He needed to stay in his Mind Palace, despite none of the case making sense.

The Dom paused at the door and took in the state of his sub. He was clearly not in a social mood, but he didn’t care. He was still his submissive, he should respond appropriately when he approached. The fact his arse was probably still smarting a bit and his cock was still caged made John believe Sherlock would behave.

“How’s the case going?” He tried to engage the younger man in conversation, well aware he would have deduced who else was in the flat without opening his eyes. “Well?”

Sherlock opened one eye. “I’m busy.” Then he closed it again, trying to get back to his Mind Palace.

John ignored his attitude for the moment. “Are you following any leads?”

“No. I’m thinking.”

“We might not be in my home, but you will still treat me with some respect, Sherlock. You need a serious attitude adjustment.”

“Whatever!” The detective snapped.

John stepped forward, every bit as threatening as he had been that first day.
“John, this case is important!” Sherlock argued.

“I. Don’t. Care!” He hissed, gripping his pet by the curls. “This relationship, this contract comes before any case. Kneel.”

“John—”

The doctor cut him off. “I was lenient with you yesterday about kneeling when I entered the den, in fact I didn’t even mention it. It was a tough day. Today however, IS NOT! Get on your knees.”

Slowly, Sherlock slid from the sofa, but the pair were interrupted by a phone call.

John pulled his hand from his pocket and recognised the number, he knew he would have to step from the room to answer it.

“Do not move,” he ordered, accepting the call and leaving the front room.

Sherlock had waited a few moments before returning to his spot on the sofa to think. He looked up in surprise as Mrs. Hudson came in. He had only seen her briefly since they’d been back in Baker Street and that was only to tell her they’d be staying a few days.

She took one look into the room and sighed, noticing the windows that were open wide, curtains billowing and clearly soaking wet.

“Sherlock, what have I told you about leaving the windows open when it’s raining? Especially with it so heavy out there. The amount of curtains I’ve gone through since you’ve lived here.”

“It doesn’t matter, Mrs. Hudson.”

“It does matter! This flat is a mess as it is, stop ruining the curtains.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes, getting to his feet. “They’re stupid bloody things anyway! I didn’t ask for them. They don’t matter,” he repeated.

“They matter to Mycroft as he pays your bills.”

“Nag Mycroft then!” Sherlock yelled at her, falling back on the sofa and covering himself with his dressing gown that had been laid over the back.

“There’s no need to be rude, dear.”

“Then leave me alone!”

Of course, John had heard all that, but he’d chosen that time to make himself known. He’d been unsure how far his sub would go, but he couldn’t listen to it anymore.

He stepped into the room from the hall, his eyes not leaving his sub. As Sherlock glanced up and saw him, he swallowed hard, wanting to hide behind the sofa rather than under his dressing gown.

“Is my sub being rude, Mrs. Hudson?”

The landlady didn’t seem surprised to see the Dom and she hid her annoyance at the youngest of the three well. She turned to face the blond and knew better than to lie to a Dom. She had that sort of air about her that all the elderly subs seemed to have around all dominants. Things were a lot different 25 years ago. He remembered what his parents’ relationship was like. Until his mum had the guts to throw his dad out.
“It’s just the curtains, John,” her response was cautious, as if she believed she would get in trouble for something. She’d have shut the windows herself, but Sherlock had flung them open far too wide.

John marched over and shut the windows with a slam. “Don’t even try!” John barked, knowing full well Sherlock was on his feet and by the door already.

When he turned around he was right, Sherlock was inches from escaping. He reached out and snagged him by the scruff of the neck. “Don’t mind us, Mrs. Hudson, I’ll deal with Sherlock. And the curtains.”

The landlady ducked her head and then bustled out of the flat.

“You are in a lot of trouble,” John hissed in his sub’s ear once Mrs. Hudson had left. He threw him into the wall, “put your hands against it. Now!”

With a grumble to himself, the younger man put his hands against the wall and closed his eyes.

John quickly searched him, wondering if the boy was high. It wasn’t something they had ever discussed but he knew about Sherlock’s younger days. Even if he hadn’t, he was a doctor, he could see a high kid when there was one.

When he was done, (satisfied it was just a poorly behaving sub rather than a high one) he gripped his sub by the hair and dragged him to the centre of the room, he kicked back the rug and forced the brat to his knees on the hardwood. “Present,” he whispered lowly. “Boy.”

Slowly, Sherlock raised his hands up and settled them behind his head.

“Stay.” With that he headed into the kitchen to make himself tea... after he’d locked the flat door.

John didn’t know whether he was surprised or not to see the brat where he’d been left. He knew he couldn’t leave, but he’d half expected him to get up. Either way, he didn’t comment, just settled in the armchair, staring at his sub.

“Drop your head,” he ordered when he realised Sherlock was returning the glare. “So disappointing. I want you to think about what you’ve done wrong today because I’m going to make you list them later.”

“I-“

“Quiet. Or I will gag you.”

Sherlock snapped his mouth shut, breathing heavily. He tried to make it to his Mind Palace to picture the case, but he couldn’t get there. He couldn’t get his head out of the room. Not with the way John was sat there staring at him.

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“Your arms are dropping,” John pointed out casually. It was nearly half an hour later, John was sat at the table tapping away at the keyboard of his laptop, keeping only a side glance on his sub.

Sherlock straightened his arms out with a groan.

“Enough of the complaining. You think this is hard? Because if you do I can make it a lot worse.”

When the Dom had got bored of watching Sherlock, he’d dragged the younger man to the kitchen.
Sherlock had been gobsmacked to realise what the Dom planned to do to him. He was now knelt in the corner of the living room, facing the wall with his hands behind his head. John hadn’t even cuffed them together. He was forcing good behaviour, and it was working. He was starting to feel just a little bit bad.

At the knock on the door, Sherlock jerked in surprise, realising he’d been drifting away. John moved to answer it, shooting a glance in the corner, ensuring his brat remained still.

“Mycroft.” He smiled as he opened the door. “Thank you.” He took the duffel bag as it was handed over the threshold.

“No at all.”

At the sound of Mycroft’s voice, the detective flinched, trying his hardest not to bite down on what was in his mouth. That would make this worse.

The older sub looked over at his brother and it took less than a second to deduce he was in trouble... it was the corner after all.

John saw where his gaze was and smiled. “Sorry Sherlock’s not very chatty, but I would expect it is rather hard to speak with a bar of soap in one's mouth.”

The government nodded, with a knowing smirk, “One would think so.”

“Talking from experience, Mycroft?” John asked loftily.

The older man grinned and winked. He was, but only from time as a child, Greg never had reason to do it to him now.

“It means a lot you going to my place yourself, rather then sending someone.”

“Least I could do,” he watched his brother for a while. “Was there anything else?”

John shook his head, staring at the younger sub. “May I make a suggestion?”

“Of course.”

“Don’t go back to work. Or your club. Go home. Cook dinner for Greg. Something extravagant, I know you can manage that well.”

Mycroft smiled and nodded. “Yes, sir.”

When the door shut, John returned his attention to the sub still knelt unmoving in the corner. The brat had done well. So far at least. But he wouldn’t back down, he knew Sherlock was only behaving because he was aware how John could punish him further.

The Dom strode right up to within inches of his sub and shoved his hand in the detective's curls, Sherlock managed to control a wince at the tug, it wasn’t soft and gentle.

"Strip,” John hissed. He hadn’t ordered it earlier, knowing someone (he had assumed Mycroft’s men) was going to drop off his bag.

While he knew his sub would obey through fear of further berating, the doctor used the time to route through the big hold-all Mycroft had dropped off. It was full of everything he would need. He’d phoned his staff as soon as he realised Sherlock was playing up and told them to pack the usual gear.
When he turned back to his sub he found Sherlock still partly dressed. “It does not take that long to take your clothes off boy.” He could see he was nervous, he was quite right to be, that soap had to be dissolving by now, and tasting disgusting.

He tugged at his collar and pushed, playing with it under his fingers. Sherlock tensed and John heard a broken sob cut off at the bar of soap. He released the collar making sure it was still tight to Sherlock’s neck.

Sherlock’s hands had slowly returned to behind his head as he watched his Dom but John wasn’t content with that, he grabbed both his arms, forced them behind his back and held him that way. “You know, this collar is mine. You may think it yours but it isn't. I gave it to you the day you came to me as a control mechanism but also because of law, you know every sub in a relationship, it doesn’t matter what the context, every sub has to wear a collar. But I will not have my subs being rude to me or anyone else outside of my house! I despise it normally, but in public it is worse, far worse. That sort of attitude is inexcusable. It’s worst than coming without permission. Now you know how much you enjoyed that don't you?”

When there was no response John shifted his grip so only one of his hands gripped both of his sub’s arms behind his back and he used his now free hand to grip Sherlock’s curls again.

The boy tried to nod his understanding, he couldn’t speak with the soap so it was his only option. He couldn’t leave John, he couldn’t!

“Good. Now your reaction just then meant you want to keep my collar. I promised you on day one I would not remove this collar unless you safe worded. I will stick to my promise, of course I will, I wouldn't lie to you, but you know by now, not all subs are ready to leave by 3 months. So I'll leave you to think about that.”

Sherlock nearly spat the soap out, he needed to speak, needed to apologise. He hated this. This way John did things. Dragging punishments out when they weren't spankings. Making him think about what he'd done. Why couldn't he just throw him over his knee and get it over with? He quickly realised that’s what made John different. That’s what made John so effective when it came to disciplining him.

After several more minutes of John watching Sherlock, he dragged him across the room to the kitchen. He place a bowl beneath his mouth. “Spit it out.”

In relief, what was left of the soap just fell out of his mouth, but the taste was still there. It was still there and it was awful.

Sherlock kept his head bowed as John dealt with the bowl and the soap. He didn’t realise the Dom was done until his curls were grabbed once again and he was dragged to his feet, forced over the sink.

“Drink,” the Dom thrust a glass of water into Sherlock’s hands.

Sherlock didn’t need telling twice. He took a mouthful and spat it out, then proceeded to down the whole glass. “Th-thank you, sir,” he didn’t know if speaking would be the right thing to do.

John nodded his head once, then looked away. He let Sherlock wipe his mouth with a cloth then told him to turn around and put his hands behind his back.

He wasn’t surprised when Sherlock obeyed immediately and he cuffed them there. With a gentle shove, he encouraged Sherlock toward the sitting room.
“Sir, I-“

“Quiet, Sherlock. I don’t want to hear it. On your knees.”

The detective dropped, eyeing his Dom warily as he routed through the hold-all.

With his cock caged, Sherlock knew that it couldn’t happen again. One good thing he supposed. He was expecting a cane to come out of the bag, when it didn’t it took him a while to realise why. He was still sore and bruised from the last time he’d ‘been naughty’. John wasn’t a cruel Dom, he knew that much.

“Look down. I don’t want you watching.”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered, for some reason wanting to cry.

***

John sat cross-legged in front of his kneeling sub. Sherlock’s cock was still caged, but John didn’t care. The younger man had the control plug back up his arse, a little too short to reach that pleasurable spot. He was tickling his cock through the cage bars, watching it try to spring to action.

“Anything to say yet?”

Sherlock’s mouth was wrapped around the usual ball gag, if it wasn’t there, he’d be panting like mad. Instead he stared at the floor as if that would help matters.

John shook his head and shifted so he could see the washing machine. He has had Sherlock put the curtains in there for a spin, then he would deal with them. He put his attention back to his boy’s caged cock, teasing it through the bars.

Sherlock shifted on his knees, trying for more friction.

“Stop!” John barked, smacking his naked thigh. “Don’t make this any harder on yourself.”

The sub ducked his head again, this was ridiculous. He knew ducking his head was a bad idea when he could see what his Dom was doing and that made him even more uncomfortable. He sighed in relief when the washing machine beeped and John got to his feet.

The doctor left him for a moment and then reappeared with the curtains which he set up over the ironing board.

“Get to it!”

Sherlock looked up in shock, groaning internally as the plug shifted. When he made no move to comply, John gripped him by the curls and pulled him upright.

“You’ll iron these so they are perfectly flat. And trust me when I say I know what decent ironing looks like.”

The younger man wanted to complain but couldn’t. He just grumbled behind the gag as he picked up the iron. John made a point to stand beside him, arms folded, watching his every move.

Every couple of minutes John moved forward and told him he was doing something wrong, or helped shift or swap over each curtain. Sherlock was quickly fed up, but he knew it could have been a lot worse... he knew John would never harm him, not like those before, but he still could have got the paddle out. And that soap had tasted awful. He chewed down on the ball gag in his
mouth, glad for the first time it was there.

“Hang them up,” John ordered when he was satisfied. It had taken nearly an hour to do all 4.

Cautiously, the sub moved to do what he was told and John sat back on the sofa, wondering how much further he would have to take this.

When Sherlock was done with the curtains, the Dom removed the gag and let him work his jaw. “Present.”

He dropped to his knees in front of the older man, wondering what would happen next.

“You can sleep with me tonight, if you list all the things you’ve done wrong in the last 6 hours.”

“Sir-“

“You get one chance.”

Sherlock worked his jaw for a moment. “I... sir, I... didn’t kneel when you came into the room.”

“That’s one.”

“I... I was rude.”

“What?”

“I was rude, sir.”

“Yes, you were. Who to?”

“You, sir.”

“And Mrs. Hudson,” John pointed out. “I’m far more annoyed with you because of your attitude toward your landlady, I’m paid and trained to deal with it.”

“I-“

John shook his head, “no. No arguments. You’ll write 1000 lines ‘I will not be rude to my landlady’ and they will be done before I consider letting you off punishment. You’ll also apologise to her. What else?”

“Well, sir, I... I damaged the curtains,” he said, slightly unsure.

“Hmm. Near enough. You did that on purpose, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered.

“That will do for now,” the doctor offered, reaching out and cupping Sherlock’s cheek. “No more attitude or I can take this case away from you. Understood?”

He was expecting an argument not a “Yes, sir” from the boy.

“Good.” He pulled the younger man up onto his lap and held him close.

***

It was nearly 12 hours later that Sherlock had his idea. He tried to sit up quickly but his collar
caught where it had been tied to the bed post and he flopped back as he coughed.

The jerking around had woken the Dom up beside him. “Sir, please may I go?”

“Go where?” John asked wearily, the light pouring in through the window suggested it was an acceptable hour to be awake, even if it was an unusual awakening.

“I mean... I need to make a phone call, sir. Please.”

“What for?”

Sherlock resisted the urge to roll his eyes. He knew it wouldn’t help matters. “The case, sir.”

“Very well. I’ll make some tea. I’m not untying you.”

“Yes, sir. I understand.” Of course John wouldn’t leave the room without the secure knowledge the padlocked leash was not coming away from the bed.

John found Sherlock’s suit jacket and pulled his phone from the pocket.

“One missed call from your brother.”

“It will wait!”

“What was that?” John turned to face his sub and the look on his face was clear.

Sherlock ducked his head - all he wanted to do was phone Lestrade, why was John making this so difficult? “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Are you?”

The detective wasn’t stupid enough to ignore the threat those words carried. “Yes, sir. I’m sorry.”

He threw the phone at his sub, knowing Sherlock would catch it, even though he was still cuffed.

“5 on your tally,” the Dom added as he left the bedroom.

Sherlock groaned as he typed out the DI’s number. Bloody tally. Bloody spanking. Bloody painful arse-

“Sherlock?”

Greg’s voice interrupted his self-berating. “Lestrade, I need answers.”

“Hello to you too, Sherlock,” Greg’s voice was the usual, calm yet threatening without changing at all.

The sub was about to respond with a snarky comment but retained it quickly at the last minute. “I apologise, sir,” he said quickly. He wished John had been there to head him apologise without prompting.

“Hmm,” Greg seemed to ponder, amazed at the changes in one Sherlock Holmes. “What can I do for you?”

“There’s something missing.”

“Missing? You have that case Mycroft was working on? I don’t see how I can help.”
“Run their names through the system. Something links them. Something not in Mycroft’s dossier.”

Greg dry washed his face. “Mycroft would have done this.”

“No, he wouldn’t. He’s too focused on the bigger picture to care.”

“Fine. Give me the names.”

Sherlock jumped into his Mind Palace quickly and passed on the names of the victims and their addresses.

There were several long moments of silence when there was a sudden, “Fuck.”

Sherlock straightened. “Speak, Lestrade.”

“They all reported minor vandalism. The third made a massive deal out of it as it had happened while they were in.” Greg read the report aloud. “Concerned it was an attempt on their life.”

The detective’s eyes fell on the paper on the unit that Mrs. Hudson had left lying around and John had commandeered from the coffee table the day before. “Let me guess...” he read the front cover. WINDOWS SMASHED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. “Broken windows?”
Stay, Suck, Behave

Chapter Summary

John reminds Sherlock why he’s with him.

Chapter Notes

Beta read by sherlockian4evr

John walked into the bedroom and stood at the doorway, a tray in his hand. Sherlock was sat on the bed, staring at his feet that dangled over the side. The Dom didn’t know if he had noticed or not. So rather than jumping to the wrong conclusion he cleared his throat.

Sherlock looked up in shock, then smiled sheepishly and slid from the bed, dropping to his knees.

“Better. Pay attention next time.”

Sherlock’s hands slipped behind his head immediately. “Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

John placed the tray onto the side unit and flopped onto the bed. Sherlock stayed where he was knelt. After a moment, the Dom had settled himself and patted the bed. “Come on then.”

With slow, cautious movements, Sherlock climbed onto the bed and settled beside his Dom. “I’m sorry, sir,” he repeated.

“Why were you so distracted?”

He pointed to the paper on the unit by way of response.

“And that was Greg on the phone?”

“Yes, sir. I was hoping... well, I’m sorry about last night, sir... my head just gets, well…”

John snickered at his boy’s poor attempt at an explanation. “I won’t stop you working this case, but if your attitude should persist later we will be having more than words. Is that clear?”

Sherlock was smart enough to duck his head in shame. “Yes, sir.”

John gave him a moment to reflect, then cupped the back of his head in his hand. “Tell me the plan then?”

“Sir?”

“Well I know you’ve got one. You weren’t on the phone to Greg when I appeared at the door and you were distracted by something.”

Sherlock smirked, his mouth curling up, “Are you deducing, sir?”
“Cheeky shit.”

“Well as much as I don’t want to... especially after last night, I should speak with Mycroft.”

“Like he hasn’t seen his baby brother being punished before.”

Sherlock blushed bright red. “That’s not the point.”

John didn’t have the heart to rebuke him for that so just handed him his cup of tea. “We can meet with Mycroft later this afternoon, unless there is a rush?”

“No, sir. Seems like the pattern is every 6 days. We’re on day 2.”

“Well then, we’ll be spending some time in the playroom after breakfast.”

Sherlock’s mouth opened and John pushed in a bitesized chunk of toast.

“The sexual aspect of the contract has been rather lacking due to certain disastrous situations, you cannot leave my custody until we’ve done everything that should be done on a training contract. Another reason why I think extra time will be required.”

“Extra time?”

“I’ve mentioned it before, Sherlock. The contract is 3 months, but subs aren’t always ready by then. As a professional Dom I have a responsibility for you. I can’t kick you out after 3 months and take on another sub until you are ready.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes. “You are being-“

“Stop right there, pet.”

The detective sighed, but obediently kept his mouth shut.

“But I don’t want to-”

John shook his head. “That’s 12. You may not like it, but it is a fact of life so you will learn and you will get used to it. Don’t try telling me it’s because of what happened in the past, pet,” John cut him off before he could interrupt him again. “You know by now I am nothing like them.”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock sighed, lowering his head.

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Sherlock stared at the bottom of the door frame as he knelt at the playroom door. John had sent him off ahead, making it painfully obvious he wanted perfect behaviour by saying how much he trusted him to not reroute on his journey upstairs.

He was sure it had been at least an hour by now and he was beginning to fidget. He didn’t want to fidget and he certainly didn’t want to get caught fidgeting, especially not with how strict John was becoming. He had noticed before... before they had even discussed it, he had almost seen the changes. He supposed it made sense, in a training perspective at least.

John was so... casual was the only word for it. He had structure to his day, but he also had freedom. Freedom he hadn’t expected from a Dom, let alone a professional one.

He briefly wondered what a professional Dom earned for a contract with a sub. Could he become a
professional sub, teach Doms how to do it properly? What would John say if he was to ask that?

John... where was he? Was this some sort of test? A test he knew if he was left much longer he
would fail.

The kneeling man was so lost in thought, he didn’t hear the doctor coming up behind him and he
actually jumped outlay when he spoke.

“Sherlock?” The Dom had noticed the flinch.

“Sorry, sir,” he apologised immediately.

“For?”

“Drifting, sir.”

“What were you thinking about?” John tapped in the code to the playroom as he spoke.

“Whether you were testing me, sir. I knew I would fail if you left me much longer.”

John snorted at his sub’s honesty. “It wasn’t a test. I had to take an important phone call that
dragged on longer than I was expecting. But you were very good,” he added, feeling the need to
keep the boy at ease.

The detective grinned broadly, moving to stand up to walk into the playroom, but John gripped him
by his curls tightly. “I did not tell you to move and I certainly did not give you permission to get to
your feet in the playroom.”

Sherlock swallowed, feeling stupid. He had managed to do something wrong after staying still
while he knelt.

“You can practice kneeling in the middle of the room.”

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock sighed, wanting to kick something in frustration. “Um... sir?”

“What?”

“Am I a boy or a pet right now?”

John smiled. “A pet. For now.” It would have been a boy, but he had asked. He paced the room,
pausing at the shelves along one side of the ‘play’ part of the room as opposed to the ‘punishment’
side.

“I’m going to gag you, Sherlock.”

The boy’s head snapped up, clearly wanting to argue. When nothing came out of his mouth, the
Dom smiled.

“I’m going to take one off your tally, pet.”

That made Sherlock return the smile briefly as John buckled the ball gag into his mouth. “Duck
your head.”

Content the sub couldn’t dislodge it, he paced back to the wall. “So many to choose from.”
John caught up with him again his wrists were snapped together in metal cuffs rather than the contract cuffs. Sherlock didn’t know if he preferred them or not, they’d be easier to escape from, but there was the lack of comfort and lack of personal touch.

Next, the Dom gripped Sherlock by the curls at the back of his neck and pushed him forward. A month ago Sherlock would have fought the older man, but right now he wasn’t as bothered not being able to see him anymore.

John kept pushing down until Sherlock’s head touched the floor. “You aren’t to move without permission at all, is that clear, pet?”

Sherlock didn’t respond, thinking it was a rhetorical question when John thudded his arse with his foot, he knew it wasn’t. “Nod, pet.”

At that, the sub nodded immediately.

“I expect responses, Sherlock, whether you are gagged or not.”

He nodded again.

“Good. If I don’t want a response I will tell you.”

Sherlock tried to make himself smaller, as if that would make a difference. It didn’t. “All I have done here is move you over from your present position, your knees should be spread as if you were upright.”

The detective nodded again and this time spread his legs, groaning at the strain and pressure.


Sherlock knew what was going to happen when he heard the snap of a tube cap, he shifted his legs inward.

“No, Sherlock.”

A month ago, John would have spread his legs with his hands and told him to hold it again. This time, however, the Dom growled wanting to make his annoyance known. He knew he had succeeded when Sherlock flinched.

“You know how this works now, Sherlock, so I will make you stay there.”

Not wanting to be in any further trouble, the boy nodded quickly, pressing his head into the floor harder.

John returned in short order with a spreader bar that he attached to the contract cuffs. Sherlock swallows his moan of complaint, deciding against letting John hear it.

It wasn’t long until he was working his lubed finger into his hole. “Keep still, Sherlock,” John’s tone was stern and the detective knew he wasn’t going to get away with anything anymore.

John stretched his finger around the boy’s rim. He actually admired how Sherlock fought himself to keep still.

“You will be plugged until further notice, pet. This is taking far too long and it isn’t even the main
event."

But what about cases? Sherlock immediately thought about it. How could he run around chasing
criminals with a plug deep up his arse?

John snorted at the look on the boy’s face, but didn’t say anything. Sherlock needed to learn that
what John said, happened. Whether the sub liked it, disliked it, wanted it or didn’t want it. And it
epecially happened if the sub found it embarrassing, humiliating or boring.

As he worked a second finger in, he put his foot on the spreader bar, pinning his feet to the floor as
well as out wide. “I can leash you to the floor if you don’t keep still yourself, Sherlock.”

The detective shook his head, that was the last thing he wanted, to be further tied down.

Finally John managed to get 3 fingers into the boy’s hole and knew it was enough to progress
further into the scene, into more interesting events.

He snatched up the metal anal hook and began to work it in. It was cold, so Sherlock automatically
flinched away from it. “No!” John smacked his open palm down on his sub’s arse. “You do not
move.”

This time Sherlock didn’t stop himself making sound around the gag. He didn’t know what was
pressed up against his arse but it was big, hard, cold and round. And he didn’t like it.

“It’s going in there, not, whether you fight it or not.”

Sherlock sighed at being called boy, he’d been a pet all morning. He worked hard for ohn to keep
calling him pet and now it had stopped just like that.

John worked slowly, but with persistence as he worked in the hook.

The sub grunted as the metal ball thudded his insides as it settled. He felt the Dom fiddling with
the weird thing in his arse straight away, tugging it and twisting it. “It’s an anal hook, Sherlock. A
means of control. You won’t get it out on your own.”

The detective nodded. It was so big, he wasn’t about to try and expel it on his own.

John used his hand in Sherlock’s hair to pull him back to his knees. The boy groaned as his
position was shifted and so was the hook. The Dom moved backwards and it was only when his
arse was tugged that he realised John had tied something to the external end of the hook in his arse.

“Turn around, kneel up in front of me.” The Dom had settled back in a comfortable looking chair.
“You’re going to suck me.”

Sherlock’s eyes widened.

“Yes, you’ve done it before, but this is practice and something expected from all subs, especially
after living and contracting with a professional Dom.”

The boy ducked his head, but John pulled him upright. “You look at me, boy. You don’t look
away. You don’t hide.”

As the younger man looked up, John removed the ball part of the gag by flicking a catch so he was
left with a ring spreading his lips wide. He didn’t like that one bit, not with the way it held his
mouth open.
“You’re learning. I expect you to get fed up and frustrated. This will stop you inevitably biting me.”

Sherlock shook is head, he would never bite the Dom! But John just smirked in response to his look. “I think I know you better than you know yourself, boy.” At the sub’s further frown, he continued. “How many times in the last 10 minutes would you have made inappropriate comments or argued with me? Being gagged has kept your tally low, has it not?”

Sherlock nodded, realisation dawning.

“So I have protected your ass from my paddle because I know you. I know what you are like.”

The boy just grunted, not looking at his Dom, but staring at a spot to the left of his foot.

John was surprised by the response, he expected some attempt at a thank you rather than vague indifference. To get the kneeling man’s attention back on him rather than wherever it had drifted off to, he shoved his fingers into his mouth. The boy’s eyes darted up to him in shock, but that was the extent of his response.

“Suck,” the Dom ordered.

After a moment - as if he was considering disobeying - the detective began to suck on his fingers.

Obviously noticing the internal war Sherlock was having, John inclined his head. “Wise choice, boy.”

Sherlock barely stopped himself from rolling his eyes as he sucked.

“Put some enthusiasm into this, Sherlock, or I’ll truss you up in front of a fucking machine and not let you come for hours.”

John could clearly see what Sherlock was thinking. “I might let you if we continue with what I have planned or I might not. If you make me punish you, there won’t even be hope.” He knew that was warning enough. Sherlock wouldn’t come without permission, not again.

Unsurprisingly, the boy began sucking with a lot more enthusiasm, swirling his tongue around the Dom’s knuckles.

“You better show enthusiasm when you suck me,” John told him, twisting his fingers around, feeling the inside of his jaw. He knew Sherlock could suck cock and he could do it well, it was only a bit of perfecting that was needed, but he had a feeling Sherlock might deliberately play down his abilities, despite having sucked John before.

The detective nodded, obviously deciding he had pushed his luck enough so far today.

“I don’t know why you need the little rebellion amongst everything we do. It’s constant. You must exhaust yourself.”

John waited nearly 10 mins of Sherlock sucking his fingers before it was clear the boy was getting bored. He reached around the sub and pulled the rope he had attached to the hook up over his shoulder, making him jerk as he realised exactly what the hook was for instead of a usual plug.

“Right now, you’re thinking I’m too clever?” John laughed, “or you’re too stupid that you didn’t realise before?”
As the Dom had been speaking he had unbuttoned his waistcoat. Sherlock was watching him cautiously, but he didn’t actually flinch back, for which John was quite proud.

John pulled the boy close, using the rope. “Undo my zipper, boy.”

Sherlock tugged at his cuffed wrists with frustration, making John just roll his eyes. “You’re a clever boy, I think you can figure out what I want.” He was definitely not impressed with the ongoing attitude. “I have added 10 on to your tally, boy. Your behaviour is ridiculous.”

That actually kicked him up the arse, metaphorically at least, as he jerked forward trying to find John’s zip.

The blond tutted internally, he brat was just being difficult. He wasn’t scared at all. So the Dom had been worrying for no reason. “And another 5,” he growled, deciding on the spot to drop the ‘soft’ edge that was beginning to hinder their progress.

Sherlock’s eyes snapped up towards the older man in annoyance, but John could stop him moving too much by tugging on the rope, imbedding the hook further into the brat’s arse.

John had forgone pants, well aware what they were doing. “Take me into your mouth, boy. Slowly.”

The kneeling detective took a deep breath before doing what he was told. He was tentative at first, but it wasn’t the first time he had done this to John. It was difficult doing it slowly, the way he was gagged he had no control over his mouth’s movements or his head with the way John pulled around with the rope practically attached to his arse.

Sherlock wouldn’t admit it, but the way in which John planned for his unusual submissive’s behaviour was quite ingenious. He briefly wondered how many were the blond’s ideas and how many were Mycroft’s. He doubted he would ever know and yelped around John’s dick when his arse was pulled sharply. “You’re drifting again, boy.”

Sherlock focused his attention back onto his Dom’s cock. He didn’t want him putting the tally up anymore, not with that new paddle he had been introduced to a few days before.

“You should be licking and hollowing out your cheeks, Sherlock, the gag does not prevent that.” The doctor sighed heavily. “You can be as quick or as slow perfecting thus as you like, but pointing out the obvious, you don’t like it much so logic would suggest GETTING ON WITH IT!” John ended on a yell making the younger man flinch.

When all Sherlock did was grunt, John sighed and pushed the boy back. He pulled the ring from his mouth at the same time. “What is it?” He demanded.

“Nothing, sir.”

“I don’t believe you. Your attitude is appalling.”

“I just don’t want to.”

“There are plenty of things I don’t want to do. I don’t want to sit here rock hard, having this discussion with my submissive, but here I am.”

Sherlock sighed, feeling guilty - only slightly though. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Are you really?”
“Yes, sir.”

“Are you going to act like a brat if I continue this scene?”

“No, sir.”

“Good. Open.”

***

Meeting with Mycroft had been awful. He’d sat there trying his hardest to not look smug and failing. It wasn’t until Greg had walked in that the look was wiped from the older Holmes’ face. Like he knew it was wrong.

“Your boy ok?” Greg checked. “He looks like he’s been verbal sparring for days.”

John glanced down at his kneeling sub and smirked. “He hasn’t said a word since we got here. And we got here a while ago.”

“On your knees, pet,” Greg ordered the government official and took his chair as he vacated it.

It seemed odd to Sherlock, seeing his brother knelt beside his own chair, behind his own desk, in his own office. He'd never got to see this when he lived with them, Greg had tried to Dom him, always on Mycroft’s say so and he had just ignored it. Bloody idiot brother was distracted by his Dom so badly he couldn’t even see the obvious, couldn’t see how numerous break ins weren’t even noticed.

“You sure he’s ok?” Greg asked.

John glanced down at his boy. “You’re fine, aren’t you, pet?”

Sherlock ignored him, his head stuck a few weeks back when he had been happy on his own. His Mind Palace had recorded everything in great detail. When he had been so focused on ignoring his submissive side.

“Pet?”

“Boy!”

“Sherlock!”

At last, the detective shook his head, coming back to reality. “What?” He snapped looking up at his Dom.

John’s eyes widened in shock, but apart from that he hid his reaction well. “What was that?”

“You heard,” Sherlock hissed, fighting to get to his feet, but John beat him to it, with speed Sherlock hadn’t needed to see in a long time.

Before Greg or even Mycroft had reacted, Sherlock was pressed face down on the desk, one arm up his back, uncomfortably close to his shoulder blades.

“What are you looking at?” he spat at his brother.

Greg dropped his hand on Mycroft’s shoulder to prevent a reaction and it worked because the older man knelt back on his heels.
“Sorry about this,” John said, gratefully taking the cuffs off the DI as he handed them over. He tightened them around Sherlock’s wrists then pulled him upright.

“We are going home.”

The detective didn’t respond. He didn’t want the situation worse. This was bad enough.

The doctor shrugged towards the older men and dragged Sherlock from the office and towards the door of the club.
Sherlock hadn’t said a word as he was dragged out of the Diogenes, the cuffs digging into his wrists as the Dom pulled him along by the scruff of the neck. It was far more uncomfortable than he thought possible, as his shirt caught on his collar and John dragged him at his own, shorter height.

John barely slowed down as they reached his car. Sam was waiting by the rear door, which he opened as he saw them approach. He inclined his head toward his driver by way of thanks and shoved Sherlock inside with as much force as he dared.

The Dom dry washed his face, taking several deep breathes while leaning against the rear wheel arch.

“You ok, boss?” Sam asked, looking concerned as he closed the door behind the sub.

John nodded once. “Yes. Just thought we had got passed this.”

“You’ll figure it out.”

“Not so sure about that. We’re into the third month.”

“You always have before,” Sam winked at him before getting into the driver’s seat, perfectly content to sit and wait as long as John needed. He appreciated the respect his staff had for him.

It was a fair few minutes before John had cleared his head enough to slide in beside his brat on the back seat.

Sherlock ignored the older man as he stared at him and held in his snort when John sighed. The blond used a finger in Sherlock’s collar to drag him from the seat and force him to his knees. As he moved to chain the cuffs to the floor he spotted Sherlock’s phone in his hand before he had a chance.

“You brat,” he hissed, snatching it off him and dropping it on the seat. “How dare you try and...” he trailed off. He couldn’t punish the boy in this frame of mind.

Before he managed to give the order to his driver to pull away from the club his own phone rang.

“Sam, I’m needed,” he informed the older man, climbing back out the car without a word to Sherlock.

“Something wrong, Doctor Watson?” His driver asked, window rolled down.

The blond inclined his head. “An emergency at Barts which has to take priority over this little skirmish. Take Sherlock home, have the staff restrain him to the bed in the playroom - punishment side, I’ll be back when I can.”
“Sure thing, boss.”

John checked on Sherlock one last time through the sedan window then patted the wheel arch and the car drove away. He couldn’t believe the timing of it.

***

Everyone knew Sherlock wasn’t stupid, but they still underestimated him, even his arsehole of a brother. All his life he was underestimated, at school, at university, by his parents, by his brother, it was something he had long since turned to his advantage.

He wasn’t stupid enough to try and run when there was an ex army doctor sat beside him. It had been a plan, a simple plan, one to get the knife from the desk that his brother used to open envelopes. A very simple plan. The fact everyone seemed to believe it was some sort of escape plan had been exactly the point, but it served as further proof of them underestimating him.

John had also not used the contract cuffs, but instead, used the ones Greg had handed to him. It hadn’t taken much to get a friend or two to kick up a fuss at the hospital and it was enough for him to bolt out of the car mid way up the drive. He had known he had to time it well and despite London traffic, the car was its slowest on the drive. He knew he’d land on grass not concrete and have time to hide effectively.

Before Sam even realised he had gone, Sherlock had disappeared into the undergrowth.

***

John’s cab pulled up outside Barts and he quickly paid the driver before racing off inside. It was amazing how his stick he had so heavily relied upon was now nothing but a distant memory.

“Rita?” He paused on sight of the receptionist.

“Doctor Watson,” the small blond was petite as she looked up over the reception desk. “You aren’t due in for several more weeks. Is everything going ok with your new submissive?”

He nodded. “Sherlock’s doing fine. Where’s the problem?”

“Problem?” It was clear Rita was only confused.

“Billy rang, said there was an emergency with... oh,” John ran his hand through his hair in realisation before dropping his palm down heavily on the desk. “Sorry Rita, got to run.” And he was back out the door again.

***

Sherlock ran straight into the woods for about 500 yards before he paused and hid behind a large-stumped tree. It might have been stupid taking off with his hands cuffed behind him but there was no way John would have let his staff deal with him when he was restrained in any other way. He was lucky John hadn’t trussed up his feet as well.

He slipped the envelope knife from his sleeve and set about removing the cuffs, slipping the tip of it into the key hole and twisting. It didn’t take long to hear a satisfying click.

***

“Greg, I don’t know how he’s pulled this off but he’s gone.”
“What?” The DI had just said bye to his sub as he headed out to his car.

“Sherlock. He set it up. His attitude at the club, it was a plan. A plan that has succeeded and he has gone.”

“Where were you?”

“On an emergency call at Barts... something the sod set up as well.”

“Fuck sake. The cheeky bastard has played the three of us and won.” He turned on his heel and headed straight back inside to Mycroft.

“I’m coming to you now. I’ll be about an hour.”

***

The three of them came up with a plan and began their search immediately. Greg had even drawn in a few handfuls of officers to travel out to John’s for the search.

They searched everywhere for over 4 hours before it got dark and they found nothing. They didn’t even find a trace of the direction Sherlock went in.

Mycroft was completely clueless. He had no idea how Sherlock had even initiated an escape, let alone how he had done it, cuffed and left no trace.

“Let’s head back,” Greg suggested. “We can regroup and have a look at possible places he might have gone.”

***

4 days. It was 4 days before any of them heard anything from the detective.

John paced his living room, frustrated beyond belief at not being able to find his submissive. He’d barely slept for days and only paused to eat when his staff made him.

When his phone rang, he jumped in surprise.

“John, we’ve got him.”

The blond paused and let out a deep sigh of relief. “At the yard?”

“Yeah. He’s in sub containment.”

“The Panic room?” Concern crept into his voice immediately.

“Yes. But not for what you think. It’s on Mycroft’s orders.”

All John could think as he hung up was that Sherlock was high.

***

Sherlock was laid out face down on the bunk when John reached his cell. The boy wasn’t high, he was pissed off. It was clear anger was radiating through him.

“Is he ok?”

“He’s fine. Just mad.”
“How’d you find him?”

“Billy. He contacted him again. Obviously thinking he would be dumb enough to ignore the threats from police about cooperation.”

“Why’s he in there?” John watched him through the bars of the door.

“Mycroft’s orders were arrest on sight. He resisted. It took 4 of my men to restrain him, John. And he isn’t even high.”

John closed his eyes and leant back against the wall. “So he’s just mad? He’s not hurt?”

“He’s furious. But no, he’s unharmed.”

“Has Mycroft seen him yet?”

“No. Mycroft will keep out of the way, until he’s back at yours.”

“He might be against the contract, Greg. This could be it.”

“I don’t think so.”

“You don’t want it to be so. Neither do I. But he ran for a reason and beyond having had enough at mine, I don’t know another reason.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Carry on like I haven’t realised why he ran and see where we end up.”

“You can’t just pretend this didn’t happen.”

“I never said that. I’m going to be hard on him, I fear that’s where I’ve been going wrong in recent weeks, I’m not tough enough on him.”

“He’s-”

“Bored. And used to a lot worse.”

Greg sighed. “I suppose you’re right. How do you want to do this?”

“Well he’s restrained pretty good, I’m assuming that bench moves?”

The DI nodded. “Of course. Straight to your car then?”

John inclined his head. “Only thing I can think of to get him home. Have you got any gags here?”

Greg shook his head. “No. We used to. Not sure why we stopped.”

“It’s ok, I’m sure there’s something in my car.”

John waited for Greg to open the cell door and marched in, starting how he meant to go on.

“John-“

“Shut up, Sherlock. I don’t want to hear it!” He barked, making the younger man flinch.

The sub tried to kick out but his feet were chained to the bed and his hands were cuffed tightly
behind him.

With practiced ease, John removed his sub’s feet from the bench and cuffed them together. Then he pulled his feet up to meet his hands and used his belt to keep them there.

Sherlock was successfully hogtied and he was not happy about it.

***

John stared at the back of the kneeling sub’s head. They’d got him into his house from the car and only removed the belt. The Dom didn’t feel like making it easier on the boy. He was left cuffed hand and foot, the chain to his collar the only thing keeping him upright on his knees. The dildo gag he wore had the appearance of a muzzle on the outside and in the spirit of it, successfully muted most of his noise.

The blond was far too angry to do anything right now, and what he would usually do in this situation was obsolete because he’d done it a month ago. This time Sherlock had wanted out, and gone through a bloody big deal to do so. Firm but fair had always been his policy, but maybe right now Sherlock needed a much harder hand. He sighed, he couldn’t remember the last time he had had to be hard with a sub... 10 years at least and even then it was a military sub that couldn’t settle into civilian life. He’d been there...

It was late and he was exhausted, as no doubt the sub was. So he would have to deal with all of it in the morning. After he had double checked it wasn’t anger or exhaustion thinking.

John set about cleaning up the mess he’d left his house in over the last few days and left Sherlock where he was. He could bloody well wait after the Dom had waited 4 days.

***

Sherlock was left nearly an hour, chained to the wall like some sort of dog. He was so focused on chewing and destroying the gag in his mouth, he was shocked when John snapped the leash on and took him toward the stairs without a word.

John paused when he realised what Sherlock had been doing to the gag. He didn’t speak as he removed it and threw it in the kitchen.

There was a smirk on the sub’s face but he surprisingly didn’t speak.

John picked Sherlock up when they reached the stairs. He wasn’t about to remove the cuffs from the boy. He put him down at the top. “Crawl,” he ordered simply.

When he didn’t obey, John pushed him down into the carpet, sitting on his back to keep him still. He removed the cuffs from his hands and feet wondering if they had been too tight to affect the boy’s already shocking attitude.

Content he wasn’t harmed, John pulled Sherlock up to his knees then gave him the order again.

This time, clearly seeing the fact he was bondage free as enough of a reward to behave Sherlock crawled towards John’s bedroom and towards the bed.

“You expect to sleep in my bed?” John hissed, pulling him back by the collar.

Sherlock glanced over his shoulder. “I—”
“No. I do not want to hear it. I do not care. I do not want you out of my sight but that does not mean you will sleep in my bed. That is a privilege that revoked itself the second you thought it ok to disrespect me and put yourself in danger.”

He took Sherlock to the other side of the room where there was a quilt on the floor on the rug beside the bed. He’d set it up after long deliberation while tidying the house. “You’ll sleep there.”

“Like hell I will! You-”

Almost immediately, John had Sherlock’s arm locked up his back again and shoved him into the wall. “Your behaviour is unacceptable. I will punish you how I see fit. You DO NOT get a say in it.”

“You said I could safe word whenever I wanted!” Sherlock snapped.

The Dom took a deep breath but didn’t release his hold over the boy, he knew his game. Safe wording would end everything, it would cancel the contract instantly and they both knew that. It was the moment of truth. “Well?”
Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

I was extremely close to letting Sherlock safeword here and ending the fic. So if you want him to safe word, STOP READING, because I don’t want to hear about it.

Comments can make an author want to give up writing completely (you know who you are) if you do not like my fics, DO NOT READ THEM, I do not need your negative bollocks nor do I care about it.

However, comments also have the power to make an author want to continue. So that is what I am going to do.

This chapter is different to the rest, it isn’t dark by any means but John is harder on Sherlock than we are used to. If you want more specific spoilers go to the end of the chapter and read the end notes.

DO NOT start telling me this is unfair, abusive, wrong or any of that shit, it is what I AM WRITING. If you want to write 120000 words on the same fic YOU can choose how you want it to go.

This chapter is dedicated to mariaWASD. She knows why ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tension that came with the silence in the room could have been cut with a knife.

“Well?” John repeated. “It’s entirely your choice, Sherlock.”

There was several long moments before eventually Sherlock replied, “screw you!”

John laughed inside his head but kept the strict Dom persona where his pet could see. So Sherlock didn’t want out... it was something else. Again. He didn’t care right now. He would deal with Sherlock how he’d told Greg he would. But this would be the last time Sherlock took off, or the contract would be void immediately. Once or twice was one thing, the third time had been understandable given the reasons but now...

“I am tired,” the Dom sighed, ”as I am sure you are after your little escapade today. We will sleep and I will deal with you in the morning.”

“You can’t-“

“I bloody well can and I bloody well will.” John snapped a leash to Sherlock’s collar and forced him across the room to the quilt he had set up on the floor. “You’re lucky you’re getting this much comfort. Am I wrong in thinking the last few Doms of yours wouldn’t have made such an effort?”

This time, Sherlock didn’t respond, and he didn’t fight when John forced him to his knees, finally releasing his arm as he attached the leash to the wall.

John made a point of cuffing his hands in front of him then moved across the room to turn the light
out and get ready for bed himself.

Sherlock listened to the Dom get ready and heard the squeak of the bed as he climbed into it.

"Lay down, boy," John ordered from the bed. He knew the brat was still on his knees, and a tired submissive would not make the following day easier to deal with.

There was a clear huff as Sherlock fought the cuffs for a while, despite knowing it was fruitless and then he laid down.

***

The following morning was odd. John had laid in bed, listening to Sherlock shift constantly whilst trying to decide how he was going to handle the situation. The punishment would be prolonged so there was no comfort in between, he would drag it out, force Sherlock to feel sorry for himself and become apologetic. The problem was Sherlock just didn’t seem to care. It wasn’t him being naughty, it was him being annoyed, but whatever it was, it would not make a difference. The boy hadn’t safe worded, he’d bloody well take what John dealt out and this would all be over when the brat felt truly sorry.

The doctor ignored the shower that morning and instead got back into a suit again, he had been beginning to relax around the sub, having no need to put up a front.

When he was satisfied with his appearance, he walked straight to Sherlock and hauled him to his knees by his curls, not even pausing to let the boy wake up.

“Wha-?” Sherlock’s eyes had snapped open wide as he looked at the Dom in confusion. He tugged at his chained wrists immediately making John laugh.

The blond merely unhooked the chain from the wall and dragged the detective over the bottom of the bed, chaining his hands to the headboard.

“What are you doing?”

John let his paddle fall through the air. It was the one with holes in.

“Don’t-” Sherlock tried, but John shook his head as he smacked the bed with it, trying to get his attention.

“You’ll take 20 with the paddle to start the day, Sherlock.”

“Why?” He snapped.

John gripped his hand in his curls and pulled his head back at an uncomfortable angle.

“You’ll take 20 and you will thank me. Say yes sir.”

“Piss off,” Sherlock growled.

“Say yes sir, boy, or I will gag you again.”

There was a beat of complete silence.

“Yes, sir,” Sherlock hissed, his tone low.

John shook his head, sadly, so much anger still in the boy wasn’t good, but it didn’t make a
difference.

"You know my rules. If you do not thank me, we start again. Or you can safeword."

When no safeword was forthcoming, John let the paddle fall, three times in quick succession to grab the boy's attention.

When Sherlock didn't thank him for the blows, John sighed heavily.

"You seem to forget that this is my job, boy, I have nothing else to be doing this morning besides disciplining you. So make a choice. And quick or your arse will hurt far more than I intended."

John struck him twice more, then twice more again and Sherlock was remaining stubbornly silent.

Yes, the Dom had intended on being stricter with the boy but this wasn't the way he wanted to go about. He spun the boy over, leaving his hands twisted above his head. He gripped Sherlock's fists in his hands at the look of frustration on his face.

"What were you expecting to happen when you didn't safeword last night? Or just now, in fact."

Sherlock kept his gaze for a long moment before finally letting it drop.

"Do I have your attention now?"

The sub jerked his head slightly, not willing to offer anymore submission at that point. And his arse was stinging a bit already, he also knew damn well that the Dom would give him another 20.

John spun him over and smacked his palm down on his arse before Sherlock had a chance to get comfortable. "You will not like the next few days. You will not enjoy them. But you will bloody well learn to not disrespect me, your brother, Greg or yourself. Now count, with respect."

Sherlock bit the bed covers as John let the paddle drop. He was achy and sore from his time away, the police officers who had brought him in the day before, hadn't been gentle either.

"1," he whispered, the bed muffling his words.

John reached over and pulled his head back again.

"What am I to you?"

"My Dom," Sherlock's voice was tiny.

"Quite. So treat me with some damn respect."

John let the paddle fall once again.

"2, sir."

"No. That will be 1, sir, but I'm glad we're finally getting somewhere."

Each drop of the paddle blew fire through his arse, made worse by the fact he'd had nearly a dozen that hadn't counted. That had been wasted. He would be done by now if he had gotten his priorities right.

When John was done he put the paddle down, Sherlock was whimpering softly and had been since the 15th blow, which was 25 theoretically. The Dom had known how much the paddle hurt
submissives, of course he did, he had just never done it without knowing the punishment would be over straight after. And the thought of that, hurt. A lot.

John sat back on the bed and dragged Sherlock by the collar to lay across his lap. The boy whimpered, expecting something more, that bit of help he usually got to stop that burn. John hadn’t done the usual comfort that soothing cream on his red hot ass would offer. Sherlock would need to feel it all day and he deserved to. Deep down, the brat knew that as well.

John waited for him to calm enough to speak.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir," his voice was bitter but John would leave it at that for now.

The doctor slowly stroked his sub's back, encouraging the boy to calm completely.

When Sherlock's sobs had died down he shifted his head slightly in John’s lap, a much hated past time several weeks ago.

John held him for a further few minutes, then pushed him back to the floor.

“Kneel.”

“John-” Sherlock was trying to be angry but his eyes were red-rimmed and it didn’t work. At least not what John could see of him.

“No, boy. You do not speak. I’m going to go over the rules for the next several days and you shall abide by them or so help me I’ll do that to you every half an hour.”

Sherlock’s eyes flashed with danger but he knew John meant that and would keep his word. He’d obey, just.

“You’ve lost your name again, I will refer to you as boy. You will remain naked for the foreseeable future. You will limit yourself to one word answers and only when I’ve addressed you directly. You will eat with me once again. You will ask me to do anything. Again. If I think you’re getting too rude or abrupt I will spank you on the spot, rather than wait until the evening.” He picked up a small wooden paddle and slid it into the pocket of his trousers so that the kneeling sub saw him do it.

Sherlock had also noticed the Dom back in his full suit again, rather than the more relaxed attire he’d become accustomed to.

John snapped a leash to the sub’s collar and dragged him towards the door.

Sherlock had expected to be forced to eat breakfast. He had been expecting to be dragged downwards not upwards so he was in slight shock when the Dom forced him to his knees outside the playroom door.

John played with the code for a while, making a point to change it to something completely random, even Sherlock couldn't predict random.
This chapter is tougher than normal, mainly because I feel sherlock is not responding the way he should be by this point in the contract. John has to do something he hadn’t thought he would have to do so things may be harsher. JOHN KNOWS WHAT HE IS DOING. And it will not always be like this.
Making Progress

Chapter Summary

John makes some unforeseen progress this time.

Chapter Notes

It has come to the point in this story where the people who like it outweigh the people who don't. For that reason I intend to carry on, as I have said in previous chapters, but for the haters let me make this perfectly clear.

As me making it perfectly clear that this is a DOM AND SUB UNIVERSE doesn't work or the fact that I have made it perfectly clear I don't want BORING OPINIONS from the people who CHOOSE TO READ SOMETHING THEY KNOW WILL OFFEND THEIR LITTLE EGOS doesn't work or the fact I DONT CARE what haters think does not work I have decided to name and shame them as a last resort.

If you want to be ignorant, arrogant, rude and abrasive, leaving comments only designed to offend the author who puts hours into a story for your entertainment, I will be rude and arrogant in return. Because I'm done being nice about this bollocks.

Madamented1, if you are reading this I highly suggest you stop and not read any of my fics any more. If you don't like them, tough, I don't care, so go elsewhere for people who may or may not care for such narrow minded and rude comments such as yours.

For the rest of you, I fully intend to finish this fic, I hope you enjoy!

John dragged the boy by the scruff of the neck into the playroom, locking the door behind them.

Sherlock caught sight of the window where he'd escaped from all those weeks ago. John now had it bolted and completely Sherlock proof. It made the detective huff. The doctor hadn't touched it after Sherlock's escape, he'd understood why he'd gotten out and accepted that he hadn't actually run off and had no need to further block that escape, it seemed now he did.

"On the bench," John ordered, pushing him towards it.

Sherlock made a point of glaring at the Dom and was much surprised at the response. John didn't speak, just took him by the curls and dragged him over the bench.

When the Dom had Sherlock tied down to the bench, with many more straps and buckles than he'd used before, he heard Sherlock sigh. He hoped it was content, because it didn't sound like frustration. The detective was left looking upwards and his ankles were uncomfortably held to the bench.

He waited a moment before moving in front of the younger man and crouching down to his level
beside him.

"Did you know the reason children act out for attention is primarily because they don't get enough positive attention?"

Sherlock averted his eyes at that.

"I'm not calling you a child, boy. But the brain chemistry of submissives is similar to that of one. I fear I was too gentle with you. I initially started to get harder as this progressed and then it had been so easy to become lenient as you'd learnt to behave and because of that, you lashed out by running away. As you haven't explained why you ran, nor seem to want to I am making the assumption that you need more of my full on attention."

Sherlock opened his mouth and was shocked when John slapped him to keep it shut.

"I did not give you permission to speak. If you feel as if you are going into Panic you will tell me immediately and I will deal with the situation, but until that point you will obey me."

John put two fingers at Sherlock's hole. "I have thought long and hard about where to take your training next. Of course, the three month mark has nearly passed so I've decided to keep it on a monthly rolling contract, to which you will need to agree to. I contemplated taking a military tone with you but feel you do not have the respect for authority that a subordinate would have. That leaves us with this."

He forced his two fingers in, ignoring Sherlock's whimpers. The way he was trussed up, Sherlock couldn't move or fight the Dom's fingers. He was forced to submit.

John made sure he was thorough enough so damage wouldn't be done to the boy, but not too thorough that there'd be no burn. It was discipline after all.

"Get off," Sherlock growled, wiggling as much as he could, at the feel of something hard against his entrance. John tutted and whacked his arse with his open palm, watching as the brat stilled. He waited to see if he'd pick up his struggle again, but when he didn't, continued forcing something hard into his arse.

Sherlock was nearly convinced the plug John was forcing into him was glass it was that cold, but when it didn't reach his prostate, and just sat there, an uncomfortably wide presence, he knew it was the control plug. It had been left in the freezer and a shiver ran through Sherlock originating at his arse.

John snatched up the cock cage next, the sound already part of it. There was a long silver chain that ran from the tip of the sound, Sherlock was trying to figure out what it was all about before he found out the hard way.

Sherlock's cock was trying it's hardest to get hard, with the presence of the plug being enough, but John just laughed. Slipping the by now familiar cage over it before he could become fully hard.

"Stop fidgeting, boy, the last thing either of us want is you to be hurt in a way that could have been avoided by simple self control."

Sherlock, surprisingly, stilled. He sighed heavily, obviously resigned, for the moment at least.

John slid the sound in without further problems and tightened it up.

The detective was biting his lip, it was actually helping him to stop fidgeting.
"I'm going to untie you now. If you fight me I'll put you back and leave you there."

Sherlock didn't respond but John hadn't been expecting him to. Even so, he set about doing what he said and wasn't as surprised as he should have been when Sherlock didn't fight.

Sherlock soon found out where the chain went. They went straight to a set of clamps at his nipples that John dealt with swiftly.

"This is designed to make you think about everything, boy. I want you thinking through every single thing before you do it. Maybe then you'll stop making stupid choices."

When he was done with the clamps, he settled Sherlock back on his heels and used a length of chain to attach his cuffs together behind his back.

Sherlock just accepted the situation mutely.

John, deciding he was finished with him for the moment, dragged him to the middle of the room.

"Kneel up straight, in your position. You're not to move or I shall shorten that chain."

Ignoring the Dom's words, the first thing Sherlock did was reach for his caged cock, but the chain that ran behind his back between the cuffs wasn't long enough. He had about 2 inches slack, it wasn't even enough to brush his finger tips across the cage.

"You can't honestly believe I would let you pleasure yourself? Even through the cage." John had paused where he was and was watching him closely.

"Whatever."

The doctor turned and gripped the boy by the neck, just below his collar. "I've had enough of the attitude, fail to address me correctly again and it will be an extra day in your current predicament."

Sherlock went to open his mouth.

"And if that isn't enough of a threat - that you know I will stick to - how about 5 instant slaps with the strap?"

Sherlock's mouth closed with a snap.

"Quite. Thought that might work. Running warning then, open your mouth out of turn again, or fail to do so when appropriate I will use the strap as instant correction."

After a moment's clear deliberation and thought, Sherlock ducked his head slightly. "Yes, sir." He would just have to face the music at the moment, he didn't want to leave after all.

John set about cleaning up the playroom, picking up things and rearranging the furniture and the shelves, the whole time he kept an eye on his kneeling submissive. He was trying to get into the stubborn sod's mind, but he was failing. Sherlock was too well guarded at the moment. That 50 feet tall wall protecting his head would drop eventually, John just knew he'd have to wear it down with what was looking like trust and acceptance. Just because that was the plan at the moment didn't mean John would not enforce his new rules, nor follow through with the methods of discipline Sherlock was aware of. And he was clearly aware as the boy didn't move. He certainly didn't reach for his dick again, but whether that was through obedience or just knowing he stood no chance, John couldn't guess.
The detective had no idea why he thought they would head to the den next, he'd done nothing in the last 72 hours to even suggest time in the den was appropriate or something he had earned. He had been on his knees over an hour while John reorganised the whole attic. It was like the doctor was deliberately finding things to move. He soon realised they were heading to the Dom's office. At that, he sighed. How boring.

John settled behind his desk where there was already a coffee waiting for him.

"We are going to have a discussion. About what you think you do and should be getting out of this arrangement and your plans for the future. We will also discuss my expectations as you seem to have forgotten them."

"Forgotten..." Sherlock snorted. "I don't forget anything."

John shook his head and picked up the strap he had put on his desk. He had even made sure Sherlock had seen him put it there.

"Over my lap. 3 strikes."

Sherlock shook his head vehemently.

"You're aware of the change of rules. You're aware that that was not an appropriate way to talk to me even before you ran off so certainly not now. Up and over my lap. If I have to force you it will be 5. And I will force you."

With clear reluctance, Sherlock forced himself up and over the Dom's lap, with some difficulty given how he was cuffed.

"I don't expect you to count," the older man informed him. "This will hurt enough without you worrying about that."

John waved the strap through the air a few times, getting a feel for it again and practicing where he was going to hit, it was too serious a spanking to just hit him anywhere, especially as he was sure the brat would force him to do this again, he needed to be efficient to leave room.

John let the three blows fall in quick succession, not allowing the younger man to acclimatise or get used to the new feeling.

They smarted like mad, made worse when John pointed at the floor. "Knees."

Sherlock dropped to his knees as he had been told.

"Forehead to the floor."

John waited and waited. For any other part of a sub's training he'd force it, but Sherlock needed to get back into the frame of mind of obeying.

Sherlock was biting his lip, his arse was throbbing like mad. Slowly, he bent at the waist to press his head to the floor, his hands couldn't really steady him as only one could reach the carpet at a time.

John examined his arse closely, touching the edges of the strap marks that laid across his sit spot. "Have you got something to say to me?" John asked when he was content there was no lasting
damage and he hadn't broken the skin.

The sub was breathing heavily after the examination of the doctor's fingers over his arse, the throbbing must have been aggrevated by the Dom after all.

"I'm sorry, sir," he whispered softly. He was pressing his head into the carpet as hard as he could to remain focused and not give John another reason to add more pain to his backside.

John didn't make him repeat it louder, that was the first time the younger man had done the correct thing for nearly a week.

"And what are you sorry for?"

"Not addressing you, properly, sir."

"Good. Maybe now we can make our way back to the well behaved sub I know you can be. Sit up in your position."

Sherlock knelt upright, he had to be in his 'pet' position because of the way his hands were tied but John didn't seem bothered.

"Right, so talk."

***

John and Sherlock stayed in the Dom's office for several hours. Eventually it was clear that the sub was exhausted and he'd fallen asleep knelt against John's leg.

They had made some progress, Sherlock was beginning to revert back to the way he had been before his little escapade but there was still a fair distance to go, believing anything else would be naïve.

The doctor ran his hands through the brat's curls, soothing not only the sleeping sub but himself. He hadn't said anything that he hadn't been expecting. But there hadn't been an apology for running off, nor an explanation. He was beginning to wonder how he should go about getting that information out of the younger man. Not that it actually mattered, he seemed to have accepted the new dynamic and for now that was enough.
"I can only assume you failing to address me correctly is a desire to be punished? More than your current predicament."

Sherlock was knelt in the middle of the playroom, his knees spread wide by his decision to be obedient, not by a spreader bar. His caged cock was chained to the floor and his wrists were in cuffs behind his back, also chained to the floor. He also had a posture collar on, keeping his head up high.

In no way was Sherlock's position meant to be comfortable but John hadn't meant it to be. He wanted some honest answers out of the brat, these stress positions seemed to be the only way that would happen.

"What? No, I... You-" Sherlock's face was red and flustered.

John sat on the bed on the play side of the room, facing the kneeling man. "Warned you earlier about your attitude. What did I say would happen if it didn't make a u turn?"

The detective dropped his head, blushing further at the sight of his trussed cock. "You'd use the strap," he muttered.

"What was that?"

Sherlock's head snapped up and he stared at him.

"Try. That. Again." John got to his feet and took 5 threatening steps forward. His short stature did nothing to quell Sherlock's fear of punishment through disobeying, it never did.

"You'd use the strap, sir," he repeated, making sure his tone was soft yet clear for the older man.

"I seemed to have understood you that time." He cupped Sherlock's cheek and tipped his back to look at him. "You are getting better," John informed him. "You're learning again, it's a shame I have to tie you up like this to make it happen."

The intimate moment was cut off when John's phone rang. He took a step back from his sub and pulled it from his pocket.

He saw who it was and gave Sherlock strict instructions to remain exactly where he was. Not that the younger man could move anyway. It just might give him a sense of achievement if he could obey his Dom.

John stepped out of the playroom and closed the door.

"Sorry, Greg," Sherlock heard through the door. "I can't let him out on a case. I understand. I can't guarantee safety. I can't let him out no matter how important it might be. I know. I'm sorry."

Greg had known it would be a long shot, if he'd been in John's shoes and Mycroft had behaved in such a way... he'd do exactly the same. He told the doctor that and rang off, hoping he had been reassuring.

John headed back onto the playroom, Sherlock glaring at him. "I haven't had a case in months!"

"Sherlock it was a week ago and you still haven't explained how the burglar did it. But that's beside
the point. That's once you've not addressed me properly. So that's 3 strikes of the strap, you loved it so much last time."

Sherlock opened and closed his mouth several times. "But it's a case!"

"And you aren't partaking in it. How can I trust you? Greg will go to his submissive for help, the case will get solved and you can go out to play on the next one. If I am guaranteed of your behaviour."

"You said you wouldn't stop me going on cases!" Sherlock snapped.

"That's 4. And you're a clever boy, what we're my exact words on the matter?"

The sub dropped his head. He knew what John had said on the matter and he wasn't about to repeat it.

"Is your little tantrum done?"

"I... It wasn't a tantrum!" Sherlock snapped trying to fight his position but the armbinder and his cock tied to the floor made him rethink.

John paced across to the punishment side of the room and grabbed up the strap. Sherlock watched him with unease, he tried to move away but whimpered when his cock pulled again.

Shaking his head softly, John removed both chains from the floor and used them as a leash to drag him to the horse.

"I don't want to have to tie you over this but I will if I have to."

"John, this isn't fair, I didn't mean..."

"You were warned. More than once. Bend over. You'll get 20 with my hand and 10 with the strap."

Sherlock tried turning around. "Please, sir. You don't have to do this."

"You think I'm going to enjoy it?" John's tone was dangerous. "I hate doing this to subs. I bloody hate it. But I do it when it needs doing. Lean over the horse. I will not tell you again."

Slowly, Sherlock lowered himself over the horse.

John waited to hear any actual complaints and then closed his eyes briefly. The spanking with his hand he could do quick and easy... The strap... Well Sherlock wasn't going to enjoy it but that was the point.

"Be glad your warm up isn't with the paddle."

John wasn't expecting any sort of response and the whispered, "yes, sir," was one hell of a shock. He let his hand fall on his lower back in a comforting gesture before getting back into his position.

The Dom proceeded as fast as he could through the spanking and then picked up the strap and hefted it. "Count them, boy."

Sherlock did. He counted all of them. He began hiccupping at 6 and John stopped at 8. "That will do. For now."

"But, sir-" Sherlock sniffed, wiping his face on his arm.
"No buts. I can always pick up where we left off. But my point has been made and you have learnt your lesson. Haven't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

John smiled softly to himself. "Come over and lay on the bed."

The detective was surprised when John took him to the bed on the play side of the room rather than the punishment side, but he put his head in John's lap as he laid out on it all the same.

The Dom ran his hand through Sherlock's sweaty curls as the younger man sobbed on his lap. He looked down his back and saw how red his arse was, he just couldn't allow himself to put soothing cream on it. Sherlock needed to remember this.

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It wasn't until an hour later that John led the boy downstairs, Sherlock was much surprised to not see the chair with that damn dildo on it.

Instead, drinks had been laid out by the staff, coffee for the Dom and a glass of water for Sherlock.

It had been what John had requested but he knew Sherlock was going to complain about not getting tea. His complaints wouldn't be heard and he wouldn't be going anywhere with his arms still trussed up behind him.

"Stay here one moment," John ordered, an idea reaching him from nowhere.

"Yes, sir," he whispered.

John stepped out of the kitchen and fetched an armbinder then watched his sub from the door behind him.

Sherlock seemed relaxed, like being cuffed was a relaxing position to be in, he was usually tense. Extremely tense.

Trussed up as he was, Sherlock felt calm. Calmer than he had been in a while. He couldn't work out why but he had no qualms about John leaving him there. That wasn't to say if he was left too long he wouldn't change his mind.

John knew he had to move quickly, he got as far into the room as possible before letting Sherlock hear him and then he pulled the tight arm binder up over his arms, it had happened so fast Sherlock hadn't seen it coming to fight.

The Dom took his time, tightening every strap he could as tight as he could, even joining it to his collar by the buckle at the top. It forced Sherlock to remain completely still, with the posture collar the way it was. John knew that as he removed the cuffs and added the fingerless gloves to the bottom.

If John didn't know any better he would have said he heard a contented sigh from the kneeling man. He took a seat and ran his hands through Sherlock's hair again.

"You're going to eat every bite I give you," John ordered when a member of his staff dropped off a tray. "I am leaving the collar on, but if you struggle to swallow you will tell me immediately, do you understand?"
Sherlock's eyes darted up to the Dom, then looked away. "Yes, sir," he whispered.

"You better mean that, boy."

"Yes, sir," he repeated softly. He almost felt floaty. Like subspace was approaching, but they had done nothing to stimulate it.

John watched him for a moment before reaching for a chunk of fruit. Sherlock took it without complaint and chewed. He made sure to watch to make sure Sherlock didn't struggle but there didn't seem to be a problem.

Half way through the meal, between feeding Sherlock and feeding himself, John ran his hand over Sherlock's shoulders. The sub looked up at him and then tipped to rest his head against John's hip.

Surprised, John didn't have the heart to push him away, despite still being mad about his race around London. He fully intended to find out what caused it but he couldn't bring himself to be hard and stern right now when Sherlock seemed so... Compliant. It was so rare he should treasure the moment really.

"Good boy," John whispered a while later, running his hand through his curls once again. "No complaints and all your food gone."

Sherlock smiled up at him dopily and the Dom stopped him ducking his head by putting his finger under his chin. "Are you in subspace?"

The response was a half hearted shrug.

The only thing John could think of was that the bondage has tipped him under. It was odd, but it made sense as to why he was so relaxed. He had planned on a few boring activities for the younger man but it seemed like a pointless effort now. There was no point punishing him while he was floating like a cloud.

"Come on, boy," he ordered, getting to his feet and helping Sherlock up. "Time we went to the den for a while."

Sherlock looked to him in surprise at that, he was in really bad trouble, why was the Dom taking him to the den, that was where they went when he had been good.

"Your arms feeling ok?" He checked, running his hands over his shoulders again.

"Yes, sir."

"Kneel there," he pointed to the sub's cushion and the boy did what he was told without argument.

This was definitely odd. Maybe it was a Holmes thing? He would have to speak to Greg to see how he handled Mycroft's tantrums, as minimum as they must be, but every sub had them by rote.

John collapsed back in the sofa beside where the detective knelt and rang the bell.

A member of female staff appeared, a switch, "what can I get for you Doctor Watson?"

"Tea on a tray, please."

She nodded before retreating from the room. Whenever his staff were around John made a point to watch all submissives around them but most recently he watched Sherlock. This sub was completely indifferent to them, he had expected something far far different from the younger man.
Right from the beginning it was clear he wasn't a people person, and the idea of more people being around, staff or not... well John thought he would act up around them, in subspace or not. He had been so reluctant to call them back, only his anger at the brat's previous stunt had caused him to do it.

"Lean on my knee, pet. And by all means go to sleep if you like."

Sherlock doubted he would fall asleep but he leant against the Dom's leg, revelling in the comforting presence that he probably didn't deserve.

John reached over and once again checked his arms but he was content he had done the binder up to a suitable tightness, it certainly had Sherlock in the palm of his hand, even if it was only for the moment.
Chapter 54

John didn't know how long Sherlock had floated for but it was nearing mid afternoon and he was starving. Sherlock had slept for a few hours, but since hadn't done anything else. He knew he'd have to change the boy's arm position soon, it would become a stressful position to maintain all too quickly.

As the staff dropped off the third set of tea, John leant forward to make it how they both liked it. When he settled back again, he realised something that should have been incredibly obvious before.

"Pet, look at me," he ordered, trying to find a comfortable position to be able to look down at the boy but not seem intimidating at the same time. He doubted Sherlock would be intimidated by him ever again, but Panic was a funny thing, it crept up out of nowhere and often hit hard and fast, he didn't want to inadvertently trigger his pet into a Panic session when there was so much more useful things they could be doing with their time.

Sherlock did what he was told, his eyes drifting up to meet the older man's but it was clear they were glassy, he was buried deep in subspace. It was obvious he was trying to pay attention, even though he was a little out of sync.

"My staff. You aren't nervous around them. Why not?"

Sherlock shrugged, his shoulders shifting oddly with the way he was bound.

"No, pet. I want a verbal response."

"I'm used to them, sir," he said eventually, his attention back on the floor again.

"No, you're not." They hadn't been here when Sherlock had first got here, in fact it had been weeks into the contract before he had allowed them back. He hadn't thought the sub would be able to deal with them.

Sherlock frowned. "Not yours specifically, sir, but I grew up in a household full of staff. They learn to blend in. I learned to ignore them."

John tipped his head on one side, regarding Sherlock for a minute, he supposed he could understand that. "We need to eat. But first," he leant forward to remove the buckle from his collar to the armbinder.

Sherlock shook his head slightly.

John pretended he hadn't seen it but secretly he was extremely pleased, he had known from day one this sort of bondage had calmed him somewhat, those early days when he had left him cuffed to keep him still. He removed each of the buckles as quickly as he could, then he slid the armbinder down off his arms.

When he was done, the sub turned to stare at him, rolling his shoulders, his arms were stiff, but nowhere near what he was expecting.

He thought his glance at the door was subtle but John snagged him by a loop on his collar before he could begin to contemplate leaving the room.
"I wasn't going anywhere, sir," Sherlock said immediately.

John merely shrugged and tapped his wrists together in front of him.

"But, you said -"

"You calming down changes nothing. You're still in trouble."

Sherlock huffed and stared down at his cuffed wrists, wishing he'd found a way out of them weeks ago.

John noticing the sub's glance at the door had further consequences for Sherlock. He shackled his feet together with about a foot's leeway.

"John, this is ridiculous." Sherlock rattled his feet.

"I know you can get out the front door. I know you have probably thought of a million new ways to test the security system. I know you are a hell of a lot faster than me. You won't be going anywhere like that."

"I won't be going anywhere anyway. Mycroft isn't here."

"You ran from Mycroft?"

Sherlock looked away, kneeling back on his heels so he could feel the shackles on his feet, being cuffed, he could reach them, but he could see over his shoulder. He wasn't breaking free of those. And the fact the Dom had used actual shackles rather than the cuffs around his ankles bugged him more than it should.

"I expect an answer, boy," John's tone was turning dangerous.

"So what?"

"I can only assume, once again, you're failing to address me appropriately on purpose. Seeing as I was saying the same damn thing mere hours ago."

"What? No, I..."

"I what? Go on, make your situation 10x harder on yourself. Baring in mind, it's already worse."

Sherlock ducked his head as an alternative to arguing. He hoped it was a good alternative.

John couldn't believe a punishment for the brat was now based on something they had covered so many times before. They'd had this very conversation mere hours ago.

"Every failure to address me correctly from this point on will result in 5 instant strikes with my strap. I was getting slack, I apologise. You'll have 15 with the strap when we are done with our tea."

The way John casually mentioned what the punishment was for his misjudgment added frustration to Sherlock's shoulders, however he was calm enough from the prolonged bondage that it seemed not to effect him the way it could have done.

Sherlock knelt on his usual cushion when John ordered him to. The staff brought in their meal and placed it on the table, retreating quietly. Sherlock just stared at the floor, he'd made the whole situation worse, he had been getting off rather lightly.
"The burglar, how did he do it?" John asked placing a chunk of pork in his mouth. "Because he's not said anything at all."

Sherlock chewed, wondering if it would be worth it just to not tell him. He would tell Mycroft, and the bastard was smug enough.

"Answer me, boy!" the Dom ordered, tone stern.

"The windows, sir," Sherlock said quickly, flinching at the doctor's tone.

"What about them?" The doctor made sure to keep feeding the kneeling sub as they talked, maybe multitasking was the best way to keep Sherlock on track.

"The burglar smashes the glass. Waits for the window to be replaced and then takes the new pane out while the putty around the edge is still wet. No one notices, because there's no noise and he can get in and out with no problem."

John froze, staring down at him. "That's impressive, pet."

Sherlock allowed a small smile to grace his lips.

John made sure to feed him another mouthful before the boy realised what his plan was with distracting him.

"Will you tell Mycroft?"

The Dom paused with the fork half way to his own lips, "I'll tell Greg, because he needs to know for the case. He'll probably tell your brother."

Sherlock tried to move away, forgetting his feet were chained together.

"Boy," John growled, dropping his fork and snagging Sherlock's leash. "We're done here," the Dom decided on the spot, choosing to drag Sherlock to the stairs.

Sherlock fought the older man for half of the journey, before he realised he was taking the sub to the play room, then he gave in. He didn't want to make this worse, he knew a strapping was on the end of this trip.

John didn't say anything as he punched the code to the room into the system and dragged the unresisting detective behind him. He dumped him on the bed and used his already chained up hands and feet to attach him to the bed.

"Keep still, boy," he ordered, moving to fetch the strap.

Sherlock glanced over his shoulder, trying to follow the Dom around the room.

"I said don't move!"

The sub flinched and went back to staring at the carpet beneath his feet, he hated the punishment side of the room, even the carpet was less friendly than the other side.

"Count," John ordered and it made Sherlock realise he was now stood above him. He didn't respond, preparing to count.

"I gave you an order," John warned him with his tone, gripping his curls and tipping his head back.
"Yes, sir. I'll count, sir," he said quickly.

"Do you know why you're being punished, submissive?" John's voice took on the formal punishment tone that Sherlock really didn't like, the old punishments were hardly casual but he made himself sound so detached.

"Yes, sir, for being rude and not addressing you properly." He gave the reason before John had to ask for it.

The blond nodded once, and stepped to the side raising the strap.

He brought it down sharply on Sherlock's sit spot, the boy leant forward trying to temper the blow but he couldn't do it enough to make a difference.

"One, sir."

John brought it down again, just below the last.

"Two, sir."

As John lay down the third strike there was some kind of pleasing satisfaction from the already positive response from the sub, he usually fought a lot more but this time he was fighting it, hard.

When they reached eight, Sherlock was struggling to keep his voice level, the strap covered a larger surface area than the cane or a crop but it didn't help to dull the sensation at all. He didn't know if he'd be able to count all the way to 15.

"N-nine, sir, he stuttered, turning his head slightly to wipe his eyes.

John brought the next 3 down in swift succession and watched with a strong level of pride as Sherlock carefully counted them off.

The remaining few would be painful, especially as Sherlock must have already been feeling the left over throb from his previous spanking.

"Contain yourself, pet," John ordered softly, after he had dropped the 15th blow. Sherlock was sobbing quietly but made no move to seek comfort.

The Dom removed the chains from the bench but left them between his hands and feet as he dragged him over to the bed and pulled him up on it. "Here we are again," he said.

"I'm sorry, sir," Sherlock whispered.

"What for?"

"Not addressing you properly. I promise I won't make that mistake again, sir," Sherlock said softly shifting on the bed to accomodate his caged cock which wasn't even trying to get hard at the pain.

John ran his hand through his sweaty curls, pausing to think before he spoke.

"Earlier you mentioned Mycroft. Twice. Explain."

"The smug bastard was laughing at me, I thought we were finally getting somewhere with our relationship and he laughed at me."

John sighed, realising that to him it seemed like a massive over reaction, but to Sherlock it seemed
like his brother was mocking him.

Sherlock looked away. “Look, it doesn’t matter. He was a twat. I wanted out from everything. And I did for 4 days.” He was still incredibly proud of himself for that, he didn't know if Mycroft had got involved with the hunt to find him but even if he hadn't, hiding from John with all his gadgets and Dom skills was impressive enough.

“It was a good run, pet,” the blond said, confirming Sherlock's thoughts. "I was beginning to think we would never find you.” And just what would Mycroft have done to him then? Losing his baby brother... Although, now he knew it was Mycroft’s fault he ran in the first place, with or without his knowledge or provocation.

Sherlock smiled up at him at that, the redness to his cheeks finally fading away. John ran his hand over his face again, cupping his chin.

"We're going to play in a moment, but I want you completely calm before we start, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Sherlock wasn't against the idea of playing, he was against the idea of playing with his cock in a cage and his arse flaming red hot.