Culmination

by quantum221b

Summary

Five years ago he had stood here with a limp and a cane, a hair’s breadth from eating his gun in depression, no prospects, no family, no friends, just a washed out middle aged army doctor. Here he stood again and apart from the limp he was back to where he had started. It seemed like after years of being away from Baker Street, life had come a full circle and he was back where he had begun. As though life had chewed and spat him out as if he had a bad aftertaste.

Sherlock had chosen to save John then. Would he consider doing it again, after everything he had been through?

Notes

DISCLAIMER

I would like to emphasize that this is not a story about a conventional D/s relationship. This is not how D/s is meant to be practiced in “real life”. This is not a training manual for how one should go about D/s relationship negotiations in real life. And it certainly does not meet the standards set by the BDSM community in the real world or indeed in most of the D/s fan-fiction out there. Anyone seeking to pursue such a relationship should go to authoritative sources for information pertaining to the norms and rules that are usually practiced.

This is my fantasy, my vision if you will, about one way that such a D/s relationship could
work if someone like Sherlock was the Dom. Please remember this is fiction and enjoy yourself.
The rhythmic motion of the subway lulled John to sleep. The carriage was stuffy, crowded with commuters, some bearing stony faces, some talking animatedly on their phones making weekend plans. A heavy smell of mothballs, sweat and rancid milk pervaded the interior thick like a suffocating blanket. For a change John had secured a seat, as he travelled back from his locum job at the clinic to 221B Baker Street, his home.

John tilted his head back and miserably struggled to keep his eyelids open as he surveyed the ceiling of the carriage and as he had become prone to doing of late, he reminisced on the past. There was precious little else to do these days.

As always his reminiscing started at the brightest point in his life, a time when a ticking bomb called Sherlock had exploded into his life and changed him forever. The memories quickly and typically degenerated from that point on.

Meeting Sherlock, moving in, solving crimes--- the exciting days. Sherlock falling to his death and the devastating psychological aftermath---the depressing days. Sherlock returning back from the dead and his marriage to Mary---the happy days. Finding out about Mary’s betrayal—first learning about her past, then finding out that she shot Sherlock and then learning that he was not the father of the child he had carried---the angry days. Moriarty’s broadcast had been proven a fake and Sherlock had disappeared for parts unknown, a mission for his brother, though thankfully to Western not Eastern Europe. At the most critical point of his life, when John was unsure what his response should be to finding out that the child in Mary’s womb was not his, at a time when John would have turned to Sherlock for help and advice, his friend was missing. And then Mary had left with her daughter to destinations unknown, leaving John once again without purpose, moving like a ghost from one room to another in their suburban house--- the pointless days. Until he ran into Sherlock one day while meeting up with Lestrade. And he was invited back into 221B and decided to take up the offer---the hopeful days. And for the past six months, he was back, back where it seemed like he belonged…. Only something had changed.

The lurch of the train as it halted jerked John out of his reverie. Sighing he joined the horde of commuters that ejected themselves and wrapped his overcoat more securely around himself, aware that the biting cold would be a bitch at this time of the evening. He was not looking forward to the long walk home. In any case, he had to stop off at Tesco’s first—they had run out of milk and produce again. Sherlock, damn the man seemed to live on air, but John was an ordinary human and needed the basic necessities of life.

He put his head down and moved forward dodging other pedestrians with the ease of a seasoned dancer, an ease that takes years of daily commuting to perfect. He continued to wander through the highways and by-lanes of his memory, the only thing he seemed to do with any gusto these days. Like picking on a scab, you know it is bad for you, but you can’t seem to help it. Because it was there.

He still remembered with crystal clarity the day he moved back in to Baker Street six months ago. As he paid the cabbie off and eyed his boxes that needed to be carried upstairs, he had allowed a moment’s joy to bubble through him as he looked up at the window where Sherlock stood so often and then at the door with its hallmark alphanumeric sign. Hope and a sense of renewed purpose had mingled to push away the hurt, the anger, the betrayal and the disappointment of the past four years. Mrs Hudson opening the door and welcoming him home made the return all that sweeter. What was not usual, was that Sherlock was out. John had been unable to clamp down on his
disappointment at entering an empty flat. Mrs Hudson prattled on about Molly calling and Sherlock having gone to Bart’s. John called Lestrade and confirmed that there was no case on, which meant Sherlock had taken off to Bart’s while he could have been home to welcome John back.

Thus began the most confusing and frustrating six months of John’s life because the pattern had continued.

John ducked into Tesco’s and wandered through the aisles grabbing milk, tea bags, bacon and other sundries, in the purposeful army way of his. His thoughts continued to be directed inwards and to the past.

It had been different somehow. Sherlock continued to be himself, snarky, bored and vicious at times, brilliant and blinding like the sun at times. He made allowances for John’s bereavement period and had stayed out of his hair. But John did not get invited for the cases as often. He had become used to coming back either to an empty flat or to Sherlock conducting experiments or working on his laptop. He did not initiate conversations, he did not relay his deductions to John so that John could be his conductor of light, he did not talk to John in his absence. And John couldn’t badger his way into Sherlock’s life, couldn’t probe the possibility of any meaningful relationship with him, because well….. it was Sherlock. Being at the receiving end of one of his cutting remarks would have surely ended John like nothing else ever could.

And then there were the different responses to things John had always done for him. Once after having pushed tea or food towards Sherlock for the third time that day, Sherlock had finally raised one eyebrow and said with utter disdain in his poshest public school voice, “John, I really must ask you to desist. I am not a child and you are not my mother,” before he flapped the newspaper and disappeared behind it. And once upon catching the smell of cigarette smoke when John had tried to lecture him, he had waved him away, “Well, I’m afraid you’re going to have to make peace with this, John. I do pay half the rent. And there is no clause which prohibits me from doing what I want to do.” Both the days had been bad. John had stalked off in his usual manner and gone to the pub. But when he returned there had been no contrite Sherlock, trying to make peace in that uniquely Sherlockian way of his. Instead he had completely and utterly ignored John.

John slowly moved towards the check-out counter, dreading as always another encounter with the chip-and-pin machine, the bane of his life.

These days his life consisted of trudging up to attend to erratic locum jobs when available to make ends meet, fistng his cock at least once a day while watching porn videos, the occasional pub visit and trying to lure women to put out for him and thinking about the past and where had it all gone so spectacularly wrong.

He had considered moving out, getting an apartment of his own. But it came down to the same situation as five years earlier. He could not afford to be an independent renter and who would want him for a flat-mate? And he could not bear to live out of London, it would be inviting premature death.

It had been hard to take in Sherlock’s apathy, only because he had been so conditioned to his affection and regard. It was the one constant of his life. Sherlock loved John, needed John, wanted John. It would take a blind man to not see the longing in his eyes after his return from the dead. Oh sure, he had worked hard at organising John’s wedding. But everything was for John. He almost died when Mary shot him, but still fought to keep John’s marriage alive, he killed Magnessun for John and his safety. There had been times after the wedding when John visited Sherlock at Baker Street when the longing in his eyes betrayed him. John winced as he remembered how he had
inwardly preened at the knowledge that he was so vitally important to this brilliant man. That if he were so inclined, he could have him, have the most intelligent and certainly the most beautiful man he had ever seen. But apart from a few drunken, adrenaline fuelled fumblings in the army and one very memorable fuck in the dark, he was not gay. He thought about that particular fuck wryly; in the dark a tight hole was a hole, and it had been months since he had gotten laid.

After the business with Mary shooting Sherlock and in the months leading up to Christmas, John had stayed at Baker Street. There were times he was tempted. Sherlock with his beautiful full lips, gorgeous hair, that incredible body—all within his reach just asking to be taken. But he had spent a long time proclaiming his not-gayness. And his anger at one thing or another in life, which was always simmering just under the surface for as long as he could remember, kept him from taking that final step forward to grab what he needed from Sherlock. As did the thought that Sherlock might be a virgin or asexual. Certainly apart from the longing looks at John when he thought John wasn’t looking and the disproportionate grief at Irene Adler’s supposed death, he had never seen him show any inclination towards sex or romance.

Grabbing the bags, he trudged out again, not looking forward to walking four blocks in the freezing cold to reach home.

John was not a person given to introspection. Instead like most ordinary people he preferred to just let life take him where it will, never bothering to look deeper into the whys and the wherefores. But he had a lot of time these days. During his commute, during the quiet hours in a Sherlock-less flat. And like most ordinary people he was prone to rationalizing all his behaviours and judging himself innocent of any and all wrong-doings.

But was he innocent? What would an objective on-looker make of the past five years of his life? What did Sherlock make of him? Sherlock who was just about the most objective man on the planet, Sherlock who was not in the business of lying or embellishing the truth to suit himself or anyone else. Sherlock who had accepted John into his life, cane and all, and then accepted him back, wife and all. What did Sherlock think of him then? What did he think of him now? What had changed?

John redistributed the bags to even out the weight as he gritted his teeth against the pull on his shoulders caused by the heavy bags and plodded on.

No, he had decided after weeks of thought. He was not innocent. Sherlock had been right all along. He was ordinary and an idiot.

When he had been allowed to be a part of the life of the man who made everything in him come alive, who had cured his limp and his depression within twenty four hours of meeting him, what had he done? Yes, he had become his blogger, friend and house-keeper. But the undercurrent of blistering frustration and derision, the tendency to correct every faux-pas Sherlock made when interacting with the world at large, the barely concealed “humouring” of Sherlock’s boredom and manic behaviours.

Passive-aggressive, he had decided. That is what he had been. Instead of rolling in delight at having found the best friend anyone could ask for, a friend who subsequently had jumped off a fucking roof for him, he had walked around, oh so superior in his ordinariness and ability to navigate the treacherous and ultimately meaningless transactions with a society whom Sherlock rightly treated as dirt beneath his feet.

And then when he returned from the dead, when John had caught the hidden passion and need, he had preened in private, at being a focus of attention, being put on a pedestal as it were, doling out crumbs of his company and friendship, as if Sherlock was a dog barking at his feet. He had ignored
him after the wedding, enough to drive Sherlock back to drugs, he had yelled and cursed him when Mary’s past was unveiled, he had blithely said good-bye to him as he had taken off to do a job for Mycroft to destinations and danger unknown. Why should he have cared? Sherlock loved him, wanted him, well it was great to feel the object of unrequited love from such a man. John had luxuriated in it. And John had Mary. Life was going to be wonderful, everything he had thought he wanted. A wife and family, a house in suburbia, a career and a sexy detective who was emphatically *his*, anytime he chose to snap his fingers.

Until it all blew up on his face.

God, it was proving to be the most difficult thing he had ever had to do. Trying to accept the fact that he had gone from being Sherlock’s best friend and muse to a flat-mate who existed around him and was desperate for any attention that Sherlock may bestow upon him.

A bit out of breath as he approached the front door of 221B, John stopped. He stood across the street and put the bags down. He stood just looking at it.

Waves upon waves of melancholia hit him all of a sudden.

Five years ago he had stood here with a limp and a cane, a hair’s breadth from eating his gun in depression, no prospects, no family, no friends, just a washed out middle aged army doctor. Here he stood again and apart from the limp he was back to where he had started. It seemed like after years of being away from Baker Street, life had come a full circle and he was back where he had begun. As though life had chewed and spat him out as if he had a bad aftertaste.

Five years ago, Sherlock Holmes the most complete, private and untouchable man to ever grace the planet had taken him under his wing and given John a place in his life and his heart. He had given John purpose and meaning, a warm flat to share and a small group of friends with whom he could share a few laughs. He had given John dignity at his profession and the honour of being his friend. Now Sherlock too was back where he had been, complete, independent and just as untouchable as he had been the first few seconds at Bart’s.

He had chosen to save John then. Would he consider doing it again, after everything he had been through?

John did not know the answer to this. Slowly he bent down to pick up the bags and take the last few steps home.
John leaned forward from his crouching position on the floor and struggled to get the fire going. The cold seemed to have entered his very bones and he felt every joint ache. *I am getting old*, he thought sighing loudly. The wave of self-pity and melancholy seemed to have him firmly in its grasp.

A pot of some pasta cooked on the stove, which he would soon toss with some ready-made sauce and have in front of the telly.

He was bored to death. He missed Sherlock. Even a Sherlock who pottered around the house and exclaimed things from time to time was better than this cavernous silence that surrounded him. It was barely eight in the night and his choices were to continue watching telly or read up some more on the medical journal that had been delivered today or go upstairs or watch some porn while jerking off.

God, he was done. Done with life, done with living. What a mess!

Taking a cold beer from the fridge and having assimilated his dinner, he walked back and flicked the telly on. Some minutes later, filled to the brim with tasteless food and a pint, tired from the day, he dozed off on his chair.

It could have been minutes or hours later that he suddenly jerked out of his nap. He could hear voices downstairs. Sherlock’s unmistakable baritone and another male voice interspersed with Mrs Hudson’s. John straightened in his chair and righted his clothing, wiping off a spot of drool on his face.

Footsteps pounded up the stairs and Sherlock strode into the living room, owning it immediately the way he owned any room he chose to walk into.

A slim, good-looking blonde man of about thirty followed him in. Dressed in an elegant formal business suit and a long overcoat, he walked in peeling his leather gloves off. Accepting the man’s coat as he took it off to hang behind the door, Sherlock gestured towards John, and made perfunctory introductions.

“John, this is Peter Campbell. Peter, this is my flat-mate and friend, Dr John Watson.”

Clear hazel eyes that shone from an intelligent face met John’s as he stood up and shook hands.

“Dr Watson, pleasure,” he said agreeably.

“Good to meet you, Peter,” John nodded.

Peter stood quietly, as his eyes moved from Sherlock to John.

“I had assumed you would be out for drinks with your clinic staff tonight, John. Isn’t that what you
normally do on Friday nights?” Sherlock murmured as he glided into his bedroom.

John returned to his seat and watched Peter surreptitiously and waited for Sherlock to return. He answered as Sherlock came back out, “Yeah, decided to skip it today.”

Sherlock moved around fetching water for his guest, seemingly oblivious to both John’s curiosity and Peter’s silence. When he walked back into the living room, he turned to Peter, “Stay here. I have some supplies to fetch. Won’t be long.” He turned without waiting for a response and thundered down the stairs in that decisive way he had.

“Please have a seat,” John gestured towards Sherlock’s chair.

“Thank you,” Peter smiled.

The two men watched the telly silently for some time, though John found it impossible to concentrate on anything and tried to think of ways to find out more. The entire situation fell so much outside the normal paradigm, he was not very sure how to behave. Who the hell was this guy?

“So…..” John began. “You are a friend of Sherlock’s?”

“Oh no, I just met him today. A mutual friend introduced us.” There was something beguilingly open about his expression that warmed John towards him.

“Oh you are a client then?” asked John.

“A client…… gosh no, no. Just someone hoping to spend some time with him, that’s all.” Peter answered. He seemed to hesitate, “Dr Watson, I hope I am not intruding on anything between the two of you.”

John laughed and hastened to reassure him, “Oh God no, we’re just friends. And please call me John. I must say this is the first time I have ever heard of anyone wanting to spend time with him voluntarily.”

Peter’s nod was non-committal as he looked around.

_Dammit_, he had put Sherlock down again, thought John. It was like a disease with him for fuck’s sake.

In a hurry to undo the impact of his previous words John asked, “So what work do you do, Peter?”

“I own a company, Campbell Enterprises. Not a very original name I’m afraid,” Peter said, the smile back on again. “We manufacture car accessories. My main factory is just outside Birmingham. It’s a family business, has been in our family for generations.”

“Oh, good,” John said as he thought that explained the fine clothes and the quiet air of class that seemed to effortlessly hang around people like Peter and Sherlock and bloody Mycroft.

Why was this man here? Since when did Sherlock start tolerating strangers? What _was_ this, a date? _Don’t be ludicrous, John._

They both looked up at Sherlock striding back into the room.

John watched in amazement as Peter was out of the chair like a shot, almost standing in attention as Sherlock walked in. He stood still with his eyes on Sherlock as Sherlock shrugged off his coat and
hung it behind the door. From the deep pockets of his coat, Sherlock took out a paper bag, misshapen due to its contents and walked towards Peter.

Both men ignored John as Sherlock stepped forward to stand well into Peter’s personal space, one hand in his trouser pocket. He flicked his gaze across his face, looking down at the shorter man, eyes moving at a rapid pace as they scanned. It was the look that made him look simultaneously like a curious child and an all-seeing God from whom nothing could be hidden. It would take a veteran in all things Sherlock to withstand the onslaught of that intensely focussed gaze. Peter was not a veteran and still he looked back, a determined look on his face and eyes that looked almost…… pleading? John may as well have been part of the furniture for being allowed to witness what was clearly a very unconventional private conversation taking place. And then slowly, almost deliberately Peter lowered his eyes to the ground and just stood there with his head bowed down.

The moments seemed to tick by as finally Sherlock smirked, his quick one-sided lip rise, but there was something like approval in his eyes when he handed the bag over to Peter. Inclining his head he gestured towards his bedroom, “In there. Get ready. I’ll be there in some time.”

There was a hint of an order in his words, though with that unearthly deep voice of his almost everything that he uttered sounded imperious. He moved away and swept his laptop from over the bench to settle down on his chair without looking up to watch what Peter was doing.

John looked on with his mouth agape, as the younger man walked away, holding the paper bag, without even glancing at John, straight up to Sherlock’s bedroom. He walked in closing the door behind him.

A heavy silence followed in his wake, the only sounds in the room the super-fast staccato of Sherlock’s keystrokes. John sat there with bulging eyes that flicked between the bedroom door and Sherlock, as if waiting for an explanation of what the hell just happened? None was forthcoming as Sherlock ignored him.

Breathing heavily now as chaotic thoughts swirled in his head, John tried to get a handle on himself. A relative stranger had just walked into Sherlock’s bedroom. With his blessings. On his instructions. What the fuck?

John decided there was no hope in hell of sleep tonight if he did not get any answers soon. He stood up and paced a few steps before placing himself before Sherlock.

“Right then,” he began, “who is that and what is he doing in your bedroom?” John hated how belligerent it made him sound.

“Hmmm…..” Sherlock hummed absently as his fingers flew over the keyboard.

“Sherlock!” John repeated, voice insistent.

Sherlock looked up, expression impassive and raised a challenging eyebrow, “Problem?”

John backed down straightaway. “No….no,” he shook his head emphatically. “No… that is not what I am saying. Just….. who is he?”

Sherlock shrugged casually, “Peter Campbell. An acquaintance if you must know.”

“What’s he…… why is he in your bedroom?”

Sherlock look amused as he responded, “You tell me, John. You’ve attempted to bed half the
“But… but you don’t….. I mean… you haven’t….,” John spluttered as he took a few deep breaths and clenched and unclenched his fists. Sherlock looked on, amusement gone now, replaced by a certain hard edge around his narrowed eyes. That aloof hard look pulled John back from whatever precipice his psyche seemed to be hovering over, ready to tumble down and be destroyed forever.

“Sorry, sorry. None of my business.” He waved his hand about, “Maybe I should…. Maybe I’ll turn in. It’s been a long day,” he finished weakly.

“Excellent idea, John. Good night,” Sherlock responded as he turned back to the laptop.

“Right.” John stood up and took his plate to the kitchen. He poured himself a glass of cold water and tried to stay in control of himself. He glanced helplessly at the closed door of Sherlock’s bedroom which seemed to silently mock him, his imagination in overdrive trying to figure out what “get ready” meant in this context. And then his gaze turned towards Sherlock, still dressed in his suit, the alien lights of the laptop reflected on that clear pale skin, ethereal eyes focussed on what he was doing, seeming to have forgotten that a man was waiting for him to enter that bedroom and ….. then what? Fuck him? Get fucked? Did Sherlock do sex? Casual sex? What were the ‘supplies’? Condoms? Lube?

*When you’ve eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable must be the truth,* the Sherlock voice in his head said.

He drained the last of his glass and walked upstairs slowly. It was going to be a long night.
John lay in his room staring up at the ceiling. He had barely slept. But it was six in the morning and he was due for a shift at the clinic. *Fuck. Damn it.*

The previous night he had collapsed on the bed without changing out of his clothes and tried to switch off his mind. But every sense was focussed on what was going on downstairs. It was more than twenty minutes--*twenty four exactly,* his brain supplied helpfully-- before he had heard Sherlock switch off the living room lights and then heard his bedroom door open and close.

His imagination was running wild.

Too restless to go to sleep, he got up and paced a bit. He toyed with the idea of going out for a walk or something. But the cold was enough to freeze one’s balls right through and it was late.

Besides he did not want Sherlock to think that he was upset by what he had just witnessed. *Fuck it to hell,* he was an experienced man of the world and *yes, in this world people fuck casually,* God he had done it at times, *but usually after a few dates,* women *don’t put out that easily,* *but apparently handsome men in business suits who own their own factories did put out,* the *fucking tarts,* and in this world they somehow had the fucking right to touch what was fucking his.

And it should have been *fucking me* who was downstairs undressing Sherlock…. and…. And…. *Fuck. Fuck. Damn it.*

His pacing was getting more agitated and his brain felt scrambled.

Sherlock had sex! He was not a virgin, not asexual. Sherlock was about to have casual sex with a relative stranger. This man, this Peter was going to touch him, see him naked, see and touch his erection, that perfect arse. His mind helpfully supplied him with visuals of every gay sex act he had ever watched on his laptop.

It was not as if he had not thought about Sherlock *that* way before. He had given in to the occasional fantasy especially when it had become obvious to him how Sherlock felt. But In all his fantasies, he was the aggressor, either forcing Sherlock down on his knees to suck his cock or pulling those pyjamas down to reveal that lush arse and just pushing in to take his fill. And Sherlock thanking him brokenly for it, for teaching him about sex, for accepting the gift of his virginity.

*Ha! Bloody Ha!*

Well, the joke was on him, and wasn’t that just fucking typical of this fucking universe to use him as its favourite fucking punching bag. And Sherlock! Like a massive crazed bull-dozer who periodically ran rough-shod over the barren pastures of John’s miserable existence and plucked out all the weeds of ennui and depression, only to fucking fill the field with anger and frustration and….. And….. *Fuck. Fuck. Damn it.*
It appeared that not only was Sherlock comfortable with the idea of sex but also that he was the one in charge, at least tonight. In retrospect, John felt he had been crazy to imagine it any other way. After all, Sherlock was self-confidence personified and made human. The thought that he would ever cede control to John or any man in any activity, let alone during sex, was ludicrous.

But fantasies were free and unencumbered with any obligation to follow reality.

He sat down on the bed for a while, elbows digging into his knees, hands running wearily through his hair. *God, Sherlock, why do you always confuse me so much? I don’t know what to think. Here I was blissfully wallowing in deep self-pity and dejection and you can’t even allow me that…* He decided to at least try to get some sleep.

After another hour of just lying there and then tossing and turning and having his thoughts churn round and round, John gave in and opened his laptop. Tonight he searched for gay porn and perused a few videos as he undressed. Checking once more to ensure the door was locked, he got in naked into bed and played with his half hard cock with one hand, while clicking random videos with the other hand.

He settled on a scene in the bedroom where a brunette was on his hands and knees. The top massaged and pinched his cheeks as he spat a couple of times on his anus. A finger entered inside and moved in and out, even as the brunette moaned. John grabbed his cock and started stroking himself. The top grabbed the brunettes arse and then spread his cheeks and sank in. John’s hand speeded up. Slapping sounds mixed with crude grunts as the fucking began in earnest. The top pulled the brunette’s hair and started riding him like a pony using the hair as leverage. *Sherlock has long hair, but he is so goddamn tall, I don’t think I could ever even reach his hair in this position, not unless he arched his back for me,* thought John as he too started grunting, his hand now a blur on his wet dick, pulling and tugging. He timed his climax to match with the top in the video who spurted his spunk on the gaping hole of the brunette.

He panted as he lay there in the aftermath and then stood up and cleaned himself and put on a pair of pants before climbing back in. It was crude and dirty and more than a ‘bit not good’ what he had just done, but he was damned if he felt sorry for it. It was one of the few pleasures of life left to him. Besides the fantasies of his mind were his alone, they were private. So private in fact, that John succeeded in hiding his guilty desires most of the time, even from himself.

His respite was short-lived though as his traitorous mind zoomed straight back to wondering what was going on downstairs. Had they finished? If Sherlock had needed sex, why had he not tried to approach John for it? So he was gay, he had wanted John once, *now I am available, surely he knows that, why would he even think about getting a relative stranger to satisfy him…..What satisfies him? What turns him on? How did his back undulate while he is fucked? What do his thighs look like when he fucks, the flex of those muscles must look incredible? The thought of those perfect lips and how they must kiss made John moan sometimes. How does he look when he comes? Just imagining his face in the throes of an orgasm made John want to whimper. Which of the myriad of changeable colours that graced his eyes glowed when he climaxed?…..and…..And….Fuck. Fuck. Damn it all to sodding hell.

Maybe he should go down to get a glass of water? But Sherlock would know, Sherlock always knew everything. It was one of the laws of nature or something. And God knows what he would think if he caught John lurking around like a perverted old man.

God he felt his age! The younger generation was committing whoopee downstairs and here he was all wrung out. *Well, John old boy, the tables sure have turned on you,* he thought wryly. After all he had brought plenty of dates home in his time at Baker Street and taken them into his room for a
night of passion. In full view of Sherlock. As if to say, this is how normal people live, they go out with people they like and have some fun and then come back and fuck each other’s brains out. And he had certainly paraded Mary in front of Sherlock. As if to say, is what normal people do, Sherlock, they get married, have a family, children. They don’t go around chasing after criminal masterminds and pine for slinky dominant lesbians.

And he had tried. So hard. To get laid in the past few months. But perhaps it was the air of misery he carried around that warned women off, perhaps his heart was not in it. So he continued dating his hand.

He ran a weary hand over his face and lay there all night. Fuck, Sherlock. What am I meant to do now?

So now it was morning, time to get up, eat and while away some time before leaving for his surgery shift. John felt strangely reluctant to go downstairs. On the one hand, he wanted to find out more, maybe run into Peter again and quiz him some more. On the other hand the thought of looking at either of them with post-coital bliss on their faces aroused a kind of possessive fury he did not think he would be able to mask. He was not that good an actor!

He glanced at the clock. 6.30 am, it blinked back at him. The urge to soothe his nerves with a cup of hot tea eventually dragged him out of bed.

Some minutes later, the toaster pinged and the kettle light went off. John went through his daily ritual of tea and toast making as he reflected on the silence in the house. Sherlock’s bedroom door was still closed.

John settled down at the kitchen table and sipped some tea before taking a bite of his toast, marvelling absenty at the fact that for once the table was uncluttered with the detritus of Sherlock’s experiments. He was tired to his bones and his mind would not let go of the events of the previous night. He wondered if he was up to going and playing doctor that afternoon in such a fatigued and distracted condition. But there really was no other option. Locum doctors were paid depending on the hours they put in and he needed the money. Besides, if he stayed at home it merely would be a repeat of the entire night, just thinking….thinking…..agonising.

The sound of Sherlock’s bedroom door opening jerked him out of his reverie. He looked up to watch Peter walk into the kitchen, obviously just showered and dressed in soft cotton shirt and trousers, the same ones he had come in with the previous night.

He looked dazed and lost in thought and looked startled when he saw John sitting at the table.

“Oh, Good morning, John,” he gave a small self-conscious laugh. “I didn’t expect to see you up this early.”

John waved his hand, “I’ve a shift at the surgery this morning. Can I get you some tea?” He tried valiantly to sound normal even as his eyes roamed all over this man as if just by staring all could be revealed. Damn it, if I was Sherlock I would take one look and know everything; John wished he had that kind of superpower.

Peter smiled absently, “Thank you, John. I’ll just get some tea myself, if that’s okay.” He moved towards the kitchen platform and poured hot water in a cup.

“Is Sherlock up?”

“Hmm?” he turned his head towards John. “Oh, sorry… yes, he is just having a shower.
Someone from Scotland Yard called and he said something about a case and that he needs to go.”

“Right.”

He turned around and stood by the table a steaming cup of tea in hand and stared into space.

“Here, sit down,” John said, gesturing at a chair.

“Hmmm……” Peter looked blankly at John, like the question hadn’t quite registered. A moment later, he gave a brief shake of his head as if trying to wake himself and smiled apologetically. “Please forgive me, John. I’m not normally this preoccupied when I’m with company. It’s just that….. it has been quite a night.”

He leaned back against the kitchen counter gingerly and chuckled, “As for sitting down, I’m afraid, it is going to be hard to do that for a little while.” Peter’s face blushed a deep red even as he spoke, his expression almost shy, a small private smile on his face.

John fought to keep a neutral expression, while his heart clenched with agony and he wanted to scream and throw something. Just as he felt his face try to do some complicated manoeuvres to settle in a nonchalant look, he heard the bedroom door open again and Sherlock’s unmistakable footsteps. Hurriedly he started to pick up his plates.

As he stood up he observed as Peter straightened up from his slouch and put his cup down. Sherlock went about his business quietly, buttoning his suit jacket and donning his scarf in that precise economical way he had and then put on his coat. Only when he was done did he pause and looked at both men in the kitchen.

“Lestrade called. I need to go, John. Peter’s PA will be coming around 9 to pick him up. I know you will leave before then, so I’ve told Peter he can lock up,” he said.

John glanced at him briefly and then back to his dishes, unwilling to meet his eyes. He didn’t want Sherlock to read his emotions even though he was no doubt broadcasting all over the place anyways. “Yeah, that’s fine,” he said briefly.

Scrubbing the plate with added vigour, he could not help watching out of the corner of his eyes, all of his senses were trained on the scene a mere four feet away.

Snapping on his leather gloves, Sherlock walked right up to Peter. The two men stood close looking at each other. John took in Peter’s adoring gaze, the parted lips, the sway of his body towards Sherlock, even as his arms stayed down. He gave a small gasp as Sherlock leaned forward till his lips were brushing against Peter’s temple, his arm had come up to lightly encircle Peter’s waist. John’s hands gripped the plate so hard, he felt it would break under the strain. He caught Sherlock’s gentle murmur against Peter’s ear, “You did very well, Peter.” He turned his head to place a light peck to Peter’s forehead. And then he whirled around and left.

Trying to resist the urge to fling the plate right across the room, John looked up. Peter exhaled with a shuddering breath as he leaned forward to grip the back of the chair with both arms, his head bowed down, as he breathed deeply.

John continued to watch him as he began to wipe the plates, Peter murmured absently, as though he was thinking aloud, “Victor was right.”

“Sorry?”

Peter shook his head as he came back to himself, “Forgive me. I was just saying that Victor Trevor,
the friend who introduced us, was right. Sherlock is far and away the most glorious Dom I’ve ever submitted to.” He shook his head ruefully, “Victor actually warned me against coming here. Said once I’ve experienced him, no one else will ever come close….. And that Sherlock Holmes just does not do relationships.”

John’s brain seemed like it was trying to swim in molasses as he gave up all pretence of cleaning up and gaped at Peter. Dom? Submit? What the fuck?

Peter straightened up and rubbed his face with his hands. He brought his hands down slowly and gave a short laugh. He leaned back slowly on the kitchen counter again and said reflectively, “John, I am a wealthy man. I am young, I have my health and great prospects.” He looked up and met John’s gaze steadily. “I would willingly give everything up in a heartbeat to trade places with you. I hope you realise how lucky you are.”

“I told you we are just friends!” John voice rose.

“I know you did.” Peter raised his arm in a placating gesture. “But it’s just like you say in your blog…. he is amazing. Even being able to spend everyday life with him must be quite something.”

He paused as his mobile phone rang. “Excuse me, John. I need to take this,” retrieving his phone from his trouser pocket. He started walking towards the bedroom, murmuring in the phone, “Hello, Laura? Yes, I’ll be ready in another thirty minutes. The address is 221B Baker Street.”

John looked at his retreating back and then turned and walked slowly to his room, mind whirring again.

Sherlock stood on the pavement, waiting for the empty cab he’d waved at, to turn around and get to him. He brutally clamped down the fierce urge to hasten back upstairs and reassure John somehow.

The one brief, clinical glance he had permitted himself had been enough to reveal all; the slumped shoulders, the tired despairing eyes, the bags under the eyes, the wrinkled clothes, the tight grip on the breakfast plates. Masturbated last night fantasizing about me. Again. He clenched his teeth, determined to not allow sentiment to win this time.

The cab drew close.

Time to put a definitive end to this absurdity that has been perpetuating for five years now. He opened the door.

‘Needs, must,’ he thought grimly as he got in.
Mycroft raised an elegant eyebrow as he looked down at the incoming text on his mobile phone.

*Lunch? – SH*

He took a deep breath and allowed his face to twitch for a moment into a smile.

*2 pm, my place. -- MH*

The next half hour were spent in rescheduling all his appointments for the afternoon, the ever reliable Anthea doing most of the legwork for it.

Summons from Sherlock were rare and unpredictable, but when they came, Mycroft always gratefully obliged.

---

Sherlock sat on the comfortable arm-chair in the living room in Mycroft’s house, his legs crossed, the fingertips of his folded palms absently caressing his lips.

Lunch had been an excellent three course affair prepared by Mycroft’s house-keeper and the brothers had eaten in amiable silence. Both were pleased to suspend inane conversation for a while and just enjoy the meal.

Mycroft watched him as he poured out freshly brewed tea. Sherlock looked reflective but not pensive. Mycroft was loathe to interrupt his thoughts and waited patiently, watching. Sooner or later they were going to discuss the elephant in the room who went by the name of a Dr John Watson, but for now, Mycroft wanted to just savour his brother’s presence.

Contrary to popular belief, the brothers were close. The mutual disdain and antipathy they exhibited in company were merely a game they had played and enjoyed playing for so long now, they had forgotten its origins. Underlying the façade of hostility though, a strong streak of affection and mutual respect ran deep. It was inviolable.

Abruptly, as if he had finished processing a thought, Sherlock eyes sought Mycroft.

“Tea?” Mycroft asked indicated by raising a cup.

“Yes, thank you,” Sherlock replied, stretching his arm out to accept the cup.
Mycroft settled back in his chair and savoured appreciatively the crisp cleansing taste of his cuppa. Sherlock leaned back on his chair, arms relaxed on the arm-rests and straightened his legs, still looking reflective.

Mycroft pursed his lips, “I’ve been told by my sources that John Watson has been walking the streets of London today, looking like a man whose world has come to an end,” he began.

“I am aware. I’ve had my homeless network shadowing him all day,” Sherlock responded, without offering additional clarification.

“He looks like he is about to implode under the weight of depression and frustration.”

Sherlock’s tone was dry as he said, “He has been depressed for a long time now, Mycroft. Perhaps you have been too busy to observe.”

Mycroft looked at Sherlock, locking his gaze with those exquisite cerulean eyes, “I make it my business to observe everything that impacts upon you, Sherlock. It seems to be my primary occupation in life.” He paused and then added softly, deliberately, “I worry about you, constantly.”

He looked up as Sherlock chuckled softly, looking back at Mycroft with eyes laced with undisguised affection, “The one constant in my life….”

Mycroft allowed the pleasure at this remark to reflect on his face. He accepted it for the rarity it was, a black-and-white compliment from the greyest man he knew.

His mind drifted to the image of his brother, love-sick and despairing as he had watched John get married and announce the pregnancy, kill someone in plain sight and with deliberation and then walk into an effective suicide mission. He had *hated* it. And by extension, irrational though it may be, he had come to resent John Watson.

“I had thought you were over your unfortunate lapse of judgement with all the sentiment you displayed towards him after you returned back from the dead.”

“It was. I am,” Sherlock’s answer was brief and without a hint of defensiveness, just a statement of fact. He went on to elaborate, “It had been far too long that I had been away from home, one too many close brushes with captivity, death. The mind plays tricks. It paints unrealistically rosy pictures about the past that are not based on the facts. It deludes one into the idea that life used to be a utopia. It makes one’s emotions take one a different shade.” Sherlock sneered, “Sentiment. The grit on the lens, the fly in the ointment.”

“Indeed,” agreed Mycroft and took another sip of his tea.

“So why did you invite him back to Baker Street?” he asked.

Sherlock took a sip as he pondered. He was silent as he put the cup down and then brought his fingertips back together in his hallmark thinking pose.

“It was either that or watch the John Watson I know disappear as he succumbed to his sense of worthlessness and self-pity. He was hurting.”

He leaned back and looked at Mycroft and added, his tone musing, “Ordinary people make the mistake of deriving their sense of self-worth based on their life circumstances or the opinions of other, without ever reflecting on the fact that these are transient and unreliable at best. A single misfortune, a single word of derision, a single retraction of someone’s good opinion and that sense of self-worth wobbles and crashes. They never seem to grasp the fact that self-esteem comes from
within one’s own self, not outside.”

Both brothers were silent for a while, ruminating philosophically.

Mycroft spoke after some time, “How did inviting him back to Baker Street help him though? You spend less time with him than you used to. You don’t invite him for cases often. He is progressively getting worse.”

“An option I did consider was making advances of a romantic nature,” Sherlock admitted after some time, without answering the question directly.

“It is possible that he is a closet homophobe, Sherlock,” Mycroft warned him.

Sherlock raised an eyebrow, “One who is enamoured with me!”

“Touché,” Mycroft bowed his head, conceding the point.

Sherlock leaned back till his head was lolling on the plush backrest of the arm-chair and looked up at the ceiling as he mused aloud, “I decided against that option. John is a man at war within his mind, Mycroft. He has been that since I have known him. On the one hand, there is a strong need to conform to the rules of society, to appear to be doing the ‘right’ thing, to be one of the group, indistinguishable and unimpeachable, normal. On the other hand, there is the craving for excitement, the unknown, the forbidden, a life that involves risk and uncertainty. I know John, I know how his mind works. A conventional romance, no matter how desired and torrid it may have been to begin with, would have lasted no more than….. eighteen months at the most.”

Mycroft leaned forward resting his elbows on both his knees, keen to hear Sherlock’s musings.

He had known this for a long time about Sherlock; he had always observed the world from a disconcertingly objective viewpoint. Most people stumbled along life’s devious paths, unaware of more than a few feet in front of their eyes, rarely aware of where it was leading. Sherlock though could predict with unnerving accuracy the motivations, the subconscious urges, the outcomes of actions, as if he was watching from a higher vantage point and could see where the path led. He never indulged in individual judgements; that was not his aim. He sneered at all of society indiscriminately.

“I envisaged that after the completion of a nauseatingly romantic honeymoon period, the chances were high that John would grow restless. He needs titillation of the unknown, the possibility of as yet unchartered, the as yet unrevealed and potentially perilous to keep his interest. He joined medicine to pitch himself against death and to challenge himself, he joined the army for the same reason. He stuck with me for the same reason.”

Sherlock stood up to pace as he talked, waving one hand, the other in his trouser pocket.

“But once I became a known quantity, the charm could not have lasted. The part of him that wants to appear normal would start looking around again for a normal relationship, his intolerance of the flaws he sees in me would be back; the mess, the lack of domesticity, the moods, the perceived inability to exhibit the usual human emotions- empathy, compassion, love. It would not take long for any liaison to disintegrate,” Sherlock shrugged.

Mycroft leaned back as well, “Yes, I see.”

Sherlock straightened his head to look at Mycroft, “My only regret is I should have acted sooner.” He shrugged, “I thought I would play normal for once, give him a chance to realise that non-acceptance of one’s basic nature was not conducive to true happiness.”
He shook his head ruefully, “I’m afraid I over-estimated both his intelligence and my tolerance for what passes for normalcy among the mindless masses.”

Mycroft’s fingers played absently with a phantom thread on the fabric of his sofa, as he mused aloud, “You seem to have chosen a convoluted way of introducing John to, shall we say..... your unconventional proclivities in matters of intimacy……”

Sherlock shrugged, “He needed to find out at some point……Besides vanilla bores me, it is tedious, repetitive, dull. It will bore John after some time too.”

“And are you certain he will indulge and reciprocate?”

“Yes,” the word though softly spoken sounded like an irrevocable pronouncement when it came out in that devastating baritone.

Sherlock moved towards the window and stared outside as Mycroft looked at him in contemplative silence for a while.

Mycroft was fully aware that the purpose of Sherlock’s visit was to use him as a sounding board, no more. Sherlock never sought approval or advice. He always knew what he was doing and why. Even while giving Mycroft a glimpse of his thought processes, his actions were still a mystery. Mycroft had often thought that, for a person who went around proclaiming he believed in Sherlock Holmes, Dr Watson had turned out to be a man of little faith. Mycroft did not make the same mistake.

“Some might call you manipulative……”

Sherlock waved an unconcerned hand, “And they would be right. But I prefer a drastic measure and a permanent solution.” He gave a deep breath, “John needs to make a choice and I am helping him come down from that fence he is sitting on. To accept for good, that we belong together. Without me needing to change who I essentially am.”

He turned around, “Well, I best be off.”

Mycroft stood up as well and watched his brother put on his scarf and coat, quietly. As Sherlock was putting on his gloves, he said, “Just make sure that your actions don’t push him off the deep end, Sherlock.”

Sherlock smiled, “If he does, I will catch him.” He looked up and added with emphasis, “I will not let him fall.”

Turning around, he reached the door handle but halted as he heard Mycroft say, “Tell me, for a person who claims to be over his infatuation and has purged himself of sentiment, you still seem remarkably invested in John Watson. Why?”

Sherlock turned around and looked at Mycroft. He seemed to consider his answer and slowly a fond, tender smile lit up his face.

“Because he is mine. He has been mine since he walked into the laboratory at St Barts. It is time he accepted that.”

He added softly as he opened the door, “I look after what is mine, Mycroft.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

This is a story, a myth, a fantasy. I have never claimed this to be a meta-analysis or that it is Canon. It has no basis in real life, just as the characters of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson are the constructs of the mind’s imagination and have no basis in real life.

I am writing a story for my own pleasure and posting it so that others who are like-minded can have some fun. I will continue to write it as long as I continue to enjoy writing it. I will take it in the direction I want to…..well, because it is my story. That is the basis of fan-fiction.

I say this because some readers seem to be getting rather acute heartburn as they strongly disagree with the premise of the story, the character depictions, the story line, the writing, the direction I am taking it in. Please understand I am an isolated random person in some corner of the world writing out a fantasy. Do not spoil your peace of mind over a piece of fiction. Neither the story nor I are worth it! May I gently steer something that you will appreciate more, that is better written, that fits your head-canon and that brings you joy.

For the readers who are enjoying it, thank you for accompanying me for the ride. Thank you for letting me know that you are enjoying it. I appreciate it.
Let’s continue to have fun!

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“Huh….Hun…..Hun…..” John panted as he raced behind Sherlock, dodging thickets and thorny bushes, his shoes making a sloshing sound with every forward step as they slapped into wet puddles. Sherlock was gaining ground fast, the lanky git, his coat flapping behind him like a cape. It was a moonlit night, thank God, but visibility was still poor, and John concentrated all his faculties on making sure he did not lose sight of Sherlock.

They were chasing a group of smugglers who had carried out a gangland style execution of two members of the opposite gang three days ago. Sherlock had gained information from his underground network that the two gang leaders would be meeting tonight at a warehouse, to see if a truce could be brokered. The plan, such as it was, was to follow them and confront them, a plan John had vehemently argued against and vetoed. Without much grace, Sherlock had acquiesced to let Lestrade in on the location once it was confirmed.

The suspects had taken off in their car, but Sherlock with that spooky in-built GPS in his brain had led John via alleyways and short-cuts to the location.

“Over here. Get in between the crates,” Sherlock hissed as both men positioned themselves between large mouldy looking wooden crates, as they hid from their quarries. Both were panting loudly, as they struggled to get their breath back.

Minutes passed by as the two cars arrived and slowed to a stop outside the abandoned warehouse.
Two men came to greet the four men who came out of the cars. Their voices did not carry to where John and Sherlock were hiding, they went into the warehouse. Three men paced outside, on guard duty.

“Did you text Lestrade?” John asked.

“Yes,” came the brief response as Sherlock’s eyes remained focused on the closed door of the warehouse. A sliver of street light illuminated one side of his face, while John was completely in the dark. They were crouched quite close together, close enough to feel each other’s breath.

“What now?” whispered John.

“Now we wait for the cavalry to arrive, just as you wished,” Sherlock replied, a hint of disgust and frustration in his voice.

“Damned if I am going to let either of us get shot trying to muscle into a gang-war. You take too many risks as it is,” John retorted.

Sherlock turned to glare at him, before swinging his head back to watch the warehouse and the patrolling men. That he was zoned into some thought process was obvious, his eyes momentarily turned inwards as he stared at the men.

John watched him, safe in the shroud of the darkness surrounding him. His gaze flicked from the way the light angled on Sherlock’s face creating long shadows under his cheekbones, the eyes which looked almost colourless in the dull orange glow of the sodium lamps, the curls which gently fluttered in the light breeze. He breathed in deep the scent of Sherlock’s sweat, laced with exertion and adrenaline. He listened to the rustle of Sherlock’s coat every time he moved, the barely audible sounds of his breath.

He felt he was drowning. In desire, in pure unadulterated single-pointed longing.

The last fortnight had been….different.

The day when Peter had left Baker Street had more or less passed in a daze. John had called up and cancelled his work at the surgery, not able to trust himself to treating patients and interacting with humanity in general. But he had been unable to stay at home, needing to go out and think. His thoughts had been the usual hot-potch of his restrained thwarted desires for Sherlock, an ocean of self-pity and worthlessness that he was drowning in, Peter’s cryptic brief comments about ‘Doms’ and submission, wondering about what the hell kind of alternative lifestyle it was that Sherlock practiced in the bedroom, a feeling of frustration and fury and yes, jealously at the perceived loss of what he always considered was his to possess…… he had walked the streets of London, aimlessly, for hours, taking brief respites on the sidewalk benches, staring at the people around him, thinking about Sherlock….Sherlock…..Sherlock.

Eventually though it was time to come home and face whatever the future brought. He could not walk forever. His feet were killing him and it was dark and freezing out there.

He expected to walk into an empty flat as had become the norm the past few months. He had thought about Peter coming back tonight or Sherlock going out to be with him.

What he had not anticipated was the sight of Sherlock lying down on his stomach on the carpet in the living room, surrounded by papers and peering at them one after another with his magnifying glass.

“Oh!” John exclaimed in surprise. “Didn’t expect you to be here. Thought you would be out with
Peter!"

Sherlock looked up and flicked his eyes up and down John before turning back to the paper in front of him.

“John, hand me that box I’ve stashed next to the sofa.”

John removed his jacket as he walked up to the box Sherlock was pointing to. “Case?”

“Yes. Private client. Blackmail. There are compromising letters written years ago. Now she’s been getting threatening letters asking for money. And I know I’ve seen this handwriting pattern previously. Look, come here, see this, this terminal stroke on the letter ‘g’ and that connecting stroke between the ‘s’ and ‘o’? It is very distinctive,” Sherlock said as he pointed to the letters. “Do you want to help?”

“Yeah, sure. What do you want me to do?”

“Look through the box. Keep this specimen in front of you. Try to notice if anything is remotely similar and hand it over to me.”

They spent forty five minutes going through the box. Anything that looked similar, John pulled out and handed to Sherlock, who then went over it with his keen eye and his magnifier.

“Didn’t know you knew so much about handwriting,” John mumbled.

“Had to learn it for a case years ago,” Sherlock offered, as he straightened up and stretched. There was an open warmth on his face as he looked at John and asked, “Hungry?”

John looked up, startled at the sudden lump that formed in his throat. It had been years since Sherlock had first asked that question in that exact tone. It had been so long since they had been just this.

“Starving,” John replied simply, aware that Sherlock would not have missed the huskiness of his voice.

The smile that Sherlock gave him was the same that he had given him on the most unforgettable night of John’s life, the secretive intimate smile that only rarely graced his face.

“Thai?” Sherlock asked.

“Yes.”

-----------------------------------------------

That was that first day.

Since then things had been both better and different.

The most glaring difference was that for the first time since John had moved back, Sherlock was home for a lot of the time.

John would come down in the mornings or after another day of drudgery at the surgery and find
Sherlock pottering about the house or working on his laptop or just lying quietly on the sofa in his thinking pose and not moving for hours.

John had felt so lonely for so long, he wanted to weep in gratitude just to have Sherlock present. He could not remember the last time he had just existed in the force field of Sherlock without making attempts to judge him or find fault with him or being angry with him. Every thing was somehow better, brighter when he was around. The world was a beautiful technicolour instead of the monochromic sepia it had been for months now.

John felt hyperaware of Sherlock, his presence……and not to put too fine a point on it, his body.

He found himself stealing sneaky glimpses at him, at every individual part of him that made that completely improbable and exquisitely beautiful whole. As if his mind was taking mental snapshots to obsess over later.

At the curls which looked as if set by a professional stylist, but that John knew were natural and he wondered how soft they would be to touch…..

At the delicate looking wrists and long fingers and John marvelled at their dexterity at any task that Sherlock set for himself, whether it was playing the violin, or handling scientific equipment and how those hands would make love….

At that long graceful swan’s neck which coupled with that perfect posture and how it gave him such an effortless aristocratic bearing and how many kisses it would take to traverse that endless length……

At those full perfectly sculptured lips which had the power to make artists weep with joy and John wondered how soft and sumptuous they would be when they kissed…..

At the brightest, most alert eyes he had ever seen, that shone with deep intelligence and saw everything and John wondered how much did Sherlock’s pupils dilate when he was aroused… how they might glaze over when he orgasmed…..

At that lush arse as Sherlock walked away from him or bent down to get something. John wondered if it had dimples in the back, if it looked muscular or soft and fleshy, what it would feel like to cup those cheeks…..

-------------------------------------
------

One morning, John walked past him to get to the linen cupboard in the corridor where Sherlock had just come out of the shower, one hand rubbing the towel through his curls. The smell of citrus and musk and warmth and Sherlock assaulted his nostrils. John felt unsteady on his feet as he was suddenly overcome with craving to breathe and breathe and breathe……

-------------------------------------
------
Later at night when Sherlock retired to his room, John would go back to his bedroom with his laptop and start exploring the strange and novel world of BDSM. In this digital age it was insanely easy to become very informed about any topic instantaneously and it seemed that nothing was off limits, the concept of privacy did not exist.

He had started with porn videos and gifs related to BDSM. And watched till his eyes bulged as young men were caned, spanked, flogged, as they were tied up in all manner of bondages and knots guaranteed to look both exotic and obscenely leave them splayed open for gangbangs. He saw all manner of gags and blindfolds attached, heard crying and whimpering as the Dominant paraded them with leather leashes around their necks, offering their mouths and arseholes in the service of other Dominants. He saw Submissives being pissed on and forced to drink the urine. He saw them being made to lick shoes and suckle on toes and their backs being used as tables for food and drink, while the Dominants laughed around them.

He had started to become familiar with the terms used like “impact play”, “nipple torture”, “Japanese rope bondage”, “safe, sane and consensual”, “safe-words”, “scene negotiations”, “Master-slave contracts”, “edge play”, “spreader bars”........ it was a never ending roaring river of information out there. He was a doctor and thought he had seen it all. But he found a lot of it was something he had never even heard about before.

He read about BDSM groups that ‘trained’ aspiring Dominants and Submissives—teaching them to wield and to endure all forms of bondage and sexual toys.

He read websites that contained information on the sublime intimacy and the nature of a true Master-servant relationship, the spiritual connection that was possible, and ‘Dom-space’ and ‘Subspace’.

It was endlessly fascinating. A lot of it was just plain bizzare or disgusting. But to his surprise, many of the acts were indescribably arousing and intriguing.

The more he learnt, the more he fantasized.

With every bit of information he read, with every scene he played on video, with every description he read about; he sat and imagined if Sherlock was into this particular activity, was it something that turned Sherlock on? Does he wear leather when he whips someone? Is he a caring Dom or does he treat his Submissive as a slave? He is so good with his hands, I wouldn’t be surprised if he knew every single way to tie someone up before fucking them. Does he put his foot on the Sub’s face as he takes him from behind? Does he like nipple clamps? Does he prefer the cane or the flogger?

Even as he imagined what Sherlock would do, he could not but help imagine how he would feel if Sherlock was doing those things to him.

He found to his surprise that certain imaginations really aroused him. He got off every single night on different videos, it was his new guilty pleasure.

He thought he would really like for Sherlock to spread him apart on his lap while fingering him and playing with his balls and spanking him. Just before hoisting him up on his knees and fucking him into oblivion. The day he had watched that particular video he had shot a huge load clear across his chest just with that imagination. It had been unexpected, this level of arousal and curiosity.

He had never been into pain or humiliation and wondered about it. Was it because he was desperate for Sherlock’s attention, that he would willingly undergo a few lashes from the cane or
have his face fucked or be bound up like a Christmas turkey so that his legs were splayed open for Sherlock’s pleasure. Or was it that he was really getting interested in pain?

It was all very confusing.

But he dared not go and ask questions to the one person who could help with his confusion.

Besides for the first time in a very long time, he neither bored nor depressed!

=================================================================

There had been three small cases interspersed during the fortnight to bring a respite to John’s confusion and obsession. It had been the most fun John had had in months.

=================================================================

One night, John was sitting in his armchair pretending to type something and watching Sherlock out of the corner of his eye.

Sherlock stood next to the bookcase perusing through a book, a look of intense concentration on his face as his eyes flicked through the words rapidly. He was wearing his tattered pajamas and t-shirt, his naked feet looking shockingly intimate on the floor. For the hundredth time that fortnight, John was stealing glances at the bulge of his crotch. What does his cock look like? Are his curls the same colour down there? Is he circumcised? How big is it when he is erect? God, I am losing my mind. I would give anything to be allowed to go over there, and pull those pajamas down and bury my face into his crotch….what does he smell like? What does he taste like? Would he allow me? Fuck, my mouth is actually watering…….

“Don’t overthink it, John” Sherlock’s deep voice sounded mild even as it ripped through the quiet of 221B at that time of the night.

John started as he raised his eyes guiltily from Sherlock’s crotch to his face. Sherlock had that expression that John normally hated, the ‘we both know what I am thinking’ face. John felt heat rise from his neck up as he met Sherlock’s knowing eyes, completely lost. I am not ready, not ready to admit what I am thinking, he thought panicking.

Sherlock’s eyes looked disappointed as John stammered out, “What?” and shook his head as if to suggest he had been staring blankly. John shrugged and murmured, “It’s late. I’m off to bed.”

Just for a moment Sherlock allowed his shoulders to sag as they watched John’s retreating back, before he took a deep breath and straightened his spine and went back to reading.

=================================================================

Present day……
Sherlock had been his brilliant best once again and John watched and watched as his friend danced around in his trademark coat and rattled off his deductions to a grateful looking Lestrade, even as Donovan and gang went about arresting the gang members.

Standing at the sidelines, John thought about how wonderful it felt just to be alive and here, sharing this singular man’s world.

*I can live with this.* Just being allowed to savour the company and friendship of this man. He could live with this secret desire and longing that he felt too afraid to pursue. He had played so many roles in his life. Doctor, soldier, husband….he’d never felt more at home than when he was with Sherlock. So many identities. So many roles. None had given him more heartache and more joy than being the friend of this extraordinary man.

*He makes me come alive.*

It would have to do.

---------------------------------------

The cab ride home was spent in silence. Sherlock looked relaxed. John leant against the window and watched his reflection in the closed glass window, the street light occasionally illuminating that calm thoughtful visage before it plunged into darkness again.

“Want to order take-away when we get home?” John asked as Baker Street neared.

“Hmm…” Sherlock turned his head towards John. “Sorry, no. I have a friend meeting me for dinner.”

“Oh,” said John, fighting to keep the disappointment off his face. “Someone I know?”

Sherlock shook his head, “You’ve never met him. But he does know all about you. He’s an old friend of mine from my Cambridge days, Victor Trevor.”

An uncomfortable silence followed as John recalled Peter’s words, “Victor actually warned me against coming here. Said once I’ve experienced him, no one else will ever come close….. And that Sherlock Holmes just does not do relationships.”

“Right.” John’s smile was tight-lipped and perfunctory.

The cab slowed to a halt outside 221B. The streets were still busy.

Standing close to the front door was a tall, slim attractive man, wearing jeans and a smart casual shirt with a leather designer jacket, hands casually in his trouser pockets. His roaming eyes settled on the duo getting off the cab. As they approached him, his deep blue eyes lit up on catching sight of Sherlock, the hands came out of the pockets and he stood up straight, somehow his entire posture managing to convey respect.

“Victor,” Sherlock said warmly as he shook hands. He turned to John, “John, this is Victor. Victor meet Dr John Watson.”

An isolated lock of light brown hair fell over Victor’s forehead as he leaned forward with genuine
warmth and shook John’s hand, smiling.

“It is a great pleasure to finally meet you, John. I’ve been nagging Sherlock for years about being introduced to Sherlock Holmes’s famous blogger and friend.”

John smiled as he shook hands. “I am afraid Sherlock has never even mentioned you until today,” he quipped lightly.

But his heart clenched as he watched Sherlock lay a proprietary hand over Victor’s back.

“It is a lovely night. I was thinking of taking Victor out for dinner. Would you care to join us, John?”

“No, that’s fine. You two go ahead,” John answered.

‘Don’t wait up,’” Sherlock said, and Victor gave a small, friendly wave as both turned and walked away.

John stood there watching their retreating backs for a moment, before going in.

It was close to midnight when John finally gave up his fight to fall asleep. He had left his trusty laptop downstairs and there was no other alternative except to go and get it.

He was inside the living room when he became aware of Sherlock turning away from the bookcase. *Bloody git, can’t decide whether he is a man or a cat,* John thought and then his eyes settled on the riding crop in Sherlock’s hand.

His heart seemed to give a loud thud and then race as he watched Sherlock running a long finger over the leather tip. His eyes were glued as he watched that finger as if hypnotised.

Sherlock murmured, “It’s got cracks. I’ll need to moisturise it first.”

He looked up and down at John and took it all in at one glance; the dilated pupils, the elevated respiratory rate, the growing bulge in his groin and John’s unique tell, the quick subconscious licking of his lips.

John felt pinned in place when their eyes met and he begged silently…..*Please don’t say anything, please don’t say anything.*

A heavy silence descended in the room. After a few moments Sherlock spoke.

“Good night, John,” he said as he turned away purposefully and walked towards the bedroom.

John stood there gripping the back of the chair. He had gone from being almost sleepy to rock hard in seconds and he felt dizzy. And he knew Sherlock had noticed.

Damn you, Sherlock.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

The tags have been updated. Please check them out before proceeding.

Let me say that Sherlock with other men including Victor are a small part of the story only, but important to it.

I fully intend for this to be a Sherlock/John story, but in the way it plays out in my mind—sensual, mature, devoted, without room for doubts or misunderstandings and of course with Dom/sub dynamics as I have tagged right from the start.

To everyone who has shown interest by subscribing and to everyone who has shown support by leaving kudos, bookmarks and comments--- You make me want to continue writing and you make the act of writing a pleasure. For this I am grateful!

----------------------------------------------------------------

The morning sun’s rays passed through the blinds and cast a stripped muted light over the bed. Victor lay on his side with his head supported by his hand, just watching a sleeping Sherlock, a rare pleasure for anyone.

The bedcovers untidily bunched around Sherlock’s body leaving the upper half of his back naked, with each breath his chest moved gently and his parted lips sent out sighing puffs, his eyes moved under pale eyelids, his long fingers gently curled around a pillow over which his face rested. He was already stirring a bit and in a few moments those brilliant eyes would open. The urge to reach across and just touch was great, but he did not have permission. Victor waited patiently and paid silent homage.

He is an artist’s wet dream.

Victor ached. He could imagine the pattern of the crop and Sherlock’s fingertips imprinted on his back, the backs of his upper thighs and the cheeks of his arse. His jaw hurt. His arsehole felt puffy and sore when he had moved a warm wet sponge over it a few minutes earlier, needing to get the flakes of dried up lube off. He had lubed and stretched himself again just in case Sherlock wanted to have him again this morning. He knew from experience that the discomfort would last for a while and that for the next few days every time he moved he would think of Sherlock.

It was beyond delicious.

It was rare to receive a summons from Sherlock, usually it was the other way around, with Victor needing and asking for his attentions. But then he met John Watson and the purpose of last night became clearer. One does not associate with Sherlock Holmes without learning a thing or two about deductions.

Sherlock stirred again and opened his eyes which went from sleep-filled to full awareness within a fraction of a second.

“Good morning,” he said, voice hoarse with sleep.
Victor smiled, “Good morning.”

Sherlock stretched languidly and then raise a hand to touch Victor’s hair gently and murmured, “Let me see.”

Victor grinned and rolled over till his back was facing Sherlock. He lay quietly knowing that every mark was being inspected. Feather light fingers ran over his back in deliberation moving from one mark to the next, stroking, feeling, caressing gently.

Victor was used to begging for pain, for roughness, for dominance from Sherlock, often on his literal knees. But tenderness from Sherlock was a gift every single time, one that Sherlock made of his own volition. And it had a devastating capacity to overwhelm Victor completely, much more so than any carnal act could. Sherlock knew this and was careful to dole it out in small quantities and sporadically only.

Victor gasped softly as he felt Sherlock’s finger probe his cleft and circle his anus, feeling the lubricant around it. Sherlock’s chuckle sounded pleased, approving, “You prepped…..” The finger dipped in lazily and then retreated. Tugging on Victor’s shoulder he said, “Come here.”

Victor turned around and let Sherlock position his head on his stomach. Sherlock bent his knees to create a back support to cradle the head and stroked his hair softly.

“When do you have to leave?” he asked softly.

Looking up from the cushion of Sherlock’s tummy Victor answered, “I have a meeting with Mark, my agent at four this afternoon. The exhibition starts on Saturday. Will you come?”

“I’ll be there,” Sherlock promised.

Victor rubbed his cheek on Sherlock’s skin, “Half the paintings have already been sold, but we made a deal with the buyers to allow me to continue to exhibit them before they can take them home. The Europe tour starts in a month and is going to be on for a month at least. All the major cities have been booked. Mark estimates that by the time it is done I’ll have made a quarter of a million pounds.”

Sherlock smiled and tugged his hair gently, “I’m proud of you.”

A radiant smile flashed across Victor’s face and then he turned his head and placed a soft kiss on Sherlock’s belly almost shyly.

There was silence as they both lay there lost in thought.

“So, John Watson…..” Victor said hesitantly after a while. “He seems nice. And not very happy to see me last night.”

“Yes,” was the brief response.

Another long pause followed, Sherlock still stroking Victor’s hair absently.

“Would you like me to talk to him?” Victor asked.

In lieu of an answer, Sherlock pulled another pillow and propped himself up further and then fixed his gaze on Victor. He stayed quiet, his gaze contemplative, a faint frown on his face. Silence from Sherlock had its very own significance. One that Victor was getting better at reading.
Sherlock resumed soft touches to Victor’s face and hair.

“Victor, if John and I do get together, the balance of probability is that he would want an exclusive relationship. He is quite old-fashioned in that sense. I am not sure what my response would be to that proposition. Does it not bother you that you may not have this anymore?” he waved his hand between them to indicate this.

Victor frowned as he considered his response.

“Not really.”

Sherlock’s eyebrows went up questioningly.

Victor continued, “It is just that I cannot imagine that I might need you as a friend and you would not be there. And I certainly cannot imagine that I might need you as my Dom and you would not be there.”

Sherlock smirked and closed his fist around Victor’s hair and pulled; a friend’s playful tug not the warning tug of a Dom.

“Such faith, Victor? So much trust?” he asked, his tone teasing.

Victor frowned as he thought. “Faith is a hopeful belief in something that is not yet proven. And trust is relative, it can be given, it can be taken away. This is neither faith nor trust.”

Suddenly Sherlock went absolutely still and just stared unblinkingly at Victor.

“Then what is it?” Sherlock’s voice was husky.

Victor’s heart started thudding in his chest, wondering whether he had said something wrong, overstepped his boundaries somehow. He took a deep breath.

“It is knowledge. I know you could no more abandon your Sub in need than a mother could turn away from her starving child.”

He knew he had said the right thing the moment he saw Sherlock’s eyes darken and his cheeks became tinged pink with arousal. The grip on Victor’s hair painfully tightened till his eyes teared up. Victor whimpered aloud, *I have pleased my Dom, aroused him.*

There was a flurry of movement and Victor found himself being flipped over and suddenly flat on his back. He was surrounded by a cage of Sherlock’s arms, pinned by piercing green-blue eyes with an intensity that took his breath away. And then Sherlock was kissing him, devouring him….. open mouthed kisses with his tongue invading every crevice of Victor’s mouth. Victor’s hips moved up, seeking friction, reassurance as his mouth moved submissively under Sherlock’s Assault and his entire being seemed to sing out, yes, yes, *YES.*

Sherlock paused and looked down, both men breathing heavily.

“You have thought about this, a lot,” he murmured against his lips.

“You taught me how to think this way, Sherlock. Have I pleased you?” Victor asked in response.

Sherlock smiled slowly and then placed a soft kiss on his lips, “Stay.”

Victor watched in wonder as Sherlock slid down his body slowly, kissing as he went. He spread Victor’s legs wide and suckled on the sensitive skin at the junction of the leg and groin.
“Sherlock?” his voice trembled, his tone questioning.

“Shhhh….. lie back, enjoy,” Sherlock said as he leaned forward. Victor gasped out as he saw his Dom take his turgid cock into the warmth of his mouth.

“Oh God, Oh please….Oh God!”

--------------------------

John sat up at the edge of his bed and ran a weary hand over his face. It was mid-morning but that was okay, no shift today, nothing to do.

It had been another restless night. Thinking of Sherlock downstairs with his friend, Victor. About what they might be doing. About how could he not have known these things about Sherlock? Re-evaluating his entire time with Sherlock. Fuck, he had been so naïve, thinking he was the experienced one and Sherlock was the anxious virgin. How could he have been so wrong? What had he not seen?

He trudged downstairs, before the thoughts had a chance to overwhelm him again, pulled by an invisible string towards his kettle and the promise of a hot cuppa. And stopped short at the landing when he saw Victor folding a pile of clothes which lay on the sofa. Sherlock’s clothes.

“Oh, Good morning, John. I used your washing machine, I hope you don’t mind,” Victor said cheerfully.

John raised his eyebrows, “Good morning,” he said gruffly. He waved his hands at the pile. “Does Sherlock know you are doing this? He does not like his things touched.”

Victor grinned, “It’s almost become a ritual by now, John. I tidy up after we’ve….. you know.” He waved his arm around vaguely. “I guess it’s become my way of saying ‘thank-you’.”

John looked uncomfortable as he asked, “Would you like some tea?”

“If it’s not too much trouble, thank you.”

John moved towards the kettle and Victor moved to the fridge to get milk out. “Sherlock has gone to St Barts, something about some body parts. I thought I’d spend some time here, getting to know you. You know I’ve read so much about you in the papers, in your blog and Sherlock talks about you from time to time. I feel like I almost know you.”

John looked at him over his steaming cup of tea. Victor had the blissed out look of the well-shagged. John hated him for it. But his expression was friendly and without guile, and dammit he has known Sherlock for so long, I am so bloody curious about all this and there is no one else I can talk to.

Aloud he just grunted and took his tea over to sit on his favourite chair. Victor followed and put his cup down on the coffee table. He resumed folding the clothes.

His tone was conversational as he said, “You know, John, we Englishmen specialise in not having meaningful conversations about subjects that may make us uncomfortable. This degree of reticence is not always helpful.”
“What do you mean?” John’s eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Victor shrugged, “You may have questions. I know I had several. It was the most confusing time of my life.”

John stared at him and then looked down at his tea, without saying a word.

Carefully gathering the sleeves of a shirt together, Victor watched him and bit his lip hesitantly.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll just ramble on. Stop me if it gets too personal or uncomfortable, okay?” he finally said.

John looked at him and took a deep breath, “Look, I just want to enjoy my tea and then I have some chores to run. You do whatever you’re doing, there is no need to make small talk. Besides, Sherlock would not like us talking about him behind his back.” There, that sounds like a good enough reason, fucking hell, who does he think he is, my therapist? But….. no, no, for fuck’s sake don’t stop talking, I want to know, I need to know.. What did you and Sherlock do? Did he whip you with that riding crop he had in his hand last night? Does it hurt a lot? Did he fuck you? Why does he not show any interest in me? Surely he knows how I feel by now. Does he talk about me? What does he feel about me?

Victor chuckled, “Do you really think Sherlock would leave you and I alone, if he did not mean for us to talk? You don’t know him very well if you think that, John.”

John thought about that for a bit. Fucking hell, that sounds just about right.

Aloud he murmured, “Yeah, he is manipulative all right!”

Victor put the clothes aside and sat down on the sofa with his cup.

“But always to a good cause, John,” he grinned.

John snorted, “Yeah, I bet.”

Both men were silent for a while, sipping their tea. Victor looked at John thoughtfully.

“I met him when I was 19. I wasn’t as they say, ‘in a good place’.” Victor said, his tone reflective. “My parents were in the midst of a nasty divorce. I had just come out about my sexual orientation to them. My father was a blatant homophobe and he was scathing in his reaction when he found out I was homosexual. It was very hurtful at the time. It is amazing, don’t you think, John, how we keep looking for our parent’s approval long after we’ve grown up and it shouldn’t matter anymore?”

John looked at him, intrigued despite himself. Victor was staring at his tea intently. John stayed quiet.

Victor grimaced as he continued, “And as if that was not enough, I found that I had these urges…… I tried to fight them, you know.” He looked up briefly into John’s eyes and then looked down again.

“Went to therapy, anti-depressants, support groups. I thought there was something wrong with me.”

After a pause, John asked, “What happened then?”
Victor swallowed, his hands gripping his cup tightly.

“For a while, I experimented. Thought I should get it out of my system. Slept with a bunch of guys, often with more than one at a time; guys who enjoyed beating me, humiliating me and then having sex with me. I convinced myself that that was what I needed, what I deserved. Because I was less than a man somehow,” Victor shrugged.

John looked horrified as he listened, his empathy aroused.

“Then I met him.”

Victor looked up and smiled at John, “He was two years my senior, doing a Chemistry major. He was….. God John, he was hauntingly beautiful even then. And so intelligent. But for a person like me, the most attractive part was that air of absolute self-assuredness that he had. Like he knew what he was and he was completely okay with that.”

He put his cup down again and shook his head, “I’d already been to a few therapists. You know, we go to the therapists hoping they will help us sort out our psychological issues. The truth is psychology just puts people into neat little pigeon holes of pre-approved diagnoses after having validated every single emotion and response.”

He stared out of the window looking contemplative. “I often think Sherlock would have made a brilliant psychologist. He knows what makes people tick, what their deepest desires and fears are, where the root of the problem lies.”

John laughed, this is too ridiculous for fuck’s sake. “Sherlock! A psychologist! He is capable of driving someone mental all by himself. He would deduce the hell out of them and drive them into running away from him.”

Victor leaned back and smiled, “Ah, that’s because people don’t know how to deal with the truth. As long as it is pleasant and agrees with what I feel about myself, it is fine. If it is objective and true and hits a raw nerve, then I don’t like it? Does it make it an untruth?”

John leaned forward and poked an emphatic finger in the air as he hissed, “I have seen him cut people up with that serrated knife in his mouth that he calls a tongue. You are saying he could heal someone? Ha!” he settled back in his chair with the air of a point well made.

Victor’s voice was soft as he replied, “But he did heal me. He gave me everything that I needed and more. I am what I am today because he gave me back my self-confidence.”

Startled John looked back at him, frowning. “How? By beating you?” He shook his head, “I don’t understand any of this.”

Victor turned his head to look out of the window and was quiet for a while before he spoke again. “John, a good Dominant does not give his Sub what he wants. He gives him what he needs.” He turned back to look at John.

He leaned forward and took a deep breath. His tone was earnest as he and continued, “Look, I realise we don’t know each other well. But I look at you and I see me, all those years ago. I need to say a few things to you. You are going to ask me to mind my own business and that is okay. But please, just hear me out first.”

John stared hard at him, clenched fists by his side, his face grim. Part of him wanted to tell this young twerp to go fuck himself, who the fuck do you think you are to claim any knowledge about Sherlock and I. We have been best friends for years. We’ve been through hell and back together.
How could you even know the depth of our feelings, our bond. Another part of him wanted to hear, wanted to KNOW.

John gave a curt nod, silently asking Victor to continue.

“Sherlock cares about you. More deeply than I have seen him care about anyone. He has a deep regard for you and your friendship. And you are the only person towards whom he has ever shown an inclination to enter into a relationship with. You are the only one I have seen whose company he actively seeks out. I wouldn’t dare to presume on your feelings for him. But at the risk of being very rude, I would say, you are obviously very attracted to him and judging by the way his fake suicide affected you, you too care about him very deeply.”

John sat staring at the carpet as he listened, jaw clenched. Part of him was drinking it all in, wanting to believe so badly. Part of him was angry to have such a personal topic be issued out in the open.

Victor looked at his face anxiously, but decided to finish saying what he needed to say.

“John, please don’t think your inner conflict is unknown to him. He is Sherlock Holmes. He sees everything. He calls it his curse. And do not think he has been discussing you with me. But I know Sherlock. I know at a visceral level that he cares about you deeply.”

John frowned as he looked at Victor, listening intently.

“Then why has he not said anything? Do you know how confusing this is for me?”

Victor shrugged. “Ask him. He is the source of your confusion and he is the source of all your answers. Trust him. Ask him.”

“It isn’t that easy.”

“Why?”

“Because if he cuts me down, if he ….”

“He won’t,” Victor interjected. “He is the best friend a man can have and in his own unique way he is the kindest man I know.”

John gave a short laugh, “Are we talking about the same man here? Sherlock is not kind. He is only kind to ….. To you and Peter and others like you perhaps.”

Victor leaned forward, “Then kneel for him. It really is that simple. Find out for yourself how sublime, how beautiful a relationship like this can be when it is someone like Sherlock looking after you.”

He put his hand in his trousers and removed a card from his wallet. Handing it over he said, “Look, I’ve said what I needed to say. Rest is between the two of you. These are my contact details. Call me anytime if you have questions.”

He stood up and picked up the pile of clothes. “I don’t know about you, John, but I am famished. Would you like to join me for lunch? I promise to stay away from all personal topics and Sherlock” He smiled, face full of charm and warmth and suddenly John felt like he had found an ally.

He took a deep breath, what the fuck do I have to lose here anyway?
“Yes, I’d like that.”

It was dark by the time John woke up from a dreamless exhausted sleep. He felt momentarily disoriented that often happened when one goes to sleep during daylight hours and wakes up in the dark.

Lunch with Victor had been surprisingly cordial and true to his promise they had talked about everything else but Sherlock. John had come back and as had become the norm, started looking at webpages about BDSM, aftercare, various videos again. He read and he watched till his head swam and then he had dozed off.

He glanced at the bedside clock. 8.30 pm, it blinked back.

Putting on the bedside lamp he laid back and sighed up at the ceiling. Victor’s words came storming back into his head as he slowly gained awareness.

Could it really be that Sherlock cares about me and is waiting for me to make the first move? Could it really be that simple? But from what Victor said, Sherlock’s preferences lie in a BDSM style relationship, with Sherlock being the Dominant? What does it entail? I’ve read every bloody webpage on this in the past few days and still I don’t know what it all means. What if I can’t do it, can’t be what Sherlock wants? What if Victor has misread everything and Sherlock has no intention of having any kind of long-term relationship? Could I have a casual one with him? Like Peter and Victor? Would I want to? Would he want to? I think I will explode with sexual frustration if I don’t get laid soon. Should I go out and find someone? Pay someone to do it? Pay someone to beat me to see if I can take it? Get it out of my system and then maybe I will be able to think clearly?

It is no use, John thought. The same thoughts kept percolating in his already muddled brain and there seemed to be no possibility of any practical resolution lying here on this bloody bed.

He got up and wore his jeans. Might as well go downstairs and…… Should I talk to Sherlock? Was Victor right? Is it just a matter of asking him to help me come out of this maze of confusion in my head?

He headed down and peered around.

Sherlock was sitting on his table in the kitchen amidst his experimental paraphernalia. He was sitting ramrod straight, looking into his microscope, wearing his royal blue robe over black trousers and a white shirt. He flicked his eyes up to watch John walk to the fridge and grab a cold beer, then flicked them back again to his microscope.

“Case?” John asked briefly.

“Yes,” replied Sherlock equally briefly.
John grunted and walked to the living room and sat on his chair, staring out of the windows as he opened his beer.

Sherlock looked up thoughtfully at John’s profile and after a while seemed to come to a decision. He walked up to the living room and sat down on his chair, hands coming up to join in front of him in his thinking pose.

John stared at him blankly. Part of him felt cornered. Part of him felt relief at having Sherlock’s attention.

Sounds of cars moving, people talking loudly or laughing filtered through the open windows into the flat. Several moments of quiet followed.

Sherlock’s voice when he spoke was soft, yet it seems to boom due to the silence that had preceded it.

“You really should ask any questions you have of me, John. The internet is a notoriously unreliable source upon which to base knowledge.”

John looked away and swallowed, torn. Should I? What if….?

He looked back to find Sherlock looking at him calmly. He decided to be brave.

“Why….. I don’t understand, why can’t we just have a normal relationship?” he began hesitantly, looking down at his drink. He looked up, brow furrowed. “I mean I…….” he gulped, “I care about you. A lot. Don’t tell me you don’t know that. And you. I think… I mean I had hoped…. I mean I hope you care about me that way too?” The tone turned questioning. “Then why? Why can’t we just have a normal relationship? Why does it have to be this other kind?”

Sherlock’s gaze was sharp, completely focussed as he leaned forward, elbows digging into his knees. His voice became softer, “Define normal, John.”

Waving a vague hand John said, “You know….. when two people who like each other go out and have fun.” He hesitated before continuing. Fuck it, in for a penny, in for a pound. “And then come home and shag.”

He looked away, embarrassed. And then looked back to find Sherlock’s gaze still focussed on him, expression still gentle, calm.

After a few moments of silence, Sherlock broke eye contact and leaned back. He seemed to be considering his response, absently rolling his tongue over his lower lip. John watched his face, his eyes, his tongue, his lips as if mesmerised.

Abruptly Sherlock stood up and walked towards the bookcase to pull out his violin case. John watched, startled. In the past six months he had not touched it. A few times John had considered asking him to play, he missed it, missed watching Sherlock as he played. But things had been so forlorn that he had clamped down on that urge to make a request.

Is he going to answer me? Why is he not saying anything? Is he trying to indicate that he does not want a relationship? Is he about to say that I have misread everything, that he cares about me only as a friend? Have I fucked everything up by opening my big fucking mouth?

Absently tuning the wires with one hand, Sherlock finally looked up and responded.

“John, I need you to do something. The next time you are alone, I need you to close your eyes and
think about what you feel for me. What emotions do I arouse in you? And ask yourself this question. Will the conventional trappings of a normal romantic relationship-- walking hand to hand in the park, candle light dinners, spending time with one another, vanilla sex, saying I-love-you every so often….. do you think this kind of relationship can ever hope to fully express the entire range and the depth of feelings you have for me? Ask yourself this.”

John gaped, his mouth moving ineffectively even as his mind tried to process what Sherlock was saying.

“I….. I…” he stammered.

“NO,” Sherlock’s voice was emphatic as it broke into his thoughts. He stood there with the violin in one hand and the bow in the other. He pointed the bow at John. “Not now. I said when you are in the right mental space. Think about it then. And then let me know your conclusions.”

He lifted the violin with one hand and the bow with the other. He stood quietly and continued to look at John.

John was blinking, his eyes darting around as he started to get a glimpse of what Sherlock was trying to say. He looked back at Sherlock, who stood there watching him with approving eyes as he watched John deduce his meaning.

“And what about you? What is the depth of your feelings for me?” John’s voice was strangled as he pleaded. “What do you feel when you look at me?”

John rose and walked towards Sherlock, emboldened and hopeful, finally we are talking, really talking.

Sherlock looked away and stared into space for a while. Both men stood there, both aware of the weight of their conversation. Sherlock’s jaw muscles were clenched tight and there was a sheen to his eyes. Fucking hell, are those tears? His face seemed to crumple on itself for a fraction of a second and then John watched as the impassive mask came back on. He looked back into John’s unblinking eyes.

“The truth?”

“Yes …… Please Sherlock, I need to know. When you look at me do you see the ‘trappings of a conventional romantic relationship’, as you put it?” His voice trembled with need.

Sherlock’s eyes were narrowed with resolute focus as he murmured, “Absolutely not.”

“Please tell me, what do you see? When you look at me what do you feel? Please…..” John’s voice was imploring, insistent.

Sherlock’s eyes smouldered like a laser beam trying to burn up all of John’s doubts and anxieties. His voice was husky as it whispered, “Possession.”

He tucked the violin under his chin. His other hand came up with the bow.

“MINE.” The word seemed to ricochet in the room even as he closed his eyes.

John staggered back to his chair and watched as Sherlock started to play.

The tune was soulful, beautiful. Almost as beautiful as Sherlock looked as he swayed gently, his robe draped intimately around his body showing off the gentle curves and hard edges, his
cheekbones casting long shadows over his face, eyes closed gently, nimble fingers and hands playing the instrument as though it were an extension of himself.

Mine, Mine, Mine….. the word echoed off the walls of the living room of 221B and within John’s head.

His, His, His…… do I belong to him?

The revelation was too profound to chew on immediately. John decided to save it for tomorrow, when I am in the right mental space. That is what Sherlock has just ordered me to do. That is what I will do.

He relaxed back into his chair and just watched and listened, his mind blessedly blank for the first time in a long time.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

In which some essential conversations.......... 

Chapter Notes

My heartfelt thanks for all the support and a special thank you for those who left such warm, appreciative comments. It almost makes me feel that I am writing something worth reading after all!

This chapter sort of just flowed out of me, once I got down to it; hence the early update. Enjoy!

-----------------------------------------------

The rays of the midday sun felt pleasantly warm on John’s skin as they chased away the bite of the cold nip in the air. He sat on the park bench under a huge tree, dappled sunlight falling on his face as he looked out at the beehive-like activities all around him. People seemed to have come out in hordes to enjoy the rare pleasure of a cloudless sky and a sunny day.

He watched with a contented smile on his face—here two mothers with strollers taking their babies out for a walk, there a group of five toddlers playing with a big red ball; vendors were selling street food and ice-creams and coffees; grandparents with their charges sedately feeding ducks in the nearby pond.

Funny how beautiful the whole world looks when your mind is happy.

He had woken up from a dreamless and refreshed sleep feeling eager and optimistic after a long time. Finding Sherlock’s bedroom door still closed and feeling too restless with energy to stay put, he decided to go for a brisk walk.

He sat back on the bench and did what Sherlock had instructed him to do. Try to figure out how much Sherlock meant to him. But he was finding it hard to focus. Oh no, not in thinking about Sherlock, in fact Sherlock was all he could think about. But his mind was swimming at the revelations of last night. I am not a lonely, love-sick man imagining things. This is not pitiful, unrequited pinning. It is reciprocated! Sherlock feels emotions for me too! What had seemed like a hopeless case of one-directional longing had morphed into the tangible possibility of a real relationship. With Sherlock fucking Holmes!

All I need to do is decide how I want to submit to him, what my limits and safe-words are and I am sure we can negotiate terms which would be acceptable to both of us. He rubbed his hands together and pursed his lips, his thoughts jumping from one possibility to the next. Spanking, playing
rough, maybe……I am small compared to him. Wonder what it would feel like? That website had a good sample contract. I should get busy with drafting mine. It will take time to think through what my limits would be. What did they call it again? Oh yeah....... Hard limits and soft limits. Bloody hell, it will be a different experience. Fuck!

A distinctive figure wearing a long, black coat striding purposefully towards him from the park gates caught his eye and interrupted his thoughts. His heart seemed to literally skip a beat as he watched Sherlock walk up towards him, hands in his coat pockets. John absently wondered how he found him this time.... A distinctive footprint, an unravelled thread from my jumper, scent.....fuck, it could be crystal balls or tarot cards, because so much of what Sherlock did seemed like magic anyways!

“Coffee?” Sherlock asked with a smile.

John grinned back, “Yes, please.”

He sat back and watched as Sherlock went to the coffee stall and put in his order. He noticed both women and men sneaking second looks with widened eyes at Sherlock as they walked past. Even here out in the open in a mundane place like a public park, Sherlock stood like a monarch who owned the place.

He drank in the elegant figure, the flawless posture, the curls blowing gently in the mild breeze, the lips as they moved, the hands holding out the money. It shook him, the thought that finally it was possible..... those lips, I might feel them on mine, those fingers might touch me in intimate places....my dick, between my legs. I might get to hear that remarkable voice when it is husky with passion......fucking hell, I want to go and beg for it right now.

Sherlock walked back holding two cups of steaming hot coffee and handed one over to John as he sat down. He sat back, legs outstretched and casually crossed. They sat companionably for a few minutes in silence and in communion.

It was some time before John spoke, “I have been thinking about what you said.”

Sherlock glanced at him, eyes crinkled with affection, “I know.”

“Why didn’t you say anything before now?”

Sherlock looked ahead quietly as he seemed to muse on his reply.

“At first it was the thought that there will be time. You were busy chasing prospective mates. And after a few weeks with me, it seemed that only my brilliance and the excitement of the Work were what enticed you. On a personal level you found me less than ideal—messy, arrogant, volatile moods, unacceptable social behaviours.”

John sat there listening, none of what Sherlock was saying was untrue, certainly he had beat himself up about it the past few months. It did not make it sound any less shameful to have it aired aloud.

Sherlock waved a hand around, “And after I returned there was Mary.....”

John snorted, “Yeah....Mary.” He turned towards Sherlock with deliberate emphasis and met his eyes steadily. “I would have left her for you, Sherlock. If you had given me any indication, I think I would have left her and come to you.”

Sherlock looked back intently and said softly, “No you wouldn’t have. You are loyal to a fault. It is
both your biggest weakness and your greatest strength, John.” He smiled gently at John who was staring at him with widened eyes. “You would have wanted to come back to me, desperately so. Because the essence of you belongs to me. But you wouldn’t have. You would have been torn apart, trying to rationalize your loyalty to your marriage and your secret longing for me, for life with me.”

Sherlock shrugged, “I couldn’t do that to you.”

John looked gutted as he tried to think this over and stared blankly ahead. They sat quietly lost in their thoughts.

It was several moments later that John spoke, “I regret so many of my choices. Things I wish I had done differently.” He glanced briefly at Sherlock, “I have had a lot of time to think the past few months.”

“I know.”

“You have been saving me since the day I met you. You saved me from depression, from a worthless life, from Moriarty’s snipers, from Magnussen’s threats, from loneliness after Mary and I separated. I have never acknowledged it. Thank you, Sherlock.”

“A debt that you’ve repaid manifold with your friendship, your loyalty and your love.” Sherlock’s smile was warm, pleased as he whispered, “You’re welcome, John.”

John’s eyes misted over even as he smiled back and sighed with happiness.

After a while he shook his head, “You know, I have tried to think about what you asked me to. About what you mean to me. I feel like you’ve invaded every corner of my head since I first met you….. I stopped thinking after a while. It was…frightening.”

Sherlock eyes flicked over John’s face with a peculiar intensity, “I know.”

John sat absently cradling his coffee cup, running his finger over the rim, his eyes glassy, fidgeting as he tried to think about what he had to say.

Finally he took a deep breath, “So what happens now? You hurt me and I ‘submit’ to you?”

Sherlock’s laugh began as a soft chuckle and then quickly morphed into a full belly, uninhibited guffaw. His hand came up to hold in his tummy as his shoulders shook. The kids playing with the red ball stopped and stared as they heard that deep baritone tremble with laughter.

“What?” John stared at him, lips stretched into a wide smile. “What’s so funny?”

“Sorry, sorry,” Sherlock said wiping a tear from one eye. He took a sip of his coffee as he waited to calm down, though the smile remained on his face.

He shook his head wryly, “John, I’m sorry.”

“What? Did I get it wrong?” John asked bemused.

Sherlock’s eyes slowly became serious as he stared at John. “Yes, John. As always, you see but do not observe. You hear, but you do not listen. You’ve got it all backwards.”

John’s face pinched into a tight grimace, “What do you mean?”

Sherlock waved a hand, “We’re not animals in the jungle, John. I don’t have to beat you into
submission. Submission…… *happens.* Spontaneously. When you’re ready to let go of who you are and hand yourself over to someone else. When you kneel without the slightest suggestion of an ego, without the barest trace of self-preservation. And when a person submits with true intent, it is only then that a true Dominant is born.”

John frowned as he mulled over this.

“You make it sound almost mystical.”

Sherlock whispered softly, “Oh yes, John, it is. True submission is sublime in its beauty. You will see when you are ready.”

“When will I be ready, Sherlock?” John asked his frown deepening. *Bloody hell, I thought we were ready, we were going to shag soon. My dick has been getting hard every few minutes this morning. What is it that he is saying exactly? What the fuck does he mean?*

Sherlock expression was serene, patient as he looked at John.

“You will know when you are, John. And I will wait for it,” he murmured.

-----------------------------------------------------

John waited for Sherlock by the elevator having pressed the button already. Flinging a last minute riposte to Lestrade who stood by his door in Scotland Yard rolling his eyes, Sherlock walked up to wait with John.

There had been no time to think of anything or indeed talk for two days. Back to back cases had kept them busy at Bart’s lab, the Yard and out on the field chasing leads and talking to the homeless network. The last of the paperwork was finally complete and the exhausted duo-detective and blogger were on their way home after almost two days without sleep.

One question had been gnawing away at John and he decided that he needed to know, he would be unable to rest or sleep without knowing. He decided to ask as they waited.

“What about Victor? And Peter? And …..others if there are any?”

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed as he flicked his gaze over John’s face. He was silent as the elevator stopped and the doors opened. They got in and it was only once the doors closed that he answered, his voice deep, sombre.

“If you are asking if I will still maintain my friendship, the answer is yes. I do not forget old friends just because I have made new ones. If you are asking whether any contemporaneous intimacies will continue, I’ll make a decision at the appropriate time.”

John thought about this as they walked out of the elevator, down the lobby of the huge building. Sunlight bathed them as they walked out of the glass doors and even as Sherlock looked around for a taxi his mobile phone pinged. He stood still on the pavement as he took it out and frowned down at what he read.

“What is it?” John asked.

Still frowning, Sherlock replied, “Mycroft.” His busy eyes looked around and settled on a sleek, unmarked black car which was sliding towards them.
Opening the door, he said, “Get in. I’ll drop you off at Baker Street. I have to see Mycroft.”

John settled in and asked as the car moved, “Case?”

“Yes,” Sherlock said briefly, his fingers flying over the phone, downloading page after page of data that his rapid-fire eyes absorbed. John watched him quietly. It was a several minutes before Sherlock put the phone aside with a huff.

“I need to leave for Geneva tonight. Money laundering case. Big money, prominent people,” he explained briefly.

John felt a sinking sensation at the thought of Sherlock being away, just when we are on the verge of…. "How long will you be away?"

Sherlock sighed and rested his head back, closing his eyes, “Three, maybe four days at the most.”

John let him rest as he gazed unseeingly out of the window. Four days without him.

John settled back on his chair, filled to the brim with Kung Pao Chicken and fried rice, sipping contentedly at his second beer. He watched as Sherlock seated himself opposite him, hands and mind busy with whatever he was doing on his laptop, his focus absolute.

He had stumbled into 221B, bone tired and retired to his room and passed out. Hours later when he woke up, Sherlock was up and about, packing and exchanging messages with Mycroft about the case that had popped up.

Sherlock was leaving in a few minutes, Mycroft’s car would take him to the airport.

Sherlock stood up abruptly to get some papers lying on the table. Rummaging through them, he seemed to be getting increasingly frustrated. He paused and then growled, running both his hands back and forth through his long hair in a frustrated gesture.

Perhaps to divert his mind, perhaps because he wanted to show Sherlock he was serious about the matters they had been discussing, John decided to speak out.

He cleared his throat and looking down at his beer, he said, “I’ve read about it.”

Sherlock glanced at him briefly before going back to the papers.

“How about what?”

“I’ve read blogs and websites which write about this sort of stuff. About the trust and honesty that goes into a Dom-Sub relationship. About the need for honest communication. About how beautiful it can be. When a Submissive hands over complete control to a Dominant, with a trust that he will be looked after.”

Sherlock turned with the papers still in his hand, his gaze narrowed as he stared intently at John.

John continued, “I just think….. maybe I have got it wrong, but handing over that degree of control, physically kneeling…. doesn’t that….. I don’t know, doesn’t that…” He shrugged his
shoulders as he struggled with the right words.

Sherlock stood patiently looking at him, silent.

John took a deep breath. “Isn’t it emasculating in some way? I mean I understand the concept between a man and a woman….and I do want to do it…. But I’ve only ever… with women, I mean…” he broke off weakly.

Sherlock put the papers down on the table with deliberation and frowned silently. He turned towards John and put his hands in his trouser pockets as he slowly walked up to his chair and took a seat. His hands came up almost subconsciously to join just in front of his lips.

John looked up to meet Sherlock’s eyes and asked, “Have I got it right?”

Sherlock sighed and sat back, bringing his hands down to the arm rests.

“Good, John! Really good! In a span of a few seconds you’ve used all the right buzz words. Trust, honesty, control.”

John looked at him, the beginnings of a hopeful smile on his face, “Oh yeah?”

“Congratulations. I mean you missed almost everything of importance…..”

John rolled his eyes, his voice was irritated as he said, “All right then, tell me.” He took a deep breath, “Sherlock, I’m asking because you told me to ask you when I have doubts.”

Sherlock shook his head, “I’m sorry, John.”

They sat silently looking at each other for some time. And then as though coming to a decision, Sherlock leaned forwards, elbows on his knees, his expression earnest.

“John, think about it. Really think about it. Not what the books or other people or the internet tell you.” he began softly. “Control is an illusion. Giving up of control is an illusion. Having any kind of control over any outcome is an illusion. Honesty and truth. Both abstract constructs born in unthinking minds. The absolute truth is inviolable. To perceive it, comprehend it, an absolutely objective view is required. People want relative truth, the one that does not hurt. And trust…..” He gave a short derisive laugh, “Trust is based on a biased opinion of the mind. It morphs and changes depending on actions and transactions with the other, depending upon the vagaries of the mind. Again a relative concept.”

John watched in confusion as Sherlock stood up and neared him.

“I don’t understand,” he said looking up as Sherlock loomed before him.

Sherlock sighed, “You will. Meanwhile try not to base your thoughts on what you read or see. They are mainly the accounts of those who enter this as a means for titillation, to get off. That is not submission, John. That is role-play.”

He watched John with eyes narrowed in concentration for a few moments. Finally he murmured softly, “Stand up.”

John’s eyes widened at the brisk order and he stood up. Sherlock stepped closer.

Looking down at John, he said, “As for emasculation. John, the truth is that submission requires a tremendous amount of courage. And it has nothing to do with gender. It is a mental act of
surrendering yourself. The physical act is merely an expression of the mental one. If we are talking about just the physical body, you’re already submitted to me.”

The faint smell of Sherlock’s after-shave was intoxicating as it wafted into John’s nose. He felt pinned by eyes that shone like jewels in the amber light of 221B, his gaze flicked from the intensity of Sherlock’s eyes to his moist full lips.

Sherlock lowered his head with deliberation till their faces were mere inches apart, his voice lowered to a sensual deep whisper, “If I wanted to, I could take you right now. Bend you over, pull down your pants and violate you in the basest way possible.” He tilted his head and brought his lips close to John’s ears until it felt like the sound waves were directly vibrating through the molecules of John’s body. “I could fuck you….” The word rolled out of Sherlock’s mouth at a glacial pace and he ended it with a deliberate “K” at the end.

John shivered, his heart pounding, his dick so hard it was threatening to tear through his jeans.

“And you would beg me for it.”

John flushed with a moment of sudden insight, as Sherlock’s words made him feel as though he was owned for the first time. His eyes were hungry, pleading as his body swayed towards Sherlock. *Please, please, please….* The mantra repeated in his head…. *Sherlock, Sherlock, Sherlock….*

Sherlock straightened up and watched as John licked his lips nervously, his eyes fixed on Sherlock’s lips, a faint sheen of sweat on his forehead.

“There was a time when it would have been enough.”

John raised his eyes to meet Sherlock’s, startled.

“Now though, I want all of you, everything that you are. All or nothing. That is certainly your choice.” Sherlock quirked an eyebrow challengingly, his head dipped to one side appraisingly.

They stared at each other, gazed locked, breathing heavily for a while.

“I’ll be ready, Sherlock,” John promised, swallowing around his suddenly dry mouth.

Sherlock smiled and bent down. Soft lips brushed against John’s temple, a kiss so light it should have barely registered with the touch receptors. Instead the sensation was so intense, John felt like he had been seared with a red-hot iron, branded permanently. He gasped loudly unable to swallow the sound in time.

Sherlock moved away pleased, “We’ll see.”

--------------------------------------------------

It was way past midnight and Sherlock had been gone for hours.

John had brought himself off twice already. Once standing by the door within minutes of Sherlock leaving, knees trembling with desire, desperately sniffing at the faint whiffs of Sherlock’s smell and one hand caressing his own temple where Sherlock’s lips had touched him. The second time on his own bed after having watched videos of spanking and discipline and rough anal sex, his mouse
frantically clicking on GIF after GIF, video after video. His hand was a blur on his cock, his hips rose and dropped with abandon, loud grunts and moans escaped him in the silence of the empty flat, as his mind helplessly conjured up the fantasy that Sherlock had spun with a few choice words….

If I wanted to, I could take you right now. Bend you over, pull down your pants and violate you in the basest way possible. I could fuck you… And you would beg me for it…

FUCKING hell, he wanted to scream as he pulsed again and again into his hand, squeezing out every last drop, panting.

Finally sated and tidied up, he sat on the bed in front of a blank A4 paper and thought deeply. He had three days to formulate his terms, keep it simple Watson, bloody hell, I just know when he gets back he is going to take me. His lips, Oh sweet Jesus… those lips, dear God that voice…. I swear if he had talked for a couple of more minutes I would have come in my pants, untouched.

He frowned, biting his lips in concentration and wrote carefully, “DRAFT CONTRACT- Dom-Sub Relationship terms between Sherlock Holmes and Dr John Watson”

There, that had a nice official ring to it, he thought satisfied. He will know I have thought about it, considered it carefully, that I am serious and so fucking READY.

Putting the paper aside, he lay down on the bed and stretched contentedly. Now all he had to do was think about what to put in there.
John blinked at the morning sunlight and yawned loudly. As awareness dawned, sleep flew away from his eyes and he kicked his bedcovers away. Yes! A full day off with only one job to complete. And Sherlock will be home tomorrow night, bloody hell wish I didn't have to do the half-shift tomorrow, well can’t be helped…. He looked forward in pleasurable anticipation to the rest of the day.

The last two days had been busy with surgery shifts but his mind never strayed far from what he was about to do. Which was get pen to paper and write out the draft for Sherlock to look at when he got back the next day. Every spare second had gone in thinking about what he was going to put in there, how he was going to format it. Most of what he had to say was organised in his mind anyways.

He went down the stairs grinning with delight, I will have it all wrapped and ready. He may want to change a few things, we could negotiate some things, who knows he may have kinks I may neglect to put down and I am certainly up for doing anything he finds a turn-on….. well almost anything, no fucking way I am drinking piss or having him piss on me…..

Yes, a full day with nothing to do except this…. 

He sat with his steaming cup of tea and clicked a button to boot up his laptop.

He had given great thought as to how to put his preferences down. The new-fangled websites seemed to have a more modern and thorough approach. One website had suggested making a list and then giving all the activities in the list a score--- from “0” being an activity that you would be appalled to even consider trying to “5” being an activity that you found a wild turn-on and were frantic to try again and again. Another website had suggested making a list and marking “Yes” or “No” with some added space for elaboration if you need.

After a lot of thought John had settled on the old fashioned approach. He had decided to just make a list under various headings—safe words, soft limits, hard limits--- and write down his wishes in some depth and leave spaces for Sherlock to fill out any comments he might have. He thought this less ambiguous than a number or just yes/no answers.

He sat on the table, tea by his side, blank paper and an open laptop in front of him. He thought once again about the headings he wished to make.

1. SAFEWORDS
2. SAFETY
3. HARD LIMITS- WILL NEVER TRY
4. SOFT LIMITS - Will consider at some stage or open to negotiation
   1. Bondage
   2. Pain
   3. Sex toys
   4. Sexual acts
   5. Kinks

5. VERY EAGER TO TRY
   1. Bondage
   2. Pain
   3. Sex toys
   4. Sexual acts
   5. Kinks

There, that sounded nice and organised, he thought, warming his hands on his cuppa. He leaned
back and sighed. Can’t wait, can’t wait for him to come back. How did I not see how exquisite he
is, I could have had this years ago if only I had looked. What is it that they say, that ‘the grass is
greener on the other side’? Yeah, that’s me alright. Searched the whole world for what I wanted
and never realised he was in front of me the entire time! I’ll take a shower first and then get down
to writing this. Should I give it to him handwritten or type it on the laptop, how will I print it
without anyone seeing it……

The stream of consciousness swirled and swirled around the same topic…. Sherlock….

-------------------------------------------------------

An hour later, showered and fed, John sat in his bathrobe at the table in the living room, ready to
write.

“DRAFT CONTRACT - Dom-Sub Relationship terms between Sherlock Holmes and Dr John
Watson”

I, John Watson, being of sound mind and body, hereby declare that I am ready to enter into a
Dom/Sub relationship with Sherlock Holmes, based on the principles of Safe-Sane-Consensual, for
our mutual pleasure and the advancement of our relationship.

He stared at the words he had written. Damn, I’m not a fucking lawyer, hope this sounds okay…..

He pulled out a rough paper to note down ideas under the sub-headings he had made earlier. I’ll
make a fair copy later after I’ve put down all the points.

The easiest was putting in his hard limits, so he focussed on that first----

No edge play, enemas, water sports, spitting, fisting, sounding, video recordings, public
humiliation…..

He broke off, as he went down the list on the three websites he had found. Can add something
later if I come across it.

His eyes moved to the various sexual acts in the lists.

Bondage…… fuck, it looks exciting, but I don’t want any PTSD to be triggered, that would be a
complete mood-killer. He carefully noted his concerns, requesting for light bondage only, collars
(soft limit), suspension bondage (fucking hell, that is hot? But it would make me feel totally
helpless and vulnerable, better stay off that—soft limit)…. And on it went as he meticulously wrote
in one column or the other. He did put blindfolds and gags in the hard limits—might give me
flashbacks of soldiers I’ve seen, his heart already beating faster in mild panic as he thought about
it.

Sex toys…..he frowned as he considered—vibrators, butt plugs, dildos, anal beads—he opened
new tabs to look at the specimens available on the internet, some small, some huge….. don’t know
what it would feel like, definitely don’t want to walk around in public wearing them, but if Sherlock
wants to use them when we are alone, maybe? His arsehole clenched almost sympathetically as he
thought about it. It was an issue he had tried not to think too much about. The fact that he had
never had anything inserted in his anus before, being a bit young to have had even a prostate exam.
The thought of Sherlock’s fingers and then his cock breaching him was both exciting and terrifying
and more than a bit humiliating. But they would be Sherlock’s fingers, Sherlock’s cock, the most
intimate personal parts of him and fuck I want that, I want to feel invaded by him, to be used by
him, for him to feel pleasure inside me….. would it hurt? How much would it hurt? Maybe I’ll get
used to it?

His frown deepened as he thought and then decided to put those toys in the soft limit column.
Painstakingly he went down the alarmingly long list, occasionally looking up unfamiliar toys on
different websites—whips, floggers, paddles, belts…. Nipple clamps? He put one hand inside his
robe to feel his nipples, they had always been quite sensitive, but women don’t like to touch them,
would I like him to pinch them? Fuck yes. Put a clamp on them? Not so sure…. Soft limit but
willing to try, he wrote down, chewing his lip as he focussed. Riding crop? Bloody hell, that is a
definite yes.

Time flew as he meticulously went through the lists, acts, sexual positions and toys. His own lists
grew. Absently he wondered that with such a comprehensive list at hand it was unlikely that any
kinks or turn-ons or desires that Sherlock may have were not already included. But he is Sherlock
Holmes, who knows what new way of fucking or bondage or pain he might know of that people
have not already thought about.

His bones creaked as he stretched in his chair and then stood up.

All that remains is thinking about safewords and safety issues and then typing all this up. I will
print it at the surgery tomorrow, will have to be cautious so that no one else sees it. I want to be
ready by the time Sherlock gets home tomorrow evening.

Suddenly famished, he thought, lunch first…

-------------------------------------------------------------

It was much later, after dinner that he sat back with his papers.

Safety was a complicated subject to think about. He had put all forms of edgeplay in the hard limits
list. That ruled out the more serious of injuries due to burning or cutting. That only left protection
from sexually transmitted diseases to be considered.

Till we both have tests, we should use condoms. Once we have them, then it is fine. His brow
furrowed as he was struck by the thought that Sherlock had not mentioned exclusivity. In fact
when John had asked him about Victor, Peter and any others, he had pointedly left the option open.
What did he mean with what he said? He will decide when it is appropriate? So he gets to decide if he is going to fuck other people? Do I also have the choice of fucking others? Do I want to fuck anyone else? What if he wants a threesome? Fuck, would I entertain that possibility? Is it a possibility? Would Sherlock share? Should I put that in the draft contract?

His head swam and it became clear that this was an area he would need to discuss with Sherlock further.

Next, safewords.

He grinned. He had thought about these. All websites suggested that there needed to be two. One was to be used when things got intense and he wanted to take a break. The second one was for when he wanted Sherlock to stop what he was doing altogether. The websites suggested they be words he would not use in normal conversation but they also couldn’t be words that he would forget under stress. A generic “yellow” for a pause in the proceedings and “red” for stopping altogether were often suggested.

The idea had come to him while showering this morning. And he had been laughing inside ever since. He thought Sherlock would also get a few laughs out of it as well.

Safeword One- “Anderson” he wrote down. And grinned. Can’t imagine that I say Anderson and Sherlock does not go into a state of shock and stops straight away.

Safeword Two- “Mycroft”. Bloody Mycroft. Can’t think of a faster way for both of us to lose our hard-ons immediately than muttering his name.

He sat back, satisfied.

He had done his best. Tomorrow he had a shift, he would be free by four in the afternoon. He would type all this up now and print it at the surgery, need to be careful and make sure no one sees it. And then he would have a few hours to get everything ready for Sherlock.

He started typing.

------------------------------------------

It was nearly five in the evening the next day as John peered at himself in the bathroom mirror as he wiped his face. He had shaved for the second time, need to look my best today. He is coming in the next few hours. Damn, this is a nice face. Women appreciate the deep blue colour of the expressive eyes…. But I wonder why I appeal to Sherlock?

He looked down at his body. Not bad for a middle aged guy. Still have good muscle tone. He looked down at his half hard cock, as he imagined Sherlock’s pale hands on it. He ran fingers through his pubic hair. Need to trim this, have to make it look neat, have to make a good first impression. Held his cock, hope Sherlock likes what he sees.

He looked at himself in the mirror again. He had been unable to get the smile off his face all day, look like a damned eager puppy whose master is coming home. Fuck it, if that is the way it is, so be it. Why lie to myself when I’m alone?

He got in the shower with razor in hand.
It was nearly eight in the evening as John inserted his key to let himself into 221B with one hand, the other clutching at a bag from Angelo’s with his Chicken Ravioli in cheesy sauce, Sherlock’s favourite. He almost ran up the stairs, he should be here any minute.

And stopped short as he opened the door and saw the familiar coat and scarf casually draped on his chair and the shoes by the door. He deposited his bag on the kitchen counter, his heart suddenly beating faster. The toilet flushed and a few seconds later Sherlock walked out into the kitchen.

He stopped short as he saw John, suddenly motionless, watchful. They both looked at each other, memories of just a few nights ago fresh in both their minds. Moments ticked by as neither looked away, the tension in the air thick and heavy.

“You’re back,” John’s voice was hoarse as he moved closer towards Sherlock. “I missed you.” The confession was sincere, without guile and Sherlock’s eyes were warm as he smiled back.

“I missed you too, John,” he said softly.

John looked around, “Look let me just put this away and then we’ll talk.”

Hurriedly he put the hot food aside, got the plates organised. Some of the sauce had leaked and he washed his hands. He came out to the living room drying his hands, an eager smile on his face. Sherlock was sitting in his chair with his palms folded in front of his chest, watching John, an indulgent look on his face as he waited patiently.

John threw the towel back on the kitchen table and grinned. “I’ll be right back.” Sherlock nodded gravely, his eyes narrowed as they followed John leaving the room.

Upstairs in his room, John looked down at the clear file with the draft contract attached neatly, his heart pounding. This is it! If all goes well and he is pleased, very soon I may have his hands and lips on me, his cock inside me! Head lowered he deep-breathed for a few moments, get a grip, Watson.

He ran down, clutching the file in one hand.

Sherlock’s gaze flicked over him as he entered and then settled on the file. John missed the sudden tightening of his face muscles and the forbidding look that came into his eyes.

“What’s this?” Sherlock’s voice was several shades cooler than before.

John took a deep breath as he handed the file over and pronounced, “I’ve thought about everything you said and I think I’m ready to kneel for you, Sherlock.” He stepped back to take a seat on his chair, “I wrote down a draft for us to discuss and negotiate our limits and such while you were gone. Don’t worry it’s not complete,” he hastened to add, “We can talk about it and finalise it if you like, before we actually do anything.”

Sherlock stared back at him, his expression inscrutable, the file lay unopened on his lap. John’s heart stared to sink as finally he noticed the absence of any mirroring enthusiasm. The moments ticked by and finally, with a sigh, Sherlock looked down as he opened the file. There was a period of silence broken only by the sounds of papers being flicked as Sherlock’s eyes moved on the pages rapidly.

John sat back on his chair, fingers of one hand moving over his temple subconsciously, where Sherlock had kissed him four nights ago. A mixture of hope and anxiety broiled in his belly
making him feel queasy. Say something, for fuck’s sake, Sherlock.

Finally Sherlock closed the file.

A long, pale finger taped absently on the closed file on his lap as he stared vacantly at the carpet, deep in thought.

The silence started to get heavy. John decided to take the plunge.

“Well, what do you think?”

Sherlock’s eyes focussed on John’s face, frowning.

“What do I think?” he repeated, his eyebrows rising. He leaned back and brought his palms together, his fingertips touching in front of his chest.

His tone was flat, without inflection, his face impassive.

“I think you have been very thorough. You’ve done an excellent job of specifying what you want during the ‘scenes’ in the bedroom. Where you decide what is tolerable and what is not. You decide what is pleasurable to you and what is not. You decide when you want to take a pause, an interval during the ‘scene’. And you decide when you want to bring a complete halt to the proceedings, pulling down a curtain as it were on the ‘scene’. Even while you are ostensibly on your knees, it is your will that will reign supreme. Where I role-play along with you wearing leather trousers and a whip in one hand and my role is that of a performing monkey whose job it is to entertain you and sate your desires.”

He leaned forward and pinned John with eyes that suddenly sparkled with anger, “AM I WRONG?”

The three words rang out loud and clear in the living room as John struggled to breathe, feeling as though he had been slapped.

“Sherlock, please…..” he started to say.

“No,” Sherlock shook his head, his tone final. He rose from his chair, one hand holding the file and the other moving to his trouser pocket, as he looked down at John, his eyes focussed like laser beams, incinerating whatever hopes John’s heart was harbouring in his bosom.

“You cannot decide that you will kneel for me. It is not a voluntary action based on a decision that you take after weighing all the pros and cons. You kneel when you cannot help but fall to your knees, when your knees are unable to hold you up because every fibre in your being, every single part of you needs to subjugate itself to the will of your Dom, the pleasure of your Dom. Kneeling is the physical representation of a much deeper psychological surrender. This is not about sex, it has never been about sex. I have tried and failed to get you to see what I mean. You and I seem to be seeing this from entirely different viewpoints.”

John was staring up at him with unblinking eyes, looking stricken.

The anger slowly drained out of Sherlock’s face as he stood with his head bowed, eyes closed. He sighed deeply. When he opened his eyes, the sadness in them was visible, naked. He pulled himself to his full height, his entire demeanour imposing as he looked down at John.

“I am a Dom. And I cannot look after my Sub’s needs with my hands tied behind my back.” He dropped the file gently on John’s lap as he murmured. “Forgive me, for I miscalculated your
readiness and raised your hopes in vain. I’m afraid I have to decline. I’m sorry, John.”

He nodded curtly and then walked to his bedroom. The soft click of the door as it closed resounded with far harsher finality than a loud slam would have done.

John sat there for a long time frozen in shock and grief. What the hell just happened?

---------------------------------------------------------

A roar went up as someone on the telly scored a goal again. Boisterous yelling and sounds of clapping hands added to the cacophony of loud conversations and tinkling of plates and glasses in the crowded bar.

John sat alone at a table by the window nursing his second beer, the tumultuous thoughts in his mind threatening to make it explode.

Where did I go so wrong? What possessed me to write all that stuff up? He had told me not to go to the internet. But I wanted to be organised, this was not a decision I could take lightly. After all I am supposed to hand over my body to him. Is it so wrong to express what I want? What the fuck did he mean that I cannot decide to kneel? That my knees will give out from underneath me? What is he talking about? ‘No’…… he said ‘NO’……can he just say ‘no’ and walk away? What about what is clearly there between us? Does he get to unilaterally decide to throw it all away? What about what I want? What about my needs? I wanted so badly for him to touch me, kiss me, fuck me, hurt me…..What did I do that was so bad, that he had to walk away? I don’t understand any of this…..

On an impulse he reached into his pocket and took out a card from his wallet. Before his brain had a chance to talk him out of it, he dialled.

“Hello, is that Victor?”

“Yes it is. Who is this?” a sleepy voice answered.

“Yeah, hi. This is John. John Watson.”

“Hey, John,” Victor said surprised. “How are you?”

“Look I know it’s a bit late, but I needed to talk to you.”


John’s hand tightened around his glass. “No, actually that was what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Is it urgent? You can come up right now if you like,” Victor said, his tone concerned

“No…. well I would like to see you soon, but it’s too late tonight,” John replied.

“Well, how about tomorrow? I’m meeting my agent in the morning, but we could have lunch. There is a great little café near where I live.”

“Yeah, that’d be great,” John answered, relief in his voice.

“Sure. Look, I’ll text you the address. One o’clock in the afternoon sound okay?”
“Yeah, sure. I appreciate this….”

“Anytime, John. And call if you need anything, okay? And don’t worry, whatever it is, we’ll figure it out.” Victor’s voice was reassuring.

“Yeah, I hope so. Thanks. I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

It was close to midnight and the only sounds were those of patrons leaving the crowded bar on an otherwise deserted road.

Sherlock stood leaning against a wall on the pavement at the opposite side of the street, his upturned coat collar fighting a losing battle against the chill. A gloved hand raised his cigarette to his mouth and he blew lazy rings to match every exhalation as it frosted and cooled in the air. His eyes were focussed on the frosted full glass windows of the bar across the road and the hazy jumper-clad figure which had been sitting alone at his table for the past two hours. The weak street light drew sharp shadows on his cheekbones as he sucked in with each puff.

The clickety-clack sound of a shopping trolley on the rough stones of the side-walk interrupted his musings and he turned his head towards the figure walking towards him, clad in a torn winter coat and tattered woollen earmuffs, a homeless man with all his worldly possessions in the trolley.

“Mr ‘Olmes Sir, yew out late tonight!” The thick Cockney accent rang out.

Sherlock flicked a quick glance towards the bar and back at the man and then raised his hand for another puff of his cigarette, “It appears so.”

“Dr Watson in there?” the man said as the stared at the window. “I can keep a look aaht fer yew if yew want’er go ‘ome, guv!”

Sherlock shook his head, “Thank you, Howie, but I am fine. Go someplace warm.”

“Yew know where to find me if yew need me, guv,” he said waving a mitten clad hand as he moved away.

It was past midnight when John staggered out of the bar, his head buzzing with alcohol and a million and one thoughts.

He walked oblivious to the silent figure that shadowed him home and then thoughtfully watched over him as he entered the safety of 221B Baker Street.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Every time I start to write a new chapter, I ask myself, “Why am I doing this? Who will read this? There are thousands of better written stories out there! What is the point of this effort of mine?”

And then there are some people gracious enough to leave a kudo or bookmark or even better to take the time to type in a few words and tell me either that they enjoyed what they read or that it was a good job or that they are waiting to read more.

And then I think, “Of course! I am writing this for them!”

So this chapter is dedicated to every one of you who has chosen to support the story. You know who you are :)

This chapter turned out to be much, MUCH longer than I thought it would be. In retrospect, I think I should have broken it into two chapters. Well, it’s done and I’m happy with it, so I’m posting it anyways.

It also turned out to be a lot more emotional than I expected. I worked very, VERY hard to do justice to the story in my head and give it full expression. In short, I wrote my heart out! So if you’re reading this and like it, do take some time to let me know that you did and why you did (in some detail if at all possible). I feel drained and in need of some fuel in the form of encouragement if this story is to continue….

Happy reading!

And wish you all a happy, contented and peaceful 2016!!!

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The lush greenery surrounding their secluded lunch table at the corner of the busy outdoor restaurant was almost blinding in the afternoon sun. The stylish outdoor alfresco dining section was set amid beautiful flowerbeds and patrons were shielded from the sun by perky sun umbrellas.

John looked around vacantly even as the fingers of one hand drummed nervously on the table from time to time. He was trying not to stare at Victor as he perused the contents of the file that John had handed him only moments earlier.

“Come on, buck the fuck up will you! What is so wrong with what I wrote? Why did everything go arse-up? How do I make it better? Have I lost the chance of being with Sherlock for good? Tell me, tell me how to fix it…. Come on, come on….

Victor was sitting upright flicking through the pages and seemed to keep going back to the front page repeatedly, the frown on his face deepening as the minutes ticked by.

“Would you gentlemen like some coffee or tea?” John looked up inquiringly at Victor who nodded briefly and placed an order for two coffees. Unable to stay quiet much longer he blurted out, “Well?”
Victor closed the file deliberately and slid it across the table. He stayed silent as he looked at John.

He looked stunned.

“How long have you known Sherlock, John?” he asked.

“Just over five years. Why?” John replied.

“Nothing, just curious,” Victor said, shrugging his shoulders.

John asked again impatiently, “Well?”

Victor continued to maintain thoughtful silence.

John leaned forwards and pleaded, “Please, Victor. I know this is a personal matter. And I would never have dreamed of talking about it with anyone.” He let out a frustrated puff, “But there is literally no one else I can talk to. And I need you to tell me where I went wrong. Because I can’t figure it out.” Seeing the hesitant look on Victor’s face, John hastened to add, “Look I don’t care what it is, but for God’s sake, tell me. I feel like I’m at my wits end.”

Victor pursed his lips and stared at the table for a few moments and then took a deep breath and leaned forwards, his eyes still reflecting stunned disbelief.

“You….” He shook his head and stopped as though struggling for words.

John grit his teeth in frustration and almost growled, “What is it? Out with it. I can take it.”

Victor gave a curt nod.

“John, you went to the most observant man on the face of this planet with ‘Safe-words’? With a list of your ‘Limits’? Don’t you think he already knows? You…. Bloody hell…..This is a man who can deduce your thoughts from the twitch of a single facial muscle, who is perceptive to the point of being a freaking psychic….”

Victor paused and shook his head, as though trying to gather his thoughts.

“You went…. You went to the most rational man ever born, a man I might add who worships Logic as though it were his personal God, insisting upon ‘Sane’!” His voice rose in indignation as he stared at John with incredulity, his hands raised in a ‘what-the-fuck’ gesture, “You went to Sherlock with a demand for ‘Safe and Consensual’? The man who…. who….the man who…..” he shook his head again, “Screw it. You took this….” he tapped an accusing finger on the file. “You took this to the man who jumped off a freaking roof for you, for your safety! The man who spent two years in constant jeopardy fighting Moriarty’s web, getting shot at, stabbed, captured and beaten--- all so that you could be safe! Who took a bullet from your wife and then did everything to ensure that your marriage would stay intact! The man who shot a media tycoon in front of dozens of witnesses so that you and your family and your happiness could be secure! Without any thought for himself, and never mind the consequences to him!”

Victor’s voice shook with passion as he cried out, “In which universe did you think that Sherlock Holmes would allow anything to happen that could even remotely compromise your safety, let alone endanger it himself? Or force himself upon you without your consent?”

John listened to him, his gut twisting as he recognised how damning Victor’s words were when viewed from this different standpoint. Holy fuck…Fuck, fuck, fuck.....damn it all to fucking hell… he’s right....oh shit, what did I do, why did I not think? He’s right....He sat back, his eyes bulging
with wretchedness as he stared at Victor.

Both stared at each other for a while, allowing the words to soak in.

Victor’s expression softened as he said after a few moments, “Sorry, John. I didn’t mean for it to come out so harshly.”

John shook his head, “No, you’re right. But….everywhere I looked this is what was suggested…”

“John, I know that this is the norm for all other people. And maybe it is necessary for them….but you know, we’re talking about Sherlock here,” Victor’s voice was gentle now.

There was a lull in the conversation as their coffee arrived. John sat frowning at his coffee cup, torn between accepting the truth of Victor’s words and the need to justify his up-until-now seemingly sensible actions.

He started, “I know what you say makes sense. But what about the BDSM stuff that really bothers me? Shouldn’t I be clear about it right from the start?” He grabbed the file to open the relevant page and pointed towards it. “For instance, there are certain types of bondage that may trigger my PTSD. I don’t want to have that done.”

Victor chuckled loudly. “John, in all the time that I have been with Sherlock he has never tied me with so much as a shoelace!” John’s brow furrowed in confusion, so Victor clarified, “If he wants me to stay in a particular position he just places me in it. I’m bound. I’m bound by the strongest rope that can bind me.”

“What’s that?”

Victor’s tone was reverent, “The will of my Dom, Sherlock’s will. The pleasure of my Dom, Sherlock’s pleasure.”

John sat back, his mouth agape, his eyes looking startled as though he had had an epiphany.

His voice was a low hiss, “You’re in love with him! You are in love with Sherlock!”

Victor gave a short laugh, “Aren’t you?” He shrugged and chose to ignore John’s visible flinch at his blunt assertion. He continued in a dry tone, “Sherlock arouses strong emotions in whomsoever he meets. People loathe him or love him. And sometimes they fear him.”

Victor took a deep breath and sat back again. A further pause ensued. Then with eyes fixed on the table, finger absentely playing with a spoon, as though musing aloud, he said softly, “Love is not a potent enough word for what I feel for him.” He looked up with a wistful smile, “John, I am his. His to own. His to use. His to command.”

John protested, “But that gives him unlimited power over you! What you are describing, that degree of surrender would strip you of all identity, you’re left with nothing!”

Victor smiled, “On the contrary, it brings out the best in me, because I want to offer him my best. I consider myself a reflection of him. Whether I am in his presence or away from him, he remains my Dom. Whatever I do, I do it for him. To please him. It really is that simple.”

John looked haunted, his jaw clenched in desperation.

“I…. I can’t do that. What he is asking for, what you are telling me, it’s impossible! I’ll be left with no identity, I’ll become a mere shadow of him!”
Quite the opposite actually! In giving up everything, you will gain everything. Therein lies the dichotomy, the beauty. And it is not that hard. Just let go and do what your heart wants you to do anyways. Stop overthinking it and let go. It is like flying off a cliff. Like free fall. Do it and you will realise all your fears were meaningless.”

John’s voice was strangled as he cried out, “What if I get hurt in the process? Where is my safety net in that?”

“Your safety net is your Dom. It is Sherlock. It is your trust in Sherlock. Then it is his job to look after you.” He implored, “John, I used to be scared too. With what he asked for. I was in the most wretched place you could imagine. Sleeping with strangers, getting degraded and used daily, called a faggot both at home and college, hating myself.”

He looked up and stared into the distance for a long time, as though looking into the deep past. When he turned his head towards John, his eyes had tears in them.

“The most……” He swallowed back his tears and clenched his jaw, “The most guys that gang-banged me in one night is eight. They….. they would call me faggot…..cunt…..cock-sucker, as they fucked my arse and my mouth…..I went to sleep most nights covered in bruises and bites…. my father had disowned me……I was failing all my modules, my assignments….I had always loved to paint, I was very good at it…..learning art, painting is all I ever wanted to do….except for this miserable need I had to please, to be submissive, to have some pain and roughness during sex……I think I broke the record of finding the worst way to go about it,” he snorted ruefully.

“I had lost all my self-worth. That was my basic visceral need. Sherlock saw it and filled that need. By just the sheer force of his personality. Look at me, John. I paint for a living, my paintings sell very well, I am wealthy and most of all I am happy. This is what has resulted from my free fall, straight into Sherlock’s safe hands. I told you a good Dom does not give you what you want, he gives you what you need. Ask yourself this, what do you need? Not what you want or what you desperately desire. What do you need?”

John’s hands were clenched into fists on the table, frustration on his face as he protested, “I can’t. I can’t let go like you say. Sorry. I just can’t.”

Victor’s eyes were pitying as he shrugged, “Then you can’t. What more can I say? It is ultimately your choice. There is nothing that I or anyone else can do.”

“So what, that’s it?” John said incredulously. “I offered everything that I could and was summarily rejected.” He leaned forward and hissed in anger, “Tell me, tell me you know what it feels like to offer so much of yourself and be told that it is not enough?”

“Oh but you didn’t offer much did you?” Victor asked. “You offered him terms and conditions and contracts and negotiations.”

John felt anger simmer inside of him, righteous anger, legitimate anger…… this is so unfair, I’m just being told to give up everything. What about…..

“What about what I want? Where is the guarantee for that? I am half of this relationship! He takes everything, what do I get in return?” He looked furious.

Victor leaned forward, desperate for John to see. “Don’t you get it, John? It’s not about you. Whether you get any pleasure from the act itself or not depends upon whether Sherlock chooses to give it to you. And you can try and earn it by pleasing him. But it is not of any importance within itself. It is about your Dom’s will, his pleasure. That is where your pleasure, your happiness will
flow from.”

John shook his head in confusion, “This is so skewed, it makes no sense.”

Victor looked at him worriedly as John stared at the coffee cups, breathing heavily.

After a while, jaw clenched, John spoke through gritted teeth. “Are we done here? Good. Look, thanks for your time, but this is bullshit. I’m going to go home and ask Sherlock fucking Holmes where he gets off putting ultimatums on a relationship both of us are a part of and a friendship that has endured so much over the years. This is not fair and I need for him to know that.”

He made a move to leave. Victor grabbed his wrist briefly to stop him.

“John, please don’t. Don’t go to him in anger. You will lose. Trust me on this. He rarely gets angry as a Dom, but when he does he is lethal, he can eviscerate anyone’s psyche completely.”

John said grimly, “Yeah well, we’ll see about that. Thanks for lunch.”

“John, please, don’t……” Victor pleaded ineffectually as John turned and stormed off, leaving an anxious looking Victor behind.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------

John sat on the park bench, his fingers viciously tearing page after printed page into little bits, the mechanical actions giving a physical form to his fury. He welcomed the anger like an old friend, too long, I’ve tolerated this nonsense for too long….he’s been playing me like his violin, teasing me for fucking months with promises of sex…..he knows, he knows the effect he is having on me, but he fucking strings me along….. you know what they call someone who just strings along someone and doesn’t put out, Sherlock?…..a fucking tease….that’s what you are, you fucking wanker….a fucking tease, that’s what…..Kneel for me, think this way….oh no, no, John whatever you are thinking is wrong…..can’t just shag me and get it over with….What the fuck does that Victor know….how close a friendship Sherlock and I share….he’s only ever known Sherlock as a Dom…..

He’d walked around for a couple of hours in the vicinity of 221B giving vent to his frustration, not yet ready to go home and face the man who had once again turned his world upside down. He nursed his anger with relish, it had been a long time since he had been this furious. It felt great! I’m right, I know I’m right….

He stood outside the pub hesitantly for some time. Fuck it, I need some liquid courage if I am to confront Sherlock about this.

He went in.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------

It was half seven and dark by the time John opened the door of 221B and slammed it shut.

Sherlock was sitting at the table in the living room working on John’s laptop and surrounded by papers.
John snatched the laptop, “Oh no, you don’t! Use your own fucking laptop.” He closed it and dropped it pointedly on his chair. He stormed off into the kitchen, every jerky movement broadcasting anger and warning of the impending conflict.

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed as they followed John into the kitchen. He listened to the banging of kitchen cabinet doors, the slamming of the cup on the table, the harsh tinkle of cutlery being abused.

_Alright then…. Few beers down and spoiling for a fight._

He stood up and moved with deliberation to the uncluttered part of the room, subconsciously broadening his stance for balance, hands loose by his sides in readiness and waited grimly.

Even as the kettle started to boil, John came out of the kitchen and just looked at Sherlock, his jaw set, his hands clenched by his sides.

“Just wanted you to know that I went to see your friend, Victor, today.”

Sherlock’s eyebrow rose, “Oh!”

John moved closer. “I thought maybe…just maybe he might be able to explain what I seemed so incapable of understanding.” He came and stood right in front of Sherlock, peering up at his face, anger etched in every feature. “Well, guess what? He spouted the same nonsense as you have. I should have fucking guessed. He’s been your Sub for what, fifteen years now? Spreads his legs for you obediently, does he? Well, his advice was that I should become your bitch too, spread my legs and let you take your fill! Let you do whatever you want with me.”

Sherlock looked down at him, eyes narrowed dangerously, his voice cold, forbidding. “John, I would seriously advise you to desist from making comments about Victor or indeed anything right now. You are not yourself. Go upstairs, sleep it off. We’ll talk tomorrow.”

John asked belligerently, “Or what? You’re going to beat me up? Well, go on then. At least that way perhaps you would be able to bear to touch me. What does it take, huh? Oh, pardon me for not understanding. It’s your way or the high way, is that it? Every single fucking time for the past five years, it’s always YOUR WAY!” he shouted. “Let me just jump of the fucking building, why don’t I? Because I know what’s best! John take Mary back, go on then, be a good little boy. And now?” He jabbed a finger into Sherlock’s chest. “Now I’m supposed to allow you free reign, a complete carte blanche, while I get nothing in return? Well, you listen to me, Sherlock. I am fifty percent of this relationship. What about what I want? Huh?”

“And what is it that you want, John?”

“Don’t play dumb, Sherlock. It doesn’t suit you. Make a fucking ‘deduction’,.” John replied, his head tilted on one side, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“This is not what you need.” Sherlock’s voice was stone cold.

“Oh so you’re going to now tell me what I am feeling, is that right?” John snorted pointedly.

“I am telling you to stop. Now. Before you get in too deep. Walk away. You do not need this.”

“You want me to stop. You stop it!” John yelled as he pointed a finger at Sherlock. “Stop teasing me. Stop torturing me with your games. You’re asking me what I want? I want you to fucking touch me. Shag me. Or perhaps you’re not fucking man enough to fucking do it, then let me shag you. Don’t you fucking tell me you don’t know I’ve been getting off thinking about you for
months now. You’re the great bloody Sherlock Holmes! You know EVERYTHING. What does it take for the great Sherlock Holmes to touch me, huh? he snarled, looking feral with his lips drawn back. “Oh, but you won’t do it till I submit to you? You want me to kneel for you, huh, is that it?”

He went down on his knees in front of Sherlock and yelled out with his arms held wide in dramatic emphasis.

“Look, Sherlock! I am on my knees. See? What else would you like me to do? Would you like me to grovel, lick your shoes perhaps? Or maybe suck your cock? Or would you like me to strip and present my arse to you like Victor, huh?”

“ENOUGH!” Sherlock roared, that devastating baritone seemed to swirl and reverberate around the room endlessly. “KNOW YOUR PLACE!”

John froze, stunned into silence, his eyes widening in awe as they looked up at Sherlock, his pulse quickening.....Oh fuck, fuck....what did I just say?.....look at him....I’ve never seen him look like this before....who is this?

John had seen Sherlock angry, vicious, frustrated before. But this.....this barely restrained fury in his eyes was new. It was frightening. Sherlock stood tall, vibrating in anger, his eyes glittering like diamonds. As beautiful as they were cold.

“Theatrics are the uncouth expressions of the pathetic and incoherent. You will never belittle the magnificent symbolism of the act of Submission in my presence again. IS. THAT. UNDERSTOOD?” Sherlock said, thunder in his voice.

A spark of fear went through John’s body, his heart lurching in his chest with excitement and hope. He could feel his cock stir to life and thicken, seemingly propelled by the sudden gush of adrenaline that had started to flood into his system. His face felt warm, his palms moist. He licked his lips unconsciously.

“Yes.”. He bowed his head, whether in submission or sheer relief, he did not know.

There was pin-drop silence for several moments.

“I want you to get up. Walk to the fireplace and stand facing it. Your hands on the mantelpiece, feet spread apart. Head down, eyes closed. And not another syllable out of you until I give you permission.” The order came out in a stern, uncompromising tone.

John bowed his head further and unclenched his fists. He stood up on knees that had started to tremble and slowly walked up to the fireplace. Please, Oh God, it’s finally happening..... He held the edge of the mantelpiece, just below the large mirror, with both his hands. Spreading his legs, he bowed his head down and closed his eyes as he had been ordered to do.

Moments passed in silence.

John strained his ears to hear anything…. Movement, rustle of clothes, anything.

But the silence was absolute.

One minute.......two minutes…..

The anger had drained out completely of John’s system and normally would have left him feeling hollow. But he was vibrating with anticipation, with need. His crotch felt uncomfortable, his hard cock felt cramped in his snug jeans. The tremor in his knees was getting more violent as time
passed, he was literally shaking with excitement and fear. Where is he? What is he going to do? Is he going to come and pull my pants down and spank me with his hands or with his riding crop? He is so furious, he will punish me for sure.... Isn’t that what Dom’s do? Discipline their Subs? I went too far, I should not have mentioned Victor.....I shouldn’t have said any of the things I said....Is he going to fuck me in this position? Am I about to be fucked for the first time, standing up in the living room with my boots on? God, could he possibly do anything more humiliating than that to me?

Three minutes……four minutes……

Sherlock stood rooted at his spot. His tongue absently ran back and forth over his lower lip, his pupils blown, dark and fathomless as he watched.

His ever observant mind was aware; of his own nostrils flaring in anticipation, like a predator who had subdued his prey and is about to feast on it; his cock hard between his legs eager for friction and warmth and tightness, eager for a willing orifice to sink into; the wave of powerful Dominance that was surging through his veins; his eyes hungrily taking in the sight they had waited so long to see--- John Watson, standing submissively with his head lowered, his arse subconsciously arched back, waiting desperately for Sherlock’s touch; his to use, his to abuse.

Look at him, he’s gagging for it! I could go there and strip him bare, fuck that virginal arse to my heart’s content, flog him, mark him, hurt him. And he would take anything I did to him. Because he is desperate. For me.

He waited resolutely to let the weakness and the arousal pass, immobile except for a slight twitching of his hands. This is not my Sub, it is my friend, John. The point is not to fuck him but to show him that he is mistaken. He mouthed silently to himself. Steady Sherlock, it is John.....

Five minutes…..six minutes……

John was sweating freely now, desperate want, fear and hope making him feel light-headed. Where is he? Fuck he looked so glorious. Like an angry young God. His eyes.....have they ever looked more beautiful? Has he left me here? Is this my punishment? What possessed me to say such things? To Sherlock of all people? His heart was thudding wildly in his chest. The moments seemed to be going by in slow motion. He tried to deep breathe, feeling the onset of panic about to rush in and engulf him. Can I turn around and see? But I’ve been ordered to stay here with my head bowed down and my eyes closed...I can’t even ask if he is there, I’ve been told not to speak.....He could feel his fingers cramp as they desperately held on to the edge of the mantelpiece. The urge to let go and check for Sherlock was great. But even greater was the need to obey, because Sherlock has ordered me too. Victor’s words flooded back into his consciousness.

If he wants me to stay in a particular position he just places me in it. I’m bound. I’m bound by the strongest rope that can bind me. The will of my Dom, Sherlock’s will. The pleasure of my Dom, Sherlock’s pleasure.

So this is what he meant! I couldn’t move even if I wanted too, he thought in awe. What else was Victor right about?

Just when he felt that his knees could no longer support him, that all he wanted to do was slide down and crumple into a heap on the carpet, he finally, finally heard Sherlock move. He came and stood by John’s side, inches away without actual touching. His voice was firm.

“Settle down, John. Breathe deeply for me.”
The unexpected flood of moisture in his eyes took John by surprise. *I thought you were gone, you’d left me here....Please, Sherlock, please help.....*

"Open your eyes, but keep your head down. Keep breathing deeply. You may moan, you may say my name or you may cry out the names of all the Gods you like. But do not speak, unless I ask you a question. Nod if you understand.” Sherlock ordered.

John nodded shakily, that firm voice keeping him anchored, even as a strangled sob escaped his throat. Sherlock hadn’t even touched him yet, and he already felt ruined. He opened his eyes and stared down at himself. His brown shoes, his bulging crotch, his chest moving in and out rapidly as he panted, the visible violent trembling of his knees. The empty fireplace looked cold and dead, covered with faint black soot.

A large pale hand came into view and fluttered over the strained denim of his crotch.

“Watch, John. I’m about to give you what you want.” Sherlock’s voice was pure husky seduction.

John gasped as the hand expertly undid the buttons of his jeans, the sound of the zip being pulled down loud and obscene. Gentle fingers pulled down his pants till his erect leaking cock and his balls were exposed; Sherlock adjusted his pants so that the elastic band cradled just below his balls, pulled tight underneath. A warm palm cupped his balls and rolled them around gently.

“Sherlock.....” John moaned, his eyes closing of their own accord with sheer pleasure.

“Eyes open, John,” Sherlock reminded him, stilling his hand till his order was obeyed. “Watch.”

Sherlock’s hand moved again, tugging at the full testicles, a thumb caressing them with firm strokes as his palm cupped them. “Full. Ready to shoot their load....waiting for me to do this....”

The hand moved to fist the hard cock.

“Oh God, Sherlock,” John cried out loudly.

Sherlock’s grip was firm but gentle. He moved closer, almost covering John’s back, still managing to keep some space between them. His left hand moved to hold John’s left hip, the grip firm but without digging his fingers in. He bowed his head slightly, his lips whispering obscenities directly into John’s ear.

“Look John, see how your cock looks in my hand.” He stood just holding the cock, neither stroking nor squeezing.

John looked down at his wet hard cock in Sherlock’s fist, just the cockhead jutting out, leaking with need....long, slim, bony fingers curved around the thick length....the fair delicate wrist. *Hot, hot....why is everything so hot?* John felt hyperaware of everything, as though time had stopped, as though his awareness had expanded, as though he was out of his body watching something in slow motion. Sherlock’s fingers light on his hips..... Sherlock’s body warmth transferring to him in waves of delicious heat......the occasional brush of Sherlock’s chest wall against his back as he inhaled......Sherlock’s smell—the smell of his aftershave and his body, like a pheromone mix specially created to drive John crazy with lust...... the small puffs of air coming out of Sherlock’s nose as he breathed.

“I could touch you like this every day, John. Bring you off with my hands. Is that what you want?” the husky baritone murmured lazily in his ear. John’s cock twitched and jerked of its own accord.

And then Sherlock finally started stroking, that talented wrist flicking to move the hand along John’s length, the thumb gathering moisture from the slit and spreading it around. Slow, languid
strokes mixed with squeezes of the shaft.

“Oh….hun….Jesus…..Oh God…..Sherlock……” John gasped and moaned as jolts of pleasure coursed through him.

John’s cock leaked more and soon squelching sounds accompanied his moans. It sounded like a filthy, pornographic movie were playing at loud volume.

“Hun….hun…oh God…oohh….hun.....Sherlock….please…oh God, Sherlock”

“Oh would you like me to bring you off with my mouth, John? I’ve been told I am spectacularly good with it……that my lips are beautiful, they’re made to stretch around a hard cock….Would you like to see what they look like while they service your cock, John? Is that what you want?”

“Please…..please, Sherlock……oh my God……” John was whimpering now, his hips wanting to move, fuck Sherlock’s fist. But they were held back by Sherlock’s unrelenting grip on his hip, fixing him in place.

Sherlock strokes were getting faster, the head of John’s cock appearing and disappearing within his fist as the foreskin rolled over with every flick of his wrist.

“Or perhaps you would like me to prep myself daily, get my arsehole slick and ready for you to fuck….well, since as you said I might not be man enough to fuck you? Hmmm…… Would you like to fuck me, John?”

John felt torn, like he was dying, a deep disconnect between his body and his soul.

On the one hand his mind and body were at the most dizzying level of arousal he had ever been in; his cock was twitching and jerking, his balls tight and ready, every muscle was contracted as he raced towards completion; his mind effortlessly conjuring the lewd images that Sherlock’s word-pictures painted ….. he could feel his orgasm build as Sherlock’s fist now stroked him from root to tip….. On the other hand, Sherlock’s words were exploding in his psyche with the power of miniature acid bombs……the sheer wrongness of it all……no, no, Sherlock, not like this…this is not what I wanted…..this is not what I meant…..for you to pleasure me…..to masturbate me fully clothed with only my dick hanging out. His body was relentlessly moving towards the most intense orgasm of his life while his soul was sobbing……not like this, not like this....

Every nerve ending felt like it had caught fire, he felt like he had been riding on the crest of this orgasm forever, never to find completion. He sobbed out in despair, “Please help, please Sherlock…please Sherlock……”

Soft, gloriously velvety lips pressed against his temple. “That’s it. Keep your eyes open. You can come now, John. Come for me.” The words were murmured in a tender, caressing tone as Sherlock gave a deft flick and squeezed and John erupted.

“SHERLOCK! Oh God….oh God….Oh my God, oh fuck,” The first ribbon of hot semen shot straight into the fire-place. The next few painted Sherlock’s hand, even as he continued to milk John till the last drop.

John held his head down, gasping for air like a drowning person who has just been saved, relief and pleasure at his climax surging in powerful waves through him. His blank eyes stared at Sherlock’s hand, the white, viscous fluid pooled in his cupped palm, held under John’s still weakly dripping cock.

It was several moments before his thudding heart and heaving chest regained some measure of
normalcy. He slowly became aware of his surroundings and that Sherlock still stood there, immobile with his palm still dripping with John’s semen...... Fuck...did I really come that much?.....Sherlock has not come...what can I do? Should I give him a hand-job too? Perhaps he’ll let me give him a blow-job? I can barely stand, don’t know if I’ll be able to do it....have never done it before....easiest if he just fucks me....don’t have to be conscious for that, just lie there and let him take what he wants.....will my knees ever stop trembling? Maybe if I ask, he’ll tell me how he wants me to make him come....can I take my hands off the mantelpiece now?

Slowly he let go of the mantelpiece with one hand and moved it towards Sherlock’s crotch, unsure if he needed to ask permission to move. Only to find his wrist caught in the vice-like grip of Sherlock’s free hand almost immediately.

John looked up in confusion.

“Never without my permission.” Sherlock’s face was an impassive mask, his eyes cold. “Put your hand back where it is supposed to be,” he said, releasing his grip on John’s wrist.

John moved to hold the mantelpiece again, a sudden spurt of tears of overwhelming humiliation flooded his eyes. Sherlock stepped back, hand still cupping John’s come. And watched closely.

John stood with his head bowed, his now limp cock hanging out of his jeans, tears in his eyes. What just happened? I wanted him to touch me....and he did....why do I not feel happy, sated? I need for him to feel pleasure, to have an orgasm with me....this has no meaning if he is not pleased....this is not right, it’s not enough.....Sherlock waited till the breathing had calmed down, till the tremor in the knees had subsided, till the shoulders had stopped shaking.

“I want you to let go of the mantelpiece, John. Stand straight. And when you feel that you can maintain your balance, tuck yourself in and come here.” The instructions were clear, the tone firm and commanding.

John let go of his grip slowly, having to really work at it as his fingers seemed to have gone into spasm with their crushing grip of the marble. He stood and moved his legs around, moved his wrists to regain feeling. He adjusted his pants and buttoned his jeans. Slowly he turned around.

He turned and walked towards Sherlock, eyes still staring at the carpet. He felt broken, devastated.

“Be careful what you wish for.....”Sherlock’s whisper startled John into looking up.

Sherlock stood with his right hand spread away from his body, pointed at the floor, covered with the congealed mess of John’s semen, the creamy viscous liquid dripping agonisingly slowly on the carpet.

John met his eyes, those beautiful irises looked hazel and shone in the muted light in the room with that all-knowing gaze that John normally hated. John’s face was covered with sweat and tears. He made no effort to hide the wretchedness and humiliation on his face. Where can I hide? He stripped me of everything.....I’m naked, laid bare, broken.....

He can be lethal, he can eviscerate, Victor had warned, a caution John had chosen to ignore in his ignorant bravado.

“Is this what you wanted, John?” the voice was soft, gentle. “My touch, getting off with me? Me to Dom you and humiliate you? Or perhaps you want me to be your boyfriend, fun, laughter, going out, holding hands, making love, a warm body to sleep next to? The Greek idea of Ludus or playful love.”
John looked silently at him with miserable eyes and waited.

“Listen to me very carefully, John. This may be what you want, but it is not what you need. We lived together for eighteen months, sharing everything. It was the best, most fulfilling period of your life. Because you knew you belonged to me. My friend, my blogger, my side-kick, my doctor when I was hurt, my mother when I did not eat, my bodyguard when I needed protection. There may have been petty annoyances, or bigger threats like Moriarty, but you knew your place was by my side and you revelled in it, you glowed with confidence. The confidence that came from knowing you were an integral part of Sherlock Holmes.”

John stared with wide eyes, the words seemed to resonate exactly with his innermost thoughts and experiences.

“Then I jumped….” Sherlock drew closer and looked down at John, his eyes seemed to bore right through John’s soul, the focus was so intense. “It almost destroyed you. Your identity was gone. Who is John Watson without Sherlock Holmes? You found Mary and decided to get on with life. But within yourself the sentiment you had for me had morphed. From friendship and camaraderie to desire, need, love. From Philia to Eros….. what we had before couldn’t possibly give full expression to the wealth of sentiment you feel for me now.”

The wretchedness dropped off John’s face as he focussed on what was being said, drinking in the words with a frown on his face.

Sherlock’s eyes flicked all over John’s face, intense with the need to make John see. “Your fundamental need is still the same. John, you don’t need sex, you don’t need romance. You need to belong. To know that you are integral to something bigger. To know your place in life without doubts. To know that you’re home. You’re mine, John. And I…..” He paused to take a breath, and his voice wavered for the first time that evening. “I am your home. But your trust issues are preventing you from letting go completely. You need to reach within you and fight that which holds you back.”

They stood looking at each other for several moments.

John’s cry was the anguished cry of a tortured soul when it came, “I can’t!”

Sherlock clenched his teeth as he absorbed the impact of those two words within himself.

John’s voice was strangled with grief when he continued, “I’m scared, Sherlock. It frightens me,” he cried out. “I can’t. I can’t let go totally. Sorry…… I just can’t.” He shook his head with frustration. “Don’t you think I’ve tried? You are in my head, ALL the time. Ever since I met you, you’ve been the centre of my universe, the Sun around which I orbit. To let go totally, give up all control……there will be nothing left of me……. You left me. For two years. It was as if the John Watson I knew ceased to exist. How can I trust that you won’t leave again? Get tired of me? I have to protect myself.”

“For those two years I was working to protect you. I may not have been physically with you, but you were with me constantly, John….. But if you can’t find it in yourself to let go, then there is nothing I can do; this is your choice, your decision, your surrender. I can only show you.”

Sherlock took a deep breath and hung his head down in defeat, his shoulders slumped.

All this….. What a magnificent waste…..all this sentiment, everything is in place, but he won’t take that final step. What can I do? Nothing….. He thought dejectedly, the sadness writ all over his countenance.
“No….NO…” John’s cry was reflexive. Sherlock looked up frowning.

And then for the first time in a very long time John Watson surprised him. Before he could react, John had stepped forward and embraced him. John’s head was on Sherlock’s chest, his hand gripping his already tight shirt in a desperate grip, murmuring words against his chest, “You can’t give up on me, Sherlock. On us. I will try. Help me, please.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Sherlock’s left arm came up to hold John close. It was not the touch of a lover but a friend’s embrace--- strong, unflinching, rock-solid.

John desperately held on, taking comfort from the strong arm around him, the steady loud heartbeat under his ears, burying his nose into the nape of Sherlock’s neck and breathing him in as though his life depended on it. They stood quietly for some time.

And finally gentle fingers rose to John’s head and stroked his scalp, his short hair. Soft lips pressed again and again on his forehead. A soothing, deep voice murmured against his temple, “It is going to be alright…. Give it time….I’m not going anywhere, my love.”

John froze at first at the unexpected endearment. He looked up in wonder, his eyes darting searchingly all over Sherlock’s face. Sherlock never says something he does not mean to say. Sherlock looked down at the eager face turned towards him. John was seeking confirmation desperately, leaning forwards, his lips begging to be kissed. He smiled reassuringly and murmured, “Not yet, John. When the time is right.”

He tightened his arm and pulled John closer. John allowed the promise in Sherlock’s words to permeate into his tortured soul as he melted into Sherlock’s arms and sighed…..yes, yes…..for this I can do anything.........I will try harder, Sherlock, to let go…..

It had been a long, emotional day.

He stood there for a long time in his friend’s arms, body limp, mind blank but at peace. Finally.
Chapter 10

Ten days later………………

“Well, I wouldn’t have to yell if you didn’t insist on hiring imbeciles with the I.Q.s of particularly demented chipmunks, would I?” Sherlock hissed at a particularly irate Lestrade as he threw the empty evidence bag on the floor in frustration.

Jaw set, lips pursed Lestrade walked away before he could give into the fierce impulse to punch him.

The huge shed in the backyard of a ramshackle house surrounded by tin fencing was in complete chaos. Forensic teams were standing by as instructed by Lestrade, waiting for Sherlock to finish his survey of the scene. As per course, it had taken only moments to make his deductions and then turn his attentions to the glaring Anderson waiting at the wings for his turn.

“This fucking case has gone on too long…everyone is on the edge,” Lestrade thought grimly as he walked purposefully towards John.

A series of four disparate homicides of street-workers had been linked by Sherlock to a deadly new variant of crystal methamphetamine that had taken to the streets of London. Casualties in terms of death and permanent brain damage were piling up. Every new homicide seemed to give further clues until they had finally identified the perpetrator, a dangerous drug-dealer by the name of Ellie Mitchell, who had gone missing. A huge manhunt was underway with little success. Tempers were running high.

John stood aside, arms folded in front of his chest, worried eyes looking at a particularly manic looking Sherlock. He had already examined the body and related his findings and couldn’t wait to drag Sherlock out of there and put some food into him and force him to get some sleep, at gunpoint if he had too. Look at him….Dark circles under his eyes, hair in complete disarray from having passed his fingers through it in frustration a million times, jerky movements……I need to take him home.

He eyed the approaching Lestrade warily, well aware of the complaints about to come up.

Lestrade sidled up and stood next to John, arms twitching, face grim.

“John, you’ve to do something, mate. He’s driving everyone up the wall.”

“What do you want me to do?” John asked.
“I don’t know….talk to him, ask him to simmer down, bring him to heel….whatever it is that you normally do,” was the exasperated reply.

“Yeah well, you need him. You know you do. You’re just going to have to work with him.,” John said sharply. John buzzed with silent anger himself as he valiantly defended his friend, “Ask yourself where would the Yard be if he hadn’t isolated the variant of the meth and traced it all back to Ellie Mitchell? I mean, come on, you would still be treating all the homicides as separate events, wouldn’t you.” He looked at Greg pointedly. “He’s busting his guts, trying to solve the case, isn’t he? And you need him.”

Greg gave a sigh, his tone rueful, “Yeah, God help me, I do.”

John snorted, “Believe me, God is already helping you. You have Sherlock Holmes on your side, don’t you?”

Lestrade turned to John, eyes narrowed suspiciously. But he wisely remained quiet and walked away after a couple of moments.

Bring him to heel….whatever it is you normally do….this is what I have been doing with Sherlock all these years? As though he didn’t tower over all of us in both intellect and rationality…..as though he were a stray dog…..I can’t even bear to think about him like that anymore….why does it upset me so? The thought of anyone saying anything belittling about Sherlock……seems like just yesterday I was doing the same thing…..God, why did he ever put up with me? If I were him, I’d have kicked me out ages ago.

“Come on, John,” Sherlock’s brisk voice interrupted his stream of consciousness and John trotted behind him dutifully.

Sherlock’s phone rang. He gave monosyllabic replies to whoever he was talking to and kept walking towards the main road. “Fine, we’ll see you at seven,” he said as he hung up.

“Who was that?” John asked.

“A source, Winnie Sanchez,” Sherlock murmured, a thoughtful frown on his face. He turned back to look at John. “John, he thinks he knows where Ellie Mitchell is holed up, it’s a bolt-hole in Tottenham and he is willing to take us there tonight. But he refuses to come should there be any police involvement.”

John frowned, “So what? You think we should go alone? It’s a rough neighbourhood.”

Sherlock shrugged, “I need to get home first. Need to hack into some databases. I need more data about Mitchell.”

John pulled his coat-sleeve briefly and pointed to a cab. “Yeah, let’s get home, eat something and grab a shut-eye first. You haven’t slept in four days, Sherlock.”

Sherlock ignored him as he got into the cab and started texting again.

---------------------------------------------------------------

Back in 221B, John busied himself with rustling up some lunch.

He peered into the freezer. Wonder how old these sausages are….well, there’s some bread and some bacon…..if I make something hot he might eat something….
Setting the plate with hot toast and bacon and sausages, he poured some barbeque sauce in the corner and took it out to Sherlock. Sherlock sat on his chair, deep into whatever he was researching. John pulled the coffee table close and placed the plate upon it.

“Have something to eat, please Sherlock,” John said.

Sherlock nodded, “In a bit, wait, John.”

John sat on his chair and ate his lunch quietly as Sherlock worked away. He muttered comments from time to time as he thought aloud and vented his vexation. John listened and stayed mostly quiet, occasionally asked questions in the hope of helping Sherlock’s thought processes. He felt relieved when Sherlock absently picked up the plate and started wolfing down the food on the plate, clearing it within minutes.

John stared at the tired face, the dark circles under the eyes, the curls that had gone limp with fatigue and neglect. *God, what I wouldn’t give for this to be over. Catch fucking Mitchell and get Sherlock to rest.*

Post-prandial lethargy and fatigue caught up with him as he slouched further on his chair and observed Sherlock. And allowed himself the delicious luxury of fantasising. *Again.* He smiled to himself. I’m totally over my head here. I’m so infatuated.

It had been ten days since that memorable night when Sherlock had finally touched him. Ten days since John had nuzzled his face against that beautiful neck for long minutes. And most of his waking hours and even his dreams were full of unending replays caught in a loop. *I’m not going anywhere, my love…..KNOW YOUR PLACE….Is this what you wanted, John? I could touch you like this every day….. You are mine and I am your home…..* Memories of Sherlock’s scent, which by now was the most intoxicating smell John could imagine…. Sherlock’s touch, the strength in his arms, his breath, his husky voice, his fury, his tenderness….. all engulfing him from all sides.

He had woken up after an exhausted sleep the next morning, fully expecting awkwardness, more conversations. But trust Sherlock to continually surprise him. The days that followed had been tranquil, happy. Sherlock seemed to have completely put aside what had happened and life carried on as normal, companionship and affection, banter and silence co-existing side by side. It was as if that night had never happened, a figment of John’s imagination.

And in ten days he had touched John only once, that too in passing.

------------------------------------------

*Eight days earlier.............*

Victor frowned at the canvas as he dipped his brush into the acrylic green paint and pondered on whether a muted lining would be sufficient or he needed something bolder. The air in the modest conservatory was fragrant with the earthy smell of fresh rain on dry soil and dozens of different flowers that were in full bloom all around him. The glass walls opened to a wrap-around trellis a distance away both creating a sanctuary and offering privacy.

He looked up at the crunching sounds of shoes on the gravel path leading to the conservatory.
Sherlock’s distinctive figure walked around the trellis and stood at the door, tall and imperial, hands behind his back and an inscrutable expression on his face.

Victor put back the paint brush slowly as his heart started to race. He had been waiting for this visit with nervous anticipation. He stood looking mutely at Sherlock, the pleasure at seeing his Dom mixed with dread at his anger creating an untenable mix in his gut.

“He came to you.” Sherlock’s murmur sounded deep and loud in the closed space.

Victor looked at him, guilt and contrition all over his face. He had no defence. For the first time he had kept something hidden from Sherlock, he deserved anything that Sherlock chose to do to punish him. The last two days had been hell; his phone never far from his twitching fingers, wanting to call, wanting to ask for forgiveness for his silence.

Eyes lowered, he sank to the ground till his knees hit the gravel, arms submissively by his side. He stayed silent, defenceless and ready for penance.

Sherlock’s expression softened as he watched Victor sink down to his knees. He moved closer and looked down at the lowered head of his Sub.

“Explain.”

Victor swallowed nervously. “He was confused and in need of advice. I…. Sherlock, I talked to him, tried to get him to understand,” Victor looked up at Sherlock. “Is he okay? I told him he would lose if he came to you in anger. Is John alright?”

Sherlock frowned as he pulled an armchair close and sat down, crossing his legs, hands on the arm rests.

His voice was soft, “He didn’t lose, Victor. I lost. It was the best defeat of my life.”

Victor looked up, frowning as he tried to decipher the meaning behind the cryptic words. Sherlock looked at the kneeling figure in front of him calmly. Victor stayed motionless, eyes back on the ground, searching for words.

Moments passed with only the sounds of the birds in the garden interrupting the quiet. Sherlock waited patiently.

Finally Victor murmured, “If I had called and told you and John came to know of this, he would never have been able to trust me again. The next time he had questions or needed to talk to someone, he would have had nobody. I offer this by way of explanation, Sherlock. It’s not an excuse. You have every right to be angry and I accept any punishment you see fit.”

Sherlock’s gaze softened further with approval, with pleasure and uncrossing his legs he ordered gently, “Come here.”

Eyes hopeful, Victor shuffled forwards till he was in between Sherlock’s legs and looked up, taken aback by the warmth in Sherlock’s eyes instead of the anger he had expected and dreaded. Soft lips touched his forehead, his lips as Sherlock murmured, “You did what was in the best interests of John. Did you really think I would be angry about that?”

A small smile crept onto Victor’s face as relief flooded his body. He looked up as he asserted, “You love him….. a lot.”

Sherlock lips quirked, “Yes. Yes I do.” His hand moved to raise Victor’s chin up, eyes flicking
searchingly over Victor’s face, ready to detect any sadness, any jealously. Finding none, he smiled and continued with genuine pleasure in his voice.

“As I do you. This isn’t a race, Victor. Each sentiment is unique in its place and each is important to me. It would be a miserable, constricted existence indeed if we could love only one person to the exclusion of everyone else.” He smiled, “To paraphrase Whitman, *I am large, I contain multitudes.*”

*As I do you….as I do you…….* Victor hoarded the words like a miser. Every syllable spoken with tenderness over the years, words earned and unearned, from the man he worshipped like no other. He brought them out often, in the privacy of his mind and replayed them over and over with a smile on his face.

“Have I pleased you?”

Sherlock’s lips grazed Victor’s, a soft caress full of promises. He murmured, “Yes you have.” Sharp teeth nibbled on his earlobe and the husky voice continued, “And for this, today you get to ask. Ask for whatever you desire. Anything that is in my power to give.”

His lips moved to suckle Victor’s lower lip and even as Victor opened his mouth in submission, he breathed in hungrily the smell of Sherlock’s breath, his skin. He was sitting in, what was to him, the most cherished place in the entire world, at Sherlock’s feet and he had Sherlock’s focus and indulgence. He sighed into the kiss happily.

A warm hand gripped his nape firmly and Sherlock broke off the kiss to angle his face up.

“What would you like?” he asked softly, teasingly.

Victor looked up at irises that shone with a green hue flecked with gold, at the beautiful face of his Dom. He had spent years staring up at that face and still felt awe every time, at the beauty, the kindness that he always saw there, hidden deep underneath that domineering manner, the ruthless cold façade. At a mind that saw too much, knew too much and still made allowances and indulged him.

“Please, Sherlock….I leave in three days. And with John….I don’t know when I will be able to have this again…..please let me pleasure you,” he begged.

Sherlock’s smile was seductive as he pulled Victor closer. Bending down he claimed his mouth again, tongue moving expertly, invading even as his hands moved down to unbutton Victor’s trousers. Sliding both hands under the loosened trousers and pants, his palms grasped both cheeks and squeezed the muscled globes firmly. Sharp teeth teased the delicate flesh under the jaw, tongue flicking out to feel the thudding pulse racing beneath it. One hand moved to grasp the bulge in front and rub it. Victor panted and moaned, responsive and submissive, he moved to allow Sherlock access to whatever he wanted, played like the finest instrument under Sherlock’s hands.

“Please, please….Sherlock…..”

Sherlock smiled as he murmured against his lips, “Of all the things you could have, that is what you want?”

Victor’s hand was gripping a muscled thigh, his fingers digging in to maintain his balance as his devoted eyes looked into Sherlock’s indulgent ones. His voice was a gasp, a prayer.

“You….you….only you, only ever you. Your taste in my mouth, your hands in my hair, breathing you in…..only you, Sherlock.”
Gently Sherlock disengaged, his eyes lidded with pleasure as he let go and sat back. He unbuttoned his trousers lazily, pulled the zip down.

“Hands behind your back. Just your mouth. I want it slow and teasing. Make it last.” His voice commanding, seductive.

Victor shuffled forward eagerly.

Eyes narrowed with ownership, he watched as Victor lowered his head.

“Make it good,” he ordered before he sighed and sat back to enjoy his Sub’s service.

------------------------------------------------------------------

It was much later that evening when Sherlock dropped his keys on the living room table and removed his coat. John looked up from his laptop.

Pulling off his scarf, Sherlock said, “I went to see Victor today. He has sent his regards.” His eyes were focussed with intensity on John’s face ready to observe even the minutest emotion.

John looked at Sherlock waiting for the onrush of the familiar possessive fury and pathetic jealously. He frowned as he realised he felt none. Did I get Victor into trouble? Is he okay? Was Sherlock upset that we spoke to each other? What did they do? Did Sherlock fuck him? Am I allowed to ask? Why am I not upset at the thought? What’s happening to me?

Sherlock stood, watchful and silent, ready to answer any questions that John might pose.

“Yeah well, I must catch up with him before he leaves for Europe,” John said finally.

Sherlock quirked his lips and touched John’s shoulder briefly as he walked towards his bedroom. “Good, John. That’s good,” he murmured as he went.

------------------------------------------------------------------

Present day……..

“Hurry up, John,” Sherlock’s voice boomed as John raced down the stairs, tucking his gun inside his jeans at the back.

Sherlock looked at him with narrowed eyes as he stood impatiently by the door, arm outstretched with John’s leather jacket.

“Gun?” he asked briefly. John nodded grimly as they moved out.

Out on the road as they waited for the taxi to approach, John rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet, fists clenching and unclenching by his side. Adrenaline was pumping into his body, making him hyper vigilant as his eyes darted around. All protective instincts were up. Bloody hell, why does he want to go to such a bad neighbourhood without backup. Fuck if I am going to allow anything to happen to him…..will die myself first….
Sherlock rattled off an address and spent the next few minutes on his phone. John sat quietly looking out at the streets whizzing past, lost in thought. After some time, Sherlock sighed and sank back into a slouch on the seat.

“Grab a nap. I’ll wake you, we’ve at least another half an hour to go,” John said.

“Hmm….” was the brief response as Sherlock closed his eyes.

They picked up Sanchez on the way. He insisted on directing the taxi through narrow alleys in Tottenham and got them dropped off at the corner of a deserted street. His manner was edgy, nervous.

“This is as far as I go with you, Mr Holmes. You’re on your own now.” Sanchez’s voice was muted as he stepped away and waved goodbye. “It’s about fifteen minutes walk beyond the end of the street. Aim for the river and to the left of the cemetery, you’ll have to walk through wasteland. It’s an old crumbling house that ain’t listed anywhere. Be careful, Mitchell is a slippery customer and he’s dangerous,” he warned.

John watched his retreating back grimly and turned to Sherlock, “You’re sure you want to go ahead?”

“Yes.”

He shrugged and they walked silently towards the end of the street and stepped into the open ground towards the river using their torch for illumination. Damp swampland, rubbish tips, mud was everywhere.

The faint outline of a one-storey house became apparent in the moonlight after a few minutes. It basically looked like a matchbox on its side, only four narrow small windows and a fence made of ramshackle tin sheets and assorted shrubbery. The entire vicinity was shrouded in darkness. They paused behind a shrub as they considered their next move.

John looked doubtful, “Sherlock, what’s the plan?” he hissed.

Sherlock’s eyes were narrowed as he considered.

“If he is hiding in there, we trap him. If not, I am hopeful that we get some leads.”

“Not much of a plan!” John said drily.

Sherlock shrugged, “Desperate times….”

Treading carefully, they moved to the wooden backdoor which bore the evidence of termite damage. Sherlock worked on the old lock as John kept lookout. Inside they flashed a torch around. Workbenches lined the walls. Old chemistry equipment, Erlenmeyer flasks, burettes, pipettes, weighing scales, notebooks with folded papers littered the benches. Packets of powder sat on one side. A tap dripped slowly over the sink. One of the two chairs in the room was overturned, its torn cover flapping in the slight breeze that blew in through an open window. A lone bulb hung from the ceiling dangling from a long wire in one corner. A dark corridor led to two more rooms in the back.

John whispered, “I’ll check upstairs. I don’t think anyone is here, but it seems they left not too long ago.”

Sherlock nodded his acquiescence and moved to the rooms at the back. John flicked on the bulb as
he climbed upstairs.

The sound of feet hitting the ground outside was startlingly loud in the quiet house. Sherlock overturned a corner table in his hurry as he rushed out the door calling out to John, “John, he’s getting away. Get down here and help me.”

John yelled back, “Sherlock! He jumped from the window, I saw him. I’m coming down.”

Sherlock chased after the figure running helter-skelter into the dark bushes in the distance, waiting to hear John’s familiar panting behind him, thankful that he had thought to bring his gun along.

The explosion when it came was muted, over-ridden by the roar of walls collapsing.

Heart thudding, Sherlock looked back wildly as the decrepit house shook and he saw clouds of floating dust exit forcefully from the windows.

“JOHN….” He cried out and started running towards the house as Mitchell disappeared into the darkness. His long limbs flew towards the house and reaching it he found the outer structure still intact. He rushed in through the still open back door only to be confronted with pieces of concrete slabs lying on the floor. He looked up wildly and saw a large hole in the ceiling where the floor of the first floor had collapsed.

“JOHN…..can you hear me?” he called out urgently, even as he coughed. The dim bulb on the wall continued to illuminate air that was thick with particles of cement and paint and dust.

A feeble voice answered from somewhere under one of the big slabs, “Over here.”

Sherlock switched on the torch for extra light and frantically tried to locate the voice, “I’m coming. Talk to me, John.”

John lay stirring slightly in the middle of the room, a chunk of concrete slab over his legs. His face was ashen, covered with dust, paint flecks and particles of plaster and cement, the only colour was the splash of red oozing from a deep gash over his forehead.

Grimly Sherlock put his hands under the large slab and heaved up. It fell with a loud thud, spraying even more dust and particles into the already suffocating, dense air. His voice was urgent as he asked, “Are you hurt? Can you move?”

Racking coughs shook John’s body as it desperately tried to clear the dust and paint particles from his clogged airways.

The torch set up an eerie iridescent light around as Sherlock wedged it between pieces of the debris.

“Where does it hurt?” he demanded, his eyes darting over John’s body, his touch purposeful as it tried to assess damage.

John coughed again, “Back…..back hurts. Hurts to……” coughing again, “hurts to breathe.” He heaved, trying to get air in, “I was following you outside……explosion……the roof collapsed…..hit….hit my back on the edge of the bench before I fell and then that slab fell on me.” His chest was struggling to expand, his breath coming in loud wheezes.

“Shh….don’t try to talk, let me check.”

Sherlock flinched as he saw a bone sticking out of John’s right leg above his ankle, the muscles
clinging to it now covered with dust particles. Grimly he called out the injuries aloud, “Open fracture of….looks like right tibia….. bleeding is minimal.” His hands moved over John’s legs, feeling, pressing as he came up. “Abdomen is soft.” He felt the pulse on his left wrist as he moved up, “Weak but regular. Your breathing is laboured, did you hurt your chest? Did you hurt your neck.”

John’s body was shaking with coughs and loud whoops as he tried to answer. “Hurts….right chest,” he gasped. He grabbed Sherlock’s wrist, his voice held a mild panic, “Sherlock, I can’t…..can’t feel my legs. I don’t feel any pain…..you said there is a fracture? Sherlock?”

John looked up as Sherlock’s face loomed over him, eyes darting assessingly over his face, “I’m going to get you out of here, John. Stay with me.” With resolute fingers he undid John’s shirt and focussed on the chest movements for a few moments and noted that the right side was moving lesser than the left side. There was a large bruise on the lower part of the right rib cage. His hand moved to the neck and the pulse felt weak, thready. Long fingers dug into his cervical spine feeling for any tenderness. John was motionless, struggling to breathe, wheezing loudly.

“Does your neck hurt when I press here?”

John shook his head and gasped, “No.”

“Good, that’s good.”

His hand fell away limply from Sherlock’s wrist as he seemed to drift.

“JOHN…..stay with me…..JOHN??”

John breathing was getting more strained as his chest seemed to collapse in with each breath. Through the haze in his mind Sherlock’s voice filtered through as though coming from a great distance.

“Listen to me soldier, you have to stay with me. Stay awake, John. I order you to.”

John looked up with dreary, half-closed eyes as his consciousness drifted. Hurts…..hard to breathe….so easy to just let go…..can’t feel my legs…..spinal injury most likely…. Am I about to die? Never thought it would be like this….still haven’t told him how much I love him……it’s okay to die like this….with Sherlock before my eyes….my eyes….can’t keep them open……he wants me to keep my eyes open……sorry, Sherlock, I can’t seem to obey your order….. I love you…..save me, Sherlock……breathe dammit……Breathing…..Breathing is boring….boring….. his eyes drifted shut.

“John….listen to me. Stay awake. I know it’s hard. Keep your eyes on me. John! John?”

Heart pounding with adrenaline and fear, Sherlock pulled his mobile out of his coat pocket. He jabbed a number on speed dial and put it on speaker phone, before placing the phone near his bent knees. He noted the breathing get more shallow as his hand went to the pulse again, his ears focussed on the ringing phone.

“Come on….Come on, pick up, PICK UP,” he murmured as he removed his coat to allow freedom of his shoulder movements. “John, John are you with me? JOHN?” he yelled out.

John struggled to get the words out. One last gesture, one last effort. Then there will be no more need to breathe….he should know this…he deserves to know this…. I haven’t left a note….isn’t that what people do? Leave a note......
“I….love you,” his voice was a croak as tried to get the words out.

“Idiot!” Sherlock hissed fiercely. “You really think I don’t know that…..John, please….John, stay conscious. Fight…."

The breathing had slowed down to almost nothing, the pulse was getting weaker, more irregular. John struggled to stay awake, to breathe……Sherlock…..Sherlock…. The name is Sherlock Holmes and the address is 221B Baker Street……Afghanistan or Iraq…….Want to see some more?......John drifted, his head lolling to one side, unresponsive.

Grimly Sherlock placed the heel of his left hand on John’s chest and his other hand over it. He interlaced the fingers of both hands and said sharply, “JOHN? Don’t make me do this, John. Come on, John. Fight, damn you. It cannot end like this. I won’t permit it……”

“Sherlock? What’s the matter?” Sherlock sagged with relief at the sound of Mycroft’s voice over the phone. Finally!

He started chest compressions, urgency in his voice, “Mycroft, listen to me. John’s down. We’re in Tottenham, beyond Creighton Street, in an abandoned house between Moselle and the cemetery. Send help, NOW.”

One….two…. three…. Four…. five……

True to form, Mycroft did not waste time with useless questions. Sherlock heard him bark orders instantly, the sounds of running footsteps and buzzers buzzing.

Twenty-seven….Twenty-eight…. twenty-nine….thirty…..

Sherlock counted on auto-pilot even as every sense was alert, the sensory data flowing in, being analysed, categorized, deduced with effortless ease by his brain. He bent down to tilt John’s head and pinching his nose, created a seal between their lips and breathed out slowly, deeply, one eye on the chest moving up satisfactorily. He repeated the rescue breath.

One….two…. three…. Four…. five……

“I’ve started CPR, Mycroft. How long?”

“Give me a minute, Sherlock,” Mycroft said firmly, as he rattled off orders in a calm, authoritative voice. “What’s his status?”

Twenty-seven….Twenty-eight…. twenty-nine….thirty…..

Bending down again, one rescue breath…..second rescue breath…..

One….two…. three…. Four…. five……

“Can’t feel a pulse, he’s not breathing. Open right tibial fracture. Said his back hurt and he couldn’t feel his legs before he lost consciousness.” Sherlock’s voice came in short bursts as he concentrated on administering emergency aid.

Twenty-seven….Twenty-eight…. twenty-nine….thirty…..

Bending down again, one rescue breath…..second rescue breath…..

“Are you hurt?”
Mycroft sighed with relief even as he watched Anthea talking on her mobile phone, gesticulating and barking orders.

It was almost five minutes later that Mycroft voice came back on, “Emergency services are on their way. Two ambulances have been dispatched and Anthea is mobilising a rescue helicopter. Is there any place it could land near where you are?”

Sherlock panted, “There is a patch of open ground about hundred metres from here.”

He could feel his muscles tiring and resolutely clenched his jaw. Rescuer fatigue set in within as little as two minutes of commencing CPR reducing the efficacy of chest compressions, most compressions after this time becoming too shallow to be effective……Random facts read a long time ago floated into his brain. He renewed his efforts and tried to distance himself from the fact that the fragile wounded body under his relentless hands belonged to John.

Twenty-seven….Twenty-eight…. twenty-nine….thirty…..

Bending down again, one rescue breath……second rescue breath…..meticulously checking that the chest rose with each prolonged, forceful breath that he exhaled into his friend’s mouth. CPR in cardiac arrest after blunt force trauma to the chest is associated with a uniformly poor prognosis. Pulmonary or cardiac contusions, tension pneumothorax, pericardial tamponade are co-related with especially poor outcomes……random facts and figures continued to pour into his brain from that vast repository of information, his mind-palace.

Having set things in motion and with the knowledge that capable hands were co-ordinating the rescue, Mycroft sat down to focus on supporting his brother, his face grim as he ruthlessly clamped down on the worry chewing through him.

“What happened?” his voice was calm.

"Ellie Mitchell,” Sherlock’s brief reply.

One….two…. three…. Four…. five……

“I want him dead. And Winnie Sanchez. Both dead,” Sherlock voice was dangerously cold.

“It’ll be taken care of, Sherlock,” Mycroft promised.

“There was an explosion, old house, ceiling collapsed…..” Sherlock panted.

Twenty-seven….Twenty-eight…. twenty-nine….thirty…..

One rescue breath…..second rescue breath…..

“How long has he been down?”

Instead of answering the question, Sherlock concentrated on his dwindling strength. Sweat flowed freely from his forehead, his dusty shirt clung to him with his perspiration, eyes watering despite his considerable focus…..John, John…..stay with me…..there is so much life still left to live, to explore, to indulge…..so many cases to solve…..so many fights to fight…..John….John….

One….two…. three…. Four…. five……

It was a few seconds later that he gasped out, “Twelve minutes and twenty seconds.” His voice was
steady despite the fact that he was blinking back the tears of frustration and anxiety that were streaming through his eyes. Only Mycroft Holmes could have detected the undercurrent of panic in the terse response.

“Keep……”

Twenty-seven....Twenty-eight.... twenty-nine....thirty.....

One rescue breath.....second rescue breath.....chest rising.....

”Keep talking, Mycroft.”

“Stay focussed, dear brother. Help is on the way”

One....two.... three.... Four.... five......

“Don’t know…..” Sherlock’s voice was laced with exertion, “Don’t know how long I can do this.”

“What choice do you have?” Mycroft murmured drily. “I’m right here. Talk when you need to. Save your energy for John. It is going to be okay. I’ve mobilised everything. Help is on the way.” Mycroft’s voice was the calm tone he had used to comfort Sherlock as a child. Sherlock leaned on it and kept going.

Twenty-seven....Twenty-eight.... twenty-nine....thirty.....

One rescue breath.....second rescue breath.....

“Keep him alive, Sherlock. Keep that blood pumping to the brain. Five to six centimetres of compression only... Make them effective. Be careful with the pressure, try not to fracture a rib.”

“I’m not a child, Mycroft,” Sherlock snarled even as he fought the cramping exhaustion in his arm muscles.

One....two.... three.... Four.... five......

“Anthea and Michael are getting the hospital and specialists ready. Radiology and operating theatres are on stand-by. Everything that is humanly possible will be done for him, Sherlock. They should be there soon,” Mycroft crooned reassuringly.

Minutes ticked by.

Twenty-seven....Twenty-eight.... twenty-nine....thirty.....

One rescue breath.....second rescue breath.....
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer:

I know that after 37000+ words this is already fairly obvious to one and all who have read thus far. But I would like to emphasize that this is not a story about a conventional D/s relationship. This is not how D/s is meant to be practiced in “real life”. This is not a training manual for how one should go about D/s relationship negotiations in real life. And it certainly does not meet the standards set by the BDSM community in the real world or indeed in most of the D/s fan-fiction out there. Anyone seeking to pursue such a relationship should go to authoritative sources for information pertaining to the norms and rules that are usually practiced.

This is my fantasy, my vision if you will, about one way that such a D/s relationship could work if someone like Sherlock was the Dom. If you have read thus far, you are obviously intrigued by my vision. So please remember this is fiction and enjoy yourself.

Thank you so very much for all the appreciation and support you all have shown :)

-------------------------------------

Mycroft Holmes leaned on his umbrella as he stood quietly and observed the profile of his brother in the moonlight.

Sherlock stood leaning on a sparse tree trunk, looking up at the starry sky as the lighted cigarette between his fingers rose and fell. They were in an isolated corner of the sprawling grounds of the hospital, a long way away from the bustling traffic of patients, relatives, ambulances—the sounds of humans in trouble, in grief and the sounds of rescue and support.

Taking a deep breath Mycroft straightened his shoulders and pulled himself to his full height as he walked up to Sherlock. He observed Sherlock’s body stiffen at the approach but otherwise stay unmoving. Mycroft came up to stand silently by his brother’s side, staring into the distance, only the tiny scraping sounds of his umbrella on the dried grass any indication of his presence.

It was only when Sherlock threw the cigarette butt down and crushed it with his shoe, that Mycroft spoke, his voice soft.

“You may have saved his life.”

“Only after I had endangered it first,” Sherlock murmured quietly.

Mycroft looked at Sherlock and said sharply, “That is not very productive thinking at this stage, Sherlock.”

Sherlock looked back, something sad and forlorn in his ever changeable eyes as they glinted silver in the moonlight. “It is however the brutal truth.”

Mycroft pursed his lips, “It is the nature of the work that you do. John was well aware of the
Sherlock looked away in the distance again as he leaned back onto the tree, his hands in the pockets of his giant coat.

Mycroft sighed. “I had assumed I would find you fretting by his side, driving everyone mad and trying to control everything.”

“Contrary to popular belief I am well aware of my limitations and know when to cede control to ones who are better trained than I am,” Sherlock said drily. He sighed as he sneaked a quick glance at Mycroft, “Besides I have you. I don’t need to stay in there getting in everyone’s way to know what’s happening. You’ll do enough of that for both of us.”

Mycroft rolled his eyes as Sherlock continued, “I was with him while they resuscitated him. Three shocks with the defibrillator restored sinus rhythm, blood pressure came up with fluid resuscitation, they put in a chest tube on the right side and intubated him. Once they took him to the OR there was nothing to do but wait.”

Mycroft nodded, “He is undergoing surgery right now. They did pre-operative imaging and found he’d fractured his L1 vertebra, a bony fragment is impinging on his spinal cord and it needs to be removed. Dr Gibson is the best spinal surgeon in the country and he will be working on that. They also found a rather large and growing hematoma near the liver. And of course the open fracture of the right tibia. Dr Nolan is working on doing an exploratory laparotomy and Dr Chadda is working on the leg.”

Mycroft paused as he turned to Sherlock, his eyes full of worry at the sight of the slumped figure of his brother. “Every expert that we could summon is at hand. The best nurses, the best anaesthetists, the best surgeons. Everyone is working hard, Sherlock, to save his life and limb.”

They stood in silence even as the loud wail of a distant ambulance echoed around them. The stillness emanating from Sherlock distressed Mycroft. It did not portend well for his frame of mind. He would take a manic and frustrated Sherlock any day over this still, quiet figure with the tightness around his eyes; except when he was actively deducing, it was a sure sign of a mind working at an agitated pace while the body was kept in check by his formidable will.

Finally Sherlock said, “I know.”

He pulled out his packet of cigarettes and offered one to Mycroft. Both lit up and took deep drags as they stood silently.

“Harry has been informed. But she won’t be able to come. She’s in rehab,” Mycroft said as he flicked ash off.

Sherlock straightened up and turned to Mycroft, eyes narrowed as they flicked, scanned, deduced.

“The last time was two years ago, she was in rehab for eight months during that particular episode,” Mycroft continued.

Sherlock’s eyes widened as the data coalesced into a conclusion. “You arranged it. You’re paying for it. You’ve been monitoring her and helping her.” His look was one of wonder, not that Mycroft would do this, but that he had never considered it.

Mycroft shrugged, “She is family, she is John’s sister after all.”

“Oh, John….John….” Sherlock’s mirthless chuckle was loud, deep. He shook his head in wonder.
and leaned back against the tree, “And he thinks you are a pompous, inflated wind-bag and in equal parts fears you and views you with derision.”

Mycroft rolled his eyes again as he took another puff. “Oh, please! Trust me I can live without his approval.”

Sherlock shook his head and sighed.

Mycroft phone pinged. He opened it and read the message quickly.

“Time to go in. They are wrapping up in the theatre.”

He turned and looked at Sherlock intently. “Whatever be the outcome, I wish you to know that we will face it together, Sherlock. You are not alone in this.”

Sherlock’s eyes were moist as he murmured quietly, “I never doubted it.”

The private room in the Intensive Care Unit was buzzing with hospital staff.

One nurse was helping a resident doctor set up the ventilator and monitors. Another was setting up IV fluids and antibiotics on one stand and type specific blood on another. A wards person was making the bed.

Dr Gibson and Dr Chaddha stood on one side as they faced the two tall dignified looking men, one holding an umbrella and the other wearing a great big Belstaff coat. Dr Gibson was a thin rakish man in his sixties with a balding head and a sharp penetrating eyes. He was doing most of the talking while Dr Chaddha periodically nodded his head.

“We found a fracture of the transverse process of the first lumbar vertebra. A rather large bony fragment was pressing against the spinal cord. Fortunately it had penetrated only the outer layer.” He gesticulated to the nurse to bring him a paper and pen to draw on, but stopped as he was interrupted.

“So only the dura matter, not the arachnoid?” Sherlock asked, his voice deep and polite. He was standing with his hands behind his back, fingers digging into his palm as he struggled to keep his voice even, his gaze focussed.

Dr Gibson gave a start and looked closely at Sherlock. “Yes, that’s right,” he said slowly. “So the chances of infection have decreased. However there is rather substantial inflammation around the injury which accounts for his acute loss of functioning. We removed the fragment and have relieved the compression. We hope that the inflammation settles down in the next few days.”

Mycroft spoke for the first time.

“So John should be able to walk in the next few days?”

“We hope so. But with acute spinal injury the outcome is always unpredictable.”

Sherlock clenched his jaw as he absorbed this. “What about the other injuries?”
“Well, Dr Nolan did an exploratory laparotomy and found a large hematoma on the superior surface of the liver. He estimates it was easily a litre if not more. It collected between the liver and the liver capsule as it grew. And it pressed against the diaphragm and hence compressed the right lung, causing it to collapse. The capsule tore on one side causing bleeding into the abdominal cavity, we estimate that was another litre. Dr Watson has received three pints of blood intraoperatively and will need some more post-operatively. The hematoma was evacuated. Also he fractured the eleventh and twelfth ribs, one of which nearly punctured the lung. And there is some adjacent pulmonary contusion.”

He paused for breath as he looked at the Holmes brothers.

“Mr Holmes, he did lose a lot of blood and he was down for quite some time. We have done the best we can, but we won’t know about full neurological recovery until he wakes up.”

With most relatives he would perhaps not have been so detailed in his explanations, but the reputation of Sherlock Holmes preceded him. And although all he knew about the tall man with the umbrella was that he was Mr Holmes’s brother, he suspected he was someone important in the government. A mere six hours ago he had been amongst friends and family celebrating the sixteenth birthday of his grandson, when official looking armed men had interrupted and without further ado escorted him to the hospital. Wonder who he is? He looks like a decent enough chap….

They turned as they heard the sound of a bed being rolled in. John lay unconscious on it, looking frail and small, tubes sticking out of him.

An elderly fit looking surgeon introduced himself as Dr Nolan, while the nurses and the wardsman shifted John to the ICU bed. The anaesthetist, who had been inflating the Ambu bag, removed it and began to attach the endotracheal tube to the ventilator, while the nurses got busy hooking up the intravenous antibiotics and blood. One stooped down to tie the urine bag attached to a Foley catheter to the bed. Another attached the chest tube and intraperitoneal tubes with their drainage bags full of blood stained fluid to the other side of the bed railings.

Sherlock looked grimly on, his knuckles almost white, his fists were clenched tight behind his back. Mycroft sneaked an anxious glance at his brother…..Dear Lord! I hope John comes out of this okay….I did everything I could…..I don’t know how Sherlock will handle it, this is a first….

As they watched, Dr Chaddha, the orthopaedic surgeon spoke out. “Mr Holmes, I needed to put in a nail and rod to hold both ends of the tibia together. Fortunately there was no neurovascular damage, so I think his leg should be okay. As you can see he has a plaster cast on for now.”

Dr Gibson stepped forward.

“We’ve decided to keep him intubated for perhaps another 24 hours to give his lungs a chance to recover. Dr Watson will be sedated and unconscious till then.”

He took a deep breath and looked at Sherlock with kindly, wizened eyes. “Mr Holmes, it is my experience that relatives have many questions after the first day and we are all here to answer them when they arise. Right now the pertinent information has been given and we will all be back tomorrow to answer all your questions.”

The staff shook hands with both brothers one by one and left. After some more adjustments and carrying out more orders the nurses left too, with a caution, “Don’t touch anything, buzz if you need anything. We’ll be in and out all night, so if you wish to go home it is fine.”

The room fell suddenly quiet with only the hiss and beeps of the ventilator and monitor breaking
the silence. Sherlock slowly sank down on the chair that had been placed strategically at the bedside and looked on at John. So small, so breakable.....like something vital has been snuffed out of him.....John.....John.

Mycroft cast a surreptitious glance at his brother. At the exhaustion and despondence on the face, the tears held in check by the force of habit rather than embarrassment, as Sherlock bit his lower lips absently and stared at the frail figure on the bed.

Physical touch has been something the brothers had not indulged in since Sherlock had outgrown his childhood. A sudden vivid memory flashed in front of Mycroft’s eyes; of an emotionally distraught Sherlock crying in Mycroft’s lap as though his heart were breaking when Redbeard had died.

Propelled by a protective instinct ingrained in him since Sherlock was a mere baby, Mycroft laid a firm hand on his shoulder, wanting to offer so much more. He let out an involuntary gasp, as at the touch Sherlock turned with an anguished child’s cry and buried his face in Mycroft’s abdomen, his hands fluttering by his side before they settled around Mycroft’s waist.

Shaken fingers dropped the umbrella as both hands came up to cradle his brother’s head, as though wanting to shield him from all the world’s woes. A powerful wave of the unbounded love he held, long suppressed due to convention and fear of ridicule, swept his body as he held his brother, trying to convey his affection and support through his touch alone. Sherlock’s shoulders shook minutely as he cried silently and tightened his arms around Mycroft’s waist.

With a voice overcome by love, Mycroft whispered fiercely, “He is going to be fine, Sherlock. Yes, the recovery will take some time. But he is stable and with you by his side he will go from strength to strength, my dearest.” He stood stooped, as he ran his fingers gently through Sherlock’s hair soothingly and allowed that tired giant mind to rest for a while.

Post-operative Day 1, 9.30 pm

We’ve got you, soldier. You are now ours, look how we squeeze your neck and snuff the life out of you, you white infidel....

I am dying, I can’t breathe. I have no strength.....can’t move my hands......they’ve stuffed something down my throat.....Oh God! I’m dying, suffocating......nothing can help me......Fuck, fuck........ John’s head screamed as his weakened hands made clumsy attempts to reach his neck, to pull out whatever the fucking Taliban had crammed into his throat.....I’m dying...I don’t want to die. Why does it always have to be me.....always ME......wasn’t a bullet in the shoulder enough......almost died once, don’t want to die again....We’ve got you, we’re going to kill you......the staccato sounds of machine gun fire roared inside his head, his eyes heavy lidded as though they had put weights on them as well......desert sand whooshing past him as he clamoured, tried to pull and claw this thing they had put inside him.......And then blessed relief.....

“JOHN, stop it. Listen to me, JOHN.”
Sherlock’s voice floated into his ears. That beautiful other-worldly baritone, the only sound in this entire universe that he trusted, that soothed him above all else, spoke.

The fight died out….”I’m safe, he’s found me. I’m safe, he will never allow anything to harm me. His twitching hands fell limply by his side as his confused, sedated brain latched on to the voice even as it tried to clamber out of the haze and face the real world. Sherlock’s voice. Always Sherlock…..always Sherlock.

“I’m right here. You’re safe. You are in hospital. You have a tube down your throat to help you breathe. Settle down, John. I’m right here. Take deep breaths. It’s going to be okay.”

Sherlock kept speaking in low tones, as the nurses and resident doctor responded to his urgent buzzing. Slowly John opened his eyes, eyes that looked drugged and uncomprehending. Sherlock moved to the head of the bed, giving the medical staff space in which to work. He kept his face low and kept murmuring reassurances and explaining what was happening to John, peering down into his eyes.

Slowly awareness returned as John’s eyes became more alert.

“When you’re ready, Dr Watson, we want to remove this tube out, okay?” the doctor said calmly.

John gave a brief nod but kept his eyes fixed on Sherlock.

“Keep your eyes on me, John. They’re about to deflate the balloon and pull the tube out,” Sherlock’s voice was soft, the gentleness in it like a physical caress.

“One, two, three…..okay, Dr Watson, it is out.”

John coughed and coughed. His chest hurt. A cool hand pressed gently over the right side of his chest supporting him, as the hacking cough continued.

“You fractured two ribs, John. That’s why it hurts.”

“Here, Dr Watson, have some ice chips, they’ll help your throat,” a nurse said as she angled some ice chips from a plastic cup to John’s dry lips.

As John settled down, the staff took more necessary readings, made adjustments before they left.

Sherlock came and sat down, facing John, leaning forward, resting his elbows on the bed as he started to explain.

In low murmurs and slow words, allowing the words to penetrate, keen eyes watching every subtle reaction on John’s face he explained---what had happened, the injuries, what was done to repair them, what the current situation was, what the prognosis was.

The medical doctor in John’s head listened carefully and analysed the information streaming from Sherlock’s lips without interrupting. But most of him was looking in wonder at Sherlock, at the tired, haggard face, the unshed tears with which his eyes shone, at the concern and love he saw beneath the normally proud and impenetrable expression that Sherlock always wore, like an armour. His bottom lip was curled in as it did when something had upset him. As he spoke, an isolated tear crept out of one beautiful blue-grey eye, even as his voice continued to remain steady.

How could I have not seen this? How much I mean to him……is this what it takes to see the love, the regard that he holds for me…. to know how much he cares?
John asked finally in a hoarse voice, “So the bottom line is that I’m going to walk. And recovery will be a bitch, but it’s all okay?”

“Yes.”

John looked stoic as he said, “Okay then, I can deal with that.” He nodded pointedly at the tear rolling down.

Sherlock blinked his eyes and said disgustedly, “Ignore it. Sentiment.”

Post-operative Day 2, 11 AM

“No, it’s fine. Do what you have to do,” John replied.

Sherlock stood silent, watching intently as Dr Gibson did a neurological examination. There was a look of relief all around as John’s toes wriggled slightly, the reflexes sluggish but present and there was some return of sensation to touch.

Dr Gibson looked pleased as he said, “Well, this is good progress indeed, Dr Watson. You will need a few more days of antibiotics and several weeks of physiotherapy. And you will be in some considerable pain from the fractures and the abdominal surgery. We are going to need to manage that effectively. But I am very optimistic with the outlook of complete recovery.”

John took a deep breath as he looked at Sherlock. They smiled at each other, hope and relief in their eyes.

Post-operative Day 3, 10.45 AM

The warm wet sponge felt both rough and pleasant as it was rubbed over his back with firm, expert strokes.

The matronly nurse with the stern no-nonsense look on her face talked as she worked at giving John his sponge-bath.

“You’re a lucky man, Dr Watson. I know it doesn’t much feel like it right now.”
Raising one arm, she rubbed his armpit and then soaked the towel in the hot water bowl and wrung it again. Briskly picking up another limp arm, she continued, “Mr Holmes’s brother is right frightening if you ask me! It was a crazy night, that’s for sure. Cecilia, the theatre nurse told me that the Director of Nursing was personally present in the theatre to make sure things were ship shape. The floor was crawling with medical staff and special forces people. As though you were a VIP or some foreign leader or something….Thirty years of working in hospitals, never seen anything like it!”

John grunted as he listened….so weak, I can’t even raise my hand, as though I have no energy. I wish she would stop yapping.....so Mycroft had made himself useful for once, fuck, hate owing him anything…

She peered down as she rubbed to towel behind his ears, next to the nasal crease, removed gunk from his eyes. “I mean don’t get me wrong, of course you are a celebrity, what with your blog and all. Even the ones who’ve not read it and heard about you being in the hospital are reading it now.” She wrung the towel again. “You know, Dr Watson, Mr Holmes is not at all like what I thought he would be. He comes across as a brilliant but a tad eccentric in the blog….you know, like…well, anyway I thought he’d be difficult and surly.” She shrugged her shoulders as she wiped his chest, “But he’s been nothing but gentlemanly since he’s been here. We were just about ready for him to bite someone’s head off. But he’s been courteous and unobtrusive. And he doesn’t speak much does he? And we can all see that he does care about you very much!”

John grunted again, too tired to respond. He filed her words for contemplation later.

She raised the gown and started wiping down the left leg and the right thigh which had a plaster cast on.

“I know you feel weak, Dr Watson. It’s all that blood loss you know. And your spinal injury. Thank God, you haven’t caught an infection yet.” She raised a freshly wrung wet towel and offered it to John. “So, do you want to do your privates or would you like me to do them?”

------------------------------------------------------------

Post-operative Day 3, 3.45 PM

John sat in bed, his back reclined at an angle on the hospital bed as he listened.

“Dr Watson, my name is James Adams. I am the physiotherapist assigned to you.”

John looked at the young Adonis in front of him looking disgustingly fit and enthusiastic.

James rubbed his hands as he continued, “Well, you are a doctor so probably know this already. Muscle tissue starts to atrophy within as less as 72 hours if not used. So we need to start putting those muscles to work.”

He held John’s arm and bent it at the elbow. “We’ll start with passive exercises and as you regain your strength and mobility move on to active exercises. Are you ready to begin?”

------------------------------------------------------------
Sherlock emerged from the bathroom wearing his royal blue robe over his usual pajamas and t-shirt.

“Not a word,” he said warningly to John, who gave a tired smile.

A small bed had been supplied with the room and placed at right angles to John’s bed. The door to the adjoining bathroom opened on the third wall.

Sherlock had been sleeping on the uncomfortable, lumpy bed for the past three nights. And watched John as he slept. Or rather as John tried to stay asleep. Every night he watched as John’s body was wracked with involuntary movements resulting from whatever hellish nightmares his subconscious chose to engage him in. Only Sherlock’s voice seemed to calm him, bring him back from the precipice. Sherlock grabbed bare snatches of light sleep, refusing to allow himself to sleep soundly for fear of not being there when John needed him.

John seemed to have no memory of the troubled sleep, only woke up exhausted and weak. He moved slowly in bed like an old man. The physiotherapist had tried to get him to stand on his own feet but he had been unable to keep his balance for more than a couple of minutes. It tore into Sherlock to see his friend so helpless, especially because he could do nothing to hurry the tide of time.

Now he slid on the bed, his back resting on a pillow propped against the wall and pulled the sheet up to his chest. “I am tired of trying to sleep in formal clothes.” He shrugged.

John watched Sherlock balance his laptop on his lap and his eyes move rapidly on the monitor. His voice was hesitant as he said, “You could go home to Baker Street and sleep, you know.”

Sherlock’s voice was soft as he flicked his gaze up and met John’s eyes, “I know.”

John sighed and looked up at the ceiling, lost in thought. It was a while before he said, “Still feel so damn tired, so weak.”

Sherlock looked up briefly and murmured, “It’s going to take time, John. It is normal to feel dejected when the body feels frail and out of sorts. It will pass as you regain your strength. You’re a doctor, you know this.”

“But I’m already sick of being here. Cooped up like a prisoner.” He lay quietly, staring up at the ceiling, one hand absently plucking at the hospital sheet. “I’ve……I’ve been having flashbacks. About Afghanistan, about my injury.”

Sherlock looked up, “It will pass, John. Too many similarities with the past. Injury, hospitals, pain.”

“It’s……I just hate being helpless, you know,” John said. “I hate that you have to be here, looking after me.”

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed, “John, I hope you know me well enough to know that I never do anything because I have to. I am here because I want to be.”
Yes, but how long can you stand this? It seems like only yesterday that you wanted me... how can anyone want me now... I mean, look at me. I seem to have shrunk into nothing... how can he even bear to look at me now... I have nothing to offer him, he has young attractive partners at his beck and call whenever he wants release... Who wants an old invalid? It's over....

John looked at him, his eyes resigned, “It is going to be a long recovery, Sherlock. Two, maybe even three months. If I recover fully, there’s no guarantee that I will.”

Sherlock’s voice was soft, grave as he said gently, “John, self-pity is a very unattractive trait. Fight it. No one is doing anyone any favours here. And this is not forever. You’ll get your health back. Sleep. I’ll be right here.”

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right,” John agreed as he looked at Sherlock. Sherlock went back to his work, as John looked on.

Let him watch me... it gives him comfort perhaps, the feeling of safety... to know I’m here.... Sherlock’s fingers flew over the keyboard as his mind became actively engaged in his work, even as he remained aware of John’s silent gaze.

So glad, so glad he is here..... I wish that he were here, on this bed, holding me.... if only it were possible, to feel his arms around me, bury my face in his neck.... I could get lost in him, hide in him..... let myself go..... if he were holding me, I could get some fucking sleep, without worrying about the fucking nightmares.... bloody PTSD.... Fucking army fucked me over for good.... I would be safe if he were holding me.... But, he can’t... I did not give him the right... he asked for it..... and like a fucking ninny I said no..... the only man in the world who actually sees me and still somehow manages to want me in his life.... I said NO! I am the world’s biggest idiot.... it is too late now.... truly my idiocy knows no limits... His eyes drifted shut. I must wake up.... Sherlock has to know that he was right.... I am an idiot.....

Sherlock listened to the gentle snoring silently for several minutes till he thought John had reached NREM sleep. Only then he allowed himself to raise his eyes and look.

John looked small, wasted, his complexion still wan, his wrists looked like twigs that could be snapped with one hand. If only I could go over there, climb into that bed and pull that body close.... cloister him in my arms.... keep him safe...... transfer all my vitality to him.... make him whole again. But I can’t.... I don’t have the right... he did not give me the right.....

--------------------------------------------------------

Post-operative Day 5, 9.30 AM

John’s legs trembled as he sought to bear his own weight. One hand gripped his cane whilst the other dug into Sherlock’s forearm. The pain in his back was acute, searing as he stubbornly breathed through it.

“John, are you sure about this?”

John gritted his teeth as he snapped, “Just fucking help me, okay? I couldn’t have stood that
fucking catheter for another day! And fucking wheelie –walkers! They want me to use a bloody walker, Sherlock! As though I’m an old man.” His face looked wretched as he looked at Sherlock. 

You must have already lost whatever desire or respect you ever had for me, I’ll be fucking damned if I let you see me using a walker and shuffle around like an old man…. I can do this…I can’t keep letting him see me like this….

Slowly they took the few steps to the bathroom. John eased his grip on Sherlock and transferred it to the sink as he stood by the toilet bowl. Even with the few steps his breath was now laboured with exertion, with pain.

“I can stay in here if you like, John,” Sherlock offered softly.

A short jerk of his head, “No…no, thanks. Just, just wait outside would you?”

Sherlock nodded and left, pulling the door close, but still leaving it slightly ajar. He stood listening, ready to rush in if he thought John was losing his balance.

John’s lips trembled with trying to contain his misery. He stood and stared at his face in the bathroom mirror, gaunt and sunken. Can’t bear to look at my own self. Wonder why he hasn’t left already? Must be some misguided sense of loyalty….. John pulled at the Velcro of his hospital bottoms and pulled his cock out. Adhesive from the Foley catheter still stuck to one side. How am I going to sit on the toilet without his help? And once he sees me like that why would he ever look at me with any desire? Who am I kidding? I’ve lost him…. I had one chance. I messed it up. He will leave…. But where can he go? We live together. I am going to be a burden on him……. Sudden tears of frustration and self-pity sprung unbidden in the deep blue eyes as he tried to choke back a sob.

Sherlock stood by the door, his head inclined as his ears strained to hear the sound of the urine stream.

“John, are you okay?”

Putting on his most irate tone, John replied, “Can you just stop asking me that? It’s bloody annoying.”

He’s right there, you fucking idiot. He will hear you. Shut the fuck up, don’t cry, he’ll know. Sherlock sees everything……

Post-operative Day 7, 4.30 PM

“Oh John, I brought your favourite, fresh banana bread and chocolate almond cookies. Just baked them this afternoon,” Mrs Hudson fluttered around putting the food in place, as Lestrade left to find a vase for the flowers that he and Molly had bought.

John smiled amiably, his eyes vacant as his mind was elsewhere.
Ever since he woke up, his thoughts were crowded with memories of the previous night. Hazy though they were, he remembered crying out and waking up shaking from another panic and PTSD triggered nightmare, only to find that Sherlock was by his side within seconds. As he’d opened his distraught eyes, he had seen Sherlock kneeling next to his bed, close without touching, his soothing voice murmuring, “It’s all right now. It was just a dream, John. You’re safe. It’s all right. Go back to sleep. I’ll be right here.” As though the voice was a command he was meant to obey, his eyes had fluttered shut, as he fell asleep without fully processing what was happening.

“Gave us a bit of a turn, didn’t you?” Lestrade remarked as he returned with a vase and handed it over to Molly. He put his hand in his coat jacket, “Expect that kind of drama from Sherlock, not from you, John,” he chided.

Molly sat at the edge of the bed after putting the flowers in the vase, smiling nervously as she looked up from time to time at the bored looking Sherlock who stood looking out of the window.

“Yeah, everyone’s been asking how you are. I told them that Sherlock saved you,” she said looking like a proud mother and then giggled.

Sherlock rolled his eyes and grabbed his coat, “I’ll be back soon, John. Thank you for everything, Mrs Hudson, Lestrade, Molly. Just need some fresh air.”

Post-operative Day 8, 10.15 AM

“Well, once again, John, it is a splendid relief to see you on the road to recovery. I’m sure the strength and the lower limb balance will resolve in due course, very soon one hopes.” Mycroft said as he took his leave.

“Thanks for stopping by, Mycroft. And thanks for all your help,” John said as he nodded.

Turning to Sherlock, Mycroft jerked his head towards the door, “A word, if you please, Sherlock? The brothers stood out in the corridor as they talked.

“You do realise he needs more rehabilitation, physiotherapy, more care? He can neither stand nor walk unaided, he does not have full sensation back on his feet. How can you take him home? What if he loses his balance and falls down?”

“He needs to go home, Mycroft. I’ve spoken to a friend, Philippe Andreas. He’s one of the best physiotherapists in London. And he’s agreed to do home visits, starting tomorrow. And I can work from home, solve cases from home. I can help mobilise him around the house.”

Mycroft shook his head. “Well, if you’re insisting on taking him home, at least bring him to my house for a few weeks. There is full time staff, and I can arrange for round the clock nurses if required.”

Sherlock tone was uncompromising as he responded. “Thank you, Mycroft. But he needs to go back to Baker Street. His home.” He paused as he looked into Mycroft’s keen gaze. “He’s not been
sleeping well, he’s to start on oral antibiotics, there really is no reason to treat him like a fragile child out here. He detests above all else, feeling helpless. I need for him to claim his autonomy back.”

Mycroft inclined his head gravely, “As you wish. Let me know if you need anything, Sherlock.”

Post-operative Day 9- 4.20 PM

The genial giant of a man smiled warmly as he shook hands.

“I’m Philippe Andreas, Dr Watson. Sherlock’s friend for years. He’s done me the honour of asking me to look after your physical health when you return to Baker Street tomorrow.”

John looked at Sherlock, eyebrows raised.

“Philippe is the best physiotherapist in London, John. He’s an old friend, who has agreed to do us a favour. He’ll be doing home visits until you get better,” Sherlock explained.

Philippe folded his arms to his chest, “Dr Watson…” he began.

John raised an arm, “John, please.” *Fuck it, if Sherlock recommends him, he must be good.*

Philippe smiled agreeably, “John then. I won’t try to trivialise the task we face. Sherlock tells me you’ve lost close to five kilos in weight already. And that there is a residual proprioception deficit which coupled with some muscle wasting makes it difficult to balance yourself currently. You are in considerable pain and we will need to manage it effectively without getting you narcotic dependent. I’ve worked on loads of such injuries and I bring all my expertise to the table. Not to mention, that I owe Sherlock for many past favours and he is a good friend. If you trust me and follow my regimen, I promise to have you in better shape than your pre-injury status within less than two months. Will you let me help you?”

John face was grim with resolve, “Believe me, there’s nothing I’d like better.”

Philippe wiggled his big bushy eyebrows warningly, “It’s not going to be easy, John.”

John gave a short laugh, “And you don’t know what a tenacious bastard I can be. Not to mention that I live with the most stubborn man ever born and I’m sure he’ll keep me right on track.”

Sherlock smiled, “Well, that’s settled then. We could actually seek discharge tomorrow. Philippe has been through the house with an occupational therapist. Everything that can assist you, is in place. You are on oral antibiotics now. And with physio taken care of, it really isn’t incumbent on us to stay here any longer. I know you still have difficulty mobilising by yourself, but I’ll be there most, if not all of the time.”
Sherlock inclined his head questioningly, his eyes teasing and warm, “That is, if you’re amenable to leaving tomorrow?“

John looked at Sherlock, hope blossoming in his heart, “Oh God, yes!”
Thank you for all your support! I feel humbled and gratified and enthused to write more.:)

John slumped down gratefully into his armchair, the short forced exhales and the sweat on his brow testament to his exhaustion. He pursed his lips as he looked around the living room of 221B, his relief at being home a tangible thing almost growing like a bubble in his chest, threatening to burst open at any second.

“How about I make us some tea?” Philippe asked as he came up the stairs again with John’s bags.

“Yeah, that’ll be great,” John said gratefully.

It had been a busy morning.

The hospital physiotherapist had insisted on one last session which lasted for an hour. Removal of his sutures, hospital discharge paperwork, organising discharge medications, visits in turn by all the specialists who had looked after him.

Just when they were about to leave, Sherlock took off on an errand to find special waterproof protectors that he could wear over his plaster cast, as directed by Philippe. There was no reason on earth why one of Mycroft’s ubiquitous minions who had hung around the place couldn’t have done the job. John suspected that Sherlock engineered his absence during John’s return to spare John the embarrassment of being seen as he was virtually carried up the seventeen steps to 221B by Philippe. It was not an event that John would have wanted Sherlock to witness. And as per course, Sherlock seemed to have pre-empted the situation and presented the solution, eons before the thought had even crossed John’s mind.

He rested his head on the back rest and almost growled with pleasure at being home, in his favourite spot and wished desperately that Sherlock would hurry back.

“Woo-hoo!” Mrs Hudson’s cheery voice called out as she knocked on the open door. “John, welcome back! It’s good to have you home again!” She came and stood before him, looking down at him with her arms folded in front of her chest. “Now the real recovery will begin,” she nodded. “Let me get you a cuppa.”

“Thanks, Mrs Hudson, Philippe is making one already,” John gestured as Philippe exited the kitchen.

Mrs Hudson got busy with organising the biscuits and cakes to go with the tea as she prattled on.

“I’ve stocked the fridge, as Sherlock asked me to do, so there should be enough food to go around for a while.” She placed the plate full of biscuits and tea on the coffee table as she perched herself
on Sherlock’s chair and Philippe sat on the sofa.

Philippe took a long sip. They sat munching the tea and biscuits as they talked about the exercise regime that Philippe had planned.

“John, the OT and I have made a few changes. Put on railings at the sides of the corridors, anti-slip bathmats and the like. Most importantly though, Sherlock and I have moved all your stuff to his bedroom. So that you don’t have to climb two floors. We tried to arrange your clothes and books, you can have a look later. He’s moved his stuff upstairs.”

Mrs Hudson shook her head as she picked up the empty cups, “Oh, I don’t think Sherlock will be sleeping upstairs. Knowing him, he’ll park himself on the sofa, so he can be close by should you need anything, John.”

She patted John’s shoulder as she came back out of the kitchen. She walked to the door and looked back at John, her face solemn.

“You concentrate on getting better, dearie. I’m sick to death of seeing that look on Sherlock’s face. You get better for him, you hear me.”

One day later…..

John sat on his chair, almost dozing off in contentment, the television remote slipping from his loose clasp. The silent television screen flickered in the background. Home….I’m home....what time is it? Must be close to one in the morning....don't care....don't have to work tomorrow....

Sherlock slept on the sofa, covered with a throw rug, exhaustion and many days of sleep deprivation finally having caught up with him. His arm was flung over his head, so that only the mop of curls and the pouty, slightly parted lips that sighed with every exhale were visible. Lanky limbs were tangled in the throw rug spread all over the sofa.

John put one hand on his tummy as a wave of cramps passed through his gut. He looked at Sherlock to check that he was still sleeping.

Wish he would move so I could see his face. Tired....he’s so tired....Gosh, Philippe really pushed me this afternoon.....push, stand, balance, walk, bend, straighten.....never ending fucking exercises.....every muscle hurts.....thank God for pain-killers.....but that fucking morphine has bunged me up well.....how long has it been? Five days? No....no, I went three days ago....wasn’t much though....hope the bisacodyl works by tomorrow.....don’t want to have to take anything stronger.....fuck I’m starting to get cramps.....

Earlier that day Mike Stamford had dropped by and at John’s request brought some laxatives for him. The narcotic analgesia was causing some significant constipation and John was tired of feeling uncomfortable and full all the time. The lack of mobility was further compounding the problem. He’d taken two of the pills instead of one, hoping for fast and effective release. Although going by the way Philippe had worked him for more than two hours this morning, this was not going to be a problem for too long.

John wiggled his bum and readjusted himself to a more comfortable position, coaxing his tummy
to settle down.

He’d slept on Sherlock’s bed, in Sherlock’s room last night. It was huge and comfortable and Sherlock’s! For the first time in days, John slept through the night, undisturbed by nightmares, a soothing dreamless sleep. As though his subconscious recognised the essence of Sherlock pervading the room, as though his mind grasped on to the feeling of safety, belonging…home.

Sherlock had insisted on sleeping on the sofa outside, in case John needed him through the night.

*Wish I had had the balls to ask him to sleep next to me…..and just hold me…..but he’d have refused…..and he’d be right….how can I expect anything when I’ve given him nothing…..in his mind, I’m now an invalid…..but it’s not sex that I want….just the comfort of knowing that he hasn’t washed his hands off me…..*

His tummy grumbled and cramped again. He bent forward, trying to compress the pain away. *Damn, wish I hadn’t taken two of them…. I need to go now. But I can’t wake him, he’s passed out…..must be so tired….never once showed any impatience, any irritation…..just gentle rock-solid support….and this is the man I thought I couldn’t trust! If not him, then whom??*

He could feel the waves of aborted peristaltic movements moving through his gut as the cramping intensified and he clamped down viciously on his sphincter, absently looking around, one hand now gripping his cane, computing his chances of walking with his cane, without any other support all the way to the bathroom. *Fuck it, I’m not going to wake him for this…..as if he has nothing better to do than play nurse-maid…..I can do it, will just go slow and steady.*

Pushing the tip of the cane more firmly into the ground, his other arm digging into the armrest of his chair, he hoisted himself up, breathing through the shooting pain in his back. He waited as he stood on both feet for his balance to stabilize. The numbed sensation, the tingling and burning of his legs and feet had been steadily improving since the surgery, but by no means back to normal. And the plaster cast on one leg already made things more wobbly.

Slowly, tentatively he took the first step.

The shuffling sounds of his feet and cane sounded loud in the dead of the night, and he glanced at Sherlock to make sure he stayed undisturbed. He took another step gingerly. *I can do this….toddlers do it! Just slow and careful now…..*

The pain in his gut intensified as another wave of worsening cramps hit him. *Fuck, fuck…..buggering fuck. He stood, the hand on his cane trembling as he put his entire weight on it, the other hand desperately clutching his middle, as he bent over grimacing. His anal sphincter fluttered open and shut as the urge to evacuate fought with the volition to close it.*

Face twisted with pain, he looked around desperately. The bathroom was less than a dozen feet away, but in his condition it seemed like an insurmountable distance. He looked back in panic at his chair, but the urgency to seek the toilet bowl was too intense. His back felt like someone was stabbing knives and twisting them inside of him. *Oh God, no…please no…he thought as he straightened with a grim determination….fuck it, you’re a soldier, you can do this. He took one resolute step forward.*

And fell.

His legs gave way under him, as he crashed on to the floor, his hand twisting his cane into a semicircle, while the other tried to desperately break his fall. Waves of pain were ripping through him, as his sphincters gave way and he felt it----The trickle of watery diarrhoea, overflow from
around the hard accumulated stool in his rectum. The gush of warm urine as the intense pain triggered his autonomic nervous system which overrode the commands of his higher brain. In stunned disbelief he lay there in a heap, a grown man, with his pyjamas soiled with his own watery excrement and urine.

He sobbed with disgust, his gut twisting with mortifying shame, even as his body felt intense relief at having being able to finally let go.

Time seemed to be at a standstill as his panicked desperate mind tried to think of options, but it was only a couple of seconds before Sherlock’s voice called out, even as he kicked off the throw run and rushed to John.

“John!”

John looked up with miserable, humiliated eyes into the alert concerned eyes of his friend.

“Just….just leave me alone,” he cried with desperation even as his body cowered and tried to make himself as small as possible. “I’m fine. Just, GO AWAY.”

Sherlock looked at him, observant eyes taking in at a glance, the body trembling with pain, the wretchedness, the soiled pyjamas with enlarging stains on the front and the back, the smell of urine and faeces…. His voice was a mixture of bitterness, concern and frustration as he hissed, “Stop it. Just stop it, John.”

John looked up in surprise at the hurt shining in the hazel eyes.

Sherlock’s voice was strained as his anger built, “Tell me. Tell me, that if it were me in your place, in pain and covered in piss and shit, you would leave. Tell me that and then I will leave.”

John’s focus shifted from his trembling hands braced against the floor as he tried to sit up, to the hurt and anger on Sherlock’s face. An image of Sherlock, hurt and disabled flashed through his mind and his heart clenched.

“No……no, don’t ever say that,” he cried out, his voice plaintive, as he fought to erase that image from his imagination.

Sherlock’s voice was grim, his jaw set, “Then why? Why won’t you let me help you? Do you think I care about this?” he waved his hand vaguely over John’s lower half. “Why do you insist on behaving as though your brand of affection is in some way superior, deeper than what I feel? What more do I have to do to prove that I care? How much longer do I have to keep proving myself?”

They looked at each other silently, both breathing heavily, naked emotions on their faces, the moment of communication stretching like a bridge between them.

Why? Why do I keep hurting him? Why don’t I ever get it right? He’s right. If the situation were reversed I’d give anything to keep him comfortable…..why do I take away that from him? After all the care he’s shown, why do I keep behaving as though he doesn’t care? What more does he have to do?

John’s face twisted as he mumbled, “Sorry, Sherlock.”

Sherlock heaved a sigh and his lips quirked up briefly, relief and resolve in his eyes. His tone was brisk, pragmatic as he stood up and bent down to pull John up, “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”
John wobbled on his feet, even as he allowed Sherlock to pull him up. He swayed and felt a strong arm around his waist.

“Do you trust me?” Sherlock asked, eyebrow raised.

Silently John looked at him, aware he was answering more than just the posed question.

“I do.”

Sherlock came closer and bent to brush his lips briefly on his forehead and then without warning lifted John in his arms. Strong arms cradled John’s head to his chest and tucked under the legs as he carried him the last few steps to the bathroom. He bent down to open the toilet seat cover and gently placed John on it. Nimble fingers opened his pyjama bottoms and started to tug the bottoms down. John wasn’t wearing any pants, he couldn’t with the plaster cast still on. After some fumbling the bottoms were off.

John snorted, “This is not how I’d imagined you’d see me naked.”

Sherlock gave a short chuckle as he spread a towel over John’s groin.

“It’s nothing I haven’t seen before, John,” he said drily as he bent down to pick up the soiled clothes. “Penis, testicles, anus, urine, stool, sweat…..it’s all transport and the egestion functions of the transport.”

John pointed at Sherlock’s t-shirt. “Well, it’s managed to stain your clothes too!”

Sherlock shrugged, “We’ll bin the lot.” He pulled off his t-shirt and looked at John. “I’ll leave you alone so you can have some privacy.” He held the bundle in his arms as he left, “I’m right here, call out if you need me.” He pulled the door close, without shutting it completely as he strode out.

John sighed and bending over, finally let go, sighing with blessed relief.

It was over five minutes later that Sherlock knocked gently on the door.

“May I come in?”

“Yeah, yeah….I’m done,” John replied.

Sherlock walked in with a heap of fresh towels and a package in his arms. His eyebrow raised, he asked briefly, “All good?”

“Yeah, all good,” John replied, as he placed on hand on the sink edge and tried to stand up.

“John, you need a wash. Will you let me help?” Sherlock asked.

Fuck, yes…..can’t imagine anything better than the feel of hot water running down my body and Sherlock helping me….. Wait, what? What does he mean by help?

John looked up and met his eyes, a quick jerk of his head, “Yes.”

“Good.”

Sherlock hooked his fingers in his own pyjama bottoms and pulled them down without a hint of self-consciousness. He opened the door briefly to throw the bottoms out and started to open the package, now perched next to the sink.
“These are the water-proof protectors that Philippe suggested I get. Apparently one can sit in a bath fully soaked in water and they would not let a drop in to disturb the cast.” His busy eyes scanned the instructions as his fingers worked on the packaging.

John tried so hard, fuck, fuck……not to stare at the delicious contrast of the black boxer briefs that were snugly draped across Sherlock’s hips and the pale ivory of his skin. He tried, oh fuck, fucking hell….to not stare at the bulge between his legs, at the pull on the elastic of the material as he moved. Fuck, I’ve fantasized so much about this…..seeing it like this….not fair, not fair…. Sherlock bent down to slip the protector on John’s cast and fasten it. John stared and stared. As the powerful back muscles moved and undulated, as the strong subtly muscled runners legs flexed and arched. Sherlock stood up and started getting things organised. He lay the towels within easy reach of the bathtub, put the shampoo and conditioner and shower gel in place.

John stared at the vitality, the beauty, the symmetry…..Da Vinci’s Vitruvian man come gloriously to life.

As Sherlock left the bathroom again, muttering about massage oil, John looked down at himself. He sat slumped against the toilet seat, exhausted and limp. His skin was dry, there were layers of sagging skin on his tummy from his weight loss. He sat half naked, with only a towel covering his modesty, the longitudinal laparotomy scar still healing. A wave of self-pity and dejection swept over him. Sherlock came back with a glass bowl of warmed massage oil and crouched down next to the bathtub, arranging everything. John stared at the stunning perfection of his face….this… this man….this is whom I aspire for….what can someone like me bring to the table….look at me, why would he ever want me….. Sherlock, that mind-reader par excellence, looked up at him, eyes narrowed. His voice was soft, and yet the deep baritone echoed with gravitas as he met John’s stricken eyes. “Don’t indulge in self-pity. You are an exceedingly attractive man, John. It may not feel like it right now. But this is a temporary setback only.”

Something in his words triggered a hidden fear and the words seemed to be wrenched out of him before John could stop them.

“What if this is not temporary? What if this is the way it’s going to be forever?” His tone was a challenge, whilst his eyes looked searchingly at Sherlock, in desperate need of something.

Sherlock stood up straight, his arms spread wide and responded with simple dignity, a statement of fact, not a reassurance.

“I’ll still be here.”

Something that had been gnawing away like a noxious pustule inside of John’s psyche suddenly burst wide open as he listened to those words and breathed them in deeply. His eyes fell close, as his body shook with relief as though some ugly demon inside of him had been soothed. He’ll be there…..he’ll always be there…..even when I’m old and infirm and diseased…..he’ll not leave. Why did I never see this fundamental truth?

Sherlock crouched in front of him, his head tilted as he pinned John with an intense look.

“Listen to me carefully, John.” He waved a hand up and down, “This is the human body. We wring every bit of pleasure out of it when we can, as long as it co-operates. We eat well, we listen to and look at things we like, we wear decadent material next to our skins. We exercise to feel good. We have sex and orgasms. But it is mere transport. The body gets old, decayed, diseased and dies.”
He tapped John’s head with a finger as he continued, “When I see John, I see what’s in there. Not what’s outside. Do you understand?”

John’s lips quivered, his eyes were moist as he answered, “Yes.”

Sherlock lent forward and touched his forehead to John’s, a light hand resting on the nape of his neck. It was a gesture of such intimacy that John forgot to breathe for a while as he stared into Sherlock’s eyes, *could drown in them, can count every single fleck and smudge, what colour are his irises exactly?*

“Let me bathe you, John. Let go, even if just for a while,” Sherlock whispered, his voice husky.

John nodded mutely and Sherlock smiled, “Good. That’s good, John.”

He rose to help John step into the bathtub.

“Sit down.”

John sat down, arranging his legs gingerly and sighed when Sherlock stepped in as well, settling down behind John, cradling John’s body between his spread legs. He pulled John closer till his back rested on Sherlock’s chest.

“Oh kay?”

John nodded again as his body seemed to melt of its own accord to mould itself against Sherlock’s chest. His eyes closed as he felt Sherlock’s arms around him, holding him close. He sighed happily.

Dimly he felt Sherlock lean over and grab the hand shower. Hot water cascaded down his hair and gentle fingers ran through his hair. The click of the shampoo bottle, firm fingers massaging his scalp, the pressure of hot water again washing off the shampoo. He turned his face and buried it into Sherlock’s chest. *This is a dream, don’t want to ever wake up.....just stay here.....in these arms....feeling his heart beat.....never ever want to wake up.....*

Another click as the conditioner bottle opened. Long fingers gently moving through his short hair.....*oh this is the smell, that citrusy fruity smell.....* He felt Sherlock’s firm hands apply the shower gel over his chest, his tummy, his back.

“May I?” Sherlock’s husky voice sounded loud in the quiet of the bathroom.

John opened his eyes to look up. Sherlock’s face looked soft, unguarded affection crinkling the corners of his eyes, the soft warm light in the bathroom and their physical closeness creating an ambiance of such intimacy, that all of John’s misgivings and barriers just.....*crumbled.*

“Yes,” he said, confidence in his voice, a feeling of an overwhelming *rightness* of what was happening engulfing him.

Sherlock’s eyes crinkled further as he took some more shower gel and then his hands were between John’s legs, cleaning his penis, his balls, his cleft. *Not the way I’d imagined I’d have his fingers between my legs, but this still feels so good....will I ever get to feel this again? If I can’t have him touching me with erotic intent then maybe I’ll just keep being sick, then he’ll keep touching me.....you’re losing it, Watson, get a grip......*

Sherlock’s touch was gentle, thorough as he cleaned and then washed. He bent forward to reach John’s legs.
“Can’t reach. You do them.”

John sat up a bit and leaned forward, brisk and quick. Please don’t move away….want to go back in the position we were in…..

“I’ve got some massage oil,” Sherlock said as John washed his legs. “It’ll help with the pain. That is, if you’re amenable.”

John sat up in response, “Yeah, that sounds…..good!”

Sherlock spread the warm massage oil over his palms and then started massaging his back with firm strokes. He paused as his fingers touched the scar on the back lightly. John turned around. Sherlock looked pensive as he stared. He flicked his gaze up to meet John’s eyes.

“I’m sorry, John. If it weren’t for me taking you there…..”

John twisted his back some more with difficulty, trying not to grimace.

“It’s not your fault. It’s….just what we do, you know? Could have been you….I’d rather it was me.”

Sherlock stared at him in silence for a while longer.

Finally he nudged John back as he resumed the gentle massage. John sighed as the pain in his back faded under the careful strokes. Sherlock’s hands were warm as his digits rubbed and soothed the tired muscles around his back and neck and shoulders. John felt drugged into somnolence as he swayed where he sat.

Sherlock made a move to get up, “Let me sit opposite you. That way I can massage your legs.”

“NO, don’t leave,” John cried out instinctively as his hand shot out to desperately clutch Sherlock’s forearm. No, please….no….I never want to leave this bathtub ever again….just stay here and feel your touch….forever and ever……and ever……

Sherlock chuckled, “Okay, okay! Settle down. How about I start a bath? We could sit here and soak in some hot water? It’ll be good for your back.”

John nodded, embarrassed. What are you, a fifteen year old girl, for fuck’s sake…..

Sherlock leaned forward and ran his fingers over the top edge of the water-proof protector to ensure it was still snug around John’s thigh. He turned on the tap of hot water and plugged the sink hole.

The bath tub gradually filled with hot water. Steam swirled around in the bathroom, scattering the muted light of the lone bulb further. John snuggled to Sherlock’s chest, feeling like he was floating on a cloud…..no, no…. like a bubble with only Sherlock and me inside….like no one else exists. His eyes were drifting shut as he sighed at the hypnotic movements of Sherlock’s fingers gently running through his hair.

After a while he tilted his head and stared at Sherlock. Soft, moist lips; His mop of hair and sharp cheekbones casting shadows on dewy skin, the faint dusting of hair around his temples, his jaw. Isolated droplets of water precariously perched over the strands of his hair. John’s guard was down, his state of being so surreal that he was left with none of his usual sense of propriety or shame. He raised one hand and put his palm against Sherlock’s cheek, his cobalt blue eyes moving from one facial feature to the next.
“You’re ridiculously beautiful,” he whispered.

Sherlock looked down at the naked awe and hunger in John’s eyes, their face’s so close their exhalations mingled. John arched his face up, lips parted, “Please…..just once,” he begged.

Mine….take….claim…..consume….Sherlock’s eyes darkened and he felt his cock stir and stiffen, as they breathed each other in for several moments, lips only a few centimetres apart, eyes locked in an intimate gaze.

John’s eyes widened as he felt Sherlock’s cock thicken rapidly against his arse, his breath hitched. He licked his lips nervously even as a tendril of fear moved through him…….fuck that’s a lot bigger than I thought it would be…..I’m supposed to take that up my arse…..can I stretch that much?

Sherlock looked mortified, angry red splotches on his cheeks, as he felt John fidget. His voice was furious, as he hissed out, “Forgive me. I…..ignore it.” He waved a disgusted hand. “Just a biological response. I’m sorry, John.” He moved to push John away, but John resisted as with widened eyes he pleaded.

“NO….no please. I…..I don’t mind. It’s okay.”

“Well, I do mind. And it’s not okay. It’s grossly inappropriate. You’re unwell. This is neither the time nor the place.”

Sherlock put his head back against the bathtub and stared at the ceiling. “Stupid, stupid,” he snarled at himself in recrimination as he covered his eyes with his hand. “Just give me a minute, John,” he mumbled.

John looked at him worriedly but stayed in place, watching as Sherlock struggled for control. He felt the rigid tumescence against his arse slowly soften. Not fair…not fair….I can give him pleasure, so what if I’m sick…..maybe he can just rub one off of me…..or maybe I can give him a handjob….or maybe he can fuck me….not like I’d have to do anything….haven’t injured my arsehole, have I?

Loose fingers were pressing on closed eyes, as Sherlock lay quietly, jaw clenched.

John’s voice was teasing in an effort to lighten the mood, “Reciting the periodic table, huh?”

Sherlock’s sudden burst of laughter startled him as he finally took off his hand and grinned at John, “Something like that.”

Emboldened by his response, John quipped, “We can’t laugh, Sherlock! It’s a sex scene.”

Sherlock’s shoulders shook as he laughed and John giggled along before burying his face back into Sherlock’s chest.

Another long pause followed as the laughter slowly died down.

John took a deep breath, suddenly serious. “If you want to, you can have me….you know?”

Arousal subdued, Sherlock pulled John close again. His voice was cheeky, salacious, “I will have you, John. Just not right now.”

John looked up, frowning, “How can you be so sure that you will have me? I don’t even know if I can ever let go completely the way you ask of me. You make it sound like it’s inevitable.”
Sherlock gazed back as he murmured, “Because it is. It has been inevitable since you walked into that lab at St Bart’s, John.” His hand sneaked down to entwine his fingers with John. He brought up their joined hands to his lips and kissed John’s hand lightly as he continued, his tone musing.

“Have you ever conducted the experiment with a strong magnet and iron filings at school?” At John’s nod, he continued, “The iron filings get magnetised. The scattered domains within the atoms, that were previously pointed in all different directions realign themselves and point towards the magnet.” He looked down, his baritone husky with intent. “Every fibre in your being is aligned towards me, John. Everything that you are has been yearning to reach home, surging towards me. An inexorable march towards culmination into oneness with me. Because you are MINE. Your subconscious accepted this years ago while the conscious brain cast obstacles, pulling you in other directions, normal directions as dictated by societal norms and expectations. It is only recently that it has started playing catch-up.”

He placed another kiss on John’s hand, “But John, in a fight between the yearnings of your subconscious and your conscious, the subconscious will always win. None of us can fight our innate nature. It is in your nature to submit, to be of use, to belong. Just as it is in my nature to dominate, to consume, to use.”

He fell quiet as John rested his head against his chest and thought about his words.

“Sherlock?”

“Uh-huh.”

“When you were furious with my contract…..I went to ask Victor and I did….I mean I understood what Victor explained But I want to know from you…..it’s so different from the main-stream consensus…..why do you disagree so strongly with limits and safe-words?”

Sherlock looked thoughtful for a while.

“Think about it, John. Conditional surrender is an oxymoron. I have no problem with other people using it, if it feels safer to do so. But to me submission has always been an absolute. Placing conditions on one hand and talking about Submission on the other is paying mere lip-service to the act itself. It’s always felt like cheating.”

John reflected on this for a while, frowning even as he placed his head over Sherlock’s steady heart beat. Sherlock lay back as he played with John’s hand idly, leaving John to his thoughts. The water around them was cooling down, so John started the tap again to fill up more hot water after letting some of the cool water drain out.

As he settled back, he twisted himself to look up at Sherlock again.

“Sherlock…. I’ve never had….I don’t have any experience with……Is it very painful?”

Sherlock pulled him closer and placed soft lips against his temple as he thought.

John waited.

“There is some stretching. And a sensation of fullness. Sometimes, some men feel like they want to evacuate. It passes. You get used to it. But it’s also intensely intimate and can be very pleasurable.”

There was a long pause.
Finally John mumbled, “I have dreamed about it. I…..Sherlock, I fantasize about you. About us.” He into Sherlock’s indulgent eyes, “I think about touching you….you know….everywhere.”

Sherlock smiled, “I know.”

He arched an eyebrow playfully, “You can touch me if you like, John.”

John shook his head as he murmured, “I haven’t earned it yet.” But I will. I’ll earn it.

Sherlock pulled him close, his arms around his shoulders, “Get better first. The rest will follow.”

They sat in silence, only the occasional splash of the water as they moved, broke the quiet. Sherlock was leaning against the head of the bathtub, eyes closed as John rested on his chest, quiet and contemplative.

“Sherlock?”

“Hmmm….?”

“Will you hurt me?”

Sherlock straightened his head slowly, frowning, his eyes blinking sleep off.

“John, right now the last thing on my mind is hurting you. You’ve been hurt enough already.”

John shook his head, his tone insistent, “But later. When I’m better…..if I….you know, if I do find the courage to submit…..if you accept me as your Sub…..will you?”

“Would you want me to?” Sherlock’s face was curious as he peered into John’s eyes.

John’s reply was tentative, “I think I would like you to. But I’m not sure. It’s…..intriguing, exciting. But it’s also a bit scary, you know? And that makes it more….arousing somehow, more forbidden.”

“Hmm……Let’s wait and see. Although I expect I will hurt you……eventually. Sometimes for your pleasure, at other times for mine. We’ll figure out what you can tolerate, how much you can take…..John, it can get devastatingly intense, the release after such a session can be powerful, all-consuming in its potency. I want you to experience that.”

“How can pain bring pleasure?”

Sherlock looked into John’s eyes as he took a deep breath.

“Pain brings on acute focus, narrows it down to the here and now. It increases the adrenaline gush. The endorphin release.” He shrugged. “All Submissives are different. No two are alike, John. They all need different things.”

“Such as…?”

Sherlock took a deep breath as he slumped further down and rested his head on the bathtub. He looked up at the ceiling and mused aloud, “Well, some like the pain. Some like to feel used. Some like being humiliated. Some need me to be rough with them. Some crave the vulnerability. Most love the act of submission itself, the feeling of letting go, of being looked after, of serving the one they are submitted to.” His fingers stroked John’s arm lightly as he continued, “It is a powerful dynamic. Nothing like vanilla sex. Every gesture, every word, every intimate act takes on a heightened significance, every pleasurable sensation is magnified manifold. I’ve heard Subs say it
is akin to a feeling of euphoria, of completion. At it’s most sublime, when both the Sub and I are in the zone, it’s like a primal connection, as though there is only the two of us. The rest of the world ceases to exist. Like tunnel vision with the focus entirely on only the two of us.”

Sherlock shrugged, “It’s hard to describe.” He was quiet for a bit longer.

Gently he lifted John’s chin till they were looking into each other’s eyes, “Victor says it’s like a drug. And he feels like an addict. Craving a fix, craving my attention, my touch, my pleasure. He says it doesn’t matter what I do to him, but it is the fact that Sherlock, his Dom is the one doing it. And that if it pleases me, it makes him happy. Because it is all about me, my pleasure. His pleasure flows from mine.”

John nodded, “Yeah, that’s what he told me as well.”

Sherlock’s hands were lightly stroking John’s arm, up….down…..up……down…..round and round….and up……and down., the bathroom was so warm, the soaking in the hot water, the events from earlier….everything was conspiring to lull him to sleep. John felt curiously empty and yet as though he were overflowing with something, something he had been looking for all his life. He mumbled sleepily, “What about you? What do you get out of it?”

Sherlock was quiet, his expression reflective as he watched John’s eyes drooping shut. He sat stroking John’s arm, eyes on his profile. Tired….he’s exhausted…..

As the water got cooler, he gently shook John awake and helped him get dry and dressed for bed. John was swaying on his feet, the events of the evening finally taking their toll. Sherlock helped him to bed and lowered him under the duvet. As he stooped to switch off the light, John grabbed his wrist and tried to pull him closer

“Sleep here…..just for tonight?”

Sherlock’s voice was kind but firm, “That’s not a good idea, John. You’re tired. Sleep.”

John kissed his hand softly as he murmured in a sleepy voice, “Thank you, Sherlock.”

Sherlock pulled his hand away and ran it briefly through John’s hair as he responded, “Anytime, John. I’m in the living room. Call out if you need anything.”

---------------------------------------------------

2 weeks later……..

“I must say, John, I wish all my patients were as dedicated and enthusiastic as you,” Philippe said as he carried a bottle of cold sports drink to John.

They were outside in the park, working at the outdoor cardio-workout equipment. John was panting as he performed upper body exercises, core strengthening and balance exercises.

“Can’t wait to get this fucking cast off though. Want to work out both my legs, not just one.”

He paused as he accepted the drink and gulped it down.

Philippe grinned, “Well, it’s just over three weeks since the surgery and you’ve come a long way.
Your lower limb functioning is back to normal, apart from the cast. Your balance is back to normal. You’re off all strong pain medications. Your appetite has returned and you’ve almost regained the weight you lost.”

John stood, his face lifted to the sun, eyes closed and a smile on his face.

He sighed as he looked back at Philippe.

“Well, I need to work off all the calories that Sherlock has been pumping into me. He’s been feeding me up since we came home. He cooked this Spaghetti Marinara last night….fuck, it was seriously to die for. Never knew he could cook so well, I’ve been feasting like a king. He’s never stepped into the kitchen before this.”

Philippe laughed, “Well, my friend, enjoy it while it lasts. He’s way too lazy and disinterested in food to keep that up.”

He bent down as he provided resistance to John’s stretches. John was panting louder as he worked against the resistance, his breath puffing out in short huffs. He glowed with resolve and purpose.

Philippe laughed as John executed a particularly difficult stretch, “I don’t think I’ll be able to keep up with you when the cast comes off. You’re exercising like a man on a mission. Are you getting ready for some event I don’t know about?” he teased.

John wiped his face with his towel and then threw it down with a short delighted laugh.

“That may be exactly what I’m doing, Philippe,” he said cryptically.

He grinned to himself as he got back on the seat and grabbed the iron bars with determined hands.
Chapter 13

Post-operative Week 5

“John?” Mrs Hudson’s voice called out as she knocked on the door.

“In here, Mrs Hudson,” John yelled out from the kitchen. He looked up as she came in with a plate covered with a kitchen towel.

“I made some cheese-cake last night. Thought you boys might like some. Didn’t turn out as good as I had hoped,” she said as she placed the plate in the fridge. “But good enough if you’re craving something sweet after supper.”

John’s smile was genial, “Yeah, thanks, Mrs Hudson. Would you like a cup of tea, I’m making myself some?”

She nodded, “Oh, I would love some, John, thank you. Where’s Sherlock?” she asked, looking around.

Stirring the tea-bags in the cups, John replied, “We just got back from the hospital. Had a follow up today with the neurologist and the surgeon. He dropped me home and now he’s off to Bart’s.” They moved to the living room, cups in hand. John settled down gingerly on his chair….’can’t wait to get this fucking cast off…. Mrs Hudson sat opposite him as he continued, “Lestrade has been calling constantly, couple of cases he wanted Sherlock to have a quick look at.”

Mrs Hudson took a sip and then nodded.

“It’s good for him to go out. I’ve never known him to be cooped up here for this long before. How long has it been?”

“Five weeks since the surgery. Four since we got back.”

Mrs Hudson nodded.

“And has Philippe been here today?”

“No,” John shook his head. “I had a session with the hospital physio instead.” He looked a bit hesitant as he stared purposefully at her, chewing his lower lip. “Mrs Hudson?”

Chapter Notes

Thank you for your warm support, the kudos and bookmarks and particularly the encouraging comments! Thank you :) Enjoy!
“Yes, dear?”

John took a deep breath and sighed. “Look, I don’t know how to say this.” His embarrassment deepened. “It’s just that I’ve not been at work for a while because….you know. And I just wanted to say that I’ll be a bit late in my rent payment. The cast comes off next week and I should be able to start work a couple of weeks after that…."

Mrs Hudson looked at John with a kindly, quizzical look on her face as she shook her head.

“It’s alright, John. Sherlock has paid six months of rent upfront including your share, while you were still in the hospital.” She stood up and gathered both the mugs. “In fact, he gave me one of his credit cards and asked me to go through the mail and pay whatever bills came in and buy the groceries as well.”

She shrugged her shoulder, “Said he didn’t want to be bothered with paper work and money matters while you’re recovering. Especially as he wasn’t sure how long the recovery would take.”

John stared at the carpet blankly as he absorbed this. Every single fucking time…..he knew this would happen…..he pre-empted it….. He felt conflicted. Part of him felt humbled, grateful to have a friend like Sherlock looking out for him. The independent part of him bristled. How can I accept this generosity…..I need to get back to work asap, can’t keep accepting this….how can he do this without consulting me? What must she think of me?

Mrs Hudson came back and sat on Sherlock’s chair.

“So you see, dear, there’s nothing to worry about.”

His voice was gruff when he snapped, “Yeah, well, I’ll pay him back of course.”

Her expression was pitying as she mumbled, “John, you’re doing it again.”

“Doing what?”

She shook her head gently, “Well dear, you do tend to just focus on what he’s done, rather than why he did it, don’t you? It’s almost as though being angry with him is some kind of default position in your head. You know, it’s not about money!”

John’s voice was strained as he asked, “What do you mean? I…..I don’t understand.”

“Look, it’s not my place. But I’ve been watching this little domestic drama for five years now. Forgive a woman who’s getting on in years, but truly John……the mind boggles at how much you miss.”

She leaned forward and looked at him intently.

“Are you really so blind, my dear? He’s gone for two years and you mourn him like a widower. And then when he comes back, you spend all your energy being angry and throwing it on his face. As though he had taken off to visit the Seven Wonders of the World or something, instead of putting his life in danger to make sure that you stay safe.” She paused and then pointed an emphatic finger towards the front door. “Right there….he was standing right there, pale as a ghost, sweating and shaking because he was in so much pain, struggling to stand upright, after your wife shot him…..and you yelled at him and kicked furniture around. As if it was his fault whom you got married to! And he just stood there and absorbed all of your anger within himself, all the time thinking about what’s best for you.”
John watched her as she sat frowning, her disapproving look deepening as she seemed to lose herself in the past. After a while, she pointed an accusing finger at his chair, “Right there….you sat right there, tracing patterns on that arm-rest and mused about who could Sherlock be trying to protect? Well, guess what, John? It’s you. It’s always been you. He’s been protecting you and looking out for you since the day he met you.”

Her lips trembled with indignation as her voice rose, “He left your bloody WEDDING early, John. Who leaves a wedding early? Did you even stop to ask yourself that? But why should you? You had your wife and your friends and a blooming good day, why would you bother to look around and wonder where your best friend had gone. He threw himself into getting the most important day of your life organised, because it was important to you……And then…..just left.”

John gaped at her, eyes stricken as he watched the misery on the frail face, the tears gathering in her eyes.

“I……I….it’s not like that, Mrs Hudson,” he pleaded.

“Don’t you ‘Mrs Hudson’ me, young man,” she exclaimed. “You strut around like you know all about compassion and empathy and my Sherlock is a particularly socially inept robot. Well, you were the one who chose to walk out of here, and never looked back at your old landlady for two years. While Mycroft paid the entire rent and organised doctor’s appointments and family visits for me.”

John spread his arms wide, trying to explain.

“Things have changed. I do understand now. I am already taking steps to ensure that he is happy…..that I do the right thing by him….. yeah.”

She stood up abruptly, sniffing.

“Every single time you’re in trouble he brings you here. He doesn’t say much, mind you. That’s just not who he is. But look at what he does for you.”

She halted at the door and turned around, her thin, wrinkled hands fluttering in the air helplessly.

“I don’t really like to say this, John. But I feel like I must. If life gets better for you and you choose to leave him for greener pastures, again…..I might…..it might be difficult to welcome you back to Baker Street.”

She gave a decisive short nod and walked out.

John rubbed his face with weary hands…..she’s right…..everyone sees it but me….he cares, so much that he spent five fucking years proving it, while I had my fucking head stuck up my fucking arse……this ends now, damn it to buggering fuck…..

------------------------------------------

Post-operative week 5

“Hey, John!” an excited voice squealed back. “Gosh, how have you been? We’ve missed you! Are you back home? Are you able to walk?”

John laughed, “Slow down, slow down.” He held the phone closer, a fond smile on his face. Julia was the principal doctor at the practice he had been going for locum doctor positions recently. After Mary moved on and he decided to move back with Sherlock, he had been unable to find a suitable full time practice close by. Besides, things with Sherlock had been unsettled, he wasn’t sure how often Sherlock would need assistance with his cases. So John had deliberately chosen a more flexible option, albeit an hour’s commute away.

“I’m much better, thank you. Back home and recovering well. And yes, I’m able to walk. I did have a tibial fracture though, the cast comes off next week.”

“I know…..Mr Holmes called us four weeks ago to apprise us of the accident. He did say that he will let us know when you’re well enough to return. But that the prognosis was equivocal.”

“Good, that’s good. Listen, as I said, I have the cast off next week and I was wondering if I can start working the week after?”

She sounded hesitant, “If you need more time, John, that’s fine by me.”

John chuckled aloud, “I reckon I’ll be climbing walls by then, bored out of my mind. Look how often can you fit me in?”

“Well, do you want to start with three shifts a week and see how you go?” she asked.

“Sounds perfect. Let’s do that, and I can bump it up if all goes well.”

“Fantastic! I’ll pencil you into the roster and email you with the dates. Go through them and confirm with me.”

After some more small talk John hung up, heaving a sigh of relief.

Post-operative week 6

The rays of the afternoon sun were slowly dying down and the chill in the air was picking up speed, as John and Victor sat slumped, leaning on the trunk of a large tree in the park, sipping their hot café lattes.

“You didn’t have to rush to see me, Victor. You just got back this morning!” John said.

Victor waved a hand dismissively, “Ah, doesn’t worry me. Paris is not that far, I’m not tired.” He took another large sip. “Actually, I wanted to come the minute I heard you were injured, but Sherlock forbid it. He didn’t want me to leave the exhibition shows….there were still quite a few venues left when you got injured.”
They sat in quiet harmony, watching people taking strolls and jogs and kids playing.

Victor’s voice was nostalgic as he reminisced, “You know something, John? For the first few years I knew him, I used to beg Sherlock to let me paint a portrait of his face. He never allowed me.”

John looked intrigued, “Yeah? Why?”

Victor shrugged, “He used to say he prefers that I focus on the mental image I have of him rather than get distracted with external symbolism.”

John frowned, “I don’t follow……”

Victor grinned, “Yeah….I didn’t as well. So I stopped asking after a while.” He stared ahead vacantly as he said in a thoughtful voice, “And then…..after a few years I understood. Well, I think I understand. You see….if I had painted his portrait, I would have focussed on that…..instead of what is…..it is the Sherlock in my head, the Sherlock that I feel I belong to…..he’s the important one….not any material image I have of him…..” He shook his head ruefully, “I don’t know…. I can’t explain it.”

John frowned as he thought about this for a while. Finally taking a deep breath he leaned back on the tree, smiling. Victor looked at him bemused.

“What?”

John lolled his head towards Victor, the smile morphing into a wide grin.

“I’ve decided, Victor,” he said softly. “Decided to submit to him fully, no limits, no safe-words, no conditions.”

Victor laughed, “That’s good…..very good. But it is not a decision you can make, you know? Like you can’t say, ‘Now I’ll submit’” he mimed sitting up. “But it’s good to know that your mind is moving in that direction.”

John sat up straight again and turned to face Victor.

“I don’t know…..I’ve never felt like this before….I’ve been exercising like the dickens. And now that the cast is off, I think I’ll be ready in the next couple of weeks.” His smile was sheepish, “I…..I’m nervous. Yeah. Basically thrilled….but yeah, nervous.” He was beaming.

Victor’s voice rang with confidence, “You will only be nervous till you keep thinking about it. Once you’re on your knees, once you feel his fingers running through your hair, you’ll realize how silly all your fears were.”

“What if he doesn’t accept me?”

Victor frowned, “Then he doesn’t. Your job is to offer yourself up. What happens after that is his decision. Your work is done. It’s not your concern anymore what happens after that.”

John sat for a while, looking thoughtful as he mulled over this. He’s right…..what more can I do? But Sherlock won’t reject me…..will he? Can he?

“So….I wanted to ask. What’s he like? You know, as a Dom…”

“A Submissive’s dream come true,” Victor’s grin was cheeky.

John laughed. “Look, I get that! Lord knows you’ve said it often enough. But seriously, tell
me…..what should I expect?”

Victor laughed as he laid down on the grass and looked up at the tree. His eyes were twinkling when he looked at John after a few moments.

“I am serious, John. The truth is that every Submissive’s relationship with his Dom is different. What he is to me will be different to what he will be to you. You can’t generalise. And you will find out soon enough.”

John held up his hands, “Okay, okay, I get it. You don’t want to kiss and tell.”

Victor chuckled, “No, no….that’s not it. It’s just that….it is a very private relationship, you know? In front of a Dom like Sherlock, you’re laid bare. And I don’t mean just physically. I mean your thoughts, your psyche, your shameful secrets and hidden kinks, your flaws….. Nowhere to hide… no need to pretend. It’s …….freeing, you know?”

They stayed silent for a bit, just people watching.

“Victor?” John started hesitantly. “Don’t take this the wrong way. But I….you know that if Sherlock accepts me, he will…..I mean we will be having sex. Doesn’t that make you feel…..I don’t know….Jealous or insecure? How do you handle him sleeping with other Subs?”

Victor was quiet for a long time, as he stared into the distance. His voice when he spoke was soft.

“There was a Sub…..David. Many years ago…..Sherlock was very concerned about him, used to spend a lot of time with him.” He paused and frowned, lost in the past. “John, for a while there, I behaved like a complete pillock.” He heaved a long sigh. “Once Sherlock asked me, Victor, which leg do you care about more? Your right or left leg? Which ear do you feel closer to, your right ear or left ear? I know the metaphor is flawed….but that is essentially what it is….David is mine, just as you are mine. When both belong to me, how can one be more dear than the other?”

Victor gave a short laugh and went quiet.

John asked quietly, “What happened to David?”

“He fell in love with a co-worker, got married with Sherlock’s blessings. Actually, Sherlock was the best man at their wedding….So, you see John….I belong to him, as will you. There is nothing to be jealous about. We are both part of the same bigger whole.”

John was quiet for a while, as he thought about this.

After a while, John asked, “Tell me, are there things I should watch out for? Do’s and don’ts?”

“Hmmm……let’s see,” Victor pursed his lips as he thought. He propped himself up on one arm as he spoke. “Biggest ‘Don’t’— don’t lie to him. He will know……biggest ‘Do’—when you want to ask him for something, ask as his Sub….you know, John, you’ll see…..it’s like when you’re on your knees….he’s incapable of denying you anything.” He frowned, “It’s really weird, so unlike what you expect….it’s like he holds his Subs above himself somehow….like they’re more important than him……Apart from that…..”

John’s eyes were eager, hungry for every morsel of information as he ravenously listened to every word. What is he like in bed…..does it hurt to have a dick up your arse….how should I prepare for it…..how big is he…..will he be rough or gentle….how often will he fuck me…..

Victor looked at him gently, “Look, don’t overthink it. Seriously. Nothing much will change. It’s
not as if he’s going to start interfering in your life or make you kneel in front of others or decide what you’re going to wear or force himself on you when you’re not in the mood. In fact, you’ll be surprised by how little changes.” He sighed, “Only nothing is the same as before…..” He tapped his own head with a finger. “In your head. Everything changes in your head.”

John took a deep breath, “Okay then.”

Victor lay back again, a faraway look in his eyes, “Do you know how wonderful it is to talk about Sherlock with someone? Usually, it is just me carrying on a monologue in my head.” He laughed self-consciously. Then he sighed as he thought. John waited impatiently for any titbit that might slip out of Victor’s mouth.

After a long pause, he continued, his voice wistful, “The pure joy you will feel when he praises you, when you have pleased him, it has to be experienced, John. And it never diminishes, that surreal feeling…..it’s just as strong so many years after…..he makes you feel invincible.”

As if energized, Victor sat up and leaned towards John, “And then if there is even a hint of disapproval on his face, you shiver with fear, even though you know he’s not going to hurt you. Sherlock has never hit a submissive in anger, but still you feel it…..the fear, the shame, the disappointment in yourself…..at some visceral level….I’m telling you, John….every freaking emotion is heightened…..”

John looked with bulging eyes, drinking it all in greedily as he absorbed each word into himself, listening, internalizing…….

-------------------------------

**Post-operative week 7**

John’s short bursts of delighted laughter alternated with panting huffs of exhalations as he stood bent at the waist, hands on his knees and tried to catch his breath.

Philippe laughed as he pressed the side of his belly with his hands and gasped in between breaths, “Oh God….you run fast for a short person. I almost can’t keep up.”

Joggers ran past them, listening to music from their phones and iPods, children were squealing as they played around them. They stood on the leafy promenade by the lakeside, giggling like teenagers as they had raced.

“It’s all part of working with Sherlock,” John gasped out. “He keeps you on your toes…..if you fall behind, then watch out!”

Wiping their brows with towels they headed towards a park bench and sat down, carelessly sprawled with legs wide apart, the exhilaration of physical exertion still coursing through their veins. They looked around quietly as they slowly calmed down.

“So John, I was thinking that you don’t need me to monitor you anymore. You are more than
holding your own. Maybe we can still catch up once a week for a couple of weeks if you have any concerns. But otherwise, we’re done.”

John nodded, “Yeah, I feel good. Actually, I feel terrific.”

He turned to Philippe with a warm smile, “Look, I don’t know how to thank you. You’ve been great.”

Philippe shrugged agreeably, “My pleasure, John. It’s good to have a fully committed patient once in a while, you know.”

“With regards your fees…..will you send me your invoice? I’ll try and pay it in the next couple of weeks. I go back to work next week.”

Philippe waved a hand, “Oh, don’t worry about that. Sherlock has paid it already.” He turned to John with a wry smile, “I didn’t want to charge you at all, but he insisted, said it’s a long recovery, he wanted you to have the best.” He smiled sheepishly. “And I do have a young family…..so…yeah.” He shrugged.

John stared at him as he spoke and then quickly looked away as he tried to hide the sudden gush of moisture in his eyes. He just nodded silently, dumbfounded yet again.

After some time, he cleared his throat and said, “Look, you go on. I’ll sit out here for a bit and then head home.”

Philippe stood up and extended his hand.

“It’s been a great pleasure, John.”

John shook his hand and smiled warmly, “Thank you for everything.”

He sat back on the bench, deep in thought as Philippe left. He looked around vacantly, feeling overwhelmed even as his thoughts churned round and round in his head. EVERYTHING. He thought of everything and looked after it. Just so that I could be okay, so that I did not have to worry about it. This is the man that I felt I could not trust fully. What more does he have to do? Mrs Hudson was right. I am truly blind.

His hands were trembling as he brought them up to rub his face, trying to get a grip over himself.

When he put them down he stared at a man talking on his mobile a few feet away. Dressed in a formal suit, a cunning, arrogant smile on his face as he yelled at someone about board meetings and portfolios and dividend payouts; an investment banker. John stared at him as his mind projected the image of Sebastian Wilkes and he remembered that morning before they went to meet him, clutching yet another unpaid bill in his hand. Listen, if you’d be able to lend me some……I need to go to the bank. And he had let John collect the cheque…..

He sat there, thinking….thinking….with each passing minute, it seemed his mind was whirling faster and faster…..memories of the past five years flooding into his brain from all sides with the destructive power of a tsunami. They seemed to rearrange themselves, so that for the first time, John was looking at them the right side up.

Sherlock leaving him, flying off a building roof to certain death, a choked voice saying…..Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please, will you do this for me? It’s what people do, don’t they….leave a note?
His own anger at Sherlock’s presumed indifference to Mrs Hudson getting shot, a statement he had spent long agonising hours regretting in the aftermath….Sherlock using a ruse to send John off to safety and face Moriarty alone…..a catastrophic error in judgement in the intentions of his best friend………*Doesn’t she mean anything to you? You once half killed a man because he laid a finger on her…..you machine!*  

The memories of grieving by his grave-side, the silent nights spent staring at the ceiling with bulging eyes, wanting to die…die…DIE…his gun had never been far from him…..thinking to himself….I *don’t WANT to exist in a world in which Sherlock Holmes does not exist……what is the point of such a life….*  

Standing with Sherlock in the hallway of 221B….. *I asked you for one more miracle. I asked you to stop being dead……the softness in Sherlock’s voice as he had replied….. I heard you.*  

His hands interlinked behind the nape of his neck as he tried to breathe in deeply, *in and out….in and out… get a fucking grip, Watson, you’re scaring the fucking kids, for fuck’s sake……even as a kaleidoscopic medley of audio-visual images from the memory bank of his brain assaulted him.*  

Irene Adler, that shrewd seductress who’d captured Sherlock’s fancy and had made John swallow the toxic bile of jealously for many long months. Even she had known….. *We’re not a couple, John had croaked defensively……Yes you are……I’m not gay…..Yet, look at us both….*  

Sherlock sitting in the living room of Baker Street, looking lost and dazed as he gamely tried to keep a stiff upper lip and organise what was to be the most important day of John’s life…..paper work on the wall, to-do lists, the wall itself divided into sections—*“Transport”, “Catering”, “Rehearsal”, “Wine”…… Schedule the organ music to begin at precisely 11.48……serviettes folded into different shapes…… Swan or Sydney Opera House?……sititng cross legged on the floor in front of the coffee table with half a dozen serviettes folded into shape….. that just sort of….happened……*  

Sherlock at the wedding, playing beautiful music on his violin….. *Both of you, now go dance. We can’t just stand here. People will wonder what we are talking about….We can’t all three dance, there are limits….yes, there are…..Don’t worry, Mary, I’ve been tutoring him…..*  

Sherlock’s pale, pained face, sweat on his brow, hand clutching his belly, as he fought to keep John’s marriage alive………. *I believe I’m bleeding internally and my pulse is very erratic…..John, you can trust Mary…she saved my life.*  

John sat biting down on his clenched fist as the barrage to his brain refusing to subside as the avalanche of memory clips, disjointed voices and faces continued relentlessly. His breath was now just short gasps, his brain feeling like it would explode.  

Magnussen’s slimy voice crooning….. *But look how you care about John Watson….your damsel in distress. Sherlock’s pressure point is his best friend, John Watson.*  

Magnussen flicking his face and the quietness on Sherlock’s face, the apologetic look as he watched that viper playing with his friend…..and then the determination and fury with which he had shot him….. *Oh, do your research…I’m not a hero, I’m a high functioning sociopath….as the man who had never begged for anything in his life, went down on his knees because John’s happiness depended on it…..*  

John came up for air, gulping uselessly, heedless of the concerned and irritated stares of the joggers and walkers as they looked at this odd man behaving wildly as though he was having a mental breakdown right in the middle of a crowded public park. The tumult in his brain seemed to
have reached a roaring crescendo……

Ella Thompson’s professional mask..... John, you’re a soldier and it’s gonna take you a while to adjust to civilian life; writing a blog about everything that happens to you will honestly help you. ....nothing happens to me.

Lestrade’s frustrated words directed at the enigma that was Sherlock Holmes..... And because Sherlock Holmes is a great man. And one day, if we’re very very lucky, he might even be a good one.

Sherlock shaking hands with him on the tarmac, as he left faux cheerfully for certain painful and prolonged death…… To the very best of times, John.

The most human, human being……

Constantly misjudged him......punished him relentlessly for not including me in his plans....despite all his glaring actions to always act in my best interests......ALWAYS what is best for me....that keeps me safe...keeps me happy.......never caring about the cost to himself.....his home, his WORK, his beloved LONDON.....gave it all up in a heartbeat for me.....TWICE......

Mrs Hudson had said.....Who could Sherlock be trying to protect? Well, guess what, John? It’s you. It’s always been you. He’s been protecting you and looking out for you since the day he met you.

Sherlock’s beautiful calm face looking at him as he patiently explained...... John, you don’t need sex, you don’t need romance. You need to belong. To know that you are integral to something bigger. To know your place in life without doubts. To know that you’re home. You’re mine, John. And I am your home.......Every fibre in your being is aligned towards me, John. Everything that you have been yearning to reach home, surging towards me. An inexorable march towards culmination into oneness with me. Because you are MINE.

And then suddenly like a critical tipping point had been reached, the scattered threads of thoughts in his fragile mindscape coalesced and then burst into a blinding light, into a spectacular life-altering epiphany...... I belong to him, I am HIS ......and finally, finally........blessed peace. John felt as though a distant vision that had merely been a blur had come into a sharp focus as a powerful conviction and joy sizzled through his being with increasingly rapturous certainty.

It was impossible to sit still any longer.

John got up and started hurrying towards Baker Street...... towards Sherlock. His legs picked up pace as he started jogging, blinking off tears of happiness and newly found serenity......have to get home, not a minute to lose……the sensation of desperate urgency giving him wings. Heart pounding, he ran, dodging pedestrians, barely aware of the curious stares of passers-by as their eyes followed the mad-man who was laughing and running like the wind past them. It was rapidly getting dark, the streets were busy with people trying to get home from work before nightfall.

Of course.....yes...a thousand times YES....his....I am HIS...this is not something I have to make up my mind about. It’s only simple statement of fact. I belong to him, only him....always HIM....so simple...why did I not see this? Sherlock, Sherlock....

Strides getting longer, he ran as his chest heaved as though he was bursting with new-found knowledge, with joy, with exhilaration, unlike anything he had ever felt before. The sheer sense of rightness, of belonging. Nothing happens to me.....I said that once to Ella....nothing happens to me....Look where I am now...where life has brought me....so much time wasted, Sherlock...fighting
this...and for what? Some misguided sense of propriety? Pride? Stubbornness? Homophobia? As though anything could be more right than this...I am yours, Sherlock.

He raced, wanting to be in Sherlock's presence right this second, the sensation of urgency pressing upon him, as though every extra second lost was a huge waste. As he turned the corner of Baker's Street, his feet flew, the exuberant elation bubbling inside him making him feel so light that he felt like he could take off from the ground any minute and become airborne.

He stopped abruptly on the pavement opposite 221B, just staring at the beloved sign. He stood gasping, air hunger making his chest heave in and out, desperately out of breath. He stood for a moment recollecting his thoughts from just a few months ago.

*Five years ago he had stood here with a limp and a cane, a hair's breadth from eating his gun in depression, no prospects, no family, no friends, just a washed out middle aged army doctor.*

*Five years ago, Sherlock Holmes the most complete, private and untouchable man to ever grace the planet had taken him under his wing and given John a place in his life and his heart.*

*He had chosen to save John then. Would he consider doing it again, after everything he had been through?*

John had not known the answer just a few months ago. He knew now. Moisture filled his eyes as he thought, *he did choose to save me. From some bottomless well of grace and love, he managed to extend a hand yet again, to save me.*

John stood there staring at 221B, tears making his vision blur as he stood, body trembling minutely with emotion and in the cold air.

*I thought I'd be nervous, but nothing has ever felt this right, this perfect in my entire life before this.*

He crossed the road, the last few steps home. *No...no....not 221B...but in the arms of the man I belong to....that is my home......you are my home....why couldn't I see that?*

As he climbed the seventeen steps every fibre of his being was aware of the tectonic shift his life was about to undergo. *I don't even know what I'll say...haven't prepared a speech like I did with Mary....but do I need to say anything? He'll take one look at me and know....*

He stood outside the door, mouth dry, and took a deep breath. His hands were rock-steady with certainty, with the absolute conviction of what he was about to do.

Sherlock was pacing in front of his chair, talking on the phone, frustration in his voice as he spoke in his haughtiest public school voice, "Forgive me for thinking that two days actually meant two days. You were supposed to have sent me those results by this morning."

He looked up as John opened the door, eyes flicking over and then narrowing as they took in the overwhelmed expression on John's face, looking like a person who's just had a huge, cataclysmic revelation.

He mumbled on the phone, "Leave it, I'll call you later." And abruptly hung up.

"John?" his voice was soft, concerned.

John swallowed, his mind a sudden blank as he walked mutely towards Sherlock, his eyes looking intent, a suppressed joy bursting on his face.
Sherlock frowned as he gazed back, scanning, deducing. As John neared the frown disappeared and his eyes widened as disparate details slotted into place and a conclusion was reached. His face smoothed into an impassive mask as he watched. And waited. Quietly. Patiently.

John stood in front of Sherlock, feeling like he was drowning in the intensity of his emotions, thought suspended, words having long fled save one.

"Yours," he whispered softly as without conscious thought his knees gave out and he was sinking, sinking to the ground. His eyes did not leave Sherlock's as he sank down to his knees and knelt in front of his Dom...my Dom...Sherlock.

Sherlock looked back, frozen in place and went completely still.

His gaze so intense, John felt as though it were boring straight into his soul, probing, searching, analysing. John felt completely naked, flayed and dissected under those laser beams as he was laid bare, pared down to his very being, his essence. And he allowed Sherlock to probe, to find. Victor was right, it is truly freeing.

John's mind was curiously empty, random thoughts floating in, directionless as he waited.

So, this is why people kneel down when they pray. There is something about this posture, being on one's knees and gazing heaven-wards.....genuflection symbolising complete subjugation and acceptance coupled with the gaze turned upwards, the stretch of the corded neck muscles symbolising the soul seeking and gloriously striving for something Higher than oneself.... I understand now....

He watched as Sherlock seemed to have found what he had been looking for and before his very eyes, his expression transformed into something impossibly softer, more beautiful.....grace, tenderness, love, acceptance fighting for supremacy. As though all the harsh edges and sharp lines on his sharply angular face had been smoothed out. What kept you so long, John? I've been waiting forever for this....for you to come home....He stood motionless, his head inclined downwards as he looked unblinkingly at John. His eyes shone with a blue-grey incandescence, his expression was radiant, even as John watched in wonder as tears gathered into those gorgeous eyes and started to drip down directly to the carpet.....one...two....three...the tears flowed unabashedly, without restraint, without guile.

In all the time I have known him he has never looked more stunning than right now....

Suddenly it was too much; too much to take in...too MUCH....the solemnity of the moment, the tumultuous upheaval his mind had weathered in the past hour, the ethereal vision he was staring up at. With a shuddering gasp John closed his eyes and bowed his head and went still.

Time seemed to come to a standstill as they both stayed in the same position for long minutes, like statues, motionless and comfortable in their places.

A feeling of absolute silence and peace seemed to engulf John. He was in the presence of his Dom, kneeling at the feet of his Dom. Nothing to think about, no decisions to make. Submitted. Absolute surrender. It did not matter whether Sherlock accepted him or not. This was not about acceptance, but about surrendering, the act of submission itself, of letting go now that he was home. What his Dom choose to do with him was not up to him, and it did not matter.

It was a long time later that there was a rustle of clothes and the next thing John heard was Sherlock's voice say very softly, "John. Look at me."
John opened his eyes and looked up. Sherlock sat on his chair, his hands in the familiar steeple in front of his chest, his expression forceful, grave.

“John, I need for you to reflect on what you are offering. If you become my Sub, you agree to hand over yourself to me, body, mind and soul. There will be no negotiations, no limits set to what I choose to do to you, how I use you for my pleasure. There are no safe-words that you can use at any point in time. You will still have your volition, but at all times it will be subjugated to mine. If there is anything that truly troubles you, you may discuss it but only as a Submissive, on your metaphorical if not your literal knees. If at any time you wish to walk away from this relationship, you can. Nothing binds you to me. But it must be with the understanding that there will be no coming back, no second chance. I do not abide by hesitation in my Subs and I will not tolerate it in you either.”

His tone was without inflection, not pushing John in any desired direction, matter of fact and direct. He scrolled down on his phone and then waved it at John.

“I had myself tested whilst you were in the hospital. You were tested as a matter of routine as well. We are both clear of any STIs. We will not be using any protection, should we embark on this. I haven’t made up my mind about any intimate acts with other Subs, but if I do choose to have sex with anyone else, I will use protection and I will inform you about it. I expect you extend me the same courtesy.”

He waited a few moments, allowing John time to think.

His expression softened, his voice was gentler as he murmured, “John, it is not necessary to give your answer right now. There is no shame in reneging on your offer. There will be no questions asked should you decide to straighten up and sit in your chair and ask for more time to consider this. I encourage you to think some more if you find even the least hesitation as you look within yourself.”

John looked at him, his chin turned up with confidence as he replied without hesitation, his voice steady, "Yours, Sherlock. Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command."

Sherlock's lips twitched up, pleased. He inclined his head gravely and looked away as he considered, his tongue absenty running across his lower lip. John waited, his eyes eager with hope as he watched that familiar, beloved face as Sherlock contemplated.

Finally, finally after long interminable minutes, Sherlock seemed to reach a decision. He stood up and neared John.

He looked imposing, commanding as he looked down at John and whispered, his voice husky, "Mine." The simple word uttered with finality in that unmatched baritone, sounded like the pronouncement of God himself.

John shivered as he let out a long breath he didn't realize he had been holding and of their own accord his eyes closed, his head bowed down again. With a low shudder he leaned his head against one muscled thigh, craving support, anchorage. And finally felt them, long sensitive fingers running through his hair, in acceptance, in ownership.

Home...home....home....Sherlock, Sherlock....This is what completion feels like....nothing to worry about....it's all in his hands....I'm safe, I'm free.....

They stayed there, Dom and Sub, one on his knees having offered himself up, resting on the strength of the other, supported and supporting each other in their roles, two entities yet joined by
some unfathomable profound bond, that made them one.

John felt hypnotized, like a spell had been cast on him, his awareness narrowed to the tips of Sherlock's finger tips moving on his scalp. Nothing else existed, nothing else needed to exist.

It was a long time later that Sherlock said softly, “Stand up.”

John got off his knees and stood up gingerly.

Sherlock pulled him into an embrace, "Come here."

John rested his head on Sherlock's chest, his arms coming around to hold Sherlock close, nuzzling his face against Sherlock’s long neck. Sherlock stood holding him close, one hand gently cradling John's head, while the other ran soothing circles at the small of John's back.

"You did so well, John. I'm so proud of you," he whispered against John's ears.

The jolt of pure happiness that ran like a shard of electric current up and down John's spine was unexpected, powerful. The pure joy you will feel when he praises you, when you have pleased him, it has to be experienced, John. And it never diminishes, that surreal feeling....

John clung harder, choking back a sob, “I’m sorry, Sherlock. For making you wait……for doubting you…..I’ve lost us so much time. I’m sorry, Sherlock.”

“Shhh…..I know, my love, it’s alright now,” Sherlock’s voice was gentle.

Two large palms held John's face as Sherlock looked down, his lips inching closer, his exhalations fanning John's face delicately, his nose nudging John’s as he tilted his head. And finally, finally after what seemed after a lifetime of waiting, those perfect velvety lips caressed John's. Oh fuck....sof....so soft....I had thought his neck was the best smell....I could drown and lose myself in his mouth...John's heart was racing, palms sweating as one hand came up to fold over Sherlock's hand, seeking an anchor. He's barely even touched my lips and I'm lost already.

John’s mouth was pliable under Sherlock’s, opening up to his insistent tongue, welcoming him, as his entire being surged towards Sherlock….trembling hands fluttered up helplessly to pass his fingers through those luscious curls. The warning growl that came through Sherlock’s vocal cords reverberated with force through John’s body and his hands came back down his sides submissively. Not yet, only when he allows…..Victor said he does not like to be touched without permission……

Sherlock moved away slowly. No…no, don’t go...please....I beg you. One hand still rested lightly on John’s waist whilst the other slid from his face to grip the nape of his neck. Silver-grey eyes pinned John into place as they gazed at each other, lips only a hair’s breadth away. Sherlock’s grip turned firm and proprietary as he pulled John flush to his body. Sherlock’s rock-hard erection pressed urgently against John’s tummy, eyes dark with arousal, the gleam in his eyes predatory.

A small whine escaped from John’s mouth, frantic desire and excitement about what was to come making him feel lightheaded, needy, as he asked breathlessly, “What happens now?”

Sherlock’s other hand slid down the small of his back and further down, cupping his arse, long fingers in between John’s legs, pressing into his cleft. His smile was seduction itself, the promise of a Dom, as he tilted his head and whispered against John’s ears.

“Now, the taking begins.”
Dear Lord…..

Look, let me explain…….

I adore Dom Sherlock! (as if you did not already know that!) And you know how some long stories have all this unresolved sexual tension and then when it comes time for the payoff they sort of…..fall flat on their faces? The author either wraps everything up in two paragraphs or even worse takes the character to the bedroom and effectively shuts the door to my face? I hate that. In other words, if I’ve cried and suffered with the character in the living room, I damn well want to enjoy his pleasure in the bedroom. Know what I’m saying?

So yes…..I was determined for this not to happen to my story. So I started writing their first time together, and the words kept coming…..and before I knew I had written thousands of words of very detailed erotica.

Now, I can’t discard it. And what do I do about more scenes I have in my head? And well…..this is fan-fiction, I don’t have an editor breathing down my neck…..And I KNOW I’m making excuses…..

Basically, I am asking all you readers to indulge me for a little while, as I write some good old fashioned porn and suspend any semblance of a plot. And if this sort of thing is not your cup of tea, come back in a little while. I will pick up plot, I promise!

Meanwhile, it is PAYOFF time….and we ALL have waited so very patiently for this!

So, Enjoy :)

---------------------------------------

“Now the taking begins.”

Sherlock words reverberated through John, a promise, a warning. He could feel his face flush….The absolute peace he had felt just moments earlier dissipated, as he felt electrified with excitement. Fuck, soon I’m going to be naked, soon I’ll feel his dick inside me…..have fantasized about it for so long….can’t wait…..will it hurt a lot? I’m going to get fucked….really actually cock-up-my-arse fucked….holy shit….John licked his lips nervously even as he felt his chest starting to cave in with each breath.

“Eyes down, keep your hands by your sides,” Sherlock ordered, voice even.

John bowed his head…..fuck, fuck….please….Sherlock. He could feel the gushes of adrenaline, his heart fluttering in his chest…..going to have a bloody heart attack soon…..can’t remember the last time I was this nervous before a shag…..Pamela Newton? Tenth grade?
Sherlock took a step back, his hands in the pockets of his trousers and just watched as John literally shook with nervousness. Just for a while he indulged his inner Dom, allowed the thoughts to flow freely, even as outwardly his body stood motionless.

What should I do with you today, John? I wouldn’t normally fuck an anal virgin on the first tryst…..but I’ve waited so long for this…..want to strip you and push into you….hold you down while I fuck you…….want to make you scream my name….. want to hear your whimpering and pleading as I sodomize you repeatedly…..want to leave you with marks, bite into you…….paint you with my juices …..mount you and claim you like a wild animal……mine….MINE.

He stood patiently, hands curled into fists now, waiting for the raw hunger to go down a notch, as the Man leashed the Dom into place.

His eyes flicked to the open door. His voice when he finally spoke was steady.

“Stay.”

Systematically he went around, locking both doors, closing the windows, put his phone on vibrate. He went to the bedroom, flicked on the muted corner light, took out the lube and placed it on the bedside table. He got fresh towels, wet them, wrung them and put some on a tray and set it by the bedside. He brought a bottle of water from the fridge and placed it on the side table. And then frowning a bit, he considered before bringing some paracetamol and soothing lotion and placing them alongside the water as well.

John just stood there, head down, breathing heavily as his ears strained to hear the movements and tried to deduce what Sherlock was doing.

Normally by this time if I was about to fuck a willing female, we’d be groping, kissing, fondling. My hands would be all over her, kneading the soft tits, pulling at her nubs, rubbing my hard-on on her mons or her arse; we’d be stumbling to the bedroom as we tore at each other’s clothes, breathing heavily, wet kisses and sucks on different body parts, one of us would give head to the other…..all preliminary to spreading her legs and shoving my dick inside her…..shag her raw and hard…..moaning, panting, gasping…….John’s face flushed as he lost himself in the fantasy…..he clenched his fists as he tried to ground himself into reality, his dick now throbbing eagerly….. I know that at some point in time today, my legs with be splayed apart as his cock breaches my hole….every lewd image from every gay movie and gif he had watched over the past several months coalesced in his head to run a vulgar slideshow, as cock after cock sunk into hole after hole…..

Sherlock stood afar, just watching John silently with narrowed eyes. Reading him. Observing. The chest moving rapidly, the flush spreading from John’s neck up, the fluttering pulse point on the neck, the tented bulge between his legs.

You really want this, don’t you, John? To experience sexual submission….it excites you more than anything else…..the unknown, the fear mixed with the anticipation……..no control whatsoever over what I choose to do to you……the blood pumping through your veins as you wait for me…..look at you, jumping out of your skin as you wait impatiently, for me to fuck you, hurt you……. Very well then……if that is the language you choose to learn in, I’ll teach you in that language….and enjoy every bloody minute of it……but you WILL learn, one way or another……

His smile was wicked and yet indulgent as he nodded briefly to himself.

John just stood there, bereft as the thoughts churned. I’m just standing here…… I don’t know what to do…..am I supposed to be doing something? Am I meant to go down on my knees and beg for it?
Is that what he is waiting for? Fuck…..dammit, why didn’t I ask Victor? How can you ask Victor, you blithering idiot? What were you going to ask, “Victor, does he like you to beg for it before he puts it in?” You’re a complete arse, Watson……

Dimly he was aware that he was breathing harder, trying so desperately to figure it out, a faint tendril of panic starting to build.

And then, finally, soft footfalls as Sherlock came and stood in front of him.

His naked feet and the lower few inches of his bespoke black trousers came into John’s vision. John stared as something in him anchored itself to Sherlock’s feet and all thoughts seemed to subside, like a retreating wave. He’s here……. His breathing slowed as he just looked at Sherlock’s feet, the contrast of pale skin with the black satin sheen of the trousers, the long toes, the meticulously cut clean toe-nails……have seen him wriggle his toes when he thinks….on the sofa…..on the carpet. His mind went blank, weirdly grounded in the here-and-now.

The thought when it came suddenly, hit him had the force of a physical punch, as some thinking rational part of his brain recognized the sheer power that Sherlock held in his hands. Fuck, fuck…..he’s controlling my vital signs! With his feet, just by allowing me to look at his feet, for fuck’s sake….. The small kernel of submission that had taken root inside him quivered with wonder and reverence as it further fortified and fattened at the thought. This is my Dom….he controls me…..

He inhaled sharply as he felt Sherlock’s large palm rise up to rest against the side of his neck, the warmth curling around the entire span of his neck. Sherlock’s thumb gently rested on his jawline and nudged his head up.

“Settle down, John……. Look at me.”

John raised bulging eyes to look at Sherlock, even as he swallowed against a dry mouth. Sherlock’s gaze was assessing as it flicked over John’s face. Moist lips grazed lightly against John’s, a gentle caress full of reassurance, before Sherlock pulled back his head slightly.

He whispered against John’s lips, “Just because your mind, your psyche, your soul has submitted itself, it does not mean that you will automatically know the outward behaviours of a Submissive or indeed what may actually transpire; neither what you should do nor what you should expect from me. There is a learning curve, it takes time to get it right……it is a process.” John listened intently, even as he leaned into the feel of Sherlock’s thumb stroking his jaw slowly, gently.

“It will take time and many mistakes on both our parts, before it becomes natural. As we learn each other’s bodies, as I learn how far I can push you and you learn what I like, what pleases me.” Sherlock paused and frowned as he pursed his lips and thought about an appropriate analogy. The pad of his thumb continued to stroke John’s jaw in light circles absently. John waited.

“Think of it as switching on a light bulb. In most cases the bulb turns on. In this case though, it is as though the bulb is on dimmer switch, the brightness increases only slowly. Sometimes it feels like the bulb flickers and dies and then comes back on. It always does, once true surrender has happened, no power on earth can kill that light…….Flawed analogy, but I think you’ll understand what I mean.”

Sherlock’s fingers slowly trailed over the front of John’s shirt as with deft, precise movements he started to flick the buttons open. John’s heart raced even as he struggled to concentrate on the words.
“What happens when the bulb reaches full brightness?” he asked.

Sherlock paused as he looked at John, approval crinkling his eyes, his lips twitching up for a brief smile.

His voice was husky, grave as he murmured, “It becomes incandescent. The Submissive and his Submission shine brilliantly. So much so that the Dom disappears.”

His hands went around John’s waist, pulling the tucked shirt out of his jeans, fingers resting lightly over the belt as he watched John think it over, his gaze intense, hopeful. Come on, John…..ask me the right question….come on…..

John looked at Sherlock hesitantly, “I….. I want to be that bright, reach that degree of submission, Sherlock. But I don’t want my Dom to disappear…..I don’t want to burn so bright that you are not seen.”

Sherlock smiled, a pure innocent delight on his face, as he stepped closer, his nose rubbing against John’s nose, his cheek. Nuzzling…..fuck…….Jesus fucking Christ…..Sherlock fucking Holmes is nuzzling my face…..how the fuck does that happen? When did I earn this?

Face resting against John’s cheek, Sherlock murmured softly, “Oh but, John…..I don’t actually disappear. You see, when you reach that level of Submission, the Dom merges with the Sub. There is no more Dom, no more Sub. Just oneness, unity…….Culmination.”

John stood there, his shirt untucked, his shirt buttons open as he pondered on this.

Sherlock stepped closer, a seductive smile on his face, “For now, I plan to wring every bit of pleasure out of both our bodies that I can.” His finger stroked John’s cheek gently, his gaze locked into John’s widened eyes, “Think of it as an exquisite dance……or a beautiful symphony. I lead, you follow and we both get lost in the beautiful music we create together.” His lips came down to gently touch John’s lips again. “Do you understand?”

John nodded even as he threw back his shoulders as if readying himself. I would follow you to the ends of the Earth, Sherlock. It has always been you leading and me following. My commander….my Dom…..

Sherlock eased him out of the shirt and stepped behind him slowly and then a large palm was resting across John’s chest pulling him closer, until his back was moulded to Sherlock’s front. Soft lips placed gentle kisses on the nape of his neck as they stood there. John could feel the hard erection brushing lightly against his arse.

Sherlock teased a nibble of flesh gently with sharp teeth and purred inwardly with satisfaction at the whole body shudder that went through John. His hand was splayed on John’s chest, savouring the movements of his chest. It is beating, a fast and steady heartbeat. His chest is moving, inhaling and exhaling. He stood there, counting the heart rate, the respiratory rate.

John stood there, arching his neck into the kisses. It was some time before he realised that Sherlock had gone quiet. He frowned. What’s wrong? Why isn’t he moving or saying anything? He tried to focus…..on the press of Sherlock’s palm across his chest, on the silent pressure of the firm head against the back of his neck. Some instinct, born of years of closeness to this enigma of a man, clicked into place and his voice was hoarse as he murmured, “I’m alive, Sherlock. I’m here. It’s all right.” He desperately wanted to turn around and hold Sherlock, whisper reassurances into his ear. But he did not have permission. He angled his neck back and rubbed against Sherlock’s face. “I’m alive,” he repeated helplessly.
Sherlock’s voice was muffled against John’s skin as he murmured accusingly, “And yet…..you weren’t…..you were gone, John.” He took a larger bite of the fleshy skin on John’s shoulder and bit down. “I forbid you……you do not have permission to do that to me again.”

John sucked in a shuddering breath as the teeth clamped down on his shoulder, the pain unexpected and sharp. His eyes teared up, his voice was choked, with emotion, with pain as he answered, “I won’t. I would never do that to you if I could help it, Sherlock.”

Kittenish licks on the bite soothed the skin as Sherlock composed himself. You’re supposed to be ravaging him, you fool. Giving him the fuck of a lifetime….. He let out a shaky breath as he straightened himself and loosened the reins on the Dom for a while. Too much sentiment…..

The hand splayed across the chest moved to pass a finger over a nipple. The nubs peaked under his touch. “Take off your shoes,” he ordered. John toed off his shoes. Fingers lightly held a pebbled nipple and rolled it. John gasped. The pressure on the nub increased slowly.

Fuck….fuck….yes….John’s nipples had always been sensitive and something about the way Sherlock was teasing them seemed to be sending urgent messages directly to his groin. He stood there breathing through the erotic torment even as his cock was threatening to cut out through the zip of his jeans. Sherlock’s smile was wicked as he teased, flicked, pulled and soothed.

“So responsive for me……I’m going to enjoy taking you apart, John Watson.” He turned John around slowly and hooked a finger inside the fold of John’s jeans and pulled him closer, his grin lascivious. “I’m going to make you scream my name tonight,” he promised.

John shivered.

Nimble fingers unbuckled John’s belt and pulled it out of the loops. He stood back just holding the brown belt in his hands, running light caressing fingers over the well-used soft leather, before bending it in his hands, as though checking for pliability. John watched his eyes darken as Sherlock ran the belt lightly over John’s chest, flicking each nipple in turn with the tapering end lightly. It hurt like a sudden sharp pin-prick. Goose bumps rose all over John’s chest, in fear and in anticipation. Fuck….fucking hell….is he going to whip me with it……now? His eyes…..bloody hell, I never knew that his eyes could look this hungry....

“Dark brown leather over honey gold skin. That’s a good contrast,” Sherlock mused aloud. “Relax, John……I’m not going to flog you, not today,” Sherlock’s voice was amused despite the heat in his eyes. “Today I hurt you with just my cock.”

John swallowed nervously.

He undid John’s buttons and pulled down the zipper, “Off. Take it all off.”

Hurriedly John undressed until he was standing buck naked in front of Sherlock, cock straining and bobbing with excitement, pre-cum already pooling in his slit. Sherlock’s gaze was blazing as he stepped back and scanned every inch of his skin, head to toe, lingering on the swollen penis, the full bunched up balls.

“Turn around.”

John turned around and stood quietly as Sherlock inspected his back, his back side. *Hope he likes what he sees…..should have exercised more…..but I think I’m in good shape….not as good as him, but .....he has seen me naked before, even my hard-on.....why is this different?.....I should be feeling humiliated, being inspected like a piece of meat he’s about to fuck.....why don’t I feel*
humiliated….why is this so arousing….. when do I get to see him….can’t wait to see his dick….it felt big…..will I tear? He won’t tear me will he? Well, if it does happen we will deal with it….hope he likes what he sees……

The sudden heat of Sherlock’s fully clothed body embracing him from behind and pulling him close was welcome, delicious when it came.

“You are a beautiful man, John. One that I am going to enjoy having, again and again, for a very long time. Insecurity is for fools who are not happy in their own skins.” Sherlock’s voice was low, reassuring as he crooned into John’s ears. A long pink tongue came out to lick a swirl of John’s skin, just below his earlobe and…….Fuck, yeah…..yes……more……more……John’s knees nearly gave out from beneath him. Sherlock had just found one of the most erogenous zones on his body. The sensation went straight down to his cock and balls, and he moaned helplessly.

“Sherlock…..”

Sherlock made a satisfied sound in his ear. Like a deep purr of pure male appreciation.

“So you haven’t had anything up your arse? Fingers? Your own or someone else’s? A toy?”

John shook his head shakily, trying to listen and respond, as Sherlock’s tongue continued its exploration of his neck.

Sherlock’s hand snaked down and his thumb deftly flicked the pre-cum on John’s slit. John hissed at the sudden brief contact. Sherlock’s thumb came up to John’s mouth.

“Open,” he instructed. “Suck.” John sucked off his own juices and then eagerly sucked Sherlock’s thumb, unwilling to let it go.

Sherlock chuckled, “That’s right, well done, John……What about a blow-job? Have you ever sucked a cock?”

John shook his head again.

Wonder how we look? I’m naked as the day I was born and sucking his thumb, while he looks like he is going for an evening party somewhere, impeccably dressed as ever……

“You will learn………And don’t worry, we’ll get a full length mirror, John. So you can watch yourself getting fucked. Have a different perspective of what it looks like to having a cock spear you again and again. Either your arsehole or your mouth.” Sherlock’s voice had gone subsonic. “I can’t wait to have you gag on my cock.”

He pulled his thumb out and angled John’s head back towards him, one hand holding his head, the other across his chest, holding him in position. Demanding lips suckled on John’s pliant ones, a tongue moved in to intimately explore the hidden nooks and corners of John’s mouth. John whimpered, held fast in a strong embrace, Sherlock’s mouth plundering his, taking, taking relentlessly, mercilessly. John was shaking with desire, breathing in the moist breath, tasting that exquisite mouth; the kernel of submission playing a happy dance in his chest, mewling helplessly like a new born kitten.

I’m finished……I’m a goner…..if he kisses like this….fuck if I can take him fucking me….he’ll finish me off for good…..

Finally Sherlock let him go and nudged him back to face ahead.

“Have you ever fucked anyone up their arse?” came the next question, palm splayed on John’s
chest, monitoring…always, always observing…..

John considered lying briefly. Not something I’m proud of……butfuck we were all drunk and celebrating and randy and Murray was telling all these stories about the chicks he’s laid…..and it had been so fucking long since I’d felt something hot and tight around my fucking dick…..and Gale then offered…..and how could I turn that down…..I’m not gay…..but fuck it felt so fucking good…….hot and tight and best of all he was a man…..could be as rough as I wanted…..took it like a trooper…..I must have fucked him for hours…actually maybe a few minutes, but shit it felt like hours…..my most memorable fuck actually…….better than anything…….should I tell him?

Sherlock nuzzled into John’s neck, his fingers running over his chest, calculating the change in the heart rate, the sudden heavy breathing…..a part of him idly laid odds on the chances of John lying to him…….Does it matter if he actually lies? When he has already considered lying? Something to ponder upon…..

John’s voice was hesitant as he finally replied, “Yes. In the army. Once.”

He was rewarded with Sherlock’s hands moving down to fist his hard-on lightly, “Hmmm…….so you already know how much pleasure your tight little hole is going to give me tonight.” Sherlock slapped his dick sharply. John gasped at the sudden jolt and paradoxically his cock became harder, a drop of pre-cum embarrassingly dribbled down his shaft.

“Don’t even think about lying to me, John. I will know.”

John hung his head, “Sorry, Sherlock.” Victor told me, don’t lie to him. He’s my Dom and I’m already disappointing him. Sorry….sorry…..please don’t leave….

“Hmmm…….” Sherlock hummed into his ear, lazily stroking John’s cock. “John, it will never matter to me what you do or have done. This is always going to be about what you are and what you have the potential to become.”

A final nip on John’s shoulder and then Sherlock was leading him to the bedroom. He closed the bedroom door, despite the fact that the front door was locked.

“On your back, on the bed. Keep your legs straight and your legs apart.”

John’s heart rate rose to jackhammer status as he slowly climbed on and lay down as instructed. Oh fucking Christ…..it’s happening…..

Sherlock stood looking down at him, his expression unreadable, his eyes heavy lidded with intent and focus. His tone was conversational as he opened his watch strap with deft, precise movements and then unbuttoned his sleeves and briskly slipped off his shirt. He dropped them on the chair by the window.

“I wouldn’t usually fuck someone who’s never had anal sex before, on the very first encounter. But I have waited a long time for this, John.” He paused. “And I will have you today.”

John stared as the vast expanse of pale skin came into view, the dusky pink nipples, the constellations of freckles that peppered that torso. The black trousers sat snuggly over a flat stomach, hugging those immaculate hips and thighs, like the fabric was staking its own claim on Sherlock’s body. The contrast of black and white was elegant, literally mouth-watering, John realised as he felt his mouth flood. The bulge between his legs was pronounced, but the tailoring held it in place. I want to wrap myself around his body like that…..I’m fucked…..I’m fucking jealous of fucking clothing now…..
“For tonight, you can verbalise anything you need to. Cry, whimper, scream, say anything that comes to mind. I want to hear you tonight, John.”

_Godgodgod….my God….fuckfuckfuckity fuck….._

Sherlock stared into the dark blue eyes, deep as the ocean. Wide. And hungry. And anxious.

His gaze softened. _Look at him, like a deer caught in some headlights. Can’t look away….can’t run…..wanting it so badly…..fearing it so much…..It’s John, Sherlock. It’s your John……don’t scare him so….._ He reeled the Dom back in

He climbed on the bed slowly, still wearing his trousers and lay sideways next to John. One hand propped his head, while the other passed gently over John’s head, wiping off the faint sheen of sweat that had accumulated on John’s forehead. He bent down to caress John’s mouth softly, his voice tender as he whispered against his lips, “I’ll make it good, I’ll try not to hurt you. You will scream my name tonight, but not with pain, but more pleasure than you’ve ever felt in your life. Trust me.”

John looked back at him and licked his lips subconsciously, wanting to believe.

And then Sherlock started exploring.

Lips, hands, tongue moved relentlessly over John’s body. Seeking, touching, kissing, sucking, biting lightly, as he went about finding all the places on John’s body that made him pant with need. Every touch was precise, _calculated._ His hands roamed, tracing pathways around the dips and valleys. Feather light caresses, harder rougher kneads. Anchoring touches alternating with touches that were rough and demanding. Hot fingers curled around John’s hip bones, teasing fingers skimmed in the valley between his legs. Lips sucking his nipples in turn, tongue licking the sensitive skin of his groin, hands massaging the strong calf muscles.

John gasped and moaned, arching into every touch. Undulating and writhing as Sherlock played with him like a favourite toy.

“So good……so responsive for me,” Sherlock hummed approvingly. “I’m going to make you such a slut for me, John,” He nudged John around and continued his exploration. Learning the erogenous zones, the pressure points, the ticklish spots and the areas that made John gasp.

The Man lost himself to lust, sampling the fare he was about to devour. While the Dom stood back and took note; filing information away at a rapid rate, cataloguing, analysing into neat little tables---which caresses raised the goose bumps, how much did the pulse rate rise with every rough gesture, how did the pupils react to aggressive language, how the body arches to caresses in secret corners, every trigger area that makes him pant…….

John’s hips were undulating to his attentions, up and down, rubbing his bursting cock on the sheets. Sherlock shook the hazy mist of drugged desire off his mind. _So fucking long I’ve waited for this…..but it’s his first time….._ The Man wanted to tear him to pieces like an animal, hear sounds of desperation and pain, while the Dom stood back and tempered the lust- _not yet, not today._

John moaned aloud when he felt Sherlock climb atop him, his entire weight settling over John. John’s straight legs scissored between Sherlock’s. Something about having that weight was weirdly grounding. _Fuck, I knew I was smaller, but this……it’s like he engulfs me……_He felt the rough fabric of Sherlock’s trousers on his arse and his legs, even as an impressive erection rubbed against his cleft.
Sherlock’s lips were soft against his ear, “John, I’m going to prepare you now. And I’ll start by having you in this position before I turn you around. It always is more comfortable in this position, with me behind you, but I need to look at you while I fuck you today. Is that okay?”

John gulped as he turned his head to look into Sherlock’s eyes, “Please…..can I at least see….” He left the thought unfinished, knowing that Sherlock would know what he is talking about.

Sherlock’s face was buried in the crook of his neck as he responded, voice muffled against John’s skin, “Later. For now, it’s better this way. Trust me.”

Sherlock pulled John up till he was on his hands and knees. He placed three pillows under John’s face, so that his torso was parallel to the bed, his arse ready to be used and yet there was no strain on his back.

“Stay,” he said as he moved away to grab the bottle of lube on the bedside table. He put it within easy reach.

*Can’t wait….can’t wait…..am going to die of anticipation……how much longer….* John’s heart was hammering like a drum beat in his chest which in turn felt like it was about to split open.

Gentle warm hands palmed the backs of his thighs and spread them apart. Firm hands kneaded his arse cheeks before Sherlock slid down one hand between John’s thighs to reach up and grab his cock. He pulled it down to bring it into view. John’s eyes slid shut with pleasure as Sherlock started stroking his shaft.

“Fuck…..Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s other hand curled around his sac. John’s belly was coiled tight as a spring, as he sucked in short sharp breaths. He pressed his face into the pillows as his hips began to rock in time with the firm strokes. Sherlock hummed in approval as his thumb made circles around John’s crown.

“Jesus…..please…..oh fucking hell.”

More approving sounds from Sherlock’s throat as he continued to lazily play with his nuts. His pace on John’s dick rose as he moved his hands from John’s scrotum to graze over the sensitive stretch between his arsehole and balls. John’s arsehole clenched instinctively. *Too much…..too much.*

An amused rumble behind him, “Just so, John.” He took his hands off.

The sound of a bottle cap being opened behind him was loud like thunder in John’s ears. A slippery thumb came back to stroke that sensitive root of his penis again. John’s pelvis bucked back with a sharp groan.

“Unnngghhh……Sherlock…..please, Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s other hand stroked his arse-cheek soothingly as his hand, now slippery with lube, moved to John’s dick and started pumping again.

“You’re beautifully responsive, John. You’re doing so well.” His voice sounded pleased as he mercilessly teased John.

He let go and drizzled some more lube over his fingers.

“Going to see you now, John.”
Strong, unyielding hands gripped the lower half of John’s cheeks and spread them wide. John tensed. Sherlock growled at the sight, the sound heady, low. *Fuck…take…claim….*

Two wet thumbs casually brushed over the pink rosette. Both worked in perfect unison, taking turns to swipe the gel over John’s arsehole. John’s butt cheeks were clenching and unclenching without his volition, totally unprepared for this manual stimulation. So wrong, so alien and yet druggingly, spectacularly right. Sherlock’s growl was sharper this time, as he watched the exposed hole twitch and pucker under his thumbs.

“Going to penetrate you now, John.”

An extra-large dollop of lube fell over John’s anus. A finger touched him there lightly.

“John, I need you to bear down on my finger.”

John took a deep breath, *okay here goes…..*and dutifully pushed down. A split second later, Sherlock’s finger was in.

“Breathe, John.”

Even the minimal invasion stung. John concentrated on breathing as Sherlock ordered. The finger slipped deeper until John felt Sherlock’s knuckled brushing lightly on his cheeks. A warm hand gently, soothingly caressed his arse, his hips.

“Alright?” Sherlock asked.

John nodded, concentrating on keeping his sphincter relaxed. After a few moments, Sherlock’s finger started moving, probing.

“Fucking hell…..” John yelped in surprise and pleasure, as the finger finally stroked his prostate. Sherlock bent close to John’s face and kissed him lightly.

“Doing so well, John.” John shook again as Sherlock nudged his prostate.

Sherlock moved back to concentrate on his efforts, watching in wonder as John moved helplessly under the probing finger.

John was feeling deliriously restless as the finger became more persistent. His cock felt like shock-waves were going up and down the shaft. His hips were canting, wanting more, more….. *MORE* of that deliciously decadent sensation.

“Sherlock……Oh God……fucking hell, shit…shit.”

Sherlock withdrew his finger and watched with satisfaction as John’s hips seemed to follow it. More lube, two fingers.

John hissed at the burn, only to be soothed straightaway as the fingers stroked him in tandem from the inside. His face was moving mindlessly on the pillow. Sherlock pierced more firmly, his knuckles now digging into his arse.

“If you could only see, John. How your body is accepting me in. So good for me……” Sherlock purred with satisfaction. He swivelled his fingers, so that his palm was now facing down, moving in and out of John’s hole smoothly, every entry rewarded by light tickles and firm grazes to that wonderful spot deep inside.
John was moaning unabashedly, every nerve in his arse alive and jumping, lost to sensation. Each graze felt like it was a tongue of fire directly stroking his cock. He knew all about the prostate, I am a fucking doctor, for fuck’s sake…..never experienced this…..fucking hell, I’m going to come soon…..

“You look like a wanton slut, John. Fucking yourself on my fingers.” Sherlock’s voice was rough as he watched the glistening fingers spear John’s hole again and again. The crudeness of his words was tempered by a hand petting John’s lower back. “And I love that…..give it all up for me.”

John whimpered, his voice already broken, “Need to come…..please, Sherlock.”

“Ohhhh…….God…….” John’s mouth was a silent scream as Sherlock took him in deeper, his hips helplessly bucking to stuff himself deeper into Sherlock’s mouth. Sherlock hummed with approval and to John it seemed like the vibrations were going through his pulsing dick and exploding out of his mindless head. The deeper he sank into Sherlock’s mouth, the harder Sherlock sucked. His fingers were fucking John and stroking his prostate. The relentless firm pressure of the fingers grasping the root of John’s cock was not allowing him release; release that felt so agonisingly imminent, yet completely out of reach.

John was mewling pitifully, his sanity too splintered to care about how he sounded.

Finally Sherlock let him go, a soft teasing lick over the slit as he withdrew both his mouth and his fingers.

More lube and, “This is going to be a bit tight, John. Take a deep breath and then bear down for me.”

“You look like a wanton slut, John. Fucking yourself on my fingers.” Sherlock’s voice was rough as he watched the glistening fingers spear John’s hole again and again. The crudeness of his words was tempered by a hand petting John’s lower back. “And I love that…..give it all up for me.”

John whimpered, his voice already broken, “Need to come…..please, Sherlock.”

“Ohhhh…….God…….” John’s mouth was a silent scream as Sherlock took him in deeper, his hips helplessly bucking to stuff himself deeper into Sherlock’s mouth. Sherlock hummed with approval and to John it seemed like the vibrations were going through his pulsing dick and exploding out of his mindless head. The deeper he sank into Sherlock’s mouth, the harder Sherlock sucked. His fingers were fucking John and stroking his prostate. The relentless firm pressure of the fingers grasping the root of John’s cock was not allowing him release; release that felt so agonisingly imminent, yet completely out of reach.

John was mewling pitifully, his sanity too splintered to care about how he sounded.

Finally Sherlock let him go, a soft teasing lick over the slit as he withdrew both his mouth and his fingers.

More lube and, “This is going to be a bit tight, John. Take a deep breath and then bear down for me.”

“Tight…..so tight. The trio of Sherlock’s fingers were in, stretching him. John panted. Sherlock swivelled the fingers, stroking John’s sweet spot, stretching and opening. The sting was fading and after a few plunges the rhythm started to feel good again. With slow steady pressure, Sherlock pushed all three fingers in slowly till his knuckles were bumping into John’s arse cheeks again.

Sherlock’s fingers now were pumping. In and out. Gently. Slowly. Carefully. John’s entire frame was writhing, he was almost in tears…….please…..I can’t take this…..need to come…..let me come….he prayed silently.

Slowly Sherlock removed his fingers. The retreat left John feeling strangely empty, as his hole fluttered in the cold air. Sherlock had felt so damned warm.

“John, look at me.”

John turned his head on the pillow, looking up at Sherlock with bulging eyes. “Please…..please, Sherlock…..”

A gentle hand brushed back John’s sweat soaked hair, “Shhh…..soon, John. I’ll make it good, I promise. I’m going to take you now.”

The sound of a zipper opening was tantalising and followed by the rustle of Sherlock disrobing.
completely. *Schlick….schlick….schlick…..*the sound of Sherlock lubing his cock.

John’s heart was fluttering at a million miles a second, his lungs banging against his chest as he waited.

Hot fingers curled around John’s hip bones, pressing into the dips around front, “This is going to hurt at first, John. I’ll go slow.” One hand moved to stroke up and down John’s back gently, “You’re doing so well. Such a good Sub for me.” John drew strength from the tenderness in Sherlock’s voice, the gentle hands touching him.

Sherlock looked down as he grabbed his painfully hard cock and brought it close to John’s pucker. The mushroom head nudged the well-lubed hole as it clenched. He bit his lip, biting back a growl of frustration, wanting to plunge in and take. He stroked the hole with the head of his cock gently, round and round as he waited for the urge to plunder subsided.

John was trembling with anticipation. *Wonder what it looks like to him…..I feel like a bitch, just laying here, spread open for him, waiting to be fucked at his leisure……*the lewd thoughts somehow made everything more exciting…..*dirty.*

“God, John. I’ve waited to do this for so long,” Sherlock’s voice was a broken rasp.

*It’s not just me…..he wants it too….he’s waited too…..*

“Bear down, John. Let me in.”

John took a shaky deep breath and pushed against the cockhead and suddenly Sherlock’s crown began breaching him, stretching his arsehole more and more. *Shit….shit….tight….fuck so tight….*

“Relax, John,” Sherlock pleaded.

“It’s stinging, Sherlock.”

“I know. It will settle. You need to push out now, John. For me.” Sherlock struggled to stay still as the tightness of John’s sphincter clamped down on his sensitive cockhead.

Panting, John obeyed and pushed out.

Slowly, slowly Sherlock sank deeper.


*Son of a bitch…..motherfucking……full, full……so fucking full……*John’s white knuckled fists were knotted into the pillow covers, his voice muffled against the pillows. Sherlock’s crown reached the prostate but didn’t stop and kept going beyond it.

“Unnngh….Hun….UH…..Sherlock,” John yelled out.

“Nearly there, John. That’s right, nice slow breaths,” Sherlock whispered in a husky voice as he sank in further.

And then finally, *finally* John felt Sherlock’s thighs and groin pressed against his arse.

Sherlock bent down, his voice a growl of satisfaction into John’s ears, “Fuck, John. So tight……you….so tight.”

John’s laugh was a relieved bark, “Fuck, Sherlock…..just give me a sec, okay?” *Could patent that*
growl and sell it as a fucking aphrodisiac….so this is how Sherlock Holmes sounds when he is aroused enough to not complete a sentence. Sherlock lay still, draped over John’s back, giving them both some time to adjust.

“Alright?”

John nodded, too overcome to answer. *Fuck he’s huge……He’s inside me…..Sherlock is inside me*…

“I know…..I can’t believe it either.”

Slowly he withdrew slightly and pushed his cock to nudge John’s prostate again. John arched with pleasure and raised his arse. Sherlock withdrew and then thrust back in.

“Fuck…..yeah,” John grunted and bowed down, his arse rising again.

Sherlock growled at his reaction and straightened up. Long fingers curled around John’s hip as he started fucking at a nice steady pace; not too fast, not to slow. Allowing John to get used to the rhythm. Each deep thrust felt like it was kissing John’s prostate and John was soon quivering, dancing to Sherlock’s tune, his dick weeping with joy. Every so often Sherlock shifted his hips to hit the sensitive gland from different angles. And watched with primal satisfaction as John writhed under him, mindless with pleasure.

He leaned over and braced one hand over the headboard, the other gently opening one of John’s fists and then lacing their fingers together. Hot breath skittered between John’s shoulder blades, soft lips kissed his damp, heated skin. All the while, Sherlock kept delivering those smooth and easy pumps, nudging John’s prostate every time. John was panting, rocking into the thrusts wantonly, going progressively crazy with the need to come, his erect cock fucking the air helplessly, *uselessly*.

“He moans and pleas were getting stronger.

Sherlock straightened up again and tightened his grip on John’s hips. He slowly pulled back and then his pelvis rocked forward and sank deep inside again. He repeated the action again and again. Easy withdraw, slick delve back home.

“Fuck……hun….hun……Sherlock,” John cursed and moaned with each stroke.

Slowly out……sinking in. Again. And again. And again.

Sherlock’s hands slid to John’s cheeks and spread them apart, looking down as his long thick glistening cock plunged in again and again. John’s hole stretched around it, hugging it, the rim being pulled out when he withdrew and pushed in with every thrust. John’s thighs trembling helplessly with the pleasure/pain. John’s helpless whines and whimpers. *Mine…..MINE*.

Slowly out…..sinking in. Again. And again. And again.

His voice was gruff, “Wish you could see this, John. How I am disappearing inside of you.”

John moaned aloud at the thought of what it looked like from Sherlock’s viewpoint. Part of him was mortified, part of him was shaking with pleasure.

Slowly Sherlock picked up speed and started pounding. John’s fists curled around the pillow covers, raw pleasure exploding around his cock and arsehole and balls.
“Uh!” John grunted, again and again. “Uh, fuck!— Uh, fuck!— Uh!”

With every powerful thrust, his toes curled, his fingers clenched, his entire body rippled and jerked helplessly. Every thrust was slamming Sherlock’s hips against the back of John’s thighs with a loud pornographic slapping sound, a ruthless staccato of primal sex being tattooed on John’s arse, making his cock howl with need. It needed contact. Friction. *Release.*

Sherlock kept up.

Slow long thrusts, then fast pounding.

Gentle long thrusts, then brutally rough plunges.

And then suddenly he was gone. John whined at the loss of contact. Withdrawn completely, his wet hard cock brushed John’s back as Sherlock leaned over and whispered into John’s ears, “Going to turn you around now, John. Have you face to face.”

Gently Sherlock turned him around and scanned John’s face.

John looked unhinged, ruined. Face gleaming with sweat, eyes slightly unfocussed and overcome with emotion, shivering with reaction, with raw *need.*

The Dom growled with pleasure. The Man rushed to soothe.

“Hey……I’ve got you…..got you, John. Keep your eyes fixed on me,” Sherlock murmured gently as he pulled him close, wet kisses to his face, his lips. John nuzzled Sherlock’s neck gratefully and breathed and breathed.

“Please, Sherlock,” he whispered, voice broken.

“Soon, my love. Soon.”

Sherlock sat up to slick his cock with some more lube. John’s eyes widened as he stared and stared and stared. So beautiful……so big……God, it looks huge…..I took that up my arse…..So freaking beautiful…..just like him.

“You ready?”

Sherlock palmed one cheek and spread John wide to nudge his hole with his blunt cockhead. John barely had time to nod before—*shhhlick*---Sherlock sank deep in one surge. Both men groaned in tandem.

Sherlock leaned forward, his elbows on either side of John’s face, making a cage out of his body and arms. Hot breath fanned John’s face and they looked into each other’s eyes as Sherlock started moving slowly. He rubbed his nose over John’s face, licking his lips, pressing his lips over his forehead, his eyelids, his temple; all the while his hips moved. Fucking his Sub. Tattooing his ownership inside of John. Branding him. *MINE.*

“So good, John. You feel so good on the inside. A good little fuck toy, just for me” Sherlock mumbled as he licked John’s favourite spot underneath his earlobe.

John bucked and moaned. He felt painfully stretched, incredibly full. With the change in position, Sherlock’s cock was hitting his prostate from a different, less urgent angle. But the change in stimulation was more than made up for by actually looking into Sherlock’s ravenous eyes, *my Dom…..he’s taking me. I offered myself and he’s taking what was offered….*
John’s lips were grazing over Sherlock’s face, but his hands were still uselessly curled into the sheets by his side as he still did not have permission.

“Please, Sherlock…..I beg you,” he panted as another plunge jerked his entire body.

“Touch me, John.” Sherlock’s pant was brief. “Anywhere you like.”

Gratefully John’s hands came up as they touched with reverence, with wonder…..fingers touching those exquisite lips, sharp cheekbones. Moving down to trace a path over Sherlock’s nipples. Moving up to touch silky gorgeous locks of soft soft hair….fuck, like spun silk…. And then down again to wrap his hands around the expanse of the back, the muscles bunching and undulating as Sherlock kept fucking him. His body was swimming in an ocean of deep pleasure and decadent sensation, while his soul was crying with joy. Yes….yes….yes….yours, only yours….have me…..I’m yours.

The room was getting warm and filled with heavy aroma of sex. The only sounds were the heavy breathing of two men mating and the shhlick….shhlick….shhlick of Sherlock’s cock fucking John.

The Dom unleashed himself.

Okay, that’s enough of that…..time to actually take him….

Slowly Sherlock straightened up till he was kneeling. His fingers curled the back of John’s knees and spread and lifted at the same time, so that his arse was now sticking up and completely bared to Sherlock’s view.

“Hook your hands around your legs. Hold them up like this.” The order was rough as John was almost bent into double. “Good boy.”

He put some more lube on his hand and started pumping John’s cock with one hand, in tune to his rocking hips.

John’s head fell back, gasping with sudden pleasure. Finally, finally…..blessed friction. Yes…yes…. This was what he desperately wanted, needed.

Sherlock was pounding into him now, watching his cock spear John’s hole again and again. Biting his lips, grunting with every thrust. His hand over John’s dick was pumping faster. The pressure in John’s ball was swelling beyond his ability to bear as he shuddered and raced towards his climax. The faster Sherlock stroked the harder John shook.

“Sherlock,” John screamed, his balls bunching up as the haphazard jolts of electricity in his body seemed to coalesce into one, he could feel his climax approach.

The hand on his shaft came off suddenly and instead a firm unyielding grip squeezed the base of his penis.

SMACK!

The powerful unexpected slap to his arse stung hard and John’s eyes flew open in disbelief, fear.

“You never come without my permission when I’m fucking you, John.” Sherlock’s tone was stern. He watched with satisfaction as John’s eyes lowered with obedience and slowly his body sank down, his balls loosened.

Soothing the spot he’d just spanked with a gentle brush of his palm, he murmured, “Good boy.”
He started rocking into John again, his rhythm steady, relentless. The lubed hand started stroking John’s shaft again.

“You’re so responsive, John. Doing so well. For me.”

With each powerful thrust, John’s entire body seemed to jerk underneath him.

Again and again he brought John to the brink.

And just when it seemed to John that he would be allowed to come, it was stopped by that iron grip encircling his cock base.

He was staring up at Sherlock, aware that he was losing it, his consciousness splintering into a million pieces under Sherlock.

Look at him….just look at him…..he has always been beautiful….but never more so than now…..like an exquisite alien creature……He has invaded me from day one, in every way that matters…..been inside my head for so long….it is right, fitting that he invades me this way too…….John stared and stared with bulging eyes at Sherlock’s face, the expression of triumph, ownership writ large all over it. John stared at his eyes. Sherlock’s pupils were fully blown, his irises only a sliver of emerald green holding within them, what seemed to John, to be twin black holes, sucking in John’s sanity, his inhibitions, his fears……enticing the Sub to come out and dance with him.

Come on, John…..come out to play…..give me what I want…….give yourself up…..this is not about you……it’s about US……together……don’t you see?…..Come on, John…..dance with your Dom…..

And John was falling into those eyes……falling into them….with all the helplessness of a ray of light that falls into a black hole, to be lost forever. He felt like he was unravelling completely as everything inside him cracked open and he was laid bare to the knowing gaze of his Dom. His body was being played, every sensation of pleasure that could be wrung out of it was being evoked. But his soul was lost…..in his Dom’s dazzling eyes. His awareness was steadily narrowing down to only Sherlock’s eyes and the sound of his voice. Nothing else seemed to exist.

The Dom purred with pleasure as he observed John’s eyes lose focus, the tension in his muscles receded as his thighs fell apart and even his sphincter relaxed. The desperate urge towards climax, the frantic pleas subsided.

Yes…..YES…..MINE.

He gently unhooked John’s hands from where they were gripping his knees as he lay splayed open, and raised the legs further till they hung off his elbows. Strong hands wrapped themselves around John’s back and LIFTED…..Sherlock was kneeling, his thighs spread apart, his knees digging into the mattress. Effortlessly he pulled John up on to his lap, body bent in double, quivering thighs resting on Sherlock’s chest, the backs of his knees resting over Sherlock’s crooked elbows, his ankles digging into Sherlock’s back. Sherlock’s arms were like steel bands around John’s back, pinning him in place.

“You’re doing well, John. Such a good little Sub you are for me,” he said as he started thrusting up into John’s body, now pliant like a rag-doll in his arms. He pushed John down, allowing those last few centimetres of the base of his cock, the thickest portion to finally bludgeon inside. One hand came down, long fingers skinned and probed the stretched thinned out rim of John’s hole and Sherlock let out a loud growl of approval.
“Do you know how long I’ve waited for this………John Watson impaled on my cock………
Steady now. It’s going to get very rough. Let it all go. Hold on. I’ve got you.”

John’s arms were wrapped around Sherlock’s neck as he held on tight. Their position brought his face within inches of Sherlock’s and all he could see were those dominant, blazing eyes and he felt his body sinking, sinking into more and more bliss as he let go even as his soul seemed to be soaring higher and higher in euphoria.

The Sub was finally dancing with his Dom and John had never felt this much joy in his entire life.

Sherlock….Sherlock….Sherlock…..was all his mind could think about, all words had fled. Just Sherlock’s eyes, the sound of his voice, his name.

Sherlock’s thrusts were hard now, mercilessly pounding into John as he effortlessly lifted John’s pliant body and repeatedly slammed him down. Every brutal thrust caused Sherlock’s cock to ram into John’s prostate, precisely angled for maximum stimulation. Shockwaves of ecstasy were tearing through John, his arse on fire as it stretched to its maximum, his cock hard as a stone, twitching and jerking with each thrust. Sherlock’s arms were holding him securely, pinned in place and he was now grunting with every thrust.

“Oh…….uhn….so good, John….you feel fucking fantastic…..love your arse…..uhn…..John…..”

One hand cradled John’s head as Sherlock brought him closer and put their lips together, kissing him with open-mouthed kisses, fucking him with his tongue as he pillaged John’s arse without breaking stride at all. John was panting into his mouth, so far gone that he had no co-ordination to kiss back.

“John,” Sherlock gasped against John’s lips as he slid one hand down between their bodies and started pumping John again. “Get ready to come.”

John was already too far gone to hear anything, his body bucking into Sherlock’s fist as he whimpered brokenly. Sherlock’s pace increased till his hands were a blur even as his thick cock was powering in and out.

John’s balls reared up, as he teetered over the edge, waiting for permission.

“Now, John.”

Sherlock gave a long firm stroke with a twist and……

“SHERLOCK…..” John screamed loudly, a scream that seemed to erupt from the very core of him, as he detonated like a bomb, his body arching, tendons straining, head thrown back in absolute mind-numbing ecstasy as his cock erupted. Hot ropes of cum seared over both their chests as Sherlock kept pumping.

“Sherlock…..Oh God, Sherlock,” his gasps were like a prayer, as his cock kept twitching and ropes upon ropes of cum kept pulsing out of him.

Finally Sherlock let go of his cock, and gripped John’s cheeks, roughly pulling them apart as he pounded in with fury and single-minded determination. “So close…..fuck, John….going to…..” His hips were moving fast as he slammed repeatedly into John, his thrusts now savage, bordering on cruel. And finally, he gave one last push as he sank in deep and held still, his back stiffening, his arse muscles bunched up, cock swelling so much that he feared he’d tear John, as finally he started to pulse.
Sharp teeth bit into John’s neck, his scream muffled against John’s skin, “Oh FUCK…..John…..”

John could feel each pulse like a heartbeat against his thin stretched rim as Sherlock finally pumped his seed into his bowels. It was heady, intoxicating to see Sherlock lose control, to be marked like an animal. Jet after jet of Sherlock’s cum filled John. A couple more thrusts as he emptied himself and finally Sherlock’s pelvis slowed to a crawl, as he moaned loudly with satisfaction, exhaustion.

He lowered John’s legs and pulled him closer, cradling his head gently over his shoulder. They sat there for a long time, holding each other, panting and completely out of breath, sweat and cum soaked bodies intertwined.

After a while Sherlock gently slid out of John and lay him back on the bed.

John lay sprawled, legs askew, his breath slowly coming back to normal, his eyes slowly coming back into focus. A slow trickle of Sherlock’s cum started oozing out of his hole and in the valley of his cleft and pooled beneath his arse.

Sherlock watched as tears started to flow down John’s face. His lips were trembling, his entire body started to shake with reaction, his eyes pleading mutely. He lay down next to John and pulled him close.

John buried his face into Sherlock’s neck, breathing in deep the now-familiar intoxicating smell and just…..let go. For the first time in his adult life, John sobbed. Not the quiet restrained crying of a grown man. But the spontaneous cry of a child; his breath hitching, voice pitching into sobs, loud and uninhibited.

Sherlock held him tight, whispering in his ear again and again, “You did so well, John. You were so good for me.” His hands gently cradled John’s head, fingers passed soothingly in his hair.

“Sherlock…..I don’t…” John’s voice was broken.

“Shhh…..I know, John. I know.”

John shook his head trying to explain, his voice plaintive, “I don’t know why I’m crying, Sherlock.”

Sherlock rocked him gently, his lips pressing kisses all over John’s face. “I know, my love…..Shhh…..It’s all a bit overwhelming….It’s alright to feel this way. You did so well for me. I’m so happy with you” he crooned in his husky baritone.

He held John as he cried, waited patiently for the sobs to subside.

It was a long time before John’s sobs settled, his breath coming in short hitches as he seemed to come to himself.

“Stay. Let me do this,” Sherlock murmured softly, as he got up and sat on his haunches.

Dimly John watched as Sherlock gently rubbed off his semen and the lube from both of their bodies with damp towels. As Sherlock gently pried his buttock cheeks apart to first look and then run a gentle finger over the burning puffed up rim. Checking for bleeding, tears…..John registered vaguely. Gentle fingers applied some cream around the rim. Half passed out, he allowed Sherlock to prop him up and give him some pain-killers and tilt a bottle of cold water. John gulped and gulped. Hadn’t even realised I was so thirsty.
“John, I need you to rest. Sleep for some time,” Sherlock said as he gathered John into his arms again. He pulled the duvet over both of them. And watched John as his eyes fluttered shut and his breath evened out.

---------------------------------------------------

It was four hours later that John stirred. Dawn had yet to break. Blinking as he gained awareness, he moved only to stop with a sudden hiss as the dull ache in his arse flared.

He plopped back and stared at the ceiling. His heart started to thud as memories flew in.

_Fuck.....did that just happen? The most intense, glorious fuck of my entire life..... he TOOK me....in every sense of the word, he fucked me. This was nothing like my fantasies....not even in the same league.....I could never have imagined it could be this intense, this rough, this satisfying........._

John palmed his limp cock.... _The sounds I made....so undignified....wanton.....His eyes, his smell, the smell of his arousal mingling with mine.....heady, potent stuff.....I never realised how much smaller I am.....he manipulated my body like I was nothing.....his cock....John’s mouth flooded with saliva at the thought.....want to suck it, sit between his legs and keep sucking him....want to hear that husky voice growl again......want to see those eyes blaze again....... even if he never fucks me again, I’ll never need to resort to another fantasy ever to bring myself off......God, he spanked me.....and why does that feel so erotic.....want more of that.....go outside and kneel down and beg to be spanked.....John chuckled wryly. You’re such a slut, Watson...._

His hand came down to touch himself between his cheeks. _Clean....he must have wiped me clean....it hurts......but he said I’ll get used to it.....don’t know what I’ll do if he wants to fuck me right now.....will he?.......what am I meant to do now? What must he think of me? What happened to me in the end? Sherlock’s voice in his head said ...... The physical surrender is just an outward expression of the mental one._

He stood up gingerly and pulled his pants on and covered himself with his robe. _When did he leave?_

He walked out. Sherlock lay on the sofa, wide awake and looking up at the ceiling. A limp hand hung down from the edge of the sofa, his fingers curled up.

John approached softly. _What am I meant to do? Should I kneel?_ He realised with a start that he wanted to. _How strange that I want to sink on my knees and bury my face in his tummy. Feel his fingers running through my hair. Has he lost all respect for me? What should I do?_

Sherlock watched him calmly as he neared and stood in front of him. And slowly smiled.

The fingers resting on the carpet twitched, beckoning.

“Come here.”

John went gladly and started to kneel next to Sherlock.

“No, not down on the ground. Plenty of time for that later. Lie down next to me.”
Gratefully John climbed atop the sofa and Sherlock shuffled, so that John was lying sideways, his back to the sofa back-rest, their legs entwined with John’s head resting on Sherlock’s chest. They lay there quietly, lost in thought, Sherlock’s fingers running through John’s hair gently.

“Okay, you’ve questions,” Sherlock said softly after a while.

John frowned as he murmured after a while, “Do you think less of me? Now that you have…..”


John nodded, rubbing his head against Sherlock’s chest.

Sherlock moved to reposition John and make him lay down as he leaned over him, looking down at him with intent eyes. His voice was gentle, tender as he explained, one hand stroking John’s head.

“I need you to understand something, John. The Dominant inside of me needs to dominate, subdue, use, take care of his Submissive. The fledgling Submissive inside of you will find joy and pleasure in falling into line, being used, being subdued, being taken care of. Each time we have sex, we will learn more. If I humiliate you or use language I otherwise wouldn’t, it is not because I disrespect you, but because it feeds that inner Dom and Sub. If I hurt you, it is not because I am subconsciously angry, but because it feeds that inner Dom and Sub. If I deny you pleasure, it is not because I am a selfish bastard, but because your place as the Submissive needs reinforcement from time to time. I want you to never doubt the regard and respect I hold for you, irrespective of what happens when we are intimate. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” John nodded thoughtfully.

Sherlock was quiet for some time before he continued, “There are many ways to attain the Oneness I told you about. Perhaps you’re best suited for this one.”

“I …..I don’t understand.” John shook his head.

“You will,” Sherlock said as he bent down to kiss John’s temple gently.

“You were right, you know?” John mumbled, after a while.

Sherlock’s laugh rumbled through John, “I’m always right, John. What am I right about this time?”

“This wasn’t like vanilla sex at all.”

“I know.”

“It wasn’t even making love, was it?”

“No, it wasn’t.”

“Nor was it just rough sex.”

“No.”

The stroking resumed as John thought some more.

“Is it always this intense?”

Sherlock frowned as he thought, “More. It gets more intense. The deeper your Submission, the
greater joy you will experience.”

Sherlock lay down on his side, holding John close, allowing him to think, John’s face nuzzling into his neck.

John was frowning. Was I any good? Did you like taking me? Was I the best you had? Will you fuck me again? Did I please you? Tell me... is there anything more I can do to give you more pleasure? Sherlock, I cannot live without experiencing this again... it was quite literally the most intense fuck of my life... I think I’ve developed an instant addiction... you won’t stop fucking me, will you? I’ll do anything to please you... please don’t leave me to go fuck your other Subs... I’ll be good... do anything you want... His breathing became erratic as his thoughts churned.

Sherlock tightened his arms around John and brushed soft lips against John’s. “Settle down, John. You did very well. You pleased me a lot.”

The noose that seemed to have caged John’s heart and was making it clench painfully, suddenly loosened. His face was radiant as he grinned shyly and then buried his face in the hollow of Sherlock’s neck.

He lay there, cocooned in the warmth of Sherlock’s arms as he sighed with relief.

His eyes fluttered close again.
John sat sprawled on his chair, his lolling head supported by one hand, absently staring at the television with heavy lidded sleepy eyes. The soothing voice of David Attenborough droned in the background, the television was bathed in a blue hue as all manner of exotic sea creatures moved about in the deep ocean.

He had woken up this morning to find the flat Sherlock-less and a brief message on his phone.

_I am at the Yard. Rest. Take some more pain-killers. Will come to get you after lunch. May need your help later for this case._ – SH

He’d spent all morning like a love-struck teenager, moving around the empty flat in a trance….touching things, Sherlock’s things, smelling his pillow, running fingers over his chair and thinking about the previous night. It would have felt like the most hedonistic, wild dream that his rabid mind had conjured up out of thin air due to desperate longing, if not for the soreness in his arse that made itself known every time he moved.

He had replayed every single act, every word out of Sherlock’s mouth, every sound they’d made, every visual of Sherlock’s naked body in his mind’s eye. He remembered his stuporous mumbling in Sherlock’s arms on the sofa, saying that it had been nothing like vanilla sex or rough sex or love-making. He had pondered over an apt descriptor of _what the fuck had happened last night_……the closest that he had finally gotten was……. Possession? Everything that Sherlock had done and said screamed of ownership……like an owner taking what was his due, his right. A Master using his possession. Not the touch of a lover, but that of a Dom…… _And why is that not humiliating? Why does it feel right….. as if that is the way it is meant to be?_

He’d stood under the hot shower, revelling in the massage provided by the powerful jets of the shower head that Sherlock had insisted on installing all those years ago when they’d moved into 221B. _He may neglect his bodily needs when he’s immersed in his mind, but fuck if he’s not a sensual being at heart…..Look at his clothes, his bedding, the way he plays his music, and this bloody shower….._

After gently cleaning himself between his cheeks, _shit that stings….his hands had moved to his cock. He’d been walking around in a semi-aroused state all morning, as image after erotic image replayed in his mind. He stroked his cock, it felt good to finally get the edge off. Can I bring myself off? Did he say anything about being allowed to masturbate? He did say I cannot come without permission when he’s fucking me…..what about when I’m alone? I need to ask him….._
His hand got faster as he recalled the sheer fullness of Sherlock’s impressive cock wedged deep inside him, the jolts of pleasure when it had rammed into his swollen prostate repeatedly and left him quivering and delirious under the gaze of the most observant man on earth. *What did I look like to him? Spread out.....begging for his cock.....*

His hand was merely a blur now as his orgasm built......his mind now zoned in on Sherlock’s eyes, fiery and dominant, the sound of his voice as it had growled John’s name in that final unguarded moment, the slight bow of his head as he was trapped by his orgasm, just raw animal reaction and finally spilt his seed inside John.....and suddenly John was coming, one hand clawing at the bathroom tiles in desperate search for support as his legs shook underneath him.

Later, he had rustled up some lack-lustre food from the pantry and eaten absently. And now lay semi-comatose as he listened to the hypnotic voice of Sir Attenborough and dozed off.

----------------------------------------------------

The sound of Sherlock’s shoes thundering up the steps woke him up with a jerk.

Striding into the room, Sherlock spoke as he shrugged off his coat and hung it behind the door.

“John, we need to leave in an hour. I’ve got Molly conducting some tests, they should be ready by then. We’ll go to Bart’s first, I asked her to wait till we arrive to do the autopsy. And Lestrade is waiting at the Yard......”

John shot up from where he was nestled in the bosom of his favourite chair, as soon as he had heard Sherlock, even before he knew what he was doing. His face coloured as Sherlock turned towards him and observed the posture, the straight back as if standing in attention, hands hanging by his sides.

*Why the fuck did I just do that? Was I supposed to stand?*

John looked at Sherlock’s face, his eyes wide in disbelief as a stunned realisation passed through him.....*Sherlock Holmes fucked me last night! This exquisite man held me in his arms last night....* He swallowed.

Sherlock’s expression softened as he neared and looked at John, his head tilted, eyes crinkled with approval. Gentle fingers lifted John’s chin as he bent his head to touch his lips to John’s. He drew back smiling, “You don’t have to do this, John. Although I do appreciate the gesture. But you live here; it will get very old, very quickly if I have you standing or kneeling for me all the time.”

“I..... I didn’t even realise I was going to stand up. It just sort of.....happened,” John explained haltingly, wonder in his voice.

Sherlock’s smile broadened, “I know. And that’s just the way I like it.”

John frowned, “What do you mean?”

“Come here,” Sherlock said softly, pulling John into his arms, holding him close.

“I meant that these little spontaneous gestures that you will make as my Sub. Those are the gestures I want. There will be times when I’ll order you down on your knees. And you will obey. But these are the ones nearest to my heart, when they come from your state of *being*. The way you knelt for me yesterday.”
John nuzzled closer, delighting in feeling those arms around him, raising his head to burying his nose into Sherlock’s neck and just *breathe*, breathe in deeply that heady aroma that stirred all manner of emotions in him……safety, love, submission, belonging……*home*….

Sherlock’s chuckle was a rumble, his voice full of fond indulgence, “You really like scenting my neck, John.”

John nodded, his hair brushing against the arm Sherlock had around him.

“I can’t explain it,” he mumbled against Sherlock’s skin. “It makes me feel like I’m…… at home.”

“I’m glad,” Sherlock murmured as he stood there, head obligingly bent over, lips lightly grazing John’s temple. His arms tightened around John.

Finally, he pulled John away and cupped his face with his hands. John looked up at eyes that shone with intent, meaning.

“John, listen to me very carefully. This will always be available to you. No matter what happens from hereon in, no matter where this relationship goes, whether it succeeds or you chose to walk away, I need you to know that this source of succour, of comfort, of belonging is *always* yours, whenever you need it. There will be no questions asked, no matter how much time has gone by or indeed what terms you left in.”

John’s cry was instinctive, distressed, “Why? Why would you say that? As if we are going to part……”

Sherlock shrugged an elegant shoulder, “Well, you could get tired of being a Submissive. You could get bored with it all. Things can change….they sometimes do.”

“But why only me? It could also be you who walks away!”

“No, I can’t.” In that instant Sherlock’s face transformed into something ageless, as though wisdom that transcended time had taken a physical form. His voice was soft as he continued.

“I am your Dom, John. I have accepted the responsibility for you, your fulfilment. You can walk away. I have to always be there for you. If we part, it will always be because *you* moved.”

John frowned as he mulled over this. Sherlock stood there patiently, one hand covering John’s neck, his thumb gently moving over his jaw.

“I…..I don’t understand, Sherlock. I had thought that being a Dom meant dominating someone, you know? Everything I’ve seen, read….it is always about fucking, hurting, controlling……what you are saying…..” John shook his head. “It’s not about sex to you at all, is it? You had said…..I did not understand…..I still don’t think I do…..”

Sherlock’s smile was an enigma as he bent down to rub his nose gently to John’s, “It is not about sex. Sex is just a tool we will use to explore greater and greater depths of Submission, a physical expression of a very spiritual surrender.”

John’s eyes were wide, “I…..I don’t understand.”

Sherlock chuckled as he pulled John into his arms again, “You will. Have patience.” His hand moved down from John’s back to cup his ass possessively, “I was rough with you last night. How is your anus? Much pain?”
John grinned impishly, “It’s manageable. I took some paracetamol. And I’ve had a fair share of cereal. Need to keep the fibre up from now on, I think. Have to buy more fruits, veggies.”

Sherlock grinned back and slapped his arse playfully, “You’re a doctor, John. You’ll figure it out. Now get ready, we have to go.”

John fidgeted as he rubbed his cheek on the soft cotton of Sherlock’s pyjama bottoms, enjoying the feel of the taut thigh muscles under him, yearning for something, anything…….

It had been four whole days since Sherlock had touched him with sexual intent!

He had been more than generous with other touches; tender kisses to John’s temple at random times, fingers gently stroking his nape, embraces that came out of nowhere. But mostly life carried on as though that night had never happened. He was out and about a lot, going to the Yard and St Barts, discussing cases at home with John. They still ate takeaway and John listened with amusement as Sherlock fired choice invectives at television programs.

But no sex…..not a whiff of it…..

As though John’s entire world had not just been turned upside down.

Now John lay on the sofa, with his head on Sherlock’s lap as Sherlock worked away on his computer perched on the sofa side rest, his fingers a blur, his blue-grey eyes focused on the screen, ignoring John.

John was nearly panting with need. So fucking close……his cock is right there, can feel its outline against my cheek…….why am I not allowed to pull his pyjama bottoms down and lean in for a deep breath…. want to taste him, suck him….. Why the fuck is he not aroused….how can he stand it, knowing I’m here, waiting and willing to be taken…..if it were me in his place, I would have fucked a willing partner a dozen times by now….two dozen times…….shit it’s been four whole days……

Eyes on the laptop screen and still working with one hand, Sherlock lowered his other hand towards John. A broad palm came down and wrapped itself around John’s throat. A warning squeeze over his windpipe, before just resting on John’s neck, the touch firm.

“Settle.”

The grip was not really threatening but coupled with that stern, you-will-obey-me voice it made John’s eyes widen with excitement, a faint curling spiral of fear moving through his chest even as he subsided feeling like a dog who’d been called to heel.

I don’t want to fucking settle down, Sherlock. John thought sullenly. I want you to fuck me. So many things we could do…..I want to feel you spanking me, use your fucking riding crop, hurt me….I need to know what that feels like….I want you to Dom me, order me around…..never realised I had such a kink for taking fucking orders…..or maybe it is just you….do something, Sherlock before I explode…..Who does this? Give someone the best fuck of their life and then make them wait……

“Sherlock…..can’t we just….”

Sherlock flicked his eyes to look at John briefly, before resuming his work.

“In a minute. Just let me send this email.”

John waited impatiently.

It was a few minutes before Sherlock closed his laptop and leaned forward to put it over the coffee table, the movement causing his belly to press against John’s face, who lay there wanting to be cocooned in that warmth for fucking forever…..

Sherlock pulled him up in his arms.

“You were saying…..” He prompted.

John was suddenly tongue-tied as he looked into mesmerizing blue-grey eyes that looked indulgently at him……..let me suck you, fuck me…I need to feel what I felt again, you inside me...

Sherlock smirked and leaned forwards slowly to kiss John. Delicious hot breaths fanned John as Sherlock exhaled into his mouth, a playful pink tongue jostled his soon pushing him back as it took a leisurely tour of John’s mouth. John sighed in his arms…..finally. He drank in the smell of Sherlock, feeling the soft brush of his curls on his face. Sherlock’s growl was approving as he deepened the kiss.

John’s fists were gripping his shirt, twisting and turning as his body arched into Sherlock’s, his breathing getting laboured, his dick standing in attention…..please, please…..Sherlock’s hand strayed to his neck and throat, gripping possessively, controlling John’s neck movements while his lips still moved in an erotic dance in slow motion with John’s lips, tongues tasting, lips sliding, teeth gently nipping. John was swaying and bucking in his arms, thighs straining as his hips bucked up searching for friction.

Sherlock slowly moved back, his eyes dark as they looked at the hunger in John’s eyes.

Slowly he shook his head as though trying to clear it, his voice a dry rasp, “John, listen to me. What you experienced that first night was intense. It takes some time for the mind to assimilate it. Besides you’ve just started work after such a long absence and recovery from a major injury. Give it time.”

John twisted his hands some more as he pulled at Sherlock’s shirt, wrinkling the expensive fabric as he breathed, “Please….I need it….need you.”

“So eager, John,” Sherlock said as he gently pulled John’s fingers from his shirt.

Sherlock pushed him down on the sofa and then loomed above him, his knees bracketed on both sides of his thighs, eyes pinning John down. His finger’s strayed down to undo the zip and grip John’s cock.

“This is what you want, what you crave?”

“Sherlock…..” John moaned loudly, as his body quivered under that expert touch, like a man who had a raging fever.
Sherlock answered with a quiet murmur of pleasure, “So eager for my touch.”

His fingers stroked the sensitive underside of John’s cock, then gripped and pumped with a firm sure rhythm.

John’s fingers were cramped as they held on to Sherlock’s shirt again, wrinkling it beyond recognition as his hips swayed and bucked up, finally falling apart in mute invitation......*fuck me......please fuck me.....* Sherlock’s strokes now making hot flames lick his balls and all he wanted to do was chase his release.

“Fuck, Sherlock.....please have me.....please, not like this.....with you inside me.....I'll come, Sherlock,” he pleaded.

Strong fingers moved to John’s hair, gripping it and yanking his head back, reining him like a stallion.

“You will wait. Till you have permission.”

John’s cock jumped and throbbed at the command, hard and fat, pulsing up with pleasure. Sherlock grip tightened and the strokes became faster as his tongue fucked John’s mouth relentlessly, even as John made noises of wordless pleas and shook under him.

John teetered at the edge, so afraid of falling over and yet everything in him wanted to fall. His eyes widened as he whispered against Sherlock’s mouth, “Please.”

Sherlock stared back at him, one hand controlling his head with his hair, the other wrapped around his cock as he stroked and finally just as John’s control began to fray, he ordered.

“Come.”

And John’s climax exploded from him, so violently that his head reared back, his scalp pulled by the grip Sherlock had on his hair. Sherlock let go of his head and bent down to hold the shuddering body, his hand still stroking gently till the last of the spasms died down.

“Bloody hell, Sherlock,” John laughed, panting.

“Happy now?” Sherlock asked, his eyebrow raised.

John gasped out, “What about you?”

With his free hand Sherlock pushed himself off the sofa and stood up, all grace and agility.

“That can wait.” His fingers brushed John’s hair softly, “Go to sleep, you have an early start tomorrow.”

He walked to the kitchen to wash his cum-soaked hands.

“Will you come to bed too?” John called out, as he slowly got up, unsurprised to find his legs a bit shaky. He followed Sherlock into the kitchen.

“Later. If I need to sleep. Good night, John.”

His eyes followed John into the bedroom. Shaking his hands to get the water dried, he slumped on his chair, frowning. *Stupid......stupid......You can either be his Dom or his lover, not both......don’t forget the end game in your desires...... you are setting all sorts of bad precedents here......* the Dom chided the Man...... *but I don’t quite know how to say no to him. And that is not a good thing for us*
in the long term……

He sat there in deep thought until the urge to go and claim what was his became too intense.

“Aahhhh……..” he growled with frustration as he rubbed his hair with his hands, before getting up and going into the bedroom.

It was only a quarter of an hour later that Sherlock walked into the bedroom. John was lying on the bed, awake and staring up at the ceiling, replaying every moment of what Sherlock had just done to him. His cock was sated, he felt deliciously drugged and at peace. His head turned at hearing the door open, staring at Sherlock’s silhouette in the moonlight streaming through the window. Yes, please….come to bed….hold me....

“Stay still. Be quiet.” The order was given in a quiet murmur.

John’s heart stuttered and then raced.

Sherlock undressed fully and then switched on the muted light on the side table.

He got into bed, pulling the duvet over both of them, spooning John from behind.

John took a sharp breath as he felt the naked body curled up to his back, the hard jutting erection poking into his behind.

Sherlock held John and murmured, “I dislike having sex in the dark. Sex is a sensual activity, John. All the senses must be allowed a chance to input the sensations to one’s brain.”

He rutted against John lazily, for a while.

“Turn,” he instructed as he pushed John to his back. “Scoot down a bit.”

John turned, his eyes drinking in the sight of Sherlock’s naked body, that long, thick cock jutting forwards. Ohmygod…..he’s going to fuck me …yes, dear God…..fuck.....

Sherlock sat up on his knees and positioned himself till his knees were digging into John’s shoulders, his arse resting lightly over John’s chest. An indolent finger moved over John’s lips…..swirl, round…….swirl, round.

“For instance, you need to be able to smell me, inhale deeply,” the words drawled out in that husky whisper and John’s cock leaped with excitement. Sherlock leaned over till his groin was positioned over John’s face and then slowly lowered his thighs.

John suddenly found his face, his nose engulfed by the throbbing steel length of that huge cock and the tight dark curls that surrounded it. He breathed in deeply like a man starved of oxygen. Sniffing, inhaling, trying to memorise the smell…..Sherlock, citrus soap, arousal, sweat…..Sherlock. His nostrils flared, his neurons and synapses working at a frantic pace to embed the smell forever into his brain. Which is better, the neck or his cock……I could die happily here……

Sherlock chuckled, “You like that, John? Like scenting me? Would you like a taste?”
He lifted himself, playful eyes looking at the awed look on John’s face. A pink tongue ran lazily over his lips, as with one hand he slowly stroked himself.

John looked up from his vantage point, beauty in everything he saw.

From the testicles hanging down, to the heavy length in Sherlock’s hand, to the taut abdomen, the trail of sparse dark hair from the navel down to the thick curly thatch of pubic hair, from the pink pebbled nipples to the flexing arms. And then there was the face. Christ……just fucking look at him. The thick curly hair, like a lion’s mane, the straight aristocratic nose, the sensuous set of his mouth. And finally the eyes. John wished he was a poet, how does one describe his eyes…..never the same…..they say eyes are the window to the universe. His eyes ARE the fucking Universe……all the beauty, all the flashing intelligence, all the knowledge of this entire fucking Universe…..

Sherlock’s hands moved down to grab John’s and pin them above his head.

“Hold them there. I give, you take. That’s how this works.”

He nuzzled John’s throat briefly, before raising himself again.

“Open,” he said, as he fed his thick, long cock between John’s eagerly waiting lips.

John’s mouth stretched as the velvet steel of Sherlock’s cock entered him, trying frantically to recall how he’d received blow jobs in the past, what he needed to do. Suck, yes……He hollowed his cheeks as he sucked. Lick, yes……his tongue eagerly lapped the salty, bitter pre-cum. Breathe, breathe….don’t forget to breathe…..Oh sweet Jesus, I’ve Sherlock’s cock in my mouth…..

Sherlock watched his efforts indulgently. He was aware that his cock was sizeable enough to gag most Subs. And that John would take time to learn how to deep-throat him, how to relax. Part of him wanted to thrust in anyways, push his cock into his throat, savour the strong spasms of the throat muscles against his cock ….but he was aware that this was an act of deep and true Submission…..John was just not ready yet.

He pulled back till just the cock head was just inside.

“Suck. Hollow out your cheeks. Good boy,” he murmured. “Lick the slit…..that’s it.”

He pushed in a bit deeper.

“Swirl your tongue…..doing well, John.” He watched John as he instructed enjoying the amateurish efforts, the enthusiasm. “Press your tongue to the underside…..so good….yes, just like that.”

One hand came down to support John’s head, the other still holding his cock as he started rocking in and out, bobbing John’s head in tandem. John’s eyes had closed as he concentrated on his efforts, disbelief at what he was doing, to whom he was doing it to still coursing through him. His mouth revelled in the feel of the soft fragile skin moving over a very turgid organ, his nostrils were busy inhaling the smell of Sherlock’s arousal. Sherlock’s little gasps and moans were like music to his ears, the knowledge that he was the one bringing him pleasure heady, intoxicating.

“Look at me when you suck me, John,” Sherlock instructed, his voice husky. He was thrusting shallowly, enjoying himself.

John’s eyes flew open to stare at Sherlock’s fully blown pupils looking down with satisfaction. They widened in alarm as Sherlock pushed in a bit more, his mouth stretched to its limits, a gag frighteningly imminent. And perversely a part of him wanted Sherlock to thrust into him, show him
that he could take it, wanting to bring him pleasure.

“Shhh…..” Sherlock withdrew himself completely and let go of his grip on John’s head. “Not today.”

He slid off and lied down behind John again, spooning him, rearranging them, till John’s head rested on his outstretched arm. The other hand gently flexed the upper thigh, till it was digging into his belly. Gentle fingers wet with lube started to open John up for him.

“Just my name…..today I want just my name on your lips. No words, no moans, no whimpering. Just….Sherlock,” Sherlock ordered in a low voice as he positioned his cock and started to breach him.

“Sherlock…..” John cried out as the hard length stretched him, instinctively clutching at Sherlock’s hand, needing an anchor.

Sherlock thrusts were shallow, rocking as he leaned over and nuzzled John’s neck, “So good…..so good for me, John”

“Sherlock…….” John moaned as he felt that fullness inside him again, withdrawing then plunging in, not deep enough to hurt.

Sherlock set up a lazy rhythm, slow, gentle rocking….dipping just the first few inches, letting John get used to it, while enjoying the hard clench of the sphincter muscles against the sensitive nerve endings of his cockhead.

John breathed in and out deeply, starting to enjoy the rocking movements. His dick was too sated to be up for another round. But it felt good to have Sherlock’s arms around him. But it wasn’t enough.

He turned his head and whispered pleadingly, “Sherlock…..”

Sherlock’s hand came up to brush his hair back, he smiled, “You need to see me….I know….Okay.”

Keeping John on his side, he mounted him, scissoring the straight leg between his, pushing the bent upper leg higher with his thigh and resumed thrusting. He bent down and kissed John’s face, skin now moist with sweat. Light caresses to his forehead, temple, lips. He nuzzled John’s neck, licking that spot beneath his earlobes that was such a trigger area.

“Sherlock…..” John sighed.

All the while Sherlock’s hips moved, now plunging deeper, but still slow, unhurried, as he took his pleasure.

John looked at him, suddenly, fiercely glad that he had come just minutes before. Because now he could really enjoy without the distraction of the clamouring urgency for his own release; the warmth of Sherlock’s embrace, the drunk aroused look in his eyes, the soft puffs of breath blowing against his skin, the smell of Sherlock’s breath, the gentle clasp of his fingers as they lay entwined with John’s, the tender strokes of Sherlock’s hands over his head, the squelching sounds of the lube as Sherlock speeded up, the small gasps and moans of pleasure that escaped him as his hips moved, his cock fucks John.

“Sherlock……Sherlock……Sherlock…..” a litany of his name fell from his lips in quiet little gasps as he watched his Dom take his pleasure from his body.
Sherlock straightened and knelt up as his hands parted John’s cheeks and he watched his glistening cock move in and out. A hard, raw moan escaped his throat as he sped up, watching the in and out pistoning motion, the way John opened up for him.

Bending over again, he gasped, “John…..John, I’m……” as he slammed in a few times and then stopped, face buried in John’s neck as he let go and came. Liquid heat flooded John on the inside as he felt the hot panting breaths against his ear, Sherlock moaning his name again and again as he pulsed, the delicate tremble in the thighs that caged his body……

*Christ, so beautiful….What are you doing to me, Sherlock? Victor was right….there is much more joy in giving you pleasure than chasing it for myself…..*

“Sherlock…..”

Sherlock slid out and rolled back till he was holding John again.

Gentle hands cradled his head, passed his fingers through John’s hair, “You were so good for me, John. So good…..”

-----------------------------------

Mycroft glanced at his watch again and rolled his eyes. *For the love of God! The boy really does love his showers!*

It had been twenty minutes since Sherlock had excused himself to take a quick bath. Having set aside most of his appointments for the day before he had arrived at 221B, Mycroft had acquiesced. It was the first time since John was brought back home from the hospital that he had had some time and Sherlock was alone at home, John having left for work. Mycroft seized the opportunity to spend some time alone with his brother.

A sneaking suspicion that matters between Sherlock and John had come to a head had been growing in his mind. The CCTV footage of John running chores had shown the face of a preoccupied man who’d had a life-changing revelation. One glance at Sherlock upon his arrival clinched his conclusions.

Sherlock did not seem keen to share though, and so they’d talked about the Geneva case and it’s aftermath. Mycroft had brought out two new cases he wished for Sherlock to look into. He tended to always keep himself equipped with interesting little cases to use as excuses to touch base with his brother, an excuse to enjoy Sherlock’s company. “I hate legwork” had long become a synonym for “I’ve missed you, I need to know you are okay, can we just be together for some time……just BE….the madness of the world is getting to me…..I need to talk to an equal…….”

*Wonder how Dr Watson is coping with the changed circumstances. Subconsciously his hands came up to steeple under his chin, emulating his brother’s favourite pose. Sherlock is being awfully cagey about it. I wish I could have John visit me again and put the fear of God in him. His jaw tightened. If he hurts Sherlock again, I’ll personally break both his legs…..I’ll ……I’ll destroy him. He shook his head wryly. No, you won’t. Sherlock would never allow it. And isn’t that what we all do? What Sherlock wants!*

He put his hands on the arm rest and slouched back a bit. *I wonder what he sees in them? How does he pick them……David….Adrian…..John…..Victor…..so many over the years…..*
At the thought of Victor, his mind travelled to the past.

He still remembered all those years ago when he’d set his eyes on Victor for the first time. Attractive, boyish looking, haunted eyes that reflected the poignant vulnerability of a tragic combination of youth, a homosexual orientation uniformly rejected at home and derided at his college and a sexually submissive nature. One that had led him to be preyed on by the predatory mindless hyenas in the form of his colleagues, who used him for their enjoyment at night while vociferously proclaiming their own heterosexuality and vocally abusing him during the day, tearing into his innocence day in, day out, till only pieces of him remained.

The first he had known about him was when this young man had suddenly moved in with Sherlock. Mycroft continued to watch from afar in bafflement as he lived with Sherlock in their tiny one bedroom flat for six months. Victor regained a healthy weight and started attending college regularly, looked less haunted as he flourished under Sherlock’s tutelage. But he still harboured that lost look and Mycroft knew from his visits to the flat, that he was not intimate with his brother.

And then suddenly, at the six month mark, something had happened. Something that led Victor to quit college and take up his art seriously. It was like he had miraculously managed to break the shackles of all that had bound him for years and soar, both as a young man and a staggering new talent that had burst into the art world.

Mycroft remembered Sherlock dragging him to their humble flat to show off Victor’s work. He had been awe-struck at the immaculate beauty, the soul, the dazzling spiritual beauty in those paintings. And had gladly agreed to help Sherlock garner interest amongst the art galleries and critics. He himself had purchased two paintings which now adorned the walls of his house.

Victor had since then made an international name for himself, his art sold itself, the art critics waxed lyrical about the soul-rendering qualities of his paintings as they seemed to move them to tears of joy. He was young, independent, a millionaire several times over and most of all still belonged to Sherlock.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pulled Mycroft back into the present. He straightened up and contrived to look bored.

Vigorously towelling his hair dry, Sherlock walked in wearing his pyjama bottoms and a ratty t-shirt. He smirked as he caught Mycroft’s expression, sitting down on his chair as he spoke.

“Then the hot water finally ran out.”

Mycroft snorted, “Well, thank God for that.” He raised his eyebrows and tried to sound flippant.

“I do believe congratulations are in order?”

Sherlock had been sitting there digging a piece of the towel into his ears with his finger, trying to shake the water out. He paused and looked up at Mycroft, green feline eyes flashing from behind his still damp curls.

“Are they?” his husky baritone asked softly.

Mycroft paused and frowned, his eyebrows rose further.

“You tell me.”

Sherlock lips quirked up briefly, “Perhaps they are. A long coveted desire fulfilled. But it is too
early to rejoice.”

Sherlock rose and went to the window and stood looking out silently for several seconds, gaze totally inwards. His finger twisted and worried a corner of his towel absently. His face was thoughtful, reflective.

Finally he took a deep breath, his voice had the intonation of one musing aloud as he spoke.

"The fact is that Submission is not an activity, it is not even an action. It is a state of Being. John needs to slowly learn that. Right now he is like a crack addict who’s just had a lick of an ice-cream cone laced with cocaine, an adrenaline junkie who’s just jumped out of a mile high plane. He has yet to learn that the both the joy and the pleasure need to flow not from the actions, which are finite, but the inner state of Submission which is infinite."

Mycroft frowned as he mulled over Sherlock’s words, even as a part of him smiled…my brother…the philosopher….He leaned forward, elbows digging into his knees.

“Then why? Why did you accept him? His submission? If he was not ready?”

Sherlock’s smile was one of spontaneous joy as he came and sat back on his beloved chair. He extended one hand, palm up. The index finger of the other hand pressed down on the centre of the palm.

“Because the Submission came from the core, pure and unwavering. Because, both the seeker and what he seeks are true, sincere.” His smile faded slowly as he said, “It is my job to nurture that seed, protect it as it grows.”

He shook his head slowly, his eyes staring ahead, “And I don’t know if I can, Mycroft. I am afraid. Because there is a problem. And it lies with me. I feel ill-equipped, plagued as I am by sentiment, the shared experiences of so many years past, the ups and downs I’ve been through with him……affection tends to degenerate into a wish, an urge to comply with his desires……to give him what he craves instead of what he needs. And I don’t know if I can see my way through the blurred boundaries between the roles I’m meant to play and be the teacher I need to be for him. I wonder if I’ll only be supplying an endless source of sexual thrills and thereby get lost in trying to fulfil his expectations, trying to keep him happy and sated, refilling that ice-cream cone constantly……never quite reaching that state of completeness. And what happens when I fail?”

Mycroft leaned forwards, his eyebrows raised.

“Are you saying he will leave you? John?!”

Sherlock shrugged, “Better that than the alternative. I detest self-righteous sufferance in the name of misguided loyalty. The human mind is fickle, it gets bored, complacent.”

Mycroft frowned as he thought this over.

Sherlock flicked his eyes at Mycroft, “The current trajectory can only end in an outcome I dislike; it seems both inevitable and so counterproductive. Whispers of romantic love, a so-called normal relationship, growing attachment and dependency, jealousy, acrimony, tediousness.”

He slouched down and laid his head down on the back of his chair and sighed, “Perhaps I’m overthinking it. Dragging a potential outcome in the future into the present, instead of just enjoying what is.”

Mycroft found himself rendered speechless for a while. He tried to recall if he’d ever heard doubt
in Sherlock’s voice before and came up with nothing. *It is the one emotion that should never, ever colour Sherlock’s voice….EVER….he thought. Doubt and Sherlock do not belong in the same sentence.*

Suddenly restless he stood up and walked to the window, marvelling at how very unsettled he felt. He took a deep breath as he thought furiously for something, *anything* to remove this lost tone in the voice of his brother. He was acutely aware that he was the only person on Earth that Sherlock would ever voice his doubts to, the onus was now on him to remove that doubt.

Sherlock sat quietly on his chair, head still tilted up, lost in his own thoughts.

It was a while before Mycroft returned to sit in front of Sherlock and asked, “Do you know the most important quality of a great teacher, Sherlock? The one that defines him?”

Sherlock straightened up to look at him with narrowed eyes, gaze sharp, focussed. He stayed silent.

“A great teacher is not one who teaches effectively nor is he the one who uses examples and aids to drive his point home. He is not the one who cares about his pupil nor is he one who works hard for his pupil’s success. These are the qualities of a good teacher. But a great teacher, Sherlock, is one who has the ability to come down to his pupil’s level and start teaching from that level as he steadily pulls him higher and higher to reach his highest potential.”

Sherlock’s eyes widened as he listened and then he sat back, hands arranged in a steeple, as he withdrew, went totally inwards, his eyes staring unseeingly at the carpet. Mycroft sat silently watching him, those rapidly moving eyes, knowing the sheer power of the internal intellectual gymnastics Sherlock’s mind was performing.

It was a few minutes later, that Sherlock stirred and abruptly stood up. He whirled towards the window and picked up his violin, gentle fingers meticulously tuning it.

His gaze flicked up, his stunning green-blue eyes shining brilliantly.

His voice was pitched low as he murmured, “Any requests?”

Mycroft smiled with relief, with gratification, aware of having been offered the highest form of ‘thank-you’ that Sherlock bestowed on anyone, a chance to enjoy a performance by one of the most accomplished and passionate violinists in existence.

His pleasure spilled in his voice as he replied, “Anything you fancy, Sherlock.”

Sherlock tucked the violin under his chin, closed his eyes and raised his bow.

Mycroft was aware that music was that fountainhead for Sherlock that brought about desired focus, that smoothed troubled thoughts, that warded off mind-numbing boredom and ennui. And, for the one fortunate enough to be allowed to witness it, it brought out in a startling way all the beauty, the *glory* that was Sherlock.

He settled back in John’s chair, grateful to be among the chosen ones, as Sherlock started to play, his fingers and body and music moving as one.

And Mycroft breathed in…..the stunning triumvirate of sublime beauty--- the man, his intellect and his soul----held together by silken gossamer threads of music so transcendent as it engulfed the beauty, that it blazed forth with blinding brilliance……it seemed to Mycroft that all the wave functions of the Universe had for some time chosen to collapse at this one point and give birth to every single probability that it held in its boundless depths in the form of……..*Sherlock*……..
He sighed with sheer bliss as he listened and watched his brother.
Sherlock stirred in bed as awareness returned after a deep restful night’s sleep. He tried to move, but couldn’t with John wrapped around him like an octopus, arms and legs hugging Sherlock, as though even in his unconscious state he were staking claim, unwilling to let Sherlock go.

Sherlock looked down at John’s face. He sighed and then frowned as he thought.

The last month had been…..John had never looked happier or more sated with pleasure. It felt good to see John look so happy after so many months of watching him moving around with depression. But Sherlock felt increasingly worried, even as he had patiently indulged in every whim, every desire that John had.

The sublime depths of submission that John had plunged into during that magical first night had never been repeated. Far from diving in further, it seemed John had swam up to the surface again and was riding the surf, enjoying the thrill that the superficial waves could provide. Everything seemed to have been subverted to the altar of desire. But desire was an ever branching tree, the ends of which are never quite reached, vast beyond imagination and self-replenishing.

No new lessons had been learnt. No progress had been made. In fact, sometimes it seemed that John had unlearned his original deep submission, regressed in some ways, as he proceeded to enjoy Sherlock’s company and body with gusto, with all the enthusiasm of a person in the initial endorphin induced flushes of the so-called in-love or infatuated person.

John with his customary myopic vision could never be expected to see the wood for the trees.

But I can…. I have been seeing it clearly for some time…..it is time I stop trying to find a happy medium or John will never grow…..it is time to stop trying to straddle two worlds and be the Dom I am, so that John can become the Submissive I know he is capable of becoming.

With some difficulty he extricated himself and got dressed in silence. He was needed at the Yard to complete some God-awful paper work; Lestrade had threatened to ban him from any future cases if he did not comply.

He left quietly.
John lay in bed staring up at the ceiling, smiling to himself.

Every bone and muscle in his body ached and yet he felt so thoroughly sated that he didn’t want to move. *Got to get up….need to go to work.* His arse needed cleaning, dried lube and semen caked in the crack. It should have been disgusting, but it wasn’t. To John it was as though Sherlock had marked him somehow, claimed him.

He stretched in bed, a full length lazy cat stretch, feeling fulfilled and happy……*deliriously happy*….he thought.

The past month had been a revelation, the most sexually satisfying month of John’s entire fucking life. No two sessions of sex were the same……Sherlock was endlessly creative and John was enjoying the fullest range of pleasure that the human body could take delight in.

……….The previous night, Sherlock had asked in that husky bedroom voice of his for John to prep himself. He’d laid back in bed, watching John with heavy-lidded eyes as John lay down, his legs parted and bent, trying to open himself up with his own fingers. As he watched, Sherlock had lubed himself, masturbating slowly, stroking his cock as he had watched John’s short fingers wriggle into his tight hole, one….then a second….then a third…..No matter how hard John tried, how much he bent himself, he’d been unable to reach his prostate by himself, his fingers just too short for the job. Finally, Sherlock had ordered him to climb up. And John had sunk down on that long thick length……*felt like it kept going for fucking forever….* and sighed with exquisite pleasure as it started to nudge his trigger spot. He’d ridden Sherlock, angling himself to make sure that every stroke hit his prostate while Sherlock had squeezed his arse, played with his nipples till they were puffy and swollen. And when he’d been allowed, John had pumped his own cock and spurted all over Sherlock……..

He brushed his teeth as he thought….

……….About the afternoon they’d spent in bed. Sherlock had fellated John for what seemed like fucking *hours*……teaching him by demonstration what makes a good blow-job, how to suck, just when and where to lick, how to tease, where to put pressure, how to overcome the gag reflex. They’d quibbled and giggled as they took turns going down each other. Tumbling around playfully, the bed sheets untidily wrapped around them…..Sherlock’s husky laughs as he held John’s head to direct his bobbing, John’s wry face when he swallowed his release…..

John laughed to himself as he got into the shower……

…………And then there was the night when after many days of pleading, Sherlock finally agreed to spank John. He’d been sitting on his chair in the living room when John got back from work. He had ordered John to strip, and lay face down across his lap. He’d asked John to count as he struck him. *Hard smacks they were too!* And John had been so aroused…..in between smacks, Sherlock would insert two fingers in and stroke his prostate. When John couldn’t take it anymore, he’d hauled him up and eased him down his cock. John rode him like a champ, both enjoying a sensual long fuck. *Hadn’t been able to sit for two days without squirming, my arse had been so red when I looked at it in the mirror……*

Soaping himself, John mused that he’d never thought he’d enjoy having another man’s cock up his arse so much. *It was fucking incredible.* The thickness and length of it never failed to overwhelm John with the sensation of fullness. And Sherlock, being Sherlock knew with deadly aim where his sweet spot was and used that knowledge skilfully. Sometimes to tease John till he was reduced to tears, sometimes to pound in……there had been an occasion when John had very nearly come with just the constant barrage of hits to his prostate…….
John dressed himself absently as he kept reminiscing……...

……...No, but it was not just the enjoyment of being pounded and filled……it was the fact that it was Sherlock doing it. This man, about whom John had fantasized for so long……the day John found himself following his nose to the lingering scent of Sherlock to his room and he’d stood there just breathing…..as though it was the fucking elixir of life…..that was the day John realised how completely head-over-heels in love he was with his flatmate and friend.

Putting on his socks and shoes, John frowned……..

……...After all the research into a Dom/sub relationship, John had expected to be ordered around, used, beaten, humiliated. Nothing of that sort had happened. Sherlock was still Sherlock…..amazing, beautiful, brilliant. John still went to work and did his own thing. Sherlock still went for cases and interesting body parts and conducted his experiments. Victor had said nothing much would change, and it hadn’t. Except for this cosy little cocoon of decadent enjoyment and sex and sexual games they enjoyed in the privacy of 221B.

But yes, he’d never again felt that sense of deep trance, that complete submission, that euphoria that went along with it that he had felt that first night…….maybe that will come again, when he Doms me properly?

He sipped his tea……..

……...the only time that Sherlock had remotely been a Dominant was once when four days had gone by without any sex. John was getting increasingly frustrated, banging around cutlery in the kitchen, glaring at the back of Sherlock’s head as he had worked away on a case, looking into the microscope on the kitchen table….Sherlock had finally snapped and for the first time ordered John to go down on his knees. He’d told John in a stern voice that passive-aggressive behaviour by his Sub would not be tolerated and that if John wanted something from his Dom, he should go down on his knees and ask for it. John had been so turned on by the entire episode, he’d literally begged to suck Sherlock. He smiled as he thought about how enthusiastic that particular blow-job had been…..right here, I was on my knees and he was perched on his chair, legs spread, his hands in my hair as he guided my mouth…..Fuck……

John laughed to himself as he searched for his keys……..

……...To think I had been worried about him pissing on me at one stage or putting on cock cages and spreader bars on my body…..what a laugh....if anything, this was the ideal romance that he’d been looking for all his life…a person he loved and respected, who got him, and with whom he had fantastic sex with. Sherlock had hardly gone into his Dominant mode…..they were more like lovers actually.

He whistled merrily as he headed out…..hope I don’t miss the train…..

“---You’re working awfully hard tonight,” Sherlock remarked.

John grinned and took a deep swig from his beer bottle. Licking his lips appreciatively as the chilled brew went down his throat, he nodded.
“Yeah. I forgot to tell you. Our clinic is likely going to win the award for “Best Suburban Primary Care Practice” category this year. Julia is over the moon. She’s asked all the doctors and nurses to write up individual reports outlining new initiatives we’ve taken or any extraordinary cases we’ve had.”

Sherlock smiled warmly, “That’s fantastic, John.”

John nodded again, “Yeah….it is. I mean, when I joined there eight months ago, I hadn’t realised that I’d become so close to all the staff. It’s great….yeah. And Julia, fuck she needs this. She’s getting divorced, you know? So life has been pretty shitty for her lately. Thankfully there are no kids in the picture. She’s thrown herself into work. The practice has become her life.”

Sherlock put his phone aside, “So tell me, which cases are you writing up?”

“You really want to know?” John asked eagerly.

“But of course.”

“Well, there was this 40 year old woman who came with pain in the right upper quadrant of her abdomen. She’d just returned from overseas. Yeah…..so I diagnosed portal vein thrombosis….you know….it means….”

“I know what it means, John,” Sherlock said, raising one eyebrow. “A clot in the portal vein which enters the hepatic parenchyma with deoxygenated blood from the intestines.” He smirked at John’s gaping mouth and then shrugged. “Anatomy, pathology…..One cannot be a detective, indeed a forensic detective without some knowledge. But carry on.”

John grinned amiably, “Show-off! Anyway,” he took another sip of his beer, “yeah…I sent her for imaging and it confirmed the diagnosis. The radiologist was so impressed he called me personally.”

Sherlock’s voice was soft, “You are a good doctor, John.”

“Yeah….well it felt good, you know?” John said flushing at the praise. “I had this other case who had impending myxoedema and they were escalating her thyroxine, turned out she also had coeliac disease which no one else had thought to check for two years…..” He broke off as Sherlock’s phone rang.

He frowned as Sherlock picked up the phone, quickly glancing at the clock. 11 pm. Who could be calling at this time of the night? Barely anyone dared to actually ring Sherlock anyways. Everyone who knew him, knew he preferred to text.

“Sherlock Holmes,” Sherlock murmured in his deep voice.

He was silent, listening to whoever was talking. John couldn’t help but notice; the infinitesimal tightening of his grip on the phone, the sudden frown, the lips curled in, the way they did when Sherlock was upset.

“When?” The sudden word came after the period of silence.

John watched as something volatile and dark settled into Sherlock’s eyes and his jaw clenched.

“Tell David not to do anything. I’ll be there by tomorrow morning. Tell him Sherlock has said to do nothing , do you hear me?”
David…John’s heart seemed to literally deflate, fluttering ineffectually against his chest…\n\nwasn’t he that Sub that Victor said Sherlock used to ‘spend a lot of time with’……the one that had made Victor crazy with jealousy years ago……. What the fuck? Why is he calling? Where is Sherlock going?

Sherlock hung up and put the phone down, nostrils in full flare, intense focus in his snapping eyes.

“What is it?” John cried out. “What’s happened?”

Sherlock’s blue-grey eyes flicked to John.

It was only because over the past few weeks that John had been allowed to see Sherlock’s unguarded emotions that he was able to appreciate it as it happened…..the internal machinations going into full gear as all the shields came up in rapid succession and his face settled into an impassive mask.

Abruptly he picked up his phone and sent a text. His voice was without inflection as he answered John’s question.

“I need to drive to Edinburgh tonight. I need to be there by morning. I’ll be back soon.”


“A minute,” Sherlock held up his finger as his eyes raced over the return text, his fingers a blur on the phone as he replied to whoever it was. “Mycroft will be sending a car soon. I need to organise a couple of things before I pack.” He grabbed his coat and put it on, “I’ll be back in half an hour,” he said as he thundered down the stairs.

John sat frozen in his chair, emotions high-strung and muddled. No….no….you can’t be…..some Sub calls you and you leave me practically in the middle of the night to be by his side…..I’m here. I don’t deserve this….surely he loves me…..he cannot possibly love anyone else, enough to risk what we have now…..NO…damnit all to fucking hell…this really CAN’T be happening…..I’ve invested so much in this relationship…..I deserve better than this……

He bowed his head, buried his face in his palms. Things were going so well……wasn’t I satisfying enough……what kind of relationship is this where he can just tell me to my face that he is going to go and fuck someone and will be back…..back when? When he’s had his fill? When fucking David has had his fill? What does he need so desperately that only Sherlock can provide? A huge dick? Beatings? What?

He stood up, too restless to sit still.

He went to the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea. His hand shook so badly that he had to use both hands to pour the tea in the cup. Even then it splashed on both sides of the cup. Grabbing it with both hands he sat down, trying to draw some semblance of normality from an everyday ritual. But nothing felt normal. He felt like he was in a daze.

I agreed to this…..he’s never made it a secret that he may have sex with others……indeed he made it seem like the most natural occurrence…..but I never imagined it would actually happen…..I thought that if I was good enough he would never need anyone else……

He sat there, face washed with the steam from the cup, staring into space for a long time.

He got up and paced around, unclear what to make of all this. His hands were trembling with reaction, the fire of possessiveness licking at his very soul. I cannot live without him……and I
cannot live with this....what if this keeps happening......he is MY Dom....MY friend.....MY lover... he’s waited for me, to be with me since he’s known me....I must mean more to him than this ... surely if I tell him, he won’t go........I must do something to stop this....he is MINE.....

As time passed he began to get more and more agitated.

Head feeling heavy with the tumult going on his brain, he paced. The restless energy, the sense of immense betrayal coursing through his veins was engulfing him like a dark thundercloud, making him more and more blind as the minutes ticked by.

*He’s never made it a secret.....that he may in fact have sex with other Subs......he’s always been upfront about it. But I thought.....he loves me, doesn’t he? It was going so well.....the past month, so good.....I never thought he’d actually do it.......now that he knows how good we are together, why would he want to fuck anyone else?*

Round and round the thoughts churned in vicious circles of tighter and tighter radii, until he felt like he was being squeezed into a ball of white-hot radiant rage wanting an outlet.

The familiar and yet long dormant fire of righteous anger started simmering in John’s chest as he started to breathe heavily. He welcomed it like a long lost friend. *Fuck if I’m going to take this.......Son of a bitch......fuck if I’m going to let him go anywhere.....he is MINE....he cannot humiliate me like this.....His mind felt like it would explode with the maelstrom of churning thoughts.*

It was over thirty minutes later that Sherlock came back in through the kitchen door. He yelled out as he stormed into the bedroom, “I’m back, John.”

John walked slowly to the bedroom, heart sinking as he stood by the door watching the urgency with which Sherlock was working. Folding trousers, shirts and stuffing them in the suitcase.

John demanded through clenched teeth, “David…you’re going to meet ‘David’.”

“Hmmm……?” Sherlock murmured as he opened his sock drawer and started picking out and rolling his socks.

“Victor said David was your Sub?”

Sherlock paused while stuffing the socks in the suitcase, his eyes narrowed.

“He still is,” his voice was a deep undecipherable whisper.

“But….but Victor said he’s married now,” John exclaimed, furiously trying to remember whether he’d mentioned if it was a man or a woman that David had gotten wedded to.

Sherlock frowned, “What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Doesn’t his wife or his husband……….” John shook his head, “doesn’t the spouse mind you going to meet him?”

Sherlock’s voice was cold as he pulled himself up to his full height, “His husband. He was the one on the phone. He’s the one who asked me to come.”

He turned abruptly and resumed packing. “Did Mrs Hudson pick up my clothes from the drycleaners?” he murmured aloud.

John’s voice was raised, as he ignored Sherlock’s question and asked, “How long will you be
gone?"

Sherlock looked at him, “As long as it is necessary.”

John clenched and unclenched his fists, his chest felt like it was caving in with impotent rage, as he fumed.

“And what the fuck are you going for?” he spat out through gritted teeth.

Sherlock paused briefly as he looked at John, something dangerous starting to creep into his eyes. However, his voice was even when he answered.

“Because he needs me.”

No….NONONO…..John shook with anger as he tried to blink off the sudden gush of frustrated tears in his eyes, his jaw set. This isn’t happening. I knew that you’d said….but no…I’ve given you EVERYTHING…..you can’t tell me that’s not enough…..you can’t just say you’re going to meet some other man to stick your dick in his arse…how can I allow you to humiliate me like this……this isn’t happening….what am I? Some sort of part-time whore in your entourage of Subs?

John snapped.

He picked up the folded clothes in the suitcase and hurled them down to the ground as he yelled, “You know what, Sherlock? Fuck your clothes, fuck your packing, fuck your other Subs. And while we’re at it, FUCK YOU! You can’t just waltz out of here when it suits you to go and fuck someone else.” His eyes were miserable as he panted with anger, “What about me? What about US? What we have here? Does it not mean anything to you?”

“What I have with David has nothing to do with us, John.”

John’s hands were clenched, sanity sacrificed at the altar of a possessive rage, the words tripping out of his mouth without his control, “Does one man not satisfy you, huh? Is that it….that you’re so insatiable? Or is it that you’ve to prove you are the alpha male to all the pack animals in your harem? And that we are? Your whores? That you can get us to bend over at will and dip your bloody huge cock into any one of us whenever the whim overtakes you?”

Sherlock’s voice could cut glass, “John, I strongly advise you to desist from making remarks about matters you have no possible concept of. And need I remind you that this sort of language from my Submissive is utterly intolerable.”

John’s body was now shaking with anger, betrayal.

“Screw the fucking Submission. Screw you. You owe me an explanation, Sherlock,” he cried out. “You can’t just leave me to be with another man. I forbid it.”

Sherlock’s whisper was incredulous, “What did you just say to me?” His face was thunderous as he shook his head in disbelief, “You forbid it? You presume to dictate the actions of your Dom? You think I owe you explanations for my behaviour? The same person at whose feet you were kneeling just weeks ago? I’d advise you to choose your words very carefully, John.”

John snarled in frustration. He couldn’t ever hope to match Sherlock on these grounds. Sherlock was his verbal best when he was pissed off, whereas John could never think of the right retort, could think of nothing but walking away before he smashed his fist into something.

Even before he had thought it through, his hands landed on Sherlock’s chest and he shoved, hard.
Sherlock staggered back even as John raised his clenched fist ready to strike him, as he yelled burning with humiliation, in grief.

“You fucking wanker. You’ve fucked me twice in the past twenty-four hours. I’m carrying two loads of your come in my arse…..and you want to go and fuck around some more and I don’t even get to stop you?”

The Dom unfurled, ferocious and deadly, eyes flashing dangerously.

Oh no, you don’t…..

There was a sudden blur of motion as Sherlock slammed John against the wall, his hand around his throat, body pressed against John, eyes on fire, ablaze. He immobilized John’s legs by thrusting one of his own between them, holding the hard pressure of his thigh against the base of John’s testicles, his forward weight bearing down on John.

The slam against the wall had knocked the wind out of John as his hands clutched and twisted into Sherlock’s shirt. He’d overlooked in his fury, or perhaps he hadn’t cared, craving the fight and the violence, some outlet for everything churning inside of him….he’d overlooked that while cultured, elegant and beautiful, Sherlock was also bloody strong, dangerous as a wolf and knew how to fight in ways far beyond John’s skills. He was deadly when crossed and moreover he was a through and through Alpha male and a Sexual Dominant to boot.

Sherlock was gripping the side of his throat with one hand, holding him with a thumb placed on his lips, a firm unshakeable collar.

“Settle down,” he said shortly. A brusque command he emphasized with the pressure of his leg, the squeeze of his hand. The squeeze should have been frightening, but all John could think about was the strength of his hands. “Settle,” he repeated, his voice cold, deadly fury in his eyes. John realised his clenched hands were gripping Sherlock’s shirt just above his waist, his eyes bulging as they looked at the wrath on Sherlock’s face. But he needed Sherlock to stay…..he wasn’t above begging….

“I won’t let you go, Sherlock,” he cried out plaintively.

In answer, Sherlock kissed him. Raw, angry, teeth scraping, his hands shoving John’s away to grab the front of his shirt and yank him harder against him. John whimpered, his hips arching into Sherlock’s body of their own volition, adrenaline and fury and Sherlock’s proximity all combining to fill his cock with all the blood in his system.

Sherlock hissed against John’s lips, “You have two loads of my come up your arse, because you begged me for them. Or don’t you remember, John? Don’t you remember saying, please, I beg you, Sherlock, I need to feel you inside me?” One hand snaked down to the front of the jeans John was wearing and palmed him through them. John hardened further, his cock pressing against the restraint of the denim. “Even now, that is what you want, look how your body begs me for it.”

John found himself pinned against the full length of Sherlock’s aroused body, the steel length of his fully erect penis rubbing against John’s. He tried to struggle, but when Sherlock fisted his hands in his hair and kissed him hard, his tongue sweeping inside to lay claim over John’s mind, that was that. With a shuddering breath he became pliant, submissive under that assault.

“Don’t you ever make the mistake of thinking that this is a relationship between equals, John. Where you get to tell me what I can or cannot do.”
Sherlock’s kiss turned brutal, taking with impunity, till John’s lips felt numb.

His expression was unyielding as he squeezed John’s cock, “You want this?”

John tried to rear up again and Sherlock slammed him back by that hold on his throat so John could only latch onto his hip with one hand, clinging, pulling, digging in, seeking some sense that he was in control.

Sherlock’s voice was rough as he repeated, “If you want this, ask for it.”

“Yes…..YES….I want it….” John yelled, every nerve in his body clamouring to feel Sherlock, to buck against his body, to feel those hands on him again. “Please….” he begged.


With trembling hands John opened his jeans and pulled them off along with his pants as he went down as ordered, despite the resentment burning in his gut. That inexplicable emotional compulsion to obey Sherlock’s commands didn’t care about his wounded feelings. His cock sure as hell didn’t care.

Sherlock opened the drawer to bring out the lube. He removed his clothes. Greasing his cock with one hand, Sherlock knelt down behind John and worked him with the other hand, his touch rough, sure, jerking him off with no intent but to prove he could bring it out of him whenever he chose to.

“Sherlock….” John cried out, but Sherlock was relentless, releasing him only for a moment to shove him back down on his stomach, yanking up his hips so John had to scramble for purchase on the throw rug under him. Sherlock was still fisting his cock, his mouth on John’s neck scrapping, biting while John felt like he was shattering, unable to get a rhythm, unable to do anything but go along on the ride, as he arched into every ruthless touch.

Sherlock ran his hand over John’s arse. Taking hold of the left buttock, he squeezed hard, his fingers deep between the cleft, brushing the rim. And then he plunged his fingers inside, working John with those clever fingertips.

John bucked, suddenly realising what was happening. He was going to be fucked, rather brutally, on his hands and knees on the fucking floor of their fucking bedroom. He tried to shake off the overwhelming submissive trance his mind was headed towards and grab at the fading edges of anger and resentment coiled inside. You cannot do this to me…..I am your friend, your lover, the man you’ve wanted and loved for so long….you cannot humiliate me like this…..His shoulders knotted as he tried to thrust himself up from the floor and turn around. But before he could do it, Sherlock had a hand firmly on the back of his neck, gripping as he knelt, pushing his weight against John’s arse. John hissed through his teeth, trying to push up, but Sherlock had all the leverage.

“Stay still and take it, or I will make it much rougher, John,” the warning was uttered in a still, chilling tone.

Both hands dug into John’s hips to align his opening to Sherlock’s cock as he rammed home deep, hard, ruthless. He started thrusting powerfully, every deep plunge aimed directly at John’s prostate with unerring aim. This wasn’t making love or having sex. It was not even the tenderness and indulgence of the Dom that John had come to know over the past few weeks. This was like ripping John’s soul out of his body through his cock. It had all the vicious brutality of an animalistic claiming, every touch intended to punish, to prove that Sherlock had power over him. And yet, all John wanted was more. He tightened his arse muscles, moved back against Sherlock and earned
another snarl, but he kept doing it.

Sherlock seized John’s hair and yanked his head up, holding it at a savage angle, letting John feel his strength, his ability to snap his spine should he choose to do so. The Dom was out in his full glory determined to show the Sub his place, as he held John by his short hair with brutal efficiency and slapped repeatedly against his arse, his thick cock stretching John unbearably, without any of his usual gentleness, uncaring about his pain or humiliation.

“This is what you need, John? To be shown your place?” Sherlock’s voice was furious. “You think this is a pleasant little domestic arrangement we have here, where your sexual desires will be indulged in and when things don’t go your way, you can tell your Dom what to do, shout at him, raise your hand at him? Do NOT mistake me for your lover, John.”

The Sub was equally determined to prove himself worthy of taking what the Dom leashed out, as he worked Sherlock’s cock inside him, squeezing, stroking as Sherlock pumped. Sherlock drew a harsh breath, and then kicked his knees out wider, dropping John down almost on his face as he held his hips with both hands.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Three powerful slaps landed against John’s rump in brutal succession. With every smack, John’s cock jerked, got harder, copious pre-come leaking out.

“You never get to tell me what to do. Ever. DO. YOU. UNDERSTAND.” Each word was accompanied by another slap to John’s reddened arse and a brutal deep thrust directly to his prostate.

John’s balls drew up tight and hard with each smack, as Sherlock’s cock ploughed his arsehole, every forceful thrust hammering his sweet spot, sending shivers of ecstasy through his body.

“Sherlock…..Sherlock…..” he was whimpering and pleading mindlessly, lost in some kind of Submissive fugue now, totally prostrate at the feet of Sherlock’s will. He was being consumed alive and he did not care, wanting to be devoured, wailing for Sherlock’s dominance, his touch. Sherlock fucked hard, holding the pliant body bent over in front of him by the hips, the relentless pounding throwing it forward with every plunge.

“Hun…..hun…..hun…..” the grunting was all John was capable of as he took it, shaking with sensation, desperate in his need to come.

Finally, Sherlock bent forward to grab John’s granite-hard cock and pumping it in rhythm with his thrusts.

John’s balls were screaming in agony, drawn up tight and wanting to spew everywhere.

“Come.”

The one word order sent John over the edge, as he spurted, shouting hoarsely despite himself, “SHERLOCK…..”

Sherlock held him close as he came, leaning forward to press his lips on John’s sweaty neck. Again and again he laid down kisses as his cock eased up on its motions. It was only when John was
done, that he pulled his cock out completely.

He stood up, swaying slightly as he picked up one of the shirts that John had thrown on the floor and wiped himself. He pulled on his pants and put on his trousers, hissing as he tuck himself in and zipped up over his still swollen unsated cock. He took a quick look at the mobile which had buzzed while he was fucking John, fingers flying as he sent a brief response. He looked at the limp figure on the floor……John lacked the strength to even hold his torso up with his arms, he lay there splayed on all fours, pressed down on his own release.

With one fluid motion Sherlock pulled the duvet on the bed and draped John in it, while sliding down to the floor himself, sitting down and leaning against the wall. He pulled the now duvet-covered pliant and trembling body close to his, holding John in a tight embrace, angling his face so that it was buried in his neck.

John nuzzled his face into Sherlock’s neck and breathed….and breathed…..deep life-giving breaths….He felt dazed, barely conscious. He rested against Sherlock’s chest, grateful for the strong arms that were wrapped protectively around him, holding him close, cocooned in his warmth. Sherlock rocked his body gently, even as he placed tender kisses against John’s sweat drenched hair, his temple. He waited patiently for John to come back.

*What I had feared has come to pass…..*

It was several minutes before John stirred and pulled back. Still resting in Sherlock’s arms, he raised his eyes. Sherlock noted with satisfaction that the anger, the cloying need, the desperate desire seemed to have drained out of him. His eyes were miserable still, yes, but rational. He passed a gentle hand over John’s head, smoothing back his hair. Soft lips grazed against John gently.

“John, I’m going because I am needed. I will be back. Your anxiety, your possessiveness, your anger is without any basis. What I have with David, or any other Sub has nothing to do with what we have.”

He took a deep breath and rubbed his nose against John’s cheek, “Forgive me. I’ve failed both of us this past month. In trying to fulfil the two roles of a lover and a Dom, I’ve done neither effectively. Weakened by sentiment, I have allowed the delusion that this dual role could actually work, to propagate. It cannot. We are not lovers. I am your Dom, and you need to have a firm footing in your place as my Submissive.”

Sherlock picked up his hand and kissed it as he continued, “Listen very carefully, John. I said that this is not a relationship between equals. I did not mean that you are in any way inferior or that you or any other Sub is there to be used for my pleasure.” He cupped John’s cheek with his palm and stared at him intently, willing him to understand, to see. “It is not equal in the same sense that the relationship between a parent and child is not equal, that between a master and disciple is not equal. One is always in the position of caring, of giving unconditionally. The other is always in the position of need, of taking. That is just how it is with a Dom and his Sub. Do you see?”

John’s voice was small, halting, “I need you.”

“But right now David needs me more.”

“I thought you loved me. If you love me, how can you go to another man?”

Sherlock smiled briefly, “Oh John….. how can you still doubt that? I do love you. More than you can fathom.” His fingers stroked John’s cheek gently, “But, you need to understand that love is not an exhaustible commodity. I love you. I love my other Subs too. And I have a responsibility.
towards them too.”

John frowned as he struggled to understand.

Sherlock held him close and whispered in his ear, “I have to go now, my love. The car has been waiting downstairs for some time.”

He eased John onto the floor and stood up. He put on his shirt and started to loop his trademark scarf around his neck.

John looked at him mutely as Sherlock dressed himself. God, he was pathetic. He felt like a bumbling child dealing with a man who was one step ahead of him in everything….Belstaff coat, self confidence and a strong sense of his own identity.

John looked up, feeling broken, “I don’t know if I can do this, Sherlock. I need commitment, fidelity. I need to be the only one. I don’t know if I can share you like this.”

Something sad crossed Sherlock’s face for a fraction of a second as he snapped on his gloves. He pulled himself to his full height, hands in the pockets of his great coat as he answered, his eyes kind, but firm.

“That was, is and will always be your choice, John. To stay or to leave. I told you nothing binds you to me. The door through which you came in is the same that will lead you out. But if you choose to stay, this is something you will have to accept……Try to have your answer ready by the time I get back.”

He pulled the suitcase and paused at the door, his long fingers curled around the handle.

“Good-bye, John.”
In response to a comment, I said to a reader a few chapters ago, and I quote,

“So many things we accept at face value, either because they are conditioned into us at an early age or pass as societal norms. I refuse to believe that Sherlock would fit into a mould. He would be an original thinker. And an original thinker deserves an original story…away from the pre-patterned moulds out there. I do not aim to change views but if I have shaken readers and made them, as Sherlock would say, “THINK”……that is doing the right thing by a phenomenal character.”

You see, in my opinion, a sizeable portion of fan-fiction and to some extent Season 3 sacrificed the deep, nuanced, complex and blindingly brilliant Sherlock of Seasons 1 and 2 to the altar of simplistic thought, public opinion, entertainment and romance. When I write I see the Sherlock of only the first 2 seasons….he is my inspiration.

The reason I say all this is that the previous chapter stirred a variety of emotions in readers. And there was a barrage of both assenting and dissenting voices……there was evidence of deep thought and analysis……that makes me feel satisfied…. And Sherlock certainly would be pleased with all of us!

I did have a moment of self-doubt with all the varied views being expressed--- should I give way to public opinion and write the story everyone so obviously now wants me to write--- a contrite Sherlock rushing back, loads of talking, them declaring eternal love and a nice, fluffy happy ending? It would make so many people so happy, I thought, everyone would leave lovely reviews, calling my story “beautiful”, my ego would be stroked, I would walk around believing I’ve achieved something great……Or should I plod on with the story in my head? Then a tiny little selfish voice inside of me said, “But that is not the story you want to tell. You want to tell THIS story.” I have listened to the tiny voice and chosen to continue to be very very selfish…..Forgive me if you can……...

A friend told me the other day--A good story should challenge, it should be interesting, it should give the reader new thoughts and ideas to work through. It should be full of heart and have a goal in mind.

I am aware that the goal is something that only I can see and I am leading you towards it to the best of my ability. I am also aware that everyone who has read thus far is showing faith in me and allowing themselves to be led. I am truly grateful to all of you. I will not let you down.

Thank you for your ongoing interest and support. Thank you for taking the time to tell me about it. My characters are in a difficult situation…..it hurts me to hurt them……but without one stumbling, falling, learning and getting up again and again, even life would be meaningless, let alone a story!

Come on the journey with me, let us see where it leads us……
“John, meet Stacey Anderson and Michael Traise,” Julia said to John as she made introductions. She smiled broadly at John, “And this is one of our best doctors, Dr John Watson. John, Stacey and Michael are inspectors with the NHS. They had come a few weeks ago, but you were still on leave, recovering from your accident.”

She turned to the visiting duo and continued, “John suffered some life threatening injuries a few weeks ago, when a building structure collapsed on him. He works with Sherlock Holmes, you may have heard of him?”

Michael grinned, his eyes widening with delight, “You are that Dr John Watson! Pleasure to meet you.”

Handshakes all around completed, Julia continued to explain, “They have come to take some photographs and conduct some interviews with the staff, prior to the award ceremony in three weeks. John, I was wondering if they could start with you?”

John agreed amiably, “Yeah, sure. Look, do you guys want to come into my consulting room and then you can ask me any questions you like.”

He followed them into his room, sighing with relief.

*Oh good, another couple of fucking hours I can do away with.....can delay going home, delay moving around that empty flat like a fucking ghost of myself.....*

---

Sherlock looked down with satisfaction as he saw the mortal fear fade from the deep aquamarine, tear-stained eyes looking up at him, as he felt the trembling in the elfin body curled up against his chest, settle.

His smile as he looked down was reassuring, “Leave it to me. I will take care of it.” He stroked David’s hair gently, “I want you to eat something and then sleep. Now.”

Nodding at David’s husband, who was hovering concernedly around the bed, he said, “Adrian, get him something to eat.” He lowered David off onto the bed, “I need to set some things in motion.”

Grabbing a letter from the bedside table he stood up and strode off, one hand busy texting on his phone.

It was some time before Adrian joined him as he sat in the living room sending a text.

*I am in Edinburgh, John. Will keep you posted- SH*
Sherlock’s face was stern as he looked up at Adrian, “You should have called me as soon as you got the letter.”

Adrian looked miserable as he stood wringing his hands, “I thought we could handle it. We spoke to some friends who have connections with the police. But …..yeah, things got a bit out of hand. He kept begging me to call you…… But I didn’t want to bother you. I’m so sorry, Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s expression softened, “Come here.”

Adrian walked up to him and sank down to the ground, tucking his face between Sherlock’s thighs as he shook, “Please….please Sherlock, make it go away. He can’t go through that again. He won’t survive it.”

Sherlock stroked his cheek and then bent down to kiss his temple lightly, “It will go away. Forever this time. You have my word. I’m having someone meet me in the next half hour. Don’t wait up. Stay with David.”

There was a steely glint in his eyes as jaw clenched he read the blackmail note again, his brain racing. The other hand absently stroked Adrian’s head as it lay on his lap.

John sat up in bed and sighed deeply, a sigh that seemed to come up from the soles of his feet and shudder its way through his entire exhausted body. He peered with bleary eyes at the clock. 6.30 am…..barely slept again last night……need to get up now, or I’ll miss the 7.40 train…..

He worked on auto-pilot as he went about his morning routine listlessly.

The past week had been like hell on earth.

His mood seemed to vacillate between defiance and despair, frustration and desperation, anger and resentment and all the fucking shades of myriad emotions in between. He felt bone-tired, old and rudderless.

He had cajoled Julia into giving him extra shifts even though she did not really need another doctor at the moment. Any fucking thing to keep distracted, keep him out of his Sherlock-less coffin of a flat, to keep him from thinking too deeply into the way they’d left things and where he stood.

But ….one can run away from another place or person or situation….how to run away from my own mind, from myself….the thoughts kept engulfing him, his moods kept swinging like a rather demented yo-yo from anger to fear, from fear to depression, from depression to self-pity and from there back to anger…..and on and on and fucking on and on it went……

Sherlock had messaged once the day after to let John know he’d reached there.

I am in Edinburgh, John. Will keep you posted- SH

And then again four days later…. 
Neither text had made John feel any better. Both had made the by now familiar sullen resentment burn in his chest. How could he have just left…..why did he have to leave……if he was going to David as a Dom and not to fuck him, all he had to do was tell me……which means that is what he was going for…although what does a Dom do apart from fucking and playing sex games with his Sub……

He’d thought of Sherlock’s words. What’s there to decide? It’s not like I can leave. You have a choice, he said. What choice? As if being without him is ever a choice…..it would finish me…..yes, yes, I know I’m a grown man, not a child…..but I can’t live without him…..

He took a final look in the mirror as he combed his short hair. Am I not enough? He keeps saying that he loves his other Subs…….am I not special though? I had thought I was special…..the only one Sherlock has ever shown an inclination for a relationship with…..those were Victor’s words…..should I call Victor? He sneered at his own image. And say what? Sherlock has gone to see David, the same Sub he left you for…..and before he left he fucked me rather brutally and ........and.......sudden tears pricked his eyes. His lips trembled as he looked into the mirror again. He clenched his jaw resolutely …….man up, Watson, you fucking agreed to this, you begged him for it........

Sherlock frowned as he saw David’s sweat-soaked body thrash about in the bed helpless in the grip of whatever nightmarish dream he was enduring, a pitiful mewling sound escaping his lips periodically, chest heaving as his arms and legs moved restlessly, throwing the bed covers into even more disarray.

“You go to him, Sherlock,” Adrian whispered quietly. “He responds so much better to you.”

Sherlock nodded and climbed into bed, gently pulling David’s body close to his, his arms wrapped around him, rocking him, his lips on his temple, murmuring quietly, “It’s alright now. Shh……I’m here. It’s alright now. It’s all over. He’s never going to hurt you again. He’s gone forever. Let go……I’m here, love.”

He kept doing it till David’s body slumped back and fell quiet.

Adrian sat at the foot of the bed, pulling up his husband’s feet onto his lap, gently caressing the arches. He looked at Sherlock with worried eyes.

“Come here,” Sherlock murmured quietly.

Gratefully, Adrian climbed in behind Sherlock and hugged the reassuring form of his Dom, his face buried in between Sherlock’s shoulder blades, his hand over the strong, steady heartbeat, as though gaining succour from the mere presence, the strength.

Sherlock twisted his arm back and pulled him closer, “Don’t worry. It will settle, just give it a few days. He’s going to be fine, I promise you.”
John stood by the staff room window at the clinic, staring vacantly, a half eaten sandwich in his hand.

“Oh…..Hi, John.”

He turned to the sound of the door swinging open and smiled.

“Hey, Julia.”

“I need to talk to you about a couple of things. Oh bloody hell!” she said as her mobile rang.

“Sorry, John, just one moment,” she said, holding up a finger.

John nodded agreeably as he eased himself into a chair, munching on the rest of his sandwich as he watched her. She perched her petite frame against the edge of the table, slim legs stretched in front of her, hands waving animatedly as she talked on the phone.

He’d developed an instant severe lust for Julia the minute he’d set eyes on her months ago. Drop dead gorgeous, smart, sassy, an impish smile that showed off a rather attractive small overbite…..His attempts at charming her had stopped when he realised that not only was she married but going through a rough patch. They’d developed a close friendship nevertheless and John had come to view his time at the clinic a bit of a sanctuary during the tumult of the months gone past.

God, everything about her was so normal, he thought. He’d forgotten what that felt like.

“Sorry, John,” she said as she hung up. “Hmm….where was I? Oh yes, two things. First, we’re having a staff celebration on Friday night on account of our winning the award. It’s at the Chinese Palace…..fabulous food, John. I know because I order takeaway from them all the time. And they have a party room, so it’s perfect for us. You can bring a date if you like or Sherlock maybe?”

John shook his head, “He’s gone to Edinburgh. Look, I’ll try and make it, but no promises.”

She grabbed his arm, “No. I will not take no for an answer. Come on, John, be a sport. It’ll be fun and great for morale.”

“Okay, okay,” John laughed, putting up a placating hand.

She squealed delightedly and sat down. “Okay. Second thing. I’m leaving on Saturday with a girlfriend to spend a week in Spain. Which means I won’t be back to work for ten days from next Monday. Just in time for the awards. I needed to do a hand-over of some of my regulars, if you don’t mind. I’ve asked Priscilla to book them with you. I trust you more than any other doctor here.”

John pulled some rough paper that was lying around on the table towards himself. Taking out a pen, he said, “Okay, shoot.”
“That was delicious,” Sherlock said as he laid down the fork and knife over the empty plate.

David’s smile was radiant as he clapped his hands proudly, “You liked it! Adrian and I came up with the recipe. It’s an original. And it’s become the signature dish of *The Olive Garden*.”

He pulled Sherlock out of his chair by his arm, with the same entitlement that a child drags his parent around, “Come. I want to show you the extension we’ve planned for the restaurant. You’ll love it.” Sherlock got up with a short laugh.

He allowed himself to be tugged to the half completed new wing of the restaurant as David pointed out each detail. He threw his hand around Adrian’s waist and pulled him close, listening indulgently as David prattled on and moved about, gesturing and waving his hands around.

Sherlock pointed to a wall, “What are you planning to put up there?”

“Well, we thought either a painting or a wall-hanging,” Adrian replied.

Sherlock pursed his lips as he considered, “Hmm……Leave it to me. I’ll get you the perfect painting.”

Even as David kept talking, he pulled out his phone.

*Victor, I need you to paint something bright and cheerful for me. It’s for David and Adrian’s restaurant. I’ll text the address you need to send it to—SH*

Looking up, he said to both of them, “You guys are all set here now. I’m going to drive back today.”

Adrian turned his face up, his expression showing everything Sherlock needed to see—love, submission, gratitude, reverence.

Sherlock bent down and kissed his temple, pulling him closer.

“I know,” he said softly.

-----------------------------------------------

The party was in full swing when John arrived.

The separate cozy party hall was crowded with staff members and their families. Loud music was playing in the background. A large banner, amateurish and funny, hung in the background with “*PRACTICE OF THE YEAR*” written in red blood ink and sporting caricatures of the doctors and nurses who worked there. Loud laughs and shrieks added to the revelry.

Julia came up to him as soon as he entered, in high spirits as she leaned up to kiss John’s cheek.
“Hey there, John….took you long enough, I’ve been waiting,” she said, hand on his elbow.

John smiled back and shouted back over the din, “Traffic. Couldn’t get a cab. Got stuck.”

Pulling him by his arms, Julia dragged him towards the assorted people standing around and sipping on their drinks, “Come, let’s mingle. There are some more people I want to introduce you to.”

________________________________________________________________________

John leaned back on his table as he watched Julia return with her drink in hand, dragging his eyes from her full bosom to her face as he smiled. Damn its nice being out and about with normal people for a change…no Doms and Subs and murderers and police…..

The noise had died down a bit as people settled in, nibbling on the snacks being circulated.

Julia leaned forward as she put her glass down, a mellow look in her eyes, “You know why I’m so happy today, John? The divorce papers finally came through. All done. I feel free. Finally.” She put her hand on John’s arm. “It’s been bloody awful, you know.” She shook her head ruefully, “Paul made such a fool of me and I believed in him blindly like a fucking half-wit--Have to work late tonight, darling. Have to finish this presentation by tomorrow,” she mimed and snorted derisively. “God, I was such an idiot. How cliché is that, bloody wanker fucking his bloody secretary and making a fool of me for a year? I’m lucky to be rid of him.”

She took another bite of her Chicken Chow Mein, looking up with sparkling, slightly tipsy eyes at John. “I feel like I’ve been given my life back again today, truly. And ten days of blissful vacation time to look forward to!” She shook her head in disbelief and gulped down the rest of her cocktail. She raised her hand with the empty glass to gesture at the waiter, her voice a bit loud as she yelled exuberantly, “Can I have another one? I want to CELEBRATE!”

________________________________________________________________________

John swayed a bit as he washed his hands in the sink of the rest-room. Damn, this is a great party. So glad I came. So much better than mooning about at home about bloody Sherlock…hope he’s enjoying fucking bloody David…..

He went back into the party room, joining Julia at their table. Taking a long sip of her cocktail Julia flicked her hair back, eyes moving from John’s lips to his eyes. Most of the staff members had left, only a couple remained. Julia stayed behind as the practice principal to settle the bill.

John waved to the hovering waiter, asking for a refill of his beer and then leaned forward as the conversation flowed on effortlessly. John talked about his time in the army, recounting various good saves and tragic losses as Julia listened with sympathetic eyes. They talked on about the clinic and Julia’s plans about the future of the clinic. John talked about funny anecdotes about medical school, and Julia threw her head back and laughed before entertaining John with some of her own.
It was quite some time later that both stood up, just on the far side of tipsy without being plastered.

“Look, you just live a couple of blocks away. Let me walk you home and I’ll take a cab back to the city,” John suggested.

Julia leaned against him, blonde hair falling attractively over one hazel eye and smiled wickedly, “There’s nothing I’d like better.”

They stood on the front steps of her row house, on an empty street, only the glow of the street lamp illuminating their faces.

“Look…….I’m not very good at subtlety,” Julia said hesitantly as she stepped close to John. “I’m a shoot-from-the-hip kind of woman, as you know. And I’d really like it if you came in for some time, John…..if you catch my drift.”

John licked his lips as his eyes darted all over her beautiful face….fuck, fuck…I’d have given my left nut for this a while ago. She looked like pure soft feminine temptation brought to life.

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea.” His voice was not as confident as he’d hoped. “I mean we’re both a bit drunk…..”

Julia stared into his eyes, her voice husky, “It’s been such a long time since I’ve had…..you know? And I’m in the mood to be carefree and spontaneous for once…..And I trust you.” She smiled, naked desire in her eyes, “Besides, you look positively edible tonight. Blue suits you. Like the colour of your eyes…..such a deep blue. You are a good-looking man, John.”

John licked his lips as he looked down at her, the smooth skin of her shoulder glistening in the streetlight, covered by just a flimsy black spaghetti-strap. His eyes moved to her moist, parted lips as he inhaled the subtle feminine fragrance. Stop it….Sherlock….think about him….what’s to think, he fucking left didn’t he? Humiliated me and left. Asked me to decide whether I’d be okay with him fucking around or I could fucking leave……

Julia leaned closer, her pupils dilated attractively, “Come on, John. We’re two consenting, unattached adults. Who could it hurt, to let go for just once?” A soft breast pressed against his chest as she moved closer.

So long…..it’s been so fucking long…..she’s right, who could it hurt…..just one no-holds barred, no-expectation shag…..His heart beat faster as he wavered. That irritating voice in his head was back….Sherlock, you belong to Sherlock….what will you say to him? His fists clenched as he debated, struggling to stop himself from pulling down that strap and grabbing a couple of handfuls of soft womanly tits…..FUCK…..his dick twitching eagerly at the thought of plunging into a soft tight canal…..

He licked his lips again, smiling weakly, “Could get awkward you know, working in the same place with someone you’ve shagged.” He tried to sound reasonable.

“Oh John,” she sighed as she stepped closer. “Things only get awkward if we let them get that way. Both of us have been around long enough to know that a shag is just a shag.” Her smile was alluring, the look all wicked invitation. Get a grip, Watson…..Sherlock…….She pressed her breast more firmly. “It’s been a while since….. And look, I don’t even expect you to stay and make small talk. My flight leaves at seven in the morning…..so I’d actually prefer it if you left after, you
know?” she reasoned, the voice of temptation.

So long since I’ve fucked something…..how the fuck will he know? He’s not fucking God, is he? No
matter how much he’d like to be…… Fuck, he just left me and went…..almost raped me before he
left….and he won’t mind…..he pretty much said this is an open relationship…..would be nice to
sink into a nice, hot hole…suck soft tits, his mouth salivated at the thought…..and this gorgeous
woman is offering it…..so fucking long it’s been…..

With a low growl he pulled Julia closer, his hand on her lower back. With a sigh she fell into the
kiss, as their bodies clung to each other, tongues parrying, mouths moving, hands restlessly roving
over each others bodies, breathing heavily as they groped.

“Hang on,” she gave a short laugh as she pulled out her key from the purse and opened the door,
“Inside…lets get inside.”

They fell into the living room and Julia stretched one hand to flick on a floor lamp before returning
into John’s arms. One hand fisted into her soft, blonde hair, he tugged her head back as his lips
roamed over her neck, suckling the sweet flesh, his hand moving down to cup her arse, pulling her
closer to his engorged cock. FUCK.....Sweet Jesus, FUCK…… They jostled towards the sofa, his
hand rubbing her mons, as she writhed in his arms, arching up to his touch, kissing him back with
passion.

“Humph…..” the puff escaped him as she pushed him down on the sofa and climbed on his lap.
Insatiable soft lips kissed, her hands mussing his hair as John finally, finally pulled down the
straps. With finesse born of years of experience he opened the clasp of her frilly black bra and
threw it aside, grabbing her tits, kneading the soft flesh. So fucking long……Jesus, so soft…. He
bent down to nibble at one rosy peak, while his other hand played with her nipples, rolling,
flicking. Her head was thrown back as she pressed his head into her chest, uninhibited moans
escaping her as she ground down against his raging hard-on.

John let go of her breasts, his hands pulling up her dress. She slipped it over her head and threw it
aside. Arms around his head, she bent down to devour his mouth again, silky hair veiling his face
as they kissed, as John put both his hands under her arse and hoisted her up. Carrying her straddled
around his waist, her slim legs tightly wrapped around him, he staggered into what he fucking
hoped was the fucking bedroom.

He threw her awkwardly on the bed and undressed urgently, wanting….fuck…… He watched her
sprawled, her breasts standing up proudly under his gaze, the flimsy black panties barely covering
her mound. Fuck yeah…… he bit his lip as he lowered himself on her, grinding his cock against her
pussy, as he suckled on a boob.

“Condoms,” she panted, pointing to the bedside drawer.

A flash of guilt flared through John……fuck, what am I doing? I can’t do this….I shouldn’t do
this…..Sherlock…..

“He humiliated you and left…..you’ve a naked woman begging to get fucked…..be
a man, Watson…..take her....

He slid the drawer open and grabbed the condoms.
John climbed up the stairs of 221B slowly.

During the cab ride home, he’d left the window open; it had helped clear his head a bit—from the buzz of alcohol and the rather athletic satisfying shag.

What have I done? Fucking hell…….why did I do it? It was great while it lasted, my cock feels drained….but was it worth cheating on Sherlock for….no matter how angry I am at him…..so what if he’s gone to his other Sub…..

He walked into the kitchen, still frowning as he made himself a cup of tea, lost in thought. He turned from the kitchen counter to go into the living room……another sleepless night, fucking hell…….

“John.”

That one word in that unmistakeable husky baritone……

John swirled around, eyes widened, the cup slipping from his suddenly nerveless fingers and crashing down on the floor.

Heart hammering in his chest he bent down as if on autopilot giving a short laugh, “Oh….bloody hell, Sherlock, you scared me! When did you get back?”

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed as that perceptive mind kicked into high gear.

He squatted down next to John, inhaling deeply as he knelt. Senses on high alert as a barrage of input flooded in, he went into full deduction mode as his brain sifted through the incoming data at blinding speed. Eyes flicking and scanning, sensitive nose flaring….

Woman’s perfume (My Burberry Black)…..semen…..recent ejaculation…….alcohol…..five strands of blonde hair averaging 25 cm in length stuck to his jumper……hair mussed up…….blood shot post-coital eyes…….area of ecchymosis peaking out of the neckline of his jumper- love bite…….hands trembling….panic reaction…….pulse point fluttering in his neck--heart rate 120 bpm…….respiratory rate 24 pm…..face flushed……

“Two hours ago,” he murmured, face falling into an impassive mask with practiced ease, hands busy with picking up the pieces.

He rose gracefully to drop the pieces in the bin and stepped back, watching calmly.

John fumbled as he ran a dishcloth over the wet patch and then straightened, washing the cloth in the sink, angling himself away from Sherlock…..he can’t see me trembling….fuck, he’ll know…….can’t let him see me like this……

A visceral reaction of imminent panic started to curl inside him.

“Yeah…..I’d ..... was with some of the clinic staff….having a few drinks, you know?” he mumbled, hands working feverishly with the dishcloth. Need to get out of here.....I’m going to
make a mess of things if I stay here…..the sick bile of nausea rose in his chest.

He threw the dishcloth abruptly and turned to Sherlock, a too-bright smile on his face, “Actually….you know what? I forgot some papers with them. They’re just a block from here…..maybe I’ll go and get the papers.”

He threw on his jacket and stumbled out of the flat without waiting for a response, uncaring about what it looked like, the urge to escape that all-knowing gaze overpowering any rationality left in him.

Sherlock watched with narrowed eyes as John mumbled lies and ran out of the flat.

*Okay then.*

He waited for two minutes, motionless in one place, teeth worrying his lower lip, deep in thought, before putting on his coat with deliberation and walking out of the flat.

---

John walked as fast as he could, heart hammering, neither knowing nor caring where he was headed. His strides lengthened to a trot as the thoughts churned.

_Holy fuck….fuck it all to buggering hell……when did he get back….why did it have to be now? What if he finds out.....what if he throws me out....or leaves.....I can’t live without him......I can’t let him find out....what the fuck was I fucking thinking.....hope my act was enough...._

His legs carried him to the quieter back streets. *Oh My God.....Oh God....The urge to puke suddenly hit him like a sledgehammer; the severe anxiety, panic and fear rising up his food-pipe having taken the physical form of corrosive bile.*

He swerved into a back alley and let go.

Head bent, he retched as all the alcohol and food gushed out as a projectile jet of vomit. Some of the regurgitated mess---partially digested noodles, rice, bits of meat mixed in a stinking mess of digestive juices, alcohol and bile----sprayed over his own clothes. He went down on one knee as though someone had kicked him in the stomach, as he retched loudly again and again, his stomach in knots as it contracted ineffectually to empty itself.

Cold sweat covered his face. *Fucking hell.....get a grip....oh God, oh fucking Jesus. He will know. What have I done? What was I thinking.* His hands were braced on the filthy ground in the alley struggling to hold his trembling body up. His breath was a laboured wheeze, a sobbing noise in his throat as he fought to breathe through the overwhelming waves of panic engulfing him. It was a full blown panic attack.....*Christ, years since I’ve had one of these. Not since Sherlock jumped off that fucking roof. Oh God, Sherlock.....Sherlock....what have I done? He can’t find out.....please, please God. Help me, please....He felt as though he were choking on his own failures......why can’t I ever get anything right......Sherlock.....Oh God, Sherlock......starting to feel light-headed with the lack of oxygen as he struggled to breathe, the world starting to go dark..._

“Breathe, John.”

The firm hand on the nape of his neck squeezed gently, the one voice in the world that his soul
responded to, spoke.

He looked up with glassy eyes, as Sherlock sank down to sit on the filth, pulling John into his arms.

“Come on, John. You can do it. Breathe deeply with me. Deep breath……In……..Out…that’s it, do it with me…..In…..Out.”

John pressed his nose closer to Sherlock’s neck, gulping in deep breaths through his open mouth, taking in life-giving oxygen as well as the comfort of Sherlock’s smell. He sat hauled over Sherlock’s legs, as Sherlock supported his head with one hand, while the other hand lay over his belly rubbing gently.

“That’s it, John. Doing well, my love. Breathe deeply,” the deep voice crooned softly, helping him to breathe, to break the iron clasp of the panic attack. Sherlock rocked his body gently, his hand gently smoothing back the sweaty hair, his lips soft against John’s temple. John could feel the strong heartbeat as his chest pressed into Sherlock’s, steadily thudding through John’s body like a drum beat. He clasped Sherlock’s sock-clad ankle with one out-stretched hand, an anchor.

Slowly, steadily both worked to get the panic under control for the next several minutes.

“Oh, Jesus…..” John gasped out as reason slowly returned, mortified at his state. Fear started creeping back in, dark and ugly.

“Shh….it’s alright now,” Sherlock said softly as he rubbed his hand over John’s arm. “Let’s get you home and cleaned up.”

He helped John up and supported him as they slowly walked the four blocks home in silence.

Panic and nausea both settling down as the chilly air swirled around him, John felt limp, drained, letting Sherlock take his weight as he walked slowly.

Back at 221B, he firmly declined Sherlock’s offer to help him get cleaned up, as he closed the bathroom door to his Dom’s face and locked it. Grimacing as he peeled off the soiled clothes and throwing them in a corner, he sat down on the closed toilet lid and buried his face in his hands, his mind numb with shock, unsure about what to think.

The knock on the bathroom door pulled him out of his daze.

“John, are you okay? May I come in?” Sherlock’s voice floated in, concerned, insistent.

“I’m fine. Just got the runs, you know? Must have eaten something…..” John answered lamely.

He stared ahead with unseeing eyes, recalling the last time he’d heard that same knock, those same words. *Was it just over two months ago?* Sherlock had stood in this same bathroom soiled with John’s urine and faeces, he had cleaned John and given him a bath. He remembered his fear of disability, abandonment.

*What if this is not temporary? What if this is the way it’s going to be forever?*

*I’ll still be here.*

How could he have forgotten so quickly? Flashes of memory hit him….Sherlock cooking Spaghetti Marinara in the kitchen…..you need to eat, John. You need to get your strength back…..Sherlock yelling at him as he’d put his hands on John’s chest to give CPR…….John? Don’t make me do this,
John. Come on, fight damn you. It cannot end like this. I won’t permit it……

How quickly I forgot? Sherlock is right, the mind is fickle.....how quickly I forgot everything......
Yours, Sherlock. Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command......how quickly I forgot everything
that he’s done and said......how quick I was to react, to rage......at the man I had sworn to serve,
at my Dom....

What do I do now? Should I tell him and risk losing him, his trust? Or should I hide it? Is it
possible to hide anything from Sherlock?

He leaned forward on the toilet, elbows digging into his knees as he buried his face in his hands
and tried to think.

Sherlock stood outside the door for a long time, slender musician’s fingers pressed against the
panelling as if willing it to open by the strength of his will-power alone even as his head hung low,
accepting of John’s rejection.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sherlock watched out of the corner of his eyes as John finally came out of the bathroom, had a
drink of water and went into the bedroom, mumbling a “Good night” on the way.

He closed his eyes and went back to playing his violin, gaze turned inwards. He played little pieces
that he knew John liked, hoping that would help soothe the frenzied demons of savage emotions
that he knew must be raging through John’s stream of consciousness at that very moment,
incessantly circling his head as they danced and tore his brain to little pieces.

The useless mediocre emotions of the mediocre mind....desire, jealousy, anger, guilt, doubt, fear,
angst, insecurities......holding the brilliance of the mighty awareful intellect captive, enslaving it
by suffocating it with delusionary circular thought, smothering every experience with subjectivity
and flawed perception, never allowing it to soar to the heights it was meant to. Day after day after
day. Can they not see it? What is it like in their funny little brains?

He sighed.

Oh John, where do we go from here?

He played on.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains non-consensual touching, some violence and homophobic language—- readers who are triggered by this sort of thing, should skip it.

The contents of this chapter and the next were originally one long chapter in my mind. But when I began to write, the words kept flowing. And I felt oddly reluctant to constrain them. And trying to compress all the thoughts in one chapter was becoming too ungainly. That explains both the early update and the relative brevity of the chapter. Also, when you reach the end, if it feels like an unfinished thought, it is because it is.

My apologies.

Thank you as always to everyone who has shown interest and supported the story. Thank you for the kudos, the bookmarks, the lovely comments. I am grateful and in your debt :)

Mycroft toyed irritably with a pencil as he waited for the decryption process of the video file to finish.

For many long years, Mycroft had ensured that a team of trained people were dedicated to looking after Sherlock, his safety and anything that remotely related to him. It was how he’d known about the blast across Baker’s Street and managed to be the first one there. It was how he’d known about Hope’s murder and managed to be there at the same time as the police. It was how he’d known when John Watson had decided to move in with Sherlock.

Finally….he thought as the file finished unscrambling itself.

He hit play.

Less than five minutes later he sat with lips pulled back in a feral snarl as he shook with rage. He gave himself a moment to compose himself before summoning Anthea.

“I need to see Dr Watson,” were the only words he could utter, even as he struggled to keep his clenched fists out of view, the urge to throw things across the room too rabid to control.

*How dare he….I will tear him apart with my bare hands.....how DARE he.....*

John stood staring at the vacant bench in the park.
Joggers jogged and children played. Mums with strollers strolled and hawkers sold their wares. Carefree tourists clicked photographs and teenagers flirted.

Life went on.

But John stood there staring at the vacant bench feeling like his life had ended. He’d stumbled on to the park as he’d walked aimlessly, desperately seeking solace for his agitated mind.

Right here……I’d been sitting right here just over a month ago. Thinking about him, looking back at the five years gone past….thinking about everything that he’d ever done for me……thinking about Mrs Hudson’s words……Its always been you, John…..

Right here……I’d experienced for the first time the truth of the fact that I was HIS…..that flawless and sublime insight had moved me to tears, into running back home and falling at his feet. Offering myself up to him, for him to do as he pleased.

How could it have all gone so wrong? How could I have forgotten it all, in a blaze of lust inspired by self-pity and anger? How do I redeem myself from this…… either I tell him or I don’t. If I tell him, he may decide to leave me. If I don’t tell him this guilt, this pain will eat me alive until there is nothing left.

It had been two days since that night.

Two days of dread, fear, guilt, sorrow chewing through his mind driving him insane. Even as he tried to function, underneath the surface he felt like he was disintegrating as though there were a black hole inside of him that was consuming him from the inside out.

Sherlock mercifully had decided to leave him alone, give him space. Wonder what he thinks that panic attack was for? Why is he not demanding explanations, sex? He couldn’t really suspect anything, could he? What if he does and this is his way of rejecting me? Fear started to build again as his heart started racing.

It had been difficult….difficult to keep his mind from going round and round in circles, thinking the same things over and over again; a jumble of thoughts like a child’s nervous babbling, unable to reach a decision, rationalizing his behaviour……so it went, on and on……and fucking on and on….

He’d not eaten or slept in any meaningful way since that night.

He tried to deep breathe as he dragged his footsteps towards Baker’s Street again. Why the fuck did I come here? What did it achieve apart from proving to myself what I already know….. I am a colossal fucking idiot…. I don’t deserve him….. I’m doomed no matter what I do……to tell or not to tell........

---------------------------------------------------

The sleek, black unmarked car pulled into the kerb as he walked back home. The back seat window lowered soundlessly.

Fuck……. just what I fucking needed right now. Mycroft fucking Holmes. Might as well get it over with. Big fucking Brother is here.....
He got in and faced Mycroft, face drained of all strength, unable to come up with any clever remark.

Mycroft pounced the moment the door closed and the car pulled away.

“What were you thinking, Dr Watson? How dare you? How does this even happen?” he spluttered, face red with rage.

John just looked at him with tired eyes, thinking absently. I’ve never seen him this angry before, so out of control. The ice man is melting…..fuck, he’s burning. A manic giggle arose which he clamped down as best he could. Man up, Watson. You deserve this.

“He is your superior by every single parameter known to man. And yet, he invites you into his life, into his home, into his heart and into his bed. And this is what he gets for it!” Mycroft continued, his voice a furious hiss. “What in the name of God were you thinking?”

John’s voice was a small whisper, “I wasn’t.”

“Do you have any idea what he was doing while you were satisfying your carnal urges behind his back?”

A scream that tore itself out of John’s throat, “I don’t know anything. He didn’t tell me anything.”

Mycroft’s jaw was clenched, “But you know him! Or I thought you did. Since when does Sherlock explain himself to anyone? That’s just not who he is. And if you knew him you should have known that only something important would drag him away from you. Did you even think, Dr Watson? Or did you just let your anger and libido run wild?”

“Well, it’s done. And I am the one who has to live with it. So screw you. You’ve said your piece, now let me the fuck out of here,” John said through gritted teeth.

Stunned into silence, Mycroft pushed aside his righteous anger and focused for the first time. He took in the slumped shoulders, the downturned lips, the listless tired eyes, the slight shiver in the hands, the crumpled clothing. He felt himself deflate as the anger gave way to concern. He’s broken. Dear Lord……

He turned to look out of the window at the passing traffic, fighting to keep the pity out of his face. Eventually he turned back, his voice bitter, “You know, John, you remind me of the man who went around the whole world with a begging bowl in his hand, stretching his arms out to beg for alms, little realising that the bowl he held was made of solid gold.” He sighed, his voice gentled, “For the love of God, open your eyes and see what you have in your hands.”

Wordlessly he gestured to the driver.

The car slowed to a halt two blocks from Baker’s Street.

John looked up wryly, his hand on the door handle. “What? No threats to kill me, harm me? You’re getting soft, Mycroft.”

Mycroft snorted, “Sherlock would disown me if I touched a single hair of your head, John.” He took a deep breath, “Besides, it’s not cricket to kick a man who’s already down.”

John stared outside at the passing human traffic, hopelessness like a filmy veil over his eyes. Finally he took a deep breath and turned back to look at Mycroft.
“Do you think I should tell him? How do you think he’d respond?”

Mycroft resisted rolling his eyes with disdain. *Do you really think he doesn’t already know, John? How little you know my brother!*

Aloud he said, “That is a decision you must make. As for how he’d respond, I’m afraid I have no idea. I am not privy to his thoughts on this particular aspect of his life……. The only person who might have a clue is perhaps Victor. You could consider asking him.” He shrugged his shoulders.

John sighed as he opened the door and got out.

Mycroft leaned out of the window. “John, what I can say with certainty is that you are very dear to my brother. Please bear that in mind before you decide to do anything hasty. Your loss would break his heart.”

He nodded as the car started and drove off.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Sherlock lay on the sofa frowning at his mobile as he read the incoming text from one of his homeless network group. Oh for God’s sake!

Annoyed, he texted…..

_That was completely unnecessary- SH_

Mycroft grimaced as he read it.

_He’s not dealing with it, Sherlock. He needs help- MH_

Sherlock’s fingers flew over the phone as he texted back.

_Maybe this time I’ll wait until he asks for it—SH_

_He’s hurting, Sherlock. I hope you know what you’re doing—MH_

_I do. Stop worrying, brother mine!—SH_

He threw the phone down irritably.

---------------------------------------------------------------------

It was mid morning and John sat on his bed in the upstairs bedroom, papers scattered all around him. He was looking out of the bedroom window lost in thought. Sherlock had gone to Barts, one of his many visits chasing some interesting mystery or another.

John reflected on the week that had just gone past. The week since that gut-wrenching night of his
deception, the week since Sherlock had come home to a Sub who had cheated on him, lied to his face.

Life, amazingly, still went on.

He had switched shifts with other doctors and as a consequence had had to go to work only once that week. A part of him felt bad about letting Julia and her patients down. But, you know what? Screw Julia!.......Hey, you fucking idiot, you already did. A hysterical laugh rose inside of him at his own folly; he gulped it down before the urge to scream and rage and tear himself apart enveloped him again.

Sherlock continued to give him space, while ensuring that routine conversation kept flowing. He was out and about and came back grumbling about Lestrade and those idiots at the Yard, bringing body parts home….fuck, entire scalps…something about studying the decay of hair or was it growth of hair after death? And John felt almost incoherently thankful for it. He didn’t think he could have handled it if Sherlock had crowded him, asked questions, demanded answers……it certainly was his right as a Dom, he had all the power….but still he had not asked a single question or made a single demand….surely he must know something is not right…..

And yet, conversely………he somehow seemed to be there all the time; sitting in the living room in the evening and at odd hours during the day. Working on his laptop but not lost in his mind palace. As though he were inviting John to talk to him if he chose to do so. Staying available in a sense without being overbearing.

John had barely eaten the past few days.

The sight of food reminded him of the alley, the last full meal he had consumed, the mess his vomit had made of Sherlock’s coat. But then after two days, Sherlock had started handing him his own half-eaten plate at meal times; a stern, forbidding look on his face, a one word order that could not be ignored, “Eat.” So John dutifully had a few morsels.

Nights came with their own version of hell; assorted whirling thoughts, the barrier of useless daytime activity stripped away.

And so Sherlock played. Tunes that John liked, little jingles, popular songs…..while John lay in bed, clutching to the awareness of Sherlock outside and within every cell of his tortured body and mind. It was as though Sherlock was with him, inside him, soothing him, inviting John to let him in.

But John lacked the courage and was still unable to make up his mind. To tell or not to tell? Does he know something happened? How can he know? But he is Sherlock……he knows everything.

This morning, the need for distraction and the fact that he was about to see a patient with a rare diagnosis in two days had led him to the upstairs bedroom in search for a medical journal.

Whilst rummaging through the cupboard he came across a stack of paper.

He froze into place, staring at it. And then removed the pages with hands that shook ever so slightly, with eyes that held the misery of nostalgia. They were the pages on which he had once drafted and re-drafted the Dom-Sub contract that he’d once thought he would be negotiating with Sherlock. He’d climbed on the bed, some masochistic instinct driving him to read those roughly drafted pages, some more food for self-flagellation.

Idly his tired eyes roamed over the papers lying scattered around him. He picked up one at random.
**HARD LIMITS**

No edge play, enemas, water sports, spitting, fisting, sounding, video recordings, public humiliation... would never want to try these.

Blindfolds and gags- Sherlock, I think these would trigger my PTSD and cause the nightmares to come back. So I would prefer never to use these.

John snorted derisively.

He thought about Sherlock hovering protectively by his bedside at the hospital, pulling him out of his night terrors night after night. He thought of the warmth and safety of Sherlock’s arms as he had held John as he wheezed with panic, the gentleness of his embrace as he had come down from the Submissive trance that first night and just before Sherlock had left for Edinburgh... holding him safe, as though wanting to shelter him from all the ills of the world.....John thought of Victor’s words from a lifetime ago.... *In which universe did you think that Sherlock Holmes would allow anything to happen that could even remotely compromise your safety, let alone endanger it himself? Or force himself upon you without your consent?* 

What was I thinking when I wrote all this bullshit? How did it make Sherlock feel, to think that I thought him capable of this...... Fucking internet.......... 

He picked up another paper

**BONDAGE—**

Soft bondage only---but nothing that might be triggering of my PTSD.

Collars---I’d prefer not to wear them in public without prior discussion.........

Unable to read any further, he crumpled the paper and threw it on the ground, raging at himself.

Victors words came back to haunt him again.....*In all the years I’ve known Sherlock he has never tied me with so much as a shoelace.*

John remembered the two occasions in the past month when he’d accompanied Sherlock for a case. Far from showing off John as a new prized possession over whom he’d unlimited powers, far from making him wear a “collar”..... he’d been..... *Sherlock! Unequivocally, quintessentially Sherlock. Snarky and maddening at times, yes. Irritable and arrogant at times, yes. Buzzing with excitement at a new mystery like a child with a new toy, yes. And ordering John around to fetch things, give his opinion or just because he wanted to yell at someone or the other’s incompetence, yes. But never, ever by word or deed had he shown any disrespect, dominance or disparagement.*

He read again..... *Collar.....Bondage.....he sneered at his own naivety, stupidity.....* He told me again and again to think for myself..... John, think about it. Really think about it. Not what the books or other people or the internet tell you.

He picked up another random page, unable to stop himself, as though this were a form of penance, as though he were letting some of the purulence of guilt out of his system by torturing himself.

**SAFETYWORDS.**

*Safeword 1- ANDERSON- I will use this safeword if what you are doing becomes too intense and I need a break before resuming.*
Safeword 2- MYCROFT- I will use this safeword if I want to stop any activity completely. Either because it is too painful or unpleasant.

As my Dom I would expect that you would be agreeable with following these safewords, because I need to feel safe when we indulge in sexual role-plays.

John rubbed his face with a weary hand. Fucking hell…..

He thought about the month that had gone past. He tried and failed to come up with one occasion when Sherlock had had sex with him without John initiating it first. One occasion when he had felt unsafe. One occasion when John had felt like saying STOP. Even when he fucked me before leaving for Edinburgh, he made sure I climaxed. Even in his righteous fury as a Dom who’d just been challenged and then attacked, when he could have unleashed all manner of harm and punishment on me for my behaviour, he held back. Come to think of it, I gave him a fucking carte blanche…..he could have chained me to the table and asked me to bark like a dog while he fucked me …..and I would have had to obey. Not once….not fucking once did he hurt me, did he do something against my will…..

He buried his face in his hands, the guilt and the tears that were never far from the surface arising again.

He should throw me out. That is what I fucking deserve. I don’t deserve this, to be living under the same roof as him….. I deserve to fucking die, to be fucking dead. How am I supposed to look in the mirror everyday? Sooner or later he is going to want to fuck me…..how will I hide my shame, my guilt…..what I’ve done….. So what if he went to his other Sub….even if he fucked David three times a day while he was gone, even if he gave me permission to have sex with anyone I choose to…. I am still his Submissive…..and he had said I am supposed to inform him….wonder what the fucking statute of limitations is on that…..How can I go in front of him and look at those beautiful clever, clever eyes and tell him, “Hey, guess what, Sherlock? I fucked some woman behind your back, without your permission….and I was too fucking gutless to tell you about it”

The urge to wait for Sherlock to come home and then run downstairs and fall at his feet and confess all, was strong. If he then asks me to leave, my gun is always there….because one thing is certain….. I cannot live without him……

Mycroft’s words floated into his stream of consciousness.

Victor…..maybe one last time, before I rush down and do something foolish, maybe I should ask Victor……

He picked up his phone.

---------------------------------------------

Victor stood staring outside the kitchen window.

What does he need this time?

Three weeks ago, he’d received an exuberant phone call from John, informing him about his
submission. Informing Victor about how wonderful everything was. And now, a few minutes ago
there was another phone call. Despairing and confused. Asking if he could come and talk to Victor.

Concerned, Victor urged him to come straight away. And as he waited, he decided to organise
some food, it is lunch time….he might be hungry. And set about getting cold cuts and salads ready,
slicing onions, celery, cucumber, tomatoes. Coffee beans soaking in the machine.

What’s happened? Why is he coming?

Ever since John had come into his life, Victor had found himself reminiscing about the past a lot
more, thinking about the early days with Sherlock…..reflecting on his own trajectory with him. It
was a fascinating thing to reflect on.

He thought about when he first joined college. Attempting to do an arts major….hoping to become
a painter, the one big passion of his life.

For as long as he remembered he’d been like this. Homosexual and sexually submissive. His father
had insisted on therapy to cure him of this “preference” Victor shook his head. Preference…..the
word implied a choice….. as though something this elemental could be a choice. It just was.

He’d attempted to keep to himself when he started college, hiding his shame. Until one day he had
gone to a frat party and was lured into taking some poppers…..it had been wild….But the word
spread…..and within a few weeks life had become a living hell for him….

------------------------------------------

“Wait up, Victor.” The coarse voice called out from behind him, as Alex came into view, his hulky
body catching up and then planting itself in Victor’s path. Three other boys—Jayden, Chris and
Martin-- stood around and leered. Victor’s heart sank as he looked at them…….Bloody hell, why
can’t they just leave me alone……why did I agree to be with them last weekend……

It was getting dark as Victor walked back from college, a satchel full of art supplies slung over his
shoulder. They had stopped him in a quiet corner of the campus and started to herd him behind the
building, vacant and spare save for some trash cans lying around.

“I’m having some friends over this weekend. Make yourself available. I’ll text you the time later,”
Alex continued, as he neared further, crowding Victor against the wall of the empty building. He
leaned over to whisper in Victor’s ear even as his hand snaked down to cup his arse suggestively,
“Grease your pussy before you come. It’s going to be quite a party.”

Victor struggled, “Leave me alone. I told you I won’t do that anymore.”

Alex’s smile was teasing, his middle finger straightened to poke right into Victor’s crack as he
loomed over Victor’s smaller body.

“Oh yeah…..that’s not what you were saying while we were pounding your faggoty arse last
Sunday. Or don’t you remember, Victor?”

Another boy, Jayden laughed as he said, pointing at Chris, “Fuck dude, you just have to do it for
Chris’s sake. His girlfriend refuses to put out and he’s gagging for it.”
The boy in question, Chris, stepped forward with a lewd smirk on his face, “And there’s only so much I can do with her fucking mouth, know what I mean?” His eyebrows rose suggestively.

Victor pushed against Alex forcefully, “I said leave me alone. I’m not a party piece you can pass around.”

Alex’s voice smoothened as he cajoled in a sing-song voice., “Oh come on, baby……you fucking love it so much. A bit of rough, some good-old fashioned spanking and an endless series of loads up your fagpussy.” He grabbed Victor by his arm and pulled him closer, his expression an ugly threat. “Don’t think we don’t know what you’re panting for pretty boy……and I will treat you so good…..just as a fagbottom like you should be treated.”

Victor cowered even as he blushed, horrified to find his cock grow between his legs, as though it were tied to a string to the prurient dominance in the bully’s voice. No….no…..I can’t do this…..I was barely able to walk after last week…..assert yourself, you wimp……I’m not a whore….. He struggled to get free.

“Yeah, well…..I’ve to concentrate on my painting. I have assignments due next week. And I can’t do this anymore. You guys should get a life,” he said, trying for bravado and failing.

Alex grabbed his hair and pulled, “Oh I forgot, you like being forced, is that it pretty boy? Can’t give your cunt up until you’re made to beg for it like a dog?” His other hand swung into a wide arc and came down as a hard smack right over Victor’s balls. Tears of pain and frustration filled Victor’s eyes, as he whimpered, as he felt the hand grope his now rock-hard dick.

Alex laughed, loud and ugly. “Like turning a fucking switch with this one! Two spanks and he spreads his legs.” The other boys jeered and laughed as Alex shoved Victor to his knees, hands still holding his hair in a cruel grip.

As his other hand pulled down the zip and popped his erect cock out, he hissed, “Listen to me, you faggot. Your arse belongs to us. And we all know what you like….to bend over and take it like a girl. And you know what you get for arguing with me?” His hand shook Victor’s head back and forth like a rag-doll. “Open your mouth and suck me off, before I dry ram my cock into your hole.”

Victor’s eyes swam with tears of mortification as he bent forward, his hands trembling as they rose towards the dick he was meant to service.

You can’t keep doing this, you moron…..these are not your friends…..they just want to use you……but I don’t have any other friends……stop it…..don’t do it…..

“Let him go.”

The deep baritone was commanding, a voice that must be obeyed.

Everyone halted as though a cold jug of water had been thrown over them.

Victor looked up, expecting to see a teacher. And he stared.

A young man stood a few feet away. Tall and slim, one hand around the strap of his backpack which lay on the ground, wearing a simple t-shirt and jeans. The expression on his chiselled face was forbidding, the blue-grey eyes were calm, focused, alert, the lean strong body planted on the ground with feet apart as though balancing himself.

Beautiful…..thought Victor, his eyes widening.

“Oh great, another faggot.” Alex’s voice broke the spell, his hands came off Victor’s hair. “Come
and join the party on Saturday, asshole. We could use two of you around. Take turns you know. Maybe we’ll play eeny-meeny-miny-mo,” he laughed loudly obnoxiously at his own joke.

The young man tilted his head slightly, his tone was dry as he responded, “Perhaps you should consider tucking yourself back in before you try to make salacious propositions. Too much familiarity can breed contempt, as you no doubt already know.”

The retort seemed to have frozen Alex and the boys into place. Soon though he snarled as he zipped up, “Oh yeah……a fucker with a mouth on him.”

Victor crept back, clutching his satchel as he watched with wide incredulous eyes.

Alex strode up to the new boy, moving his bulk in an intimidating manner, “You know what cocksuckers like you should use their mouths for, don’t you, fagboy?”

The look on the young man’s face tightened, menace seeming to pour out of him. His voice though was even as he said, “Walk away. Leave him alone. And stay away from him.”

Alex and Jayden stepped forward, while the other two hung back.

“Or what? What the fuck are you going to do about it?” Alex asked, his voice belligerent like a schoolyard bully as he crowded his opponent’s face.

The fist when it rammed into Alex’s belly took him completely by surprise as he bent over, hand over his tummy, stumbling back, breath knocked out. The young man pivoted on his foot and followed it up with an uppercut that knocked Alex’s head back and knocked him clean off his feet, slamming him down on his back. Roaring with fury, Jayden joined in, grabbing the young man’s t-shirt and slamming him against the wall. The man drove his knee hard against Jayden’s groin and in the same motion he spun around to grab a trash can lid. He thrust it upwards with a forceful blow, knocking Jayden’s teeth into his tongue. Blood spurted out of his mouth as another blow landed to push him to the ground.

Chris charged, joining into the fray, with a loud cry, “You fucker…..we’ll kill you.”

The man smirked as he ducked under his strike and pivoted to grab Chris’s collar and slam him over Alex’s body. He landed a kick to the midsection of Chris’s prone body before turning his attentions to Alex. He hammered Alex’s face with a series of fast jabs till he heard the satisfying sound of breaking cartilage in his nose and a visceral cry of pain.

He got up and pulled Alex’s shirtfront. His voice when he spoke was cold, menacing.

“He is off limits from now on. Do you understand? If you even try to talk to him, if you lay one finger on him…..I will break all ten.” The voice was a promise, the eyes which looked down at Alex were snapping with fury.

Alex looked up with panicked bulging eyes as he nodded feverishly.

The young man straightened.

“Now then, off with all of you.” He made a shooing gesture with his hands and watched with narrowed eyes as the quartet scrambled away.

He turned towards Victor, who still stood frozen in place staring at this vision with wide eyes.

He walked towards Victor, his stride confident, regal, eyes flicking over Victor from head to toe in
rapid movements.

“The name is Sherlock Holmes,” the young man said, hand extended for a hand shake, the deep voice lending additional gravitas to the unusual name.

Dropping his satchel, Victor straightened up and stepped forward to shake hands. “Victor Trevor.”

Sherlock stood looking at Victor, head tilted as though considering something.

“I have a small apartment about a twenty minute walk from the campus. I am messy, I play the violin at odd times. Sometimes I don’t talk for days on end.” He lifted one eyebrow, “Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other….or so I’ve been told.”

Up close, his eyes were dazzling as they flashed with knowledge, with acceptance. Victor had been conditioned to expect scorn, pity…..this kind acceptance was new to him. He felt like he was in the presence of someone who knew everything about him and despite it all he was validated.

He struggled to stay upright even as his knees buckled from underneath him; every instinct in him wanted to kneel at the feet of this extraordinarily beautiful, confident man….heck, he wanted to lie down on the ground and spread his legs and beg.

*Sherlock……Sherlock Holmes. He mouthed to himself.*

Sherlock looked calm, his observant eyes taking in the trembling in Victor’s legs, knowing his thoughts as easily as if he were reading them on his forehead.

His voice was kind but firm as he shook his head, “No. Not as a Submissive. Not yet, anyway. I’d like you to flat share as a friend. That is if you are amenable?”

Victor shook his head as he came out of his reverie. His hands busied themselves, cutting and slicing as he asked himself again…..*What is John coming for? What could be wrong? How can he keep getting confused when he has Sherlock with him……Does he even realise how lucky he is? He gets to live with Sherlock…..breathe the same air…..spend his days and his nights with him…..have meals with him……talk to him whenever he wants to……how can he still be wanting……how does that even happen…….*

He tried to clamp down hard on the nascent impulse towards envy, resentment that began to churn in his heart. He did what he always did when he felt like he was losing his way…..hands still holding the half sliced tomato, he closed his eyes and imagined himself seated at Sherlock’s feet, feeling those gentle fingers running through his hair.

*God, Sherlock, I miss you so much……I know you need your time alone with him….but it is so hard….I miss you…..help me to be brave….I can do this….I will do this…..For you…..always you….only you…..whatever you need from me…..Because you are my Master……and I am yours……Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command……Yours…….*

He got the sandwiches and coffee ready.

He waited.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Two days ago, I was thinking about the fact that in the last chapter many of the readers were annoyed with Mycroft for being overbearing and butting into what was none of his business. They were right. But I thought to myself—this is the same Mycroft who in this very story looked after John’s alcoholic sister for years without saying a word….this is the same Mycroft who moved every resource at his disposal to make sure that John got the best medical care when he needed it…..this is the same Mycroft who pleaded with Sherlock to do something because he was fearful of John’s state of mind (once in chapter 4 and once in the last chapter)…….

And then I thought, how often do we do this? How often have I done it? Develop selective amnesia for acts of love and affection done in the past as the mind daftly focused on the momentary vitriol of heated/cold words during an interpersonal conflict. How many people in my life have moved away from me or I have moved away from them because of this forgetfulness? It lead to hours of reflection…….Look, I have no idea why I am telling you this, except to say that just as you, I too am thinking and churning as I write this story. Thank you!

This chapter is dedicated to all the wonderful readers who wanted MORE communication. I will leave it to your good judgement to decide how much communication helps in solving any interpersonal conflict. …..

Enjoy :)

----------------------------------------------------------

John took another sip of his coffee as he waited at the edge of the sofa seat in Victor’s living room.

He’d just told Victor about Sherlock going to meet David. He’d just told him about raising his hand on Sherlock. God knows what the protocol is between a Dom and his Sub, but I do know that raising your hand on your Dom cannot be right. I’ve seen and read about Subs being caned for far minor infractions.

He waited and watched as Victor stared at the carpet, a frown on his usually amiable face. Say something, for fuck’s sake…..I still haven’t told you about Julia and you’re already speechless….

Finally, Victor looked up, a hint of disbelief in his eyes.

“You raised your hand at your Dom? At Sherlock?” He shook his head. “That’s ….. not a thing that is done, John.” He took a deep breath and was silent for a bit longer. Finally he smiled encouragingly and patted John’s knee as he rose, “Anyway what’s done is done. Some more coffee?”

At John’s nod, he got up to fetch a fresh batch. John followed him into the kitchen.
Victor chuckled suddenly, “Look, I can understand why you are upset. I had told you I behaved like a complete jackass about David too? And if it makes you feel any better, Sherlock was the same with me. He wouldn’t tell me anything. I begged, I cajoled, I yelled, I threw tantrums…..bloody hell, John, I even cried. He wouldn’t talk. Kept saying it had nothing to do with what we had. And that as a rule, he never liked to talk about any Sub to anyone else…..that it was an intensely personal relationship and none of my business.”

He stirred in some milk in the fresh batch.

“So one day, I took it upon myself to confront this David person”

John looked startled.

“Yeah, I really was as bad as that…..” He gestured with his hand, “Look, let’s take a walk outside.”

They stepped out of the large French windows into the huge back yard. They ambled slowly, coffee cups in hand, as John waited for Victor to continue.

“He was stunning…..really, John. I mean there is good looking and then there was David….. Waif-like body, the face of an angel and eyes…..God, John, breath-taking eyes that could haunt anyone forever…..barely in his early twenties……” He shrugged his shoulders, “I just landed on his door step asking for…… You know what? I can’t even remember what nonsense I said to him now. Babble something about Sherlock being my Dom, and keep your hands off him….

The look that he gave me, I’ll never forget it as long as I live. So much hurt, pain…..”

Victor broke off, lost in thought.

After a while, John asked, “What happened then?”

“He was so disquieted at my distress,” Victor said with wonder in his voice. “So upset that I could think anything negative about Sherlock.”

John hung on to every word even as his legs walked on autopilot.

Victor shook his head as he continued haltingly, “So he told me about himself. Said he did not want anyone to ever misjudge Sherlock….. Long story short, he used to be a street-kid who got in with the wrong people. Someone called Tobias started pimping his arse…… With a face and body like that he was like a bonanza, too precious to be sold to the johns outright. So at first he was mainly used in clubs as stimulating viewing entertainment, and for occasional and very expensive use only. But one night there was a foreign group, stinking rich…..very hard-core, into young boys and pain and rape role-play….that sort of thing….there were other boys too. One of the boys died that night, his body was dumped somewhere. Sherlock got on the case….one thing led to another and he found David.”

John listened in horror, his eyes wide as he struggled to absorb what Victor was saying. They stood in the middle of the backyard, holding their cups in hand.

Victor pulled up a couple of deckchairs, giving John time to digest what he’d said. When he resumed, his voice was soft, “Sherlock got him out of there. And went after Tobias with a vengeance. He sent him to prison for a very, very long time. And David……God, John…… that young gutsy man actually stripped to show me the scars on his body from the torture he had endured. And it turned out he was so badly scarred in his rectum that at one stage they considered a permanent colostomy.”

John’s gasp was loud, “Fucking hell……” He fell into one of the chairs, a stunned look on his face.
Victor snorted as he sat down as well, “Yeah…..I know.” He sighed deeply, “So you see, John, your fears are unfounded. Sherlock has never even touched David in a sexual way. He worked with him tirelessly for months--- all that depression, fear, post-traumatic stress…..I had told you he would make a brilliant psychologist…..Then David met Adrian, another of Sherlock’s Subs. God only knows what his story is…. And they decided to have a go at a relationship. Sherlock kept working with both of them……I really couldn’t ask David much more.”

Victor rubbed his face with a long shuddering exhale. “John, he just…. stood there….telling me such an intimate story for no other reason than I had maligned Sherlock…..” His voice fell into a whisper, “Such a deep and true submission…….. I felt like a freaking imposter in his presence. I almost ran out of there.”

John buried his face in his hands and repeated, “Fucking hell…..”

Victor shook his head ruefully, “Yeah…..not my proudest moment.”

All was quiet for a while as the two sat there, lost in thought.

Finally, Victor leaned forward, his voice reassuring, cheerful, “Hey! Look on the bright side. You are not alone! And Sherlock doesn’t expect much from us at the start anyways. He expects us to behave like idiots and just keeps patiently steering in the direction he wants. In fact the only time I’ve ever really seen him furious is when I insulted David.” He gave a sheepish smile, “At the height of my insane jealousy, I ended up asking him one day whether he went to David because he sucked cock better than I did or was his arsehole tighter than mine…..and not in such a polite way either.”

He stared into the distance, lost in the past, a grimace on his face.

“He went absolutely feral…..it was quite something.” He held his thumb and index finger a couple of inches apart. “Came this close to hitting me…….Yeah….Told me to never insult any other Sub in his presence ever again. He will NOT tolerate it. Ever…..You know that voice he has? That Master’s tone that snaps everything inside of you, tightens you up as though he was holding an actual whip…..yeah, that voice…..Sherlock will tolerate a lot of things, but disparaging either his Sub or the act of Submission is off limits…. It’s as though it is sacred to him somehow…..” He shrugged his shoulder. “As I said, not my proudest moment…….So cheer up! We’ve all done shit.”

John stared blankly at a nearby tree, his mind in turmoil, his eyes darting around as he tried to retrieve data from his memory bank.

Would you like me to grovel, lick your shoes perhaps? Or maybe suck your cock? Or would you like me to strip and present my arse to you like Victor, huh?”

You will never belittle the magnificent symbolism of the act of Submission in my presence again. IS. THAT. UNDERSTOOD?

And that we are? Your whores? That you can get us to bend over at will and dip your bloody huge cock into any one of us whenever the whim overtakes you?

His head hung low as he grappled with what he’d just heard. The jagged ache in his gut was as though tearing him from inside out. I DID insult his Subs. Victor. Called us all whores. No wonder he lost his temper…..almost called him a sex-starved maniac who runs around fucking his Subs….made a mockery of the act of kneeling……and ….He was going to help David….why didn’t he just tell me…..but…..shouldn’t I have known, trusted…..he had said he would tell me if he was going to be intimate with anyone…..I imagined all sorts of things…..yelled at him, shoved
him…..and fuck it all, fucked Julia…..how can I ever make this right……..

Victor patted John’s knee as he arose. “Don’t worry, you’ll get over it.” His tone was matter of fact, “I’m famished. Would you like a sandwich?”

John gestured with one hand to stop him. “Wait….. just.. can you give me a minute?”

Victor settled back down on the chair, puzzled. He observed John’s face as he stared into the distance. *I know exactly what you are feeling…..it may be years ago, but I felt the same……shame, guilt, horror, self-recrimination.* He stayed quiet though, giving John time.

It was a while before John looked at him.

“Yes…well, that’s not all.” John took a deep breath and continued in a miserable small voice, “I was so upset with him…..while he was in Edinburgh…..” He broke off, unable to bear looking at Victor’s face. Staring at the tree again, he said in a quiet voice, “I actually slept with someone. She is a doctor at my surgery.”

John’s gaze flicked to Victor to see how he had reacted.

Victor’s lips were pursed, “Um-hmm…..okay. What did Sherlock say?” he asked.

John took a deep shuddering breath as he admitted, “I haven’t told him.”


John shrugged, “I…..don’t know……just.”

Victor shook his head, “I don’t understand. John, you must tell him. I told you, don’t lie to him.”

John nodded, “Yeah…..” Another deep breath, “I know I should….. I just…..” He turned to Victor and blurted out abruptly, “Victor, have you ever….. you know, slept with anyone else since you’ve known him or cheated on him?” *Tell me please, how will he react…..I need to know…..*

Victor stared at John for a while before dragging his eyes away, staring into the distance.

“Look…..I’m not asking out of some morbid curiosity. I just need to know……what will he……” John broke off as he looked at Victor, his eyes pleading. “Please……”

Victor sighed and bowed his head down as he thought.

Still staring away, a haunted look crossed his face. He said at last, quietly, “About one year after he became my Dom… I asked him if I could have sex, experience role-plays with another Dom… someone else….” I had become more confident in my role as a Submissive. I had some friends who told me about these…..clubs.”

He turned to face John, his words slow, halting, as though dredging up a memory he’d rather forget. But he bravely soldiered on, “I wanted to experience …… more. I thought I might be missing out on things…..being just with Sherlock. So….. I mean…. it sounds so amazing now, but I actually went to Sherlock and demanded he take me to a club or give me permission to seek some variety.”

John’s eyes were bulging as he stared unblinkingly at Victor.

“I don’t know if you’ve ever been to a BDSM club, John? Sherlock took me to the best one in London. Bloody hell….. It was like a shrine dedicated to hedonism.” He shook his head. “It was
quite something. Huge, ornate, flashy…..full of patrons. I’d never seen so many Dominants and Submissives in one place….all the toys you could imagine….Hooks hanging from the ceilings, crosses to tie down the slaves on, whips and paddles and floggers….masks and blindfolds…..Doms trolled for other Subs, fucking them after discussions with the Sub’s own Doms. Subs submitted to different Doms. Different areas, rooms, floors for different activities. Dazzling lights, loud noise. Cries of pain, sobbing, begging. Sounds of orgasms and threats……Naked bodies……all manner of sexual activities going on without restraint. Some in plain sight so that others could join in, some behind closed doors.”

John sat gaping as he listened, and tried to imagine.

“They hated Sherlock. Parted like a sea when he walked in, their faces sneering…… He wasn’t one of them….. the Dom who’d chosen to buck the trend….. who flouted their rules, refused to negotiate and draw up contracts. People don’t accept that, you know? They and their kind feel threatened….There is a convention that needs to be adhered to…… But the club owner knew Sherlock. He came with two other older, experienced Doms. They greeted us. Took us to a private room……”

Victor broke off, his hands gripping the seat as his jaw clenched, an abject look of torment on his face. John kept quiet, desperate to hear what happened and at the same time fearful of hearing it. At some level he felt like he was reliving it with Victor, seeing it in front of his eyes.

“He sat there the whole time and let me do what I wanted….and when things got overwhelming and I beckoned……he came and sat close to me. Facing me, looking at me, one hand holding mine while running his long fingers through my hair with the other….. So calm, so gentle.” He shook his head as though trying to break the memory free, his voice choked with emotion. “His eyes, fuck, John…..all I remember from that night are his eyes. They were blue in that light, calm as a lagoon. Accepting of everything I wanted, everything I did…..Rest all is a blank…. At some stage I pushed whoever the fuck it was away and asked Sherlock to take me home…… Do you know what he said to me on the way home? He said---Victor, I am so pleased you came to me. Whenever you feel the need for something else, something more, come to me. I will get it for you. That way I can make sure that you are safe…..”

Tears fell out of Victor’s eyes as he sat quietly for a while, biting his lips. John sat in stunned silence, searching for something, anything to say.

Finally, Victor looked up and smiled weakly, “Sorry….I......I think I’ll get a glass of water. You want some?”

John shook his head and waited for a while to allow Victor some chance to compose himself. And then followed him into the kitchen.

Victor stood by the sink, looking outside the window, a forgotten glass of water in his hand. John stood quietly, leaning against a cabinet.

Victor spoke as though continuing aloud a thought in his head.

“He loves you so much. Perhaps you don’t know…..The day you got married, that night he came here. He stayed here for five days. Did not talk to me. Did not touch me…..just lost in thought. Then he took off.” He turned towards John. “As long as I live, I never want to see that look on Sherlock’s face, John.”

John nodded sadly. There was nothing to say.
“Why, John?” Victor asked softly. “Why have you not told him yet?”

John’s face crumpled.

“Because I’m scared. Of what he will say. How he will react. That he will ask me to leave,” John finally admitted.

“You fear the one place where you are guaranteed sanctuary,” Victor murmured as he looked at John intently.

John looked up frowning.

Putting the glass down, Victor came closer, his voice hard, sharp, “You haven’t come to me just to unburden yourself, but for advice. Then listen carefully, John. Your thinking is all upside down. Please try to understand. Sherlock does not view a Dom-Sub relationship like everyone else. It is sacred to him. He is not in it for his satisfaction, sexual or otherwise. Don’t you see? It is not about going down on your knees and sucking his cock, it is not about presenting your arse for him to fuck, it is not about pain or humiliation, it is not about your kinks. If you need it, he will give you all of those things as well. But it is not about any of those things to him.”

John’s brow furrowed in thought, even as his heart realised the truth in Victor’s words.

Victor waved his hands emphatically.

“Please try and understand. In order to see it the right way up, a subtlety of intellect is required. It’s almost as though you have to develop an inner vision to share his vision.” He came closer and gently tapped John’s head with a finger. “In there, inside your head………you have to be mentally prostrated in there to understand. And yes, you went to him and knelt down weeks ago. And yes, you accepted the fact that you belong to him. But John, that is just one in a series of steps, it is a process. You began submitting to him long before you knelt. And you need to keep on learning and let that state of submission deepen. Let your faith in him materialise into knowledge, unshakeable knowledge. You can’t move backwards………I told you it is like free fall.”

His face hardened as he pinned John with his stare, “But in your case it is almost as if……after jumping you are still craving the safety of solid ground under your feet, grasping desperately at any overhanging rock or bent tree branch to save yourself. That is not submission.”

John’s cry seemed to come from his soul, “I am submitted.”

Victor gave a short laugh.

“Are you? Then WHY are you here? The best dom I have ever seen is waiting for you at home, available to you. And yet here you are. Asking me for advice. Why are you seeking for help and support elsewhere? Why are you still grasping, instead of letting go? John, GO. TO. HIM. Fall to his feet and know in your heart that only what is good for you will happen.”

John looked at him and nodded. Go to him….Go to him…….tell him……what more can I do? I cannot live with this guilt, this pain anymore…..He stiffened his spine and gave a brief nod.

“I will.”
John stopped short as he entered the front door of 221B.

Sherlock sat on his chair, working on the laptop. His gaze flicked up as John entered, eyes scanning and then narrowing. Face expressionless, he closed the laptop and set it aside. Legs crossed, arms on the arm rests he waited patiently; all the incredible focus of that exceptional mind trained on John as he approached.

John neared with eyes that were clouded over with remorse, with apprehension. Sherlock continued to watch him in silence as John sank down to his knees, his arse coming to rest on his heels.

John sat quietly, head bowed, eyes darting around as he searched for the right words to say and came up blank.

Sherlock was quiet. Waiting. Observing.

It was a while before John swallowed nervously. He threw his shoulders back, face resolute as he looked up at Sherlock’s calm face.

“Sherlock, I’ve……” he started and then broke off. He took a deep breath before continuing, “Sherlock, there is something I need to tell you.”

Sherlock inclined his head slightly.

He’s not scanning with his eyes, he’s not deducing……what is he thinking?

John took another deep breath, “The night you came back from Edinburgh, I was…..there was a staff party to celebrate the award the clinic will be getting. That night, before I came home, I slept with Julia.” His eyes desperately searched for some reaction from Sherlock…..get it over with, you idiot…..”I am sorry that I did not tell you straightaway…..I know I should have, but…..” His voice trailed off.

Unable to stand Sherlock’s calm gaze any longer, John’s eyes moved to the floor once again as he winced inwardly waiting for Sherlock’s response. Say something, he prayed…..please, Sherlock….I cannot stand this anymore….

Finally, unable to bear the silence he looked up again. Sherlock’s eyes were like twin spotlights focused on John as though seeing inside his soul, his expression still inscrutable. He looked like he was waiting for something as he sat with his hands steepled under his chin, that familiar pose somehow both apropos and comforting.

John stared at him mutely for a while and then continued haltingly, “I mean…..I know you said it was alright for us to have sex with other people, as long as I told you about it…..but I didn’t….I mean, how can anyone be okay with that sort of thing…..” He bit his lip, and shook his head, “Sherlock…. I can’t sleep, I can’t eat. I feel like I’m dying inside…..” His lips trembled, “I…. the guilt is killing me….after everything you’ve done, after submitting to you…..I….I raised my hand at you….. I went behind your back…… I wanted to tell you….but I couldn’t…. I was scared……I am afraid…..” He fell quiet.

What more can I say….I have confessed, now it is up to him. To punish me or throw me out…..what’s done is done….at least I won’t be carrying the burden of this sordid secret anymore.
Several moments ticked by in absolute silence.

“Why?”

Such had been the silence that had preceded it that the one word boomed in the empty apartment, even though the voice was soft, gentle.

John frowned. “Why?” he repeated mechanically, his eyes darting all around. “Because……well I thought you would be angry……or jealous…..”

Sherlock tilted his head as his eyes looked at John with the gaze of a curious child, “You want me to be possessive, jealous? Why?” His brow furrowed even as he shook his head, “John, jealousy springs from immaturity and insecurity. I haven’t been immature since I was five years old. As for insecurity…..why would I feel insecure? You could sleep with all the consenting men and women in all of Britain and it still wouldn’t change the fundamental truth that you are mine. Your inner core belongs to me. That you love me. Actions propelled by momentary lust, anger and hormones do not negate this truth. Why should I feel insecure? Why should I be angry?”

John looked at him, marvelling at the self-assuredness, the confidence. There was a time before Sherlock had jumped that John had found this same behaviour cocky, arrogant. Now though it just served to highlight the contrast with his own low self-esteem. How can anyone be so composed on the face of what I did…..Suddenly, fiercely he NEEDED for Sherlock to be rattled….to rage and swear and yell at the top of his lungs…

He cried out, “Did you even hear me? I had sex with someone….behind your back. It is okay….it is normal to get angry, to react. Don’t you even care?……” His nostrils flared with anger as he stared at Sherlock’s calm face, “But you know what? It’s easy for you. You have confidence in yourself, in who you are, in who I am to you. I don’t. Sherlock, you don’t understand….what it is like in my head.” His voice became more emphatic, “You couldn’t possibly understand what it feels like…..you hate sentiment, always think of it as a weakness….how could you know?”

A flash of pain crossed his face as Sherlock repeated, “I don’t understand? You really believe that I don’t know what it is like inside your head, what you are thinking…..Oh John!” He sighed. Sherlock broke his gaze and stared into the distance, his expression thoughtful, his jaw clenched. John looked on with desolate eyes. How can he know? Look at him…..everything is so cut and dried….can you be normal for once, Sherlock…..I need you to feel, to react….not the Mr Spock act….the normal human reactions……

The minutes ticked by.

Finally, Sherlock looked back with unblinking intent eyes, “John, you feel insecure for three reasons. One, you fear and you have always feared that I might leave you. Two, you do not believe that I do in actual fact love you, even though by word and deed I have done nothing but demonstrate that. You cannot reconcile the fact that I love you with the fact that I can love anyone else. Because you equate love with exclusivity. You would prefer for me to be ‘in-love’, what you qualify as romantic love, and with you and only you. The way society portrays it. Love without the caveat of monogamy and supremacy over others is inferior to romantic love, in your view. Three, you cannot fathom why I should love you as your self-esteem, your sense of self-worth is so low that you have come to believe that you are not worthy of love. You believe I should be angry, jealous, possessive in view of what has recently transpired and that my failure to do so further reaffirms that I do not in fact love you.”

The stare that fixed John in place was piercing, “HAVE. I. MISSED. ANYTHING?”
John shook his head, his voice quiet, “No.”

“Would you like to add anything else?”

Another shake of the head, “No.”

Sherlock’s lips had thinned as he closed his eyes and pressed them together. After a while opening his eyes, he looked directly at John.

“John….. I am not angry. I am not upset about you sleeping with someone else. It is not and it has never been a big deal to me. Sex is a physical activity that we perform with the body for momentary pleasure. More important than actions are the motivations, the attitudes behind the actions. And I am far more concerned about the anger, the doubt that propelled you.”

He leaned forward as he explained, “You felt abandoned, unloved…..you panicked and were fearful of your place in my life……you got angry…..you had sex with someone else to prove to yourself that you are still desirable, to prop up your self-esteem…..and for the past week you have been berating yourself, beating yourself up with guilt……”

He raised one finger and moved it in a circle as he continued, “Desire, insecurity, fear, anger, doubt, guilt, worthlessness…….” He traced another circle in the air, “Desire, insecurity, fear, anger, doubt, guilt, worthlessness…….The cycle goes on and on and on….The mind jumps from one emotion to the next and drags you along with it….and you follow, seemingly impotent….little realising that there is no end-point in that sort of thinking, it is an infinite loop.”

He broke the circle he was tracing and sliced his hand in the air with emphasis, “There is nothing new under the sun. This whole damned thing goes on and on. Don’t you see?”

Sherlock broke off and looked at John’s face, eager for comprehension, questioning. But John looked back, slumped as he accepted the truth of Sherlock’s words even as his eyes looked defeated, as though unable to translate those words into any meaningful change in thinking. Yes, Sherlock everything you say is right….but what can I do about it? That is the way my mind works.

Sherlock looked thoughtfully into the distance, his gaze drifting. How do I explain…..which other way do I have to explain…if he understood, I could discuss, debate the finer points…. I could make him SEE. But he is so entrenched inside his mind, his ill-conceived convictions, his biases….how do I pull him out?

He turned back to John and said softly, “Come here.”

John shuffled forwards to come and sit in between Sherlock’s spread legs, looking up into his Dom’s eyes.

Sherlock lifted John’s chin with his fingers, “John….my love. Please understand. Every single one of your fears is unfounded. I am not going to leave. Ever. No matter what happens, I will still be here. And you know this in your heart. You are just allowing your thoughts, your cloudy emotions to get in the way of clear thinking.”

He brushed back John’s hair, “I love you. Yes, I love my other Subs. I am responsible for them too. But, John, love is not a finite resource. It expands to the same extent as your vision. Don’t confuse love for the so called state of being in-love. One expands, the other constricts.”

Soft lips kissed John’s forehead, his temple, his nose, his lips, “As for you not being worthy. John, think! Why would I be here, if you weren’t worthy? How can you know that I love you and still consider yourself unworthy? You know me, do you think I would do anything I didn’t want to? Do
you think I would be here if I did not in fact love you and considered you more than worthy of my love, my time? THINK…..”

Sweet soft lips kissed John’s parched ones. A sudden influx of tears misted John’s eyes as he looked up at his Dom, as he felt those arms around him again. I need to feel it, Sherlock. While I am in your arms, I do feel it. But the moment anything happens, I start to doubt again. When does this end?

Sherlock’s voice was a desperate plea. Please understand, John…..believe what I say.

“We really think this is what Submission is meant to bring? Loss of clarity and a wavering mind? Do you really think this is what I want for you? To make you dependent on me? To seek my presence, my approval, my love, my attention? John, veneration is conformity. And…that is NOT what I want for you……I want you to fly, to soar, to be complete in yourself. More than anything, my love, I want you to rise above any need for me. Do you see?”

I see….but I don’t know how to do it…..Victor said it is like free fall….and he is right…..I don’t trust you enough to let go….we are back where we started…. And I don’t think I can handle this guilt, these doubts…..

Sherlock continued, his gaze intent on John’s face, his eyes searching…..

“John, the objective truth is like a brilliant light; the endless fog of emotions, of confusion and delusion obscure it, distorts it beyond recognition. Push aside this useless sentiment. The mind is like a key in a lock….you turn it one way, it will open the doors to the dazzling intellect, the truth that is in you. You turn it the other way and you will lock yourself in, forever trying to swim against the endless tides of emotions, destined to wander into the bye-lanes of fruitless and ultimately finite sentiment, living your entire life with flawed perception, dependent and wanting.”

He grabbed John’s shoulders and shook him lightly, “Do you see?”

“I CAN’T.”

The cry rang out loud in the living room of 221B, freezing Sherlock in his place.

John peered into his eyes, his anguish writ large on his face, his hands clutching at Sherlock’s wrists in a death grip.

“Can’t you see it? I can’t.” His tone was pleading as he begged Sherlock to understand.

“I am not like you, Sherlock. You are able to intellectualize everything, see everything from an objective point of view. And believe me I do understand what you are saying. But I am not like you. I can’t say to myself that it is okay, Sherlock doesn’t mind. I fucked someone…..behind his back… You once said to me that I am loyal to a fault. That it is both my greatest strength and my greatest weakness. Well, guess what Sherlock? I was disloyal to you. After spending so much time agonizing over infidelity, it was I who cheated…….How can I live with this guilt, this knowledge? It may be trivial to you. But to me it is a big deal, a huge fucking gigantic deal.”

Tears gathered in John’s eyes as Sherlock looked on helplessly. How do I help him…..he is drowning with guilt, with the agony of self-reproach. Once again he is not thinking clearly….how do I help him?

John stood up abruptly, his hands pulling at his hair in frustration. “For fuck’s sake, I am not you.”

He started to pace, why can’t he understand…..how do I make him understand what I am
feeling…… He waved his arms around, “Victor told me it should be like free fall. How can I let go? When I still am unable to believe in my heart that I am worthy? That you love me? That you will never leave? How….don’t think I haven’t tried, Sherlock. And more than anything else in this entire fucking world, that is where I want to be.”

He came closer to Sherlock and peered down at him. Their eyes were mere inches apart as they stared into each other’s eyes. John’s face was an anguished grimace, Sherlock’s eyes wide with desperation, his hands fluttering helplessly by his side as he listened. John raised his hand to gesture, “I am this close.” He held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart. “This fucking close to eating my gun. This fucking close to going insane. I am so sick of this guilt, reproach. I am sick of doubting you, doubting us. I keep screwing up and you keep making it okay……”

He stood up again, wretchedness all over his face and anger at himself. Spreading his arms wide he yelled.

“And where does it end, Sherlock? What happens after this is over? Huh? The next time something comes up, I will be the same again. Agonising, doubting, mind going around in circles---that infinite loop that you talked about. I am sick of being this way. I want to see things as clearly as Victor does, as you do. What is wrong with me? But you said we can’t change who we are……it seems like this is the way I am….the way I’m always going to be.”

John came closer as his hands gripped Sherlock’s shirt front as he pulled him closer.

“Listen to me. YOU have to help me. You are my Dom, my friend. I need to purge myself of this corrosive guilt. Atone. Somehow….And YOU are going to help me. I do NOT need absolution, I need penance. I need to be able to look at you in the face again. Like a man, not like a weasel. I need a chance to redeem myself. You have to do something. Punish me. Beat it out of me. Please.”

Sherlock’s blood ran cold as his eyes widened with dismay. NO…NO, NO John…..

John shook Sherlock by the grip on his shirt front, his soul in deep torment, seeking redress from the one place he felt confident in asking for it, “Anything is better than being an ongoing stooge at the hand of my crazy mind. I’m being eaten alive by guilt. I can’t eat, I can’t sleep. And I’m sure as hell not going to accept you overlooking another one of my melt-downs magnanimously. It makes me feel even more worthless, can’t you fucking see it? Be fucking normal for once. Get angry, threaten retribution. Discipline me like a normal Dom. Then I’ll feel like I’ve paid my dues….and then maybe we’ll go back to normal. But I refuse to have you say it’s okay, John. I don’t mind……you got that, Sherlock?”

They stayed in place, immobile, Sherlock looking up with growing alarm, John determined to get what he wanted. What he felt he needed.

As though struck by a sudden thought, he let go of Sherlock and looked around. Frowning with concentration, he stomped off into the bedroom and came out after a little while.

He walked up to Sherlock and dropped the riding crop on his lap.

“Here. Use this……I had wanted you to hit me for fun, for pleasure. Maybe this would be more appropriate. Punish me, Sherlock.” For once do as I say…..for once stop thinking you know what I need, that it has to be YOUR way……He fell to his knees, the grief in his voice tearing into Sherlock. “Don’t you get it? I………Sherlock, please…..I need you to exorcise these demons in my head. Victor said you are the best Dom he’s ever seen. That you always give your Sub what he needs……I NEED this. Make me whole. The Sub that you truly deserve. I need to be at peace.”
John buried his face into Sherlock’s chest, desperate arms clinging to Sherlock. The words seemed to come from some as yet unexplored depth of himself, words of hope and entreaty and despair, as he cried out……

“Help me. Please, Sherlock…..I have nowhere else to go.”

Sherlock shook his head no, no, NO don’t say that, John….he pulled John closer into a desperate embrace, his fingers tangled in John’s hair, his face buried in John’s neck. A choked cry escaped his throat, “I don’t discipline Subs, John……that’s just not……”

John’s voice was muffled against Sherlock’s shoulder, “But you will…..for me….because you love me.” He didn’t know where the conviction arose from……but this he knew; Sherlock would give him what he needed.

He drew back and looked at Sherlock.

Sherlock sat staring at the riding crop on his lap. John looked at the beautiful face, for once unguarded, naked. A myriad of emotions flashed over Sherlock’s face in succession. Anguish….desperation…..doubt…..hesitation…..love….. Sherlock’s eyes closed as he thought furiously. Some way out of this challenge, this gauntlet that John had thrown at him so enmeshed with the prayer for absolution, for penance and the demand for affirmation……his mind raced.

John watched as the eyes moved under the delicate closed eyelids, the hands fluttered over the riding crop.

The moments passed in silence. The Dom stood hesitant at the crossroads, lost in thought. The Sub having surrendered his deepest fears and needs at his feet, now waited.

Finally those beautiful blue-grey eyes opened. The look was composed, decisive as Sherlock pulled John close. He cupped his face and stared down, his voice insistent, “If we do this, I want your word that you will give me exactly what I ask for. Remember John, there are no safewords, no limits.” He gestured to the bedroom with a quick jerk of his head, “Once we are in there, you obey every command, no questions or hesitation. You endure everything I do to you and in return give me what I ask for. No matter how demanding, how punishing, how cruel you find it.”

John felt like he was burning up with the dazzling intensity in Sherlock’s eyes. A small tendril of fear crept inside him like a snake. He clamped down on it, even as he mentally stiffened his spine.

Sherlock’s eyes moved searchingly over John’s face, taking in with satisfaction the look of resolution, the set jaw. “I want your word, John. As a man, as a friend and as my Submissive. We do this only if I have your word…..that this will not have been in vain. Promise me, John.”

John leaned up to graze his lips lightly over Sherlock’s, his voice rang clear, “I promise, Sherlock. I will take everything you give me. I will do exactly as you say.”

Sherlock stood up slowly, tall and commanding, his voice unwavering.

“Very well then. I need you to go to the bedroom. Strip. And wait. I will join you shortly.”

John nodded, his chin up, hands steady, “I won’t let you down, Sherlock. Not again. I promise.” He gave a short nod as he walked off to the bedroom and closed the door.
It had been fifteen minutes.

Sherlock sat on his chair, applying leather conditioner to his riding crop. He watched with fascination the gentle tremor in his hands, dread disguised as hesitation. His jaw was clenched. *He needs this... for John, I can do this.....he is hurting.....he needs to stop hurting......I can do this......for John.*

He kept rubbing.
This chapter is raw, visceral….. Readers with delicate sensibilities should perhaps avoid it….I am unsure what to tag it as, but I suppose it could be triggering.

When I wrote Chapter 9, I shared with you that I felt like I wrote my heart out. I am not quite sure what to say about this chapter….except that I feel like I have cut a piece of my heart out and placed it in your hands. I feel like I am excoriated, bleeding all over my laptop and my desk……

I say this to request, that if your hand rises to write something negative about it, I ask that you stay that hand and let it pass…..I feel fragile, I feel exposed….whatever you decide to say will cut deep. On the other hand if a thought arises that it was worth your time, I ask that you convert that thought into action and leave a few words of encouragement…..even if you’ve never commented before. I will be grateful for the lift that your words could give me.

In the last chapter a disgruntled reader left negative comments and for a few hours I turned off anonymous commenting out of as sense of self-preservation. I felt horrible, because so many guests have left kudos and there have been some who have left lovely comments as well….I enabled the commenting, as I say within hours. I am sorry if any of you were at that time trying to leave a comment and unable to do so.

I would like to dedicate this chapter to Into_the_Ether, Jrenbar and Eragon 19—they leapt to my defence and the defence of the story, spiritedly, graciously and selflessly. In doing so they also defended the right of any author on this website to share their vision without fear of bullying and unasked for criticism. Please know this….the story will last only for a few more weeks. But your act of kindness and friendship will stay with me for a very long time. Thank you :) 

Enjoy :) 

-------------------------------------------------------------

John sat at the edge of the bed as he waited. Naked. Unaroused. Confident in what was about to transpire.

He marvelled at his state of mind. *Sherlock is about to punish me. I don’t know what the fuck he is going to do. Normally I would be jumping out of my skin with excitement, arousal, anticipation. Why am I so calm? He will come when he is good and ready. That’s just what he does.....*

He’d switched on the bedside lamps, *Sherlock does not like doing any intimate acts in the dark.* He’d closed the windows, the room cool enough without the chilly night time breeze. He’d walked around for a bit, flexing his upper body, his back as he tried to imagine, *how does one get ready for a flogging?*
He sat and waited.

It was twenty minutes later that Sherlock entered, a calm, purposeful expression on his face, the riding crop lightly clasped in one hand.

John started to slip down on his knees. Sherlock stopped him with a gesture.

“Stay.”

Calmly placing the riding crop on the bed, his eyes flicking over John’s naked body, “Any second thoughts, John?” The husky deep voice was loud in the closed bedroom.

John shook his head decisively, “No.”

“Do you remember what I said? Do you remember your promise? You do realise you can’t stop halfway if you decide you’ve had enough?”

“Yes.”

“Very well then. There are two things I wish to do to you tonight. Both will be exceptionally difficult to endure. And there is no turning back.” Sherlock murmured. He stared at the bed for some time, apparently lost in some internal debate. And then began to undress.

“I need to know about your tryst with Julia in order to decide about the severity of the punishment you demand. For how long did you have sex with her?” He flicked open his shirt buttons as he asked.

John stared up at him, flushing with mortification.

Fuck, Sherlock…. Finally he answered, biting his lips, looking fixedly at the floor.

“I don’t know…..ten-fifteen minutes maybe.”

Throwing the shirt aside, Sherlock started to undo the clasp of his wrist watch in deft movements.

“How long from the time you first touched her till you were done?”

John’s throat felt like sandpaper, “Maybe thirty to forty minutes……”

Sherlock nodded absently as he started removing his trousers and pants. Throwing them aside, he stood naked, his long cock hung flaccid in the nest of curls between his legs. His expression was mild as he asked further, “How many positions did you fuck her in, John?”

John looked desperate, his face flushing so hard it felt like it was on fire.

You meant it when you said it would be demanding, punishing, didn’t you, Sherlock?

But he looked Sherlock squarely in the eye, refusing to flinch, determined to see this through no matter which way it played out. I will not let you down, Sherlock. “Missionary….then she rode me for a while and then from behind.”

“Hmmmm…..three positions. And forty minutes.”

Sherlock cocked his head on one side, considering. “Forty three strikes then.” He nodded to himself, “We’ll start with the riding crop. That’s settled.”

Sherlock’s eyes held approval as they looked at John. Good….no arousal, no apprehension. He is fully present IN the moment. That’s good, John. Well done…… He put as much reassurance in
word and expression as he could as he beckoned, “Come here.”

He pulled John into an embrace, arms wrapped around his body, pulling him closer. John’s head rested on Sherlock’s chest, a sudden lump in his throat at the unexpected loving gesture, the last thing he had expected. He stayed quiet, enjoying the feel of Sherlock’s long fingers gently running through his hair, lightly rubbing his scalp, the steady loud heartbeat under his ear, soothing as a mother’s lullaby.

It was a while before Sherlock moved his head so that John’s face nestled against his neck and bending down he murmured softly into John’s ears, “My love….. tonight is a test for both of us. Whether I can be a good Dom for you. And whether you are ready to submit entirely. The success or failure of tonight is entirely in your hands. Will you be brave enough for both of us?

John’s hair tickled Sherlock’s neck as he nodded, “I will. Give me a chance, Sherlock.”

The broad palm that moved from John’s hair to the nape of his neck was firm as it squeezed and Sherlock pulled John’s head back. The eyes that looked into John’s were solemn, intent. The voice that spoke had changed from the soft loving murmur to something far more commanding……the ‘Master’s voice’, Victor had called it……

“Then listen very carefully. Don’t just hear with your ears. Listen with every fibre in your being. I am going to ask for complete subjugation to my wishes tonight and you are going to give it to me. Neither of us leaves this room until I get what I want.” He squeezed John’s neck hard. “Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” Sherlock nodded, “Forty three strikes. Administered with force, without any mercy or vacillation. And in return I want something from you that which is almost impossible to give…… With every lash of that riding crop, you give me your pointless negative emotions. With every lash I want you to hand over to me, piece by piece, these demons that are inside your head, dragging the John I know is in there, down. With every welt and cut, I want it all, till you are left empty of every sentiment that afflicts you and just JOHN remains……this is not about changing who you are, John…it is about unveiling who you are, minus everything that hides the John I know is inside.”

Sherlock pulled him closer, the grip on John’s neck becoming almost painful, his fingers digging into John’s skin, as his voice rose in demand.

“With every crack of that riding crop you give to me your burden, you trust me with it. Your fears, your guilt, your doubts, your pain, your insecurity, your cravings, your desires, your sense of worthlessness, your biases, your pre-conditioned thinking. Bleed it out of yourself and into me…. And from hereon in whenever you feel like you are drowning in any of these ever again, I need for you to remember tonight and hand it all over to your Dom again…… whenever you feel your mind starting to lose itself in warped thinking, you mentally go down on your knees and hand it over to your Dom.”

John stared into eyes that shone hazel in the bedroom light and seemed to be on fire, pulling John inexorably into their swirling flames. He was already panting at the words, at the fierceness of Sherlock’s expression as he tried to process what it was that Sherlock was asking for.

That baritone rang out like dominant thunder, while his eyes flashed like lightning, “You will need to go deep, John. I want you to submit so deeply that you are able to give me what I ask for without hesitation. You will need to allow your mind to cede all control, let go completely…..let the Submission take over. You have promised to give me whatever I ask for. And I know this is
difficult. But you WILL keep your promise.”

Something in John started to shake as he listened with wide eyes, his knees buckling as the urge to kneel overtook him. Only propped by Sherlock’s unrelenting harsh clasp, he gasped out, “I will, Sherlock.”

John felt like he was being vivisected with the intensity of that gaze, as Sherlock’s eyes continued to bore their way into John’s psyche. It was a while before he let go, apparently satisfied.

“Very well then,” Sherlock said as he picked up the riding crop. He pressed it into John’s hands.

“I’ll keep count. Try to avoid the lower back. Upper back, buttocks and thighs are fine.” He pressed his lips gently to John’s temple and murmured, “Make me proud, John.”

He turned his back to John and stood facing the closed window, holding both the walls which flanked it, his hands spread out like they were straddling a cross.

And waited.

John stared at the riding crop in his hands, his eyes bulging with horror and a sudden dawning comprehension.

No, no….NO….NO…..

He stared at the expanse of fair dewy skin in front of him, the scattered freckles. A flash of memory hit him……a lazy afternoon in bed with a relaxed Sherlock lying on his stomach, indulgently allowing John to play, John biting his tongue with concentration as he held a black nibbed pen and played connect the dots with the freckles…Sherlock’s husky laughs as he squirmed and complained….It tickles, John….Oh for fuck’s sake, Sherlock, stay still, only two more to go……..

John stared and stared, his hand wobbling as he shook with trepidation, with fear, with denial.

No, no……NO…NO…

The riding crop fell from his nerveless fingers and clattered on the floor at the same time as his knees gave way and he fell at Sherlock’s feet.

“No…..Please, Sherlock. NO…” he begged.

Sherlock let go of the wall and looked at John, his expression firm, unyielding.

“Giving up so soon?” he demanded, his head tilted to one side as he considered John. “You made me a promise, John. And you are damn well going to live up to it.” John looked up with wide eyes. “You will do exactly as I say. Gracefully. Completely.”

He bent down to meet John’s gaze, “Did you really think a few lashings with the crop would be a permanent solution to anything? Physical marks heal, John. With your customary forgetfulness the lesson too will be soon forgotten……I want the sight of my back when you are done, to be branded in your mind. So that when you find yourself sinking in the quicksand of your emotions, all you will need to do is pull up this memory and hand over to me whatever is clogging up your thoughts.”

He pulled John up without breaking that singular, fierce focus, “Rise, John.”
His voice softened, “You can do this, my love…… John, listen carefully…….this is not punishment. In my view you have done nothing wrong. This is the exorcism you begged me for. Trust me. Trust that I know what I am doing. Let go…… irrevocably and completely.”

He bent his head to claim John’s lips, the kiss so achingly sweet that it took John’s breath away. Sherlock murmured against his lips. “You have been playing at the fringes of Submission for so long, John. Let me show you the beauty, the magnificent power that is inherent in it…….Let me show you what bounty Submission can bring you, the dizzying heights to which Surrender can take you if you let it…….I know you can do this.”

He lifted his head, his voice kind. “Do it without fear. With all your focus. Let everything but the energy in the Submission drain out of you and into me.” He turned back to face the wall.

John stared awhile at the crop and then at Sherlock’s back. *I have been given an order. I can do this. He believes I can do it. I cannot let him down….never again…..*

John picked up the riding crop and straightened.

“Come on, John. Don’t let your Dom down.” The voice of a Master….commanding, hypnotic, powerful.

As though propelled by the voice, John found his hand rising in obeisance; it traced a wide arc into the air and landed squarely in between Sherlock’s shoulder blades with all of John’s power behind it.

*WHOOSH…… Smack!*  

Sherlock’s nostrils flared at the sudden sharp pain that then spread like fire across his back.

“One” he managed to say in an even voice.

John stared and stared. At the initial blanching and then the square shaped redness that appeared, at the delicate ripple that went through Sherlock’s muscles. His hand wobbled again.

But his Dom stood tall, feet squarely and evenly planted on the ground; he had not moved.

*I can do this….my promise will not be in vain…..it doesn’t have to be easy….I can do this…..*

His hand rose again, but his mind wavered….Oh God, I am hurting Sherlock…no, NO….. the crop traced a weak path and fell on Sherlock’s left shoulder blade with a far feebler force.

Sherlock chuckled, “That is cheating, John. I will not count the strikes that I believe did not land with all the strength in your body.”

A wasted strike…..I just struck him and it is an additional strike he has to bear….because I was too fucking chicken to do it properly. He squared his shoulders, resolute in doing better and let his hand soar again.

*WHOOSH….. the crop cracked in the air and landed in on Sherlock’s shoulder blade again…..smack!*  

“TWO”

John watched appalled as the strike raised a large angry red welt, the edge having cut into the skin, as a tiny dribble of blood started to trickle down. *What am I doing? I am beating Sherlock….the
love of my life….. my Dom…..His resolution crumbled into a million pieces and shattered on the floor.

His choked cry was full of anguish, “Sherlock…..PLEASE…..I beg…..”

Sherlock turned around, his face calm.

“Shhh…..come here.” He pulled John close tucking his face into his neck and allowed him to gasp and breathe for some time. Gentle fingers stroked John’s head. “John, the physical pain is nothing….I’ve had far worse. Believe me, I can take it. The marks are superficial skin abrasions….they will heal in a few days….Don’t distress yourself…..”

He held John’s head cupped between his hands, as he murmured, “My heart…..I know that what I am asking for is very hard. But you are my John….brave, stoic, dependable John. You CAN do it. John, listen to me carefully. It is easy…… easy to give me your body, to give me your love, commitment, friendship. Those things are easy.”

John looked at him, frowning. “On the other hand, these emotions that plague your mind repeatedly….corrosive though they are, destructive though they may be, they are still a part of you. Embedded inside your head. It is far more difficult to uproot them and part with them. If you can imagine, it is as though you have to straighten the claw of every single one of them and then find the strength to hurl them to me. I will catch them and keep them. Try to see that I am giving you the easiest and most direct path OUT of that infinite loop we talked about. Do you see? Don’t worry about me, John, I can take it. Your Dom is very strong. Never doubt that.”

He pushed John away gently.

“Go on. Don’t focus on the riding crop or the strikes. Don’t look at my back. Focus on handing over to me what I have asked for.”

He turned back to the wall.

John took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a few moments. Tried to find the focus that he needed to do what Sherlock asked of him.

Sherlock waited patiently, aware of the struggle John was going through. Come on, John….it is not that hard……

WHOOSH……..smack!

“THREE”

Sherlock steeled his back, determined to not allow John to see any pain.

WHOOSH……..smack!

“FOUR”

John fought to find the focus, battled against the overwhelming compulsion to stare in horror as more welts arose across Sherlock’s back. He strengthened the grip on the riding crop and threw his head back doggedly. Stoic, brave, dependable…..that is what he said of me….. I must prove myself worthy.

WHOOSH……..smack!
“FIVE”

Sherlock could feel the exact moment when his back started to feel like it was on fire. His toes curled up with pain, as he breathed through it silently.

WHOOSH…….smack!

“SIX”

He struggled to keep his voice even, “Don’t look at my back, my love. Turn your gaze inwards. Start working on your mind. Start removing those destructive tendencies by uprooting them and transfer it to me. You can do it, John. Let go……Submit completely……”

John focused on Sherlock’s words. Free fall….it’s like free fall, John……

WHOOSH…….smack!

“SEVEN”

A soundless cry erupted inside John and seemed to boom through his entire body. NO….This CANNOT be in vain…..Sherlock will NOT suffer this for nothing….I WILL do as he asks. Grimly, he turned his gaze within….towards that long neglected, rampant debilitating part of his mind which repeatedly sucked all his vitality away and robbed him of all clarity. Anger, jealousy, fear, insecurity, guilt, doubt, worthlessness….there were so many…..it was frightening to face it….such a huge fucking mess in his head……where do I start? Sherlock said ‘piece by piece’……uproot one at a time…..and give it to him with every crack of the riding crop.

He looked grim and determined as he applied absolute focus to the task at hand. Take each one and give them to him he said.

Even as he churned, his hand moved.

WHOOSH…….smack!

“EIGHT”

Sherlock concentrated on keeping himself still, working through the pain….cannot disturb his focus. Need to let him do what I have asked of him…..

WHOOSH…….smack!

“NINE”

John let go. And submitted. Free fall…..free fall…….free fall……

WHOOSH…….smack!

“TEN”

John grabbed at the jealousy, useless and pathetic. He thought of the way it had distorted his thinking, made him doubt Sherlock’s love and intentions. Like a little child unwilling to share his toy……He was right, it is immature and pathetic. He grabbed it mentally and transmitted it along his hands, through the riding crop and offered it up to Sherlock---- mentally on his knees, offering it up to his Dom with love, with reverence……Not mine anymore, YOURS……

Something inside him loosened with the act of offering…..he felt lighter, freer….he marvelled at
the feeling even as he felt re-energised. *I can do this..... it makes fucking sense.....*

**WHOOSH……..smack!**

**“ELEVEN”**

A drop of perspiration made it’s way down Sherlock’s temple as he blinked off the tears of pain in his eyes. *Focus, Sherlock……. he clenched his jaw. Keep still.....*

**WHOOSH……..smack!**

**“TWELVE”**

John stared at Sherlock’s back with unseeing eyes, his brain unable to make any sense of the light signals, his mind disengaged from the outside as he turned within completely; for the first time he felt like a *witness* to the chaos within instead of a hapless victim caught in the tangled knots of the various thought processes and their toxic origins.

He eyed the doubts next….. Oh no you don’t…he grabbed the doubt that had plagued him, run him ragged….. *The very man you made me doubt stands naked in front of me, taking a flogging for no other reason than he loves me.... The entire time he has known me he has done nothing BUT love me, protect me......*He looked at the self-doubt that he had been plagued with when he’d returned from Afghanistan injured, at the self-doubt at Mary’s betrayal…..occasions in his life when he’d doubted himself and felt worthless. He grabbed and pulled and hurled it towards his Dom…. *Not mine anymore, YOURS......*

**WHOOSH……..smack!**

**“THIRTEEN”** Sherlock’s voice rang out loud and clear.

Sherlock realised when the cadence of the strikes had changed. The pause between each one, the absence of John’s pleas, the deadly accuracy and power behind them. The only sounds were of John’s grunts as he struck, the “whoosh” of the crop as it swung in the air and the slapping sound as it connected to Sherlock’s body.

**WHOOSH……..smack!**

**“FOURTEEN”**

Sherlock smiled through the pain. *Good, John.....well done.*

**WHOOSH……..smack!**

**“FIFTEEN”**

The strike landed over an already bleeding area. Sherlock fought against the urge to cry out, to arch his back in pain. Summoning up that indomitable will, he transferred all the pain to the tips of his fingers that were pressing against the wall, feeling like he would gouge holes in them if this continued for longer. But he stayed still, refusing to break John’s rhythm.

The blows were coming steadily now, without hesitation.

Sherlock stopped counting.

When the pain became too severe, he disengaged and retreated to his mind palace as he waited, satisfied and awareful as he watched patiently.
John grunted with each blow, his arm muscles starting to hurt, in mental free fall even as paradoxically he felt his being become progressively lighter as he dug and grabbed and uprooted and declawed and discarded and thrashed without mercy……the internal mechanism undergoing a cataclysmic shift as debris accumulated for years came to the surface and was ruthlessly purged…..grief over his father’s death when he was just seven years old, an unhappy childhood with a depressed mother, an alcoholic uncareing lesbian sister, scampering to make ends meet, the hard work done to climb out of that environment, the sacrifices made to go to medical school, the comrades in arms he had lost in Afghanistan, the dejection and futility that had haunted him after his shoulder injury, the pain and agony of post traumatic stress as his mind had turned against itself……. and then Sherlock, Sherlock, Sherlock……and since then everything that had stopped him SEEING the one man who saw him…..seeing him as he was, for what he was without the distortion of preconceptions and biases.

The man who loved him more than he could ever fathom, ever deserve or ever reciprocate……

His arm hurt as it rained down on Sherlock, as he purged further and further…..lighter and lighter…..the transfer of the enormous burden of years nearly complete……Your Dom is strong, John. Never doubt that……

Until he was done. Until his arm gave out. He stood there panting in great gulps of air, as the blood stained riding crop fell from his cramped hands.

John stood devoid of all that had veiled himself, empty now as the burden had passed on.

Just John.

John.

He stared at Sherlock’s back; a haphazard criss-cross pattern of welts lay upon the red, bruised expanse, tiny little rivulets of flowing blood had congealed and clotted in so many places.

He marvelled at the absence of frantic paralysing guilt, of anguish, of self- recrimination that would have normally driven him crazy at this point.

He observed with crystal clarity, with an awareness that was no longer distorted. As though the mirror of his mind had been laid over with layers of dust and cobwebs for years and was now clean.

The doctor in him noted that the abrasions were, as Sherlock had predicted, superficial and would heal without scarring. There would be significant pain, yes. A lot of care would be required, yes.

The Submissive in him, meanwhile stood in awe at the beauty, the glory, the grace of his Dom, who had just given unto him….A catharsis, a purgation, an exorcism……freedom…..DELIVERANCE….

What words of gratitude does one utter when someone has taken all their pain away? When someone has given them the most desirable gift in the universe? The gift of silence.

He fell to his knees at his Dom’s feet, all words having subsided. Waiting.

It was a few moments before Sherlock slowly, almost painfully let go of the grip on the wall and wiped his face with his hands; it was a mess of sweat and tears of pain. He slowly turned around. John looked into his eyes; eyes that shone with triumph, approval, serenity.

He smiled as he ran gentle fingers over John’s head, “You did so well, John.”
John sighed with relief and rested on his Dom’s thighs, soaking in the approval, the pleasure with tears in his eyes. I did it.....exactly as he said.....I did not let him down......Tears of relief, of gratitude.......Victor’s voice spoke in his head, you fear the one place you are guaranteed sanctuary. Only now he realised the profundity of that statement.

With a grimace, Sherlock bent down to pick him up, the exquisitely tender abraded skin of his back stretching and pulling on the small lacerations as he moved. He held John close, continuing to murmur reassurances in his ears.

“You were so good for me, my love.....You did keep your promise....I am so very proud of you.”

John angled his head up and buried his face in Sherlock’s neck, breathing in the sweat and adrenaline of pain, the smell of home and safety and love. His hands stayed by his side, well aware of how much pain Sherlock was in, the urge to rush in and apply bandages and fetch painkillers strong. Not yet though, I am to do exactly as he says. John rested quietly. At peace. The quiet joy of being totally in the present, without the cacophony of voices in his head. Sherlock’s fingers moving through his hair.

Sherlock let him rest, stroking him absently as his mind moved to what he was about to do next. The unfamiliar dread and fear rose again, he struggled to hide the tremor in his fingers. His head bent down as he subconsciously buried his nose into John’s hair, trying to ground himself in the reality of John. It's John....your John....it's going to be fine.....

He kept stroking John, holding him close, recognizing the reluctance for what it was. He summoned up his courage. His voice when he spoke was even.

“We’re not done yet, John. I told you there were two things I wished to do with you tonight.”

John pulled back slightly to peer up at him.

“You have emptied yourself of vicious sentiment. It is time to fill you now....with the certain knowledge of how much I love you. The knowledge of how worthy you are. So that you never doubt it again.”

John frowned trying to understand what was being said.

Before he could say anything, Sherlock ordered, “On the bed, on your back. Wait. And not a word till I give you permission.”

John lay down, his eyes on Sherlock. Is he going to have me now? Is that what he means by filing me? His cock twitched in anticipation. Fuck….there is nothing I would like more, feel him inside me again...filing me up.....

Sherlock opened the bedside drawer to get the bottle of lube. He pretended to rummage through the drawer, his back turned to John. I can do this.....it is John, my John.....it’s not him.....heart starting to race, his hands trembling.....get a grip, Sherlock. You can do this..... He swallowed nervously, throat suddenly parched. He gripped the bottle of lube tight in his hand and took a deep breath. Steady, Sherlock......

He turned around to see John watching him quizzically, a small frown on his face.

Sherlock took some lube in one hand and started stroking John’s cock. Slow, firm strokes.

“Remember, John. Not a word or sound.”
John licked his lips as his eyes closed with pleasure at that sure touch. The urge to sigh out Sherlock’s name was pressing, but he was meant to stay quiet. His cock thickened and grew.

Up and down. A firm squeeze.

“No……there is something……something I want to share with you,” Sherlock paused in his strokes. He swallowed and looked away. His voice was without intonation, “I was assaulted when I was fourteen by a couple of guys……after a party…. I was……” he bit his lips. “I was under the influence of….you know….and no one knows…..only the perpetrators, Mycroft and myself.”

John froze as his heart seemed to literally stop in his chest.

Sherlock resumed stroking. Up and down. A twist at the end.

John stared in horror as Sherlock looked down at the floor, his lips pulled down into a thin line. The silence was deafening except for the slick, slick, slick of Sherlock’s wrist movements as he continued to stroke. John’s heart sank as the man with the most direct gaze in the world, avoided his eyes.

Sherlock’s eyes darted around as he tried to find the words, his voice hesitant, a stammer almost, “I’m….. I’ve tried to work through it….with some success…..I learned boxing, fencing, self-defence….I know no one can easily get the better of me now……but still…..I hate anyone touching me without my being fully aware of it….it induces a flight or fight response….I….. I don’t let any Sub top me, because even the thought of anal play or penetrative sex induces tachycardia, panic…..It has nothing to do with being a Dominant…..” he broke off.

John was staring at him with bulging eyes.

Sherlock took a deep breath and turned his face towards John. Looking directly into John’s stunned gaze, “Tonight….. I’d like to give this to you. My final gift to you. My final attempt to prove how much I love you, how much you mean to me. How very worthy you are to me.”

John’s head shook side by side with desperation, his eyes pleading as comprehension grew about what was about to happen. NONONO……….please, Sherlock….Fuck, no…..don’t do this, love……

Sherlock’s lips twitched slightly as he leaned over, his voice soft, “Shhh…. You will give me this tonight, John. I need to do this……there is no other way……there is nothing else……” his voice faltered. “Please.”

John watched as he climbed atop John, his arse hovered above John’s rigid length. He held John’s dick in one hand and with a grimace started to inch down, taking it slow and steady.

John gasped at the exquisite heat, the tightness that enveloped his traitorous cock like a glove. His eyes moved rapidly between Sherlock’s limp cock and his face. He watched aghast as Sherlock’s eyes flittered hither and tither, unable to focus as though lost in some internal thoughts, the edges of his eyes laced with fear…..

A surge of protectiveness ran through his body. Oh no you don’t, Sherlock…… His hands came up to cup Sherlock’s face and forced it to stay still, forcing him meet his gaze, grounding him.
Resolutely he pushed away the pleasure of that tight muscular sheath around his cock, the anger at himself for bringing it to this, the shared pain he felt running through his soul as Sherlock winced. He summoned every ounce of love and submission and devotion he had in him and projected it in his eyes, his expression.

Sherlock’s wandering gaze settled on blue, blue eyes. *John.....it’s John.....John’s eyes.....* and anchored on to them as though drawing in all of John’s strength. *John’s eyes....honest, loving, loyal John.....my John.....*

He sank down till his arse came to rest on John’s thighs, wide eyes looking down at John, trying to focus. With a shuddering breath he lowered his face till it was tucked into John’s neck. Breathing desperate gasps of air, breathing in *John....John.....my John.....*

Gentle hands cradled his head, fingers moving through those curls as John held on to him for dear life, wanting to give up everything....*fuck the whole fucking world....ANYTHING....to take Sherlock’s pain away..... I would gladly die right now to not have him tremble.* An irrational urge to go and kill whoever the fuck it was that did this raged inside him. A simultaneous realization that they would already have suffered.....Mycroft would have ensured it.

Sherlock was still shaking, hands clutching at the bedcovers spasmodically, an urgent cry muffled against John’s neck, “John…talk to me. Hold me together, John.”

John tightened his hands around Sherlock’s head, his back too wounded to touch. He turned his head to speak directly into Sherlock’s ears, “Hey….hey….Sherlock……listen to me, love. I love you. I love you so much, more than anything in this entire fucking world, more than my life……You are my heart……my soul….my Dom….my friend. You are the most amazing, fantastic man in this world, Sherlock. Do you know that? Huh? It is the truth…. and I am the fucking luckiest bastard in the whole world. It’s okay, love. It is just me….John….” He kept murmuring until the trembling settled, Sherlock’s grip relaxed.

Even as he spoke, he could felt the rigid tumescence lodged in Sherlock’s bowels weaken, loose its edge.

“NO,” Sherlock cried out as he straightened. He rocked, slow halting movements as he clenched in sphincter tight, up and down he moved. John felt torn as he started to firm up, the velvety friction seeming to caress and stroke him on the inside.

“Focus,” Sherlock ordered, his eyes like glittering emeralds, as he continued to rock himself above John’s body. “You *promised*, John. Give me this tonight. Don’t let it have been for nothing.”

John surrendered his body completely, to the will of his Dom. *Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command. Not mine, YOURS.....*

Sherlock’s eyes flashed with approval and relief as he lowered his body, caging John with his arms. He touched his forehead to John’s, peering down as he slowly got his breathing back under control.

When he spoke, his voice was a tender whisper, vulnerable loving eyes moved over John’s face, “I love you, John. Know that you are the first person I have willingly allowed into my body. Know that I consider you worthy of it.”

He started to rock his hips, moving on John’s cock.....slow, lazy movements, rocking and caressing John with his muscles....taking him deep. John was biting his lips fearing he’ll spurt within seconds, trying to focus on the words Sherlock was saying, trying to keep his hips on the bed.
Sherlock’s breath lightly caressed John’s face, “Know that to me, you are beautiful on the outside and the inside. Good, honest, decent, loyal and brave…..Know that you are my best friend. That you are the only person in the world in front of whom I do not fear appearing a fool. Know that I love you so much, that I would jump off a thousand roofs of a thousand cities in the world to keep you safe, to keep you happy.”

John listened to the words uttered with love and dignity, tears in his eyes even as the hopeful belief in Sherlock’s love and devotion transformed into certain knowledge. Unshakeable knowledge, Victor had called it. He felt the shift inside him and marvelled at the insight of his Dom, who had known exactly what he needed…..not what he wanted or thought he needed, but what he actually needed. The Submissive prostrated as his tears spilled. He listened quietly.

Sherlock bent down to claim John’s lips, his tongue sweeping in to explore, dominate even as his hips continued rocking, his muscles stroking John like a firm fist. He whispered against John’s lips, “Know that I will never feel the need to stop loving my other Subs now that you have come along. And to me it is not a contradiction, because I do not take from you to give to them. The source of love is infinite, there is never a dearth if you have a vision that is wide enough. I am not in love with you, John. But I love you. Know the difference. Understand that romantic love is a sentiment, it comes from a position of need and is accompanied by a constant fear of loss. Love on the other hand comes from a position of strength, it gives of itself without needing to possess. And I love you. And I am willing to say that and show that to you in a million different ways, in whichever way you need it. Do you see?”


Sherlock’s eyes shone with satisfaction as he straightened. Okay then….he really listened…there is nothing else left to do…..nothing else I CAN do….. “Please….let me give you this,” his voice was a soft plea even as his hand came down to rest over John’s throat, squeezing it deliberately, making it clear who belonged to whom. He moved, his eyes laced with pain.

John drew a harsh breath through his teeth…..he has given so much tonight….. I need to finish this quickly, let him rest……..

John started to thrust up gently, every thrust met with Sherlock slamming down on him, even as he winced with pain, his gaze pinning John in place. John felt disconnected from his body, his dick was throbbing with pleasure as it plunged and withdrew out of the hottest, tightest channel it had ever been in. But his mind and soul were focused on Sherlock, focused on a quick completion, on giving what his Dom asked of him….. I’m hurting him, hurting my Dom. Every time his erection flagged, Sherlock squeezed his hand in warning, his expression desperate. John’s dick stayed hard as if propped up by Sherlock’s iron will, his hips bucking on Sherlock’s demand.

His orgasm when it hit him took him almost by surprise, so focused was he on Sherlock’s gaze. Even as he spurted he was aware that this was the most bittersweet climax of his life. On the one hand he was coming inside of the man who had invaded every atom in his body. And on the other hand, he knew that he would never, ever do this again. Never put Sherlock through this again.

Sherlock sighed as he felt John’s cock pulse, clenching his sphincter and moving his arse to make sure to milk him completely. He panted with relief, with pain. It’s done….there is no more that I can do….. He wanted to burst into tears, he wanted to ask John to hold him and never let go.

He sat up straight.

He ran a gentle hand over John’s hair and murmured quietly, his voice exhausted, “You did well, John.” Unable to stand the fullness inside him any longer, he moved up, letting John’s softening
cock slip out. He climbed off the bed and looked at John.

John watched as a tired looking Sherlock looked down at him, lost in thought. Suddenly Sherlock frowned and he put his hand between his legs, eyes widening with alarm as they held up fingers wet with John’s come trickling out. John looked on in dismay as he saw Sherlock bite his lip, at eyes that lost focus again as he retreated inside.

“Forgive me. I don’t feel up to providing aftercare. I….need to be alone,” he murmured absently as he stumbled out of the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

John flopped down and stared at the ceiling for a few moments. His mind was quiet, instead of being the usual jumble of racing thoughts as it tried to analyse what just happened. He stood up and put on his pants and pajama bottoms with deliberation. He sat at the edge of the bed, giving Sherlock time to be alone as he thought.

He had just fucked a still traumatized rape victim. Normally, he would be freaking out, rolling in guilt, recrimination. But all he felt was calmness, peace. More important than actions are the motivations behind the actions…..You gave all of yourself tonight, Sherlock….only so that I can achieve clarity of mind and see…see how much I mean to you….

It was as though Sherlock had emptied him of everything that held him back and filled it with himself, with love. This then was the gift of his Dom to him. And for the first time he understood what Victor had meant. It was not necessary for Sherlock to be with him, in this room, in this apartment. He was already prostrated to the Sherlock inside his head. It was a state of being, not the actual physical act of kneeling.

I will not let your sacrifice have been in vain. I will not let this night have been in vain. I will be deserving of you. You emptied me of everything that bothered me. And then you filled me with love. I am indeed the luckiest bastard to ever have walked the face of this earth.

He glanced at the clock. It had been fifteen minutes. Sherlock had done what he needed to do. Now it is my turn…..I need to provide aftercare for my Dom. He’s hurt, he’s in pain, he needs me.

He gathered himself and walked outside.

----------------------------------------

John came out into the living room and stood looking at Sherlock.

Sherlock stood by the window wearing his pajama bottoms and his royal blue robe over his naked back. His face was turned slightly away, his eyes staring out of the window even as a steady stream of tears fell from them, glistening in the street light.

John neared him silently.

John watched his profile as another tear rolled down those cheekbones, at lips that were trembling and turned down. He stood there looking at his Dom, wanting to rush in and gather him in his arms, wipe away every single precious tear. But he stood there, knowing it was not his decision to make. Sherlock would beckon when he was ready.

He waited.
“Six years……” that husky baritone finally spoke.

“For six years I gave what I could. And you took. I gave. And you took.” His lips trembled, “And I will keep giving until I have a breath left in my body.” His fists clenched as he said in a choked voice, “But I’m scared, John. I have nothing more left to give. I’ve given it all away tonight. What if you need more? Where will I find it? What else can I do to prove my love, my commitment?”

John watched mutely as Sherlock hung his head down and cried, his shoulders shook as sob after sob escaped him. Uninhibited and plaintive.

You gave all of yourself, everything you are....and still believe it might not be enough.....the most precious invaluable gifts. The gift of clarity and peace. And the gift of Sherlock Holmes....What is the price of peace? What is the price of a Sherlock Holmes? He shook his head in wonder.

He neared Sherlock and sank to his knees.

The long fingers that hung next to his face were trembling slightly. Beautiful dextrous fingers, which had been deep inside both orifices of his body, the fingers that had cleaned him, the fingers that had pressed down on him as they fought to keep him alive, the fingers that had played soothing tunes on the violin every time he was disturbed, the fingers that passed through his hair in solace, with love.

He sank further till his lips touched Sherlock’s feet, his tears falling on them, without restraint, without shame. In complete supplication.

Forgive me, he thought. But he did not say it aloud, because he knew that he was in the presence of the one in front of whom he was already forgiven, always validated. He stayed there quietly, kissing the feet of his Dom and bathing them with tears that felt like they’d spilled over from his baptism, a new birth, a new beginning.

Slowly Sherlock came back to himself as he felt the softness and moistness on his feet. He stared down through his tears, at the figure of his Sub lying prostrate at his feet, in complete submission. He blinked as though waking up from a dream, clearing his blurred vision; he became alert. Wiping his tears with his hand, he watched for a while longer and then spoke.

“Rise, John.”

John stood up slowly, his face inches from Sherlock’s, love and sincerity in his eyes as he spoke calmly.

“I too need you to know a few things, Sherlock. Know that I love you. Know that you once told me that my primary need is to belong and to know that I am an integral part of you. Know that I understand now. My place is by your side, in your heart, at your feet. I belong to you. I need you to know, Sherlock that this is not a hopeful belief...I KNOW this now. And know that I am proud to be your Submissive, your friend, your confidante. Know that you are the most magnificent, beautiful human being I’ve ever known.” He stepped even closer, his voice soft but clear, “Whatever happened to you all those years ago was horrible. Know that I am here, for whenever you are ready to talk about it. Know that I do not see myself ever doubting you or your love again. I should feel sorry for everything that happened, but I don’t. It was all worth it to see the love and regard you have for me, for US.”

He smiled wryly, “And know that just as you ordered, I have taken a mental snapshot of your back. And if I ever lose my clarity in the maze of my mind again, I will bring that snapshot up and submit it to you. Know that this night has not been in vain and you have given me peace, my self-
esteem and my confidence back again. Know that your suffering and sacrifice has not been in vain.”

Sherlock closed his eyes even as more tears rolled down. John pulled him to the chair and got him to sit down gently. As he straightened, Sherlock pulled him closer and burying his face in John’s tummy he wept silently. John cupped the side of Sherlock’s head, fingers sliding into his thick curls, caressing his scalp, capturing the strands and stroking gently.

“I love you, Sherlock,” he murmured tenderly as he let him cry. Perhaps both of us underwent a catharsis tonight.....

After a while, he pulled Sherlock up.

“Let me do what I need to,” he said quietly.

Sherlock nodded. John needs this....I need this....

Sherlock allowed him to bear most of his weight as John led him to the bedroom and made him sit at the edge of the bed. He took the painkillers and gulped down the water that John offered. He winced as John peeled off the royal blue robe that had stuck to some of the clots. He waited slouched on the bed, tired and in pain, as John fetched creams and bandages.

John sat up behind him and stared again at the red swollen tissues, the dried up blood.

“Please?” he asked quietly.

Sherlock nodded his permission. John bent down as he kissed, soft lips touching the tender tissue with feather light touches. He applied cream and put dressings on bigger cuts. Sherlock sat quietly allowing it all even though all he wanted to do was to lie down. John needs this......

“Should I....?”

Sherlock shook his head firmly, “No....if there is any bleeding I’ll tell you.”

“Okay.” John accepted.

He lay Sherlock down on his side gently, tucked the bed covers over his legs. Sliding down on the floor, he looked up. Feeling overwhelmed with a heart bursting with love and gratitude. After a while, Sherlock’s lips twitched as he uncovered one foot and pushed it towards John, knowing what he needed without being asked.

John smiled as he curved his fingers around one graceful arch and kissed it. He rested his cheek on the foot and looked at Sherlock, content to just sit there till Sherlock fell asleep.

They stayed silent and in communion for several moments.

Finally, Sherlock stroked John’s cheek with his toes.

“What are you thinking?”

John smiled, “That you never stop surprising me.”

Sherlock chuckled. “Good. That’s good, John. Wouldn’t want you to get complacent.”

He arched one eyebrow as he beckoned.
“Come lie down with me. My front doesn’t hurt.”

John climbed in and lied down, Sherlock spooning him from behind.

He kissed the arm wrapped around him securely.

“I love you, Sherlock.”

“I know,” Sherlock said as he smiled and closed his eyes.
I figured we could all use something soothing after the intensity of the last chapter! And I do think I may have earned the right to indulge myself for a bit :) 

Thank you to everyone who has supported this story-- the kudos, the bookmarks and the lovely, heart-felt comments. Months from now, I don't quite know if I will enjoy re-reading the story as much as I will enjoy revisiting the thought provoking comments....

Enjoy :) 

----------------------------------------------------

“Hurry up, John.” Sherlock’s voice was impatient as he fidgeted on the stool. “How much longer is this going to take?”

“Just a couple more minutes,” John answered mildly, his voice coaxing as though he was treating one of the children at his clinic. He pressed down on the dressing to make sure it was even and then stood back to inspect Sherlock’s back again.

“The incubation period for this specimen is very sensitive. I do not have a couple of minutes,” Sherlock complained.

“Un-hun…..won’t be long…..” John murmured absently. His hands moving to put the final dressing on as he mused and ran a clinical eye over the tableau of colours on the pale skin….dark blue hues, angry reds and yellows, black tones, some red welts that were still prominent. Five cuts that still required dressings. Thank the Lord no infection has set in. That one could have used stitches? But there was no way to do it at the time.....

“There. All done.”

He bent to pick up Sherlock’s t-shirt, helping him put it on. Sherlock still moved like a man in pain, his teeth gritting every time his back moved.

Sherlock gripped his arm as he bent down again to pick up the rubbish from the dressings. He pulled him closer and placed a light kiss on John’s temple.

“Thank you, John,” he murmured softly, before turning and walking back to his microscope and petri-dishes. He sat down, ramrod straight, busy hands working on the slides and coverslips as he prepared to examine the results on his experiment under the microscope.

John bent down, smiling to himself, picking up the rubbish from the packaging. He moved around, packing up the dressing supplies and putting them back in the bathroom cabinet. Coming back into the kitchen, he took inventory of the refrigerator......dinner, dinner....what to make..... There is some goat cheese and some of that focaccia bread Mrs Hudson brought in yesterday. Maybe stir-
**fry some mushrooms in butter and garlic….** He started to whistle softly as he thought.

Sherlock’s eyes were trained on the eyepiece of his microscope as he heard the whistling. He flicked his eyes up and back, allowing himself a brief smile before he schooled his features again.

-------------------------------------

John cleaned up the empty plates as Sherlock moved to the living room, rummaging among the untidy stack of papers strewn over the living room table.

“I’m going for a shower, Sherlock,” he called out as he stepped into the bathroom.

Continuing to whistle as he turned on the water, he reflected on the past few days. It had been four days since that night. He felt reborn, aware, happy. *It’s fantastic*, he thought as he focused on the hot streams moving down his body, the lather of the soap, the smell of the shampoo. It was as though the chaos in his mind had settled, like a ferocious storm had subsided….only there was no debris left in its wake; his Dom had taken it all away.

He felt happy. Exuberant, peaceful, complete joy. Not joy *because* of something. Just joy, bliss. Without a reason or a locus. A blissful existence. It was unlike anything he’d ever felt and he watched it with ever-growing fascination.

As he brushed his teeth, he thought….*need to ask him about the clinic…what he thinks. Whatever he decides…..*

He put on his night clothes and went outside towelling his hair. Sherlock was sitting on his chair, frowning as his eyes moved rapidly over the monitor. John waited as he stood just staring at him. *So fucking beautiful…every part of him is perfection….how did I get so lucky….*

Sherlock’s gaze flicked up, his eyebrows rose inquiringly.

John took a deep breath as he neared and slid effortlessly and naturally to his knees. Sherlock’s expression softened.

“What is it?”

“What Julia comes back to work tomorrow.” John’s gaze was direct, guileless. “I could continue to work at that clinic or find a different workplace. What would you like me to do?”

“What do you want to do?” Sherlock’s voice held a mild inquiry.

John frowned as he mulled aloud.

“She’s a good person, a good friend. And I enjoy working with her…..what happened between us…I’m over it, it doesn’t mean anything. And I do love working there, the staff, the patients. So if you’re okay with it, I’d like to try to continue over there.”

“Good. Then it’s decided.”

John nodded.

He stood up to make some hot cocoa for both of them. He put Sherlock’s cup within reach on the
Pulling his laptop on his lap, he sat down on the floor, his shoulders touching Sherlock’s knee lightly. He fired up the computer.

“You don’t need to sit there, John,” Sherlock observed mildly.

“I know. I want to,” John answered simply as he opened his email.

They sat quietly, sipping their cocoa, working away.

It was several minutes later that Sherlock’s hand drifted down to stroke John’s hair lightly, his other hand still busy on his keyboard. John leaned into the touch, a sense of peace and contentment settling further inside of him.

John was washing up his tea cup in the sink of the staffroom, when the door opened and Julia breezed in. She stopped short at seeing John.

“Oh, John…didn’t know you were working today,” she smiled nervously, her eyes flicking all over John’s face.

John smiled warmly, “Hey, Julia. Welcome back. How was the vacation?”

Julia relaxed a bit, “It was wonderful!”

She took out a cup from the cabinet above and poured in black coffee. She opened the fridge to get some milk. John watched her silently as he debated whether to leave or get things out in the open. She is lovely…I wish her well….but yeah, nothing….I feel no attraction…..my mind, my heart is full….full of Sherlock, Sherlock, Sherlock….what is the value of a cupful of water when one has the good fortune to have dipped into the ocean….fuck, I’m becoming a poet!

Finally, Julia met his eyes. She took a deep breath, “I was….well, to be honest, I was a bit worried about….you know….us working together….I mean.”

John shrugged good-naturedly, “I know. But, like you said, it doesn’t have to be awkward if we don’t make it awkward.”

She gave a relieved grin, “Yeah…. Yeah….. I mean, it was a great shag. And I needed it. But, to be honest I’m not looking for a long term thing.”

John squeezed her shoulder, his smile affectionate, “Neither am I.”

She bit her lip as she produced her phone, “As a matter of fact, I may have met someone. Would you like to see a photo?”

“I’d love to.”
John glanced at his watch as he continued to observe Sherlock out of the corner of his eyes. 5.30 pm.

*I better leave now….need to get everything organised….fuck, he’s so tired. Fucking case has been going on for a week now….I had wanted to celebrate, but he is exhausted….hasn’t slept in four days…Chinese or Indian? Doesn’t matter….will he allow me? I can only ask for it….

The case had been all-encompassing and finally a break through. Lestrade had called, begged John to come along as Sherlock tied up the last of the strings and completed paper work. He’d been snappy, much like an exhausted child acting out.

John fought to keep an impassive face, the love and devotion in his heart as though bubbling like a pot of very hot water, wanting to spill over. Look at him…. like six plus feet of pure temptation… perfection…how can any one man be so sexy…..how did I get so lucky….you’re a fucking lucky bastard, Watson….if he summoned me, I’d gladly go on my knees, right here, in front of these people, in front of the whole fucking world….yell at the top of my lungs….I belong to this man….shit, got to go…he’ll be another couple of hours at least….

---------------------------------------------

“This is perfect, Mrs Hudson,” John beamed as he spread the table cloth wide and looked at the beautiful light embroidery on the crisp white background. He took a deep breath and looked into the kindly, wizened eyes.

“I want it to be perfect, you know? I’ve spoken to Mr Rashid at the Taste of India. He’s making that special Butter Chicken and that Biryani that Sherlock loves so much. I think the Chiraz I bought should go well with that.”

Mrs Hudson’s smiled as John prattled on, his enthusiasm infectious. A wave of fondness went through her. He’s happy…and my Sherlock is happy….I pray that everything will be fine from now on….

She said aloud, “I do have a few candle-holders and candles somewhere. Would you like me to look for them?”

---------------------------------------------

Sherlock stopped short as he walked into 221B, observant eyes scanning the scene.

The apartment was spotless. Not a thing out of place.

“John?” he called out as he took off his coat and shoes.

John came out of the kitchen, wiping his hands on a kitchen towel. He smiled.

“You’re back.” He laid a hand over Sherlock’s forearm, pulling him towards the bathroom. Sherlock’s eyes narrowed as he walked past the kitchen. The table covered with a beautiful table
cloth, the candles, cutlery laid out.

John looked up hopefully, “Please… I’ve something planned. Can you not try to deduce anything. Just… take a shower and then have dinner with me?”

Sherlock’s eyes softened as they looked down at the eagerness on John’s face.

“Okay,” he agreed softly and allowed himself to be led to the bathroom.

“Your towel and clothes are in there,” John said as he closed the door.

It was twenty minutes later that Sherlock re-entered the kitchen. The table was set, the candles lit, wine in the wine glasses, hot food on the plates. He looked bemused as he took the proffered seat.

“What’s the occasion, John?” he asked softly.

John took a deep breath and then smiled. “I’ll tell you after dinner. Let’s just enjoy the food and wine for now.” He picked up his fork and knife. “Tell me what happened today after I left?”

Sherlock looked at him for a long time. A slow smile crept in.

“Alright.”

-------------------------------------------------------------

Dinner was a success.

Sherlock tucked in the fantastic Indian food till he was bursting, the wine went down well. He was starting to feel a little tipsy and very content. The food, the wine, the fatigue, the sleep deprivation felt like they were all catching up with him. A crash felt imminent, the bed beckoned.

John pulled Sherlock till he sat on his chair.

He knelt in front of his Dom, he looked up with eyes full of love, hope.

Sherlock tilted his head, puzzled as he tried to figure out what John was up to.

“What is it, John?”

John licked his lips, he waved his hand vaguely towards the kitchen. “Sherlock, it is my birthday today.” He smiled, “I wanted to make it special….so yeah, I planned the dinner… I had hoped for something more fancy, but what with you busy with the case….”

Sherlock looked stricken as he stammered, “Oh… John, I’m sorry, I had no idea… I…”

John shook his head and cut him off, “Oh no, NO, Sherlock… I didn’t mean… I don’t expect you to remember. I know you don’t consider these things important.” He took a deep breath…. *fuck it, I’ll just come right out and ask…. if his answer is no, then it is no… I just have to accept it.*

“Actually, there is something I would like to ask from you. A Birthday gift if you will.”

Sherlock smiled warmly as he pulled John closer, his fingers under John’s chin, angling his face
up, his eyes scanning John’s face.

“Ask, my love. Anything that is within my power to give.”

John’s hand rested lightly on Sherlock’s forearm, “I ask, that just for some time, I be given the freedom to touch you. Sherlock, I want to touch you, kiss you…… I’ve been dreaming, fantasising about it….you can stop me at any time. Just for some minutes. Just for tonight. Please?”

Sherlock’s response was spontaneous, loving.

“Is that all? Very well, John.”

John’s smile was radiant as he pulled Sherlock to his feet and guided him to the bedroom.

Sherlock chuckled indulgently at John’s eagerness, as he pulled off his t-shirt.

John’s fingers were light on his back, “It doesn’t hurt anymore, does it?”

Sherlock shook his head, “I told you it would subside in a few days.”

He took off his pajama bottoms, his pants.

John lay him down on the bed, buzzing with a child-like excitement, a longed for wish about to be granted.

To Sherlock’s surprise, John sat near his feet, quiet.

After a few moments, he looked at Sherlock, “I want you to know that I love you. That to me there is nothing more beautiful in this entire world than you. I love every part of you. Your body, your amazing brain, your soul.”

He gently picked up each foot, kissed each individual toe.

“I love your feet. I love how graceful the arches are……” He placed a warm palm against each arch and then pulled each big toe in his mouth, sucking it, the way he had sucked Sherlock’s cock many times. “I love how they wiggle when you are lying down and thinking. It’s almost a subconscious action you do, did you know that?” he mused aloud.

He moved up, kissing along the narrow calves, the strong subtly muscled thighs…..like a runners or a cyclists. “I love your thighs. I love the sound they make as they slap against my arse when you fuck me, when you start to pound into me.”

He burrowed his face in the crook of Sherlock’s groin, rubbing his cheek on the smooth skin. His voice was muffled, “I absolutely adore this part of you. I love how delicate and translucent the skin is over here, how I can see the veins just below the surface. I love that it is so close to your cock. When you are naked and aroused….it is like a combined snapshot of vulnerability and strength.”

Sherlock’s eyes tracked John’s actions lazily, feeling sated, content already. His cock lay half hard, John’s words seemed to be satisfying something in his soul and arousing his body. A part of him wanted to order his Sub to suck him to completion, to push in between those lips and thrust in. But he stayed quiet and listened, savouring this slow worship which was manifest in every word that John spoke, in his adoring gaze, his reverent hands.

John gently nudged him over till Sherlock was lying on his front.

Warm hands gently kneaded the flesh of his buttocks.
“Your arse….it is….fuck, Sherlock. It’s a thing of beauty, decadent eroticism. Makes me want to become a fucking poet….I love how it flexes and moves when you’re moving inside me. I love the way it bunches up when you thrust in deep and finally fill me with your come.”

Sherlock sighed as his hips moving slowly to rub his hard-on on the mattress, John’s words conjuring up erotic images inside his head. Go on….tell me more, John…..

John stroked over his shoulders, his upper back, fingers digging down across the expanse, pushing in and rubbing in circles. Sherlock grunted his pleasure.

He kissed with devotion, the fading marks of the crop. “A part of me never wants these marks to fade, because to me they are a tangible testimony of the glory of my Dom.” Sherlock closed his eyes and sighed.

John turned him around again, feasting his eyes on the slope of the chest, on the tapering of the stomach. Gentle lips kissed the scar from Sherlock’s surgery to remove the bullet Mary had put in there. “I hate that you had to go through this…..but I also feel grateful, because without this we wouldn’t be here…” He raised his eyes to meet Sherlock’s, that accepting gentle smile.

He moved up, rubbing his face against the soft skin of the belly and then further up. He licked each nipple until they were hard points. He sucked and licked, his tongue leaving broad stripes on Sherlock’s skin. Sherlock arched his chest to move closer to John’s lips, moaning softly with pleasure, his hand cradling John’s head gently.

He moved to kissing Sherlock’s arms, “I love your arms, how your embrace makes me feel…..strong, protective, tender….. I will live my life making myself worthy of being in your arms, Sherlock. And I hope to die with you holding me, looking up at you….one day.”

Sherlock pulled John closer, he kissed John’s lips softly, “And may that day be long into the future.”

John smiled as he picked up each wrist, kissing the delicate wrists, burying his face in each palm, “I could spend hours talking about your hands. What they mean to me… the delicate looking wrists, the strong big hands….your hands on my body, touching me with ownership….sometimes gentle, sometimes rough….they offer pleasure, pain and everything in between…..”

He ran fingers along that long neck, felt the steady beat under the pads of his fingers, “I love this pocket of your collarbones….love the smell of your neck…..”

He moved further up, placing soft adoring kisses, his voice hushed as though he were praying, “Your face….your lips….the stuff of magic, Sherlock.” He ran his thumb over the bridge of Sherlock’s nose, kissed along the cheekbones, the delicate eyelids…

“I love you, all of you,” he murmured quietly. Sherlock smiled.

He moved down again and finally, finally closed his fist around that steel hard erection, beautiful as the man himself, again feeling awe at the privilege of being allowed to touch it. He licked the broad ridge of the head, the slit, his fingers grazing against the firm, round testicles. He licked and suckled. So perfect. So fucking beautiful.

Sherlock thrust up, eyes lidded with pleasure at the sinful feel of John’s hot eager mouth around him. He moaned with pleasure, without restraint as he watched John trying to bravely take as much of the length as he could. Sherlock’s hand came to rest gently against his shoulder blades, encouraging without pushing it.
Slowly, almost reluctantly John allowed the cock to slip out of his mouth with a pop. His lips moved to take each testicle in his mouth and roll it around.

“John….” Sherlock’s groan was loud, heady.

John let them fall out and moved lower, licking along the line between the balls and Sherlock’s crack, gently. Okay then….will he let me?

Sherlock stiffened.

John continued to lick gently, unable to get in between the crack, but he licked at the join, the swell of the arse cheeks. He nuzzled and kissed as though it were the choicest of treats, his eyes were lowered submissively, his hands by his sides.

Sherlock took a deep breath and raised his head slightly to watch, his chin doubling up, his gaze searching. As though pulled by that intent gaze, John’s eyes raised to meet his Dom’s. There was no insistence in his eyes, just a mute prayer.

“John?” Sherlock’s voice was husky, questioning.

John hung his head in supplication, his voice a quietly murmured prayer, “As you wish, Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s head fell back on the pillow again as he thought.

John waited patiently.

Finally, he gave a tight nod, “Okay.”

John nodded, “You can stop me anytime you like.

He pulled a couple of pillows, “Lift.” He adjusted them below Sherlock’s arse.

Sherlock bit his lips, the feeling of vulnerability and exposure overwhelming. His eyes darted around as he fought against his own demons, before they settled on the supplicant figure at his feet, kissing his feet again.

He lay back, his eyes closed. It’s your birthday, John….I will give you this….Steady, Sherlock. It’s John, your Submissive….you hold ALL the power in this room…. His hands fell by his sides, fingers half curled but palm turned up suggesting surrender.

His eyes flew open as John’s fingers curled around his, the grip gentle, non-demanding.

With his other hand, John pulled one cheek to the side and burrowed his face deeper, his tongue flicking and licking into the crack, keeping the touches light. Sherlock squeezed his hand and let go, nodding his head again as John’s eyes met his. John parted his cheeks to catch sight for the first time of the pink rosette, tightly clenched as though subconsciously waiting for an attack. Holy fuck…. His straining neglected cock twitched and leaked as he allowed himself a few seconds to stare. God, Sherlock…..fuck…..

A tentative gentle lick all around the opening.

“John….” The moan escaped Sherlock, his eyes wide at the new sensation even as his arse clenched and lifted off the pillows. John moved to kissing the skin around the perineum, Sherlock’s thighs. He waited patiently till his Dom’s head fell back on the pillow, his arse lowered.

He kissed around the puckered opening, his breath hot, moist against Sherlock’s skin. Gently he
began to lick again, taking care to keep his tongue flat, gentle. His own cock was leaking, the need
touch himself, seek some friction becoming more acute. His tongue moved and tasted and
licked, he alternated using his tongue to lick with his lips, placing moist kisses.

“Oh John…” Sherlock was moaning softly now, his thighs parting further.

He began to lick directly over the ring of the anus.

“FUCK…..John…” Sherlock’s hand moved down to curl his fist around his cock. “So good…”
His legs parted further.

John felt drunk, high on the knowledge that he was pleasing his Dom; his tongue lapped eagerly, as
he dribbled spit and kept licking.

Sherlock’s hand moved faster, his hips undulating now. *Up and down….and up and
down….directing John’s tongue to where he wanted it.*

“So good…..John…more…..please, more,” he sounded drugged.

John’s hands were warm as they gently parted Sherlock’s thighs further and pushed gently. Taking
the hint, Sherlock raised his legs and bent them towards his chest, exposed and accessible to that
wicked tongue, those wet lips as John licked and suckled and kissed, his reticence forgotten in the
pleasurable sensations evoked from the sensitive receptors around his anus. His hand was moving
fast over his cock, even as his hips pushed down on John’s tongue. Soft moans, delicious little
pleas escaped from his mouth. His hole was twitching and fluttering. John swirled and lapped,
bathing him with saliva. Sherlock’s head was thrown back in ecstasy as he felt waves of rapture up
and down his shaft, settling in his balls, his hand moving faster and faster along that long cock.

“Oh….John….so good….so good….don’t stop….” his voice husky with arousal.

John wondered if he could come from this alone, the obvious pleasure that Sherlock was deriving
from this was as though compounded exponentially and surging inside of him. His balls were
loaded and tingling, his cock swung helplessly between his legs as he rimmed his Dom, taking care
not to invade that orifice, just lick and suck on it and around it.

Sherlock’s hand was a blur as he fisted his cock hard, nearing completion. His other hand went
down to grab at John’s hair and pushed John’s face between his legs.

“OH….Oh, John…FUCK….JOHN….JOHN…” he screamed as he pulsed, thick and hot the strands
of his come jetted out of him, pulsing into thick ropes of pearly white fluid over his tummy, his
chest. John let go of his arse as he moved to lick his Dom’s release, wanting it all, wanting *everything*
that Sherlock gave him. *Yes….yes….YESYESYES….Fuck yes….fucking hell, he let me do
it…..* his heart screamed with joy, at bringing his Dom, at bringing Sherlock this. He licked and
licked as Sherlock’s pulses weakened. Sherlock’s tired, sated eyes watched as John licked every
drop of come on his belly and chest, before taking the softening cock in his mouth and sucking it
through the last of the twitching. He chuckled softly, even as he got his breath back.

Once he was clean, John rested his cheek against the wet drained cock, breathing the release in,
panting, his heart racing as though he had had an orgasm.

He felt Sherlock’s gentle fingers running through his hair, “Bring yourself off, John. I don’t think I
have the energy.”

John shook his head, “It doesn’t matter.”
Sherlock’s tone was dry, “That wasn’t a suggestion. Take the edge off and come to bed. I’m afraid I can’t stay up much longer.”

John grabbed his dick, masturbated as he inhaled the smell of his Dom, grunting with pleasure and relief, his entire focus on Sherlock’s fingers rubbing his scalp gently.

When he was done, Sherlock pulled him up and gathered him close. He buried his face in John’s neck as he finally succumbed to a sated, exhausted sleep.

--------------------------------------------------

The night air was brisk, traffic slowed down due to the lateness of the hour, as Sherlock and John walked slowly from Baker’s Street to Angelo’s.

Sherlock’s coat flapped around him as he walked, listening to John talk about his cases, his staff, his head bowed obligingly towards John, making sporadic comments as he went along. They ambled slowly, dodging the pedestrian traffic on the busy sidewalk, stepping away from each other as they allowed people to pass through.

There was a lull in the conversation. And John suddenly felt a proprietary arm around his waist pulling him closer. He looked up, his eyes wide as Sherlock tucked him close to his body and they fell into step. Can my chest burst open, is it possible?….I think it can….he’s holding me….in public….John’s breath hitched as he found his head falling naturally on Sherlock’s shoulder. He snuggled into the warmth of Sherlock.

Angelo did a double take as he took in Sherlock’s arm around John’s waist and then beamed widely. He rushed forward to welcome them, gesturing wildly at his staff, a stream of instructions in Italian leaving his mouth. He guided them to a corner table.

He brought the menus and came up to their table to have a brief discussion about the day’s specials.

He left again, only to return shortly, looking meaningfully at John, as though challenging him to say something.

He put down a candle on the table.

--------------------------------------------------

John put his knife and fork down, sighing with satisfaction at the fabulous meal and leaned back on his chair.

“Sherlock, can I ask you something?”
Sherlock took another sip of his wine and nodded.

“You explained so many things that night. About truth that is hidden and not perceptible. About the distortion that circular thought processes cause. I have been thinking about it. A lot.” Sherlock looked on, approval in his eyes. “Is it because I was so immersed in my own ‘sentiment’ as you call it that I was unable to see things clearly, objectively?”

Sherlock leaned forward, folding his arms on the table.

“John, to see anything clearly, two things are required. One is distance. The skill to distance yourself from a given emotion or situation and put things in perspective. The other is a clear vision. Because if your vision is defective, your perception is defective. And then your actions are defective. You learned a few things that night. Take time. Contemplate. You will see that what I say is true.”

John leaned forward as well, his elbows resting on the table, eager to listen, to learn.

Sherlock’s face was joyful, animated….as though he is talking about one of his cases, thought John.

“When you start thinking in this manner, John…when your mind glimpses the joy of clarity….,” Sherlock shook his head. “Why….it’s impossible to go back to that same muddled warped thinking. It is like going from the sublime to the ridiculous. Your mind itself will rebel against it.”

John thought about that for a bit, frowning. Sherlock waited patiently.

“You said this is what Submission is supposed to bring to me. And it did. I have experienced that clarity. In fact I am still thinking clearly. And I never want to go back to the way I was.”

Sherlock smiled, “Submission brings peace, John. When you are fully submitted, you will know that permanent peace too. I’ve told you often enough, it is not about sex. We will enjoy the pleasures of sex, too. Revel in it, in fact. But it is not about sex.”

John frowned, “Am I still not fully submitted?”

Sherlock’s smile was fond, reassuring.

“You’re getting close. You did let go, you’re continuing to let go. But no,” he waved a hand vaguely. “You’re not there yet. Not completely.”

“What more do I need to learn?” John’s voice was curious, not demanding.

“Think, John. What did I tell you submission was?” Sherlock prodded.

John closed his eyes and thought back. When he spoke his eyes were still closed, concentrating on repeating Sherlock’s words, “When you can kneel without the slightest suggestion of ego, the barest trace of self-preservation.”

Sherlock chuckled softly, satisfied.

“Just so.” John’s eyes flew open. “Two more tests….just two more hurdles to cross, John.”

“I’ll make you proud, Sherlock,” John looked determined.

“I don’t doubt it, my love.” His thumb stroked the edge of john’s little finger. A teasing caress. With the other hand he raised his wine glass for another sip.
“In all the years you’ve known me, why have you never talked about these things?”

Sherlock was quiet for a few moments. Finally he let out a deep sigh, “Because you never came to me empty. You came to me full…full of your own ideas, your prejudices, your preconceived ill-thought out biases. Even the best of teachers cannot fill a pot that is already full.”

The restaurant was empty now.

They sat in the candle lit corner as they talked. Most of the staff had gone home. Angelo stayed out of sight, prepared to sit there the whole night if necessary, just so that his two favourite customers could have a quiet night out together.

Sherlock voice was quiet, reflective as he mused aloud, “Look around you, John. The entire gamut of human emotion, of human experience stands on only two variables. Desire and fear. Desire to achieve what you don’t have, what you believe will bring you happiness, fulfilment. And fear….fear of losing what you do have. Only two things.” He held up his hand with two fingers spread to emphasise two.

John stared at him……. Sherlock by candle light. All harsh edges and sharp angles smoothened. Shadows on his face that moved as he moved. His eyes shone hazel, dreamy, his curls moved and bounced as he spoke. Moist pink lips glistened, creamy flawless skin glowed. So fucking beautiful….I could look at him for hours…… He pulled his mind back to their discussion.

“You can look through your own experiences. Every other sentiment can be traced back to these two. Humans desire something--- anything and then perform actions to meet that desire- the desire could be for love, affluence, knowledge, fame, revenge, religion, God….And once they have achieved that desire, they fear losing it. So they then perform actions to hang on to what they have, protect it or actions that spring from that fear, that insecurity. So we have in practical terms insurance companies, laws. Fear leads to insecurity, insecurity leads to steps to protect what one has or to anger when what we have or want is threatened in any way.” He waved his hands, “Hence, crime, passion, rage…..EVERYTHING flows from desire and fear….every single fucking sentiment. Think about it, John…”

He took another sip of the wine, the warm intimacy loosening his tongue, John’s obvious interest firing up the philosopher inside of him. He waved the hand that held the glass around into a circle, “The game of life is to live by using your rational intellect, to step away from the fear, from the desires and try to see the whole. To recognise that both the desire and the fear are transient, ephemeral, without any basis in reality, changing everyday as circumstances change, our emotions change.”

He leaned forwards and tapped his finger on John’s hand, “The game is won the day you ask yourself this…..Do you want to be a slave to of the impermanent or do you want to soar towards the truth inside of you?”

They talked and debated for a long time, their bodies leaning towards each other, fingers and knees touching, lost in their own world.
Sherlock lay on the sofa, his hands steepled under his chin in his thinking pose. He observed John as he moved about, getting ready to leave for work. John stood in front of the large mirror over the fireplace, adjusting his hair, his clothes. He bent down to tie his shoelaces. He stood up again to run his fingers through his hair, turned his face this way and that as he peered into the mirror. He was humming lightly under his breath, completely at peace, at home.

Sherlock’s tongue moved over his lower lip as he watched the muscular denim covered arse that he’d come to know so well, the subtle movements of the back muscles covered with the full sleeved red shirt.

He thought back to just a few months ago when John had stood at that very spot, leaning against the fire place, waiting for Sherlock’s touch; the quivering thighs and the arched back, that frantic heartbeat, a tempting mixture of need and fear......but he was just a friend then.....now he is MINE.....my Submissive.... Mine to have and use whenever I want, in whichever way I want.....and I WANT.....

The Dom stirred into life.

It’s been twelve days since that night....and much longer since I’ve last had him....John is happy and for the first time it is a pristine joy, independent of fears and desires......a lot has been achieved... I can indulge.....

John moved to the kitchen. Sherlock palmed his half hard cock through his pajama bottoms, eyes darkening as arousal flared.

He stood up smoothly and went into the kitchen.

John was just reaching up to the overhead cabinet, when he heard Sherlock’s footfalls. Before he could turn around, Sherlock had stepped up behind him. Close. His front moulded itself to John’s back, his now prominent erection pressed urgently against the small of John’s back.

John’s heart skipped a beat and then started thundering in his chest. OhGodOhmyGod....yes, yes please....It had been so long since Sherlock had last touched him with any sexual intent. So long since he’d felt that impressive length inside him, filling him. He’d been unable to masturbate to completion as well. Each time the thought arose and his hand strayed to his cock, the image of Sherlock’s wounded back and the anguish in his eyes as he’d lowered himself on John’s cock, came to mind, effectively killing any arousal. He’d been patient and waited, well aware that Sherlock would take him when he was good and ready. He had been so patient......

Light fingers caressed the nape of his neck as Sherlock murmured, his voice husky, decadent.

“What time will you be back tonight?” He slid his hands around John’s waist and pinched a nipple. “I have something planned.”

“Should be home by seven,” he managed to croak.

“Hmm....” Sherlock’s hands ran down John’s sides. “I’ll be out till nine. Have a shower and be ready. I want to hurt you tonight.” He bent down to nibble at John’s neck, sharp teeth teasing a tasty bite of tissue. “Show you how pain can bring pleasure.”

John’s cock began to swell and pressed against the denim of his jeans, Sherlock’s proximity and that fuck-me voice sending a surge of arousal through his body. He felt electrified. Fuckfuckityfuck......
The Dom purred with pleasure as he observed the delicate shiver. One hand cupped John’s hard-on and squeezed, soft lips grazed below the curve of John’s ear, “I am going to mark you….fuck you till you can’t stand up straight. Use you for my pleasure.” He licked that erogenous zone just below John’s earlobe, his voice husky with arousal.

“I want to feast on my Sub tonight, John.”

John gulped, heart soaring with joy, excitement. He nodded.
Forgive me as I continue to indulge myself..... Yes, more erotica I'm afraid. Though this is a BDSM story, so I suppose it's okay :) 

Enjoy :) 

------------------------------------

John stood, undecided on the pavement outside his clinic, frowning as he tried to make up his mind. 

*Of all days, they had to cancel today.....* 

It was barely 3 pm, three of his patients had cancelled. He’d spent time checking his pathology, getting up to date with his correspondence file and then….nothing. There was nothing else to do except leave. And he felt strangely reluctant to go to 221B yet. 

*Sherlock won't come until 9 at night...that leaves six hours to fill in....I'll go mental if I just wait there....* 

He signalled at a passing cab. He gave the address of the Diogenes Club. 

The hallowed halls of the Diogenes Club were quiet as always. John waited for Mycroft in a rather large, mausoleum style room that was reserved for visitors meeting with club members and who actually insisted on *talking.* 

He stood up as Mycroft Holmes walked in, bravely facing that dissecting top-to-toe Holmesian eye-scan. 

Mycroft’s lips flickered into a smile before he stepped towards the large desk. He perched himself
at the edge, folding his hands across his chest and greeted John cordially.

“Ah, Dr Watson! So pleased to see you. What can I do for you today?”

*Thank the Good Lord! He looks so much better…happy, peaceful….clothes washed and ironed…..has filled out nicely, eating again….things are back to normal with Sherlock…..maybe even better than they had been….what does he want?*

John smiled, genuine warmth in his eyes even as he declined the chair that Mycroft waved towards.

“I won’t take too much of your time, Mycroft. I ….look, I’ve come here on an impulse. I….the fact is, that last time we met I wasn’t in the right frame of mind…you had said a few things…..Well, like I said, I was not myself. I did not grasp what you were saying at the time……I’ve only just understood the significance of your words.”

Mycroft raised an eyebrow, intrigued. He inclined his head gravely.

“You compared me to a beggar who begs from the world, not having realised that the begging bowl in his hand is made of solid gold. I…..” John broke off, as he raised his chin, his eyes unwavering. “I wanted to tell you how very right you were. And that I have finally seen that, recognised that. A more appropriate analogy would be impossible to imagine. Your words helped me. Thank you.”

A slow smile, a genuine smile started to creep up into that usually bland countenance. Mycroft found himself so taken aback that it was a few seconds before he trusted himself to speak.

His voice had thawed, his smile warm, “I am glad, John.”

“Now that I have seen it, I wonder at the fact that I did not see it sooner. And I can’t imagine that I will ever forget it.” John shook his head.

“No.” Mycroft agreed softly. “It is a permanent realization, you cannot ‘un-see’ it, so to speak.”

“Yeah….well, that’s all I wanted to say really. And to thank you.” John nodded briefly, turning towards the door.

“John….” He turned around at Mycroft’s voice.

Mycroft moved forwards, his expression open, “I wonder if you’d consider having tea with me?”

John looked at the unguarded fond look in Mycroft’s eyes in wonder. He found himself suddenly pulled towards that enigmatic charm, usually obscured by the trappings of power, a seemingly interfering and overbearing nature. Now bared for a few moments by the slight downing of the shields to allow John a chance to glimpse within.

Fuck…..these Holmes men will be the death of me…..

John grinned, “I’d love to.”

------------------------------------------------

John stopped short as he walked into the living room.
It appeared that Sherlock had done a bit of rearranging. Both their chairs were pulled back to come more in line with the sofa, the coffee table had been pushed into a corner, creating a large empty space around the fireplace.

A low set rectangular table, just a few inches in height and with a top that had a slip-proof synthetic coating stood next to the fireplace. On it was an opened parcel to which a post-it note was attached.

*I will be using this on you. Today and whenever I want to. Get familiar with it-- SH*

John picked up the parcel and sat down on his chair. He pulled out a flogger, with a chestnut handle and around 20 braided tassels made of the softest leather, with a squishy texture.

He stroked the lengths meditatively, as he imagined them landing on his naked back, his arse. The familiar mix of anticipation, arousal and excitement ran through him. The Submissive state that had been creeping up on him all day, further intensified. *For Sherlock….for Sherlock's pleasure….I will submit to every single desire he has…..for him to use….because I am HIS……*

He looked at the clock---- 7 pm.

He set to work.

First he cleaned the house, putting things away, clearing the sink, wiping down surfaces till everything was just right. He wanted to present a clear canvas for Sherlock to work on tonight.

Next he went for a shower. Cleaned himself thoroughly. He ignored his half-hard cock as he shaved his pubes and made them tidy. Shaved his face. He wanted to look good. Sherlock had said….*I want to feast on my Sub tonight….John wanted him to enjoy the feast, to give his best. He pushed his arousal aside as he prepped himself as best he could, used lube liberally to stretch his anal sphincter. Sherlock shouldn't have to waste time on this….I belong to him….he should be able to push in, take his pleasure whenever he chooses to……*

It was 8.45 pm by the time he was done. He sat and waited patiently. *When he comes home…..I offer myself, and hope that it meets his approval…..*

______________________________________________

Sherlock’s decisive footsteps thundered up the stairs just shy of 9 pm. He walked into the living room, keen eyes giving the room a once over, noting the flogger sitting prominently on the coffee table by the sofa.

John stood up when he came in and then with his eyes fixed on Sherlock’s gaze, he sank to the ground on his knees.

Sherlock’s look softened, his eyes held approval. He quietly took off his coat, toed off his shoes and removed his socks. He unfastened his scarf and threw it on the chair. He neared.

John looked up at him as Sherlock came and stood in front of him, his eyes calm, thoughtful. He ran gentle fingers into John’s short hair, “I’m going to have a quick shower. Have you had dinner?”

“I ate a sandwich at four. I’m not hungry.”

He turned around and walked to the bathroom.

John sat on the floor and waited.

It was barely minutes later that Sherlock emerged from the bathroom, towelling his hair, wearing his soft cotton pajama bottoms and nothing else.

He flung the towel carelessly on the sofa and sat down, looking at the kneeling figure of his Sub. His hooded eyes were distant, as though lost in some thought process. Finally he spoke.

“John, it has been a long time since you first knelt for me. And in the time that has elapsed, I’ve tried to indulge into all your fantasies and desires.” He cocked his head to one side, his gaze fixed on John for the minutest reaction. “We’ve been through hell and back as we both found our feet….we’ve both made mistakes. And learned from them.”

John looked up at his Dom. Sherlock sat relaxed on the sofa, one arm flung around the back, the other on his lap. His legs were crossed and his bearing was one of authority, the expression on his face calm, uncompromising.

A heavy silence followed. John looked at him, a mix of confidence and anticipation in his blue eyes as he stared at his Dom. Huge waves of Submission swept over him, carrying him like a surfer, beyond the words, into the intent, the desire in Sherlock’s eyes. A part of him marvelled at the little kernel of Submission that had taken root all those weeks ago, at how despite everything it had stubbornly kept growing.

He stayed quiet.

Sherlock uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, his eyes darkening.

“It is time. Time you learned what pleases your Dom. Time that you understand that the pleasure from this, the most pleasurable of activities, does not have to just flow from your body or your mind. It is time to let it flow from your Dom, from the pleasure of your Dom, at his will. To realize how much more potent it is when the source of the pleasure changes.”

John bowed his head, his voice soft, “I belong to you, Sherlock. Whatever it is that you desire….take from me. I am yours.”

Sherlock leaned back again and crossed his legs. His eyes began to smoulder as they flicked over John. His tongue swept slowly over his lower lip as his gaze fixed on John’s face. MINE….. claim..... hurt..... own....

His voice was commanding.

“Very well. Undress. Go and stand facing the fireplace. Stand on that low stool I’ve placed there. I don’t want to have to strain while I fuck you. Stand exactly like you’d stood last time.”

John rose and undressed silently, quickly. His cock was granite hard between his legs, the sure
knowledge that before the night ended, Sherlock would be inside of him, taking him… but the thought of being hurt, experiencing something so outside of his comfort zone tempered the arousal somewhat.

He pulled the stool to the right position and stood over it. He braced against the fireplace, his head bowed down as he waited.

He remembered the last time he had stood in this position……just as vulnerable to Sherlock’s whim. He remembered the fear, the excitement leaking out of his very pores. He remembered the chaotic thoughts that had been pulsing through his mind as he’s waited desperately for Sherlock’s touch. He remembered the anger in Sherlock’s eyes, the thunder in his voice.

And now…….he knew with a deep-seated conviction that his Dom was neither angry nor was he going to hurt him. That everything that flowed out of Sherlock would be love, grace, care…..no matter what form it took. There was no cacophony of thoughts in his head, save what was to come in the next few moments. I have come a long way, he thought.

Despite this, as he waited in silence, his heart started to race. Unsure what to expect, he stood, his fingers pressed against the mantelpiece, his back tense. So hot….why do I feel so fucking hot? He could feel Sherlock’s presence behind him. Waiting. Watchful. Like a laser beam moving across his heated skin.

Sherlock would take his time, that’s just what Sherlock did. No desperate lunges, no lust-provoked panting…… just a calm, methodical claiming and a graceful acceptance of what his Sub had to offer in return.

A susurrus of clothing broke the pin-drop silence. Sherlock removed his pajama bottoms, his eye fixed on John’s back, the arched arse, the mild tremor in the thighs, the fingers gripping the mantelpiece tightly.

One hand holding the flogger lightly, he came and stood behind John again.

“John, look at me,” he ordered softly.

John looked up into the mirror to meet Sherlock’s gaze. He almost gasped at the hunger in those changeable eyes. Sherlock looked ravenous; pupils fully dilated, his eyes flicking between John’s eyes and his lips.

He neared till he stood flush with John’s body, cloistering him with his warmth. He pressed his face against John’s temple.

“Don’t think of it as pain, John. If you think it is pain that I offer, it will hurt,” Sherlock’s voice rumbled in his ear. “Think of it as something your Dom is giving you and accept it with grace, on your knees. Then nothing has the power to hurt you. The deeper you submit to it, the more will be the pleasure that will flow out of it.”

They stood quietly, breathing in tandem.

John naked, prepped and braced against the fireplace mantelpiece, Sherlock’s hands were resting lightly on his hips, his body pressed against John’s. He stood leaning in, his nose touching John’s cheek. He cupped the opposite side of John’s head with his palm and set his teeth to his jugular…..staying that way, motionless…..letting John feel the restraint of it, the certain possession and reassurance he meant to convey in that one gesture alone.

John kept his eyes fixed on the mirror, gasping in awe at the sight of Sherlock’s head tilted over his
neck, the thick curls brushing over his neck and face.

Part of him felt like he were pinned down like an animal in the wild, the sharp teeth grazing as they gripped the vulnerable major blood vessels. But Sherlock’s grip also reminded him incongruously of the way cats held their young in their mouths, safe and secure as they carried them from place to place.

The fear subsided slowly.

He felt the voice of his Dom, the touch of his Dom wash over him, like an ever increasing tide of security, love, ownership. He allowed himself to be swept into that overwhelming tide. Free fall into the safe hands of his Dom….. The flogger in Sherlock’s hand trailed over John’s thighs as he breathed in, a sensual reminder of what was to come. The thought of being hurt by Sherlock, for Sherlock’s pleasure, of being filled by Sherlock as he used his Sub…..Fuck…have I ever experienced anything more erotic than this……

“Please….” John said, knowing he needed to say nothing more.

Sherlock obligingly straightened his neck and leaned over John’s shoulder. John turned his head and buried his face in Sherlock’s neck gratefully--- breathing in, steadying himself, allowing himself to fall deeper.

Soft lips grazed John’s temple.

“It is time. Keep your head down. Relax your back, submit to the sensations,” Sherlock ordered softly as he moved back. “Your Dom is right here, John. Call out when you feel it gets too intense.”

John nodded, confident that Sherlock will know when he needs him, how much he can take. This was Sherlock, for fuck’s sake. He knew John better than John did…….

He waited.

Sherlock trailed the leather tassels lightly over John’s back. To and fro….to and fro….to and fro…..all over his back, his rump, the backs of his thighs…almost like he’s scouting the places he’s going to hurt me, flog me….Fucking hell….

Sherlock moved further back. John heard a soft whap. Is he testing the tassels against his palm?

“Here it comes, John.”

It was the only warning John got before a spray of leather whistled through the air, finding its mark on John’s back. John gasped as he arched in surprise. Instinctively he went rigid and clenched his teeth.

“I’ll do a few rounds at one time. Breathe, John,” Sherlock instructed, his voice husky. The Dom growled with pleasure at the mix of fear and excitement coming out in waves from his Sub.

He started implementing a steady, smooth rhythm. Not too hard, never at the same spot, impossible to predict, as though keeping John guessing. The tassels made a thudding sound every time they made contact with John’s upper back, the ends delivering a mild sting.

John exhaled slowly, relieved despite himself. This isn’t too bad….I can take this…..

There was absolute silence apart from the whistling of the flogger and the thud as it landed. The
blows kept coming.

Again. And again. And again…… And again and again and again…….

Some part of John was aware that these were soft blows, acclimatizing ones, he felt grateful for it….I’ve read about this…he’s letting me get used to this….he’ll escalate when he’s ready.

It was after a couple of dozen such soft blows that a tiny wisp of fear started to coil inside of John. Because his back had really started to burn now. By the time Sherlock had flogged him another few times, his back was all but screaming. He let out his breath in a shuddering gasp.

“Doing well, John.” Sherlock’s deep voice suddenly floated in, an anchor point that his Sub latched on to. “Don’t think about what I will do, how much it will sting. I want you to be IN the moment only. Be aware of every strike, be aware of your responses. Be aware of your Dom. I want you on your knees inside your head. Let everything else go.”

John gripped the mantelpiece hard, trying to let go….submit…..My Dom will look after me….. His back was stinging like a son of a bitch.

“Good. Let’s go again.”

This time Sherlock started on the backs of his thighs. The flogger landed.

Again. And again. And again….. And again and again and again…….

John’s feet were shuffling restlessly, his toes curled up. The skin over his hamstrings had started to feel like it was on glowing coals. He panted through the pain, a light sheen of sweat broke out all over his body.

When Sherlock was done with his thighs, he stepped close to John again. With one hand, he trailed the tassels over John’s hard cock, allowing the plaits to fall like a curtain in front of John’s crotch, as they teasingly brushed against his aching length. With his other hand, he pried open the cramped fingers of John’s right hand. He entwined his fingers with John’s. He murmured, his voice a husky reassuring croon, “You’re such a good Sub for me…..Taking it so well…..” He leaned forwards and let John bury his face in his neck, his voice soothing. “You have no idea how magnificent you look…..you’re pleasing me so much.”

He let John shudder for a while in his arms.

As he stepped back, his palms ran over John’s arse. John waited, his heart working like a jackhammer, his body trembling with trepidation.

The flogger whistled and landed on John’s bottom.

“Sherlock…..” John gasped, unprepared. The first few strikes were mild. But after some time his arse too felt like it was on fire. The strikes kept coming. John subconsciously twisted and squirmed, as though trying to get away from his own skin.

By the time Sherlock was done with his arse, he was writhing.

“Well done, John.” Sherlock was up close, looking at John in the mirror. “We’ll pause for a few moments. And start all over again.”

John’s eyes widened.
Sherlock’s smile was wicked. “Oh yes…this was just the warm up. Now comes the good part.”

He stood alongside John, his eyes taking in the erection that had not flagged a bit, bobbing helplessly between John’s legs, the wet slit. He fisted his palm around it and gave it a firm squeeze.

“Sherlock….” John’s cry was a choked plea. “Fuck…please…” he begged as Sherlock stroked him slowly, watching the cock in his fist, the desperate lunge of John’s hips craving the friction. He let go, his other hand moved to John’s arse, the tips of his fingers grazing the well-greased arsehole.

Approval flashed in his eyes, “You prepped….well done, John.” He pushed his thumb inside the wet passage. John gasped, “Oh fuck….oh shit….” Sherlock watched as he fucked John with his thumb, biting his lower lip. Can’t wait to push into you…..going to fuck you for a very long time today…..

He removed his thumb, “Going to start all over, John. It is going to hurt more because of the pause. Try to stay relaxed and take it.”

John gripped the mantelpiece again, his back, arse and thighs on fire already. He braced himself.

Crack! The flogger flew and hit his upper back again.

And again. And again. … And again and again and again……

John’s nostrils flared, unsure how much more he could take. Fucking hell….how did he stand it with the crop…..I mauled his back, tore into it….and he just stood there and took it…… how?…… Jesus…. fucking hell…..The burn was starting to spread throughout his body….. How much longer can I take this…..

Hang on a minute…..

John blinked in surprise, then he frowned. The overwhelming sting seemed to be morphing into…..something else, but equally intense….. .....

What the fuck?

Every lash seemed to be bringing with it a tantalizing fire. The strange heat seemed to be coiling and writhing under his skin. An overwhelming feeling of undulating sensation rippling through his skin. A pleasurable sensation….like little shocks and jolts of pleasure erupting just under his skin…..

What the fuck?

The flogger kept whistling through the air, now landing with increasing force. For the first time John heard Sherlock grunt with effort. Before he knew it, Sherlock was done with his back and had stepped closer, his fingertips resting over the crease of John’s groin, a devastatingly intimate and proprietary touch.

“What do you see?” Sherlock’s baritone was pitched even lower, his gaze intense as he stared at John’s face in the mirror. John’s eyes were wide with wonder.

What the hell just happened?

Sherlock smirked, “Just so, John.”
He stepped back again and began striking John’s thighs.

John was starting to moan mindlessly, “Sherlock….Oh God….fuck…..” with each strike he pleaded, not knowing for what. Intoxicating waves of sensation were moving up and down his legs, his arse. He felt lost. It was unlike anything he’d ever felt or imagined. The tassels slapping against his hamstrings might as well have been hot tongues, all of them flicking and licking their way towards his crotch. His cock leaked, his body sang with joy.

His fingers were clenching and releasing with each swing of the flogger, his hips undulating to its rhythm. As though Sherlock was making his body dance to the tune of the flogger, to the tune of his will.

Without breaking rhythm the next blow landed across his arse. He arched forward, his hard dick like a stiff pole stickyng up helplessly trying to fuck the air.

“SHERLOCK…..” he could not help the loud cry he let out. Every crack of the flogger seemed to be burrowing its way under his skin, headed straight for his cock, as though the nerve endings were mysteriously connected.

Sherlock watched as John’s toes curled up, his back rippled, the faint sheen of sweat on his forehead, the delicate tremors of his body, the rock hard erection that bobbed with each strike, the precum now dripping freely. His eyes were fathomless pools as he brought his hand down again and again…..as he enjoyed the power surging through his arms each time they rose and descended…..as he felt addicted to watching that ripple…..as he tried to control himself. The urge to push John down to the floor and mount him like an animal, fuck him hard---was strong. The Dom was in his element as his arm swung, caught up in his own pleasure.

John felt like those fiery tendrils were now moving beyond his cock, climbing up to tease his abs, his nipples, fuck…every erogenous zone he had on his body. His hips were moving mindlessly, his fingers holding on to the mantelpiece in a white knuckled grip.

Moan after moan of ecstasy escaped his lips. He felt torn. On the one hand, he never wanted this delicious torment to end. On the other hand, his cock was aching so much, he’d give anything to be allowed release.

It was as though all three of them were connected…..Sherlock, the flogger and John….into one entity. As though Sherlock had taken over his body, as though he owned every sensation in John’s body….. As though nothing existed except Sherlock and the flogger and John, everything had narrowed down to this.

Sherlock watched his Sub writhe wantonly to his tune, a look of satisfaction and hunger in his eyes. He stepped up to John, his fingers light against John’s arse. John gasped at the touch, his skin so sensitive he felt like he could feel every loop and whorl on Sherlock’s fingertips, as though each fingertip was sending pulses of weirdly compounded pleasure up and down his cock.

He felt like he was losing his mind as he moaned and rocked his hips, shamelessly begging now, “Please….Sherlock, please…..”

Sherlock’s lips curved into a smile. He swept back John’s sweaty hair gently, “So good, John…..you’ve been so good for me.” John bit back a cry as his cock bobbed at just the sound of Sherlock’s voice, as though tied by a thread to the husky intonation, a string he could jerk at any time he wished and John’s cock would jerk into attention. He wanted to fall to the ground and beg, every sense enhanced, clamouring for Sherlock.
Sherlock stood behind John, his front wrapped itself around the hyper-sensitive skin on John’s back, his arse in one go.

“SHERLOCK….” John screamed, his entire back, arse and thighs suddenly inundated with more sensation than he could ever hope to experience all at once. He panted audibly, crazed beyond his capacity to bear it. *Too much….fuck…I think I’ll explode….* He felt like all the little blood vessels in the entire expanse of his body had dilated at once, a flush of warmth *everywhere*. Like he would fall down if it were not for Sherlock propping him up with his body.

Sherlock nuzzled John’s neck, “Shhh….I know….I know….”

His hand slid down to hold John’s cock in a firm grip. Up and down his tight fist pumped, as his lips nibbled at the sensitive area under John’s earlobe. John closed his eyes shut, shudders of pleasure running through him. Sherlock rubbed his thumb against the wet slit, his fingers pressing with a sure caress the sensitive underside. John’s balls drew up dangerously close to coming.

“Sherlock…..I….Sherlock, please, I have to come….please,” his voice a strangled cry.

Sherlock pinched a welt on his back, hard. His voice was a husky growl, “Not until you have permission. I’m going to fuck you now. Hard and deep…. And you will come only when I allow you to.”

“Please….please…” John was almost sobbing with need.

Sherlock stepped back to slick up his own throbbing cock, the movement drawing a hiss of lust. He brought one of the chairs around the living room table closer. He picked up John’s left leg and propped it on the chair. He pushed the right leg further away and pulled John back a bit. With a slow steady pressure he pushed John’s upper body down.

He stepped back and looked at John, his head tilted as he judged the best angle of fuck, masturbating himself with one hand as he thought.

John’s heart was hammering away in his chest as he stayed still in this vulnerable new position. Open and exposed.

Sherlock stepped closer, his hips aligned to John’s, his long cock perfectly fit into John’s crack. He rubbed and rutted for a while, enjoying the friction.

“Look at me, John.”

John raised his head to stare at Sherlock’s eyes in the mirror. He almost forgot to breathe. He couldn’t remember when he’d seen Sherlock this aroused, his wolf-like alien eyes a crystalline grey, the raw insatiable hunger and lust in them warning of the brutal fuck to come.

The Dom was almost insane with arousal. The Sub stood ready, ready to be used, eager to give pleasure.

Something in that expression pushed John over the edge, as he let go of all of himself and fell…… deep into Submission, giving all of himself over to Sherlock, to his Dom……*YOURS, YOURS, YOURS*…the only words in his mind as his eyes started to lose their focus, as he began to sink fast into the peace of Submission, of letting go.

Sherlock purred with pleasure, satisfaction.

Soft, parted lips kissed the reddened sensitive skin on John’s back, strong hands gripping his sides.
The contact was sizzling like an electric shock through John. A strong hand grabbed one arse cheek and squeezed. Sherlock raised his leg to place it parallel to John’s on the chair.

“Mine……mine to use,” Sherlock purred into John’s ears. “My very own fuck toy…..aren’t you, John?”

Without waiting for John’s answer, he parted his cheeks and thrust in with one long stroke.

John arched, “Oh fuck….oh fuck…..Sherlock….” as he felt every inch of that glorious length slide in, claiming, possessive, relentless. Though his arse still burned, raw pleasure was mounting fast.

Sherlock started to move, his hips showing no mercy as he slammed into John, taking…. taking…. taking…. With each plunge in, John felt as though the pleasure was stroking his very soul, his being so prostrate in Submission that all it recognised was that his Dom was plundering him, taking pleasure from him. And that drove him further and deeper into the Submissive trance he’d fallen into. His moans were incoherent pleas and pants, his body pliable, his sphincter relaxed for Sherlock’s pleasure.

Sherlock changed his angle, growling with satisfaction at the friction, the warmth of John’s passage, the glazed eyes that looked back at him in the mirror. John felt like tongues of bliss were moving up and down his back passage, his swollen prostate writhing in ecstasy as each plunge hit it with unerring aim. Sherlock seemed impossibly deep today, and John could only hold on and pant.

Sherlock’s voice was a husky hiss as he ordered, “Straighten up. Put your hands around my neck and hold on.”

The second John was upright, his hands interlaced behind Sherlock’s head, his chest arched out, his cock bobbing helplessly in the air, Sherlock’s arms came around his chest, strong as steel bands, pulling John closer.

“Hold on tight.”

Sherlock’s cock delved deeper into John’s passage, its angle shifted as with one powerful hand he lifted John’s knee from the chair and draped it over his knee. John was suddenly even more exposed, his knee dangling over Sherlock’s leg, his chest arched out at, his arms wrapped tightly around Sherlock’s neck, his cock jutting up and out of his body. Sherlock just stood there for some time, buried deep inside John, pushing deeper and deeper, the thickest part of the base stretching John to the limits.

Sherlock’s right leg was braced powerfully on the ground as it held both their weights, John slumped against him as with a low groan, Sherlock’s hips began to move again, his cock spearing John again and again. Slow then fast. Long strokes, then deep rough plunges.

“Hun….Hun….Oh God….oh God…have mercy, Sherlock,” John panted. He pressed his face against Sherlock’s neck, his naked shoulder as he shook with the plunges, with reaction. His awareness had narrowed down to Sherlock…. Sherlock….Sherlock…. nothing else mattered, nothing else would ever matter…..

“Shhh…..” Sherlock shushed him. “Don’t disturb me……I’m feasting.”

With one hand Sherlock kneaded the vulnerable windpipe, his palm firm, controlling. The other hand drifted down to caress John’s abdomen and then down further to cup John’s sac, playing with the balls which were pulled up tight.
John was shaking….. with desire, with Submission. Sherlock quite literally had him by the arse, the balls and the throat. He’d never felt so possessed, so taken. As though he were floating in a sea of sensation—not pain or pleasure—just unadulterated amorphous euphoric mind-bending sensation, that was flowing from Sherlock, back to John, back to Sherlock. As though they were one entity, the pleasure flowed flawlessly, like a positive feedback loop that increased in magnitude with each pass…..

From Dom to Sub to Dom to Sub to Dom……

“Fuck….John,” Sherlock’s voice was a dry rasp, as he let go of John’s sac and dug into John’s waist, his fingers proprietary as he took. His lips were on John’s throat, just beneath his ears, soft pants as he plundered john’s arse, enjoying the fit, the trembling body of his Sub.

“So good….your arse….I could have you all night….keep fucking into you….so good….,” he moaned.

John was vibrating, floating, completely incoherent. His only focus was giving Sherlock pleasure, squeezing his arse muscles, clenching and unclenching that sphincter as he milked Sherlock. Sherlock cupped his throat and tilted his head back, his mouth moving over John’s as he breathed his pants directly into his Sub’s mouth as he teetered on the brink.

The slapping of flesh against flesh, their moans and whimpers echoed the room. Both men were sweating freely as they mated. Time seemed to have lost all meaning for John, as Sherlock took his fill. His awareness was narrowed down to the soft gasps and moans of pleasure falling unbidden and unrestrained from Sherlock’s mouth, he felt as thought all the joy in the world was filling inside of him as Sherlock moved.

It was a long while, before Sherlock’s hand drifted down with purpose. Gripping John’s cock he pumped his fist in rhythm with his cock. John felt drugged with sensation even as he recognised the urgency of Sherlock’s pounding just before release. He was pistoning in and out of John’s channel, grunting with every plunge, his hips slapping loudly against John’s arse, his hands stroking John desperately.

John felt every muscle in his body contract, held as though in suspended animation, waiting eagerly for Sherlock’s command. He felt like he was on a razor’s edge, just waiting to fall over.

“Come,” Sherlock ordered.

John ERUPTED, his orgasm like a cataclysm that ripped through his body. His balls reared up, his cock exploded and he pulsed, long and hard and endless.

“Yours….yours….yours,” he whispered as he came, his face buried into Sherlock’s neck.

Sherlock turned his head, his open lips panting loudly as John’s orgasm caused his sphincter to spasm around his cock……Holy Fuck…this is SPECTACULAR……. He fucked John slowly through it. He brought his come-stained fingers and inserted two into John’s mouth.

“Suck,” he ordered.

He pushed his leg down firmly, bracing himself further to hold the limp body in his arms as he lunged in and out of the now relaxed passage. His head was thrown back, lost in the sensual pleasure of John’s heat and friction.

John sucked on the fingers desperately as Sherlock’s fingers fucked his mouth while his cock fucked into his arse.
“Hun….hun…..fuck….yes….Fuck yes…..” Sherlock groaned as his hips moved, slapping against John’s red arse, his movements now savage as he pounded, the urge to reach completion overtaking all his senses. His cock was like a steel rod as it plunged in with force.

“Oh FUCK …..FUCK …..JOHN …..JOHN……” he threw back his head and roared with triumph, with the euphoria of orgasm as jet after jet of his release emptied inside of his Sub.

John could feel every punch, every kick of that thick cock as it stretched his rim further. He could feel the warm release inside of him and subconsciously clenched his sphincter, suddenly reluctant to lose any of it.

They stood there, panting and gasping, two bodies joined as one, as they came back from the post-coital haze. Sherlock still stood on one leg, holding both their weights, John too far gone to even think about anything.

After a long time, Sherlock withdrew his softening cock out of John and brought his second foot down from the chair. He straightened John slowly and turned him around, his alert eyes scanning. John looked ruined. Hair messed up and plastered with sweat to his head, sweat covering his entire body, eyes dazed and still unfocused. Sherlock kissed his lips gently.

“Hold on to me,” he murmured as he swept John up into his arms and carried him to the bedroom. He lay John down on his stomach. He fetched some pain killers and water from the kitchen and helped John take it down. He stood back and looked at John’s body. His upper back, his buttocks and his thighs were a light shade of red, few scattered welts, no cuts. Good….won’t hurt for more than a day….. He fetched some cream from the bathroom.

Sherlock lay down and kissed each welt, soft lips gently pressing down on John’s body before applying cream to each area. He pried open John’s arse and looked at it. And growled at the sight. The arsehole was gaping slightly, creamy white semen trickling out. Unable to resist, he swirled a finger lazily into some and pushed it back into the reddened puffy rim. John moaned softly in protest.

“Sorry, John,” Sherlock said. John opened his eyes and found Sherlock lying next to him, peering into his eyes. Sherlock chuckled, “I couldn’t resist it. You look so debauched, so…..taken.”

He lay down and pulled John so that he was lying on his side, half propped over Sherlock. His arms were around John’s lower back, where he had not struck him at all. John was still shivering in reaction. Sherlock’s fingers gently stroked his hair. His lips kissed John’s face, whispering endearments.

“You were so good for me, my love…..you did so well.” He pressed soft lips to John’s temple, his cheeks.

John snuggled in, his face buried in his favourite place in the world, Sherlock’s neck. He felt sated, he felt euphoric, he felt completely utterly drugged. He lay there, never wanting to come out of his zone, enjoying his Dom’s approval, his caresses.

Sherlock’s words from a lifetime ago when they had sat in the bathtub, floated into his stream of consciousness.

*John, it can get devastatingly intense, the release after such a session can be powerful, all-consuming in its potency…..*

*At its most sublime, when both the Sub and I are in the zone, it’s like a primal connection, as*
though there is only the two of us. The rest of the world ceases to exist. Like tunnel vision with the focus entirely on only the two of us……

He smiled into Sherlock’s neck.

“What?” Sherlock asked, his fingers gently running through John’s hair.

John shook his head, “Nothing.” *Fuck even my voice sounds drunk*.….. “I was just thinking that this really is nothing like vanilla sex……so fucking glad you held out for this……”

“Hmmm…….” Sherlock looked down at John’s face. His eyes were closed, his arms wrapped around Sherlock. He looked so sated, so tired.

“I’ve never felt anything like this before. Everything else pales in comparison,” John mumbled

“I know.”

John took a deep breath and snuggled in some more, wrapping Sherlock’s presence around him like a cocoon he never wanted to come out of.

“I love you, Sherlock,” John mumbled sleepily.

“I know.” Sherlock bent his head to kiss John’s temple. “Sleep.”

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Victor leaned back and slouched on the sofa, his fingers curled lightly around a beer bottle as he looked at the painting in front of him appraisingly.

He had been painting for seven solid hours without a break, all sense of time forgotten as his muse had gripped him relentlessly by the throat, demanding that he do as directed. He had painted like a man possessed by an elemental, overwhelming urge to create, to express. His brush had moved to express the picture in his mind’s eye almost autonomously, his soul meanwhile was centred on only one thought.

*Sherlock*….

When he had come to, as though he were waking up, he realised he was covered with perspiration and paint. He staggered into the kitchen, grabbed a cold brew and came back down to the living room to slump down on the sofa. Slowly his eyes came back into focus, his brain came back online. And now he sat looking at the result of his afternoon’s work.

It was incredible….*beautiful*.

*I wish I could show this to Sherlock….I will….won’t put it for sale till he sees it*….

He took another swig and sat back, satisfied. Tired but happy.

*Sherlock would be pleased*……
He lost himself in thought again. And smiled.

His mind took him back to the tiny one bedroom apartment he’d shared with Sherlock all those years ago. One small bedroom and a living room that led into a small kitchenette to one side.

************

Right from the time he’d moved in and despite the small dimensions, Sherlock had somehow cordoned off one section of the living room as Victor’s painting area. He’d lined it with a small cabinet and a couple of chairs. His easel stood in a corner. A small desk with built-in drawers held his painting supplies and sketch books. He’d never figured out where Sherlock got the money from or how he knew what Victor needed, but from the start there were always plentiful supplies—the best brushes, canvases, anything he needed just sort of……appeared.

Victor remembered the one occasion, a couple of months before Sherlock accepted him as his Sub.

Victor has lost his muse completely. He was frustrated. He hated college and everything it entailed. Irrelevant endless theoretical material was thrust upon the students for their upcoming exams, he was behind on almost all his assignments. This was not what he’d signed up for. He did not want to learn either the history or the science of painting, he did not want to learn the known master’s techniques or the categories of artwork.

All he wanted to do was to paint!

He’d been moping about, listless and dejected, laying on the sofa, for the tenth straight day in a row. Sherlock had come home late that night. He scanned Victor with that piercing X-ray look that he had, the one that most found frightening, but Victor had always found comforting. He hadn’t said a word, just went for a shower.

When he came out, still silent, he picked up his violin.

And began to play.

His eyes closed, his violin lovingly tucked under his chin, as his long fingers began to create magic unlike anything Victor had heard before. He started with light happy tunes that then merged seamlessly into pieces that were searing in their sensuality and passion and moved on to numbers so technically difficult that he shook with effort.

Some of the pieces Victor recognised. Most were new to him.

Victor sat stunned for a while, as he stared at the vision with wide eyes. The closed walls and windows of the small apartment seemed to reverberate with Sherlock’s music, an unlikely venue for an impromptu performance of the kind Victor was sure barely anyone was graced with. He tried to absorb the sheer beauty, the mastery, the passion. He sat painfully aroused, every fibre in his being yearning to fall at Sherlock’s feet.

But Sherlock was lost, had become one with the transcendental music inside of him.

After a while, Victor stood up, shaking with the need to do something. He found himself holding
his brush.

He stood in front of his easel, his eyes closed as the music transformed into art in his mind’s eye. Balancing himself on the balls of his feet, he surrendered himself to that creative core of him, unsurprised to see it take on Sherlock’s form. He allowed that morphosis……

Who else, but Him….only Him……

He set his brush to the canvas.

And began to paint.

They stood there; one maestro on his musical instrument, the other a fledgling talent expressing himself on his blank canvas. His brush moved to the rhythm of Sherlock’s tunes. The faster he played, the faster the brush moved. As the music got introspective, Victor stood back and the brush moved almost meditatively.

It went on for a long time. Different moods, different creations. Both were utterly lost to their own expression of beauty, moving at once towards their core while paradoxically bursting outwards with indescribable joy.

When Sherlock’s fingers were too cramped to move any longer and he stood sweating profusely, shivering with the effort, obviously aroused and just emerging from a trance, he had stood there and stared. Stared at Victor’s creation.

Victor’s eyes were trained on Sherlock, looking desperately for something.

Sherlock had smiled, a radiant spontaneous benediction.

“Well done,” he said softly.

And Victor had bowed his head. In gratitude, in subjugation.

Sherlock neared and raised Victor’s chin with his fingers, his eyes a crystalline blue, “Do you see? You have it in you.”

Victor’s eyes were wet, his expression imploring, begging. His legs trembled with the superhuman effort to lock his buckling knees into place, the urge to fall at Sherlock’s feet in Submission, the need to prostrate was overpowering. He was held in place by Sherlock’s iron unyielding grip on his chin, the only thing keeping him upright.

Sherlock shook his head, “No. Not yet. When I think you’re ready. For now, paint.”

He bent forward and placed the gentlest of kisses on Victor’s temple.

He’d left him standing there, dazed and yearning, walked into the bedroom and closed the door.

***************

With a start, Victor came back to the present.

Oh, Sherlock……I miss you so much…..
He knew that his Dom had not forgotten him. That his Dom believed him to be strong enough to weather this period of silence. Some part of him couldn’t stop waiting though, waiting for his Dom to turn his attentions to him once again, grace him with his presence.

He sighed.

*It’s been so long…..how much longer, Sherlock?*
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

And....we're back to plot!

Enjoy :)

-----------------------------------------

Another day, another exhibition…..

Victor leaned against one of the large, diamond-shaped pillars that rose up to meet the high ceiling of the large exhibition hall of the art gallery, as he stood and observed the teeming mass of people moving about.

It was an annual exhibition that featured a select group of prominent painters and their latest efforts, much awaited by the art connoisseurs, gallery owners, art students and the general populace.

He watched as affluent, well dressed people walked around looking at each painting, talking amongst themselves about the value, the price, the advisability of purchase. Younger art students walked in groups or singly with their satchels, carefully noting the finer details of the techniques, the colour combinations and such. Many who just loved and understood the art had come to have a nice day out looking at the contemporary styles, the trends.

The painters as well as their agents mingled with the crowds; the former to answer questions, discuss their paintings, the latter to scout potential buyers and proceed towards satisfactory sales.

Victor reflected about the time earlier on in his career, when he too had done the same. Eager to talk about paintings, to have the validation from both the buyers and the fans of his artwork; he too would enthusiastically meet and greet as he tried to form a good network, tried to be professional about everything.

And then, one day, Sherlock had accompanied him to an opening show.

Eager to show his progress to his Dom, he’d put on his most professional demeanour and moved about talking to people, while Sherlock had stood at one corner of the gallery and observed.

Victor had been in his element that day, welcoming the handshakes, the encouraging little touches on his hand, the camaraderie of shared passions, returning the interest shown by talking about the paintings with knowledge and enthusiasm.

Until he caught Sherlock’s narrowed gaze which was trained on him. Sherlock’s expression was
indulgent, but what stopped Victor in his stride was the slight shade of disappointment that laced the corner of his eyes.

Even at that young age, Sherlock looked arresting.

Dressed in a white shirt that was just a shade too tight and stretched over his chest, black bespoke trousers, his arms behind his back, he surveyed his surroundings, his demeanour forbidding and aloof enough to discourage even the most garrulous of people from approaching him.

Victor made excuses and walked away from the group he was talking to. If his Dom was unhappy, nothing else mattered. Not money, not fame, not success, not his art. Only Sherlock….always Sherlock.

He was with Sherlock in a few moments, his expression anxious.

“Something is not right. You are not happy with me,” he said, his tone was subdued, respectful.

Sherlock’s voice was warm, “On the contrary, I am very pleased with your success, Victor.”

Victor shook his head, “No. Please, Sherlock…..tell me. Please.”

Sherlock was quiet for a while, looking at the bowed head as he measured his words. Finally, he said, “Look at me.”

Victor looked up to meet the kind eyes of his Dom.

Sherlock nodded at the crowd of people moving about, looking at Victor’s paintings.

“You see all these people who are fawning over you and your paintings, Victor. They will depart when what they get what they want. Success and fame come and go. It is valid to enjoy it while it lasts, but with the knowledge that it is temporary. If you seek your validation from them, you will set yourself up for disappointment.”

Victor looked at Sherlock with unblinking eyes, absorbing every word. Sherlock continued.

“You have a gift. Your paintings are not just beautiful. They have meaning, they are spiritual, mystical at heart. See how they gape at them….most are unable to decipher the meaning. The few who have the vision, can see. But Victor, I want you to paint only because you cannot help but paint. Because it comes from inside of you. Not for money, not for these people. Don’t seek validation from outside, only inside of you.”

Victor had examined Sherlock’s words long after they were said. And taken the lesson to heart.

Now he stood in a corner, quiet and unassuming as he watched with wry amusement.

People would walk up to his paintings. Stare for a while. Walk on ahead. Then circle around and amble back to them. Stare some more as though mesmerized, tilting their heads, frowning. As though something was speaking to them, but they could not quite put their finger on what it was…..

He cared not about the money he was undoubtedly making, nor about making himself known.

Suddenly, he could not wait to get out of there. He needed some fresh air. He needed to think about Sherlock. How did all these people matter?

He caught the eye of Mark, his agent and inclined his head slightly.
A few moments later, Mark walked up to him, a suppressed glee on his face. His voice was hushed, “We’ve sold ALL of them, Victor! And I have three clients who want to commission you for some more. I told them I’d talk to you. And how you like to paint what takes your fancy, that they cannot dictate a particular theme….” He gripped Victor’s arm in his excitement. “I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but by God if you keep painting these kind of fantastic paintings at this pace…. You’ll outstrip every single painter in the country. Fuck, in all of Europe. Both in fame and money.”

Victor cut him off with a wave of his hand, his smile warm.

“I’ll leave all this to you, Mark. Do whatever you think is best. I need to go.”

-----------------------------------------------

Victor leaned back on the chair in the alfresco area of the riverside café, his coffee cup in hand, as he stared out at the river. It was a dreary cloudy day, the chill in the air ensuring that not many people were roaming around by the riverside.

He sighed. God, he missed Sherlock…..

His stream of consciousness moved back in time, as he sipped absently. He remembered those early days with Sherlock, the first six months of living at close quarters with the most beautiful, powerful Dominant he’d ever seen.

His face crinkled into a self-deprecating smile as he remembered the many attempts he’d made to get Sherlock to accept him as his Submissive. Asking for it, begging for it….Once, he’d even waited naked and on his knees in the apartment and offered a new riding crop with his head lowered, as Sherlock had walked into the door. Sherlock, as always, had turned him down. Kindly, but firmly.

Until that one fateful day……

-----------------------------------------------

“Get your kit off and your arse in here, Victor. We could use some fresh meat!” the hoarse voice of a senior greeted him, as Victor walked into the door. I know him…what the fuck is his name… Victor gave a little smile in return as his eyes scanned the familiar tableau of loud music, empty beer cans, loud chatter, young couples dancing and making out, muted lighting, suggestive loud comments made in drunken revelry…

It was the end of the academic year celebrations.

Earlier, he’d met some of his old friends who’d talked him into coming to the party. “Aw, you’ve been off the radar for fucking six months, you fucking wanker. We’ve missed you during scenes. You haven’t even met some of the new Alphas….Christ, you should meet Nathan….fucks like a bull, he does……”
It had been six months.

He’d tried to immerse himself into classes and lectures, painting in his free time. Home was the tiny apartment he shared with Sherlock. Home was safety, it was Sherlock, his safe haven where he was accepted without condemnation, without judgement. Sherlock, who had turned him down again and again and fuck it all…. again and again…..

The youthful submissive hormones yearned for an outlet. And after close to six months of celibacy, he found it easy enough to agree, to fall back into the old patterns and habits.

He felt a demanding hand on his arse.

“Well, well….where have you come from?” A tall young man smirked at him suggestively as he licked his lips. He waved vaguely to the rooms leading to the back of the house. “The real action is in there….come on, I’ll show you.”

And so Victor had followed him, leaving behind the party to enter into yet another familiar scene.

Naked bodies of both sexes, writhing and moaning on the floor, the sofa, the bed, against the walls. Hoots of laughter as the alpha boys rammed their cocks into willing pussies and arseholes or down eager throats. Occasional sounds of spanking and slapping. Grunts and protests. Squelching sounds of lube and come.

Victor was already a bit drunk as he and his friends had come straight from the pub, desperate for some action. In no time at all, he was stripped naked and had a dick up his arse, while sucking off another boy even as two more stood by, masturbating as they waited their turn.

He broke off from time to time to down a few more drinks, intoxicated empty eyes staring at the frenetic activities around him. And so it went, the faces and bodies interchangeable, as the night continued.

Till he passed out on one of the tattered sofas, a couple of hours later. And succumbed to an exhausted, inebriated sleep.

Only to be woken up by a firm, unyielding grip pulling him up by his hair.

“What the fucking…..” his voice broke off, his eyes widened as he stared up. Sherlock looked down at him, his face thunderous, his voice a tight command.

“Get up. Get dressed. We’re going home right now.”

Victor’s hands trembled as he dressed, watching from the corner of his eyes as the fury on Sherlock’s face magnified as the keen eyes looked around, taking in the aftermath of the night’s activities in the room.

The walk home was tense, a pregnant spurious calm before the metaphorical storm.

The moment they were in the apartment, Sherlock shoved him into a chair. The act of restrained violence from a man who was always so controlled, froze Victor as he stumbled. He watched wide eyed as Sherlock stood in front of him, shaking with rage. But it was the undercurrent of disappointment and sorrow in those beautiful blue-grey eyes that hit Victor with the force of a sledge-hammer, gutted him completely.

He looked up mutely, as though awaiting judgement, filled with dread. Why did I do it? I would give anything to undo this…please…forgive…
They looked at each other in silence for a few moments.

Sherlock’s nostrils flared as he finally hissed, his hands outstretched in a gesture of futile anger, “How….after everything. Why?”

Victor felt tongue-tied as he hung his head down.

Sherlock fisted his hand around Victor’s hair and pulled it up roughly. His tone was fierce, “No. You LOOK at me.”

He bent down to peer into Victor’s eyes.

“LISTEN carefully. From now on if you want pain, you come to ME. You want to be used, you come to ME. Your orifices need filling, you come to ME. IS. THAT. UNDERSTOOD?” his voice rose into a boom that resounded in the quiet room, piercing its way into Victors body, thrumming inside every cell of him till he shook with reaction.

Sherlock dropped down on one knee as he let go of Victor’s hair.

“Tell me. You have to say it. Do you agree?”

Victor stared into his eyes, every fibre of his being as though coming alive for the first time, a long abandoned hope finally at the cusp of fulfilment.

“Yes. Please, Sherlock….yes,” he whispered, struggling to get the words out fast for fear that the offer may be retracted, while feeling too overwhelmed to say much more.

Sherlock’s eyes flicked all over his face for a few seconds and then he gave a small satisfied nod.

“Very well.”

He stood up.

“I want you naked. All the way. And then go down on your knees, arse on heels.” It was the order of a Dom, the deep voice uncompromising, stern.

Something gave way and loosened inside of Victor at that voice, as though he’d been holding his breath for years and finally, finally, finally been allowed to breathe. He couldn’t get out of his clothes and on his knees fast enough.

Sherlock stood back and watched, eyes flashing with fury, the Dom ready and eager to unleash himself, barely managing to restrain himself from tearing into the naked man in front of him.

The sound of the unfastening of the belt buckle was loud. Victor looked up and watched as Sherlock slowly pulled off his leather belt and stood in front of him.

The silence was deafening.

Victor’s eyes moved like a pendulum from the impressive bulge between Sherlock’s legs and the slim fair fingers that were lightly curled around the belt buckle. His heart was galloping, slamming against his chest wall, his mouth felt parched, his hard-on actually hurt as it twitched between his legs. The Submissive core of him whimpered at the sight of the gently swaying belt as it hung down, both a threat and a promise.

Oh God…yes, YES….please, please, please……
In a gesture of complete subjugation, he slowly went down on all fours and parted his legs, arching his back so that his arse was pulled up and presented, in complete acceptance of whatever Sherlock wished to do with him.

Sherlock’s eyes darkened as he looked down at the naked body. The Dom was almost frenzied in the need to reign down in anger, to dominate. He silently circled the offering, taking note as he went around; the patches of redness on the back and sides where someone had bit Victor, spanked him while using him, the fine tremor in the thighs like a newborn colt, the racing pulse, the mildly gaping arsehole, lube flakes still hanging off, stuck to the fine hair around it. His nostrils flared again.

*Oh no, you don’t….MINE…*

Coming to stand once again in front of the prostrate form, he waited. Victor looked up, his hypnotised eyes watching Sherlock’s hands. In slow studied movements Sherlock pulled up the belt and doubled it in his hands, snapping the loop as though testing for flexibility, face inscrutable. Victor licked his lips nervously.

He went and stood behind Victor again.

Victor strained his ears to hear something, *anything*. His breathing was a chaotic mess, his heart was going off like a jackhammer trying to jump out of his chest, his legs shivering so hard in anticipation that even perched on his elbows, he was struggling to maintain his balance.

Without warning, Sherlock’s arm swung and the belt came down with full force across both his cheeks. A cry of pain, of jubilation escaped Victor’s throat, his legs coming off the floor in reaction. The next minute he felt a warm broad palm cup his arse gently.

“Steady,” Sherlock’s baritone rumbled. “Stay still.”

Victor slowly sank back down and waited. *Oh God…don’t stop…more…more…your hands, my body….*

As though in answer to his silent prayer, Sherlock’s hand came down again and again, strapping his arse with powerful strikes. With each strike, Victor’s body jerked, loud moans competing with the sound of harsh leather on soft skin. His cock bobbed and jerked, his arousal at its absolute limit. He wanted to wrap himself around Sherlock’s feet and thank him. *Yes, yes….give me more….from your hands, only you…only you, Sherlock……*

When the strapping stopped, Victor heard Sherlock throw the belt down. And then a zip being pulled down, the rustle of clothes as Sherlock undressed and pushed them aside.

Sherlock came and stood in front of Victor, pulling him up to a kneeling position.

Victor stared and stared at the beautiful full length of Sherlock’s desire, his mouth flooding with need.

“I’m going to have you now.” Sherlock’s voice was gruff. “Open.”

Victor struggled as he tried to take the long, thick cock in deep, almost crazed in his need to serve. Sherlock held his head with one hand, feeding his cock into Victor’s mouth with the other hand. The sigh of pleasure from Sherlock was visceral as he bottomed out, his precome leaking directly down Victor’s throat. Victor’s hands came up helplessly to hold on to Sherlock’s thighs, stopped short by the firm order.
“Hands on the ground. Eyes on me.”

He looked up to meet eyes dark with arousal and anger, as Sherlock withdrew slightly and slammed back in. Sherlock’s eyes pinned Victor in place as he started fucking his face, his movements merciless, brutal.

Sherlock’s hiss came out through gritted teeth as he fucked, “You want it rough? I’ll make it so rough that you will beg me for mercy. But you will NOT pander to the lusts of that pack of animals you call your friends. IS. THAT. UNDERSTOOD?”

With each of those last three words he thrust in deep, his fist tightening around Victor’s hair and twisting it so hard that tears streamed out of Victor’s eyes. Victor managed a small nod, Sherlock’s cock impaled deep inside his throat, sound and swallowing both impossible.

Satisfied, Sherlock abruptly let go and pulled himself off. His eyes narrowed as they scanned Victor’s face and body, assessing him.

Muttering about condoms, he left Victor briefly as he went into the bedroom. When he came back, he put the condom on with a snap and slicked himself, his eyes locked into Victor’s.

“Down,” he said as he pushed on Victor’s shoulders. He left Victor on all fours, as he took the few strides needed to reach Victor’s painting corner. He pulled off the dusty bed sheet that covered the stack of about half a dozen paintings that lay propped against the wall. He pulled one out and carried it back to where Victor was waiting on his hands and knees. He propped it against the sofa, so that the painting was just a couple of feet from Victor’s face.

Victor waited, staring blankly at the painting he’d been working on just a few days ago, unfinished and unnamed. To his utter surprise, he felt Sherlock’s warm body drape him from the backs of his legs to his shoulders, like a warm blanket. Gentle fingers brushed back his hair, soft lips kissed his temple.

“I am going to fuck you now. And I want you to look at your creation while I do it,” the voice was husky, incongruent in it’s urgency when compared to the tenderness of Sherlock’s touches.

Without waiting for a response, Sherlock straightened up, pried open Victor’s buttocks and thrust in with one savage thrust. Victor’s hips lifted off the ground again as he tried to accommodate the sudden intrusion of that large cock, panting. Jesus, fuck…he’s big….. Sherlock’s fingers dug into his hips as he withdrew and slammed in again.

He set up a powerful, relentless rhythm, the sound of his groin slapping against Victor’s arse echoing in the room. Victor braced himself against the floor, trying to absorb the impact of the feral thrusts, his body jerking, ripples moving up and down his flesh as Sherlock moved.

He had just enough awareness to obey Sherlock’s orders; no matter the ferocity of each plunge, he kept his eyes on his painting. Sherlock growled with approval.

His hand coming up to grip Victor’s hair again, holding it so that even as his body wobbled with each thrust, his head was held steady. The rhythm changed. The thrusts became slower, longer ones as Sherlock draped himself over Victor and whispered in his ears.

“Look at what you are capable of, Victor. Do you SEE?” He withdrew his cock fully before slowly sinking in again. The cadence of his voice changed to match the changed rhythm, hypnotic, mesmerizing.

“Do you know what I see when I watch you paint, when I look at your paintings?” Soft lips pressed
tender kisses on Victor’s temple. “I see a spirit that is beautiful, perfect in every way. I see art that expresses life, that comes from the soul. Listen carefully. For art of this calibre, the art and the artist cannot possibly be separate. The painting is you. The beauty that is in you.”

Tears gathered in Victor’s eyes as he stared ahead, trying to see what Sherlock saw, his parched soul soaking in every word of praise and validation from the man whose opinion he valued above all else.

Sherlock’s fingers gentled as they stroked Victor’s hair back, his cock wedged deep, his hips moving only slightly.

“But you have to let that artist breathe. Let him be free. Not beholden to the world, nor to the submerged desires coursing through your veins. You have been seeing some twisted flawed version of yourself that has chosen to believe that you deserve humiliation, pain, loathing. The truth is the opposite, my love. Can you see? See what I see, Victor. Let go of this pathetic false image you have of yourself. See what you’re capable of. Do you see the spirit of the man who painted that? That man is worthy of being my Submissive. Will you give him to me? I need for him to spread his wings and soar.”

His lips were gentle as they suckled on Victor’s neck, giving him a few moments, his hips rocking very gently.

Finally, he murmured, “Whatever you need, when you need it…I will provide. More pain than you can bear, humiliation, rough brutal sex, validation, my friendship, my love and commitment….I will provide for it all. In return give me the gift of yourself. Belong to me….let me be your Master.” He buried his face in Victor’s neck, “Just…for God’s sake, don’t do this thing with your friends anymore.”

Tears fell from Victor’s eyes, his being focused on Sherlock’s words, his gentle touches. As though everything inside him was being shaken and rearranged. A scrambled jig-saw puzzle with disparate pieces falling into place to reveal the sublime. A broken kaleidoscope settling into a breath-taking image of himself. He shook, eyes swimming in tears. No longer needing the outer eyes, now that he saw the vision that Sherlock had seen and made him see.

“Think about it and let me know. Then I can accept you as my Submissive.” Sherlock’s words were whispered softly. “For now, let’s finish this.”

He straightened up again and his thrusts picked up pace. Soon he was pounding in, hitting Victor’s prostate with every plunge, determined to fuck his orgasm out of him. Victor moaned loudly, pitiful little mewls of pain, of desire as he tried to absorb the force of Sherlock’s thrusts within himself, taking in that engorged steely length that stretched his sore anus up to its limits.

“Fuck….yes…getting close, Victor,” Sherlock panted as his hips bunched and flexed, pummelling the tight hot passage savagely.

“Sherlock….Sherlock…..”Victor moaned as everything inside of him coalesced into a massive pressure point inside his balls, and built and built and built until finally…..he exploded and spurted all over the floor, his dick still untouched.

Sherlock rammed in deep, holding his hips still as he let go, his release pulsing out of him and inside the condom.

Both the young men stayed still, locked in position as they panted.
Victor was weak as a rag doll that had just been mauled, his body gave way as he slumped towards the floor. Sherlock pulled out and discarded the condom.

Gently he led Victor to the bathroom. Started a warm shower and got in with him. There was only tenderness in his touches as he washed Victor thoroughly in quick economical movements. He led Victor to his bed, lay him down gently. He fetched water, some cream, some painkillers. He raised the limp head as he helped Victor take the painkillers, cajoled him into drinking more water. He lay him on his stomach, his fingers light, nimble as they applied the cream.

He gathered Victor in his arms.

“You’ve been through a lot in just a few hours.” Long fingers stroked Victor’s scalp in soothing circles. “Sleep for now. We’ll talk later.”

Drained and exhausted, Victor slept in his arms.

**********

It was hours later, when Victor finally woke up from a dreamless, refreshed sleep. Though his body hurt with every movement, his mind felt light as a feather, free. He felt a bit like a wandering lost traveller who has found the way home and couldn’t run fast enough. There was no more burden to carry, everything was simple now.

He walked into the living room.

Sherlock lay in his pajama bottoms, stretched out on the sofa. One arm lay outstretched, a half finished cigarette dripped ash on an ashtray from the hand hanging off the sofa. His eyes flicked up to see Victor standing quietly. They flicked once from the top of the head to Victor’s toes. Apparently satisfied with whatever he’d deduced, they moved back to contemplating the ceiling. The hand came up again lazily, as he took another deep puff, pink full lips pursed around the cigarette as he sucked in.

Victor came and sank to his knees near Sherlock’s feet, his fingers curling around the naked ankle. His head was bowed in Submission as he said, voice hushed as though he were praying, “Yours. Yours, Sherlock. Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command.”

Sherlock was silent as he watched the bowed head, the warm clasp of the long artist’s fingers around his ankle. He dropped his cigarette in the ashtray below.

“Come here,” he murmured softly.

He pulled Victor over himself, gathering him close in his arms. His hand was gentle as he cradled Victor’s head close, his voice husky. “Mine….You are MINE.”

Victor gave out a choked sob at his words. Burying his face in Sherlock’s chest he wept, as though a dam had burst inside him. His shoulders shook as he cried, as he let out the grief of years of rejection, at a family that had disowned him, at derision directed at him, accumulated shame from being repeatedly passed on around like a whore, as though he were nothing but two holes, years of self-doubt and self-pity, years of emotional scarring --- as though everything were slowly healing under Sherlock’s touch. A part of him felt paradoxically felt thankful for it all, to have earned a place in the arms of this totally improbable perfect man.
Sherlock’s arms tightened around him as he let him cry, let him heal.

“Shh….it’s alright now. Everything is alright now….“

“I’m sorry, Sherlock. Sorry for last night.”

Sherlock shook his head. “Don’t ever belittle yourself like that again. From now on, remember when you belittle yourself, you disparage your Dom.”

“It will never happen again,” Victor promised.

“I know,” Sherlock smiled as he brought his lips down for the first time to meet the eager lips of his Sub.

--------------------------------------------------

Victor came out of his reverie, his coffee cold, his body shivering delicately in the brisk air and in reaction.

He quickly paid his bill and left, walking by the riverside for a while. Finding a nice spot, he sat down on the ground, his knees bent in front of him, his arms folded across them. He sighed again.

*It has been so long. I haven’t felt your touch since before I left for Europe, before John’s accident. Months, it has been months, Master…..I don’t know if I am strong enough anymore…..Please, Sherlock…..*

In the two years he’d lived with Sherlock after that day, he’d grown, blossomed. Shackles off, he’d soared like a free spirit, only Sherlock’s firm hand guiding him, moulding him. He had dropped out of college and taken to painting full time.

In the quiet evenings at home or when they went on long walks, Sherlock would talk to him, about his philosophical musings, about life, about sentiment, about the world. Victor absorbed everything like a sponge.

There were many exuberant hours spent painting while Sherlock would work on his laptop or play his music, or just sit back and watch Victor.

As for sex......Sherlock took him again and again, beyond reason, beyond sanity….and Victor was desperate to serve, desperate to please. His aura in the presence of Victor’s complete Submission was so Dominant, that he could bring Victor off within seconds, just on his command. On his knees, at Sherlock’s feet the most fulfilling place in the world….

Victor’s eyes closed against the brisk breeze as he *yearned*…..

He wanted…..no, no, it was *NEED* now. He felt hungry like a starved being, hungry for his hands, his mouth, his attentions.

He *needed* to feel that mouth on him again, those hands gripping him hard enough to leave bruises, gripping in any which way that he desired. *God, Sherlock…..* He needed to see that look that Sherlock had as he got hard, the look which said, *I’m going to fuck you now, no asking, no coaxing….just, I’m going to fuck you and you’re going to take it, because I own you…..*He *craved
for Sherlock’s touch rough and brutal, gentle and teasing. He needed to gag on Sherlock’s cock, wanted to feel that length inside his throat, those rough hands holding his head as he rammed in, that commanding voice…*Swallow….. good boy….* He wanted his arse filled, pummelled …. he wanted to hear that triumphant growl as Sherlock emptied himself inside his bowels, that hot fire that he poured out inside of him. He needed his Master to whip him, to writhe to the tune of his riding crop. Only Sherlock could make a flogging meditative…. *You’re taking it so well, Victor. Take it….that’s right….he needed to feel the soreness for days, welcoming the tangible evidence of his Master’s attentions.*

He wanted, craved those gentle hands that held him as he lay shivering in the aftermath. He needed to listen to that voice that was filled with kindness and wisdom, he needed to feel those fingers stroking his hair as he knelt in front of him, with love, in benediction……

His eyes moistened, as he desperately tried to swallow the lump in his throat. *Sherlock…..*

He sat there, shivering in the cold, feeling bereft and lost. Needing his Dom……

*Please, Sherlock…..I need you…..*

Several metres away, Sherlock stood and watched grimly….the lone, hunched over figure, the dejection and need on the face of his Sub.

*It is time.*

He threw the butt of his cigarette to the ground and crushed it decisively.

Pulling out his mobile, he frowned as he considered. Finally he typed.

*Come to Baker’s Street at 9 pm. Do not mention that I’ve summoned you—SH*

He looked at Victor’s forlorn expression one last time, before turning and walking away. He pressed ‘*Send*’ only when he was well out of the vicinity.

John leaned back on his chair as he started his laptop. His hand strayed to the coffee table to have another sip of his tea. The TV volume was muted as the news played in the background.

*It’s almost nine. Sherlock should have been back by now. I’ll have to reheat the pasta….hope he eats today. He’s been so fussy and pre-occupied the past few days…..*

He opened his web browser, keen to look up some information about an unusual case.

The knock on the open front door surprised him. He looked up.

Victor stood at the door, a small smile on his face.
John’s face widened in a spontaneous grin, “Victor!”

He stood up and walked to the door, ushering Victor in, “Come on in. Gosh, what a surprise!”

Victor walked in, his eyes moving around as he looked for Sherlock.

“This is fantastic! It has been a long time,” John muttered as he took Victor’s coat. “All my fault. I’ve not been in touch. Fuck…how long has it been?”

His eyes narrowed as they took in Victor’s subdued demeanour.

“Sherlock has been out for a while now. Hopefully he should be home shortly. I was just having some tea. Would you like some?”

At Victor’s short nod, he moved towards the kitchen. “Take a seat. Make yourself at home.”

As he made the tea, he observed Victor out of the corner of his eye. He stood by Sherlock’s chair, staring out of the window, one hand absently stroking the leather. He looked…distracted. As though he were in the throes of some emotion known only to himself.

As he waited for the kettle to boil, John texted Sherlock, letting him know of Victor’s arrival. His frown deepened in worry. What’s so wrong, Victor? You look…empty. What’s the matter?

He prepared the tea in silence, mulling over how to keep Victor occupied.

He came out with two cups.

“Here.” He sat down on his chair and motioned for Victor to sit on Sherlock’s.

Victor shook his head, “No, I couldn’t. That’s his chair.” He carried the cup to the sofa.

“How are you, John? Have you worked things out with Sherlock? You never told me.” His voice held no censure, just a mild curiosity.

John flushed, “Sorry….I meant to. I should have. Things are fantastic….yeah. It was just as you said…..” His voice softened, “I let go, Victor and he caught me. Safe hands, you’d called them once. I never understood. Thank you for, you know…..everything.” He waved a vague hand.

“That’s good, I’m glad everything worked out. I did tell you that they would. He is a magnificent Dom.” Victor’s expression was sincere, without guile. “Forgive me, John. I do not mean to intrude on your life with him. I just….. just need to be in his presence for a little while. It has been months….”

John blinked, “Don’t say that. Please, God…..if it weren’t for you I wouldn’t even be here. Fuck, Victor.” He shook his head. He tried to sound reassuring in the face of such desperate need, “He’ll be here shortly. I’ve texted him.”

They sat sipping their tea in silence. John felt increasingly worried as he watched Victor. Dark circles under the eyes, some weight loss, tired, lost.

It was with relief that he welcomed Sherlock’s trademark thundering steps as he ran up the seventeen stairs. Sherlock stopped short as he entered the living room, keen eyes on Victor. Victor stood up, staring at Sherlock with bulging eyes, as though his eyes had forgotten how to blink.

Sherlock took off his coat, his scarf, his shoes, his socks—every movement deliberate. His face was an impassive mask. When he was done, he walked up to his chair and sat down, legs crossed,
hands on the armrest, expression mild, inscrutable as he looked at Victor.

In the hushed silence for those few moments, broken only by Sherlock’s motions, it seemed to John that he did not exist. As though, Sherlock and Victor had entered into their own world, the lines of its perimeter firmly drawn to include just the two of them.

Finally Sherlock spoke, a one word command, “Kneel.”

Like a marionette whose strings had all been slashed at once, Victor sank to his knees in front of Sherlock, on his face a look of such deep love and yearning, that John almost gasped.

Then followed several moments of absolute silence, the only sounds were the crackling of wood as it burnt in the fireplace. John had the surreal feeling like he was in the inner sanctum of a place of worship, looking on at a private moment between a devotee and the object of his reverence. A solemn, dignified and unbelievably beautiful moment.

He was aware that perhaps he should leave, etiquette demanded that they have their privacy. But he was also aware that he was in the presence of two men who scoffed at etiquette, who were completely unaware and uncaring about his presence. Besides, he had this strange feeling that he was not unwanted. That the two men had completely walled themselves off from him, unaware of his presence or absence. As though he were a witness and it was okay to watch if he wanted to. And God, fuck he wanted to…..

John sank down on his chair, observing, mesmerized.

Sherlock’s shields were all up, something John had come to realise only happened when he was controlling some powerful emotion with the force of his indomitable will. His alert eyes flicked all over Victor’s face, and down his body. *Fuck if I know what he is deducing…..*

Victor meanwhile wordlessly stared. *God, he’s looking at Sherlock as though he were his entire universe…..Have I ever looked at Sherlock like that? As though the answers to all the mysteries of life were in those beautiful eyes…..*

The air felt like it were dried kindling that could start crackling with the tension in the room, only a small spark needed to set it off.

Sherlock’s voice when he spoke was soft, loving, “Have you been painting?”

Victor stared silently for some time, as though his brain was having difficulty computing the sound vibrations into meaningful speech, as though it was taking him time to think, so immersed was he in just being in the presence of his Dom. Something low and deep inside him uncoiled, responded to the gentle tone, the tenderness that only he could see on his Dom’s face. Sherlock’s masks somehow never mystified him.

His tone was soft, halting as he finally spoke, eyes wet with emotion.

“Yes….. Till it felt like my fingers would bleed. At first I could not. Then I realised I don’t need your physical presence to express what I feel. That, which is otherwise inexpressible….. You are everything, Sherlock, everywhere I look….. you are beauty, you are joy, you are peace……you are the vibrant earth in its myriad forms, you are the seasons, you are the brilliance of the Sun, you are the rhythm of the rain that drenches the parched earth, you are the song that the birds sing…… You are life, you are love, you are pain, you are solace…..You are need, you are craving, you are the fulfilment of that need, the end of all sorrow…… you are my Master, you are my home….. Every time I thought of you I couldn’t grab a brush fast enough. You may not allow me to paint
you, Sherlock, but as it turns out I’ve been painting you from the very beginning.”

Victor fell quiet, as though there was nothing else to say.

There was a hushed silence.

John had stopped breathing as he listened, something deep stirring in his soul. As though the words were vibrating inside him. He remembered Victor’s words from a long time ago… *Love is not a potent enough word for what I feel for him, John…..Of course….this is the way…. It HAS to be this way…. Why didn’t I see that?*

Sherlock stayed quiet, face expressionless. His eyes betrayed his emotions though, even his mighty will unable to keep the love that was shining in them, hidden from Victor.

*I’ve missed you. I love you too. Don’t you SEE it has to be this way?*

He said aloud, a quiet order. “Well done. Go home, keep painting.”

Three things happened in rapid succession. So rapid in fact, that an impartial observer would probably declare that they were simultaneous.

Victor bowed his head in quiet acceptance of his Dom’s decision and started to get to his feet.

“No!” The spontaneous anguished cry rang out loudly from John’s throat.

And---Sherlock closed his eyes and sighed and hung his head down ---in triumph, in approval.

*Well done, John. Well done…. *
Chapter Notes

Real life is about to get horrendously busy in two weeks time. I hope to complete this story before then…. But as they say-- man plans and God laughs. So please bear with me if the last two or three posts are erratic in their timing.

Enjoy :) 

--------------------------------------------------

Sherlock stayed quiet, face expressionless. His eyes betrayed his emotions though, even his mighty will unable to keep the love that was shining in them, hidden from Victor.

*I’ve missed you. I love you too. Don’t you SEE it has to be this way?*

He said aloud, a quiet order. “Well done. Go home, keep painting.”

Three things happened in rapid succession. So rapid in fact, that an impartial observer would probably declare that they were simultaneous.

Victor bowed his head in quiet acceptance of his Dom’s decision and started to get to his feet.

“NO!” The spontaneous anguished cry rang out loudly from John’s throat.

And---Sherlock closed his eyes and sighed and hung his head down ---in triumph, in approval.

*Well done, John. Well done*…

*****

Sherlock stayed that way, quiet, with his eyes closed and head bowed.

John stood up from his chair, NONONO….Don’t send him away, he NEEDS you, Sherlock.... I cannot believe you’d send a Sub who needs you away…..

He neared Victor who was staring back at him. The normally alert eyes were uncomprehending as though trying to process what was happening. Very gently, John pulled Victor up. His expression was a worried frown as he said softly, “Victor, sorry but….would it be okay if I ask you to wait in the bedroom? I need to talk to Sherlock alone. Please?”

Victor blinked and took a deep breath. He glanced at Sherlock, who continued to ignore the two of them. He gave a little nod and followed John to the bedroom. John waved vaguely at the easy chair that Sherlock had placed between the large cabinet and the window.
He gave a small reassuring smile, “I won’t be long, Victor. Just need to….discuss a few things with him.”

Victor nodded wordlessly and leaned back on the chair.

John closed the bedroom door behind him and walked back into the living room.

Sherlock sat, still as a statue. His eyes were now open and intensely focussed as they tracked John’s movements as he moved closer, his face still expressionless.

John kept his eyes locked on Sherlock’s as he sank down on his knees. I need to talk to my Dom. I need to understand. So much is going on, unspoken, I hope I don’t get it wrong.

Sherlock’s eyes followed John’s descent as he went down on his knees. Make me proud, my love….. Tell me I did not misjudge……

John’s hands were on the ground, his eyes raised as he stared at Sherlock, as he gathered himself.

Both men were silent, both aware of the import and gravity of what they were about to discuss. All that was needed were the words to fill that which was already declared by the silence.

“Why, Sherlock? Why did you ask Victor to leave? You can see he needs you. He is practically vibrating with it. Fuck, even I can see it.”

Sherlock’s eyes were hazel under the lights, shining with suppressed intensity as he struggled to keep his expression mild. He stared back in silence.

John frowned as he pondered, “What am I saying? It is impossible that you of all people cannot see it…… then why? I mean, all these weeks and months, surely this has been escalating for some time. Why have you not gone to him? You could have gone to him any time you chose to. Given him what he needed. He needed his Dom. Why did you not go to him. Why?”

John’s eyes were darting all over Sherlock’s face, trying and failing to read his expression.

He continued to muse aloud, “You wanted him to come here…..yes, of course….Victor is totally submitted to you. He wouldn’t come here, unless you ordered him to. You asked him to come here…yes, that’s right….You asked him to come, didn’t you? Why did you want him to come here?”

Sherlock looked at John as he deduced aloud, wanting to give hints, clues. But he stayed silent, his chin tilted up, a challenge…… You know my methods, John. Apply them.

John stared at his Dom as slowly the shields seemed to be lowering, a hint of approval in Sherlock’s eyes, even though not a single facial muscle twitched. But that lurking approval was enough to spur him on. He wants me to figure it out. Come on, Watson. You can do this….. you may not know much, but you know Sherlock.

His tone turned contemplative, “He is so deep in his Submission, the look on his face, his words…. Aaahh……” his tone turned triumphant. “You wanted me to witness what such a deep submission looks like….Of course. The beauty, the glory of it. You wanted to show me that I need to go further…..”

His brow furrowed as his tone turned reflective again, as his monologue continued. “Was that it though? Or was there something else?” John’s eyes closed as he thought furiously, his mind racing to connect dots.
Sherlock always had his reasons, Sherlock’s mind did not work in a straight path, it was like an unimaginably convoluted tangle, but there was always method...one could not ever hope to untangle the intricate thought processes, but if one focused on the end result then it was possible to glimpse at the initial intentions. What else has this achieved?

Think, Watson.....Think....

“When you can kneel without the slightest suggestion of ego, the barest trace of self-preservation.....”

“YES.....” John’s cry was a spontaneous jubilation. “It was a test. You were testing me.” He opened his eyes, looking excitedly at Sherlock. “I’m right, yeah? You were testing me. My ego...yeah, that’s it….you were testing whether I had finally let go of my ego, that false sense of pride and self that had dragged me towards the downward spiral of insecurity and jealousy previously. You were testing if I had finally let go of it......”

His eager eyes looked at Sherlock for confirmation of his deductions.

Sherlock looked approving as he blinked. Well done, John. He looked down for a few moments, struggling to keep his barriers up. Steady, Sherlock. Cannot..... CANNOT influence his decision. It has to be HIS....

He turned his head to look away, to avert his eyes from John’s keen gaze.

John’s eyes narrowed as he stopped talking, for the first time sensing something coming off in waves from Sherlock. He took a mental step back and looked, really looked at his Dom.

Sherlock sat rigid, every muscle tense. His face was turned sideways, teeth worrying his lower lip, his jaw clenched. His hands were gripping the armrest so tightly, that his knuckles had turned white. There was a faint sheen of moisture in his eyes.

“Sherlock?” John’s voice was a hushed question.

Sherlock’s jaw moved as he clenched it further. With utmost gentleness John slowly pried one hand open, touching Sherlock’s hand with light touches. A tear rolled out of Sherlock’s eyes. His lips trembled.

“Hey....hey....Sherlock... Fuck, you’re hurting. This hurts you. ” John murmured as he saw the struggle to maintain impassivity, even as Sherlock’s face crumpled some more, his nostrils flaring. John sat up further, his palm warm as he cupped Sherlock’s face and turned it towards him.

“You are in agony, the sight of Victor in so much need,it is tearing into you....you need to Dom him, to give him what he needs from you. This has been hard for you, hasn’t it, love?” John’s voice was still a soft whisper. “You hate seeing Victor like this. You must have been watching him and slowly seeing him whither. And it has gutted you. But you still did it, For ME,” John murmured with wonder. “You could have stepped in anytime you liked, taken him at your leisure. But you need me to be okay with it.” He shook his head in wonder, “So much, Sherlock. You love me so much.” He bowed his head.

They sat still for a few moments.

After a while, Sherlock’s fingers came down to stroke John’s hair gently. John stayed still for a while, joyous at meeting the approval of his Dom, an approval that seemed to flow from the fingers directly to his soul. Victor’s words came to him....The pure joy you will feel when he praises you, when you have pleased him, it has to be experienced, John. And it never diminishes,
that surreal feeling…..

He looked up again, at those beautiful eyes brimming with tears, thankful for the lowering of Sherlock’s defences, grateful that he had understood. He reached up and with gentle fingers wiped Sherlock’s tears.

He shook his head, “I do see, Sherlock. The lessons you’ve taught me, the words you’ve said. I have thought about them. I told you, I will not let your efforts have been in vain. I meant that I would ponder upon every word and action. Learn and think. Absorb and reflect. I will make mistakes, but by God, I will try not to let you down. I love you, Sherlock. More than my own breath.”

Sherlock looked down at him, chewing his lower lip, eyes brimming with emotion, love as another tear fell. He continued to stay silent, unable to verbalise the depth of turmoil he had been through……. It HURTS, John…. I HATE it, having to stand by and watch…. He never asks for much, just my attention, just for a little while…. And yet, I NEEDED for you to understand, accept, SEE.....

John leaned forward, one hand entwined with Sherlock’s. “You do not need my permission. You have never needed it. And yet you gave me an opportunity to shine, to come through. Because you love me so much…..Taking care of Victor or any other Sub was something you had pledged you would do, even at the risk of losing me. What kind of Sub, what kind of friend would I be, if I became an obstacle towards that solemn oath? I am not the same selfish, insecure John…. I have grown, Sherlock…thanks to you.”

The tears kept rolling down Sherlock’s cheeks. He closed his eyes with satisfaction, a deep sigh escaping his quivering lips. Such a long way, my love. You’ve come such a long way….I couldn’t be more proud of you....

“He needs you. I know what it is to need you. I know how desperate, how all-encompassing such need is. Give him what he needs, Sherlock. Anything he needs and at any time you want to. To him and to any other Sub…..”

John marvelled as he heard his own words, words that came from somewhere deep inside of him, bypassing his mind...... Just how much self-confidence have you filled me with Sherlock? That I can say these words, without fear......that I can feel so sure of my place in your life.....You said to me once upon a long time ago, “John, you don’t need sex, you don’t need romance. You need to belong. To know that you are integral to something bigger. To know your place in life without doubts. To know that you’re home. You’re mine, John. And I am your home.”.... I get that now....

He let go of Sherlock’s hands and sat back slowly, arse on heels. His hands were on the floor, his eyes lowered submissively.

A few moments passed in silence, Sherlock’s brow furrowed at the submissive posture, at John’s hesitation. What are you going to ask for, John? What do you need from me, that you hesitate so?

John’s words came haltingly, “Just….can I ask….for something? Can I be present when you…..you know? Can I watch?”

Sherlock’s eyes widened.

John’s head was still down as he struggled to articulate. Even with the few minutes in your presence with Victor, I SAW so much. Please, let me......
“It’s just that…. I….Victor is so much more submitted than I am….can I observe?” He shook his head, “Not like a voyeur…not out of curiosity….but so that I can understand…..”

“NO…” Sherlock’s voice was a fierce whisper, his voice full of denial. He shook his head as he tried to explain. “You don’t know what you are asking for, John. It will…it may…” He stammered as he tried to find the right words. “It will be hard, my love.” He shook his head mutely.

John sensed that Sherlock’s words were uttered in disbelief, they were not the decision of a Dom. He continued doggedly, “I won’t find it hard. I want to see. I NEED to see.”

Sherlock’s voice changed cadence, became cajoling as he reasoned gently, “John, knowing about me being intimate with someone is one thing. Actually watching it….. you may find it hard to witness my love for someone else. Actually dominating someone else, have sex with someone else. Think about what you are asking for…..”

“I have. If you want to deny me, then it is your right as a Dom, Sherlock. But I do think I can watch. I won’t get in your way. And if it gets too much, I can always leave. I will have learned something even then. Please?” John pleaded.

Sherlock leaned forward as he pulled John towards him.

He changed tact. “What about Victor? John, it is intensely private, intimate what we do…. You wouldn’t want anyone else to watch as I fuck you, as I Dom you, as you cede all control and dance to the tune of your Dom….”

“I don’t mind.” Victor’s voice rang out loud and clear, as he interrupted their conversation.

Both men looked up, startled to see Victor standing in a corner, his expression subdued but sincere. His hands twitched diffidently by his sides as he watched Sherlock’s eyes narrow, the slow surge of anger starting to creep into his Dom’s expression. He took a deep breath and continued.

“You can punish me for intruding on your private conversation, for speaking out of turn, Sherlock. But I truly do not mind. Sometimes, what you ask for is……so hard to understand, to strive for….words are not adequate as explanations. It helps, Master. To see someone else submit. I know that my entire vision expanded after I met David. And John might benefit too. I want him to have that. The intent is not prurience…. it is to observe, to understand. How can that be wrong? Please, Sherlock?”

Sherlock’s eyes flicked from one Sub to the other. Both their eyes were on him, hopeful, waiting. Suddenly restless, he stood up.

He went to stand near the window, looking out at the dwindling traffic, the pedestrians moving about. His mind effortlessly began to deduce as he watched--- late for daughter’s/niece’s birthday party….. just lost his job, marriage in tatters…..going for an overseas holiday in a few days….. studying for an exam, in love with the girl next to him, she’s using him for his brains, will drop him soon…..teacher, gambling problem, heavily in debt, contemplating suicide…….He allowed the familiar ritual to soothe him for a while as his inner gyroscope readjusted itself.

There is no valid reason to decline their plea…. It is fear that freezes you…..You’re just scared of either of them being hurt, but….. they’ve proved themselves worthy of your trust…..if they are agreed and enter into this knowingly…..they are grown men……

John waited head bowed, lost in thought. Did I do the right thing? Hadn’t expected Victor to come out….wonder what he thinks I am, wonder if he thinks I am a pervert….no, no…. he expressed
exactly what I was having difficulty articulating..... he UNDERSTANDS.....in this he understands even more than Sherlock.....but Sherlock is right, this is Victor’s personal time with him and it has come after so long....how can I intrude.....fuck....did I do the right thing?

He looked up startled, when he felt a warm clasp on his shoulder. Victor stood by his side, looking down with reassuring eyes..... don’t overthink it, John. It’s okay. I really don’t mind. In any case when I’m with him, the world disappears.....

John’s hand came up naturally, to lay itself on Victor’s hand, his body leaning into the reassuring touch.

The Subs waited.

The Dom turned around after long moments of silence. Sherlock’s eyes flicked over both of them, zooming in to take in the clasp of their hands on John’s shoulder. A flash of approval, joy surged through him. He waited for it to pass, waited for grim determination to return. This is Victor’s time. Even if I allow this, nothing should detract from it. He has waited his turn patiently.

His voice was solemn as he gave a brief nod.

“Very well. Both of you in the bedroom. John, you will sit in the chair. You will be quiet, unmoving. If things get too intense, you are welcome to leave quietly. But you will NOT disturb us. Use good judgement. I do not want to have you traumatized, but I will NOT make allowances for your presence and censor my time with Victor. Victor, get undressed and wait on your knees.”

He broke off, his hands coming up in a helpless gesture. “Please…… understand that this is unprecedented. An experiment, if you will. I’ve never…” he broke off and took a deep breath, looking hesitant, sceptical. “I’ve never dominated with an audience, not unless it was a specific occasion or a venue like a BDSM club. I am not sure of its success. But for both your sakes….. I’m willing to try.”

He nodded at them.

“Go on. I’ll join you soon.”

--------------------------------------------

John leaned back in the chair, focused on getting his position right and relaxed, determined to not let even his fingers twitch, for fear of disturbing Sherlock and Victor. He wanted to be just a part of the background, inconspicuous as the wallpaper.

Fuck if I know what to expect..... hope this is a good idea...I am in a good place, I don’t think it will affect me so much....hope Victor stays okay with it....FUCK, I’m actually going to watch Sherlock fuck someone else....how surreal is that...

He watched as Victor quietly undressed, unable to help glancing at his crotch from the corner of his eyes, taking in the limp cock, the nest of brown curls. All right then.... I’m a doctor, I’ve been in the army.....seen plenty of naked men before.... Never one who’s about to get fucked in front of me though.... He swallowed against his suddenly dry throat, and tried to focus on staying still.

“I wish to thank you for this, John,” Victor’s voice was soft as he slowly went down on his knees,
without a trace of self-consciousness, his naked body on display.

John shook his head, “I’m the one who should thank you. This is your right, you are his Sub. But to allow me in here….. yeah, don’t quite know what to say about that.”

“It won’t matter, John. I mean… your presence. Once he is in here, it won’t matter to either of us anyways.” Victor smiled with reassurance and then bowed his head.

Both waited in silence, for their Dom.

Sherlock walked into the bedroom from the bathroom door, a quarter of an hour later. He held his riding crop and a new bottle of lube and a packet of condoms. He dropped them pointedly on the bed. He came to stand a couple of feet away from Victor, who was kneeling on the floor.

John watched.

As Sherlock undressed quietly, his eyes on Victor. As he sat on the bed and ordered gently, “Come here.” As Victor sank to his feet, hungry eyes looking at Sherlock, taking in their fill after a long time, without restraint, without a word. As he bent down with a shuddering breath till his cheek rested on Sherlock’s knee, his back arched, his legs folded underneath him. As Sherlock’s gentle fingers massaged his scalp in soothing circular motions, letting Victor take succour from the first touch of his Dom in months. As Sherlock gathered him close and started to kiss Victor, one arm around him, one hand gently angling his head. Gentle reassuring kisses, close mouthed, then tongues starting to mate. As he held Victor’s face in his hands and nuzzled his Sub’s face, murmuring softly, “I know, my love…I know…” As Sherlock’s tears splashed over Victor’s face, unrestrained, unabashed.

John watched.

As Victor’s body surged into Sherlock’s arms, as though he were the parched earth, soaking up every drop of long-awaited rejuvenating rain. As Victor gasped, “I love you…. I love you….. I love you.” As at Sherlock’s silent consent, Victor’s feverish desperate hands ran over his thighs, his hips, his chest as they kissed, his face upturned to gasp into his Dom’s mouth, hunger and craving in every movement. It reminded John of an infant suckling on the mother’s breast, desperately sucking in the milk from her teats….of a baby bird pecking into the mother’s open beak, trying to grab the regurgitated food….. it was as though Victor was sucking in nourishment, sustenance. And Sherlock gave of himself….. gently, patiently….as though determined to keep giving until his Sub had his fill. Neither man was aroused, their cocks limp between their legs, as their souls mated.

John watched.

As Sherlock stroked Victor’s head gently like a loving parent, “What do you want, Victor? Name it, it is yours if I can provide….What do you want, my love?” As Victor replied, “To serve you, Sherlock. I want to serve you.” As Sherlock snorted and then murmured, “You want to serve me? What do you think you’ve been doing for months now? Giving John and I the time we needed, the
space we needed …. Hmm .....What do you think you’ve been doing if not serving me?”

John watched.

As after a long time, Sherlock positioned Victor against the wall. As he picked up the riding crop. As he stood behind Victor, covering him with his body, his face nuzzling into Victor’s neck, his fingers petting Victor’s sides. As he stayed still, as though gathering his strength, summoning the Dom. As they stood for a long time, breathing in tandem, unmoving, neither needing to say a word, communicating as if by osmosis. As Victor stood head lowered, cock in full mast, accepting, submissive.

John watched.

As Sherlock stepped back and started to strike Victor. At the dichotomy of the rough merciless flogging and the love and tears in his eyes. As the Dom provided for his Sub, what his Sub needed even though it hurt him just then, to hurt Victor. As the contact rippled through Victor’s body, making him shake like a leaf in a storm. As Victor moaned and whimpered and cried out, his back arching even as his cock leaked. At the steady mantra of, “Sherlock….Sherlock….Sherlock” that fell from Victor’s lips, his being submitted even as he rejoiced in the pain/pleasure of his Dom’s attentions, body vibrating and shivering to the crack of Sherlock’s riding crop. At Victor’s face, which seemed to embody utter rapture, flushed and glistening with sweat.

John watched.

As Sherlock finally threw down the riding crop. As he stood behind Victor and bent down to kiss every welt with soft lips, bathe them with his tears. As he sucked at each one, licking them like a cat, intending to soothe. As he murmured, his voice muffled against Victor’s skin, “I can’t anymore, not today. Forgive me....” As Victor gasped and turned around, sliding to his knees, his arms around Sherlock’s waist, his face buried into Sherlock’s crotch, nose nuzzling against the half-hard cock. ‘Don’t say that, Master. Don’t’ say you’re sorry. Yours, Sherlock....whatever you want or don’t want. Not mine, never me…. always you, only you,” his cry was full of love, supplication.

John watched.

As Sherlock pushed Victor towards the wall, till he was sitting with his legs outstretched, back to the wall and ordered quietly, “Hands.” As Victor raised both his arms above his head. As with one finger Sherlock pinned both of them against the wall, as his legs straddled Victor’s outstretched legs. As Victor turned his face to kiss the knuckles of Sherlock’s other hand, an unconscious gesture of pure obeisance. As Sherlock looked down, as though all the love in the universe was contained in his eyes and pouring down on his Sub. As he arched his hips back slightly to feed Victor his erect cock. As Victor mewled with relief, with arousal as his mouth took all of Sherlock slowly, inch by inch, as though savouring every morsel till it hit the back of his throat and pushed beyond. As he began to suck slowly, in a trance like state, nostrils flaring as they breathed in the smell of his Dom.

As Sherlock threw his head back, his moan low, heady, “FUCK...” As Victor sucked... licked... lapped eagerly, as Sherlock’s hips moved, his long thick cock moving in until he was buried deep. As Victor looked up as he deep-throated his Dom, his hands supported above his body with just Sherlock’s index finger. As Sherlock fucked him with deep slow strokes, glistening cock moving and stretching Victor’s lips relentlessly. As Sherlock’s moans of pleasure filled the room, reverberated around, his face flushed with arousal. As Victor’s eyes reflected his joy as he pleased his Dom, as though Sherlock’s pleasure was surging from his cock and into his body, while his own cock stood stiff, leaking over his flat tummy.
John watched.

As Sherlock pulled back and with gentle hands he led Victor to lie face down on the bed. As he prepped him with slick fingers, opening him up. As the fingers moved hypnotically, disappearing in the glistening cleft between Victor’s closed buttocks, the knuckles digging into the cherry red skin of Victor’s beaten arse. As Sherlock watched, dark eyes flashing with arousal, love as his fingers readied his Sub for taking. As he put on a condom and slicked himself with one hand, the other gently caressing the shuddering body underneath him.

John watched.

As Sherlock mounted Victor, covered his torso completely, one arm flung across his chest, pinning down both his forearms as his hand gripped the opposite arm. Victor’s legs were together and Sherlock’s legs straddled him, his thighs next to Victors, his knees bent, the soles of his feet digging into Victor’s calves, forcing them together. As that long thick cock nudged at Victor’s entrance and then breached it. As Sherlock started taking him, a slow rhythm to start with, that gradually, *inexorably* picked up pace. As Sherlock’s hips moved as he began to fuck, his hips canting back until the just the fat cock head was inside Victor’s external sphincter and then bunching in as he slid in deep, pushing, *grinding* that impressive length in, going deep inside Victor’s bowels. As Sherlock’s face hovered over the nape of Victor’s neck and shoulders, teeth grazing sometimes in warning, sometimes to convey his desire; ready to punish and bite, ready to reward and soothe.

It was a deceptively simple looking position, but devastating in its Dominance. The Sub had no give whatsoever, his body pinned under Sherlock’s weight, his arms unable to move, his legs unable to move. He could only lie there and get fucked at the leisure and for the pleasure of his Dom. Every gesture was calm, unhurried. Every caress precise. As though to emphasize his Dominance, to keep the Sub in place.

John wondered that if Sherlock ever touched him like this, he wasn’t sure he could take it. Actually, Sherlock *had* tried this position once with John during the early days. But John hadn’t been able to handle it, bucking and shaking with the overpowering sense of helplessness, submission. It had been *frightening* in its intensity. John understood now that he had not been ready. Sherlock had abandoned it at that time, turned him around and had him face to face.

John watched.

As Sherlock fucked Victor for a long time. At Sherlock’s balls as they hung down with each withdraw and bunched up against Victor’s perineum with each plunge. As the squelching sounds of lube and friction competed with Sherlock’s loud uninhibited groans and growls, with Victor’s soft shaky breaths and whines. As after a long time, Victor moved one hand, his palm turned up in a mute plea. As in response to the plea, Sherlock withdrew completely and pulled Victor’s arse up, till he was on his hands and knees, his body in a V-shape. As Sherlock straddled him, one thigh parallel to Victor’s, the other leg straightened to bring his foot close to Victor’s face. As Victor gratefully licked his foot, his lips nuzzling against it, sucking, licking with his wet tongue, as Sherlock fucked into him. As Sherlock’s broad palm came down to press against the small of his back, pushing down with force, even as the other dug painfully into his hips, as he took his fill.

John watched.

Victor’s responses. There was none of the usual clamour for more pleasure, more sensation, for release. Oh Victor was responsive! But it was a *response*, an acceptance of whatever his Dom chose to give him, without insistence, without demands. His body arched, he sighed and moaned, he gasped and whimpered. As he moved fluidly, helplessly trying to keep the connection, as though
magnetised by Sherlock’s touches. As though Sherlock had taken possession of his body, his senses and moved him as effortlessly as he would move his own limbs, by his will alone, for his pleasure alone.

John watched.

As he literally shook where he sat, shivering so violently in reaction he feared he would never stop, a continuous flow of tears trickling from his unblinking eyes. His cock lay hard between his legs, neglected and dripping.

He had thought that as per the norm, once Sherlock entered the room, his eyes wouldn’t stray far from his face, his body, his motions. Instead, he found himself watching Victor most of the time, mesmerized, bewitched. The euphoria and beauty of complete surrender made Victor’s face glow, as though he were incandescent on the inside, somehow….. as though the beauty of his soul were on display…..

He had asked to watch, thinking he would witness some sensuality, some Dom-Sub power play, perhaps learn a bit about what Sherlock liked, about how to submit better by watching Victor.

Instead he found himself witnessing some sort of sacred dance, a dance so powerful in its simplicity and profundity, it was overwhelming. This wasn’t Domination and Submission……this was possession, though he couldn’t say…… who was possessing whom…… who was taking and who was giving….. who was leading and who was following…..

He was reminded of the two fish meant to make up the Yin-Yang symbol. Each drifting around the other as though there were a common centre around which they circled. As though there were only one soul between the two bodies, one wholeness, where one started and the other ended he knew not, as they moved as one, dancing their intimate erotic dance.

He had learned nothing that could be expressed in words, and yet……he had witnessed a revelation that rippled through him with the force and power of a tectonic shift in his assumptions and imaginations.

John watched.

As Sherlock threw his head back as his orgasm approached, as his moments became urgent, desperate, a look of utter electrifying exhilaration on his face. As he ordered Victor to come. As Victor jetted, untouched just by the one word command. As Sherlock moaned loudly as he emptied himself. As he lay holding the trembling body of his Sub close, in the aftermath. As he murmured words of love and approval. As Victor looked up, gaze reverent, his soul seeming to absorb the words directly into himself; a look of such bliss, such joy on his face that it lit up the room.

After a long time, that could have been minutes or hours, when Victor lay quiet, shudders subsided, a look of contentment and lassitude on his face…..only then, for the first time since he’d entered the room, Sherlock looked at John. His keen eyes took in the intensity of reshuffling and soul-deep upheaval John had been through. Giving one last soft kiss to Victor’s temple, he rose from the bed.

He walked towards John, his expression gentle.

“Do you see?” he said softly.

John slid down to the floor, on his knees, his hands flung around Sherlock’s waist, his face buried in his groin. His tears dampened the soft black pubic hair, as he sobbed.
He turned his face up to complain, “You have been toying with me.”

Sherlock stroked his hair gently, “Yes.”

“Because I am not worthy.”

Sherlock shook his head, “No, my love. Because you were not ready…. but you are ready now. You’ve done so well today.”

He pulled John up and undressed him slowly. He guided John to the bed. Sitting with his back against the headboard, he drew John between his spread bent legs. John’s head rested on his chest as Sherlock’s hand gripped John’s aching cock. He started to pump.

“Let me get the edge off. You need to rest….. this has been intense, John.”

John buried his face in Sherlock’s neck, his hips moving of their own volition, little gasps of pleasure, little moans moving from his lips to Sherlock’s ears directly, as Sherlock stroked him to completion. Victor watched, his eyes full of understanding, one hand creeping forward to connect to John’s foot in reassurance.

After cleaning his Subs, after giving Victor aftercare, Sherlock climbed back in bed. He lay on this side, spooning John from behind, protective arms around him as he murmured, “So proud of you, my darling. You did so well today…..I love you, John. Love you so much.” John bent down to kiss Sherlock’s arms again and again, feeling blessed, fulfilled as he murmured, “Love you…. Love you….. yours, Sherlock.”

One hand kept stroking John’s head, as Sherlock twisted back his other arm, pulling Victor closer. “Come here.”

Victor nuzzled Sherlock’s naked back, his face buried between his Dom’s shoulder blades.

Sherlock pulled at Victor’s hand, bringing it to his lips, “You were so good for both of us, Victor. Thank you.” When he let go, Victor kept his hand around Sherlock’s waist, the tips of his fingers caressing John’s arm in gentle soothing circles.

John slept with the feel of his Dom around his back, lying in the secure cocoon of Sherlock’s warmth, feeling Victor’s quiet touches to his arm…… touches of camaraderie, affection.

Sherlock slept, sandwiched between the warm sated bodies of his Subs. He sighed with relief as he closed his eyes.

----------------------------------------

Mycroft sat back, his whisky tumbler held loosely in his hand, as he watched Sherlock.

His large study was dark except for the dancing flames of the fire that bathed a small circle of light around the two armchairs turned towards the fireplace and their occupants, in a warm glow.
His brother sat slouched in the chair, staring blankly at the fire, chiseled face covered with gold and black patches that moved in rhythm with the flames. And yet, there was a look of such utter contentment in his expression that his face looked soft, all angular edges smoothed out. Hazel eyes shone in the light, a glimmer of happiness, bone-deep satisfaction.

He had arrived two hours earlier.

And not said a word.

They had dinner in silent harmony, both quite content to let go of meaningless small talk that normally filled silences. And then settled in the chairs.

Mycroft’s voice was a bit rusty with disuse as he cleared his throat, “Things are going well, I take it?”

Sherlock stayed quiet, too lazy to move even to respond. It was a while before his lips quirked up, his voice soft, wistful, “Yes.”

Mycroft wiggled a bit and settled back as well, Sherlock’s inertia seeming to seep into him by osmosis.

After a while, head lolling over the back of the chair, eyes fixed on the fire as though hypnotized, “Why? Why do you do it, Sherlock? John, Victor, David, Adrian, Jeremy…. So many over the years. You put yourself on the line, your emotions on the line. Each time. It can’t be need….. you can have anyone you set your mind to! Then why?”

Sherlock was quiet for a long time, looking reflective. When he finally spoke, his voice was soft as though musing aloud to himself.

“Because they need me. Because without even recognizing what they are looking for exactly, they ask for me. Because I cannot stand by and watch. Because I need to help them to SEE. Because that is my need……”

They sat quietly, listening to the crackling fire for a while longer.

Finally Mycroft sat up. “I’m getting one more for myself,” he said waving his glass. “Would you like a refill?”

“Yes, thank you.”

Mycroft stood up and went into the kitchen. He got refills. Handing Sherlock’s glass to him, he put his hand on his brother’s shoulder briefly. Sherlock leaned into the touch quietly. Mycroft ruffled his unruly mop of curls, a small smile full of love and affection on his face. He came and settled back in his chair.

They sat and watched the fire as they drank for a long time.

Conversing the entire time without words.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

I fought a losing battle in trying to divide what was left to be said into two equal proportional chapters. I failed miserably. Consequently, this is a pretty humongous chapter and the next one (the last one) will be much shorter. Sorry!

So grab a cup of coffee and make sure you have the time to put your feet up when you embark on this chapter.

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John did a full cat stretch in bed, lazily rubbing his bum on the soft sheets as he flung his arms and legs wide, curled them and stretched all his muscles. He gave a huge yawn as he turned his face to the clock. 8.50 am. Bloody Hell….

He grinned as he thought about the three free days that lay ahead of him.

There would be fewer locum shifts for the next few weeks, one of the doctors having returned from maternity leave. And it didn’t matter so much; John’s finances had readjusted with regular work well enough.

And there were no cases, because Sherlock had left last night to drive to Edinburgh. David and Adrian had invited him for the grand opening of the new wing of their restaurant.

John had asked to come along, but Sherlock had said no.

John nuzzled his nose into Sherlock’s pillow, breathing in his scent as he sighed happily and thought back to the previous night.

“Please, Sherlock, can I come?” John sat straddling Sherlock’s lap on his chair, naked and looking down eagerly at his Dom.

Sherlock’s sated hazel eyes looked up at him. It had been only moments before that he’d had John, bent over the living room table, in a long leisurely fuck. His cock was drained, he felt like he could nod off on the chair with little provocation.

His curls bounced as he shook his head, “No.”

Tempering the denial with soothing caresses to John’s arm, he attempted to explain. “John….. this is new to me. I’ve always tried to keep my Submissives separate, so that they don’t feel more
exposed than they already are. But now…with you and Victor, it seems to be working well. But I need more time to get adjusted to the idea. Please?"

John bent down to kiss him, “Okay.”

John lay on his back, looking at the ceiling, his hand absently stroking his tummy. He smiled; happiness and peace were now, a more or less permanent state of mind.

It had been a month since that night with Victor.

And something had changed.

It was as though he’d crossed some sort of threshold that night, as though qualifying for something…… it was hard to put his finger on it. But there was little doubt that the intensity of their private life, of their Dom-Sub play had ratcheted up immensely.

Outside of their private life, life continued as normal. John went to the clinic for his work and accompanied Sherlock for whatever cases were on, whenever Sherlock asked him to. There was no suggestion of public displays of dominance in a sexual fashion. As far as generally dominating John…. well Sherlock had always done that in public….. ordering John around, making him follow him, yelling at him as a substitute for whichever miserable person had ticked him off that day, asking him to fetch things. So that was no different than it had been. In fact it would be really weird if he behaved differently and started coddling me, John laughed to himself.

But within the walls of 221B, the air fairly crackled with eroticism.

It was as though Sherlock had found the freedom to finally throw off all his shackles and come into his own as just John’s Dom. As though all his other roles, as John’s friend, his flatmate, his lover ….. everything had been subsumed, indeed superseded by his role as John’s Dominant. His dominant aura grew and grew, escalating day by day….. as though moving towards something that John could not see.

The more Dominant he became, the more John slotted and settled into his role as a Submissive. The more he demanded, the more John gave. John walked around consumed by Submission; just a single intonation, a flicker of Sherlock’s eyelids, a sharp command enough to push him over. He was becoming more and more aware and in tune with Sherlock’s silence, his demands, his desires. Conversations, reassurances during intimacy had become less and less necessary.

John recalled Victor’s words……. I know you went and knelt for him. But, John, that is just one in a series of steps, it is a process. You began submitting to him long before you knelt. And you need to keep on learning and let that state of submission deepen…….

He smiled.

Yes, it was like a delicious feedback loop with no end in sight. As though there would always be greater and greater depths of Submission he would need to plunge into, as though there would always be higher and higher pinnacles of Domination that Sherlock would need to scale. And to John, this absence of limits was comforting, because it meant the relationship would always stay dynamic, fresh. Never become static, stale. As though the two of them were settling into their respective roles more thoroughly but each time they settled, there was more to achieve.

His hand strayed to his half hard cock as he thought over the past month.

He walked around half mast most of the times now, either thinking of Sherlock or what he’d done or what he was about to do. A low simmer of arousal underpinned everything. He wondered how
he managed to get anything else done!

His Dom had become more demanding, sensual, *insatiable*. Devastatingly in control at all times. He took John again and again, with impunity, at his whim. He indulged John, but it was the indulgence of a Dom, it had to be earned. He denied John relief at times, only to reward him later for his patience with scenes of escalating intensity that ended in earth shattering orgasms.

His Dom had become more spontaneous, impatient. John had learned to stay greased and prepped when at home, as Sherlock had taken to having him whenever he wanted. And he wanted *often*. Gone were the times when Sherlock left him alone for days or weeks at a time……..

*********

John’s hand gripped his cock lightly, sighing with pleasure.

He thought about just two nights ago…..

Sherlock had been working on an experiment at the kitchen table. It was past dinner time, John had sleepily entered the kitchen to fetch some water.

As he walked past, Sherlock’s hand gave his arse cheek a proprietary squeeze, a demand.

“Kneel down on your chair, facing the kitchen, chin on the back rest,” was the quiet order. The first time he’d spoken that evening. And minutes later, Sherlock had pulled down his pajama bottoms and his pants up to his thighs, leaving them on. Spread one arse cheek with a firm hand and pushed that full size in, taken him roughly, standing up. As he slammed in, his hand stroking John’s cock, he’d panted in John’s ears, “I want to remember you like this. I want to sit on my chair, and watch you sitting in yours and know that I can turn you around, bend you over and fuck you whenever I want to.”

John had come, his cries of ecstasy muffled against the backrest, Sherlock’s words ringing in his ears.

*********

John’s grip tightened, as he stroked his fattening cock leisurely, his eyes on the ceiling, as his mind moved back to the intimate erotic moments, his mind full of Sherlock… Sherlock…. Sherlock.

He remembered when just a week ago as they were returning from the Yard, after another successful case…..

Both of them had been tired but elated. Actually Sherlock had been fairly buzzing in the cab, exuberant in his elaborations about the flights of his thought processes. Sherlock jumped out of the cab the moment it stopped outside 221Baker Street, leaving John to settle the bill with the cabbie as per usual.

John walked into the front door of 221B moments later, removing his coat even as he started to say,
“Say, Sherlock, what should we do about dinner?”

Sherlock stood in the centre of the living room, coat and scarf still in place, shoes still on.

“Close the door, John.” His *I’m-about-to-fuck-you-now-so-bend-over-and-take-it* voice.

John’s heart rate ratcheted up to a million a minute, as he closed the door and hung his jacket. He turned towards Sherlock, eyes lowered and waited.

“On your knees, at my feet,” was the quiet order.

The moment his knees hit the floor, Sherlock opened his trouser button and unzipped. Dipping his hand inside his pants, he pulled out his turgid cock.

“Open your mouth,” he said as he came closer and pushed in, without further preamble. Both hands came down to hold John’s head steady as he started to fuck John’s mouth.

The flaps of Sherlock’s thick coat shrouded him in darkness as they swayed with Sherlock’s movements. The darkness leant an extra dimension to the experience, John’s other senses heightened. The smell of the coat and Sherlock’s arousal, the taste of the engorged long length in his mouth, the firm press of Sherlock’s fingers on John’s skull, Sherlock’s gasps and moans.....

He sucked and licked eagerly, swirling his tongue over the slit each time Sherlock withdrew, did everything to drive Sherlock crazy with lust.

“Yes….fuck, so good…. your mouth…. Made to take me, John….take my cock….so good,” Sherlock moaned as he threw his head back. He was already close, arousal had been building up for a while. He plunged in and out, the swollen cock head just reaching the depth that John could tolerate, as though even in his frenzy he was careful of the gag reflex. Though by now, John had learned to take him up to the back of his throat.

“Suck me…..take it….so good, FUCK…” As his balls bunched up, his climax imminent, he’d suddenly withdrawn completely.

He panted as he stared at John.

“You liked not being able to see….. one of these days, I’ll blindfold you. And hurt you. And fuck you till you beg for mercy,” the Dom promised. “Stick your tongue out,” a gruff order.

John opened his mouth, his eyes widening as he looked up into the lust in Sherlock’s eyes, as though he wanted to devour John with his eyes alone.

He stepped forward and placed the fat cockhead, the open leaking slit at the tip of John’s tongue. And started to masturbate. Just half a dozen strokes later, he was pulsing, his eyes voracious as they looked down. The first two jets hit the back of John’s throat directly, so powerful were the spurts. Then his cock twitched and the next two ribbons shot past and landed on John’s face, streaming across his nose, his eyelids, his hair, his cheeks. Sherlock milked the rest and allowed it to pool into the cup of John’s mouth. He stood panting, looking down as though his eyes were small cameras taking snapshots of the undoubtedly obscene visual that John presented; tongue hanging out, mouth full of come, streaks of semen stripped across his face.

He smirked, “Swallow.”

That day, not for the first time, his Dom denied him release.
Nudging John’s crotch with his shoe, he’d said, “No. You stay without tonight.”

John had bowed his head in acceptance. It was his Dom’s right—to allow, to deny. Not his choice.

When he spoke to Sherlock later, while getting dinner, his voice was hoarse. Sherlock’s eyes had gleamed with triumph as though he liked that, though he didn’t say anything.

The next day, he kept his promise.

He’d blindfolded John and had him, in the exact position he’d had Victor, and had tried unsuccessfully with John once before.

This time though, John’s level of submission had increased so much, that he found himself revelling in the helplessness, gloriaed in being used for the pleasure of his Dom. He lay there as Sherlock had fucked into him, his other sensory inputs as though amplified by the absence of sight….. Sherlock’s weight pressing down on him, the warmth of his breath on the back of his neck, the slow slick slide of that long cock as it moved, Sherlock’s long toes digging into his calves, the smell of Sherlock’s sweat and arousal, the little pants that Sherlock breathed into his mouth, the helpless little moans of “John….. John…..fuck yes, so tight for me…..so good…..”

John’s orgasm had ripped through him at Sherlock’s command, for the first time his cock stayed untouched.

**********

John’s hand was moving faster over his cock, his mind losing itself in memories and fantasies. Unable to say what was real and what was not……. Sherlock had warped his brain in so much sensuality, so much eroticism in one month….. more than the cumulated experiences of the past forty plus years of his life. As he stroked, he wondered how he’d ever lived without this….. Without his touch, his grunts of pleasure, the smouldering sensual fire in his eyes…..

Sherlock had been insatiable……..

John had gotten used to waking up in the morning to his touch.

Fresh from the shower, Sherlock would climb in bed. Pull his pants down, spread his cheeks with his two broad hands and just look at John’s arse, his damp, fragrant soft hair brushing against John’s skin.

Sometimes he would just play with John’s arsehole, fingering him at leisure, driving him crazy. Sometimes he would curl around him from behind, adjusting John’s legs. His long skilful fingers would fist John’s erection, fondle his balls. And then move that full long length into an arsehole that was already greased from use the previous night. And John would buck and moan and shiver, Sherlock’s soft sighs of pleasure in his ears, the incredible fullness stretching him, using him for friction. And John loved being used, wanted to be used….. at the will of his Dom, for the pleasure of his Dom……

Sometimes he allowed John release. Sometimes John ended up unsated all day. Knowing that his Dom would grant him release later, in some manner of sensual play that he could not even begin to imagine.
John bucked as his hand moved faster and faster. *Sherlock…..Sherlock……*

A kaleidoscope of erotic images in his head, flashing one after another.

Fucking between his soaped closed thighs in the shower, Sherlock’s fat cock glistening with foam and soap as it appeared and disappeared between his thighs…… The time he’d used the crop for the first time on John and converted a grown man into a gibbering mess as John had spurted all over. And then laid him down on the floor, fucking him at leisure, his husky voice, “Love fucking you after you’ve come. You’re like a pliable fuck-toy, John…. Loose and ready to take my cock for a long time.”……

John came gasping and moaning in his hands, laughing with delight.

*Oh fuck….what have you done to me, Sherlock?*

******

John lay in the aftermath, sated, lazy…… *Can sleep another couple of hours….. got nothing to do today……*

As he started to nod off, he thought about the quiet moments, the moments spent in harmony, communion. Of these there had been so many, it was not all just sex and pleasure.

When their sated bodies lay entwined, and Sherlock’s gentle fingers caressed John’s scalp, as he talked…..

During the quiet pre or post dinner drinks, sitting in their chairs or in each other’s arms and Sherlock talked…..

When they walked the streets of London or the walking tracks of the parks and Sherlock talked…..

About life, about his musings, about sentiment, about the intricacies of the mind’s workings, about the glory of rational intellect, about the techniques to develop objectivity, about the weaknesses that human’s suffer from…. He talked.

And John listened, absorbing, questioning, arguing. And learned. And pondered and reflected when he was alone.

He marvelled at the depths of philosophy that Sherlock had reached, at the amount of thinking that must have gone on in that phenomenal brain over the years, at how rarely anyone would have been allowed to be privy to *this* facet of Sherlock.

And took joy, delight in it….. in being one of those rare people.

As he learned and grew more and more on the inside……
It was past eleven at night. 221B was shrouded in darkness, except the muted light of the floor lamp in the bedroom.

John’s moans filled the bedroom, his hand moving faster as he fisted his cock, his hand clutching his mobile phone to his sweat soaked face.

It had been just fifteen minutes since Sherlock had called from Edinburgh. The opening of the restaurant had been a success. And now Sherlock was back in David and Adrian’s house, in the guest bedroom. David and Adrian would be coming home much later, having to stay till all the guests left and the need to lock up afterwards.

Sherlock was all alone in the house for the next couple of hours.

Sherlock had started with telling him all about the restaurant, and complaining about the tediousness of the drive. And then he’d confessed that he wished he had in fact taken John with him.

“We could have had taken a holiday at the beach, John,” he’d drawled lazily. “We could have gone skinny dipping in the ocean, taken long walks on the beach. There are beautiful places around here, so stark and isolated. We could have found some lovely corner, and I could have had you out in the open, sea breeze blowing through my hair as I pushed into you……”

John’s breath had hitched as Sherlock’s tone became increasingly seductive.

“Should have brought you here, John. I could be having you right now……. Are you in your night clothes?”

“Yes,” John rasped.

“Play with yourself,” was the order. “Tell me what you’d like me to do to you if we were outside…..”

Since then they’d been having phone sex, their words getting increasingly obscene, sinful as they pumped their cocks, lost in the eroticism of their imaginations.

And now, fifteen minutes later, John was moaning, his hips bucking up from the bed as Sherlock’s husky dominant voice crooned in his ears. “I love to have your arse just the right shade of red, love parting your cheeks and looking at the hole that I’m just about to breach……”

“And I love the demanding way you do it, as though it belongs to you. I love that first touch of your fingers on my arsehole, love knowing that you are about to use it for friction, for warmth, for tightness.”

Sherlock gasped, “I love the way you breathe when I push in for the first time, unsure even now if you can take all of me…..”

“I love how big you are, how much you fill me, so fucking deep. If anyone had told me that I’d get off from having a dick up my arse, I’d have never believed them. But you fill me, in so many ways…. I crave that stretch, that presence inside my body. And then you start to move…..fuck,
Sherlock moaned loudly, “I love pushing you down, holding you….. makes me feel like an animal…. Claiming you. Love that sound of flesh slapping on flesh…. Love hearing you whimper, beg …..”

John’s breath was coming in pants now, as he fisted himself faster, “I love that feeling of helplessness. You using me…..And then when you lose that tight control you have, when you start slapping my arse, biting me, your hands get so rough….. they are strong enough to leave bruises……. Fuck…. And I love the soreness that lasts for a few days, every time I turn it hurts….. It turns me on…”

Squelching sounds filtered through the phone lines as Sherlock’s hand worked himself, “Sometimes, I love to stop fucking you midway. And step back. And watch your balls hanging between your legs, the gape of your arsehole. Push my fingers in, watch your arse as you push back, like an eager slut….. you are such a slut for me…..”

John’s voice was feverish with urgency, “Only you….. I’m a slut for your fingers, your cock, your voice, your body….. any part of you that you choose to give me…. fuck me harder, faster, deeper……”

Sherlock’s voice changed, the baritone husky with command, “I am fucking your arse…. Feel my fingers digging into your hips, you can only stay there and take it, get fucked….. feel how I am hammering your prostate…. How my cock thickens as I’m about to shoot a load inside you…..”

John’s moaning was mindless now, as his head thrashed about, his fist a blur, “Fuck, Sherlock…..oh God…..oh yes……”

“I cannot decide if I prefer filling your mouth or your arse with my come….. you have become such a good cocksucker for me….. but right now, I’m fucking you, pushing that last fat inch inside you, stretching you till you can’t stand it…. love the way your legs leave the ground as you try so hard to take it ….. feel my hands raining down hard smacks on your bottom…. You have such a delectable arse, John. I want to hurt it every time I fuck you….. spank it…. bite it…. feel my thrusts, feel the pressure of release building up……”

John’s hips were moving in tandem with his now wet fist, waiting for permission. “Please…. please……” he pleaded helplessly.

“COME,” Sherlock ordered.

“Sherlock….. Master….my Master…..” John cried out as he let go, streaks of semen painting his chest and belly, cock twitching wildly, sobbing with relief, with euphoria. His chest was heaving as he struggled to get his breath under control, his cock twitched weakly as he milked the rest. He fell back, sweaty and satisfied, loud gasps falling from his lips.

It was a few moments before he noticed the silence at the other end of the line.

“Sherlock?”

No sound.

“Sherlock?” John repeated, wondering if they’d been cut off.

“What did you just call me?” Sherlock’s voice was a subsonic hiss, urgent.
John swallowed. “Master, my Master.”

Sherlock let out a shaky breath. “Say it again,” his voice was rough.

“Master.”

Sherlock gasped and then moaned as he obviously resumed stroking.

“Keep…. FUCK… keep saying it,” Sherlock panted. “Again….. FUCK, John…..”

“You are my Master…… Master…. My Dom and my Master…… you are everything, Master…..”

John kept murmuring, putting all his love and devotion in his voice.

“Fuck yes…. Yes…. YES…..” as Sherlock spurted, a note of triumph in his voice as though he were high, drunk.

John waited silently as Sherlock caught his breath. The feeling that he’d crossed yet another line, another threshold coursed through him, making him shake.

It was a while before Sherlock spoke.

“I need to have you, John. Here with me…..”

“Then summon me,” John said quietly.

Sherlock mulled and said finally, “Give me a few minutes to sort things out. Victor owns a house and land about a hundred kilometres north of here. Absolutely secluded….. I want you there. Want to claim you there, out in the open with only the cliffs and the ocean as witnesses.” His voice was a command, “Hire a car tomorrow, leave early. I want you here before sundown. I’ll text you the address.”

“Yes,” John said, jubilation in his voice

-------------------------------------------------

It was pushing four in the evening when John finally alighted his hire car on the driveway of the house Sherlock wanted him in. It was way off the beaten track, a narrow gravelled road for the last few kilometres as his car had steadily moved towards the Scottish beaches.

He’d left early as per Sherlock’s instructions and he was beat.

The house itself was on a hillock, looking out to the vastness of the ocean on one side and the isolation of the Scottish countryside on the other.

John’s eyes widened as he took in the large chateau-like sprawling structure. He climbed up the front steps with his backpack and dropped it to the ground. About to ring the old fashioned bell, he noticed a note tacked to the front door, written in Sherlock’s distinctive elegant swirls and loops.

The door is open. Make yourself comfortable. Eat something, then rest. I’ll be back later tonight—SH.

John stretched his aching limbs, cramped as he had been in the small car.
He pushed open the door.

There was a large living room. A cosy fireplace to one side, a large thick rug lay in front of it, framed by comfortable looking armchairs. It opened out to the kitchen on one side and huge French windows on the other. He dropped the bag to explore. Went around some of the bedrooms, the study which was filled with all manner of painting supplies and large canvases and easels with sheets draped over them.

He walked out to the back of the house from the French windows. There was a huge patio, lined with railings. In one corner there was an easel, a large desk with more paints and brushes and sundry supplies. A short staircase led to a vast open ground covered with grass, lined by ancient looking stone railings.

And beyond that was the vast vista of the open ocean.

He grinned with delight, as he imagined spending some time with Sherlock here.

He walked to the edge of the large ground, grunting with exertion. And looked down beyond the edge of the stone railings, a sheer cliff surface ending in the rocks below, the sea water lapping gently on it.

Jesus, it’s huge….. wonder when Victor gets here…. Suppose when he wants to be alone, paint….. what a remote but beautiful spot….. as though the rest of humanity does not exist…..

He went back in, pleasantly tired, looking forward to his Dom’s arrival. He had some cookies and a cup of tea.

He took off his clothes, leaving just his pants on. And then crashed in one of the many bedrooms, pulled into a dreamless sleep.

----------------------------------------------

Sherlock’s silhouette was still, as he stood in the semi-darkness, cloaked in his Belstaff coat and looked down at John’s sleeping form, covered in the duvet on the bed.

Anyone who knew Sherlock would be hard pressed to recognize that this was the same man, such was the love pouring out of his eyes, so soft were the austere features.

It is time, my love. Make me proud tonight. I need you to win tonight. So that you can outgrow any need for me….. It is time. To spread your wings and fly. It is time for me to let you go……

He stood there for a long time, still.

Channelling his energy to his Sub for what was to come. In your success today, John, your Dom triumphs…..And into himself, as he prepared to put himself to the harshest, cruellest test of all……

It is time……

----------------------------------------------
When John woke up, it was dark. Feeling disoriented he stumbled into the adjoining bathroom and freshened up.

_Wonder if he’s here yet?_ He washed his face, brushed his teeth. Prepped himself with generous amounts of lube. He knew that this visit was no ordinary call for a sexual escapade. His mind had mulled all throughout the drive up, on Sherlock’s surprise and deep pleasure at being called, “Master”….. _It means something to him. It is not an ordinary epithet….. It set him off….._

He pulled on a pair of shorts and t-shirt. When he pulled open the bedroom door, muted light was coming from somewhere outside, possibly the living room.

Heart rejoicing at the thought of seeing Sherlock again, John hurried towards the light and stepped into the living room.

And stopped short.

Sherlock sat on an armchair, the fire-place to his left, whiskey tumbler in hand. He was wearing a black shirt and trousers, his legs crossed, naked toes wriggling on the rug below his foot, one hand holding the tumbler, the other on the arm rest. He looked focused, imposing.

John walked in wordlessly, his eyes drinking in the sight of his Dom.

Creamy skin glowed golden in the light of the fire highlighting the sharp angular features, sculpted cheekbones, straight nose, full gorgeous lips, the lion’s mane of curly soft hair that fell softly over his high forehead, the regal dip of his long neck, the sharp pale outline of the collarbones and neck contrasting with the black shirt. His eyes were like blue-grey crystals, the only spot of colour on his body; they were hooded, unreadable.

He looked breath-taking, _stunning_.

John was as though frozen in place, worshipping eyes looked on, his heart seemed to thrum with joy. Without conscious thought he went down on his knees, his gaze locked on to Sherlock’s eyes the whole time.

Sherlock’s gaze softened ever so slightly.

“Have you rested?”

“Yes,” John replied.

“Do you need to eat?”

“No.”

“Victor will be coming here the day after tomorrow. He comes here twice or thrice a year and spends a few days here… painting, thinking.”

John inclined his head, “Good.”

There was a peculiar intensity in Sherlock’s eyes that matched the quietness and solitude of the surrounds. The sounds of the ocean waves were as though providing a backdrop to whatever was about to transpire; lending it gravitas, dignity. The room was warm, the fire blazing in the
fireplace. No other illumination needed.

The silence stretched.

Sherlock cocked his head to one side, as though considering.

“Strip, John.” The quiet order came after a few moments.

John stood up and undressed quietly, cock already hard on hearing his Dom’s tone. He went back down on his knees, the plush thick carpet underneath forgiving, for which he was thankful. It promised to be a long intense session, if Sherlock’s eyes were any indication.

The silence stretched for longer. Just two men breathing, the crackling of wood and the majestic heaving of the ocean outside.

Sherlock looked at John, his eyes heavy-lidded with intent, assessing, measuring.

John looked back, marvelling again at the beauty, the imperious posture. He knew that at some point in time, at a time of his Dom’s choosing he would feel those hands on him, that cock in one of his orifices, bring his Dom pleasure. His mouth salivated.

“You called me Master,” Sherlock’s voice was soft, his expression an enigma.

Something in John was aware that he was crossing yet another threshold.

“Yes.”

Sherlock’s hands left the armrests and came together in front of his chest, joined in the familiar steeple. His gaze sharpened as long moments passed, his tongue running meditatively over his lower lip.

“Are you aware what a Master is? Or were you blithely repeating what you heard Victor say?”

John looked on, mute. His heart rate went up as the Sub started to worry if he’d angered his Dom.

Sherlock’s head tilted to one side, his eyes roaming over John’s naked flesh, noting as always every physiological reaction to every word, aware as only he could be. His deep voice was like an entire symphony on its own as it reverberated with perfect resonance.

“John, a Master is an owner. He owns you. Victor has called me that, if not aloud then certainly in his mind, since the first moment he laid eyes on me. Because to him, I do not just dominate him, I am not merely his Dom….. I am his owner.” He snorted quietly, “Although he does say it aloud when he is emotional….or indeed when he wants something from me. He know how it affects me…..”

He stood up abruptly, clasped his hands behind his back. The movement made him seem tall, formidable, the black satin finish of the shirt straining over his chest, hints of pebbled nipples poking through. His naked feet dug into the soft rug, long toes flexing and releasing.

The silence continued.

He neared John and then slowly circled him, face still impassive, as he murmured, “Do I own you, John? Do you belong to me, body, mind and soul. Nothing remains with you. It is all mine…..”

John stayed quiet, his head bowed. He had not been invited to speak yet, he was well aware that Sherlock was musing aloud.
Sherlock stood behind John, an index finger coming down to trace a light lazy path across one shoulder blade. John shivered as the light sprinkling of hair under Sherlock’s fingers rose. Suddenly it was difficult to breathe. Sherlock’s lips quirked up, satisfied.

He circled John again and stood in front of him. John’s face was tilted up, looking at that striking face, the Submissive in him quivering as he looked up….. wanting to serve, to please, to give.

Sherlock’s eyes started to smoulder.

“Do I own the blood that sings through your veins and arteries? Do I own the nerve impulses that sizzle through your neurons? Do I own the breath that moves in and out of your lungs? Do I control your body as easily as I control my limbs? Does your mind refuse to have any other thought except how to serve your Master, how to please him?”

With slow, deliberate movements, he unbuckled his belt. John’s eyes were steady, as he watched the adroit fingers pull the belt off. His eyes glowed with the beauty of Submission.

“Yours,” he sighed softly.

Sherlock’s nostrils flared as he looked at the submissive pose. The glory of devotion in those blue eyes. He stood with the belt swinging from his hands by his side, his gaze pinned on John.

“I need to find out whether I am your Master. I am going to break you tonight, John. Have you, till you lose all sense of yourself. Till all that thrums through you is ME. Tonight you fall, take that last plunge for me.”

He bent down till his eyes were at John’s level, his voice seductive, coaxing, “You and I have been playing at the fringes for so long. You’ve come such a long way. But are you ready to be the slave of your Master? Tonight we find out. Whether anything in John still belongs to him or has he handed it ALL over to Sherlock…..”

John started to shake at the ferocity blazing in his eyes, desperately fighting the need to go down further in prostration, lick his Dom’s feet.

Sherlock brought his forehead to touch John’s lightly, his fingers gentle as they rubbed the short hair on John’s temple, his voice softer, “I believe you’re ready….. you can do it….. we find out tonight. Together.”

John hung his head, “Yours,” he repeated softly.

Sherlock’s lips quirked up briefly as he straightened up, his words an ominous warning, “We’ll soon find out.”

He threw the belt down and stepped closer to the coffee table. He had another sip of his Scotch, eyes on John. John watched the movement of his long throat as he swallowed, hypnotised. John’s blood was running thick and hot as it surged through his body. The familiar tremor had started in his thighs as he waited, but his hands and eyes were steady as they looked up at his Dom.

His words came from somewhere inside of him, bursting in their eagerness to be said aloud, “Have any part of me, Sherlock. Whatever pleases you. For however long it pleases you. Your pleasure is my reward. You ARE my Master.”

Sherlock turned around to put the glass down. He closed his eyes, fighting the prickling sensation of unwelcome tears, summoning up his powerful volition to keep control over his emotions, his reactions. He slowly turned around and stood looking down at his Sub, fighting to keep the
approval off his face. *Well done, John*....

John’s gaze was unwavering.

There was something savage, unrestrained in the air tonight. The atmosphere in the room matched the wilderness outside. And he was in this closed cavernous room trapped with this exquisite wild creature, whose unreal glimmering, hauntingly beautiful eyes were looking down at him--hungry, predatory.

And John *wanted* to be devoured, consumed. Till nothing of him remained, all taken up and engulfed into the bowels of whatever ferocious Dominant trance Sherlock was in.

He channelled every single submissive thought in his head, till it coalesced into something infinitely powerful, in readiness to plunge into whatever his Dom desired tonight. *Not mine, never me. Always YOU, only YOU*....

Sherlock’s eyes narrowed dangerously as he watched the interplay of emotions, the resolute look in his Sub’s eyes as John’s state of being plunged deeper and deeper into Submission. He mentally geared up for battle. *May the best man win..... and I hope it is you, my heart.....* He summoned up the inner Dom, for the first time unleashed, snapping and salivating like a crazed feral wolf.

And let go of the reins.

*Go forth and duel.....break him.... test his mettle.... And if he satisfies, then it is time to let him go*....

The silence stretched as Dom and Sub stared at each other.

The fire blazed. The wind outside had picked up, gusty and wild as it rattled the windows, causing them to make howling sounds. As though sensing the tense, charged atmosphere within the confines of this remote chamber in this isolated corner of the world.

When he finally spoke, Sherlock’s voice was a low, velvet caress, “Put your arse on your heels, John. Hands behind your back, fingers laced. Throw back your shoulders.”

He circled John again, slowly. And then standing in front of him he undressed slowly, enjoying the reverent look in John’s bulging eyes as each part of his body was revealed.

Sherlock came closer and stood in front of John, his cock rock hard, delicately brushing against that flat belly with every exhale.

“Open,” he ordered.

His length slid in, slowly, steadily. John opened his mouth as wide as he could as he took it in. Sherlock was *hard*. The thin fragile skin over his cock was stretched to its limits, delicate veins standing out in sharp relief.

Sherlock sighed as he hit the back of John’s throat, wanting to push in the rest of him. *Not yet*....

He pushed in and out a few times, his head thrown back with the pleasure coursing through him. John lapped and sucked, his eyes on Sherlock, just as he knew Sherlock liked. His attention on the steel length inside of him, the feel of his Dom’s hands on his head as he took pleasure from his Sub’s services.

Sherlock pulled out.
And pushed John down until he was on his elbows and knees. He crouched alongside. Buried his face in John’s neck, breathing in the familiar smell. Filling himself up with strength…. Have I been a good Dom? Have I done my job well? Are you ready to leap…. I place my trust in you…..

He placed one broad palm on John’s chest, feeling the thudding beat of the heart, offering thanks that it continued to beat, fighting the memories of when it had stopped. He imagined it saying with each forceful beat …Sherlock…..Sherlock…..Sherlock….. And then mentally shook his head. Stop being fanciful…..Steady, Sherlock.

His other hand petted John’s back, light fingers running over the vertebral transverse processes, resisting the temptation to linger over the scar, where John had been hurt, had surgery. It seemed like a lifetime ago. He marvelled at the frailty of the human body, at the folly of putting so much emotion, sentiment into something so fragile, breakable…..

His hand reached the taut, muscled globes of John’s buttocks. His touch was meditative as he caressed the firm flesh, marvelling at how often he had hurt it, pushed into fragile tissue for pleasure, used it….. I love you, John….I love you, John….I love you, my love…. his soul seemed to sing. You give me so much, tonight give me this one last thing, so I can give you EVERYTHING back, compounded, expanded……

His hand came down as he landed a forceful smack on John’s rump.

SMACK!

And another….

SMACK!

And another…. And another….. And another….. And another….. And another….. And another….. And another…..

Without pause, without mercy.

His hand continued to rain down, watching the tremors increase in John’s body, the physiological responses of the jerking, twitching muscles, the spreading and deepening redness of the tissues as his John seemed to absorb every powerful blow somewhere in that vast Submissive fullness inside of him. His other hand continued to support the trembling body by holding up his chest. He valiantly fought the urge to murmur reassurances. He watched with satisfaction as John shook and whimpered, but his body stayed steady, his eyes stayed submissively on the ground, though his thighs were trembling with the effort of holding him up. Well done, my love….

John felt every vicious blow land, was aware of everything around him and yet…. He didn’t feel anything. While his body did what it had to do, jerking and shivering and whimpering, muscles bunching as they took the severe beating, his skin burning with the relentlessness of the blows…… his mind only experienced it as love, the joy of being graced with the attentions of his Dom.

Every fibre in his being was so subjugated, that from that depth of Submission, all he registered was the part visual he had of a graceful arched foot and the sensation of the warm sure gentle palm of his Dom, holding him up, supporting him even as his other hand meted out pain, the palm against which beat his racing erratic heart.

Give me the pain you need to, because I know that it will be your lips that will be kissing the raw bruised flesh when you’re done…. You are my Master….. Believe it…. You do own me…. the words came from something inside of me…. I see it, why can’t you?
Sherlock stopped when the stinging in his hand became intolerable. He observed the bright red bruised skin. Pain given without any pleasure. And accepted with grace, without a word of complaint, by the submitted man in front of him. His eyes closed of their own accord, as he leaned his forehead against John’s back and allowed small pants to escape him. *Just some more, love…..*

He straightened himself. And stood up.

John stayed on his hands and knees looking down. Sherlock had another sip of his whiskey.

He went down on his knees. And pushed John further down. Until his face lay close to the rug underneath. His arse stuck up in the air. He slapped the thighs apart. And looked at the greased prepped arsehole, prepared for his pleasure and convenience. His nostrils flared, eyes resolute as he took a deep breath.

He parted the cheeks with one hand, with the other hand three fingers thrust in all at once, roughly. John’s body fell forward.

“Stay still,” the order was sharp, accompanied by a powerful smack to John’s throbbing bottom.

John trembled as he regained his position on his elbows and knees. As he took the rough fingering, Sherlock’s fingers deep inside him, stretching, stroking, widening him. He panted, eyes fixed on a part of Sherlock’s foot which was visible, he channelled his entire being into the devotion to that foot.

Sherlock moved to position himself behind John’s arse. He pulled on one cheek, opening him up further and thrust in, the entire fullness of him roughly badgering into his Sub. And started to fuck John…… no give, no mercy.

John’s cock was hard between his legs, it had been leaking for some time. Soft gasps and whines escaped his mouth, but otherwise he was silent, as he took every thrust and absorbed it within himself.

Sherlock continued to fuck into him, frowning as the Dom considered his next move.

After some time, he pulled back one arm, twisting it behind John’s back, holding it firmly against the small of John’s back. John was now being fucked balanced just on one arm. The thick cock was particularly brutal tonight, pounding in. Sherlock’s pupils were fully blown, the Dom glorying in the beautiful supplicant figure of his Sub, who had uttered not a word of complaint at the savagery with which he was being mauled.

John’s hand was trembling as it tried to hold him up, his body moving counterpoint to each plunge of that relentless cock. The Sub clenched and unclenched his pelvic muscles, to enhance his Dom’s pleasure, to give him more friction.

The Dom was near manic in his need to subdue, to defeat, to overpower. He let out a guttural curse.

Sherlock bent down again and picked up John’s other arm, twisting it to John’s back. He held both wrists in one hand against the small of John’s back. He watched as John had no option except to fall on the rug, his face twisted to one side, cheek scraping against the rug as Sherlock continued to fuck him mercilessly.

Sherlock waited for something, a sound of discomfort, a plea of some sort. *None came.* He waited for any triggering of John’s PTSD, panic attacks, ready to rush in and soothe at the first sign of anything. But *none came.*
John lay there, helpless as his cheek rubbed against the rug, Sherlock’s powerful thrusts plundering him. He was aware of every shift against his buttocks, the press of Sherlock’s thighs against his hips as he held him down. And yet the sea of Submission that he was floating in was so overpowering, so gloriously beautiful… all he could focus on were Sherlock’s soft sighs of pleasure, the grunts from his exertion. He continued to milk Sherlock’s cock from the inside, wishing he could do more to pleasure his Dom.

Sherlock felt like he couldn’t breathe, the power running through him as John obeyed every whim, surrendered to every desire.

He allowed the moment to pass and continued to fuck into him as he considered. He continued to hold on to both of John’s wrists with one hand against the small of John’s back, using them as reins to use the shuddering body underneath him.

After a few more brutal thrusts, he swung one powerful leg, and brought one foot down on John’s face. His foot ground down on John’s face firmly, pinning all of John helplessly, like he were truly a toy he were playing with.

The Sub rejoiced as he felt the foot come down on his face. Yes…. I needed that… needed that extra connection, as he tried to raise his cheek into the sole of the foot. Even when you’re trying to break me, you know what I need, Sherlock … you can’t help but give me what I need…… An overwhelming flood of response swept through his loins, he shivered. All he wanted to do was serve…..

Sherlock blinked back tears as he felt John trying unsuccessfully to rub his cheek against his foot.

The Dom shook, the dominant surge as though swelling out of control. He threw his head back as he detonated, filling the bowels of his Sub with his release. He panted desperately as he came, the urge to gather John in his arms, hold him close, bury his face into John’s belly overwhelming. Not yet, not yet, not yet…..

He pulled out roughly. And swayed as he got to his feet.

John still lay with his head against the rug, awaiting Sherlock’s order.

“I’m going to clean myself. Spread your thighs some more. And stay like this. I want to see your gaping arsehole, my come still trickling out of it when I return,” his voice was steady, stern.

John stayed still, unmoving. Urging his Dom to come back.

Sherlock stood quietly in the bathroom, one hand soaping his genitals. He was shivering, shaking. Desperately fighting the urge to burst into tears, to run out and gather that precious body in his arms. He leaned forward, his head against the tiled wall. Fuck, John….. You’ve exceeded every expectation…. Can’t wait…. For you to outshine me…. Doing so well…. Steady, Sherlock….. it’s the last hurdle now…..

Sherlock came out only moments later, genitals washed. He wore just his black pants as he walked to the kitchen, fetched himself a large glass of water.

He sat on the chair and stared at the supplicant figure on his hands and knees, exactly in the position he’d left him in. He sat sprawled on the chair, one lean strong hand flung behind his head, one hand around the glass, holding it against his tummy. He drank. And composed himself. His gaze was impenetrable as his eyes flicked over the John’s body.

“Straighten up. Keep your hands on the ground.”
John slowly straightened up, as his body struggled to untwist and adjust after having been in one position for so long. He stared at Sherlock. He smelled of fragrant soap. Like a locus of untainted crisp freshness in the room which had become musty with the aroma of sweat and sex and lubricant and the humid unaired smell of the sea and old wood.

His attention flicked up, lingered on Sherlock’s mouth, the column of throat, sweep of shoulders, expanse of chest, down to the snug elastic waistband of his pants. His eyes drifted to the impressive mound covered in black, triangulated between the long legs. His mouth flooded, the saliva felt like it was clogging his throat.

Sherlock watched. Aware of every twitch and thought going through John’s head. Awed. At the depths of Submission that John had already plunged to.

He tilted his head back and finished the water. He put down the glass and stood up slowly. Hooking his fingers in the waistband of his pants, he slowly peeled it off. He neared John and stood with his crotch in front of his Sub’s face.

“Suck me back to life. So that I can empty myself inside you again.” His voice was husky.

John picked up the long limp cock, shuffled closer, he nuzzled his face into the crotch, the crease of the groin. His second most favourite place in the world. His Dom was in no mood to grant him access to his most favourite—Sherlock’s neck. The place where he found succour, strength. So he nuzzled against the delicate skin of the groin, licking, kissing gratefully.

Sherlock was getting firmer, the tumescence increasing, his cock elongating, fattening. John opened his mouth and took the cock in, as though he were a starved man, as though it was the first morsel of food he’d seen in days.

He began to suck. His jaw rubbed against the roughness of Sherlock’s leg, his cheek against the smoother skin of the inner thigh. It was as though the world had narrowed down, his only job was to pleasure his Dom. He licked and sucked, and lapped and swallowed. When Sherlock’s grip on his hair tightened, when he thrust himself in mercilessly, driven himself deeper into John’s throat, John revelled in it, that he was serving his Dom, he clutched at the sense of completeness he felt.

Sherlock clenched his jaw. Alright then.....

He slowed down.

John’s eyes held only worship, submission, love as he looked up, waiting patiently to see what his Dom wanted. One side of Sherlock’s lips came up briefly, his eyes narrowed, a challenge, a fervent hope.

He moved his hand from John’s hair to the side of his neck. One large palm cupped one side of John’s face and neck, fingers splayed to hold his jaw firmly, tilting up the eager face. The other hand moved to hold the nape of John’s neck, pinning him firmly.

Slowly he moved inwards.

His gaze fixed to John’s, speaking a language of their own, volumes in their eloquent violent depths. John felt like he was burning alive, breathless as he flailed in the heat of that overpowering gaze. Sherlock kept sliding in, till his cock head hit the back of John’s throat.

He didn’t stop.

The pressure in John’s throat steadily increased. His eyes widened as he tried to gauge his Dom’s
intentions.

“Take it all in. Let go,” he growled, voice stern.

John felt like he was choking, but that was the natural bodily response. His eyes were fixed to his Dom’s blazing gaze. The world receded completely from his consciousness. Sherlock’s cock was unforgiving, solid. He kept pushing. John’s throat muscles were convulsing, his hands rose of their own accord, pleading on the body’s behalf, while his core was focused, pulled by the wild intensity of Sherlock’s eyes.

Sherlock’s hands firmed up their grip, now bordering on painful.

“Hands to the ground. LET. GO.” The words came out with the force of a whip. His Master’s voice.

Something in John responded as he went totally pliant, throat muscles relaxed, jaw slackened.

And for the first time ever, all of Sherlock was inside his mouth. His lips were now touching Sherlock’s skin, the exhalations from his nostrils gently blowing the soft pubic hair. His throat completely blocked by the turgid organ lodged deep inside him.

Sherlock’s hand came off the nape of his neck, one finger tested the give in the thin, stretched out lips. Trying to slide between the lips and his turgid cock. Checking to see if any air could enter from the sides of his cock.

There was no give.

There was a nod of satisfaction.

Sherlock’s hand moved as though in slow motion as the thumb and index finger settled on either side of John’s nostrils.

He pinched firmly.

“LET GO.” The two words were like loud cracking thunderclaps, echoing in the room.

John’s inhalations had been stopped, his nose blocked by the firm pinch of Sherlock’s fingers, his mouth stuffed with his cock.

He could not breathe anymore.

For a fraction of a second only, there was panic in his eyes, instinctive and unconditioned.

Sherlock’s demeanour was domineering, terrifying…. his cock completely sheathed in his Sub’s mouth, holding his Sub in place, having decided to take away his right to breathe, to live.

It seemed to John as though his Dom’s eyes were sending huge flames that were enveloping his soul, searing it, purifying it, burnishing it.

Jump. Let go. I’ll catch you if you waver. I will never let you fail. You’re safe. Jump, John……

And John jumped…. Took that final leap of faith and SURRENDERED. He felt a calmness, a serenity engulf him. A complete acceptance of his Dom’s will. His arms spread out wide in complete supplication.

Let me die at your hands. I have offered everything. Now I offer the only thing remaining. My life.
At the moment he accepted, the world and time crawled to a halt. As though the space-time continuum had decided to freeze this moment forever. Every thought, every movement as though moving through molasses.

Sherlock’s eyes were like twin infernos, ablaze, magnificent… as they shone with the FIRE of Knowledge.

And it felt as though everything in John’s mind opened up at once.

John understood……

Disparate pieces of conversation floated into his mind, the jig-saw pieces slotting into place. Words remembered and their significance comprehended for the first time.

In giving up everything, you will gain everything. Therein lies the dichotomy, the beauty……

If you can’t find it in yourself to let go, then there is nothing I can do; this is your choice, your decision, your surrender. I can only show you……

A good Dom does not give you what you want, he gives you what you need…… he is Sherlock Holmes, he sees everything……

I am a Dom. And I cannot look after my Sub’s needs with my hands tied behind my back…..

When a person submits with true intent, it is only then that a true Dominant is born…..

I want you to fly, to soar, to be complete in yourself. More than anything, my love, I want you to rise above any need for me……

The mind is like a key in a lock….you turn it one way, it will open the doors to the dazzling intellect, the truth that is in you. You turn it the other way and you will lock yourself in, forever trying to swim against the endless tides of emotions…….

When your mind glimpses the joy of clarity, it’s impossible to go back to that same muddled warped thinking. It is like going from the sublime to the ridiculous. Your mind itself will rebel against it…….

The game is won the day you ask yourself this…..Do you want to be a slave to of the impermanent or do you want to soar towards the truth inside of you?

Try to see that I am giving you the easiest and most direct path OUT of that infinite loop……

Submission brings peace, John. When you are fully submitted, you will know that permanent peace too……

When you can kneel without the slightest suggestion of ego, the barest trace of self-preservation……

The last two obstacles, the most adhesive and intransigent ones, that obscured, sheathed, veiled the core of himself were now removed----- ego and self-preservation.

And John understood. Of course…. I see. I SEE, SHERLOCK…..

And with that he felt it.
Like he was being hit by a million cataclysmic volcanic eruptions simultaneously in all parts of his psyche—the seething magma chambers filled to the brim with the fire of Self-Knowledge that was already present in his soul, had somehow found the outlets towards the caldera. All the while he had imagined that when Sherlock kept chipping away, he’d been moulding John to suit his needs. Turned out that he had been shaving off and chiselling away, painstakingly, ruthlessly..... at all the stony obstacles that had kept John from the sublime knowledge of *himself* pouring out and bathing his life.

Everything that he had been put through in the past year..... A relentless, inexorable progression, higher and higher, everything to mercilessly expunge everything that was NOT JOHN, till ONLY JOHN remained.

The comprehension hit him with the power of an infinitely potent epiphany that exploded in his mind. This state of tranquillity did not come from Sherlock or submission to Sherlock. It came from the *state of Submission* itself, complete acceptance of the Truth, an embracing of WHAT IS, without insistence, without demands.

He looked up, eyes widened with wonder, with knowledge.

*It was always me. I had it in me.*

Yes, it was about you alone. You needed to remove all the shackles that bind you. See John, you are free! Without desire, without fear! Do you see how beautiful you really are?

*It was never you.*

No, I just showed the way. When you remove all that is impermanent, false..... only John remains. Unveiled! Pristine! PERFECT!

Arms still held wide, John offered up this beautiful vision to his Dom. He was fast losing consciousness, Sherlock’s face fading from his vision. It was urgent that he give up this insight, offer it to the one who facilitated in the first place. Who had filled him with the beauty of realization of himself.

*Then take it, I want it to belong to you. My last offering to you, before I die.....*

His Dom accepted it with grace and handed it right back to him--- expanded, amplified, compounded a thousand fold, a million fold..... As though John were the rays of the sun. As though Sherlock was the focal point of a magnifying lens, gathering all the rays into one powerful, dynamic, pinpoint focus and reflecting it back with all the energy in his BEING.

*Not mine, YOURS John.....*

And John was incandescent, his eyes shone triumphantly with fire, with self-knowledge.

*I SEE.*

Sherlock’s eyes bled, with tears of joy, of exultation, of euphoria.

*I told you, John. The bulb becomes incandescent. The Submissive and his Submission shine brilliantly. So much so that the Dom disappears..... but I don’t actually disappear..... when you reach that level of Submission, the Dom merges with the Sub. There is no more Dom, no more Sub. Just oneness, unity..... CULMINATION.*

Vaguely John was aware that Sherlock had let go of his nose, that Sherlock had pulled out
completely. Vaguely he was aware that his body was taking in huge gasps of life giving air, as his lungs breathed in.

His soul was focused though on the beauty, the perfection of the face looking down at him. Made even more beautiful by the unbounded, unbridled love that was flowing from him. Unabashed tears dripping from the blue-grey eyes.

_Sherlock. His Dominant. His Master._

His Dom pulled him up, his face nuzzling John, kissing every part of his face, soft soft lips placed hundreds of kisses on John’s face, his neck, breathing John in, gasping as though Sherlock had been the one who had stopped breathing. He was crying, he was laughing…..His tears bathing John in love, in benediction.

“I understand, Sherlock.”

“I know, my love.”

John’s eyes were brimming too, with tears of gratitude. What does one say when someone has given the gift of one’s own Self?

“You saved me. Again. You brought me face to face with who I am….. I am free…. I had never needed anyone else, it was all a delusion.”

Sherlock’s lips were ravenous, kissing John’s lips, his face, his neck. Two large hands cupping John’s face on either side. He laughed with delight.

“You are free. You don’t need me anymore. There will never be need in your life anymore. You are free, untethered, a wholeness unto yourself….. ”

And then John watched as Sherlock let go of his face.

And the Dom went down on his knees in front of his Sub.

Sherlock threw his head back and _ROARED_, like a victorious lion--- the sound loud, visceral, triumphant. The sound vibrations thundered in the room, echoing and bouncing off the walls, carrying to the wild surroundings outside, reverberated through John as every cell in his being vibrated with the same resonance, without any damping.

Sherlock spread his hands and looked up at his Sub, as he smiled through his tears, his voice hoarse with intent, love.

“Yours, John. Yours to own, yours to use, yours to command.”

John’s hands came forward to pull him closer, fingers tangled in the long locks. Sherlock nuzzled his face in John’s groin, nose bumping against the tumescence that had not abated. John’s heart stopped as he felt the warmth of Sherlock’s mouth close around his cock, taking him deep, taking all of him down his throat. Desperate glides along his length with his mouth. Long fingers inserted themselves into John’s anus, stroking the prostate firmly, fucking in and out. His balls drew up hard and tight from the provocative touches. John was about to come, he could not hold back. He felt like he was hanging on a razors edge. “Sherlock please I can’t hold it” Sherlock removed his mouth. “You can come, my love.” And then John was falling off the edge, his voice hoarse as he shouted “SHERLOCK” and jetted down Sherlock’s throat.

And then the Sub pushed his Dom to the ground. Knowing he would never need to ask for
permission to touch him again……

The Dom went down gladly, playfully----a puppet in the hands of his sub, pliable like a rag doll. Laughing with joy, tears still falling from his face, as John lifted his hips and slammed down on the still unsated length of his Dom. Sherlock’s hands caressed up and down each thigh, as John gripped him with his strong inner muscles, sliding up and down that delectable length, Sherlock’s cock pushing and pulling against that muscular resistance, till voice hoarse, he let go his release inside his Sub, his hands spasmodically digging into John’s flesh, leaving bruises. Voice hoarse, rough, “John…. John…. John……”

And John gathered him in his arms, placing loving kisses all over that beautiful face.

------------------------------------------

It was two hours later that John woke up from his sleep, his head snug on a soft pillow, a thin sheet thrown over him. The fire was still going in the fireplace, the room was warm.

He looked around in confusion, and then sat up.

Sherlock stood by one of the large French windows, looking out into the moonlit backyard and the sea beyond.

“Sherlock?” John’s voice was hoarse.

Sherlock turned around, his smile wide, spontaneous. He chuckled as he walked towards John.

“It’s going to take more than a couple of days for your vocal cords to recover,” his voice sounded deep, smug in the quiet of the room.

John smiled, “Don’t pretend you don’t like it!”

Sherlock folded himself on to the floor and lied down, sighing as he laid his head on John’s lap. John leaned back to support himself on the seats of one of the armchairs, his hand coming up spontaneously to brush back Sherlock’s curls.

“I do like it. Like knowing that I did that to you. And you let me.”

John grinned, “And I like to do what pleases you. It’s a win-win…..”

They stayed there, quietly watching the dancing flames, hearts beating as one. It was a few moments later that John spoke, his tone quiet, “Is this where you asked Victor to leave?”

He didn’t need to elaborate.

Sherlock was quiet for some time, enjoying the gentle caresses through his hair.

“Yes.” He was quiet for longer, his eyes fixed on the hypnotic movements, the array of colours of orange, crimson, red, yellows.
“It was time to move out of my shadow. To find his own identity and forge his own path. He was ready.” He shrugged one shoulder slightly. “I asked him to find his place. Assured him that I am never far for when he needs me.”

John’s fingers ran light circles on Sherlock’s scalp, his eyes staring at that beloved face, unblinking.

His voice was soft as he whispered, “What if I don’t want to leave?”

Sherlock’s eyes moved from the fireplace to the face looking down at him. And saw devotion. Utter. Permanent.

*John…. His John…. Flatmate, cook, doctor, soldier, bodyguard, friend, blogger….Submissive. Mine….*

His voice was gentle, his hazel eyes smiling up, “Then don’t. But stay because you *want* to. Not because you have to or need to.”

John let out a shuddering breath of relief, unaware that he had been holding it.

“I can’t imagine there will ever be a time when I won’t need you. In one way or another. Just like Victor does, at least from time to time.”

“They will be there, ready to give you what you need. I have told you—the source of love, of wisdom, of knowledge, of peace is inexhaustible and it is not outside somewhere. It is inside you. You and I are merely chipping away at the surface. There is always more underneath.”

John’s thumb glided lightly over the full pink lips, the exquisite Cupid’s bow, the razor sharp cheekbones.

“Then let me stay and chip away with you. Don’t send me away.”

Sherlock pulled him closer till his cold nose was rubbing gently over the redness of carpet burn on John’s cheek. He looked up, John’s lips hovering just above his, his eyes full of love. His voice was a quiet murmur as he nuzzled John’s face like a satisfied cat, “Then stay. I would like you to stay. It gets lonely without you, John. You take away my loneliness. Stay.”

John bent further in answer, his kiss aching in its sweetness, purity. Sherlock’s hand gently gripped his hair as he moved his Sub’s mouth the way he desired. He breathed into John’s mouth, “I love you, John.”

John beamed, feeling as though his entire body, mind and soul were a singular weightless entity made of love, freedom, peace. His voice was soft.

“I know.”
Chapter End Notes

Couple of comments-

Readers of “Interlude” may recognise some overlap as they read the last scene. It was intentional. You see, “Interlude” was posted before Culmination, and was always intended to be featured in the penultimate chapter—my vision of what I wanted the D/s relationship to end up being.

Also……

Iggie Bergman-- one of the readers brought up the point that the love that is described in this story, the love that Sherlock talks about and guides John into, is reminiscent of the following poem by Khalil Gibran. I have read and loved this poem previously, and had cause to revisit it after Iggie mentioned it. Because it is so beautiful, and because there is a lot of substance to their observation--I thought I would share it here, as I presume not everyone reads the comments on the chapters. (though you should, some of them are soooo good!)

Forgive me, Iggie, if this does not meet your approval :) 

*Khalil Gibran on Love*

When love beckons to you, follow him,  
Though his ways are hard and steep.  
And when his wings enfold you yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.
And when he speaks to you believe in him,
Though his voice may shatter your dreams
as the north wind lays waste the garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so
is he for your pruning.
Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in
the sun,
So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.
He threshes you to make you naked.
He sifts you to free you from your husks.
He grinds you to whiteness.
He kneads you until you are pliant;
And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for
God's sacred feast.

All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart,
and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.

But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure,
Then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's
threshing-floor,
Into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and
weep, but not all of your tears.
Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;
For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say, "God is in my heart," but rather, "I am in the heart
of God."
And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs
your course.

Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself.
But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:
To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.
To know the pain of too much tenderness.
To be wounded by your own understanding of love;
And to bleed willingly and joyfully.
To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;
To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;
To return home at eventide with gratitude;
And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon
your lips.
John’s eyes blinked against the powerful rays of the Sun that cast the room in a warm glow. He was alone on the bed, Sherlock’s side was cold.

*Wonder when he left?*

He stood up and stretched, moving closer to the window to peer out at the beautiful sunny summer day. His face lit up. He caught a glimpse of silver out of the corner of his eyes and opened the window to have a better look. The air was cool and brisk, without being cold. The gentle sea breeze ruffled his short hair.

*Hey! Victor’s here,* he thought as he saw the familiar car parked in the driveway.

Putting on his shorts and a t-shirt, he walked out barefoot.

From the kitchen he could see Victor, out on the patio, fussing over his paints and brushes, standing close to the easel which had a canvas perched on it.

He yawned and switched on the kettle, making three cups of tea as he rummaged through the bags on the kitchen counter. The smell of freshly baked scones and croissants assaulted his nostrils. His tummy rumbled.

He carried two mugs of steaming tea out to the patio.

“Hey, Victor,” he said, voice still hoarse from Sherlock’s pounding two nights ago, as he put the tea cups down on the large table out on the patio, and moved give Victor a spontaneous hug.

Victor had turned with a grin on his face when he heard John come out, did a double take as he took in the redness over one cheek.
His grin turned cheeky as he heard the hoarseness in John’s voice, “I see.” He returned the hug warmly.

John shook his head as he sat down on one of the chairs, “Don’t ask.”

Victor chuckled.

“When did you get here?”

“Just half an hour ago.”

“Where’s he?” John asked, looking around.

Victor gestured into the distance, over by the edge of the huge ground, near the railing.

John stood up to peer into the distance.

Sherlock stood close to the railings, naked, feet spread apart, looking out into the distance. Just his pale form and the wind causing his curls to wave.

“Bloody hell! Is he naked?”

Victor gave a short laugh, “Yeah, but who’s to see? There is nothing beyond there except the sea. There’s no one for miles, John.”

John looked back at him and grinned. “Looks like he is sunbathing.”

His gaze caught on the canvas, the unfinished painting. Victor was looking down, mixing paints, his movements fluid, dextrous.

He neared, one hand still holding the tea cup and looked closely at it. His voice held surprise, “Are you painting him? I thought he didn’t give you permission.”

Victor waved his free hand vaguely, “When I arrived, he was already out there. He took off his clothes.” He smiled at John, and then dipped his brush in his paint can again and resumed painting. “He’s posing, John. He has given me permission. He doesn’t have to use words. One needs to be perceptive enough to listen to his silences, deduce his actions. Sometimes, they are more significant.”

John leaned against the iron railing, sipping his tea slowly, eyes trained over the still figure.

They were quiet for some time. The only sounds were the ocean waves, the sounds of the seagulls and Victor’s little knocks and taps and sounds of frustration as he worked away.

John’s voice was soft, reflective as he spoke after some time.

“It never was about submitting to him, was it?”

Victor paused, shrewd eyes flicked over John’s face. He put his brush down and picked up his tea cup, and came to stand alongside John. He took a sip.

“No, it wasn’t,” he said softly. “It was always about Submission to the highest within yourself. To recognize that highest potential that is within yourself. Letting go of the distortion of circular thinking, developing a wider vision, reaching the pinnacle of rational objective thought. And coming to the realization that you are what you seek. And that realization comes easily when you are completely submitted.”
John took a deep breath and another sip.

“Why? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Victor had a faraway look in his eyes as he stared at Sherlock’s blurry form.

“Because experiences are not transferable. Because lessons learned from experiences are not transferable. One needs to learn for oneself.” He waved his cup towards Sherlock. “He taught me that.”

Both men were quiet for several moments.

When Victor finally spoke his voice was meditative, as though musing aloud.

“He said his job is to act as a conduit to come to that understanding. A goal to focus his Subs energies on. So that he can gather them all, clean up the messy bits and reflect the rest back. Because once you recognize this truth, you stop depending on anyone else.”

John looked thoughtful as he mused on this, meshing the thought with his understanding.

Victor continued, “I lived with him for two years. Then he told me one day, when he felt I was ready, ‘This is my gift to you. I hand you---Victor. Stripped of the accumulated rubbish of a lifetime of pain, sentiment, doubts, worthlessness. The pristine core of Victor. Recognize the beauty, the potential. Go and live your life, any which way you want to. You don’t need me anymore. And if you do, I will be there, I am never far from you. But for now, it is time to be your own man.’ And he has kept his promise. Whenever I need him, he is there. Giving…. Always giving…. Of himself.”

John smile was soft, “He told me once that the relationship between a Dom and his Sub is not equal. Not in the sense that we are inferior or he can exploit us. But in the way that the relationship between a parent and child, between a Master and his disciple can never be equal. One is always in the position of giving unconditionally, the other is always in a position of need, of taking.”

He shook his head and took another sip. Pursed his lips briefly. “You know, so many things he has said come back to me, I feel like I’m slowly understanding his words, what they mean….. Amazing. He is amazing.”

Victor put his cup down. “Yes, he is.” He patted John’s shoulder affectionately as he walked back to his painting.

Picking up his brush, he started to paint again, his voice teasing, “Go to him, John. He’s waiting for you.”

-------------------------------------

John walked slowly to where Sherlock was.

“Victor is here,” he informed Sherlock as he neared.

“I know,” Sherlock said, without moving a muscle.

He stood tall, gloriously naked, legs spread, long arms hanging loosely by his sides, his face
upturned towards the sky, his eyes closed.

John stood a few feet away and just looked. As the golden hue reflected off the pale skin, at the relaxed posture, like a wild creature enjoying the outdoors. Suddenly, it was difficult, nay impossible, to imagine Sherlock running around in London. He seemed like such a child of nature, as though he was in his natural milieu.

The urge to connect at some fundamental level with him, grew stronger.

John undressed quietly and slid to the ground between his feet.

Sherlock didn’t move an inch as he felt the warmth of John’s breath on the inside of his thighs, as the wet mouth took his long limp cock in his mouth. He smiled, as he enjoyed the slow exploring touches.

John lapped and licked the soft pubic hair, nuzzled his face in the crease of the groin, held the long cock in his fist as he licked the slit, sucked on the cock head, swirling his tongue around the glans. As it firmed and grew, he started sucking in earnest.

It was after several moments that Sherlock’s hand’s came up to hold John’s head, guiding his movements, hips starting to thrust gently. Sherlock was feeling lazy, decadent as he took his pleasure, his eyes looking out at the ocean, flicking down occasionally to meet the upturned face of his Sub.

“That’s it…. pleasure me, John. Take your time, I’m in no hurry,” he drawled lazily, pushing in slow rolls of his hips, shallow plunges at times, going deep at times, enjoying the warmth of John’s mouth, the slow teasing friction.

Victor looked at the distant figures, just barely making out the outlines. Sherlock stood with his legs apart, John kneeling between his feet, evidently giving him a blow-job.

His hands moved faster and faster as he mentally prayed for it not to be over too soon. Sketching the sinuous curves, trying to merge the image in his brain and the vision in front of him in a coherent whole.

He was lost to the world as his hands moved like a blur, tracing, smudging, drawing, correcting.

Sherlock’s hand tightened over John’s head, his entire cock lodged deep down John’s throat, wide stretched lips gripping the sides of his cock, providing exquisitely tight friction. Holding John’s head, he bent down, over John, his hand skittering over his spine till it reached his tail bone. Long fingers probed inside John’s cleft, his middle finger dipping inside the sphincter of John’s anus. Pleased to find it prepped, he moved one finger in and out the lubed hole slowly, teasing the tight pucker, wet and slippery.
“Hmmm….. good boy,” his voice was husky, as he slapped one cheek hard before straightening up.

He let John go, pulling himself out with a pop.

“Stand up. Turn around,” was the quiet order.

John stood up and turned around, feeling equally decadent, waiting to see how his Dom wanted to have him.

He pulled John closer, one hand fisted John’s swollen cock, the other hand moved back to the cleft, two long fingers insinuating them inside John, stroking his prostate. He chuckled as he heard John moan loudly, unable to decide whether to push back to the wicked fingers doing wicked things deep inside him and enjoy the consequent jolts of pleasure or whether to move forward and fuck into Sherlock’s firm fist.

_Oh John…. You should see yourself, trying to gouge on pleasure, sensation…._

Finally, when he had his fill of teasing John, he pulled his fingers out. Placing a hand on the small of John’s back he pushed down steadily. “Grab the railing.”

John placed his fingers over the stone of the railing and bent down, readying for Sherlock to take him.

Sherlock crouched down, bending his knees as he put one hand on John’s hip and held his erect cock with the other. He pushed in, widening his stance for better balance. John gasped, the wide head breaching his sphincter, sliding in slowly.

Suddenly, Sherlock pulled out, “You’re too short!” he complained.

Looking around, he picked up John’s shirt and spread it over the flat top of the stone railing.

“Oye!” John laughed.

“Shut up and get over here,” Sherlock grinned as he hoisted John up till his arse was firmly over the railing.

John peered over the railing at the steep cliff and the sea below.

“Fuck, Sherlock,” he giggled.

Sherlock’s arm was around his waist holding him steady, as he hoisted one leg and then the other over his shoulders, till John was bent into double, his arse at the right height. John’s arms came up and wrapped themselves around Sherlock’s neck, their faces inches apart.

“Don’t worry, I won’t let you fall.”

John smiled, “I know.”

Sherlock bent down to claim his Sub’s lips at the same time as his cock slid in with one long slow stroke till he was buried to the hilt.

“Yes…. That’s better…. Fuck you feel good,” he gasped as he ground his cock in, stretching the opening out.

John looked into his eyes, as his body was being breached, luxuriating in the fullness, the stretch.
Sherlock started to fuck, withdrawing his cock almost completely, then sliding it in slowly, looking down and watching his length disappear into John’s tight passage, his arse hanging off the ledge, holding him safely as he moved.

John’s head fell back as he looked up at the sky, taking deep breaths in, inhaling the crisp morning air.

“Fuck yes… YES….. love this….”

“Love what?” Sherlock gasped as he rolled his hips in and out.

“Love having you inside me, love doing it outdoors,” John moaned. “I want to stay here forever!”

Sherlock gently slid John’s legs off his shoulders. “Wrap them around my waist,” he said.

His big hands slid under John’s arse, supporting it, pulling it forwards, bringing their faces closer together. His lips were on John’s, kissing, sucking, his tongue taking a lazy tour of John’s mouth, as his hips slowed down, rolling in and out slowly, just enough to keep them interested. He pulled him closer, letting John nuzzle his neck, one hand gently cradling his head, his face buried in John’s hair, the other around his waist now.

He murmured in John’s ear, “Not going to happen. Lestrade called, he has a case. We’re leaving tonight, need to be at the Yard by tomorrow morning.”

John groaned, “Fuck…. And it had started out as such a lovely day….. “

“Hmm….. it still could be that. See that path at the edge of the cliff?”

John craned his head and looked down. A narrow path along the cliff’s surface veered into the corner and disappeared from view.

“Yeah.”

Another lazy roll, the long length inched in and out, fingers digging into John’s hip.

“It leads to a secluded alcove. The beach is mostly isolated in any case. Victor and I used to go to the alcove with picnic lunches. Swim in the ocean, have some wine, eat. And then I’d have him out there in the open.” Sherlock chuckled into John’s neck. “He’d get so annoyed, hated having the sand everywhere; in his crack, in his hair, his ears. But I’d have him. And then we’d come back and I’d punish him for showing displeasure to his Dom. Dear Lord… he loved that!”

John looked into Sherlock’s eyes, an exquisite blue this morning, reflecting the colour of the sky. His voice was suddenly hoarse, “I bet…”

Sherlock’s eyes flicked over his face, his lips hovered over John’s.

“We could do that today. Later. I could have him…. while you watched…. His voice was husky. “Or perhaps you could join in?”

John’s eyes widened, then darkened as the possibilities zipped through his brain. “I…..Fucking hell, Sherlock……” He moved his arse forward meeting Sherlock’s cock, welcoming him, his own hard and throbbing as his wild imagination raged. “Fuck yeah….. I think….. I’d like to try. But how would that work?”

Sherlock’s shrug was nonchalant, as his hips completed one more decadent roll, “We’ll figure it
out.” His grin was mischievous, “This is novel for me too, John. I like novelty, something new.”

John grinned back, “Oh yeah?”

“Yes,” Sherlock chuckled, as he executed another slow roll and slide in and out, lazily, as though luxuriating in the sensation.

John’s breath hitched, his anus stretched out with the incredible feel of Sherlock’s rough slides, his mind full of sensual fantasies. He gasped, “Could be dangerous…..”

Sherlock’s smile was playful, seductive as he pinched John’s arse, “And yet, here you are!”

John threw his head back and laughed, before straightening and nuzzling Sherlock’s face. His voice happy, breathless, “I love you.”

“I know…..Now, let’s get this over with. Victor would have finished his painting by now,” he said as he sped up, started fucking in earnest.

“How did you know….? Never mind,” he said, as he gave himself up to Sherlock all over again.

----------------------------------------

Victor was wiping his hands, his painting done, as they walked back to the back patio.

Sherlock let go of John and moved towards him to greet him. “Victor,” his voice was tender as he gathered him in his arms, lips soft against his temple.

Victor nuzzled against him for a while, then pulling his arm took him to his painting. The three stood looking at Victor’s creation.

Two indistinct figures, indicated only by sinuous curves, the swell of a buttock, the bulge of a muscle, the line of the thigh, the chest…..painted against the backdrop of the blueness of the sky and the ocean. One standing, looking down at the second figure on his knees, whose hand was raised as though seeking an anchor, a look of rapture on his face. Both bathed in a golden sunny glow. Their faces were also indistinct, just subtle shades indicated the utter devotion on the face of the kneeling figure. The standing figure had his hand outstretched, fingers spread as though giving, gracing something. The whole picture was so vivid, it was as though one was standing there…. And yet, it was so obscure that one would need to spend a long time studying it to gauge the intent of the creator.

Victor’s eyes flicked over Sherlock’s face, hopeful, eager.

Sherlock’s eyes were penetrating as they studied, parsed, dissected. It was a few moments before he looked at Victor.

“It’s breath-taking. Well done, my love.”

Victor took a deep breath, “I would like you to have this.”
Sherlock’s smile was warm. He came up to Victor, “Come here.”

He gathered him in his arms, soft lips bent forwards to kiss Victor on his lips, his nose, his forehead.

“I accept,” he said softly. He leaned forward to kiss Victor again, gentle breaths fanning Victor’s face as he deepened the kiss, his hand cupping Victor’s face. “It’s beautiful. Thank you.”

Victor’s smile was radiant, satisfied.

Sherlock swatted his arse playfully.

“I’m hungry. Let’s have some breakfast and all go down to the beach. I’d love to go for a swim. What time do you have to leave?”

Victor started to put his brushes away. “Not until tomorrow.”

“Hmm….. Good, plenty of time.”

Victor moved to the door to go back in, “I’ll get breakfast started. I bought some croissants and fruits on the way here.”

John stood up and stretched as he started gathering the empty tea cups. “I’ll join you,” he called out, just before the door swung shut.

Out of the corner of his eye, he observed as Sherlock picked up a piece of charcoal and bent towards the painting, writing something in one corner.

Sherlock put the charcoal down, before he too went inside.

Balancing three cups in hand, John neared the painting and bent down to peer at it.

Written in one corner in elegant curls was a single inconspicuous word.

_Culmination_

---

*OM TAT SAT. ITI.(THE END)*

---
To the readers of Culmination—my humble Namaste :)

-  
This then was my fantasy, my vision of what Dom Sherlock would be like…..a story I always wished SOMEONE would write. But since no one else was, I decided to do it!

I am so pleased that you were intrigued enough to read up to this point. I am truly glad that you enjoyed Culmination. I would like to thank you for the bookmarks, the kudos and the fantastic comments. You are kind, generous and gracious for choosing to support amateur writers.

May I request that before you say good bye to me and to Culmination, to leave a last comment, and tell me how you liked it. It will be a source of great satisfaction to me.

Thank you especially to all those who commented regularly, held my hand as I wrote and propped up my flagging spirit when it was needed. You know who you are, I will not insult your intelligence by naming names. A kinder and more encouraging group of readers would be impossible to find, in my opinion. Thank you. It would please me a great deal if you considered staying in touch by email if you find yourself so inclined.:) My email ID is in the passages below.

--------------------------------

Now—

There is something else that I would like to share with you.

Some time ago, I wrote another long story in this fandom called “MOKSHA” under a different pseud- sherlockfan.

It is a very different story; about half of it is set in India, it is a love story but based on spiritual and philosophical principles, and although Sherlock and John are good friends it is not a Johnlock. Instead I have paired Sherlock with the most beautiful man my mind could conceive of.
Many of you may not like to read a story that is not a Johnlock. And that is fine! I am so pleased you liked Culmination.

It was incredible to learn, that unknowingly, some of the same people who supported me through “Moksha”, ended up supporting me through “Culmination”—proof that like-minded people do find each other.

For those who do not mind reading about Sherlock with someone else and if you like the way my mind works, I invite you to read “Moksha.”

To me—-If Culmination is like a delicious ice-cream sundae on a hot summer’s day by the beach then ‘Moksha’ is the majesty of the very ocean itself. If Culmination was a lark and a bit of fun, ‘Moksha’ is my beating heart.

Or if I can be facetious, in Culmination you met only a fraction of Quantum, in ‘Moksha’ you’ll meet all of her :))

The rest of this little note is for those readers who are inclined towards spirituality or have an introspective/philosophical bent of mind -

There is an additional vantage point from which Culmination was conceived and written.

It is a Dom/sub story with Dom Sherlock, most certainly. But there is also a spiritual allegory interwoven through the story arc, John’s journey and Sherlock’s philosophy and actions. It both underpins the story and transcends it in some ways.

“Culmination” is based on the Yoga of Submission- to the ABSOLUTE—(or indeed to the Highest in oneself--- both mean the exact same thing) An allegory of a spiritual inward journey into Submission, as written by a Submissive (ME). Only the Submission is NOT to another human being but to the ABSOLUTE, the form I’ve chosen to give to Totality/ The Truth. (I am not a BDSM practitioner in real everyday life)

You see, I explored all the other Yogas in Moksha—The Yoga of Action, Yoga of Devotion, Yoga of Knowledge, Yoga of Meditation--but could not explore this most important one, as the story line did not allow it. Moksha felt incomplete without it and a few months after finishing it, this story popped into my head. If my words seem cryptic, I’m afraid you will have to read Moksha right up to the detailed author’s end-notes for this to make any sense.

Some of you who end up reading both stories may discover, as I did to my own surprise that I seem to have told the same story twice……

If you allow me to ramble for a few more moments, on matters spiritual…….[ I do believe I can… I’ve come to understand and joyfully accept that I’m among friends here :) ]

Some of you commented on how this story pulled at you, spoke to your depths. The truth is quite simple (as truth always is). It is because this is not book knowledge….this is an experienced truth that burst out of my soul. Something in your soul, your core recognised the validity of my words.

In some ways the Yoga of Submission is the easiest way to reach the Absolute- one merely needs
to let go, *FREE FALL*. (As Sherlock said to John- “I am giving you the easiest and most direct path OUT of that infinite loop”). Then it is Totality’s job to look after you.

In some ways it is the **most difficult**, because letting go and trusting that *IT* will look after you is very very hard! Not impossible mind you, I stand proof….. and it gets easier as one moves along the journey. Time and again we find ourselves saying much like John, “*I CAN’T.*” But the Universe is patient….just as Sherlock was. And you are brought back again and again. The comforting thing is that once a foot is firmly placed towards the journey home, you are guaranteed success. It is a one way street, you see!

Remember it is impossible to see the ‘*unimaginably convoluted tangle*’ of the way the Universe works…. But one can learn to read its intentions by seeing the result…. Even Mycroft agreed in season 3, one of my favourite dialogues in the series, “*Coincidences do not exist, the Universe is seldom so lazy.*”

Only one who has lost their peace of mind, the silence of the mind at some point in life, and thought about it deeply, will know how as John said, it is, “*The most precious gift in the world.*”

As Sherlock said, “*Submission brings peace*”—when you are submitted to WHAT IS, instead of an insistence about what you want, then the cacophony of desires and fears dies, and the true peace that has always been inside you emerges, is allowed to manifest itself.

Try it sometime. When you hit a rough patch, try….. to let go, go into free fall……And watch how the Universe is left helpless, *IT* has NO option but to catch you as you fall….. just like Sherlock was helpless in the face of Complete Submission….. he could not abandon any Sub who was truly submitted. Totality is equally bound to look after you, the forces of the Universe will gather around to uphold the foundations of true Submission, it **CANNOT** let you crash and burn ….. try it…..

Many of you found that just like me, you identified very strongly with John in this story. The explanation is truly simple. **John IS us**. No matter our situation in life, if you think deeply, we are all seekers---seeking eternal *Peace, Happiness, Fulfilment, Love* (these are some of the names given to the Absolute)---albeit in our own misguided way. When everything is said and done, we are all spiritual beings. **ALL of us**. John’s journey IS the trajectory of a spiritual seeker’s journey. (As Sherlock said to John- “*You are mine, John. And I am your home.*”)

Perception is everything!

Some of you may find the mingling of spiritual and mystical principles, the interweaving of the most staggeringly profound human experience of SELF-REALIZATION in a Dom/sub explicit fanfiction story….. **Blasphemous**. Some might find it …….intriguing, *thought provoking*. My apologies if anyone’s sentiment is hurt. The intention was always to share with LOVE in my heart…..

If you think about it deeply, of the myriad avatars of human relationships, a Dom/sub relationship came closest. One needs to be submitted to SEE. The body needs to submit its desires, the mind needs to submit its pointless thoughts, the intellect needs to submit its false erudition and addiction to its own importance…… for the SOUL to shine with the knowledge that was already there….. Do you **SEE??**

Besides, I am an Indian. I come from the land of Karma and Yoga. To me, I see the spiritual and mystical **everywhere** I look…….

And of course, as I’ve said many times, I ADORE Sherlock, I adore Dom Sherlock….. so, I killed two birds with one stone *smiles cheekily*
As an aside, and on a lighter note--- can you imagine my utter delight when I saw the Christmas Special episode?! Moksha was written a year before that episode aired---I had Sherlock meditating in the Himalayas LONG before Moffat and Gatiss had even thought about it! :)))

I told you in Culmination that I was giving you pieces of my heart….. Moksha is my whole heart, intact and throbbing …. Give it love……. If you do read Moksha- PLEASE let me know. Either by leaving a kudo, a bookmark, a comment or an email. I will consider the time I spent crafting Culmination to have been well spent if I hear from you. :)

If you like Moksha and get what I’ve tried to say…..if you find that it speaks to you as more than just a story, I invite you (indeed encourage you) to come back and re-read Culmination (minus the smut) with “Moksha-goggles” on (if I can use that phrase). And try to parse the spiritual/introspective messages woven through the story arc and said by the characters. And perhaps find that you are reading a different story.

Feel free to comment or write to me on sherlockfan221@gmail.com or quantum221b@gmail.com for any further in-depth discussions or questions you might have :)

And finally, before I lay my metaphorical pen to rest, I offer this story with complete submission at the feet of the ONE who Doms me day and night……..who loves me more than I deserve, who forgives me every minute of every day, who works tirelessly for my inner growth, whose safe hands uphold me whenever I falter……

The inspiration to write this belongs to you, the courage and the strength to write it belong to you, I belong to you. And yet, like an ignorant foolish child I run to you excitedly, to offer that which is already yours. Please accept this gift of love, my Lord……and do with it as you see fit.

OM TAT SAT.

---

Works inspired by this one

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