A Wager on Kink

by astudyinfic

Summary

Upon discovering that by marrying into the Holmes family, he gains two brothers in law instead of the one he knew about, John invites Greg to go to the pub, where they discuss their relationships with their respective Holmes. A wager on whose significant other is the kinkiest follows.

This is my NaNoWriMo 2012 novel.
Sherlock may be the detective between the two of them, but John put two and two together quickly, long before anyone on the Scotland Yard force. Yes, having some inside information helped him, but he felt confident that he still would have figured it before anyone else.

It started with John and Sherlock planning their wedding. They had been lovers for several months, having fallen into bed together following the horror on the Hollow in Dartmoor, but had lived together for almost a year prior to that point. John thought he knew the major members of the Holmes family, having met Mummy and been kidnapped by Mycroft many times over.

Because of this, it was a shock when Sherlock surprised him with, “Of course, my two nephews will expect to be part of the festivities.” John realized that what had started as a simple ceremony at the registrar’s office was getting more and more complicated by the day.

“Wait, there are more of you? How many siblings do you have that I don’t know about?”

“Mycroft is more than enough, thank you,” Sherlock stated, with the air of one who has to suffer through the stupidity of others on a daily basis. Glancing at John’s face, he continued, “Yes, yes. Mycroft is married with kids, the whole thing. I used to mock him for it, but I guess I can’t do that anymore, can I?” Sherlock barely looked up from his computer screen during this exchange, as though it bored him to tears while John felt his whole axis tilt suddenly to one side.

“Is it Anthea?” he asked, as she was the only person other than themselves he had ever seen with Sherlock’s poised older sibling.

Sherlock scoffed, “Anthea? Really, John? Does she seem my brother’s type? No, but don’t worry, you have met this person. Honestly, I can’t believe that you haven’t figured it out yet. As I always say, ‘You see but you do not observe.’ This is one of many instances of just such a thing.” John chuckled at his lover’s long winded version of the word “No.”

“So I know this person. Let’s see if I can use the skills in deduction you have been trying to teach me. You have been avoiding the use of pronouns. That suggests the person is a man because you would not avoid pronouns if it was someone of the female gender, since that is the societal norm.” Sherlock nodded, slightly pleased that John had indeed been paying attention. “A man I know or at least have met, is married to your brother. You’re not going to tell me who it is, are you?”

Sherlock smiled a slightly sinister smile as he answered, “Of course not. But I have every confidence that you will figure it out. You are slightly above average in that respect.”

John smirked before kissing the top of Sherlock’s head, “Thanks for that, love. From you, it is high praise indeed. Tea?” Wandering off to the kitchen to start the kettle, he heard Sherlock’s grunt of affirmation. “Can you at least tell me about your nephews? That would not give anything away, right?” No answer followed, but John shrugged it off as Sherlock being Sherlock.

It was not until later that night, over takeaway, that Sherlock brought up the conversation again. “Thomas and Liam are 3 and 5 respectively. Liam is just like my brother. I am terrified to see what he will be like as a teenager, though we can be sure the British government will be in Holmes family hands for at least another 70 years.” He fell back into silence, and John frowned, feeling he had no more useful knowledge then he had prior. The next day he would realize just how wrong he was.
When Lestrade called with a case the next morning, Sherlock practically pried John out of bed, who was in favour of having a lie-in and going to Scotland Yard sometime after lunch. Never one to be persuaded with an argument of lethargy, Sherlock whined and deduced until John reluctantly left the warm cocoon of their bed for the cool crispness of the London autumn. The case must be exciting, John thought, because Sherlock rarely pestered him that hardily for less than a 7, and within 20 minutes they were on their way via cab to the New Scotland Yard headquarters.

Sherlock strode past all the desks with the haughty air he put on when out in public, one that intensified around anyone of the police force or governmental agencies. The one person he ever seemed almost genuine with was Lestrade, and John had yet to figure that one out. They seemed opposite in many ways, the two similarities being a desire to bring the culprits to justice (though for Lestrade it was about the justice while for Sherlock it was about the puzzle) and a distaste for incompetence. How Lestrade could be such a good officer and have such morons as Anderson working for him was a question John often pondered at crime scenes while waiting for Sherlock to call on him for an opinion. John thought Donovan was a fine police officer, brashness and a tendency to say nasty things about Sherlock aside. In the end, the name calling was what really bothered him, and became the reason he never asked her out during the time that he and Sherlock danced around their feelings for one another.

John exchanged pleasant greeting with the officers and constables he knew, while simply nodding at the ones he had not met. With Sherlock’s abrasive personality, he spent a lot of time trying to be friendly, just to make up the ground they tended to lose when the other man spouted off in the middle of a case. Stopping to grab two cups of coffee, one black and one with two sugars for his love with a sweet tooth, he made his way into Lestrade’s office, closing the door behind him before handing Sherlock his coffee and taking his seat on the side.

“John, glad you could make it,” Sherlock sneered over his shoulder, but John just ignored the tone, having been around Sherlock too much at this point to have his feelings hurt by something that minor. He smirked and continued to sip his coffee in silence while Sherlock continued, “The Detective Inspector here was just informing me that the case involves two children who disappeared in the middle of a crowded classroom and no one noticed a thing. Strangely enough, it is at my old boarding school, which is why he called me, even if it is not a serial murder.

John raised an eyebrow at that, “I did not know that you went to boarding school, though it really should come as no surprise knowing what I do about your family.” Lestrade chuckled briefly before allowing John to continue. “Greg, how did you know that it was his boarding school? Seems like an odd piece of knowledge for you.”

“Oh, I have been around Sherlock Holmes and his family long enough to have picked up a few random facts here and there,” he stated simply, before continuing to go over the details of the case with Sherlock. John sat quietly, contemplating this. While he was not a jealous man, and knew that Sherlock loved him entirely, he could not help but wonder about the fact that a DI at Scotland Yard knew things about his fiancée he did not. It was discouraging to say the least and they would be having a long conversation about interesting things from Sherlock’s childhood once they finished up this case.

Sherlock jumping up from his chair pulled him from his ruminations, as the taller man exclaimed, “John, I am going down to forensics to make sure that Anderson has not completely ruined any useful evidence he may have stumbled upon while doing his own form of ‘investigating’,” the last
word was said with a snarl of distaste. “You stay here and keep the good DI busy and I will be back in a few minutes.” With that, he swept out of the room leaving John and Lestrade behind in his wake.

“So…” John said, really not sure what to say. “How long have you known Sherlock?” Because I certainly did not even know he went to boarding school, let alone which one he went to, and I am the one marrying him, he added silently.

Lestrade smiled sympathetically, “Trust me, it is not like he offered up the information. Sherlock has been in my life for the last eight years, since I pulled him out of a gutter, strung out and half dead. It was a long road getting him sober, as I am sure you can imagine, and along the way many of his files and records came across my desk. Exceptional student but had trouble with talking back and being generally disagreeable.” John burst into laughter at that, imagining a surly teenage Sherlock deducing the bedroom habits of his teachers when they dared give him a score he did not agree with. “Shocking, isn’t it?” Lestrade asked, joining in his laughter.

As the laughter died down, the office fell into a thoughtful silence. “Should have known you would be the one I have to thank for that,” John said quietly. “Sherlock never tells me about that time, just that it is over. I didn't know how he managed to get off, um, it, I was just thankful that he did. I want you to know how much it means to me. If he had continued down that path…” John trailed off, barely suppressing a shudder at the thought of what might have become of him, before taking a deep breath to continue, “I just don’t know what I would do without him. He is my life, you know?”

“I know, John.” Lestrade said gently. “Anyone who has seen the two of you together know how perfect you are for each other. No one could doubt that. And I was just doing what anyone in my position would have done. You could tell he was brilliant and I knew it would have been a shame for the world to lose such a great mind, not that any loss is acceptable. I've never met a more high functioning addict. But he had so many close calls. I couldn't do it alone. His brother called in some favours, got him the best treatment. I was the one to keep an eye on him when he got back home though. He refused to move back with his family so we would do periodic drug busts, just to make sure there was nothing there. Never was. As far as I can tell he has never slipped. And since you came along, we have not done one as there is no way you would let that man relapse. I knew that the moment you discovered that part of his history. The look in his eye when you found out. I never thought Sherlock Holmes could look at another human being like that. But there you were. This army doctor who seemed to be nothing special,” Lestrade stopped, thinking perhaps he overstepped with that last remark. “No offense, mate.”

“Oh, no worries. I know how it must have looked to everyone back then,” John motioned for him to continue, as he was completely enraptured with the story.

“So anyway, here you were, this ordinary army doctor, and you managed to do what his brother, his mother, myself, and half of Scotland Yard could not do. You humanized him. You brought out his emotions. You showed him that he is not the freak or monster that Donovan likes to say he is. And I should be thanking you for that. Mycroft should be thanking you for that. I am sure he would have been fine on his own, but with you, he will be happy. And that is more than anyone ever hoped for him.”

John blinked rapidly, tears forming in the corners of his eyes. He never heard anyone besides himself talk about Sherlock with such admiration and respect; not as a machine who could do things for them but as a man who had needs, wants, and yes, gifts, but also flaws. A man who was worthy of being loved and appreciated. He wondered if Sherlock knew what a good friend he had in Greg Lestrade.

“Greg, I don’t know what to say. Thank you. For everything. I know Sherlock does not say it, and I do not say it enough, but thank you for always being there.”
“You are welcome. What are friends for, right?” He smiled broadly, and the excess emotion that clouded the room seemed to break with that smile. “Where are you two headed for your honeymoon?”

“Honestly, we can’t decide. I would like to go down to the coast, just relax and watch the waves. Sherlock would like to do a tour of Great Britain, hitting all the major crime locations that we can in the two weeks. I am hoping maybe we can find a nice old crime scene near the water. Split the difference. They say compromise is the secret to a good marriage.”

“John, I am pretty sure there is never going to be a marriage like yours. I cannot figure out how you do it. How many men would be willing to spend their first two weeks as a married couple looking at century-old crime scenes?” Greg shook his head, amused. “I just don’t get it. But I do understand that you two work, for some crazy reason.”

“I am guessing that the number of men willing to do that honeymoon probably equals the number of men crazy enough to marry Sherlock Holmes. Love him and all, but sometimes he even takes me for a surprise.” They both laughed, imagining the different situations Sherlock has found himself in just during the short time they have each known him.

The pleasant conversation was interrupted by the phone ringing, “Lestrade,” he answers, before leaning back in his chair, relaxing slightly.

“Liam, I promise it is fine. Your brother will give it back when he is done with it. Liam, is Father there? Then why are you not talking to him? There is not much I can do about getting your brolly back from Thomas from the office, now is there? No, I will not make it against the law to steal your brother’s brolly, and anyway, making laws is Father’s job, not mine. No, don’t ‘Daddy’ me. That is my last word. Go play with something else until he gets bored. I love you. Give my love to Father and Thomas. I hope to be home early tonight. OK. Bye bye.” Hanging up the phone, he turned to John, “Sorry. Kids. You know how they are. If one parent does not give you the answer you want, just go to the other. Liam just figured out how to make phone calls, so now I get one at least once a day.” He shook his head, rolling his eyes slightly, not noticing the gob smacked expression on John’s face.

“Your kids are named Liam and Thomas?” he asked.

“Yeah, 5 and 3. They’re handfuls, but we love them. Sherlock hasn’t told you about them yet?”

“Um, he just mentioned them yesterday actually, but he failed to mention who Daddy was. Wanted me to figure it out on my own or something. So you? And Mycroft? How?” This was hard to process. Greg and Mycroft seemed to be very different people. How could that relationship work? But even as the thought crossed his mind, he realized from the outside Sherlock and he look the same way.

“I told you about how I was the one to find Sherlock, right? Who do you think shows up in the hospital room while I am still there working on the booking paperwork. Tried, and eventually succeeded I might add, to get all the charges dropped against his little brother. While he was there, I kept yawning so he insisted on buying me a cup of coffee. The rest, as they say is history. We married about a year after meeting, so we have been together for almost 8 years now, married 7. We have two amazing kids, and soon, an amazing brother in law. The kids are very excited, never thought Uncle Sherlock would ever marry. And a soldier too! They can’t wait to meet you. They have already heard so much from Grandmummy.

“I’m going to kill him, you know that, right?” John growled half-heartedly. Why Sherlock had kept all this from him, he was not sure. Maybe he did not want Scotland Yard to know about his relation
to the Detective Inspector. Actually, “Does anyone else around here know who your spouse is? I mean, they must know you are married. But do they know you and Sherlock are related?”

“Ah, no. I have not told anyone here. They have noticed that Sherlock refrains from deducing my family and personal life in front of others, but they view it as a sign of respect, and not that he just does not want to think about his brother’s sex life. Can’t say I blame him on that point, though. I am one of 5 kids and I really do not want to think about what my siblings get up to in the bedroom.

John smiled, thinking about the fact that while the Holmes clan may be a bit eccentric, he has at least found one person he can relate to. “You do know that your husband likes to kidnap me on occasion?”

Lestrade’s laugh was so loud, Sally peeked in her head to make sure everything was okay. “Yes, Sally, fine. Can you leave us for a minute?” Once the door was closed, he answered, “Yeah. He does it to me too. Nothing like a bit of excitement and suspense to keep the marriage alive. Oh, the things I could tell you. Actually, I am pretty sure you could tell me some interesting stories too. I have to say I have always wondered which one is more, um, adventurous, in bed, not that I EVER considered getting your betrothed in bed, so do not even look at me like that John Watson.”

They shared a laugh, talking about wedding plans and how Mummy had completely taken over to the point that John is not even sure if it is their wedding anymore. “You should be happy about that, mate. Mycroft just showed up at our home with papers. They were signed and notarized that day, and that was that. No wedding. No ceremony. No party. Mummy still hasn’t forgiven us.

“I had not met Mummy yet. I had no idea that I would never live down that decision. In case you haven’t noticed, both of the Holmes boys live in fear of their mother, so the idea that Mycroft would do something she would find so distasteful never crossed my mind. Now I will get to hear about it, at every holiday meal, for the rest of my life.”

A phone call from the forensics lab informed them that Sherlock caused Anderson to burst into tears, locking himself in a closet, and perhaps it was time for John to fetch him to take him to the crime scene.

“I will meet you guys there, okay? I’ll text Sherlock the address. I just need to assemble my team and we will be on our way.”

“Sound great, Greg.” John replied, rising to shake the Detective Inspector’s hand. “I look forward to spending the rest of my life as your brother in law,” he grinned

“Likewise John,” Greg smiled, as John moved to let himself out of the office.

“We should really have pub night some time soon,” John said over his shoulder, before leaving the room to go in search of his other half.
The Secret Life of a Yarder

Chapter Notes

The last chapter before the smut! Enjoy this last bit of normality. It's all downhill from here!

The case was easily solved. Yet again Sherlock’s personal motto of “People see but do not observe” came into play. The children had snuck out the back door and were hiding in the woods, having left to meet some girls from a neighboring school. All in all, a boring case that had them back in the flat just a few hours after leaving. Sherlock spent the cab ride back muttering about hormones and how things never change. Idiots was also mentioned a fair number of times, causing John to cover his mouth and look out the window to avoid laughing outright at Sherlock’s poor mood. He would never get a leg over if Sherlock thought he was laughing at him.

Several small cases popped up throughout the week and during one of them, John finally got a chance to talk to Lestrade again. “Greg, you, me, the pub, Friday night? That is if there is not a case and Mycroft will watch the kids.”

Greg smiled as they watched Sherlock start rattling off facts to the poor constable in charge of following him and taking notes. Greg had long ago stopped trying to figure out everything the consulting detective said immediately and now put the lowest ranking officer on Sherlock duty. Much easier on him and a great way to initiate new officers into the world that is Sherlock Holmes. He was a bit of a legend down at the Yard after all. “Mycroft can always work from home that night if necessary. Sounds like a great plan. I never get a night off these days. Do you have a place in mind?”

“Depending on when you get off for the night, I figured we could either hit The Globe or St. George’s. Either would work for me.” The Globe was one that John frequented as it was close to the flat and provided the perfect location from hiding out when his partner’s experiments were about to drive him around the bend. St. George’s was close enough to New Scotland Yard to be convenient for Lestrade without being completely over run with Yardies enjoying their night off.

Pausing to think, he answered, “Let’s go to The Globe. It is close enough to the tube that I should not have any problem getting home, and with the exception of Sherlock, there is not anyone in the area who could disturb us. If I don’t get a certain distance away from the station, I feel like they know I am close and they call me back in. It’s a sixth sense, I just know it. 8PM?”

That Friday, John bid Sherlock farewell for the night, leaving him to some mould cultures he would be happy to see in the bin very soon, and walked the few blocks to The Globe, where he sat at his normal table. Waiting for Greg, he placed on order for two pints and an order of chips, settling in to watch the game. Greg arrived about 10 minutes late, breathless and apologetic. Sherlock had been bored earlier that day and showed up at forensics to try and make Anderson cry again. Sally and Greg spent the rest of the afternoon coaxing him out of the 4th floor toilet.

“I wondered where he got off to,” John chuckled, helping himself to another chip. “But considering he was not burning down the flat, I just considered myself lucky. Maybe I should put a tracker or something on him.”
“He’d get it off and you know it,” Greg replied, amused. “I know I should reprimand him for tormenting Anderson, but honestly, I find it hilarious. I shouldn’t, but I do. If Anderson could just get thicker skinned, Sherlock would get bored. Oh well, grown men. They can work it out themselves or Anderson can run screaming into the night.”

They laughed, talking about the game and just making small talk when a thought came to John’s mind, “Greg, does anyone else down at the Yard know who you are married to?”

Exhaling sharply through his nose, Greg set his glass down and shook his head, “No. I don’t even think they have a clue that my spouse is a man, let alone who the man is.

“I had just been recently promoted when we met the first time, over Sherlock’s hospital bed following the first of his overdoses. My wife left me for someone from her work, and I sat at Sherlock’s bedside since he arrived at A&E. You know what he is like, larger than life. Well, in that bed, he looked so young, frail and helpless, I couldn’t leave him alone. I had been informed that his family had been called, but no one arrived right away. So I sat there, at the bedside of a junkie I barely knew, when this posh bloke in a bespoke suit walks in. He was tall, elegant, and perfectly put together, even at 3 in the morning. I, on the other hand, was a mess, grimy from pulling Sherlock out of the gutter; my hair going in every direction from running my hand through it, and running on no sleep and even less coffee.

‘Family, only,’ I mutter, not looking him in the eye. He was so obviously in the wrong place that I assumed one look at the patient would have him turning on his heel.

‘If that is the case, then why are you here, Detective Inspector? I am certain I have never seen you at any family functions,’ he smirked, in that knowing way that he has. ‘I have to say that I am impressed with your dedication. Do you stay at the bedside of all the addicts that your find, or is my brother special in some way?’

“I gaped briefly before saying something along the lines of, ‘He is special. I’m not sure how yet though. He is the most high-functioning drug abuser I have ever met. Until he overdosed this evening, I wasn’t entirely sure whether he actually used or not. We have met several times previous and I couldn’t tell if he was under the influence of something or just naturally, um, quirky. I felt he deserved to have someone with him. I guess now that you are here, I will, um, take my leave.’

“As I made my way towards the door, I realize I never introduced myself. Turning back around, I extended my hand, ‘Detective Inspector Greg Lestrade. And you are his brother?’

‘Mycroft Holmes,’ he introduced as he shook my hand. ‘Thank you for your kindness towards Sherlock. He may be in a bit of trouble at the moment, but I assure you that he means the world to me, and I appreciate everything you have done to look after him. I would have been here sooner, but my job kept me held up.’

“I wanted to leave. You do not normally stick around with the family after all the paperwork has been taken care of, but even for all the masks and the wall of non-emotion that he put up, I could tell the man was hurting. I have 4 brothers and sisters, and I am the oldest. I could not imagine what he must have been feeling sitting there watching his brother lay in a hospital bed, particularly because of something he did to himself. I felt for this man, and so, I stood and offered him my chair, but stayed in the room.

“We did not really talk much. He did not touch Sherlock in any way, which seemed odd at the time, but now I know differently. He just sat there and stared at the younger man lying in the bed, while I leaned against the wall and watched the whole scene play out. It was late, probably half four or so, when I saw Mycroft rubbing his face with his hands. Pushing myself off the wall, I asked him, ‘Do
you want a cup of coffee or something? There is a place downstairs that makes a decent cup, especially for a hospital.’

“He merely nodded, but I could see in his eyes that he appreciated the gesture. When I returned, he had not moved, but his eyes were on me this time instead of his brother. Handing over the cup, he thanked me in a slightly broken voice. We drank in silence for a few minutes, before he began to speak, ‘Sherlock is a genius, Detective Inspector. In the truest sense. He has the mind of a scientist or a philosopher, but he does not know what to do with it. School never challenged him, and while he excelled at uni when he went, it still was not the best environment for him. And now, with no career and no schooling to keep him from becoming bored, he has found other ways to keep his mind occupied. I have no doubt that this overdose was no accident. He is too intelligent to miscalculate in that respect. We will send him away for treatment, if he recovers from this. It would not do to let him continue on this path of self destruction. I believe that with the right guidance and some patience, my brother could become a valuable member of society yet.’

“He continued talking throughout the night, telling me about boarding school, growing up with Sherlock, and just bits and pieces of their lives. He explained that he occupied a minor role in the British government, but the way that everyone who came and went treated him, I quickly figured out that it was probably a much more important job than he let on.

“The next morning, I needed to return home to shower before my next shift, and while I had sat up all night talking with this man I barely knew, mostly about his brother who I should, by all respects, be arresting, I felt rather energetic. He rose to shake my hand, and stated simply, ‘I will be in touch, Gregory. Thank you for everything you have done for Sherlock.’ I smiled at him, told him it was my pleasure, and left for home.

“When I reported to work later that day, some of the other officers were talking about that “freak” addict that had been found the night before. Apparently after I left the hospital, some other DI went to try and get a statement from him. All the talk around the station was that the “freak” had a terrifying brother, who managed to get the entire Scotland Yard staff thrown out of the hospital with just a quirk of his eye brow and a quick text from his assistant, who also arrived after I had departed. The Holmes brothers were quickly despised by the rest of the my coworkers, so when Mycroft arrived on my doorstep that night with a bottle of Bordeaux and did not leave until three days later, I knew I should probably keep the relationship quiet, at least for awhile.

“Everyone knows that I remarried, but have been told that we eloped. In all honesty, Mycroft showed up at our house one day with papers which we both signed, and within minutes it was official. No ceremony, no witnesses, just the two of us and a pen. We did go away for two weeks afterward, and as far as anyone at the Yard is concerned, we got married in Costa Rica. People always rib me about not bringing my wife to Yard functions, and I always respond with ‘Oh, they were busy tonight,’ which is usually true. After all, it is hard to run the British government and have a night off, even for the holidays. I am still not sure how we managed to have a two week uninterrupted honeymoon.

“Someday I will tell them. You would think by now the fact that I never use gender specific pronouns when referring to my spouse, and the fact that I never bring the kids to the family events, they would have some idea. I just don’t know how they would feel when I introduce my children Thomas and Liam Holmes.”

“So the boys have Mycroft’s last name? How did you decide on that? I can see why you two didn’t change yours. We thought about staying John Watson and Sherlock Holmes, but it means a lot to Sherlock, so we will be going the hyphenated route.” John smiled, thinking that in a few months time they would finally be official, Sherlock and John Holmes-Watson.
“Well, like I said, I have 4 brothers and sisters. Each of them have several kids. There is no fear that the Lestrade name will not be carried on. The same could not be said for Mycroft. When we got married, it seemed a very slim chance that Sherlock would ever meet anyone who would put up with him for a short amount of time, let alone agree to marry him and raise a family. We had no idea that anyone like you existed, John, though I am happy that you do.

“Anyway, we were concerned that the Holmes name would die with Mycroft and Sherlock. For such a prestigious family, it seemed a real shame, so when Liam was born, we agreed that he should be Liam Holmes. Later on, when Thomas joined the family, we again talked about Lestrade, but decided it would be weird for the boys to have different last names, and since it honestly did not matter to me, Thomas Holmes was christened as well. Mummy was thrilled, Mycroft was pleased, and anything that makes Mycroft smile like that is just fine by me.”

Pausing to think and have a sip of beer, Lestrade looked at John curiously, “Besides me, are you inviting any other Yarders to the wedding?”

“Well, Sherlock put Anderson and Donovan on the list, just to be a twat, and I know, that while she is not officially a Yarker, Molly is invited as well. So there may be a couple, why?”

“It just seems like that might be the best place to ‘come out’ as it were. It is not like either Mycroft or I would miss it for the world. Sherlock Holmes finally met his match and the whole family is just thrilled. I hope you know that. We are pleased to have you joining us. Me, most of all. It will be nice to have a normal bloke to watch football and drink beer with at family functions. You can only discuss so much politics and drink so much wine before you really need a break.”

“I hear you there!” John chuckled.
Setting his drink down, Greg looked up at John, “You know, if you ever need a break, I would be more than happy to offer you a job. You are smarter than most of my staff, and actually have some skill. Plus it would be nice to have someone around I can actually talk to.”

“Thanks but no thanks, mate. Keeping up with Sherlock is a full time job in and of itself. I have actually been thinking of quitting down at the clinic. It was hard enough working for my ex before, but now that I am getting married to the ‘insufferable man child that kept wrecking our dates’ it has gotten downright impossible. I’ve taken to hiding in my office during breaks to avoid the death glares. Between our work with the Yard and the private cases he has been getting from the blog, we do not really need the extra income. Plus, if I run off in the middle of a shift one more time they will probably ask me to leave anyway.” Sipping his beer, John thought that really would not be such a bad thing. But spending all his time with Sherlock, professionally and privately, may end up driving them both round the bend long before the wedding took place.

“How is the ‘insufferable man child’ these days when he is not tormenting Anderson? I am honestly surprised he did not catch pneumonia from that fall the other week.”

“You mean the one where the bastard fell in the river?” John laughed, remembering the case where Sherlock had tackled the suspect, but missed the railing dumping them both into the chilly Thames.

Greg nodded emphatically, while drinking some more of his beer. “That would be the one. Never thought I would see the day when Sherlock Holmes was anything but graceful. And fucking Anderson, sitting there laughing his arse off.”

John’s smile lessened slightly, “Do you know how much water than bloody coat can hold? When we got back to the flat I hung it on the hooks at the top of the stairs. Mrs. Hudson yelled at us for a good 20 minutes the next morning when she came out of her flat to a large puddle at the base of the steps and a rather impressive stream from the top feeding it.” Grinning, he continued, “But I sure did have a good time getting him out of those wet clothes.”

Waving over the waitress, they ordered a second round as Greg joked, “I do not believe I am not drunk enough to want to hear this, John,” though John continued anyway, lost in the memory.

“His fingers were so cold he could not get those buttons on those damn tight shirts he wears. It is not like I am complaining, because he looks fantastic in them, especially that white one that he was wearing, all wet you could see everything.” John shook himself before finishing the sentence, “but one of these days those buttons are going to burst and we will all be ducking to avoid the shrapnel. I can see it now. One overly excited arm movement and Sally loses an eye.

“Anyway, the fabric was just a bit tighter than normal, plus wet, and with his cold fingers he could not get it off. I had to unbutton it for him and you could almost sense the relief in the shirt when it was finally allowed to just relax. Cold fingers are not good for trouser latches either, so I had to help him with those as well.
“So there he was, standing in the middle of the flat, dripping wet, wearing nothing but his ridiculous bee pants, and shivering like mad, half way to hypothermia. I ran to get towels, blankets, and after I had those wrapped around him, I started a fire in the underused fireplace and got some water on for tea. Even through all that, he kept complaining that I was being ridiculous, that he was not a child and he would be just fine. Prat.

“His colouring started to improve, but he still wasn’t getting warm enough. For the sake of indirect heat, I just had to remove my clothes as well, so when the tea was done, we sat there curled up in blankets in front of a fire, sipping tea and just wrapped around each other. It would have been romantic if it were not for the incessant shivering convulsions rippling through his body. And I cannot imagine that chattering teeth is anyone’s idea of good dirty talk.

“Slowly the chattering slowed and the shivering stopped. We just sat quietly, no need for talking. Sip. Cuddle. Sip. Cuddle. For at least an hour I imagine, we just sat there drinking tea and staring at the flames. A slight flush had returned to his face, and he just looked so beautiful. I could not help myself, even knowing what the man had been through that night, I stretched up, kissing him gently, using my tongue and my lips to bring a bit more heat to his body. He responded, pulling me tighter against him, and I thought we might live out one of those rom com scenes where the couple makes love in front of a roaring fire. All it needed was some soft, sappy music in the background and a faux fur rug to be perfect. Or at least that was what I was thinking as we laid down next to each other.

“We were stretched out on the floor when it felt like ice water hit the back of my legs. I yelped, jumping up, knocking over the tea in the process. It was not ice water, but his Thames frozen feet. I can honestly say that I have never felt any body part so cold, and including the ears he currently has stored in our freezer. Anyway, there was no going back to the lovely, lounging, sexy time that we had started. I really did not want to have to amputate one of his feet, so I did the only thing I could think of to help warm up those frozen icy digits.”

Greg interrupted him here, “Please tell me that you just stuck the man’s feet in the fire, because I am pretty sure that is the only reasonable conclusion to that story. Because if it is anything other than that, I do not want to know where this story is going. Just the thought of Sherlock in bee pants is enough to traumatize me for months.” John’s faux glare caused him to throw up his hands in surrender. “Fine, tell me, but I get to reciprocate with a story next.”

Smirking, John continued. “I took those gorgeous feet, because really every part of that man is gorgeous. Except his personality occasionally. Anyway, I took those gorgeous feet, and rubbed them first between my hands, just to get the circulation moving. It was not working fast enough and he looked too comfortable to move up to the bathroom for a warm shower, so I, um, well, I sucked on his toes.”

Greg’s head hit the table while his arm went up, signaling that another drink was most definitely needed, though they were not even halfway through the ones sitting in front of them. “John, that may be the most disturbing thing anyone has ever told me. And I am related to Sherlock. But only by marriage, thank god.”

“Oh, that is nothing. The best part is, he enjoyed it. Not just in the “thank you John I have feeling in my feet again” way but in the ‘oh god John yes take me now’ kind of way.” John’s voice was getting louder and huskier with each sip, and that little exclamation had earned him a few dirty looks and a couple intrigued ones from the other patrons of the bar. The waitress barely contained her snickers as she delivered a couple more pints to the men.

“So here I am, sucking on each of his toes. One at a time, mind you, he has huge feet. Anyway, one
toe at a time, licking, sucking, nibbling. Pretty soon I had forgotten why I was doing it. He was so hard, moaning, with his hips thrusting gently against the blankets. Once I regained my coherence, I moved on to sucking other parts of his body. Toes, ears, fingers, and of course his cock. God that cock. As long and lean as the rest of him.” Finally, John blinked, aware that maybe he’d shared too much with his soon to be brother. “Um, yeah. Too much information, I guess. It was a great night. End of story.”

“Well, you cannot just leave it there John. How did the night end? Might as well tell me all of it. We have gotten this far right?” Greg was ashamed to realize he was half hard just listening to this story, but thankfully John had enough alcohol in him not to notice his drinking buddy’s constant shifting in his seat.

“After he was done, and the afterglow had worn off a bit, he returned the favour. Honestly, I would never have thought of my toes as an erogenous area, but I was wrong. It is a great feeling. So good that your eyes roll back in your head and you feel like you could come just from the touch to that small area. A warm tongue on the sensitive skin that rarely gets touched, always shielded away from anything besides cotton or wool. It has since become part of our usual repertoire.

“We actually considered sending the suspect a fruit basket for having enough sense to get caught so that we could learn about that we had this kink in common. I looked it up online and it is a recognized fetish. Called ‘shrimping’ of all things. But if I ever need Sherlock soft and compliant, a few minutes with his toes in my mouth is pretty much all it takes. There you have it. We are kinky in the bedroom. I mean, that is not the worst, but I just do not see you and Mycroft having quite the varied sexual experience that we have on an almost nightly basis.” John took a large swig of his beer, looking rather cocky and confident in his declaration.

‘Oh John, you have no idea,’ Greg smirked, thinking to himself, ‘the game is on.’
Sipping his drink, John wondered what Greg could possibly be thinking of considering the strange look on his face. Greg and Mycroft were two of the most straight laced, no pun intended, people he knew, and when he found out they were together he could not picture them doing anything then boring, old “normal” sex. John had once seen a show where a man was describing his love life. “Innovative. Bordering on avant garde,” he had said. John thought that summed up his relationship with Sherlock perfectly. But Greg and Mycroft? There was no way they were anything but vanilla.

“I think you are mistaken,” Greg said with a hint of a smirk on his lips. “You have no idea.”

“Really, Greg? You think you can compete with us? You have met Sherlock Holmes, right? When does that man do anything that is considered typical? You know the answer to that. Never. He never does what is typical and I am the only person who can say that with the utmost confidence. While you and Mycroft are about as conventional as they come.” He raised an eyebrow as if daring his friend to question his deductions and assumptions.

Greg grinnd into his beer before replying, “You know, John, that sounds like a bet. I’d wager that my sex life is much more interesting than yours or at least kinkier” In the back of both of their minds, they realized this was most likely beer talking but neither man was one to back down to a challenge. “Winner buys the pints?”

Eyebrows knit together in thought, John considered that. “Well, we have already given them our cards, so that would not be much fun. How about a bottle of 25 year old Macallan to the winner? We can always share it some other night when the geniuses are driving us up the wall. We would both come out on top but one would be a hundred and fifty pounds lighter in the wallet.” Greg nodded and the two shook hands, not really sure where this bet was going to take them but knowing that more alcohol would probably be necessary to get through it.

Sitting back and feeling very confident in this wager, John looked Greg in the eye, “So you heard my first round. What about you? What do you have the can top shrimping?” John knew that shrimping was one of the least unusual of all the kinks that he and Sherlock had developed over their time together. His reputation as “three continents Watson” was a bit exaggerated, with him only having slightly more experience than his soon-to-be husband. While he played up the ladies man image to make Sherlock feel uncomfortable when the man was being an annoying dick, he knew at the end of the day there was only one person in the world who understood him and to whom he wanted to come home. Even if they did get up to some weird shit while in the privacy of their own bedroom. Flat. City. Back of Lestrade’s squad car. ‘Should probably leave that one for later,” he thought.

“Nope, but Mycroft does. Fluently, like a native speaker. I am guessing Sherlock can do the same. He seems to drop into other languages and accents easily, so I’m sure it was from the summers they spent with their grandmother in France.” He took a large gulp of his beer, fortifying himself before telling his story.
“That makes sense. Sherlock only ever drifts into other languages when it is necessary for a case, and occasionally when asleep. It is very sexy to hear my name in the French accent. Sounds more exotic.”

“Okay, so you know what I am talking about. Both of them can speak fluent French, when they want. Mycroft does so occasionally for work but at home I cannot get him to say it. I have tried. I have asked, prodded, begged. All I get is a ‘Gregory, you do not understand what I am saying, so why would it matter to you.’ It infuriates me because he sounds so fucking sexy when he does it.”

“I am going to have to stop you there, because if we are going for most infuriating partner, I am pretty sure I will win that.”

Greg chuckled, “Without a doubt John. How you put up with him is beyond me. But no, that is not my point. No, the point is that you know how sexy the language is but for the longest time I could not get him to speak it. And then I learned something.”

“Greg, am I going to need another beer for this?” John glared at him. This bet was quickly becoming a very bad idea. The last thing most people want to think about is the sex life of the man who kidnaps you on a monthly basis, who is also about to become your brother in law. Of course most people were not regularly kidnapped by anyone so John had to concede he was probably blazing new trails.

“Nah, I was just going to say that just before he comes, his brain seems to switch into French mode. So instead of ‘Oh God. Yes. Just like that,’ it comes out as ‘Oh mon Dieu. Oui. Juste comme ça’.” Greg’s eyes glaze at the thought, before he came back from the memory to say, “It was just the hottest fucking thing I had ever heard.”

“So your kink is that you think it is hot that Mycroft comes in French? Ok, well, I’ll give you points for that, but speaking French in bed does not trump toe sucking as foreplay.

“I thought it would just start there, but then I discovered a little trick. If I get him close but do not let him finish, I get to hear the French over and over and over again. It is amazing. Eventually he gets so worked up that it is just all French, all the time.”

John gaped slightly before catching himself and snapping his mouth closed. “You actually deny him orgasms in order to hear him speak in French? Greg, I didn’t know you had it in you. I have to say, I’m impressed. I would say the next round is on me.” He signaled for the waitress, ordering another couple pints while Greg found himself lost in thought, thinking of the last time he had employed that particular trick.

~~~

Following one of Mycroft’s formal dinners which Greg hated, but when you are married to the British government there are some things you have to just put up with, they were lounging in their bedroom watching telly and waiting for the kids to fall asleep. They had been with Grandommummy for the evening, but she dropped them off shortly after the party ended, completely wired on sugar and literally bouncing off the walls. Following baths, warm milk, and so many stories Greg had lost count, they were finally in bed. The two men could hear the children still chattering away in their bedroom but the talking was slowing down and a sort of peace was falling over the entire house.

“The whole evening we sat next to the Ambassador from France and not once did you speak to him in his native tongue. I was really hoping for more than that tonight, Mycroft.” Greg’s tone was playful with just a hint of accusation.
Mycroft sighed, unbuttoning his waistcoat and putting it into the laundry hamper. Thomas had chocolaty fingers when he had hugged his father good night, and now the whole suit was in need of a cleaning. “When he is in Great Britain, he speaks our language. It is a specific request from him and while I know how much you appreciate French on my tongue, it will probably not happen until we go away next summer for holiday. I am sorry, dear.”

A slow grin spread across Greg’s face and he walked purposefully to the armchair next to which Mycroft was standing. Sitting down and looking up at his husband, he began unbuttoning his own shirt, never breaking eye contact. “I am certain I could get you to speak French. I am not sure why you are so opposed, but tonight I will hear it.”

They both finished undressing, neither daring to take their eyes of the other before falling into bed. Greg muted the telly so that they could focus on each other. He knew better than to turn it off. If Mycroft was awake, the news was on. That was just the way things worked in this house, though usually he stopped focusing once Greg got his hands on him.

They kissed slowly, casually, with the unhurried pace of lovers who knew each other well. When they were convinced that the boys had finally fallen asleep, they became more passionate, moving their lips to necks, ears, collar bones. The slight sound of licks and pecks could be heard over the susurrus of the sheets. Pulling each other closer they twined their legs, bodies pressed firmly together. It was a dance they both new well, having been together for so long they no longer needed words to help the other with their pleasure.

Before long, Greg took Mycroft in hand, stroking firmly while nipping and licking at the skin of his neck, shoulders and chest. He could hear his husband’s breathing become more strained, feel the increase in tension throughout his long body. Realizing how close Mycroft truly was, Greg asked him, “Tell me when you are ready, love,” while continuing to stroke.

“Un pas de plus. Un pas de plus,” Mycroft called out, presumably unaware of his current language. Greg smiled to himself before loosening his grip, bringing Mycroft back from the edge. “Why are you stopping?” Mycroft asked, a perturbed tone to his voice.

“I just want to try something, that’s all,” Greg said with a grin. He slid down Mycroft’s body, before taking him to the root with his mouth.

“OUI!” Mycroft cried, before throwing an arm over his face to muffle his sounds. They had become masters of being quiet while in bed for fear of waking the children. “Oui, s’il vous plaît, Gregory, juste comme ça.” As the French became more and more present, Greg lessened the suction from his mouth, bringing Mycroft back from the precipice again.

“Gregory, ce n’est pas drôle. Not funny at all.” He looked down at Greg, bobbing up and down his cock. The pleasure rushed through him. Not the intense, frenzied pleasure of orgasm, but just a general sense of happiness and well being brought on by being serviced by one of the finest detective inspectors Scotland Yard had ever seen. Of course, Mycroft’s opinion on this matter was completely unbiased.

And so they continued for almost an hour, Greg pleasuring Mycroft, until the dulcet tones of his deep voice rang out in the French tongue Greg found so pleasing. Eventually though, he had to concede that he was feeling just as worked up as his husband, so finally, with a small amount of preparation, he entered Mycroft thrusting into the hilt with one long, smooth motion.

“Oui. Merci. Oui. Je t’aime. S’il vous plaît plus.” Never in his life had he ever heard Mycroft Holmes babble, and here he was babbling in French of all things. That alone nearly pulled Greg over the edge, but in the end Mycroft went first, an orgasm so intense that Greg was not sure if he
would be able to stay inside his husband, the contractions almost too strong to bear. As Mycroft relaxed, Greg too found his release.

Rolling over and cleaning up the mess, Greg snuggled closer to Mycroft. “Forgive me?”

“Il n’y a rien à pardonner, osant. Get some sleep, Gregory.”

~~~

Greg shook his head, brain returning to the here and now as opposed to his bedroom. “Lost you there for a minute,” John said with a knowing smile.

“Oui,” was Greg’s only response.

Chapter End Notes

1) I do not speak French, so all French in this chapter is courtesy of Google Translate. I apologize if it sounds wonky.
2) Greg doesn’t speak French so trying to relate this tale to John would have been difficult, hence the flashback. Probably the only one you will see in the fic.
What Can We Deduce About His, um, Heart?

John said after a few minutes of silence. “You know how it is being the center of his attention and how it is terrifying and awe inspiring? You and I are probably the only ones in the world who get it. I refuse to believe that there are two more intelligent people in the world than Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes. And to have that massive intellect directed solely at you is intimidating, humbling, and quite possibly the most erotic experience ever. I live for those moments where I am the only thing Sherlock sees. I have found ways to make it happen more often.”

John grinned, popping a chip in his mouth, “The thing that everyone knows about Sherlock is that it is the mystery, the puzzle, the cases that are the most important thing. He needs to keep his brain working, otherwise it starts to attack him, fighting back. From what I can figure this is why he turned to drugs. Needed something to fight his brain when it turned on him. He didn’t have the cases yet and the drugs just slowed everything down. I wish I had known him back then. I would have done everything I could to save him from himself. But at this point, all I can do is keep him happy and occupied. I think I am doing an okay job of that.”

“John, I have told you. The change in him since you showed up in his life is nothing short of miraculous. You have opened a whole new side of him that nobody realized that he even had. Seriously, I think the entire Holmes family should be down on their knees thanking you. He probably would not have lasted on his own much longer the way he tends to run into things without thinking. Ironic is it not? One of the greatest minds of our age and he just does not think. He would have been dead that first night I met you if someone, who shall remain nameless, had not saved him. He owes that person a debt of gratitude and all the love he has.”

“Well, the feeling is mutual. The point I was trying to make was that I have a way to keep his brain busy even while we are ‘getting busy’ so to speak. Sometimes he just thinks too much and gets so carried away that I wonder if he is aroused by me or by some case that is running through his head. With this method, I know all of his attention is focused on me, where it should be.”

Greg smirked, “Stop stalling and tell me this secret already.”

“I do not talk. “

“Then why did you bring it up in the first place? I thought you were going to tell me something.”

“No, no. That is my secret. I do not talk. I do not tell him I am horny. I do not tell him what I want him to do to me. He has to deduce it. And it is guaranteed to get him aroused faster than anything else I have tried yet. Mind and body working together. That just does not happen very often for Sherlock Holmes.”

“You make him deduce during sex? Oh my god, you two are more perfect for each other than I could possibly have imagined.” Greg’s head shook in disbelief. As if the relationship between John Watson and Sherlock Holmes could get any stranger.

“Hey, you should try it. The other day we were without a case for a few days, and he was starting to get a bit moody. I wanted to stave off the bad mood so I tried to seduce him. He rebuffed me almost immediately, with a snarky ‘Seriously John, sex is not the answer to everything.’
“‘Fine,’ I replied. ‘If you do not want to, then I am going to sit here and say nothing. But if you do not think you can figure out what I am thinking, then I guess I will just sit here and enjoy the peace and quiet while you fume quietly about how there are no mysteries in life.’ I stopped talking and turned to look at the fireplace. I waited patiently, knowing that his pride and curiosity would win over any black mood.

“Within 15 minutes I knew he was sitting up staring at me intently, hands most likely pressed together under his chin, trying to figure out what I was thinking. ‘You already told me that you were horny. I do not have to deduce that.’ I glanced over my shoulder and then turn back to the fireplace. I was not going to help him, even answering something as simple as a snarky comment.

“I heard the couch creak as he stood, walking over to sit in front of me. It was all I could do not to grin at him, though I do look over at him, trying to broadcast my thoughts via my eyes. His own eyes narrowed briefly before the spark appears. I raise an eyebrow in challenge to him to make his move, either by telling me what I am thinking or just doing it.

“He pleased me greatly when instead of just launching into a long winded Sherlockian explanation he grabbed me by my shirt and pulled me to the floor next to him. ‘I like the way you think,’ he growled, before latching his mouth onto mine. I fell backwards from the sheer force of the kiss, pulling him down with me. We lay there, making out like teenagers in front of the fireplace like I pictured. But soon my mind started to wander thinking about other things we could do.

“He pulled back abruptly and looked at me, ‘John, I didn’t know you had that in you. Splendid idea I think.’ He started tearing at my clothes, pulling them off quickly. Considering he was being moody and unpleasant, he was only in a dressing gown and pajama bottoms which was a lot easier for me to get off. I was unsure whether he had read me right or not until he laid me down on my side after removing all of my clothes and spinning around so his head was pointed towards my feet and my head was pointed in the opposite direction. Glancing at me with a smirk, his tongue came out and he gave my cock a long lick, swirling once around the head while I gasped. I pulled myself together and came forward to give his erection a similar treatment.

“Within moments we were both licking, sucking and thrusting gently. It was sexy and hot, both literally and figuratively since my back was toward the fire. I was overwhelmed by the sensation of his mouth on my cock while I was sucking on his erection. The taste and feel of him combined to make me more aroused than I had been in awhile. I was resisting the urge to thrust mindlessly into his mouth, thinking that he would not appreciate being choked by my dick.

“It was not long before I could feel myself getting close. I wanted to warn him, but was also afraid he would be upset if I invalidated his experiment on deducing the sexual proclivities of the wild Watson, so I just closed my eyes and hoped he was aware enough to see what was coming. Which was me.

“I came with a yelp and then clamped my lips around his cock again, sucking hard through my own orgasm, pulling his from him as well. He gasped at an inopportune moment, getting a small shot of come to the face. When he looked up at me, my eyes widened and I burst out laughing, half giddy from the endorphins running through my body and half from the fact that my perfectly composed, beautiful boyfriend had come on his face and was not even bothering to wipe it off. “Come here, love,” I giggled, pulling him up. He was laughing as well, which was a relief because if I know one thing it is that Sherlock Holmes does not like it when he thinks people are laughing at him. I cleaned him with my shirt that was lying next to us, before pulling him down and curling in behind him, being the big spoon for one of the few times in our relationship.

“I could feel his heart rate slowing, his breathing evening out. I was not sure if he fell asleep or just
felt very relaxed until I heard him speak, ‘Thank you John. That was a good idea.’

‘I grinned into the back of his head, ‘Glad you liked it. But now you have to explain to me how you knew that I wanted to 69. It is not one of our normal moves but it sounded good at the time.’ I knew if I gave him a chance to show off for a bit it would help keep the black mood at bay. Plus he is a giant show off so it’s what he does best.

‘Actually, it was quite simple once I figured out your cues. Normally you are very verbal during sex, directing me to what you like, what you do not like and what sounds good at the time. I appreciate that you direct me and do not leave me guessing because I wish for our sex life to be as pleasurable to you as it is to me and we both know you have more experience with this side of yourself. But as we were kissing, you spent an unusual amount of time sucking on my tongue, not something you do very often except when you want to suck on something else, or to have me suck on something else. Considering the raging erection that was rubbing against my own, I had to make a decision. Since I could not decide if you wanted to give or receive oral sex because of the conflicting messages you were sending me, it dawned on me that perhaps you wanted both. So that is what I went with. A bit of a guess, but it turned out to be the right one obviously.’ He turned his head and smirked his ‘I am a genius and you love every second of it’ grin that makes me want to slap him or snog him depending on my mood.

“Maybe not the best example, but kinda shows you how it works. Basically I get all his focus on me and he gets to focus on something. In the end we both come and everyone is happy. It is something that is working for us. Not sure if you would want to use it though.”

Greg thought for a moment, “I bet with a few tweaks I could make that work. Thanks for the idea, John. I may try that sometime.”

“Anytime, mate. Another round?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was so long in coming. Holidays are making me crazy! :)
“Have you guys ever had sex in the shower?” Greg asked nonchalantly, the waitress snickering as she walked by.

“Yes, of course. It is usually pretty awkward and uncomfortable, but when we are in a hurry, it is generally the easiest. Simple clean up for one.” John had never been a fan of shower sex, but shower sex with Sherlock was particularly problematic. The man was nearly 7 inches taller than him, almost all of it in his legs, which meant that the correct parts were difficult to line up without Sherlock having to bend deeply at the knees, or to hold John up, which was made him feel about as unsexy as John he could imagine.

Greg grinned and John wondered if the man could read minds when he said, “I bet the height difference makes the whole thing rather difficult when standing, shower or no shower. You really are a bit of a hobbit, John. You realize that, right?”

“Really, Greg? No one has ever pointed that out to me. Thank you so much for making that connection,” John deadpanned, though in actuality he was not very annoyed. After hearing comments like that his whole life he felt rather immune to the whole thing. “Why were you asking about shower sex? It really is not that kinky. I think everyone has done it once or twice.”

“Probably. But you do not have sex in the shower because you find the shower sexy, correct? It is more of ‘You are here, I am here and we are both naked, so why not?’ correct?”

John nodded because it really was more of a convenience thing than anything else. When he was in the shower alone, he rarely thought about sex. Usually the things floating through his mind were of the more mundane variety. Shopping lists. When was his next shift at the surgery? How hard will it be to keep Sherlock alive this week? Typical things. Well, typical for John Watson.

Greg set down his drink, and began to tell his story.

“Mycroft gets turned on being in the shower. Any shower. Something about the water falling on his skin, it becomes a sexual thing for him. There is a reason he has a private bath at the gym. I mean other than the fact that he occupies a minor role in the British government.” They both snorted at that comment before Lestrade continued.

“Anyway, a few weeks ago, I was working a case involving a carjacking where the driver was killed and dumped in the middle of the street. You may remember me telling you about it. I called Sherlock in for it but he said it was only a two and would not even look at the evidence. I think it had more to do with the fact that you were getting over the flu and it was pouring rain outside. The man does care about you a lot more than he would typically let on.

“It turned out that the case was ridiculously simple to solve, even Anderson did alright, and most of the night was spent just standing there with the dead body, waiting for the coroner’s office to come pick him up. The rain was collecting in my shoes and my suit was clinging to my body in an uncomfortable fashion. I put a plastic tarp down on the seat of my car when I drove home that night. I was wet, cold, and rather fucking pissed off that we had to wait two hours because the coroner would not leave his date to come do his job.

“I get home and the house is practically dark with only the light in Mycroft’s study still on. It was gone midnight by then so the boys were asleep and Mycroft was watching some news programme and reading the paper. He folded it down as I walked in, trailing a stream of water behind me.
'Gregory,' he said in that deep voice of his, ‘is everything alright?’ I replied that no it was not and I was going to go take a shower and then go to bed. I wanted the day over but first I wanted to regain feeling in my skin.

“I went upstairs, trying to get my fingers to cooperate with the buttons and button holes. It is so hard to get those undone when the fabric is wet and your fingers are numb. I manage to peel off my clothes, and turn on the water, as warm as I could possibly stand it. I just stood there, letting the water run over me with my eyes closed, trying desperately to just feel like myself again and not some water-logged creature of mythology.

“You know that feeling when you are standing in the shower and just focusing on the feel and sound of the water, not really aware of anything else going on around you? That is where I was at that moment. Just lost in my head. Anyway, I was totally enraptured with just being warm again that I did not hear the door open or even notice anyone else get in with me. Some Detective Inspector I am, huh?

“Completely in my own world, I gasped when two arms wrapped around me. Obviously I knew who it was, I am not that bad of a copper, but the fact that he managed to sneak up on me like that was rather surprising. I leaned back against him, my back wet and warm against his still dry front.

“‘Gregory, you looked positively miserable when you walked in, and I could not in good conscious let you be up here all alone in that state. I hope you do not mind me intruding.’ I smiled, feeling his voice rumble through my back as well as hearing it next to my ear.

“‘You just like the idea of me wet and hot under the spray of this fancy shower head that you had installed,’ I responded jokingly though I knew the truth of my words.

“He slid his hands slid up and down my belly and chest, pressing kisses to my neck. ‘Dear, I just was planning on warming up and getting out,’ I try and tell him, but my voice betrays me. I do not know why I thought this would be a good idea. I know how he feels about the shower. Do you know that I get up two hours early just because half the time I wind up spending much longer in the shower than I had planned?

“‘Ah, but you are not one to complain about such things,’ he chuckled against my ear, his lips just barely brushing it. He took me in hand, and began pumping quickly, his own erection pressed tight against my arse.

“I groaned and pressed back pinning him even tighter to my body, ‘Mycroft…’ I am not sure if you guys keep lube in the shower, but we sure do, and within moments his fingers were slicked and he was stretching me with one hand while stroking with the other. All the stress of the case and of the weather was well and truly gone.

“I had chosen to use the small guest bath upstairs, mainly because it has the double shower and is smaller so it gets warmer faster. He spun me around, pushing me against the one wall with no shower head. I picked up one leg, wrapping it around him, and he growled his approval, pushing in with one firm quick thrust.

“Soon I had both legs around him and he was holding me up with both hands while pounding into me. I think we were lucky that the boys sleep at the other end of the hall because it was rough and a bit animalistic. He is so proper most of the time but you get him in the shower and he drops the whole façade. All of the sudden he just becomes greedy and takes whatever I will give him. Since he was holding me up, I used one free hand to pull him in for a kiss while the other was pumping furiously at my own cock. Sometimes it feels so good just to let go and just feel. Not that I do not enjoy our sex life in the bedroom but shower sex with Mycroft is of another variety all together.
“We finished quickly, him being worked up from the shower and me being worked up by how much he wanted and how fast he was taking it. Even after we were done though his cock remained half hard until we were out of the shower and drying off. Give the man some running water and he is insatiable. We went to Costa Rica for our honeymoon. Let me tell you after 14 days of Mycroft and waterfalls, I walked a little funny when I returned to the office. Best two weeks of my life, without question. Our ten year anniversary is coming up. I wonder if he would like to revisit the place?”

John blinked at him, Greg having shared more about his sex life in the last 5 minutes than John had really ever wanted to know. “Um, I really have no idea what to say to that. So, does he get in every time you are taking a shower?”

“No, not every time but often enough that we have lube in every bath room in the house, with the exception of the one the boy’s use. That would just feel wrong no matter how you look at it. I try to avoid it most days, just because it is a lot of work and my back starts to hurt if I am pressed up against the tile for too long.

“I have tried having him take baths with me, thinking that would work as well. A more relaxed atmosphere. It would be a nice way to unwind after some of my more stressful days, ‘dealing with HIS brother,’ I like to tell him. But I am pretty sure his libido is tied to the running water. Why do you think he carries an umbrella all the time? We live in England. It is almost always raining. It would not do for a minor member of the British government to be walking around with a hard on all the time.”

At this John choked on his beer, sending a spray of it across the table. Sheepishly he mopped it up, while looking at Greg, “My god, I did not need to know that, mate. NO ONE needs to know that. But particularly someone who gets kidnapped on a monthly basis by Mycroft Holmes. Oh my god, he always takes me to these abandoned warehouses where there is dripping water and… Fuck. Okay, that is just messed up and I will never be able to look at him the same way again, thank you very much. God, the next time he kidnaps me? I am due for one soon with the wedding coming up.”

“My god, I did not need to know that, mate. NO ONE needs to know that. But particularly someone who gets kidnapped on a monthly basis by Mycroft Holmes. Oh my god, he always takes me to these abandoned warehouses where there is dripping water and… Fuck. Okay, that is just messed up and I will never be able to look at him the same way again, thank you very much. God, the next time he kidnaps me? I am due for one soon with the wedding coming up.”

“Do not tell Sherlock, John. Do not do it. I swear I will have you arrested. I know you carry that illegal gun so do not think I will not do it. Mycroft will kill me if he knows I was talking about this.”

“He could do it too, you know. He probably already knows anyway. You really think he does not follow you around on CCTV all the time.”

Greg huffed, “He knows better. Last time I caught him doing that, I made him sleep on the couch and would not let him turn the news on whenever I was in the room.” Greg’s voice changed to a more whiny, nasal tone, ‘But Gregory, it is for my work. I must know what is going on at all times. And I just worry about you. You have a dangerous job. It is because I love you. I am sorry. I promise not to do it again. Just let me turn on the telly.’ John laughed at the image of that voice coming out of Mycroft Holmes. Mycroft, groveling to his husband for spying on him throughout the day. Only in the Holmes family would this be considered normal.

“You do realize that we have married into the most fucked up family in the United Kingdom, right?” John asked, ordering another round for the two of them.

Chuckling, Greg raised his glass, “Don’t have to tell me twice, but god help me, I love almost every minute of it.”

“Me too,” John giggled, “me too.”
Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head

Cheers erupted behind them, the home team, at least as far as the pub patrons were concerned having scored a goal, and it became difficult to carry on a conversation over the singing and chanting. John joined in good naturedly, while Greg just looked on and shook his head in amusement. John was a really good guy and Greg was happy to have him joining the family.

When thing calmed back down again, there was a flush on John’s cheeks that could not be entirely due to the beer they had been consuming. He grinned cheekily, “Too good to join in on the fun, Detective Inspector? And I thought you were a football fan?”

“Not my team John. But it is nice to be out amongst the normal folk for a change. Spend too much time with Mycroft and Sherlock and you begin to think that the entire world is like those two. Sometimes it is nice to remember that we are the normal ones, not them.”

“You know neither of them would consider being ‘normal’ to be a good thing. They both like to think of themselves as better than the common folk. Sherlock especially. I always have to remind him that I am one of those normal people he looks down his nose at. Though, I have come to realize that in Sherlock’s eyes I am special. He thinks he is lucky. Just goes to show how love blinds you, I guess. I am the one who is lucky. How a man like Sherlock Holmes could fall for an ordinary bloke like me, I will never understand.”

Greg smirked at his friend who was so smitten it was practically adorable. Donovan had once described John as being made entirely of jam, kittens and rage, and occasionally Greg was able to see just how accurate that comment was. “John, in Sherlock’s mind, you hung the moon. Actually, it is quite possible that he believes that literally. You know how he is about astronomy. What I am saying is that you two belong together so stop thinking of yourself as ordinary because if Sherlock Holmes thinks you are special, you better be damn certain that he is right.”

John huffed, “The first night I knew him he told me that there is always something he gets wrong. I just fear that someday he will realize that it was me that he got wrong. I don’t know if I could handle that. My whole world revolves around him, you know?”

“John, look at me. I have known Sherlock for almost ten years now. He refers to his only brother as his arch-enemy. He never socializes, tears down anyone who tries to get close, and will only talk to Mrs. Hudson and myself in a way that is even partially civil. This is how he has always been. And then, one day, a former army doctor with a limp shows up at a crime scene with him. Even that first day we could all see it. Did Mycroft not ask you when to expect a ‘happy announcement’? Did Mrs. Hudson not ask if you would require a second room or not? I even heard Sherlock say that Angelo referred to you as his date and brought you a candle to make it more romantic. If the people who know Sherlock the best think that there is something between you two after only knowing you a few minutes and Sherlock, the man who corrects everyone on everything, does not bother to correct them on that one account, doesn’t that tell you something? You say that your whole world revolves around Sherlock. Well, hate to break it to you mate, but his whole world revolves around you too. You make him human. You make him feel. And from that first moment that we all met you, we knew that you were something special. We didn’t know why. But just seeing Sherlock look at another person the way he looked at you was all we needed to know.”

Before tonight, that would have been the most that Lestrade had ever said to him at one time, and he was deeply touched that Greg was paying enough attention to him and Sherlock to realize just how they felt about each other. Logically, John knew that they were perfect for each other. They had proved that the first case they worked on together. But as the relationship blossomed and grew so
did the nagging doubts. Sherlock would never let him express them and he kept them buried deep. Only the excitement of footie and a bit too much beer was enough to let these feelings bubble to the surface. “So before I got all melodramatic on us, you were saying something about umbrellas and rain?”

“Oh yeah. So when rain or water falls on Mycroft, he gets a bit, um, excited. Hence the umbrella. And his proclivity for shower sex. But it does not just stop there. We have been known on rainy nights to use that to our advantage.”

Confusion was becoming a familiar emotion for John this evening, especially when it came to Mycroft’s sexual appetite. Before he had found out about Greg and his relationship, John would have assumed Mycroft to be asexual. The fact that he enjoyed sex and was downright kinky caught him off guard. “What does that mean? You open the windows and make love to the sound of the rain? I would think everyone does that from time to time. Rain is romantic. Almost as good as snow.”

“Well, yes, on occasion, we do that. But more often than that, we actually go outside. Normally the backyard, but sometimes a park or the roof of a building.

“Oh god, you two have sex outside? In public? In the rain? Because Mycroft likes to feel water falling on him?” John’s eyes bulged at the thought. “You know your husband is a kinky bastard, right?” He was a bit horrified to know all these things about his soon to be brother in law who enjoyed kidnapping him, just to have a chat.

“Why do you think I married him? I could never come up with half this stuff on my own, but it sure is fun.”

“You two and your fucking sex life. Okay, so do you seriously have sex in the rain, in public?”

“Absolutely. Last rain storm, I shagged him up against a tree in St. James’s Park. You know the one near Downing Street? He was there for a meeting with the Prime Minister and I was finishing up some work down at the Yard. He texted asking if I would meet him at the residence, and then want to take a walk in the rain. Having been through this before I knew what he meant and agreed heartily. We had not had a good shag in about two weeks due to Thomas catching the flu and giving it to the nanny. Now everyone was healthy again, we had guaranteed childcare for a couple more hours, and a perfectly good rain storm.

“I caught the first cab I could find and made it to 10 Downing in record time. They let me in and I waited in the lobby for the meeting to finish. He smiled one of his rare, genuine smiles when he came out of the office and I wondered if the Prime Minister had any idea what we would be up to in about 20 minutes time. The doorman handed him his coat and umbrella as I had kept hold of my own jacket and we walked out into the rain together.

“The park is a short walk, so we were there quickly. Because the rain was coming down so hard there was no one to be seen, which is one of the reasons we like it. Would not do for a Detective Inspector from Scotland Yard to be arrested for indecent exposure and public lewdness. I have a feeling Mycroft would have all records of that arrest erased within seconds though.

“There is a large tree towards the center of the park. It is leafy enough to provide some shelter but there is still rain getting through so we do not stay completely dry either. As soon as we were within arm’s length, he dropped the umbrella, grabbed me by my shoulders and pushed me up against the trunk, kissing me deeply. Our tongues slid together and he sat there fellating me for several moments while I tried not to come in my pants.
“While we kissed, he unbuttoned both sets of trousers pushing them down around our knees, before taking me in hand. I returned the favour and soon we were panting into each other’s mouths. He always carries a small packet of lube with him as we never know when we will actually find ourselves with a spare few minutes. One of the joys of being working parents I suppose. Releasing me briefly, he took my hand in his and place a large pool of the slick substance on my fingers. I rolled it around, warming it as best as possible, before reversing our positions, with him facing the trunk this time.

“It took ages to prep him, needing almost 5 minutes per finger, partially because we were so hyped on adrenaline spike and partially because it was just bloody cold. Finally, he was loose enough so, taking the remaining lube, I slicked myself up, moaning loudly to give him an idea of what was coming. I lined myself up and pushed in slowly to avoid hurting him, as he had already tightened in just that short period of time.

“Within seconds, he was pushing back onto me, groaning out, ‘Fuck, yes! Gregory.’ Curse words from that prim and proper mouth get me hot, so I picked up the tempo, thrusting quickly but controlled. He pushed back more until I was fully seated and we both cried out from the suddenness of it.

“I reached around and took him in hand while he continued to rock and moan. It did not take long until he was coming, hot streaming release coating me and the tree. His body contracted around me, pulling my own eruption from deep, the heat having been building for awhile. I leaned forward, pressing my chest to his back, and holding him close as we both regained our breath. I lazily kissed every whichever part of him I could reach, through his clothing, before finally pulling back and out. We straightened ourselves up as best we could before we finished our walk through the park. It was a rather lovely evening after all.”

John stared, mouth gaping in awe and a slight amount of horror. “If only the people of this fair country knew that the British government was getting screwed by Scotland Yard in an abandoned park outside Downing Street. I feel like there is a tabloid headline there someplace.” He laughed at the sheer ridiculousness of the whole scenario that Greg had described. “You really go out and fuck in parks in the rain?”

Shaking his head, Greg answered, “Not all the time. Sometimes we have the children so, in that case, after they go to bed we go out in the garden and he rides me until he comes. There is nothing quite as exciting as watching a horny Mycroft Holmes bouncing up and down on your cock in the middle of a rainstorm in your backyard.”

“God, I will take your word for that, mate. Personally, I would prefer to never, ever experience that. Have you ever been caught?”

Greg shrugged, “We have had a couple close calls, and we have had to go inside because one of the boys had a nightmare but in general, no, we have been pretty lucky. I think Mycroft has something to do with that. The man runs the country. I think he can manage to guarantee us some privacy for 30 minutes in an empty park in the middle of the night.”

John nodded, “True. The things that man can’t do would probably not even fill up one sheet of paper.”

“You have no idea how true that is, John.”
As You Were, Soldier

“Sherlock has a military kink,” John blurted out, surprising himself as well as Lestrade. “I had suspected it for awhile, but it still took me by surprise when I came home the other day to find him lying on the couch wearing nothing but his pants, my combat boots and my dog tags. I should know better than to think that anything is off limits for him, but I may have yelled a bit, channeling my inner drill sergeant. And I will be damned, that fucker got hard as I screamed at him. I fucked him into the couch to teach him a lesson.”

Silence had descended on the table so John’s sudden outburst was as shocking as it was uncomfortable. “How could he even fit into your boots? He’s almost a foot taller than you, isn’t he?” Greg smirked at him, resorting to humour in an attempt to avoid the picture in his mind’s eye.

“Ha ha. Very funny. I will have you know my feet are a bit large for my height and his are a bit small, so we actually wear the same shoe size. Not that he would ever be caught dead wearing anything as cheap as my trainers and I would look absolutely ridiculous in those things he calls shoes, but nonetheless, the opportunity is there and he apparently decided to take it some random Thursday in March.”

“You really are a hobbit aren’t you? Pint sized, big feet, likes tea and staying home. Good lord, just wait until Sherlock figures this out. I do not even want to think about what would happen the next time you watch Lord of the Rings.”

“Piss off.”

John glared and Greg was reminded that he was actually dealing with a cold blooded killer who giggled after killing a man and then went out for Chinese.

“Sorry mate. Having all the brothers and sisters that I do and very little money, well, I know people can be cruel. At least I had footie to fall back on. People respected me more when we started winning games.”

Nodding, John agreed, “Yeah. It was the same with me and rugby. Then when I joined up, most of the people I went to school with that were still being dicks finally wised up. There are times that I would be happy to run into them during a case. They were not very nice people so I would not feel so bad, if you catch my meaning.”

“And I can only imagine what would happen if you ever found the people Sherlock went to school with.”

The glare returned, though this time it seemed directed at the world in general and not the poor Detective Inspector sitting across the table from him. “If I ever get my hands on the people that broke him, mentally or physically, well, let’s just say that I think it is good to be friends with the British government. I would need some help getting away from the likes of you. Those people deserve so much more than what I could do to them just for the sheer anguish he went through, whether he ever admits it or not. The fact that no one was able to put him back together fully until I came around just breaks my heart. So many years wasted because of stupid kids who do not understand the consequences of their actions. Of course, I am pretty sure I could just set Sherlock on them, and he would shred them verbally without ever touching them, so then I would not have to go to jail. Prison is not really on my list of to dos for my life.”

Greg nodded thoughtfully, sipping his beer, before trying to bring the conversation back to John’s
earlier topic. “Military kink, huh? That explains so much. How did you figure it out before the whole boots situation?”

“I pulled rank when we broke in to Baskerville. There was no way that the lieutenant was going to believe that Sherlock was Mycroft, so to distract him I announced my title, name, unit. He snapped to attention and the look I got from Sherlock told me that it was all he could do not to throw me against the wall and have his way with me. And that was before he had actually had his way with me. We got together later that weekend.

“When we are kissing he will sometimes grab my dog tags, pulling me closer and not letting me back. He randomly introduces me as Captain Watson. Just lots of little things that make me think that he really, really enjoys the fact that I was a soldier.

“I decided to test it out one weekend, just to see what would happen. He was lying on the couch, thinking or something, so I quietly left the living area and went up to my old bedroom. Tucked into the back of the closet I found my old combat fatigues. I quickly put on the whole ensemble; desert fatigue pants, rather tight t shirt with the sleeve pushed up just enough to show the tattoo on my bicep, dog tags, and boots. I was hurrying so that Sherlock would not notice I was missing before I was back in the room and ruin the surprise. I cursed under my breath while lacing the boots. I forgot how difficult that can be, especially when you are in a hurry.

“Wait! Wait,” Greg interrupted. “You have a tattoo? How come I have never seen it?”

“It’s on my bicep,” John explained. “Hard to see under jumpers and button ups.” He happened to be wearing a rather loose shirt, so, unbuttoning the cuff, he rolled up the sleeve, showing Greg the ink depicting the badge of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Greg whistled slightly, “Beautiful mate. Shame you keep it covered up.” John just smiled, rolling his sleeve down again, and continuing with his story.

“Finally, I got the boots on and did my best to get down the stairs without making too much noise, unsure if Sherlock was in his mind palace or actually listening to what is going on around him. As I walked into the room, it was obvious that while he was not in the mind palace he was not really paying attention either. I struggled to keep my grin off my face as I stepped in to the room, stood at attention and looked straight at him.

“‘Attention, soldier,’ I bellowed. He sat up in surprise as his eyes flew open, widening to the size of saucers. As he took in my attire, the ice blue of his eyes darkened, pupils dilating. Still he stayed on the couch, not moving from his sitting position, mouth gaping.

“‘Are you deaf, private? I said ATTENTION!’ This time he jumped up, his normally fluid, flexible form snapping into a taut line of tension and anticipation. His face was serious but his eyes twinkled with excitement.

“I walked around him, giving him a long, studious look. ‘You are out of uniform, private. I will overlook it this once because it’s a surprise inspection, but this is the only time I will grant you this leniency. I expect it will not happen again.’

“He turned to look at me, ‘Did I say to look at me? Eyes front, soldier.’

“A small grin started spreading across his face. ‘Do you find this amusing? Am I funny to you? This is not a joke, soldier. This is the army and you will treat it with the respect it deserves.’ The grin was stifled quickly and I continued my inspection.
“By now, every part of his body was standing at attention if you know what I mean. I stopped in front of him and I could see how much he wanted to make eye contact but his eyes remained firmly on the mantelpiece in front of him. Making a show of standing at attention, my arms behind my back, stretching the t-shirt, exentuating the muscles I still have. Slowly, I looked from the top of his head down past his eyes which were struggling to stay forward and not slip to my chest. Then, my inspection continued down, past that lush mouth pursed in concentration, over his dressing gown covered torso to his waist where the evidence of his arousal was on display considering he was only wearing those thin cotton pajamas he insists on lying around the flat in.

‘Are you enjoying this, private?’ I hissed into his ear, as I recommenced my path around him.

‘Sir, yes, sir,’ he replied with the air of a seasoned soldier and not a supposedly sociopathic consulting detective with not a minute of military service.

‘Private, I have called you here today because there have been complaints from some of your commanding officers. They claim that you are argumentative and have trouble following orders. There have also been reports that you back talk and question everything. I am certain a pretty little mouth like that would never cause such trouble. There are so many better uses that I could think of for those lips and tongue.’ If it was possible, his body got a little tighter, his erection jutted out a little more, and his eyes became so dark he looked positively demonic.

“I came to stand in front of him again, looking him up and down once before saying, ‘I believe one of us is inappropriately dressed here, private. Since you do not have your uniform handy, do you mind if I make myself a little more comfortable?’ He shook his head vehemently. I stood in front of him, and slowly pulled my belt from my trousers before undoing the latch and letting them fall open, revealing that I was wearing no pants underneath.

“His eyes bulged and he licked his lips subconsciously. I leaned forward, ‘Now, what do you say we see if we can find a better use for that mouth of yours.’ He nodded, and I continued, ‘How are the knees of those trousers? Sturdy enough, because I think you are about to spend a lot of time on them.’ He looked at me with such longing that it was all I could do not to kiss him right then and there. ‘On your knees, private. That’s an order.’

“He dropped to his knees with a thud, his hands starting to come up to my waist. ‘I did not say you could touch me. Hands at your side, soldier.’ Sherlock dropped his hands immediately looking rather bereft. I took pity on him plus I was feeling intensely aroused already, so I commanded, ‘Now you can touch me. I want to see what that mouth can do for commanding officers that does not involve insubordination.’

“He freed my cock from my pants and proceeded to give me the best blow job of my life. His mouth is like magic anyway but something about me being in uniform seemed to help him find extra motivation. His mouth and tongue were everywhere and within mere minutes, I was gasping, ‘Sherlock, Sherlock, I am going to come.’

“He just pulled off, glared up at me and said, ‘You broke character, SIR,’ before engulfing me again. Taking that as my hint, I thrust into his mouth, holding his hair tightly in my fingers. It only took two or three of those thrusts, combined with his sinful mouth before I was coming hard down his throat. In my orgasm riddled haze, I remember the character, ‘Take it, soldier. Take all of it.’

“He swallowed everything before licking me clean and tucking me back inside my trousers. As he stood it was obvious that his erection has reached almost painful levels so I step closer. ‘Well done, soldier. I think I have all the information I need. In fact, I plan to present my oral arguments as soon as possible.’ And with no other warning, I dropped to my knees in front of him, pulling his cock from his pajama bottoms. Leaving the elastic around his thighs, I lick the copious amounts of
precum that had gathered at the top, before taking long, slow licks from base to tip. When I can feel him shaking from the anticipation, I slide my mouth down his length, looking up at him and maintaining eye contact the whole time. That was actually all it took, he was so worked up. He came, hard screaming, ‘Yes, Captain, yes!’ which would have been disturbing if he did not look so fucking sexy.

“He practically collapsed next to me and I pulled him into my arms, finally getting to kiss him. When we broke apart, I grinned and said ‘So, military kink, huh? Good thing you fell for a soldier.’

“He just pulled me closer, causing us both to fall to our sides on the carpet, completely tangled, his dick still out of his pajamas, and replied, ‘Please tell me you are wearing the uniform to our wedding, or at the very least, the honeymoon.’

“Sir, yes, sir,’ was all I said in response.”

Greg’s eyes bulged. “John. I am rather impressed. And a bit turned on. Knowing how much your military service meant to you, I wasn’t sure you would ever indulge in something like that. Sherlock knows what a lucky man he is, doesn’t he?

John’s smile grew larger, “Oh he knows. I remind him on a near daily basis that he is lucky I am so good in bed and attractive and intelligent since no one else would be able to put up with him for more than a day or two at a time. He is a nutter, but God help me, I love him more than I can say, and if occasionally I need to get in uniform and order him to give me a blow job in the middle of our living room, then who am I to argue?
“So, um,” Greg started, looking uncertain of the words, even as they tumbled from his mouth, “do you guys ever get carried away and just forget a step while in the bedroom?”

“What do you mean? Skip foreplay? Prep? Because foreplay can go by the wayside if we have to get to a case but still want to get a leg over before we go but prep never gets skipped.”

“No. Um, something more basic than that.”

John rolled his eyes, “Just spit it out Greg. It can’t be that bad, right?”

“I was just wondering if you ever forgot to get one of you undressed before you started, you know, fucking. Because that happens a lot. I think it might be another kink for Mycroft.”

John blinked rapidly a few times, trying to process what Greg had said, “So, how do you do it then? If you do not get undressed, would it not be a bit difficult to, you know, have sex? I would think that certain parts would need to be visible in order for that act to work.”

“One of us is unclothed, usually me, but a few times a year, he tends to forget his clothes are on, bend me over the bed and take me, with just his cock hanging out of his pants and trousers. It is a weird feeling to have an expensive suit rubbing up against your arse when there is a cock inside you.”

John nodded, hoping that was the right reaction, “I can imagine. How does that even happen? At some point do you not realize that you are losing clothes at a faster rate than he is?”

“I probably should but generally I am so into what is going on that I am helping him get my clothes off and tend to forget that we need to get his off as well. Knowing Mycroft he uses some sort of mind control trick on me to keep me from paying attention.”

“Yeah, he does, and it’s called his dick. He just gets you so horny you stop paying attention. Nothing magic about that. Does it only happen with you naked and him dressed, or does it also go the other way around?”

Greg smirked, “Oh, it goes both ways. Honestly, more often than not, I am the one who is dressed while he is the one completely naked. Again, this is all Mycroft’s doing. He gets me worked up and I tend to forget steps like ‘remove clothes’. If I can get it out, we go with it.

“The other day I got home really late from work. The house was dark but there was a plate of food left for me on the counter. I reheated it and ate quickly, wanting to just get upstairs and get to bed. Dealing with Anderson and Donovan is exhausting sometimes.”

“On my way upstairs, I stopped at each of the boys’ rooms to give them a quick kiss goodnight even though both were sound asleep. The only light, besides to the two little night lights in Thomas and Liam’s rooms, was the one in our bedroom so I opened the door and stopped dead still in the doorway.

“On the bed, spread out for all the world to see, or at least me, was my husband completely nude and lazily stroking himself. As I opened the door he spread his legs farther, and slid one hand down between his legs to push slightly at his entrance. We gasped simultaneously, him from the added
pressure and pleasure, and me from the sudden spike of arousal that I was not aware I was capable of at my current state of exhaustion.

“While I stood there and stared he continued pleasuring himself, stretching and preparing, before lubing his hand and beckoning me forward. My legs moved on their own, pulling me from the doorway to the foot of the bed. I unbuttoned my fly tugging my trousers open and pushing my pants down under my balls, allowing my cock freedom to do what I wanted. Mycroft slid to the end of the bed and, taking me in hand, lubed me thoroughly while my head fell back and I panted at the feel of that strong hand wrapped around me.

“Lying back down, he lined his arse up with the end of the bed and I did not even think as I pushed my cock in, burying myself to the hilt in his tight warmth. We both moaned at the added pleasure and I stalled for a moment just to take in all the sensations. It had probably been less than two minutes from when I opened the door to when I was balls deep in his arse. When Mycroft wants something he does not do it half way.

“Move, Gregory,’ he growled and that was all the encouragement I needed. Considering that there had been no foreplay, for me at least, I knew this could last for awhile, which was alright as far as I was concerned. He was so tight, having done the bare minimum of prep that he needed. When people call him an uptight arse, they are not exaggerating too much. He usually needs a lot of stretching and relaxing, which is rather strange considering he bottoms 80 percent of the time. But he enjoys the prep, and I enjoy the prep, and we both enjoy the outcome so in the end that is all that matters.

“I moved slowly at first just getting the feel for it, letting him get used to the stretch. He will push himself to the limit but at the same time he knows exactly where the limit is and does not let me cross it, ever. I have to appreciate that as it takes a lot of the pressure off of me. He will let me know if he likes it, and if he does not, he will let me know even louder.

“His tip was leaking, cock bobbing up and down in the rhythm with my thrusts so I reached down, circling it lightly with my hand. At the briefest touch of my fingers to the sensitive skin, his hips jutted upward, thrusting into my fist, almost pulling me out entirely. I released my hold and licked my fingers, keeping my eyes on his the whole time, watching the pupils dilate and feeling him contract slightly around me. When my hand was clean, and moist, I returned it to his erection, this time gripping slightly harder and matching the cadence of my hips.

“He was sweating profusely, his body practically shimmering underneath me. In the position we were in, I was unable to bend forward far enough so I was taunted by a trickle of sweat that trailed from his temple, to his ear and then down his long elegant neck, begging for my tongue but unable to find it. I too was getting warm and realized that my suit was going to need to be dry cleaned after this. Strangely enough that odd, slightly out of context thought was what allowed me to finally let go, thrusting with abandon, causing him to scream out my name again and again. He grabbed me by my tie, pulling me down for a brutal kiss, teeth clashing together. With a final cry in my mouth, he came, strongly, all over my tie, pearlescent tracks running down the dark blue satin.

“Watching his eyes fall closed in relaxation and relief, I gritted my teeth and thrust once more deep inside him, emptying myself completely with not so much a word but a growl, staring down at him. The feel of my cum, hot and fast inside him, caused him to open his eyes, looking into mine. There was so much emotion behind it that even in my endorphin overloaded state, I could hardly hold back the gasp.

“Welcome home, Gregory,’ he said with a smile, pulling me in for a softer, more loving kiss than the one we had shared mid coitus. As I slipped from him, I pulled off my clothes, using my vest to
clean us up as best as possible. One of the nice things about being in a relationship with the British government is that he knows all the best dry cleaners. The most discrete dry cleaners. And my suit was going to be on my way to them in the morning. I asked if he wanted a shower, but he just shook his head, crawling back up to the head of the bed, and pulling out the blanket from underneath him. Typically we do not sleep nude because of the boys and you never know when one of them may have a nightmare or need a drink, but tonight I was too tired to worry about finding pajamas. If need be, I could throw something on before going into their room.

“We lay there, side by side, just holding hands and enjoying the stillness. Cuddling is not something we do often, so when he rolled over, throwing an arm and a leg over me as he drifted off to sleep, I could not help but be a little surprised. I rubbed his arm, pressed a kiss into his forehead, and drifted off myself.

“I am not sure you want to know how often that scenario occurs for me. Pretty much every case that requires me being out late, I walk in to something like this. Not always the stroking though. Sometimes he is watching porn. Sometimes he has anal beads. I do not know why he likes this one person dressed, one person naked thing, but if it works for him, who am I to complain? The first time I tried to take all my clothes off prior to shagging him on one of these nights, he practically threw me down on the bed and rode me till we both came.

“Thinking about it now, it is amazing that I have any ties that are still safe to wear to work. I know he keeps one or two of them that have never made it to the dry cleaner. I do not ask what he does with them. I feel there are something that are better left to remaining a secret. You do not need to know EVERYTHING about your spouse after all.”
The game had ended and so the pub had turned off the telly. Now, instead of the sound of cheers and crowds, bland elevator music filled the air. Most of the patrons had left when the game was over, though a few still hung around chatting quietly in the other booths. None of the tables around John and Greg were occupied, which both silently admitted was for the best.

He and Sherlock had plenty of things that they did together that most people wouldn’t necessarily consider normal. Their sex life was as varied and chaotic as every other part of their lives together. And while he had kinkier things that he could think of that they did, one sprang to mind as the elevator music in the bar swelled at that moment.

"You know about Sherlock and his violin, right?" John asked eventually, interrupting the peaceful silence that had fallen between them.

"What about them? Please tell me he does not have sex with the violin when you are not around, because that is one image I don’t ever need to see." Greg shuddered at the thought.

"No no, nothing like that. Just that he uses the violin to express his emotions when words fail him. Love, fear, frustration, sadness, lust." He paused at the last one, waiting for it to sink in. As Greg’s eyebrows rose toward his hairline, John smiled before continuing. “I’m not sure I ever told you that he proposed to me using the violin. He played the most beautiful piece I had ever heard. At the end I had tears in my eyes, and asked him, ‘What is this one called?’ He just smiled at me and replied, ‘I would like to call it John Holmes-Watson, if you will let me.’ Thankfully he put the Strad down before I tackled him. We never even made it to the bedroom that night.” Sherlock may be many things, but John had never considered him to be truly romantic until he proposed. Then John looked back on their relationship and realized that while they may not be typical in the way they expressed it, they were actually two of the most romantic people that he had ever met.

"Sherlock figured out pretty early in our partnership that I once played the clarinet in school. Later on, when we became a couple, we used it as an innuendo for oral sex, as in ‘Want me to play the clarinet later?’ I hadn’t picked up the instrument since before medical school but one day I come home from the clinic and there was a clarinet sitting on my arm chair. It was still in its case and I had fun putting it together, greasing the keys, and checking the parts. When Sherlock returned from wherever he had been, I was standing there, clarinet in hand, reed in mouth.

"'Ah good, you found my present,' he smiled, walking past me in to the kitchen. 'I was hoping eventually you may play something for me. I also picked up several pieces of clarinet music of varying difficulties as I was finding it problematic to determine how skilled of a player you were prior to giving up the instrument.'

I followed him into the kitchen while putting the reed into the mouthpiece. 'I don’t know how good I will be Sherlock. It has been years, and for someone like you who has a perfect sense of pitch, I’m afraid my playing will be like nails on a chalkboard.'

"Nonsense, John. Anything you will play for me will be appreciated. It’s, as they say, the thought that counts.’ He made it clear that was the end of the conversation as far as he was concerned and I just hoped that I wouldn’t make a fool of myself when it came time to play for him, because there was no chance that he would forget this, no matter how hard I tried to distract him.

"I spent every free hour I had when Sherlock wasn’t around practicing on the instrument. I forgot how much I enjoyed playing and how good it felt to have the instrument in my hands, the music
coming from me. I have always understood why Sherlock enjoyed playing but being able to do it again myself really brought it home for me.

"After several weeks, Sherlock once again brought up the idea of me playing for him. 'John, the calluses on your hands tell me you have been practicing extensively while the slightly reddened lips are a sign that your chops are returning to you. I’m certain that you are ready to play for me even if you don’t think so yourself.’ I sighed but nodded, silently agreeing to play for him the next time he asked.

"It was later that night that he requested a serenade, so I picked up my favourite piece from the ones he had supplied me with. I tuned the instrument, and played a few scales to get my lips and fingers warmed up. He sat there on the couch, fingers steepled under his chin as if he were thinking about a complex problem and stared at me, waiting for me to begin. It was quite possibly the most nerve wracking 30 seconds of my life.

"Taking a deep breath, I started to play. The first notes were squeaky and unpleasant and I was fighting the desire to drop the instrument and run as far away as possible. But I started to relax. I figured that no matter how bad I was, it still had to be better than Sherlock’s frustrated ‘I don’t have a case and am bored so I’m going to take it out on my poor violin’ playing. I knew the piece well, and after awhile I just closed my eyes and played. I lost myself in the music, forgetting that Sherlock was even in the room, that there was a possibility that other people could hear me. I just felt the notes and played my heart out. It was the best feeling in the world. When the piece ended, I stood there for a few more minutes, eyes closed, just breathing and trying to feel the last of the notes floating in the air. Slowly, I opened my eyes, and was greeted by the sight of Sherlock.

"He had left the couch and was now standing directly in front of me. His pupils were blown and he was breathing heavily as if he had been the one to play the clarinet, not me. I wonder now if he was breathing right along with me. He has such a way with music I could see that happening.

"I barely had any warning before he crushed our mouths together, the clarinet trapped between our two bodies. 'John,’ he growled, 'That was the single sexiest thing I have ever seen you do, and you once cleaned your gun in the kitchen wearing nothing but red pants.' The kisses were fast and furious and I could barely catch my breath between them.

"'So you liked it then?' I asked as he moved his lips from my mouth to my jaw. I felt his grin rather then saw it, and immediately, he had the clarinet out of my hand, onto the chair, and was pilling me even closer. His erection dug into my hip, and I felt myself smile in response.

"'Like does not even begin to describe it. I have never thought of the clarinet as a sensual instrument, but seeing you with it in your mouth, the music pouring out through the work of you and you alone, it was all I could don’t to rip your clothes off while you were playing. I’m not even sure you would have noticed. Next time, you will have to do it naked.'

"The sex that night was nothing short of spectacular, with Sherlock fucking me in to the mattress, three times over. Mrs. Hudson commented the next day that we need to close the doors if we are going to be carrying on with those activities, because her heart just can’t take that kind of excitement.

"Since then we have managed to have music sex several times over. He has a spare bow, and has used it on me, dragging it across my body, while he stands behind, sucking marks into my neck, and fingering the notes on my cock. He has given me head while I played music for him, though maybe music is the wrong term. The second the soft lips hit my flesh the notes became less coherent and more or less just shrieks and squeals. The clarinet needed to be fixed after that night as I may have dropped it when he lightly dragged his teeth down my length.
"He once taught me how to play the violin. Or at least, he tried to. I had the instrument tucked under my chin, the bow in hand. Sherlock crowded up behind me, his arms over mine, our fingers practically entwined. I held the bow, he held my hand and together we played. The notes came from both of us, our fingers, our hands. It was by far the most sensual moment of my life, and we were both fully clothed. My goal is to learn the violin well enough that I can play without needing the help. Then I can focus on him, our bodies pressed tight together, our breathing synchronized, working together to make the music from this one instrument. If that isn’t a metaphor for our whole relationship, I don’t know what is.

"Before Sherlock, my girlfriends and I would try to have romantic sex. They would light candles, put on soft music, wear flowy lingerie. Who knew that the most romantic thing to ever happen to me would be fully clothed in my living room in the middle of the evening, playing a violin with a man most people would classify as a sociopath. I know differently but the thought that this is what my life has become never ceases to amaze and enthral me." John paused, lost in thought, his mind several blocks away, back in that cluttered living room of 221b where he was sure Sherlock was playing that beloved violin waiting for the other thing he held beloved to return. Blinking furiously, John looked away from Greg. Crying in the middle of a pub isn’t normally acceptable, and he wasn’t about to start.

"Fuck. I think I have had too much to drink. More water?" he asked, brushing it off as a joke and not the overwhelming emotion he felt whenever he thought fondly for the consulting detective who took his life and turned it upside down. Greg nodded, and motioned to the waitress for two more glasses of water. "Man, you make me wish I was musical. I know Mycroft used to play something. Sounds like they were required to take music at their school but he was just good enough to get by and I don’t think he has any interest in playing any time soon."

"Sorry I got a bit emotional there, mate," John said a few minutes later as they both nursed their glasses of water. "Too many pints and not enough Sherlock today, that's all. I need to lay off the beer if I have any hope of getting any when I finally get home. And let me tell you, after this conversation, I intend to get a leg over, under or around."
“Oh! I know!” John exclaimed, thinking back. “Remember a month ago when you were mad at Sherlock, and refused to call him in on any cases? He had stolen the chief superintendent’s badge instead of just yours this time and you had to keep him away for awhile.”

“Yeah, that bastard nearly got me demoted. How many times are you two going to piss off my boss during my career? Oh god, wait until he finds out that I’m related to you two menaces. Might be time to move to America. Think the FBI is hiring?” His shoulders slumped, thinking of the implications that coming out to the Yard meant. Not coming out as gay but coming out as a member of the Holmes family, possibly the most despised and feared families in Britain as far as Scotland Yard was concerned.

“Do you really think Mycroft would let you get fired for being married to him? The Chief would be looking for a new job long before you were. I promise that you’re safe.” John smiled at the DI. Greg really was a great guy and a fantastic DI. John had long suspected that he didn’t really need Sherlock’s help on a lot of these cases but called him in just to give the consulting detective something to do to occupy his mind. Since the business had taken off, Scotland Yard had been calling them less and less and presumably that was Greg’s doing. Maybe one or two a month now, where it used to be closer to three or four a week.

Smirking into his water, Greg thought about his husband, “He does tend to be a bit over protective of me. I think it’s a family trait. Remember what Sherlock did to that guy who hurt Mrs. Hudson?”

“’How many times did he fall out of the window, Sherlock?’ ‘I don’t recall, Detective Inspector. It’s all a bit of a blur.’ I wasn’t even there when you had that conversation but I have heard the story repeated so many times, I can recite it verbatim, in my sleep.”

“Yeah. That was a lot of laughs, wasn’t it?” Greg said, not entirely sure if he was being sarcastic or not. “Anyway, what were you saying about when I was mad at him and wouldn’t let him near any crime scenes?”

John’s lip quirked, “You know we came to the crime scenes anyway, right? No way was Sherlock going to pass up good cases just because your boss was upset. The first couple we went to after you all had cleared out. Apparently Anderson left all the good evidence behind for us, according to Sherlock. After awhile, we got bored and just started showing up at the scenes even if you lot were still around. Sherlock liked hiding behind bushes and yelling insults at Donovan about the state of her knees. “

“Yes, I heard about that,” Greg growled not sounding amused, though his eyes crinkled a little betraying his humour. “Anderson kept putting in complaints with the personnel department but I have to sign off on them, and they somehow kept getting lost in the process. Not sure how that happened.”

Giggling slightly, John continued with his story, “Anyway, at one of these crime scenes you were all very much occupied and neither Sally nor Anderson had come out of the house in over an hour. Sherlock was starting to get bored.”

“Oh god, do I want to know where this is going?”

“Probably not, but I’m going to tell you anyway, so just drink your beer and shut up. Sherlock was bored, and we had been waiting for someone to come out so he could insult them or for you to finish
up so that we could get in there and look around for ourselves. When it became clear that neither
was going to happen for awhile, we were about to give up and head home when I noticed that one of
your younger officers had left the door to the police cruiser open.”

“Oh no…”

“Oh yes. Really, you only have yourself to blame. You’re in charge of these officers and you let
them just leave the doors open and unlocked, with no one around to keep an eye on things? You
were just asking for trouble. And after this, I bet you NEVER forget to close and or lock the doors at
crime scenes. Though Sherlock does have his lock picking kit, not that you heard that from me.”
Though he was sure Greg knew most of the tricks they used when solving crimes, it seemed prudent
to throw in a defensible statement, just to be safe. No sense in getting arrested the next time Sherlock
managed to insult his brother or brother in law.

“Anyway, the door was there, wide open, and we had been sitting in that stupid shrubbery for over
an hour. It was a bit cold that night and upon seeing the open door, we knew exactly how we wanted
to warm up. Grabbing me by my sleeve, Sherlock dragged me in to the car, closing the door behind
us, after putting the window down, as it wouldn’t help our image if you walked out and caught us
naked in the back of a squad car unable to get ourselves out.”

“John, you never have to worry about that. I have walked in on you two more times than I care to
admit. I would like to believe I’m beyond being shocked at your behaviour but tonight is showing
me that there is a lot that I didn’t know, and didn’t ever need to know.” Greg looked positively
sicken, John thought with devilish delight and he hadn’t even gotten to the good part of the story.

Laughing, he continued, “We were in the back seat, and within moments, we had crashed our lips
together and were busy pulling off as much clothing as we could in the fastest time possible. I
think I may have popped a button or two off his shirt, so if you ever come across a few small purple
buttons, could you return them to me? I really like that shirt, and like it even more when it’s on
Sherlock. Or, more specifically, when I’m pulling it off of him.

“In no time, we were down to our socks and open shirt fronts. Sherlock threw his jacket over us so at
least we would be somewhat covered if one you finally decided to reappear. We also opened the
sliding window thing between the back seat and the front, because it seemed like it might be a good
idea to have something we could bend over. It becomes useful at times as I’m sure you will admit.

“At first we were just going to cuddle and snog for a bit, warm ourselves up before going back to the
flat to warm up properly, preferably in front of a fire. But as usual, we got a bit carried away. My
hands slid down and freed him from his pants and then he returned the favour a few moments later.
We’re quickly stroking each other while biting, nipping and sucking at necks, collarbones, and
whatever else we could reach.

“It was getting pretty heated in that car, and I’m not talking in terms of temperature. We knew we
could be caught any moment, and not just caught by some random person walking down the street,
though that was a concern, but by Scotland Yard, people we knew and worked with every week.
However, we were so far gone, I’m pretty sure you could’ve dragged us out of the car by our necks
and we wouldn’t have realized it until we’re finished.

“Sherlock eventually slid down, pressing kisses and nips to my chest and stomach, pushing me back
into the seat so that he could maneuver himself between my legs. Nipping a bit at the skin around my
erection, he licked the broad flat tongue up my length before engulfing me in the heat of his mouth. I
pushed my fist in to my mouth in order to keep from screaming out. It was so hot. It was so
dangerous. I was so turned on.
“Eventually, he moved his hands to cup my arse, sliding my pants farther down, before pressing one long, lean finger to my entrance. His tongue darted around, circling my glans, pressing along my foreskin. I was shaking from the effort to control myself. Both screaming and thrusting would have been bad scenarios in different ways.

“As his finger pressed in, I erupted, coming deep in his mouth, and he sucked and licked until I was clean and soft. When I pulled up my pants I remembered that he was still hard, and looking down, I watched him gripping his own cock, looking at me with near black eyes, his pupils so blown from need and want.

“I pulled on him slightly, manhandling him so that he was leaning through into the front of the car, his coat being used for padding on the metal slide under his stomach. With that gorgeous, milky white arse in front of me, I spread his cheeks, and blew softly into the crease.

“He rewarded me with a gasp, so I moved a little closer, blowing softer, this time warm and moist air instead of the cooler faster breath from before. He pushed back toward me and I licked softly around the entrance, just enough to tease him with that slight, wet pressure. He was practically sobbing with want, so using one hand I began to stroke his cock while the other helped hold him open so I could lick and thrust with my tongue, feeling the hole loosen and stretch, his muscles relaxing under my ministrations. Sherlock was coming apart under my hands, and it was quite possibly one of the sexiest fucking things I have ever seen.

“As his squirming and moaning increased, I knew he was close so with one final twist of my hand, I thrust my tongue deep inside him, feeling his body clench around me. Mid-orgasm his arm must have flailed out because instead of pleasant afterglow and some post coital cuddling we’re treated to squealing siren and flashing lights. I’m not sure either of us have ever dressed so fast in our lives.”

Greg’s face was ashen, thinking in horror of that day. He had berated Donovan for leaving the door to the cruiser open. No one knew at the time how the siren had gotten set off though they had their theories. Sally thought perhaps a neighborhood cat and gotten into the car and scared itself off when it stepped on the wrong button. Greg himself had figured it was most likely just a glitch in the car’s system, they were getting a bit old after all. Anderson was convinced it was a dinosaur, probably a pterodactyl. Fucking Anderson.

“It was you,” he was muttering, staring at his drink and shaking his head in disbelief. “It was you. I should have known it was you. Whenever something goes wrong or strange in my life, it’s always you two.”

John, for what it was worth, was trying desperately to hold in the laughter but upon hearing the muttering gave up and laughed, long and loud, causing half of the patrons to turn and look in their direction. “Sorry. Sorry,” he kept apologizing, but one look at Greg’s face would set him off again. “If it means anything to you, Sherlock had to take his coat in to be dry-cleaned to get the come stains off of it. I refused to do it for him and he threatened to make me sleep on the couch for a week. He gave up after 30 minutes. Turns out he wanted the couch back more than he wanted to punish me. “

In that moment, the twinkle returned to Greg’s eye. “Speaking of couches,” he smirked, “I have a story that can beat that one.”
Chapter Summary

Pure unadulterated crack ahead. You have been warned.

John was feeling confident. There was nothing that Greg could come up with that would be eating Sherlock out in the back of the squad car and then accidentally setting off the siren and having to run starkers through the neighborhood in fear of being caught by half of New Scotland Yard. Especially anything involving a couch.

Couches were boring. Besides a bed, there was no other more stereotypical place to have sex than on a couch. John didn’t care what Greg said. He was planning on winning this bet.

"Really? A couch story? This had better be one spectacular couch if you think that can beat a police car. Your police car. I still can’t believe we got away with that to be honest."

Greg sipped his beer, looking cocky. "Oh, don’t worry. This is one magnificent couch story.” He took one more drink before setting down his beer to spin his tale.

"So you know what Mycroft does for a living. Well, that isn’t exactly true. I don’t know if anyone knows what Mycroft does for a living besides Mycroft. Probably not even Her Majesty. But you know that he is for all intents and purposes, the British government. From what I can tell, Sherlock was not joking when he said that Mycroft also does work for the FBI. He has also worked closely with some people in Canada but I’m not sure what that was about.

"Because of his role in diplomatic issues, he spends a lot of time traveling, doing all sorts of work with negotiations, glad handing, and smiling for the camera. Because of him I have been in most of the major palaces in the world, as well as the White House, several ambassadors’ residences, and for awhile was on a first name basis with the Queen. We have not been able to speak lately, but last time I met Her Majesty, she was doing well.

"I sometimes marvel at the direction my life has taken. I was raised in the estates by a stay at home mother and a police officer father. We didn’t have a lot of money and there were 5 of us kids, so the money we did have was spread thin. Never in my life did I expect that as an adult I would spend time with the royal family. Did I ever tell you that Duchess Catherine once babysat for us? The boys called her Catie and had no idea who she was. I can’t wait for them to be older and figure it out. Before the wedding we would see them more often, but now she is busy being a Duchess, so the boys have to make do with a commoner babysitter.

"Any way, I try and get out of the more formal events whenever possible just because they make me rather uncomfortable. Obviously, Mycroft is in his element and I just feel like I’m a distraction to him. Generally I stay home with the boys since they prefer one of us to anyone else we could find to come watch them.

"A few weeks ago, however, I was unable to get out of attending an event with him. The President of the United States was visiting along with his entourage, and the Queen was hosting a formal dinner party in his honour at Buckingham Palace. Mycroft was expected to attend and the invitation was specifically addressed to Mycroft Holmes and Gregory Lestrade, so I felt like there was no way
I could say no to the Queen.

"Dinner was pleasant enough. I was seated next to one of the President's friends who had traveled with him, and was a former member of the FBI. We discussed police work, and he specifically asked about working with Sherlock. His reputation now extends across the pond. If you ever get a call to go help them, you should because if they are all like the man I was sitting next to, it would be interesting to watch Sherlock interact with them.

"Following dinner and dessert, there was a drinks and social hour where Mycroft was flitting between groups, probably making deals and solidifying our role as a global power for the next twenty years. I slipped quietly from the room as these kinds of social time are a bit unpleasant for me.

"I wandered down the hall until I found an open door with no one inside. I let myself in to what turned out to be a study or library. I perused the shelves, my drink in one hand, while the other briefly touched each book that caught my eye.

"I quickly became engaged in the smell of leather and the feel of the spines under my finger tips, and barely registered the quiet click as the door to the room closed. Quiet footsteps that I would recognize anywhere made their way toward me. I didn’t even look up, knowing who I would see if I were to do so.

"Strong arms wrapped around me and I leaned back against his chest, carefully setting my drink on one of the shelves. Figured it would not do to spill scotch all over the carpet of Buckingham Palace.

"I was wondering where you had gotten off to.’ His voice rumbled against my back, and I just smiled, closing my eyes and enjoying a stolen moment of intimacy in the home of the British Monarch.

"I just needed to get out of there for a few minutes,’ I responded, turning to look at him. ’You know I’m terrible at these things. I did rather well at dinner, though I think I probably have you to blame. Who else would have put the Scotland Yard Detective Inspector next to the former special agent for the FBI? We had a great conversation but after dinner was over and we were expected to mingle, there just was not anyone else I was interested in talking to. I figured no one would notice if I took a few minutes to clear my head.’

"Ah, but my dear Gregory, I noticed. I always notice you, whether you want me to or not. The curse of my family I’m afraid.’ He smiled one of his true, disarming smiles and I grinned back at him.

"If I get the joy of having you in my bed every night for the rest of my life, I’m certain that is a curse I’m willing to live with.’ I turned to walk back to the party. ’I guess we should get back in there. Me, they won’t notice, but you going missing is sure to turn some heads.’

"He grabbed my hand to hold me in place. ’On the contrary, I made my excuses to her Majesty and the President. I told them that I didn’t believe you were feeling well and I wanted to go check on you. Now that I find you, I’m sure that you’re entirely too tense to leave this room quite yet. I must do something to help you alleviate your tension.’ With that, he pulled me in for a kiss, one that tasted of my scotch and his red wine. His tongue snaked out to lick at the crease of my lips and I accepted it into my mouth happily. We stayed like that for a few minutes, just enjoying the give and take of the kiss. Even I could tell that he was helping me relax more by the second.

"I started to pull away, trying to explain that I was feeling much better and we could go back inside, but he kept a tight hold on my hips and I could tell by the gleam in his eyes that this kiss was not all
he had in mind. 'No! No. Mycroft Holmes, I'm not having sex with you in Buckingham Palace while the rulers of the free world are three doors down enjoying drinks and conversation. I won't do it, do you hear me?'

"As usual, my complaints fell on deaf ears as he stared at me with a predatory gaze, backing me up slowly until the backs of my knees hit the arm of the couch and I toppled over, landing on my back with my legs hanging over the side.

"'Mycroft, they will know. We can't do this here,' I kept mumbling, but as he came to kneel in front of the couch and slowly unbuttoned my waist coat, I began to lose my arguments as to why this was a bad idea.

"His hands efficiently unbuttoned my trousers and he pulled them open but not off. He then freed my cock from the confines of my pants, and it sprang free, happy to be the recipient of his attentions regardless of where we were currently located.

"One deeply seductive look later, and he bent forward, his tongue darting out to lick a drop of pre-come from my tip. I bucked my hips in response before bringing them back down firmly onto the cushions. He flattened his tongue and drew it up my length, from the base to the tip before swirling it around the glans. A quick stab at the slit and then his whole mouth engulfed me. I had to stuff my fist in my mouth to keep from crying out from the pure pleasure of it all.

"'Mycroft,' I moaned, watching as his head bobbed up and down over my erection. 'We should not be....oh GOD YES,' I cried out, before silencing myself once again. It felt dirty, and wrong, but also oh-so-right. I wanted it to keep going forever.

"We were so engrossed in what we were doing that I don't believe either of us heard the door open, or the person enter the room until we were interrupted by a loud, 'Oh, god, gentleman, I'm so sorry,' and then the close of the latch once again.

"Even though we had been interrupted, he continued on as if nothing had happened. He sucked deeply, hollowing his cheeks and taking me as far in as possible. Did I ever tell you that he has no gag reflex? Makes for some bloody brilliant blow jobs, I'm telling you."

John interrupted here, "Greg, I’m happy for you, but of all the things in my life I don’t need to know, Mycroft Holmes lacking a gag reflex and the effect that has on your sex life is quite possibly at the top of the list. I can never unhear that, do you realize? Every time I sit across from him at Christmas dinner for the rest of our lives, that image is going to come to the top of my head. Thank you so much."

Greg grinned, "You started it, mate. Just remember that. Anyway, after a few strong sucks, I was coming straight down his throat, muffling myself as much as possible. He licked me clean, before tucking me back in to my pants and refastening my trousers. 'Darling, I do believe you’re well and truly relaxed now,' he said to me with a smirk, standing and straightening his suit so that he looked like anything but a man who had just sucked off his husband in the middle of Buckingham Palace.

"'Mycroft,' I said sternly, but the grin on my face probably took some of the edge off, 'I can’t believe you just got me off in a study in the Palace during a dinner party. And someone walked in on us. Do you know who it was? My brain was otherwise occupied and I didn’t open my eyes to see.'

"'Yes, and don’t worry. Everyone at this party understands that necessity of discretion. He will take the secret to his grave. Not to mention that I have walked in on him and his wife in similar situations a number of times, and he has threatened to catch me in the act eventually. I’m sure he will be insufferable tomorrow.' I knew well enough that that was the only explanation I was going to get so
I let it drop.

"We returned to the party and, as he had said, no one paid any attention to our disappearance and subsequent reappearance, me looking substantially more rumpled than I had prior to leaving. I never got a name from Mycroft, but the United States President kept grinning and me and winking so I was able to narrow it down pretty quickly.

John eyes boggled, and his jaw dropped open. "You were caught? By the President? Getting a blow job? In Buckingham Palace?" His laughter filled the room and other patrons turned to look in their direction.

"Well, yes, I did. However, at the next state dinner in Washington DC, I ended up walking in on him and his wife. Let me assure you that they seem to love each other as much as they appear on telly. Which is heartwarming, because as you know, life in the public eye presents a lot of complications when it comes to relationships."
Sipping their drinks, they enjoyed a moment of calm before John spoke up again. "Do you two ever talk dirty in bed? Not just the normal stuff, but really filthy?"

Greg shook his head, "Not really the kind of thing either of us are in to, to be honest. Why is that one of your guys' go-to kinks?"

"For Sherlock it is," John said, taking a swig of his beverage. "It didn’t take me long to figure it out either. I may not be the world's only consulting detective, or a Scotland Yard Detective Inspector but even I can figure out when something I have done causes that level of arousal."

Greg's face creased with puzzlement, "How do you accidentally figure out that he likes to talk dirty? Or is it that he likes to be talked to in that manner?"

Smirking, John answered, "Surprisingly enough, he likes it when I talk to HIM like that. For all the talking he does the rest of the time, you would probably assume he doesn’t shut up in bed, but other than "Oh god!" "Yes" and "JOHN" it’s mainly just incoherent moans and sighs and screams."

"Let me get this straight. You accidentally figured out that he gets aroused by you talking to him in a filthy manner? Okay, I’m probably going to regret this, but I want to hear this story."

John’s head fell back against the booth as he contemplated how much to include in his narrative. "It was only about two weeks after we had first gone to bed together. In those two weeks, everything had been sweet, loving, romantic. He was in the best mood I had seen him in during our time at 221b and things were just going swimmingly. Then you called with a case and things got turned upside down for awhile.

"He was doing that thing he does where nothing but the case matters and he’s basically an annoying dick all the time. I even told him that at one point. Finally, being nowhere near solving the case, even after three days of nonstop work, I knew we needed to relax. Up until then, sex had kept him soft and pliant for me so I attempted to seduce him in the normal way. Kissing his neck from behind while he worked on my lap top, lightly wrapping my arm around his torso, just brushing his nipples with the gentlest of touches. These were things that had worked for me in the last couple weeks but he just snapped at me that he had better things to do and I could just go have a wank in the loo if that was really what I needed.

"I was pissed. He wasn’t getting anywhere and taking one hour off to decompress wasn’t going to hurt him. So I leaned down, placing my mouth right next to his ear and practically growled, ‘Sherlock Holmes, I’m going to have you right now. I’m going to fuck you so hard you won’t be able to remember anything but my name. I’m going to put my cock in your arse and pound it until we both come, screaming so hard that Mrs. Hudson calls Lestrade to report an assault. I’m going to do all this, and when I’m done, you are going to beg me to do it again.’

"Where before there had been no response, now his skin was covered in gooseflesh, his cock was fully erect and when he turned to look at me his pupils were blown so large that there was none of that stunning colour left to be seen.

"Knowing what I had in mind would indeed reduce him to cries and screams of pleasure, I grabbed
his hand and practically dragged him up the stairs to what used to be my bedroom. Pushing him
down on the bed, I stalked over to him, crawling up his body, probably looking positively predatory.

"'You like it when I talk to you like that Sherlock? Are you a bit of a slut when it comes to me and
my cock? I can see yours straining to get out of your pants. It wants me. It wants my mouth. It
wants my hand. Your body is screaming out for me even when your brain is saying no. I’m going
to make you come so hard your toes will curl and your throat will hurt from screaming. I’ll make
you call out my name again and again. I’ll make you beg for my hand, my mouth, and my cock, and
maybe, if you are good, I’ll give them to you. Does that sound like a good plan Sherlock? Can you
be good because I want nothing more than to pound my dick into your arse as hard and as long as
possible?’

"He was trembling underneath me and it was by far the sexiest damn thing I had seen from him yet.
It was obvious that my talking was turning him on in a way I had never seen before. I was loving
this, the power I had over him. Irene Adler had spoken to him like this but he had rebuked her.
When she told him that she would have him until he begged for mercy he responded that he had
never begged in his life. But that day I had him on his literal and metaphorical knees begging me for
some sort of release. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

‘I slowly unbuttoned his shirt, my fingers skimming over the skin of his chest, perfectly smooth and
pale, just like the rest of him. He’s like a motherfucking male Snow White and I have him all to
myself. As I pushed the shirt open, I bent and licked a broad swath up his sternum, before muttering
into his neck, ‘Your skin tastes like sex, love. And sin. I can hardly believe I’m allowed to do this.
I’m going to bite and suck dark purple marks all over this perfect neck. Mark you. Claim you.
Make sure every single person who you pass on the street knows that someone loves you, wants
you, and gets to HAVE you.’

‘I proceeded to do just that so that his torso, his neck, even his arms were covered in deep purple
marks. Following each mark I pulled back to admire my work, giving him a look of utter lust. I
wanted him to know that I’ll always want him, always need him, and always HAVE him. I marked
him over and over, muttering the entire time. "Sherlock, you are so fucking gorgeous. You are like
walking sex. Do you know how often I have to stop myself from shooting people who look at you
when we are walking together? You inspire lust in people wherever you go. After I’m done with
you, no one will think twice because you will well and truly be mine. Love bites all over your skin,
showing them that somebody fucks you. Somebody owns you. Because I do. You are mine
Sherlock. And I’m yours. But tonight, I’ll mark you, take you, have you. Again and again. Until
you are begging for mercy. I’ll do what the Woman was never able to do and I’ll do it better.”

His body was tight with tension, his cock so hard it ground in to my hip, even through the layers of
my clothing. I pulled them off as soon as I could and went back to worshiping and ravaging that
body. At each nipple I licked, kissed, nipped, and teased, my breath ghosting over them as I spoke
‘Look how perky they are Sherlock. They want me. They want me to suck them, lick them, bite
them. Do you like that? Do you like my teeth on those sensitive points? Does it make you want
anything else? Because I’m just getting started. Even now I can see how turned on you are and I
have not even touched that magnificent prick. And I won't for awhile. Not until you are begging for
it. And then you will get everything. The release you feel be more intense than anything you have
ever felt in your life and I’ll be the one to give it to you. I’ll milk every last drop from your body,
leaving you quivering and pliant. Everyone will thank me for it, won’t they? A happy, well fucked
Sherlock is something that everyone at Scotland Yard likes. But no one likes it more than Sherlock.
Who is so desperate for my cock that he’s literally trembling.’

"The look in his eyes was one of pure and utter lust. I nearly gave up right then and there but I knew
I needed to see this through, see just how much I could talk Sherlock into a frenzy. So far it was
working but I wanted to try more. Eventually, I slid my legs up to straddle him, one knee on either side of his hips, my balls just barely brushing the underside of his cock. I grip myself and start stroking, my back arching slightly, as I continue my narration. ‘Oh god, Sherlock, this feels so good. I’m so hard just thinking about you and what you do to me. If this was your hand, I would be thrusting in to that tight circle, wanting to come all over you, mark you yet again as mine. You want to touch, right? You want to feel my cock. You want it. Need it even. You are addicted and your addiction is my prick. You want it in your hand. In your mouth. In your arse. You are mine and I’ll make sure you remember it.’ I continued stroking myself, faster, while his hips came up to meet every movement of my hands. I had him basically pinned but occasionally he would get enough movement that his cock would bob up, brushing lightly against my knuckles and he would cry out in pleasure. He was sweating and panting, coming completely undone and I had barely touched him with anything besides my lips. It was the most arousing thing ever.

"Eventually I took pity on him. He wanted something. Anything. So I gave it to him. On my knees, I walked up so that my dick was in front of his mouth. ‘Suck it, Sherlock. I know you want to. I have watched you look down at my prick and lick your lips. You want to taste the precum, don’t you? You want my flavour in your mouth. You are so dirty. You want cock as much as you can get. So I’ll be nice and give it to you. I’ll put this dick so far down your throat that it’s all you will taste for a week. Do you want me to come in your mouth? I can see you do. But I won’t. Not tonight. I’m saving that for later. For now, though, I want you to put that sinful mouth to good use. All you have done is complain today so now you are going to make it up to me by sucking me until I tell you to stop.

"He did it too. The things that man can do with his mouth. Unf. God, I would marry him just to have blow jobs like that for the rest of my life. He sucked harder than he ever has and I could tell he was enjoying it, his face flushing and his eyes rolling back. ‘All the precum, that is because of you. You make me hard and wet Sherlock. All I can think about is how good it will be to get my cock inside you.’ Eventually, I pulled away and he made a bereft mewing noise which would have been adorable if I wasn’t so damned aroused at that point.

"I still had not touched his cock, and I could tell he thought I was finally going to, but I skipped it, pausing briefly to lick the small moist spot on his stomach from all his leaking. I brought his legs up and positioned myself between them, licking at his balls before moving back to kiss his penileum and finally, back to his crease. I ran my tongue along the crease, before parting him slightly and licking at the tight ring of muscle. We had not done this before and I felt his whole body tense up. ‘Relax, love. Just relax and enjoy it.’

“Eventually he did and when tongue just wasn’t enough, I prepped him with my fingers. ‘You are so tight. You are going to feel so good around me. Is that what you want? Do you want my cock inside you? Filling you completely until you no longer know where you stop and I begin?’ He just nodded, so I lubed myself, then got lined up, and pressed in.

"‘Oh god Sherlock. You are so hot and wet and tight. And I’m the only one who has ever felt this, aren’t I? You aren’t a virgin but I’m the only one who has topped you.’ He opened his mouth to say something, probably ask how I figured it out but I stopped him, ‘I’ll explain afterward.’ I pulled almost all the way out so only my tip remained inside him before thrusting back in, causing him to arch off the bed and cry out.

“Things get a bit fuzzy after that. I know I kept talking. And by the time we were both coming, all he was saying was my name over and over again. ‘John. John. John. John. John. JOHN!’ It was a litany of sex. An affirmation of what I had told him. By the end of our night, the only world left on his lips was John. It was ridiculously sexy. And if you recall that one case involving the symphony, you will remember how grumpy he had been in the morning but how downright pleasant
he was again that afternoon. You’re welcome.”

Greg just shook his head. The doctor managed to shock him again and again and this time was no exception.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this has been so long in coming. Personal issues and the like.
Throughout the night John had been checking his phone obsessively. Sending messages and receiving them in a near constant stream. It got to the point where Greg finally blurted out, “What could he possibly need to talk to you that much for? You two are together 2-7 as it is. Can he not let you have three hours of peace and quiet and normalcy without asking you about the amount of pressure the blood is under inside a capillary or some shit thing like that?”

John chuckled, hitting send on his latest text to his fiancée. “That is what you think I am sending? Close, but not quite.” He handed the phone over to Greg who proceeded to have his eyes bulge from his head for the next 10 minutes.

**How long are you going to be gone?** -SH

**I have plans for the kitchen if you will not be using if for the evening.** –SH

_A few hours. I will be home by 2 I think._ –JW

_Do not mess up my kitchen._ -JW

_And leave my tea kettle alone. No experiments in the tea kettle. Remember Rule No. 7._ -JW

**How could I forget? You remind me whenever you leave the flat.** –SH

**I am afraid you are going to delete it.** –JW

**Last time I deleted it, you threatened to have it tattooed on my arm.** –SH

_I meant it too._ –JW

**You would have to catch me first.** –SH

_I know where you sleep and have access to a vast array of sedatives. It could be done._ –JW

**You are threatening to drug me so that I do not experiment in your tea kettle?** –SH

**How did I ever live without you?** –SH

_I love you._ –SH

_I know. I love you too._ –JW
Can I fuck you when I get home? Interesting conversation with Greg has me feeling a bit randy. –JW

You are getting turned on by Lestrade? I am not sure who should be more concerned, my brother or myself. –SH

No, I am not “turned on by Lestrade”. I am horny because I told him about something we did in bed and it got me a bit excited thinking about it. –JW

You are discussing our sex life with a Scotland Yard Detective Inspector who is married to my brother? I thought you had more common sense than that John. –SH

I am discussing my sex life with my future brother in law. Who has informed me of some of your brother’s kinks in the bedroom. –JW

Do not remind me. I see it written all over his smug, fat face every time he deems us worthy of a visit. –SH

So do I get to fuck you when I get home or not? –JW

Of course. I would be disappointed if you did not. –SH

Good. Because there are things I want to do to you. –JW

Oh really? Tell me about it. –SH

I want to stroke you through your clothes until you are hard. –JW

I want to suck you until you come in hot spurts down my throat. –JW

I want to pound into you until you beg for mercy. –JW

I once said that I have never begged for mercy in my life. –SH

Ah, but you and I both knew that was not true, did we not? –JW

Yes, but that was not the point. I needed her off her guard. –SH

Well, you won in the end. –JW

I had already won. I already had you. –SH

That may be the most romantic thing you have ever said to me. –JW

Do not get used to it. I am still not very good at this sentimental stuff. –SH

You do just fine. You know I appreciate your brand of romance. –JW

Except for the head. –JW
What? –SH

I thought you liked my oral technique. –SH

No! The head. THE head. The one in the fridge that you got me for a first anniversary present. –JW

That was just weird, even for you. –JW

I thought you would enjoy dissecting it with me. It had that fascinating abnormality. –SH

Sherlock, a tip: Anything involving dissecting is probably not a good anniversary gift. –JW

Noted. –SH

So is that all you are going to do to me? Not very creative John. –SH

If you are so creative, why not tell me what you want me to do when I get home? –JW

You will be tipsy when you get home, so we will fuck on the couch. –SH

You will pull open my dressing gown (the blue one you like so much) and run your hands over my chest while you kiss me. –SH

I will be able to determine just what beer you were drinking and how many you had simply by your tongue in my mouth. –SH

You wore your oatmeal jumper. I will pull it off you, placing my nose to your sternum. –SH

You will smell like salt, beer, wool, and arousal. –SH

I will lick the taste off of you, starting with your nipples which will pebble under my attention. –SH

By then your cock will be straining to get free of your trousers and the red pants that you pulled on this morning. –SH

It is already straining Sherlock. –JW

Erotic literature lost a great talent when you decided to become a detective. –JW

Are you mocking me John? It is hard to get sarcasm via text message. –SH

Not at all. That was hot and if you were here I would be dragging you to the bathroom so I could fuck you in one of the stalls. –JW

That hardly seems sanitary, John. –SH

Perhaps not. But the danger of getting caught more than makes up for it, don’t you think? –JW
Well, we do have some experience with that. –SH

Are you thinking about the Greg’s car or the window? –JW

Actually, I was thinking about in the pool after Moriarty left before Scotland Yard arrived. –SH

Oh yes. That was a good time. Nothing like adrenaline charged fucking in a changing room of a public pool. –JW

Again, sarcasm? –SH

No. That was bloody hot. –JW

Damn. Now I am hard and you are not here to do anything about it. –JW

If I was there, I would drop my napkin as a pretence, climb under the table and suck you while you chatted with Greg, trying to pretend that my lips are not wrapped around your cock, tongue swirling your glans the way you like. –SH

Sherlock. Stop. I will come in my pants and that would be hard to explain considering the story Greg is telling me at the moment. –JW

If he is telling you about the umbrella, now would be a good time to go to the loo. I have tried to protect you from that story. –SH

Umbrella? Because of the rain issue? –JW

Oh no. That is another issue all together. No, you will know it when you hear it. And I suggest you stop him before he tells you everything. You really will not want to know. –SH

Thanks for the tip. –JW

Still hard? –SH

No. My fear of what your brother and Greg do with an umbrella pretty much killed that mood. –JW

Hopefully you will never have to learn. Being of average intelligence means that you do not have these things staring you in the face whenever you see them together. –SH

Yes. I love you too, dear. –JW

For the record, THAT was sarcasm. –JW

You know what I meant, John. –SH

Yes I did. And I will punish you for it later. –JW
Oh really? In what way? –SH

And I expect details this time, John. –SH

You, on the couch. Pajama bottoms off, but you can keep the dressing gown, as long as it is open. –JW

I will kneel between your legs, pushing your knees up to your chest while you lay on your back. –JW

Bending down, I will ghost my lips over your length, not sucking, not licking, just barely touching so all you can feel is a hint of my mouth with my breath washing over you. –JW

I will slide lower, my warm moist breath on your balls, tickling you slightly. When you start to squirm, I will hold your hips down with my hands, having given you no permission to move yet. –JW

Eventually, I will take pity on you, and my tongue will dart out, a brief point of hot moisture on your otherwise dry skin. You will cry out for more, and if you are good I will give it to you. –JW

Finally, I will work my way down to your crease, spreading you as I blow gently inside, watching gooseflesh rise on your legs and arse. –JW

Then my tongue will come out, circling the sensitive opening, giving you some pleasure, but not completely what you desire. I will taunt and tease you this way until you are writhing beneath my mouth and hands. –JW

Once I have determined you are ready, I will breech your opening with my tongue, and probe you until the only thing you remember is my name, falling over and over from your lips like an invocation. –JW

I will move one of my hands from your waist and begin to stroke that long, luscious cock while my tongue continues to work you on the inside. –JW

And then, you will come with a scream and a plea, sobbing as your hot release coats my hand and your stomach. –JW

While you lay there, soft and pliant, I will prepare you and enter you, thrusting with abandon, my arousal taking over all other thought from my body. –JW

I will come crying your name and will collapse on top of you, my softening cock still inside, loathe to break our connection immediately. –JW

Then I will kiss you, remind you that I love you, and take you to bed to do it all over again. –JW

Was that detailed enough for you? –JW

Never again will I criticize your writing skills. –SH

Come home. Come home now. –SH

John? –SH
John! –SH

John, why aren’t you answering me? –SH

Was it something I said? –SH

I am sorry. –SH

Come home. NOW! –SH

I am more interesting than Lestrade. –SH

JOHN! RESPOND ALREADY! –SH

I am literally aching for you. –SH

That was cruel you evil little man. –SH

If you are not home soon, you will pay for that, in the best possible way. –SH

JOHN. I need you. PLEASE. -SH

Greg handed the phone back to John. No idea you had that in you, mate. Never would have guessed from the blog posts.

“Well, it’s not like I post our sex life for the world to see. We get enough creepy comments about it as it is!”

Looking back at his phone, John sent two more quick messages:

Sherlock, I will be home soon enough. Relax. –JW

And Greg just read our whole conversation. FYI. -JW
With all the beer they had consumed, both were feeling a bit sloshed, so John ordered a basket of chips for them, which appeared quickly along with two more beers, which both of them agreed were not really needed at the moment.

Popping a chip in his mouth, Greg spoke while chewing, using a second chip to punctuate his movements. “You know, you should really tell Sherlock to lay off the fat jokes towards Mycroft. I know he would hate for this to be public knowledge but they really do bother him. He’s very sensitive about his weight and it hurts when his own little brother is the one who picks on him all the time for it.”

“I have tried. I have pointed out everything Mycroft has done for him. I have pointed out everything you have done for him. I have told him that he needs to be more grateful and less of an annoying dick. But this is Sherlock we’re talking about. He may listen to me more than he listens to anyone else but that doesn’t mean that anything I say doesn’t go in one ear and out the other. He and Mycroft seem to enjoy tormenting each other, so it’s not Sherlock’s fault entirely, but if he knew for a fact that he actually managed to stumble upon an insult that actually bothers his big brother, I have a feeling Mycroft would never hear the end of it. Probably best for me to go back to nagging and for Mycroft to get a thicker skin. So to speak.”

Greg choked on his food, glaring at John, who was smiling innocently, “Ha ha ha. Very funny. No, this whole obsession with his weight is running some of our fun bedroom times if you get what I’m saying.”

“What, He’s so insecure he can’t get it up?”

“Oh god no, nothing like that. He just won’t play one of my favourite things anymore.” Greg knew he was being purposefully vague but he was enjoying the look of consternation on John’s face.

John considered that for a moment, before deciding there was no way he had enough information to make a reliable guess as to what Greg was on about. “Okay, mate. Stop being so damn cryptic. Out with it.”

“So you remember for your birthday when Mycroft brought you a cake? And he brought one for Mrs. Hudson and for Sherlock, though that one just appeared in your flat while you two were out?” John nodded, not sure what the cake had to do with anything. “Well, I made them. I make cakes for the boys’ as well as Mycroft’s and my birthdays. However that’s only 4 days a year, so we figured that we needed to celebrate more often, so we make them for all of my siblings and their spouses, you and Sherlock and Mrs. Hudson, and occasionally people down at Scotland Yard. Oh and Anthea. Mycroft always insists.”

“I’m still not getting the connection. Not that I didn’t appreciate the cake. Sherlock removed the eyeballs from the fridge and fucked me into the mattress for my birthday, which I’m definitely not complaining about, but the cake was a nice change of pace. But what does cake baking have to do
with Mycroft not giving you a good time in the bedroom.”

“Well, why do you think I bake? Partly because I love my family and friends and want to celebrate the anniversary of their birth, but mostly it’s because Mycroft gets turned on by me in an apron, covered with flour. Plus there is almost always leftover frosting. Because I always make a double batch, knowing that we’ll need extra.”

John’s hand paused mid air, chip dangling between his fingers, while his jaw dropped open, “You gave us sex cake?

“It’s not like we had sex while making the cake. It was afterward. After the cake was baked, decorated and put in a safe location until it could be delivered to the birthday boy or girl.”

“But you said that Mycroft was turned on by apron and flour. Doesn’t that imply that there’s sexy time going on while the cake is still in progress?”

“Oh he tries but I make him keep his distance. Think of it as almost two hours of foreplay. By the time he finally gets to touch me he’s so worked up I could get him to do practically anything. And that anything generally involves icing. However, since he’s so concerned about his weight, now he won’t touch the icing. You can see how this will be a problem for me?

“Usually when I get home from work, the night before a birthday, I’ll start to make the cake. I’m actually a very tidy cook, which Mycroft either has not realized, or just plays along with, because it’s not until after the cake is in the oven that I splash a bit of flour on myself to make it look like I have been working very hard. As the cake bakes, I make dinner, continuing to walk around with flour in my hair and a smear on my cheek, while wearing the apron. When dinner is ready, I pull the cake out to let it cool. So now the house smells like a bakery and I look like the sexy Baker of Downing Street. Those are Mycroft’s words not mine. Do not blame me for that one.

“We eat dinner then I return to working on the cake while Mycroft helps the boys with their homework, bathes them, and gets them in bed. By the time all that’s done, I’m generally just putting the finishing touches on the cake and am ready for some fun adult time as soon as Mycroft returns to the kitchen.

“One look at him as he walks in and I can usually tell what kind of night it’s going to be. With the last cake, he looked positively famished, and who am I to deny a man who is in need of nourishment? He had me pinned to the counter the second I turned around, positively nomming on my neck, as I struggled, half heartedly mind you, against him. ‘Mycroft!’ I sort of panted, ‘We need to go upstairs. Wouldn’t do to have to boys walking in on us. Bit of an awkward conversation I would think.’

“He agreed that a relocation was in order, so he dashed up the stairs while I grabbed the bowl of icing and followed at a slower pace. By the time I got up to the bedroom, the bed was covered in towels and Mycroft was pulling off his clothes, lying them on the chair off to the side. Even in a hurry he’s rather fastidious about his attire.

"We have been together long enough that we don’t feel the need to rip each other’s clothes off. As long as we both end up naked, that’s all that really matters in the end, so while I watched him take off layer after layer of his suit, I quickly stripped off my more casual attire, before redonning the apron and waiting for him to finish.

"We both climbed on the bed, and spent several minutes kissing, touching, reacquainting ourselves with each other’s bodies as if it had been months and not hours since we were last together in the bed. The feel of his hands sliding over my skin causes gooseflesh to rise all over, and I shuddered at
While continuing to kiss me, he reached over for the bowl that I placed at the foot of the bed. Two fingers slid inside, coming back out coated in creamy white icing. Painting a little on my lips, my tongue darted out to touch his fingertips, just enough to get a bit of the sugary sweetness. He dove in for a kiss, hungrily nipping and licking at my puckered lips, tongue sliding inside my mouth, bringing another hint of vanilla and cream.

"After my lips were clean and we both taste sweet to the other, he painted more icing, starting with my chest, doing larges swirls and swoops, being careful to get both nipples as well as my belly button. Another scoop of icing trailed down one arm and up the other, my neck also coated in the sticky substance. Next, my legs got a similar treatment, particularly my ankles where I’m exceptionally sensitive. Just the feel of his fingers icing my skin down there sets me on fire. Finally, finally, a gentle swipe of fingers up and down my cock coated it in the frosting, so I looked like an utterly debauched gingerbread man.

"And then it was time for him to eat. He started at one hand, slipping each finger into his mouth, slowly swirling his tongue in order to get every bit of sugar off before licking the webbing in between and taking the next finger. Nibbling up my arm, his tongue dragged the sweetness from my skin, leaving a cooling trail of saliva on my arm, which caused me to shiver slightly under his touch.

"When he reached my neck, he sucked deeply, taking every bit of sugar as well as the salt and flavour of my own skin deep into him. When he let up, there were deep purple marks where once there was only sticky whiteness.

The treatment continued down my other arm before he once again sucked each and every finger clean. Then he moved to my ankles. The second that mouth hit my sensitive skin, I gasped, trying desperately to stay quiet, but it’s like electricity throughout my body, humming and driving me forward. He moved up and down my legs, sometimes using his lips, sometimes his tongue, sometimes his fingers, but always driving me to the edge of sanity. I get so aroused it’s almost painful and I want nothing more for his attention to fall to the icing between my legs and not on them. However, I know how this game goes and I still have a long while for that.

"Once my legs were clean, he moved to my chest, licking swirling paths that eventually lead to my nipples. He bit them gently and that time I did cry out, from the sheer shock of pleasure that runs wild through my body. Finally, his tongue dipped into my naval, cleaning it thoroughly of all the icing that he filled it with.

"Now, sticky, moist, and unbelievably aroused, he moved in for what he calls 'dessert'. He engulfed my erection in a series of small slow movements, sliding down a bit further each time until I’m fully in his mouth, his lips seated around my base. Then he begins to lick. Without removing his lips, he licked every bit of the frosting from my length, moving up slowly. When he reached my tip, his tongue stabbed at the slit, which pushed me over the edge, crying out his name as my come mixed with another sticky white substance already in his mouth. He claims the taste of me and icing is the best thing in the world.

"When I’m clean, sated, and relaxed, he prepared me and entered. The frosting foreplay has him as wound up as I was so it’s not long before he’s thrusting without rhythm, losing himself in the sensation of me. He does typically like to bottom so these times are rather special for me, because it’s not often that the love of my life will literally be inside me the way he’s metaphorically the rest of the time. He comes quietly, never really one for raising his voice but I can tell by the tremor of his baritone that he’s immensely effected by our love making. When he finally lies down beside me, I kiss him softly, still able to taste the sugar of the icing and the salt of me as well as his own favour
that I adore so much.

“We do a quick cleaning and fall asleep tangled together, which is rare for us as we’re not normally cuddlers.” Greg blinked a couple times, looking up at John. “So, yeah, you can probably see why the cake baking is important to me. I get to be the absolute center of Mycroft’s world for almost an hour. I know he loves me. He shows me with every word and touch, with the fact that he married me and we have children together. But to be the focus of such an intellect, it’s humbling and awe inspiring.”

John nodded, knowing that feeling all too well. “I’ll talk to him. At least get him to lay off the cake jokes.” Greg opened his mouth to say something but John interrupted, “And I promise I’ll not say why. You have my word.”
I'm a Bit Tied Up Right Now

“When Mycroft and I started our relationship, I worried that my career would be a turn off for him. Why would someone who worked for the government be interested in a Detective Inspector? There is nothing really glamorous about my work though I realize Scotland Yard is a world renowned police force. But mainly I stand around, drink strong tea and look at dead bodies. He gets to meet the heads of state, dine in the palace, and rule the free world. I had no idea what he was doing with me.” They had been silent for awhile, so Greg’s minor soliloquy caught John by surprise.

“Greg, mate, anyone ever tell you that you get a bit mopey when drunk. I thought we were talking about sex and not your insecurities. Come on. Drink some beer and snap out of it.”

“Oh, no. Not feeling sorry for myself. Obviously the man married me, so he saw something of value there. I was just leading up to my next story. It relates to the fact that I’m an officer of the law and as such am required to carry a few things at all times.”

John choked on his drink, “Please tell me you don’t hold Mycroft at gun point during sex. Though now that I think about it, after everything you have told me, the kinky bastard would probably get off on that.”

Greg’s eyes widened before he shook his head vehemently. “No, no, one hundred times no. That is not something I would ever do.” He raised his voice before continuing, “If you are listening Mycroft Holmes, you get that idea out of your head right this instant. It is not happening no matter how much you beg, plead or cajole.”

John smirked at him, “I thought you said he wasn’t allowed to follow you on CCTV.”

“I did say that. It doesn’t mean that he doesn’t ignore that rule when it is convenient to him. And it just seems like my sort of luck that he would be watching right at that moment.” He glared around the room, looking for any CCTV cameras he may not have noticed in the couple hours since they had been in the pub. Ever since becoming involved with Mycroft Holmes he was much more aware of CCTV cameras wherever he went. When your significant other is capable of spying on you wherever you go, you become hyper vigilant of what you are doing and where you are going.

Shaking his head to bring himself back to the present, he looked across the table at John. “Actually, what I was thinking about was the fact that I always have handcuffs with me. He enjoys the handcuffs.”

“You handcuff hi, or he handcuffs you?” John asked, curiously. That was one thing that he and Sherlock had never attempted or even considered. With his PTSD and their history with the psychopath known as Jim, neither of them were too interested in being tied up. But John could at least admit that there was probably a lot appeal for it for people who did not have their history with kidnappings and syntax vests.

“He likes to handcuff himself actually. It is really impressive, so a man who appears to be stiff and stuffy, he is actually quite flexible most of the time. He can bend his arms and attach the handcuffs behind his back before I even notice what he is doing. I will turn around to take off a shoe and when I get back he will be on his knees, handcuffed and waiting. It’s fucking sexy honestly.”

John just shook his head in disbelief. Mycroft Holmes had to be the kinkiest, most dominant fucking bottom the world had ever seen. The fact that he could top and bottom at the same time had John in a bit of awe. Not many people could pull that off but Mycroft was a case in and of himself anyway.
The things about the elder Holmes that did not make sense could probably fill several volumes of highly classified, top secret files. “So he locks himself up and waits for you to do something?”

“Oh no, I usually know exactly what he wants. As I said, he KNEELS on the floor and waits for me. We know each other well enough that no words are needed. Typically this happens after he has had a difficult day. One of the diplomatic missions goes awry or he doesn’t get to declare the war that he was hoping for. You know things like that.”

“Just a typical day in the life of the British government. Get denied a war declaration, go home and give bondage head to your husband. Makes sense to me.”

Greg scoffed, “Don’t knock it until you tried it. He will come home and be quieter than usual. Just going through the motions helping with dinner and getting the boys ready for bed. He will read them stories but will not do all the voices like he typically would. These are generally my signs that something is coming.

“Once the kids are in bed, I will finish up whatever work I brought home and he will retire to the bedroom. I usually don’t bring a bunch of work home from the station but considering how rarely you two show up to actually help with the paperwork from your cases, I typically have a few things to write up still. If he was having a normal day for him, Mycroft would stick around to help me fill in the blanks, since whether Sherlock will admit it or not, Mycroft is the smarter of the two and usually sees exactly what Sherlock did, helping me finish up the narratives.

“By the time I get up to the bedroom, he is either spread across the bed, flipping through channels on the telly, or in the chair in the corner, looking over the newspaper that gets delivered after he has left for work. I will come in and grab my pajamas from the drawer. Shower, shave, brush teeth. All the usual pre bed items that anyone would do. However, I know what is coming. I get myself dressed, and walk out into the bedroom. He is still sitting there reading the paper or watching television, but I can sense the mood has changed.

“If he is not laying on it, I will turn down the covers on the bed. If he is laying on it though, I will ask him to get up, which he will do. When he is standing directly in front of me, we will kiss for several minutes, just sweet, loving kisses, nothing passionate or sexual. Eventually, one of us will break away and continue with our bed routine. This is where things usually take a turn.

“I will turn back to the bed, a smirk on my face because I know what is coming. I can hear the handcuffs and by the time I turn around he has gotten them fastened to his wrists and is on his knees looking down at the floor, seeming completely submissive. We all know that Mycroft Holmes is submissive to nobody, but I play along with him. I will take his chin in my hand and bring his face up so that I can look in his eyes. I see the twinkle, the pleasure that I’m playing along even if this is not something I normally do.

“Is there something you want, darling?” I will ask him in my most seductive possible voice. Generally that is enough to cause his pupils to dilate, turning black against his normal blue. I love watching that man get turned on. When he drops all his masks and just becomes my husband and lover, it does things to me. There is no way that he ever looked at anyone the way he looks at me.

“Anyway, his pupils will blow when I ask what it is that he wants and then eventually he will answer, ‘You, in my mouth. I need to taste you. Swallow you. Please.’ It is the only time he ever begs, and those words, coming from his mouth sends sparks of desire straight down my spine pooling in my hips, and I can feel my cock twitch in response.

“Generally by then all I can do is nod, and pull down my pajamas. Sometimes he will do it with his teeth, but once he slipped and bit me so it works better if I just do it myself. Then he will bend
forward, tentative, and his tongue will dart out, just touching my tip. The next time it pushes slightly at my foreskin. Then perhaps along the length. Just quick touches of the tongue, so fast and light that I might miss them if I wasn’t watching, completely enthralled with his performance as a submissive man.

“You can watch as his confidence builds, spreading his lips to take the tip just into his mouth. This is when I start moaning. Watching my cock penetrate that mouth of his. The one that he uses to talk to the queen and the Prime Minister, he uses to address Parliament and visiting heads of state. My cock is in there, warm and pleasured.

“He will groan, murmurs of how good I taste, and how he wishes he could do this all the time gracing my ears in the otherwise silence of the room. Slowly, he will slide down my length before pulling back up. Lower and lower each time, while I hold on to the edge of the bed, struggling to stay up right against the waves of pleasure that accompany each slide of his lips.

“Eventually, he will make it to my base, taking all of me in. I will not say that I’m huge, but I’m generously proportioned, so it’s a bit of a feat to be able to accomplish that. Once he has relaxed enough to take me all the way in, he will speed up, swirling is tongue around me, prodding at all of my sensitive areas until my head is thrown back and it’s all I can do not to buck ruthlessly into his inviting mouth.

“He does this thing with his tongue, I have no idea how he manages it, but I swear it feels like four tongues on my dick at one time. Whenever he does it, my eyes roll back in my head, and I generally cry out for whatever deity will listen.

“He takes this as his cue to suck deeply and for long periods. My sight blacks out, except for the stars that seem to be flashing behind my eye lids. It only takes a few of these deep, hard sucks before I’m coming, straight down his throat. He swallows everything, licking me clean, before releasing himself from the handcuffs.

“He pushes me down on the bed, and proceeds to wank over me. It doesn’t take long before he is coming all over my chest and cock, my name echoing from his lips. He will bend to kiss me, muttering, “Gorgeous. Just gorgeous, Gregory.”

“I get myself cleaned up and within 15 minutes we’re in bed, the news on the telly, and me wrapped around him, as he has returned to his normal self, a man who is definitely not a cuddler. He lets me cuddle against him but as he turn to go to sleep, he rolls one way and I roll the other, a quick kiss on the lips and a pronunciation of ‘Good night. I love you,’ as the lights are turned off.”

John blinked, looking more confused than disturbed, “So you get the best head of your life every time he has a bad day at work and can’t start a war or wreak havoc somewhere in the world? And you don’t have to do a thing, even when he is getting off? Why are you not the country’s biggest pacifist? I would be out protesting every war and petitioning every politician I could.”

“Don’t think I have not considered it,” Greg chuckled into his beer.
As yet another round arrived at the table, John watched the condensation running down the glass, pooling slightly at the bottom. It sent his mind back to 221b and rainy nights sitting in the living room, Sherlock looking over crime scene reports or playing the violin while John would read the paper or work on his blog. It was comfortable and domestic, something that he appreciated more than he could say. With all the excitement in their lives, there is a peace that they find in the quiet moments at home, when they can just be John and Sherlock, not the World’s Only Consulting Detective and his loyal blogger.

"Greg, I know you are still new to the family as opposed to Mycroft, Sherlock, or Mummy, but I know you are just as much a Holmes as everyone else. I just want you to know how much I love Sherlock. I realize everyone had written him off as a lost cause, but he’s my reason for being. We know how ridiculously codependent we are, but at the same time, it often feels as if we are just two sides of the same person. He often reminds me that I don’t have a brain, and people tell him that he doesn’t have a heart. Obviously we know that neither of those things is true, but still, it’s a good metaphor. Together we work better than we do separately. I once told him that he was the sun that my earth orbited and he looked at me confused but I think he appreciated the emotion, even if he did not understand the simile. But I hope the whole family knows how happy I am to have been accepted into it and I’ll protect and defend Sherlock, all of him, heart mind and soul, with every fiber of my being for the rest of my days.

"Did you know that Donovan once suggested that I was marrying him simply because of the family's money? As if I would be shallow enough to use my best friend in that way. I don’t know why she hates him so much but one of these days I’m not going to hold back and will punch her, Scotland Yard officer or not. No one disrespects my family and soon enough, I’ll be able to say that Sherlock is the closest family. The same goes for you too, you know. You’ll be my brother and I’ll be one for you. I’m excited. I always wanted brothers growing up but all I had was Harry and her alcoholism. I should probably invite her to the wedding though. She’ll never let me hear the end of it if I don’t. Did I tell you that she occasionally leaves messages on the blog? Ridiculous things like 'Why don’t you just fuck him already?' or 'It is so obvious that you’ve gone round the bend, just admit it and get that dick up your arse.' It’s obnoxious and usually horribly misspelled because she’s drunk. I delete them as fast as I can but I am sure some people see them. If she actually read the blog, she would know that we are indeed sleeping together and that she is about 2 years too late for her declaration that I have gone 'round the bend.'"

He glanced up at Greg, all of this having been said staring into his beer. "Um, I think I may have had too much. Just got a bit verbose there did I not?"

Grinning at his inebriated friend, Greg nodded, “Seems like it. But it appears that the basic point you’re making is that you’re happy to be joining the family, that you want us all to know how much you love Sherlock, and that you will kill anyone who threatens or insults him or the rest of the family. Did I miss anything?"

“Nope, that about covers it. Please do not arrest me if I have to smack one of your detectives around for talking about my husband as if he is a freak.”

Raising his beer in a bit of a salute to John, he replied, “I do have some hearing problems you know. I may just not hear the slap when it happens. It would be your word against the victim and I am always inclined to believe my family over coworkers.”

“Thanks, mate.”
“So what got you on that topic anyway? It seemed a bit sappy after everything else we have talked about this evening.”

John considered that for a moment. “Actually, this is just going to cement in your brain that I have had too much to drink but it was the condensation on the glass. Reminded me of rain running down the windows in the living room of 221b. We had sex up against those windows once, did I tell you?”

Choking on his drink, not having expected such a change in topic, Greg sputtered briefly, “You did WHAT? With the curtains closed, right?”

“Oh no. Where would be the fun in that?” John realized that it made them sound insane and was probably a bit illegal but Greg certainly was not going to arrest them for something as simple as having sex with the curtains open. They did live up on flight of stairs from the street anyway. People didn’t HAVE to look up to their windows.

Horrified, Greg shook his head. “One night you just thought, ‘I really want to fuck him up against a window where anyone could see us’? Didn’t think you had it in you, John. Never seemed like the exhibitionist type.“

“There’s plenty that you don’t know about me yet Greg. But I guess we have the rest of our lives to learn about each other when Mycroft and Sherlock get too annoying at family functions. I’m relieved to know there is someone who will sneak out to just get away from the insanity with me.”

“John, you have no idea what you are in for. I’ll do my best to help you through it, do for you what I wish someone would have done for me. Us boys from the estates are not properly trained for things like formal dinners with Mummy Holmes.”

“I’m quite certain of that. So far I have only been up to meet Mummy for tea. I’m terrified for Christmas dinner.“

“It’ll be fine. The boys and I’ll be there if you need a break, and you know Sherlock won’t let you go through anything uncomfortable that he himself is not the instigator of.” Taking a sip of his beer, he continued, “But, this is off topic. You were saying something about a window.”

John grinned, his eyes getting the far off look of a man remembering something fondly, “It was some random afternoon back in January or so. We were just sitting there. I was updating the blog while Sherlock was playing his violin, randomly telling me that my blog is drivel or that I should make him sound better. After I posted, I wandered to the window to see if the rain had let up. I was hoping to go out and run some errands but the flat was cozy and it was pretty much rainy and miserable outside.

“I stood at the window for a long time, watching the people on the street, watching the rain fall, just watching. I became so enraptured with the scene captured by the window that I did not notice Sherlock had stopped playing his violin until his long arms wrapped around my waist, chin resting on my shoulder. ‘What could be so interesting, John, that would let you stand here for nearly 10 minutes staring outside at a rainy street?’ His mouth was right next to my ear, so I shuddered a little at the brief shot of arousal that went through my body.

“’I don’t know. Watching. It’s kind of weird to be up here, watching all of them. They’re completely unaware. Not one of them has looked up at me. I could be doing any number of things and nobody would notice. Well, except Mycroft, if one of those bloody CCTV cameras is currently pointed at the flat.’
“As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I could sense the change in the room’s atmosphere. Sherlock’s own posture had shifted slightly, making me well aware that he too was thinking of the things that could be done in the window, in full view of the passersby on Baker Street. ‘Well, I am fond of saying that people see but they do not observe. Would you like to put that to the test right here? It might be dangerous.’ The last words were practically growled, his lips right against the shell of my ear.

“I nodded slightly, knowing that was all he would need and within seconds he was unbuttoning my shirt, my jumper having been discarded earlier in the day when the room was too warm. I turned to try and help him out of his clothes, but he held me in place. ‘No, John. All I want you to do is watch. See if anyone looks up and describe their reaction,’ he murmured, pressing close so I was unable to do anything but stand in the circle of his arms.

“He made short work of my clothing, and his were quickly added to the pile. Standing there, completely nude in front of the window should have been disturbing but I was oddly turned on by it. Anyone could look up at any second and we would be caught. The idea of that was more titillating than I cared to admit.

This was not the time for extended foreplay, so within moments of shedding our clothes, Sherlock had two lubed fingers inside me while I leaned forward my hands pressed against the cool glass. I moaned while he prepared me and himself and cried out as he pushed in. Wrapping me in his arms, we stood there, silent and still, our breath the only sound in the flat, peering out onto the street. There were still several dozen people walking around, some carrying shopping bags or hailing cabs. Not one of them looked up at our little flat. If they had they would have seen two men, completely naked, trying their hardest to become of one body.

“When the stillness became too much to bear, Sherlock began to rock, softly at first, but he began to increase the tempo as my breath became more labored. Leaning forward, hips thrusting slightly, not enough to bring either of us to completion but enough to keep us happy and aroused, he leaned his chin once again on my shoulder and began to tell me about the people below.

“‘That woman, in the red coat,’ he pointed out, his voice more gravely than normal, ‘if she were to look up here, she would scream. You can tell by the way that she carries her handbag that she wouldn’t welcome the sight that we would present to her. That man over there, same thing, but more because he is repressing his homosexual tendencies and over compensating for it by being a homophobic twat. Most of the middle aged men, particularly that balding one, would shake their heads, and continue on their way, thinking that they were not lucky enough to actually see that. Balding man would blame his lack of a sex life, causing him to have delusions that everyone around him is more sexually active than he. That young woman, however, she would be tempted to invite herself up. Being with two men at the same time is a fantasy for her, you can tell by her shoes. She would find you particularly attractive since you are exactly her type.‘

“‘And how do you know that?’ I gasped, as his thrusting became stronger, pushing me quickly towards the precipice.

“‘Every man she has looked at while standing there waiting for the bus has been about 35-40 years old, sandy brown hair, and of a shorter stature than the other men on the street. While I don’t know for a fact that she would find your face pleasing, I personally believe it to be the best face in all of the United Kingdom, so I may be a bit partial in that case.’ He was starting to gasp, his grip on my waist tightening with one arm, while the other came around the grasp my erection loosely.

“I leaned my head against his, ‘Even if she thought I was the most attractive man in the world, I only have eyes for one person, and he is tall, lanky, with the most beautiful dark curls and ethereal face I
have ever seen. By some stroke of dumb luck, he feels the same about me.’ He turned his head slightly, capturing my mouth in a kiss.

“As our tongues slid against each other in a rather awkward movement considering he was behind me and has a good 8 inches on me, we picked up the pace. I came first, all over the window sill, and the contractions of my body pushed him over the edge as well, his arms tightening to pull me close, holding me with my back pressed tightly to his chest, while his whole body shuddered around and inside of mine.

“Our legs were not really strong enough to hold us up after that, so we fell to the floor, still rather tangled together and lay there, his arms wrapped around me, for several minutes. Eventually we cleaned up and went back to our afternoon as it had been prior to my window gazing. Not one person noticed what we were doing, even though it was a busy Saturday.

Greg looked perplexed, as if trying to figure out a complicated math puzzle. “I think you may be mistaken about no one noticing. If it is the Saturday in January that I am thinking of, I remember mid afternoon that Mycroft slammed his laptop shut, stormed off to the phone and made a quick call, demanding all CCTV cameras be pulled of location “221B” immediately. It was not until much later in the day that I realized it was probably your flat and not some secret code. I had no idea what you two had done to cause him to pull that method of surveillance but it had to have been judging by how red he was. I made a note to ask you what Sherlock had done to piss of Mycroft but that was before you two were engaged and before you knew of my relation to the family. It would have seemed a strange question. Then I just forgot, until now.”


“Hey, but you said it was good right? So what does it matter. Mycroft has probably caught you several times with those cameras. You two do go at it like rabbits from time to time. This time probably just freaked him out because you actually gave him a good view, and no matter how much he wants to see Sherlock more, NO ONE wants to see more of their own brother in that way. Trust me.”

Relaxing slightly, John slumped back in the booth. “It was good. Damn good in fact. We left the handprints on the windows for months until Mrs. Hudson decided that maybe, just for that weekend, ‘just this once dears’ she was in fact our housekeeper and cleaned all the windows for us. I was disappointed when they were gone. I got inconvenient erections every time I looked out the window where I could see them so of course, we put them back up there as soon as we possibly could. She has not found them yet so hopefully they will last for a long while this time.”
The Curse of the Vampire’s Lover

John sipped his beer, glancing around the room. Without any other warning, he pulled his jumper up and over his head, discarding it on the seat next to him. Next he started unbuttoning his shirt until he got about halfway down his chest. Greg looked around, wondering what the other patrons must think of them sitting here drinking beer after beer when one man suddenly starts stripping in the middle of the pub. “Oh, I'm not going full monty on you or anything,” John quipped, reading the discomfort in Greg’s face. “I just need visual for the next one.”

In the back of Greg’s mind all he could think was What in the world could he be showing me that beats what I do to Mycroft? but as the shirt fell open, so did his jaw. All over John’s torso were deep purple bruises, all approximately 3-4 inches around, speckled like the strangest case of chickenpox the world had ever seen.

“John, what the hell are those? Love bites?”

“Quite literally, yes. Turns out that Sherlock is a bit of a vampire. Looks the part too, doesn’t he? I would’ve laughed at the irony of it the first time he did it, if it wasn't for the fact that I was having the strongest orgasm of my life, up until that point at least.”

“Wait, Sherlock BITES you? In bed? And you ENJOY it?” He felt a bit hypocritical feeling so uncomfortable with the kinks of his brother in law and soon to be brother in law but those bites looked unpleasant and for a doctor to willingly allow someone to hurt him like that, it was just a bit much for Greg’s ale addled brain.

“Yes. He does. It started out one night just as I was about to come, he bit right here,” he motioned to the stretch of tendon between his neck and shoulder. “I had never come that hard in my life. Everything literally blacked out for me except the feeling of his teeth and the explosion of the orgasm. It was amazing. I’ve never been with someone who was willing to bite that hard. Nips are great and all, but there is something about being well and truly bitten.”

Greg knew he was staring but those bruises were rather spectacular. “So, you actually, um, like it when he does that? I would think it hurts. It looks like it hurts now.”

“It does hurt,” John said, shrugging slightly, “but a good kind of pain, you know? Like that initial stretch at the beginning. It hurts, but in a good way. I guess that's the only way I can describe it.”

Greg shook his head, trying to look anywhere but at his friend’s nearly naked chest.

“So he went off and bit you one time during sex, and you thought, ‘Hey, we should do this some more’? Is that about right?”

John grinned. “Well, it wasn't like it was a conscious decision for either of us. Just turns out that I like being bitten as much as he likes biting. Has a bit of an oral fixation, if you have not noticed. Never puts food in his mouth, but practically everything else will end up there eventually. Trust me, any time he's willing to use that brilliant mouth on something other than smart arse remarks, I welcome it. And if that mouth ends up somewhere on my body, all the better.”

“I just don’t understand how pain is a good thing.”

John stuck out his hand and Greg shook it tentatively, wondering where he was going with this, “John Watson, nice to meet you. Former army doctor. Adrenaline junkie. Blogger and partner to Sherlock Holmes. Perhaps you’ve heard about me? Since when does my brain tell me the true and
proper thing to do?” Greg nodded, having to admit that he was correct. Where Sherlock was a
danger magnet, danger was a magnet to John. They were a match made in crazy person heaven.

“So, um, do you guys do anything else like that? Beating, or caning, or BDSM, stuff like that?”
Greg asked, tentatively, but after the words were out of his mouth, he realized he really didn't want to
know if they did.

“Oh goodness no, not into that one bit. HAHA, bit. Sorry, too much beer I guess. No, we really
don’t do anything like that, but for some reason this works for us. And they are not just on my chest
either.” John grinned, thinking about whether or not to show him some of the others.

“The other night we were playing Cluedo, which was going downhill very quickly, as you know it is
wont to do. Sherlock had pinned me to the floor and was arguing about how the only logical person
to have killed the victim, the only person who would have had time to stash the murder weapon and
get back to a safe location was me. Not the character I was playing, but me, personally. I kept
telling him that wasn't part of the rules but the dick would not listen.

“We were just wearing pajamas and had been thinking about going to bed. I was getting tired of
being on the floor, so I brought one leg up to his shoulder to push him back, and he bit me, right
above the ankle.

“Now, normally I would have just kicked him for a pulling something like that but I swear that bite
went straight to my groin. I swung my leg around his shoulder, pulling him down on top of me.
Cluedo was well and truly forgotten until much later.

“He went down on me, but before the actually blow job, he placed bites all over my hips, thighs and
butt. I seriously have teeth marks on my arse. That is one thing I never expected to enjoy in my life,
yet I was moaning like mad as he did it. The inner thigh though. God. Have you ever seen that
American soap opera show, True Blood?” Greg shook his head, slightly concerned about the turn
the conversation had suddenly taken.

“Harry made me watch it once. Don’t do it. Not worth your time. Well, in the first episode, this
vampire guy, Bob, or Bill or something, is talking to the pretty, young waitress about how it’s not
safe for her to be in the presence of a vampire, so she wraps a silver chain around her neck. He just
laughs and says that there is a great artery in the groin that's a “particular favourite” and she gets all
huffy:"

The look on Greg’s face must have told him told him that he had diverged a bit too much, so he
continued, “Anyway, I thought that was a stupid line from a stupid show, but then, that night with
Cluedo, he bit me, hard, right where my inner thigh meets my hip. You know the tendon that I
mean, right?” When Greg nodded, he continued, “I saw stars. Literal stars behind my eyes.”
Pausing for a drink, he thought about this, before continuing, “It is a good thing I do not have to go
to the gym anymore, because I have a feeling the shower would be a nightmare. I look like I have
been beaten and not many people look the way I do voluntarily. But my god if Sherlock’s mouth is
not magic, at least when no sound is coming out of it.” They both were lost to the giggles for several
minutes after this, the beers they had already consumed having weakened their inhibitions quite
thoroughly.

“I don’t know how you put up with that mouth to be honest. Mycroft is quiet and I appreciate that.
Plus, he would never call me an idiot, or insult my intelligence. Why do you put up with that
anyway?” Greg asked when the laughter died down. It was a serious question he had pondered
before. Why would a man like John, who could presumably have almost anyone he could have
wanted, settle for a man who berates and insults him?
John shrugged slightly, “Have you seen him? He is bloody gorgeous.” His smirk fell away as he noticed Greg still looking at him with a scowl. “Honestly, you’ve met him. He says those things to everyone he meets. Your husband is the only one who does not get called an idiot but instead is abused for his weight. Sherlock has trouble dealing with people, yes. But when he says it to me, I can see what he's thinking. It is the way that he protects himself. He has been a freak and psychopath for so long that he tries to keep everyone away. At least at first. Now it is a term of endearment as far as I'm concerned. Same way I call him an annoying dick and an insufferable bastard.”

“Yes, but he IS those things. You however are not an idiot. I just don’t understand why we put up with his treatment.”

John grinned, “It’s because he's Sherlock Holmes, and we need him. You need him for cases and I need him for everything. Prick or not, he's mine. My life, my heart. I love him. In the end, that's what matters. That and the fact that he needs and loves me too. I can put up with the ridiculous mood swings, which have gotten better, in case you were not paying attention.” Greg tipped his head in acknowledgement, and they watched the game in silence for a few minutes.

“You seriously let him bite you? Seriously?” Greg blurted out after a particularly painful missed goal.

“Well, I reciprocate. Depends on who is topping. Top gets bitten, bottom gets to bit. Usually I top him so I get more bites than he does though if you were to examine him, which you won't because that's MINE, you would find several marks of the same.”

“John, mate, you are one of my closest friends, and my soon to be brother in law. I do not need to know who plays what role in your bedroom.” Greg shuddered, the image of John and Sherlock, naked, wrapped around each other, came unbidden to his brain, and he took several long, deep drinks, in an effort to flush it from his mind’s eye.

“I thought that was the whole point of this little wager, Greg. You giving up so easily? That doesn’t seem like you! I guess I will just have to enjoy that Scotch that you will be buying me then.”

Greg’s glass hit the table with a smack. “Not on your life, John. We’re just getting started.”

John’s eyebrow quirked in amusement. “Really? So what do you have that's going to beat the biting. Because, honestly, it is one of the more tame things we get up to when left on our own.”

Greg thought for a moment before a sly smile crept over his face. “Oh, I know just the thing.”
My Division

John nodded, throwing a handful of peanuts in his mouth from the bowl the waitress had dropped off with the pints, a not so subtle way to tell them that maybe they were not pacing themselves the way they should. "So you two ever use anything besides each other, handcuffs, cake and lube in bed?" he asked, not really sure he wanted to know the answer.

"Remember me telling you about the umbrella and why Mycroft carries it with him all the time?" Greg asked with a grin.

Shuddering, John replied, "Yeah, another image I can’t remove. Mycroft gets horny from water falling on him. Not exactly an image anyone needs. OH GOD. Please don’t tell me you two are into water sports. No, no, no, no. Don’t even answer that."

"Uh, no. We don’t do that at all and I’m pretty sure that no matter how kinky Mycroft is, it isn’t something he would even consider. What I was going to say was that he does not just use the umbrella to keep the rain off of him. Wink wink nudge nudge."

Eyes going wide, John shook his head slightly. "I’m pretty sure I don’t want to know where this is going, do I?" he asked.

"Probably not but I’m going to tell you anyway, because you have told me enough and I will never be able to look at one the same way again. Now I shall return the favour with the use of an umbrella."

"When I first met Mycroft, I asked him why he carried that umbrella with him all the time. Yes, we live in London which is extremely rainy most of the year but even so, most people don’t have a brolly with them at all times, especially someone like Mycroft who has cars that drive him everywhere. He probably would never need to set foot outside if he didn’t choose to. He just smirked and said that they were very useful things and that there were many ways you could use an umbrella. I wrote it off as a quirky Holmes thing like the way Sherlock keeps a skull in his home to talk to."

"It wasn’t long after we got married that we started branching out from the rather typical sex we had when we first got together. I’m not sure if he was fearful that he would scare me off or came into his own sexuality late but things just kept getting stranger and stranger."

"One night, as I was lying in bed watching some telly and waiting for him to get home, he arrived and left his coat in the entry way but brought the umbrella to the bedroom with him."

"'Forget something?' I asked pointing at the brolly, a small smile on my face. It is not often that you catch a Holmes unaware as you know and I was feeling very proud of myself."

"'Actually, no. I meant to bring it with me,' was his prim and proper reply. I had an idea for how we could use it this evening if you’re interested.’"

"To be honest, I was a bit terrified, having no idea where he was going with this train of thought but one thing I have learned over the years is to trust Mycroft. Usually if he says something is going to be enjoyable for u, it ends up being true, even if it sounded weird and a bit not good to begin with. I was hoping this was going to be one of those times."

"He started undressing, the umbrella lying across the bed, looking so innocuous and innocent. My mind was racing with the various uses we could put it to. I knew he was attached to the thing so maybe he just wanted to hold it in bed, stroke it perhaps. I started thinking of less pure activities and..."
I grew concerned. But again, I trusted him, and knew he would never make me do anything too uncomfortable.

"Once he was undressed, he slid into bed, his long body pressed up against mine. I could feel the heat of his skin through my pajamas and that alone was enough for me to forget my hesitation and capture his mouth for a kiss. He slid a leg between mine and pressed up, massaging my balls slightly with his thigh. I moaned and grabbed onto him tighter which encouraged him to start working my clothes off.

"When we were both naked, we continued to kiss and grope, not in any big hurry, considering this was before the kids had come along and we had no reason to think we would be interrupted. Eventually, when we were both excited and aroused, he leaned up and grabbed the umbrella from the foot of the bed.

"I looked at it dubiously for a moment, before turning to him, 'Mycroft, I'm not sure what you want to do with that, so I think some explanation is in order.' He merely smiled and kissed me once more, before sitting up in front of me.

"'Darling,' he began, 'I was thinking that adding a little bit of pain to our basic repertoire might be something that I would enjoy.' Those words drove a cold spike into my heart. I did not want to hurt him and I was really not in the mood to be injured myself.

"What the fuck did you do Greg?" John interrupted, terrified of this conversation going any farther.

"I'm getting to that, just wait," was the impatient reply. "So he wanted something to do with sex and pain. The look on my face must have told him everything I was feeling because he leaned forward and kissed me before saying, 'Not you. I could never hurt you Gregory.' I was not completely convinced, but he pressed the umbrella into my hand. Giving him a look, he sighed before explaining, 'I want you to spank me with it. I honestly did not think I would have to explain this to you.' It was as if I was stupid for not knowing that he wanted me to hit his bare bum with an umbrella. Because that's completely normal.

"'You tell me if it gets to be too much, alright?' I asked hesitantly, stalling but mostly concerned for his safety. Spanking with your hand is not as bad for me as you have a lot of control over how hard you hit. With an inanimate object like the umbrella, it would be a lot easier to get carried away. You want to hear something funny? I had considered a situation like this before it had happened and was wondering what we should use as a safe word. I had planned on suggesting umbrella but now it would just not work."

"Do I even want to know what you settled on?" John asked, his head cradled in his hands, trying to block out the image of his soon to be brothers in law spanking each other with a brolly.

"Sherlock," Greg said with a grin, "Because nothing ruins the mood faster for either of us and it is probably the least likely thing either of us would ever consider saying in the heat of the moment." John started to shake his head slightly, palms pressing against his eyes. Greg thought he may have even been moaning as if he was in pain.

"I'm quickly regretting starting this conversation with you, I hope you know that."

Laughing, Greg continued, "And I have not even gotten to the disturbing part yet."

"No Greg. Just no. You didn't. Did you?" John's eyes were like dinner plates, spread in horror at what he realized his friend was suggesting.
To his credit, Greg blushed extensively and glanced around the pub to make sure no one was in hearing distance. “At first, the spanking was enough. He seemed to enjoy it and I managed to find the right amount of pressure for it to sting but not to actually injure him. I thought that was all there was going to be, until one day he asked me to…. Um. Do I have to say it out loud or can you just figure it out?”

“Oh no. You want credit for it, you have to say it. Though I will be more than happy if you want to concede because then I would win and I wouldn’t have to hear what I know is about to come from your mouth.”

Taking a deep breath, Lestrade said very fast in a very low voice, “One time Mycroft asked me to penetrate him with his umbrella and I did it and I will never speak of this again.” Glancing over at John his eyes narrowed, “You stop laughing at me, John Watson. I’m about to become your older brother, and as the oldest of 5, trust me when I say that I know how to make your life a living hell.

Gasping, trying to regain some amount of control, John giggled, “You did that. You actually did that. Sherlock and I have joked about him having an inappropriate relationship with that umbrella but I never thought we were actually right. Oh god, Sherlock knew. He probably took one look at you two and knew what had happened. He was the one who made the joke first. Oh that prick.” John glared at his drink, and Lestrade could hear the words “insufferable” and “bastard” repeated frequently.

“Yeah, well, I’m not the only one who has done disgusting things. And really, he seemed to enjoy it, even if it was odd for me. I found out later that it was a new umbrella which made me feel a little better because I worried about giving him an infection or something. Turns out that condoms don’t fit brollies very well.” At this, John got over his brief bought of melancholy and once again burst into laughter.

“You tried…” he gasped, “to put…a condom…on the brolly?” Howling couldn’t even describe the level of laughter coming from the doctor in that moment. “Greg, that is the most disturbingly hilarious thing I have ever heard in my life. You promise you’re not having me on? This well and truly happened?”

“I swear on my mother’s grave, I inserted an umbrella into my husband’s arse at his request, and watched as he got off on it.”

“Greg, that may be the most disturbing thing I have heard but I’m pretty sure as far as kinks go, inanimate objects does not compare to some of the other things we do when alone.”

“Really, John? You can beat an umbrella up the arse?”

“I think I can, Greg. I think I can.”
“John, you should count yourself lucky that Sherlock doesn’t care about pop culture. Does he even pay attention during your movie nights?”

Greg’s change of subject caught John off guard and the doctor stared at him for moment. “Not really. He either psychoanalyzes the characters, tells me who did it after the first 5 minutes, or wanders off to do an experiment and doesn’t even spend more than a few seconds with his eyes on the screen.” John had given up after the first few weeks. There was no way that he was going to convince Sherlock of the value of pop culture, even in terms of the cases. He thought he may have finally won the battle when they nearly missed solving a crime committed by a Star Wars fanatic but John saved the day by knowing the name of the character the suspect thought he was. Sherlock pouted for days that JOHN had solved the case instead of him.

But ten minutes into the movie he got up, walked out and never came back for the rest of the night. John just rolled his eyes and enjoyed his own movie. No sense in giving up everything he enjoyed just because Sherlock was being a bit of a twat. He loved the man but it was frustrating when he felt the need to tear down the things John enjoyed. He chuckled, thinking back to a time when Sherlock used to taunt him for enjoying sex. Now Sherlock enjoys it as much as he does, possibly even more.

“Earth to John. Where did I lose you to? don't tell me you were thinking about sex. I have heard enough about your sex life. ”

“No nothing like that. I was just thinking about my poor attempts at movie nights at 221B. There’s a reason that I have go to most films by myself. So much more relaxing when he’s not there.”

Greg smirked at his companion’s plight. “That is one problem I don't have. I cannot even imagine what their childhood must have been like. Do you know that Mycroft had never seen a Disney film before Liam was born? I was interesting watching a 4 year old and a 38 year old experience a classic film for the first time. Mycroft enjoyed it though so we have instituted our own movie night, generally some classic film that he has never seen. Sometimes, when Grandmummy or Grandmum have the boys for the weekend, we will do a marathon of one series or style of film. That was what led to my conundrum a year ago.”

“Film sex, Greg? Boring.” John had had sex watching films numerous times. In fact, the first time he had received head was when he attended a James Bond film with a mate from secondary. They spent more time investigating each other than seeing what kind of mischief Bond was finding himself in.

“Not film sex. Something more, well, something odder. Sometimes Mycroft gets these ideas. Usually from something on a movie or on the telly if I ever manage to switch it from the news. Then he begs, pesters and cajoles me until I give in. Not that I don’t enjoy it. I just like watching him beg.

“The first time I thought something might be brewing inside that massive brain of his was when we watched Toy Story 3 with the boys. Every time Woody came on screen, this weird haze would fall over Mycroft’s face. I could not imagine that he was getting aroused by a kiddo show so I didn’t give it much thought though I raised my eyebrows at him several times throughout the show, trying to ask the question without the boys figuring it out. Liam is old enough now that he kind of understands that there are things parents do in their bedroom that he doesn’t want to know about. Thomas is, thankfully, still blissfully unaware.
“The next weekend the boys went to spend with Grandmummy at the Holmes estate. You have been there. With the horses, and the library, and the acres upon acres of grass and trees and hills, the boys have a fabulous time. They love those weekends and honestly so do I. I love my boys dearly but sometimes you just need a break.

“We were having dinner Friday night, getting ready for our quiet weekend in, when we heard on the news that it was supposed to be rather stormy all day Saturday. Thinking that sounded like a good excuse to curl up in bed and just watch movies all day, I suggested the idea of a Clint Eastwood movie marathon. Mycroft agreed heartily which should have been another warning for me.

“I ran out to the store and picked up several, probably 5 or 6. Enough to give us a good selection and keep us occupied for most of the day, even if we decided against one or two. With popcorn, tea, and other various snacks, healthy of course since Sherlock always has to mock his weight and believe it or not Mycroft is quite sensitive about it, we pulled the covers up and watched the DVDs.

“It had been a long time since I had watched any of these films. Westerns were always a favourite of my father’s and he had long talked about going to Texas or somewhere similar to see what it was really like, even when we reminded him that the films took place many years ago and the places were probably rather modern by now. He never did make it there but the films still held a nostalgic place in my heart.

“Aside from a few comments about historical inaccuracies, because of course he would know the entire political history of the United States as well as every other former and current colony of the commonwealth, Mycroft stayed relatively quiet. He’s not as bad as Sherlock but he generally has snide remarks and comments to be made throughout films.

“We were well into our fourth film of the day, having paused only for bathroom and meal breaks, when he finally brought up the topic that must have been brewing for several weeks, ‘Gregory, I think you would make a rather dashing Sheriff.’”

“’Um, thank you?’ I replied, unsure of where he was going with that. True, most of the movies had some big sheriff or other form of law and order, and technically that would be the old west version of my job but I just don't see myself in the ten gallon hat. At least, I did not at the time.”

“Oh god,” John moaned. He knew where this was going.

“Yeah. Pretty much. Anyway, we watched for a few minutes before he asked, ‘If I was to procure an outfit for you, would you wear it just for me here in the privacy of our bedroom.’ While role playing was never a part of our repertoire before that moment, I didn’t see the harm. What could he be suggesting? A Stetson and a fake gun? I could deal with that.

“Another week passed and the next Saturday I returned home from a case, worn out, partially from chasing you and Sherlock half way across London. I don’t understand why you two must run EVERY WHERE. We have cabs in this city for a reason.

“When I got home, there was a package sitting on the table with a note that read, ‘Put these on and meet me in the bedroom. –M’ It was very late, he already had the boys in bed so I just opened the package, thinking nothing of it. As I pulled out the fabric within, my eyes bulged and I had to do a double take. Sighing, I realized that I had agreed to this after all, even if I had not been completely aware of what it was that I was agreeing to.

“I slipped out of my clothes and dropped them in the basket in the laundry room. Returning to the kitchen, starkers, I prayed the boys would not wake up and ask why Daddy was walking around the kitchen with no clothes on. I took a deep breath and put on the outfit, snapping the straps and
hoping I did not look too ridiculous. While he had never done it before, I became worried that this was some sort of practical joke and he was just going to laugh at me as I walked into the room.

“I climbed the stairs to the bedroom, uncomfortably aware of just how ridiculous I must look, and pushed myself to just walk straight into the room, determined to get the humiliation over as quickly as possible. However, as I took in the sight in front of me, I realized that, at least in Mycroft’s eyes, I did not look ridiculous at all.

“He was sitting there in bed, wearing nothing but a cowboy hat, while I stood in the doorway wearing… Well, I was wearing assless chaps okay? Soft brown leather, covering the fronts of my legs and absolutely nothing else.”

John could not hold in his laughter, banging his fist on the table while his laughs came out in big booming “HA”s as opposed to the more reserved giggling that Greg was used to seeing from him in inappropriate locations like hospitals and crime scenes. “Please tell me there are pictures,” he managed between gasps.

“Of course there are no pictures. I’m a Detective Inspector for Scotland Yard and he’s the British Government. Did we learn nothing from the Irene Adler scenario that you should never have naked pictures of yourself or any type of compromising photo? No, they only exist in our memories and as far as I’m concerned those are two brains too many. The sex however, that will live in my mind for eternity.

“You probably could have guessed by now that Mycroft typically prefers to bottom. Not sure if it is a side effect of his career, something with his personality, or just the way our relationship works. I have never questioned it as I tend to be more of a top myself though I’m happy to bottom when the opportunity presents itself. That night was one such opportunity.

“He had me pinned against the wall so quickly that I still have no memory of him getting off the bed. Maybe my embarrassment was clouding my brain, but I’m pretty sure that one moment he was on the bed and the next he’s in front of me, shutting our bedroom door, and pinning me to it. He captured my mouth in a rather brutal kiss, my head smacking against the door with the force of his lips on mine. He grabbed one of my legs, hitching it over my hip and I hissed as almost immediately one well lubed finger penetrated my entrance. As I said, I don’t bottom often so I take a lot of prep work. I don’t know if that was why he decided to surprise me with it, all I know is that prep did not need to last long that night, as I was completely worked up by his cock rubbing against mine, his tongue in my mouth and his fingers in my arse.

“Within only minutes, he had my legs wrapped around his hips, his cock buried to the hilt inside me, and his hands supporting me by my arse as he thrust with utter abandon. I was crying out against him, overwhelmed by the fairly uncommon sensation of being completely filled and it was not long before he was emptying inside me. Once he had slipped from me and returned my legs to the ground, he fell to his knees and sucked until I came as well.

It was hot and dirty and I would do it all over again, except for one minor thing.”

The tears running down John’s face made him look as if he had just heard the funniest thing of his life, which may well have been true. He managed to control himself long enough to ask, “Please tell me the one change has to do with the assless chaps.” He descended into giggles once more upon uttering the phrase.

“No,” Greg replied, blushing furiously. “It would be that when he came, Mycroft yelled ‘Ride ‘em Cowboy’. I can never watch another Western film again.”
“Damn it man,” John slammed his drink down, a bit of the beer sloshing from the side of the cup. “I thought this would be easier. I had no idea that Mycroft and Sherlock are as similar as they are. I never in a million years would have guessed some of the things that you guys get up to. I was hoping I would not have to pull out my most embarrassing, but best story. It is the kinkiest thing that either of us do, for separate reasons. I have never told anyone about it and we try to be as subtle as we can, closing curtains and searching for hidden cameras so that Mycroft can not accidentally get a picture of us.” He took a drink, glancing around the bar, making sure no one had a chance of over hearing the conversation that was about to take place.

“Okay, if I tell you this, you have to swear to me that you will not tell another soul. Mycroft will figure it out, if he has not already but no one at the Yard, no one else in the family. Swear to me, or so help me, I will kill you Greg.”

Greg’s eyes widened a fraction, before he nodded, agreeing to John’s terms. “This I’ve got to hear. It is going to be good, isn’t it?”

“It’s so good. So, so good.” John’s deep blue eyes clouded over, an expression of lust passing briefly over his face. “It’s the single hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen in my life and when I first saw Sherlock, I would never have guessed that it was something that he was into. Now, I know better and it is just one of the many things about his personality that attracts me to him.”

“Well, out with it man. What’s this big dark secret?”

“Oh, first, picture Sherlock. Long lean body. Legs that go on for miles. That pale, near porcelain skin, which I will tell you is virtually hairless by the way. Dark hair, cold icy blue eyes, and perfect cupid’s bow. Absolutely gorgeous, breathtaking. So take those long, sexy legs, and lengthen them another six inches with sky high, baby pink strapped heels.”

The Detective Inspector choked on his beer. Whatever he was expecting, that was not it. But, while he did not find Sherlock at all attractive, he had to admit that that man, with those legs, would probably be the only man he knew that would be able to pull off that look, and pull it off well. “Fuck, mate. A little warning next time.”

“I haven’t even gotten to the best part yet, Greg. Maybe you should put it down.” John gestured to the beer Greg had continued to drink after his coughing fit had passed.

“Ok, so on his elegant feet are these baby pink, strappy heels, which are classy ones, not stripper esque. From there, moving up, his legs are covered in white, fish net stockings, with bright pink garters holding them up. And finally, over that lush arse of his, acres and acres of white, nearly see through ruffles, making it look even fuller and more delectable.” John shifted, readjusting his trousers as just talking about the outfit had gotten him rather uncomfortable.

Greg’s head dropped to the table and he muttered, over and over again, “Oh. My. God. Oh. My. God. You are serious aren’t you? Your eyes have gone all hazy and you are completely flushed. For some reason, the idea of Sherlock in drag isn’t that surprising to me, but the fact that just thinking about it does this to you. God man, I had no idea.”

“Well, it is not like he is dressing completely in drag. Well, there was that one time, but that was for a case and it was at a drag show, so I think that can be forgiven. Mostly it is just the panties and the heels, though he has a whole closet full of shoes and wardrobe full of lacy, frilly delicacies that he
brings out on special occasions. But those pink knickers.” John took a deep breath, shuddering as he tried to control himself, and not race off for home, wager be damned.

“Right after we got together, he discovered that I wear red pants. Not all the time, mind you. They came in a pack with my usual blues and grays, and I didn’t have it in me to throw out a perfectly good pair of pants because they were a ridiculous colour. So I kept them and wore them when I was doing laundry or just not likely for anyone to see them. When we started sleeping together, I realized he would probably see them eventually and I prepared myself for the onslaught of ridicule and slander. Instead, his eyes got dark and he took me right then and there in the middle of the kitchen.

“As we lay together, curled on that probably unsanitary floor, I asked what had gotten into him. His response was ‘Those pants, John. I had no idea you would wear something so extravagant. Would you be willing to look at a pair that I have. I have never worn them for another person but I think it would be okay if you saw them.’ I figured he was talking about something with bees or some silly thing like that. I nodded and he jumped up and ran out of the room just like that, leaving me stunned and slightly chilled on the floor.

“Gathering myself up, I walked slowly to his bedroom and arrived just as he opened the door, standing there in nothing but pink, ruffled, boy short knickers. His cheeks had a pinkish glow due to his hesitation and embarrassment and they matched the panties perfectly. I have never been one for cross dressing but good god, I tackled him to the bed and ravaged him again immediately.

“We laughed about it that night that no one believe us that Sherlock had a thing for heels and knickers and I had a thing for Sherlock in heels and knickers. At that point in time, he had a few pairs of knickers and one pair of sky high black stilettos. Since then we have been adding to his collection. Now he has red knickers, lacy ones, ruffles, sparkles, bikini, boy short and everything in between. He has a closet full of shoes, the only common denominator being that there is at least a three inch heel on every single one.”

“John, can I point something out to you. Sherlock is nearly 12 inches taller than you. With the addition of those shoes, I would think you would only come up to his navel. How in god’s name does it work?”

Chuckling ominously, John retorted, “It does not really matter how tall he is when he is flat on his back with those gorgeous legs up in the air. Most of the shoes never make it three or four steps.”

Greg’s head yet again hit the table as John continued speaking. “The outfit I described first though, that was his birthday present from me. Most of the things he wears are still rather masculine in colour, the pink ruffles notwithstanding. So for his birthday, I decided to branch out. I spend a good deal of time online, looking at various websites as well as trying to search in stores like Victoria’s Secret without looking too much like a creeper.

“Oh god, when I was in Victoria’s Secret, the tiny little salesgirl came bounding up to me. ‘Good morning sir! Thank you for coming to Victoria’s Secret.’ She must have noticed my engagement ring which will double as my wedding band and asked, ‘Wife’s birthday?’ ‘Fiancée, actually,’ I replied. I am looking for something in soft, feminine colours. Preferably with ruffles. What would you suggest?’ She dragged me around the store until I finally settled on the white, eyelet ruffle boy shorts, and the bright pink garters. Turns out he wears a women’s medium. Tiny little waist and all, but then with his rather voluptuous arse, it tends to hang out a bit at the bottom, which is just fine with me. When we were checking out, I noticed the stand with stockings on it, and picked out a pair of extra long white fishnet ones. She rang up all my items, and as I was paying mentioned, “Your fiancée must be very tall and slender. And she is a very lucky woman to have a man who will buy her such nice lingerie” I grinned, ‘Yes, he is. And I am lucky to have a man who will wear it. Thank you.’ The poor girl’s mouth hung open and I’m sure she has been a bit unnerved ever
since.”

“John, you can’t do that to people. Can you imagine if Sherlock had come with you and tried things on? You probably would’ve gotten yourselves kicked out of the store.”

“No, I don’t have to imagine. We didn’t get kicked out of the store though. One of the nice beat cops may have told us that we should take our activities to our home and not continue in the alley out back however.” Greg shook his head regretting, not for the first time, ever starting this conversation in the first place.

“When he opened the package, the expression on his face was pure glee. I was unsure what he would think of the colour, but within second he was stripping out of his pajamas and putting them on. The shoes. Oh god the shoes. They were pink and tall and fit his feet perfectly. I was still sitting on the floor amongst the wrapping paper and remaining presents and those gorgeous legs were right in front of me. I bent forward and kissed his toes through the opening, then kissed between each strap, slowly working my way up each leg. By the time I got to the garters, he was so hard his cock was peeking out the top of those tight little boy shorts. I moved them down just enough so that I could suck him, that ruffley fabric tickling the underside of my chin.

“It did not take long for him to push me down, strip off my clothes and ride me there in the middle of the living room. Honestly, you would think we would know better by now, but yet again we forgot to lock the door to the flat, and when Mrs. Hudson let herself in to give Sherlock his birthday gift, she was greeted by the sight of 6 feet 4 inches of alabaster skin covered only in white fish net stockings, pink high heels, and ruffley bloomers, pushed down past his bum, riding on top of 5 feet 6 inches of desert tanned, middle aged doctor who was shouting, “Oh god, Sherlock, like that. Yes! Your fucking arse. God yes!’ Thankfully she is almost used to it by now, dropped the package on the table and left without a word. We really should buy her presents more often for what she puts up with.

“Anyway, he also has some bras, but he is so thin and wiry that they just do not look right, and the feel is all wrong. He got some push up ones once, but I told him to take them back. If I wanted a woman, I would be with a woman. I want Sherlock, and I want him just the way he is. He does not need to wear bras and try to give himself breasts just to make me happy because I happen to be bisexual. I chose him, and that is all I want. But god damn, him in knickers.” John trailed off, a faraway look in his eye, and Greg wondered what was going to be happening back at Baker Street when the man returned home. He also wondered if he ought to warn Mrs. Hudson to stay downstairs for awhile.

“I probably don’t want to know this but do you ever switch it up and you wear the knickers while he looks at you?”

“Occasionally. I have a pair of black lace that he bought for me on our anniversary. I feel silly in them but he seems to like the way I look. Generally, I just stick to the red Y fronts. I have since acquired about thirteen more pair so I can go 2 full weeks and never miss a day. The day I have to wear blue or black is generally one when Sherlock is even more pissy than usual. So, sorry about that.” Taking a drink of his beer, John sits back in his seat, looking smug. “I’m guessing this means that I won our little bet.”

“You would think that, wouldn’t you. But I hate to break it to you, I think I have something that can top even that.”
And here it is. Thank you for following along on this crazy ride. Forgive me for this chapter. You do not want to know how long it took to write one of those sentences. Reading it, you should know exactly which one I speak of.

Anyway, thank you for all the kudos and comments. I shall now hide my head in utter embarrassment.

“Greg, there is no way, no possible way you can out kink that. Just, no.” John was flabbergasted. How in the world could they beat Sherlock in pink high heels and ruffled boy shorts?. “Greg. SHERLOCK. In heels. You can’t beat that.”

“I can and I will. But first, you swore me to secrecy on yours so the same rules apply. You tell anyone and I will kill you. And I’m married to Mycroft Holmes. It can make it so you never existed and I would never get caught. Keep that in mind.”

John swallowed, worried. What could this possibly be about?

“You know that Mycroft and Sherlock grew up in a very posh environment. Best schools. Best nannies. Large estate. Everything a child could possibly want, save one thing. Pop culture. Sherlock it seems still is not interested but Mycroft, it has always been one of his dirty little secrets. He loves our movie nights and the worse the movie, the happier he is. You’ll never catch us watching an art house film at our home. It is usually cheesy rom-coms or bad action flicks. From what he has told me, when he was in boarding school he used to nick the comics and novels that the other boys were reading, saving them so he could read it when he had some free time. He never told anyone about this and no one at the school ever did find the comic thief.

“One of his favourite comic book characters of all time is Batman. I can’t tell you how many times we have seen those films and the god awful Adam West show. We went to midnight release for the last one. It was supposedly sold out but of course he had connections. It was good but what was better was watching his eyes light up when Batman came on the screen. He was like a kid in a candy store. Well, more like Mycroft in a candy store. But still. The boys have all the comics and every Saturday the three of them watch the cartoon while I make pancakes.

“Last Halloween, the boys were bouncing on the couches, too hyped up on sugar to get any sleep and Mycroft was starting to lose his temper. I told him to go relax in the bedroom and I would take care of our two little hooligans. A warm bath, some chamomile tea and a story later, I had them calm enough to at least lay down and try to get some rest. I figured the inevitable sugar crash would take care of the rest soon enough.

“When I entered the bedroom, instead of watching his usual news program, Mycroft had turned on one of the older Batman movies. The one that has Chris O’Donnell as Robin. It’s a god awful movie but he seemed calmer and happier so who was I to complain. I climbed into bed next to him, determined to read my novel and relax. After only twenty minutes, he turned to me and asked, ‘Gregory, if I was to get us costumes, would you be willing to dress up as Batman and Robin for the next fancy dress event we have to go to?’
“Not realizing the implications of what I was saying, I responded, ‘No way am I going out in public dressed like Robin. But if you want to get them just for us, I would be glad to where them around the house sometime.’”

John gasped, his face paling in horror as it dawned on him what was coming. “Greg, no. don’t…”

“I listened to your horrifying story, now you can listen to mine. Not more than two days later, he shows up carrying a large garment bag and looking very pleased with himself. The boys didn't pay any attention to it as it is completely normal for father to bring home new suits or some of this work suits to be cleaned. I looked at him peculiarly though as this was not from his normal shop and I had no idea where he could have gotten the bag from.

“After the boys went to bed, he followed me to the bedroom, where I saw the bag hanging ominously in front of the closet. I remembered our previous conversation and a chill went through me. He didn't really do it, did he? Oh yes, he did. ‘I got the costumes, Greg. I was thinking we could try them on, just to make sure they fit.’

“I nodded but was grimacing internally, dreading where this was going already. I took my bag and walked off to the bathroom, wanting some privacy for this. The costume of course fit perfectly. Not only is he a Holmes and knows everything about you, including your measurements, just from looking at you, but he also has access to all my clothing and has seen me naked more times than I can count. I stared at my reflection in the mirror, wondering at what point my life had veered so far off track. I put the mask on my face and prayed that for once there were no hidden spy cameras in our bedroom and the CCTV cameras were all directed away from our bedroom window.

“Taking a deep breath, I walked out into the bedroom, to be greeted by the sight of none other than Mycroft Holmes dressed in a perfect replica of a Batman costume, with the one minor variation that he was wearing nothing around his arse and cock. I stood and blinked, unsure what to say, do, or even think. This was not something that I was ever prepared for.

“I need you in my bat cave, Boy Wonder,’ he said, making his voice extra gravely.”

“STOP! Stop. For the love of all that is holy, stop. You win, Greg. You win. I can’t beat that and I must certainly don't want to hear any more about you and Mycroft. Thank you so much for ruining one of my childhood icons. I will never, ever in my life look at Batman the same way again.” John was horrified, looking slightly ill at the thought of what he had just heard.

Greg, for his part, looked utterly humiliated. “Look, it wasn’t something I wanted to tell you. I never ever want to think about that night again. I told Mycroft that there are some things that are just better left in his head. But you pulled out ruffled knickers and high heels on consulting detectives. There was only one story that could possibly beat that. And now, if I could, I would wipe that from your memory. Hell, I would wipe it from mine. You know I love the man, but god damn it that was awkward and kinky. And not the good kind of kinky.

“Greg. You husband is one kinky ass mother fucker. I mean seriously, that is the only way to put it. Oh god, next time he kidnaps me, I'm going to have to keep a straight face. Do you know that he always takes me someplace cave like? The parking garage. The sodding Diogenes Club. Fuck, he really does think that he's Batman doesn’t he?”

By some unspoken agreement the conversation came to a stop, and they both finished their beers in silence. John signaled for the bill, and paid it quietly, trying to avoid Greg’s eyes. When they finally made eye contact, they burst into laughter that continued as they exited the pub. A black car pulled up in front of them as they stood in front of the door laughing like maniacs.
“Well, here is my ride,” Greg stated, motioning at the car which had picked John up so many times as well. “We should do this again some other time. Maybe over my nice bottle of Scotch.”

“Yeah, yeah. Do you realize I'm going to have to go home and explain to Sherlock that I owe you a ridiculously expensive bottle of Scotch because your sex life is kinkier than ours? I fear what he may come up with so that he's not out kinked by his older brother and arch enemy.”

“If he comes up with anything good, let me know. Maybe we can have another bet.”

“Greg, I never, ever want to have this conversation again. Next time, footie and cases only, agreed?”

“Agreed.” Greg shook John’s hand and climbed into the waiting car as John turned to walk the three blocks back to 221B Baker Street, where his love waited for him.

Works inspired by this one
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!