Dear John

by BloodSeiryu, FourCornersHolmes, Tindomerelhloni

Summary
An AU in which Sherlock is in Rehab and is required to write a letter to a random person in the military. John get's it, and they become penpals of a sort.

Notes

John's replies are going to be posted every Monday.

Sherlock's will be posted every Friday

**Edit**

Find me on tumblr http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/

Apparently I need to add that's this isn't in no way shape or form a representation of rehab in any country. This is, simply put, two friend having fun and writing an AU of a show just for the heck of if. So please don't take anything too seriously. Your face might freeze like that.
Dear Soldier,

I was told by some idiotic staff member at this god forsaken place, that writing a letter to one of our military men (or whatever you are) would help me in my recovery. Personally, I don't see how writing a letter to a stranger is supposed to help rid me of my substance abuse. They say writing to someone would help me feel remorseful regarding my past habits, but honestly this is just making my wrist hurt. I much prefer to type, but thanks to my meddling brother I'm not allowed near any electronics.

It is all thanks to my whale of a brother that I am in here. Really, who in their right mind thinks that forcing a grown man into what is essentially a cell is "for his own good”? This place is absolutely dreadful, round the clock care. I'm not even allowed to take a piss without someone watching me. Apparently they're afraid that I'll snort cocaine through my penis, or some such nonsense.

Well, this has been enlightening. I can already feel the evil pull of the drugs lessening as I write this. However writing this is becoming increasingly more tedious and I do believe it to be my civic duty to inform my doctor that her daughter has been stealing her prescription pad and has been selling narcotics to her friends.

Write back, or don't. At least now I can scratch this off my Wellness List.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

PLEASE NOTE! I did a quick google search for rehab places in London (I'm an American) so please don't judge me if the facility listed in the fics doesn't really do rehab! I just needed something to sound official!
Dear Mr. Holmes

I have to say your letter came as a shock to me. I've been stationed here in Kandahar for six months, and yours is the first piece of correspondence I've received. I know it sounds silly, you addressing the letter to "Soldier" made me laugh out loud. Things are pretty laid back here and the last time I was called that was my last day at boot camp.

Your return address is in London, how is the old gal? I did my internship at St. Bart's before this. God do I miss the rain. Since arriving we've only seen rain once, and it only lasted for twenty minutes. But let me tell you, the smell of the desert after a rain, ah it is glorious! I wish I could bottle it up and save it.

You're in rehab? What for, exactly? I know you said drugs... And I don't mean to pry it's just, well, my sister is an alcoholic so I know the system quite well. I've seen rehab work well for some, but for others.... Well, I'm here if you need someone to vent too.

I'd best wrap this up, they'll be collecting the post soon as the cargo plane is about to leave and there won't be another one for a week. Seriously, Mate, thanks for the letter. It helped brighten my day, a little bit of home if you will. Write back if you want.

Captain John H. Watson  
5th Northumberland Fusiliers  
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. I am a man in case you were wondering.

P.P.S Snorting cocaine through your penis? You must be quite talented.
1st May, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Friday is here so that means SHERLOCK'S LETTER HAS BEEN DELIVERED! :D I hope the wait was worth what I have for you today. Remember to keep an eye out for John's reply this Monday!

Dear Captain Watson,

I am assuming the comment pertaining to my penis was sarcasm or at least I am severely hoping it was. Otherwise I have unfortunately wasted my time by deciding to write you back. Also, please feel free to address me as Sherlock. Seeing you address me as Mr. Holmes brings thoughts of my dear brother, and I’d rather lessen my suffering as much as possible. I must confess that the arrival of your response was somewhat of a surprise. Not that receiving your letter is actually going to aid in my so called recovery, however it does break up the monotony.

Speaking of, reports of my former doctor being arrested have come to my attention. Apparently she was charged with the disappearance and selling of the missing narcotics. Why she would choose to do something as foolish as take the fall for events she is obviously not culpable for is beyond my comprehension. I suppose this is just continued proof on how idiotic normal people truly are.

Since you asked, my drug of choice was usually cocaine. When that wasn’t available, I did my best with a more legal substance, nicotine. However, nothing compared to the blissful silence and clarity cocaine gave me.

I must say that the decision to become an army doctor is quite an unusual choice. Most individuals join the army to prove their masculinity or to make up for their lack of success in life. You enlisted so you could help people, but you could have easily done that here. You mentioned your sister is an alcoholic. One or both of your parents must have also been quite familiar with the bottle, your father most likely. Male children tend to have a more prominent drive to protect and care for the females in their family. You said your sister “is” an alcoholic, so she obviously is still alive, but you’ve lost touch with her recently. Your mother has either died or moved away a long time ago, so you have nothing keeping you tied somewhere or to someone that you despise. The army is both an escape and a chance for you to do what you feel you couldn’t before, but for other people.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Postscript: I have been informed that the correct social response to a persons questions of interest, are questions of my own. So, John H. Watson? Pray tell me what the letter H stands for?
5th May, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Summary

John's reply has arrived. I had a bit of fun with this one. - Tindo

Dear Sherlock,

Yes, that comment was pure sarcasm. As a doctor (which you picked up on shockingly fast) I do understand that it is impossible to snort anything through one's penis… Before I go into depths with what I fondly call the “Harry Situation” I’m assuming it is safe to guess that you and your brother don’t get along? Perhaps didn’t get along even before he placed you in rehab?

Your doctor took the fall for her daughter!? I find that shocking. I couldn’t imagine giving up everything like that. All the time and money put into school, god alone the sleepless nights trying to cram in a few more hours of study before a big test. Perhaps it makes me cold, but no, I wouldn’t take the fall for anyone. Not even my own child, if I had one. I also gather that this means you’ll have (or by the time you get this, already have) a new doctor? Switching your primary care during rehab can be difficult to say the least, so don’t feel like you need to stay quiet if you’re unhappy. Though, something tells me you aren’t the type of person who keeps his thoughts to himself.

Your questions regarding my career choice and my sister both have long winded answers. And can be answered mainly in one explanation. Or at least, one story. Yes, Harry IS an alcoholic. She’s currently sober, or was when I left, and is living with her wife just outside of London. Though, not having heard from her is not a good sign, and her wife Clara and I don’t get on very well. Mum is long gone. Died of a broken heart if you asked me. Guess dad was a drunk before they met, life was fine until Harry came out. Then dad started drinking again, and I’m sure you don’t need to be a genius to figure out what happened after that.

I’m quite a bit younger than Harry, so I got the brunt of dad’s anger. Anger which was only made worse when I told him I wanted to stop playing rugby to focus on my studies. I knew the moment I noticed that my mother had given up, that I wanted to be a doctor, but dad wanted none of it. He wanted me to be a man, not some sissy doctor. I joined the military as a way to get away from home. Plus, they paid for my schooling. Not a bad deal, if you ask me. Never once thought I’d get shipped out though. Thought I’d get to stay home and work, if not in London, at least in England.

H stands for a lot of things, and I’m not exactly sure what you’re looking for, so here are a few “H” letter words and their meanings (Some of these words are used here on base rather frequently. Have fun guessing which ones we use.):

Habberplabb - exclamation of frustration.
Heebler - A person doing strange things all alone in the dark
Herpaganaciphilitis - Herpes, Gonorrhea, and Syphilis
HAG - hot ass girl
Hag Nipple (not to be confused with the above) - a person with screwed up nipples
Halfwit - not right in the head
And my personal favourite - Hamburger - The arrangement of one’s testicles and shaft so it takes
on the appearance of a hamburger.

I know a few more, but they’re calling for lights out. Possible air strike. Hopefully I’ll be able to
get this out to you tomorrow if things calm down on my end. Might actually be able to go off base
for a few hours! Maybe I’ll buy you a present.

Captain John H. Watson
5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. Sorry for the currently shitty handwriting, but I’m out in town about to post this, and I’m using
the back of a mate for a “table” to add this postscript. Might be a bit odd… but I found this golden
elephant quite interesting. Maybe it’ll help brighten up your room a bit?
Dear Captain Watson,

I am convinced that one of the qualifications to work in such an establishment as the one I am currently being held captive in, is exceptionally low intelligence. If I ever wanted to end the torment which is my life right now, all I would have to do is climb to the top of these morons egos and jump down to their IQ. I presented them with irrefutable evidence that supported Dr. Benson’s innocence, yet they refused to look into the matter. Apparently the “ramblings of a drug addict” overshadow the obvious truth. It’s an absolute testament to the population that a person's lifestyle has any bearing on what are clearly the facts. If I believed it would do any good, I would break into one of the physicians offices and email Mycroft my findings. However, the misfortunes of the common man disinterest someone such as himself. Also, I am positive that if I were to violate my “no electronics” rule, brother dear would have my stay here extended to an unimaginable length of time.

I have most certainly acquired a new physician, unfortunately this woman’s presence is even more infuriating than the last one. The first of six children, widowed, never remarried, yet managed to produce eight children of her own before the untimely death of her only husband; four of those offspring having already given her two spawns of their own, each. She has grown accustomed to city life, having recently moved to London at the urging of her oldest, yet has not been able to handle the lack of contact with her family or close friends. Therefore, she has seemingly decided to fill that insipid void by acting as surrogate mother to her patients. I am in constant suffering by her hands. Apparently this woman is more “hands on” in her treatment. Just last week I was required to write a paper on the ill effects of narcotics and other illicit substances, paying particular attention to my own drug of choice. Needless to say I supplied her with a well documented and thought out composition. However, even with my well credited sources, a paper also depicting the benefits of said illegal drug use was not looked well upon. As punishment, my writing privileges were withdrawn for an entire week. Hence why my letter is long in coming, if you were wondering.

Also, I am not sure if your comments on the different “H” meanings was a depiction of your stupidity or you displaying something I have been informed is called “being a smartarse”? Or possibly this is the Captain's way of avoiding the subject; a means of deflection. Which would mean you are either embarrassed or disgusted by the answer. Regardless I will have you know that, not only are some of those definitions quite vulgar, but your personal favorite is also quite painful. I did manage to scar one of the on duty nurses however, so there is that satisfaction.

I do hope this letter finds you well. You mentioned a possible air strike, and the possibility of our correspondence being permanently cut short has me feeling slight discomfort.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Postscript: Did you know there are many cultural depictions of the Elephant? In Hindu, it’s
depicted at one of their most popular gods, while in Islamic tradition such a beast is associated with their great profit. Something about one of the same name refusing to cross a boundary, thereby foiling an invasion of some kind. Really unimportant. Elephants also symbolize divine wisdom, knowledge and power. Interesting that you would choose to give something like this to me. However, I feel the need to inform you that you do not need to apologize for your drunken excursions that obviously took place during your last letter. You are communicating with a deplorable drug addict after all.

I am enjoying having the trinket in my possession however.

Chapter End Notes

I would like to note here that I know NOTHING of the Hindu and Islam religions. I merely googled elephants and their symbolism. Apologies to any followers if I got anything incorrect.

*bows* m( _ _ )m
Dear Sherlock,

Your letter could not have come at a better time! We had a bit of excitement here last night. At about 2am local time the sirens went off, indicating incoming wounded. I'm the Chief Assistant Surgeon here, so when the sirens go off, it's my job to be there when the wounded come in. (Assistant just means I get the crappy hours and I guess if I'm being quite honest, extra work.)

I had just come off a 10 hour shift in the ER here on base, and was exhausted. So when I made it to the patient's side and he told me that he'd shot himself in his testicles, I thought I had heard wrong. So naturally, as I was pulling on my gloves, I asked him to repeat himself. I promise you right now, if we ever meet in person, I will reenact the story exactly how he told it to me, but doing so on paper just wouldn't be as funny as it involves a lot of jumping, dancing, and rolling on the ground in agony.

He then begins to tell me how he was stationed a few klicks west of my base, and it was his turn to do the night watch. Apparently he was bored, because about halfway through his shift he decided to throw a handful of live tank rounds into the fire and dance over it. (Literally, dance. Think Native American Indians in a cheap old Western movie.)

Well, as you can imagine the rounds heated up and went off. The poor bastard had metal and wood splinters embedded into his upper thighs and testicles. Two hours of surgery later, he was asking how long it would be before he got to go back with his troop. I believe you had mentioned something about how idiotic normal people were?

Speaking of idiots, I've been a royal idiot. Please, call me John. None of this “Captain” thing… unless you're into that sort of thing. Even here, unless we have company, I'm hardly called Captain. While on the topic of names; no you git I wasn't showcasing my stupidity, that was just my sarcastic way of saying I hate my middle name. You may, however, guess it. Three guesses per a letter should keep you busy, I think.

Somehow, knowing that you tried out “hamburger” in front of a nurse, made me choke on my food with laughter. Got a few odd looks in the mess hall this morning, and a few people wanted to know what was so funny. I think my mates believe me to be corresponding with a lover.

I'd be interested to sit down and talk with this doctor of yours. (And I use that term loosely.) I would like to know why she is instant of 24/7 care, and exercises such as essays. While my specialty is not substance abuse, I hardly see how her approach is going to help. It's all about knowing your patient, really. While medically she cannot agree with a paper depicting the benefits of cocaine I don't see how that warranted a punishment. Perhaps, if you play her game, she'll remove you from the constant watch list? A bit of privacy goes a long way in healing.

While your distress both surprises me and makes me feel slightly satisfied, things on my end are quite safe. The worse that an air strike brings us is wounded. (And lack of sleep.) I'm quite safe for as long as I remain on base. Which is more than I can say about the poor chaps just east of here.
Harry finally wrote to me. Sent me a care package. It had tea! Real English tea. You might have been able to hear my moans of pleasure from there. The shit they drink here can hardly be called coffee, it’s so thick and burnt. But I didn’t join the military for the food, so I guess I shouldn’t complain, and for now I have tea, and a few packets of jammie dodgers. She also sent me a few pairs of new socks. You would have laughed at my excitement when I saw them!

I can honestly say I’ve now learned a thing or two about elephants now. I knew that they were considered holy in some cultures, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I am glad, however, that you enjoy it. Thought maybe it was a bit too much, sending you something after only two letters so I do apologize if I overstepped any boundaries.

The sun is just setting here which means it isn’t unbearably hot anymore and I have the next 72 hours free. That being said, I’m going to wrap this up before I get thoroughly pissed (if I’m not quite there already) and go play some rugby with a few mates before sleeping for most of my free time.

Write back soon! I find I’m quite enjoying this, us writing. Rather nice having a friend isn’t it? I half find myself wishing e-mail were an option. Would be much faster. Any chance your brother will be letting you use electronics any time soon?

Captain John H. Watson
5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. I’ll save you one guess. It isn’t Henry.

Chapter End Notes

The story John tells Sherlock is 100% true. In fact, it is way more funny when my friend (who witnessed it) tells the story because it involves my friend having to get on the radio and tell his supers that some guy just shot himself in the testicles.
27th May, 2005

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dear John,

I did not try out your hamburger idea in front of a nurse, she walked in on myself while I was conducting the inquiry. Privacy isn't something one experiences often in these establishments. While I do not fully understand the concept, I do miss the ability to work within my Mind Palace without being interrupted by halfwits.

The fact that you wrote about your comrades believing you to be corresponding with a lover, must mean you have someone waiting for you back home; not that it is any of my concern on whether or not you have some boring, simple minded girl patiently waiting for her hero to return. All the while, suppressing her sexual urges, which she will eventually fall victim to, destroying any hopes on both of your parts of her being faithful. Again, not that your personal life truly matters to someone like myself, however I would hate for you to have any delusions on the subject.

Regardless I hope that writing to me has not taken valuable time away from writing to more important people. I understand that helping a hopeless drug addict probably made you feel like you were actually doing some good in your life, however I assure you that your services are no longer needed.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter is short. Also, I had a whole other direction for this chapter, but Sherlock sort of took over? Sorry not sorry lol
2nd June, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Summary

John is a captain, and doesn't put up with attitudes.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit early because I have to work 8 hours tomorrow on top of 2 hours of driving. I'm sure you don't mind that it's early though!

Dear Mr. Attitude-is-so-strong-I-can-smell-it-from-here,

You git! No.. Idiot! My first reaction was a rather angry “go fuck yourself with that stick that's so clearly shoved up your arse.” but luckily for you I've had a bit of time to calm down… Used the gym, punching bag to be more specific, if you were curious. Oh wait, I forgot! My personal life is of no interest to you. To bad I’m writing this with a pen, can’t erase that bit of detail.

I'm not sure what services you are referring to. If you mean my services as a military doctor, then you are mistaken. They are very much needed for at least another 4 years. (Or until I get shot and sent home.) However, if you mean services as a friend…well then, tough shit, mate. I'm not so easily scared away.

In the first letter I wrote to you, I said that your letter was the first piece of correspondence I’d received since getting here, yet you think somehow I’ve still managed to hold onto a lover back home? No. That ship has long sailed. There are the occasional hookups here, but that's about as far as my “love” reaches.

My curiosity is burning, and is getting the best of me. What is a mind palace? Because I have this image of you, whatever you look like, sitting with a sort of tiara on your head. And I assume that is not at all what you mean. Especially as that sort of behavior would warrant you a trip to a nice padded room.

So, if you can stomach writing to a lonely military doctor miles away from home (and a decent cuppa) I would very much like for you to knock off the bitchy attitude and leave that tone of voice to all the adolescent girls running about. If you were one of the men under my command I'd give you physical labor as a punishment for talking to me like that.

One last thing, before I go. You said you hopped I wasn't wasting my valuable time writing to you. So, if I may remind you, I wrote to you the moment my time off started, because I was anxious for it to be sent lest I sleep my whole free time away and miss sending it out. Ponder that, oh clever one. But if you wish this to be the last your hear from me simply don't reply.

Captain Watson
5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. It isn't Harold either.
Dear John,

I am hoping that this letter not only makes it to you, but comes at a time that is not too late, your interest having wandered somewhere else, to someone else. Not that I would completely blame you if it had. I have been told on numerous occasions I can be quite deplorable and exhibit sociopathic behaviour.

I would have written you as soon as your previous letter came into my possession, however my outside correspondence was completely removed for two weeks. Apparently certain infractions warrant such a punishment. It would have been much longer without a certain benefaction. I have not been told who, however I am certain my brother is involved. Whether he made a personal appearance or it was done through the payment of a third party I am not sure. I am sure however that he has a favour for me to perform as repayment once I get out of this deplorable place.

I am also quite sure your “ship” has most certainly not sailed. I have no doubt that you could keep someone overseas quite easily if you correspond even half the way you've communicated with myself. Your patience with a heavy drug addict, as well as an obvious loyalty and desire to heal, even if the people you're aiding are strangers, adds up to a very unique and astounding individual in my opinion and anyone who says otherwise is an idiot. Also the fact individuals are merely interested in giving you only “occasional hookups”, is a testament on how idiocy truly has managed to make its way into even the most remote of places. Such knowledge does not bode well for future generations.

Regardless of my previous transgressions, I was allowed supervised time outside of my room earlier today. I managed to convince one of the nurses, who is currently on staff, to allow a trip down to our local gift shop on the first floor. The selection of gifts and other hospital memorabilia was quite limited, especially if one was shopping for someone male and currently serving in the Queen's Army. I did manage to find something suitable however. I hope you find them suitable for use as well as accept the gift as an apology for my previous actions.

Also, as you have written to me twice with the secondary purpose of relieving me of guesses concerning your middle name, I feel like it is only appropriately fair that you allow me two guesses of my own to counterbalance:

-Humphrey

-Hanah

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom
Dear Sherlock,

The most interesting thing just happened. Your letter was hand delivered by none other than one “Mr. Mycroft Holmes” whom I could only assume from the moment I heard his name, to be your brother. (Not even a minute into our conversation I realized just how correct I was.)

So, there I was, one sunny (it is always sunny here, but not a good sunny) morning, sitting in my office minding my own business going over some medical reports, when in walks some posh bloke in a suit that has no right being in this godforsaken country. (Does he always have that gaudy gold pocket watch?) Before I have the chance to ask how I can help him, he just sits down across from me and stares. Finding myself more curious than annoyed at that early time in our meeting, I simply folded my hands under my chin and leaned forward over my desk and stared back.

After what I guess to be 3, maybe 4 minutes, he sits back and says, “Doctor Watson?” as if he had no idea whose office he was in. (My name is clearly written on the door, and my uniform has my surname written in at least 3 places.) I nod, and remain silent. He then pulls something, an envelope tied around a small package, out of his inside breast pocket, (how did it fit there?!?) and places it on the desk between us. Somehow, and I guess rightly so, I guessed I wasn’t supposed to reach for it yet; because then Mycroft cocks his head while wrinkling his nose and begins to question me about you.

Apparently he wanted to know what my intentions were with you, and why you seemed so keen on insisting you be able to write to me while your “privileges” were taken from you. (His words, not mine.) I calmly told him that it was none of his business whether we were friends or secret lovers, and that I wouldn’t tell him even if he had me dishonorably discharged from the military. (Does he always blink that much and look like he’s sucking on a lemon when he’s essentially just been told no? Or is that just how he normally looks.)

I then proceed to open the package attached to the letter and am greeted with the most vibrant red pants I have ever seen in my life. Had your brother not been sitting right there, watching my every move, my face would have mirrored that color. However, I managed to remain calm, fold the pants back up and smile at your brother as if I had been expecting them. (RED PANTS? SERIOUSLY, SHERLOCK? That’s your idea of an apology?! Thanks…. I guess, as they are quite comfortable.)

I then slid the letter over the desk and kept it under my flattened hand then told Mycroft that I would prefer to read your letter in private, if he didn’t mind.

At that point he rather got the hint that I was dismissing him, but before going he took it upon himself to inform me that you had somehow managed to get ahold of one of your old contacts (homeless network, I believe he said,) and was found in your room nearly overdosed from cocaine. It took every ounce of my strength, Sherlock, not to let my anger show. I wanted to punch my desk, punch your brother, maybe even strangle him… but I just blinked. Your darling brother then proceeded to inform me that it was my fault. That I was the one who caused you to relapse. That you didn’t know how to handle your feelings for me so in turn you decided to go back to the one thing you knew well, cocaine.

I lost my cool there and then. (One thing you should know about me. I’m well liked here on base. Not in a sexual or perverse way, but generally well liked. Had I wanted too, at this point in our conversation, I could have called any of my fellows and your brother would not have known which
way was up for very long time. He would have been smelling the colour nine for a least a week.) I
stood up, nearly knocking my chair backwards, and leaned forward over my desk until my nose
was nearly touching his long crooked proboscis, and I hissed at him. Another thing you will learn
about me, when we meet, is when I grow silent, or soft spoken, run. I told your brother everything
that was on my mind, held nothing back. Made a few demands of my own. -You might notice that
you’ve been transfered into a bigger room, with a window, and have access to an outside courtyard
(unsupervised) whenever you wish.- Along with one other, small, thing… If I were you, I’d stay
within earshot of a nurse on the day of July 12th. Roughly 2pm your time. I know it is a few weeks
away, but just trust me.

Sherlock… I don’t like that you’ve used again. I won't pretend I do. But I’m also not going to sit
here and go “now tell me how you're feeling, and why you did it.” because that won't fix anything.
That said, I do want you to know that I am here for you. Even if you just need someone to vent or
rant, or even bitch to. I consider you a friend, and I hope you feel the same. Yes, I am a doctor, and
yes I am a Captain. But I was first John Watson, baby brother… youngest in the family, the kid
who got away with everything because I knew who to suck up too. I hope that you can find some
part of me to call, at the very least, friend.

Also.. you were wrong on both guesses. Hanah? Really? I have a sister, whom I call Harry, and you
guess Hanah? Clearly when your brother claimed you to be a genius he was over exaggerating. I’ll
give you the two guesses. But from here on out, one guess a letter, mister.

Your brother (Can I please punch him?) is staying here on base “On business,” which I interpreted
as him spying on me. And while I doubt he'll keep this letter sealed… I’m going to give him my
reply before he leaves, if only because I know it will get to you much sooner than the regular post
would.) So, that said, I’m going to wrap this up and deliver it to him. (And maybe punch him... I
swear, that black eye was not my fault.) But, before I go…. Sherlock Holmes, don’t you bloody use
before now and the 12th, okay? Please? For me?

-Yours,

John Watson
5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. While not satisfying in the long term, a quickie in the supply shed does go a long way for
morale around here. Also, how do you know that I’m not hideous? For all you know my nose is
covered in warts and I’m missing half my teeth.

P. P. S. What was with Mycroft's umbrella? It hasn't rained here in two months.
Dear John,

I woke this morning to one of the most horrendous scenes I have ever witnessed. I was completely convinced that I had died at some point during the night, as there was no other explanation as to what was occurring and why. However, my exclamation on such a scenario being the only rational interpretation on why there was currently a giant elephant wearing a suit invading my room, was not received well by my dear brother. The constant denial of his physical health can not be good for a man his age.

The insipid lard then proceeded to inform me that he had taken it upon himself to personally hand deliver my letter to you. His excuse was that the hospital was refusing to mail you my gift along with the letter, and he knew just how much it would destroy me if I couldn’t give you a proper apology. I then proceeded to inform him that living in such a fantasy world was almost as unhealthy as his disgusting sweet intake, and that he should kindly piss off. I assure you however, that your written account between the both of you truly made the entire situation worthwhile.

I will say, you continue to surprise me John Watson. I have to say I am quite thankful that my letter found itself into your hands instead of one of the other soldiers stationed in the surrounding area. Otherwise, I believe I would have found myself leaving my prison of solitude much sooner than anticipated and under much different circumstances. Namely a body bag, as I would have ended my life to avoid the pain of having to converse with such idiocy on a regular basis.

So Captain, am I correct in assuming that it was your doing concerning the immediate upgrade in my living arrangements? Quite the new space I have. Higher count sheets, a writing desk for me to use when transcribing; a decent sized window that, even with the frosted windows and bar placement, lets in a considerable amount of sunlight. They also informed me that they were not able to acquire permission for unsupervised time, but hope that the hour a day to freely roam the courtyard was sufficient. I told them it was, as I would most likely not take advantage of that particular privilege as often as my others. I was also allowed access to reading materials. A very selective list of reading materials, however finally having something to stimulate my brain is a great welcome regardless.

I suppose now would be the appropriate time to answer some of your previous questions from your past letters. Most importantly, the inquiry about my Mind Palace and electronic restriction. Electronics were, and still are, my main source of communication. This was even more so when I was looking for my next “high”. I suppose the hospital staff are worried I will contact one of my past suppliers and “fall off the wagon” as it were. Considering that was how I was able to obtain my recent dosage of peaceful oblivion, pick-pocketed and relieve one of the on staff nurses of her phone, I seriously doubt I will have such a luxury bestowed upon me in the future. Personally I believe that such an accomplishment should be a negative representation of the security in this place and not my character. Such an argument was not looked upon with favour however.

My brother occupies his own personal position in the British Government. He believes himself to be highly intimidating and prides himself on being part of certain sophisticated circles. I suppose his choice of accessories is used as extension and a reminder to others of such things. Also, I highly
doubt your physical image is nothing short of impressive and on the socially accepted spectrum of attractiveness. In fact, I have no doubt of such a thing.

My Mind Palace is much more difficult to explain. I suppose the easiest way to correctly describe such an advanced form of thinking, in a way you will understand, is that I am able to recall everything I have ever learned or experienced through mnemonic imaging. I only store important information however. Everything I deem unimportant, I delete immediately as my Mind Palace has precious but limited amount of space. Think of my mind as a hard drive if that helps.

Also you told me to stay in earshot of a nurse on the 12th of July? Why the twelfth? What’s going on? Is it important? Why should I be available? Do I want to be available? I don’t like surprises John. I demand that you tell me what is going on.

I also regret to inform you, dear Doctor, that I am permitted THREE guesses a correspondence, as you so generously stated in one of your previous letters --

“Speaking of idiots, I’ve been a royal idiot. Please, call me John. None of this “Captain” thing… unless you’re into that sort of thing. Even here, unless we have company, I'm hardly called Captain. While on the topic of names; no you git I wasn't showcasing my stupidity, that was just my sarcastic way of saying I hate my middle name. You may, however, guess it. Three guesses per a letter should keep you busy, I think”.

Higgins

Hubert

Holly

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Postscript: Please feel free to actually punch my brother when you have the privilege of seeing him again; I feel doing so might cause some intelligence to shake loose, which would be a huge improvement on his current attributes. Also, I thought it was regulation to refer to a person by their rank, not their salutation*. Again, feel free to punch my brother next you encounter him.

Chapter End Notes

*Quote from Stargate SG-1

Almost didn't get this up in time! Thankfully I was able to finish this late last night so you guys don't have to wait til tonight or even tomorrow. Also thank my better half for the quote and remembering where it came from (ﾉ´ヮ´)ﾉ*:・゚✧
Dear Sherlock,

First please let me apologize for my tardiness. For the past 8 days I have either been ill, or tending to the rest of the base. A day after your brother left, a rather nasty bout of the flu tore its way through the ranks, and it was all hands on deck. (So to speak.) I spent three days in bed getting rather well acquainted with the inside of a mop bucket. Then, the moment I stopped throwing up my help was required in the hospital to help those who had gotten it worse than I.

Second, it is my sincerest hope that by sending this letter inside a book, the weight of the package doesn't slow this down. We have a rather impressive “take a book, leave a book” area in the mess tent, and I thought that you were peculiar enough to enjoy The Poisons of Afghanistan: Plants and Animals. I just ask that you don't use any newly found knowledge until you're out of rehab. Also, there is no point in me explaining what will happen on the 12th, as unless I am very lucky, this letter won't get to you until after, or the day of. So just, trust me, yeah?

I rather got the sense that Mycroft was not well pleased with my reaction towards him. It seems he is well known in the higher ranks, and was given VIP status during his stay. My commanding officer, Colonel Moran, nearly chewed my head off when he heard how I had “treated” him. I for one, refuse to be put down, in my own office no less, and told that something I have no control over is my fault.

Yes. Without sounding arrogant, it is on my orders that you were moved. While your brother was here, staring down his crooked honker at me, I called your doctor. (He wasn't too keen on that.) Wasn't she surprised to hear from me. I demanded to talk to whoever she reports to, and well, let's just say some changes have been made. I'll leave you to discover them for yourself.

While the subject is still loosely on that of your brother; it made me realize I don't know your age. For all I know I've been corresponding with a teenager. But going by your brother, I'd say he’s mid forties, you're probably more my age. (I'm 30.) But he kept saying baby brother, which makes it sound like you are quite some years his junior.

I still don't see why you're not allowed electronics. Yeah, the risk of reaching out to a past source is there. But isn't the risk of boredom and doing something extreme out of said boredom higher? God knows I get antsy and restless when I've had a few days with nothing to do here. It's like a timebomb waiting to go off. Perhaps, you should write another essay. (Leaving smart arse a wide berth, if I were you.) I would write about the negative effects of boredom, and perhaps come up with a few things to help quell that. Music, writing, reading, anything. If it is well thought out, perhaps something good will come of it.

So, might I still imagine you, and this mind palace, as you sitting deep in thought with a tiara? If so, I must ask. Do you have short hair? What color is it? What can I use to fuel this rather entertaining image? Myself, I'm on the shorter side but fit, dark blue eyes, sandy hair and I'm rather tan now, thanks to the ever present sun here.

I'm sorry (I'm really not.) to inform you that you are wrong on all three guesses. What is with the
rather feminine guesses? Holly? Are you serious? Though I find myself enjoying Higgins much more than my actual middle name. John Higgins Watson. Sounds, royal, like I deserve a knighthood. Perhaps I do, for putting up with your brother. I think I'll write to the Queen once I've finished this letter.

I had initially told myself that I wouldn't bring up this topic, but I find I can't. Sherlock, was that a joke? You leaving in a body bag? Or, would you actually do something like that? This isn't just the doctor in me asking, Sherlock. If I can help, in any way… I don't do this, feelings, well. But, I feel like I'm closer to you than anyone else. And the thought of losing you… well, it isn't pleasant.

*Captain* John Watson  
5th Northumberland Fusiliers  
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.s. Imagine a chess board. Pawn to G3. (I'm white, no use arguing.)

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I've had this written for ages. Waiting to post it was torture! Hope you enjoy it! -Tindo
12 July, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

So because it is technically Wednesday in London and I'm feeling rather crappy, plus at the urging of a certain someone (you know who you are lady), I have decided to post our special chapter today. I really hope everyone loves this as much as we loved writing it!

Sherlock speaking in Italics
John speaking in bold

“What the hell do you want?”

“Well, I did just go through the trouble of allowing you one phone call. A ‘Hello’ would be nice.”

“......you’re...not......”

“Not who? Mycroft? No, last time I checked my name was John.”

“......John.”

“Mmm, yeah. John H. Watson. Doctor, if you wish. Or Captain. Sherlock, I assume, yeah?”

“Sherlock.....yeah, I’m Sherlock.”

“Haha, good. We’ve got that settled then. I’m sorry, if this phone call’s got you a bit... rattled. Mycroft said it was a bad idea, but I told him to shove his umbrella up his derriere... well.. I might have said arse.”

“Honestly, I believe that to be a perfect place. Wish I could have seen your exchange.”
“I’m pretty sure if you’d been there I wouldn’t have been so calm. Was probably better this way, meet him first, settle who’s alpha dog and all.”

“Even without such an encounter, there would have been no doubt who the, so called, alpha dog would be. A meeting for determining such status would be pointless.”

“I hardly think putting your brother in his… very large… place is pointless. But enough of your brother, really. I called to talk with you. Letters are slow, and after our past few… I needed to know how you were, and how Doctor Stamford was working out for you.”

“...how did you know I received a new doctor?”

“Another one of my… arrangements. Mike’s a good friend of mine. We studied at Bart’s together. He’s got the patience of a saint.”

“Ah, that would explain his interest. He began asking me a plethora of questions concerning you and your current condition, once it came out you were the individual I was transcribing with. I may have told him you weren’t any of his business, and to actually put his mouth to good use through eating the cupcake he had hidden in his desk.”

“Oi, be nice to him, if only because he’s a friend. Granted, I’ve done a shit job keeping up with him since I’ve been gone… I rather suck at writing. Except to you, it seems. And Mike doesn’t know how to use his e-mail, man was still sporting a flip phone well past its prime. ...So, Sherlock, how is he working out for you? Better than Professor Umbridge?”

“Who?”

“Harry Potter? Ever see it? Read the books?”

“Harry what? And seen what? The books?”

“The series… Harry Potter, there’s like… 7 books. But, oi, is this you just trying to avoid the question? You seem to enjoy avoiding questions.”
“I honestly have no idea what you are talking about John.”

“Mmm sure. Did you get my letter? I wouldn’t be surprised if you haven’t yet. I only sent it a few days ago.”

“It was actually delivered to me this morning…..I enjoyed reading it. Also, thank you for the book. Having access to the facilities reading material is beneficial, but only to a point. Having what you sent me however promises to be highly stimulating.”

“Of course you’d find that book interesting. Don’t even know why it was here, honestly. But come on, Sherlock… why aren’t you telling me how you feel about Mike? If it's to spare my feelings, don’t. I’m a big boy.”

“You asked me about some person named Umbridge. Honestly, who would name their child such a thing.”

“Sherlock… for Christ’s sake…”

“Mike is a satisfactory doctor by the way. Only time will tell if he is up to the task however. Surprised you waited until now to ask about him. I thought you were more concerned with my well-being.”

“Ha… yeah… silly me. Going on about some book. Should have asked right away. Just do me one favour. Don’t poison him. Please?”

“Why would I poison him?”

“Well, I did just give you a book on poisons… Just felt like the right thing to say, you can let him know the book is my fault, by the way. He’ll probably let it slide… So, uh, is this… weird for you at all?”

“ Weird? No, why? Should it be weird? Are you feeling weird? I’m honestly not any good at this so it’s no surprise that you would feel that way.”
“Weird? No. Quite comfortable, actually. Just started my 72 hours off. Much needed after the last week. God was that total shit. Literally, at times. And you’re doing just fine, by the way.”

“I’m sorry you ended up sick. I hated knowing that you were suffering and I wasn’t there to help you.”

“Oh? Mmm well that’s uh.. Nice. Thanks. God, please tell me you can’t hear my smile from there.”

“You can’t hear a smile John. However, I can tell by the tone of your voice, and the inflection on certain syllables, that you are indeed feeling quite uplifted.”


“Well, considering how evasive you are with your middle name, I figured your parents may have blessed you with something more on the effeminate side. Most males seem to find such things a threat to their masculinity. Would make sense then that you would hide it.”

“Ah… but who say’s I’m hiding? This is just a bit of fun, honestly.”

“Mmmm. You must have been the life of the party during your uni days.”

“I went to a lot of parties. But my coach would have killed me had I partied. Played rugby… Was the team captain, if I was off my game… well… it’s why I left, joined the army. But you sort of know that story. Now, before uni… Ha… there’s a John Watson I miss. Carefree, quite the charmer, always getting into some sort of trouble but in the end getting away with it because everyone just loved me.”

“I don’t know, you seem to be quite the charmer still.”

“Oh? Really now. If I didn’t know better I’d think you were flirting with me, Sherlock Holmes.”
“......”

“Which is fine… by the way.”

“I know it’s fine.”

“Right… good. That’s good then.”

“......I’m twenty-four.”

“I broke my right arm first year of uni. Not by playing rugby. Fell off my bed, I had the top bunk.”

“What?”

“Thought we were sharing things about ourselves.”

“You asked me about my age in your letter. I was just answering your inquiry.”

“I know you tit. I was trying to make you laugh. Judging by your voice… I can only imagine what your laugh sounds like.”

“I honestly couldn’t tell you.”

“You’ve never laughed before? Ever?”

“If I ever did, I deleted it.”
“Off your hard drive?”

“Yes.”

“Ahh… well, I’ll have to make you laugh, before we hang up. I’ll remember it for you.”

“It probably isn’t as great as you presume it’s going to be.”

“Yeah? Well, leave that for me to determin. I bet it’s a lovely laugh.”

“I highly doubt it. My voice itself is far too deep and sounds like shoes crunching on pavement. Not exactly a sound people are fond of, if my experience is anything to go by.”

“Maybe we’ve just gotta make a new experience, yeah? Maybe I enjoy the sound of gravel being crunched under a pair of shoes. How do you know? Listen… don’t put yourself down just because some asshole once told you something that was, I’m pretty sure, untrue just to get a rise out of you. Do I need to yell at Mike for letting you talk shit about yourself?”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“Wouldn’t dare what, sweetheart? Calling Mike and telling him off? Yeah, actually, I would. He’d get a kick out of it.”

“......”

“Uh… you alright? Still there? Sherlock?”

“......”

“Sherlock, sweetheart? Did something happen to you?”

“......you just...called...me...sweetheart...twice......”
“Mmm… Problem?”

“I don’t think so…no.”

“Good.”

“Good.”

“Oh? Is that a… a giggle I hear?”

“For god sakes John, I don’t…giggle.”

“Fine. Snicker? Chortle? Snigger? Either way, you were laughing. And let me tell you, it didn’t sound anything like gravel. More like… The sound of a wave hitting a beach.”

“That has to be the most romanticized description I have ever heard.”

“Problem?”

“I get the feeling that it would be something I would have to suffer through regardless. You seem like the type of person who can’t help but find romanticism in everything.”

“Well… Can you blame me, with a noise that gorgeous. Especially as I’ve been away from home… One does tend to romanticize things once they’ve been gone for a while.”

“So, are you saying that once you return, such mannerisms would discontinue?”

“Depends. Do you plan on continuing to laugh once I’ve returned?”
“I highly doubt it...unless someone gives me a reason to.”

“Well then, you’ve left me with a tough answer. I think, for as long as you keep laughing, I’ll continue to romanticize it. So... Sherlock, what types of things do you enjoy? What makes you tick... other than the reason you’re stuck with dear old Mike?”

“Why does Captain Watson want to know? Does he plan on using said information to win my favour?”

“Perhaps... Why don’t you answer the question and find out?”

“I enjoy puzzles, difficult puzzles that keep my mind working. The more difficult, the more enjoyable the stimulation. My mind is constantly taking in information. If it doesn’t have worthwhile input...it’s like an engine, racing out of control; a rocket, tearing itself to pieces trapped on the launch pad.”

“So, then.... Why the fuck did you last doctor shut you up in your room? What the fuck good is that going to do? Any normal person, and you’re not normal...and I don’t mean that as an insult...any normal person would go crazy. Out of their mind... just being left to their own thoughts. Especially in rehab, where they’re supposed to be overcoming something. God, I’d love to kick your last two doctors in their pompous behinds and tell them a thing or two...”

“You don’t have to pretend with me John. I know I’m a freak, and I know that’s unsettling to people. You don’t have to come to my rescue, I’m honestly used to it.”

“Freak? No... God, Sherlock... no. You’re not a freak. Perhaps... different. But that doesn’t make you a freak. And what if I want to come to your rescue, mm? What then?”

“Well I suppose I shouldn’t deny the knight the chance to prove himself.”

“Mmm... ta. Uh... just want to make sure that... you’re not getting in trouble for being on the phone this long? No need to worry about cost on my end. Your darling brother will be fronting the bill.”
“As much as I would love to send my brother an outrageous bill, courtesy of the great Captain Watson, the head nurse is starting to give me her famous look of agitation. I feel she may cut us off prematurely, and I would hate not being able to give you a proper send off.”

“Right… so listen. Mike has my number. Knows how to reach me here. I agreed that right now, with the whole ‘no electronics’ thing, it would be best not to give it to you. If only to save you from the temptation of calling me. However… if things get bad, or… anything. Talk to Mike, and if he thinks it’ll help, you can give me a call. Yeah? For now we’ll just have to write. But… I’m… here.”

“......what if I just wanted to......call you I mean. Could I still? Even if it wasn’t because something was...bad?”

“Well… Mike doesn’t need to know that something’s not wrong. What he doesn’t know won't hurt him. You’re clever, think of something. He’s a big softie at heart, so if you just push the right buttons…”

“Are you giving me permission to manipulate my doctor?”

“Ahhhh… No. But… permission to manipulate my friend. Perhaps. However, I will pretend, if asked, that I never said any such thing.”

“Oh you’re are a bad man John Watson.”

“Mmm, I’ve been told that. Once or twice. But you don’t seem to mind terribly.”

“Not at all.”

“...I find I don’t want to hang up.”

“Surprisingly I find myself returning that sentiment.”

“Well, at least you have a letter to write. I’ve got… 70 and a half hours of free time ahead of
me, with nothing much to do now.”

“Perhaps I should send something to help occupy your time with my next letter.”

“Hmm.. like what perhaps?”

“Now where would the fun be if I told you that?”

“Ahh, I see. If that is how you want to play.”

“Mmmm. Well dear John, I shall leave you here to ponder our tête-à-tête. At least until our next conversation.”

“Hey, Sherlock?”

“Mmm?”

“Jesus, this sounds lame… but.. Thanks. Thanks for that first letter. Thanks for… this. Whatever exactly this is…”

“.....This?”

“Uh, yeah..this, us.”

“Us...yeah.”

“I’m three and a half hours ahead of you, and my stomach is keenly reminding me about that fact. I think, if I hurry, I have just enough time to dash to the mess tent and see if I can bribe the cook into giving me a plate to take back to my tent. It always helps, you know, having a doctor on your side.”
“So I’ve been told.”

“Right, well… Take care, Sherlock. Okay? For me?”

“’I can’t make any promises, but….for you….I’m willing to try.’”

“By the way, I’m shit at Chess.. So, go easy on me.”

“Sorry but I have a one a day limit when it comes to promises.”

“Ahh… well then, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, bring it on.”

“I intend to, Captain John H. Watson.”

“Goodnight, Sherlock.”

“Goodnight, John.”
August 4, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dear John,

I still don't know why I let you and Mycroft talk me into visiting my parents for the weekend. It's only my first night here and things are already pure torture. Ignoring the fact that I'm being forced to take part in the organisation and decor for mummy's party, Mycroft has already let it slip that I have been writing to a "special friend who is currently out serving our Queen in the war". Mummy, in her usual manner, was all ecstatic about me “finding a nice boy” and began asking numerous questions about you. What your name was, how old you were and other tedious inquiries. Even after I explained rather explicitly that we were not dating, not that I would be against such things, she was still insistent that I invite you over once you come back to England. Don't worry, we can make sure you're engaged in more important matters so as to not have you become a victim of the inquisition.

My father, of course, was the more sensible. He didn't say much on the subject, but assured me that he was happy I had someone to talk to. I never cared much about having friends, however I know it upset my father, especially when I was much younger. He attempted to soften the blow of solitude by letting me get away with much more than I should have. Looking back, I am most certain that I took advantage of that almost regularly.

There is one aspect of coming back here that I do enjoy, something I dare say I have missed. Out behind our house is one of mummy’s ongoing projects. She decided around eighteen years ago that she had grown bored with her regular routine, and decided to work “outside her comfort zone” is how I believe she described it. I wasn't quite sure what to make of her new project; I saw no benefit to creating and cultivating a flower garden at the time.

However, around the age of eight years, I actually began to appreciate her work and even began helping her. I remember researching all the different types of flowers and plants that were available, what plants complemented each other in type and composition, and if they could be used in anyway other than the typical decoration. I had an affinity for the more poisonous species. Unfortunately, mummy wouldn't plant most of the ones I brought to her attention, but she did allow for some of the more lesser toxic ones as a special reward for good behaviour.

As interesting as I found flora, there was something else that would soon consume me in a way I never thought even remotely possible. Bees. Bees John! They came in droves! To watch such a large insect land upon such fragile petals, and not disturb a fraction of their structure was amazing to observe. My child mind thought that it might have been a fluke the first time I observed one, but further observation proved I was most incorrect. I then noticed them leaving each flower bathed in said flowers pollen, only to continue on to the next as if nothing was amiss! My mummy explained to me the importance of bees and pollination at this point which, I am not ashamed to say, spurred my continued research.

Did you know bees communicate with each other through dance? Such knowledge is what most likely fueled my own interest in the art of dance and music. Also, did you know that the sting apparatus has its own musculature and ganglion, which allow it to keep delivering venom once detached. The gland in a honey bee, which produces the alarm pheromone, is also associated with
the sting apparatus. The embedded stinger continues to emit additional alarm pheromones after it has torn loose. However, when it comes to defense against larger insects, such as predatory wasps, such defense is usually performed by surrounding the intruder with a mass of defending worker bees, which vibrate their muscles vigorously to raise the temperature of the intruder to a lethal level. That, along with the increased carbon dioxide levels, kills the attacker.

A community of honey bees has also often been employed throughout history by political theorists as a model of human society. They also signify immortality and resurrection for some societies. When I get old and tired of interaction with the modern world, I want to retire somewhere secluded and raise bees. I want to have rows of hives for me to tend to. I'll provide them with a safe and nurturing place to exist and thrive, and in return they will produce the most delicious honey imaginable.

It has become quite late and I have to be up early to assist with last minute preparations for mummy’s party. I should be back at my original living space by the time you receive this correspondence. That along with the risk of you calling me sweetheart on the higher end, please send your reply back to London so my mother doesn't read such endearments; she’ll be planning our wedding otherwise.

More middle name inquiries:

Hamm
Honeycutt
Huxtable

Sherlock Holmes
Chailey Green
Nr. Lewes
East Sussex BN8

Postscript: I know you have inquired about my physical appearance. I hope you do not fault me for making you wait one more letter. Also, pawn to D5.

Chapter End Notes

I just wanted to inform everyone that I do not know a thing about bees, and all that I wrote came from internet research. I didn't write everything I learned, there were sooo many interesting facts that the letter would have been crazy long, so I highly encourage you guys to look some things up yourself :D (if you want obviously).
11th August, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

John is a whore. He's currently bound, gagged, and shoved in my closet.

Dear Sherlock,

Has anyone ever told you that, when passionate about something, you are utterly adorable? Though, I don’t doubt you’re always rather adorable. Your excitement caused the biggest grin I’ve had since coming to this hell hole to capture my face until it hurt. I wish I were there, with you in person, listening to you describe the habits of bees. I don’t doubt that you’d be able to tell me how those habits vary from species to species. I know little about bees or gardens, but I love how excited it makes you. Why don’t you talk to Mike, perhaps you can start a small garden in the courtyard? From the pictures online (yes, I googled it) the courtyard looks quite lovely, but lacking in colour.

Sweetheart, your brother and I agreed (which in itself is scary enough) that getting you out of the rehab center for a few days would be good for you. I personally hate that you’re still there. While he won’t admit it, I believe your brother prefers you there, where he can keep an eye on you. Said you’re a bit of a flight risk… He also confided in me, and might kill me for telling you, that the reason he wanted you at your mother’s party… well, he hasn’t told her that you’re in rehab again. (Again?!) And that if she found out, it would break her heart. Jesus, Sherlock… again?

You crossed something out in your last letter… I’m not ashamed to say I did my best to read it. Every single word of yours is precious to me. I even held the letter up to a strong light, hoping to get some clue as to what you decided not to tell me. The only word I could make out was ‘against’. Against what? Dating? Dating me? I’ll admit, I’m curious… Also, what if I wanted to meet your mother? Eh? What then, I mean, I could very well be a war hero when I return. Will you deny me my every whim then?

Regarding your appearance… Sherlock Holmes! I’ve patiently waited over a month now! I’ve heard your voice, which is lovely… oh and your laugh. I haven’t been able to get that giggle out of my head. I think about it at the strangest times. Just yesterday, I was repairing some poor sod’s intestines (shrapnel damage) and I caught myself grinning from ear to ear as your giggle echoed through my memory. God, you make me smile. You’re infectious, Sherlock, yet I can’t seem to get enough. Every time I hear from you… I want more. I want to get on the phone, call Mike, and demand to talk to you just for the sake of hearing your voice.

But yes, about your apparent refusal to send me a mental image. I’ve just decided that, until rectified, I shall picture you as a Mycroft Holmes lookalike. Perhaps a bit rounder in the midsection though. Which is a rather entertaining image once the tiara has been added.

I feel I must warn you, Sherlock, that with the Afghan Paramilitary election nearing… things have begun to heat up on our end… back in June, Operation Red Wings resulted in the death of 19 Americans and many Taliban fighters. And I fear that this is just the beginning. Please do not be alarmed if our letters are slowed down a bit, the military is doubling their securities and going
through all the mail. So, no nudes, okay?

Speaking of nudes. Do you know how alarming it is to enter your tent after a long day in surgery and find your commanding officer sprawled naked in your bed? No? Well, I do. It is very alarming. I didn't know if I should salute (Can't bring myself to stay “stand at attention” with a straight face anymore.) or if I should ask him if he’s got the wrong tent. Turns out, he misread my friendliness for flirting. And, as he's the Colonel, not many people turn him down, if you get my meaning.

I did my best to kindly express that it had simply been a misunderstanding, that I was exhausted, and would like to be left alone to sleep. He then told me that he could “help me fall asleep.” And wasn't all that thrilled when I respectfully asked him to leave my tent.


As much as I would enjoy writing to you for the next few hours, so much has happened here since we talked last, I should practice a bit of self discipline and go to bed. We’re all running on fumes here and what little sleep we get is precious. The nearest town had a bit of action, and I’ve treated so many small children. Too many. Broken bones, open wounds from debris flying the air, starvation, god, Sherlock, it breaks my heart.

Keep writing to me, even if you don't hear from me right away. I might not get time to write, but I can steal time to read.

Your special exhausted soldier friend,
John.

Captain John Watson
5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

Oh yes! Pawn to B4. Gee. This is getting exciting! I think I'm winning.
19th August, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

There is a surprise for everyone (and John) at the end of this letter! Also, check out this awesome tumblr. Without her, the beautiful surprise at the end would NOT have been possible.

http://signoftwo.tumblr.com/

John Hamish Watson,

I must say, you have successfully broken my heart. I thought you and I had something quite special going with our numerous correspondences, but obviously such thoughts were nothing more than fleeting wishes of my own creation. For you to describe me as nothing more than a pompous daft whale, I honestly thought better of you. However, as your previous letter has found me in a rather good mood, I have decided to give you a second chance. I must warn you though, it is going to take more than simple sweet words now to woo me good Doctor.

Yes, I have been encased in this torturous hell a time before. Not this particular center but one very similar. It was shortly after my first year in university I believe. I suppose my brother’s purpose of sharing such information with you was an attempt to show you exactly how much of an unsavory character I am, and that you really should put as much distance between us as possible. I truly am not a good man John, especially compared to someone as selfless, brave and remarkable as yourself. Also, while we are on the subject of you, and to answer one of your previous inquiries, only a fool would be against having you as their significant other. Someone who would turn away such a remarkable person, they do not deserve your company nor the pleasure of saying a mere two words to you. You deserve someone who will constantly be there for you, somebody who shares your merits and can give you nothing short of the best experience that this horrendous life has to offer.

I find myself in almost constant worry about you, John. Such a feeling is quite foreign to me. Regardless of my future position in your life, I want you to know that the thought of something happening to you does not bring pleasant thoughts to my mind, especially during the “lights out” hours of my stay here. I feel that even the distraction of a seven percent solution would not be enough to blind me from such reality. Also, I feel I must inform you that I do not trust this Moran character. For him to be audacious enough to present himself with the presumption that you would follow as meekly as his previous conquests -- You are free to do as you wish, however I fear this man will not give up on you so easily; especially if what you said about him in your previous letter is to be true.

I feel I must regrettably cut this letter short. I have recently discovered that the head doctor has been housing a male lover, an ex addict and former patient as it were. I am not sure, but I believe his wife of twenty-five years would not be appreciative of his extracurricular activities. Such personal grievances however, aren’t of any interest to me. Nevertheless, I am concerned with the usage of government money to sustain his secret life. He will be leaving for a late meeting at any moment, and I need to be ready to begin collecting the necessary evidence to present to the police.
Postscript: With this letter, you should find a small picture attached. Within its content, you will find myself. I managed to borrow one of Mummy’s hair accessories before I was shipped back here. Apologies if the quality is less than stellar. The staff here do not always have the most high quality of phones. Also, such a reason is to why my letter arrived quite late. I had to wait for the security and staff to be spread thin in order for me to commandeer an office computer and printer.

So confident my dear Doctor. We have truly yet to begin. Pawn to E5

2nd September, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dear Sherlock,

I must say: you are a twat. A git. An idiot. Insufferable. Yet irresistible. And you have ignored my questions for the last time. (At least give me the illusion of control, yeah?) How is that for wooing, dear Sherlock? Romantic enough for you, you tosser.

If breaking your heart is all I need to do to reward myself with a picture of you.... then please, Sherlock, how else can I break it? Shall I give in to Moran, have a quickie with the nurse who was flirting with me today, or shall I ask you to go steady? (Go steady with me , of course.)

Jesus... you are... yeah you're gorgeous. Your hair... god those cheekbones. Long fingers that, well, I'd like to do things too... Though, I'm ashamed to say I'm saddened by not getting to see the colour of your eyes. The tiara is a nice touch. Thank you, it will make my imagining you and your "mind palace" oh so much easier. I shall keep this picture with me always.

You claim to be a despicable, deplorable, even unlovable man. Yet I find that the man I’ve been corresponding with these past five months (nearly to the day) is warm, brilliant, and thoughtful. Don't argue. This is not the first time you've expressed concern for my well being. Sherlock, I don't see "a bad man" when I talk with you. A few bad habits, and a few bad choices, do not make a bad man. Not unless you've completely given up on yourself. Which I do not believe to be the case. So far the only thing I can accuse you of is, well, making me happy. You keep me from getting bored as well, which is more than welcome. Also, isn't there enough distance between us now? I'm in a different bloody time zone!

I'm not exactly the “remarkable” man you make me out to be. Have you managed to guess, or otherwise find out, about the time I was arrested in my early 20’s? Apparently the Yard doesn't take kindly to men streaking through Hyde Park with two pints of whiskey taped to each hand.

Ahh… Moran. He is, a nuisance, but nothing I can't handle. He is quite good looking, and I don't believe rejection is something he's ever accounted before. As of yet, he's been no trouble. Keeps his distance even, though I catch him looking at me when we're in the same room. But please, don't worry yourself over him. (Though the concern is… comforting.)

I googled you, by the way. Don't know why I never thought to do it before now. The ‘science’ of deduction? Must say that's a new phrase for me. Much like hamburger was new for you. (Why didn't I get a picture of that!) Is that how you learned about the head doctor and his lover? Through deduction? I would love to hear the full story. Also… how the hell did you get my birth certificate!?

I believe I need some clarification. When you say. “Head doctor” are you talking about a psychiatrist, or the Chief of Staff I… er… chatted with last month. If the later, then there is no wonder you've been in rehab before. Clearly your brother just cares about the price tag of your recovery, not about who helps you recover. I'm glad, at least, that Mike is there. I trust him.

Speaking of Mike… how are his buttons looking? It's a rather pressing matter, or I wouldn't
Sherlock, will you forgive me for cutting this letter short? Though my heart wishes for me to continue, I seem to be at a loss for words. A first for me, I do believe. A good night's sleep is in order for this doctor... why I agreed to come here in the first place is beyond me.

John Hamish Watson

5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

Knight to F3. I've already had to draw this out. Almost couldn't remember my first move. I have also included... *something* in this letter. As I'm sure you'll see.
I swear to god that John took over. I had a whole other direction planned for this letter!

Again! Thank you to the lovely http://signoftwo.tumblr.com/ for the Art!!! You're the best!
16th September, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Something a little different than Sherlock's usual letters. B informed me that Sherlock has some physical needs... and John was more than happy to help.

Back to letters on Monday, B is just having a rough/long week at uni and couldn't find time for an actual letter.

Just like before, John is Bold Sherlock is italics

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the hell do you want?”

“Oh?"’

“Oh! Sherlock... you’re not... well I wasn’t expecting you to call.”

“John?! Is that really you?!”

“Mmm. Who were you expecting? Your brother?”

“Prove it. What was the name of that ridiculous book series you prattled on about in our last phone conversation.”

“Harry Potter. Sherlock, is something wrong?”

“Okay, I suppose it is you then. Needed to make sure you weren’t someone pretending to be you.”

“And who would pretend to be me? I mean, really, Sherlock... I’m in the middle of a desert, surrounded by people killing each other, sewing up the people who are lucky enough not to get killed.”

“Exactly!! I’ve been trying to call you for 2 weeks, 6 hours, 24 minutes and 39 seconds!! No return calls, no letters...I thought you had been killed! I then realized that if you had, there was no way I would ever know! No one in your life knows I exist or how much you mean to me, so why would they tell me! We’re not married so it’s not like I’d get a letter declaring you killed in action or anything....and then I actually get an answer, but what if it’s someone pretending to be you! What if...”

“Sherlock, sweetheart, I’m alright. Just... exhausted. I haven’t been in my office for a good week and a half, and the last time I was here it was to grab a file I needed. I’ve either been operating, checking on patients, or sleeping. I’m sorry I haven’t written... I’ve wanted too, wanted to call, I just... couldn’t find the time.”

“Oh...that...makes more sense actually.”
“So, how many times have you called exactly? And, how many of those times does Mike know about?”

“I’ve called 43 and a half times. I would have called more, but Mike only allowed me one call per hour.”

“How… reasonable of him. Why didn’t you write, don’t tell me your writing privileges were taken away again.”

“No, I still have them. I just…wanted to hear your voice again…”

“Good, that’s good. I thought I might have er, scared you off with my last letter.”

“Why would you have scared me off?”

“Well, I was a bit forward.”

“…Were you?”

“Hmm, a bit. I mean, if I remember correctly, I might have got a bit heavy on the flirting.”

“Oh. I didn’t really mind it…unless you regret it. I can delete it if you want.”

“Delete it! Hell. no. Don’t… I meant it. All of it.”

“Oh. Good….that’s….good.”

“So, sweetheart, how are you? It’s been what, three weeks since we’ve been able to… Uh… talk?”

“I’ve already told you John, it’s been 2 weeks, 6 hours, 24 minutes and 39 seconds. It hasn’t been three weeks, don’t be ridiculous. Also, I’m fine; things are just as boring and tortuous as ever. You would think the staff would implement more of a variety in their attempts to drive me into an early grave.”

“So, you’re saying… that you’ve been trying to call since you got my letter?”

“I really hate repeating myself John. Seriously, how many more times do I have to say it?”

“Right. Wait, what are you repeating?”

“Somehow your intelligence has dropped considerably since our last correspondence. I wonder if intense heat has any correlation with brain function…”

“Either that, or the fact I haven’t slept in 78 hours. So, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, why have you been trying to call me?”

“…I’ve changed my mind. You are obviously not the real John and I refuse to be manipulated further.”

“Oi, you tosser, give an exhausted man a break. You’ve either been trying to call me to ask if I was actually serious about… us… or to tell me off. I’m just trying to figure out which.”

“I haven’t masturbated since I hit puberty. However, judging by the stains that decorated your

...
“...Sherlock Holmes. I don’t know what stains you’re talking about. And you are avoiding the question YET again.”

“What is that noise?”

“Wh-what noise?”

“That crinkling.”

“What crinkling, sweetheart?”

“That crinkling! The one that sounds suspiciously like a bag of ice or some other makeshift cold medical dressing. Are you hurt John?! Did someone hurt you?! It was Moran wasn’t it. John, you better tell me if he or someone else hurt you or --”

“No, shut up. I’m fine. It wasn’t Moran, or anyone else. It’s just a sprain. I’ll be fine in a week or so.”

“A sprain?”


“Going by the tone of your voice, I can tell that you aren’t trying to cover up any truly intense pain. However, doing your required and requested duties has exasperated the injury, causing you to make use of an improvised cooling pack. Taking into account background noise, the obvious position of your desk, the distortion caused naturally by poorly constructed landlines....your injury is most likely located in your upper body region, namely either in your bicep or lower arm muscles. Since it is highly unlikely any activity available to you in your current circumstances, both recreational and otherwise, would injure your bicep.....it’s statistically more logical that your injury in located in your lower arm, more specifically in the wrist area. It could easily be argued that your job would naturally cause some discomfort, however the frequency of our correspondence, namely the short amount of time between each written communication, shows that your body is well acclimated to the demands of your numerous patients. Therefore, it is obvious that your injury has --”

“I bloody hurt my wrist wanking too much. Now will you stop being so damn brilliant and shut up?”

“So the stains on your letter are seminal fluid then.”

“...No. I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

“......I find that your pictures cause a similar physical reaction in myself as of late.”

“Yours blew me away, Sherlock. Wish I could have seen your eyes though.”

“A man has to have some secrets.”

“Ahhh... so you have your brother's eyes. I see.”

“I’m starting to wonder if your attraction truly lies with myself. You seem to find great pleasure in
picturing Mycroft quite frequently.”

“Oh, I get great pleasure in picturing you. As you’ve… discovered.”

“…..Tell me….”

“Tell you what, sweetheart? How I want to test just how sharp those cheekbones of yours are… with my lips. Or… how I want to tug on those curls of yours?”

“John…”

“God, the way you say my name. It’s like… the sound of a long anticipated thunderstorm finally letting loose.”

“Jooooohn….”

“Sherlock… stop teasing me.”

“Stop teasing you? If I did that I would have to stop teasing myself, something I find I’m not willing to do at the moment.”

“Teasing yourself? How? Wait… are… are you…”

“Am I what….John?”

“Are you… uh, touching yourself?”

“Mmmm…what would you do if I were?”

“Christ….. Sherlock.”

“What would you do John...what would you do to me if you could…tell me...tell me.”

“I’d start with those fingers of yours. Something tells me you’re rather sensitive, and those fingers can’t be an exception. I’d kiss each fingertip… then… jesus, Sherlock… I’d swirl my tongue around each finger, one at a time.”

“Why…waste your time there…when you can go straight to my cock. Oh John...John...I’m leaking….so….much…”

“Fuck… just… fuck, Sherlock. I want to taste you…”

“Would you….would you? Jooohnn…”

“... yes. Of course. I’d surely be Court Martialed if Moran found me like this, sprawled out in my chair zip undone, dick in hand. ”

“Do not bring that insipid moron into this!”

“As you wish, sweetheart… now… where were we. Ah yes, your cock… leaking… just like mine.”

“God...John, I want to taste you. Would you let me? Would you let me taste you? Please John….please!”
“Why don’t you get your arse over here and find out exactly what I’ll let you do.”

“Joooooooohhhhn!”

“You said you haven’t masturbated since puberty… so you were what, 13, 14 last time? I can’t wait to touch you, to see how sensitive you are. To hear just how very loud you are.”

“Nnngh!”

“I want to grab a fistful of your hair… tug at it… use it to guide your head up so I can taste that mouth of yours. That mouth that keeps saying my name so indecently.”

“Ahhh! John….do it…pull my hair again…pull it again!”

“Careful what you wish for. I’ll pull it harder this time. Might even bite a bit. How tender is your neck? Can I leave marks on it?”

“Yes, yes John. Bite me, mark me, show everyone who I belong to.”

“… hmmm imagine, Sherlock: I’m hovering over you, I’ve got one hand fisted in your hair, my teeth are scraping against your jugular and a hand on your cock. Not stroking, just… there … I can picture you now, christ you’re gorgeous. Body covered in sweat, mouth hanging open, fingers groping against my back looking for something to hold on too. And god, would you be squirming, begging for me.”

“Fuck...keep going, keep going!”

“… Jesus… yeah. Are you still touching yourself? Are you imagining it's me? If it were me, my touch would be so light it would be torture. I’d tease your balls until they ached and you were begging for relief. Might even tease your cock with my tongue a bit. Just to watch you fall apart. Because god, those noises you're making are just as delightful as your giggle.”

“Damn…it…I…don’t….giOH! John! John! I’m close! Fuck!”

“I am too, sweetheart. So close. Would you rather come with our lips locked together… or my lips wrapped around your cock? Both have their advantages. I could either swallow each and every one of those gorgeous sounds you're making… or swallow something else.”

“Use your mouth….I want you to use your mouth! But….I want you to come on me. Mark…me…with…your…cum…John, John, John, JOOOOHN!

“God dammit, Sherlock! Those noises… Fuck! I’m so hard, so close!”

“Come….come all over me John...Jooooohnnn…”

“... Ffucckk... mmm... Sherlock... you... alright? Hmmm... Jesus... Oh? What’s that sound? Are... yeah... You're giggling…”

“I don’t giggle……”

“Sorry darling, but that bit.. after the whole mind shattering orgasm bit, that was a giggle. .... Shit. I've made a mess of my desk... and a few pieces of paper. Guess I'll be using them to write your next letter. Hope you don't mind terribly.”
“No….no I….don’t mind….wouldn't…”

“Wish I were there. It would be nicer, to curl up with you for a bit, than to remain here slumped over my desk.”

“Yeah...that would....yeah…”

“Do you prefer to be the big spoon, or little spoon… just so.. Uh… I know, for when I do finally get around to going to sleep next.”

“Spoon. Utensils.”

“Sorry darling, spooning… it is a type of cuddling. Where both partners are on their side. The one with his back to the other’s stomach is usually referred to as the little spoon. They resemble two spoons sitting side by side in a drawer. It’s usually a sign of trust, wanting to be the little spoon. Because the other has his arms wrapped around him… protecting him. Keeping him warm.”

“What? Oh...um...I've never...done any of that...before.”

“Oh good… I can introduce you to a whole world of cuddles. That is… if you’ll let me. I usually sleep on my back… I think … yeah … I like the idea of that actually. Me on my back, one arm shoved under the pillow, you resting on that shoulder… I’d probably be acting all annoyed, though I really wouldn’t be, because your hair would be tickling my nose.”

“I think I like the idea of you being the....big spoon? I'm not someone who trust others, not usually. However, I find you are becoming the exception to many things.”

“You are every exception, Sherlock. Really. I told myself I wouldn’t do this. Wouldn’t fall for someone while I was deployed. Wouldn’t hurt someone like that, by being away. But god… you sent me that first letter, and I was hooked. Oh, I should warn you though…. In answer to one of your first questions. I don’t have a nice girl waiting for me back home… However, it seems I do have a bit of a bad boy. But whether or not he’s willing to wait… well that hasn’t been determined yet. He is a bit of an impatient bloke.”

“Hmmmm...sounds like you would really be taking a risk. Not so sure you should trust this sordid individual, after all I would really hate for you to get hurt. The thought of someone hurting you, especially by a person such as the one you are describing, leaves me with a tight feeling of unpleasantness.”

“Oh, I’m not worried about him. He’s more of a, shall we say, self declared bad boy. I trust him with my life. In fact… I’ve just recently made him my main emergency contact.”

“Sounds like you are really into this guy. He would truly be an idiot not to wait for you.”

“I hope he does... quite a bit actually. Even though his brother is a tit.”

"His brother can go stuff himself. That way his microphallus can continue to stay hidden and unused under yet another roll of fat.”

“Well… there’s an image I didn’t know I didn’t need. Yet, why am I laughing?”

“......John?”
“Mmm?”

“I...you know that…”

“Know what, sweetheart? I can guess… but if I guess wrong you’ll think I’m an imposter.”

“Jaaaawn!”

“Jesus, stop that! I’m going to make another mess, and my wrist is killing me, thanks to you. Now tell me what I’m supposed to know.”

“......you know that....that....I'll....wait. Wait for you I mean. If you want me to that is. Or, even if you want me to, but then change your mind...that's fine as well! I would completely understand if that --”

“Hey… Sherlock… sweetheart stop right there. Don’t let that thought go any further. I would be honoured if you wanted for me. Chuffed, even. I’m not the type of person to lead someone along just for a quick shag. And I think distance has helped me be a bit… braver … regarding things with us. I don’t want to dance around this. I don’t want to go on for years wondering if I should say something. I’m not exactly gay… but nor am I 100% straight. I’ve had a few short term relationships here, most with woman… but there was one guy. James… First person I got close to after coming to this wonderful place. I think he helped me get over the ‘I’m not gay’ bit. What I’m trying to say… well, I know what I want. I want a gorgeous recovering addict with a mind that could rival Einstein. In short… I want you.”

“....I want you too.”

“I want to make you giggle again…”

“Piss off John.”

“Not before I find out how much of a mess you made in Mike’s office.”

“Please, I have much more tact than to leave my bodily fluids just laying around in some office.”

“There you go, breaking my heart. I was imagining you, half naked, sprawled out in an office chair… half covered… a little on the desk. Most of it on your hand though… God I want to lick it off your hand for you. Help you clean up. Now It seems I’m the only one who’s gone and made a mess…”

“I didn’t say there wasn't a mess. The cleaning staff are most certainly going to be put off. I have the feeling they've seen worse than seminal fluid however on a patient’s clothes. There is that one young lady who has yet to become used to such findings. Hired only last week. Perhaps I should assist in her assimilation by adding more ‘flame to the fire’. People keep telling me I need to learn how to help others after all.”

“Or you can not leave your ejaculate in my friend’s’ office. That’s all we need, for Mike to get pissed and tell you his office and phone calls are off limits.”

“Dull.”

“So suddenly hearing my voice again is dull?”
“What?! No that's --”

“Then clean up your mess, darling. For me?”

“...Fine.”

“Too bad I can’t come be your doctor. I bet I could get you out of rehab much quicker than anyone else. I could bribe you with sex and back rubs.”

“And you call me the bad boy.”

“I never claimed to be… good now, did I?”

“No, no you did not.”

“Sherlock, would you forgive me if I ended this phone call? I should clean myself, and my desk, up before someone walks in. Sleep… yeah I need to sleep too. Especially after that orgasm.”

“I find myself unusually tired myself. I believe I shall do the same, so I shall not fault you in the least.”

“Is it too late to rescind my no nudes request?”

“Now Dr. Watson, if I showed you everything, you wouldn't have anything to look forward to.”

“Quite a bit actually, but if I tell you, we'll never hang up. Right… I should….”

“I suppose…”

“I'll write soon…”

“I look forward to hearing from you, John.”

“Don’t worry too much, okay?”

“Can't make any promises.”

“Well, as I’m sure you now have my number memorized, please call me as often as you can.”

“Now that is something I can promise.”

“Ha! I figured as much. Right, this is me.. Ending the call. Take care, Sherlock.”

“You as well, John.”

“Night sweetheart.”

Chapter End Notes

Tindo here, posting this for B because she has a full day of tests at Uni today.
We need you to settle an argument. She wanted me to say that John is a whore. And when I said "And Sherlock ins't?" She blamed this WHOLE chapter on John.

So, dear readers... Who started it?

John? Or Sherlock?
7th October, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Posting this a bit early because I have a 9 hour work day tomorrow that starts at 7am.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dearest Sherlock,

I detest how few chances we’ve had to write. I am glad that the focus group Dr. Stamford has requested (not forced) you attend is providing you with some entertainment. Your ability to read your fellow man has helped brighten my nights.

While not in the center of the action, the recent events here have kept me busy. My only rest is when I’m finally allowed to collapse in my bed, finally having been granted 6 hours or so to sleep. However, I never go right to sleep, Sherlock. No, perhaps it is foolish of me to ‘squander’ precious time, but I can’t seem to help myself. I read at least two of your letters before succumbing to sleep. The conviviality of them help lull me to tiredness. And provide me with some fresh new thought of you as I fall asleep. But listen to me… prattling on like a lonely woman.

It isn’t all long hours and sewing up the injured here. We offer a free clinic here for the locals. Nothing fancy, vaccines, vitamins, splints, X-Ray’s, the like. There’s a reason I’m telling you this, so don’t roll your eyes just yet. Yesterday, between amputating some poor sod’s leg, and taking a bullet out of another man’s arse, a local woman came to the clinic. I’m quite sure you’ve guessed that I haven’t been a Doctor for long, so I think you’ll understand my excitement when I tell you, Sherlock, that I delivered a healthy baby boy. It was my first delivery. I won't bore you with the details... but it was an ‘event to write home about’ if you will allow the use of such a phrase.

Last night, during a game of poker, the lads were talking about asking for holiday leave. Two of them get to leave for home, for good, beginning of December. It made my heart ache, hearing them joke about going home. Sherlock, I want to come home to you. Even just for a few days. I want to spend a cozy weekend in your parents cottage, listening to your mum plan our wedding. (Please let her know I’ll be wearing a kilt, and you a dress of pure white.) I want a weekend with you, curled up on a sofa, your head on my chest. Sherlock, I want you for one weekend. Just one weekend. Is that too much to ask for? Just... two days?

Oh, what I’d do to have a holiday with you. First, I would take you out for a lavish meal. One far too expensive for either of us, one that we’d hardly touch because we were too busy flirting and touching feet under the table. Then, I’d take you somewhere... a hotel, someplace quite. The moment the door shut behind us I’d be on you. I’d have you pinned against the wall, my lips would be on yours as I began pulling your clothes off. Once I had you naked, I’d kiss every inch of you, Sherlock.

What then, Sherlock? What should I do next? Fuck you senseless, or let you fuck me senseless? All I know, is it will end with me carrying you to bed (trust me, we didn’t make it to bed in that
scenario) and kissing you thoroughly again. We’d fall asleep in each other’s arms. I’d rub your back and kiss you until you were asleep… Then I’d wait.. I’m sure the sound of your deep breathing would lull me to sleep..

Oh, and when we woke up, Sherlock, we’d do it all over again. Then I’d insist on a shower, because clearly we’d smell like sex…. Then, shower sex…. Shower sex, Sherlock, can be amazing… Yeah, it can be awkward… Sometimes it’s all.. “Should I put my foot in the soap dish?” or “Should I bend? One foot up like this? Here… what if I …” Oh, but in my imagination, it works out perfectly for us.

Your brother, he’s such a gem, will be hand delivering this letter. Again. I really hope he reads the part where I say how I really want to suck your hard juicy cock. (I get immense pleasure knowing he’s just read that.) It seems the content of our last phone call has reached his attention, and he was less than pleased with my conduct. I simply told him to fuck off, and next time he decided to bother me here, he should bring you or not come at all. Before he left, however, he warned me about Moran. He didn’t go into details, just told me to watch my back.

While I would love to shrug off your brother’s warning, I have noticed that Colonel Moran has been, oh, shall I say… different towards me lately. Since word has spread that I have lover back home, my work duties have nearly doubled. Which is why, as of late, my responding letters have been far and few between. He has not been outright mean to me, but his attitude towards me has changed. So, Sherlock, I have a favour to ask of you. I know you’re not allowed electronics… but at this point I don’t bloody care… His name is Colonel Sebastian Moran, middle initial unknown, however I’m sure your brother could provide his serial number. Darling… let me know what you find… Please?

I feel I should warn you… With men being sent home soon, it is very likely that I’ll be moved. I can’t say for sure, but usually it’s out with the old, in with the new. They tend to rotate us, keep us from getting too friendly. I’ve been here going on a year now, so it I am ready for a change of scenery. Your brother, per my orders, will inform you if I’ve been moved. And he will provide you with my new address.

I have a free 72 hours coming up in 8 days… and it just happens to fall on a weekend. Come visit me, my cot isn’t big, but I’m sure we can make it work. Or, there are a few nice hotels here in Kandahar… That would definitely work! Don’t worry, I’d keep you safe. Then we could have our weekend.

Yours,

John Hamish Watson

5th Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar Afghanistan

P.S. I will forgo my move in our game of chess, as we’ve been neglecting it… and I do believe it is still your turn. Instead, as I now don’t have to pay postage this time; I’m sending a small package along with your brother. I hope you enjoy it. I might have slept with it for a while, so hopefully it will still smell a bit like me by the time you get it.
So, yes: The written smut WAS for Mycroft's benefit. However, that does not take the truth away from it!

Any guesses what John's gift is!?
9th October, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Apologies for this being a tad later than usual on such a lovely Friday. I was not required to attend my classes for today, so I had bit of a lie in...

However! Now that I am well rested, and finally awake with my third cup of coffee, I now present to you the next exhilarating chapter of our story!

*:・゚✧ ｏ(≧∇≦ｏ)

Dear John,

Finding my brother waiting for me, upon my return from my focus group, was most certainly not how I envisioned the closure of my relatively good day transpiring. However the package that was handed off to me without a word made it all worth seeing his bulbous visage. I immediately absconded with said package before he could utter any annoying noises thankfully. I could tell it was from you the moment I laid eyes upon it. Perhaps I will save informing you of my process next we speak, since you love the low rumble of my voice so much.

I will say that I am quite saddened by the lack of letter, however I know that situations over there are quite unpredictable, especially as of late. Also, as I have promised you to be more mindful of such details, I won’t overwhelm you with copious amounts of calls as is my wont to do at such moments. Know though it is taking all of my strength not to demand full access to a phone. However, I do believe that Mike is starting to understand my methods when it comes to exploiting the staff around here. I may have to change my approach. They do encourage mindfulness and creative analytical thought here after all.

From the change in foliage colouration, the constant movement of the branches attached to nearby trees and the annoying fact that the temperature in this building has gone up from 21 to 26 -- I can only conclude that autumn is finally upon us. Regardless of the heat inside, I could not help but immediately envelop myself in what you have so graciously given to me. What I am about to transcribe may sound somewhat dramatic, but I assure you that everything I write is truth. As soon as the fabric touched my face, my senses were assaulted by the most heavenly scent I have ever had the pleasure of coming into contact with. It was a odor of which I have had yet to encounter. A perfect ratio of male musk and what reminds me of dark cocobolo wood and Earl Grey. I find myself torn between either finding a way to bottle said aroma and selling it or keeping it selfishly for myself. I hope you do not fault me for my fondness toward the latter.

Apologies for the digression, but I must say that I am very impressed with your choice of blue. I can not help but wonder if your colour choice was because you wish for me to have a reminder of your eyes or it is what you feel goes with what you envision my own eyes to look like. I shall not comment on the latter for, as I have told you before, a man must have some secrets of his own to carry, if only for a short time. However I will say that, concerning your own striking irises, while this scarf does lend a small reminder, it does nothing to capture their true visual appearance. I look forward to the day where I can observe and study them on a more personal and constant basis.
I find myself returning to our most recent phone call, especially during the “lights out” hours of my day. I have never felt the need to satiate my transport like I have these last few weeks. Even during my stay at university, when I developed an attraction to an upperclassman, I never felt such an uncontrollable desire. I was usually able to ignore such physical urges for more favourable activities; such pursuits typically involved my studies or utilizing the science labs. John Watson you have successfully corrupted my hard drive. Such a realization should unnerve and annoy, however I find none of these emotions present. If anything, I find myself overcome with a yearning that I both can not and have no desire to ignore.

Speaking of those stimulating hours, I can hear today’s head nurse announcing for lights out. She’s an older individual, religious, possibly on her way out so she feels the need to put in a few more “good deeds”. I prefer to already be in bad when she comes round to my current lodgings, otherwise I get trapped into hours of conversation. Apparently she finds me quite pleasant.

Forever yours,

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Postscript: I hope you have not forgotten our little game my good Captain. Even though there hasn’t been much forward movement, I still plan on savagely destroying you in this battle of wits. Perhaps we should include an inconsequential wager? Just to keep things interesting of course.

Pawn to E4.
13th October, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Surprise chapter!! ( ^ ^ )

*awesome cheering noise and confetti*

WARNING: BAMF pissed off John ahead. Do not read if you have a weak constitution.

John's voice is in Bold
Mycroft's voice is in Italics

“Mycroft Holmes, I don’t want to leave you a sodding message. Pick up the bloody phone, or so help me I will fly to England this very moment and you will not be seen or heard from again.”

“How very much like my brother with the theatrics. Shall I get you a room next to his?”

“Oh, fuck off, you bloody prick. Give Sherlock back my letter, now. You have no right withholding it from him!”

“I have every right my dear Doctor, especially when my brothers well being is involved.”

“Wellbeing? Please, for the love of the Queen, don't make me choke on my laughter. The only thing you care about is your good name getting tarnished. Now, do I have to ask again? Give Sherlock my last letter!”

“The letter has been, regrettably, destroyed. There is no need to get Sherlock’s hopes up with such striking promises. You and I both know you won't be able to fulfill them.”

“And why would that be, Mycroft? Why the hell would you think that?”
“I don’t think, I know. You will find Sherlock isn’t the only individual blessed with the art of deduction.”

“Though he is the only one who doesn’t use it to bully people around. How many times have you forced him into rehab, Mycroft? How many times has that helped? Most times, when a patient is emitted into a rehab facility, they cut all ties with the family until said patient is doing better. Yet, it seems in your case, you hand feed them to hold your brother prisoner at your whim.”

“Let me ask you something Dr. Watson, has Sherlock told you the reasons for his continued drug use?”

“No. But what does that have anything to do with this?”

“As I am sure you have already discovered, my brother is a very unique individual. He has the mind of a scientist and a philosopher, each aiding in both his success academically and his failure socially. The latter, of course, being more detrimental than either of us could ever imagine at the time.”

“Oh. Well, that explains why you’ve stuck him in rehab. Why not shove him into a building full of society’s worst. That clearly will help.”

“My brother first started using during the latter half of university. When he suffered his first overdose, our parents were contacted by the headmaster personally. Apparently he had been found--”

“Stop! I would rather hear this from Sherlock. I trust him to tell me. But only if he wants too. I don’t care why, or when, or even how. And no, this isn’t me being naive. This is me deciding to trust your brother because clearly he trusts me. Something I think even you will admit is rare. I care about your brother, Mycroft. More than I think I realized until now. Since ‘Dear Soldier’ I’ve been hooked.”

“And in that lies the problem. You know nothing of my brother John Watson, only the tender words you’ve exchanged and that rather vulgar incident in his doctors office. My brother is not something you can keep because you find him interesting, only to discard him once you discover the extent of what --”
“No, shut up. I'm not fucking done. If I were there in person, I would see to it that he had a safe place to live. Someone to talk to, someone to confide in. Someone to help him when he’s having a particularly bad day. Someone to keep him grounded when he's bored. I’m not saying life would be perfect, but I would be there for him until the very end.

I cannot physically be there, as we all know. I'm stuck here, for some undetermined amount of time. I've been here for over a year, without so much as a week off. I'm being transferred just after Christmas… and I haven't been able to tell Sherlock because you fucking interfered. So now, not only do I have to break it to him that you stole his letter, but I have to tell him that I’m being moved. I have to tell him that thanks to your selfishness, you’ve mucked up our one chance to meet. And I have to hope and pray that this news doesn't fuck him up entirely. Because if he got upset over the very idea of me having a girlfriend back home all those letters ago, then this is going to crush him.”

“You and I both know that the likelihood of you getting time off were slim, a fantasy brought on by two idiots in the beginning stages of romance. My brother is a fragile individual as I am sure you now know from previous events. You may be a doctor, but you are also a soldier. While I have no interest in my brother’s…..love life or lack thereof, I will not allow him or his fragile state to be taken advantage of. I will not have you making empty promises, only to have them broken by either your developed disinterest or possible death. I am sure that you will agree with me in that letting my brother go about believing you have been preoccupied is in his current best interest. This is not about you Doctor Watson and getting some sort of petty revenge on me. I would also take the time to truly think about what and who this is about. A chronic addict who needs handmade stimulation in order to not be bored, or a lonely soldier who is merely dying for some semblance of human contact. I will not sit by and watch my brother be used Doctor Watson.”

“No…used? No. Fuck you for insulating I'm some sort of monster preying off the weak. I meant every single word I've ever uttered to Sherlock. Yeah, the possibility of death is there, but let's face it. Even you aren't invincible, car crashes still have a higher fatality than war. I won't be bullied, and I won't let you keep me from him. I'm not lonely, I'm not unhappy, I’m not some perverted man looking for a little bit of something on the side. Do I regret Sherlock and I’s last phone call? No. Was it unprofessional, yeah a bit… but I still wouldn't change it. So, Mr. Holmes, if this is truly about Sherlock, then I trust you’ll leave it to him to decided if I'm worth the risks. Unless he is truly and imbecile and can't chose his friends on his own.”

“I will admit, I find your dedication to keep seeing my brother quite inspiring.”

"...yeah just like your umbrella being shoved up your oversized gluteus maximus is inspiring..."
“While I have no intention of cutting off your correspondence entirely, I do encourage you to think about what you say to my brother, at least until either of us are quite certain of your...continued status.”

“My continued status in what exactly? His life? Or the army?”

“I believe they both go hand in hand wouldn't you agree? Think what you want Dr. Watson, but I do have my brother’s best interests in mind. You know nothing of him nor of us. Know this however, if I ever find that my brother has consumed again...because of you...I will make sure that you are never able to contact him again.”

“Oh fuck off with your threats. I know exactly what I want. It’s more of a need, actually. I need time with him in person, so we can talk about those sensitive details that can be tricky to convey on paper. And not that it is any of your business, but I have no intention of sleeping with him until I’ve been discharged. I wouldn't do that to him. I wouldn't risk something happening to me, leaving him to wonder if I meant it. So you can shove any further threats up your arse and don’t you dare ever tell me you'll keep me from him. Because from my current position halfway across the world, I'd be hard bent to stop him from using if he got the notion. Hell, he’s probably beginning to realize that I did in fact have time to write a letter. So if he uses, it's on you, Mycroft. Will you ‘make sure you won't ever be able to contact him again”? Hmmm?”

“You have a phone Doctor Watson, use it. However....I will see what I can do.”

“Do about what exactly?”

“You should hear from one of my representatives soon. Try not to get killed before then.”

“Great, because that clears everything up… lovely.”

“My regards Dr. Watson. I do hope that you keep everything we’ve talked about in mind.”

“Mm .. right, threats are so easy to forget. Tell him, Mycroft. And tell him I’m writing a letter tonight.”
14th October, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

If you missed yesterday's surprise update go read it! It's a phone call between John and Mycroft that should be read before this letter!

To my sweetheart,

I have had... words... with your brother. I had a long, and rather explicit letter written out for you. I even wrote the words "I want to suck your hard juicy cock." For his benefit because I knew that slug wouldn't be able to resist reading my words. My words that were intended for you. If he thinks he is intimidating me, he's got something coming to him. The only thing he is successfully doing is pissing me off.

He tried telling me to back off, to leave you alone, to slow things down between us. That you were better off without me, without the fear and risk that comes along with dating (We are dating right?) a member of the military. My occupation is not exactly what one would call safe, but as a Doctor I am a bit safer than my fellow soldier. Sherlock, is that what you want? Me to step back? While that isn't what I want, if it is what you need, I'll do it.

While I am not a fan of thievery, you have my full support should you wish to pick pocket your brother as payback. It seems, however, we are both victims to theft. In my office yesterday, I had just taken your picture out of my wallet to look at it, (Nothing more, I swear.) when Moran cocked his head to the side and pointed to where it was laying on my desk. He asked who you were, and I jokingly said my Nan as I pocketed it. He didn't find that particularly funny... and it was later that night while eating two men "jokingly" tackled me and pulled your picture out of my pocket.

Moran watched from the next table over as the men began waving your picture in the air chanting, "Watson has a boyfriend." He watched as they passed the picture around, watched as I struggled to get out from underneath the two men, and only when I was about to punch the man holding your picture did he put an end to things. I have to say, I was glad to receive my transfer papers... Events like that are happening more and more often, and it makes things rather tedious.

There is no need to worry about me though. I'll only be here for another month or so. And most of that time will be taken up by training my replacement. I leave here on the 11th of December. I'll have a few weeks to kill until I get my new orders, but I'll be safe... won't be here, with Moran. That alone will be a much needed holiday, it's like I've been handed the best Christmas present ever. For those few weeks between ‘jobs’ I'm allowed to stay here on base if I want. But as it will be Christmas, I'm thinking of inviting myself over Harry’s. Regardless of where I go, I will not stay here.

I am quite pleased that you liked the scarf. It was hand woven by one of my local patients. They can’t always afford to pay with money, so they give us what they can. I don't know why, but the moment I laid eyes on that particular scarf I knew you should have it. It just... god, would look...
amazing on you. That deep blue with your hair, and your skin tone. I bet you look gorgeous. As for your reaction to the way it smelled... I'm glad. I had mentioned in that letter how I had slept with it for a short time before sending it to you.

My good sir, you mentioned a wager? What exactly did you have in mind? Here, when we bet or gamble, we wager chores and jobs. I don't envision you wanting to wager laundry duty for the next two weeks. No, a wager between us should be something interesting. Something like... if I win, you're not allowed to be mean to your nurses for one whole week. And if you win, I have to wear my red pants... and send you a picture. Or something along those lines. Think on it, let me know what you'd like.

Sherlock Holmes, I do believe you've just won the award for “Most elegant description of: I like to have a wank while thinking about you when I can't sleep.” And I find it rather endearing. Should I feel guilty for corrupting you? Because I can't say I do. I enjoy the thought, actually. Enjoy knowing I'm not the only one affected. God I haven't felt like this since I was a teen.

In case you decide that this is our last letter for a while... I should tell you; I care about you, Sherlock. More than I know how to express over paper. Some things are best said face to face... so I hope it is sufficient enough when I say, I've never felt this way before. About anyone. And we haven't even met in person. There is so much about your life I want to know, but again, some things are best said face to face.

My dear man, I hope this letter finds you well and happy. I hope this whole debacle hasn't left you low spirited. Would you please grant me your “one promise of the day” please... don't use. Let's just say, Mycroft will blame me, and then things could get difficult. The blame I can handle, losing you not so much. And, if you will grant me two promises, go easy on your brother. I need him whole when I'm finally able to get my hands on him.

Ah yes, before I go... knight to D4.

Faithfully yours,
John Watson
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar, Afghanistan

- `Dearest if you are as fond of me as I am of you...nothing human could keep us long apart.’ - Lord Randolph Churchill

Chapter End Notes

I think John is finally starting to see just how very deeply he feels about Sherlock.
Dearest John,

News about my brother’s interference is not surprising in the least, I am honestly astonished it took him this long. I wish desperately that I could have overhead both sides of the conversation, though I truly would be satisfied merely with your side of the exchange. I have come to realize that just the mere thought of you demanding respect and compliance from individuals causes quite the physical response in myself. I hope that you will agree to assist me acquiring more data so I can make a more sound analysis. Regardless, you can be sure however, that I will be having my own personal conversation with my dear brother. I have a few dirty secrets of his locked away in my Mind Palace, nothing horrendous or career ending, but secrets that I am most certain he would not want Mummy finding out about.

Ah yes, our wager. I was thinking along the lines of something a little less, pedestrian. Say, the winner gets to make one request of the looser. Anything goes of course. Unless that is to say, such a gamble is too much for you? I hear those in the army only make wagers using mundane scenarios, like chores or assigned jobs. I would personally hate it if I caused you any discomfort. Also D4? An interesting move I must say. I feel Knight to F6, as the appropriate counter response. I wait with great anticipation for the dramatic shift that I assure you is soon to come in the ever increasing tension of our campaign.

I apologise that our relationship is obviously causing you problems. I hope that your transfer eliminates such difficulties. Perhaps you should do well to keep my existence in your life a secret from now on. It is my understanding that unconformity, especially when it comes to one's sexuality, is frowned upon in the army and can lead to the questioning of a person’s authority and unsavory violent acts toward said person. You say that you could not forgive yourself if something happened to me. I fear that the same goes for myself concerning you. You being away from this Moran, and his obvious ability to command and manipulate others, will most certainly be a comfort. I also feel that he still has not gotten over your rebuttal and still has strong designs on you. I honestly can not blame him however, for you are most desirable by social standards; well fit, holding of high ranking in your position in life, heavy desire to both heal and protect, handsome and a very good lover to your chosen partners. I must express how honoured I am that you have chosen me of all people to focus your attention on. We both know you could do much better.

While on the subject, I find I must make an admission. When we first began our liaison, I found myself overwhelmed by my feelings. From a young child, I was taught caring was not an advantage, that sentiment was a defect and I should do everything in my ability to guard against such things. The one time I decided to ignore all of that and let someone in, let us just say that I learned my lesson on opening one’s heart to the ordinary and dull individuals that populated the space around me.

From day one I knew you were not like everyone else. I hoped against everything that meant something with you would be different. I believe now, that sole bit of data, was what terrified me the most. That the reality of, even if you were special, that you were not like anyone I had ever met in this lifetime, everything could still end up how it was previously. I couldn’t handle it. I didn’t want it. Even now, I know that you could decide at any moment that I am truly not who you perceive me to be, and that reality can easily destroy us.

Even knowing all of this, I find myself no longer caring of the outcome. Even if that means I only
have you for these precious moments and no other, that us meeting face to face will tear apart our promises. So to answer your question, no I do not wish for you to *step back*. I most certainly wish for you to do the exact opposite in fact. I want you close. I want you so close that I forget who or what anything else is and that the only thing I know is you. I want you to overtake every single one of my senses. I want nothing but you to be what I know. I want you to cover every empty space of my Mind Palace before overtaking the space that is already occupied, shoving everything else aside because you are the only thing that matters. I want you to be the shroud that covers my entire existence before dismantling and rebuilding it. I want you, John Watson, more than I have ever or will ever want anyone else. Consume me John Watson, consume my entire being before the pending destruction. This simple request is all I will ever ask of you.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom
My dear, my love, my Sherlock,

It is no simple task, consuming ones lover. But I suddenly find myself unable to think of anything else. I *do* want to consume you. I want to kiss every inch of your perfect skin until I am all you can think about. I want to hold you so close that we can feel the beatings of each other's hearts. So close that you feel so loved and comfortable that you effortlessly drift off to sleep as I watch over you. Oh, Sherlock, how I want to consume you. I want to eat sleep and breathe you. I want you to be my waking thought, and the last thought I have each night. I want to belong to you just as much as you belong to me.

My Sherlock, please darling believe me when I say I keep my promises. Meeting face to face will only sweeten and strengthen our feelings. It will not destroy it, nor will it destroy us. There will be no pending destruction under my watch. When I gave myself to you, it wasn't something I did lightly. Nor was it intended as temporary. I will not hide you, or my relationship with you. Sherlock, you are worth every risk, and ever obstacle. I won't hide us away just because you are a man. If you were my husband, and I hid you away…. would you be okay with that? No. If I did what kind of partner would I be?

I fear I must stop being so sappy before my heart breaks; because right now I want nothing more than to hold you close and press soft kisses over your face. Someday, my love. Someday, lord willing, I'll come home to you and we can start our life together. Will you wait for me, Sherlock?

Hello again, my love. I apologize if the tone of the letter has changed slightly. It is now another day for me. Last night as I sat writing, well, trying to think of what to write as my heart yearned for you, a few of my mates came round and invited me to an evening off base. Normally I would not have put your letter aide like that, but it had been ages since we've been allowed off base for anything recreational and I jumped at the chance. Still high off of your words, and achieving a rather nice buzz if I'm being honest, it was probably the best evening I've had in months.
Right, so when I say buzzed, I actually mean sloshed. Properly pissed. Three sheets to the wind. I don't even remember half of what I drank. Now, I'm not saying this to brag. But to paint a picture for you. So there I was, drunk and on what I can only explain as an emotional high, and one of my friends had an idea. He's going home soon, which was the reason for the night out. He wanted to get a tattoo. Something to show off to his wife when he got home. In my drunken state, I agreed to get one with him. Apparently my intoxicated self has excellent taste because my second and newest tattoo reminds me of you. Did you know that I already had a tattoo, Sherlock? Shall I leave you to deduce what they are and where they are?

I've spent so long in the blazing heat, that I forgot how cold it gets here during the nights. Perhaps not as cold as my beloved England. But after spending so many months in the desert heat it certainly feels colder than it is.

November is passing so quickly, and I have little less than a month until I leave this place. I called Harry the other day, and let her know that I would be free for Christmas. You know what she said? No, perhaps even you can't guess this. She and Clara are going on a cruise for Christmas and that I shouldn't bother myself with a trip home. Who does that? Who spends Christmas on a cruise ship? Worst of all, is my selfishness. I wanted her to be home. I wanted to get out of this loveless country. If only for a few days. Now it looks like I'll spend my time in some shoddy hotel or hostel in Kabul.

A request, where anything goes? Sounds dangerous. That being said. I'm in. And when I win, I already know what my request will be. And oh, how cute you'll look. ; ) Scared yet? If so, I'm sorry darling, it's too late to back out now.

I miss your voice… we should make time for one last phone call before I leave here. I'm not so certain how often I'll be able to make phone calls once I've been transferred… or if I'll be able to at all. Call me, darling. Evenings are best.

John Watson
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar, Afghanistan

You didn't tell me off for a cheesy quote last letter, so have another. (However cheesey, know I mean every word of it.)

-'My adorable and adored, I have been asking myself every moment if such happiness is not a dream. It seems to me that what I feel is not of earth. I cannot yet comprehend this cloudless heaven. My whole soul is yours.' -Victor Hugo

Pawn to F4... I'm a wimp... don't want to risk my pieces.

Chapter End Notes

AO3 is messing up with e-mails. So I'm REALLY sorry if you guys don't get an e-mail letting you know about this chapter. B and I haven't been getting e-mails regarding comments or anything else. it sucks. So just... keep an eye out. We might mess up the schedules here a little bit over the next few weeks because of OUR schedules.

-Tindo
PS. Any guesses on the tattoo.. AND I FORGOT JOHNS CHESS MOVE!!! Editing that in NOW
15th November, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dearest John,

Oh that your writings to me were so easily cast aside. I feel that I may be forever scarred by such information to the point there is no hope for my recovery. However, my doctor says that if you were to supply me with the information on the exact locations of said tattoos, and of what they are, I may be able to pull through. Until then, I should be sustained by the image of my dear brother, an image that will forever be encased within a small room of my Mind Palace, of him dutifully reciting the contents of the letter he kept from me. I hope such knowledge gives you some form of entertainment for a while.

Personally, I feel you should be quite thankful that you will no longer be required to present yourself at a family gathering of any kind. What I can only assume as punishment for forcing him to read your letter, Mycroft has requested my presence at our family's annual Christmas Party. I usually avoid them. Fancy socials with all of the Holmes family, along with Mummy’s close friends; I feel my entire existence slowly dissolving into nothingness just thinking about attending. However, Mycroft assures me I have zero choice in the matter.

What I would like to do for Christmas, if it were only possible, is to spend it with you. Every day I feel a stronger desire to be near you, an invisible pull if you will. I know that the likelihood of us physically meeting is extremely slim, especially with you currently involved in other dull, yet pressing matters. When I first sent out my correspondence, I expected the reply to be nothing more than the insipid, unimaginative conversation that came from everyone else that I had the misfortune of conversing with. However, I wish for you to know that, ever since your second letter I have been uncharacteristically drawn to you. You are a mass of walking contradictions. When I feel like I understand everything there is to know about you, I’m presented with sets of information that completely destroy everything I believed to know. You are beyond fascinating, a puzzle that I want nothing more than to delve into, take apart and discover everything there is to know. I wonder if you would give me such an indulgence. Even then, I feel that I would still not be able to uncover everything there is to know about John Hamish Watson.

Speaking of discovery, I am observing an increased volume of amorous writing from you as of late. Not necessarily a surprise, yet an interesting development nonetheless. There is a part of myself that wishes to scoff at your use of romantic quotes as closings to your last previous letters. Such romanticism I usually find beneath my all encompassing logical thought. Hearing such ardor from you however, knowing that I am one to inspire such reverie and, dare I write the word, sentiment -- You are awakening aspects of myself that I long thought destroyed by personal desire. I know I have expressed my hesittance, and you have willingly and unabashedly shown me how unwarranted these fears are. Nevertheless, I find myself in need, once again, of your voice. Of your unwavering existence. Of the fire that can encompass my entire being, yet will never singe my flesh. I need you John, more and more each passing moment.

I am captivated. I am mesmerized. I am terrified.
Postscript: My dear Captain, I must admit that my previous chess moves were made with the knowledge that your expertise did not lie with a logical game such as chess. I feel the need now however, to show you exactly who you have bet against. Watch as my Bishop takes your Pawn at B4. One down my brave soldier.

Chapter End Notes

Hope everyone enjoyed this little piece of slight romanticism from our favorite detective! (¬\_\¬)♡

Also, Tindo and I would like to extend a question to all of our readers. We were wondering if anyone would be offended or feel like they were not be getting their "monies worth" if we implied a few letters here and there, instead of writing every single correspondence between our lovelies. There is no right or wrong answer! Only honest. (:
2nd December, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Summary

(The crossed out text is something John wrote, but decided he didn't want Sherlock to know. Tune in Friday to see if Sherlock has read through the scribbles!!!!)

Chapter Notes

Early Chapter is early again because I have Monday off and plan on sleeping in and being a lazy slug all day. (Like that'll actually happen!) Plus, it's nearly Monday here, so I feel justified!

Also, see the end for LOTS OF NOTES

To my Honey Bee,

My second letter, hmm? So, was it me you fell for, or my vast knowledge of H letter words? If the latter, I will be more than happy to provide you with more:

Halieutics, the study of fishing.
Haulm, stems of plants or straw collectively
Harmon, to undress another man with your eyes, or to radiate extreme gayness.
Honey Bee, actually a bee or a term of endearment. Usually reserved for one's beloved.
Hoxinated, Hot and you know it. (You)

There, I hope that will suffice in keeping you interested in my lowly self. I shall endeavour to learn more words for when you next grow bored with me.

Since the very first letter, since you made me laugh with “Dear Soldier” and the snark that filled that first page… oh, my love… I've been hooked. You might be the one in rehab, but I am the addict. I have been bed bound for three days, and I have spent those three days poring over your letters, and there is no denying that I fell for you early on. Not because you were a patient, someone to repair. But because… well, you were you. From the very start. You never hid who you were from me. Granted, I don’t know why you started using, but that is not my place to ask, and does the reason really matter? Your brother tried telling me why, but I told him off. I told him if I ever found out it would be because you wanted to tell me. That is your business, Sherlock, and I will never force it out of you. However, I will listen if you ever want to talk. Huh, this paragraph was meant to me much more romantic that this… I’ll have to make it up to you by the end of my letter.

As I’m sure you’ve skipped ahead to read why I was on bed rest, I’ll answer that now. I was sent on a rescue mission beginning of this week. A small town had been bombed and reports came
trickling in of wounded in need of medical attention. Some were reported to be too unstable to move right away, so I was sent to help stabilize them for transport. It wasn’t supposed to be a dangerous mission, but with my limited knowledge of Pashto, my actions were misinterpreted from helpful to harmful. (I guess Belonephobia truly is the most common phobia.) I was attacked by my patient’s teenage son. After a short scuffle, in which I continuously shouted ادکلر (Doctor) I was let go, but not before receiving a few minor injuries. And one… major injury. My Femoral Artery had been nicked, and idiot me didn’t realize it until a few moments later when my patient refused my help while pointing to my leg. Long story made short, I am now 100% fine, just bruised and tired. Now, please go back and re-read my last paragraph and stop worrying.

You… You made your brother bloody RECITE my letter to you? The one he destroyed? Bloody hell, Sherlock, he must have wanted to die! I can picture it now, a sour look on his red face, that one wisp of hair falling into his face out of frustration. Please tell me he stuttered and got flustered during the middle part, the part where I rather graphically described what I would like to do with you. Sherlock, words cannot express how proud of you I am. Also, I’ll tell you about my tattoo’s when I find out what colour your eyes are. Fair is far, after all, and a man has to have some secrets. Or so I’ve been told. Until then, you’ll have to do your best to survive, because I don’t think my heart could take losing you.

Now, I do believe I said something about romance. So please, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, sit back and enjoy as many romantic quotes as I can muster. You might need to go brush your teeth after this letter for all the sweetness.

“If I ever wished a wish, dreamed a dream, or sought my fortune — all paths would lead to you.”
“Roses are red and violets are blue… GOSH. I just wanna kiss you.”
“You can call me Nemo, because I’m never afraid to touch the butt.”
“You Don’t need someone to complete you. You only need someone to accept you completely.”
“I think I need a Doctor. You’ve got me love sick.”
“Would it be a crime if I stole your heart and you stole mine?”
“I want you today, tomorrow, next week, and for the rest of my life.”

My love, I’m sorry you won’t be happy over Christmas. If I could swoop in and save the day I would do so in a heartbeat. However, I do believe your brother would have me barred from entering good Old England if I did try. While he hasn’t bothered to interfere with our letters, I do believe he would be keen on stopping me visiting. I stay away only to make your life easier. But when the time is right, I’ll be there my love. I promise. While I still don’t know where I’m going come the new year, I do know that I’ve been assigned to that base for 2 years, then it appears I’ll be free of my mandatory service. Had I met you before agreeing to this deployment… No, best not go there, I’ll make us both sad.

Write to me before you leave for Christmas? Write to me when you’re back. It won’t be horrendous, Sherlock, I promise. You’ll be around family, and good food. Have some treacle tart for me, please? Warm it up first, close your eyes, and enjoy it for me, yeah? I wish I could call you right now. But the only phone in this part of the hospital is reserved for emergencies, and I don’t think my doctor would take kindly to me walking through base to my office just for a quick chat. What with the concussion and all.

There is so much I wish to say, so much that is on my heart right now. But so much of it shouldn’t be said over a letter. Sherlock, until I’m able to tell you everything I’ve ever meant to say… please know that those quotes, however cheesy, are genuine. There are three little words that are burning a hole in my heart, consuming me, threatening to take over my entire being… But they should be said in person first…. Not on paper. They need to be uttered when we are face to face, when you can read me and know just how much I mean them. Not here, not when it is so easy to doubt that
I’m simply saying what I think you want to hear. My darling… please take care of yourself and perhaps soon we can meet face to face.

With all my heart,
Your John.

John Watson
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers
Kandahar, Afghanistan

PS. I shall take my defeat like a man… But until then, I will not give up fighting. Knight to B3.
Chapter End Notes

Note from Blood:

I and both in love with what you have so graciously made, and so bloody flattered I almost can't words.

You said how you felt that a celebrity has responded to you when an author messages you back? Such feeling goes both ways in this regard I assure you! (: YOU ARE AWESOME

Notes from Tindo:

The stunning Moodboard was made by http://sherlock-dicked-down-holmes.tumblr.com/post/153136236182/dear-john-moodboard-based-off-of-a-fanfic-which and words cannot express how thankful I am for it. It honestly is amazing, and I'm so thrilled to include it with today's chapter. Now I need to find a way to make it the cover for this fic! So if any readers know how, let me know in the comments!

Also, dear readers, you have blown us away. Over 100 new kudos in a week. We're
now over 600 kudos, and so many more comments. Your comments give us motivation, and help brighten our days. Somehow they come when we need them the most, and we cannot thank you enough.

Who will crack first? Only time will tell...
6th December, 2005

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Before we get to the good stuff, I feel the need to apologize for not being as responsive as I usually am when it comes to getting back to your comments. Life has been absolutely crazy with debilitating financial issues and helping my sister in law pack up her house and move. However, nothing shall keep me from giving you the best chapter you collectively deserve!

I know both me and Tido have said it before, but we seriously can not communicate enough on how everyone's comments, patience and loyal readings mean to us. I can't speak for my other half, but this is the longest I've work on any piece and I have to say I am enjoying it immensely. (^ω^)♡

Also shout out to how awesome Tindo is. She really helped me get this chapter started and provided great inspiration.

Dear Mr. Liar,

I have, through a deal I’ve brokered with Doctor Stamford, obtained your medical records. I also must request that you desist upon the train of thought I am sure your simple mind is currently careening down. Mycroft, because of his gracious and compassionate nature, has covered my tracks to the point where not even the second most intelligent individual in England would be able to figure anything out. Oh and spare me the lecture on the Data Protection Act. I am sure you are most eager to show off your memorization capabilities, however I am most certainly fine with your utmost refrain. Now, speaking of one being fine, “100% fine.” is not how your doctor sees things. Shall I practice my bedside manner, Captain?

Let us begin with the less severe, shall we? First I see you have suffered two broken fingers on your right hand. As you are most obviously left handed perhaps you didn't see that as important, so I shall grant you that minor excuse. Coming in at number two, a bruised rib. Again, not too dangerous because none of them were thankfully broken which, by the way, could have easily lead to a punctured lung. A major head wound claims number three I see. A head wound that has earned you a place on regular watch. Funny how inconveniencing a concussion can be.

Now for my most favourite installment in the life of Captain John H. Watson. Massive blood loss, specifically a Class 3 hemorrhage bordering on a Class 4. Need I remind you good doctor, that opening the femoral artery can result in bleeding so severe that unconsciousness would occur in a minute and death within several?! That you are most certainly lucky to be alive, much less awake, to be able to even think about seeing me one day! I should be talking to a corpse right now! Not some bedridden, bloody yet somehow still managing to look utterly imposing, lucky to be alive, stupid half wit!

So my dear Doctor, I will ask you this again. Is what I just transcribed what they honestly taught you as “just fine” in medical school? I’m afraid to tell you that, if so, you have wasted your
valuable time and money. You are not fine and that is the sole reason you are still in hospital. Also, need I remind you of your words? “My darling...please take care of yourself and perhaps soon we can meet face to face.” Keep going down this path and the only time we’ll be meeting is at your funeral. If I get wind of you disobeying your doctor's orders in any way, I will not be pleased. Also, next time you make the decision to lie to me, remember I can, and I will, discover the truth.

You say your heart can not take losing me. Know dear Doctor that the same goes for myself. As I sit here and write these words, just the thought of not being able to do so again, to not be able to read your own words even though they bleed with overwhelming sentiment, to never be able to hear your voice; to have none of these in my life ever again, know that nothing would be worth living for after the annihilation of your existence whether it be from this earth or just my own life. You have taken over every aspect of myself and I no longer feel the need to fear or hide from it.

Now that we have gotten all of that out of the way, I feel the need to inform you that communication while away may be quite difficult, if impossible. If Mummy has her way, there shall be no time for transcribing letters, and even less opportunity for phone calls. I honestly wish I could spend the holidays with you and none other. Even if you are a massive lying bastard.

Please stay safe John. I will keep my promise of staying clean, however you must also uphold yours. A deal is not a proper one unless there is a mutual benefit by both parties. My brave soldier, caring doctor, conductor of light. I have heard that doctors make the worst patients, however I emphatically implore you to remain in your personal doctors care until only they decide you are fit and safe enough to be moved.

Sherlock Holmes
Resident patient
PCP Clapham
378 Clapham RD, London SW9
9AR United Kingdom

Postscript: I hoped you would not give up the battle as doing so would have been quite an immediate let down, as well as completely dull. Pawn to A5 my good sir.

Also, Nemo? As in Captain Nemo, Prince Dakkar? I don’t know where you are getting your facts from, nor your appalling pick up lines, but I assure you that there is no correlation of any kind between a person’s backside and the good Captain.
22nd December, 2005: Arrival

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

.... dun Dun... DUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

Also, early again. Because working at a grocery store the week of Thanksgiving means selling your soul for the week. I won't have a chance to post this until either LATE tomorrow, or later in the week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John had been living in a dirty hostel for one week and three days. Still tired and slightly weak from his injuries he had hopped to catch up on rest during his leave, but Kabul has quickly proved to be the victim of more bombings in the last week than he had seen in the last year. He woke the Thursday before Christmas to his mobile buzzing. He blindly felt around the small nightstand for a full ring and a half before smashing the answer button with an index finger, eyes still too heavy with sleep to bother checking the caller ID.

“Mmm?” John groaned into the phone and flopped back onto his stomach, angry at being woken up so early.

“Captain Watson,” the voice was crisp and businesslike.

“Depends, who’s asking?” His voice was gruff, both from sleep and annoyance.

“Wasn't asking, sir. There is a plane waiting for you at the Hamid Karzai International Airport. Mycroft suggests you be there within the hour.”

“Why? What's wrong? Is Sherlock okay?” John was instantly alert and was already stuffing his various appendages into the closest pair of trousers and shirt which just so happened to be his army fatigues. Then frantically began stuffing his few belongings into his duffel bag.

“Just get on the plane, Captain Watson.” The female voice sounded bored but that did not help to ease John's nerves.

John took one last look around his room, gathering up his possessions. He pocketed the letter he had just finished writing to Sherlock, zipped up his bag, and slung the soft suitcase containing his dress uniform over his shoulder before rushing out the door.

-------

7 hours and 30 minutes later John’s private jet was circling Heathrow Airport. He was so enthralled with the sight of England, of his Country, below him that he didn't notice the stewardess standing beside him until she softly cleared her throat.
“For you, Captain.” She handed him a plain white envelope then disappeared towards the back of the plane and strapped herself in for landing. John tore open the envelope and looked over the single line of text.

“Gate C. There will be a black helicopter waiting. Please do be prompt.” -MH

------

“Mycroft, what the hell is going on?” John growled into the microphone attached to his headset while glaring at Mycroft Holmes, who sat directly in front of him, beside the pilot. Mycroft didn't answer, but he did swivel in his chair, as much as his harness allowed him to, and fixed John with a pointed look.

“It's a 15 minute flight, I do suggest you get comfortable, Doctor Watson.”

 Exactly 15 minutes later John was being escorted by Mycroft from the helicopter, which had landed in a field just outside of London, into a waiting black sedan. Mycroft slid into the front of of the car beside the driver leaving John alone in the backseat with his thoughts.

For this leg of the journey Mycroft did not tell John how long the ride would be, and John found himself checking his watch every few minutes. After ten minutes of traversing bumpy dirt roads John cleared his throat and broke the silence.

“So, are you going to kill me? If so, I must warn you I'm armed and I will fight back.” Perhaps that want much of a threat from a man who still had two fingers in casts, but John wasn't one to care about appearances. Appearances could be very deceiving.

“Yes, how did you manage to strut through London's busiest airport with a gun shoved in the back of your trousers?” Mycroft caught John’s eye in the rear view mirror and for a moment he appeared impressed.

“Your staff didn't check me for weapons,” John shrugged and gave Mycroft an easy smile, “and I didn't offer to surrender it. As for Heathrow, it is quite common for military men to be armed, no one gave me a second look. Plus your goons escorted me through the tarmac. I never saw the inside of the airport.”

“I suppose I'll have to instruct my staff to frisk all the guests.” Mycroft’s eyes crinkled with something akin to amusement then resumed looking out the windscreen.

“Guest? Don't plan on murdering me then. So what is all this about. Is Sherlock okay?”

“My brother is fine, I assure you. And you will find out soon enough, Doctor Watson.”

“Captain.”

“I'm sorry?”

“Captain Watson. It is socially acceptable for one to be referred to by their rank. As I am still active military, you will show me the respect my rank as earned me.”

“Ah, I beg your pardon, Captain.” Mycroft’s eyes saw something through the trees directly ahead
of them and smiled faintly. “Ah… we’re here.”

John glanced at his watch and did a quick calculation. Wherever “here” was, they had arrived at precisely 11am local time. Somehow John suspected it had been planned that way.

As they grew closer, “here” turned out to be a small two story cottage comfortably nestled on the edge of a small forest. It reminded John of “Granny’s House” from Little Red Riding Hood, complete with a moss covered roof. A loan silver car sat in the driveway, smoke trickled out of the chimney and there were lights on. Someone was home, presumably waiting for them.

“So, I'm here to meet someone? Oh, let me guess. Your mother. You realized you couldn't scare me off so you went and got your parents involved in my relationship.” John narrowed his eyes and growled vaguely in the direction of the front seat. Before the car had even come to a complete stop, the Captain had the door shoved open and he was on his feet stomping his way across the stone path leading to the front door. He was going to have words with this family…

Chapter End Notes

Angry Captain Watson is Angry!

*******

In case we don't manage to get out another chapter before Thursday... We wish each and every one of you a happy Thanksgiving!
22nd December, 2005: Rendezvous

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

(/^ω^)/*: °✧ SURPRISE!!!!!

Tindo and I decided on an early chapter update this week, specifically because of the holiday and not because we simply could not wait.....nope.

Honestly, we hope everyone who is celebrating today has a wonderful Thanksgiving or whichever you celebrate today, and to those who are not celebrating we still hope you have an amazing day and REALLY enjoy this new chapter (: Love you guys!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sherlock sighed as he stepped out of the shower, the heat still lingering both in the air and on his skin. It wasn’t as if he was denied showers back at the rehab center, however it was pleasant to be able to do so leisurely and not have a strict time limit. Grabbing one of the towels that were conveniently located inside a rather large cabinet, Sherlock began removing the moisture from his tall, lanky body. Once he was sufficiently dry, at least to his own liking, Sherlock then wrapped said towel half-heartedly around his lower half.

As he turned to retrieve a second towel from the shelves, his focus was briefly brought to his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Even through the cloudy haze that had settled because of the powerful heat given off by earlier running shower, Sherlock could tell his appearance had somewhat changed. While he was still extremely skinny, even by societies standards, his face had filled out some since quitting his almost chronic cocaine use. Also, the track marks that decorated the inside of his left elbow had all but faded from view. There were still a few stragglers in the healing process, but they weren’t so obvious that someone who didn't know to look for them would actually see them.

Sherlock absentmindedly brushed his thumb over the fading scars. While most of marks were indeed gone, he knew that patch of skin would always be a reminder of the horrors he had suffered. Would John also see that particular area as such? Could he look at Sherlock and not be reminded of the dark reality that was Sherlock’ life? Sherlock knew that, as long as they remained in each others lives, John could do almost anything and he wouldn’t be the least bit affronted. However, Sherlock wasn’t so sure about where John stood. Granted, in his letters, the man seemed to be sincere about his devotion, though Sherlock knew from experience how quickly those emotions could change.

Ruffling his wet curls with his unoccupied hand, Sherock did his best to remove such thoughts from his mind. It wouldn’t do to be sullen around Mummy, lest she begin prying into the reason. Last thing Sherlock wanted to discuss was his insecurities about his and John’s relationship.
Bringing the second towel over his head, Sherlock began vigorously attempting to dry his hair. Retreating from the bathroom, he was just about to retrieve his mobile and call Mycroft when he heard the telltale noise of the front door slamming open. While it was uncharacteristic for his brother to announce himself in such a violent fashion, Sherlock considered that something obviously had ruffled his brother to such a point, bringing a small smile to his lips. Not wanting to pass up an opportunity to create more havoc in his brother’s life, Sherlock swiftly made his way
over to the bedroom door, opening it with a flourish he knew would bristle the man’s nerves even further and made his way out into the cottage sitting room.

With the towel still over his head, as his hair was still not up to his standards of dry, Sherlock appeared through the hallway entrance and began his typical berating reserved for only his brother. “You better be thankful I even agreed to participate in this ridiculous family affair. I also hope you remembered to stock the kitchen with the particular biscuits that I like, otherwise I may just be tempted to bring up those riveting tales of that summer with the neighbors visiting cousin you were so fond of.”

Sherlock would've continued his journey into the kitchen, to make a show of looking for said biscuits, if it wasn’t for the breathy gasp that pierced through the silence. Immediately, Sherlock knew that whoever was standing in the room with him was most certainly not his brother. Slowly removing the towel covering his vision, Sherlock was granted the unexpected presence of the one person he was both excited and dreading to see.

“Ooooh…” The anger that had welled up in John’s chest during the last 2 minutes dissipated instantly upon seeing Sherlock. “Oh…” he repeated again, letting his eyes sweep over the very nearly naked Sherlock Holmes who stood staring at John like a rabbit in the headlights. John heard a noise behind him and was vaguely aware that Mycroft was standing there, waiting for him to move into the cottage, but he found that his feet were rooted to the threshold. “Well, hello, Love,” a warm smile easily settled over John’s features as he took a few steps inside and dropped his bag on the floor. “You didn’t have to get so dressed up for me. Though, I must admit I approve.”

There was a soft rustle behind John and the Captain momentarily became aware of Mycroft Holmes’ presence. He spun on his heels, reached for the door and with a swift wink at the elder Holmes brother, shut the door in his face with a commanding, “That will be all, thank you.” However, instead of the satisfying sound of the door clicking shut, there was a dull thud and sigh as Mycroft stuck a foot out and held the door open.

“Dr. Watson, you have until the day after Christmas. Please, try not to disappoint me. I will be watching to make sure you keep to your promises.”

“Cheers.” John forced a grin and once Mycroft’s foot had been removed, closed and locked the door behind him. “Is he always that boss-” John turned to look at the spot where Sherlock had been mere moments ago to find the room empty of anyone save himself.

“Sherlock?” John was just in time to see a flash of pale skin and white towel disappear through door on the far side of the room closed with a soft click.

Silence fell around John like a thick blanket. Every move he took, every rustle of his over starched uniform, seemed to echo throughout the room as he slowly made his way uncertainly towards what he could only assume to be a bedroom. He held his good hand up to the door, ready to knock, but paused for a moment and forced himself to breathe. Once his heart rate went back down to something slightly less alarming, John opted to lean against the wall beside the door. With his face turned towards the door, he softly spoke.

“I take it this came as a surprise to you as well? Not very nice of him, springing this on you. Christ, you're probably freaking out… I know I am,” he let out a long sigh and leaned his head back, knees folding out from under him as he allowed himself to slide down the wall, landing with a soft thud on his bum. “Take your time… I mean it, Sherlock.”

A gentle metallic, short, sharp sound alerted John to the bedroom door once again being open. Unlike the boisterous movement from before, Sherlock eased the wooden door open, allowing for
only a sliver of his features to be seen from the other side.

Sherlock had quickly donned one of his old suits, one he frequently wore before using his drug of choice and being admitted. Personally he didn’t find it to be anything special, just a dark suit and trousers with a purple, button down dress shirt. The clothing was a bit more loose now, but not enough to warrant alterations. He knew he’d fill back out once his rehabilitation was complete. Regardless, he found himself much more comfortable wearing such garments in comparison to what he usually wore to relax in. His hair was still somewhat wet, but Sherlock found he didn’t have the usual patience to dry and style it as he usually would.

His gaze slowly traveled downward until he came upon John, who had recently made his home upon the floor right outside the bedroom. John, his John. John Hamish Watson, Captain and disruption of his life was sitting on the floor as if he had done so many times before, calmly waiting for Sherlock to emerge for the day so he could be the first thing Sherlock saw. If Sherlock was honest, the idea appealed to him in ways he wasn’t sure he wanted to explore just yet.

John looked up and quirked an eyebrow up at Sherlock, then looked down at his very posh suit. His eye lingered on the purple shirt that almost seemed to shimmer in the light, changing colors slightly, and he had to remind himself that he was a grown man and drooling was not becoming. For a split moment he thought to ask just how Sherlock had managed to put that on in under two minutes, but instead he groaned for affect and held his left hand out.

“Help an old man up, would you?”

Still partially hidden by the door, Sherlock glanced down at John’s outstretched hand. He then raised an eyebrow before cautiously allowing the corner of his mouth to turn up.

“I would, but I currently do not see an old man to assist.”

“Oh? So you’d rather watch as I struggle to get up on my own. I see how it is.” John winked up at Sherlock then placed a hand on the floor, ready to move. The cut he'd received was still tender and his knees were actually aching from the bloody cold. Once he used to enjoy winter's chill but after spending over a year in the blazing heat he was suddenly reminded that he was in fact not quite as young as he once had been. “If you hear any creaking, pretend it’s the house, okay?”

Something inside Sherlock relaxed, allowing for an exasperated sigh to accompany his signature eye roll, before he swung the door fully open and reached out to help John to his feet. Even through the layers of clothing, Sherlock could still tell how fit and muscular John was. He felt his mouth water slightly at the idea of John completely shirtless, his eyes being able to completely observe John’s chest muscles contracting under tanned skin.

John grunted as he, with Sherlock’s help, maneuvered himself back up onto his feet. He let his hand linger in Sherlock’s for a moment before pulling away to straighten out his uniform, more out of habit than anything else. He stood at parade rest, arms folded behind his back, and grinned.

“There, helping the elderly. Surely that’s an item on that wellness list of yours.” While his voice was light, his eyes were anything but. He drank Sherlock in, from the way his damp curls hung low, brushing against his eyebrows to just how very narrow his waist was. John was fairly certain that if he had a mind too, and oh, did he, he could lift Sherlock up with ease. (Not now, though.) So he simply stored that information away for such a time that it might be useful.

“I’ll be sure to let Mike know.” Sherlock’s eyes softened some as he continued to process John and the entire situation they were currently in. He looked down towards his cuffs, tugging on one unnecessarily as he felt nerves slowly overtake his senses again. Eyebrows knitted together as
Sherlock thought about how different he was when it came to John. It was almost as if his entire personality of an aloof, uncaring sociopath had been replaced by this timid, uncertain individual. He could hear a voice put forth the idea that John hadn’t replaced anything, merely drawn another aspect of Sherlock’s personality out. Sherlock scrunched his nose in distaste and mentally told said voice to kindly bugger off.

John watched as Sherlock appeared to be briefly lost to thought and had to fight the urge to reach out and touch the man. Every part of him screamed to touch, feel, taste, smell. But there was a small warning bell in the back of his mind, telling him, “Not yet.” so he stepped back and looked around the room, nodding in the direction of what he assumed to be the kitchen.

“The tea? God I need the caffeine. Your brother is a wanker,” John yawned and began moving in what he hoped to be the right direction, “had me up before the sun was awake. No warning. Nothing. Just a short call from one of his minions. Maybe some biscuits too. It's past lunch time for me… hardly slept or ate on the plane ‘cause I was so worried about you.”

With faux confidence John made his way into the kitchen, listening to the quiet sounds of Sherlock following him. Sherlock moved so silently that it took John a moment to register that he had in fact followed him into the kitchen, and was now lurking somewhere between hall and door. Knowing that the next few minutes would be crucial, if not the bloody key to their continued relationship, John attempted to make himself seem as harmless, yet human, as possible. At least, as well he could while dressed in full Army fatigues.

The kettle was sitting on the cooker, silver and gleaming. There was no way even he could pretend to not see it. So he scooped it up with his left hand, and spun around in a circle, gathering his bearings and looking for the sink. With a short grunt of triumph he made his way to the sink, set the kettle down with a clatter and threw open the taps. Hot and cold water combined and echoed as it filled the kettle. Once full enough, he scooped it up once again and set it back on the cooker, flicking a switch to high. He noticed then, out of his peripheral vision, that Sherlock had snuck into the room, and was now only a few feet away, watching him with blue eyes.

“Blue, the wanker has bloody blue eyes… but god… not any blue. God they’re like the sea cosplaying as a galaxy. Jesus Bloody Christ!” John realized only a moment too late that he hadn’t been glancing out of his peripheral vision, but full on staring at Sherlock Holmes. And the bloody bastard was smirking at him. He did his best to seem unaffected, and spun around once again, a whirlwind of tan camo, moving about an unfamiliar kitchen. He threw open drawers and cabinets, in search for tea, only pausing when a small movement to his left caught his attention.

Sherlock Holmes walked with precision to the work top, grabbed a tin canister with, “Shit, his fingers are so fucking long….” long fingers and held it out to John.

“Fuck…” John swore, he didn’t care if it was out loud, or in his head, all he cared about was Sherlock. Here. With him. In the same bloody room. He closed the space between them with a needy moan and clasped both hands on either side of Sherlock’s face, taking care not to tangle the metal casts on his fingers in Sherlock’s hair.

“I’m going to kiss you now… is that okay?”

Sherlock’s head had hardly even moved, his nod apparent however, when John took half a step forward and closed the space between their bodies without letting go of Sherlock’s face. John took a deep breath in, an oh god he could smell Sherlock. He smelled like rain, like the wind on a crisp autumn day, and like Christmas morning. He felt his knees go weak, and he knew if he didn’t make his move this very instant, he would regret it for the rest of his life. With one last “Fuuuuuccckkk…” John leaned up, literally up - the bastard was much taller than him - and pressed his lips against
They were soft, warm, moist, and oh so inviting. John could feel the perfect cupid's bow tentatively pressing against his lips. He could feel the quiver in that plush bottom lip. And oh… he could taste the sigh. John's fingers began to tremble against Sherlock's face and his kisses became short and needy, he pressed them wherever he could. Part of him knew that he was sobbing, that he was not acting like society says a man should act, but the rest of him didn't fucking care. He had the love of his life in his hands, beneath his lips. He was not afraid, not one iota, to show how affected he was. He wanted Sherlock to know. Wanted Sherlock to know how much this moment meant to him. To finally be able to kiss… Christ… it was perfect.

Sherlock wasn't sure exactly what he suspected to happen once him and John were alone. Maybe there would be some pleasantries, some awkward shuffling about (there most certainly had been that), a sense of overwhelming at finally meeting each other face to face. Standing together in the kitchen, waiting for water to boil for tea and kissing like their lives depended on it was most certainly not on his list is possibilities. Not that he minded such an outcome. John certainly didn't if the noises he was making was any indicator.

Sherlock soon felt his fingers go slack, the tea canister falling unceremoniously to the floor. Neither seemed to notice however, or maybe they just didn't care. He soon found his hands grasping a much better object, namely John's vigorous biceps. If Sherlock had been of sounder mind, he would have been appalled at the moan that tore through him at the thought of the strength his Captain held within him.

They kissed, and kissed and kissed some more. All variations of kisses. Short, fast, hard, long, deep, light, whatever they could think of, trying them on for size. Neither of them pulling away, both of them moving closer, hands now moving roughly across the other man's body. It wasn't until the shrill whistle of the kettle startled both of them that they pulled apart. John jumped, and for one brief moment thought he was back in Afghanistan, that the whistle had been a bomb. But when Sherlock had reached around him to turn the cooker off with an annoyed sigh, John laughed. He laughed so hard his sides hurt, until he head tears in his eyes, until he clung to Sherlock with his head buried against Sherlock's chest. His ears were filled with a soft rumbling that was nearly drowned out by the kettle and he looked up with a smile on his face.

"You're giggling. Don't you dare deny it."

The smile that was currently taking up Sherlock's own features threatened to expand even further when John looked up at him. Part of him seriously believed all of this was some drug induced dream, and he would soon wake up back in his room in rehab. Or maybe everything up to this point wasn't real. Maybe he overdosed and is currently lying in a coma somewhere or even dead. Either way, Sherlock was comfortable, he was content, dare he say actually happy.

"I suppose one or two tend to slip through," Sherlock did his best to pretend to be unaffected, "though do try not to tell anyone. I would hate to have to keep you locked away just to protect my image."

"One or two? Doesn't that make three?" John chortled and leaned up on his toes to steal another kiss, this one less desperate than the others but so sweet it made his lips tingle. He would have loved to stay there in that moment, exchanging kisses, but he really did fancy a cuppa.

"Find that tea, would you? I'll try to find us some cups. I think I saw some over here…" he moved to the far left side of the kitchen, to one of the still partially opened cupboards and pulled out two plain white mugs. "How do you take yours?"
“Honey, if my brother bothered to stock any..” Sherlock gracefully bent over to retrieve the, thankfully still closed, canister from where it fell when he became all consumed by John and all the possibilities these coming days could bring.

“Bend over like that again and I can’t promise to keep my hands to myself…” John growled as he took the canister from Sherlock and distracted himself with the simple task of making tea. “So,” he added nonchalantly, “we don’t hate your brother then?”

Sherlock leaned back against the counter, folding his arms as he watched John make their tea. “There isn’t anything my brother could do that would make me not hate him.”

“Not even covertly, and quite secretly, get me here just in time for Christmas for a four day Holiday. Alone. Together?” John reached out to hand Sherlock his tea, his eyes fluttered shut as their fingers touched around the warm mug. They stood there, fingers entwined around the mug, for a long while. John pulled away first, clearing his throat and reaching back for his own mug. Sherlock took a timid sip of his tea, watching John as he swiftly brought all of his focus to his own beverage. In order to ease the growing tension, Sherlock decided to draw the attention away from them.

“I believe there is a small telly in the sitting room. I don’t believe many channels come in, but I believe there is a good stock of movies if you would prefer,” Sherlock put his tea down and began rummaging through the shelves, “I’ll find something for us to eat.”

At the mention of food John’s stomach gave a loud growl. He hadn’t eaten since dinner the night before, having been too nervous on the flight here to eat. A quick glance at the clock told him it was only just past 11, nearly mid afternoon back on base, and he only then realized just how hungry he was.

“Food would be lovely, but I don’t think I’d be able to focus on a movie just yet. Shall we nibble on something and then get the awkward bit over with now? I mean, I did just snog you before we’ve even properly said hello. After walking in on you nearly naked.” John’s lips curled up in a smile as he remembered the sight, all pale skin, dark hair, and brilliant blue eyes, shell shocked at his appearance.

A small smirk of triumph appeared on Sherlock’s face as he brought down a rather large package of chocolate biscuits. He reached around for a plate as he continued to converse with John. “You do make a good argument. However, the sofa would be much more comfortable than to continue standing here in the kitchen, better place to converse.”

“That… Right… Yeah.” John nodded, then held a hand out. “Let me take your tea, better bring two packages. I wasn’t kidding when I said I was hungry. Haven’t eaten since dinner my time yesterday.” as John took Sherlock’s cup from him, he felt his heart flutter once again at the jolt that ran through his entire body when they touched. “I’ll… I’ll be in there, I guess.” With one last look at Sherlock, he turned around and headed back into the sitting room.

Chapter End Notes

Tindo here! I just feel like I should warn everyone. John’s chapter, Monday, might be out later than I would like. We don’t have it all written, and I have about 0 hours of free time until monday late at night. We will do our best to get it written for you
though.
22nd December, 2005: Promises

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Okay. Long winded note. Pretty please give this a read before reading the chapter:

For reasons we will leave unspoken, Blood is having a REALLY hard time right now and is kind of sort of partially (really precise here, Tindo, good job) unable to write out these long chapters. So it is mostly ME writing, with her giving me direction a bit here and there.

These long, NON letter chapters are a LOT harder for us to write. because well, long chapter is LONG. This one is over 5k words, and we HAVE MORE coming. SO, we're going to have to slow down how often we post just for the sake of our own sanity. That said, we will post at LEAST once a week, no particular day, and perhaps if we all get lucky there will be two a week. This is ONLY until we go back to the letters, once they're writing again, it will go back to our Sunday night/Monday and Friday. (Might just make it Sunday night because I don't work Sunday Nights.)

It might turn out that I'll be writing these chapters and that Blood will just step back in once we're back to letters. If that is the case, I apologize if Sherlock sounds different, but I can't capture him the way she does.

ALSO: in order to get this out, and our lovely warning above this is 100% unbetad by us. Normally we let it all sit for a day or two and tweak it here and there before posting it. However My work schedule is pretty much out straight until NEXT weekend, so I wont have the luxury to do that with this chapter.

Last warning before I let you go read: This chapter will probably be live tweaked over the next few days as we notice something that needs to be changed. Nothing should change the story, just make the reading experience a bit smoother. However, if we do anything major, we will leave a comment here on this chapter, so just keep your eyes open for that. Though I don't expect that to happen. It'll mainly be wording and all that jazz.

Speaking of Jazz, I must say a personal thank you to Herbie Hancock for his funk/jazz. Without his music.... I would not be able to focus enough to write. Specifically this one: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UbkqE4fpvdI

-Tindo

Taking into account what John had said about him not eating since yesterday, Sherlock took down two packages of the chocolate biscuits his brother so graciously supplied them with. He also brought in two plates even though he wasn't planning on using one himself. He figured John would
insist on using them, so he decided he should at least humor him.

Once John was back in the sitting room placed both cups of tea down on the coffee table next to a sealed manila envelope. He stood there awkwardly by the sofa, unsure if he should sit or not. Just as he was about to take a seat he spotted his bag and the idea of putting on Civies came to him. It would be nice to get comfortable, perhaps he’d even be able to rid himself of some of this tension and relax if he changed. He was just pulling out a pair of jeans, a fresh t-shirt and his favourite cream coloured jumper (it was cold, much colder than he was now used too.) when Sherlock entered the room.

“Er, do you mind if I go change? Or…”

As Sherlock deposited their meal onto the table graciously placed in front of the small sofa, he contemplated John’s question. Making an elaborate show of him thinking, Sherlock threw himself across the worn cushions, legs and arms spread as he fixed John with a rather sultry stare.

“I’d rather you stay in what you are currently wearing, though I can imagine how eager you probably are to get into regular clothing,” at this point Sherlock’s slight smirk grew into full on cocky grin, “However, if you wish to make the transition, you have to do so in front of me.”

“Like… a strip tease?” John cocked an eyebrow at Sherlock and tilted his head in amusement. He’d expected a little bit of sass from Sherlock, but nothing quite like this. However, he wasn’t complaining.

Sherlock raised one of his own eyebrows in response. One of his more glaring features was his tendency to push people, particularly to their limits and beyond. Sherlock was curious how far he could push John. “Obviously.”

“Hmm… well, can’t promise it’ll be all that enjoyable. Might freeze my balls off in the process.” John rolled his eyes and gave a little shiver while silently cursing himself for being so cold. (There was a fire crackling away not 5 feet away from him, how was he this cold?) He watched as Sherlock lay smirking, wondering for a moment if he was joking, trying to break the ice, or if he really did just want to watch John change.

Not exactly one for modesty, spending a year living with other men who walked around with their balls out, (Sometimes more literally than figuratively.) John had no qualms with changing in front of other people. Nor did he have anything to hide. In fact, this could be fun, even if not exactly sexy. So without giving it much more thought, he dropped his clothing onto the coffee table and began unbuttoning his camo fatigue jacket.

“Won’t be much of a show, luv.” he winked as he let the stiff jacket fall to the floor. He felt a little guilty for not taking better care of his uniform, but right now, with Sherlock’s eyes on him like that , he found he almost didn’t care. He only had a tan t-shirt on under the jacket and he made quick work of pulling that off over his head, leaving him bare from the chest up, besides his dog tags, of course.

He almost reached for his jumper at that point, thinking to pull it on before he froze to death. But he was enjoying this, enjoying Sherlock’s look of wonder and how his jaw was hanging open ever so slightly. Deciding to go for the full effect, he pulled open his belt then reached for his flies, but stopped and caught Sherlock’s eyes.

“How ’bout you do this part?”

Sherlock tried to control his breathing as he felt the first stirrings of arousal deep in his gut. Deep
down, he knew that it was no surprise that John was as fit as he was, however to actually see such sculpted perfection and then to practically be invited close enough to caress such perfection...Sherlock wasn’t sure if he could trust himself with such an opportunity.

Swallowing around the sudden tightness in his throat, Sherlock moistened his lips as he continued to stare openly, “Perhaps it would be better if you continued.”

“Suit yourself.” Slightly disappointed, John covered it up by tilting his head to the left and gave Sherlock a filthy wink before undoing his fly and pushing his trousers abruptly to the floor. He kicked them a side and stood there, in front of Sherlock, in nothing but his black boxer briefs, socks, and dog tags, and watched with a rather smug look as Sherlock’s eyes quickly found his new tattoo. “Not too corny, is it? The tattoo?”

With speed that neither of them knew that Sherlock possessed, the younger man was soon kneeling in front of the object of his desire, his focus completely on the unique branding decorating the space on John’s left hip. When Sherlock was first informed of John being in possession of some tattoos, a single honey bee accompanied with honeycomb clusters was not one of the possibilities that came up during his nightly contemplations. However, now Sherlock was sure that no other design would have made more sense.

Without much conscious thought, Sherlock reached out in fascination. He managed to catch himself however before his fingers made full contact with John’s tanned skin. Glancing upwards, hand still hovering inches from John’s hip, he silently asked John if it would be okay for him to explore.

John couldn’t help himself, he reached out and ran a hand through Sherlock’s curls and nodded. His eyes fluttered shut as his fingers carded through Sherlock’s still damp hair. God, his mouth was right there. It would be so easy… just to pull Sherlock’s face forward. They’d talked about it. Both in letter and over the phone. However he couldn’t help but notice the fervor in which Sherlock acknowledged his tattoo, and if he was being honest with himself, it left him feeling rather chuffed. Just… Sherlock looking so pleased, and happy, meant more to him than he knew how to express. He smiled down fondly at the man before him and gently caressed his head, “Whatever you need, luv…”

After getting John’s obvious approval, Sherlock brought his focus back to the second most interesting aspect in the room, next to John Watson himself. Closing the distance, Sherlock began running his fingertips along the outer edge of the tattoo. He couldn’t help but marvel at the detail that was given to such a simple piece of work. The outline was dark with just the hint of colour in the appropriate spots. Most individuals would probably have the entire image overpowered with yellows and oranges, taking away from the realism and gentle beauty of the piece. John obviously knew the power of minimalism and expressed as such, not just through the tattoo that was currently the main focus of Sherlock’s exploration, but through the way he conducted his own existence.

Sherlock continued to stroke the bee tattoo as he began rattling off questions pertaining to said tattoo. “Is this the tattoo you were telling me about? The one you received during your outing with your friends?”

“Mmm. Yes. I couldn’t think of what to get. Already had this one,” John nodded to his right shoulder where he had a coloured version of the Royal Army Medical Corps insignia, “Nothing else stuck my fancy, really, until I thought of you. And how much you loved bees. It seemed only fitting once I thought about it. But…” he added a bit hesitantly, “Darling, I’m quite cold. So either take me to bed and cuddle me until I’m warm, or let me put some clothes on and devour a whole pack of biscuits before I devour you.”
John’s remark seemed to snap Sherlock back into reality. Drawing his hand away like it had been burned, Sherlock hastened back to his position on the sofa. Instead of the provocative position from before, Sherlock occupied himself with unpacking their food and putting them onto the provided plates.

John’s mouth began to water at the sound of Sherlock opening the biscuits, and he hastily dressed himself in his jeans and jumper. It felt great, he had to admit to himself, to be dressed like a normal person again. He felt himself relax for the first time since first arriving in Afghanistan. He’d spent so much of his last year in camo that he’d almost forgotten about his love for cozy jumpers. (And just how very relaxing it was not being in an active war zone.) Once dressed, and his fatigues were folded and put aside, John sat on the small sofa, opting for the spot directly beside Sherlock instead of the far end of the cushions.

“So… er.. Hello, my name is John. And I’m starving.” John grinned like a five year old as he stuffed a biscuit in his mouth, mumbling around his mouthful. “Lovely to meet you.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes as he brought his own biscuit to his mouth, “John, you kissed me like a starving animal in the kitchen only a few moment ago, and I practically saw you naked just now. I believe you and I are past such simple pleasantries.”

“Mmmm Mmbbu..” John began then took a moment to chew and swallow before trying again. "Mmm, and I walked in on you practically naked. But i just made you smile. I think… my goal will be to make you smile, and giggle, as much as I can while I’m here. I’m nothing, if not a romantic.”

Sherlock feigned surprise at John’s last statement, one of his hands splayed over his chest following a dramatic gasp, “Truly?! I honestly had no idea! I must admit, you hide such aspects of yourself quite well.”

“Mm.. I do try to hide it. However… I’d very much like to kiss you again, like that. If you’d be keen.” John stuffed another biscuit into his mouth, then frowned. These weren’t going to be enough, not unless he planned on eating the whole package himself.

Upon noticing that some of the chocolate from his previous biscuits has transferred onto a few of his fingers, Sherlock brought each to his lips and began licking and sucking the remnants of the sweet coating off his digits. He purposely kept his eyes locked with John’s as he went from finger to finger, seemingly ignoring John’s previous statement.

John let out a low growl, a noise that started as a soft moan and slowly grew into a rumble, at the sight. Before he knew what he was doing, he was locking eyes with the gorgeous man sitting beside him. He reached out and took one of Sherlock’s hands in his own, and slowly lifted it to his lips. At the first brush of skin against lip, John stuck his tongue out and gave Sherlock’s middle finger a lick, his tongue came away tasting of chocolate and Sherlock. He began licking in earnest, doing his best not to get carried away, when he let out another embarrassing moan and regretfully let go of Sherlock’s hand before he made a complete fool of himself.

Upon the first contact of John’s tongue with his skin, Sherlock felt every neuron in his brain go offline. Granted he knew that complete shutdown was impossible without death, however he felt that the sensations he was currently experiencing with every swipe and suckle were as close as one could get to the actual experience of dying without actually doing so. Sherlock’s teeth practically embedded themselves within the delicate skin of his lips as he tried to hold back the small whimpers that threatened to escape. It wasn’t until John let loose his own sounds of euphoria, that Sherlock lost his own battle and allowed his own brand of elongated noises to escape.

“So?” John grinned, a bit sheepishly, he leaned forward to steal a kiss from Sherlock, and
whispered, “Not exactly shy… are we?”

Sherlock felt his face heat with the unspoken implications. He felt his lips purse before averting his stare to something over towards the other side of the room, looking at anything in an attempt to keep his attention away from John’s powerful and intense gaze. Sherlock knew the mechanics, the expectations of being in a relationship. While he was aware of John’s ever expanding patience with him, Sherlock was sure that a man who was obviously as experienced and well versed as John was would expect a certain level of intimacy from their partner.

“So…” John drawled as he licked his own fingers clean, his plate of biscuits finally empty. “Here we are… Together. Unprepared. Sherlock Holmes, I’m… nervous.” He flashed Sherlock an awkward grin then pursed his lips.

“Its different, isn’t it? In person. So easy to say things on the phone, or on paper. But in person…” shrugging his shoulders he turned on the small sofa to face Sherlock better, “Not that I don’t want what we said. I do, god I do. But… I don’t want to rush things. Even if… well… it doesn’t all happen this visit. That’s fine. It’s all fine. Really. The only thing I really, really want, is to kiss you. If I’m not allowed to kiss you, I might not make it.”

John placed his hands on his lap and stared into the fire. He didn’t know how to tell Sherlock that he didn’t need sex. He wanted it, of course, but he didn’t need it. All he needed was Sherlock. Here. With him.

Sherlock listened as John began awkwardly expressing what was obviously going on in both their minds at the moment. Part of him wanted to truly believe what John was saying. However, there was still a small part of himself that kept going back to what he knew to be true about people.

While Sherlock wasn’t prepared for most of what John was suggesting, he knew there was at least one activity they both were more than up for. Maneuvering himself until he was practically in John’s lap, Sherlock raised his hand until just the tips of his fingers were pressed against John’s chin. He lightly pressed until John’s focus was no longer on the fire, but back on where it truly mattered.

“John, while I may not be ready for everything that we’ve…talk about, I can say that if you do not get over here and kiss me like you desire I may completely lose my mind.”

“Right. Uh…” John did the best he could to think through the lap full of Sherlock, blinking a few times as he willed himself to finish speaking his mind. “Nothing’s going to happen… that you don’t want. But I’m no mind reader, so you need to tell me if you’re not ready for something, or if you don’t like it. Okay?”

As he waited for Sherlock to answer John wrapped his arms around Sherlock’s back and buried his nose in Sherlock’s neck. It felt amazing, to be here, to have Sherlock in his arms, and even more amazing to be able to smell him. Currently, all he smelled of was what John could only imagine to be expensive soap, but it was wonderful. Perfect even. As if to emphasize just how perfect it was, he kissed Sherlock’s neck.

Upon feeling John’s soft lips caress his sensitive neck, Sherlock’s entire body shook with restrained passion. Doing his best to collect his now scattered thoughts, Sherlock gripped John’s shoulders with considerable strength before remembering how to formulate proper vocabulary.

“O-okay. Yes, I’ll…..remember to inform you of what I’m not ready for.”

“Mmm good.” John purred into Sherlock’s ear while continuing to kiss that perfect neck. “Now,
I’m going to push you down on this sofa and kiss every part of you I can reach. Is that okay?”

Sherlock nibbled on his own bottom lip as he swallows particularly loudly, at least to his own ears. “Yes, that's...quite alright, very much so in fact.”

“Good. Oh god… that’s good.” a grin the size of England made it’s home on John’s face. With Sherlock already very nearly sitting on his lap, it wasn’t a far stretch for him to wrap Sherlock’s legs around his own waist. Once he had Sherlock how he wanted him, John stood, taking Sherlock with him. The sofa was small, much to small for two grown men, but John didn’t care. He lowered Sherlock down on his back, barely containing a giggle at the man's surprised squeak, before straddling Sherlock's hips and grinning down at his prize.

“I don't know.” He bit his bottom lip and trailed a finger over Sherlock's jaw. Sherlock's eyes clouded over with confusion at his words, so John cupped his hand over Sherlock's jaw and neck, his fingers behind Sherlock's ear, gently massaging his head. “Do I devour you whole?” With a moan he leaned down and scraped his teeth over Sherlock's pearly white throat.

“Or…” he pulled back with some difficulty and pressed a featherlight kiss to Sherlock’s jaw, “or bit by bit.” He placed another kiss to the underside of Sherlock’s chin. “So slowly...” this time his lips slid over Sherlock’s jaw, “that you feel like you might...” John placed his lips directly over Sherlock's, letting them brush together when he softly said, “explode.”

Sherlock felt his eyes roll back into his head as John's lips gently caressed his own, warm breath surrounding his senses and leaving him unable to recognise anything except the man hovering above him. He attempted to formulate a response, but whatever he was planning on saying seemed to have gotten jumbled on its way out, causing Sherlock to produce nothing more than a string of nonsense noises.

“Slow?” John murmured into Sherlock’s ear then scraped his lips over his sharp cheekbones. “Mmm.. I believe so as well, my Honey Bee.” John nuzzled his nose against Sherlock’s then pulled away with a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Let’s see how well I remember the human skeleton, shall we?”

With an almost devilish smirk, John then began the slow but delightful task of taking Sherlock Holmes apart. “Hmmm... this would be....” he placed an open mouth kiss just beside Sherlock’s left ear then gently whispered, “the Zygomatic bone. And this,” his lips traveled up a bit higher and he pressed no fewer than five kisses against Sherlock’s curls, “your Temporal bone.” Next he leaned in and scraped his teeth over Sherlock’s jaw, his voice low and gravelly, “Mandible... Then the Hyoid... Trachea, which of course isn’t a bone... but...” John grinned down at the wrecked man beneath him, “you don’t seem to mind all that much.”

Something close to a whimper escaped Sherlock as he felt John’s teeth scrape down his throat. John shifted on the sofa, ensuring his hips stayed at least 6 inches away from Sherlock’s. John couldn’t help his physical reaction, but he could make sure that Sherlock wasn’t made uncomfortable by it. He fought the urge to grind his hips down, instead channeling that want into his lips, kissing every inch of exposed skin above Sherlock’s collar. When it appeared that Sherlock was truly unable to think, to the point where he just lay panting, jaw hanging open, eyes unblinking, John pushed himself back up into a sitting position and smiled.

“Come on,” He held out a hand and tilted his head to the side and helped the poor man up, “have some tea, it’ll help.” John couldn’t help but let his eyes linger on Sherlock’s swollen lips. God, he was gorgeous. And his. The thought made him smile like a fool. Seeing as Sherlock appeared to have no interest (or perhaps ability) to move, John pressed Sherlock’s mug into his hands then reached for his.
“Sorry, if that was… a bit much. I can tone it down, if you need me too.” John blushed then nervously flicked his eyes over the room. He didn't know how much was too much for Sherlock, and with his lips otherwise busy, he wouldn't have had a chance to tell him to stop. It made John even more nervous when Sherlock said nothing, simply sat blinking rapidly, his entire focus seemingly on the contents of the mug pressed between his hands.

A few more moments went by with nothing but the sound of the fire to fill the empty space. It wasn't until Sherlock seemed to come back online, a rush of breath being inhaled before being gently let out, that the newfound tension seemed to dissipate as quickly as it had come.

Taking a large gulp of his now lukewarm tea, almost as if he was consuming liquid courage, before depositing his mug back onto the table with much more force than was originally intended and practically threw himself into John’s personal space.

“It’s like I can’t get rid of you… Not that I want too!” John began laughing as he wrapped his arms around Sherlock, pulling him close. In response, Sherlock proceeded to bury his face deep within the junction between John’s neck and shoulder. “There is hardly enough room on this sofa for us… Would you allow me, Sherlock, to take you to bed for a proper cuddle, and nothing else. Just cuddles and kissing.” When Sherlock gave John a timid nod, the captain grinned and stood up.

“Well, come here then.” John held his arms open wide and bent down. It only took Sherlock a moment to catch John’s meaning and he leaned up into John’s arms, wrapping his own around John’s neck. It took John just a moment to shift their positions enough so he could lift Sherlock up off the sofa, with a grunt he straightened his back and grinned when Sherlock wrapped his legs around his waist. They made their way together through the sitting room, only pausing when they reached the bedroom door. John bent his neck down to kiss at Sherlock’s shoulder and asked, “Be a dear, Sherlock, open it for me?”

There was a soft thumping noise as Sherlock reached behind his back and fumbled for the door knob. The door swung open and John took his first step into the bedroom. Hundreds of thoughts filled his mind as he moved towards the bed, the first and foremost being, “Would Sherlock allow him to sleep here, with him, tonight?”

John’s knees hit the edge of the bed and with one last kiss at Sherlock’s shoulders he bent forward and let the younger man drop down on to the bed. John cleared his throat and looked down at the thoroughly debauched man below him.

“Scoot over…” John nudged at Sherlock’s hip then took the spot Sherlock had just vacated, positioning himself on his back. “Right, now get over here. On top... “

Shedding his suit jacket in almost record time, Sherlock then immediately leapt upon the smaller man. He eagerly maneuvered himself to where his lips could easily attack John’s, and his thigh was pressed quite snug against the older man’s more intimate bits. Said thigh then began a leisurely unconscious massage, while Sherlock’s lips began a more intentional catalog of tactical and taste.

John stretched his arms out far above his head, burying his hands under the pillows in a show of submissiveness. It seemed, this time, it was Sherlock’s turn to kiss and lick his way over exposed skin. John found himself moaning, rather loudly, at Sherlock’s attentions. Seemingly on their own accord, John’s hips lifted off the bed and gyrated against Sherlock’s thigh.

Sherlock could feel his own body responding to the unexpected yet welcomed stimulation. He ran his hands up along John’s clothed arms and under the pillows before securing his own hands within John’s. Coordination was completely forgotten as Sherlock’s lips stopped their exploration and merely hovered inches away from John’s face. No longer was there concern with anything else
except the familiar sensations that were exploding along his spine and deep within his gut. With a more intentional pressure, Sherlock began almost wildly rutting against John.

John rolled his head to the side and let out a low moan while lacing his fingers with Sherlock’s. He lost himself in the moment. Sherlock was here, above him, and his arousal was very real. He shifted his position under Sherlock just a bit to the left, just enough so he was no longer rutting against Sherlock’s thigh but groin.

“Sherlock… Is… this okay?” he turned his head back the other way and buried his nose deep into Sherlock’s hair. “Because if so, might be nice to get out of some of these clothes. But, only if you want too.”

A low growl emitted from deep within Sherlock’s chest before the man was swiftly sitting up and practically tearing John’s jumper off.

“Yes, alright? What we're doing is bloody alright. Now come on!”

“Come on? Come on what, you?” John laughed at his own joke and helped Sherlock divest himself of his jumper. Once it had been tossed halfway across the room Sherlock’s fingers flew to John’s jeans, however John was having none of it. “No, you first. God, get this… off! ” He pulled at Sherlock’s collar and growled when the metal splints on his fingers hindered his ability to unbutton Sherlock’s shirt.

“Let me. Wouldn't want you to strain yourself.” Sherlock gave John a brief smirk before swiftly pulling loose all the buttons on his shirt. He was quite sure one or two of them had come loose in the process, but found he honestly couldn't care less at the moment. Sherlock then rolled off John long enough to remove his own trousers before returning to his previous position. John made use of Sherlock’s absence and kicked his own trousers off then whimpered happily once Sherlock was back on top of him. He closed his eyes, expecting to feel Sherlock’s lips on him but after a moment opened them again to see Sherlock staring at him with striking intensity.

Sherlock licked his lips, finding them unusually dry even for himself. He couldn’t believe any of this was happening. Him, John, them, here, right here together. Before John, before rehab, before any of this, Sherlock had resigned himself to a life of complete solitude. He worked better alone, functioned better, alone kept him safe. Now however, he wasn’t so sure if he could be alone anymore. Life without John…..Sherlock wasn't so sure if he could even contemplate such a life.

“Hey…” John tenderly reached up and cupped Sherlock’s face with his good hand, “come here.” John slid his hand to the back of Sherlock's neck and pulled him down until their lips met again. They were both only in their pants, and John took this new freedom to run his hands over Sherlock’s back, trailing his fingers lightly over the bit of skin just above the elastic waistband of Sherlock’s pants. The motion made Sherlock gasp and John swallowed it up hungrily.

John gently took hold of Sherlock’s hips with both hands and pulled his waist down until their mutual erections were pressed against each other. Sherlock made the first move; he rolled his hips down hard letting out a series of not-so-quiet whimpers that burned through John like wild fire. John kept a strong hold on Sherlock’s hips and pushed up, his groan matching the intensity of Sherlock’s whimpers as their clothed cocks slid against each other.

“Jesus… Sherlock.” John moaned softly as his nipped at Sherlock’s ear while his hands were roving down the wide expanse of Sherlock’s back. He moved his attentions from Sherlock’s ear to just over his jugular. John spread his legs wide and gave a pleased rumble when Sherlock slotted himself between his legs, his full weight now bearing down on John. The room was quickly filled with moans, kisses, and the soft rustling of blankets as they began rutting against each other in
Sherlock found his hands cupping John's face. John. His John. Who was somehow here, with him, rutting his hard cock against his body, proving that at least part of what they'd promised each other still held true. John wasn't repulsed by him, he wasn't ashamed to be with a man. Quite the opposite in fact, if the steel rod grinding into him was any indicator.

John for his part couldn't keep his hands from moving. If they weren't rubbing Sherlock's back encouragingly, they were grabbing fistfuls of arse and pulling him down for a more intense thrust. With one such hard thrust, John bent one of his knees, putting his foot flat on the bed for leverage. This new, stronger, friction caused each of them to cry out as pleasure coursed through their veins.

“Mmm that… right there! God, yeah. Fuck, Sherlock!” John murmured into Sherlock's ear before locking lips with his boyfriends and bringing his left hand up to grab a fist full of damp curls. “So close… do that again… come on you gorgeous man. Make me come! Jesus!” John shouted as Sherlock’s cock shifted so it was directly beside his, rubbing him through their pants. “Yeah, god you're brilliant!”

John learned in that moment that words of praise affected Sherlock more than the dirtiest of dirty talk. Because in that moment, Sherlock let out a gasp and his eyes blew open wide. His blue green eyes becoming grey, like a winter storm, and John felt a liquid warmth seep through his pants. Watching Sherlock climax was John’s undoing. As he drank in the sight of Sherlock, thoroughly debauched, John felt his balls tighten and his insides began to tingle. He managed one last feeble thrust before falling back against the bed, completely spent. After what could have been mere moments, or perhaps minutes, John began to chuckle through his heavy breathing, showering Sherlock with kisses as he spoke.

“That was… god… the best… Jesus… Sherlock, I…” his next words slipped out of his mouth before he had time to think, with his lips pressed to the side of Sherlock's neck he whispered, “I love you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, and sticking with us! We'll do our best over these next few chapters! Day 1 of their meeting will come to a close in the next chapter, but they still have until December 26th!!! And we have a few things planned for our boys during those days.

(Namely Sherlock attacking John and inspecting him from head to toe to make sure he's actually alive. Because the orgasm wasn't enough proof)

IF you see anything major that needs to be changed/edited please leave a KIND comment (Please be kind, we're both emotionally frazzled right now and each day is a challenge for us.)

Oh, one other thing. My ipad changes the word every to ever.. ALL THE FUCKING TIME.... so I'm sorry if I missed a few
Hey everyone! Guess who's back!! :D And I've brought a wondrous chapter with me! Seriously guys, I may have not had the opportunity to respond to your comments last chapter, but know I did read them and I really am thankful for the understandings and the get well wishes. I honestly love this fandom and how close knit we all are; it really makes everything more bearable sometimes. Thank you guys again.♡

We have currently started the next chapter and, even though I need to be getting ready for finals next week, and Tindo's work is doing its best to drive her ragged (how she does what she does I will never know, she is beyond awesome), we will do our utmost to get the next one out in a timely manner. Until then, we really hope you enjoy this current gem! σ(≧ε≦σ)♡

“That was… god… the best… Jesus… Sherlock, I…” his next words slipped out of his mouth before he had time to think, with his lips pressed to the side of Sherlock's neck he whispered, “I love you.” Sherlock's body immediately tensed and John heard him take a sharp breath in, afraid that Sherlock was about to panic and bolt, John simply continued kissing, wherever his lips could reach, neck, shoulder, ears, face, head, it didn't matter. He needed Sherlock to know.

“I love you.” He kissed Sherlock's jaw then said it again, “I love you. And I’ll say it again and again until you believe me. Because I love you.” John’s stomach chose that moment to let out a particularly loud growl and Sherlock grabbed hold of the distraction with every fiber of his being.

“You’re hungry. There must be a village near here. We can go get food, or perhaps I can convince someone to deliver.” He spoke quickly yet he slowly began detangling his body from John’s. Part of him, the part glad for a distraction, wanted to bolt out of the bed and put his clothes back on. The other part however, the part of him that very much wanted to believe John, didn't want to move, wanted to stay right here in John's warm arms.

“Or…” John smiled softly and chased Sherlock’s slowly retreating form with kisses, “we can stay in. And I’ll cook.”

“You? cook?” Sherlock asked with an amused tone as he pulled pulled on a hoodie and began frowning at a pair of clean pants.

“Yes, I can cook.” John laughed as he rolled himself out of bed. “I’ll leave you to finish changing then. Think I need a new pair of pants as well. God, please tell me we can do the wash here.”

“Mmmm…” Sherlock hummed and waved his hand in a rather vague direction that could have been the kitchen, or the bathroom, “wash. Yes… good idea.”

“Hey, Sherlock?” John’s hands gently took hold of Sherlock’s shoulders as he made the other man look at him, “I meant what I said. I know it seems a bit sudden, but if you think about it, it isn’t.
Not at all. I mean, we’ve known each other since April... God, we’ve been dancing around this subject for weeks. And if I didn’t say it now, in person, who knows when I’ll be given another chance.” John leaned up and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s cheek then stepped back.

“I’m gonna use to use the loo, put my clothes back on, and then go figure something by way of a meal. Feel free to come keep me company.” John flashed Sherlock a smile then bent down to gather his clothing, giving Sherlock a full view of his arse as he did so. John turned to leave but just as he was about to step out of the room he looked over his shoulder and winked at Sherlock before making his exit.

Alone in the living room he let out a deep breath and grinned. He grinned like he’d never grinned before. He wanted to jump for joy, to shout to the heavens, to tell the whole world just how very happy he was. Not because Sherlock Holmes had just given him one of the best orgasms of his life, though that did help matters a bit, but because he was here, with Sherlock and despite the awkward first few moments, things were perfect. He walked quickly to his bag, not for one moment caring that he was in his rather soiled pants. Once he’d acquired clean pants he found his way into the bathroom and cleaned himself up a bit before changing. Part of him wanted to jump into the shower now, having gone at least 24 hours without one, but between not having a proper meal and a recent shag, he was starving. Food first, shower later.

Sherlock listened as John shuffled about in the next room, the telltale sound of his duffle bag being opened and some of its contents removed. Sherlock made a mental note to suggest John properly unpack once they were done eating. There was a part of him that wondered if he should feel guilty for practically assaulting the man before he could settle in, however his mind then supplied him with the realization that John did in fact technically make the first move (and one honestly can not be expected to do nothing when given such a pleasant invitation) so if anyone was to be blamed for any late unpacking, it was obviously John.

A small smile tugged at Sherlock’s lips as he thought about the man currently cleaning himself up only a few paces down the hall. He honestly never expected the two of them would ever be able to meet in person, specifically this early in their correspondence. Granted it had been almost eight months of letters and phone conversations, but Sherlock was sure that long distance relationships worked somewhat differently than relationships close by. Not that he had much experience in that either but…there was also the reality of John constantly being in dangerous situations, specifically with him not being around to protect him. Not that John needed protecting per say, but it would make Sherlock feel more secure if he was around to balance the situations more in John’s favor.

Sherlock quickly closed off the road his thoughts were currently careening down. He didn't want to think about the reality of John's situation, both of their situations once their little vacation time was used up. As much as he bloody hated Mycroft, part of him had to admit that this setup was greatly appreciated and rather nice of him. Maybe he could continue to cash in on his brother’s current giving attitude and see if he could arrange for John to be stationed somewhere safe, or quite possibly get shipped back home earlier than anticipated. Sherlock made another mental note to inquire about these things later.

Running his fingers through his newly disheveled hair in an attempt to bring it back to some semblance of order, Sherlock proceeded to make his way back out into the kitchen in order to see if they truly had close to anything for John to mix together and be able to make something at least halfway decent. Sherlock honestly wouldn't have minded them actually going out to eat, but Sherlock had the feeling John wanted to keep him all to himself for just a bit longer.

Stepping out into the main area of the cottage, Sherlock was assaulted by a most intriguing sound. At first, he was worried that someone had broken in, or worse, Mycroft had actually decided to set
up an actual dinner with their family. Following the unfamiliar noise to the kitchen, Sherlock was astounded to not only see John already in the process of cooking, but also to discover that the mysterious noise he was hearing was coming straight from John.

“O night, o night divine!” John continued to sing as he puttered about the kitchen. He’d managed to scrape together enough ingredients to put together a makeshift stir fry. He flashed Sherlock a smile before returning to his carol. He hadn’t exactly felt the Christmas cheer back in Afghanistan, what with being surrounded with sand, but now being home and with Sherlock, he was feeling quite festive.

“O Holy night, the stars are brightly shining!” John gave the contents of the pan a stir, then continued to hum, aware of Sherlock’s presence in the room. He hummed the next line then continued singing with, “Long lay the world in sin and error pining,” as he began searching the kitchen for spices. John hummed a few more lines until he found what he was looking for and belt out with, “Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!” as he began smelling random spices before tossing them in the pan.

“Sherlock, sweetheart, be a dear and get us some plates? This is nearly ready. Whatever this is.”

While Sherlock did as John had requested John continued to alternate between singing and humming, sometimes repeating the chorus twice before humming half of the next verse. Sherlock watched with a knowing smirk and, as he handed the plates and silverware over, he leaned his hip against the counter and said in a very matter of fact tone, “You've forgotten the words.”

“Perhaps.” John placed the plates down on the counter and stepped over to Sherlock, taking his hips in both hands. He pulled Sherlock so close that their hips touched and leaned up for a kiss. “Perhaps I have. One could argue that your arse in those skinny jeans is rather distracting.” John gave up standing on his tiptoes in favor of kissing Sherlock’s neck.

Sherlock hummed as John’s lips pressed against his neck, leaning his head back to allow John more access. “Just so you know, there is no scientific correlation between one's ability to remember song lyrics and seeing someone in tight fitting clothing.”

“Well, perhaps it's time I conduct my own scientific experiments this weekend. Starting with ‘Does Sherlock’s arse in those skinny jeans distract me?’” John cleared his throat and pulled away, but not before stealing one last kiss. “And actually, I do believe it does. Nearly burned our food, all thanks to your arse. Next time you distract while I’m cooking at least remind me to turn the cooker off first,” he commented as he pulled the pan off the hot burner.

“What exactly is this, John?” Inquired Sherlock as he inspected the food as John placed a spoonful on his plate.

“Rice, a bag of frozen mixed vegetables I found, and some chicken. I added some sesame oil and soy sauce. It seems your brother, or one of his minions, fully stocked the fridge for us.

Sherlock sniffed with distaste at the mention of his brother. “Most likely one of his minions. My brother can't be bothered with such commonplace activities.”

“Mmm, he made his minions get me here. Didn’t see him until I got to the airport.” John piled his plate with food then smiled. “But that’s enough talk about your brother. Come on, let’s eat.”
“God, I'm stuffed.” John groaned as he leaned back in his chair and tossed his napkin down on his empty plate. “Hmmm how ‘bout a walk? Might feel nice to get a bit of England in my lungs again.”

Sherlock honestly couldn't remember the last time he had allowed himself such a sizeable amount of food, to actually sit and enjoy something and it not be an afterthought. Deciding that John’s mention of a walk sounded quite favourable, Sherlock immediately scooped up their dirty plates and deposited them into the sink, before maneuvering himself quickly toward the front door.

“Walking after eating, even if it's only for fifteen minutes, aids in digestion as well as improving one's blood sugar. However, I am assuming you mean to stay out longer.”

“Actually, I just thought it would be nice to walk, and chat a little. But sure, good digestion is certainly something to aim for.” John shook his head and chuckled as he dug around in his bag for a jacket.

Sherlock opened the front door with far more dramatics then were necessary before practically bolting from the cottage. It wasn't until he stepped onto the dirt road in front of where they were staying, that he spun back around and shouted for John to hurry it along.

“Oi! Short legs, short legs!” John grunted as he bundled out of the cottage. He caught up with Sherlock and reached for Sherlock’s hand, lacing their fingers together. “So… Sherlock, are you alright? I mean… what with, what I said in the bedroom? You know… The part where I said, I love you.” John grinned and bumped his arm against Sherlock’s as they began walking down the deserted lane.

For a moment, Sherlock was completely distracted by the feeling of John’s fingers wrapped around his own. He forgot that handholding was actually something they could do now, that John may have actually wanted to hold his hand outside the privacy of their own personal sanctuary. That's what Sherlock was starting to view the private little cottage as, his and John own personal hideaway from the rest of the world. He was even more surprised that he actually enjoyed such a small display of public affection, even desired it, even though there really wasn't anyone around to see it yet.

Bringing his focus back to the present, Sherlock noticed John was giving him a slightly concerned look mixed with some form of trepidation. Did he do something wrong? Maybe he was being too overzealous. After all, handholding was supposed to be a natural thing couples did right? Sherlock suddenly stopped in his forward motion, biting his lip and looked away in embarrassment. He quickly removed his hand from John’s and buried both of them in his the front pocket of his hoodie.

“Apologies John. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable with my behaviour.”

“Mmm? No, not uncomfortable.” John cast Sherlock a worried look then sighed. “Listen… Just tell me if things are too much. Jesus, I’ve had so many nights lying awake, listening to bombs go off in the distance, I guess I’ve had more reasons to come to terms with my feelings.”

Sherlock gave John a slightly confused look. “What do you mean? I told you that I would inform you of anything I found uncomfortable. If anything I found holding your hand more than satisfactory.”

“Then hold my hand, you idiot.” John rolled his eyes and sighed. “Don’t make me push you into
the snow and snog you right here.”

Sherlock scrunched his nose up and gave John quite a glare, “You would not.”

“I wouldn’t? Really?” John cocked his eyebrow and gave Sherlock a light shove then grabbed his hand and began walking again. “So, this cottage? Is it family owned? It isn’t your parents house, is it?”

“Not a family house, no. Possibly one of Mycroft’s holdings, however it is more likely one of his safe houses. That would explain the cameras.”

“Cameras? What the hell do you mean cameras?” John’s head spun to the side and it was he who stopped dead in his tracks this time.

Sherlock cocked his head as he regarded the obviously flustered soldier. “In every room except the bathroom, as far as I can tell.”

“Bedroom as well?”

“Mmm, yes.” Sherlock’s eyes sparkled with a mischievous glint before he began pulling John along again. “Not getting shy on me, are you?”

“No shy, no.” John grumbled as he fell back into step beside Sherlock, “I don’t take kindly to being watched while getting intimate with someone. That’s all. Remind me to punch his nose.”

At John’s remark, Sherlock’s mischievous aura spread from his gaze to his entire countenance. “Don’t be dramatic, John, you’ll hardly need reminding once you see his smug round face.”

“Me? Dramatic? Your brother has, on CCTV might I remind you, us. In the bedroom. And you think I’m being dramatic?” John's free hand began waving wildly in the air and he was close to shouting now. “We will find that camera in the bedroom, and we will get rid of it!”

All the air in John’s lungs was suddenly pushed from his chest as Sherlock collided with him, both their bodies toppling into the snow just off the side of the road. Sherlock allowed his body to firmly drape itself over the shorter man, their legs very much tangled together while Sherlock’s arms managed to pin John’s to the ground above their heads.

Lifting his head up from its place nestled in John’s jumper, Sherlock gazed upon a rather shocked looking man below him. The doctor, thankfully, did not seem upset. In fact, once the initial shock of the fall had worn off John began to grin.

“So, Mr. Holmes, is this how you’ll be treating me over the next few days?” John pretended to fight against Sherlock but gave up with a forced huff and a wink then nuzzled his cold nose into the crook of Sherlock’s neck. “Knocking an injured man down, I do believe I’ll have to get you back for that.”

Without giving Sherlock any warning John wrapped his legs around Sherlock's lower body and twisted hard. Under a second later he was on top of Sherlock, grinning down at the man. Their hands were still locked together, buried under a few inches of soft snow. John placed on knee beside Sherlock’s hip while leaving the other leg stretched out.

“My my, how the tables have turned. What should I do with you? Hmm?”

Raising one of his jean clad knees, Sherlock began gently rubbing John’s groin while doing his best to look as coy as possible. “What should you do with me? I can think of a few things.”
“If you don't knock that off, Sherlock, I'm going to have to you right here in the snow, on the side of the road.” John scraped his teeth over Sherlock’s throat before dragging himself to his feet then offering Sherlock a hand up. “Come on, are we finishing this walk, or going back?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes when John pulled back from his obvious attempt at seduction. “Dull…” He begrudgingly extended his hand for John to take and let the older man help him to his feet. After brushing the snow from his backside, Sherlock quickly stepped into John’s personal space, “I suppose it all depends on you. We can continue forward, visit the small village nearby, play tourist and purchase a few things… or we can go back and take a warm refreshing shower before getting up to more scandalous activities”, Sherlock then continued leaning his head forward until his lips just barely caressed the outer shell of John’s ear, “It’s your call… Captain.”

“Let's compromise. How about we walk to town, play lovers, and purchase a few scandalous items. Then return home and try them out.” John whispered as chills, not caused by the cold weather, coursed down his body. He leaned his head against Sherlock’s shoulder and let out a satisfied hum when Sherlock’s lips did more than just tease. “How does that sound? Hmm?”

“How does that sound? Hmmmmm…” Sherlock pretended to think over John’s proposition as he continued to run his lips and occasionally teeth over John’s ear, “I suppose such a compromise is acceptable.”

“Alright, my handsome genius, which way, before I freeze my sack off out here.”

Sherlock chuckled as he stepped away and continued their leisurely walk toward the nearest populated area. It took all of his willpower to pull himself away, however he knew that the quicker they arrived and purchased what they needed, the sooner they could get to what Sherlock truly wanted to occupy his and John’s time with.

“So… what sort of scandalous activities did you have in mind?” John cast a timid look over at Sherlock and tried not to seem too anxious. “We haven't really talked about… well… sex. And I might.. have in, er, the heat of the moment, told your brother I wasn't going to have sex with you until I was out of the army.”

Once again, Sherlock wrinkled his nose at the mention of his brother. “First of all, let us make it a rule that Mycroft’s name, or anything pertaining to his royal fatness, will no longer be spoken of during our holiday. I’d rather not have him tarnishing our time together. Secondly, if sexual intercourse is indeed not an option, there are numerous other activities we can choose from correct?” At this, Sherlock turned his head and gave John a small yet rare smile, “I am sure we can come up with something.”

“Mmm I can think of a few ‘somethings’ we could do. Most of them involve you naked…” John returned Sherlock's smile and squeezed his hand. “So… how long of a walk? We’re going to need lube. Lots of lube. And probably some condoms. Maybe a few toys. Does the village have that kind of shop?”

“I am sure they have some sort of supply of condoms and lubricant. However, their supply of sexual stimulus may be quite lacking.”

“Hmm well, I guess this weekend will be… hands on.” John managed a weak smile at his lame joke and noted with some reassurance how easily they fell into a comfortable silence. Had he time to think about their first meeting, he would have been worked about awkward moments and long silences. But now that he was here, walking down a snow covered road hand in hand with Sherlock, he found he couldn't be happier.

Like Sherlock had predicted, they were able to find the basic necessities for what they had planned.
While John silently wished they could have found something a bit extra, he was still quite satisfied with their purchases.

“Right, first order of business,” John proclaimed as he tossed his coat into a nearby chair and kicked off his shoes, “will be a shower. I'm chilled to the bone!” He moved in the direction of the bathroom then spun around and took a few backwards steps while grinning at Sherlock. “Joining me?”

“Joining?” Sherlock gaped in shock, his mouth opening and closing in a desperate attempt to form words. “I...I'm allowed to join you?”

“Allowed? In fact it is preferred.” With that John spun back around and strode off to the bathroom. No sooner had he stripped off his clothes and stepped inside the shower tub combo could Sherlock’s form be seen in the door. “Hope you like the water hot, Sherlock.”

“You’re...I’ll be...we...will be naked.” Though they had been rather intimate before, and yes, they had just purchased a handful of items that indicated they’d be seeing each other very naked in the nearby future, Sherlock found himself hesitating.

“Mmm. Yes. Most people tend to be naked when they shower.” the shower curtain pulled back and John’s smiling face appeared. “You don’t have to, luv. But, it could be nice.” He disappeared again behind the curtain and soon the sound of water filled the small room quickly followed by a copious amount of steam. John’s form could just be made out through the partially translucent curtain and Sherlock found himself staring, straining hard to see with more clarity.

Sounds of the water splashing against the wall filled the room as John began to wash himself. Sherlock’s mind was soon filled with images of John, his John, naked and covered in suds. Suddenly Sherlock found himself harboring a level of jealousy he hadn’t felt since he was a small child; back when he was eight and he expressed complete distaste with the fact that one of the spare bedrooms was allowed to be turned into a private study for Mycroft, but not into a personal lab for himself. Storing said memory back into its appropriate room, Sherlock focused once again at the current situation. John Watson had been the one to put those suds on his own body and that most certainly would not do. Before he had time to think about what he was doing, Sherlock was pulling his hoodie over his head and tossing it to the floor where it was quickly followed by the rest of his clothing. Moments later he was standing behind John surrounded by the damp warmth of the shower.

“Well, hello.” hummed John as Sherlock placed his hands on John’s arms from behind. It was a tentative touch, one that asked for permission before more of their bodies touched, and one that John welcomed with a soft sigh. John let himself relax into the touch, taking a step back just as Sherlock stepped forward, finding himself partially in the spray of warm water. Their bodies connected, Sherlock’s chest to John’s back, then his hips to John’s bum. Sherlock’s hold on John’s arms then shifted, as he snaked his hands under John’s arms, embracing John from behind.

“This is nice, John.” Sherlock whispered as he rested his chin on John’s shoulder. “Very nice.”

“Mmmmm...” John’s hands covered Sherlock’s on his chest. Silence stretched for what felt like an eternity. Neither of them moving, everything else fading away, washing down the drain with the water that swirled below at their feet. Sherlock’s height made it so his mostly flaccid prick was nestled in the cleft of John’s arse and he found himself wondering how such a simple feeling could feel so perfect. It wasn’t until Sherlock kissed John’s shoulder and his lips came away tasting of soap that they finally moved.

Sherlock reluctantly let go of John only to maneuver him so they were facing each other and John
was directly under the spray of water. Sherlock watched as the suds slipped from John’s body, watching a particular cluster of bubbles as it was washed down John’s torso only to end up nestled in the thatch of dark blond hair surrounding his not so flaccid penis. He let his eyes linger there for a moment. John was hard, incredibly so, his proud prick standing at incredible attention, his sack low and full despite their previous activities. John was also impressively thick. Sherlock may not have had much hands on experience when it came to dick comparisons, however he had enough theoretical data to know that John’s penis was well beyond the standard means of most individuals. With a smirk he mentally acknowledged that John must have had a stiffy for the majority of their walk, possibly starting during their frolic in the snow.

He began to let his eyes trail over John’s toned thighs when he spotted it. He’d nearly forgotten… nearly forgotten what had happened less than a month ago. An angry red line adorned John’s right thigh. It wasn’t a cut, but nor was it a scar yet, still being in the early stages of healing. Without thinking, he dropped to his knees in front of John. Anchoring himself with one hand on the back of John’s leg, just under his arse, he brought his other hand up and traced a circle around the mark.

“Hey…” John’s whispered voice caught Sherlock’s attention as the Captain cupped his good hand over Sherlock’s jaw and pulled up gently until their eyes met. “I’m alright. I’m here.”

“You almost weren’t.” Sherlock bit his lip and silently cursed himself as he felt the burn of tears begin to form.

“True…” John smiled sadly and maneuvered to his knees to properly cup Sherlock’s face in both his hands. “I was a right arse for lying to you like that. I should have told you how bad it was from the start. I just… I figured I was already through the worst of it by the time I was able to write, so thought there was no point in worrying you by then. However, I can see that I was wrong, and I’m sorry. But next time, you tit, you don’t have to sneak around to get my medical records. You’re my medical proxy, you idiot. Just ask!” John nuzzled his nose against Sherlock and gave a small chuckle before pressing his lips against Sherlock’s.

Sherlock mentally chided himself for forgetting such a simple detail. He concluded that his hard drive had been fractured, if only temporary, by the panic that had infested his mind. He swore to never have that happen again, especially if it involved John in any way. He didn’t want to think of any serious scenarios that could arise in their future that would hinge on Sherlock’s immediate and unclouded reaction, but suddenly his mind was full of them. These thoughts then lead to the possibility that John and himself may not have a future together, that something could happen during the war with no way for Sherlock to stop it.

Sherlock broke their kiss far before either of them wanted it to stop. However, Sherlock needed John to know the truth; to now before it was too late. Releasing a terse breath, Sherlock opened his eyes, making sure his entire attention was on John and nothing else.

“John…I…I love you. I wanted to say it...before it’s too late.” Sherlock ran his fingers along John’s jaw, keeping his gaze completely locked with John’s. He needed John to know the full extent of his feelings, to understand how deep they ran. When John neither flinched or pulled away did Sherlock let himself finally relax.

“Mmm. I love you too. Now stand up, I want to do something.” John smiled encouragingly as Sherlock got to his feet. John then took Sherlock’s soft prick in his hand before bringing his mouth up to press a kiss to the soft head, then looked up for permission to continue. “Alright?”

“Mmmmmm.” Sherlock smiled and leaned back, letting the water run over his chest as John’s lips wrapped around the tip of his cock. His whole body was suddenly warm, and he somehow knew it had nothing to do with the temperature in the bathroom. Sherlock was hardly aware of the noises
he was making while John made his tongue swirl around the circumference of his cock, making Sherlock see stars and his knees go weak. But John, lovely John, smart John, clever John, held him up as he continued to suck and swirl. Sherlock was so lost in the sensation of John’s mouth that it was all nearly over before it had really started. Just as he was about to let go and spend himself less than a minute into his first blow job he managed to gasp out, “John.. John, stop! Not yet.”

“Okay, luv.” John pulled off and placed a kiss to Sherlock’s inner thigh before standing. “Let me finish washing up then I’ll take you to bed. As Sherlock gathered his composure John made quick work of scrubbing himself clean. Once they’d both had one final rinse Sherlock leaned over John and turned the taps off.

“You dry off, and meet me in the bedroom. I’m going to go get our purchases, I think they’re in my coat.” John kissed Sherlock’s nose before stepping out of the shower. He rubbed himself down with a towel, then remembering the cameras, wrapped it around his waist before leaving the sanctuary of the bathroom. Before he could leave however, John felt Sherlock's hands grasp his hips tight enough to halt his movements. John then felt Sherlock's fingers start trailing themselves up and down his ribs and almost everywhere else his hands could reach. He let Sherlock explore for a few breaths, honestly that was the only word he could come up for his sudden behavior, before inquiring just exactly what Sherlock was doing.

"I'm just...making sure you're alright. That there weren't any other injuries you hadn't told me about."

John knew that Sherlock was hiding behind his past annoyance in order to keep John from seeing how truly worried he was. If anything, it made what Sherlock was doing that much more meaningful.

“Mm yes, I’m alright. I’ll prove it to you in just a moment.” John gently pulled himself out of Sherlock’s grip and stepped out of the bathroom. Reaching his jacket John was about to pull the items out of one of the pockets before he again remembered the cameras. Deciding he didn’t want Mycroft showing up mid coupling, he picked up the coat and took it with him to the bedroom. In the bedroom he found, a still naked, Sherlock draping his used towel over what appeared to be a stack of books in the corner of the room.

"Camera?"

“Yes, the only one I believe.” Sherlock looked around the room once more and, satisfied that there were truly no more cameras, sat himself on the bed.

“Right. Well…” grinning John dropped his towel and pulled the box of condoms and a bottle of lube out of a pocket and tossed them both to Sherlock, who caught them with catlight agility.

“We’ll save these for intercourse, provided that’s the end goal for this evening.” Sherlock tossed the box of condoms on the nightstand and flopped back on the bed. “However, I happen to know that we’re both clean.”

“Sherlock, were you sneaking around my medical records again?” Pretending to be mad John growled as he crawled onto the bed directly over Sherlock.

“Mmmm. And if I was?”

“God, that’s hot.” John smirked then mashed their lips together in a wet open mouth kiss. “Right… now… where was I?”
“I do believe…your mouth…was right... here.” Sherlock took himself in hand and gave his prick a firm tug, relishing the way John’s eyes lit up at the sight.

“Mmm, impeccable memory, my dear.” with one final smirk John lowered himself down Sherlock’s body, “Clavicle….” John kissed the spot and moved lower, Manubrium.” He swiped his tongue over the bone, “Sternum..” he kissed his way lower and lower then rubbed his nose against Sherlock’s hardening length. “Don’t hold yourself back, just let go. It’s fine if it’s quick. I don’t expect to last long myself.” he whispered as he kissed his way across both of Sherlock’s inner thighs while Sherlock made a noise that could have been him agreeing, or him sobbing.

John didn’t waste any more time on teasing, which Sherlock found himself thankful for. One moment John’s mouth was on his thigh, the next it had his full length in his mouth, engulfing it in warm wet heat. In that moment, Sherlock knew that the noises he was making were desperate sobs as he wordlessly begged for more, but he couldn’t find it in himself to be even remotely embarrassed.

As John’s mouth began to gently bob up and down one of his hands, Sherlock regretted to admit to himself he couldn’t tell which, began to trail lightly over his body adding to the already overwhelming stimulation. Soon a light sucking joined the friction, then John’s tongue was back in full force. It swirled over and around, and under, and god, It was every where. It was too much, and not enough, all at the same time. Sherlock grabbed fistfulls of blankets as he bucked up into John’s mouth, earning himself a chuckle and a humm..

“Ohh…humm…that….Fuck…” Sherlock sobbed as John slowly drew more and more pleasure out of his body. John chuckled and hummed again. Vibrations shot down Sherlock’s cock and Sherlock could have sworn he felt them in his toes as well. It was all over far too soon. Less than ten minutes into what was now his second blowjob, Sherlock heard himself scream as his whole body tensed. Thankfully, he had just enough time to warn John, allowing him time to pull away. John wrapped his left hand around Sherlock’s cock and gave it one final tug before Sherlock spilled himself over his own stomach and John’s hand.

“God…You’re gorgeous…” John kissed Sherlock’s hip as he reached his left hand between his own legs and took himself in hand. His hand was slick, both from his saliva and Sherlock’s come, and he was extremely hard. He was honestly surprised that he hadn’t come off when Sherlock had, stimulation or no. It took less than a dozen strokes before he was moaning Sherlock’s name and adding his own come to the mess on both Sherlock and the sheets below. He then collapsed onto the bed itself and, thankfully, not directly onto the man below him. John then somehow managed to drape his exhausted limbs over Sherlock’s body, holding him close as they both lay there panting and trying to catch their breath.

After around ten minutes of just lying there unmoving, John grabbed his discarded towel and cleaned Sherlock off, then tossed the towel onto the floor. He had to poke and prod Sherlock, moving him one leg at a time, until he was able to get the blankets out from under his limp form, but he soon had them both wrapped in the thick duvet. A quick glance at the clock told him it was only 7pm, but he was still running on Afghanistan time, which was 4 hours ahead. Perhaps an early night would be nice. Sherlock then chose that moment to let out a deep sigh and turn his body into John’s embrace, cementing the idea to stay in bed.

“Love you…” happy and well sated John kissed Sherlock’s neck and pulled him close, feeling sleep already taking him.

“Mmm you too.” Sherlock yawned into his neck, practically melting into John’s arms as his body
was finally allowed to succumb to sleep.

“I have half a mind to marry you. Tomorrow…” John whispered as he placed more sleepy kisses to Sherlock’s neck and jaw.

Suddenly, Sherlock wasn’t so relaxed in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Note from tindo.
A lot of you guys have mentioned typos. I'm sorry if my replies are cranky, but I have bigger fish to fry than worrying about typos.

However that said, if one of who, who keep seeing the typos, would what to beta for us, I'm sure blood would appreciate the help just as much as I would.
After his sudden proposal, John had thankfully managed to calm Sherlock down with kisses and soft promises that he was serious. Despite such reassurances neither man slept much that night. However, it was hard to tell what their insomnia was caused by. Neither man was accustomed to sleeping with another body, which made for a few comical moments. One where Sherlock rolled over onto his stomach only to find that he'd practically squashed John and his knee had come uncomfortably close to John's balls. Another was when John, who was dreaming of Afghanistan, woke up with a start and nearly choked Sherlock, who was thankfully dead asleep and missed the whole ordeal. Another reason could have been that neither man wanted to miss a single moment of being together. Unfortunately, the pull of exhaustion could not be avoided for long as John finally fell asleep around 3am and slept for a solid 5 hours before a strange clacking woke him up.

“Mmm…” John yawned and stretched before remembering where he was. “Sherlock?”

“Good morning, John.” The clacking stopped long enough for Sherlock to lean over and press a kiss to John’s forehead.

“What are you doing?” John sat up and took in the sight of Sherlock, whose fingers were furiously typing away on a laptop. “Is that my laptop?”

“Mm, Mycroft still won't let me have one of my own.”

“It was password protected.” John felt his ears grow red remembering what he had last changed his password too.

“Yes, SherlockHolmes, very original. Also used the number three instead of the traditional e. Took me two guesses.”

“Mm… ta.” John gave an embarrassed groan and hid his blush by pulling the duvet up to his nose.

“Come now, John,” Sherlock schooled his expression and put on a serious disposition. “I find it…” leaning down he smirked and gave the duvet a tug and added in a teasing tone, “cute.” And, much like an overbearing aunt might do, he pinched John's flushed cheek.

“Oi!” John slapped Sherlock's hand aside and rolled over, giving Sherlock his back as he mumbled, “I am not cute.”
“Oh? Shall I remind you of ‘Since the very first letter, since you made me laugh with “Dear Soldier” and the snark that filled that first page… oh, my love… I’ve been hooked. You might be the one in rehab, but I am the addict’,” Sherlock brought his attention back to recent webpage he was sifting through, “Not to mention all the quotes you transcribed at the end of each of your letters.”

“Christ! You’re impossible.” John grumbled and rolled over again, this time burying his face in Sherlock’s hip.

“Impossible? No, but I do strive to accomplish no fewer than 6 impossible things before breakfast.” Sherlock dropped a hand from the laptop and stroked his fingers through John’s unruly hair, instantly soothing the disgruntled soldier.

“Mmm. Feels nice.” John opened one eye and glanced over at the computer, “What are you doing?”

“Item number three of my six impossible things.”

“And what,” yawned John as he closed his eyes again, “are items one through three?”

Sherlock smirked as he continued to click from one website to another, “Number one, wake up next to you. Number two, kiss you good morning. Number three, and so far my personal favorite, google places for us to get married.”

“Quite the list so far.” John smiled then moaned as he stretched his body. “What are numbers four through six?”

“Ahh, but that is for us to discover as the day progresses.” Sherlock smiled and returned his hand to the computer, getting back to his expeditious research.

“Any luck on number three?” After a short while John unburied his head from Sherlock’s body and sat up enough to get a look at the computer screen.

“Some. One possible option is for us to go down to the local town hall, fill out the appropriate paperwork and have a registered clerk officiate it. For a fee, of course.”

“Mmm I think item number four will be my favorite.” With a broad smile John leaned up and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s lips. “So, you’re certain you want this? It isn’t too… sudden?”

Sherlock stopped mid type to turn his full attention of the man lying next to him, the man who was willingly sharing not only himself, but his entire life. Sherlock still wasn’t sure if he deserved such a thing, or if he ever would, but he knew that he in no way wanted to give any of it up.

“More than anything, John.”

“Me too, God, me too.” Sherlock was rewarded with a shower of kisses that trailed from his ear to his collarbone. “I mean, it makes sense, logically, as well. The army is good to military spouses, if… something were to happen to me, you’d be taken care of, and the first to know. Probably would know even before Harry. Plus there are some reassurances in it for you. The military doesn’t take kindly to adultery.”

Sherlock teasingly rolled his eyes and did his best to pretended to be quite put off. “You make it sound like a business transaction. Wonderful, just what every man wants to hear on his wedding day.”
“Git”

“Idiot.”

“Oi! Is that any way to talk to the man who just proposed to you? John tore the computer out of Sherlock's hands and tossed it to the side of the bed as he crawled over Sherlock’s lap.

Wrapping his arms around the waist of his beloved soldier, Sherlock looked upward with a look that screamed self-satisfaction. “Well, yes. After all, he didn't do a proper job of it. Didn't even get down on his knees.”

“Oh, you want me on my knees, do you?” John growled and raised himself up on his knees so he was even taller than Sherlock. “How's this?” He leaned down and nibbled at Sherlock’s ear.

Sherlock hummed in satisfaction as he took a moment to enjoy the feeling of John’s teeth gently caressing the outer shell of his ear. He absolutely loved it when John was like this, warm and teasing. He also enjoyed it when John was relaxed and content, specifically after they've each had a fulfilling orgasm. There were many sides of John that Sherlock coveted, even the ones that he had not been privy to yet, though they were sure to make an appearance over the years; hopefully numerous times.

“We should…” continuing to nibble on Sherlock’s ear John began to slowly shift his body away from Sherlock’s, “get up… if we plan on completing that list before breakfast. What time is it, anyway?”

“About eight o'clock, 7:50 am if you want to be specific”, Sherlock leaned over and retrieved John’s laptop back from the side of the bed, “Go shower and make breakfast. I’ll join you once I’ve finished up here.”

“So, we’re changing that to six impossible things before lunch, then?” John stole one last kiss before tearing himself from Sherlock, then the bed before he was tempted to curl back up under the covers.

Sherlock made some sort of noise indicating he most likely hadn’t truly heard what John has said, completely engrossed in his search to make his and John’s relationship official, at least as official one could get considering the circumstances. Personally, Sherlock didn’t need a piece of paper to indicate that he was in a lifetime relationship. However, the benefits that John had described had crossed his mind. He figured he could survive a quick ceremony. At least it wasn’t going to be anything like what his parents would force them to take part in.

With one last look at Sherlock, unsure if the bugger was listening, or simply pretending to ignore him, John hurried into the adjoining bathroom, not bothering to shut the door. He started the water and jumped in before testing it and gasped when his skin made first contact with the water. It was hot, perhaps a bit too hot, but it helped calm his nerves. Also, he imagine the scalding water would help clean him thoroughly for whatever activities they’d find themselves engaging in later. He scrubbed himself clean with the same care and precision he’d use on his hands before surgery, nearly scrubbing his skin raw in certain areas. Once satisfied he turned the water off and stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his hips as he called into the bedroom, “Sherlock, do you have a razor I can use, or do you care about day old stubble?”

“Top drawer on the left!” Sherlock shouted from his space on the bed. After a few moments, Sherlock decided that he had compiled all he could and shut everything down. Removing himself from the sanctity of blankets John and himself had complied, Sherlock strode over to the bathroom door still completely starkers. Casually, or as casually as one can look while fully naked, Sherlock
leaned against the frame, making his home there. He then proceeded to watch John with intense eyes as his Captain began shaving. “You know, you didn't have to get so dressed up, John. I find that I rather enjoy the sight of you in nothing.” He then moved so he was standing less than an inch behind John and leaned his long torso around John to snatch up his toothbrush.

“Oi, stop distracting me.” John mumbled out of the corner of his mouth, taking care not to cut the skin just under his bottom lip. “Speaking of… dressing up. Thought I might wear my dress uniform. If that’s alright.”

Sherlock’s hands fumbled as he attempted to keep his toothbrush from colliding with the bathroom floor. Swiveling his head to look directly at John, he was met with a side view of a pleased smirk and knowing look. Swallowing past the lump in his throat, Sherlock made a deliberate cough before returning to his morning routine as if nothing had happened.

“Of course. If you feel that is the best option.”

“Well, you certainly do.” John continued to smirk as he put the razor down and turned around so his back was to the mirror and he was greeted with a close up view of Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock remained motionless and his eyes were glazed over as he imagined Captain John Watson in his full dress uniform.

“Does it come with that little hat?” Sherlock’s voice cracked, betraying his desire.

“The Beret? Mmmm yes.” John pursed his lips and attempted to hide just how much he was enjoying Sherlock’s reaction.

“Beret. Yes. That’s...what I meant to say.” Sherlock hid his embarrassment by stuffing his toothbrush, with way too much toothpaste, into his mouth.

“Sure you did.” John let out a soft chuckle and stood up on his tiptoes to press a kiss to Sherlock’s left cheek. “Now, bacon and eggs for breakfast okay? I didn't see any beans.”

“Just toast for me.” Mumbling around his toothbrush and going beat red when a glob of toothpaste dribbled out of his mouth and down his chin.

“Just toast? Are you sure? Don’t want a bit more, you know, to keep your strength up.” Sherlock could barely contain the eye roll as John gave him a sly wink. “Suit yourself.”

Sherlock mumbled something and watched as John scooted around him and exited the bathroom, still only wearing a towel around his hips.

“John!” Sherlock’s cry pulled John back into the bathroom.

“Mmm?” He glanced at Sherlock and gave Sherlock a reassuring smile when he saw the nervous look on his face.

Despite John’s warm smile, Sherlock found himself fidgeting under the attention. “Who’s…um… who’s…that is to say...I’m not sure...I don’t...I’m not sure how we’re going to pay for,” Sherlock cleared his throat and collected himself, his words more self-assured than he felt, “I’m sure I could obtain Mycroft’s card somehow, a quick call and half thought up argument should suffice…”

“Oh, sweetheart.” John took three long steps back into the bathroom and took the toothbrush, that was dripping onto the floor, from Sherlock’s hand and tossed it into the sink. “Don’t worry, love. Okay? I’ve got this. I want to get this. Plus,” John added with a smirk, and a point of his finger, “you just brought up your brother, mister. Don’t make me spank you for breaking the rules.”
Sherlock nibbled on his bottom lip as the colour of his face became tinted with a red glow. He reached out with one of his fingers and gently caressed John’s freshly shaven face. “Is that a promise Captain?”

“Mmm, might be. Depends on how naughty you are.” John leaned into the touch and tried not to moan as Sherlock’s blunt nail gently caught the end of his chin.

Sherlock took a moment to step deep into John’s personal space, his body bending forward until his cheek was resting right up against John’s. His warm breath ghosted over John’s still damp skin, enveloping John’s ear in a warm blanket before Sherlock’s baritone voice trickled down the nerve endings of the shorter man’s spine.

“Oh I can be very naughty. Give me a chance I can have you bending me over the sink, demanding that you fuck me.”

“Hmm…” John moaned out, licking his lips as Sherlock’s words sent a jolt of passion and pure want coursing through his body directly to his cock, which was now twitching in interest. The coarse texture of the towel doing absolutely nothing to impede his growing erection. “Then, I suggest, Sherlock,” he whispered, as he began nibbling on Sherlock's bottom lip, “you be on your best behavior until we get back, or we’ll never leave.”

Sherlock moaned at the feeling of John tugging on his lip, making it red and plump. His eyes were practically fogged with pleasure,. Running his tongue over where John’s mouth has been, Sherlock mumbled a low “dull” as John pulled away with a sultry smirk.

“Come on, let’s eat. If you behave, I’ll let you wear these.” John jangled the dogs tags around his neck and quickly stepped out of the bathroom, narrowly escaping from Sherlock who had licked his lips and made a lunge for the Captain.

Thirty minutes later Sherlock put the towel down and stepped away from the sink. He couldn’t recall ever doing dishes before, and somehow John had just managed, with a smile, to coerce him into drying and putting away. And while it wasn’t fun Sherlock had found himself enjoying participating in such a domestic task.

“Well, that’s that.” John said, picking up Sherlock’s discarded towel to dry his hands. “Now, I’m going to go get dressed, and then, Sherlock, we’re going to go get married.” he tossed the towel back down and grinned at Sherlock.

“Married…” Sherlock whispered, almost too soft to hear.

“Mmm. Married.” John whispered and stole a kiss before tearing himself away from Sherlock.

Sherlock watched with hooded eyes as John made his way back into the bedroom. A slight almost starving look shown in his eyes as he took in John’s most delectable shape, his muscles bunching and pulling in his back as he walked.

“Any chance I can convince you to remain in that towel, John?”

“Not a chance, Sherlock, not a chance.”

A small laugh escaped Sherlock at John’s comment. John may have been unwilling to go about sans clothing, but Sherlock knew that such a thing could easily change. After all, he had been told on multiple occasions how convincing he could be, particularly by the man currently taking residence in both the bedroom and Sherlock’s heart.
For a moment, it was as if time stopped. The noises of nature coming from outside and John’s movement beyond the walls phased out, leaving nothing in their wake except silence. It wasn’t deafening or awkward, like the silences that occurred during his school years or when Mycroft and himself were having a brotherly moment. No, this silence carried its own noise, it carried contentment, something Sherlock had not felt in a very long time.

Deciding that he had given John ample alone time to change, Sherlock sauntered over to the bedroom door and knocked. Finding no answer, Sherlock tried the handle to find it unlocked. Only after peeking inside did Sherlock find the bedroom quite empty, however the bathroom door was decidedly shut, light coming through the space at the bottom. Realizing John must be using the bathroom to change, Sherlock quickly entered and made his way over to where his clothes were situated.

Throwing open the closet door, Sherlock sifted through the possibilities. Normally he would have worn his dark purple dress shirt, however last night activities made that obviously impossible. Sherlock scrunched his face in contemplation, realizing he really had no concept of weddings and the specific details that went with them. He knew the basics, but that was where his knowledge stopped. Usually the groom wore a suit and the bride a gown of some kind, usually white to signify virginity. At this Sherlock snorted. The average female usually lost her virginity around the age of seventeen. Such a notion of glorifying something that obviously lost its meaning years ago never truly made any sense to him. None of this mattered however as neither him nor John were planning on wearing a dress of any kind.

Searching deep into his Mind Palace, Sherlock found a conversation he had overheard between Mycroft and their mum. Something about how it was essential for Mycroft to choose a colour that matched his companion’s dress. He couldn’t remember under what circumstances, but surely the same rules applied here? Turning towards the bathroom door Sherlock called out to John, asking him what colour his military dress uniform was.

John’s echo of navy blue with red accents rang out and Sherlock nodded to himself in understanding. Reaching back into what clothes Mycroft had brought, Sherlock pulled out a dark red dress shirt. The colour would not only go well with his dark suit, but should complement John’s attire as well. He didn’t have a tie available though, even if he did, Sherlock would have found some way to avoid wearing it. He didn’t enjoying having things around his neck, specifically things designed to be constricting.

Sherlock smirked as he proceeded to remove his sleepwear and did his best to look presentable. None of his usual products were available here so he had to make do with a quick hand ruffle through his hair. Looking at himself in the floor length bedroom mirror, he thought about making a stop into the bathroom once John was out, but decided that he looked well enough.

***

John claimed the bathroom as his personal changing room. He hung his suit on the back of the door and discarded his towel into their quickly growing pile of dirty clothing. He gazed at the suit as he stepped into a pair of pants then let out a sigh. He pulled the navy blue trousers off the hanger and held them out in front of himself as he put one leg inside the pant leg then the other. Shoes came next, black shoes that had been polished with love and respect. Shirt, jacket, gloves and belt followed next. Once he was fully dressed he straightened his shoulders and checked his appearance in the mirror as he secured his beret on his head.
The person looking back at him looked like he was radiating confidence, something all his fellow soldiers felt when they stepped into their Blues. However, inside John was full of butterflies and for a moment felt like he was about to sick up his breakfast. He placed both hands on the counter in front of him and leaned forward, letting out a long breath.

“Come on, Watson. Don’t lose your nerve now.” He looked up and stared himself down, willing his nerves to settle. “You can do this. Just think of Sherlock, how much you both want this…” he turned the hot water on and took a few deep breaths in while it warmed up. He splashed water on his face then gathered his resolve. “Right.” Straightening his jacket he took one more look at himself, adjusted a few of the pins then nodded to himself and stepped out into the lounge where Sherlock, dressed in an impeccable suit, was waiting.

“Don’t you look handsome.” John grinned and tugged on the lapels of Sherlock’s suit. “Can’t wait to rip this off of you later.” He chuckled at his own forwardness then cleared his throat, “So, who’s driving?”

“I am, obviously.” Sherlock opened his hand to reveal a set of car keys and snatched his hand away when John reached for the keys.

“You are? Why? Somehow I doubt you even have a license.”

“Why would I need a license?”

“Because it’s the law?” John retorted, crossing his arms and doing his best to look cross.

“Well, it’s a stupid law.”

“No, it’s not stupid, it's to keep people safe.” John could clearly see that he was losing the battle, but refused to step down.

“Oh, but it’s perfectly safe to let a crazed soldier drive down pedestrian streets as if he were driving a tank?”

“Crazed soldier?” John’s eyebrows rose so high they nearly hit the ceiling.

“Mmmm anyone willing to marry me is certainly crazed.”

“Oi, fuck off.” John rolled his eyes and picked up the closest thing he could smack sherlock with without hurting him. He rolled the manila envelope up and swatted at Sherlock’s arm with one hand, while trying to read for the keys with the other. “Give me those, mister!” he laughed and tossed the envelope back down on the coffee table.

John was finally able to get his hands on his desired item, practically letting loose a triumphant shout when his fingers closed around the cool metal. It wasn’t until he was out the door that John realized Sherlock wasn’t right behind him. Turning back around, John saw that Sherlock hadn’t made a single move toward exiting the cottage. If anything, Sherlock had moved closer inward, right next to the coffee table to be specific. His gaze was downcast, focused solely on the manila envelope that John had used to smack him with.

“Sherlock?” John paused on the threshold, suddenly panicking thinking that perhaps Sherlock had changed his mind. “What’s… are you? Uh… are you alright?” He moved back into the cottage and shut the door against the cold, remaining where he was until Sherlock shuddered and sank down on the sofa.

“Are you sick?” John moved forward and was by Sherlock's side in a flash, pressing the back of his
hand against Sherlock's forehead. “Hmm. No fever.”

Sherlock barely noticed when John’s presence was once again surrounding him. He didn’t even notice when the gentle warmth of John’s hand came to rest upon his brow. All of his focus was upon the glaring sore completely out of place in his and John’s sanctuary. It was practically glaring, reminding Sherlock of horrendous realities and how everything could fall apart in a second.

“Sherlock… you're scaring me.” John sat down close to Sherlock, pressing their knees together and keeping a firm grip on both of Sherlock’s hands. “If, you're not ready for this… I can wait. I’ll wait as long as you’d like. For as long as you need.”

Something in Sherlock clicked, his focus snapping to where his and John’s hands were joined. He then looked up towards John, his face filled with worry and concern. His eyes continued to flick back and forth between the two points, words doing their best to dig their way out of Sherlock’s throat.

“No, it’s not…it doesn’t….” Sherlock attempted to swallow the panic induced lump in his throat before continuing, “I do...want to get married to you that is. However,” at this, Sherlock glanced over to where the manila envelope still lay, “I believe there are a few things you need to know first.”

“Uhh…” at a loss for what to say John simply gave Sherlock an encouraging, if not confused, smile and settled down more comfortably on the sofa. “Alright, sweetheart. I’ll admit I'm confused, and slightly worried… but… well, this seems important.”

Sherlock nodded in confirmation, eyes still focused on the singular envelop noticeable even in his peripheral. Nodding again, though mostly to himself than to John, Sherlock reached out and brought the envelop into the space between them. Keeping his focus on the almost offending object, Sherlock held it out for John to take.

“Inside this is documentation, documentation about my life before I met you, specifically about my first stay in rehab and the events preceding,” Sherlock silently scoffed at their current situation, “I assume Mycroft left it here in an attempt to bring you to your senses…”

“There you go, mentioning your brother again…” John smiled softly as he placed the envelope, unopened on his lap. “I don't need his help, bringing me to my senses. I don't need to know what's in here to know what I want, and that knowledge won't change how I feel about you. But if you want me to read this, Sherlock, I will.” John spoke softly, hardly above a whisper, as if he were scared that any loud noise might frighten his lover away.

Sherlock shook his head, curls bouncing, eyes still downcast. “It’s not that I want you to per se, however I would feel guilty if I allowed you to get yourself into a situation without all the facts.”

“Well.” John thought for a moment before folding both hands over the envelope and sitting back, “Why don't you tell me what you want me to know. Not what your brother thinks I should know. And we can burn this envelope, together.”

Sherlock felt a small smile come to his lips after John spoke. Usually he, Sherlock, was the pragmatist; never letting emotions in the way of anything. Here however, John was taking the lead as the sensible one. Not only that, but John was still giving Sherlock the option for things to remain unanswered. He didn’t care if he knew the details, just as long as Sherlock remained with him, none of it mattered.
‘It does matter though’. A small voice repeated over and over again. John deserved to know, even if he said it didn’t matter, even if everything ended right here, for some reason it mattered. Taking a moment to breathe, Sherlock somehow managed to tear his eyes away from John’s lap to John himself.

“You should know everything, and only after you know will we burn it. Provided you’re still here of course.”

“I will be…” John placed the envelope back down on the coffee table then sat with his back against the sofa, opening his arms as an invitation for Sherlock to come cuddle. “So come here, and tell me your story.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes before crawling into John’s embrace. “You make it sound like I’m about to recite to you a bedtime story.”

“Mm. Not quite. But we can at least be physically comfortable for the time being.” John kissed the side of Sherlock’s head then wrapped his arms around Sherlock’s tense form. “So… where does our story begin?”

Burying his face into John’s chest, Sherlock took a moment to listen to and catalogue John’s heartbeat. Constant, yet slightly elevated. Not from nerves or panic, but proximity. Sherlock let such knowledge wash over himself, the evidence allowing for his muscles to become relaxed.

“I was rather young when I entered university. Not terribly, but enough that it was noticeable. It’s usually difficult to approve for a child to skip a grade, much less more than one. However, I believe my mum’s standing in the education community, as well as teachers desires to rid their classrooms of me, helped greatly.”

“For the most part, I kept to myself. I had no interest in interacting with my fellow students. Most of them were extremely unstimulating and irksome, completely transparent. Some of them did attempt pleasantries, however they quickly discovered that such endeavours were quite foolish. It got to the point that the university was hard pressed to find an individual who would room with me; those who took up the challenge only lasted a few days at most.”

“It was during my second year that a dramatic shift unexpectedly occurred. There was talk of a new student circulating, a foreigner. Apparently he was both extremely gifted in both the intellectual and physical departments. Considering it didn’t take much to impress the average individual, I found such gossip to be quite tedious. It got to the point that the university was hard pressed to find an individual who would room with me; those who took up the challenge only lasted a few days at most.”

“I ran into him, quite literally. It was during holiday, and the Chemistry Lab was going to be unoccupied. Needless to say I saw an opportunity to perform some experiments I had been wanting to indulge in; I had developed a close friendship with the janitor and he made sure to leave a particular lab unlocked. It was during one of those trips to the Lab that I collided into him.”

“His name was Victor. Apparently he had a fondness for wandering the halls at late hours, said it gave him a much needed break from the tiresome drivel he endured during the day from instructors. It also allowed him time alone with his thoughts, thought I came to find were quite extraordinary. He knew of me of course. Said he had been curious to meet the famous Sherlock Holmes and find if the rumours of my intellect and lack for social niceties were true, he was quite ecstatic about the entire thing to be honest.”

“Our relationship developed rather quickly. From colleagues, to friends, to something more in a matter of weeks. It was never given a name, but I believe it was well known throughout university
that Victor and I were an item. I had never truly given thought to my sexuality, but knew that if I were to end up in some sort of relationship, there was enough evidence to know it was to be with another male.”

“By our third year, we had made plans to move in together. He had actually obtained an internship in the field of which he was going into, even thought he was still in school. He had even lined something up for myself, though it would not be ready until another year past. Everything was perfect John, or what I assumed to be perfect. Looking back, my lack of experience when it came to relationships and personal interaction most likely was a contributing factor in such delusions.”

“It was Mycroft who approached me. He knew that I would be alone when I was, Victor being out with a few of his friends. He started lecturing me on sentiment and how it was doing nothing but destroying me. I let him prattle on until he informed me that mine and Victor’s relationship was finished. I flew into a rage or at least as much of a rage someone in my position could. A few hurled insults and objects seemed to get my message across.”

“I was emaciated and emotionally dependent. Everything came crashing down when Victor attempted to take our relationship to the next level. As much as I was invested in our partnership, sex was just something I wasn’t ready or willing to take part in. You can imagine how someone like him took such a response. Thankfully Mycroft appeared when he did. I assumed that it was luck that he had been on his way over, though now I know differently; even back then Mycroft had his way of looking in on me.”

At this John broke his silence for the first time. At the thought of someone taking advantage of Sherlock bile rose in his throat and he emitted a low growl. He didn't put his thoughts to words, but channeled his emotions into tightening his arms around the trembling man resting against him. He pressed a reassuring kiss to Sherlock's temple then let out a deep breath.

“Victor left university after that. The reasoning that was circulating was he went back home because a family member was ill. I never had any proof, but I’m sure Mycroft had something to do with Victor’s departure. It was shortly after our unceremonious break-up that I discovered cocaine. One of the men Victor used to hang out with was known for his vast quantity of an assortment of extracurricular substances. I became a sort of regular for him, and I would have continued on as such if I had not miscalculated a dosage. I’m not sure who found me, but I awoke a few hours later in hospital with Mycroft nearby. That was when I was first admitted into rehab.”

“I stayed for about six to eight months, I can’t remember which. While I was no longer considered a drug addict, I was still damaged. Mycroft attempted to continue my rehabilitation at home, however I wouldn’t hear of it. As far as I was concerned, I was completely fine. I graduated university and obtained a small flat outside of London.”

“I wasn’t fine though. Don’t get me wrong, things were quite good for a few months, but everything started up again shortly thereafter. The noise, the desolation, the constant sensory input beating against everyone nerve and neuron...cocaine was the only thing that stopped it, made everything silent, still, numb.”
John remained silent for more than ten minutes after Sherlock had finished talking. He didn’t trust himself to speak for fear that he would cry. He simply remained still, arms wrapped around Sherlock’s shoulders holding him as if Sherlock were his lifeline. Finally he stirred, releasing his grip on Sherlock and gently pushing the slender man into a sitting position only to find his eyes red and puffy, much like his own.

“Oh, Sherlock….” John cupped his hands around Sherlock’s face and pressed their foreheads together. “Did he.. Jesus, Sherlock, did he hurt you? Victor? Because if he touched you I will kill him. I’m a soldier, I could do it you know.”

“He didn’t rape me, John. If that’s what you’re asking.” While John’s concern was unnecessary, seeing such raw emotion left Sherlock feeling quite warm on the inside.

“Oh, thank god.” John sobbed out and pressed their lips together while stroking a hand through Sherlock’s hair. “Oh, thank Christ. Because if he had…”

“But he didn’t. Mycroft saw to that.” Sherlock gently cut in, rubbing the side of his face against John’s.

“Remind me to thank your brother.” John cupped his hand around the back of Sherlock’s head and held him close, his other hand coming up to stroke small circles between Sherlock’s shoulder blades. “Sherlock, luv, is there anything else you wanted to say?”

“You have questions, I assume?” Sherlock answered John’s question with his own, there was more that John should know, but he felt drained from opening up this much. The rest could wait, if this hadn’t sent John running, Sherlock guessed nothing would. He pulled away, scrubbing a hand over his face to gather his resolve.

“I do, yes.” John straightened his shoulders and reclaimed possession of Sherlock’s hands. “A few. But there is just one that needs asking right now. Sherlock Holmes, will you marry me? Or should I get down on one knee and ask?”
“Yes.” The corners of Sherlock’s lips curled up into a smile which only grew wider when John began to slide off the sofa to kneel on the floor in front of him. “What I meant, John,” Sherlock reached out and pulled John back onto the sofa, “is yes, I’ll marry you.”

*****************************************************************

John pulled up in front of the Sussex town hall and put the car in park while flashing Sherlock a wide smile. Neither had said much during the drive here, but it hadn't been an uncomfortable oppressing silence, it had been the kind of excited silence that caused butterflies and shy smiles. The silence had only been broken when John half whispered, half gasped, “Rings!” Sherlock had then, using John’s mobile, found a jewelry store and navigated their way to the detour.

In the small, family-owned store, they made their way to the display case housing wedding ring sets. Sherlock spotted them first, two identical silver rings with a double infinity designed etched on the inside of them ring. Luck was on their side, for which both men were thankful, when the rings fit and John muttered something about, “Must be a sign.” To which Sherlock rolled his eyes and bit back a remark about how there was no such things as the young lady behind the counter smiled and placed the rings in a single box and soon they were on their way again, the box burning a hole through Sherlock’s coat pocket.

John reached over the stick shift and squeezed Sherlock’s hand. “You ready?” He asked gently, turning in the seat to face Sherlock.

“Yes,” Sherlock croaked out, his voice betraying his excitement, “let’s go get married.”

“Uh, question, before we do. What are we doing, about our names? I mean John Holmes just sounds funny.”

“Watson-Holmes.” Sherlock had actually spent the entirety of the car ride thinking about this very topic. While changing his own last name was very appealing, hyphenating their combined names would forever remind each of them who they were and how they had come together.

“Watson-Holmes.” John tried the name on for size and goosebumps ran down his arms as the name rolled off his tongue with impeccable ease. “Mmm…” he whispered, “I like it. A lot.”

“Good, now come on John, make a proper man out of me.” Sherlock shot John a seductive wink and then slid gracefully out of the car. John grinned and shook his head as he got out of the car and followed Sherlock who was already halfway to the building.

Sherlock, who had used John's laptop to study the layout of the building, held his head up high as he walked with confidence through the halls, striking as he heard John's hurried footsteps behind him. John finally caught up with him just as Sherlock came to a halt and dipped into a small office. Inside was a single desk, behind which was seated a kindly looking older woman.

“Ah! Mrs. O’Malley, I’m Sherlock Holmes and this is my partner Captain Watson. I believe you are the individual I was e-mailing this morning?”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes!” She gave them both a warm smile and looked up at them over her glasses. “I've taken the liberty of starting your paperwork, just need a few questions answered, a few signatures, then you’ll be all set.”
“Ah! Fantas-”

“I’m sorry? You e-mailed ahead?” John interrupted and was unable to suppress his smile. “When?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes and gave his answer like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “While you were in the shower. I wanted to ensure someone would be here when we arrived.”

“And it's a good thing he did!” Mrs. O’Malley’s bubbly voice cut in, “I was just about to pop out, slow day in the office you see.”

“Oh. Right.” John nodded, as if everything that had happened so far today was normal, and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

“Alright, boys, here’s the paperwork, I’ve marked where you both need to sign and fill out a few questions. You can go sit over there,” she nodded to a small table and handed them each a clipboard.

“Ta.” John took a hand out of his pocket and took both clipboards from her. “Well, luv, let's do this.”

Ten minutes later they were both standing in front of Mrs. O’Malley. After briefly looking over their paperwork she smiled and stood up.

“Now boys, do you have vows, or are we skipping that whole bit?”

“Uhhh..” John looked up at Sherlock, suddenly unsure.

“I think we’ll go the simple route this time around. Once John is back from deployment I’m sure my mother will see to it that we have a proper ceremony. She’ll probably invite the Queen, knowing her,” Sherlock barely contained his shudder at the horrific thought, “We do have rings though, if you don't mind.”

“Oh god….” John scrubbed a hand over his face and groaned at the mention of Mrs. Holmes, “She’s going to make us wear tuxedos, isn't she?”

“Mm yes.” Sherlock scowled at the very idea, though part of him was secretly pleased. Knowing that someday he’d publicly proclaim his love for the man standing beside him, well, a small part of him was quickly warming to the idea. “Dreadful, but what can we do…”

“Well! This seems to be all in order. However, there is one thing.” Mrs. O’Malley tapped the papers on the desk to straighten them out and smiled. “You need at least two witnesses.”

“We don’t have anyone.” John began, panic prickling down the base of his spine.

“Oh, no worries, dear. I’ll just call in a few coworkers.” She gave them each a kind smile before picking up her phone. A few moments later two young men in business suits entered the now crowded room.

“Right, so we’re skipping the ceremony entirely?”

“Mmm. I don’t need fancy words to know how I feel about Sherlock.” John smiled and placed a hand on Sherlock’s back. “His mother will see to all that later.”

“Well then, boys, all you need is a few signatures… from you, and our witnesses, you can exchange the rings, and… it's as simple as that! Sign your new married names, if you’re changing
They took turns signing, John first, then Sherlock then stepped aside as the two witnesses signed beside their signatures. At a nod from Mrs. O’Malley, Sherlock retrieved the box from his pocket and withdrew the two rings. He took John’s left hand in his, and with hooded eyes slipped the smaller of the two rings onto John’s ring finger. With slightly trembling hands John took the remaining ring out of the box and gently glided the ring over Sherlock’s knuckle, watching as the silver band came to rest on his finger. He then tore the box out of Sherlock’s right hand, tossed it on the desk beside them and clasped Sherlock’s head with both hands and leaned up to crush their lips together.

“Well boys, that’s it. I pronounce you married.” Mrs. O’Malley beamed at them, and nodded to her coworkers who slipped, unnoticed, out of the room. “Only thing left is to settle the.. Er.. bill.”

“Mm… Right…” John tore himself away from Sherlock and fished around in his pockets for his wallet. Once they’d paid John smiled at the woman, collected their marriage certificate, and less than gently pushed Sherlock out of the door.

“Oh!” John stopped and turned around, digging around in his pocket for a moment then handed his mobile to the woman, “Could you take a picture?”

“Of course.” She smiled at them and motioned that they should stand together. Just as she said “Smile!” Sherlock reached his hand behind John’s body and grabbed a fistful of John’s arse. John stifled a giggle and somehow managed to smile at the camera, but the moment Mrs. O’Malley was lowering the phone John squeaked and smacked Sherlock’s arm.

“Oi…. Hands off the goods. For now.” He grinned, not really meaning his words, then added, “Come on, Husband… the sooner we get home, the sooner I can tear that suit off of you.”
“Sherlock, Catch!” John skipped down the path towards the car, and tossed Sherlock the car keys. “I’m going to be a bit too busy to drive.”

“Busy?” Sherlock caught the keys with ease and cocked an eyebrow at John. “What with?”

“My new husband.” John waited by the locked car, hand on the handle, grinning over the top of the car as Sherlock stood, keys in his still outstretched hand, blinking.

“Husband.” Sherlock murmured, still unable to move.

“Mm yes. And the faster we get home… John leaned over the top of the car, smirking at his shell-shocked husband, “the faster we can consummate our marriage.”

Sherlock snapped himself out of his shock and narrowed his eyes at the man who was positively vibrating with excitement, leaning over the top of the car, arms folded under his chin. “Manipulation at its finest, Husband. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

“Ashamed? I'm rather pleased with myself.” Still grinning John winked. “Now unlock the car, I'm freezing my nuts off.”

“Oh, lovely, John. Such an image you paint.” Sherlock rolled his eyes but did as John asked and unlocked the car. As soon as he was seated behind the steering wheel he found himself being crowded against the door by John, who was doing his best impression of a vampire and had latched his teeth onto Sherlock's neck.

“Really, John…” Sherlock moaned, and despite himself tilted his neck to allow John better access. “If this is how you're going to behave, then you should drive. I refuse to be distracted by your tongue while I’m driving.” John nipped at Sherlock’s neck one last time, leaving a mark on his
alabaster skin before depositing his rump back in his own seat. “Thank you, now if you’ll just stay there, we can get going.”

“Mm, spoilsport.” John made a show of buckling himself in then crossed his arms over his chest with a loud huff. “Fine, I'll stay in my seat.” He added as Sherlock gave him a stern look.

He was true to his word. Never once did he leave his seat entirely. However, he proved to be quite skillful at squirming around in his seat belt until he was on his knees with his face buried in Sherlock’s neck. When Sherlock, not so sternly, asked him to stop John just murmured, “Okay, luv.” and continued to suck and nibble and the quickly reddening skin of Sherlock’s neck.

By the time they arrived back at the cottage John couldn’t get out of the car fast enough. It wasn’t even at a full stop when he pushed the door open and tore himself out of the vehicle. He ran around behind the car to the left side, and was pulling Sherlock’s door open just as the car came to the stop. He leaned into the car and unbuckled Sherlock, and practically pulled the giggling man out of the car.

“For God’s sake, Husband, at least let me put the car in park.”

“No time, Mr. Watson-Holmes. I waited this long, like you asked, but now we’re here, so get out of the bloody car before I have you now!” John growled and pulled Sherlock out of the car by his wrist, grinning when Sherlock’s silver wedding ring caught in the sunlight. Once Sherlock was completely out of the car John wrapped his arms around Sherlock’s neck and crushed their lips together.

A low growl reverberated throughout Sherlock’s chest as John assaulted his mouth. “Inside, now.”

“Mmmm, aren’t you clever.” John mumbled, not letting go of his claim on Sherlock, instead taking backwards steps down the gravel path to the cottage, pulling Sherlock along with him. By the time they had made it to the front door, John had managed to bite Sherlock’s lip, left ear, and was making a solid attempt to bite the right ear when Sherlock reluctantly pulled away with a throaty moan.

They stumbled into the cottage, John tripping over his own feet as he tried to both walk and kick off his shoes at the same time. Sherlock was a bit more graceful, pausing to take the time to unlace his shoes before toeing them off. They both shared a look before comically dashing towards the bedroom. The only thing that was missing was a teasing, “Race You!” Sherlock reached the bedroom first, and had already begun to take off his jacket when John closed the bedroom door and hissed.

“Don’t you dare! I get to undress you, Sherlock.” John placed his hands on Sherlock’s stomach, threading them under his jacket and gently pushing it up and off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor behind him. “I told you I couldn’t wait to rip this suit off of you.”

John looked at Sherlock with both reverence and admiration as his fingers began plucking at the buttons on Sherlock’s dark red shirt, slowly revealing more and more of Sherlock’s perfect chest until he had the shirt completely unbuttoned. They both watched as shirt pooled on the floor at their feet then John took Sherlock’s left arm in his hands and turned it over so Sherlock’s hand was palm up.

“These…” John traced a finger over the faint marks that decorated the inside of Sherlock’s arm. “These do not define you, Sherlock.” He leaned down and pressed his lips to one of the most vivid scars, “yes, they’ve shaped you, made you who you are today. But they are not you. Nor does your past change how I feel about you. Now, take those trousers off and get on the bed.”
“John…” Sherlock blinked a few dozen times before building up the courage to meet John's eyes. Instead of the disgust he had expected to find, John's face was warm, open, loving, with more than a hint of sexual need written all over it.

“You're serious.”

“About what? Wanting to consummate our wedding vows, or the whole part where I just said I believed in you.” John reached up with the hand that was not still wrapped around Sherlock's wrist and stroked his husband’s face.

“Well. Both. Actually.”

“Very serious.” John grinned and gave Sherlock a little push towards the bed then pulled at Sherlock's belt. As the backs of Sherlock’s knees hit the bed John stepped forward, hands on Sherlock’s hips, and crowded into his space. Using his left hand he undid Sherlock’s belt then started on his zip, all while maintaining eye contact. Pulling down the zipper he gently pushed down Sherlock’s trousers and soon he was left standing in just his pants.

“These off too…” John whispered and placed a tender kiss to one of Sherlock’s biceps as he hooked his fingers under the elastic band of Sherlock’s pants. He kissed Sherlock’s other bicep and pushed his pants down, letting them pool at his ankles with his trousers, which Sherlock stepped out of and kicked aside. A shiver ran down Sherlock’s spine, though solely from his entire body being exposed to the cold air, or something else entirely, Sherlock wasn’t sure. He gently raised his hands until each were securely resting on John firm pectorals, gently caressing the material he found there.

He was uncertain. Eager, yes, but his nerves were still present. His eyes went from studying John’s chest to his blue eyes that radiated nothing but warmth. Swallowing the small lump in his throat, Sherlock began slowly removing John’s clothes.

Sherlock couldn't help but be mesmerized as his fingers trailed over the fastenings to John's uniform. Even with such focus, Sherlock’s fingers still trembled which, to the genius’s chagrin, caused a great hindrance to his progress. It got to the point that Sherlock expressed his frustration via snarling and almost tearing the buttons from John’s uniform jacket.

“Oi!” John growled, and stilled Sherlock's hands by placing his own over them. “Careful. Unless you want me in some serious trouble… Slowly, luv.” John helped Sherlock, guiding his hands slowly over each button until his jacket was hanging loosely by his sides. “There… Now you can gently toss it aside.”

“Apologies…” Sherlock took a calming breath before fully removing John’s jacket and meticulously set it aside. Slowly lowering himself to his knees, Sherlock began releasing John from the confines of his trousers. As he was working on John’s belt, Sherlock’s eyes wandered up, noticing John watching him with great intensity. Feeling his confidence grow, Sherlock gave John what can only be described as a sultry wink, before tugging both John’s trousers and red pants to the floor. ‘Red?’

An uncontrollable smile spread across Sherlock’s lips at the sight of John wearing the red pants he had sent him. He looked back up, his smile still as large as it was when it first appeared.

“I take it you like the gift I sent you.”
“Mmm yes.” John winked down at Sherlock and seriously had to fight the urge to grab Sherlock’s head and pull it towards his groin. “Very much, Sherlock.”

“Hmmm, I am glad. Although,” at this Sherlock looked squarely at John's swollen member. “I have to admit that I like you better without them. Or any pants for that matter.”

“Yes, well the feeling is mutual.”

Getting to his feet, Sherlock flung his arms around John’s shoulders, their lips crashing together with built up passion. They fell to the bed as one, Sherlock on the bottom with his arms wrapped tightly around John's neck, ensuring that his husband didn't go far. John landed on his knees, his hard cock hovering in the air inches above Sherlock's. He wanted to push down, and rut against Sherlock, but he knew that if he did he’d lose the small amount of composure he still had.

“Sherlock, I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me into the mattress. Please, I need you.” John whimpered wantonly, pressing his forehead against Sherlock's chest. “Please.. I need this, need you.”

“Are you certain?” Disbelief coursed through Sherlock, he had expected John to take charge, for John to ‘top’ for their first time. Not that he was against the idea. Until recently he’d never wanted anyone or anything inside him, something Victor had never understood. But John, his husband… Sherlock had spent the whole drive home thinking about just how much he wanted John inside him. But now, this strong man, a Captain, someone who was used to being in charge, wanted to lie down and let Sherlock inside him. Literally.

“Absolutely.” John, with his forehead still pressed to Sherlock’s chest, nodded his head and hummed his agreement.

“Oh…” Sherlock smiled and drug his arms, which suddenly felt like they had heavy weights attached to them, from around John’s shoulders to cup his head. “Absolutely, positively, one hundred-”

“Yes!” John laughed, his eyes twinkling as he pushed their lips together. “Now stop second guessing everything and get the lube.”

Sherlock felt a jolt of electricity run through his body as John pulled away and settled himself down on his back, stuffing a pillow under his hips. As Sherlock sat up he let himself truly study John. He seemed comfortable enough, excited, if his hard leaking cock was anything to go by. Sherlock watched as John ran his hands down his own stomach, then back up, letting his nails drag over and catch on his nipples with a hiss of pleasure. As John began tweaking and pulling at the hard pebbles, Sherlock felt hot arousal pool deep within his belly.

“Sometime today would be lovely, husband.” John caught Sherlock’s eye and gave him a filthy smile, even as his lips parted and he moaned, his tongue flicking out as if to chase the moan.

John’s words spurred Sherlock into action. He jumped off the bed and bent over the small bedside table, tearing through the drawers in search of the bottle of lube they’d purchased the day before. His knees went weak as his fingers closed around the cold tube and it was all he could do to force his legs to move the few inches back to the bed. He collapsed between John’s widely spread legs and panted.

“John, I’ve never done this…” he looked panicked, wanting so badly to make this good for John, but he had no idea what to do.
“Just lube up a finger…” John wiggled his bum a little in an attempt to get more comfortable, “and be gentle. Once you've got two fingers in, see if you can find my prostate.”

“What about foreplay?” Sherlock remembered reading somewhere on the internet that foreplay was a very important factor in successful love making.

“I think the whole ride here was more than enough foreplay, don't you?” John smirked and planted both feet on the bed, bending his knees and spreading his legs open as wide as he could.

Sherlock shifted to his knees and shuffled forward, so John's thighs were resting on his bent legs. Sherlock then snapped open the cover of the lube bottle and squeezed out so much onto his fingers that it dribbled onto the bed, successfully showing the true extent of his trepidation.

“Relax, luv. You’ll be great.” John smiled reassuringly up at his husband and wiggled his toes a bit in anticipation.

“Mm…” Sherlock closed his eyes and took in a deep breath before moving his hand slowly towards John’s bum. He stretched out his index finger and lightly pressed the pad of his finger against the tight ring of muscles. He circled John’s hole, spreading the lube liberally around the sensitive entrance, marveling at how with each swipe of his fingers the muscles slowly began to loosen. With bated breath Sherlock pressed his finger against John's entrance and gasped when his finger slipped into the first knuckle.

Sherlock's first instinct was to pull out, to apologize to John for touching him in such an intrusive manner. But when John let out a sigh of relief and his whole body went lax, Sherlock chanced a look at John's face. John was smiling, well, his mouth was open and his tongue was running (quite seductively) around his lips. But Sherlock could tell by the way John's eyes crinkled at the corners that he was smiling.

“Oh?” Sherlock whispered, hardly daring to break the spell of the moment.

“Mmm quite. Need some more.” John moaned and wiggled his bum, causing Sherlock's finger to sink in a little deeper.

“Sherlock….” John stuffed a knuckle into his mouth and canted his hips against Sherlock's finger, moaning at the sweet intrusion.

“You’re gorgeous John…. absolutely gorgeous.” Sherlock couldn't help but marvel at John, who was flushed and panting beneath him. “Can you handle a second finger?”

“Mm no.. not yet. You need to move it around, just a little. Loosen me up.”

“Like this?” Sherlock hooked his finger, creating a C shape inside John. Sherlock couldn’t hold back a gasp as John’s back arched and the Captain swore.

“Fuuuucck. Mm just like that. Jesus, that feels good.” John grunted out, feeling his ignored cock twitching as it practically drooled precum onto his abdomen. Sherlock kept up his relentless wiggling, curling and uncurling his finger until John panted out, “Now. Christ, add a second finger.”

Sherlock nodded, but was unsure if John saw the movement, as he was unable to tear his eyes away from what he was doing. He withdrew his finger and couldn’t help his smile as John whimpered at the loss. Before John could miss the feeling for too long however, Sherlock was sliding two fingers back inside. He had to reach down with his other hand and pin John's hips to the bed when John cried out and attempted to buck hard into the new sensation.
“Relax, husband.” Sherlock rumbled, his voice deep and velvety, letting his words wash over and calm John. “I refuse to hurt you. Plus, I can hardly find your prostate with you thrashing around like a whore.”

“Mmm. If I am, I'm your whore, so hurry the fuck up and fuck me.” John growled out and rolled his hips, grunting as pleasure coursed through his body. He desperately wanted Sherlock’s cock, his gorgeous, beautiful, long, delicious cock, buried to the hilt inside him. He didn't care about the stretch and burn, he just wanted it. He was too far gone to be patient.

“All in due time, John.” Sherlock purred as he curled both fingers up deep inside John, feeling a hard walnut sized nub. “Mmm, now what could this be?” He teased, circling his fingers around John’s sensitive prostate.

“You know what it is, you bloody bastard!” John cursed and thrashed his head from side to side.

“Bastard? Hmm no, I think you'll find that both my parents were married during my conception. Thus eliminating any chance of me being a…”

“Less talking, more thrusting!” John groaned out then clenched his teeth and let out a deep growl as both of Sherlock’s fingers pressed down on his prostate. John saw stars, and his cock gave an undignified twitch as it steadily grew a deeper shade of red. Sherlock took pity on his poor Captain and withdrew his fingers, adding more lube before pushing them in again. This time, instead of teasing, he made sure to avoid John’s prostate, scissoring his fingers in a desperate attempt to loosen his husband enough to accommodate his cock without hurting him. John only lasted another three minutes before he clenched both fists into the duvet, apparently putting to good use his hard-learned, military-trained self discipline.

“Sherlock… god. Please. Now. I need you inside me. NOW.” John writhed beneath Sherlock, whimpering and moaning nearly incoherently, and Sherlock took pity on him. He withdrew his fingers and wiped the slick off on his cock. With trembling fingers and limbs, Sherlock then guided the head of his cock to John's hole.

“Just do it…” John purred, sensing his hesitation, and latched a hand around Sherlock’s neck; pulling the taller man down so their lips met at the exact moment Sherlock thrust in. John moaned into Sherlock’s mouth and shivered as Sherlock sunk deeper and deeper into his body.

“Aaaahhhhh that's… fuck. That's… yeah. Amazing.” John mumbled, and if Sherlock didn't know any better he would have sworn that John was drunk. His words were slurred, his eyes were glazed over, and his forehead was glistening with sweat.

“John…” Sherlock murmured as he ran his tongue over John’s lips, begging entrance and giving a needy moan when John opened his mouth. Sherlock pushed his tongue deeper into John’s mouth, their tongues danced against each other as John’s tongue flicked against his for a moment before John to withdrew to bite Sherlock’s ear.

“Come on, Husband. Fuck me. Like you mean it.” John growled, then ran his tongue over the shell of Sherlock’s ear before nipping at it again.

“Didn't they teach you patience in the army?” Sherlock chided as he gently gave his hips a small roll to test John's reaction.

The effect was instant. Beneath him John's back arched, pressing their chests together, his fingers gripped at the duvet, and his lips went rigid against Sherlock's ears as John uttered the filthiest moan Sherlock had ever heard. He needed to hear that sound again. He rolled his hips again, this
time pulling fully out of John before sliding ever so slowly back inside John's warm heat.

“Sssh.. mmmSherl’ck….” John whimpered, pushing himself into the intrusion and falling back against the bed, body completely limp.

“I’ve got you, John.” Sherlock whispered, seeking out John's lips as he began a slow but steady rhythm. It was exquisite. John was hot, slick and tight, so tight around him. This was nothing like the nights he'd spent alone in his bed after lights out, steadily fisting himself while imagining it was John. It was pure, unhurried, and so sensual Sherlock thought he might cry. He was inside, physically inside John. His husband. The man that had promised to be with him the rest of his life, for better or worse, by his side. And now they were one.

As Sherlock moved, John rocked beneath him, matching each one of Sherlock’s thrusts with a slight wiggle that practically made Sherlock's cock move in circles inside John. Which was, judging by John's raspy moans, rather the point. Soon John's hands were stretched out behind his head, bracing himself against the headboard. He pushed himself harder and faster against Sherlock, wrapping his legs around Sherlock’s hips in a desperate attempt to control the tempo.

“Sherlock, please…” he panted out, looking completely wrecked. “Faster. Please.” Sherlock sat back on his knees and grabbed John’s legs, pushing them together and rolling him onto his side. With the first thrust John let out a moan and nodded his head, unable to articulate much beyond moans as his eyes rolled back in his head.

“Fuuuccc…” John swore and thrashed on the bed as Sherlock’s hand wrapped around his, thus far, ignored cock. One of Sherlock’s long, and very skilled, fingers gently pushed back his foreskin then circled around his glans. Sherlock’s finger was slick, but John was too far gone to know if it was from lube, or his own precome. The only thing he knew in that exact moment, was if Sherlock’s finger did that one more time… he was done for. And oh, it did, it traced the length of his cock, from root to tip, circling around the head once before five fingers wrapped around the entire length. Never before had an orgasm taken him so hard. His whole body went rigid, his toes curled, his fingers scraped against the headboard, and he cried out as he literally saw stars and his whole body suddenly became so sensitive that he swore he could tell the thread count on the sheets under him.

The heat, oh dear god the heat...and the strength of which John’s inner walls were gripping his member...Sherlock was barely able to keep enough of his cognitive abilities functioning to make sure he allowed John the release he so desperately deserved. When such a gift was finally bestowed, oh the outcome was exquisite for both parties involved. Sherlock felt his voice become caught in his throat, a silent scream the result of such pleasure being rung out of him. His fingers dug into tan flesh, deep markings most certainly being left behind however neither Sherlock nor John truly cared. They would merely be one more testament of the love and passion each felt for the other. A whisper of John’s name fell from Sherlock’s lips as the final bit of pleasure was rung out of him, his sweaty and exhausted body finally giving out.

“Well,” John murmured as he rolled into Sherlock’s arms moments later, “items four through six certainly were fantastic.”

“Hmm?” Sherlock asked, opening one sleepy eye before deciding against it and burying his head under a pillow.

“Four, get married. Five… Kiss my husband. And six… well, we just did six. I think,” John yawned, “I’ll try item five again, then take a nap before we give item six another go.”

“Perhaps we can…that is…” tossing the pillow aside Sherlock stifled a yawn and pulled the
blankets up over them. “Later, I’d like to try that, but, with you inside me.”

“Mmm sounds lovely. But only if you’re up for it.” John murmured sleepily and prodded Sherlock’s hip with his fingers; the cold metal splints on his fingers causing Sherlock to hiss when the came into contact with his skin. “Roll over, I want to be the big spoon.”

Sherlock rolled over and let out a satisfied sigh when John’s chest came into contact with his back and the shorter man buried his nose against his neck. Next John’s arm slid under his and wrapped around his chest and his nudged his knee between Sherlock’s legs. John let out a happy gurgling noise and began placing sleepy kisses to the back of Sherlock’s neck. “Love you, sweetheart.”

“Mmm… sweetheart.” Sherlock grinned into the pillow, feeling a blush creeping over his face. “Love when you call me that.”

“Sweetheart? Mm, well then I’ll make sure to do it more often.” John whispered as he scraped his teeth over Sherlock’s neck then licked his way from Sherlock’s hairline down to just between his shoulderblades. “Now go to sleep. You’ll need your energy later.”

“Oh? And why’s that?” Sherlock shivered and closed his eyes, John’s voice sending sparks shooting through his body directly to his cock.

“Mmm…” John pulled his lips away from Sherlock’s skin and rested his cheek against Sherlock’s neck instead, and soon his steady breathing told Sherlock that his new husband was fast a sleep. Closing his eyes and listening to John’s breathing, Sherlock felt himself being lulled to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

The art featured in this chapter was something I had commissioned about 16 months ago, so I apologize that Sherlock doesn't have a ring on his finger! But it fit so well we decided to use it. The artist can be found here: http://ambagem.deviantart.com/ and on facebook under the same name. Please be respectful, I paid for this picture and would prefer it NOT to be posted anywhere on any social media sight. The artist has given me permission to use it... but I don't want to find it elsewhere online.

Also, just as a heads up during the week after Christmas, I'm going to be having a friend visiting from Puerto Rico, and while she's a johnlocker and probably reads this when she has free time, I don't plan on writing much while she's here. She's here from Christmas until New Years. B is off school, so she might have to take over the writing, so you might sense a slight difference in writing.

One other thing: I know nothing, and I mean NOTHING about weddings here in America OR in England... so I'm sorry if what I wrote is completely off. But hey, it works, right?
Sherlock woke early the next morning to find himself sweating. His first instinct was to throw the blankets off and sprawl out on the bed until he had cooled off, but as Sherlock shifted to do just that, he felt the weight of John’s arm shift as John murmured something in his sleep and pulled Sherlock closer. The younger man huffed in slight annoyance as he settled back into John’s embrace.

“Fine. Have it your way. My own personal furnace.” Sherlock muttered, and wiggled his body closer to John’s, gasping when he felt John’s cock begin to harden and push into the soft flesh just below his backside. Sherlock grinned and, feeling a bit bold, wiggled his arse up so John’s cock was nestled against the cleft of his arse.

“So…” Sherlock whispered as he wiggled again and John’s cock immediately reacted, “Bum wiggle causes accidental boner does it.” he hummed and smiled into the pillow and circled his hips against his husband while playing over the events of the previous day. The highlight had obviously been when he and John had gotten married. However, spending the day in bed, and John allowing him to penetrate him nearly half a dozen times wasn’t that bad either. He only slightly regretted that they had not gotten around to Sherlock bottoming. However, spending the day beside and inside his husband had been wonderful. They’d only crawled out of bed once, and only then it was to shower and head into town for dinner, both of them having been far too tired to bother cooking.

“Mmm…” John huffed out as he stirred behind Sherlock and placed a kiss to the nape of Sherlock’s neck and whispered, “Jesus, you’re warm.”

“Thanks to you.” Sherlock grumbled out and rolled over onto his other side, facing John. “You’re like a bloody furnace, but an adorable one.”

“First I’m cute… Now I’m adorable. Jesus, I do have a reputation, you know.” John screwed a fake scowl over his face then kissed Sherlock’s nose.

“Mm, one I shall endeavour to re-write, Three Continents Watson.” Sherlock grinned, revealing to his husband that he knew all about John’s tender habits in the Army, and scooted closer to his husband.

“Oh?” John huffed out a laugh and rolled onto his back, involuntarily flexing his hips as he stretched out under the blankets. “And how do you plan on doing that?”

“Why, by riding your cock, of course.” Sherlock gave John a wicked grin as he crawled over John’s body and shamelessly rutted his arse over John’s rather interested cock.
“Mmm well.” John reached up and drew his arms around Sherlock’s back, then rolled their combined bodies over so Sherlock was on his back with him on top.

“That sounds, like a wonderful plan. But, Sherlock... just listen to me for one minute. What we're about to do, well... some men don't like it. It can hurt. And while I will do everything in my power to make sure I don't hurt you, there is still the initial stretch. And that can be more than a little uncomfortable. We'll go at your pace, and if you tell me to stop, I'll stop. And if you end up not liking it, then I'm fine with that.” John peppered Sherlock's face with kisses as he spoke and ran his hands across Sherlock's arms and shoulders. "I don't require sex with you to be happy. Just this, cuddling. Christ just being able to touch you is a miracle, Sherlock." John sat up a fraction and looked down into Sherlock's pale blue eyes and waited for some sort of confirmation from Sherlock.

“John, you made me promise the first night together that I would tell you to stop if I became uncomfortable. Have I asked yet?” Sherlock arched his eyebrows and ground his hips up against John's thigh, which was planted firmly between his legs.

“No. Well, yes. Last night when I tried ordering you a second plate of risotto.” John giggled at the memory and pressed his thigh down a bit firmer against Sherlock's cock.

“Exactly. Now please do stop worrying and get on with it.”

“Right, then where the hell is the lube?” They both felt around in the blankets for the small bottle. Sherlock was the one who found it, and let out a chuckle as he pulled it from under John's pillow. John took it from his hand and collapsed on his left side with a devilish smirk.

“I'll just be...under here, if you need me.” With that John dove under the blankets and, still on his side next to Sherlock, rested his head on Sherlock's lower abdomen. He slicked up his left hand then positioned it between Sherlock's legs and simultaneously touched his lips to Sherlock's cock while his left index finger began to circle around Sherlock's hole.

Sherlock let out a whimper as the sensations threatened to overwhelm him. John's finger would circle around his hole, then disappear only to then have two fingers slide over his perineum all the way to his balls before dipping back down to gently push against his anus. All while John licked and sucked at the head of Sherlock's cock. It was too much, but not enough. Sherlock didn't know whether he should whimper and beg for more, or succumb to the desperate desire to come right then and there.

John seemed to sense Sherlock's dilemma, and soon his lips ignored Sherlock's cock in favor of pressing soft kisses to the area around his navel. At first Sherlock wanted to demand that John return to sucking him off, but when one of John's fingers pushed inside, he instantly forgot all thought and gasped.

John peppered Sherlock's stomach with kisses as he pushed his finger in deeper, and listened intently to Sherlock, checking for any signs of discomfort. When there were none, he curled his finger and pulled it halfway out before straightening it again.

“Ooohh, do that again.” Sherlock whispered and placed a hand, through the blankets, on John's head.

“Hm? What, this?” Sherlock could practically feel John's smile as his finger curled again, this time sinking deeper into his body,

“Mmmmmmmmmmm.” Even from his position under the blankets, John knew, from that moan
alone, that Sherlock was thoroughly enjoying this.

“And that's just one finger. Imagine what it'll be like when it's my cock.”

“Oh god, do it now, John!” Sherlock moaned out as he rocked against John’s finger.

“Not yet, sweetheart. I’m enjoying this too much.” John chuckled at Sherlock’s impatience and continued with his tortuously slow movements for a few minutes longer. It wasn't long until he could feel Sherlock loosening up around his finger and he knew it was safe to add a second.

Sherlock hissed a little at the stretch but settled back against the bed after a moment and soon resumed his moaning.

With his palm facing the ceiling, John gently inserted his index and middle fingers and with his fingers curled, began a slow and gentle thrusting. Sherlock soon began to rock back and forth on his fingers, moaning words of encouragement as he loosened and the fingers sunk deeper and deeper. His moans grew louder and louder, only hindered by his panting as John fell into a relentless rhythm of: Thrust, curl, withdraw, thrust, curl, withdraw. On one such thrust and curl, John’s fingers found what they’d been looking for. The brushed against the soft lobe of Sherlock’s prostate. Sherlock, on his part, went limp and if It hadn’t been for the moan-turned-scream, John might have thought that Sherlock had fallen asleep. As if he needed more proof that Sherlock was not asleep, John was graced with a face full of sticky warmth as Sherlock went completely rigid beneath him. Knowing Sherlock would be incredibly sensitive after such a powerful orgasm, John withdrew his fingers and emerged from the blankets grinning.

John’s grin quickly faded as Sherlock’s look of pleasure quickly turned into horrified embarrassment. Settling on his knees over Sherlock’s body John looked down and gently cupped Sherlock’s face in his clean hand, urging Sherlock to look up at him.

“Oh, Sweetheart, there’s no need to be embarrassed. Jesus, that was hot. Like, really, really, hot.”

John bent down to try and steal a kiss but Sherlock raised a shaky hand and pressed it against John's chest, gently pushing at him.

“John, you are aware that you’ve got a bit of something just there.” Sherlock screwed up his face into a bit of a scowl as his eyes dropped to John’s chin. “And a bit, well… it's on your nose. And cheek.”

“Mmm? And who’s fault is that, I wonder?” John grinned down at his husband then rolled off of him, and crawled out of bed.

“Where are you going?” Sherlock whined, and rolled to his side, watching as John stretched and stuffed his feet into a pair of slippers, looking utterly ridiculous as he was still completely naked, and a face covered in ejaculate.

“Bathroom, to have a wash, and get you a warm flannel.” John flashed Sherlock a wink then shuffled into the adjoining bathroom, returning a minute later with a freshly washed face and, as promised, a damp cloth.

The cool air from his walk into the bathroom had left him slightly cold so John wasted no time in flopping back onto the bed. With a broad grin he burrowed back under the blankets and was just about to hand the flannel over to Sherlock when he pulled it out of John's hands and tossed it aside.

"No time for that now." Sherlock said impatiently as he wrapped a warm hand around John's now
mostly soft prick.

"Mm? No?" John gasped out and let his eyes flutter shut as Sherlock's expert fingers began urging more and more blood to fly to his groin. Sherlock gently stroked until his cock grew harder and harder, his foreskin reseeding to reveal a red and swollen tip.

"No, husband," Sherlock purred as he let his teeth scrape over the shell of John's ear, "you still need to fuck me." Sherlock watched as John shuddered at his words while his cock twitched back into life beneath his fingers.

John was moaning so wantonly that he missed the sound of the lubricant bottle opening; so it came to a shock to him when Sherlock's left hand was replaced with a much slicker right hand. He rolled his hips and snapped his eyes open just in time to see Sherlock swing a leg over John's waist. He reached around behind him with his right hand, left hand sprawled on John's stomach for support, and guided the tip of John's cock back behind his balls, over his perineum, letting it come to rest in the slight hollow of his hole.

John watched transfixed, unable to do anything, as Sherlock bore down on his cock. Taking it inch by inch without a single sign of discomfort on his face. It wasn't until Sherlock was fully seated on John that either of them dared let out their collectively held breaths.

John released his as a sob, finally springing to action and reached out to take hold of Sherlock’s hips. Sherlock somehow, perhaps because he’d just had his own release, was a bit more composed. He moaned and chewed on his bottom lip when he gave his arse the first tentative wiggle.

“So… Full.” He moaned again and slowly rolled his hips forward, shuddering as he felt John's length slowly sliding out of him. At the last possible second, just as John's erection was about to spring free, Sherlock snapped his hips back and cried out as John's cock brushed relentlessly against his prostate.

“Fuck!” John cursed, digging his non injured fingers into Sherlock's flesh. “You're so vocal. I bloody love it.”

“Yes, well…” Sherlock panted while reaching up to brush a curl out of his face, “I've only just recently learned what prostate stimulation feels like.”

With that there was no more talking. Sherlock saw to that. He leaned forward, resting his weight on his forearms which were planted on the bed on either side of John's face, and pushed their lips together in a commanding kiss as he began to fuck himself on John’s cock.

The bedroom was filled with the wet sounds of kisses, and the soft slap of skin on skin as John rocked up into each thrust. John's hands began sliding over Sherlock’s body, running over his back, reaching down to grab handfuls of arse before tickling their way over Sherlock's sides. It was all too much for Sherlock, who despite having just come ten minutes ago, found himself hard and dripping as John relentlessly thrust against his prostate.

“John…” Sherlock whimpered out before returning his tongue back into John's mouth. John made a noise that sounded like an agreement and picked up his pace. They fucked harder and faster than they had yet to do, both of them flashing the other a wild grin as the bed began to shift and hit against the wall. When Sherlock's grin faded and he let out a broken cry, John dipped a hand between their bodies and wrapped it around Sherlock's sensitive member.

One tug is all it took. Sherlock arched his back and let out a gurgled scream into
John’s mouth, which John swallowed up greedily. Then Sherlock shook, twitching from head to toe as warm liquid spilled over John's hand and between their bodies. Sherlock's muscles contracted around John, making the older man groan as Sherlock coaxed his orgasm out of him. John saw stars, and his vision dimmed as his groan mixed with Sherlock’s scream.

Neither man knew how long it took before either of them stilled. It could have been seconds or it could have been an hour. But Sherlock was the first to move, suddenly overwhelmed with the sensations of John's hand still holding his cock, and John’s cock still buried deep inside him. He pulled off of John a bit too quickly, causing John's cock to slip out of him with a wet pop. Just as he was about to roll over onto his back Sherlock went rigid, his mouth open in a wide O with his eyes blown open wide as he felt John's ejaculate slide out of him.

John had heard of men having dry orgasms before, and as a doctor he knew they were medically possible. But he had never witnessed one before now. He soaked in every detail of his husband, who was now violently twitching, seemingly unable to move. John reached up a hand to stroke Sherlock's back, but thought better of it, not wanting to overwhelm the poor man.

“Sherlock, sweetheart?” John watched, torn between wanting to help and wanting to make it happen again.

“Mmm...” Sherlock grunted out seconds before collapsing on his side head resting on John's chest, one arm slung over John’s body, panting and twitching.

“So? Are you alright?” John chuckled and planted a wet kiss to Sherlock's forehead.

“Never better.” Sherlock mumbled out and grinned up at John, looking positively drunk.

“Well, you've just had three orgasms, practically back to back.” John returned Sherlock's grin and stretched out beneath Sherlock.

“Mmmm.” Sherlock agreed, then let out a sigh as John's arms came up to wrap around him. They lapsed into silence, listening to the other breath, both content, warm, and sated.

“Sherlock?” John broke the silence first, whispering Sherlock's name while tightening his grip on him.

“Mm?” Sherlock forced his eyes open, sensing from the way John clung to him he was about to say something of importance.

“You don't have to go back...if you don't want.” John said softly, his voice low and warm the tone wrapping around Sherlock like a warm blanket.

“Go back?”

“To rehab. I won't force you, you know. I mean. Eight months, Sherlock. That's a long time.”

“You're not afraid I'll use?” Panic flared up in Sherlock. For the first time in his life he found himself afraid of the possibility that he would fall back into old habits. It wasn't just himself he was disappointing anymore, there was John now.

“Mm no. I trust you.” John replied after only a moment's hesitation and Sherlock found he believed John. He smiled, having someone believe in him, even when he didn't quite believe in himself, suddenly made it all okay.

“But where would I stay?” Sherlock propped himself up on one elbow, his thoughtful look quickly
turning into one of disgust. “Surely not with Mycroft?”

“Mm no. Rehab would be better than Mycroft’s” John laughed and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s nose. “Perhaps with your parents? For a bit. I can send money, help get a flat somewhere for us.”

“With my parents?!” Sherlock’s once relaxed features twisted into displeasure at the suggestion.

“Sweetheart, you’ve gotta go somewhere, and at least if you’re with your parents I know you’ll be alright.” John tried to reason with Sherlock, but the younger man was having none of it.

“But they don’t even have wifi! How do you expect me to survive, John? And you call yourself my husband!”

“Well? Do you have any suggestions? Or is this your way of saying you want to go back to rehab?”

“No, I am not going back there. Other to collect my things, that is. Your letters are all still there.” Sherlock laid back down, resting his head once again on John’s chest and relaxed.

“Mm, well…it’ll work itself out. Shouldn’t be more than a few months before you can get a flat.” John kissed Sherlock's mop of curls then patted his side. “I know you just got comfortable, but I need the loo. And I dare say we both need a shower.” In that moment Sherlock's stomach decided to let out a rather loud growl, so John added, “And food. We both definitely required food, especially you, after those three orgasms.”

“Five more minutes, John. I am comfortable.” as if to prove his point Sherlock pulled the blankets up over his head completely and let out a very loud yawn. John chuckled, but finding himself more than content to lay with Sherlock in his arms, didn’t complain and they lay there for nearly ten minutes before John broke the silence.

“Dear Husband.” John whispered, suddenly overcome with emotions. It seemed it was just now hitting him that he was here with Sherlock, married. And he’d be leaving in just two short days. “I already miss you.”

“Dearest Husband,” Sherlock echoed and emerged from under the blankets, eyes full of emotion, and if John didn’t know better he almost appeared to be on the verge of crying. “Don’t miss what isn’t gone yet.”

“Dear Husband, I can’t help it. I miss your kisses,” John sighed, then ran his fingers lightly over Sherlock’s face, “I miss the way your skin feels.”

“Dearest Husband, four days isn’t enough…” Sherlock lamented, then stretched his neck up so their lips met, “But we’ll make it work.”

“Always.” John smiled and returned Sherlock’s kiss and blinked away the tears that were threatening to surface. “Right… now I need the loo.”

Sherlock huffed in exaggerated annoyance, flopping himself onto his front, limbs spreading out over the expanse of their bed.

“Fine, don’t join me then.” John chuckled as he pried himself out from under Sherlock’s limp body, Sherlock doing absolutely nothing to help. “I was going to see if I could coax number four out of you… but, I guess I’ll just be using this on myself.” John leaned down and reached over Sherlock’s body and reached for the lube bottle which was just by Sherlock’s left hand. At the last second, however, Sherlock’s hand covered the bottle and his voice rumbled up from somewhere under the pillows.
"Everything in the world is about sex except sex. Sex is about power."

“If it gets you out of bed, then sure.” John snatched the bottle out of Sherlock’s hand and stepped away from the bed before he had a chance to retaliate. “I’ll just be taking this… so you don’t use it on yourself.”

Sherlock’s limbs flailed, almost comically, as he pushed himself up off the bed. He glared at John’s retreating backside, silently hoping that his heated stare would either convince John to come back to bed or, more preferable, cause the tube in John’s hand to spontaneously combust. Of course neither desire took place, which left Sherlock even more irritated. With a dramatic sigh, as if moving in itself personally offended him in some way, Sherlock removed himself from the confines of their bed and dramatically barged into the bathroom to join his husband.

Sherlock entered the bathroom just as John was stepping into the shower. He fiercely pulled back the shower curtain and flopped into the small shower, crowding John against the wall.

“You wouldn’t dare use that without me.”

“Oh?” John gave Sherlock a very mater-of-fact look and stepped under Sherlock’s outstretched arms to turn the water on. “Would you like to make a bet?”

The palm of Sherlock’s hand suddenly collided with the shower wall directly next to John’s head. With an almost predatory smirk, Sherlock gracefully bent forward until his mouth was up against John’s ear, Sherlock’s moist lips lightly grazing the outer shell.

“Would I like to make a bet John? Would I? I believe the correct question is, would you like to make a bet.”

“Yes, well.” Sherlock’s deep baritone caressed John’s entire body with a fire that was both dangerously alluring and overwhelming, even for the most disciplined individual. “I’m not sure… I could handle a second wager with you. We’ve yet to complete our first bet.” John involuntarily tilted his head to the side and shuddered as Sherlock’s teeth grazed over his throat.

Sherlock’s chuckle came from deep within his chest as he continued to tease John into an aroused mess. “True. I suppose we should settle any previous debts we have before taking on any new ones.”

“So? Breakfast…then…What? We tell each other our chess moves?” John panted out as Sherlock’s fingers skated across his hips.

“Hmmm, no need. I’m sure there’s an old chess board laying around here somewhere. Believe it or not, Mycroft and I used to play during our youth.”

“Mmm.. I simply love the idea of skipping shower sex in favor of getting my arse beat in a game of wits.”

“My thoughts exactly.” Suddenly Sherlock removed himself from John’s space and stepped under the shower head, immersing himself under the cascade of water. He reached over and retrieved the bottle of shampoo from one of the shelves before lathering a rather large dollop between his palms, “Except I rather believe you will be the only one getting their arse beat.”

“Oi, keep that up and I might just give you that spanking you were begging for yesterday.” John groaned and suddenly felt exposed without Sherlock’s sexual attentions.

While making sure to thoroughly rinse out his hair, Sherlock not so subtly moved his bare arse
back and forth, knowing John’s attention would be immediately drawn to the plump wet expanse of flesh.

“You are…” John growled and crept into Sherlock’s personal space from behind, rubbing his cock over Sherlock’s wet arse. “a special kind of bastard. And I do think that it’s about time someone does something about it.”

Acting as if John’s swollen cock wasn’t currently pressed between his arse cheeks, Sherlock began working conditioner into his hair while smirking at John’s threat. “Promises, promises.”

With a growl John reached for the lube, snatching it up from the shelf. He popped the cover open, squeezed a liberal amount onto his palm and slicked himself up while assessing the situation. Sherlock was much taller than he was, but if his legs were properly spread like so, John used his left foot and kicked Sherlock’s legs apart; and if he were bent forward like so, he placed his free hand on Sherlock’s shoulder and pushed, he should be able to…. John thrust in, grabbing Sherlock’s hips with his slippery hand and leaned forward, resting his forehead on Sherlock’s back.

“Is this promise enough for you, husband?” John grunted and thrust up, leaning his whole body against Sherlock’s as he dug his fingers into Sherlock’s alabaster skin, leaving red marks beneath his fingers.

Sherlock would be lying if he said that he was not taken aback by John’s sudden invasion of his body, however welcomed it truly was. Forgetting about his hair for the time being, Sherlock used the leverage from having his hands against the shower wall to subtly rock backwards into John’s hips. Sherlock then glanced over his shoulder at his darling husband, making sure he could see the smirk still resting on his features.

“Please, you fucked me much harder this morning. However, I can’t blame you for not having enough energy to perform as such again. After all, I hear age can be quite debilitating.”

“Fuck you, Sherlock…” John growled into Sherlock’s ear and lowered his other hand to take Sherlock’s hips with both hands. He spread his legs, searching for traction on the slippery floor and slammed his cock hard into Sherlock. “Is that hard enough for you?”

Sherlock couldn’t hold back the moan that tore from his throat at John’s rough handling. His head flopped forward between his arms, the tail end of his moan skidding over his lips. He desperately wanted John to do that again. Finding that his vocal cords would not cooperate, he hoped that a high pitched whine and him thrusting backwards would convey his desires just as well.

“Oh? Like it rough, do you?” John hissed and scraped his teeth over Sherlock’s shoulder. “How’s this for rough?”

With both hands now firmly holding Sherlock’s hips, John slammed inside. Holding himself still for much longer than he would have prefered, but enjoying the torment it was causing Sherlock. Only once Sherlock began to whimper did John pull out. He pulled out completely, lined himself up, and thrust in, knowing by the way Sherlock cried out that he’d managed to hit Sherlock’s prostate.

“Oh? Is that the spot, darling? Right…” John pulled out only to slam back in, “here?” Sherlock’s smirk was soon wiped off his face as John began relentlessly manipulated their bodies together. With the threat of both of them slipping and falling on the shower floor, John refrained from any further teasing. With his teeth still pinching lightly at Sherlock's shoulder he gave his charge a direct order.
"Touch yourself. But don't you dare come until I say so." His voice was low and husky, demanding attention and obedience. Before Sherlock even realized what he was doing he had his hand around his cock and was stroking himself.

"John..." finally finding his voice he croaked out John's name, shuddering when John's fingers dug harder into his hips.

"Try that again, soldier." John hissed into his ear as his hips snapped hard against him. His dog tags were cold and being pressed against Sherlock's lower back, causing Sherlock to groan.

"C-captain." Sherlock sobbed out as he completely gave himself over to his husband. Somehow, John had known just how much he'd wanted to see Captain Watson-Holmes come out to play. And so far, he was not disappointed.

"Are you close?" The head of John's cock slammed into Sherlock's prostate, making the younger man scream his answer.

"YES!" The cry echoed through the bathroom as Sherlock saw sparks.

"Good. Then come for me." John swatted Sherlock's hand away and took charge of Sherlock prick. With hard, fast strokes he quickly brought Sherlock to the brink, then pulled him past the point of no return.

Sherlock cried out, bracing himself against the shower wall and John thrust into him once more then stilled as a string of curses grunted out of his mouth.

"Mm.. goddamn it. Fuck!!" John gently rocked against Sherlock, letting Sherlock's contracting muscles milk the last of the semen out of him before he pulled out and leaned heavily against his husband.

"Mmmm," John chuckled against Sherlock's back as both he and Sherlock struggled to remain standing, "is it too early for me to forfeit? I mean, having a husband who likes rough sex is all the prize I need."

“No forfeiting allowed, husband.” Sherlock purred as he attempted to make his legs move. “Now if you’ll excuse me I really must wash this conditioner out of my hair. Someone distracted me last time.”

“Do hurry and stop hogging the water, I don't want to get left with only cold water.” John grinned and pinched Sherlock’s bum as he stepped away.

They both finished washing themselves, John managing to rinse off just as the last of the hot water gave out. Laughing they turned the taps off and each reached for a towel. John wrapped his towel around his hips then stepped over to Sherlock, who was attempting to dry off his back. John wrapped his arms around his husband in a tight embrace and sighed.

"Thank you, Sherlock."

"What for?” Sherlock blinked down, more than slightly confused by John's behavior.

"I was a bit rough.... and, well. Thanks. That was the best shower sex I've ever had."
"You're thanking me for sex?" Sherlock tried to hide a giggle, he didn't giggle damnit, but failed. "John, you don't have to thank me for sex."

"Yeah, I do." John kissed Sherlock's damp chest and looked up at his husband. "Because you don't have to give it to me. But you did... and it was great. I'd never force it out of you..."

"Ahh..." Sherlock nodded as understanding washed over him. He gently cupped John's chin with his hands as he spoke. "You think because you were rough, that I might think it was less than consensual. John, you couldn't be further from the truth. I knew, if I kept teasing you, it would only be a matter of time before you snapped. I also knew, that you were holding back this morning in an attempt to not hurt me."

"So, it was alright then?"

"More than alright, John. It was...perfect."
John glanced up from the eggs he was frying and stole a glance at Sherlock. His husband was seated at the table on John's laptop, wrapped in a blanket and nothing else. When John had asked him why he wasn't wearing clothes, Sherlock had just shrugged and said ‘why bother when you’ll just be tearing them off of me later’ and John hadn't been able to argue.

“Should I leave you two alone?” John pointed his spatula at Sherlock, who was squinting and tilting his head every which way at the laptop.

“Mmm…” Sherlock grunted, having heard that John said something, but not comprehending the words.

“Mmm? Is that a yes?” John stepped away from the stove and walked up behind Sherlock with the intent of placing a kiss on Sherlock’s neck. Instead when he came into view of the laptop screen he stopped with his lips inches from Sherlock’s neck. “What is that?”

“Pictures of a crime scene.” Sherlock muttered as he flicked through a series of pictures. “Local break in. Happened last night.”

“Anything stolen?” John asked and leaned forward, suddenly a bit more interested.

“Cash, a diamond necklace, and an old record collection.”

“Any suspects?”

“None.” Sherlock growled and waved a hand indignantly at the screen. “It was the husband, John! Look!”

“What am I looking at?” John squinted, then jumped as the eggs popped in the frying pan. “Shit, breakfast…” John pulled away from Sherlock and rushed over to flip the eggs.

“The footprints, John.” Sherlock sighed. “Can’t you see?”

“Sherlock, darling, I don’t see, all I see is the back of the laptop.”
“Yes, right.” Sherlock spun the computer around for John to see. Looking from across the kitchen John saw a closeup of two sets of footprints in the snow, one leading away from the house the other towards it.

“Footprints? And how does that mean it was the husband?” John raised an eyebrow at Sherlock, not for a moment doubting that Sherlock was wrong, but not seeing what was clearly so obvious to Sherlock.

“Yes! John, look outside, what do you see?” Sherlock stood and moved to the sole window in the kitchen and pulled open the curtain.

“Snow. It’s snowing.” John noted, watching as a light flurry fell from the heavens, the last of the wintery storm dissipating.

“Yes!” Sherlock grinned then scowled at John’s still confused face. “Snow, John! Now look here.” he carried the laptop over and placed it on the counter beside the stove and pointed.

“The footprints leading away from the house have the most snow in them while the set leading towards the house still have grass and gravel visible in the tread. Meaning?”

“Meaning… they were made last? Less snow… means they were the most recently made prints before the police took the pictures.”

“Not just another pretty face then.” Sherlock grinned and rewarded John with a kiss. “So, the husband… snuck out of his own window, walked away from the house then returned a short time later to stage his own break in. You can even see here…” Sherlock showed John a panoramic shot that showed both sets and the window, “the indents in the snow, where he tried backtracking, and here, where there’s too much pressure on the balls of his feet from where his wife obviously helped him back into the house. Both sets of footprints conveniently lead to their quite recently shoveled driveway. I’m sure if the police were to look in the boot of his car they’d find their stolen valuables.”

“Brilliant…” John gasped as Sherlock laid it out for him. “Absolutely brilliant.”

“You really think so?” Sherlock felt his cheeks begin to heat up at John’s praise and dared to look down into his husband’s grinning face.

“Mmm I do. My husband, the detective. Has a nice ring to it, doesn’t it?” John reached up with one hand and lovingly stroked Sherlock’s chin before he was forced to pay attention to their breakfast.

Sherlock looked back down at the computer screen though he was no longer paying any attention at what was displayed. He couldn’t stop replaying the words John had said to him. “Most people don’t find my deductions anything special. If anything, they see them as another reason to look at me as if I am some sort of side show. I believe the word ‘freak’ has been thrown around numerous times.”

“Well, next person to call you a freak, send them my way. I’ll introduce them to my foot…. Up their arse.” John growled and placed a plate down on the counter a bit more forcefully than was necessary. “That was absolutely brilliant, Sherlock. Think the police will figure it out themselves?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes at John’s question. “I highly doubt it. If the police are anything like the ones in London, they’ll most likely go weeks without a suspect and either arrest the wrong individual or file the case as unsolvable,” Sherlock then stood up, completely ignorant of his recurring nudity, and moved to retrieve John’s mobile from the sitting room, “I should text my
finding to the local police, not that I expect them to listen.”

“So, he did it for the insurance money then?” John mused out loud as he began to plate their breakfast. “Maybe if they check into his finances, they’ll see something suspicious?”

“Possibly,” Sherlock made his way back into the kitchen, still typing furiously on John’s phone, “I pray that the locals aren’t that clueless to not notice something like that.”

“Wait, how are you texting the police?” John turned around, spatula in the air, and began to smirk as his eyes dragged over Sherlock’s body. “Mmmm, you have this wonderful habit of dressing up for me.”

“One of the locals gave me the chief inspector’s personal number. A woman, quite taken with him though hasn’t had the courage to tell him. He enjoys a good drink so she is planning on offering him a ride home after the local Christmas party and will inform him of her feelings then,” Sherlock sat back down at the table, not even pausing to cover himself up, “I told her I was an old friend who he hadn’t seen in years, fell out of touch, and I wanted to reconnect with him for the holidays. She’s obsessed with those unrealistic and annoying Christmas movies so I knew she would be more than willing to help me out.”

“Sneaky bastard.” John grinned and brought two plates to the table then moved back to the counter to grab the tea. “You’re going to freeze… Not that I’m complaining about the view.” John sat down across from Sherlock and tucked in, “So, think he’ll text back?”

“Doubtful.” Sherlock grabbed blindly at the edge of the forgotten blanket, finally managing to cover at least half of his body as he finished his text.

“Ever think of doing that for a living? Solving crimes? I mean, you… quite literally solved that in less time than it took for me to pull together a full English breakfast.” John rested both his elbows on the table and grinned at Sherlock, who was halfheartedly draping a corner of the blanket over his shoulder.

Sherlock shrugged, doing nothing to stop his shoulder from becoming uncovered. “Honestly, I haven’t thought much about my future. Didn’t really have a reason to.”

“Mmm. What about now? Do you have any reason to think about your future now? Or am I simply your sugar daddy?” John gave Sherlock a wink then hid his smirk by looking down at his plate as he began dunking his toast in his egg.

Something close to an undignified snort escaped Sherlock at John’s remark. “If all I wanted was a sugar daddy, I would have had Mycroft set me up with one of his friends from his club.”

“Well, glad to know I wasn’t just part of your master plan.” John grinned down at his plate while his right foot stretched out under the table and rubbed against Sherlock’s. “But honestly, Sherlock, that was brilliant… Give it some thought. Sherlock Watson-Holmes, the great detective. Has a nice ring to it, doesn’t it?”

“Are you aware you’ve asked me that twice already? If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were trying to get rid of me,” Sherlock nibbled on some of his breakfast as he shot John a coy smile, “Only married for twenty-four hours and already you’re trying to get me out of the house.”

“Well, I’m sure as hell not letting you leave the house dressed like that. So, no. Not getting rid of you. Not just yet. Give me oh… fifty years, then I might start to get a bit sick of you.”

Sherlock raised an eyebrow, “Only fifty?”
“I’ll be in my 80’s. I’ll be a grumpy old man, so yeah, fifty.” John gave Sherlock the most serious face he could muster before sliding his foot up Sherlock’s leg.

Sherlock spread his legs, giving John more room to maneuver. “You won’t be grumpy. Old yes, but definitely not grumpy.”

John’s mobile chose that moment to chirp sharply, startling John enough that he dropped his foot back to the floor and groaned. Sherlock’s hand shot out and snatched it up off the table and a grin spread over his face as he read the incoming text.

“Who the hell is that? No one ever texts me. Only Harry, and she’s on some bloody cruise.” John groaned as he turned half his attention to his breakfast while the rest of him sat, literally on the edge of his chair, waiting for Sherlock to answer him.

Even though it was practically the middle of the day, plenty of outside light, the backlight from John’s phone still managed to give Sherlock’s face a gentle glow. His features were easily accentuating the absolute euphoria he was currently feeling. “It’s a text from the chief inspector. I must say, I am quite impressed by his promptness.”

“Yes, well, what did he say? More importantly, what did you say?”

“I simply told him to check the boot of the husband’s car for the stolen goods.” Sherlock smirked, his eyes flicking across the screen. “He’s asking how I knew to check there.”

“Are you going to tell him, or leave him to figure it out himself?” John was thoroughly enchanted, his breakfast now forgotten as he watched his husband.

“Leave him, for now.” Sherlock placed the phone back down on the table, feeling more alive than he had in years. “I have a chess match to win.”

“Feeling cocky are we?”

“You certainly were this morning, perhaps it’s my turn now.” Sherlock winked over the table and finally picked up his fork. “You should eat, John. You’ll need your strength when I beat you.”

“Mm wonderful. Just wonderful.” John grumbled, but picked up his fork again.

***

“Jesus…” John stepped out of the bedroom and closed the door with a grimace, the sound of the toilet flushing could still be heard in the background. “If you have any love for me whatsoever, do not use that bathroom anytime soon. No, uh… bathroom spray.”

“I saw a scented candle on that shelf.” Sherlock stopped setting up the chess board and looked up with a smirk, then pointed to a shelf by the fireplace.

“Oh, bless you. I wouldn’t want you to divorce me so soon.” John snatched up the candle, and a book of matches, then dashed back into the bedroom returning a few moments later and plopping himself down in a chair.
“Feel better?” the corners of Sherlock’s lips twisted up as he tried to suppress his smirk and adjusted the blanket that was halfheartedly draped over his still naked form.

“Mm much.” John rose both arms in the air and stretched then watched Sherlock set their game up totally from memory. “I had to write our moves down… But what, you’ve got it all… memorized?”

Sherlock didn’t bother answering John’s questions. Not with words. He simply looked up and furrowed his eyebrows at John before returning to the task at hand. He set the board up move by move with delicate fingers. When he was finished he stood up, hands on his hips, and examined the board.

“Right, pawn to A5, I believe it was. Your move, Husband, unless you’re too scared?” Sherlock pulled a second chair up and sat down across from John.

“Me? Scared?” John squared his shoulders and sat up a bit straighter. “Never. I’m a soldier. If bombs don’t scare me, why would a little wager frighten me?”

“Because you have no idea what I have planned for you once I win.” Sherlock grinned over the board at John then steepled his fingers under his chin. “Your move, Husband.”

“Yes, alright. I’m thinking, thank you.” John groaned as he shot Sherlock a stern look.

“Uh… pawn to A4…” John slid his piece across the board then pulled his hands away as if he’d burned his fingers.

“Oh, very original, John.”

“What do you expect, Sherlock. I’ve played one game before this. And it was one of those online games, where it suggests moves for you.”

“Pawn to H5.” Sherlock moved his piece in one smooth movement then sat back with a grin.

“Oh ‘very original’ Sherlock.” John mocked then picked up one of his bishops. “Bishop to G2.” Sherlock rolled his eyes as he silently picked up the same pawn and moved it one space forward to H4. “Well, thank you for that…” John picked up his pawn and moved it from G3 to H4, taking Sherlock’s pawn.

“Don’t act like you’ve won, John. If you’ll remember, I’ve already taken one of your pawns.”

“Yes, well, shut up and make your move.”

“Fine, Knight to G4. Happy?”

“Immensely.” John laughed and looked at the board. “Jesus, I have no idea. Uh, Bishop to E4, taking another one of your pawns.”

“Queen takes pawn at H4. I do believe, dear Husband, that is Check.” Sherlock slid the queen across the board and dramatically kicked John’s pawn off the board, raising his eyebrows as it fell off the small table and onto the floor.

“Yes… Alright.” John grumbled and moved his King from E1 to F1. “Happy?”

“Immensely. Queen, my dear, to F2. Check Mate.” Sherlock sat back in his chair, positively
“Well, congratulations are in order, I believe.” John scrubbed a hand over his face and sighed. “So, what will it be?”

“A favour, husband. One that I can collect at any time for any reason. You will not be able to say no.”

“A favour? That’s it? I won’t be breaking any laws while doing said favor will I?”

“The less you know the better. Now! Shall we play again?”

“Aaahhh. No. Thank you. Perhaps another time, but I don’t think my ego can handle another loss like that.”

“So, what then? We watch some lame Christmas movie? Put our feet up? Waste away?” Sherlock’s face twisted into pure disgust at the very idea of spending the afternoon lounging about and John had to laugh.

“No, I wouldn’t dream of it. I’m sure you’ve done enough wasting away these past eight months. I actually, had another idea. I personally think the winner shouldn’t go without some sort of prize. That is, if you aren’t too sore.” John stood, rolled his head from side to side and sighed as it gave an audible crack. “If you’re up to it, meet me in the bedroom, dear.”

“Up to what, John? Why are you being so vague?” Sherlock gave John a You’re-being-stupid-and-I-don’t-like-stupid look, but as John winked, and with one swift tug, took Sherlock’s blanket with him as he walked into the bedroom, Sherlock’s eyes went wide and he gasped “Oh.”

“Oh indeed. I intend to find out just how rough you like it.” John turned around just before entering the bedroom and gave Sherlock a coy look, “With your permission, of course.”

“John Watson-Holmes! Why the hell do you think I’ve been lounging around naked all day? For the sake of my skin? To get a bit of a tan?” Sherlock dashed after his husband, reaching him just in time to tackle him to the bed, leaving their bedroom door wide open, “So, how will you have me, John? Sprawled out like a common whore, on my knees like a bitch in heat, or blindfolded?” Sherlock demonstrated the last one by picking up John’s discarded towel from their recent shower, and wrapped it around his eyes.

“Oh, on your knees, I believe.” John licked his lips at the sight of Sherlock on his hands and knees, arse stuck up in the air, balls dangling between his legs, looking over his shoulder at John with a pleased smirk on his face.

“I wonder if you’re still nice and open for me… Perhaps I should…” John groaned, shucking his clothes as he crawled on the bed behind Sherlock and buried his face between Sherlock’s cheeks, swiping his tongue over Sherlock’s hole. Sherlock, not expecting John’s tongue on his arse-hole, full on moaned upon contact and he fell forward onto his forearms as his Husband’s tongue pushed its way into his body.

John’s tongue slipped in easily and he let out a pleased moan. It wouldn’t take more than a few minutes to properly prepare Sherlock at this rate. He called to mind every bit of knowledge he’d ever learned while performing oral on his girlfriends and put it to practice. It was a bit easier he found, performing oral on a man, as he didn’t have to keep stopping to tease her clit. Now he was able to solely focus on his tongue, moving it inside Sherlock as if he were licking the inside of a cadbury egg.
“Now, Sherlock…” John placed a sloppy kiss to the inside of Sherlock’s thigh, and reached for something just to his left. “Bite down… but too hard, or you’ll ruin it!” John slipped something long and thin in Sherlock’s mouth, and he instantly tasted leather. Taking a guess, he figured it was his belt and smirked to himself when John took each end, using it like a bridle. He used it for leverage as he thrust into Sherlock from behind, pulling Sherlock close as he watched himself sink inside.

“Is that all you’ve got, Captain?” Sherlock bit out around the strap of leather in his mouth and moaned when John took the hint and with one foot flat on the bed, either end of the belt in his hands, he road Sherlock for all he was worth. Sweat was soon dripping down John’s body as he vigorously thrust in, he looked down at his husband, who was moaning and rocking back against him as if this were the only place in the world he could ever imagine being.

“John! Fuck! Right there!! Yes, HARDER!” Sherlock cried out around the belt. John simply grunted in agreement and sped up.

“If you two would please be quiet. Mummy is right behind me.” Mycroft called out from the sitting room, growing closer before their bedroom door was shut hard.

“John… should we…” Sherlock twisted around, the belt falling out of his mouth as he spoke.

“We could… but, I’m so close… you are too, I can feel it.” John smirked, and dropped his hands down to Sherlock’s already finger bruised hips.

“Oh god, so close. Plus, this is my sex holiday, I refuse to let…” The rest of Sherlock’s sentence was left unsaid as John pulled Sherlock’s hips back, slamming into his prostate and all former thought went out the window as he simply moaned.

“Good, then come for me one more time… Husband.” John whispered into Sherlock’s ear and felt the chill as it coursed down Sherlock’s back. John muffled his cry of ecstasy by burying his face against Sherlock’s back while Sherlock pushed his head into the pillows.

As they both collapsed against the mattress John heard no fewer than three voices in the lounge. One, female, was complaining about the mess. (John had yet to move his duffel bag out of the lounge and into the bedroom.) A male, not Mycroft’s, was telling the female to stop fussing.

“Should we…?” John sighed as he pulled Sherlock against his chest.

“Go out there?” Sherlock sighed and gave into John’s cuddling ways. “No, I think not. He wasn’t invited.”

“Who? Mycroft?” John laughed and smoothed Sherlock’s curls down with his hand. “No, but I suppose, after he went through the trouble of setting this visit up for us, we do owe him a bit of our thanks.”

“I hate it when you’re right.” Sherlock huffed out but made no attempt to move from the comforts of his husbands arms.

“Are you two ever going to join us?” Mycroft sounded from just the other side of their bedroom door.

“Cover your ears, luv.” John kissed Sherlock’s head and clapped a hand over Sherlock’s exposed ear before shouting out. “Not right now, Mycroft. I’m enjoying a post coital cuddle with my husband!” before adding a bit more quietly, “We’re not playing his game anymore, Sherlock. We play by my rules now. Which, are basically your rules, but with my boundaries.”
“John…. You just said ‘post coital’ in front of my brother… and my parents. I don’t know if I should be proud of you, or mortified.” Sherlock sat up and grinned down at John before stealing a kiss and crawling out of bed in search of some clothes.

“Yeah, well… perhaps we should clean up. I don’t know if I can handle the mental image of meeting your parents while I know my come is leaking out of your arse.”

Sherlock simply smirked at his husband as he pulled on a pair of pants followed by a pair of trousers. “You had your chance to clean me, and missed it in favor of cuddling.” Sherlock gave John a coy wink before throwing on his button up from the day before.

“Are you meeting my parents like that? Or do you need me to dress you?”

“Oi, I can dress myself.” John groaned and managed to catch the pair of jeans as Sherlock began tossing clothing at him. “Now go clean up!”

“Dull.” Sherlock rolled his eyes but disappeared into the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone is interested: I've made a facebook group for Season 4 Spoilers. Just a place where we can discuss Season 4 as it happens!

https://www.facebook.com/groups/243483676086908/
"Do you have to do that?" John opened one eye and was greeted with a face full of curls and creamy skin. Sherlock was apparently on all fours above John rutting against him, completely shameless when it came to his newly discovered sexual needs. "I was trying to have a lay in."

"But it's Christmas morning, John. And, as we didn't have proper time to get each other gifts, I've decided to take mine in the form of sex." Sherlock unlatched his lips from John's collarbone to pull away and give John a sultry stare. "And I'll take it now."

"Sherlock! For Christ's sake..." John scowled but the twinkle in his eye hinted at his growing arousal.

Sherlock practically whined as he went back to sucking a mark to John's left collarbone. “I promise I’ll be quick! I also promise to be quiet this time.”

"Uuuggghh, you'd better be." John groaned and began tracing patterns on Sherlock's back. "I don't think I could stand a repeat of last night."

"Mummy! Merry Christmas!" Sherlock stepped out of the bedroom and embraced his mother, pressing a kiss to each of her cheeks. Mrs. Holmes returned the embrace and fussied over Sherlock's disheveled curls with a knowing twinkle in her eyes.

"Merry Christmas, darling. And who might this be?" She looked past Sherlock and gave a very embarrassed John a once over.

"Mummy, this is John." Sherlock stepped away from his mother and walked over to John, wrapping an arm around John's waist and pulled him closer to his parents. John, for his part, did his best to maintain his distance, worried that he might smell as much like sex as his appearance did.

"John?! You mean pen pal John?"

"I mean, my husband John." Sherlock glared straight at his brother as he tightened his grip.

“It was hardly terrible. Besides, I've never seen my brother so put off before. I rather enjoyed it.” Sherlock half whispered half moaned as he ground his hips against his husband.
“Shhh.” John giggled, muffling Sherlock's moans with a kiss. “Haven't even touched you and you're already moaning like a whore.”

“It's your fault, John. I knew nothing of sex before you corrupted me.”

“Mmm… good.” John muttered against Sherlock's mouth as the hand he had on Sherlock's back traveled lower until he was stroking down Sherlock's bum. “So, what kind of Christmas sex did you have in mind?” John hummed as his index finger gently flicked over Sherlock's entrance.

“I want you inside me, now.” Sherlock purred and slid his lips from John's mouth to the shell of his ear, “Come on, John, hurry up. I can smell bacon.”

John was beginning to realize that Sherlock’s tongue on his ear was his greatest weakness, and would earn his husband next to anything. John kissed the smirk off of Sherlock's face and pushed him up, positioning Sherlock so his back was against the mattress. To John’s great surprise Sherlock needed little to no preparation. His first finger slipped in easily enough, and Sherlock wiggled, indicating he wanted a second one, then sighed in frustrating as John refused.

“You were asleep, I got bored. I’m more than ready.” Sherlock canted his hips and gave John a triumphant grin when his Doctor removed his index finger, quickly replacing it with three fingers. They slid in easily and Sherlock let out a delighted groan. “See? Ready.”

“Whore.” John muttered affectionately as he reached for the lube. “You really are a bloody cock slut, aren’t you?”

“Mmm yes. What else is new? Other than you being unforgivably slow in your lovemaking.”

“Me, slow?” John growled as he popped open the lube bottle. “I’ll show you slow if you don’t stop being a dick.

“You wouldn’t dare.” Sherlock narrowed his eyes and dropped his gaze to John’s hand, which was lazily tugging away on his cock.

“No? Keep it up and you’ll find out.” John shuffled closer on his knees and began rubbing the tip of his dick across Sherlock’s hole. When Sherlock said nothing, and simply bit his lip in anticipation, John grinned and pushed in. They both gasped. John at how incredibly tight and warm his husband’s body was around him, and Sherlock at being filled so perfectly.

“Hard and fast?” Sherlock nodded and John responded by lifting Sherlock’s legs up over his shoulders, holding Sherlock’s thighs tight against his chest. “Sure you can stay quite?”

“No.” Sherlock shook his head and began gnawing on his bottom lip.

“Grab a pillow.” John chuckled and nodded towards a pillow which Sherlock took up and stuffed it over his face.

Their coupling was hard and fast. Sherlock moaned into the pillow as if it were the only thing keeping him alive while John gave Sherlock exactly what he wanted. When the bed began rattling against the wall Sherlock rose his hands above his head and braced them against the wall. When they were both finally spent John collapsed onto the bed beside Sherlock and took Sherlock’s hand in his, weaving their fingers together and bringing Sherlock’s left hand to rest on his chest.

“Sherlock…..” John whispered as his eyes roved down Sherlock’s arm. “In rehab… was it my fault you overdosed.”
“John…” Sherlock sighed and John could feel him tense.

“It was… in a way, wasn’t it?” John rolled over and faced Sherlock. “I didn’t know… about Victor, and I didn’t go easy on you. In fact, I was a bit forward, then would pull back and tease you.”

“I didn’t know how to handle my emotions, John. That being said, it was not, nor will ever be, your fault. I made my choice, and it’ not like you were there whispering over my shoulder to stick the needle into my arm.”

“Yes, but I…” John protested, pushing his head forward until their noses were touching.

“But nothing, John. If we’re being honest, which I hope we always are, I would have overdosed a lot sooner had it not been for your letters. You… John Watson, you keep me right.”

“Watson-Holmes.” Sherlock grinned, correcting himself, and pressed their lips together.

“Watson-Holmes.” John nodded and returned the kiss. “Merry Christmas, sweetheart.”

“Merry Christmas, Honey Buns.”

“Honey Buns?” John laughed into Sherlock’s mouth, suddenly feeling like a teenager in love again.

“Better than poppet.”

“This is for Mycroft’s sake, isn’t it?” John grinned and rolled his eyes at the mischievous grin on Sherlock’s face.

“Yes, the git knew today was our last day together, and he’s gone and crashed my sex holiday. Least I can do is embarrass him a bit by being overly sweet and mushy towards my new husband.”

“This could actually be fun.” John smiled, but it didn’t quite reach the corners of his eyes. Sherlock had mentioned today being their last day together and it had created a knot in the very center of John’s stomach. How could he leave this man beside him and knowingly step into an active war zone? Sherlock sensing John’s thoughts, placed a soft kiss to John’s cheek.

“We’ll be alright. You’ll come home.”

“Yeah.” John said a bit gruffly and nodded. “And you’ll come visit? Right?”

“Visit?” Sherlock mouthed as he shuffled around on the bed in order to be able to touch his lips to John’s neck.

“Mmm visit. I’ll get leave, every two months or so. Job there will be more mentally taxing. Helmand is… a bit dangerous, so they make sure soldiers take leave after a few months. Last thing they want is a burnt out soldier with a gun, or a weary doctor unable to perform surgery. I’ll get four days off at a time, and while I won't be allowed to go more than 300 kilometers from base, you could come to me.”

“Ah… yes. Of course I’ll visit. And I’ll make Mycroft fly me there.”

“Good. Tell him it’s a wedding present.” John went to roll out of bed, as he stood and stretched the metal splints on his fingers clinked together and he gave a frustrated grunt. Without giving Sherlock’s possible reaction any thought John rolled his eyes and slipped his fingers out of the
splints then began tentatively bending his fingers. He let out a content sound as he was able curl and uncurl his fingers without experiencing any pain and tossed the splints onto the nightstand.

“John! What the hell are you doing?” Sherlock hissed and was out of bed in an instant, scooping up the splints and all but trying to force them back on John’s fingers.

“Look, it’s fine. Doesn’t hurt, can even bend them.” John pulled his hand free and demonstrated how he could bend his fingers by flipping Sherlock the bird while trying to suppress a grin.

“Very mature, John.” Sherlock narrowed his eyes and growled, still not entirely convinced that he should allow John to go the day without the splints.

“Mmm, I thought so.” John took the splints from Sherlock’s hands and tossed them down on the bed. “But look, I can also do this,” he took Sherlock’s head in both his hands, letting his fingers slide through the thick mass of curls, tangling themselves there as he stood on tiptoes and gave Sherlock a small kiss.

“Mmmpppfff…” Sherlock went to return the kiss, wanting to wrap his arms around John, but by the time he’d pulled himself together John was already moving towards the bathroom, calling over his shoulder, “Joining me?” Sherlock wasted no time in scooping up a fresh set of clothes before dashing after his husband.

***

“Morning boys.” Mrs. Holmes smiled over at John and Sherlock as they entered the kitchen. For a man who had just been thoroughly shagged, Sherlock showed no signs of being embarrassed around his mother. He walked straight up to where she was flipping pancakes and stole a piece of bacon off the counter.

“Merry Christmas, Mummy.” he mumbled around his mouthful and ducked when Mrs. Holmes swung the spatula at him.

“What have I said about talking with your mouth full, and Merry Christmas, darling. Sleep well?” She winked at John and shooed Sherlock away from the food. “It isn’t ready yet, go find Father and Mycroft. They were outside, not smoking. As if I believe for one second that Mycroft wanted to show Father the new tires on his car.”

“Mrs. Holmes....” John began, watching as Sherlock rolled his eyes and practically stomped out of the kitchen.

“Mummy, please.” Mrs. Holmes smiled and motioned for John to get her a plate.

“Can I be frank?”

“Of course, dear. If you haven’t noticed we are all a bit frank in this family. What with my two sons not having filters. They just say whatever is on their mind.”

“Yes, well... it’s about Sherlock.”

“Oh?” Mrs. Holmes flipped a pancake and turned to look at John.
“Well, you see… he’s been in rehab, since April. Mycroft put him there.” John watched as Mrs. Holmes said nothing, but turned her attention back to the pancakes.

“Was it drugs again?” She asked as she took a perfectly golden pancake off the pan.

“Yes, he’s uh, better now, and well, he needs a place to stay. I’ll be able to help get him a flat in a few months, but until then…”

“Of course he can come home.” Despite her back mostly being towards John, her smile did not go unmissed and John felt himself relax considerably. He’d been worried that she’d not want having a child back in the house, but instead she seemed secretly pleased at the very idea of Sherlock coming back to live with her.

“Right, thanks.” John grinned and took a step further into the kitchen, which Mrs. Holmes took as him asking how he could help. By the time Sherlock returned John was wearing an apron and was mixing up a second batch of pancake batter.

“You see, the secret is buttermilk. If you don’t have buttermilk just mix a little vinegar in with your milk and let it curdle for a few minutes.”

“Mother, could you possibly give me my husband back? And since when do you let someone, anyone, help you cook? Usually you kick us all out of the kitchen.”

“I like him, your husband.” She grinned and patted John fondly on the shoulder.

“Not quite.” Mycroft sneered as he pushed his way past Sherlock and into the kitchen, taking a seat at the table, eyeing the bacon with a predatory glare.

“Not quite, what?” Sherlock snapped at Mycroft and crossed his arms over his chest, placing himself between his brother and the bacon.

“Not quite your husband. After all, you two didn’t have a notice in the papers for at least twenty-eight days, and there’s the difference between a marriage and a civil union....”

“Mycroft Holmes, you are the bloody British government, you will fix this for your brother.” Mrs. Holmes brandished the spatula at her eldest son this time, and John had to stifle laugh at the sight.

“Why?” Mycroft sighed, sounding very much like a whining five year old who didn’t understand why he had to take a bath.

“Because I gave birth to you, that’s why. And it’s Christmas!” Mrs. Holmes took her apron off and began carrying plates to the table. “John dear, could you get the orange juice out of the fridge?”

“Consider it my Christmas present.” Sherlock grinned at the sour look on his brother’s face and reached for the bacon. “Sorry, Mycroft, mummy didn’t make scones for breakfast. But at least it has ‘cake’ in the name.”

“Sherlock, how…”

“Boys!” Mrs. Holmes scolded as she sat down, then shook her head at her husband as he entered the room.

“Just like when they were growing up, isn’t it, Mummy?” Mr. Holmes sat down next to John and grinned at his children.
“He started it.” Sherlock muttered as he began to pile bacon onto his plate.

“Oi, save some for me.” John muttered and stole half of the bacon off of Sherlock’s plate.

“Yes, heaven knows you’ll need your energy if you plan on continuing to shag my brother…” Mycroft sneered as he began stacking pancakes on his plate. “Did he tell you how he lost his virginity? Wonder if he even remembers.”

“I remember the first time I had sex, Mycroft. I kept the receipt.” Sherlock grumbled and patted his breast pocket while both men ignored the icy glare coming from their mother.

“The receipt?” Mycroft gave Sherlock a look of pure incredulity then began spreading butter over his pancakes.

“Yes, Honey Buns and I went shopping. Would you care to see the receipt?”

“No, thank you.” Mycroft took a sip of his coffee then spit it back out as if it had personally offended him. “Honey Buns?”

“Right, can we stop talking about my sex life over breakfast, with my new husband’s parents sitting either side of me? Ta.” John ignored Mycroft’s outburst at the pet name and tucked in, giving mummy an approving hum when he bit into his pancake.

***

“So, what exactly does your family do for Christmas?” John asked shortly after Mrs. Holmes had kicked them out of the kitchen while she cleaned up.

“Oh, nothing spectacular. Forcibly made to watch some show about a doctor, apparently they have a silly Christmas Special every year…parents are huge fans of it. We eat a big meal…well, we watch Mycroft eat a big meal, Mummy makes us all do those ridiculous Christmas crackers…forces us to wear those idiotic paper crowns. Mummy does make a delicious Wassail though. There is, of course, the Royal Christmas message…” Sherlock shrugged and flopped down on the bigger of the two sofas, pulling John’s mobile out of his pocket and bringing up the internet browser.

“So, you actually make a day of it then? My family just opened presents the night before, then we all went off and did our own thing. Harry usually spent it with whatever girlfriend she was with, Dad at a pup, and Mum and I would stay in and watch Rudolph.” John sat down beside Sherlock, making his husband lift his legs up in order to make room for him, Sherlock simply lowered his legs down over John’s lap and continued fiddling with John’s mobile. “What are you doing?”

“Looking to see if there were any new developments on that break in.”

“I thought they solved it? Well, you solved it.”

“But why? Why did he do it?”

“Dunno… Should we pop a movie in?” John placed his hands over Sherlock’s feet and absentmindedly began massaging the balls of Sherlock’s feet.

“No, far too comfortable, would be a shame to move.” Sherlock glared at the phone then tossed it
onto the cushions.

“Yes, well, I can get up.”

“Get up, and I promise you you’ll regret it.” Sherlock moaned and wiggled his toes in a silent request for John to continue.

“Bastard…” John chuckled and continued rhythmically rubbing his fingers over the flesh on Sherlock’s feet.

“Feels nice…” Sherlock shrugged and swung an arm up to cover his face.’

“Doesn’t change the fact that you’re a bastard.” John moved Sherlock’s feet to the side and leaned forward, grabbing up the telly remote then went back to what he was doing after tossing the remote at Sherlock. “Find something Christmasy.”

“Must I?”

“Yes.”

“Why?” Sherlock groaned, but switched the telly on.

“Because I said so, Poppet.”

Sherlock truly took groaning to a new level with his dramatics, however proceeded to do as John asked of him. The blonde did his best not to show how pleased or smug he was by keep his focus on massaging his husbands feet. John had a feeling Sherlock could still read what was going through his head however, if the pursed lips and glare that were thrown his way were anything to go by.

If he was going to be honest, John really wasn’t paying much mind to what Sherlock had put on. Whatever it was most certainly wasn’t anything as spectacular as the man laying next him. Sherlock, despite not wanting to watch anything, was actually quite focused on the television. John silently watched as Sherlock’s pale skin lit up, the light bringing out all the colours weaved into each iris. The arm that had been covering his face, was now thrown over his head while the other was draped across his middle, fingers idly caressing the strip of skin that was being exposed by his shirt riding up.

John found himself drawn to that piece of skin. He wanted to run his tongue across the small expanse, tasting what John has come to intimately know as Sherlock’s own personal flavour. He also wanted to be the only one who was allowed to give Sherlock any sort of pleasure, be it sexual or merely comfort. Deep down John knew his jealousy of Sherlock’s own fingers would be considered by most as “not good”, however he couldn’t help the claws of possessiveness from digging their way up his throat.

It wasn’t until a deep, low growl tore its way from him that John found himself halfway bent over Sherlock’s lower half, gaze completely fixed on Sherlock’s exposed mid section. John quickly righted himself, his face completely covered in embarrassment though he did his best to hide it by faking a coughing fit. Sherlock knew though, John didn’t even have to look over at his husbands relaxed form to know that he knew exactly what just happened and for it to be written all over his smug face.

Bloody bastard.

There wasn’t much time to lament over such an annoying fact as Mycroft, as well as, Mrs and Mr.
Holmes brought their presence into the sitting room.

“We need to be alone. Soon…” John muttered then pulled Sherlock's feet closer to his groin in hopes of covering the growing bulge that was threatening to make itself known.

“Why, when torturing you is bound to be so much fun.” Sherlock chuckled and gave his toes a wiggle, laughing harder when John hissed and muttered something about “hard on.” and “parents.”

***

After being shooed off the sofa by Mycroft and Mummy, who wanted to watch the Queen, John and Sherlock wandered into the kitchen in search of some nibbles. Sherlock, upon entering the kitchen, gave an excited little squeak and rushed over to the table where a very thin and expensive looking laptop lay.

“He left it alone. He never leaves it lying about. Think I could crack his password?”

“Who, Mycroft?”

“Mmmm..” Sherlock bent over the table, arse sticking out in the air, seemingly unaware at the affect this position had on John.

“Probably… ILoveCake2, or something like that.” John panted out as he snuck up behind Sherlock until he was so close he could reach out and grab Sherlock’s arse. Which is exactly what he was about to do when Sherlock suddenly stood up, and backed up three steps, causing their bodies to collide.

“Ouuff!” Sherlock muttered, but regained his balance quickly enough, but not before his arse wiggled over John’s crotch with no small amount of force. “Didn’t see you there.”

“That was rather the point, I was going to pinch your bum. But instead you decided to all but grind yourself over my cock…” John rolled his eyes and pulled his jumper down over the prominent bulge.

“Interesting.” Sherlock murmured, getting down on his knees in front of John and lifting up John’s jumper.

“What is? My erection?” John blushed and tried to step away, but something about just how innocent and curious Sherlock looked made him pause.

“It turley seems like accidental bum wiggle leads to an erection. I wasn’t sure this morning, as we were already so… comfortable. But this, John, this is proof. I wonder if it.” Sherlock, without caring that anyone could walk in on them at any moment, stroked a long finger over the outline of John’s cock, “would change with different types of cloth.”

“Are you… experimenting on my libido?” John laughed, and was forced to step away as the sounds of footsteps could be heard making their way into the kitchen. Sherlock had just enough time to scramble to his feet before Mycroft strode into the kitchen, pausing to give the pair of them a knowing look.

“I’m sorry, was I interrupt something?” He gave the two of them a contemptuous smile then
reached for his laptop. “Whatever it was, don’t let mummy know.” And with that he left, leaving John and Sherlock giggling together in the kitchen.

“Tea, or a quick shag, Sherlock?” John asked as he reached for the kettle.

“I can have tea any time, today’s my last day for spontaneous shagging.” Sherlock grinned and grabbed John’s arm, dragging him through the cottage to a dimly lit spare bedroom.

“Not going to use our room?” John asked as he looked around.

“With my parents sitting just outside the door, and Mycroft… there? No, not using our room. But don’t worry, I put the lube in my pockets this morning.” Sherlock rolled his eyes as if John had just asked why the sun was yellow, and began undressing. “I do suggest we be quick about this, Mycroft clearly knows that something was up when he entered the kitchen. And while I don’t expect him to come looking for us, I’d rather not be missed.”

“Uh… right… Yeah…” John blinked in surprise but began hastily ridding himself of his clothing and soon joined Sherlock on the much smaller bed.

"I thought we were going to shag?” Sherlock blinked, confusion written over his sharp features, as John loomed over him pressing tender kisses to Sherlock's neck.

"We are. We can be tender and shag at the same time." John smiled down, then continued kissing Sherlock's collarbone. They were light, barely there kisses that made Sherlock gasp upon each contact of lips to skin. "Much like our first time, okay so that was all passion. But... just," John kisses Sherlock's chin and winked, "trust me."

"Always." Sherlock purred and found himself arching his neck silently inviting John to continue with his kisses.

"Need to get as much of you as I can..." Though John tried to hide it, Sherlock picked up on the hint of sadness in John's tone as he began kissing down Sherlock's stomach. "Had we the day together alone, I would have spent the whole day cataloging how you taste and smell."

"John," Sherlock cut in timidly almost afraid to break the spell, “will you want children?”

The question caught John off guard. He pulled back and furrowed his eyebrows but smiled a moment later, “Sherlock Watson-Holmes,” he kissed Sherlock full on the lips then pulled back again, propping himself up on an elbow. “I can honestly say I don't know. If you were, a few years from now, when I'm home for good, to wake up one morning and say ‘John I want to have a baby.’ I would happily go out that very day and start the adoption papers with you.” With his free hand, the one not holding up most of his weight, John tenderly stroked Sherlock's cheeks. "While on the other hand, if you were to tell me right now or years from now that you never wanted to have children, I would kiss you and tell you I was fine with that.”

“I see.” Sherlock nodded, and somehow found himself comforted by John's words. He had never given having his own children any serious thought. Hell, he had never given the idea of surviving past his thirties any thought either. At least, not until he'd met John. “I don't know which it is, but I do know, whichever it is, I'm not ready to make that decision now.”

“Mm neither am I.” John smiled, then sensing that the mood had shifted back, began his tortuously slow kissing again. “Should we practice? Just in case?”

“Practice what, John?” Sherlock muttered, unable to keep up at his normal speed.
“Making babies… just in case.” John winked and tossed Sherlock the lube. “Your turn this time, don’t want it said I had all the fun.”

“John, we are both men. There is no way…”

“Yes I know, I am a Doctor. Now shut up and let me make love to you.”

“John, if I’m the one ‘topping’,…” John laughed out loud as Sherlock actually used air quotes, “would that mean that I will be doing the love making, not you?”

“Yes, fine, whatever.” John pursed his lips together in an attempt to stop laughing.

“How am I supposed to do this when you won't take me seriously?” Sherlock snapped but there was no bite in his tone, just a twinkle in his eyes as he prodded John off of him. “On your stomach, I think. Want to try something new.” Sherlock positioned John so he was comfortably on his stomach, arms folded under his head, and a pillow under his hips, propping him up just a bit for ease.

“How did the lube come from?” John asked, craning his neck around to glance at Sherlock as his husband pressed a slick finger to John’s entrance.

“My pocket, like I said before. Figured we might need it. Really, John, you're very forgetful when you have an erection.” Sherlock flashed John a smug grin then wiggled his finger until it slipped inside.

“Cheeky bastard…” John began, but let out a soft “Oh!” as Sherlock leaned down and placed a sloppy kiss to John’s left arse cheek. Sherlock hummed in amusement and dragged his tongue over John’s cheek, down the crease of his arse, and began lapping circles around John’s hole as he slowly began working his husband open.

“Jesus… that feels…. Mmm God…” John murmured against his forearm, unashamed to realize he was drooling.

“Mmm.” Sherlock mumbled as his tongue slid down to lap at the underside of John’s balls, chuckling when John let out a string of soft curses. Sherlock took it as encouragement and gently sucked a testicle into his mouth, rolling it around over his tongue.

“Fuuucckkk…” John groaned and pushed his head against the bedding. “That is amazing… do it again…”

John needn't have asked. The words were hardly out of John’s mouth when Sherlock let one testicle slip free of his mouth just to suck in the other one. It wasn’t until John wiggled his bum that Sherlock realized he was so preoccupied with his tongue that he’d forgotten to continue moving his finger. John gave a little sigh and settled back onto the bed as Sherlock sat up.

With the absence of Sherlock’s tongue, the single finger inside him felt far too clinical for John. He was just about to roll over and suggest something else, a different position or something, when Sherlock free hand suddenly began tracing patterns on John’s back; using it as his own personal drawing board. John let out a pleased little hum and wiggled back against Sherlock’s hand.

“Bit more, luv…” He whispered contently.

“You sure?”

“Mmmm.” John rolled his head to the side and bunched up a pillow, propping his head up enough
so he was able to see Sherlock. The look on his husband’s face made his heart flutter. Sherlock was on his knees straddling his thighs and he had a look of pure awe on his face. “Penny for your thoughts.”

“Hmm?” Sherlock blinked and looked up.

“You, you look…” John began to say but Sherlock just smiled.

“I look like I’m in love. Right?”

“Very much so.” John grinned back. “I think… darling, I’m ready for a bit more, if you catch my meaning.”

Sherlock ignored his husband in favor of adding in a second finger. John was tight, incredibly so, and the knowledge that soon that tight ring of muscles would be wrapped around him sent a jolt of excitement through his cock. He stamped down the feeling however, knowing that if he didn't he wouldn't last much longer than a couple feeble thrusts. And he wanted to make this good for John, really good, earth shatteringly good. After all, this was John's Christmas present.

John settled back down against the bed as Sherlock inserted a third finger and muttered, "inpatient git" with a sort of fondness to his voice that John wished he could bottle up for a bad day. As Sherlock worked him open he found himself thinking that it might not be a bad idea to ask Mycroft for a copy of whatever the cameras were recording. Might be fun to watch, or to save for when they were an old bickering married couple, memories of their first weekend together faded from their minds. John was pulled from his musings by a sudden empty feeling and Sherlock's weight shifting off of his legs. He looked back around to see Sherlock smiling down at him while he slowly applied lube to his cock.

"Ready?" Sherlock asked as he crawled back over his husband.

"Mmmm." John hummed contently as he felt the bed dip around him and the head of Sherlock's cock pushing between his cheeks. Sherlock lowered himself into his forearms, pressing his lips against the nape of John's neck as he and John slowly became one.

“Mmmmmmmm s’nice.” John breathed as Sherlock sunk in fully.

“No pain?” Sherlock asked, worriedly kissing a mark to John's neck.

“None. Promise.”

Sherlock nodded against the back of John’s neck and slowly pulled himself out, relishing the way John’s body tightened around him, as if John hated the very idea of separating. When he’d nearly pulled himself out he paused, buried his nose in the sandy blond hair at the nape of John’s neck. Whispering, “I love you, John,” as he pushed slowly back inside.

“God…. love you too. So fucking much.”

Sherlock watched his husband as he moved. John’s eyes were closed, long eyelashes tipped with blond fluttering minutely as he let out a deep sigh. His arms were stretched above his head now, fingers loosely gripping the blankets as he slowly rocked back against Sherlock. Somehow it had gone unspoken between them that this coupling would be slow, lacking the lustful passion of their previous romps. But the smile on John’s face nearly took Sherlock’s breath away, it was soft, pliant, and full of love. Sherlock was sure, that if John were to look up, the same look would be mirrored on his features as well.
It wasn’t like in some adult videos, where both partners were covered in sweat, constantly moaning “Oh Shit!” instead it was simply them rocking together, taking turns releasing breathy gasps as their bodies slotted together as one. Sherlock gave as much as he took, if not more. As their rocking became faster he slid John up onto his knees and reached around John’s body, taking his John’s thick cock in his long fingers. With every slide of his cock inside John, his fingers expertly brought John closer and closer to the brink. Sherlock could tell, by the way John’s breathing patterns changed, going from soft sighs to heavy pants, that he was close. He whispered a soft apology as he withdrew his hand, and pulled away, sliding completely out of John, making his husband whimper.

“Sorry, but I want to see your face.” Sherlock carefully rolled John onto his back and pulled his legs apart. “Need to see you… watch you. Please. Please let me… please.” he muttered as he showered the side of John’s legs with kisses, slipping back inside his husband.

“Yes, of course. Right here.” John’s pant became a groan as Sherlock’s fingers wrapped back around him “So close, sweetheart… so close.”

“Me too, love. Me too love.” Sherlock placed another string of kisses, this time to John’s other leg. “Don’t hold back on me, I want to watch you come.”

John’s eyes fluttered shut again at Sherlock’s words, and his tongue shot out of his mouth, licking it’s way over his lips. Sherlock found himself desperately wishing he could bend down and suck that tongue into his mouth, but their position wouldn’t allow it, and he was too close to want to move again. When John tightened around him, his muscles beginning to convulse, and his toes curled where his feet were located at either side of Sherlock’s ears, Sherlock allowed himself to pick up speed just a little. His hand slid across John’s cock with familiarity now, brushing his thumb over the glands in such a way that John moaned and his brilliantly blue eyes shot open. John’s eyes were dark usually, sea blue which spoke of both the calm and the storm that lay behind his husband’s deceiving demeanor. However, when John was orgasming, his eyes were the color of a tropical sunset. Every shade of blue seemed to reflect in his eyes as Sherlock coaxed each ounce of pleasure from his body. It wasn’t until Sherlock’s hand was covered in warm sticky fluids, than did Sherlock finally allow himself to give in.

He came with a short grunt and his whole body went ridged. He felt, rather than saw, John’s hand on his chest as he came undone, completely open and vulnerable. When he finally came to, John was staring up at him with a look of pure awe on his face, and his hands were on both of Sherlock’s thighs, rubbing small circles with his thumbs.

“Welcome back, Sweetheart.” John grinned up, sliding his hands across Sherlock’s thighs.

“Back?” Sherlock blinked and looked down at where he and John were still connected.

“Mmm yeah. You left for a moment, left me rather… stuck.” John smiled faintly and wiggled his bum. “Mind palace?”

“Mmm.” Sherlock nodded, smiling fondly at the room he now had filled up with John. He had an entire encyclopedia in his mind palace describing how John smelled. After all, it changed. Just showered John smelled like soap, Indian spice, and something Sherlock could only define as John. Just woken up John smelled like fresh (alright, slightly used and slept in) sheets, and John. Flirting John had something admittedly floral to him, underneath that John smell.

“Anything good?”

“The best.”
Again, please forgive any typos. I ended up needing medical attention Friday, spent five hours being poked and prodded, hooked up to IV's, having blood drawn... That said, it left us with very little time to finish the chapter, edit it, and post it.

(I'm fine, by the way, just had a very very bad reaction to a simple over the counter head cold medicine, and I'm still paying the price of wanting to be able to breathe through my nose.)
Hello everyone!! Hope we are all ready for the final episode of S4 tomorrow (I'm not) though just in case you are not, or even if you are, here is a little something to help get you through it (^_^) Seriously, this chapter is so full of cute that it may end up making you sick. We are not liable for any damage though!!

Also, Tindo (being the awesome, amazing person that she is) commissioned a piece of art for me for Christmas/Birthday and it shall be included in said chapter. I'll also leave the link to the artists Tumblr at the bottom as well (:)

Also apologies for any misspellings and crazy spaces. Sometimes no matter what i do, A03 just likes to do what it wants.

“And what have you two been doing?” Mycroft looked up from where he was seated in an armchair, fingers clicking away on his laptop.

“Eacho-” Sherlock began before John gripped his elbow and squeezed hard. “In the other room.” John nodded and let go of Sherlock’s arm, accepting a cup of tea from Mummy.

“Mycroft leave your little brother alone, he’s in love.” She scolded as she maneuvered John to sit next to her on the sofa.

“John, darling, when do you go back?” She asked, fluffing a cushion and propping it behind his back seconds before he sat down. John glared at Sherlock, knowing that Sherlock must have mentioned his recent injuries to her. Sherlock, for his part, ignored John’s glare completely and plopped himself down in a chair opposite the sofa, giving off the air of a sulking toddler.

“Tomorrow, mid-afternoon.” John said sweetly as he positively glared at Mycroft. Mycroft of course hadn’t mentioned a time, but nor had he said they’d be popping by to spend all of Christmas together, so setting the time himself made John feel like he had, if only a little, some control over the situation.

“Oh, what a shame…” Mummy sniffled, grabbing onto John’s arm, mindful of the cup of tea he had balanced on his knee.

“Okay, Mummy. I promise I’ll video chat as often as I can.” John gave Mummy’s hand a pat and took a sip of tea, noting how Sherlock seemed to straighten himself up from his sulk, if only a little.

“Video chat, what’s that dear?” She looked from John, to her sons, then to her husband. Mr. Holmes, who was stoking the fire, simply shrugged and went on whistling carols.

“It’s like a phone call, only with video. Done over the internet.” John explained quickly, before either Holmes son had a chance to answer. “It allows you to see the person you’re chatting with.”
“Oh! Sounds lovely! But we’d need internet for it?”

“Mmm. But I’m sure I can talk Sherlock into setting that up for you. If you’d like.” John smiled kindly at his mother-in-law, trying his hardest not to react to both Sherlock and Mycroft’s reactions. Sherlock had sat up fully, completely out of his sulk now, intently watching his husband and mother chat, while Mycroft was trying his hardest not to choke too loudly on his tea.

“And how will Sherlock be doing that, exactly, John? From his... “ Mycroft began once he’d dabbed his chin with a napkin and made sure he hadn’t spat tea all over his laptop.

“From rehab?” John’s eyebrows shot up, daring Mycroft to deny it, which thankfully he didn’t. “Oh, he’s not going back to rehab. Well, not to stay. We’ll stop off tomorrow, say thanks to Mike, collect his things, then hopefully he and Mummy will see me to the airport.”

“Yes, but what about the internet.” Mummy asked, clearly not pleased with the change in subject. “Sherlock, will you help me buy the internet?”

“You don’t buy the internet, Mummy. You sign up for it. And yes, first thing after the holidays, I’ll call.” Sherlock stood and rolled his eyes, moving from the chair to the sofa where he plopped down beside John, whispering a soft, “Thank you,” as he placed a kiss to the side of John’s temple.

“Now, if you two boys are satisfied for the time being, I’d very much like to steal your husband, Sherlock.”

“What for?” Sherlock muttered and gave an indignant sigh as he had just gotten comfortable by resting his head on John’s shoulder.

“Why to show him baby pictures of you, of course.” Mrs. Holmes teased her youngest son and she practically pulled John off the sofa. The twinkle in her eye was enough to snuff out Sherlock’s protests and she quickly added, “To help me with the Christmas roast of course! And maybe to give him a few tips on how to handle you when you’re bored.”

“I do believe he’s figured that out for himself, Mummy.” Mycroft crooned sarcastically from his corner, making a circle with his thumb and index finger of his left hand, while inserting his other index finger into the circle.

“Shut up, Mycroft. You’re just jealous.” John retorted as he fondly ran a hand through Sherlock’s hair, before following Mummy into the kitchen, however, he full on grabbed Sherlock by the face, knowing full well that Mr. Holmes and Mycroft were in the room, and that at least Mycroft was watching them, he kissed Sherlock with as much tongue as he could muster. It was the sloppiest kiss of his life, all tongue and teeth, his tongue alternated between licking over Sherlock’s lips, his chin, cheeks, and delving into Sherlock’s mouth. He pulled away just as Sherlock brought his hands up to return the grip. “See you in a bit, yeah?” John gave Sherlock a filthy wink then disappeared into the kitchen.

“What the hell was that?” Mycroft snarled and actually closed his laptop in favor of clasping his hands under his chin and fixing Sherlock with a demeaning look.

“Oh, Mycroft.” Sherlock sighed, swinging his legs up onto the sofa and stretching out, “you poor man, don’t even know what a kiss is. Maybe if I have John ask Mummy, she’ll give you a little kiss on the forehead.” With that he pulled a pillow over his head and smirked as he heard his father chuckle. It occurred to him then, what a wise man his father was. He was the “normal” one of the family, the one with an average IQ, but he was the glue, keeping his family together. He put up with their little tiffs, knowing that neither party meant them to be hurtful, and would only intervene
when things got out of hand. He felt a hand on his ankle, and without needing to look he knew it was his father. He let him sit, then wiggled his toes underneath Mr. Holmes’ thigh.

“You really should be nice to him you know. After all, he was the one who brought John here.” His father’s voice was soft, but for all Sherlock knew he could have been yelling. The words felt like a blow to the chest as he pulled the pillow off of his face and huffed out a breath.

“Apologies,” Sherlock chanced a look at his father who was giving him that coaxing parental look. Heaving another sigh, Sherlock brought his attention back to Mycroft, “And thank you for bringing John here.”

***

Meanwhile John was busy pulling a large roast out of the fridge. It hasn't been here the last time he had cooked for Sherlock, so Mummy must have brought it with her yesterday. It was already marinating in something that smelled so delicious it made John's mouth water as he placed it on the counter.

The two worked in tandem, Son-in-law setting to preheat the oven as Mother-in-law began peeling and chopping vegetables. John helped, grabbing a bag of potatoes and a peeler. He peeled, she chopped then tossed them into the roasting pan to await cooking. Once carrots and onions had been added to the mix Mummy put the whole pan in the oven.

“John, would you start the rice so I can clean this mess up and get started on the pie crust?”

“Mmm.” John did one better than that. While waiting for the water to boil he filled the kettle and set it on the back burner to boil as well.

“How bad was he? Sherlock?” She whispered, and it was only then that John saw how torn up she was.

“From what little I can gather. Bad. Mycroft had good intentions, of course. But none of his doctors knew how to handle him. It's how we met, actually. One doctor thought that sending a letter to a random stranger in the military would help cure him of his desires. Another thought that isolation was the cure.” John watched as Mummy’s eyes flashed with anger only to soften again when they met each other's gaze.

“You got his letter and wrote back.” It wasn't a question but John nodded as he leaned back against the counter.

“Yeah. I needed someone just as badly as he did.”

“Why didn't…”

“They tell you?” John shook his head and shrugged. “Beats me. Your sons are stubborn, but perhaps they really did think they were not hurting you by keeping it a secret.”

“I stepped in, rather forcefully,” John continued, finding himself immensely grateful to get all of this off his chest. “Mycroft showed up on base, threatened me, told me it was my fault that Sherlock had gotten his hands on enough drugs to level a small horse while in rehab. Told me to stay away and I lost it.”
“Did a good job staying away.” Mummy chuckled as she began mixing the pie crust.

“Mmm. Never been good at taking direct orders. Something the army doesn’t quite like.” John chuckled at the memory of his Drill Sergeant growing frustrated with his constant insubordination. “I demanded better living arrangements for Sherlock in rehab, and I have a friend who specializes in behavior, he teaches at Bart’s now. He agreed to be Sherlock’s doctor, and it was working. Did work. I think Sherlock just needed someone to show him a bit of… affection?” John shrugged again and turned to pull the kettle off the stove as it began to whistle.

“Sherlock and I made the decision that it was better not to force him back in rehab. However, I think he’s smart enough to know that if he does anything… well… I think my disappointment will be enough to deter him. For now at least.” John grabbed a tray and placed five mugs on it and with Mummy’s help fixed five cups of tea for everyone, exactly how they liked it. “Thanks, for letting him stay with you. Think he needs a few months, to learn that he can be on his own and be okay.” John placed a kiss to Mrs. Holmes’ cheek and took three mugs out into the sitting room.

Sherlock looked up from where he lay on the sofa, toes curled under his father’s legs and fingers steepled under his chin. His eyes lit up when he saw John, and for a moment John had the image of a small curly haired child curled up in his father’s lap, only Sherlock was the father and the child was unmistakably theirs. Sherlock’s fingers reaching up to pull a mug of tea off the tray was enough to pull him from the vision.

“Thank you, Honey.” Sherlock chuckled at the sharp hiss the emanated from his brother’s corner and propped himself up on the arm of the sofa.

“Maybe I would… you know, want one. Someday, when the time is right. If it’s right.” John murmured, ruffling Sherlock’s hair as passed by to deliver the cups of tea. Sherlock’s eyes opened in shock, nearly spilling his tea as he scrambled to sit up.

“What?” he gasped, glaring at John’s back as he handed Mycroft his tea. “Ohhh…. You mean…”

“Yeah.” John smiled, kissing the top of Sherlock’s head as he passed by into the kitchen, muttering an apology and saying something about “Rice.”

“Ahhh… I see you wear the pants’ in your relationship, as it were.” Mycroft rolled his eyes, then looked surprised as he sipped his tea and found it exactly to his liking. Extra cream and just over one sugar.

“Actually, I prefer him without pants. But you wouldn’t know anything about that.” Sherlock’s father stifled a snort and stood up.

“You two do realize that I’m right here, listening to you bicker like children?” He shimmied into his coat and patted his pocket, checking to see if Mummy had stolen his cigarettes yet.

“Mmm.” Sherlock hummed noncommittally as he sipped his tea.

“Right.” Mycroft stood, took one last sip of his tea, before gathering up his coat and following their father outside. Sherlock thought of joining them, but after a minute of thinking decided that John wouldn’t approve and instead began wandering the cottage. He found himself in the bedroom he’s been sharing with John, smiling fondly at the still rumpled sheets from that morning, then his case caught his eye. With a smirk he dove for the case and pulled something out, placing it on his head and checking his appearance in the mirror. After adjusting a few stray curls he nodded to himself and made his way back out to the sitting room.
The room was still barren of any people when Sherlock sauntered back out. Neither Mycroft or his father had reemerged from their outside excursion, Sherlock’s fingers twitched at the thought of being able to join them, and John was still wrapped up in whatever Mummy had him helping with. Peeking into the kitchen, Sherlock watched as his husband dashed about helping to prepare dinner. For a moment, Sherlock allowed himself to imagine future holidays, holidays where him and John had a place of their own to celebrate, just the two of them. Oh there would be a few celebrations where they would invite family and maybe some friends (John's friends obviously), but Sherlock would make sure they would be few and far between. He had been accused on numerous occasions of being selfish and a right prick. Maybe he was, especially when it came it John, however he had a feeling John wouldn't mind that much.

With a dramatic sigh that befitted someone who currently wore a tiara upon their head, Sherlock dropped his body across the sofa once more. A deep echo of ‘bored’ reverberated inside Sherlock’s mind as his eyes began to take in their surroundings. Perhaps is was because he had been distracted by John until now, but Sherlock only now realised that the main living space had been taken over by Christmas. Fairy lights decorated the windows, garland was draped over protruding surfaces with fake snow filling in the gaps. A large tree had also been put into the corner with lights, ornaments and other sparkly decor littering its branches. Everything was tastefully done if not a bit much. Sherlock figured it was Mummy’s doing, though the thought of Mycroft being made to help while Sherlock had been warm and comfortable in the arms of his husband was quite pleasing.

That’s when Sherlock noticed it. It was buried among the presents, well, more like set aside where it would obviously not get trampled and then unfortunately forgotten about. Springing up from the sofa, Sherlock scrambled across the room before falling to his knees before the litter of boxes and wrappings. Reaching forward, Sherlock wrapped his fingers around a dark leather case, his eyes lighting up as he cradled the object close to his chest. Shockingly, he had about forgotten about the gem that was currently resting in his arms, but now memories of him playing until the late hours of the morning came rushing back.

He had always enjoyed music. His parents made sure to expose himself and Mycroft to many aspects of the arts at a young age, and music always seemed to stick with him. He was around seven years of age when he was gifted his first Stradivarius by his parents. It didn't take him long to figure out the most difficult of pieces, playing each one until he deemed each note, each caress of the bow string to be perfect. He remembered being consumed by the music, of the voice the Stradivarius had when he played. It was almost like an extension of his own voice, it allowed him to express what he was feeling when his words could not.

Opening the case, Sherlock was happy to see that the instrument had been taken great care of, even in his absence. Bringing himself up into a standing position, Sherlock brought the violin to its proper position before allowing the bow to begin its dance across the string. He wasn't sure what he was playing, merely letting the notes come to him and allowing them to escape.

John was in the middle of cutting up apples for a pie when the music started. At first he thought it was something the rest of the family was watching on telly. But then the music took on a note that he could only define as Sherlock. It was a happy tune, echoing the sounds of laughter and pleasure, but there was an underlying tone to it, and that was sad. It made John want to put down his knife and go to Sherlock and wrap him in his arms, promising never to let him go. Mummy placed a hand on his shoulder, startling from his thoughts, and handed him a towel as she nodded to the other room with a knowing smile. He put the knife down, dried his hands, and slowly walked through the hall, each step bringing him closer and closer to the music.

Had the music not reached a particularly sad note, John might have laughed at the sight. Sherlock, his crazy impossible Sherlock, was swaying around the sitting room, eyes closed. With a tiara on
his head. The very one he’d been wearing in his picture. He leaned up against the doorframe and watched as Sherlock pulled the most hauntingly beautiful song out of four strings.

John watched for nearly three minutes before Sherlock realized he was there. The music faltered for a split second as they made eye contact before springing into a happy tune that reminded John of summer days spent by the ocean, Harry trying to teach him how to skip rocks on the glassy sea.

When the song ended John found himself sitting on the sofa with no recollection of moving himself there. He thought about clapping but felt a bit foolish, instead he closed his eyes and sighed.

"That was gorgeous, love. Had no idea you could play, let alone play like that." The sofa dipped beside him and he felt curls brush against his chin seconds before the weight of Sherlock's head came to rest on his chest.

"Haven't played in nearly a year. Mycroft thought it best my violin stay where it wouldn't get damaged." Sherlock grinned and pulled the tiara off his head, placing it on the coffee table, adding with a smirk, “it’s Mummy’s. I borrowed it.”

"Shame... musicians should never be kept from their instruments. Exceptions in my case, that is. My version of playing the clarinet is more like, the sound a deflating balloon makes.

"Mm yes, best not torture your husband with your subpar clarinet playing." Sherlock chuckled, a deep rumbling sound that John could feel vibrating in his own chest.

"I love that noise, but I love being able to feel it more." John breathed and began peppering Sherlock’s head with kisses.

“What noise?” Sherlock chuckled again as John nuzzled his nose deep into Sherlock's curls.

“That noise… you, laughing.” John breathed in deep then sighed, “want to bottle it up. Save it forever.”

“It seems you've gotten quite successful at making me laugh, John. Not an easy feat. Yet," Sherlock hummed thoughtfully, bringing a hand up to absentmindedly stroke John's stomach, "you seem to be a natural at it."

"Mmm." John smiled into Sherlock's hair. "I'll be certain to add that to my CV."

"Jaawn," Sherlock drawled, "are you going to abandon me again in favour of helping Mummy?" He was shocked to find that as he asked he clung to John, his fingers digging into John's jumper at the very thought of John leaving him.

"Hmm." John hummed and pretended to deeply ponder his answer. He then wrapped his arms around Sherlock. "Think my place is here. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Quite right." Sherlock let out a contented sigh and allowed himself to relax completely against his husband, but only after dragging a throw blanket over their entangled bodies.

They were nudged awake thirty minutes later by Sherlock's Father. Once they'd both sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes Mr. Holmes handed them each of eggnog with a wink.

"Daddy's special recipe. More alcohol than eggnog." Sherlock smirked and held up his glass. "Cheers."
"Cheers." John clinked their glasses together and held the rim to his lips with the intent of taking a hearty sip. No sooner had the liquid John's tongue did Mummy come bustling into the room, taking a seat directly across from the boys.

"So, John," she said clapping her hands together enthusiastically.

"And here it is," Sherlock sighed and turned red as he slumped against the cushions.

"Hmm?" John's eyebrows shot up in polite, if not forced, interest, but he couldn't help shake the feeling that he was about to sign on the dotted line, handing his fate over to his Mother-in-law.

"How long until you're back?" She asked, leaning forward and fixing John with a knowing look.

"Straight to the point," John thought then cleared his throat picking his words carefully. "Hard to say really." Sherlock reached over and placed a hand on John's knee. John found himself thankful of the pleasant weight and took a deep breath before continuing. "When I signed up in '04 I was unattached. Signed up for four years. Once I got to Kandahar, and was asked to serve the remainder of my time in Afghanistan, I agreed readily. Better pay, and it gave me a sense of purpose. I was intending on reenlisting for another four years... but with Sherlock in my life..." John enveloped Sherlock's hand with his own and squeezed it tight. "Now I'd rather just come home."

"Mm lovely that." Mrs. Holmes smiled, not missing a beat, "what time of year will you be discharged?"

"Spring of '09 most likely."

"Spring? Oh how wonderful! Now tell me, how do you feel about orchids?"

"Uhh..." John spared Sherlock a fleeting glance and only just caught Sherlock's head shake. "Not my favourite. More of a daisy and tulip kind of guy." Sherlock's hand on his knee tightened and John saw Sherlock's face relax just a fraction. Clearly this wasn't the first time Mummy had tried to force orchids on his poor husband.

"Oh such lovely choices." Mummy purred, "Do you have a colour preference for the tulips?"

"Uhh yellow?" John shrugged then blinked up at his husband.

Sherlock quickly rose to his feet, abruptly cutting off whatever Mrs. Holmes was about to say next. He then swiftly took hold of John's hand and began maneuvering him toward one of the hallways that branched off from the room they were currently in.

"My apologies Mummy, but you will have to finish this conversation with my husband at a later date. I need to take him into the next room and show him my penis. However please feel free to continue said conversation in our prolonged absence. I'm sure you'll want to call the caterer now. It being oh so close and all."

"Sherlock. That was...” John gasped out as the study door was closed behind them.

"Not good?” Concern rippled over Sherlock's face and John felt the need to comfort him. He stepped up to Sherlock and brushed his thumb over Sherlock's cheek.
“Bit not good. But I didn't mind. Much.” John leaned in for a kiss and when they finally parted he was smirking. “So, you uh…. have something you want to show me?”

“Piss off, John.” There was no bite to Sherlock's words, however, and when John reached down to cup Sherlock's groin in his hand Sherlock let out a breathy giggle. “How can you…. after…”

“We took a nap. We were asleep for at least a half hour. Thirty minutes is more than enough time for things to, uh, bounce back up.” John continued stroking his thumb over Sherlock's jaw, taking a moment to notice how neither of them had bothered shaving this morning. It made him realize, really realize, that he had married a man. Not that he had anything against marrying a man, but here they were, matching rings, grooping for each other in the privacy of some little used study, and he was leaving. Tomorrow. His thumb began moving slower as he tried to catalog how Sherlock's stubble felt under his thumb, the way Sherlock's eyes were beginning to glisten with the first signs of arousal, the sounds his husband made as their bodies grew closer seemingly on their own accord.

“Please…” John whispered, brushing his lips against the tip of Sherlock's chin. “Please… grant me this now, because I have to leave tomorrow. Please, husband. Let me see you. Let me feel you in my hands. Christ, say I can taste you. Please…” he was nearly whimpering now, begging for permission even as Sherlock's clock began to harden against his hand.

“Anything for you, John. Anything. Always. Yes…” Sherlock whispered and dipped his head, capturing John's lips with him. John's tongue brushed against his bottom lip, begging for entrance and Sherlock let it in with a needy moan. Sherlock's hands found their way to John's body. One somehow managed to untuck John's jumper to stroke at John's back, while the other fisted itself in John's short hair.

“Let me taste you…” John muttered again, mumbling as his tongue claimed Sherlock's mouth as its own. It swiped around teeth, lips, tickling the roof of Sherlock's mouth, waged a war with Sherlock's own tongue as they danced together. And all Sherlock could do was stand there, clinging to John for dear life as his husband pulled him apart bit by bit. It was more than just a kiss. It was acknowledgement that John was leaving tomorrow. Admission that each touch now meant infinite amounts more. A broken sob found it's way from Sherlock’s throat and John lapped it up, echoing it with a noise just as heartbreaking.

“John…” Sherlock gasped and pulled away enough to look down into the ocean blue eyes that were now rimmed with tears. “Not until tomorrow. We have today, still. Let us enjoy it. No tears.” But even as he spoke he felt a hot tear run down his cheek just for John to brush it away and nod.

“No tears.” John whispered pressing their foreheads together and taking in a shaky breath, steadying himself as Sherlock soothed a hand down his back.

“Walk with me?” Sherlock whispered, regretfully pulling away from John. His body screamed for more, and he could tell by the tent in John's trousers that John felt the same, but it didn't feel right. He couldn't have sex tainted by tears and sorrowful emotions, not when the memories of this weekend would be all he would have to hold on to after John left.

“Yeah.” John nodded and cleared his throat. “Where?”

“Outside. Stay here, I'll get our coats.” Sherlock dipped down, stole one tender, but short, kiss before disappearing. He returned moments later with their coats, scarves, and mittens. As he began putting on his coat John noticed something and his face broke into a broad smile.

“That’s… that’s the scarf.” He watched as Sherlock looped the bright blue scarf around his neck
and smiled back fondly.

“Mmm. It is.” Sherlock tucked the loose ends into his jacket then straightened up, blushing as he added softly, “I adore it.”

“Looks fantastic on you…” John ran his hands over the fabric, letting the pads of his finger slip between the scarf and Sherlock’s neck, eliciting a shiver from his husband that had nothing to do with the winter chill.

“Come on.” Sherlock said softly, smiling and nodding his head at a back entrance.

John followed as Sherlock lead the way out of the house to a snow covered garden. At first glance John could tell that the garden must be beautiful in the spring, perfectly landscaped. There were stone benches, a fountain (which was covered, protecting it from the elements), and pathways, all surrounded by a fence made entirely of shrubs.

“For a safe house, it certainly is elegant.” John muttered, sparing the back of the vine covered cottage a glance, “you’d think, if you needed a safe house, you wouldn’t care much about the garden.”

“My brother isn’t known to do anything half-way.” Sherlock shrugged then began weaving his way down the paths. Just as he was nearing one of the benches something cold and wet hit him square on the back of his head. His first initial reaction was to spin around and snarl, demanding to know what had just hit him, and why. But then a second one, a snowball he then realized, hit his right shoulder and John was laughing. It wasn’t the soft chuckling of the previous days. No, this was full on, crystal clear, echoing laughter, and it made Sherlock’s heart stop. Which in turn, meant two more snowballs were thrown at him, both hitting his arse as John’s laughter grew louder.

Sherlock was a blur of movement as he bent down, filling his arms with snow. He had longer legs than John, and was by John’s side in 3 seconds flat, dumping his armful of snow directly over John’s head as his Captain bent down to form another snowball. John came up spluttering, his face, hair, and neck covered in snow. For one brief moment Sherlock thought he might be angry, but then John’s eyes twinkled as he pushed his half formed snowball against Sherlock’s left cheek with a hearty laugh.

“That’s not how it’s done.” John tried his best to look cross but as Sherlock reached a gloved hand up to brush the snow out of his hair, John couldn’t hold back his laughter any longer. “However, it is quite effective.”

“Mm. It is, isn’t it?” Sherlock used the pretense of rubbing their noses together, to stuff a handful of snow down the back of John’s coat. John let out a surprised bark, then Sherlock was on the ground before he knew how he’d gotten there. John was above him, knee pressed into the tender flesh of his stomach, pinning Sherlock’s hands into the snow above his head. Sherlock saw in that moment, the Captain inside John. The man who could withstand war. Which meant… he could withstand a little more snow. Sherlock tore his hands free just long enough to gather a bit of snow and toss it towards his husband before John had them pinned again.

“Now, that, isn’t fair, love.” John shook his head and did his best to look put out, but failed miserably.

“All is fair in love and war.” Sherlock purred, burying his cold face in John’s not much warmer neck.

“Git.” John said fondly and pressed his lips against Sherlock’s cheek. “Jesus, you’re freezing,” he
noted as Sherlock began shivering beneath him. “We’ve been out less than ten minutes and you’re freezing. Skinny git, going to make it my mission to put some meat on your bones.”

“Trying to make me fat?” Sherlock asked coyly as he tilted his head to kiss at John’s neck.

“Maybe? Guess you’ll have to find out.” John grinned down and captured Sherlock’s lips with his. Just as John’s tongue pushed its way into Sherlock’s mouth a voice called out from the cottage.

“You two lovebirds are going to freeze to death out here! Come inside where it’s warm.” Mr. Holmes stood at the door with two blankets draped over his arm.

“Hmm? Shall well?” John inclined his head towards the door, and Mr. Holmes.

“My ass is cold.” Sherlock nodded and allowed John to help him to his feet. John slipped an arm around Sherlock’s waist and together they slowly made their way through the snow. Once inside and rid of their snow covered coats Mr. Holmes handed them each a blanket then nodded to a set of stairs.

“Go on, I’ll cover for you until dinner.” He smiled kindly, and in that moment John saw Sherlock in those kind eyes. Sherlock might have his mother’s sharp wit, her lack of filter or understanding of personal boundaries, but he had his father’s kindness. He was pulled from his revelations by Sherlock tugging on his arm, pulling him towards the stairs. He was pulled through a series of rooms they had left unexplored for more adult activities. Sherlock opened door after door, letting out frustrated noises with each one. Finally, when there were only four rooms left, he opened a plain looking wooden door and gave a happy cry.

“Ah! Here! I knew he couldn’t resist!” Sherlock threw open the door to reveal what John could only label as a Guilty-Pleasure-Room. Against the wall directly to their left sat a bar, which appeared to be fully stocked, beside it was a table which had a wide array of sweets, cakes, and other edibles, but what really caught John’s attention was the hot tub tucked away in the corner.

“How… inside… second floor?” John asked, scratching his head.

“Probably fortified the floor, piping in the wall, proper ventilation so the humidity doesn’t effect the room, lightweight shell.” Sherlock added, patting the side of the hot tub. “Fiberglass. Joining me?” Sherlock dropped the blanket and shimmied out of his clothing, and climbed in. “The jets can be very enjoyable.”

“Like hell they are.” John grinned and pulled his jumper off in record time grinning as Sherlock leaned over the edge reaching out two pale arms, beckoning him to join.

When they were finally called down to join the family for dinner John was more relaxed than he had been in ages. He regretfully climbed out of the tub, using the blanket try dry off. “Wait… before you…” John smiled shyly, taking Sherlock’s hand as he reached for his clothes. “After all… you did tell your mother you needed to show me your penis.”

***

“Tell me,” Mycroft sighed dramatically as John and Sherlock sat down at the table, “that I don’t have to have the hot tub drained.”
“Uh. You don't have to have the hot tub drained.” John kept his face relaxed and impassive as he spoke, but when Sherlock sniggered beside him he grinned.

“Rabbits. You two are worse than rabbits.” Mycroft tipped his face up towards the ceiling and groaned, making John and Sherlock laugh all that much harder.

“Well, Honey Bun is rather fitting after all. Isn't it, John.” Sherlock grinned and whipped a mirthful tear from his eye.

“You know me so well.” John sniggered back then forced himself to sober up. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were staring at them and John suddenly realized that insinuating talk about sex at the Christmas dinner table was a bit not good.

“Right then…” he cleared his throat and looked around the table, adding truthfully. “Everything looks stunning.”

***

The credits began rolling and John stared blankly at the screen, trying to comprehend what he'd just watched. The doctor had been unconscious most of the episode, only to wake up thanks to a cup of spilled tea and have his hand chopped off, just to have it regenerate. He turned to ask Sherlock what he'd thought, but his poor husband was asleep, the food coma having finally claimed him along with Mycroft. He looked rather cute, paper crown falling lopsidedly off his temple, lips parted as he breathed heavily against the pillow he'd placed on John's lap. He watched Sherlock sleep as Mummy, or Evelyn as he'd found out over dinner, and her husband discussed the show in hushed tones.

It wasn't until the tv was turned off and the lights were flicked back on that Sherlock began to wake up. He yawned himself awake and opened his eyes, immediately searching for John. When their eyes locked he smiled and actually blushed.

“Hi.” He whispered and pulled himself into a sitting position.

“Hello.” John smiled and leaned in for a kiss. “Missed the show.”

“Hmm it was boring,” Sherlock groaned as he stretched like a great cat before curling up around John, “and you were comfortable.”

“And you were snoring.” John chuckled.

“I do not snore.” Sherlock pulled away looking appalled.

“Mm, do too. Sorry.” John pressed his lips lightly against Sherlock’s nose and gave his head a shake as Sherlock sat there unmoving except for his excessive blinking.

“Mycroft, fetch the camera, dear.” Mrs Holmes kissed her husband on the cheek then stood, eliciting a groan from both of their sons.

“Must we do this, Mummy? We’re grown men.” Mycroft began, but was silenced by a look from his mother.
“Mycroft Holmes, I brought you into this world and I can most certainly take you out of it. Now go be a good boy and get the camera.” Mrs. Holmes moved from beside her husband and disappeared towards her room, returning a moment later with a bulging bag. “Even have one for you, John. Hope you don’t mind, but when Mycroft told me your height, I couldn’t resist.”

She reached into the bag and pulled out a bright red jumper decorated with a hideously huge candy cane and the words “I’m not short I’m just a tall elf.” and handed it to John. She handed Sherlock a equally hideous jumper, his was all green and decorated with embroidered holly and bows. John arched his eyebrows and looked from his husband to the rest of the family as the remainder of the jumpers were divvied out.

“And what are we supposed to do with these?” John asked Sherlock as he held his jumper up for inspection.

“Wear them…” Sherlock grumbled and pulled his jumper over his head. “Traditional family picture…”

“Hmm. Well, look at you.” John grinned as he fixed Sherlock’s collar. “You wouldn’t happen to be looking for an elf, would you?” with a smirk John traded his jumper for the Christmas jumper and spun around for Sherlock to inspect, only stopping when Sherlock’s frown turned into a smile. “Come on, could be fun!” John winked and turned around to inspect the rest of the family’s jumpers.

Mycroft was currently wearing a jumper that was so red it hurt his eyes to look at, on it was a very round Santa stuffing himself silly with cookies. While Mummy and Daddy had matching “I’ve been Nice,” and “I’ve been naughty,” jumpers. John joined in with mummy’s giggling as they all grouped together to pose for the picture. When all was said and done, the picture featured three happy adults (Mummy, Daddy, and John), one slightly amused adult (Sherlock), and one sulking toddler. (Mycroft).

“You’ll send me a copy, yeah? Once they’re printed?” John asked Mummy as he looked over her shoulder, giggling at the pictures on the camera.

“Of course. You and Sherlock will still be writing letters?” She asked, but John could tell that there was only one acceptable answer in the eyes of his Mother-in-law.

“Of course.” he kissed her cheek and grinned over at Sherlock, “When we’re not too busy video chatting, or e-mailing. Not sure I’ll ever want to give up our letters.”

“You mean these letters?” Sherlock, who had just ducked into their bedroom, returned with a stack of papers that were tied together with an old shoelace. He began actively skimming through the collection of correspondence, frowning as he glanced from one letter to the next. “Did I really say that?”

“Yes, those letters. And those are mine. Hands off.” John rolled his eyes and tried to grab the stack from Sherlock, who just raised them high above John’s head and rolled his eyes.

“I wrote them, I hardly see why I can’t look at them.” Sherlock grinned and flopped down on the sofa with his back against the armrest, “Come read with me, John.”

“Git.” John gruffed out, but went to sit beside Sherlock, positioning himself between Sherlock’s legs, with his back against Sherlock’s chest.

“I see my picture isn’t here.”
“No, that’s because it’s in my wallet.” John smiled, leaned back and pressed a kiss to the underside of Sherlock’s chin.

“Right then, read me a letter, Sherlock…” John stopped mid sentence then abruptly got up for the sofa. He hurried into the bedroom and searched for his camo jacket, which had been kicked under the bed, despite having tried so hard to take care of it over the past few days. He tossed it onto the bed and began feeling the pockets until he found the letter, then hurried back out into the sitting room and took up his spot between Sherlock’s legs.

“Actually, how about, I read you a letter?” John tore open the unsealed envelope and pulled out the letter he had written for Sherlock, but had been unable to mail, and began reading aloud, oblivious to the fact that the rest of the family was now listening in with keen ears.

Dear Sherlock-Husband,

Sherlock, I’m sorry, so sorry. I should have told you how bad it was from the start. I shouldn’t have sugar coated it. I just figured… by the time I got around to writing you, the worst was over. I was on the mend, if not a bit weak. I didn't expect you to react quite the way you did… but such a reaction, well it gives me hope. Hope that perhaps my feelings aren't the only ones that are strong.

I'm sorry I haven't written you in a few weeks. They released me from hospital just in time for me to pack before being shipped out. The guys threw me a big party the night before I left. (Don't worry I'm still on enough pain medication that I knew better than to drink.) They had somehow gotten their hands on a movie, so we spent the night eating whatever junk food had been mailed to us in care packages, and watching an old cheesy Godzilla movie.

I want you to know, I'm taking it easy. I'm at a hostel in Kabul. The city isn't exactly relaxing, but my bed is free if any unwanted vermin. So that much is appreciated. One thing you learn quickly in the military is the ability to sleep anywhere, so I've mainly been resting since I got here.

Still, I wish I had insisted we spend Christmas together. That would have been much more enjoyable than listening to bombs going off in the distance. I don't even know how I could phone you… Mycroft never gave me his mobile number, so outside of rehab, I don't know how to contact you. I’m also unable to put this in the mail just yet, as the local post office has been bombed, and it isn't safe for me to wander very far. I'll save it though, and mail it out as soon as I'm able.

Once I'm in my new station, Sherlock, I'll be granted leave every two months or so. It's set up as a long term deployment, so I'll be allowed certain privileges. One being four days to a week off every two months. I'm not allowed to travel far from base during those days off, but there is nothing in the rules about having someone come here. Sherlock, would you spend my first leave with me? You could spend all of them with me, I wouldn't mind, but I need to see you. I need you here with me as much as I think you need it. I want to show you how very much alive I am. And Christ, we need to talk face to face before I spill my heart out on paper.

Please… say yes.

Yours,

John.
“Yes.” Sherlock whispered, his slips ghosting over John’s ears. “And please, spill your heart out on paper. I want to see it, I want to feel it, I want to taste it. Never hold back on me, John. I want all of you.”

John again leaned back and wrapped a hand awkwardly around Sherlock’s face and leaned in for what had to be the slowest and sweetest kiss of his lifetime.

***

John stripped down to just his pants and crawled into bed, positioned himself directly in the middle of the king sized mattress. There was still plenty of room for Sherlock on his side of the bed, but John knew that his position would wordlessly alert Sherlock to his intentions. Sure enough, when Sherlock returned from the bathroom, stark naked and smelling of toothpaste, his eyes lit up as he took in the sight.

“Wearing any pants?” he asked as he tried to make out John’s form beneath the layers of blankets.

“Come join me and find out.” John smirked and wiggled his hips enticingly. Sherlock pounced on the bed and tore under the covers head first, nearly circling himself around like a cat before his head popped up, curls messy and disheveled.

“You are.” he pouted, “Why?”

“It’s Christmas, and you need something to unwrap.” John’s eyes twinkled as Sherlock blushed and ducked back under the blankets. He felt, rather than saw, long fingers hook under the elastic band of his pants and lifted his hips obediently as Sherlock pulled them off. He surfaced again, holding John’s pants in his hand with a triumphant look.

“I’m keeping these.” He smirked and balled up the pants, stuffing them under his pillow to properly pack with the rest of their things later.

“Keeping my pants? Really, Sherlock?” John laughed and rolled over onto his side so he was facing his husband.

“Mmm keeping them hostage. If you want them, you’ll have to come back.” Sherlock nodded as if it were the most logical thing he’d said all weekend and flopped dramatically onto his back. “Now shut up and have sex with me.”

“Jesus Christ, never in my life…” John laughed, wondering how they’d managed to have so much sex without either of them getting sore, or chaffed.

“Please, John? For me?” Sherlock whined and it was only then that John noticed he was already pulling at his dick.

“Yes, alright. Come here.” John propped himself up on the headboard so he was half sitting, half laying down, supported by the pillows and motioned for Sherlock to come join him. He had intended for Sherlock to come straddle his hips, so when Sherlock instead simply wormed his way
higher on the bed, rested his head on John’s stomach and wrapped his lips around John’s cock, John hissed out a moan and let his head fall back against the headboard.

John watched for a moment as Sherlock began sucking him off, but then he found he had to touch, had to feel Sherlock. He let one hand trail over Sherlock’s back and sides, then reached around to pinch two fingers over Sherlock’s nipple. Resulting in a loud moan and harder suction on his cock.

“Sensitive?” He murmured, tweaking Sherlock’s nipple again.

“Mmm.” Sherlock hummed, John’s cock still buried in his mouth, the hum sending vibrations shooting deep into John’s groin. John alternated between teasing Sherlock’s nipples and stroking whatever skin he could reach as Sherlock’s hair tickled his stomach. After a moment Sherlock’s hand, the one that wasn’t lazily tugging away at his own erection, came up to fondle his balls.

“Shittttt….” John swore as his hips bucked, pushing his cock deeper down Sherlock’s throat.

“Sherrlock, luv… Turn around. I need too..” Sherlock looked up and gave John a confused look, not comprehending what John was trying to say. “Head facing my feet, dick by my mouth, hurry.” John shimmied down lower on the bed and helped manhandle Sherlock into the right position. The second his cock was within reach of John’s lips, he lunged. Sherlock let out a broken sob as he took John’s length back into his mouth, effectively gagging himself on John’s cock.

This new position gave them each a bit more movement so John was able to slide his hands up and down Sherlock’s thighs while Sherlock’s long fingers began pressing rhythmically against his perineum. The bedroom was soon awash in breathy moans, the sound of soft suckling noises, and the occasional swear (from John).

“John?” Sherlock pulled away, resting his cheek on John’s inner thigh.

“Like this, I think. Together?” John panted out then sucked Sherlock back into his mouth.

“Together.” Sherlock agreed.

It didn’t take either of them much longer before they were pulling each other over the edge. John felt the familiar tug deep inside his groin. He had just enough wit left in him to mutter a warning to Sherlock before he was sending spurt after spurt of warm seed down Sherlock’s throat. John was so blissed out, that he hardly noticed when Sherlock twitched away, sending his come shooting over John’s face and getting it in his hair. John collapsed on his back, chest heaving as he sucked in huge mouthfuls of air. He squeezed his eyes shut as the shift in position caused Sherlock’s come to slide from his cheek to the concave of his eye.

“Stay...don’t move.” Sherlock panted shakily, and John felt the bed dip. He heard Sherlock’s shuffling footsteps as he made his way into the bathroom, heard him turn the taps on, then Sherlock was returning, kneeling over him and still breathing hard. “Wet, don’t flinch.” John nodded in understanding as a warm flannel was pressed to his face. Sherlock washed John’s skin with care, even wiping the come out of his hair before tossing the flannel aside.

“Sorry about that.” Sherlock grinned down at his husband.

‘No you’re not.” John laughed and pulled Sherlock into his arms for a tight embrace.

“Mm, you’re correct. I’m not sorry.” Sherlock settled against John’s chest and pulled the blankets, which had been miraculously spared their bodily fluids, up around their bodies. “Earlier, when you said you could possibly want children. Why did you say that?”

“Hmmm? Oh!” It took John’s blissed out brain a moment to catch on to what Sherlock was asking
but when he did he felt a warmth in his heart that he couldn’t explain. “I just...I saw you, with your
dad. And I couldn’t help picturing you with a child curled up in your lap.”

“And you...enjoyed that?” Sherlock whispered, not daring to look up to see what John’s face
looked like.

“I loved it.” John cupped Sherlock’s chin in his hand and gently tilted his head up. “Loved it. But I
want to be selfish first, I want you... to myself for a while before we think about adding anyone
else to our family.”

“Family.” Sherlock said, his lips curling up into a smile. “We are family, aren’t we?”

“Mm, always.” John settled back against the bed but didn’t let go of his grip on Sherlock. “Sleep?”

“Mmm sleep.” Sherlock agreed and laced his legs around John’s. “Love you.”

“Love you too, Husband.”

“John?”

“Yeah?”

“For what it’s worth, I don’t want you to leave tomorrow.”

“For what it’s worth, I really fucking don’t want to leave.”

Chapter End Notes

http://seki0930.tumblr.com/

Go say hi!! :D

Also, in case anyone was interested in flower meanings:
Tulip - Love
Daisy - Innocence
John woke to the feeling of Sherlock’s body weight shifting beside him. Gone was the comfortable weight of Sherlock's arm on his chest, making him feel cold and lonely, despite Sherlock still sitting on the bed beside him.

“Hey…. come here. Not ready yet.” John murmured and reached a hand out, catching Sherlock's wrist between his strong fingers.

“Loo…” Sherlock yawned and pulled himself free.

“Hurry.”

“‘Mmm.” Sherlock nodded and hurried off to relieve the pressure that was becoming all consuming on his bladder.

When he returned he crawled back into bed and curled himself up half on half next to John, who wrapped his arms tightly around his husband and sighed. Neither said anything for some time, both being happy to spend their last morning in bed simply wrapped in each other's arms, memorizing the feel and smell of the other.

John's watch beeped, and they both sighed. The night before they'd agreed on setting an alarm for 7am, but now they found they didn't want to move. Instead they gazed sleepily at each other and began exchanging slow kisses.

“Shower?” Sherlock sighed, pulling himself from John's embrace.

“Yeah. Join me.” It wasn't a request, and Sherlock simply smiled sadly and nodded.

“We can at least make it memorable,” he suggested, picking up the bottle of lube and holding it out
to John who took it and let a slow smile tug his lips upwards.

“Yeah. We most certainly can.” John inclined his head towards the shower and gave his husband a genuine smile and a pat on the bum, “Come on.”

***

*Knock Knock Knock!*

Both men looked up from the kitchen table and watched as Mycroft stood and excused himself from the room. He returned a moment later with a large heavy looking envelope clutched in his hand. Without saying a word he sat back down at the table, tucked in and took a sip of his tea before acknowledging the curious looks.

“This is for you, ‘Lock. Please, use them wisely.” Mycroft slid the heavy envelope across the table and allowed himself a brief smile at his little brother’s eagerness. Sherlock tore the envelope open and pulled out a brand new laptop and the newest model in the smartphone market. “Both you and John have international calling added to your plans, texting included, of course.”

“Thank you…” Sherlock ran his fingers over the laptop, marveling at the pristine surface that he couldn’t wait to mark up with the wear that came with extended use. His focus then switched to the mobile. He eyed the gift with an almost mistrustful eye before picking it up.

Sherlock was pleased to see that Mycroft had the decency to present the new mobile fully charged as well as seemingly equipped with all the necessary applications. Sherlock chanced a glance at his brother, who was currently observing Sherlock with the same intensity, before typing furiously away on his new device. Sherlock smirked as he found and removed numerous “bugs” that had been embedded within the coding. He honestly was a bit disappointed in how little effort was needed on his part.

After finishing with the mobile’s insides, Sherlock brought his attention to the outside. Turning the device over his his hands, Sherlock swiftly removed the case, thereby revealing the tracking device inside. Rolling his eyes at such a poor attempt at subterfuge, Sherlock promptly removed the device before casually depositing it in Mycroft’s tea.

“She honestly Mycroft, I’m hurt that you put forth such little effort. Are you sure your mind isn’t becoming crippled in your old age?”

Any scathing retort was quickly cut from Mycroft’s lips upon the glare Mummy Holmes sent his way, most likely concerning the “protective measures” he had put forth concerning Sherlock’s new mobile. Instead he swallowed past his displeasure of the situation and fixed Sherlock with a stare of neutrality. “John’s number has already been added, you’ll find.” Mycroft then arched an eyebrow and nodded to the folder. “There’s more.”

From the envelope Sherlock withdrew a small stack of papers and began inspecting them. As he read, a smile crept over his face until he was looking like he might get up and give Mycroft a hug. Instead he handed the papers to John.

“So… it’s official, for real this time?” He read over the marriage certificate, the one he and Sherlock had signed just two days ago, and glanced from his husband to his brother-in-law.

“Cut through all the red tape, if you will, thus making it official in every sense of the words. I’ve even forwarded the proper documentation to your new base. When you arrive you’ll just need to sign a few things, get your name fixed on your uniforms, and it’ll all be right as rain.”
“Except it doesn’t rain there…” John muttered bitterly but quickly shook the feeling off and gave Mycroft a genuine smile. “Thanks, for everything.”

“No need to thank me, yet. These few next years will be trying. On both of you.” Mycroft wrinkled his nose and hid his worried expression behind his tea, but not before Sherlock saw it and nudged their feet together under the table.

“John is right however. Thank you, Mycroft,” Sherlock added when John pointedly cleared his throat.

“John, I think I’ll keep you around.” Mr. Holmes chuckled, “my boys haven’t gotten along this well since Mycroft was twelve.”

“Oh… remember that day on the beach.” Mrs. Holmes cooed as she sat down beside her husband, bringing the last of the breakfast food with her. Her husband reached over and squeezed her shoulder with a small smile. “Right… dig in, boys, I wasn’t sure what everyone would want, so I made a little of everything. There’s tea, and coffee,” she pointed to two crafts then motioned to the rest of the table, “and you can see the rest.”

“Thank you, Mummy.” John licked his lips and tucked in, flashing Sherlock a look which he correctly interpreted.

“Yes, thank you, Mummy.” Sherlock looked smug, pleased at himself for saying thank you before Mycroft, who quickly followed suit with his own thanks.

***

Later in their bedroom John sighed and stopped in his third attempt to pack his bag. He stood next to the bed, looking over the mess and groaned, looking over at Sherlock who was gleefully running around the room snatching up random items, all of which belonged to John. For the past twenty minutes John had been attempting to pack, only for Sherlock come around behind him and pull everything back out of his bag.

“Sherlock, hand me that. Please.” John sighed and scrubbed a hand over his face. “It's not like I want to leave. But I need my pants, it's kind of a rule actually.” He tore a pair of pants from Sherlock's grip and placed it back in his bag.

“I had everything packed perfectly, all set to go, but you're worse than a toddler.” John rolled his eyes and began folding his clothes for the third time. “You could pack yourself, you know.”

“Dull… and I’m keeping this.” Sherlock flopped down on the bed and snatched up John’s cream jumper and held it to his nose.

“You can keep that,” John growled as he snatched it back, “when you grow a pair and pack your own bag.”

“Yes, Captain.” Sherlock flung himself dramatically from the bed and onto his feet and began haphazardly throwing things into his own bag. John did his best to ignore his theatrics, but when Sherlock began making a series of grunting noises he looked up to see Sherlock trying to stuff a pillow into his small bag.

“Uh… what.. Are you doing?”

“You slept on this pillow, keeping it. Smells like you…”
“Oi, if you get to keep stuff that smells like me, what do I get?” John crossed his arms and cracked a smile as Sherlock forced the last bit of pillow into his bag.

“Hmm how about… this..” Sherlock sat down and pulled off his right sock and tossed it at John who caught it with a grimace.

“A sock? How… thoughtful.” John pinched the sock between his thumb and index finger and held it away from his body.

“Really, John? You’ll suck my penis, but a sock grosses you out?”

“Penis? No one says penis anymore.”

“You’re a doctor. You say peins.”

“Yes, I do. But not in this context. Dick, cock, dong, knob, pecker… though I prefer the first two.” John tossed Sherlock’s sock back at him and snatched up Sherlock’s purple button up. “Hmm… as you have no room left in your bag, I think I’ll take this.”

“But…” Sherlock made a grab for it, but John swiveled out of the way and quickly stowed the shirt in his bag.

“Ah, no. You get it back when you come visit me. Call it insurance.”

“Fine.” Sherlock held John’s jumper to his face once more and took a deep breath in. Even though the prospect of unspeakable events occurring were exponentially high, higher than Sherlock would ever like to admit even to himself, he held strong to the promise that John would see him again. Sherlock felt his grip tighten as he pressed John’s jumper even tighter against his face. Even so, Sherlock wanted to commit John to memory...his face, his laughter, his voice, his scent...even with them hundreds of miles apart, Sherlock wanted to be able to recall everything about John perfectly.

“Right… that’s me packed.” John zipped up his bag and gave it a pat. “Done yet?”

“Right after I stuff this in my bag.” Sherlock tentatively unzipped a corner of his over stuffed bag and just barely managed to stuff John’s jumper inside. He thought he had successfully hidden the tremors in his hands but soon realized just how wrong he was when John stepped beside him and took him in his arms.

“Just for a few months… yeah?”

“Mm. If we see each other every three months, and each time it’s for three days, we’ll get twenty-four days together before you come home.” Sherlock babbled against John’s shoulder as he attempted to remain in control of his emotions.

“Mmm. We’ll get through this. At the risk of sounding corny, we’ll get through it because we love each other.”

“Love conquers all?” Sherlock pulled away and smirked down at John.

“Yeah, something like that.” John returned the smile and pulled away after a moment. “Let’s go see your parents off, and” he looked at his watch, “we should think about leaving soon too.”

“If we must.” At the mention of his parents, Sherlock’s demeanor seemed to immediately go back to his usual dramatic, seemingly put off self. He swiftly grabbed his suitcase and began practically
dragging it out of the bedroom and into the hall, a dramatic groan of displeasure clearly audible over the awkward maneuvering of his overstuffed suitcase.

***

“You boys have everything?”

“Yes, Mummy.” John nodded towards his and Sherlock’s bags that were sitting next to the door and grinned. “We’ve got everything.”

“You’ll stay in touch, and let us know if you’re eating enough? We’ll send you care packages whenever you need them.”

“Mummy, really, I’m..” John began to argue but Sherlock cut him off by placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Just smile and nod, John. She’ll send them anyways. Best just embrace it.”

“He’s right you know.” Mr. Holmes chimed in as he picked up both his and Mummy’s bags. “I was just as thin as Sherlock before I met her.”

“You’re still handsome, Arthur.” Mrs. Holmes patted her husband on the bum and clicked her tongue as he headed out to bring the bags to the car.

“Sherlock, bring your bag out too, we’ll bring it back to the house, less for you to lug around.”

“Can I have Mycroft’s room? It’s bigger.” Sherlock grinned at the idea of having Mycroft’s old room, which was more like a three bedroom suite, and when his mother nodded his head he actually jumped in the air out of excitement. “Perhaps going back home won’t be so bad after all.”

“Yes, well, if you’re done scheming, Sherlock, I need to get our parents back home.”

“Why are you taking them home? If I’m already driving back home later, why must you take them. Unless.” Sherlock narrowed his eyes at his older brother then glanced imploringly at his mother. “You won’t let him put surveillance in my room, will you? I’ve spent the last 8 months unable to take a piss without being watched, don’t tell me this is going to continue.”

“Language, Sherlock. Really, you’ll watch that tongue young man.” She rounded on Mycroft and pointed a finger in his face. “And, you… you will not put cameras, or anything else you can use to spy on him, in your little brother’s room. Do you hear me?”

“Yes, Mummy. I understand. I’m simply going to get my things, before Sherlock burns them.”

“Spoilsport.” Sherlock muttered but stopped pouting when John shot him a look that meant “Bit not good.”

“Come on, let’s help with the bags and say goodbye.” John tugged on Sherlock’s arm and grabbed his bag before heading outside.

***

John parked the car and twisted his head around so he could look through the windscreen at the building ahead of them and wrinkled his nose.

“This is it? It looks so...”
“Drab? Lackluster? Dull?” Sherlock rolled his eyes and sat back in the seat, crossing his arms like a child.

“Well, I was going to say inconspicuous, but yeah, that works too,” he unbuckled and pushed his door open. “Come on, let’s go see Mike.” John had to lean back into the car and fix Sherlock with a stare, silently commanding his husband to get a move on it.

“It isn’t fair…you dressed like that, looking like that, being all… that.” Sherlock mumbled but slid out of the car despite himself.

“You do have a way with words, Sherlock.” John fixed the jacket of his uniform and smirked as Sherlock shamelessly ogled him.

“Don’t be so dismal, John…”

“Hush, you.” John reached over with the pretense of sliding an arm around Sherlock’s hips, but at the last minute gave his bum a swift pat. “Come on, let’s get your stuff.”

Sherlock lead the way through the facility, ignoring greetings from patients and nurses alike as he moved through the building. After the third flight of stairs John groaned and put a hand on Sherlock’s arm.

“Listen, I know I’m fit… but stairs? Really?” He huffed, “Can’t we take the lift?”

“Can’t. The lift only runs if you swipe a keycard, and only the staff have them. I’ve lifted a few, but they’re all in my room.”

“Of course you have.” John shook his head and looked up at the next flight of stairs. “Right then, how many more?”

“Just this one.” Sherlock bounded up the last flight of stairs and was already holding the door open when John reached the last step.

“Mike’s office first. I owe him a bit of an apology for stealing you away, then we can stop by for your stuff.”

“If we must…” Sherlock grumbled and took three steps before coming to a full stop and turning on John with a feral look in his eyes. “John, swear to me you’re not going to leave me here.”

“Sherlock, of course I’m not going to leave you here. Do you really think I would do that to you?” John took Sherlock’s head in his hands and held him close, forcing the taller man to look down at him.

“No. You…wouldn’t. I know you wouldn’t.” Sherlock pressed their lips together and ignored a catcall from one of the patients.

“Right. Let’s do this then.” John let go of Sherlock’s head, but slipped a hand down to clasp Sherlock’s fingers in his. They walked hand in hand down a long, brightly lit hall, passing door after door; some were open, some were not. Sherlock looked pointedly to one closed door in particular and pulled a disgusted face.

John raised his eyebrows in both surprised and slight amusement. “Your room?”

“Yes, if one could call such a limited amount of space that.” Sherlock didn’t stop but kept walking taking a right hand turn at the next corridor then stopping at the third door on the left. He opened it
without knocking and flopped down on a chair just this side of the desk. “Hello Mike, miss me?”

“Sherlock, I was told you’d be arriving today.” Mike Stamford looked up and smiled, apparently unbothered by Sherlock’s abrupt appearance in his office, “Enjoy your holiday?”

“Arriving, yes. Staying. No. Holiday was nice, was rather eventful. Would you like to meet my new husband?” Sherlock swiveled in his chair and smirked as Captain John Watson-Holmes walked into the office with a lopsided grin plastered on his face.

“The uniform is a bit wrong…Sorry, Mike. It’s Watson-Holmes now.” John smiled and sat down with a bit more grace next to his husband. “He’s right though. Not staying. I’ll sign the release forms.”

“Husband?!!” The expression on Mike’s face was…memorable, to say the least.

A slight smirk tugged at Sherlock’s lips as he proceeded to point directly in the direction of the bottommost drawer on Mike’s office desk. “If I were you I’d not eat that slice of cake you have hidden in your desk unless you want to increase the chance of having a heart attack.”

“Sherlock, be nice.” John tutted and gave Sherlock’s leg a light smack. “Sorry, Mike, leave it to me to pick someone with an attitude.” He smiled at his friend, a bit apologetic, “We can’t stay long, sadly. I have to catch a flight in a few hours, but I wanted to say thank you in person. For everything, Mike.”

At that, John and Mike began to chat, catching up on old times. Swapping stories of Sherlock in rehab for stories of Afghanistan. They were too busy chatting that neither of them noticed when Sherlock slipped conspicuously from the room. That is, until Sherlock plopped himself back down in the chair, tossing a duffel bag onto the floor with a sigh.

“I’m packed. Can we go now?”

“Jesus…that was…” John glanced from Sherlock to the bag on the floor and shook his head. “Anxious to get rid of me, I think.”

“More likely he’s anxious to get out of here.” Mike couldn’t help but laugh at the sight of Sherlock slumped lazily in the chair, foot tapping away on the floor as he continued to glare at John.

“Not as dumb as he looks.” Sherlock blurted out, then rolled his eyes when John hissed a warning to be nice. “I’m simply saying that he is correct. I spent 8 months locked away in this prison, and I’m anxious to be free of these walls. So please, can we go?” Sherlock made a show of checking the time on his new mobile. “If we leave now we should have enough time to have lunch before taking you to the airport.”

John was about to protest but his stomach chose just then to give an audible growl. So instead he bid goodbye to Mike and promised to stay in touch before letting Sherlock practically drag him back through the halls to the exit.

“Oi! What’s the rush, Sherlock!” He complained as he had to sprint to keep up. “Where’s the fire?”

“No fire. I just figured we could also stop at Tesco and get you some tea and jammy dodgers before you leave.”

“How do you know I like jammy dodgers?”

“Hardly difficult to guess, what with the way you ate my mother’s baking all weekend.” With a
flourish, Sherlock raced to the driver side of the car, a hand beckoning for John’s attention, “Keys, John, I know a shortcut.”

John tossed over the keys and watched as Sherlock skillfully flung his bag in the boot then slid gracefully into the driver’s seat. He only hesitated a moment before getting in and making sure he was properly buckled.

“Just, don't break any laws.”

Sherlock flashed him a grin that was in no way reassuring.

***

They stood in Mycroft's private hangar, with his small jet parked outside on the tarmac. Sherlock had both his hands stuffed in his coat pockets, while John's hands twitched by his side. They stood looking at the plane, shoulder to shoulder, and neither spoke for what felt like ages. John broke the silence first by clearing his throat. Still looking at the plane he said,

“Fuck up and use again, Sherlock, and I will not be pleased.” His voice was just above a whisper, but in the empty building it echoed slightly adding to the threat. “If I find out you used I'll fly home myself and detox you. Which will get Mycroft involved, because I'll need someone with higher powers to get me home.” John lowered his voice by a whole octave and turned to look at Sherlock, “if I find out you've as much as smoked a cigarette, it'll be hell to pay. Nod if you understand me.”

Sherlock tore his eyes away from the plane to focus on the soldier beside him. His eyes grew wide when he saw the emotion written all over John's face. John words were hard and threatening, but his face was soft, and scared. Sherlock nodded once, and reached out to place both his hands on John's biceps. “I promise.”

“Thank you.” John's shoulders relaxed a little and then his hands were cupping Sherlock's face and they were kissing. Sherlock let out a little whimper as John's fingers brushed against the shell of his ear and his tongue pushed its way into his mouth.

“I trust you,” John muttered while still attempting to kiss his husband. “But better yet, I believe in you. I'll be there when you need me, and I promise we'll get through this.”

“Promise you’ll come back to me?” Sherlock begged, wrapping his arms around John's back and pressing his face into the crook of John's neck.

“I promise I'll do everything in my power to come back to you.” John whispered as he acknowledged the dangers he was about to face.

“Don't go…” Sherlock sobbed, now unable to hold back the tears.

“Have to.” John's voice was equally as mournful as they held each other, clinging on for dear life.

“John…” Sherlock buried his nose harder against John's neck and his whole body shook as he began to cry.

“Shhh, love, don't cry.” But it was too late, John looked over Sherlock's shoulder at the plane and began crying as well. “Hey… it is what it is.”

“And what it is is shit.” Sherlock gasped out then took a deep breath as he tried to steady his breathing.
“Yeah, well… I'll be back. And we'll see each other in a few months, and hey,” John pulled away and wiped the tears off Sherlock's face with his thumbs, “the plane has wifi, e-mail me when you get home so I know you're safe.”

“Yeah.” Sherlock nodded and silently allowed John to fuss over his suit, pulling at the sleeves, fixing his collar and plucking a few invisible hairs from the fabric. Both men exchanged a sad look when the jet's engines turned on and John was the first to offer up a sad smile.

“This weekend, Sherlock… has been the best of my life. Christ, I love you…” John placed on strong around the nape of Sherlock's neck and pulled him down for a needy kiss. “Take care of yourself. Yeah?”

“I will. And… John?” Sherlock took John's left hand in his and brought it up to his lips. “Thank you.” He kissed John's wedding ring then smiled, “for everything.”

They stood there for a moment longer, drawing out their goodbye, but when the plane door opened, and the pilot began to beckon John over, they could no longer avoided the inevitable. John stole one last lip bruising kiss before stooping down to pick up his duffle bag. He slung it over his shoulder nodded to Sherlock, then took two steps towards the plane.

“Oh.” He turned and smiled at Sherlock, a genuine smile that made his eyes crinkled and his ears raise a bit higher on his head, “I have a new favorite word that begins with H. Want to hear it?” Sherlock nodded and returned John's smile. “Husband.” and with that, he turned back around and disappeared into the plane.

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you've enjoy our boy's little holiday together. This originally was only supposed to be 4 chapters, but these boys honestly write themselves and it was all we could do to shorten it down to what you all have. Thanks for sticking with us, and we hope you enjoy the following letters as much as we enjoy writing them.

Also.... holy crap. Guys we've hit over 1k kudos. I can't even... THANK YOU
OMG SURPRISE CHAPTER!! σ(≧ε≦ 0 )

Okay so this is relatively short but we hope you enjoy it either way. Also there maaaay or may not be an even bigger surprise coming the middle of this week. Just saying.

Also, any misspellings in John's email(s) are intentional. Something for Sherlock to pick at later lol

---

**To:** DrJHWatson@yahoo.co.uk  
**From:** SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk  
**Subject:** To the first of many e-mails

I arrived home about an hour ago. I would have e-mailed sooner, but Mummy hasn’t stopped pestering me since I got here. She wouldn’t stop talking about you, almost like she loves you more than she loves me. Which is fine, if that means I can have a few moments of peace and quiet without her pestering me every five minutes. Being the favourite child is soooooo difficult.

Really, John, I’m impressed with the pull you have over my parents. Having you as my husband might just make living here tolerable, especially after I get rid of the political paraphernalia all over Mycroft’s wall. I’ll send you pictures once I’ve decorated to my liking.

John, you really should change your e-mail address now, this one still has your previous last name. Perhaps DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk (Or, ILoveMyHusbandsPENIS@gmail.co.uk) Face it, gmail is far better than yahoo and wouldn’t a superior electronic mailing service be better suited for my new husband? Plus it eliminates that pesky middle initial. The one attached to the name you hate so much.

I love you, Husband. I also love being able to e-mail you! So much faster than letters. I almost feel like a real person again, what with privacy and these simple luxuries, like being able to e-mail from my mobile. I’ve already placed a call to the internet provider, and they’re scheduled to arrive sometime later this week.

-Sherlock Watson-Holmes

---

***

***
To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJHWatson@yahoo.co.uk
Subject: Home. (Well, not home. But you know what I mean.)

I would have responded sooner, but I fell asleep nearly as soon as we took off.

NO! I will NOT change my e-mail address to ANYTHING that involves your penis! That is a giant “No” Sherlock. Just, fuck. No. Bit not good. (Funny, but not good.) This one works just fine, and I highly doubt that I’ll have time, once I arrive at my new post, to deal with swapping contacts.

I’ve just landed and I’m sitting in the airport in Kabul. (If this place can even be called an airport. Hovel is more like it. Just saw a chicken squawk past me with some kid chasing it.) I’m currently waiting for customs to clear me, and Jesus Christ it’s hot here, and I haven’t even stepped outside yet.

It’s strange being here. Knowing that things are back as they were, with one major change. You’re home, safe, and hopefully happy. Or, on your way to being happy. That knowledge gives me the strength to put my game face back on and see these next two years out. I’m not promising anything, but if I can find a way to come home sooner, I will. However my time is already promised out here, so please, Sherlock, don’t get your hopes up.

Ah, they’re calling my name. I’d best go. Once I’ve been cleared I need to go check in with the local base, and they’ll set me up with transportation to Helmand. Cross your fingers that I get a flight there, as it would be a 11 hour drive normally, and a military caravan would tack on a few extra hours.

Love you, Sweetheart. Talk to you soon, yeah? Might call you tonight once I’m in bed if I don’t pass out first, you tired me out this weekend ;)

-JWH

Chapter End Notes

I would just like to note that these emails used are in no way related to us so please, refrain from actually sending an email to them.
11th January, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Here we are assuming that they've been emailing and just randomly chatting via phone up until this point. John is feeling lonely here, so he sits down to physically write a letter hoping it will quench some of that loneliness.

Dear Husband,

It’s been two weeks, and I miss you… Oh how I miss you, Sherlock. I thought I would be busy enough that my mind wouldn’t wander. While that is true, I didn't account for my heart. I miss you every moment of every day, and more so at night. Sleep is a luxury that I have had little of, thanks to my ever aching heart. And my new post is doing little to ease my pain, which is why I decided to sit down and write a physical letter. While I love the texting, and the near constant e-mailing, actually writing this makes me feel just that much more connected to you. Writing letters to each other is something I hope we never fully give up. Even when we’re old and grey.

If I thought Kandahar was a hell hole, Helmand is the devil’s lair. The buildings here are made out of little more than rocks, bricks, and mud and they are all the same exact shade of sand. I arrived here, after a very long and very bumpy caravan (17 hours spent sitting in the Humvee, not including stopping for loo breaks), covered in dust and welcomed by the sight of a hangman's noose dangling from a tree. Minor, and some major, explosions seem to happen regularly throughout the day and actually make the ground shake, I still find it a bit unsettling. I was told to never go without my gun, and to always have it loaded. Shoot first, ask questions later. That sort of thing.

I can say one niceish thing about this place. Base is located in the fork of two major rivers. Being this close to water means I get to see a little more than just sand everywhere. There are even a handful of flowers that are somehow trying to survive just outside my hut. I think I might try to cultivate them. If I manage, I’ll send you a clipping when the flowers are in full bloom. And some seeds, if I can manage.

I’ve settled into my role here fairly well. For the most part, it’s very much the same as what I was doing before. Only this time I’m the one in charge, which means no more Short Straw shifts for me. I call the shots, and if my orders aren’t followed, I can pull rank and discipline as needed. For the most part, I’m the highest ranking officer here, most men are your basic (no offence meant) soldiers. Fit for battle, and here for one job. The hospital was mainly run by nurses before I got here, but with it being so close to the active warzone, it was only a matter of time before they needed a competent doctor. I’m happy to help, and much happier here (without Moran) than I thought I would be. A few of the men I served with in Kandahar were transferred here, good men, good doctors. I'm proud to have them with me. Still, I bloody miss you.

I’ve been told that mail here is a bit slow, and not always reliable. So please forgive me if this letter is old news by the time it reaches you, I just felt the desire to sit down and physically write something out to you.
I love you, Sherlock Watson-Holmes, and Jesus Christ do I miss you.

Your husband,

John Watson-Holmes
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers
Helmand, Afghanistan

Chapter End Notes

Remember, email notifications are sometimes broken, so check back Wednesday or Thursday for a "surprise"
13th January, 2006: John Watson learns how to Sext

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Hello all! So Blood is having a really bad night, so I suggested we post this early, because your comments always cheer her up!

Here we're trying something a bit different. B and I texted each other, and took screenshots, kind of... roleplaing out boys, if you will, but for the sole purpose of this fic. We like playing around with different ways to write the chapters, and we thought this could be a blast!

There are five pages in all, and each page contains TWO screenshots. So read from left to right, then scroll down :)

NOTE: Sometimes links to pictures break: SO as this chapter is ALL pictures, I've also uploaded them to my tumblr, and you can view it there if you wish

http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/post/156335916510/this-is-being-uploaded-here-because-pictures (THIS option might be easier for you if you are on your phone, but please don't feel like you have to like it or re-blog it or anything. We'd prefer to keep all your feedback here, as Blood doesn't have a tumblr and it would be hard for her to see)

OH one more thing. All typos on John's part were mostly made on purpose. I figured poor John, all hot and bothered like that, probably wouldn't have the best texting skills.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For Mobile Readers View on TUMBLR

**NOTE FROM TINDO**

My photobucket crashed, so I re-did these screenshots. Hopefully they're more to you're liking than before.
I'm sorry I couldn't get back to you before. I'm actually in a meeting right now, but I'll be able to see you later tonight. I hope everything went well at the meeting.

By the way, I saw the photos you sent. They're really interesting. I'll make sure to check them out later.

I'm really looking forward to seeing you tonight. You'll be able to tell me all about the meeting.

Let me know if there's anything else you need me to do. I'll do my best to help you.

I'll see you tonight!
Hello, how are you?

I'm good, thanks. How about you?

I'm doing well, thanks for asking. What can I help you with today?

I was wondering if you could look at some documents I sent earlier.

Sure, I'll take a look. Is there a deadline for this?

Not really, but it would be great if I could get back to you by tomorrow.

I'll do my best to get it done. Thanks for your help.

You're welcome. Let me know if you need anything else.

Will do. Have a great day!

You too! Take care.
Hi, how are you doing?

I'm doing well, thanks. How about you?

I'm good too. Have you tried the new restaurant downtown?

Yes, I have. It's really good. I recommend the sushi.

That sounds delicious. I'll have to try it sometime.

Definitely give it a try.

Okay, talk to you later.

Bye!
I'm talking to your voice. How can I help you?

Let's see if we can help you. What seems to be the issue?

I'm sorry, I can't understand that...

Let's try this again. What is the problem you're facing?

Ok then, let's try to troubleshoot this. Can you give me some more details?

I think I have an idea of what's going on. Would you like to try a solution I've come up with?

I'm not sure if that's the right approach...

Let's try something else. Can you describe the situation in more detail?

I'm trying to figure out what's causing the problem. Is there anything else you can tell me that might help?

I think we're getting closer to finding a solution. Would you like to try out the suggested fix?

I'm not sure if that's going to work...

Let's keep trying. Can you give me some more feedback on the situation?

I think we're getting somewhere. How can I assist you further?

I think we've found a solution. Would you like to try it out?
Chapter End Notes

Let us know what you thought of this, and if we should do it again!!! If so, we have quite a few different ideas to go with!
Chapter Notes

I am so sorry guys!! I wanted to get this out earlier today, but the computers at school would NOT let me connect to Ao3 (for some strange reason) and then I became severely distracted once I got home. I'm literally the person who see's a squirrel alone the side of the road and immediately stops mid sentence just to announce its presence lol

Oh and make sure that you send major love to Tindo. While I have gone back and edited word usage, punctuation etc...she was the one who essential wrote this chapter. It would not be out today if not for her. This week was complete and utter hell for me and I truly am thankful to have such an amazing friend, such as her, in my life. Everything should start going back to the way it was now so I should be back in business!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dear Husband,

Forgetting my name already? Don’t think I didn’t see that you had started to write out “Holmes” instead of Watson-Holmes. What do I need to do to remind you that we’re married, John? Should I bombard your phone with pictures of my genitals? Write you one of those sappy love letters? Or perhaps I should simply wait until we are together next and show you.

You truly are a walking contradiction John. You start off your letter spewing hate over your new post, but by the end you’re pointing out the perks. While I do share your feelings regarding Moran, I greatly dislike you being so close to all that hostility. Remember, husband, I have internet at my fingertips once again. Therefore I can now monitor the news, thus monitor your safety, which is how I know that the Royal Marines have been called in as reinforcements. Please know John, that if you ask, I will have Mycroft move you to more hospitable location. In the end, I do understand that it is your choice, however know that I will be doing everything in my power to persuade you to take my offer into consideration.

Now that my lecture is out of the way, and I have voiced my concern, allow me to go on to more happier events. I wish you could have seen Mummy when she went to check the post and saw your letter. I actually think she was a bit heartbroken that you hadn’t mentioned her in it. When she found out that I was replying however, she immediately took my father and went to town. They came back with bags upon bags of items for you. I believe she bought out the entirety of the travel sized toiletry items in every store around us. I dare say they won't all fit in this care package.

I remember you once complaining about being an Englishman and not having decent tea. Rest assured, dear husband, you shall never be without tea for as long as my family is involved. I dare say, I shall not waste your time nor ruin the surprise by going over the contents of this box, however I do want you to know that the lube is not of my parent’s doing. That would be all me.

I am surprised that I actually find myself enjoy the time I am spending here with my parents.
mother is a brilliant woman and I truly enjoy conversing with her. My father, on the other hand, while brilliant in his own way, is of average intelligence. It is with him, I find I enjoy my time the most. He’s delightful, can see through my snarky moods, and can calm me down when I find myself missing you and am being.... tempted. Please know Husband, that I am not bringing this up in order for you to worry about me. Rather, so you can know that I am alright. Being home, rather than living alone, has helped me in way that I could never imagine. You are a wise man, John Watson-Holmes, and I love you all the more for it.

My mother is glaring at me, actually glaring at me, as she holds a roll of tape in her hands. I do believe that is my hint to wrap this letter up so she can mail out half of the local shops to you. She wasn’t sure what type of shampoo you liked, so she got two of everything... I do apologize for her overzealous behavior.

I love you my John, my dear Captain, my husband, and I look forward to being able to hold you in my arms again. Please let me know when you’ll be getting your first leave. Mycroft has already promised (under threat of Mummy) to fly me to you, as long as the request in given in a "reasonable time frame". Until then, I implore that you take care of yourself.

Forever your husband,

Sherlock Watson-Holmes
Chailey Green
Nr. Lewes
East Sussex BN8

Postscript. I much enjoyed our text conversation the other night. Please, whenever you feel inclined to give me an encore, I’ll shall be here.

Chapter End Notes

Sherlock loves using the word "Husband" ;)

Also I have a serious question for all of our readers. Concerning any test message chapters that we may do, would you all rather we type out the texts or continue to do screenshots except to NOT lay them out side by side, but singular down the page. Please let us know in the comments!
24th January, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

I hope you don't mind that you're getting this a bit early. I had every intention of posting it tomorrow, when it's supposed to be posted, but I have a full day tomorrow : )

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Whiskey Tango Foxtrot

What. The. FUCK. Sherlock? I logged into my e-mail, you know, MY e-mail. Only to find that no matter what I did, I couldn’t send anything from it. Did see a nice little e-mail from you, stating how to log into this one, and that you took care of transferring all my contacts for me. AND THE PASSWORD WAS ILOVEPENIS. Thank you, Sherlock, that was… lovely. Bastard. Ahh but truly, thank you. I wouldn’t have done it myself, but having it done and ready for me is quite nice.

I adore your mother, Sherlock. This care package seriously is amazing. From the jammie dodgers and tea down to all ten tubes of toothpaste. They'll all be used, believe me. I will admit though, that I have given some of the shampoo away to a few of the men here who don’t have anyone back home. I remember how that feels; needing things and being unable to get them. Also, please thank her for the more hearty snacks. Those dried soup mixes look great and will certainly come in handy when the cook decides he wants to make that “meatloaf surprise” again. (The surprise was probably dog meat. Or it at least tasted like it.) But, the icing on the cake, so to speak, was the little kettle. I just made my own cup of tea in my tent, and I feel human again.

As for initially forgetting to write “Watson-Holmes” I do believe that a mixture of, dick pictures, love letters, and whatever else you have planned would be enough to cure me of repeated stupidity. But please, go easy on me; I'm a fragile soul. I might not be able to handle a sappy love letter written by you. But I will endeavor to live through my punishment.

My love, I fear we’re going to be forced to communicate via e-mail or our phones for the time being. My base is quite literally in the center of some frighteningly heavy bombing. We’re all but cut off from incoming and outgoing trucks/air support. Other than the the trucks and helicopters bringing in wounded, of course. It won't last long, never does, but cleanup will be slow I'm told. Only way in will be through helicopter, and they don't bother with the mail during times like these.

We’re the only strictly medical base around, which keeps us safe. (Ish) Especially now as we’ve opened our doors to accept wounded from both sides. You might wonder why I’d willingly help save the enemy, but please know that when they’re here with me, on my operating table, I see them as human beings. I can’t refuse them the right to live another day.

My correspondence may be short over the next few days, due to the influx of wounded men. So please forgive me if I don't text as much. I promise I'll check in at least every other day to let you
know I'm alright, but for the next few days every waking moment will most likely be spent operating.

Please take care of yourself. Please... I had an awful dream last night. You were captured by a faceless enemy and buried in a sand dune. I dug and dug until I had no energy left, but by the time I reached you it was too late. I woke up sweating, calling out your name, had to check my phone just to make sure it was all just a dream. I'm sorry if my text woke you up last night I just needed to know that you were, and will continue to be, safe, after all. Isn't that what I'm here fighting for?

With all my love and affection,

John.

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to say thank you for everyone's input. We will be sticking with the screenshots, as it would take more time than Blood or I have to transfer our texts to actually written OUT text. Right now its as simple as taking a screenshot, posting it on my photo bucket, then linking it here. : ) I tried copying the screenshots into text, but spent an hour of my time and only got 3 screenshots into 18 of them. Not worth it, honestly.

However, we will be making sure that its one screen shot at a time for you guys, if you go back 2 chapters, I've already fixed it. : )

-Tindo
Chapter Notes

Let me just tell you... that I hope no one has anything negative to say about this chapter. I nearly fried my computer trying to use photobucket for these guys... (I have since found a safer site that does not have viruses pop up every five seconds)

However getting this up was stressful, and right now I just need happy thoughts sent my way.

Please, for people who view on their phone, use my tumblr to view. Links are below.

ALSO: Warning for Porn like images used, hence why I upped the rating

For Mobile Viewers view on my tumblr.

Page One
Page Two
Are you home, Sherlock
-JWH

Depends on your definition of being home.
-SWH

At your parents, you berk.
-JWH

I am "home", though currently taking refuge in Mummy's garden.
-SWH

Hmm. Garden. No good. Not private enough for what I have in mind. Unless you can find a nice secluded spot.
-JWH

Scratch that. Too cold outside.
-JWH

If my suspicion is correct, which I have no doubt that it is, I have a feeling that the cold will not be bothering me for long.
-SWH

Humor me, Sherlock, and just believe me when I say a bed would be much more comfortable for what I have in mind.
-JWH

Fine. Give me a moment.
-SWH

Are you inside yet?
-JWH

Apologies. Mummy insisted on having me listen to some ideas concerning our
Apologies. Mummy insisted on having me listen to some ideas concerning our wedding. Even though we won't be able to have a proper ceremony any time soon, she insists on getting a head start on the proceedings.
-SWH

That's nice. Are you alone? Sorry but I could be called away at any moment and... well... I rather need you at the moment. ;)
-JWH

Yes. I am alone and on my bed like you requested.
-SWH

Perfect. Now tell me darling, what are you wearing?
-JWH

Seriously John.
-SWH

Fine. I'll start. Im barefoot, in my fatigues with a plain tan t-shirt under my jacket, red pants... and of course my tags. I'm sprawled out on my bed with knee bent, foot flat on the bed.
-JWH

I'm laying flat on my bed, white dress shirt, dark trousers with socks. Also, I'm not wearing any pants.
-SWH

Oh. That's a lovely thought. So here's how this is going to work. You're going to guess what I'm thinking. If you guess correctly, I'll take off an article of clothing. Of your choice. If wrong, you take something off.
John you continue to pleasantly surprise me.
-SWH

You're willing to participate? If so, do you need a hint?
-JWH

Hmmm, I'm going to say that you are thinking about much you wish you were here laying with me.
-SWH

Hmmm not quite. I'll give you one more chance to be more specific.
-JWH

if only because you're wearing less than me.
-JWH

Touché John. You're thinking about how much you wish you were laying here with me, to be able to see my face as I gaze lovingly at you, to be able to see how visible my erect nipples are underneath my shirt. You also wish you were here with me so you can personally see if I truly am not wearing any pants, staining my expensive trousers with my arousal.
--SWH

Ahhhh much better. What shall I remove?
-JWH

Your jacket. After all, wearing that in bed couldn't be that comfortable, and I want...
Sherlock

Your jacket. After all, wearing that in bed couldn't be that comfortable, and I want my Captain to be comfortable.
-SWH

Mmm yes. Much more comfortable. Thank you darling. Now, should I guess, or do you want to tell me what I wish you were doing to me?
-JWH

I do believe it is your turn dear husband. So tell me, what am I thinking about right this very moment.
-SWH

You're wishing I was there. As going by your rather snarky response earlier you're in more of the mood to be in charge. You'd want me worshiping you, but while teasing you at the same time. You're wearing white... which means it would be highly erotic for both of us if I were to suck and lave those erect nipples through that white shirt, making it see through.
-JWH

Actually I'm thinking about whether or not the dimensions of this wall are appropriate for that Periodic Table I saw online yesterday.
-SWH

Bastard. Fine. What else am I taking off?
-JWH

Hmmm, I'm thinking your shirt next. Don't want you feeling like you're too exposed just yet.
-SWH

My turn yes?
My turn yes?
-SWH

Mmm right. Shirt is off. I wish you luck darling, with your next guess.
-JWH

You are currently thinking about what it would feel like to strangle me at this juncture. No, not strangle. Punch me, specifically along my cheekbones. I've seen you staring at them, obvious fascination, and no doubt the reasonable target for you to release the sexual frustration currently boiling underneath your skin.
-SWH

Ahhhh no. Was wondering what your toes would taste like and if I could manage to tickle them with my tongue. Shirt off, husband.
-JWH

John Watson Holmes your tongue is going nowhere near my toes. Also shirt is off.
-SWH

Hush. They will if I say so. I see nothing wrong with it. Especially if we've just come out of the shower. Id make sure to scrub you nice and clean, all over.
-JWH

Ahh yes, so my guess now. Im going to go out on a limb and guess that you're horrified over my apparent foot fetish. I assure you, it's more of a Sherlock fetish. Feet don't generally do it for me.
-JWH

That's not fair.
-SWH
That's not fair.
-SWH

Trousers.
-JWH

I feel ridiculous.
-SWH

Oh. Don't worry. The socks will be next. Wouldn't want your feet to get cold now would we? Your guess love.
-JWH

You're thinking about how much you wish you could see me laying here on the bed with just my socks on, about how much you would love to take a picture of it for posterity's sake. You're also debating on whether or not you could successfully use said picture for blackmail purposes which, by the way, won't work on me.
-SWH

Ohhhh such a clever boy. Right then, what will it be? Trousers, pants, socks, dog tags?
-JWH

Oh wait... I'm not wearing socks. You've got me all hot and bothered to the pint where I can't even tell what I'm wearing. Jesus, the pull you have on me, Sherlock.
-JWH

Flattery will get you everywhere husband. Also I believe trousers are the next item we shall get rid of, yes?
-SWH

Oh god. Yes please.
Flattery will get you everywhere husband. Also I believe trousers are the next item we shall get rid of, yes?
-SWH

Oh god. Yes please.
-JWH

Your move Captain. Can you get me to remove my last article of clothing?
-SWH

Oh. I do believe I can. Give me just a mo... need to turn the light on.
-JWH

Now... I do believe that you’re far too busy drooling to be able to think coherently. So... socks off.
-JWH
busy drooling to be able to think coherently. So... socks off.
-JWH

Jaaaaaaaaawn! That's cheating! You cheated!
-SWH

If sending you picture of my pants covered cock is cheating, then yes. Shall I take said pants off as punishment?
-JWH

I hardly see how something of that nature can make up for such underhanded tactics...but it's a start.
-SWH

Shall you guess for my dog tags, or am I keeping those on?
-JWH

Keep those on please.
-SWH

Alright. Then we're both as naked as we're going to get. What now, love. It's your turn in this little game. Are we still guessing, or do you have a better idea.
-JWH

Are you aroused?
-SWH

Very much so. So far my cock has gone ignored, and it's begging for attention. Can I touch it, Sherlock?
-JWH

No.
-SWH
No.  
-SWH

I want you to touch your neck, pretend it's me dragging my lips across your skin. Suck on your fingers first though so they're nice and wet.  
-SWH

Oh, that's lovely... goosebumps everywhere. Do it too, imagine it's me. It feels so good.  
-JWH

This is about you John. Now, get your fingers nice and wet again and flick your nipples a few times before pinching and tugging on them. That's my tongue and teeth.  
-SWH

Ahhhh, Sherlock. My nipples are as hard as my cock. Feels so good. Using my fingernails, imagining they're your teeth. Biting me, tugging them with your teeth. God, Sherlock.  
-JWH

I want you to keep at it until they are raw and red. Then, I want you to wet a single finger and trace circles around your belly button. Do NOT touch yourself anywhere else while you do that.  
-SWH

Jesus fucking Christ.... that should not feel so good. Fuck...  
-JWH

Sherlock, I'm leaking so bad... have a puddle of precome on my stomach... wish you were here to lick it ups.  
-JWH
Sherlock

Sherlock, I'm leaking so bad... have a puddle of precome on my stomach... wish you were here to lick it ups.
-JWH

I wish I was there as well. Can you taste it for me? Let me know how good it is since I can't be there.
-SWH

I'm imagining I'm sucking it off your finger, not mine... it's a bit salty, kind of tangy. You still task taste better.
Sherlock, are you touching yourself? Tell me, please.
-JWH

I told you, this is about you. I will tell you that I'm extremely hard right now, the tip of my cock is very red and precome is dripping down my length.
-SWH

Now, I want you to take your fingers and run your fingernails along the crease where your thighs meet your pelvis. Back and forth. Do it SLOW. Also no touching your cock.
-SWH

Right... rapidly losing my ability to text... that feels... fucking fantastic. Tickles a bit... but in a good way. Wish it was your cock not my fingers.
-JWH

Speaking of, lick your fingers again John. I want you to tease your anus with them and pretend it's my tongue licking at your entrance, begging to be let inside.
-SWH
at your entrance, begging to be let inside.
-SWH

Jess... cn I pleade push them insife....
-JWH

Sherlok. Please. I neef more.
-JWH

Push ONE in, just up to the first knuckle. Wet them again if you need to.
-SWH

Can I use lube? Have some.
-JWH

You may.
-SWH

Mmiddle finger insde... want to push it in. More. Insteadj I'm circling it arond just inside.
-JWH

Insert your finger all the way and SLOWLY thrust it. Also do NOT let it touch your prostate. I also want you to wet the fingers of your other hand and run them along your neck again.
-SWH

MM GOD.
-JWH

Add a second finger John. Slow thrusts. Tease those nipples again just like before.
-SWH

M...more. Oplease
-JWH
Tell me how it feels John. Tell me and maybe I’ll let you have more.
-SWH

Can’t... typing wth one hand... fuck... it feels good... more.
-JWH

I suppose you could be allowed a third finger.
-SWH

-JWH

John, I want you to listen very closely to what I am about to say next. I want you to thrust those three fingers inside you as deep as they can go. I want you to massage your prostate with every thrust inwards, I want you to tease your neck and nipples if you want. But you do NOT come until I tell you. Can you do that for me, Captain?
-SWH

Yyeah. So close though. Need to put the phone down... tell me when i can...
-JWH
Come on my back John. Do it, now. Let go. Mark me as yours.
-SWH

FUCK....
-JWH

Sherlock Watson-Holmes. That was ridiculous. Amazing. Fantastic. Brilliant. I made a bloody mess, and I do wish it was on your back.
-JWH

Your turn now. Unless you've already orgasmed
-JWH

I'm fine. I can take care of it in a few moments. I don't think I'd last long enough for anything regardless.
-SWH

Please... let me help. Spit, or use lots of lube, in your hand. Wrap your first around your cock, get it good and slick imagine it's my mouth, then come for me, husband.
-JWH

John...Fuck...
-SWH

I love you.
-SWH

I fucking love you. So much. I'm sorry if I pulled you out of the garden for something as domestic as this.
-JWH
Sherlock

pulled you out of the garden for something as domestic as this.
-JWH

Honestly, this was much better than what I had originally planned.
-SWH

I'm glad. I was a bit worried that you might be upset my how demanding I was.
-JWH

John...under no circumstances could I ever be upset with you. I love you, you're my husband, you chose me out of everyone to live out the rest of your life with despite who I was.
-SWH

Yes, but me texting you out of the blue for my own sexual gratification, could be considered a bit not good.
-JWH

Why?
-SWH

Because, I wouldn't want you thinking I text you just for the sex. Which I know isn't true, we text all the bloody time. But... just... want you to know it isn't all about the sex. Seems silly, but I need you to know that.
-JWH

I know that. Only a fool would think that's all you're about.
-SWH

However, if it help you to let me know that, then thank you.
-SWH
Sherlock

Thank you, love. So now, tell me, what have you done today? Did you manage to get new strings for your violin?
-JWH

My father did actually. Surprised me with it this morning.
-SWH

Do you prefer this brand over the previous one?
-JWH

Not sure yet. Need to play it a bit more. Maybe I can give you a concert one day via video chat. I am working on a new piece I'd like you to hear.
-SWH

Oh, that would be lovely. And if you allow your mother to say hello, should get her off your back for a few days. Also... if you let slip that I need socks... it would be much appreciated.
-JWH

I'll make sure to inform her.
-SWH

Thank you. It is nice... I won't even begin to pretend it isn't, having you, and your family. Makes me feel a lot less.. lonely.
-JWH

Even with my family I felt alone. You changed that though. You made me feel like I was worth something, that life itself mattered.
-SWH
like I was worth something, that life itself mattered. 
-SWH

Oh, darling, you are something. You matter so very much to me. I wish you could see yourself as the brilliant man I know you to be. 
-JWH

Maybe one day. Though I have a feeling it would take a while. Maybe 60 or 70 years. 
-SWH

I'll do my best to make you see it sooner. 
-JWH

I hope not. You may tire of me once you accomplish your goal. 
-SWH

True, but that's when I'll keep you around for sex. 
-JWH

Glad to know there would be something to keep you around. I'd be worried otherwise. 
-SWH

Mmm I wouldn't let that pert arse of yours go far. Have no fears. 
-JWH

I can sleep quite soundly tonight thank you. 
-SWH

Oh thank god. So darling, I've just been told that I'll get the second weekend in April off. If you'd like to come out. Should get three, maybe four days off. Would
told that I'll get the second weekend in April off. If you'd like to come out. Should get three, maybe four days off.
-JWH

April? I may be able to talk Mycroft into flying me out there then. And by "talk to", I mean force.
-SWH

I can mention it when we video chat, conveniently when mummy is around.
-JWH

Oh you crafty man John Watson Holmes.
-SWH

Oh, I know how to get my way. Usually it involves shouting, but I've been known to do some sweet talking here and there.
-JWH

You are one dangerous man John Watson Holmes and I love every second of it.
-SWH

Well, that is reassuring. Speaking of... danger... I should tell you before you find out on the news. They've been bombing near here. Makes for tricky surgery. Strange feeling the ground quake so much.
-JWH

As long as you're not in the centre of it....either way just, be careful John. Please.
-SWH

Always, darling.
Sherlock

conveniently when mummy is around
-JWH

Oh you crafty man John Watson Holmes.
-SWH

Oh, I know how to get my way. Usually it involves shouting, but I've been known to do some sweet talking here and there.
-JWH

You are one dangerous man John Watson Holmes and I love every second of it.
-SWH

Well, that is reassuring. Speaking of... danger... I should tell you before you find out on the news. They've been bombing near here. Makes for tricky surgery. Strange feeling the ground quake so much.
-JWH

As long as you're not in the centre of it....either way just, be careful John. Please.
-SWH

Always, darling.
-JWH

Mmm so I'm starting to fall asleep. I'm gonna throw some clothes on and run to the loos before I pass out. Goodnight my darling.
-JWH

Goodnight John.
-SWH
I'm posting this for Blood, as she *GASPS* forgot to post it earlier and now isn't around a computer. (More so real life got in the way than forgot, so I think we can forgive her... this once.)

Please... blame her for whatever feels you feel after reading this. For once it is NOT my fault.

---

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk  
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk  
Subject: Apologies

I hope that this email find you well. I have not been able to stop thinking about the warnings of bombings and other dangers that I am sure are littered about nearby. Our recent texts are one of the few things that calm my mind, especially late at night when I have nothing to distract me except my thoughts and the surrounding silence.

Mummy was quite pleased to hear how much you enjoyed her package. She wants me to assure you that another will be on the way quite soon. She was also moved to tears when I told her how you gave some of the items away to other soldiers who needed them. If Mummy didn’t approve of you already, she most certainly does now. I feel like you could get away with anything at this point.

There is something I have been meaning to tell you John, something that I ought to have told you days ago, however I was unsure of how to or even if I should. I was afraid John, I’m still afraid even now, of what you will think of me once I tell you. My father tells me however, that he has never seen someone more in love than either of us and that you will understand. He also says that keeping these sort of secrets will end up weakening our relationship, that he has seen couples destroy each other with far less. I do not want to lose you John, the thought of such an outcome through any means causes a tightening in my chest that threatens to take over my entire body. I am still scared John, know I am terrified even while writing this, but I will press on regardless of my fear. You deserve that and so much more, more than I can ever give you.

It was eight days after I had arrived here. It was quite late and my mind would not settle long enough for me to suffer through even a moment of relaxation. I thought briefly about bringing out my violin, however I remembered such an activity at such an hour was not received well by either of my parents. The internet provided nothing interesting, even the readings dispersed throughout the house provided limited stimulation. In the end, I decided on a venture down to the nearby village would be more promising than lamenting around the house.

I’m smiling right now because I’m remembering how I found myself actually looking for a disturbance, a robbery in progress, even a murder John, a murder! Your comment during our sex holiday has truly brought to light a glorious possibility. However, the thought becoming a
detective, or even an officer, too pedestrian, too ordinary for a mind such as my own. Perhaps there is an alternative I am not aware of yet.

I am digressing, and for that I apologise. During my search for something exciting, I came across one of my old associates. You can imagine how surprised I was to find him. People like him tend to not venture too far from the larger cities as the clientele out here is quite sparse to nonexistent. He was just as surprised to see myself. Last he had heard, my “cock of a brother had abducted me and had hidden away the family embarrassment”. I assured him that, while Mycroft had by definition abducted me, the second part of the rumour was greatly exaggerated. Most of these people however see being placed into a rehabilitation center to be akin to their family locking them into a cupboard in the basement, so I suppose they were correct in their assumptions.

I was tempted John. No, not just tempted. I had practically decided that I was going to partake in what he was offering. There wasn’t even the slightest bit of hesitation. The only thing that saved me was your surprise text that night. You hadn’t even sent me anything special, just a ‘thinking about you, love’ with one of those ridiculous smiley faces tagged on at the end. I am almost sure that I scared my companion with how much emotion suddenly spilled forth upon reading your text. I am not positive though, as I immediately ran back up the main road.

I ran John. I ran and didn’t stop running until I was, not just back home, but back within the safety of the walls encompassing my room. I didn’t use John, but I was going to. If you had not texted me when you had...my father assures me that I would have not truly gone through with the temptation, that I would have reached out to you, however I cannot help but doubt his words.

I am so sorry John, both for what I have just described and for not telling you until now. I know I do not deserve your forgiveness but I hope you can give me at least a portion of it. I love you so much John, know that I love you and I truly am sorry. I do not deserve to have your name attached my own, to soil such a name with my failures and disappointments. Even now, the ring on my finger burns with the reminder of how much I do not deserve you. I can not stop the tears from coming even now. I love you and I am so sorry, for everything.

-- Sherlock Holmes
Soooooooo if you hate this chapter, that's allllllllll me. However, Check back Monday for the other half of their day. We're working on that as I type!!!

ALSO!!!! A very veryy veryyyyyyyyy happy birthday to our beta FourCornersHolmes !!!!!

---

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk  
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk  
Subject: WATSON-HOLMES

Sherlock, darling, I don’t know why you won’t answer my calls. I seriously hope that Mummy has you held hostage at some ridiculous five hour play that’s sung in it’s traditional Italian, and that you aren’t simply avoiding me.

If I’m mad, it is only because you, even for a moment, thought you didn’t deserve to have me, or my last name. Answer the phone, and I’ll tell you how I feel about the rest of it. I’m calling again in ten minutes. Don’t make me call your parents and pretend to be all chatty. The only reason it has taken me nearly two days to get back to you is… no, I’ll tell you on the phone. Deal?

-Your Husband.
29th January, 2006: Phone Call

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

And here is the chapter everyone has been waiting for! :D Warning: our boys are so in love, it hurts. Also FEELS. Though there is also fluff to soften the blow so no worries.

Italics - Sherlock
Bold - John

“......Hello?”

“How was the play?”

“......What play?”

“The one that was clearly more interesting than talking to me, you berk.”

“......I’m sorry.”

“Did you seriously, for one moment, believe that I would be angry at you, Sherlock?”

“John......”

“Mmm.. That’s my name. Oh! That’s another thing! Don’t you ever drop my name like that again. Honestly, Sherlock, that’s the only thing you did to piss me off. I’m not mad that you were tempted, not even upset. Of course you’d be tempted...no matter who you are, you’re dealing with something major, there’s always going to be that pull. And you handled it correctly.”

“...I shouldn’t have been.”
“No, shut up. That’s the kind of talk that gets you in trouble. You’re a living, breathing, human being. Of course you should have been. Proves that you’re not some machine. Jesus, Sherlock you’re fucking stubborn, aren’t you.”

“But I wasn’t just tempted John! I was going to! I was going to…if you hadn’t texted me when you did… I was going to John…”

“But you didn’t, sweetheart. Even if you didn't because I just so happened to text you at that moment. Sherlock, you would have reached out to me.”

“How do you know?”

“Call it faith? Or, if that’s a bit too much for you… love?”

“You can’t be sure using either of those. It’s impossible.”

“Of course not…but, I believe in you.”

“......I miss you, John.”

“I miss you, Sherlock, so fucking much.”

“......I need you…John...”

“I’m right here, darling. You’ve just gotta talk to me. I can’t help you if you shut me out.”

“I’m scared John… I can’t… I can’t… I don’t want to lose you…”

“Who said anything about that happening?”
“You said that if I used again that you wouldn’t be pleased, that there would be hell to pay….what else was I supposed to conclude?”

“Jesus, I didn’t mean I’d up and leave you! Meant I’d give you a scolding, then help you through whatever you need.”

“J-ohn…”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“J-hn…”

“Darling, please don’t cry… Fuck.. I wish I were there, or you here.”

“......I’m sorry John.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for, Sherlock. But, for what it’s worth. I forgive you, if that’s what you need.”

“I don’t deserve it…”

“Yeah… well, I don’t deserve you, Sherlock. You’ve been… well, wonderful doesn’t even begin to cut it.”

“Don’t say that John!”

“Just did, Sherlock…. So, are you… okay?”

“...Not really, but...I think I will be.”
“How can I help, luv?”

“How can I help, luv?”

“Talk to me.”

“Talk to me.”

“Always. Tell me about your day.”

“Always. Tell me about your day.”

“Nothing really to talk about. I’ve kept myself in my room since I emailed you, for the most part anyway. While Mummy was always understanding of my need to be alone, she refused to allow myself complete isolation. When I used to barricade myself, specifically when I was younger, her rule was that she would leave me alone as long as I showed up for meals everyday. Apparently that rule applies even into adulthood.”

“Mmm… well, she did call me, worried about you. I asked her to make sure you were eating.”

“I’m starting to regret letting you two meet.”

“I’m starting to regret letting you two meet.”

“Somehow I doubt that, luv. You love it, and I know it…. …. Oh, so I did mention in my e-mail that I would tell you what has kept me from calling before today. We had a bit of excitement here. Not the dangerous kind… surprise inspection. Some big five star general showed up out of the blue yesterday morning, whole camp was in a tizzy trying to secretly get things in shape before he did his rounds.”

“You mean things were not already in order before then? John, I’m surprised. Are you getting lax with your men in your old age?”

“Excuse me, is that sass I hear?”

“What do you think Captain?”

“What do you think Captain?”

“I think it is. And I’ll have you know that normally things are in tip-top shape. Except we had a bus, literally a bus, of wounded come through the night before. We all pulled doubles,
took care of them, then crashed before bothering to do any clean up. Even in my ‘old age’ I still keep things orderly here.”

“I am quite sure of that.”

“Quite sure of what, that I’m an old geezer?”

“About you usually having things…”orderly”…around there.”

“I’m sorry if you thought I was upset at you….”

“Why are you apologising?”

“I wasn’t able to call right away, hell, I didn’t even see your e-mail until this morning thanks to being up to my ears with wounded soldiers. I can’t even imagine what was going through your head.”

“John, none of this is in anyway your fault. Do you understand? None of it.”

“But I promised to help you, love.”

“And you will, you do. Right now you have a job to do, a job you invested yourself in long before you ever met me. It would be selfish of me to expect you to put me first.”

“Sherlock, listen to me right now. You will always be first in my life. Always. I don’t care about anything else, just you.”

“John…”

“I mean it, Sherlock. Next time call me, call the base, claim family emergency, anything.”
“Mmm...there are times that I forget that we’re family now.”

“Yeah... me too, it's still so new, and we haven’t even had time together...”

“We’ve had some time...time that I wouldn’t trade for anything.”

“Yeah, god no, I wouldn’t either. Sometimes I look back and wonder how it wasn’t just a dream. Don’t know how, during that whole flight to England, I didn't for a moment think that I was meeting you. Thought your brother was pulling me into some secret meeting where he was going to continue to threaten me until I promised to leave you alone. When I saw you... in nothing but a towel, might I add, Jesus, I wasn’t prepared.”

“I wasn’t either, though I am sure it was quite obvious by my response.”

“Oh, you mean running away and slamming the door in my face? Mmm very mature, Sherlock.”

“......you’re horrible John. Absolutely horrible.”

“They say the shy ones are the biggest whores...I guess that’s true with you.”

“Who says?”

“Oh, you know... ‘they’ whoever they are... Why? Want to go tell them just how right they are? How much you love being a whore for me?”

“How can I tell them if I don’t even know who they are.”

“I wonder, Sherlock? Was ‘Woo and fuck a military man’ on your Wellness list?”

“Possibly? What if it was?”
“Ohh….just wondering, really. Just wondering what else I can help cross off on that list of yours. Perhaps…‘live happily ever after’ is on there as well?”

“Happily ever after John? Really?”

“What, just because we’re men means we can’t be happy? Can’t have a fairytale ending? Hmm, I don’t believe it.”

“I was never one for fairytales.”

“Even now?”

“They never interested me. I saw them as ridiculous stories that gave people an unrealistic view on both family and romantic relationships.”

“Sweetheart, this is the part where you tell me we’ll live out our days as an old married couple, happy as can be… I’ll be old and crotchety, probably won’t be able to hear half the time but you won’t care, because you’ll be out tending to your bees.”

“Oh...well...yes....I...I'd like that.”

“Still willing to wait for me?”

“Always John. I’ll never stop waiting for you.”

“Same here, love.... Shit, darling, I’ve gotta go, a patient needs me.”

“I love you John. Thank you for...everything.”

“I love you too, Sherlock. I’ll text you before bed.”
“I look forward to hearing from you.”

“Take care of yourself?”

“I will, I promise.”

“Thank you, love. Right, gotta dash. Talk to you tonight.”
To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Apologies

Know that it is with a heavy heart that I am sending you this email John. Unfortunately, I will be unavailable these next few days. After my almost relapse, it has been decided (against my will) that a change of scenery would be most advised. Therefore, Mummy has taken it upon herself to plan a traditional family vacation. I believe the choice for this year is Spain. Mummy is doing her best to manipulate Mycroft into joining us by promising an extended stay in Barcelona, an area they’re both quite fond of. As much as I despise the thought of going anywhere with them, I’m interesting in venturing into Spain’s capital city for a time.

I shall do my best to stay out of trouble and will email you once I return. Mummy is insistent on there being zero electronic availability during said trip. It’s absolute ludicrous, however you know at this point that going against Mummy is a futile endeavour. I don’t see that from stopping Mycroft from secretly working however. Perhaps I can manage to sneak an email or two. I’m sure he has reset the password on his work laptop after my last unsupervised use during the holiday, though I’m more than confident I can figure it out, as well as break through any added security.

I hope you are doing well John, and know that I am constantly thinking of you. I love you dear Husband.

-- Sherlock Watson-Holmes
14th February, 2006: Sherlock's Surprise

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

A few notes, as always.

1) John's letters/chapters are going to be posted on Sundays now instead of Monday. I don't work Sunday afternoon, where as I usually work ALL day Monday, so it just makes sense.

2) I feel like I don't elaborate on John's inflections, how he says things, or his mannerisms as much as I would like. That's partly because Martin is such a damn fine actor that he does it all with his face. (And I feel a bit funny going "John scrunches up the left side of his face only to show that he's perplexed" or something like that) So forgive me for that. It is something I'm trying to work on.

3) You all thought Mummy was taking Sherlock away from his husband? Think again. And enjoy!

4) If Sherlock sounds different here in these next two chapters, I'm sorry, but I personally write all of this out on my own. I usually ask blood to change Sherlock's wording a bit, but she doesn't really have the time to do it so it's all me. Sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Push over, John." Sherlock's voice broke through John's dream and John let out a sleepy groan as he moved to the edge of his twin sized bed. This wasn't the first time he'd dreamed about Sherlock since they'd parted, but it was the first time it had felt so real: he could almost feel the bed shift as the dream conjured Sherlock crawled under the sheet, and could almost smell Sherlock's expensive shampoo.

"Sherlock..." he muttered out loud, not caring that anyone walking past his tent could hear him. "Miss you. It's been a while."

"Too long." Sherlock agreed and nuzzled his nose along John's jaw. "You should wake up, open your eyes."

"Mm. No. I'd rather not. You'll disappear if I do." John dragged his hands up over Sherlock's body and actually whimpered at how real it all felt.

"What if I tell you I'm really here. That I won't disappear?" Dream Sherlock whispered into his ear, sending good flesh tracking down John's body.

"You always say that." John muttered and pressed his lips against what he thought was his pillow. But when they pressed into soft flesh instead of rough cotton, tasting very much like salty skin and Sherlock he open his eyes and grinned.
"How... you're..." he abandoned his question in favor of tightening his arms around his husband and capturing the deep chuckle that escaped Sherlock's throat with his lips. After a moment of heavy snogging, when they both surfaced for air, he finally formulated his question. "How are you here? How long? Don’t you know you shouldn’t sneak up on a sleeping soldier! I should have shot you!"

"The way you were moaning my name before I even entered the tent? No, you wouldn’t have shot me. Not with a gun at any rate.” Sherlock chuckled as he kicked off his shoes and tossed his jacket aside making himself more comfortable, “Mycroft needed to personally debrief a special ops team not far from here. I managed, well Mummy did actually, to talk him into letting me come along. He just dropped me off here about twenty minutes ago. We have a roughly 30 hours together.” Sherlock settled on his side next to John, wrapping his long arms and legs over his husband’s body and wiggled like a cat until he got comfortable.

"Shit. Had I known..." John groaned, thinking of all the work he had to do in the morning.

"Forgive me if this is overstepping. But Mycroft and I delegated your work to the rest of the base. You have the day off, other than your rounds. Is... that alright?" Sherlock momentarily looked scared, as if he wasn't sure that he'd done the right thing.

"Alright? It's more than bloody alright. Jesus, Sherlock. Let me look at you." John craned his neck around so he could get a look at the man beside him and grinned at what he saw. Sherlock was still pale, but it was a healthy, natural, pale. Not the type of white skin one gets from staying indoors for 8 months. His hair was fuller, darker, curlier, his cheekbones were no longer threatening to poke out, and he wore the most brilliant smile.

"Jesus... you're so much better than a wet dream." John surged forward again and sucked Sherlock's bottom lip into his mouth, rolling it between his teeth before pulling away to get another eye full.

"I'm flattered, John." Sherlock settled his face down on John's chest and listened to the steady sound of John's heart.

"Go to sleep, luv." John kissed the top of Sherlock's head and pulled the blanket up around them.

"No sex?" John could hear the disappointment in Sherlock's voice but he wasn't so easily swayed.

"Mmmm. No. Fell asleep without showering last night and I feel grubby... we can wait until morning. Might even let you fuck me in the men's showers. Anyone could walk in on us."

“Oh, is that a promise, Husband?” Sherlock’s deep voice rumbled out and filled the tent, John found himself wondering just how many strings he would have to pull in order to keep Sherlock with him.

“Wouldn't work, John.” Sherlock whispered, and John blinked in confusion as Sherlock had apparently just read his mind. “They'd never let me stay, aside from Mycroft directly ordering it, and we both know he wouldn't do that.”

“No... wait... I was just thinking... how did you know?”

“Your hand tightened against my shoulder and you swallowed back a sob. Attachment, and longing. Wasn't hard to piece it together.”

“Stop being so damn brilliant, Sherlock, and go to sleep.”
“Yes, sir.” Sherlock said coyly and hid his smile by kissing John's chest.

“Oh, keep that up and I'll exploit every ounce of your military kink over the next 30 hours, Sherlock.”

Sherlock actually shivered, despite the desert heat, and John couldn't suppress a chuckle.

***

John woke five hours later to the sounds of Sherlock’s snoring filling the tent. He couldn't be mad though, because Sherlock was here in his bed, asleep and it was all too perfect. Instead of rolling out of bed and starting his day like he would any other time, John rolled onto his side and pressed his back against Sherlock's chest. Even in his sleep, Sherlock reached out and drew John closer and they snuggled together under the too warm blankets.

He was just thinking of getting out of bed and running to grab them both breakfast when there came a knock on his door. After glancing about the room and seeing that everything was in order, aside from one husband snoring against his neck, he called out, “enter.”

“Sorry sir... didn't meant to disturb you.” Corporal Pines pushed his way into the tent, eyes averted, carrying a tray full of food. “Cook was cleaning up, figured you two could use something to eat.”

“Us two? You knew Sherlock was here?” John regretfully pulled himself from Sherlock’s arms and sat up doing his best not to look amused, clearly this had been more than Sherlock just randomly showing up in the middle of the night. “For Christ's sake, we're not naked. Look at me while we're talking.”

“Uh, yes sir.” Pines looked up and met John's gaze, “He's had this planned for weeks. What with it being Valentine's Day. We've taken care of everything, just enjoy the day off, Sir. You deserve it.”

“Valentine’s Day…” John muttered and shook his head.

“He's right you know.” Sherlock's deep sleepy voice rose up from the pillow and John looked down to see his husband, face still soft with sleep, and pillow lines on his face, smiling up at him.

“Spain... you fucking liar. Family holiday... you bastard.” John laughed and returned the smile with a shake of his hand. “Right, you can put the food down over there,” he pointed to the small desk in the corner, “then I suggest you scurry before I kiss this man senseless. Oh!” John called out as the corporal turned to leave, “best tell everyone to stay clear of the showers if they don't want a show.”

“Or don't if they want a show.” Sherlock chimed in and ducked as John tossed a pillow at his face. “Come now, John, is that any way to treat your husband on Valentine's Day?”

“You sentimental, mushy, love-struck, git! All this so we could spend Valentine’s Day together?” John grinned like a fool and pushed Sherlock down on the bed before stealing a kiss.

“Yes, well, I saw how upset you were after you missed my birthday. I couldn’t sit back and watch you suffer as we spent the most romantic holiday of the year apart.” Sherlock rolled his head to the side and let John drag his tongue along his jaw before he slipped out of John’s grip and slithered
off the bed. “Now husband, you must eat. That is, if you want to keep up with me today. Holiday of Sex and Romance, after all.”

Sherlock picked up the tray and brought it over to the bed and knelt down beside John. He handed the tray over and nudged John, silently asking for room to sit on the small bed. He sat down beside John, trying his hardest to suppress the smile that was threatening to take over his features.

“So, who is this Pine fellow anyways?” Sherlock asked around a mouthful of toast.

“Essentially, my assistant. Thanks to him, I don’t have to deal with paperwork. Anything I need, he’s my man.”

“Anything?” Sherlock quirked an eyebrow over at his husband.

“Not anything, you berk. Some things can only be taken care of by my husband.”

“Right. That’s good.” Sherlock nodded and stole a piece of fruit off of John’s plate.

“How much energy do you have, Sherlock?” John cast Sherlock a side glance as he bit into a second piece of toast. When Sherlock just gave him a questioning look John smirked and gave a slight shrug. “Just wondering how many places I can scratch off my list.”

“List? What list?”

John rolled to the side and reached for the nightstand beside the bed, opened the top drawer and pulled out a scrap of paper and looked at it reverently before holding it out between two fingers.

Sherlock plucked the paper from John’s hand and flipped it over as he looked at it. Multiple creases indicated that it had been folded numerous times. He unfolded it and smirked at the words written on it in John’s messy scrawl.

**Places around base to have sex:**

- Showers
- My office
- Behind the mess tent
- Behind the supply tent

“How much energy do you have, Sherlock?” John cast Sherlock a side glance as he bit into a second piece of toast. When Sherlock just gave him a questioning look John smirked and gave a slight shrug. “Just wondering how many places I can scratch off my list.”

“List? What list?”

John rolled to the side and reached for the nightstand beside the bed, opened the top drawer and pulled out a scrap of paper and looked at it reverently before holding it out between two fingers.

Sherlock plucked the paper from John’s hand and flipped it over as he looked at it. Multiple creases indicated that it had been folded numerous times. He unfolded it and smirked at the words written on it in John’s messy scrawl.

**Places around base to have sex:**

- Showers
- My office
- Behind the mess tent
- Behind the supply tent

“How much energy do you have, Sherlock?”

“Why, you think you can get off more than four times in less than 24 hours?” John laughed as he finished the last of his breakfast.

“Mmm,” Sherlock nodded and smirked, “you can’t?”

“Cocky git, we’ll just have to see about that. Don’t give me any false expectations, Sherlock.” John crawled out of bed, giving Sherlock an eyeful of tanned muscular skin; it was so hot, even at night, that John had taken to only sleeping in his pants and a t-shirt.

“How did I get so lucky, John? What did I do deserve you?” Sherlock lounged on his side, making no attempts to hide just how blatantly he was ogling John’s arse.
“Everything, love.” John said softly then placed his hands on his hips and turned around, raising his eyebrows at Sherlock, catching him in the act of licking his lips while looking at the front of John’s pants. “Can I help you?”

“How close are the showers?” Sherlock rolled onto his back and stretch out, his tight trousers doing nothing to hide his very prominent erection.

“Oh you are shameless.” John shook his head but they both shared a knowing smile before Sherlock shot out of the bed and began digging through his bag for toiletries. “Showers are just three buildings down. Can you last that long?”

“John Watson-Holmes! I’m surprised you have so little faith in me. The real question is, can you last that long? Or did you just spill some juice on your pants?” Sherlock’s eyes dragged down John’s body to his pants where a wet spot was forming at the very tip of his erection. John ignored the comment and turned to gather a fresh set of clothes.

"No, not those." Sherlock exclaimed as John ignored his taunt and pulled out a pair of white briefs. "The red ones. It's Valentine's Day." He pushed John aside and dug through John's wardrobe, pulling out a tan shirt, camo pants, socks and those shockingly red pants then thrust the pile of clothes against John's chest. "Do we bring towels, or..."

"Bring them." John tossed Sherlock his spare towel and picked up a little mesh bag full of toiletries. "I trust you brought lube?"

Sherlock patted his trouser pocket and grinned. John let out a laugh at the thought of Sherlock sleeping with lube in his pocket but said nothing. Instead he pulled on the pair of cotton shorts that served as pajamas, grabbed his shoes and pushed the door open. "Follow me, and don't mind my men..."

Sherlock wasn’t exactly certain what John meant by that, but after the fourth man they passed stopped to salute John as he walked past, he let out a low whistle. "You're kind of a big deal around here..."

"Mm run the place." John nodded, seemed unaffected by the power his position gave him and shooed off a fifth man before he had time to raise his hand in salute. "Keep telling them not to salute me before my shower. But they don't listen," he grumbled and shouldered his way into a long narrow building.

"Toilets are there," he pointed to a row of stalls, "sinks, and... showers." He pushed open a second door that led them into a sort of locker room. On one side was benches, and little cubbies to place personal items in while the other side was a wall of showers, with shower heads positioned every few feet. The showers were mostly open, but there were two tucked to the side equipped with shower curtains.

"That's usually mine. The men keep it open for me..." John nodded to the bigger of the two private showers. "But... I think these will serve our purpose, don't you?" John added with a sly grin as he eyed the wall of open shower heads. Sherlock just stood blinking at his husband as John placed his belongings down and began to strip. "What do you think?"

"I..." Sherlock stammered, John was completely naked now and Sherlock could see that even with their walk here, his erection hadn't flagged in the slightest. That the very thought of someone walking in on them was turning John on so much that he was still leaking copious amounts of pre ejaculate, enough that the tiny bit of skin that was pushed up out of his foreskin was glistening...
proudly against his toned stomach. "Ye.. yeah." Sherlock gulped, suddenly nervous.

"And would you like me to push you up against the wall and fuck your brains out, or do you want to bring the great captain to his knees?" John stepped forward and slid his fingers around the inside of Sherlock's trouser waistband, and gave the fabric a teasing tug.

"Not your knees, exactly," Sherlock regained his footing, both physically and mentally, and smirked down at the very naked, (minus the dog tags around John's neck but those hardly counted as clothing) John and licked his lips, "more like, leaning against that wall. Face smushed into the tiles as I spread you open and impale your body with my cock." Sherlock pulled the bottle of lube out of his pocket and began to undress.

John seized the moment and grabbed up his bag of toiletries, and the lube, and nearly sprinted to the farthest shower head. He turned it on, hung his bag on a hook, and turned to face Sherlock, calling out over the echoing sounds of water, "I'll just be over here, preparing myself."

And sure enough, when Sherlock managed to pull his shirt up over his head and get a look at him, John had one hand snaked around his body and two slick fingers pressing against his hole while the other hand helded one cheek open so Sherlock could see what he was doing.

“Ahhh…. This could be you, Sherlock.” John moaned as he leaned his upper body against the cold tile wall, making his arse stick out that much more, “If only you were naked, these could be your fingers stretching me open.”

Sherlock made a sound that was halfway between a whimper and a growl then began tearing at his clothes with so much vigor that it made John chuckle through his moans. By the time Sherlock had rid himself of his clothing John’s two fingers were already sliding in and out of him with ease, and with little wet squelching noises that echoed throughout the room. Sherlock closed the distance between himself and John with a predatory growl; he then reached down and snatched the bottle of lube from John’s right hand and roughly grabbed the wrist of John’s left, stilling his movements and pulling his hand away from his arse.

“My!” Sherlock pressed himself against John’s body and placed an opened mouth kiss that was more teeth than anything to the nape of John’s neck as he fisted a hand around the chain of John’s dog tags, pulling them taught.

“Prove it.” John challenged, tilted his head sideways and gave Sherlock a playful smirk, “Bite me, Mark me. Prove to everyone that I’m yours.”

Sherlock grabbed a fistful of John’s wet hair and pulled, tilting John’s neck even more to the side, revealing tanned skin, and bit down where John’s neck met his shoulder.

“Jesus…. Yes! Harder, Sherlock.” John began to babble as pleasure-pain shot through his body, solid proof that his husband was here in the flesh and it wasn’t just another dream.

“My,” Sherlock said again, but this time his voice was much softer as he kissed at the angry bite marks that now decorated John’s neck. A soft pop filled the room as Sherlock flicked open the bottle of lube, then he was pressing the bottle back into John’s hands. He slipped one hand down John’s back, and the other down his front, each hand finding their target at the same time. Sherlock’s left hand wrapped around the base of John’s cock, while the fingers of this right pushed inside John’s waiting hole.

“So open for me already, Captain. Do you finger yourself often? Imagining it’s me as you stretch
yourself wide, waiting for my cock?” John simply whimpered and nodded his head yes as Sherlock’s fingers tightened around the base of his cock. “Good… No coming yet, Captain. Not until I’ve gotten off inside you.”

John’s head sagged, one cheek pressed against the cool tile as he panted for breath. He wiggled against Sherlock’s fingers, and let out a sharp cry when the tip of Sherlock’s middle finger pressed against his prostate then pulled away abruptly.

“Are you ready for me yet? Or are you still too tight to take my cock all at once?”

“R-ready, Sir.” John squeaked out then seconds later Sherlock was spinning him around and pressing his back against the wall. Wordlessly Sherlock took John’s hand in his, and assisted John in smearing lube over his cock before he spun the captain around again, this time pressing on his back, forcing John’s chest hard against the wall, and pushed inside John in one swift flick of his hips.

John went limp and only managed to remain standing thanks to the grip Sherlock now had on his hip. One hand dug in almost painfully into his hip, while the other hand still maintained a tight grip around his cock. Sherlock’s teeth went back to scraping over John’s neck, biting here and there as they saw fit. He finally moved his hips, pulling all the way out before thrusting back in. He and John moaned in unison as Sherlock reversed direction once again then pushed in while pulling John’s hips backwards.

“Oh, so tight for me, Captain. I’m impressed.” Sherlock growled and moved his lips haphazardly from John’s neck to his ear, now nibbling on John’s earlobe as his hips began a relentless tempo.

“Just for you.” John croaked out and tried to reach a hand down to stroke his own cock and whimpered when Sherlock swatted it away.

“I thought you said it was just for me?” Sherlock tightened his grip around the base of John’s cock but didn’t move his hand.

“Fuck.. yes…” John sighed and began thrusting himself back against Sherlock.

Sherlock fell into a steady rhythm, taking exactly what he wanted while holding John just at the edge. With every thrust he would purposefully push himself in far enough that he knew the tip of his cock was brushing very lightly against John’s prostate but not enough to provide John with any real release. There was a slight creak and John looked over to his right where the door was just starting to swing open.

“Shower’s full.” he called out, his voice strained as he bit back a moan. Sherlock had decided that now was the exact moment he wanted to assault John’s prostate with everything he had. “Come in here, and you’ll regret it,” he managed to growl out before resting his forehead on the tiles.

“Admit it, you want him to step in here, for him to see his Captain being so thoroughly fucked.” Sherlock growled out the last words, and let out a chuckle as the door swung shut and footsteps could be heard retreating quickly. “He certainly got an earful if not eyeful.”

“Sheerrooocck…” John moaned, his toes curling and despite the strong grip Sherlock had on his cock, staying his orgasm, he felt himself climbing over the edge of the cliff, ready to jump head first. “Please, for fuck’s sake…”

“Oh, I’m allowed to be in control until you’re ready to come? No, I think not.” Sherlock squeezed
even harder and forcefully pressed his thumb over John’s slit.

“ Fuck… yes, alright.” John consented and fully gave into Sherlock.

“Oh, that’s a good Captain, finally taking orders from me.” Sherlock snarled into his ear, nibbling on the tender skin behind his ear. “Now, I’m going to come deep inside you, and then I’m going to let you come. Just imagine, Captain, your muscles contracting as your orgasm rips you apart. Contracting around me, pulling me way past the edge, milking out every last ounce of pleasure my body has to give me. All because of you, John. You… always you.”

As Sherlock spoke his body gave a slight jerk and his movements stilled. Seconds after Sherlock’s hand relinquished the grip it had on John’s cock in favor of long skilled fingers sliding up his length. John was coming before the tips of Sherlock’s fingers had even reached his head, his cries mixed with Sherlock’s moans and he went completely boneless as his vision went black. Panting John fought the urge to sink down to the floor, reminding himself that while cleaned daily, they were still communal showers, instead he leaned against the wall and let out a hearty laugh.

“That was… amazing. But I’m not calling you sir all day.” John rinsed his hands under the spray of water and rubbed his fits over his eyes.

“Oh, I wouldn’t dream of it. After all, you’re the captain, Captain.” Sherlock, who somehow had managed to retain his grace and balance stepped into the stream of water and let it wash over his body. “One down, three to go. What’s your refractory time?”

“Stick around and you’ll find out.” John grinned and pushed himself away from the wall, turning on a second shower head and placing the bottle of lube into his mesh bag, replacing it with a small travel size bottle of shampoo, smirking at Sherlock as he arched his eyebrows at the bottle.

“Oh, I intend to.” Sherlock smirked at the bottle, knowing that thanks to his mother John probably still at at least twenty more just like it. As they showered, voices began filtering into the room through the door, and John shook his head in amusement.

“Clearly, everyone is curious to get a glimpse of my husband. Naked or not.” John rinsed the last bit of soap off his body then turned off his particular shower head. “About done? While I can’t wait to flaunt you around, I’d like to keep certain parts of your body to myself.” John retrieved their towels and grinned as he handed Sherlock’s over to him then looked around, “You didn’t bring a change of clothes?”

“No, I’ll change back in your quarters.” Sherlock’s eyes twinkled mischievously as he, in lieu of drying off, wrapped the towel loosely around his hips. John narrowed his eyes in disapproval, not liking the idea of his husband traipsing around in nothing but a towel as he dressed himself in his traditional camo trousers and tan t-shirt.

John gathered up his day old clothes, made Sherlock take his towel and both their toiletries, and pushed the door open leading into the room with the toilets. There, they were confronted by no less than 7 men. Every single last man was pretending to clean, some with mops, others washing mirrors or sinks, some even cleaning the toilets. John stopped by the exit, and without turning around called out, “This building had better be spotless. Might want to pay extra attention to the last two showers in there.” then he and Sherlock were fighting back grins as they pushed their way back out into the sun.

The moment they were outside, John regretted his decision to not make Sherlock put more on. Sherlock walked ahead of him, practically strutting as he made his way back towards John’s tent. His pale skin was still covered in droplets of water and his hair was still dripping wet. Men, men
who John knew to be straight as a doornail, stopped to look at the pale figure. A low muttering broke out around them when Sherlock disappeared into John’s tent, John only a few steps behind him. The door hadn’t even finished closing before John was tossing down his armful of clothing and spinning Sherlock around to face him. He was met with a smirk and a wink as Sherlock simply waited for John to explode.

“You… put some clothes on. Now. Or so help me if I don’t pass you off to my men to be dealt with. Looking like that here… just… fuck, Sherlock.”

“Looking like what, Husband?” Sherlock sighed dramatically as he pulled out of John’s grip and let the towel drop from his hips, pooling around his feet on the floor. “I thought you liked seeing me in just a towel.”

“I do, yes, but when half the Royal Army can see it too!”

“Half? Please, John, this is just one base, hardly half.” Sherlock scoffed teasingly as he bent down to retrieve the towel, then began drying himself off.

“Oh, shut up you. And put the lube back in your pocket.”

“Now, that’s an order I can get behind, John.”

“Oh you’ll get behind it alright. Or underneath, or on all fours. Whatever I say, you’ll do.” John pulled on his jacket and stuffed his military badge into one of his pockets. “Now get dressed, I have to make my rounds, inspect my troops, and I’m sure as hell not leaving you alone.”

****

Dressed in a tan linen suit, hair pristinely primped and looking very much like an exotic wet dream, Sherlock watched from just a few feet behind his husband, as John went about his duties. He watched with fascination as John delegated, ordered, listened to concerns, and came up with solutions all on the fly. John truly was a natural at his job, and it made Sherlock proud to have any claim whatsoever on the remarkable man in front of him. When all was done, and John had gone over the last of the medical charts, tweaked a few treatments and seen a few of the patients personally, he finally turned around offered Sherlock a sigh and a smile.

“Right, sorry. Gotta keep things in working order.”

“It’s fine.” Sherlock smiled and linked arms with John as they walked through the hospital. “Show me your office?”

“Mm, sure. Just down the hall.” John lead him to his office, which was just a plain rectangular room with a window overlooking the airstrip, furnished with a desk, a laptop, two chairs, a bookshelf with medical books, and a few of John’s own personal choosing. And there, sitting proudly on John’s desk, in a silver frame, was the picture of them on their wedding day. Sherlock traced a finger over the frame and smiled. “People ask me who’s in the picture with me.” John whispered, watching Sherlock with his hands behind his back, standing in parade rest.

“And what do you tell them?
“I tell them it’s my husband. Then I waggle my finger at them a bit.” John demonstrated, bringing his left hand forward to wiggle his fingers, ring finger standing out proudly against the others. “Sometimes they look a bit confused though…” John laughed happily, “if I’ve just come out of surgery, my ring is here,” he pulled his dog tags out from underneath his shirt and tapped the chain, “I might have to take it off, but I refuse to part with it.”

“I didn’t even think about that…” Sherlock fought back a rush of disappointment, “that you’d have to take it off.”

“Mm, I didn’t either. Not at first.” John stepped forward and took Sherlock’s left hand in his, pressing feather light kisses to the silver band, “But I’m okay with it, because I know you have yours on. Keep thinking, actually, that I’ll get a tattoo on my ring finger. Maybe the double infinity sign, seeing it’s on our rings. That way even if my ring is off, people know.”

“I like that…” Sherlock nodded and pressed a kiss to the corner of John’s mouth. “Could do it today?”

“Not today, I’d need a few days for it to heal before I could perform surgery, it’ll have to wait until my first week of leave.”

“Shame, because I was going to cash in on my favour. You know, the one I won the right too (too? to?) by winning our little chess match.” Sherlock stepped over to John and crowded him against the wall, placing one hand beside John’s left ear, and tracing the fingers of his other hand low on John’s hips. “My name… just here.” his index finger drew a line inches above John’s groin while his lips ghosted over John’s jaw.

“Your name?” John stammered, his voice weak as he struggled to breathe.

“Mmmm…” Sherlock hummed, pleased with how easily his Husband was affected, “Property of Sherlock.” he traced his finger over the same spot, pressing a little harder to ensure John felt it, “Right there. Right where you’ll see it every day as you dress, or remember it every time you take a piss. You’ll remember who you belong to.”

John’s breathing was laboured for a few moments before he managed to collect himself. He blinked up at his husband, placed his hands on Sherlock’s shoulders and smiled. “Sorry darling, but I can’t leave base today, and we don’t have anyone I’d trust with to tattoo me anywhere, let alone there.” he patted Sherlock on the shoulder and did his best to look sorry, “It’ll just have to wait. Plus, shouldn’t it say Property of Sherlock Watson-Holmes? That way I don’t forget we’re married again like I did in that letter?”

Sherlock let out a small snarl, though there was no bite behind the noise, and John stepped away laughing.

“Come on, I’ll show you the rest of the base.”

They spent the next hour, walking hand in hand, wandering the base. John would point out random things, the supply shed, the gym, the building that held the humvees that had been turned into ambulances, the mess hall, and the airstrip. John explained each one, explained how a set of sirens would go off when there were incoming wounded, how those who could would stop what they were doing, get the wounded, bring them to the hospital while he and the other doctors scrubbed up. By the time each wounded man (or woman) arrived in the hospital, each doctor already knew what he was facing, and would set to work immediately.

“It’s a bit like a normal hospital. The ambulance calls ahead, lets the doctors know what they’re
looking at, nurses meet them at the door, so to speak, then we get them and save their lives. Or try to, at any rate.” John shrugged and scuffed his foot in the sand.

“That’s brilliant.” Sherlock pressed his lips to John’s forehead. Someone nearby catcalled and John flashed him a one finger salute, the man just laughed and scurried off.

“They’ve all heard about you. Can’t understand how I was able to marry you and leave you all over the course of four days. Said I was nuts.” John took Sherlock’s hand in his as they slowly made their way back towards John’s tent.

“You are mental.”

“Mm, but they don’t need to know that.” Reaching his tent, John stooped down to water the small flowers outside his tent then pivoted on his haunches as Sherlock began chuckling. “Something funny?”

“Well, not funny. But I wouldn’t send me any seeds if I were you. Wouldn’t want me to be able to grow my own opium supply now, would you? However, those are very lovely poppies, Husband. They’re flourishing under your care. The flowers might even open in a day or so.”

“Poppies…” John stood and shook his head, one hand on his hips. “I should have known.”

“Why? Do you specialize in herbology?”

“No, but I’m a doctor, we had to take a course on poisonous and beneficial plants.” John shook his head some more and stared down at his little garden. “Poppies, Christ.”

Taking Sherlock’s hand John tugged his husband into the tent and gently pushed him down onto the bed. When Sherlock looked at him questioningly John just smiled and slotted his body around Sherlock’s and sighed, placing his head on Sherlock’s chest.

“If you tell anyone here that I enjoy a good cuddle, I’ll be forced to kill you.”

“Well now, Captain, no need to get violent. A nice spanking would do.”

“You and your spankings.” John chuckled and hooked a leg over Sherlock’s letting his fingers trace patterns over Sherlock’s body. “I’m too comfortable to get up and spank you. Maybe later.”

“Ah, later won’t be any good. I have a romantic dinner planned for us. Was hoping you could help with the venue.” Sherlock brought his left hand up to place on the small of John’s back while the fingers on his right hand began dragging through John’s hair, over his chin, letting his nails scrape over the stubble found there.

“Oh? Help? How so?”

“Well you see,” Sherlock’s fingers abandoned John’s hair in favor of the feel of stubble, tracing the entire length of John’s jaw, from his ear to his chin as he spoke, “there is this lovely spot, right by the river. However, we’d have to leave base, and I’m not sure what rules that will break.”

“Well, if it is truly my day off, then all I have to do is give myself a pass to leave, and as long as I’m back before midnight.” John smiled into Sherlock’s chest then let out a contented sigh. “I still can’t believe you’re here.”

“Believe it, Husband. Because I’m here. Until 0500 tomorrow. You’ll have just enough time to see
me off before your day starts.”

Chapter End Notes

There is one more chapter before it goes back to letters/emails/texts. That will be posted for me by Blood on Friday.
They cuddled for the better part of an hour. It wasn't until John, who was used to spending his days running around, every moment accounted for, grew restless. Reluctantly John pulled himself from Sherlock’s embrace and sat up. He ran a tanned hand up over his face, letting his short fingers run through his sandy blond hair before he gave up and collapsed against back into Sherlock’s waiting arms.

“I don’t remember saying you could get up yet. Did I?” John shook his head against Sherlock’s chest and his husband responded with a sort of hum of agreement. “No, in fact, I did not. I have, regrettably, not given this scruff of yours enough attention.” The fingernails belonging to the index and middle fingers of Sherlock’s left hand scraped across the respectable amount of stubble that decorated John’s chin and let out a breathy growl.

“I have,” John half growled half whispered, “half a mind to snog you senseless, give you a bit of a stubble burn on that insanely posh face of yours.” John spent the next fifteen minutes doing just that. When he was done the skin around Sherlock’s mouth was red and tender. When he finally sat up and examined his handiwork, it was with a smile. Sherlock was the first to roll out of bed and, as they’d both grown warm in the desert heat and discarded their clothing, re-dress. When he’d finished putting on his loose fitting linen suit.

“Now my dear Husband,” Sherlock pulled John to his feet and handed him his discarded clothing, “get dressed then I have a few orders for my Captain.”

“Oh?” John quirked an eyebrow as he dressed and half smirked at Sherlock.

“Yes. Your orders, Captain.” Sherlock towered over John, trailing a finger over his jaw before stepping just out of his reach, “You are to go to the mess hall and ask for the basket of food I had prepared for us. Then, meet me by the east gate in twenty minutes. Oh, and don’t forget to give yourself permission to leave base.”

Exactly twenty minutes later John showed up at the east gate carrying a picnic basket that looked like it was straight out of a romance movie. He found Sherlock tossing a canvas bag into the back of a running jeep, then watched as he said something inaudible to the guard and gracefully leapt into the driver’s seat. Sherlock lifted his hand to his eyes, shielding them from the bright desert sun and glanced around, grinning and waving for John to hurry when he finally spotted his husband. He was about to hop out of the jeep to help John with the basket but stayed seated when John shook his head and said, “I’ve got it, Luv.” Once John placed the basket in the back seat he hopped
“Alright then, Husband, whisk me away for our romantic dinner. However I should inform you that I have to be back by the last stroke of midnight.” John rolled his eyes at the guard, who was standing beside the gate saluting them, then grabbed onto the side of the jeep as Sherlock stepped on the gas and they lurched forward.

“Why midnight? Will your clothing turn into rags?” Sherlock grinned and expertly maneuvered the jeep through the gate and over the bumpy terrain.

“Mmm.” John nodded, now having to speak louder to be heard over the sound of the engine and rocks crunching beneath the tires, “Something like that. More like, I transform back into Captain Watson-Holmes at midnight.”

“Well, I’ll be sure to get us back before he has a chance to scold us for being out of base.” Sherlock laughed and gave his head a little shake as a stray lock of hair whipped in the breeze and tickled the side of his face.

The rest of their ride was passed in silence. John kept a wary eye out for hostiles while Sherlock focused on driving decidedly not on any road known to mankind. Sherlock dove, with remarkable knowledge of the surrounding area, and drove as close to the river as the terrain would allow them. When they could go no further in the jeep Sherlock put it in park and pivoted, facing John as best he could.

“Care for a trudge, darling?” Sherlock leaned over the center console and took John’s face in both his hands, but maintained at least two inches between their lips as he waited for John to answer. When John nodded and let out a breathy, “yes,” he surged forward and pressed their lips together in a brief kiss that left John wanting more. Their lips had only just brushed together when he pulled away and jumped out of the jeep with a devilish smirk.

“Grab the bag, John! I’ve got this!” Sherlock picked up the basket and took a few backwards steps while John fished the bag out of the backseat. The walk down to the river took them ten minutes, which they filled with idle chatter and flirty glances. Eventually, when they reached a suitable spot for a picnic, Sherlock stopped walking and placed the basket down then took the bag from John. He made John stand back as he pulled a lavender blanket out of the bag and spread it out, taking care to remove any rocks from underneath. Once the blanket was laid out Sherlock placed the basket off to a corner and turned to look at his husband.

“Turn around, John.” He made a spinning motion with his fingers and gave John a commanding look.

“Seriously, I can’t look? John rolled his eyes at the over the top gesture, and stood with his hands on his hips, but finally caved when Sherlock’s plush bottom lip stuck out in a pout. “Oh, fine. Have it your way.”

“It was either that or a blindfold, John. A little bit of mystery just adds to the romance. Or so I’ve read.” Sherlock could be heard, moving about, plates clinking together, containers being opened, then there was a sound of a cork being pulled free from a bottle and Sherlock gave the all clear. When John turned around it was to see his husband sitting, facing away from him, on the blanket with two glasses of red wine in his hand. The picnic basket had been closed and a blanket was draped over the top, and beside Sherlock was three containers. One contained spaghetti, another salad, while the third had garlic bread, which was somehow still warm. Sherlock nodded his head to the empty space just to his left, John’s right. John sat, and and willingly took the glass of wine from Sherlock, but before he could take a sip Sherlock held his out in the air and said,
“To our first Valentine's Day together, may we never spend one apart.”

“Mmm, cheers.” John nodded and clinked their glasses together before taking a small sip. “Christ, that is delicious wine.”

“Mmm took it from my brother’s wine cellar. Bottle was so old it didn’t even have a label on it. When I say took…”

“You stole it, didn’t you?”

“Lifted it… is more like it. Trust me, John, he won't notice it’s gone. He has hundreds more.” Sherlock reached over John and placed his wine glass on the closed basket and grabbed John’s plate and began to pile it with food, not listening to John's protest of, ‘That's enough, really. For god's sake are you trying to get me fat?’ Instead he handed the plate over and said cheerily, “Let’s eat, before it gets cold.”

“Yes, how did you manage to keep everything warm?” John accepted a nearly overflowing plate full of food.

“Never underestimate the power of insulation.” Sherlock flashed John a grin then handed him a fork. “Now eat up. Oh, I did promise Mummy I’d let her know how you liked it, everything here, minus the salad, is homemade. Father got Mummy a spaghetti press and she insisted on making this for us.”

“I will be sure to write a raving review.”

“Jesus, that was… perfect. Everything was delicious.” John stuck his feet out in front of himself, placed one arm behind him for balance and patted his overly stuffed stomach.

“Mmm.” Sherlock agreed, letting out a satisfied sigh, “Here, hold these,” he handed John both glasses of wine as he placed their dirty dishes back in the basket, and pulled out a container of little round balls. Upon further inspection they turned out to be balls of strawberry filled cake covered in frosting.

“More food?” John groaned, but dipped his finger into the frosting and despite his bursting stomach sucked his finger clean.

“When my mother is involved, the supply of food is endless.” Sherlock refilled their glasses and they sat in silence for a short while, each of them picking at the cake as much as their full stomachs would let them before they placed it, unfinished, on the top of the basket.

“What made you think to come visit me?” John asked. Until then, they had been mostly been facing the river, but now John turned his back to the it in favor of watching the sun dip low on the horizon.

“I missed you.” Sherlock shrugged and swiveled around as well, so now John was on his right instead of left. He reached over John, yet again, and placed his mostly empty glass on the basket, silently cursing himself for how loose the wine was making his tongue. “After our last phone call…”

“The one where I yelled at you, told you to never drop my last name?”

“Yes, that one.” Sherlock nodded and lowered himself until his head was in John’s lap, his torso facing the setting sun. “After our phone call, I sat and cried. I cried because I desperately wanted you. To hold you, to be held by you, just to sit and talk with you. My father caught me crying, and
you know what, John, he never once believed I was crying because you were angry with me. He somehow knew, knew that I was missing you, that your kindness was why I was crying.”

“Oh, Sherlock…” John placed his wine glass besides Sherlock’s and bent his torso as much as he could, while bringing his knees up, and Sherlock’s head with them in a sort of half crunch that allowed him to kiss Sherlock. “Jesus, I wish I could be done, could go home. Hell, I’d even settle for you moving here, but there’s no way I’m letting you live this close to danger.”

“But it’s fine for you?”

“No, it isn’t fine. But it’s my job.” John replied sadly, lowering his legs and running a hand through Sherlock’s hair. “It isn’t like I want to be here…”

“I know, John, and I promise that I’m not trying to make you feel bad. I just, miss you. I do nothing all day, except worry.”

“Perhaps…” John thought for a moment, choosing his next words carefully, “perhaps you should do something? Go to Uni? Surely some university somewhere in England has courses advanced enough to keep you busy for at least a year. I bet, you could graduate with a Bachelor’s in, oh, two years flat, if not sooner.”

Sherlock scoffed, “Two years John? Seriously? You know me so little that you would think it
would take me two years to get something as simple as a Bachelor's degree.”

“Oh, so you think you can do it it what, less time? Mmm…” John reclaimed his wine glass and took a healthy swig, “I’d like to see you try.”

“Is that a challenge, John?” Sherlock’s ears perked up in interest. He'd never quite seen a reason to go to university, had always found the thought dull and below his mental worth, but now? Now he felt like it just might be the very distraction he was looking for. Something to keep him busy, and clean, for the remainder of John’s tour, until his husband was finally back with him. “What would I study.”

“Anything you'd like.” John smiled and drained the last of his wine. Sherlock gazed up at the man who had somehow captured his attention, and his heart. John looked relaxed, happy even. The corners of his lips were quirked up into a sort of half smile and there was a bit of red wine staining his bottom lip. Sherlock found himself wondering if his lips tasted like wine, or the cake they'd just eaten, and decided that if he couldn't spend another moment wondering. He reached up a slender hand and cupped his fingers around the nape of John's neck, pulling him down even as he rose himself up. They met in the middle. John's hands encircled Sherlock’s face and his lips parted, their tongues clashed together.

Sherlock let out a needy groan, John's lips tasted of wine yet the deeper into John’s mouth his tongue went, the sweeter John tasted. Hints of frosting and cake exploded around Sherlock’s tastes buds. But it was the taste of John that he chased. Deeper and deeper, until John was moaning and his fingers were threaded through Sherlock’s thick curls. John let out another moan then pulled away, leaning in for one last lingering case before sitting up a bit straighter and looking around. Sherlock gave him a hurt look but John just smiled and shook his head.

“Bad enough we're out in the open. Let’s not give them another reason to shoot us.” then added when Sherlock looked confused, “Homosexuality is forbidden in this country. While it's fine that we kiss on base, let's not get carried away out here.”

Sherlock nodded with understanding and settled himself down on John’s lap. He let out a pleased hum when John’s talented fingers began massaging small circles over his scalp and forehead and closed his eyes.

“We should go back soon, before it becomes fully dark.” John broke the silence after what felt like an age. The sun was now beginning its descent, the golden colour of mid afternoon having changed to reds and pinks.

“Think we’ll finish your list?” Sherlock sat up and stretched, feeling sleepy both from the wine and having just spent twenty minutes being massaged by his husband.

“Mm. No.” John shook his head but smiled, “Probably not this time. Might get to one more, if you're up to it when we get back.”

“Of course. My vote is for your office. Every time you look at your desk I want you to remember how I looked bent over it, spreading my arse wide for you.”

“Well, what are we still doing here?” John laughed and stood up, offering a hand to Sherlock, who took it and got gracefully to his feet. They packed up quickly, knowing they had precious little sunlight left, and Sherlock made no complaints when John declared he was driving.

John’s sense of urgency to get back was urging him to drive faster than they’d gone on their previous journey, the result being that Sherlock had to hold onto the side of the door with one
hand, and grip his seat-belt with the other. While John had assured him that there was no real sense of danger, neither man relished the idea of being off base after dark. They were about halfway back when a movement caught John’s eye and his jaw tensed.

“Sherlock you have about thirty seconds to decide if you want to duck, or grab a gun and help. Three rogue civilians at our nine o’clock. Could become hostile.” John was already fingering a loaded pistol, without hesitating Sherlock picked up the assault rifle from where it sat beside them and flicked the safety off. He’d never held a gun before, aside from an old rifle his father had hung above the fireplace, used in the days of foxhunting, and it felt foreign in his hands.

“Let them shoot first. We don’t want to be the instigators.” The words were hardly out of John’s mouth before the was the sounds of a gun going off. Sherlock saw, just ahead of them, the bullet impact in the ground, sending sand spraying through the air. “Right, now we shoot.”

John’s face hardened and Sherlock had to pull his eyes away from his husband, joining him in facing their attackers. John threw his arm out to the left behind Sherlock and keeping his right hand on the wheel sent three bullets in their attackers direction. The first fell short, but the second, Sherlock noted with satisfaction, came close enough to frighten the men into action, the third hit a man square in the shoulder.

John sped up, and grimaced. The men were between them and base, and unless he swerved hard, which would risk tipping the jeep over, they had no choice but to pass them. Sherlock noticed this as well, and decided that he would he would have time later to worry about morals, and opened fire. He was not prepared for the recoil, and his first attempt at defending himself, and his husband, was useless. He was nothing, if not a fast learner, however, and he quickly adjusted his position and accounted for the recoil.

As he opened fire for a second time, he heard John say “Shit!” and the car jerked to the left before continuing on course. They moved quickly enough that Sherlock couldn’t say for certain if he’d hit anyone, let alone killed another man, and soon the trio were out of sight and they could just begin to make out John’s base up ahead. Sherlock turned to commend John, not only for his excellent driving, but for spotting the men and being such a crack shot while speeding along through the desert. However, when he saw John, with blood streaking down his face, any compliment or praise he had disappeared as he gaped at his husband.

“John… you’re… shot”

“Mmm a bit.” John nodded but kept driving. “We’re almost back, and,” John brought a hand to touch the ride side of his cheek, “it’s just a scratch, really. Facial wounds bleed more, it looks worse than it is.” His fingers pulled away red and sticky, the amount of blood would have been concerning, but John probed the inside of the cut with his tongue through his cheek. “Don’t worry, sweetheart, it’s shallow.”

The rest of the ride was completed in silence, John sat grim faced, holding a rag Sherlock had found to his bleeding face, while Sherlock stared at John in horror. He couldn’t help shake the feeling that this was all his fault; if he hadn’t brought John out of the base, they would haven’t been shot at, and John never would have been injured. How many times in the past two months had he made John promise to be careful, only to go and endanger John himself all for some silly romantic gesture. He was so lost in his thoughts he didn't even notice when John drove through the gate and pulled up in front of the hospital.

“Come on, Sherlock.” John jumped out then looked up at his husband, noticing then just how pale and upset he looked. “Yeah, something tells me you’re less worked up over having nearly been killed and more… oh, blaming yourself. If you don’t knock that off right now, I’ll fuck that guilt
out of you.” John walked around the jeep and opened Sherlock’s door open. “This was not your fault, and the sooner we can get that through that thick skull of yours the sooner we can get to fucking in my office.”

As Sherlock exited the jeep, a passing soldier took in the sight and chuckled, “Did you get shot at again, Cap?”

“Oh, thanks, Lee. Helpful, as always.” John grumbled as Sherlock rounded on him.

“Again? What does he mean, again?”

“Relax, we all get shot at.” John took Sherlock’s hand, not out of any romantic gesture, but to get his husband to get a move on. “Come on, I’ve got a med-kit in my office, you’ll be nurse.”

“Nurse?” For the first time since the altercation in the desert Sherlock smiled and followed John through the hospital, up to the second floor where John’s office was. John fished his med-kit out of a drawer and sat on his desk. “Tell me, doc, will it scar?”

“Huge scar, I’m afraid. People will mistake you for a pirate.” Sherlock joked as he soaked a wad of gauze in rubbing alcohol then cringed as he dabbed it against John’s cheek. “John it started bleeding again, quite a bit, actually.”

“Mm, that’s the alcohol, dear. It’s fine. Keep going.” John’s voice was soft, and he hardly winced despite the sting of the disinfectant. He picked up the closest reflective surface, which just so happened to be the picture of them on their wedding day, and inspected the graze. “Superficial at best. I do believe I’ll live.”

“You’d better, live, Watson-Holmes,” Sherlock muttered and kissed John’s temple. “Mmm, you might need a pirate name, John. This will be visible for quite some time.”

“Oh?” John rose his eyebrow, then winced as Sherlock finished cleaning the cut.

“Ashley ‘The Lion’ Melton.” Sherlock nodded and leaned back, inspecting his handiwork and tossing the bloodied gauze in a bin.

“Ashley?” John recoiled, pretending to be horrified.

“The Lion.” Sherlock reiterated as if that made the name any better.

“Yeah, but, Ashley?” John grimaced, then schooled his features as Sherlock rolled his eyes and applied a bandage. “Do you really want some guy named Ashley fuckinking you in… oh… right now?”

“When the needs must.” Sherlock backed away and let John slide off of the desk. John walked over to the door, opened it and checked that the hall was clear before shutting it and locking it. His window he left open to let in whatever bit of breeze there was then he turned to his husband, who was in the process of unbuttoning his trousers.

"Oh, leave those on, Sherlock. I'm only going to pull them down enough to reveal that pale arse of yours." John walked over to Sherlock and grabbed the waistband of both Sherlock's trousers and pants and yanked them down. He only lowered them to the crook where thigh met arse and Sherlock gasped at how exposed it made him feel.

"That's right..." John undid his zip and reached into Sherlock’s left trouser pocket for the lube then with a broad hand on Sherlock’s back pushed him so he was bent over the desk. "Spread those
cheeks for me. Let me see your hole."

Sherlock obeyed without thinking, his face was pressed against the cool wooden surface of the desk, his arse was jutting out in the air, and now he reached behind himself and pulled himself open with long fingers. John let out a needy moan and then there was the feeling of the thick head of his slicked up cock between his cheeks.

"Think you can take me? All of me? Or do you need my fingers first?" John slid the head of his cock down the crease of his arse, up and down, over his hole then down over his perineum, he would then thrust in between Sherlock's thighs and press his cock against the underside of Sherlock's balls before repeating the process.

"All of it, I want all of it." Sherlock shivered despite the oppressive heat, he had sweat dripping down his forehead landing in little droplets on the desk. "Please John. Every time I sit for the next week I want to remember you, remember this."

"Sherlock," John paused at Sherlock's words and pulled away slightly. "I'm not going to hurt you, if that's what you mean. I don't mind stretching you open, but I refuse to hurt you."

"Mmm that. Yes that." Sherlock muttered and waved a hand in the air apathetically while giving his arse a wiggle then let out a guttural moan when John's hand made contact with his arse with a loud “slap”.

John took a moment, much to Sherlock's chagrin, to press a few slippery fingers inside his husband. When Sherlock attempted to tell John off, the Captain simply gave Sherlock's arse another hard slap and hushed him. When three fingers slipped in easily enough, John abandoned his gentle, if one could call the rapidly reddening hard prints on Sherlock's pale skin gentle, care and wiped his hand on his pants.

"Try not to get loud, the window is open.” John chuckled, pouring more lube out between Sherlock’s cheeks. “Anyone could hear you. Could wonder what we’re up too. Unless that's what you want.” John lined himself up and pressed the tip of his cock against Sherlock's hole and pushed. Sherlock responded by letting out a filthy moan and gripped the far edge of the desk, pushing himself back against John.

John was met with very little resistance as he slowly pushed inside Sherlock's warm heat. He smoothed a hand down Sherlock's back and let out a sigh. Since parting their sexual life had not been boring, but nothing beat this, nothing beat the feeling of Sherlock’s body tightening around him instead of his own fist; and judging by Sherlock's moans, he rather felt the same way.

By the time he was fully seated inside Sherlock John was panting. He had one hand flat on Sherlock's lower back holding him down flat against the desk while the other was holding his shirt up in an attempt to keep it from getting lube stains all over the front.

“Fuck, you're so bloody tight.”

“Will that be your excuse when you don't last more than three minutes?” Sherlock, despite having a dick in his arse, still managed to sound regal and poised as he teased John. More teasing than his words, however, was the telltale clench of muscles around John and the Captain let out a grunt of pleasure. John reversed direction, letting himself all but slip out until only the very tip of his cock was still inside Sherlock then slammed his hips forward.

“Harder, John!” Sherlock growled, needing to not only see, but feel, how very alive John still was.
Had the bullet stayed even a millimeter to the right, their story would be a very different one right now. John's hand on his back felt like it was made out of molten metal, searing a brand into his skin, even the sound of John's breathing was amplified as adrenaline pumped through both their bodies.

John did not disappoint. He gave Sherlock exactly what he asked for, thrusting so hard and fast inside him that the desk began to slide across the floor, its legs leaving scratches on the wooden floor as they fucked. A series of cat calls could be heard just outside the window, as a man, or possible two, listened to their Captain and his husband. John broke out grinning and let out a groan as Sherlock let out a cry, screaming for it harder and faster.

“Right there, John. Jesus Christ right there! That’s it, fuck me, harder!” Sherlock had now abandoned any attempts to remain quiet, and John was enjoying himself far too much to care, instead he put whatever bit of mental clarity he had left into repeatedly aiming for Sherlock's prostate. “John! I’m going to come.” Sherlock threw himself backward, impaling himself further then his whole body shuddered and tightened around John then he went limp against the desk. John chased the last ounces of his pleasure, his fingers twisted in Sherlock’s shirt and he felt every muscle in his body tense. With one last thrust that left him buried to the hilt inside Sherlock, John let out a broken cry, came, and slumped against Sherlock on the desk, Sherlock began letting out little huffs of laughter as John pressed exhausted kisses to the back of Sherlock’s neck. It took John a moment to figure out why Sherlock was laughing, but soon his ears were able to pick up the sounds of scattered applause filtering in through the window. John groaned and rested his forehead against Sherlock’s back, which only made Sherlock laugh even harder.

“I assume this is a new side of their Captain, a side which they haven’t yet been privy to.” Sherlock gently pushed John off of him and went to the window. Wordlessly he looked outside, giving everyone a full view of his messy curls, before shutting the blind with a smirk.

“No, not a side of me they’ve seen. As this has been my… second sexual encounter since arriving here, aside for our texts.” John fixed his trousers and gave himself a once over in the mirror he had hanging on the back of his office door. He brought a hand up to run a finger over the bandage on his cheek then turned to smile at Sherlock. “You did a good job, might just keep you around to help out.”

“Empty promises, John…” Sherlock returned the kiss then stepped in front of the mirror, fixing his clothing and twisting a few curls until he found himself presentable again.

“Come on, let’s get back to my tent. I have two months of cuddles to make up for.” John took Sherlock’s hand and pulled him out of the office.

***

“Sherlock, sweetheart?” John kissed Sherlock awake, he was already dressed, had probably been awake for quite some time but had crawled back on the bed to be with his husband. “It’s half past four. You’ve gotta leave in a half hour. Should probably get dressed, yeah?” he pushed a stray curl away from Sherlock’s eyes and kissed his cheek again.

“Mycroft has seen me naked. Don’t know why I need to get dressed.” Sherlock grumbled and
pulled a pillow over his head.

“Because I’m not letting you walk across base naked. Now come on, get dressed. I already brought us breakfast.” John pulled away and patted Sherlock on the butt.

It took Sherlock another five minutes to pull himself out of bed, he dressed quickly then he and John shared a hasty meal of what Sherlock assume was supposed to be waffles but tasted more of cardboard with butter spread over them. John then silently helped Sherlock pack his dirty clothing then they shared a small smile.

“It seems this time I’m the one leaving you.” Sherlock stepped close to John and bent down to press their foreheads together as he wrapped his arms around John’s body.

“If I let you go.” John chuckled faintly and brought his hands up to twist in Sherlock’s shirt at his chest.

“My brother won't give us a choice. But I’ll see you in a few months.” Sherlock pulled away, blinking rapidly while clearing his throat.

“Two months.. Give or take.” John nodded then took Sherlock’s bag and slung it over his shoulder, “Come on, I’ll walk you to the helicopter pad before I start my rounds.”

They walked through the base hand in hand. Sherlock found himself surprised at how lively the base was for such an early in the morning, but he soon lost interest when John’s fingers tightened around his. He looked over at his husband and squeezed his hand in return when he saw the single tear streaking down his face.

“Would it have been better if I haven't visited?”

“Christ no,” John replied immediately, shaking his head violently, “I'm just not used to saying goodbye.” By now they had reached their destination and the sound of a helicopter idling could be heard over the early morning din even before it could be seen. As soon as it came into sight John stopped walking and embraced Sherlock, he ran one hand over Sherlock’s hair while the other stayed anchored against the small of his back. Sherlock melted into the embrace and neither man bothered to hide their tears.

“Take care of yourself?” John tilted his head backs and they shared a salty kiss, he then moved his hand from Sherlock's hair and used his thumb to brush away his tears.

“I will. For you.” Sherlock nodded and chewed on his bottom lip, John silently took the bag off his own shoulder and slung it over Sherlock’s and took a step back. “You too, no more getting shot at.” He reached forward and ran a finger over the bandage on John’s face.

“What, this old thing?” John grinned, touching his injury and trapping Sherlock's finger against his face with his hand. “This was nothing,” when Sherlock didn't smile, but raised his eyebrows to indicate how not amused he was John nodded and added, “I'll do my best. Especially now that you won't be here to patch me up.”

Sherlock happened to glance over at the waiting helicopter and was just in time to see Mycroft lean forward to look outside and see what the holdup was. With one last lingering kiss that was more tongue than lips, he tore away from his husband and began the solo walk to his ride. He didn't look over at John until his harness was attached and his bag properly stowed. When he did look at his husband, he found John standing with his hands behind his back, face set, determined not to cry. He nodded his farewell then there were butterflies in his stomach as the helicopter lurched and
began to hover.

“Two months love,” John whispered to the sky as he watched until the chopper was nothing more than a speck in the sky, then gathering himself he turned to start his day.

Chapter End Notes

Link to the lovely who composed the art for our work!

http://procoffeinating.tumblr.com/post/156946072598/this-piece-was-commissioned-by-the-super-lovely
15th February, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

I was tired when I wrote this, so blame John's rambling on me. Sorry if it isn't the best letter I've ever written.

William Sherlock Scott Watson-Holmes (Yeah, your full name is on our marriage certificate.),

Watching you fly away was the hardest thing I’ve ever done. I didn’t even last half the day before I sat at my desk starting a, then blank, piece of paper. Sherlock, my love, I’m amazed by you. How did I get so lucky, to have you as my husband; a man who flew over four thousands miles to spend one day with me. A man who understands and puts up with a husband who cannot offer him more than a few days every couple of months. I almost find myself wishing that we hadn’t met, not until I’m home for good, however I wouldn’t trade what we have for anything in the world.

Despite the fact that most of the base did not get to see you, you are the topic of the hour. It seems everyone wanted to get a glimpse of you, and those who didn’t can’t stop asking questions. Judging by the type of questions being asked, I’m not sure I should allow you back on base, what with the distractions you seem to have caused. That could very well be my excuse for wanting to keep you all to myself however.

When I’m done with the army, Sherlock, will you go away with me? Let’s go on some grand adventure. Some over the top holiday where we can be annoying tourists. Let’s go to Australia, or New Zealand. Someplace far away, I don’t care where, just as long as I’m with you.

What do you think life will be like when I’m home? Will we get sick of each other, or will we be the type of couple who makes living together look easy? I can be a difficult person to get along with, I have a bit of a short temper and when I get angry I tend to storm out and walk it off. I’ll need a job when I get back, maybe a job at a hospital or a local clinic, that’ll help. It’ll get me out of the house from time to time, that way we’re not at each others throats all the time. Speaking of flats, with what I’ve been sending home for you, we should have enough soon for a flat. What are your thoughts on moving out of your parent’s? Do you think you’re ready?

I’m rambling, love… I’m sorry, I do that when I’m nervous. You’re in the air right now, flying home, and for some reason knowing you haven’t safely landed yet is nerve wracking. It’s only been five hours yet I keep checking my phone waiting to hear from you. I have rounds I should be making, patients I should be checking on, yet I’m sitting at my desk writing to you. Every time I close my eyes I see you, bent over my desk spreading your cheeks wide for me. The floor in here is all scratched up from the desk sliding halfway across the room. That should be fun to explain to whoever takes over for me when I leave. On second thought I might let you do the explaining.

My nerves are killing me and I don’t wish to bore you with my ramblings, so I am going to put this letter aside and go tend to my work. I’m certain, that once I know you are home safe, I’ll be able to write something a bit more fitting of a grown man. Hell, I might even scrap this whole letter and start over. I love you, Sherlock, and I can’t wait to know that you’ve safely landed back home.
You’re home, back with your parents, and I can once again think straight. I was going to scrap this letter, can probably tell by the state of the paper that I balled it up and had even tossed it in the trash. However, I realized something. By doing that, throwing this out, I was keeping a part of myself from you. I’m a man, and a British one at that, I don’t do “Feelings”. I’m not good at it, any of it. So letting you see my raw rambling self is not easy, but something I am happy to do for you. It is so much easier to do over paper, than in person, Darling when we’re finally living together, if I ever stop calling you sweetheart or anything of the sort. Tell me. Do not hold back. I swear to god I’ll want to know.

I’m sorry that this letter has bounced from topic to topic, and I’m sorry to leave it as it is. I’m tired, I miss you, and I’m hungry. I haven’t eaten anything since you left this morning, so I’m going to pull myself together and go bug the cook. I’m certain it won’t be quite as good as our picnic last night, but maybe he’ll have made something halfway decent.

I love you, Sherlock, and again, thank you for visiting me. It certainly was a Valentine’s day I’ll never forget.

-John Watson-Holmes

PS. You sneaky bastard. I walked into the kitchen to find you’d left me food! Christ, I love you!
1st March, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

I was cursed by the destroyer of worlds for a week (flu), hence the very VERY sparse of activity with comment replies, but I'm almost back at 100% now (:)

I hope you guys enjoy this nice little email from our adorable, yet maybe not quite so innocent anymore, smol boy ♥ I had some difficulty figuring out what to write at this juncture, but I think it came out pretty well right? Let me know!

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: EXCITEMENT!!!

John! You are not going to believe what has transpired! Apparently a human torso was found floating in the Thames this morning along the south bank in London! Apparently the police are being pressured into figuring out who the torso belongs to, as well as figuring out who put it there, because of some boat race that takes place at the end of this month. Something about disruptions, cancellations, and scandal. Dull if you ask me, however the torso and its implications are quite fascinating! From what I can ascertain, the police have zero evidence and absolutely no outside information to go by. I’m wondering if I can convince my father or Mummy to take a trip into the city for a day. Maybe I can sell something about lunch and then pawn them off on Mycroft, leaving me the rest of the afternoon and evening to go observe where the body was found! I wish I could figure out a way to examine the body, or what’s left of it. That is the question though. Where is the rest of it? Was the victim chopped to pieces and then scattered to make identification more difficult? Or did the killer keep the rest. Oh John this is exciting! I wish you were here to share in this excitement!

I’ve also thought more about your suggestion about getting my own place and possibly going back to University, the latter if only to help keep my mind from rapidly deteriorating. I’m still not quite sure about going back and surrounding myself with idiots, however the more I visualize myself away from the watchful eyes of both my parents and brother, the more appealing such an idea becomes. Also, the idea of you and myself forming a life together, specifically someplace that we can construct as our own, I’m almost ashamed to say exactly how much it makes my chest hurt. I feel as if my body is trying to suffocate me.

Is it always like this? Will it always be like this? Part of me hopes that is does. The other part hopes that it does settle down after time has past. I don’t know if I can handle these sensations if they continue at this level for the rest of our lives. If they do recede however, will I end up missing them? Or will they still linger but at a different intensity, a dull ache that is more pleasant than
overwhelming. I’ve never felt anything even remotely close to what I feel for you, so I am not sure on the logistics of it all.

Let me know how you are. I saw a report on how things are becoming a bit more intense over your way. I know you’ve assured me, on numerous occasions, that with your position and rank you’re quite safe. I can not help but worry about my dear husband's safety, especially when I’m not able to do anything except sit and wait for your reply.

I love you.
To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk  
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk  

Subject: Facepalm  

Of course I’m married to possibly the only person (other than serial killers) who gets excited over a dead body. Please, for the love of god, don’t secretly be a serial killer. That would… put a damper on our marriage. Don’t worry though, I’m fairly confident that if you were one, Mycroft would know and would have told me. ; ) Sorry, didn’t mean to insinuate that I thought you were a serial killer… I was just attempting a bit of humor which got lost in the fact that we have to communicate mainly through text.

While a dead body is certainly an odd thing to be excited about, I can’t help but smile at your e-mail. I’m curious to know if you got a chance to examine it and if so what you discovered. I have no doubt that, if given the chance, you could solve the mystery surrounding that poor soul’s death. You’re a brilliant man, Sherlock Holmes, and if this excites you (solving murders, not dead bodies, exactly,) then you have my full support.

I don’t wish to underestimate the danger myself and my men are in, but things are dull here. A convoy full of medical equipment (headed to us) was attacked about three days ago. They were ambushed while crossing from Taliban controlled territory to where I am, which is mainly contested control. The convoy was a total loss, thankfully most of our men escaped, we’re patching them up now. We work closely with the Americans, who far outnumber us. They have a base not too far from us, and have gladly shared whatever resources they have available. Our next shipment is coming in via aircraft, which should be here sometime this afternoon.

I don’t know if things get easier emotionally, luv. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before. I wake up, and the first thing I do is check my phone to see if you’ve messaged me, then scroll through my pictures while imagining you’re beside me. It might get easier, when we’re finally together. Might be less of a “punch of the face” and more of a “Holy shit, I love this man, he both drives me crazy and makes me smile.” The one thing I do know, whatever feelings we have, I’ll be proud to have them. If this passion, as I can think of no other way of putting it, never fades then perhaps we should consider ourselves lucky? So many marriages fail because that spark is gone, and I wouldn’t wish that on us just so this ache in my chest would go away. Oh, Sherlock, I wish you were here right now. I wish I could spend the rest of my afternoon and evening laughing and chatting with you. It comes so naturally, when we’re together. We can spend hours not talking, or hours chatting about ridiculous topics.

I seem to have run out of things to talk about, yet this page isn’t quite full. (I know… it’s an e-mail not a letter. But still, habits and all.) So, please sit back and enjoy these odd, but true facts.

1. Hippo milk is pink.
2. Saudi Arabia imports camels from Australia.
3. The YKK on your zipper stands for “Yoshida Kogyo Kabushikigaisha.” (Though you’re too posh for zippers, so you probably didn’t know that.)
4. Carrots, before humans messed with them, were originally purple.
5. Oxford University is older than the Aztec Empire.
6. France was still executing people with a guillotine when the first Star Wars film came out.
7. A strawberry isn’t actually a berry. But a banana is.

Don’t believe me? Look it up. I swear to god that’s all true. We do a lot of trivia nights here, and I’m the mother fucking king, baby.

I love you, Sherlock Watson-Holmes. Let me know how things progress with your case, yeah?

-John.
New chapter had to be added via my phone so apologies if it ends up looking messed up. Once I can have access to my computer, I'll come back and touch it up if need be (:
to go within 3.6 meters of Scotland yard for a specific period of time. It’s all utterly ridiculous.

I truly hope that your week has been more eventful than my own, obviously only to a point. Also, let me know if there are any items you may need. While I continue to inform Mummy that you are well taken care of, she has herself convinced you’re incapable of functioning by yourself and must be on the verge of expiring.

Eternally Yours

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Update 12/03/06

I have a sneaking suspicion that the police share in your humour, as I’ve noticed a few undercover individuals keeping a close eye on my movements. This whole situation just keeps getting more exciting by the day John!
To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject:

You are so bloody lucky that cellular service has been knocked out by a heat lightning storm. Or else I would be yelling the following into your ear instead of loudly typing:

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU GOT ARRESTED!? HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY MENTAL?? I bloody would have left you in the holding cell for a week had I been in Mycroft’s place! “Utterly ridiculous” my arse! You fucking deserve it. You don't break into a building just because no one will listen to you. And I'm not sure you know me very well if you think the police and I share the same humor. This whole situation is pissing me off. I need to go cool off. Not finding any of this “funny”.

-John.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject:

Right. I've had time to cool off a bit, went to the gym and ran a few miles until I could think clearly.

While I don't agree with your methods, I can't say you were completely wrong. (MOSTLY WRONG, mind you.) Still, you should have found another way to prove yourself instead of breaking and entering. First impressions and all that, Sherlock. While they might not mean much to you, Scotland Yard is not someone you want as an enemy.

If they truly have plainclothes officers following you, use that to your advantage. Show them what you can do, solve their case while your are still under their watch. But for the love of the Queen herself, be polite. Even if it kills you. Mind your T’s and dot your I’s. Give them a reason to drop that restraining order. If at all possible, you want to work with them.

How was London? Did you check out universities? I can always put in a good word for you at St. Bart’s. While mainly a medical school they do have other classes. Have a decent chemistry program, and it's small enough that you wouldn't be “surrounded” by idiots. Probably just “flanked” by them.

You might not hear from me much over the next 9 days. Some big shot general is coming to take over base while my top medical staff, and myself, are sent off for some training. Something to do about Performance and Results Information System. I wish I could tell you where I was being sent, but even if I could I doubt I'll be given any downtime. Still, would have been nice. I leave tomorrow, so tell your mum I don't need anything at this moment. Most of what she’d send I can get on my trip.

Not exactly looking forward to this trip… long days spent in seminars, lonely nights (not that here is any better) won't even be able to go enjoy the food the city has to offer often. However, as I have no choice, and the seminars should be mildly interesting, I shouldn’t complain.
I should go pack… do me a favour, Sherlock. Don’t get arrested again? Yeah?

Love you, you daft idiot.

- John
14th March, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

This chapter (email) is quite short, and for that I do apologize. Aside from school work, most of my time now is going to be consumed by psychological research (something I am quite excited about). However, I will do my best to not let my chapters become obsolete or lack luster. Even if they are shortish, you can be assured that they will still contain enough Sherlockian awesomeness (:)

Speaking of, let me know what you think of this little beauty! Adore you all!

---

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Reassurance

Honestly John, your worry is quite unnecessary. The individuals who have been assigned to observe me are far from intelligent. I’ve given them the slip numerous times to the point it has been quite entertaining. I will be honest, I’m starting to run out of creative ideas for my vanishing acts. It’s quite unfortunate as the situation has been a primary source of mental stimulation. About the only time they have any clue to where I am located is when I am home. It’s almost laughable to see the relief on their faces when I’ve decided to stay in for the day.

There may be some truth to your advice however. I am having a difficult time adhering to the order while being able to collect any more useful information. Mummy does seem to have some solution to my situation. She has taken to inviting them in for tea on a few occasions. She is quite aware of what is going on, and you will be pleased to know that I received a similar scolding from her as well. She said her actions are a means to “make nice”. She also mentioned something about how “men well fed by an attentive woman tend to have loose mouths”, whatever that means. If I am able to acquire more freedom in my search, as well as get valuable information, that is all that matters to me.

Performance and Results Information System you say? Sounds boring. Hopefully something exciting will happen. Something delightful, yet slightly unexpected. Ironically, I shall also be unavailable for those days as well. Nothing too terribly interesting, honestly you most likely wouldn't be interested so I won’t bore you with the drastic details.

Here is to an enjoyable upcoming set of days for the both of us.
15th March, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

I apologize for how long it has taken for me to get this out, and for how little it is... I've just entered into a new relationship, and he's been getting most of my free time. Plus work is insane, and we got 20 inches of fucking snow yesterday, so I was out taking care of that. Until we go back to letters, the schedule might be a little off. I'll post when I have stuff written... I won't write much for this "meeting" because I simply don't have the time, and I have 4 other WIP's that have not seen an update since Feb... so I REALLY need to take care of those. Please be patient, as you always are!

I've also added our beta reader, FourCornersHolmes as a coauthor in case she needs to edit my crap on the fly. I tend not to look back for errors when I'm in a time crunch, so she might have a lot of work to do on this chapter! Plus, she helped me out by actually WRITING some of this chapter for me because I literally have NO time and B is busy with school and can't more than just Sherlock's letters.

Thanks guys!

“Hey, Cap!” Pierce ran through the hall on the second floor of their hotel and caught up with John just as he reached his room. “Bunch of us are hitting the bar, you should join us.”

“Mmm.” John smiled politely but shook his head, “Think I’ll call it a night. Jet lag, long seminar… bit exhausted, really. Have a shot for me though, yeah?”

“Sure thing!” Pierce clapped John on the back and took off at a half run to catch up with two of their mates, even as two more men, some of John’s best doctors, stepped out of their rooms in civilian clothing. He waved them off and was about to call out to them, telling them not to stay out too late, but thought better of it. He fished around in his pocket for a moment and drew out a plastic key card and slid it into the slot. The lock clicked and he shouldered the door open.

The room was your typical hotel room, and he entered into a short hall, the bathroom door just to his right. To his left was a coat rack and on it, much to John’s pleasure, was a long grey woolen coat. A Belstaff. He knew that coat well. Grinning like a mad man he slung the strap attached to his laptop case over his head and stepped from the hall into the small room.

“Yes, sweetheart.” He placed his laptop on the floor, leaning it against the wall, kicked off his shoes and faced the bed. Sherlock was sprawled out on his back, eyes closed, and fingers steepled together just under his chin. If it weren’t for the smile flickering over Sherlock’s face John might have thought him asleep he was so still. John crawled onto the bed, maneuvering himself on all fours above Sherlock and immediately lowered his face until his nose was pressed into the hollow of Sherlock’s neck. Inhaling deeply he smiled and said between pressing wet sloppy kisses to Sherlock’s pale skin, “You smell heavenly.”

Brilliantly blue eyes opened, plush kissable lips parted, a soft moan escaped from Sherlock’s throat as his hands abandoned their previous position in favor of stroking down John’s back.
“Somehow,” John kissed each of the freckles on Sherlock’s neck, “I didn’t doubt you’d find me.”

“No?” Sherlock’s voice, deep and baritone, rumbled out in almost a purr as he tilted his neck in a silent request for more.

“Mm no. What with my husband being a genius and all.” John continued kissing, slowly working his way up that pale neck, his cock growing thick and heavy with each kiss. “Jesus, I missed you.”

“Missed you mmmfff…” Sherlock managed to mumble out moments before John’s lips found his. John gently sucked Sherlock’s bottom lip into his mouth and rolled it between his teeth. He released it, humming his approval when Sherlock’s tongue flicked out and brushed against his lips. He parted his lips and soon Sherlock’s tongue was all but invading him, long fingers were now grabbing at his hair, his neck, his ears, desperate for something, anything, to hold on to.

“Get…” Sherlock nipped at John’s jaw, “this…” his hands pulled at the collar of his shirt, “off!” he tugged so hard John was afraid a button might pop so with one last kiss he sat up, putting all his weight on Sherlock’s thighs and began working the buttons open.

“Demanding?” John cocked an eyebrow and chuckled when Sherlock smirked and rolled his eyes, canting his hips upward to show off the prominent bulge, his thin dress trousers doing nothing to hide it. “Yeah, yeah, I’m right there with you. Give me a mo.” Sherlock, apparently, was not in a giving mood. Finding John too slow he reached forward and began undoing John’s belt and trousers, pulling them open and snaking a hand through the fabric.

“Oi! Let me…” with his shirt now off John had to shimmy Sherlock’s hand free and roll off of him before he could remove his trousers and pants. Somehow, without making much sound at all, Sherlock had removed all of his clothing and was on top of him, pressing their bodies together.

“Hey…” John grinned and gently pushed Sherlock away, leaning up for one last kiss, “Slow down, sweetheart, we’ve got all night. All week, if you’re staying.”

Sherlock nodded and fixed John with a sly smirk, “All night, I thought you were exhausted.”

“Ahh, yeah, you heard?” John sat up, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed while flashing Sherlock a grin, “Said that, because I was expecting company, and I don’t feel like sharing you tonight. Tomorrow we’ll go out, seminar day after tomorrow doesn’t start until just after lunch so I can get a bit sloshed, if I want.” John stood up and reached his hands up in the air, moaning as he stretched. His chest expanded as he sucked in a deep lungful of air, then exhaled with a groan.

“Come on, come shower with me. We’ll order dinner after.”

“Fine, but you’re making me orgasm in the shower. I refuse to be cockblocked by my own husband.” Sherlock stood, though to John it looked more like the way a slinky moves when it’s being manipulated down the stairs. First Sherlock’s legs moved over the edge of the bed while flashing Sherlock a grin, “Said that, because I was expecting company, and I don’t feel like sharing you tonight. Tomorrow we’ll go out, seminar day after tomorrow doesn’t start until just after lunch so I can get a bit sloshed, if I want.” John walked around the bed, took Sherlock’s head in his hands and kissed him, pulling away after a moment to smile softly up at him.

“Order now? That way it’s here when we’re done showering?”

“Not hungry.” Sherlock shrugged, snaking his long torso down for another kiss, doing his best to distract John enough so he could get him on the bed again.

“Yeah, not happening. You’re eating.” John pinched at Sherlock’s side and tutted disapprovingly, “Still skinny… not skipping meals on my watch.”
“Give it five years, and you won’t be saying that. My metabolism will catch up, and you’ll be rolling me away from the food.” Sherlock huffed and actually let out an annoyed groan as John pulled away, again, and began walking towards the phone.

“Mmm. Whatever you say, Sherlock.” John picked up the phone and pressed the front desk button. The line rang twice before it was answered by a young woman. John began to place his order, he got as far as ordering some pasta when something pinched his arse. He snapped his neck around to see what that feeling was and saw Sherlock on his knees grinning like a fool, holding a finger up to his lips, silently shushing John. Turning back to the phone he apologized and continued with his order. By the time he had hung up Sherlock had pulled apart John’s cheeks and was now biting along the cleft of his arse.

“Could you… for one moment… behave?” John turned around and placed his hands on his hips, doing his best to appear stern. All pretenses left the building, however, when Sherlock leaned forward and in one fluid movement took John’s cock in his mouth. John let out a broken moan and stumbled backwards. “Yeah… none of that. Shower, now.”

“In a minute.” Sherlock mumbled and took hold of John’s hips, holding him still. Sticking his tongue out he licked the underside of John’s cock, letting out a deep chuckling when John let out a groan and his left leg twitched. “You’re enjoying this too much.”

“Oh, shut up and suck my cock.” John moaned out and fondly ran his hands through Sherlock’s hair.

Down on his knees, Sherlock grabbed two fistfulls of John’s arse and took John’s cock into his mouth. John was already half hard but as Sherlock’s tongue curled around the base it became fully hard. Sherlock hummed and his lips formed a slight smirk around John’s cock. He adored how responsive John was, and it was made better by the knowledge that he was the only one allowed to bring his husband this kind of pleasure. He pulled off with an obscene pop and looked up.

“Did you know that the internet has hundreds of tutorial videos on how to give an ‘earth shattering’ blowjob?”

“Uhhh. Doesn’t surprise me.” John squeaked at the end as Sherlock sucked him back in, the head of his cock hitting the back of Sherlock’s throat. And then Sherlock swallowed. Tight hot muscles contracted around his head, Sherlock’s devilish tongue slid and flicked its way around John’s base in ways that shouldn’t have been possible. Then there were Sherlock’s fingers, stroking the underside of his balls, down his thighs in a random pattern that kept him guessing. John’s left leg began to twitch more, more and more uncontrollably with each passing second. Sherlock’s head began to bob as he deepthроated without giving off any signs of a gag reflex.

“Jesus ducking Christ.” Both of John’s hands were in Sherlock hair now, loosely gripped there. He didn’t guide Sherlock’s movements, he didn’t have too. Sherlock knew what he wanted, he knew when to go faster. And Jesus Christ he knew when to add in just the slightest hint of teeth. In a matter of minutes John was undone. He was leaning against the short table behind him, panting his praise in a hoarse voice. And then Sherlock found it. He found that spot of nerves on the underside of his cock just by the head and without being able to utter any bit of warning he was coming.

Sherlock choked at first but recovered himself quickly, locked his lips around the base and began to swallow. He swallowed every last drop and pulled away with a pleased smile, but not before pressing a kiss to the tip of John’s sensitive member.

“And how was that?” Sherlock sat back on his knees and ran a hand through his ruined curls, looking more smug than he had any right to be.
“Yeah. Earth shattering.” John chuckled and allowed Sherlock to take his hand and lead him to the shower.

“Come on, John, you wanted a shower. Mustn’t let yourself get distracted like that.”

“Oh yes…silly me.” John chuckled as his husband gave him a very matter-of-fact expression then they both burst into a fit of giggles that lasted all the way into the shower. John repaid the favor in the shower, if not as elegantly, but it helped alleviate the sexual tension between them that had been crackling like electricity.

Later, sitting around the table, Sherlock looked thoughtfully at the pasta he was twirling around on his fork.

“Exactly how many rules are we breaking right now?”

“Ah…” John shrugged his shoulders guiltily and scrunched up his nose, “a few…Granted, I didn’t tell you where I was going, nor did I tell,” John used air quotes, “you to come visit me. I just…happened to walk into my room to find you. And didn’t report it…”

“Would you get in trouble?”

“Possibly. But I know for a fact a few of my men have let their location slip. Pierce’s wife is just going to ‘happen to fancy a shopping trip in Paris’ over the weekend.” John grinned and pushed his now empty plate away. “The rules are in place to keep us from getting distracted. If we don’t get distracted, they won’t investigate.”

“So, lots of trouble then? If we’re found out?”

“Yeah. To say the least.” John frowned and nodded his head and looked up out of shock when Sherlock began to chuckle.

“Oh, John… It seems I’ve fallen for the ‘bad boy’.” Here Sherlock made air quotes and stifled a giggle, “my mother warned me about boys like you.”

“Did she now?” John smirked and put his napkin down on his empty plate, “She didn’t happen to tell you,” he stood and took Sherlock’s arm, tugging him to stand as well, “to watch out for boys like me, because we’re only up to one thing? Did she?”

“And what would that be?”

“Come to bed and find out?”

“Oh god yes!”

“You never did tell me what you were doing here.” God Sherlock was gorgeous and distracting and…Bloody hell he had it bad. Sherlock just gave him that evil little smirk as he walked back to the bed and sat down on it. It was a very nice bed, it would be a sodding shame for the poor thing to not get some use while they were in Paris.

“Business. And finding you.”

“Git.”

“Promise.”

“Empty promises. Get over here, you gorgeous bastard.”
“Yes, sir.” No man had a right to look that sinfully attractive, and yet… Sherlock did it without shame. And John was the lucky bastard married to him. Sherlock, clever bastard that he was, straddled John’s hips as he sat on the bed, settling his weight without causing discomfort, and draped his arms over John’s shoulders, that smirk still firmly in place. “Orders, Captain?”

“Bastard.”

“Your bastard. Yes?”

“Yes.” John sighed and touched, free to do so and safe in the hotel-room. He had missed this, this easy intimacy, the freedom to touch and go beyond if he felt like it. He had missed Sherlock.

“Come out of your head, John. I’m not in there right now.” Sherlock was laughing, but it was a soft chuckle, and John realized he had kind of zoned out. He hugged Sherlock and tipped backwards until they were both sprawled on the bed. He planned to make the most of this and rolled until Sherlock was under him.

“How did I get so lucky?” John sighed and softly smiled, lowering himself until their noses touched.

“I believe, husband,” Sherlock rose up slightly, pressed his lips against John’s then fell back against the pillows before he continued, “that I am the lucky one. As I do believe I’ve mentioned before. I never thought, never even dreamed, John, that I would find someone who would be willing to put up with me, let alone love me. And you do both… willingly, happily, some days I just wake up, look at the ring on my finger, and wonder if I’m still dreaming.”

John let out a little intake of breath and smiled, nosing his way from Sherlock’s ear to the base of his neck, kissing random spots, sometimes letting his tongue press against Sherlock’s soft skin. During one such time, when John applied the slightest bit of suction, not enough to leave a mark, but enough to be felt, Sherlock’s body shuddered and a deep filthy moan escaped his lips.

“Jesus, you like that, really like that. Don’t you?”

“Mmmm…” Sherlock smirked and tilted his head to the side, “not sure, you should do it again so I can find out.”

“Not sure, my arse.” John chuckled but kissed Sherlock’s neck again, this time adding in a slight scrape of his teeth. After a moment John flopped onto his side and let out a contented sigh as Sherlock curled up next to him, tossing one of his long pale arms over his chest. They lay like that, chatting and exchanging unhurried kisses for the better part of an hour. Sherlock was the first to move, much to John’s displeasure he crawled out of bed and moved to the opposite wall to turn the lights off. As he crawled back into bed John threw the blankets open and inclined his head.

“Come on, husband, get back over here, I’ve got to be up at 0500…”

“We’ll break in the bed tomorrow?” Sherlock asked hopefully as he curled himself around John’s shorter, but sturdy body.

“Oh god yes.”
On John’s second night in Paris, he and his men decided to leave the hotel after their classes were done. They had a full 12 hours before the next class started, and they were all eager to put on their civies and go live like normal human beings, if only for a few hours.

They found themselves in a small, but cheery pub a few city blocks away from their hotel, and everyone feigned surprise when they spotted Sherlock sitting alone at a large round table. Everyone except John, that is. John was too busy grinning and doing his best to tell his cock that now was not the best time to get hard.

“My husband is a genius, what can I say?” John shrugged at his men as he slid into a seat beside Sherlock and kissed Sherlock on the cheek.

They ordered the first round of drinks, and were halfway through them when Sherlock’s mobile lit up. He placed his drink down on the table and smirked down at the screen, looking like a little boy with a secret. John let it slide at first, but after another ten minutes, of Sherlock texting with some mysterious person (who made him smirk and chuckle a few times) he put his drink down and pivoted in his chair to face Sherlock.

“Who are you texting?”

“A woman.”

“A woman?”

On of their party giggled and John shot a look across the table and silenced Kirk.

“Yes, John, a woman. And no, she is not my mistress.” Sherlock rolled his eyes, read a new text then looked up at the door, “but Pierce might find her to be of interest.”

Pierce looked up and nearly spilled his drink out of sheer surprise. His bar stool toppled backwards
as he scrambled to his feet and soon he was at the door, wrapping his hands around the waist of the pretty brunette who had just walked in.

“Diane!” He sobbed and picked her up, twirling her in the air before he brought her down for a kiss.

“Diane,” Sherlock began in means of explanation, “was actually in Paris with her sisters, shopping for her wedding dress. I figured after all Pierce did to help us out, it was the least I could do to tell his fiancé to meet me here.”

Pierce lead Diane, and her two sisters who had accompanied her to her pub, to the table. Introductions went around and soon everyone was laughing. Everyone except Diane and Pierce, who were in the corner literally making googly eyes at each other.

The night ended in dancing and John found out that not only did Sherlock secretly love to dance, but he was fucking good at it. The only other person who could keep up with him was Diane’s older sister Nicole, who just so happened to be a dance instructor. John bowed out after the fourth dance, when he could no longer feel his toes, and sat on the sidelines watching Nicole and Sherlock steal the floor.

When they finally made it back to the hotel that night, John collapsed on the bed fully dressed and only gave a slight moan of protest when Sherlock began to pull his shoes off for him.

“I can do it, I’m a grown man. I can take care of myself.” John muttered, and attempted to sit up. Sherlock shoved him gently down again and clicked his tongue.

“I know you can take care of yourself. But let someone else do it for a change.”

“Mmm okay. Only ‘cause it's you.”

They broke the bed in that night. Slow and sweet. Both of them came with the other’s name a tender echo on their lips.

John woke the next morning to find Sherlock’s half of the bed empty. There was a note on the pillow however, and once John managed to keep his eyes open he propped himself up and squinted at Sherlock’s bold writing.

Gone out, got wind of a case. Meet me for dinner in the lobby at 8pm. Love you -SWH

Shaking his head fondly, he fired off a quick text reminding Sherlock to behave himself, to stay out of trouble, and stay in touch.

That’s fine. But don’t do anything stupid. You’re already in hot water with London police, don’t get into hot water with Paris police too. - JWH

See you at 8. Love you. - JWH

The response he got to that text was brief, only reassuring him that his feisty, clever husband was fully capable of behaving himself in a foreign city. And yes, he was aware of the trouble he was in with New Scotland Yard, no need to remind him at every turn. John wished he believed Sherlock, but if there was one thing the man was good at, it was getting into trouble. Well, at the very least he spoke enough French to get by in a city like Paris. Most of the people here spoke English, so knowing the native language wasn’t strictly necessary, but he had learned at a young age and had continued to keep his skills sharp. For the Army, he had learned other languages, most Middle
Eastern. But God help Sherlock Holmes if John got that phone-call while he was here. He was in Paris on business, Sherlock was here because he had figured out John’s hints and followed him. After a quick shower, John got dressed and headed out for his day of seminars and classes. All the while he kept his fingers crossed that Sherlock would keep himself out of trouble. It wasn’t like John was in a position to drop what he was doing and go get him out.

Most of the day was quiet and routine, until about two in the afternoon, when John’s neck itched. He got the awful feeling something wasn’t right. Damn it, Sherlock. If that silly git had gone and gotten himself in trouble, John was going to have words for him. He mentally prepared himself for a trip to either the hospital or, God help them, a police station. It was bound to be one of those, just a question of which one and when he’d find out. He happened to be between classes when he was approached by a member of the hotel’s staff.

“Captain! Captain, sir!” The woman wearing the hotel’s uniform rushed up to him, “Sir! You have a call, sir, at the desk!”

“A call for me?” John narrowed his eyes. He only had five minutes, and the sinking feeling in his gut that this would take far longer than that.

“Yes, sir. It seems to be... emergency?”

“Jesus Christ. Sherlock!” He took off at a sprint. When he picked up one of the white courtesy phones dotted around the hotel lobby, he was prepared for bad news. “Hello?”

“Yes, is this John H. Watson-Holmes?” An accented voice was all he needed to hear. Damn.

“Yes, yes it is. Who is calling, may I ask?”

“Yes, Captain. My name is Commandant Julienne Lestrade. I am ever so sorry to interrupt you, I know you must be very busy.”

“Christ. What has Sherlock done? Is he alright?”

“Yes, you are the...husband of Monsieur Sherlock Watson-Holmes?”

“Yes, I am.” John rubbed his forehead. The woman who had addressed herself as Julienne Lestrade, which was a proper French name for certain, explained that Sherlock had gotten himself into a bit of a scuffle. He was fine, they had already taken him to hospital and discharged him again, but he had gotten into a bit of trouble for it. John groaned and asked that they hold onto his trouble-making husband for the time being. He was in no hurry to go bail Sherlock out of a French jail, and wasn’t about to call his brother-in-law for help either. He might call him to let him know that Sherlock had gotten himself arrested in Paris, but not for help getting him out of trouble. Commandant Lestrade promised to hold onto Sherlock for as long as deemed necessary, and John hung up, rushing back to his classes. Damn, damn, damn! Sherlock was too good at getting into trouble! He was awfully tempted to let his husband sit there and stew for a night, but that wouldn’t be fair to either of them.

The sun had long since set and John had indulged in not just one, but three beers by the time he called for a taxi to take him halfway across Paris to collect his husband. For the first time in their relationship, Sherlock did not smile when he looked up through the reinforced bars and spotted his grimacing husband; and John did not flinch when he saw Sherlock’s swollen-shut left eye and cracked lip. Wordlessly John paid Sherlock’s bail money, using Sherlock’s credit card.
“Let him explain that to his brother when Mycroft sees the statement.” he thought with a satisfied grunt. Without waiting to make sure Sherlock was following him, he left the stale smelling police station. Hailing a taxi he slid inside and slammed the door shut in Sherlock’s face, making his husband walk around the car. He gruffly gave the cabbie the address of the hotel then fell into silence as Sherlock buckled in next to him.

The car ride was quiet, other than the rhythmic tapping of John’s fingers against the fake leather seat. Upon reaching the hotel John threw open his door and without turning to Sherlock said,

“Pay the man, then give yourself a few minutes to collect your thoughts then meet me in my room in no more than fifteen minutes.” with that he was gone, angrily walking away in the night.

“Wrong guy to pick a fight with.” the cabbie remarked as Sherlock slid his card.

“You have no idea.” Despite the pain from his split lip, Sherlock smirked, then with a nod of thanks left the man to wonder what exactly their dispute had been about.

Exactly fifteen minutes later Sherlock meekly entered John’s hotel room. He stopped just inside the room, feeling like a toddler about to be scolded. Looking further into the room he spotted John sitting at the table nursing a glass that was half filled with a deep amber liquid.

“Sit,” John slid an empty glass and a bottle filled with the same amber liquid across the table and pointed to an empty chair. “Drink, it’ll numb the pain.”

They sat in silence, sipping their respected glasses, neither saying a word or making eye contact. It wasn’t until John had finished his second glass, and Sherlock his first that John spoke.

“So,” He sighed, a long drawn out sigh that was more painful than any verbal shout, there was no hint of anger in John’s voice. Instead Sherlock’s husband had been replaced with Army Captain John Watson-Holmes, and he was about to be disciplined.

“John…” it came out as a whisper, Sherlock’s voice cracking even as his lip split back open, but John narrowed his eyes and with an angry chuckle shook his head. “Right. I’m not to speak unless spoken to.”

They sat there in silence for another full minute, as if John was daring Sherlock to speak out of turn again, but when Sherlock remained silent he began again.

“So,” Sherlock found himself unable to meet his husband’s eyes, which thankfully John took no issue with, “Let me get this one hundred percent right. After asking me how many rules we were breaking, by you being here, you go and get yourself into a fight. Not a simple ‘Ouch he punched me’ fight, but one that lands you not only in the hospital, but got you arrested!” John snarled at the end of the sentence and narrowed his eyes further. “Then,” John’s voice lowered a full octave, sending shivers down Sherlock’s spine, “you have the bloody gall to give my name and number to the police. Do you have any idea how much trouble I could have gotten into? Just by taking that phone call?”

Sherlock opened his mouth to answer, but John waved a dismissive finger at him and let out a deep angry chuckle, “Oh, does the genius not know what a rhetorical question is?”

Sherlock chewed on his bottom lip and waited for John to start yelling, yelling would be preferable to this. Yelling he could handle, he could rationalize, but this… John was allowing him to see just how disappointed in him he was, and it hurt. If only he could tell John the full story, perhaps then he would understand.
“What was so important that you just had to get into a bloody fight?”

“A man I had been attempting to strike a bargain with tried to steal my wedding ring.” Sherlock sat back, thankful for the chance to explain himself, and winced when his back met the hard cold wood of the chair, “when I mentioned you, my husband, he became hostile saying things like ‘Men shouldn’t marry men.’ all while trying to remove my wedding ring, with a knife.” Here he held up his left hand, and John saw for the first time how three of his fingers were covered in thick bandages. “I fought back, and ... we both got arrested.”

“Jesus…” John breathed, setting down his glass, “Sherlock, you…God, don’t…” He took his husband’s bandaged hand and carefully unwrapped it to get an idea of the extent of the damages done. “Oh, Sherlock.” John sighed and inspected the suture-work, “Well, at least they knew what they were doing with a set of suturing needles.” His main concern was nerve-damage and range-of-motion.

“Are you awfully cross with me, John?”

“Yes I am.” He looked up at Sherlock, “You could have gotten hurt far more seriously, and now you have to worry about what that fight will have done to your hand. Don’t you dare tell me it’s nothing, alright? I learned my lesson in Afghanistan, now you need to learn yours.” He got up and went to the window.

“John. I’m…sorry.”

“You risked your life and my position for…what? What, Sherlock? Why were you even talking to that man? You said you had a case, Sherlock! Do you remember what I told you?”

“Stay out of trouble.”

“A very simple request.” He sighed and turned, “Sit right there, I’m going to get you cleaned up a bit more.”

“I’m sorry,” Sherlock said again, but John silenced him by pulling out his medical kit. Twenty minutes later he was guiding Sherlock to the bed, and despite still wanting to be angry he kicked off his shoes, dropped his trousers and climbed into bed beside his husband.

“Come here, luv…” John opened his arms and gently cradled Sherlock, pressing his lips against Sherlock’s chin. “Love you, sweetheart… get some sleep okay?”
17th March, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, solo writing is hard on top of a crazy life. : ) Once we're back to the letters the schedule will be back to normal, I promise!!! I can handle writing two letters a week on my own!

As always, thank you to the wonder FourCorners... I could not have done this without her. She's really stepped up and helped out a ton since B had to step down! Any typos and miss spellings are my fault, please don't blame her. I've posted this without letting her give it a second "once over" because I felt bad for a lack of updates. If you see anything major please leave a comment and either myself or FCH will fix it (If AO3 lets us!)

Something woke John out of a deep sleep, blinking he looked at the clock and groaned when it read 1:47. He was just beginning to wonder what had woken him when a rasping wheeze sounded from Sherlock’s side of the bed. Springing out of bed he grabbed his medical kit form underneath the table and quickly dug out his stethoscope.

“Sherlock, luv…” though he felt panic growing inside him he spoke with a practiced calm, “Sweetheart, I need you to wake up for me.” Sherlock’s eyes blinked open and he opened his mouth to speak but John just gave him a grim smile and shook his head, “No, don’t speak, but I need you to take some slow deep breaths for me. Rubbing the stethoscope against his palm to warm it for a moment he then lifted Sherlock’s shirt, bunching it around his collarbone then pressed the instrument against Sherlock’s chest.

Sensing the mostly hidden panic in John’s face Sherlock obeyed, wincing with every inhale, but remaining silent. John’s face quickly greyed and without removing the stethoscope he reached out his right hand hand picked up the phone. After a moment he was connected to the sleepy voice of the poor git who was stuck doing night duty and began barking orders.

“I need an ambulance in room 208! My husband is having difficulty breathing, suspected punctured lung and his lips are beginning to turn blue. I’m standing by for CPR, but I need them here ASAP and I need to be connected to room 207!”

“Yes sir!”

The line began to ring again, and it was seven full rings before Pierce answered the phone.

“John…” Sherlock rasped, but John shushed him by placing a finger over his lip.

“Pierce, need you in my room, now. Something’s wrong with Sherlock, and this is your area of expertise.” Then turning to Sherlock as he placed the receiver back in its cradle he said, “Don’t talk, luv. I’m right here, just going to go answer the door and I’ll be right back.”

John squeezed Sherlock’s hand then stepped away from his side. He answered the door to let in a
disheveled Pierce. They shared a grim look then John handed over his stethoscope and began explaining how Sherlock had been in a fight the day before. Back by Sherlock’s side John sat on the edge of the bed and took Sherlock’s hand again.

“He’s just gonna have a listen. He’s a pulmonary specialist, I’d feel better if he had a listen.”

Wincing, but nodding his consent, Sherlock allowed John to help him into a sitting position then sucked in a painful breath as Pierce pressed the cold stethoscope against his chest. Pierce began giving Sherlock instructions.

“Breath in. Good, now hold it. Release slowly. Deep breath.” He pulled away and cleared his throat. “Bad news, there’s a bit of crackling in his left lung. I think you’re right, Cap… But without x-rays it’s hard to say if he has a punctured lung.”

“Christ, I don’t want to take him back to the hospital. That’s the last thing he needs.” John groaned, “No, he needs help, but…Christ, he was just at the hospital!” John squeezed Sherlock’s shoulder then he and Pierce both looked up when there was a knock on the door. “That’ll be the ambulance…”

“You stay here with him, I’ll get it.” Pierce handed John back his stethoscope

“Yeah, thanks. For everything.” John stood and thanked his lucky stars that both he and Sherlock had fallen asleep dressed, and stood to make room for the paramedics. Sherlock for his part closed his eyes and didn’t protest when they cut his shirt off and strapped him onto the stretcher. Once in the ambulance Sherlock rolled his head to the side and half smiled at John.

“You shouldn’t have come. You need your sleep.” he rasped out as the paramedics placed an oxygen mask over his mouth.

“Yeah, like I could have slept knowing my husband was in the hospital.” John scoffed, making Sherlock’s lips twitch up into a half smile.

Upon arrival at the hospital John was made to sit in a small waiting room that smelled of stale urine and cleaning agents. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, he sat himself down in the far corner where he could see the door, closed his eyes and rested his head against the wall. It was nearly a full hour before the door opened and a tired looking nurse called his name.

“Doctor Watson-Holmes?”

“Mm yeah.” John stood and scrubbed a hand over his face before smoothing out the back of his hair.

“Your husband has been asking for you.” She rolled her eyes and John could tell she was trying her best to be polite.

“Asking? That doesn’t sound like him. Are you sure he wasn’t being a demanding arsehole?”

“Well, seeing you said it…” She half smiled and held the door open for him. “This way please.”

John followed the nurse through a series of dimly lit halls. He found Sherlock propped up in bed tugging at the oxygen tubes even as some poor nurse was trying to reposition them, and John guessed not for the first time. The nurse looked up and gave John a sort of harassed look then stepped away from the bed with a huff.

“If he doesn’t let them alone I’m going to tape them there, and I won't be gentle about it.”
“Yeah, I’ll take over.” John stepped forward and crossed his arms. Sherlock let out a huff of annoyance but stopped fussing now that John was in the room. “Just… try to behave, for five minutes, and tell me what you’ve found out.”

“Neither of my lungs are punctured, however they removed a small amount of blood from them. Which I probably inhaled when I got punched. However they want to keep me until morning, which is completely ludicrous.”

“I agree,” John began and for one fleeting moment Sherlock’s face lit up with a hopeful expression, “you should stay.”

“For once, we agree.” John and Sherlock both turned to look at the newcomer. Sherlock’s scowl deepened when he locked eyes with his brother.

“What the hell are you doing here?”

“I was worried about you, of course.” Mycroft invited himself into the room and sat down in the rooms only chair. “I got wind of your arrest, then Anthea notified me when John called for an ambulance.” turning to John, Mycroft said, “You should let my driver take you back to the hotel. I’ve reviewed the material for today’s class and please believe me when I say you’ll need your sleep. I can watch over my brother until you’re free.”

“Go…” Sherlock looked up at John and nodded, “He’s right. You need your sleep, plus it wouldn’t do for you to get into trouble for missing class. I’ll see you tonight, dinner?”

“Yeah, just… don’t get into another fight. And Mycroft,” John cocked his head to the side and did his best to look intimidating, “hourly updates, and let me know when he’s been released.”

“Of course.” Mycroft’s thin lips formed into a half sneer half false smile, “My car is just out front, you are expected.”

“Of course I am.” John returned the expression and leaned over to kiss Sherlock, a suitably gentle yet filthy kiss that predictably made Mycroft squirm. Squaring his shoulders, he left the hospital with a bare acknowledgement of Sherlock’s prick of an older brother and slid into the car waiting outside. The driver already knew where to go, of course, and John exhaled slowly, leaning his head back. “God damn it, Sherlock Watson-Holmes, you will be the end of me. God love you for it.”

After managing another three hours of sleep John found himself going through the motions of getting ready for the day. He managed to dress himself properly, get breakfast, and attend to his morning obligations. But he was in a haze of exhaustion and worry for Sherlock. Trust the idiot to go get himself into a fight and end up staying the night in the hospital. Or … morning? What time had he called for the ambulance? Pierce, of course, knew everything and asked when they had a break in the action. John answered with “I’m not really sure, I haven’t heard anything this morning.” Supposing the “no news is good news” logic held true, he probably had nothing to worry about. But this was Sherlock Holmes they were talking about, and his infuriatingly overbearing older brother. Knowing Mycroft, he probably wouldn’t call John even if Sherlock was dying.

Lunch came and went and the only update John received was a “not dead yet.” text from his husband. He showed Pierce the text and let out a dry chuckle,

“I suppose, if I’m being honest, I deserve this. After all, I married the bloke then immediately left him for war. At least you had the decency to wait until you’re back home for good to tie the knot.”
“Yeah well, you're not exactly one to follow the rules now, are you, Cap?” Pierce returned the chuckle and stood from their cafeteria style table, taking both his and John's empty tray with him. “Suppose it won't kill you to wait three more hours.”

“The wait won't, but PT might…” John sighed and checked the time. Their whole unit was scheduled for a full hour of PT. At first, when they had first arrived, they all silently thanked their lucky stars thinking that they'd get a break from the daily grind of military life. But this morning when handed their schedules they'd all groaned when just after lunch they had a whole hour of physical training in the hotel’s gym.

“It's alright, Captain, I know CPR.” Pierce gave John a wink and together they took the lift to their rooms to change.

An hour and ten minutes later, just as John was stepping out of the shower, the door to his hotel room opened and Sherlock nudged his way inside. John let out an exasperated sigh and began to rub a towel through his hair. “Did you escape, or were you released?”

“A bit of both, actually.” Sherlock shrugged out of his hospital issued gown, John had to laugh at the sight - thinking about his husband wandering around Paris in a hospital gown was rather absurd, and he plopped down on the bed in nothing but his pants. “I was released, but Mycroft had to take a call. Something so important he didn't even want me to hear his end of the conversation.”

“Ahhh… and…?” John, now wrapping the towel around his waist stepped out of the bathroom and into the bedroom part of their room.

“I'm not dead, sore as hell. But my rib is only fractured. I was told to take it easy and to see my GP when I get home. I'll also have to take the train home, apparently flying will be painful.”

“Uh, yeah. The change in pressure… train is a good idea.” John dropped the towel, giving Sherlock a brief glance of his naked body, and shook his head when Sherlock licked his lips. “Sorry luv, day isn't over yet. They figured while we’re here we should do our sexual harassment training. Got another two hours before I'm free.”

“Fine, hurry up and get back here so you can sexually harass me before dinner.” Sherlock sighed and half sat up, wincing, as he fluffed a stiff hotel pillow. “And pass me the remote.”

“Bossy git.” John chastised but handed Sherlock the remote anyways, along with a kiss to his forehead. “I'm glad you're alright, Sherlock. I'll see you soon.” Getting dressed, John picked up his bag and made sure Sherlock didn’t need anything else before pocketing his room-key and leaving the room. God knew he didn’t want to, but Sherlock wasn’t about to sneak out of the hotel. He had obligations, and he would fulfill them before he spent his precious free time with his husband.

While making his way down the hall to the lift John pulled out his mobile and tapped out a quick text to his brother-in-law. Despite the slight feeling of betrayal it caused he pressed send and watched as the single line of text was sent.

Watch him. -JWH

Mycroft’s reply came almost instantly.

Of course -MH

Feeling slightly better, if only for knowing that if Sherlock did leave, he’d be followed, John sucked in a deep calming breath and stepped into the lift. As the doors shut in front of him John
squared his shoulders and made the transformation from Concerned Husband, to Captain Watson-Holmes, and did his best to leave his worries behind.

The next few hours seemed to drag by, and judging by the shuffling noises from his neighbors, not just for John. Things were only made worse when their lecturer proved to have a voice that made the actor Ben Stein sound like the most expressive man in the world. Finally, after two long hours of listening to why rape is bad, and how you shouldn’t sleep with someone in your unit, they were released. John gathered his the paperwork that had been handed out, and was up out of his seat before anyone else. He nodded briefly to Pierce then made his way out of the conference room before anyone was able to stop him.

Out in the hall, headed back to his room, he pulled out his phone and shook his head in amusement.

**I ordered Chinese, should be in the lobby when you get out. -SWH**

“Git…” John rolled his eyes and turned around to go retrieve their dinner, sincerely hoping that Sherlock had paid over the phone.
3rd April, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

And we're back to regular updates!!! Thank you for not storming my house with torches and pitchforks!!!

Funny story... This e-mail would be a page out my own diary if it existed. with my BF gone for military training..... this is kinda my me pouring my heart out. :(

---

To: SherlockHolmes1887@Gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@Gmail.co.uk
Subject: Miss you

My dearest husband… It’s been two weeks since I’ve last seen your face in person, and I find myself riddled with guilt. How can you stand by me, Sherlock, when I’ve never been there for you? How can you love me, when I’m not there. We’ve been apart more, during the course of our relationship, than we’ve been together. I’m a terribly selfish man for asking you to wait for me. I wish that I could pack up, leave, and be by your side by nightfall, holding you in my arms and making sweet love to you. I wish I could whisper in your ear that I’ll never leave you again, that you’ll be by my side for the rest of our days. Sherlock Watson-Holmes, how are you able to wait?

Forgive me, for any breach of privacy this may cause, but I called your doctor. (Stamford, really?) I’m pleased to see that you are healing nicely and should be back to your insufferable self within a few short weeks. Husband mine, please, regardless of how difficult it might be, please continue to rest and let yourself heal.

I’ve had the weekend off. There wasn’t much going on, no new convoys coming in and very few wounded. So the men and I pooled our snacks and put together a sort of feast for the whole base. Please, tell your mother that the coffee and tea she sent was widely appreciated, those little chocolate truffles too, I think most of my men want your mother as their relative. (Also, the women on base are very thankful for the feminine hygiene products she provided. That was very kind of her, a few girls cried when I handed them out.) You mother, aside from being over protective and sometimes scary, is a saint. I don’t think there is a single person here on my base that hasn’t been touched by her kindness. (Or is it bribery?)

How are you, my love? Are you well? We haven’t texted much this past week, I’m sorry. Our mobile signal has been iffy since the bombings last week, a tower must have been hit. I miss being instantly able to reach out to you, but I’m thankful for e-mails.

We started an official Rugby team here. Enough of us were keen on playing randomly during down time, that we decided to go ahead and make a sort of team. Doctors Vs Soldiers. The soldiers think they have us beat because they’re more ‘fit’ than we are, but what they don’t know is I’ve been playing since I was a tot. If there was one thing my dad was good for, it was teaching me how to be a ‘man’ by playing rugby. Our first match is in two weeks, and I plan on giving those buff arseholes a run for their money. I’m short, I’m fast, I’m sturdy… I’m John Watson-Holmes, the untouchable Fly-Half. I’ll see if one of my nurses can film it for you, or at least the highlights.
Its 02:30 here, I haven’t been able to sleep for some god awful reason, (I blame the heat, it’s already getting into unbearable temps here). Life in the sandbox isn’t all they claimed it would be during recruitment night… If I had signal I’d call you, just to hear your sleepy, annoyed that you’ve just been woken up, voice. Alas, I’m stuck sending you a block of text instead. I think I’ll try to sleep, see how successful I am this time.

I love you, Sherlock… So fucking much.

-JWH
This is my first "Sherlock" chapter without Blood writing for Sherlock, so please forgive us if the feel of his e-mail is different :( I did the best I could

Also, posting this a day early because tomorrow (Friday the 21st) is my birthday and I'll be out and about celebrating my 29th!)

-Tindo

To DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: To my worrisome husband

What will it take, Husband, to keep you from worrying? I'm yours, John, all yours. Forever and always. Plus, you're the only human being I don’t find despicable, so you’ve got that going for you. All this fretting of yours is not very becoming and it must come to an end. I told you before we parted last, that I was happy to wait for you.

I know his separation is difficult for both of us, but we’re both fortunate in the fact that we were on our own for so long before we met each other. We know how to cope, how to function on a daily basis without requiring companionship. (Please don't read this as me saying I do not wish for your companionship, because there could be nothing further from the truth.) Also, it gives me time, John. Time to prove to myself, and you, that I can function as an ordinary human. Well; when I say ordinary I mean normal in the fact that I do not require drugs to keep me sated. Even Mummy has seen the difference, as I've noticed that she's stopped rifling through my drawers on a semi regular basis.

Now, regarding Rugby. I’ll confess that I have little knowledge of the sport. I know you’ve mentioned it in the past, but I wasn’t exactly the athletic type in school. (Apparently boxing doesn’t count as a sport to most of the world.) I had to google what exactly a Fly-Half was, and I have one question for you. Do you wear those little shorts while you play? If so, what are the chances I can get a picture? If not, I’m sure I can strong arm Mummy into sponsoring your team, thus providing you with uniforms. I think a lovely shade of periwinkle blue would look lovely against your tanned skin, or perhaps a vibrant shade of green. I know that this is… a bit unorthodox… but the thought of you getting tackled, well, it turns me on. Not because I’m enjoying the image of a man on top of you (a man other than myself) but because I know you, John, I know the secret strength hidden in your body. That is what turns me on.

Breach of Privacy, eh? I don’t care about that, John. If I did you’d have every right to laugh in my face the next time I “come across” some private information of yours. I am healing nicely. I’ve actually just gotten back from a trip to London. I went to look at Universities, found a few that have a wide array of courses that could possibly keep me entertained for at least half a year. I also met a
rather funny police officer. I had borrowed (though he’ll say I stole) Mycroft’s car for the day, and I parked illegally at one of the campuses. (I didn’t know it was a staff only spot.) This man, Grayson, or was it Gilbert, was about to give me a ticket when I told him that his Fiancé was cheating on him with her teacher. He was so flustered he took off running and forgot to ticket me.

Before I go, John, I want you to know that I have made my choice on University, however I will keep my decision to myself until everything has been accepted. I’m sure Mycroft is aware, but I’ve asked him to kindly keep his large schnozzle out of my business and let me do this on my own.

Isn’t that a wonderful word, John? Schnozzle? Say it out loud, schnnnnoozzlleee. It just rolls right off the tongue.

-SWH

PS. Oh yes, last but not least. I love you, John Watson Holmes. So stop your bloody worrying.
8th April, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

To SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: yeah yeah yeah.

I worry. Alright? While you're home worried about me getting shot at I'm here worried that you'll figure out that you're better off without me. But I'll try to stop, I promise.

Now onto the real question. Were you fucking drunk when you sent that email? Schnozzel? Really? Or did Mycroft drug/poison you in retaliation for stealing his car?

Jesus… you're going to uni! I know you don't think it'll be entirely worth your time, but Sherlock I can't tell you how sexy it is that you're looking after yourself. Christ, that even looks lame typed out, but it's the truth. I knew you could do it, really did, and seeing you begin to thrive out of that rehab…. sweet Mary and Joseph it's a turn on. I can't wait to hear the details, but I understand you wish to keep them to yourself for now. But I'm here if you need to have a chat, yeah?

One of my mates got a care package today. His girlfriend sent him ripped copies of the new season of Doctor Who, so I've gotten to see more than just that Christmas Special we saw together. We've rigged up a sort of projector in the mess hall, kind of like how we used to watch movies back at my old base. We've all agreed to limit our viewing to one episode a week. So far we've watched two, and I've got to say I love this new Doctor. It's nice, having a bit of home here.

Speaking of home. I miss good food. I miss beans for breakfast, and sausages. I miss nice thick slices of toast. I miss lazy cups of tea, while reading a crap story in the newspaper. I miss slippers, and dressing gowns, sitting in a sunlit chair while the world wakes up around me. Most of all, I miss sweets. The “cakes” they have here, are… well atrocious. And that’s putting it lightly.

You’re lucky, Sherlock, that you managed to “talk” yourself out of a ticket, because if I recall, you don’t even have a license. I’d say you should think about getting one, but if you moved to London you really won't need one. What with public transit as good as it is.

Green uniforms please. I've been told I look dashing in green.

Shit, luv, I’ve gotta run. One of the nurses is paging me. Love you!

Your Loving Husband
-JWH

Oh shit, fucking hate that this is an afterthought, but happy anniversary darling. One year ago today I received your first letter. You snarky bastard, don't ever change.
10th April, 2006

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

To DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject:

One year, John….Who would have thought we’d make it this far? Hell, who would have thought that I’d go this long talking to the same person for this long. So much has happened since our first correspondence. John, we’re married now, happily married at that.

John, I am struggling to find things to say. Not because nothing of interest has happened, because that would be untrue. (Mummy fired the cook yesterday once she found out that Meredith, the cook, had been saying rude things concerning my marriage to you. It was an ugly affair, I can’t recall the last time I’ve seen mummy so monstrous.) But everything I type up seems unimportant, not worth your while. I know your time is valuable, and I feel honoured that you spend what little free time you have corresponding with me, so I endeavour to find things of interest to mention.

I made the mistake, while attempting to write this e-mail this morning for the third time, of doing an internet search for “Things to tell your boyfriend/husband in a letter.” Dear lord, I believe I was able to actually feel my IQ leaking out of my anus.

“Spending time with you is undoubtedly the greatest thing ever.” The. Greatest. Thing. EVER, John!

“I just want to take time to say thank you. Thank you for everything you’ve done for me.” Thank you, John, for… for what? Fighting for our great nation? For loving me? Accepting me? This all sounds like we’re in primary school again and the teacher is forcing us to become friends.

“GOOD MORNING BABY! EVERY MORNING IS GREAT AND IT’S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!” Just kill me now…Please, take me out of my misery.

“Babe, I just wanted to let you know that if anyone tries to flirt with me, I would proudly let them know that I’m in a very committed and loving relationship.” I’m sorry, John… but if someone flirted with me, I would assume the worst. I would assume that they were a serial killer, or something of the sort, and flirt back to try to get more information. Would probably go as far as to pocket my ring.

All of that…is bull shit. But after hours of searching, and trying to figure out what the hell I wanted to say…This bit actually made me smile.

“I miss you so much, more and more every single day. And even though we are one day closer to being together again, I still miss you all the same.” I do miss you John. I put on a brave face, I hide my emotions, and try to act like I’m bigger and better than “Human emotions”, but I’m not. I miss you so much my chest aches. Being apart from you has left me with a void in my chest that only you can fill. It’s worse than any withdrawal symptom I’ve ever felt.

I promise, John, that I will tell you everything there is to know about school the moment it has
been finalized. Until then, I would like to keep this to myself. I’m nervous about not being accepted, I didn’t have the best marks in school. (I may have spent my last few years informing my teachers that their homework was dull and not worth my time.) I’ve taken my entrance exam, and while it was incredibly easy, I am still nervous that high marks on that exam will not be enough. I am a bit of a problem student, and while I do wish to change, my track record up until now does not speak highly on my behalf.

However, I know I can do better. I know this, because of you. John Hamish Watson-Holmes… you push me daily to be a better person. And you don’t do it in such a way that I feel like I’m not enough. Rather, you see my potential, and you push me while supporting me for what I’ve already accomplished. For that, I will say thank you. Thank you, John, from the bottom of my heart. I am a better (if only slightly) person thanks to you.

Before I go, I was just wondering something. Will you still have time off come mid April? I ask, because if so I do wish to come out and visit you. I should know, by then, if I’ve been accepted or not. And I believe that telling you in person would be a far greater experience than telling you via an e-mail. I understand that you may not know yet, but all I ask is you let me know as soon as you can.

I love you, John. Enough to sift through Google for sappy things to say to my husband. God knows I can’t let you be the only romantic in this relationship.

-Sherlock

Chapter End Notes

I’ve got a little bit of something planned, if I can find the time to sit down and type it up. After that, do you guys mind if we jump forward a few months? I don't know how you feel about skipping forward, but I feel like we could move on with the story if I jumped forward a bit.
“John!”

“Hello, luv. Figured this would be easier than an e-mail. I’m beat, unable to keep my eyes open long enough to type.”

“Yes, much easier. Much more appreciated, as well. It’s brilliant hearing your voice again. When did cell signal begin working again?”

“Er, last night, I believe. A few men were talking about having called home during my rounds today, I didn’t believe it until I got back to my tent just now.”

“Jesus, John… it really is… nice… Hearing your voice again. I didn’t realize how much I’ve missed it.”

“Me too, sweetheart… me too.”

“John…”

“What, luv? Blushing already? Damn I’m good.”

“No, I am NOT blushing. Simply enjoying the effect your voice has on me. It’s soothing, helps me to think, keeps me grounded.”
“Like you need help thinking. You’re the most brilliant man I know.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere, Husband.”

“Yeah, I know. Ah so… listen. About my leave. It’s a bit complicated. As we both know, I was told I’d get it sometime late April. As of yet, they’ve not confirmed OR denied my leave. I’m afraid I won’t have an answer until it’s JUST here. They tend to do that, for security reasons… It’s a bit of a pain in the arse, but I think we’ll still be able to make something work… if you’re okay with a bit of last minute planning.”

“Shouldn’t be an issue, John. Mycroft has already agreed to allow me the use of one of his jets in return for a favor. I’m afraid he’ll have me do something dreadfully boring, but if it means seeing you, whatever it is, it will be worth it.”

“Even if I’m too tired to do much more than sleep?”

“John, I don’t think you realize how much I want to just sleep with you. No agenda, no schedule, nothing… just… Us.”

“You’ll get bored. You can’t just lounge in a bed all day! You’d probably grab my gun and shoot the bloody wall.”

“Tempting, however I think I can manage, John. If I find myself growing bored, I can shift into my Mind Palace and sort out a few things. I’m sure I’ll have more I need to work on for Uni by then. One might say the timing is perfect!”

“Mmmm…”

“What’s wrong, John? You sound tired? What’s going on there?”

“Oh, nothing much… I’ve just been in surgery for the past seven hours.”
“You’ve been in surgery? What the hell happened?!?!”

“Jesus, Sherlock… Yell a bit louder why don’t you? I haven’t been the one IN surgery, I was performing it!”

“Oh… that’s… that’s good then.”

“I would bloody well hope so! A small convoy transporting supplies was hit with an IED, miraculously no one died but one poor sod had shrapnel in his leg. Thought we might have to amputate… but I managed to get it all out. I think, after some intensive PT, he might actually get full movement back to it. Jesus, and you say I worry.”

“Yes well… it was a momentary lapse in my judgment. Won't happen again, I can assure you.”

“Momentary lapse… my arse. Stop sounding so smug, you posh bastard.”

“Oh dear me, is that any way to talk to your husband, John?”

“Yeah and there's more where that came from.”

“Is that a threat, Doctor? Hardly worrisome, considering your profession.”

“My profession? It would serve you well to remember that I'm an army doctor. I can break every bone in your body, while naming them in order.”

“All this foreplay is hardly fair, John.”

“Then we should do something about it.”

“What are you suggesting?”
“Depends… where are you?”

“My bedroom. I hurried and secured myself in here before Mummy could steal my phone away so she could talk to you.”

“Ahhh… good. I assume you’re dressed then? One of your posh suits, no doubt.”

“You would be correct.

“Right… with just two fingers, your left hand I think and your eyes closed, run those fingers along your jaw.”

“John?”

“Shush, just imagine its me. I know you can with that brilliant mind of yours.”


“Yeah. Now slowly lower your fingers. Form a V and slid then down your jaw, under your chin, and along either side of your Adam's apple, then let them dip as low as your shirt will let them… now in reverse, back up to stroke along your jaw.”

“Oooohhhh… I mmm John…”

“Feels good?”

“Yeah… I wanna go lower. Want to imagine you playing with my nipples.”

“Oh we’ll get there. But first I want you to trace your fingers around those plush lips of yours. Lightly like I’m teasing you, like I’m leaning in for a kiss but not going far enough.”
“J… John… mm more please. I'm already so hard.”

“Me too, luv.”

“Are… are you doing…?”

“Yeah, everything I'm telling you to do, I'm doing it as well.”

“Mm good. Are you dressed?”

“Yeah, I'm in my Regs, minus my boots.”

“Unbutton your shirt for me, John.”

“God yes. You too, Sherlock.”

“John, wait… can we Skype?”

“Jesus, yeah. I want to see you.”

The sounds of two computers turning on echoed over the line, then came the bubbly sounds of Skype booting up. Two minutes later John was looking at the flushed and smiling face of his husband.

“Oh, aren't you looking thoroughly debauched already.” John smiled, and ran a hand through his hair, sparing a moment to wonder if his hair was as messy as Sherlock's.

“All thanks to you.” Sherlock returned the smile, then propped up his laptop on his desk, adjusting the lid so the camera got a clear view of his bed, then he settled down, feet facing the screen so he could see John. John did much the same, and after a bit of, ‘can you see me now,’ and ‘yeah, can you hear me fine,’ they both settled down and smiled softly at each other.
“Right. Where were we?” John asked as he glanced down at his mostly unbuttoned shirt. “Ah yes…” he smirked at the camera and slowly finished unbuttoning his shirt. Sherlock did the same, then kicked off his trousers for good measure.

Without waiting to be told, Sherlock began running both his hands across his body. His left hand began to pinch and twist his nipple while the long fingers of his right hand slid across the pale skin of his throat. John wasn’t sure if his husband’s moans were simply for his benefit, or if Sherlock was actually enjoying himself (literally) that much. But either way it was fucking hot.

“Jesus… you’re so bloody hot, Sherlock. Look at you…” John mirrored Sherlock’s movements, and while he didn’t quite get as much pleasure from the nipple stimulating as Sherlock did, simply watching Sherlock was enough to make him utter a low, longing moan.

“Oh fuck…” John moaned as Sherlock’s tongue darted out of his mouth to run circles over his lips.

Neither of them said much, from then on out. Sherlock kicked off his pants, and while looking directly at the camera, licked his palm then slid his, now slick, hand down the length of his cock.

Letting out a growl John quickly stripped off the last of his clothing and mimicked Sherlock’s previous movement. Soon both ends of the video feed were filled with moans, heavy breathing and soft curses filled with each others names. It was slow and sweet, each of them mimicking the other's movements. John would curl his wrist and tug, then Sherlock would swipe his thumb up over his glans. They moved together, constantly watching the other, moving faster and faster with each passing minute.

“Jesus… Sherlock, I'm so close!”

“Mmmm good. Come for me, John.”

“You too, Sherlock. Come for me.”

“Fuck!!” John, despite wanting to watch his husband achieve orgasm, squeezed his eyes shut as his insides tightened and the pressure built. He uttered a long pent up moan, only then realizing he’d been holding his breath. As he exhaled he let go, and gave in to his need, flicking his wrist one last time and shuddering from head to toe as his orgasm plowed over him like a tidal wave. Come shot from his cock painting his stomach and chest in white streaks, and when he opened his eyes and
looked at his computer he saw that Sherlock was very much in the same state.

“Now who’s looking debauched, husband?” Sherlock grinned and picked up the closest article of clothing, a sock, to clean himself off.

John, using a tissue on himself, laughed and rolled his eyes, “don't tell me you’re going to make your mother do you wash?”

“Ahh no. She stopped doing my laundry shortly after I came back to live here.”

“Wonder why?” John rolled over, so his head was closest to the screen, and also on his pillow.

“I have no idea…” Sherlock smirked and pulled the duvet up over him, watching as John curled up on his small cot. “You look exhausted.”

“Yeah. A bit. It's part of the reason I didn't last long… sorry about that.”

“No need to be sorry, John. I didn't last much longer. You should get some sleep.”

“Mmm in a bit, want to talk to you first.”

“No, go to bed now. You're tired. Go to bed, we can talk tomorrow.”

“Mmm,” John, who despite himself was nearly asleep already, mumbled into the pillow, “whatever you say… but stay on until I'm asleep, yeah? It's as close as I can get to falling asleep next to you.”

“Of course… I love you, John.”

“Love you too, ‘lock… night.”
1st May, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

WARNING: NSFW image in second to last screenshot.

To view on a PHONE FRIENDLY platform Please see the links at the BEGINNING of the chapter

Also, bear with me as I try to put my crazy plan into motion here... its... getting there.

Again, thank you to FCH for keeping me sane.

PART ONE: http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/post/160320122360/1

PART TWO: http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/post/160320157125/2
Must have been a mistake when Mummy was going the wash.
-JWH

Fine. I put them in there.
-SWH

For what purpose exactly?
-JWH

Thought you might possibly want something to aid in your sexual stimulation.
-SWH

Not good?
-SWH

No actually... it's. Fine. Kind of like it...
-JWH

Really?
-SWH

Yeah. It's... a bit weird. But knowing that's all *you* god it's a bit sexy
-JWH

Yeah. It's... a bit weird. But knowing that's all *you* god it's a bit sexy
-JWH

-Sherlock
I'm glad you enjoyed that small surprise husband. I was honestly a bit worried after I snuck them in there and Mummy mailed it off.
-SWH

And only a bit sexy? Is that all husband? I suppose I'll have to up my game if you only find my pants a BIT sexy.
-SWH

Yesterday 8:29 PM

I apologize about the delay. I got called away. What was supposed to be a consultation became emergency surgery. And yes. Only a bit sexy. ;)
-JWH

Just got dressed for bed. Only wearing those pants. Hope you don't mind such a mental image.
-JWH

Oh of course not dear Husband.
-SWH

Might further "use" them before the night is up, if I don't pass out first.
-JWH

If not, you'll have to use them later. I also greatly support pictorial evidence of this usage.
-SWH

Oh? Did I spoil you yesterday with those shower pictures?
-JWH
Sherlock

Oh? Did I spoil you yesterday with those shower pictures?
-JWH

Possibly.
-SWH

I'm still waiting on some pictures of you in return.
-JWH

I haven't sent you any yet?
-SWH

Well, nothing today. ;)
-JWH

Oh dear me, what a bad boy I've been. Perhaps you should punish me next you see me.
-SWH

I still owe you that spanking from Christmas, don't I?
-JWH

You most certainly do.
-SWH

Hmm... it's what.. eight days until I see you next? I'll start strengthening my hands
-JWH
I hope you plan on using more than just your hands Captain.
-SWH

Oh? What would you have me use? My belt?
-JWH

The one you used as a bridle while you fucked me? Fucked me like something that needed to be tamed, controlled. Tell me dear Husband, will you be able to tame me, bring me to my knees and make me beg for you and no one else? Will you be able to handle the wild animal or are you nothing but talk.
-SWH

Oh, don't make me gag you Sherlock Watson-Holmes.
-JWH

Oh I look forward to such treatment John Watson-Holmes.
-SWH

Right. Here's what you're going to do, and I don't fucking care how you get the
Items you'll get:
1 ball gag. A large one.
Three different sized butt plugs. (Large medium small)
A small flogger.
A blindfold. (Sleep mask will do)
Bondage tape
Leather bondage cuffs. (Four of them)
Small suitcase sized padlocks (at least 6)
Maybe even a nice little collar.
Something I can lock around that gorgeous neck of yours.

-JWH

Hmmmm....how about a collar with a detachable leash. That way you can parade me around your base and let everyone know who I belong to.

-SWH

Oh, you won't be going anywhere, Sherlock. I'm going to get us a nice hotel room, or as nice as they get out here, and I'm going to make sure you never seen anything outside that room that whole weekend.
After the way you flaunted yourself about when you surprised me for Valentine's Day, there's no way in hell I'm aiding to my men's lust for you.
-JWH

Walking from the showers to my quartets in nothing but a towel... skin still tripping wet... I should have fucking spanked you then.
-JWH

I was quite disappointed that you didn't, especially after a few of them eyed me with obvious intent.
-SWH

Oh, those men were out in their place. Trust me. No one eyes my husband like a piece of meat, other than me, of course.
-JWH

Oh so you punished them but not me? I'm hurt John, so very hurt.
-SWH

Trust me. No one eyes my husband like a piece of meat, other than me, of course.
-JWH

Oh so you punished them but not me?
I'm hurt John, so very hurt.
-SWH

They're here. You're not. Plus.. it wasn't so much punishment as it was... they got assigned to wash dishes for a week...
-JWH

Mmmm...I can do so much more for you. As punishment of course.
-SWH

Oh, don’t you dare get cocky with me. I have eight full days to plan out how I'm going to punish you. And it's going to start with me not "sexting" you for the next eight days.
-JWH

Wait, what?
-SWH

Oh, did the genius suddenly become unable to read English?
-JWH

You're not serious about the no "sexting" bit are you?
-SWH

Yes. On top of this one little command. You're not allowed to come until I'm the one making it happen... in person.
-JWH

JAAAAAAWN!!
-SWH
Sherlock

one making it happen... in person.
-JWH

JAAAAAWN!!
-SWH

Right. It’s getting late, and I have a pair of paints to re-soil. I love you, Sherlock. Sleep well, darling.
-JWH

Pants. Not paints. Hard to type with one hand.
-JWH

I hate you.
-SWH

OH, do you now? You were begging for punishment earlier. Will you be able to handle the punishment, or are you nothing but talk?
-JWH

We will see who is just all talk.
-SWH
Goodnight, husband. And remember, no orgasms.
-JWH

I hate you so much.
-SWH

If I were to die tonight, are those really the last words you want to say to me?
-JWH

John don't even joke about something like that!!
-SWH

And you know I love you. Even when you play as dirty as you are now.
-SWH

Mm. Love you. Fine.. one orgasm tonight. One...
-JWH

This is a test isn't it? To see if I can handle it, handle what you can give to me. Sorry to disappoint you John Watson Holmes, but you can't win so
Is it? Or am I just being generous.
-JWH

Goodnight Captain, sleep well. And you better be ready to tame this animal. He is not going down without a fight.
-SWH

Goodnight. If you come... do so into a condom, and bring it with you when you come visit.
-JWH
Chapter Notes

I hope you all don't mind one last chapter of screenshots. Blood and I did these texts AGES ago (Probably back in February) and had this whole bit of "Fic" planned out. Friday's chapter, lord willing, should be a giant ass block of text. I already have about 2k words written, and just hope to be able to plug away at the smut bit. (I've been having a hard time writing smut lately, dunno why.) So bear with me if Friday's chapter is a bit late!

To View on tumblr for a PHONE friendly reading experience ... http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/post/160391334435

2nd May,2006
How is "Day One" going Sherlock?
-JWH

Horrendous.
-SWH

Besides not being able to pleasure myself, Mummy is insistent on inviting some family friends over tonight.
-SWH

Oh, I never said you couldn't pleasure yourself. Just no orgasms.
-JWH

What is the point of pleasuring myself if I can't orgasm John.
-SWH

Edging can be enjoyable. Builds up suspense.
-JWH

Says the man allowed release.
-SWH

Would it make you feel any better if I said the next time I find release will be all over your face?
-JWH

If your goal is to make this easier on me, giving me an image such as that isn't exactly the best way to go about doing things.
-SWH

I could make it harder, by further explaining how you won't even be able to see it coming, thanks to the blindfold. And how you won't even be able to help me come. Your hands will be fastened with the rope I used.

I could make it harder, by further explaining how you won't even be able to see it coming, thanks to the blindfold. And how you won't even be able to help me come. Your hands will be fastened behind your back... you'll be on your knees and the ball gag will be in your mouth.
-JWH

I am quite fortunate that I have great skill over my transport. Not so fortunate for yourself.
-SWH

And why is that not fortunate for me?
-JWH

Because I will not loose this challenge so easily.
-SWH

Oh. Shutting me down so soon. You must be more bothered by this than I thought. What, don't want to come in your pants in front of Mummy's friends?
-JWH

What if I told you too?
-JWH

You told me yesterday not to achieve orgasm until 8 days have past and I'm with you again. Now you're telling me to? Perhaps it is you who is being driven into insanity by my refusal to indulge in my physical responses.
-SWH

Insanity? No. You'll have to try harder for that.
-JWH
Insanity? No. You'll have to try harder for that.
-JWH

Oh? How much harder?
-SWH

Why are you curious. Want me home? Discharged because I pled insanity?
-JWH

Would that be so bad?
-SWH

Considering how much I miss you... no. Not really. However, I wouldn't be able to live with the guilt.
-JWH

Guilt?
-SWH

Leaving early... not finishing my tour. Making some other poor bloke leave his family to fill my shoes.
-JWH

I wouldn't want you to feel that.
-SWH

Sure you still want to wait for me?
-JWH

John, I would wait for you for eternity if you asked it of me.
-SWH

I wouldn't make you wait that long.
-JWH

If I had to though, know I would.
-SWH
Considering how much I miss you... no. Not really. However, I wouldn't be able to live with the guilt.
-JWH

Guilt?
-SWH

Leaving early... not finishing my tour. Making some other poor bloke leave his family to fill my shoes.
-JWH

I wouldn't want you to feel that.
-SWH

Sure you still want to wait for me?
-JWH

John, I would wait for you for eternity if you asked it of me.
-SWH

I wouldn't make you wait that long.
-JWH

If I had to though, know I would.
-SWH

My dear husband, I won't make you wait. Going to go to sleep. I'll check in on you tomorrow. Seven days, love.
-JWH

Seven days that I would gladly wait. I love you John.
-SWH

I love you, Sherlock.
-JWH

5th May, 2006
Sorry love, I've been up to my elbows with work (literally) and I keep forgetting to ask you how day 4 of celibacy is going.
-JWH

It is going quite well actually.
-SWH

Well that's surprising, but good, to hear.
-JWH

Yes, it is truly going quite well.
-SWH

Dare I ask how or why?
-JWH

You may if you wish.
-SWH

Right. Then, that was me asking you berk.
-JWH

Denial is a powerful thing John.
-SWH

Oi! Answer the phone! You obviously have it nearby, so why won't you pick up?
-JWH

Why? So you can torture me with your voice? I'm not an idiot John.
-SWH

Darling, I didn't mean for this to bother you... talk to me, yeah?
-JWH
Darling, I didn’t mean for this to bother you... talk to me, yeah?
-JWH

What do you want me to say? That my body is about to explode? That you haunt my dreams every night with your gorgeous body, bright eyes and a light that penetrates even my most horrendous nightmares? That certain smells that should be innocent now remind me of you and I become hard in an instant? That I want nothing more than to bring myself to climax with your help but resist because I know it will be worth it if I don’t?
-SWH

Oh, my love. It will be worth it. Just imagine the next time either of us experiences release it will be because the other physically helped. Not just because of a dirty text, or soft words spoken into a phone. But because we'll be together.
-JWH

Honestly that thought is the only thing that is keeping me sane.
-SWH

On the bright side, my irritably has kept me from having to socialise.
-SWH

Lucky bastard. Mine is making my men hate me.
-JWH

Maybe if you explain to them you're denying your gorgeous husband release, they'll understand.
-SWH
Sherlock

Maybe if you explain to them you're denying your gorgeous husband release, they'll understand.
-SWH

Oh, and what if I already have?
-JWH

Have you?
-SWH

No. They don't need to know anymore than they already do about you. It's bad enough you already have a few nicknames around here.
-JWH

Oh?
-SWH

Is that you asking what they call you? Or is that you feigning interest?
-JWH

Former, if I need to spell it out.
-SWH

Well... in no particular order I've heard you called: Greek God, Porcelain Beauty, Dark Haired Mystery (DHM because they think I'm not smart enough to figure that out) and... Walking Sex. The nurses here are especially fond of calling you those last two.
-JWH

However when they know I'm listening, you're called The Husband. Or Mr. Captain.
-JWH

I think Mr. Captain is my personal favourite, though Walking Sex is slowly
I think Mr. Captain is my personal favourite, though Walking Sex is slowly growing on me.
-SWH

Of course you'd be fine with it. You're not the one who had a fairly large group of people wanting his husband.
-JWH

Well unfortunately the closet they will ever get to me is a sloppy fantasy and the comfort of their own hand.
-SWH

Unfortunately for them. Not for me. I adore knowing I get you all to myself.
-JWH

If anything I am the lucky one.
-SWH

I love you. Think you can make it another four days? Or should I call you and talk you through a satisfying orgasm, leaving us both with the knowledge that we'll be seeing each other in four more days.
-JWH

As much as I would like to take you up on your offer, I feel that an indulgence now would only leave me feeling more empty than satisfied.
-SWH

Four more days then? For both of us? I'm honestly leaving this in your hands. I won't be disappointed either way.
-JWH

Four more days. Talking to you via text has actually calmed me some.
Four more days. Talking to you via text has actually calmed me some.
-SWH

So, how do you want it to happen? My tent moments after you land, or are we going to wait until I get you to the hotel?
-JWH

Assuming I do not make you take me on the runway? The hotel, but mostly because I would hate for you to not be able to make good on your promises concerning me and a certain hotel bed.
-SWH

Oh? So have you gone shopping?
-JWH

Have you known me to disappoint you?
-SWH

Not once, Sherlock. Not one single time.
-JWH

I may have bought a few extra things as well, surprises.
-SWH

Do tell. A boy like me could do with a fun story.
-JWH

Ah, but a boy like you could also do with some patience as well.
-SWH

Oh, very original.
-JWH

I've been told I can be.
-SWH
Oh, very original.
-JWH

I've been told I can be.
-SWH

Cheeky bastard.
-JWH

Just file this as fuel for my punishment four days from now.
-SWH

Who said I'm taking those restraints off of you? Ever.
-JWH

Promises, promises.
-SWH

Hmm keep up that snark and we'll see just how long I can keep you tied up.
-JWH

Oh give me a challenge Doctor.
-SWH

Bastard. We'll see. For now, bedtime for me. Don't stay up too late.
-JWH

I'll do my best dear Husband.
-SWH

I love you. Four more days... four. :)
-JWH

I love you as well. So much John, so much.
-SWH
9 May, 2006

Chapter by FourCornersHolmes

Chapter Notes

FCH again, posting another chapter for you lovely, LOVELY people! We love you all, those who've been with us since the first letter and those who are just catching up! Here's a bit of dirty, good-natured fun between our love-sick boys, who don't seem to do the whole separation thing too well. Or is that just me?

John didn’t know if what he was feeling was excitement or nerves, or just an unhealthy mix of the two. Whatever it was, it made him sick to his stomach. He had spent the last twenty minutes pacing his office, waiting for the telltale sounds of a helicopter engine, indicating Sherlock’s arrival. Sherlock would not be exiting the chopper, instead he was “picking John up” so to speak. John’s bag was packed and he had already booked a Five day - Four night stay at the Bost Hotel in Lashkar Gah. It wasn’t what one could call a “fancy” hotel, but it was a five star hotel for the area. They had considered having John fly to London where they could stay in something as grand as Hotel 41 or The Milestone Hotel, but in the end they had decided that John should stay close to base in the off chance that he would be needed, telling themselves that next leave they would pick London.

Five minutes later the sound John had been waiting for reached his ears. It started as a distant metallic hum. Something that could almost be mistaken as a leaf blower, or an old vacuum, but even as John stooped to get his bag it got closer and John could hear the half thumping, half ticking noise of the blades. He rushed out of his office and ran down the hall at top speed, going so fast that when he rounded the corner his shoulder came into contact with the far wall. Not slowing for a second he took the stairs, jumping down three at a time before silently saying “Fuck it.” and jumped down the remaining five steps, landing with a heavy thud on the ground floor.

The air was hot and sticky when he finally reached the front door, but he didn’t care. Nothing bothered him right now because Sherlock was here, for Christ’s sake! He grunted to a few men as they waved him off and jumped over the short fence that separated the main grounds with the airstrip, gates be damned, he didn’t have time for gates. He would have waited here, on the airstrip if they’d allowed him, but after pacing up and down for five minutes the Air Traffic Controller had left his tower to personally tell him off, hence the waiting in his office. He reached the chopper pad just as Sherlock, well the pilot, expertly touched down and didn’t bother to wait for the all clear before ducking and dashing towards the door.

Sherlock himself slid the door open and met his husband with a broad grin. John had to squint, to keep the dust from getting into his eyes, but he felt his heart melt at the sight. He leaned into the chopper, took Sherlock’s face in both his hands and kissed him so thoroughly that it left them both
gasp gasping for air. After one more quick kiss to Sherlock’s cheek he tossed his bag down on the floor and climbed into the seat opposite Sherlock. John strapped himself in as Sherlock shut the door then put his headset on. He gave the okay for take-off then, knowing you weren’t supposed to chat over the coms, mouthed “Hello” and winked at his husband.

... It was another twenty minutes before they arrive in Lashkar Gah and another thirty-five before they’d managed to hire a car from base to take them to the hotel. When they finally arrived they were dusty, sore but ecstatic to be together. For the sake of appearances, what with homosexuality still being illegal, John had reserved two adjoining rooms for them, one under the name Watson the other under Holmes, and when they had made their way through the small hotel and into their rooms, he was glad. Each room, while comfortably furnished, was hardly any bigger than his tent back on base. However, not having to walk down a dirt path to use the loo was rather exciting for John. They deposited their bags one bed, then opened the adjoining door. No sooner was it open then they were on each other. John had both hands on Sherlock’s font, gripping his lapels so tight that his knuckles went white while Sherlock captured John’s head with two strong hands. They could almost hear the “crash” as their lips met and John was nearly too busy giggling to properly kiss Sherlock.

Despite the giggling, and the awkward bits of teeth John’s cock was taking a rather keen interest in the situation. He was growing hard at such a rapid speed that he had to awkwardly reach down and adjust himself. Sherlock moaned and rocked his hips forward, rolling his erection against John’s lower abdomen shamelessly. John instantly pulled away and narrowed his eyes.

“Yeah… that’s not happening.” He placed a hand on Sherlock’s chest to prevent Sherlock from leaning against him again and moved back into the room with their bags. He had one bag, while Sherlock had a suitcase and a small carry-on bag. “Which one?”

“Case.” Sherlock plopped himself down on the foot of his bed and began unlacing his shoes as John dove into his suitcase. Ten minutes later John had covered the bed with the contents of Sherlock’s case. To one side, by the pillows, was a pile of clothing, however the real items of interest were neatly laid out in the middle.

“TSA must have had a laugh.” Sherlock chuckled and winked. “You got everything. But… this wasn’t on my list.” John picked up a dinky white nurses adult fancy dress outfit and held it up in the air. “Want to play Doctor?”

“Perhaps.” Sherlock’s face went beet red but he did his best to hold himself high and proud, and felt better when John grinned and placed the outfit back on the bed.

“Could be useful. Might go get you a nice dress and a head scarf, pass you off as a female one night when we go to dinner.” He picked up the blindfold, nothing more than a long strip of blue
silk and held one end in each hand. “Come here. No peeking.” Sherlock leaned forward and allowed John to wrap the blindfold around his eyes. After tying it tightly John cocked his head and grinned. “Can you see?”

“Shadows, a bit. Nothing more.”

“Good, we’ll turn the lights off then.” John stood, gathered a few of the items in his hands then observed his husband. “Can you make it to the other room, or do you need me to guide you?”

Sherlock thought about it for a moment then said, “Depends, will I have use of my hands?”

“For now, yes.”

“Then I can manage. Don’t forget the lube.” With that Sherlock stood and made his way through the first bedroom and into the second one, only having to use his hand once to make sure he’d found the middle of the door.

“How...?” John looked down at the bed and shook his head as he snatched up the bottle of lube that he had, in fact, forgotten.

“Right... so how did I say this would go down?” John tossed his armful of items on the bed in the second bedroom and looked at his husband, who stood by its foot patiently waiting.

“You won’t be able to see it coming, thanks to the blindfold... then something about my hands will be fastened behind my back, I’ll be on my knees with a ball gag in my mouth.” Sherlock smirked and ran his tongue over his lips as he finished talking. John took the opportunity of Sherlock’s parted lips to slide the ball gag into his mouth, relishing the way Sherlock squeaked in surprise.

“Oh, come on now, you didn’t see that coming?” John kissed Sherlock’s cheek as he secured the gag in place then ran a finger down the line of buttons on Sherlock’s chest. “I assume you’d be faster at undressing yourself than if I were to do it. So, hurry up.”

It took Sherlock less than thirty seconds to remove his clothing. Less time in fact, than it took for John to rid himself of his bulky military clothing. When he was done he stood before John with his hands folded gracefully behind his back and his hips thrust out just slightly, showcasing his
dripping red erection.

"Not once?" John asked, brushing his index finger over the V of muscles than ran from Sherlock's navel to his groin, chuckling when Sherlock flinched and his cock oozed a clear glob of pre-come.

"Not once." Sherlock mumbled around the gag and shook his head, dark curls bounced from the movement and it was all John could do to not come right there and then.

"You're okay with our little agreement? Yes?" Sherlock nodded and John rewarded him with another touch, this time in was a soft brush of his finger tips against each hip. "Anything you wish to add, or change?" Sherlock nodded his head no, then somehow managed to smirk around the red ball in his mouth. "Good, find the edge of the bed and lean over it. Keep your hands behind your back, and do try to stay somewhat quiet."

Sherlock did just as he was asked, and in seconds he had his torso and face resting on the bed with his arse up in the air. Which was, of course, just how John wanted him. John didn't even give him time to situate himself. As soon as Sherlock was in position John's hand collided forcefully with the pale skin on Sherlock's arse with a loud crack.

“Mm!” Sherlock inadvertently twitched at the impact and hummed his approval at John's misuse.

John ran a hand gently over Sherlock's posh arse and asked, “More? I get nothing out of this, so if you're not a fan…”

However Sherlock nodded his head violently while doing his best to say, “Yes!” against the ball gag. John nodded to himself and withdrew his hand again.

“If you insist, darling.” Sherlock continued to nod as John brought his hand down a second time. This time it collided with the tender flesh of his upper thighs causing Sherlock to let out a deep guttural moan.

When John's hand began to grow sore he stepped back and admired his handiwork. Sherlock’s pale arse was covered in red welts, nothing that wouldn't go away in a few hours, but he had to admit it was gorgeous.

“Fuck this, Sherlock…” John reached for the gag, intending to take it and the blindfold away, but Sherlock violently shook his head. “What? You… want them to stay on?” Sherlock nodded and crawled off the bed, settling on his knees directly in front of John. What he did next, made John yelp out of surprised then moan as his knees went weak. Sherlock leaned forward, and nuzzled his nose and gagged mouth up and down the length of John’s prick, inhaling deeply and shuddering.
“Jesus, Sherlock….” John groaned and gripped both of his hands in Sherlock's hair. Sherlock ran his cheek along John’s cock, even tried to stick his tongue out around the ball gag to lick at it, but to no avail. John was hard and leaking, the tip of his cock red and angry, and he was close… so close. He wondered if he could come like this, just by Sherlock rubbing his face against him. But as much as he wanted to find out he also wanted his husband.

Ignoring Sherlock's protests John undid the blindfold, and let the blue fabric flutter to the floor. He was met by two gorgeous eyes blinking up at him, then they narrowed as if asking, “What are you doing?”

“I've missed you, just… fuck I need you. On the bed…”

Sherlock scrambled to obey and John followed just behind. They both settled on their backs, and John scrambled over Sherlock as quickly as he could, desperate to be close, to feel, his husband. “Turn your head to the side, I fucking want to hear you…” Sherlock did just that, and John undid the buckle, letting the gag fall aside. Before Sherlock had time to complain, or tease John for being unable to follow through with his threats, John was slicking lube over Sherlock's cock. Then, in one swift motion he shimmied back, and with one hand on Sherlock’s member, guiding it as he moved, he sank down with a groan.

The stretch was enough to make his eyes water, and he bit his bottom lip in pain. However Sherlock’s shocked sigh made all of that worthwhile. It took nearly a full minute for his muscles to stop throbbing, but when he finally gave Sherlock a nod, and leaned forward a little, Sherlock snapped his hips up and they both groaned in unison.

“Jesus, you're so fucking tight…” Sherlock murmured as he reached his arms around John’s back, pulling him into a tight embrace as their bodies rocked together in unison.

“And you feel so fucking good.” John’s reply came out as a content exhale of breath with his lips pressing soft kisses to Sherlock’s neck.

“Not going to last.” Sherlock lamented, feeling a bit sorry that the fun was over nearly as quickly as it started.

“Ooh god, if you keep hitting my prostate like that I won't either!” John growled out, leaning back and throwing his weight down on Sherlock’s cock just as Sherlock went to thrust up.
“Like what… like this?” Sherlock smirked and, grabbing John’s hips, thrust up, then rolled his hips, grinding himself deeper and harder inside his partner.

“Jesus…” John stuffed a knuckle in his mouth to keep from shouting. “Just like that.” Neither of them lasted much longer. John came first. He had to lean forward and bury his face in Sherlock’s shoulder to muffle his shouting. His whole body tensed, his thighs clamped down around Sherlock’s hips and his back arched. Sherlock’s strong arms held him tight against his chest, preventing John from pulling off or leaning back. Warm come splattered across Sherlock’s stomach as John’s teeth sank into his shoulder. The feeling of John’s muscles contracting around his cock, and John’s full body reaction to his own orgasm, was enough to throw Sherlock over the edge. And throw it did. Sherlock felt like he was diving head first off of a great height, his head spun, his breathing came hard and laboured, and his ears were filled with a low rumbling noise. It took him a minute to realize that noise was coming from him, that he was growling low and long, as he used the last of his energy to thrust inside his husband. When he came, his vision went red, like he had his eyes shut to a bright light, and his ears began to ring as he spent himself deep within John.

... 

When they both finally came too, whether or not they passed out, or both simply lay there blissfully panting they weren’t sure, Sherlock was still buried inside John. They giggled as he pulled out with a wet sort of “sshllllpppp” then looked around to see how bad cleanup would be.

John swung a shaky leg off of Sherlock and knelt on the bed a moment, gathering his cognitive function as well as doing his best to regain basic motor control. When he finally remembered how to stand he did so poorly, reminding himself of the scene where Bambi was trying to stand on ice. Sherlock, thankfully didn't say much, just chuckled and sprawled out like a starfish on the bed while John stumbled into the bathroom to get a flannel.

Once the mess was contained John collapsed on his side beside Sherlock on the bed and gave him a somewhat loopy, blissed out grin.

“Hi.”

“Hello, John.” Sherlock rolled over and placed a hand on John’s jaw.

“Hungry?”

“No. Plus that would mean clothes, and right now I'm far too comfortable.”
“Later then, cuz I'm starved. I was too nervous to eat, what with you flying through a war zone.”

“Mmm five more minutes.” Sherlock whispered as he curled his long body around John.

“Five more minutes.”
10th May, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Hello! Tindo here with an apology! This delay has been 100% my fault. I've been struggling with migraines and have just finally been seen by my doctor today. She gave me drugs, hopefully helpful drugs that'll knock these suckers out of the park, because I've literally been mush for the last week. My poor BF has been lovely and has driven me around as much as he can because I couldn't see out of my right eye due to the pain. (Which made looking at a computer to write nearly impossible.) Currently the medication is working, if only taking the edge off. But hey, that's better than nothing!

Next chapter might be a week out, for which I apologize, but I'll do the best I can with my work schedule, it being a holiday weekend this coming weekend, and family stuff. :) Expect a chapter early to mid next week :)

If you have any questions, or feel that I'm too slow and just want to poke me, find me on tumblr (Please do, because I've recently picked up Borderlands 2 and the Pre Sequel again, and that's been sucking up some of my time when my head allows.)

My Tumblr: http://i-dont-shave-for-john-watson.tumblr.com/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John woke the next morning to Sherlock’s weight shifting. He opened one sleepy eye in time to see his husband crawl under the blankets, then let out a gasp as Sherlock settled between his legs and gave his cock a filthy lick.

“Ohhhh that’s nice.” John dragged a hand through his hair and leaned back, groaning as Sherlock’s mouth wrapped around his cock. Sherlock hummed his amusement and John could see his butt wiggle from beneath the blankets. “You’re going to be the bloody death of me, and I live in a war zone for Christ’s sake.”

“Mmmm,” came Sherlock’s reply along with a firm suction that made John’s head spin.

“Fuck, Sherlock!” John threw a hand over his mouth and stuck a knuckle between his teeth, biting down to stay off the urge to shout.

“Let it out, John. No one will hear you, the surrounding rooms are empty, and the cleaning lady has already passed by with her trolley… I want to hear you.” Sherlock pulled off just long enough to peek around the blanket and growl up at his husband, then dove back under and wrapped his lips around the head of John’s cock.

“You’re quite sure no one can hear?” John panted out; Sherlock responded by flattening his tongue against the underside of John’s cock. “Right…”

Sherlock’s left hand then wrapped around the base of John’s cock, long, pale fingers tightened then
began to move. As Sherlock’s head bobbed up, his fingers moved up as well; adding in a twist with a flick of his wrist before both his mouth and hands lowered. Sherlock kept up a slow, torturous pace. John tried to encourage Sherlock to move faster, but whenever he moved his hips Sherlock would pull off completely and glare at John until he sighed and fell back against the bedding, limp and willing to submit to his husband’s evil plan.

After John’s fourth attempt to speed things up, Sherlock finally hummed his approval and followed suit, bobbing his head faster and faster until he was all but gagging on John’s cock with each of John’s thrusts, filling the room with filthy slurping noises. John added to the din, groaning and swearing each time Sherlock’s tongue did something exceptionally clever. It soon became apparent that Sherlock was now going for speed rather than distance, and at this rate John would reach his climax within the next few minutes. Which was perfectly alright with him, but something was missing.

“Fuck it! Get over here!” John tapped on Sherlock’s shoulder and did his best to reach down for Sherlock’s leg, but he was too far away so he added, “I want you in my mouth. Now.”

It took Sherlock a moment to understand, but as soon as John threw the blanket off of him, and pointed to Sherlock’s leg, motioning that Sherlock should swivel his body around, Sherlock grinned and began to move. After a bit of shifting, and an equal amount of wiggling, (during which John got a glorious look at his husband’s arse,) John got Sherlock exactly where he wanted him and was pleased to find that not only was he hard, but dripping pre-come as well.

“Jesus, look at you…” John stuck his tongue out and pressed the tip to the bead of pre-come then pulled Sherlock closer. “Never thought I’d be caught dead asking to have another man’s cock in my mouth,” he murmured as he kissed the tip then pushed the foreskin aside with his tongue. “And here you are, nearly begging.” Sherlock pulled off long enough to tilt his head down to peer between their two bodies and meet John’s gaze.

“Yeah, look at us.” John winked then swallowed Sherlock in one go.

At that moment talking ceased, their only goal was now bringing each other to climax. Despite not being touched, Sherlock seemed to have greatly enjoyed himself during the first part of their lovemaking, because it wasn’t long until he was writhing and twitching with each flick of John’s tongue.

John, however, was undone first. He lost it completely when Sherlock dislocated his jaw (by the feels of it) and took him impossibly deep. It wasn’t until Sherlock swallowed, though, that John finally dove over the edge. His whole body tensed, his fingers dug into the soft skin of Sherlock’s arse, no doubt leaving marks in their wake, and if it hadn’t been for the cock in his mouth he would have clenched his teeth and groaned. Instead, he let out a muffled, garbled cry and dragged his nails down and over Sherlock’s arse and thighs.

As the waves of pleasure began to wear off John collapsed on the bed and wrapped his left hand around Sherlock’s cock and began to pump; hard and fast, just the way he liked it when he’d had a long day and was trying to come hard before passing out for a solid ten hours. Sherlock seemed to like it as well.

It happened fast, one moment Sherlock was chuckling lovingly at John’s reaction, then next he was gripping the bedding so hard his knuckles were going white while trying to roll over onto his side. John girp was too strong, however, resulting in John’s face getting covered in Sherlock’s come. (And having Sherlock’s balls forcibly dragged over his nose and eyes as Sherlock bucked through the aftershocks.) When John finally let go Sherlock fell to his side and instantly they both fell into
a fit of giggles. After a moment Sherlock sat up and ran a hand through his curls, looking down at the sight of his husband and smirking at the mess he found.

“You’ve got a bit of… something…” he giggled and ran a finger through the mess on John’s face, then wiped his finger in John’s hair.

“Yeah, I need a shower now. Thanks for that.” John wrinkled his nose and grimaced when he felt a glob of come slide down the side of his face and under his ear.

“Mmm just marking my territory.”

“Yeah, that’s not normal, you know that, right?”

“Mmmeh…” Sherlock shrugged noncommittally and flopped dramatically down on the pillows.

“Bloody drama queen, you are.” John climbed off the bed and, careful not to let come drip off his face, began rummaging around in his case for his toiletries and a clean pair of pants. “Breakfast?”

“I’m told it’s the most important meal of the day.” Sherlock yawned and folded his arms under his head.

“No, you git. Do you want some?”

“Mmm shall I order it?”

“Yeah, see how close they can come to a full fry-up?” John, having found what he needed, straightened up and made his way towards the bathroom.

“I’ll make it myself, if I have too.” Sherlock called out, rolling over onto his stomach to better reach the en-suite phone.

“No you won’t.” John laughed, looking back over his shoulder and tossing Sherlock a wink that was far more comical than it was seductive, thanks to his recently redecorated face.

“No, you’re right. I wouldn’t make it myself. However, I could show them a decent recipe found on the internet, and could supervise in the making of it.”

“You mean order?” having reached the bathroom now John paused just outside the door and shook his head in amusement.

“Ahh, you know me so well.” Sherlock flashed John a grin then picked up the phone and called the front desk.

Just as John turned the taps on, Sherlock could be heard negotiating with the poor git who’d had the bad luck to answer the phone, and with an amused chuckled, he stepped into the shower and began to hum. It wasn’t long before John was belting out a full chorus of “But I Would Walk 500 Miles” as loud as he could, while somehow managing to stay (mostly) in tune. When he got to the end bit, now mostly done in the shower, he grabbed his travel size shampoo bottle, and using it like a microphone sang into the cap, “Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles to fall down at your dooooooorrrrr.” He hummed the second verse, as he stood under the spray of water, then belted out a random string of “Da da da!” Curious to see what the racket was, Sherlock made his way into the bathroom and pulled the shower curtain aside, giving John a smirk as he came to a sudden realization.

“I’ve just realized something.”
“What? That you enjoy letting cold air into my warm showers?” John narrowed his eyes and grabbed at the curtain and attempted to close the gap.

“No, of course not. Don’t be silly. I’ve realized that you sing when you’re happy.” Sherlock stuck his head and torso into the shower, not caring that he was getting himself wet, and pulled John’s face close to his so he could kiss him. “Before, at the cottage, I thought you just enjoyed singing Christmas carols. But now I see that you sing when you’re happy. I also just realized that I find it rather adorable.”

“You know what else would be adorable? If you stopped letting in a draft! In or out, Sherlock, make up your mind.” John mumbled but there was no real heat in his complaint and he grinned when Sherlock stepped in and shut the curtain behind him. “Good, now don’t hog all the water, yeah?”

“Hush, you’re nearly finished anyways.” Sherlock rumbled, his voice silky and deep, nearly purring as the hot water ran down his back.

“Nearly means not quite done. Budge up, I need to wash the shampoo out of my hair.”

After a bit more playful bickering, which ended in a major snog fest in the shower that was eventually interrupted by the arrival of their breakfast, John left Sherlock to his shower, threw on a dressing gown and answered the door.

After they ate John finished dressing and tossed Sherlock a set of clothes.

“Come on, luv. Get dressed and we’ll go explore the city.”

“Mmm but clothes are boring, John.” Sherlock picked up the pants that had been in the pile of clothing and held them out in the air like they might bite him.

“You know what isn’t boring? Humouring your husband and accompanying him during his shore leave. So get dressed, play nice, and you might get sex tonight.” John, now fully dressed in jeans, a simple short-sleeve button up and vest, stood with his hands on his hips and head tossed back in annoyance.

“Oh, you play dirty.” Sherlock grumbled as he stood up and began dressing himself.

“When dealing with you, yeah.” John rocked on the balls of his feet for a moment then let out a breath. “I want to look around. This place has a lot of history going back to the Cold War. They call this city “Afghanistan’s Little America”. Men will come back raving about the night life and the food. And as I plan on getting good and drunk tonight, I’d like to find the best, and safest, place to do that. Preferably while it’s still light out.”

“And I suppose I’ll be the one to carry your drunk arse back here?” Now fully dressed in a one of his suits, Sherlock stood and smoothed out invisible wrinkles in his trousers.

“Unless you get drunk as well, yeah.” John grinned and walked towards the door.

Sherlock put up with John’s tourist ways for nearly three hours before he demanded they stop somewhere and, “Sit down to drink something like a proper Brit.” John agreed, and soon they stumbled upon an outdoor cafe that almost looked like it belonged back in England. Sitting down they were waited on by a young woman wearing a Shemagh who spoke surprisingly good English and they both ordered tea and biscuits. Completely relaxed, possibly for the first time in months, John rested his arms on the chair’s arm rests and leaned back letting out a deep contented sigh.
“Tell me about school?” it was a request, not a demand, and Sherlock gave John a shy smile as he bowed his head.

“Well…” Sherlock fidgeted in his seat for a moment before glancing up at John and shrugging, as if what he was about to say had very little meaning. “As you know I applied to several colleges, even visited a few campuses.” John nodded, not daring to speak in case that scared Sherlock for divulging any further information. “I applied to Brunel, City, University of London, Birkbeck, Royal Holloway, King’s College, Imperial, and UCL.”

“Mmm?” John leaned forward a bit and fought the urge to shake his husband when Sherlock paused and didn’t speak again for another full thirty seconds.

“Unsurprisingly, I was accepted to all but King’s. Apparently King’s couldn’t see past my previous drug use, despite the score of my placement test.” Sherlock placed his hands on the table and absently drew a figure eight with his right index finger.

“Jesus, all of them but one? Sherlock, that’s… wow, brilliant, yeah that’s brilliant.”

“Mmm… That’s what Mummy said when the letters arrived. She obviously couldn’t help herself from looking at my mail.”

“Didn’t stop her with my letters, so that doesn’t surprise me.” John chuckled and leaned forward, and was about to take Sherlock’s hands in his when Sherlock met his eye and gently shook his head no, mouthing “public” so John just covered his movements by folding his hands together on top of the table.

“Quite.” Sherlock smiled and continued on, “From there it was easy. I chose Imperial College due to it’s central location. If I do, like you suggested, become a detective, it will be quite useful living in central London. Easy to get from one spot to the next. Plus they have one of the UK’s largest Medical faculties, which will come in handy…”

“Oh? What do you plan on stud… Wait, you’re telling me that you chose a Uni based on it’s location?”

“Yes, quite. I only applied at London’s best, so from there it hardly mattered which one. Imperial is perfect. I’ll be majoring in Forensics, though not quite the way it’s used now in law enforcement. I’ll be looking more at the science behind it, rather.”

“Brilliant.”

“Mmm. I start this fall, which gives me a few months to find housing. I don’t much like the idea of living on campus much longer than I necessary.”

“And, he refuses to live with me,” a voice cut in causing both John and Sherlock to look up in surprise. “Relax, I am not here to whisk my brother away, or impede on your time together. You might find it hard to believe that I actually have business here, a debriefing, of sorts…”

“Assassins again, Mycroft?” Sherlock rolled his eyes and leaned back just as their tea was brought out.

“Must you be so dramatic, Sherlock?”

“With you? Ummmmmm….. Yes.” Sherlock glared up at his brother, mentally daring him to sit down, which of course he did. Mycroft ordered something in fluent Pashto and propped his ever present umbrella against the side of his chair.
“John, you look well.”

“Ta, I think. Did I look unwell last time we saw each other?” Sherlock hid his smirk by blowing on his tea, but John saw it and winked.

“I simply meant that civilian life suits you. Not everyone's that lucky.”

“Seriously though, is it assassins? Some secret mission? Why are they meeting you here? Clearly this isn’t your normal meeting spot, I would have noticed if you’d been running away to the desert, getting yourself a tan every few weeks.”

“Keep prying, Sherlock, and I might just have to kill you. You might have a rather high clearance level for a civilian, but even you are not privy to that knowledge.”

“Dull. This is dull. Mycroft is dull… John, I’m bored. Give me your gun, I find I’d rather like to shoot him.”

“Sherlock, stop acting like a child.” Mycroft hissed then gave their waitress a rather frightening smile as she brought out his order.

“Right, drink your tea, boys. And do so quietly, you’re ruining my holiday, or I might just shoot you both.” The threat was as empty as threats can come, and everyone knew that, but it seemed to lighten the mood a bit as everyone tucked in and the bickering stopped.

“So. Housing? Will you stay on campus at first?” John tried to steer the conversation back to their previous topic, but now that Mycroft was here Sherlock was tight lipped and refused to even acknowledge that John had asked a question. “Right, I suppose I should have known that would happen…” John rolled his eyes and decided to drown his annoyance with tea.

A short while later they all stood up and John and Sherlock said their goodbyes to Mycroft, but not before reluctantly agreeing to meet him for dinner. (And only agreeing after Mycroft sighed and told them that he would pay.) They wandered about the town for another hour. John attempted to ask questions in both Dari and Pashto, and found that he was a bit better at it than he’d first thought. They found three western friendly bars looked reputable, (or as reputable as anything in that town could look) and decided on the one that was the closest to the restaurant that Mycroft had picked.

“Right… we’ve still got about three hours before we have to meet your brother for dinner? What do you say we go back to our rooms?" John chuckled when Sherlock’s eyes lit up and gently bumped his shoulder against Sherlock’s. “I think an actual nap is in order… but if we wake up early enough…” he trailed off and Sherlock grinned, then quickened his pace.

As it turned out, they barely woke up in time to make it to the restaurant to meet Mycroft for dinner. They rushed about the hotel room, calling out for random articles of clothing, shoes, and “Shit, Sherlock, do you have the room key?” but five minutes later they were out the door and on their way, thanks to the car Mycroft had waiting for them.

“What was that bit earlier,” John yawned, looking out the window as the city passed by them, “about civilian life looking good on me?”

“I’m not certain…” Sherlock replied slowly.

“Does he know something I don’t know? Is he getting me fucking discharged?” John swiveled around in his seat, not bothering to hide his anger, “don’t get me wrong, I love you and cannot wait for the day I come home for good. But jesus, having him do that, pull strings like that to get me
out. What a fucking cop-out.”

“I do not believe that is the case, John.” Sherlock placed a hand on John’s and squeezed, “As odd as it is to say this, I do believe it was a compliment, of sorts.”

“Wait, that was your brother, being nice?”

“Niceish.” Sherlock shrugged and gave John’s hand one more squeeze before placing both of his hands on his lap. “Keep in mind, neither of us have seen you much outside of your uniform. In fact, Mycroft’s first visit with you was in your own office, and we didn’t exactly spend much time with him during Christmas.”

“Still, a bit odd. Yeah?”

“John, when will you learn that when it comes to my brother, everything is odd.”

“Just your brother? Sure you don’t mean ‘family’.” John grinned over at Sherlock a leaned in for a playful kiss.

“Watch yourself, Watson, or you might just be sleeping alone tonight.” Sherlock chuckled good naturedly, then pretended to be hurt when John playfully smacked his shoulder.

John was still chuckling when they stepped into the restaurant, which of course made Mycroft roll his eyes and sigh. Sherlock however was humming and when Jonn turned to him and said, “you know you keep doing that?”

“Doing what?”

“Humming.”

“God, I can’t get the tune out of my head! It’s that dreadful song you were singing in the shower today!” Sherlock raked a hand through his hair as they approached the table where Mycroft was sat and growled.

“Yeah well, it’s rather cute.” John laughed again, which only made Mycroft more cross.

“A joke on my account, no doubt.”

“Not everything is about you, Mycroft.” John pulled out a chair for Sherlock then sat down beside him, grinning like a mad man when Sherlock burst out laughing.

“You can see why I like this man, can you not, brother? Not frightened by likes of you.”

“Endearing, I’m sure.” Mycroft straightened his tie then glanced at his mobile, placing it screen down on the table with a frown.

“No missed texts from your lover?”

“Thank you, Sherlock, that will be enough.” Mycroft sighed, and for a moment John could almost imagine that Mycroft was disappointed.

“Right…” John looked around just as a young woman, their waitress, came to the table, and without waiting for approval ordered a bottle of scotch and three glasses. “Dinner with family warrants a drink. At least, that’s how my family kept from killing each other off during holidays together.” Neither Holmes disagreed, and when the scotch arrived, and John poured three overflowing servings, they both held their glass up in the air.
“Cheers.” John clinked his glass against theirs then pressed the brim to his lips, tasting the amber liquid before downing it in one go. The brothers shared a look then followed suit. Sherlock made a face like his arse had just been set on fire as the liquid tore down his throat, but John and Mycroft simply smacked their lips together and nodded in pleasant surprise at their empty glasses.

“Not bad.” John said, refilling their glasses.

“Blue Label, if I'm not mistaken.” Mycroft motioned for John to top off his glass, then took a sip. “Delightful.”

“How was that delightful? I feel like I've just swallowed nails tipped with razor blades, then washed it down with a sandpaper and glass smoothie.” Sherlock complained, yet took a series of small sips from his freshly filled glass.

“Oh, it's not that bad, luv. Quite nice, once you know what to expect. It’s not beer, that's for sure.”

“You don't say.” Sherlock narrowed his eyes and glanced at John over the brim of his glass, took another sip then placed the glass down on the table. “If I didn't know any better I'd say you were trying to get me drunk.”

“The thought never crossed my mind.” John chuckled and winked at his husband. A short while later, when they were starting to feel the effects of the alcohol, their waitress came back over and they allowed Mycroft to order for them. When the food arrived, John looked at his plate and felt his mouth water.

“Quabili Palau.” Mycroft said, answering John's question before he could ask. “Lamb, rice, lentils, raisins and carrots. Perfectly spiced. It is neither too spicy, nor too bland. And this,” he motioned towards a bowl of weird looking bread, “is a flatbread stuffed with leeks and a few other vegetables.”

“Leave it to my brother to know the best food in every country.” Sherlock remarked, but this time it almost sounded like a compliment. In fact, as soon as John had taken his first bite, he was certain it was indeed meant as a compliment.

John all but licked his plate clean, using the bread to soak up the extra sauce on his plate; completely unashamed of the noises he was making with each bite. “I'm going to send our cook here, for research. Christ I could eat like this every day! We have the ingredients!”

“Hire a civilian chef, it would be a good outreach for your base. And,” Mycroft scraped his piece of bread over his plate as well, “people talk, when they're comfortable enough.” He glanced at his mobile and frowned again

“Might just do…” John nodded as he popped the last morsel of bread into his mouth. When they'd all finished John pushed his chair back and sighed.

“Sherlock and I are going out, and you're coming with us.” John nodded towards Mycroft's mobile. “Whoever you're waiting on will just have to do their share of waiting.” With that John signaled for the cheque and soon they were on their way, dragging a reluctant Mycroft Holmes behind them. (Sherlock, on his part, was rather reluctantly dragging his brother along with them. If it hadn't been for the death glare from his husband, he would have insisted that Mycroft not join them.

The bar, or… lounge, as it turned out to be, was a rather relaxed atmosphere. John lead the way through the single room and wove his way past the knee high tables until he found an empty one off too the side. It was a square table the color of melted chocolate, and it was surrounded by four
scarlet red pillows. Sherlock, ever the graceful man he was, sat cross legged on one of the pillows, sitting in one fluid movement, while Mycroft took a bit longer, sitting with his legs bent underneath him.

“I’ll be back, going to figure out how we get booze.” John reached out and squeezed Sherlock’s shoulder then disappeared back into the throng of people. It took him ten full minutes to find the bar, if you could call it that. It was little more than a small squared off section of the room. After speaking in his broken Pashto, he was able to make himself understood just enough to score them two bottles of something that resembled whiskey and three glasses. It then took him another three minutes to work his way back through the room, and to find the correct table. When he finally arrived he was just in time to catch Sherlock giving Mycroft a dirty look and was about to ask what they’d been talking about when Sherlock caught his eye and shook his head.

“Mycroft doesn’t approve of my choice in University.”

“Ah.” John sat and placed the bottles on the table, then the glasses. “Well, it’s a good thing he’s not paying.”

Just like before, John filled their glasses, held his up in the air and with a round of “Cheers” they all downed their glasses. John was already feeling the effects of the alcohol in the form of a slight buzz, so when ten minutes later a two American men invited themselves to sit with them, he wasn’t even the least bit put off.

“First night out?” The first American said, a tall man with a short blond buzz cut, tanned face and a scar over his left eyebrow.

“Yeah, that obvious?” John chuckled and held up one of their bottles in offering.

“Thanks, man!” the second, a shorter man with reddish brown hair and brilliantly green eyes, held out his glass and grinned as John filled it.

“A bit, yeah. We’ve been here three nights now.” The first, who introduced himself as Ian, sighed as he sat down and clapped John on the shoulder. “Our first night out was awful, and we vowed to not let another soul make the same mistake. This place is great and all, booze is cheap, but down the street is where it’s at. Real music, liked we’d hear back home. Not this… tribal crap.”

“Wonderful, am I to believe that we’re about to join company with a couple yanks?” Mycroft groaned sluggishly, almost too far gone now to really put up a fight.

“Yanks? We’re from Texas! Fort Hood. We ain’t no yanks.”

“Hyde Park, London.” John offered his hand out, “Captain John Watson-Holmes, Chief Surgeon, this is my husband Sherlock, and this is his brother Mycroft.”

“Pleasure,” the redhead said, “I’m Charlie, though everyone calls me Chuck. I’m a corpsman, and Ian here is a Sargent. We’re uh… together.” Chuck blushed and bumped shoulders with Ian.

“We don’t let on much, being in the same unit and all…” Ian added a bit nervously

John nodded and instantly decided he liked the newcomers. “Your secret is safe with us. Nice to have someone. Yeah? Sherlock here came out to visit me while I’m on leave. Got a full week just the two of us.”

“We go back day after tomorrow. So we’re living it up tonight.” Chuck grinned and did his best to politely not laugh at the sour face Mycroft was making. “What’s his deal?”
“Who, Mycroft?” Sherlock, slurring slightly, regarded his brother for a moment then shrugged. “His goldfish is ignoring him.”

“Goldfish?” Ian looked puzzled, then even more so as Mycroft glared at his baby brother.

“Mmm he has a thing for fish.” Sherlock laughed, then turned to Ian, “So, where are you taking us, if this place isn’t cool.”

“Down the road just a bit. It's a sort of club. Tonight is karaoke night, if you’re into that sort of thing.”

“Wonderful, yet another chance for my husband to get another dreadful tune stuck in my head.” Sherlock sighed but allowed an already standing John to give him a hand up.

“You love me and you know it.”

“Yes, and that is the only reason I put up with such tomfoolery.”

“Look at you two, bickering like an old married couple. Maybe Gregory was right, maybe I misjudged your compatibility.” Both John and Sherlock’s heads snapped in Mycroft’s direction at this, and Sherlock’s face was soon covered with the pleased grin of a younger sibling who now has dirt on their sibling, to either lord over, or go running to Mummy with.

“Gregory?” John repeated the name, then looked around at Sherlock, Mycroft and the two Americans. “Jesus, are any of us strictly straight here?”

“Afraid not, John!” Ian laughed and they all made their way back out to the street. “Chuck and I were… but you know how lonely it gets out here. We were bunking together, had a ton in common… one drunken night and… well things happened.”

“Mmm I know that feeling, mate. Before I met Sherlock here, that's it was with me and the nurses.”

“Been married long?”

“Uhhh… no. Just shy of six months. We met about a year ago, pen pal program. Met in person around Christmas, and I decided I couldn't live another day knowing someone could come along and scoop him up.” As they were in public, and PDA, let alone between two men, was highly taboo, John simply beamed over at his husband and laughed when a slightly drunk Mycroft made a gagging noise as he rolled his eyes.

“So what’s the name of this club?” John, who was the least drunk out of all of them, asked as they made their way down a side road.

“It roughly translates to ‘The Hole’. Sounds a bit dirty, but I think they were going for more of a ‘hole in the wall,’”

“Gloryhole!” Chuck coughed out, interrupting his partner and eliciting a series of giggles from John and Ian.

“What is a glory hole?” Sherlock asked, eyes wide with genuine curiosity.

“Uh… it's… Jesus, we’ll look it up online later, yeah?” John didn't have time to figure out if that answer was satisfactory or not, because just then they could hear the thumping bass of nearby music.
“Nearly there!” Chuck sped up, and walking a bit unevenly rounded a corner just up ahead.

“Alright gents! See you inside.” Ian took off after his partner leaving John, Sherlock and Mycroft to catch up on their own. When they finally made their way inside John let out a low whistle. It was nearly like any other nightclub he’d ever been in. Couples of all colours and genders dancing their heart away to too loud music, happy and high off life and booze. He took one glance around then grabbed Sherlock’s hand.

“Come on! Let's dance. Your brother looks busy, he won't miss us.”

A quick glance over to Mycroft informed them that he in fact would not be missing them, as he was furiously typing away on his mobile while wearing a lopsided grin. Sherlock willingly let John drag him to the edge of the dance floor. They fought for a moment, over who would lead, John ended up caving and letting Sherlock take lead and soon they were arm in arm, chest to chest, club dancing to the music.

It was invigorating, feeling the slide of Sherlock’s body against his. It was oddly sexual, while somehow remaining not. They lost themselves to each other, to the music, to the feel of their hips pressing together with a not so gentle grind. When the song “Jump Around” ended John took a step back and let out a winded laugh.

“Christ, I haven't danced like that in years.” He ran a hand over his brow, wiping away the beads of sweat.

“Neither have I. That was quite enjoyable.”

“You two really tore things up out there!” Ian, who now had a drink in either hand, walked up to them and began taking sips from his drinks. When he saw Sherlock eyeing him, and his two drinks, he shrugged and said, “couldn't decided what I wanted. So I got both. Beats waiting in line again.”

“Americans…” Sherlock muttered as Ian walked away and John just nodded his agreement.

“Shall we go brave the line ourselves?” John, who was starting to lose his buzz, looked around and spotted the bar just to their left.

“More alcohol? I'm beginning to think you're a lush, John.”

“Every once in awhile, yeah, I am.” Unashamed John grinned at his husband and dragged him over to the bar. By the time they’d queued and reached the bar, John was beginning to understand why Ian had opted for two drinks at once. Ignoring Sherlock's disapproving stare, he ordered five pints of beer, paid, took three and left Sherlock to manage the other two. They brought their order over to the table where Mycroft now sat, grinning stupidly at his mobile, and John placed one of the pints in front of him. Mycroft didn't seem to notice, he was on autopilot as he reached out, curled a hand around the mug, and took a sip.

“How’s Greg?” John asked, sitting down and taking a hearty sip from his first mug.

“Good. Just got off work, was in the middle of a case before.”

“Ah, explains why he wasn't texting you.” John exchanged a grin with Sherlock and wondered just how far Mycroft would let this line of conversation go.

“Mmm.” Mycroft took another sip, then tapped away at his mobile before laughing to himself. “Told him I’m out drinking. He said he wants a selfie.” He pressed his phone into John’s hand, ran his hand through his hair and grinned. “You take it, I’ve never taken a selfie before.
“Yeah, alright.” John pulled up the camera, and took a grainy, slightly out of focus picture of his brother in law, frowned and took a second then a third. They all agreed that the third was the best, and soon that was well on its way to Greg. Mycroft sat there gigging and drinking his beer while he waited for a reply.

“You should give him alcohol more often.” John had to shout now, as the music had started playing again. Sherlock merely nodded his head and grinned while eyeing the dance floor. Ian and Chuck were out there, back to back, grinding their arses together without a care in the world.

“Young man, watch our drinks?” John stood and took Sherlock’s hand and with a questioning look inclined his head towards the dance floor. Sherlock’s eyes lit up and he practically dragged John behind him as he dashed towards the dance floor. A half hour later John, panting and laughing, placed his hands on Sherlock’s shoulders and shouted, “need the loo!” he then also made a drinking motion with his hand and pointed back to the table. Sherlock nodded and made his way back to where his brother was sitting next to three empty beer mugs.

“I said watch our drinks, not drink our drinks.” John teased when he joined them a moment later. “Shall I go get more?” the brothers nodded and John, with a slightly annoyed sigh, went off to wait in line for a second time. When he came back with three more, because Mycroft could go wait in the bloody line next time, he found Sherlock and Mycroft legitimately fighting over Mycroft’s mobile. Sherlock was standing behind his brother, his arms wrapped around Mycroft’s neck as he tried to grapple the phone out of Mycroft’s hands.

“Oi! Knock it off before you two get us kicked out. I’m rather enjoying myself.” John deposited the beers on the table then pulled his husband off of his brother and pointed to Sherlock’s chair. “Sit. Drink.”

Sherlock huffed out a sigh and stick out his bottom lip, but sat, and drank.

“Spoilsport.” he muttered into his drink, then started to hum again.

“What on earth are you doing?” Mycroft sighed and raised an annoyed eyebrow at his brother. “I much prefer you hanging off me than… this.”

“I can't help it. John got this god awful song stuck in my head. Pure torture.”

“So you decided to torture us as well?” Mycroft groaned, but it was cut short when there was a loud ringing and someone tapping on a microphone then in surprisingly fluent English, someone announced that it was time for karaoke. The club music died down, and people on the dance floor began to disperse, either heading to the bar, or to tables where friends waited.

“You should go up and sing.” Mycroft joked, then looked up in alarm when Sherlock downed half his beer in one go and stood up.

“If only to annoy you further, brother.” With a forceful sway of his hips, most likely for John’s benefit, Sherlock made his way up to the little stage where the karaoke machine was. After exchanging a few words with the man on stage, Sherlock was handed the microphone, and it was only a matter of seconds before the unmistakable beat of “I’m Gonna Be” by The Proclaimers came bursting through the speakers.

Unfamiliar as he was with the song, Sherlock missed the first two lines of the first verse, but sensing the pattern quickly caught up and started singing on the third line.

“When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you. If I get
drunk, well I know I'm gonna be, gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you.”

Ian and Chuck pulled up at the table and plopped down next to John, Ian let out a loud, belly laugh and Chuck simply clapped John on the shoulder. Mycroft meanwhile, was sinking lower and lower in his chair until it looked like he was being sucked into some sort of black hole under the table. (In the end proving to draw more attention to himself than if he had just sat up normally.)

Sherlock soldiered through the chorus, and second verse, only taking a break during the repetitive ‘da da da’s, tapping his foot to the beat then belting out, “when I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you. And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream, I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you.”

John, nearly in tears what with the meaning behind the song and the alcohol, softly sang along, and at “and when I come home, yes I know I'm gonna be. I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you.”

When Sherlock finished, the room hooted and hollered, and when Sherlock made it back to the table John stood and took Sherlock’s arm.

“Come on….”

“Where are we going?”

“If you'll all excuse us,” John addressed the table, “I need to take this man back to our rooms and rip his clothes off.”

Mycroft dropped his head to the table-top with a rather painful-sounding thunk, groaning, Ian and Chuck laughed and wished them luck.

“Have fun, boys!” Chuck yelled after them as they left the crowded pub. It never occurred to either of them that they’d ditched Mycroft with the Americans, and they didn’t particularly care. They had much better things to worry about. Like getting back to the hotel.

Chapter End Notes

I have this silly head cannon that the Assassins Mycroft is meeting with is Mary and her gang. ;)

Also, should Chuck and Ian make another appearance. I rather like them... and I'm fighting the urge to kill one off and have John be the one to call TOD on the body...
On his third day of leave, it hit John like a ton of bricks to the face that there was nothing he was supposed to do. No orders to give, no orders to obey, no patients demanding his attention, no (well, fewer) bombs to avoid. He was, for all intents and purposes, on holiday. For the first time since joining the army, he was a “free” man. It was maddening. He was bored, he was antsy, he woke up annoyed that he had no real reason to get out of bed. Sherlock said little over breakfast, but kept casting glances up at him whenever John would clench his fist or twiddle his fingers over his thumbnail. It had been different during Christmas he realized, because he was meeting Sherlock for the first time. He had something to do, get to know the man he claimed (truthfully) to love.

After pacing their room for a full twenty minutes, he pursed his lips together and looked up. Sherlock was standing in the doorway between their two rooms holding the skimpy nurse’s outfit up with a questioningly arched eyebrow.

“Err…” John shook his head sadly and did his best not to upset Sherlock, “I think I need a walk. I need… a purpose, I need… To get from Point A, to Point B. A clear path… I just… need to walk.”

When he’d been a kid, when his parents used to fight, or his father was yelling at Harry, John would walk. It had been his escape, his way of clearing his head, and he felt that sudden itch to just bolt.

Sherlock nodded and with a quiet voice, said “Yeah…”

“Hey,” John stopped tying on his trainers and walked over, one trainer still in hand, and placed a hand on Sherlock’s hip, giving him a firm squeeze. “I’m sorry. I’m in a bit of a funk without orders. This is… unfamiliar to me now,” he kissed the tip of Sherlock’s nose then continued, “I just need a walk. Something to do. A goal, if you will.”

“I understand.” Sherlock returned the kiss then added, “Would you mind company?”

“Mmm I’d love it.” John hummed happily and sat to put on his other trainer, suddenly realizing how relaxed it made him knowing Sherlock was willing to not only let him walk, but wanted to come with him. When he’d gotten both trainers on, while waiting for Sherlock to find his, he pulled up his phone and plotted out a route to take.

They walked in silence for a short distance, but once the hubbub died down as they moved through lesser traveled streets, John asked, “Are you nervous?”

“Mmm?”
“About Uni.”

“Ahh.” Sherlock paused for a moment and pursed his lips together, then shrugged. “Nervous isn’t the correct word. I’m afraid, John. I’m afraid I’ll be bored, that there won’t be enough to stimulate my mind. And, as we both know… bad things happen when I’m bored.” There was a hint of panic to Sherlock’s voice and John instinctively reached out to give Sherlock’s elbow a squeeze.

“Drugs?” John asked, already knowing the answer.

“Drugs.” Sherlock nodded and let out a sigh, blowing a curl off his forehead in the process. “A valid fear, I’ve come so far… thanks to you.”

“You’ll be alright, Sherlock.” John did his best to sound reassuring. He did believe, it, even if he didn’t believe it to be easy. A few minutes passed, neither of them said anything, but the tension in John’s body was now mostly gone, allowing him to think a bit more clearly.

“I hate that I can’t physically be there for you. I mean, I’ll always be ‘here’,” John made air quotes, “for you, but…”

Sherlock simply smiled, a soft and genuine smile then squinted up at the hot desert sun. “It’s not even half nine and it’s hotter than anything out. How can you stand it, John?”

“Honestly,” John chuckled, “other than the chaffing behind the balls… the heat isn’t the worst part.”

Sherlock cringed and cast a sympathetic glance down at John’s crotch.

“It’s easily treated though… most creams used on nappy rashes do the trick.” John explained and laughed again. “Happens to us all at one point, I’m afraid.”

“What is the worst part then,” Sherlock inquired.

“Well, there’s the part where you aren’t always here… And, there’s the bloody bugs. The scorpions are the worst though. One of the men found one in his boot just two weeks ago! We’ve all starting shaking out our clothing now.”

“Jesus…”

“Yeah, it’s fun.” John sighed and raised his eyebrows.

“Fun?” Sherlock shook his head and laughed, “You’ve got a strange sense of fun, then, John. Thieves, con men, murderers, I can handle. Scorpions” Sherlock shuddered, “I cannot.”

“Well then, don’t join the military.” John laughed and bumped shoulders with Sherlock. They walked in silence for a moment when from somewhere to their left, someone shouted, “John! Sherlock!” They looked, and sitting at a little outdoor Cafe was Chuck, waving them over enthusiastically.

“Hey.” John said once they were within non shouting distance. “Guys all ready?”

“Mmm,” Ian appeared holding two cups of coffee and sat down at the table next to his partner. “Just about. You two have fun last night?” handing one of the cups to Chuck he winked at the two men and leaned back, obviously waiting for a reply, if not a detailed reply.

“Oh, you know… a bit.” Sherlock said airily and invited himself down. “John, luv, a cup of tea
would be lovely.”

“Oi, don’t go spilling all my secrets you bossy git.” John rolled his eyes, but ran inside because yes, a cup of tea did in fact sound lovely. When he got back to the table, two cups of tea in hand, (Earl Grey for him, and English Breakfast for Sherlock), he found Sherlock in the middle of a story that had Ian and Chuck clutching their sides with laughter.

“And then, I start guessing female names.”

“Nooo….” Ian said, glancing up at John who was now raising his eyebrows and letting out a resigned sigh.

“Yes! Didn’t I, John.”

“Oh, he did. A few times. Each guess was worse than the last. Humphrey was my favorite.” John sat, handing Sherlock his tea before he was tempted to spit it out of spite, “Yet the bastard knew the whole time!”

“Seriously?” Chuck, doubled over with laughter, looked up and wiped a tear from his eye.

“Mmm easy.” Sherlock eyed his tea, then deciding it was safe, took a small sip to judge the temperature. “I had to get him back for him teaching me what Hamburger meant…”

“You mean when you take your…” Chuck motioned towards his crotch and bent over again, bellowing out a rather comical sounding laugh.

“Yes… that.” Sherlock said rather distastefully.

“Mmm best part is, he got caught trying it out.”

“Hence the payback.” Sherlock added, not even bothering to hide his smirk.

“So… you two met as pen pals?” Ian put his coffee down on the table and placed a hand on Chuck’s thigh.

“Uh.. yeah. Sort of.” John looked at Sherlock, unsure how much information Sherlock was willing to give out.

“I was in rehab… for addiction… one of the things my therapist suggested was to write a letter. My rehab facility currently had a pen pal programe going with the military. John… got my letter. Shockingly, he read it. More shockingly, he wrote back.”

“Jesus, that’s luck right there.”

“Indeed.” Sherlock nodded and glanced over at John, noticing how his left hand, which was cupped around his mug, and how his wedding ring caught the sunlight. “He saved me. In more ways than one.”

Chuck let out a low whistle and shook his head in disbelief.

“We were exactly what each other needed.” John added, placing a hand on Sherlock’s shoulder and giving it a squeeze. “I probably would have, just to make life easier, given… somewhat… into Moran if it hadn’t been for you.”

Sherlock snapped to the side and he, without realizing it, let out a snarl. “Don’t think so low of yourself, John! You would not have given into that excuse of a man!”
“Moran?” Chuck asked, clearly interested.

“Mmm Colonel Moran… he was in charge of my last base. Made it clear that he wanted me. Mainly because he knew he couldn’t have me. He was what we liked to call… a bit of a man whore.” John sighed, “If it moved, and he could fuck it, he wanted to fuck it. Nurses, doctors… probably patients.”

“We’ve all got one of those in our camp, I’m afraid. Just… not always the man in charge.” Ian shuddered, “Corbet.”

“Oh god, Corbet. So glad that bastard went home.” Chuck slapped the table and rolled his eyes. “Man got one of the ladies on base pregnant, then denied it. It was… a PR nightmare.”

“Fuck, yeah… I believe it. So,” wanting a change in topic, John quickly changed gears, “what time do you ship out?”

“Early tomorrow, 0300.” Chuck groaned and Ian laughed. “He’s the morning bird, I never liked waking early.”

“Mmm he’s the early bird.” Sherlock inclined his head in John’s direction and scoffed, “not me. I like to stay up, when it’s quiet. It’s when I think the best.”

“Right… well…” Chuck who had finished his coffee glanced at his watch, then over to Ian. “We’ve actually got to dash.”

“Oh?” Now it was John’s turn to be curious.

“Mmmm. He’s taking me to the movies. Their is a small little theater here, plays old black and whites. He promised me an actual date before we got back, and well, we’ve been too busy partying!”

“As it is unlikely that we’ll meet again by chance,” Sherlock stood up and offered Ian his hand, “It was wonderful meeting you both.”

“Likewise!” they all stood, shook hands, and after John and the two American’s exchanged e-mail addresses, they said goodbye.

“Feeling better?” Sherlock inquired when they, a few minutes later, resumed their walk.

“Mmm much.” John nodded, then looked in the direction of their hotel, “feel like trying on a new outfit for me?”

It took Sherlock a moment, but when he understood he cracked a smile and winked.

“Oh God yes.”
11th May: Part Two

Chapter by FourCornersHolmes, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

First of all... THANK you to everyone who has encouraged me, supported me, and understood. Seriously... you guys are fucking awesome. I deleted that chapter, where I let you know what was going on, but I saved screenshots of all your comments. Because... jesus... you guys fucking rock. Seriously, pat yourself on the back. Instead of feeling guilty every time I stared at Google Doc, I took a chance and decided to power through my writers block but putting Dear John (partly) aside and writing the 30 day OTP Challenge. I'm a day behind in that, but I've been at work and driving family members around all day today. :-P

Anyways... sit back, John and Sherlock are back.

Sherlock had been in the bathroom for fifteen minutes. John was sitting on the bed doing his very best to remain patient. Finally, when John thought he might burst out of his own skin, the door opened and a long slender foot stuck itself out of the bathroom. John knew, of course, that it was Sherlock’s foot, but what was surprising was the black stiletto Sherlock was wearing.

John stood and took a handful of steps towards the bathroom and watched as Sherlock stepped out. Sherlock was wearing black thigh high sheer stockings, black stilettos, the skimpy nurse’s outfit. He also had applied a small amount of makeup, light blue eyeshadow that brought out the colour of Sherlock’s eyes, black eyeliner and soft pink lip gloss. John’s jaw dropped to the floor. He reached a hand out and cupped Sherlock’s face.

“Jesus…”

“It’s a bit much… isn’t it?” Sherlock looked unsure but John leant up and kissed him full on his glossy lips.

“Jesus,” he said again, reaching his free hand up and around until it rested on the silky fabric covering Sherlock’s hips. “No, it's fucking hot.”

“Really?” Sherlock smiled and a deep blush ran over his face, John chased it with his fingers with a soft hum.

“Really.” John nodded and brushed his thumb over Sherlock's flushed cheeks then gave him filthy grin. “There’s only one problem… You’re much too tall.”

Using his military training, and aided by the simple fact that Sherlock was slightly off balance thanks to the heels, John grabbed hold of Sherlock, spun him around until his back was to the bed, and pushed. Sherlock fell backwards and uttered a surprised, “oof!” John sprang after him, quickly crawling onto the bed and with an animalistic growl loomed over Sherlock and pinned him in place by placing both his hands on Sherlock’s shoulders.
I’m torn, Sherlock…. I want to rip this outfit off of you and have the ball slappingest sex we’ve ever had. But I also want to leave you dressed like this and tease you for hours.” Sherlock made a low keening noise that went straight to John’s cock. “So, I think I’ll do just a little bit of both. Tease you until you can’t take it anymore, or until I’m so hard that it hurts, then fuck you until we’ve just about broken this bed.”

John sat back on his heels and pulled Sherlock’s legs apart. Doing so he revealed that Sherlock was wearing a skimpy black thong that just barely covered him. It was so skimpy, (slutty, John thought), that one of Sherlock’s testicles spilt out the side. With a deep growl, John leant forward and sucked the testicle into his mouth, running his tongue over the smooth skin and wondering when Sherlock had found the time (and the guts) to shave himself there. Sherlock let out a broken gasp and spread his legs even wider. When John finally released Sherlock’s bollocks with a loud, wet, pop and sat back, he spotted something glittering between Sherlock’s cheeks. Curious, he pulled them apart and grinned.

“Well, if that isn’t the prettiest butt plug I’ve ever seen. It matches your eye shadow.” John gave the bejewelled plug a little tug then smirked playfully. “Is that what took you so long?”

“T-that…” Sherlock breathed out, slightly distracted by John mouthing along his cock, “that… and the makeup. I… stopped after the eyeliner… ahhhh… for a minute. Wasn’t… OH GOD… sure if you’d like it.”

“I bloody love it.” John ran his lips along the outline of Sherlock’s cock through the thong, leaving wet patches from his tongue. He continued doing that until Sherlock’s breathing threatened to turn into hyperventilating, then pulled back relishing the soft whimper and the way Sherlock canted his body forward. “Mmmm no… just let me look at you.”

Sherlock whimpered again but remained still as John drank him in. The nurse’s outfit was tight, form fitting as if it had been made especially for Sherlock. It was made out of a silky material that felt like water beneath his fingers. Right smack in the centre of Sherlock’s chest was the red medical cross and John couldn’t help leaning forward, pressing his lips to the fabric and laving his tongue against it. Sherlock shivered beneath him, and John marvelled that this gorgeous, sensitive, brilliant creature was his.

“This is,” he kissed Sherlock’s chest again then sat up, “the most impractical uniform ever. These shoes would be murder on you after a few hours on your feet.” A thought suddenly came to him and he scrambled up off the bed, pointing a finger in Sherlock’s direction, “Don’t move!”

He dashed off to the other room, rummaged through his bag and returned a moment later with his stethoscope in hand.

“Right. The doctor is in.”

Sherlock’s eyes grew wide, his pupils now so large that John could see his own reflection in them as he got closer.

“Oh! Doctor…” Sherlock moaned and writhed on the bed. “I have this problem you see, and it’s so incredibly hard.” he rolled his hips forward, making sure that his erection was the centre of John’s attention, and bit his lip in anticipation.

“Oh?” John reached out and rubbed his palm over Sherlock’s groin, feeling his own cock twitch to life in his pants. “Let me take a look then… yeah?”
Sherlock stuck out his bottom lip in a pout and nodded, his eyes wide and pleading. John placed his stethoscope around his neck and straddled Sherlock’s hips, being sure not to let any part of his body touch Sherlock’s cock. He pressed the chest piece against Sherlock’s heart and grinned when he heard the organ beating. He couldn’t explain why, but for some reason hearing Sherlock’s heart beating so clearly really turned him on. His cock was now straining in his pants, begging to be let out, to be inside Sherlock. Sherlock, of course, had noticed and rocked forward with enough momentum that John’s hips just brushed against Sherlock’s cock.

“Please, Doctor, I need you.”

“Mmm yes, yes you do.” John gave Sherlock’s cock a squeeze then reached for the lube they’d stashed under the pillows the night before. He swung himself off of Sherlock and barked out an order. “Get on your hands and knees. I want to hear myself fucking you.”

Sherlock scrambled to obey and soon he was on all fours with his pert arse stuck in the air, thong still on and plug sparkling up at John in a most inviting fashion.

“I’m going to see if I can make you come in these sexy little panties.” John pulled on the elastic then ran between his arse cheeks and let it snap back harmlessly against his skin. Sherlock moaned. It might have been because John chose that moment to pull the plug out, or it might have been from his words. Either way, John didn’t quite care what the reason was. All he cared about was how open Sherlock was for him. He quickly removed his clothing and popped open the lube. He wasted no time in slicking himself up. With one hand wrapped around the base of his cock, he lined himself up and pressed his head against Sherlock’s hole. Letting go of himself, he wiped his slippery hand on his thigh then grabbed hold of Sherlock’s hips.

As he thrust in, he simultaneously pulled Sherlock back. Hard. The room was momentarily filled with the sounds of their moans and their two bodies coming together. John grunted and shook his head, “Jesus, you’re so tight…” He slowly pulled himself out until just his tip was inside, he was able to feel Sherlock contracting around him and it was maddening. “So,” he thrust inside, again pulling Sherlock back to meet him, “Fucking,” he pulled out, all the way this time making Sherlock whimper and wiggle his arse wantingly, “TIGHT!” He slammed back inside and Sherlock had to bury his face in the pillows to stifle his cry.

John watched as his husband reacted to each and every one of his moves. The sight was intoxicating. When he pulled out, Sherlock would wiggle back and let out a frustrated grunt, and when he pushed his way back inside Sherlock’s tight heat, he would let out a sigh of content and tighten his muscles around John’s cock. It was as if Sherlock were trying to keep John inside, trying to lock him in place.

“Jesus, Sherlock…” John grabbed hold of Sherlock’s arse cheeks and pulled them apart, letting his fingers dig into Sherlock’s pale skin. He watched himself slip in and out of Sherlock, slowing down just to watch the stretch of Sherlock’s muscles as he moved. “You’re so fucking sexy, all dressed up for me.”

After a few minutes of this, he reached around Sherlock’s body with his left hand and began palming at Sherlock’s dripping cock. When his hand came in contact with Sherlock’s sensitive member, Sherlock released a string of curses directly into the pillow, causing John to chuckle.

“You like this, yeah? Being fucked hard by my cock?”

“Gaa… Yes!” Sherlock wailed and tried to buck back, to move faster, to get more of John inside him.
“No!” John clicked his tongue and slapped Sherlock’s arse hard. “You stay where you are! You’re my plaything right now, and you don’t move unless I tell you to.”

A shiver ran down Sherlock’s spine and blubbered out a few incoherent words while nodding his head. He was utterly at John’s mercy, and he found that he loved it. He loved not being in control of everything, not having to think, he felt loved and safe. And wanted. John began to move faster than ever, and Sherlock became aware of a clinking sound. He risked a glance back and caught sight of John’s dog tags clinking against the stethoscope that was still around his neck. The sight was intoxicating.

It was all too much for him. He had to bite down hard on the pillow to muffle his grunts as he painted the inside of his panties with his come. He was still twitching, riding aftershock after aftershock, his senses on overdrive, when John came. He could feel the pulsing of John’s cock and the warm rush of come inside of him. He cried out, caught unaware, as a dry orgasm wracked through his body. The last thing he was aware of was John rolling him over and kissing his cheek, a soft smile on his face as he leant back up.

He woke two hours later, hot, sticky, and smelling of sex. John was beside him reading a book. He looked up when Sherlock stirred, and placed the book on his chest.

“How are you feeling?” He sat up and handed a glass of water to Sherlock, who took it and drained half of it before answering.

“A bit… exhausted,” he drained the second half of the glass and handed it back to John with a smile, “but sated. Happy… that was… the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“Yeah, same here.” John grinned his lopsided grin and leant in to kiss away a drop of water from Sherlock’s bottom lip. “Get cleaned up and we’ll go out for dinner?”

It was a question, not a request. John was giving Sherlock a chance to roll back over and fall back to sleep. But Sherlock was hungry. Despite being a bit sore from maintaining a single position for so long, the promise of a walk and food was enough to get Sherlock up out of bed.

They took turns showering. Sherlock tried to talk John into showering with him but John declined, stating that he wanted to give Sherlock’s body a break from his cock.

Sherlock laughed, but was a bit glad for the privacy when, partway through his shower, gravity caused John's ejaculate to leak out of his arse. He showered quickly, but thoroughly and stepped out feeling refreshed. As he toweled off, and wrapped a spare towel around his hips, he caught a glance in the mirror. He was still thin, and still pale. That probably wouldn't change, not at least until well into retirement age. (He had his father's physique.) but he was no longer gaunt, the track marks that had once decorated his arms, leaving behind purple bruises and swollen bumps, were gone. He touched a finger to his jaw, noticing how his cheekbones were no longer sunken and grey.

He could still use a bit of strength training... his arms were scrawny, and his back was weak. But, all in all, he was pleased with his progress. And while he wasn't quite ready to say much to John, he was pleased that John was here to see the progress.

He could hear John moving about in the next room, and that snapped him out of his current line of thinking. Food, John was hungry. He was hungry. He smiled at himself in the mirror and wondered if John would always be able to get him to eat. With the towel still around his hips, he stepped out of the bathroom and walked right to his case. He felt John's eyes on him as he dropped the towel and began to dress. He thought about turning around, about making a show of it, but John let out a
low whistle then went off to take his shower. So, he stepped into a clean pair of pants, tan linen trousers, and a soft blue button up.

After stuffing themselves silly, and somehow enjoying a full day without Mycroft butting in, the two men headed back to the hotel. The sun was just starting to set, painting the tan and white buildings around them brilliant shades of reds and purples. They watched, as the sunbeams flickered around them, then died out, leaving him in the pale blue of twilight. Their walk was short, but they moved slowly. Neither of them felt in much of a rush to get back, and the air was cool. (Or at least cooler than it had been.)

John was in the middle of a rather entertaining story that involved the handled end of a hammer, a condom and a female nurse who'd mysteriously contracted a yeast infection when it happened.

There weren't many people around them, but still, there was the low hum of chatter, the sounds of cars on nearby roads. And then there wasn't. All they could hear was the drone of an aeroplane, flying low over the city, and flying right towards them. John immediately snapped into action and grabbed Sherlock's hand.

They were in a sort of ally. Buildings on one side and a wall that was too tall to vault over on the other. There were no turns on either side for a few hundred feet. They had two options, run forward, or turn around and run in the direction they'd just come from. They were more than halfway down this stretch of the road, so John yanked Sherlock forward and shouted at him to, "RUN!"

They ran. They ran towards the plane. Soon two more planes swooped in, one on either side, nearly flying wing to wing. And then the bombing began. John gritted his teeth and pulled Sherlock forward. If they could just run a bit more, just a bit, there was a bomb shelter just ahead. He'd noticed it on their out earlier that evening.

The high-pitched whine of something flying through the air filled his ears. And then he was knocked off his feet. He was sent hurtling forward, his left shoulder smacking into the wall to his left. He didn't remember letting go of Sherlock's hands, but when he turned to make sure Sherlock was fine, intending to then pull him forward, to continue their run, Sherlock was gone.

"SHERLOCK!" John shouted his name and turned. Behind him, was a pile of rubble from a partially collapsed building. And there, sticking out of the rubble, was an arm... clad in a baby blue shirt.

"Oh god... No...n-no. Not... Jesus, don't be... SHERLOCK!" John heard himself yelling, and didn't realize that he was running towards the rubble until he was there, grabbing the wrist and checking for a pulse.

Chapter End Notes

Just... uh... don't kill me, yeah? Hopefully the next chapter will be out soon. My work week is light this week, and my man is working a lot, so I've got some free time
John woke to the rhythmic whirrs and beeping of machines. Familiar as they were, he wasn't able to place where he was until he reached up to cup a hand over his face and caught sight of the medical band around his wrist. Then, it all came to him in flashes, playing like a horror film before his eyes.

He and Sherlock had been walking back to the hotel, the air strike, (clearly not American or English. Taliban, most likely. Not that it mattered in this particular moment who was at fault.) then Sherlock with half a building's worth of rubble on top of him. He’d just reached Sherlock’s exposed arm, was just checking for his husband’s pulse when another bomb hit, and that’s where it all went dark. He still had no idea if Sherlock was alive.

"Sherlock!" He meant to yell, to shout, to get up out of bed to go look for his husband, but all he was able to do was wheeze and sit halfway up, propped up on his elbows. He was just about to tear his IV out so he could, what, stumble around the hospital demanding for Sherlock? He decided it didn't matter what, he wouldn't rest until he knew Sherlock's fate.

"I wouldn't if I were you." a hand closed over his and he looked up into the eyes of his brother-in-law.

"Sherlock?" demanded John with a slight snarl to his voice, he wasn’t playing any games and that included vague answers from his brother in law.

"He is alive, John. He's right…” Mycroft moved from John's bedside to a curtain just to John's left and pulled it open. There on the other side was another bed, and in it, was Sherlock. John let out a strangled whine and felt his heart skip a few beats. After giving himself a once over, and finding nothing broken, he swung his legs out of bed, grabbed onto his IV feed, and stumbled the half dozen steps to Sherlock's bed. Judging by the breeze on his backside Mycroft was getting a full view of his arse but he didn’t care. All he cared about was his husband. He stood at the side of Sherlock’s bed for a long moment, looking down at his husband, and felt Mycroft move close to him. Probably to catch him in case he was to fall. (And to step out of Ass-Viewing-Range.)

"Are yo-. Sherlock, are you hurt?” John scanned Sherlock's body with a medically trained eye. Sherlock cracked an eye open and gave John a small smile, the cut in his lip preventing him from expressing just how happy he was to see John awake.

“Hello, John.”

“Sher…” John sobbed and had to place a hand over his mouth to muffle the ungodly noises he was making.
“I’m alright, John...shhh... Uff!” Sherlock gave a small chuckle and made room on his bed for John who at that moment had all but thrown himself into bed with his husband.

“Do be careful, John. Sherlock has a concussion, his left arm is broken and as you can see he’s more than a bit bruised.” Mycroft gently warned but didn’t stop him from joining Sherlock in bed, instead, he took the blanket from John’s bed and placed it over the two men. Making sure to tuck it in around John’s backside.

John continued to sob as he wrapped himself around Sherlock’s body, kissing along Sherlock’s neck and jaw desperately needing more, more kisses, more contact between them, just being beside him wasn’t enough. As he moved he winced and it was only then that he noticed his left arm was in a sling. He looked down at it, confused, and Sherlock pressed a ginger kiss to John’s jaw.

“You dislocated your shoulder. An eyewitness said you shielded me from the second blast.” Sherlock ran the hand on his good arm over John’s back and pulled him to his chest.

“My head is killing me...” John grumbled and, a bit more carefully this time, settled down on his right side against Sherlock’s body.

"Mmm, we did just survive two explosions. There are bound to be a few aches and pains." Sherlock sounded tired. John wondered how long he’d been forced to stay awake, and why he’d been allowed to sleep, or if he’d merely been unconscious.

“Y.. yeah.” John nodded into Sherlock’s chest and yawned. “Am.. am I alright to sleep?” He meant to ask if he had a concussion as well if that’s why he didn’t remember the last seven or so hours, but if Sherlock replied, John didn’t hear it. Now that he knew his husband was alive, and for the most part well, his body demanded sleep.

Sherlock kissed the forehead of his sleeping husband then looked up worriedly at his brother.

“We should have told the nurses he was awake.”

“They’ll figure that out when they discover him in your bed.” Mycroft pulled the lone chair over to sit beside Sherlock and placed a hand on his elbow.

“Yes, but, he shouldn’t be sleeping? Should he? I mean, they say it’s bad to sleep with a concussion...”

“Your body does most of its healing while you’re asleep. He woke up, and was able to carry on a conversation without any problem, aside from the fact that he was exhausted.” Mycroft squeezed Sherlock’s elbow before folding his hands on his own lap. “He’ll be alright, Sherlock, please don’t worry.”

"Mmm…” Sherlock nodded and looked over at his IV drip. He’d been given morphine upon arrival, but Mycroft had put a stop to that within thirty minutes of his first bag. His pain was moderate enough, he’d gone through worse back when he used to get into fights. The underground boxing world cared little for rules and regulations, after all. But his whole body ached, he was covered in scrapes, friction burns, and a few decent sized bruises on his left hip where he’d taken the brunt of the collapsing building. All in all, he felt like a building had fallen on him, and he would have liked to have the option of a stronger painkiller than tramadol. Currently, his IV was nothing more than saline to keep him hydrated.

“I didn't ask, how did you find us so quickly?"
"GPS tracker in John's mobile." Mycroft looked a bit sheepish as he settled back into the chair. "I knew you would deactivate any tracking software on your phones, but took the gamble that John wouldn't.

"Ahh.."

"I'm pleased he didn't. I wouldn't have been able to get here as quickly, and it could have taken rescue crews hours, if not days, to find you." Mycroft sighed and dragged a hand through his rapidly thinning hair. Another year or two and he'd be mostly bald. The thought appalled him, but such was life.

"Go get some sleep, Mycroft. You've done all you can for us." Sherlock wrapped his good arm around his husband and gave his brother a smile that said more than a simple 'thank you' ever could. "I promise I won't sweet talk them into giving me morphine... However, of John suggests it..."

"We both know he won't, brother mine. Call me, if.. anything happens?" Mycroft stood, smoothed out his suit and placed a timid hand on his brother's forehead. Looking down he saw the small boy he used to read to when he got sick, it made his heart ache for a simpler time.

"Of course." Sherlock lifted his head slightly and nodded, but just that motion exhausted him so he settled back down against the bed and listened to the soft sounds of John sleeping.

John woke during the early morning hours to the pokings and proddings of a nurse attempting to take both of their vitals. He half expected the nurse to demand he move back to his own bed, but instead, she worked around them. (He probably had Mycroft to thank for that, if he were honest.) She didn't even seem put off that two men were cradled in each other's arms in front of her. PDA in her culture was forbidden, let alone PDA between two men. Once satisfied with her readings, she gave John (who was the only one awake) a smile and left them to catch a few more hours of sleep. John settled back down against Sherlock's chest and dragged his fingers lightly over Sherlock's cast before falling back to sleep.

They were released shortly after lunch. But not before John had a very long conversation with their doctor. Sherlock had been lucky enough to avoid brain injury. However, he was told to take it easy for a few weeks, and if he had any signs of nausea, change in his vision, or worsening headaches he was to immediately get to an emergency room.

When they finally made it back to their hotel room with Mycroft’s help, Sherlock collapsed into a chair with a groan. Letting out a shaky sigh he slumped forward and ran a hand through the disaster that was his hair and picked out a chunk of rubble. He held the bit of building between his thumb and index finger and stared at it.

"No matter how many times I run it through my head, no matter how many ways, we should have died. Or I should have, you survived 93% of the time..."

"Sherlock," John could tell that Sherlock was in shock. He'd seen that far off vacant look many times before in the men he patched up. He knelt in front of his husband and placed his hands flat on Sherlock's knees, "look at me, yeah?" He gave Sherlock a small smile when he tore his eyes off of the rock and met John's gaze.

"Sometimes, there's no explanation. What happened," he licked his lips and Sherlock looked back down to the rock in his hands, “what we went through, is terrible. Some people survive, some don't. We... got lucky. And I'm glad we got lucky. Because if something happened to you." John trailed off and swallowed the lump in his throat.
That seemed to snap Sherlock back to his senses because he looked back up at John, the familiar fierceness flickering in those pale eyes and he placed a hand over one of John's.

"What happened is not your fault, John."

"Yeah," John sighed, "but you wouldn't have been here, in the middle of it, if it weren't for me."

"I think we can both agree that I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you." Sherlock raised his eyebrows and John knew he wasn't just talking about their current location.

"Now, if you'll both excuse me," he glanced up at his brother who had been standing silently by the door watching their exchange, "I need a shower. I've got bits of building threatening to go up my arse."

"We both need showers, I expect." John said lightly, trying to cover up the pained groan that escaped his lips as he pushed off of Sherlock's knees and stood. Without stopping to grab a clean pair of clothes Sherlock limped off to the bathroom and grunted when John reminded him not to get his cast wet.

Once the sound of water clanging through old pipes filled the room John sat down in the recently vacated chair and allowed himself a bit of self-loathing before speaking.

"Take him home..." he whispered and couldn't find it within himself to look up and meet Mycroft's eyes. He ran a hand through his hair and bit back a wave of bitter tears. "I want to be selfish, I want to keep him here. But I'd rather him be at home. Home in one piece, not in a body bag. Even if that means I don't get to see him again until I'm discharged." Feeling defeated John slumped his shoulders and let his head sag, a few stubborn tears made their way down his face and he watched them hit the worn out carpet.

"How very noble of you, John." Mycroft leaned against the wall and pulled a face that almost looked like a reassuring smile, "but regretfully my business keeps me here for another two days now, thanks to the recent events. Shall I send him home, alone?" The way Mycroft arched his eyebrow at John lead John to believe that his brother-in-law was offering something.

"No, not alone. He'd never forgive me. I... erm, I know it's asking a lot. But could you possibly get me clearance to go back to England? I could fly home with him, get him settled. Ensure he sees a doctor for a follow-up, and keep an eye on him for a day or two."

"Give me two hours, a car will be waiting for you." Mycroft gave John a half smile and nodded.

"Ta. I'll start packing. Won't take long." With a grunt, John stood and shook Mycroft's hand, "Erm, thanks."

"Thank you, John, for thinking of my brother's safety."

Unsure of what else to say John gave Mycroft a tight-lipped smile and walked him to the door.

"I'll be in touch." Mycroft returned John's smile and stepped into the hall. Once gone, John turned around and surveyed the room. Thankfully they'd, for the most part, kept their things orderly. There was always the chance that John would have to leave at a moments notice, so his things stayed packed, besides what he was wearing.

It took him less time than it took for Sherlock to shower to completely pack their things. He left out a clean pair of clothes for both of them, their mobiles, (John’s had survived the blast while Sherlock’s hadn’t, but Mycroft had already replaced it.) and their passports. He was sitting on the
bed beside their closed cases when Sherlock walked out of the bathroom with a towel around his hips.

He took one look at John, and the cases, and with steel in his voice said, "Oh." He sniffed and hardened his expression to something unreadable and sneered, "I see. You don't want me anymore. I should have known that this would come to an end eventually." He snatched up the outfit John had laid out for him and would have disappeared back into the bathroom if John hadn't grabbed his elbow.

"For once you're only partially right. I don't want you here." Sherlock rolled his eyes and sighed, but didn't try to pull away. "Which is why I'm going back to England with you for a few days. It was a mistake bringing you here. I knew the danger, the risks, but I was selfish."

"Oh," Sherlock repeated and blinked a few times, his jaw hanging open as his brain processed what John was saying. "You… to England?"

"Yeah, in a few hours." John stood and smiled as realization dawned on Sherlock’s face.

"How long?"

"Two nights. I'll have to leave early on the 15th."

"Right." Sherlock nodded and began to dress.

"And I'll be coming to see you from now on when I've got time off." Sherlock nodded as long fingers began to button up his shirt after John had helped him get his cast through the arm. "Back in a mo, I need to shower." John leaned forward and kissed Sherlock's shoulder then hurried off to go wash the dust and rubble off of himself.

By three o'clock local time they were in the air. Their first flight was a small aircraft that hardly appeared able to fly, holding no more than eight passengers. They were also sharing a space with a few crates of poultry. Living, thankfully. However, their squawking got more than a little annoying by the time they landed in Kandahar. They boarded their second flight of the evening at 5:10. Once aboard, Sherlock insisted John take the window seat, and they collapsed into their chairs. The flight attendant soon began her safety talk then announced that dinner would be served in an hour.

"Thank God." John shifted in his chair and sighed. "I could eat a camel."

"Mmm." Sherlock agreed. They'd been in some form of transportation for better part of four hours, and the light lunch they'd managed to have before leaving the hotel had long since been enough to hold them over.

They were soon in the air, and John looked away from the window and looked directly at his husband, taking the risk of making the rest of the flight awkward.

"Are you actually afraid that I'll leave you?"
Sherlock's face went soft and he inhaled a slow breath, held it for a moment, then exhaled before speaking.

"Yes. I know it is a completely illogical fear, John... but this, having you, stick with me is a foreign occurrence for me."

"I'm not going to leave you." John softly replied and wiggled his left ring finger. "That's kind of what this is all about."

"I know, John. Like I said, it's a completely illogical fear." Sherlock offered his husband a small smile and took his hand, giving it a light squeeze.

"Good. As long as you know." John returned the smile and looked up as the flight attendant made her way towards them. "Think if I give her my most charming smile she'll give me two meals?"

"Oh please. I can be far more charming than you."

"Is that a challenge I hear, husband?" John swiveled in his seat and fixed Sherlock with a pointed look.

"May the best man win. And, if I recall, I won our previous challenge, so..." Sherlock skipped his wedding ring off his finger and pocketed it with a devilish smirk.

"Oooohhh..." John shook his head and did the same, noticing how he had a tan line where his ring usually was.

In the end, John won. He was able to get a full meal, but she did give John two slices of cake after dinner was over.

"Sherlock, luv... wake up. You can see London." At 11:40 John gently wiggled his shoulder to wake Sherlock who'd fallen asleep while resting on him about two hours prior. "She's gorgeous." Even though John had been home for Christmas, he still felt like it had been years since he'd seen his city of birth. They were close enough now that he could see the London Eye lit up and it made his heart ache. He wanted to come home so badly. To stay with Sherlock here in their country. Maybe find a flat somewhere, bicker about which furniture they wanted to furnish it with, fight over who's turn it was to do the dishes. But he had to tighten his belt, so to speak, and suck it up. He'd made the choice to enlist, and he wasn't going to back on his obligations to his country.

Sherlock blinked his eyes open and looked over John's body, smiling at the twinkling lights below.

"Mummy is going to be insufferable..." he yawned and winced when he realised he had a splitting headache.

"I am too if you keep making faces like that. Does your head hurt?" John shot Sherlock a concerned look and wished he had been allowed to use his medical bag as his holdall.


"Right. As soon as we get to your parent's, I'm giving you a once over." John didn’t want to worry
his husband with medical facts. It could just have been recent trauma plus a long flight. God knows he would never have cleared any of his own patients for flying after they’d gone through something similar. However, he was thankful they’d gotten home so quickly. Making Sherlock fly now with him, was better than flying home in a few days alone.

"Mmm..." Sherlock nodded and put his seat back to its upright position as they prepared to land. "I'm certain, if you didn't, Mummy wouldn't be happy."

“Well, mummy isn’t going to be much too pleased that I’ve let you fly like this. Well, probably that I let either of us fly like this, but you especially.” With his good arm, John reached over and gave Sherlock’s seatbelt a tug to ensure that it was fastened properly before checking his own. “We both should still be in hospital. If only to rest, and for observation. Don’t know why they discharged us.”

“Mycroft.” Sherlock sighed and leaned his head against the headrest, closing his eyes and wincing at the harsh fluorescent lights that lit up the aisle to his left. “I assume, if you hadn’t taken me home tonight, he would have made me go home with him when his business was done.”

The announcement came to stow bags on the floor, close trays, and return seats to their upright positions and John heard the sound of the landing gear lowering. The seatbelt sign dinged and flashed above them. John reached out and squeezed Sherlock’s knee, gently though as he didn't wish to hurt him.

“I assume your parents will be waiting for us?”

“Either that or Mycroft will have a car waiting. We’ll find out once we turn our mobiles back on.” Sherlock licked his lips and went a little grey. He’d never had issues with landing before. But also, he’d never had half a building fall on him hours before spending over eight hours in the air. John looked on, concerned but silent, and prayed for a smooth landing. But just in case, he grabbed the barf bag out of the pocket in front of him and placed it on Sherlock’s lap.
“I'm taking him to see a friend of mine. Well, colleague. He was a professor of mine, back in medical school. One of the best neurosurgeons England has to offer. I've already arranged it with him.”

“You're sure you don't want the family doctor to look him over?” Mrs Holmes asked again, though now that she knew why John had initially declined she seemed less offended.

“Later, maybe. He looked peckish on the flight, slept a lot and was nauseous when awake. I just... want to make sure. We didn't have the greatest doctor back in Afghanistan.” John yawned into his tea and pushed a sausage around on his plate with his fork. He'd woken at 5:30, despite only getting a few hours of sleep, and had immediately set about getting Sherlock an appointment with a proper doctor. Mrs Holmes had woken at 6 and had made breakfast while he sat at the small kitchen table chatting away on his mobile.

“You don't look so wonderful yourself, John.” While she was kind, her voice was firm and John knew he wouldn't be able to get away without getting himself a thorough checkup.

“Yeah, I feel like shit, if I'm being honest.” He cut a bit of sausage and popped it into his mouth. His stomach instantly rolled, but he made himself swallow anyways.

“And the army still expects you back Monday?”

“Mmm.” John took a sip of tea, regretted it, and placed the cup back down on the table, “to be honest though, I'm not sure they know exactly what happened. Mycroft and I didn't exactly have time to chat before we left. I wanted to get Sherlock here as soon as possible, in case the hospital came to their senses and demand he goes back. I'd rather him here if something goes wrong…”

Just then John's mobile rang. He glanced at the incoming number and immediately recognised it as his new CO. He cleared his throat and picked the mobile up off the table and, despite himself, sat up a bit straighter.

“General Graham, sir, what can I do for you?” Sam Graham was one of those Generals that sat at a desk, in an air conditioned office, probably worked 9-5 and got to see his family every day. John had never met the man but had talked with him frequently as he got acclimated to his new position in Helmand.

“Watson!” The man's booming voice made John wince thanks to his headache. John had a mental image of a tall, rather wide man with a red, but smiling, face. “I hear you went and got a building on top of you.”
“Well, partly, Sir. It was my husband who decided to go spelunking.”

“Ahhh not good, are you both all right?”

“In one piece, sir. More or less. Head trauma, both of us...I’m certain. We have followups today with a neurosurgeon.”

“Good, good. Listen, Watson. Damnit, I’m always forgetting your name is hyphenated.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, Sir.” John smiled, he didn't mind. In fact, he did find that under most circumstances he replied to Watson without even thinking about it.

“Right good lad, listen. I’ve worked it out, James Sholto is going to fill in for you. Take a month, recover, spend time with your husband. Records show you’re way overdue for a bit of shore leave.”

“Sir?” John ignored Mummy’s puzzled yet overly curious look and did his utmost best not to sound overly excited.

“Hmmmm, you’re right, of course! Take two. One month medical, the other personal. That should just about catch you up. Says here you’ve got just over another year at Helmand. You’re overdue for a trip home. Breathe in some of our country!” Graham’s booming voice came through the line, and in that moment John felt that even if Father Christmas walked into the room at that very second and offered him the red bicycle he’d wanted as a boy, he couldn’t be happier.

“Thank you, Sir.” he managed to stammer out, then after agreeing to go to base up in Durham to fill out some paperwork in the next week, hung up.

“Well?” Mrs Holmes, who was now sat directly across from him with her elbows on the table, hands supporting her head, stared at him expectantly.

“I just got a bit of good news. Think I’ll go wake Sherlock up.” it wasn’t that he didn't want to tell her, he just wanted to tell Sherlock first. After everything they’d been through in the 24 hours, having a bit of good news to tell him was a fantastic feeling.

He made his way to Sherlock’s room and opened the door. The room was sparsely furnished, there was a desk, his wardrobe, a small table with a microscope on it, and Sherlock’s king sized bed. It was the walls, however, that really drew your attention. They were nearly completely covered with newspaper articles, here and there hits of blue wallpaper made themselves known. Some of the papers were old criminal cases that were never solved, these had words scribbled on them in Sherlock’s hand. Without even needing to read it, John knew that those were the ones Sherlock had found leads on. Others had headlines like, “Groundbreaking Discovery For The World of Science!” as well as a splattering of old rock band posters. It made John smile, it was so very… Sherlock.

He found Sherlock very much how he’d left him. The only difference, now instead of sleeping on his side of the bed, Sherlock was sprawled out on John’s side, hugging John’s pillow. John smiled again, then crawled into bed beside Sherlock and gently ran a hand through his hair. While it was mostly a loving gesture, he also wanted to feel the wound that was buried under those curls. While warm to the touch, it wasn’t hot, which eased a few his worries. An infection would be a bit not good. Sherlock’s eyes fluttered open at the touch and after a few seconds of blinking the sleep from his eyes, he found John. He smiled and buried his head into the pillow. If John didn’t know any better he’d think Sherlock was acting shy.

“Morning.” John kissed Sherlock’s nose and smiled.
“Mmm,” Sherlock mumbled and closed his eyes again.

“I’ve got some news that might interest you.”

“John…” Sherlock’s voice, thick with sleep, rumbled out and he cracked one eye open. “I don’t want to spend our last full day together in doctors appointments. If I promise to go, in front of Mummy, will you let me go in a few days?”

“Well… that’s partly my news.” John nuzzled his way onto Sherlock’s pillow until they were nose to nose. “We’re both going to the doctors today. And we’re both getting checked out. Consider it a date or something, I don’t care. But you’re going.” Sherlock started to protest but John continued, “then, in a week or two, when we’re feeling better, we’ll go look for a flat. Together.”

“Together?” Sherlock opened both his eyes.

“Together. Seems surviving an air strike prompted them to give me a month of medical leave, and, my CO looked into my records and realised how much I’ve done with so little time off, so he gave me an additional month of personal leave. We’ve got until July together, Sherlock.”

“July?” Sherlock breathed, the word coming out so soft it was hardly audible.

“Yeah…” John smiled as his lover processed this new bit of information.

“A… a flat? Just the two of us?”

“Mmm, a place to call home. I’ll help you get settled, we’ll pick out furniture, decorate it or something, we’ll fight over what colour bedsheets we get. But you’ll win because you’re so fucking adorable. You know, normal couple stuff.” John carefully stroked Sherlock’s hair and kissed the corner of his mouth.

“So come on, get up, eat what you can stomach, then we’ll shower and get ready. Your father is going to drive us, I don’t think it wise that either of us drives. At least not for a few days.”

It still took a bit more prodding to get Sherlock up and out of bed, but when John let slip that mummy had made enough bacon to feed a small army Sherlock opened both eyes and licked his lips. The news of John’s prolonged leave slipped out over breakfast. Mummy, of course, was ecstatic and after smothering both John and Sherlock in kisses she immediately began planning a celebratory dinner. While Sherlock ate, and John continued to pick at his food, she pulled out cookbook after cookbook, scattering them across countertops and the table, muttering to herself all the while. John had just nearly finished his food when she gave a shout and put a hand to her mouth.

“Oh!” Sherlock looked up, never before had he heard his mother squeak before. Even Mr Holmes came in from the lounge to see what was going on. “Oh!” she exclaimed again then made her way to the table to sit across from her son.

“The wedding! I can plan your wedding! Well, I’ve got most of it planned already, obviously.” She stood up again and rummaged through a drawer on the far side of the kitchen, pulled out a tattered looking notebook then sat back down at the table. She licked a finger and began to leaf her way through the worn out pages in search of something. Finding it quickly she placed the notebook down on the table and turned it around for John and Sherlock to see.
“What’s this?” Sherlock picked it up and read his mother’s handwriting. It was a list, a list of things she’d need for their wedding. He felt John’s hand on his knee as John leant closer to have a look. They both skimmed the list and smiled.

“It’s small.” John breathed a sigh of relief. He didn’t mean the list, the list was in fact quite thorough. It was the wedding itself that would be small.

“Yes well,” Mrs Holmes blushed, “I didn’t have girls you see, so I’ll never get to plan my daughter’s wedding fit for a princess. But Sherlock has stated many times now how neither of you wanted a large wedding. And it’s your day after all. Least I can do is respect your wishes.”

“Ta.” John squeezed Sherlock’s knee and looked down at the list again. “Will we have it here?”

“If you boys are fine with that.”

“I don’t have a problem with it, do you, Sherlock?” John looked up at his husband who appeared to be absently staring down at the paper.

“Will Uncle Rudy be invited?” He finally looked up and met his mother's gaze.

“And never hear the end of it if he wasn't?” Mummy laughed and took back the notebook.

“Then please inform him there will be a dress code. I'd prefer only the women wearing dresses this time.” Sherlock smirked and his father laughed.

“I'm sorry? I must be missing something.” John looked around the room for context. It was Mr Holmes who spoke first.

“My wife’s younger brother is a genius you see, but he's also a touch mad. Showed up to our 20th anniversary in a dress and heels. When questioned about it, he began lecturing us on how the Scots got it right, how men should be wearing kilts. Regulates the temperature of your scrotum, or some such nonsense.”

“But…he was wearing a dress? Not a kilt?” John, trying not to be rude fought back a laugh.

“Mm, like he said. He's a touch mental.” Mrs Holmes laughed and patted Sherlock’s hand. “I'll talk with him, but I can't make any promises.”

“Tell him that Sherlock and I will get him a kilt if needed.” John chuckled. He stood up and groaned as pain coursed through his body. “Jesus…” he placed a hand on the small of his back and winced. Now that the adrenaline had worn off he was beginning to feel each and every ounce of pain. Sherlock looked up, concern flashed in his eyes but John gave him a gentle shake of his head. “I'm fine, Luv. Just a bit… sore.” John placed a hand on Sherlock’s shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Going to go shower. Then I'll help you get cleaned up.”

Three hours later, shortly after nine o’clock, John and Sherlock were signing in for their first appointment of the day. This was with Doctor Layton Thompson, John’s former professor. Before following up with a regular physician, John needed to know exactly how much damage had been done (or not done) to Sherlock’s head.
Dr Thompson was thorough. Thankfully John had been able to provide him with copies of their medical records from Afghanistan. After another cat scan each, they were both sitting side by side across from Thompson who sat at a desk going over everything on his computer.

“Well, John, everything looks good on your end. Which is to be expected, it seems your body took the brunt of the damage rather than your head. How’s your hearing though? That close to two separate explosions…”

“Yeah, hearing is a bit… muffled, but we were both told we’d both fully recover.” John absently stuck his pinky finger in his ear and scratched.

“As for Sherlock…” Thomson turned his computer around to reveal an image of Sherlock’s brain. He pointed to a cloudy patch on Sherlock’s frontal area. “Good news is, the swelling has gone down. Bad news, not by much, which is to be expected in such a short notice. Have you been experiencing issues with short or long term memory, learning? Even something as benign as mood swings, it's important to mention with this sort of injury.”

“My mind has been… calmer, less commotion. Normally I can't get a moment’s peace from my thoughts. I have been…” Sherlock looked over to John and gave him a sad smile, “sad. But I also thought I would be saying goodbye to my husband after just a few short days with him. We found out this morning that we have two months together.”

“Did finding that out improve your mood?” Dr Thompson made a few notes in Sherlock’s chart then looked back up.

“Immensely.”

“And… memory?”

“I seem to have retained short-term memory…”

“What about your mind palace, Sherlock, have you used it?” John interrupted.

“I…” Sherlock looked puzzled for a moment then closed his eyes.

“Right, give him a few…. he has this technique, where he stores information, memories, knowledge… stores them away for later. Catalogues them. It's rather fascinating.” John explained but watched in apprehension as he waited for Sherlock to surface from his thoughts. After nearly a full minute of Sherlock sitting rigidly in his chair with a blank expression on his face, he grimaced then his eyes fluttered open.

“It's… there…” he motioned to his head with a frustrated sigh, “but… muddy, foggy… like I'm in a dimly lit library and can't see the pages of the book I'm reading.”

“Well, with the proper care, it should all come back. It's hard to say, with head injuries, how long the recovery period is as every case is unique. Did they start you on a round of antibiotics, to prevent any sort of infection while you're healing?”

“No.” John shook his head and did his best to not look as worried as he felt.

“Any allergies?”
Sherlock shook his head but John nodded.

“Sulfa. Deadly allergic.”

“Anything else I should know about, so I don't accidentally kill you?” Sherlock swivelled in his chair and gave John a curious look.

“Nah,” John smiled and winked at his husband, “but you're right. We should have a talk about this before I go back.”

Three hours later, and two more appointments (once each) with a reputable GP, John, and Sherlock were finally on their way home. Each with medication, mainly antibiotics to prevent adding infections to their list of ailments, and each with strict orders to rest.

“Looks like mummy will have to wait another week or two for that wedding of hers.” Sherlock sighed and leant his head against the headrest.

“Oh, she'll understand.” Mr Holmes started the engine and caught Sherlock’s eye in the rear view mirror.

“Will she?” Sherlock cocked an eyebrow and gave his father a knowing look.

“Listen, we’ll just tell her we’re giving her a week to get everything in order, and another week for wiggle room. Spring weather, unpredictable, yeah?” John offered as he buckled himself in, then stared pointedly at Sherlock’s unused buckle. Sherlock rolled his eyes but John put his foot down.

“Listen, I've almost lost you thanks to a building falling on you. Let's not test our luck.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes for a second time but reached for his buckle. John gave a slight nod when he heard the buckle click.

Back home, they found mummy puttering about in Sherlock (and John’s now) room. Before Sherlock had time to open his mouth and ask (if not demand) she leave his space, she held up her hands in surrender and gave her son a knowing look.

“Before you go shouting at me for touching your things,”

“I wasn’t going to shout.” Sherlock pouted, his shoulders dropping into the beginnings of a sulk.

“Oh? No? Has Jesus come back? Have pigs learned to fly?” Mummy put a hand on her hip and glared at her youngest. Sherlock broke eye contact with his mother, looking thoroughly guilty.

“Mmm, that’s what I thought. Father called ahead, while you two were getting something at the Cafe. Said you’d be mostly on bed rest, and while I’m sure you two will find…certain ways to entertain each other…you should be doing some resting. So I’ve brought in the spare telly and some movies. I’ve just been setting it up.” She stepped back, and sure enough, behind her was a small telly and a stack of VHS tapes and a few DVDs.

“Oh, look, Bond.” John grinned and gave mummy’s arm a squeeze of thanks as he walked over to inspect the selection.

“Mycroft’s favourites. He always wanted to be a secret agent.” she smiled at the boys then clapped her hands together. “Now you boys make yourself comfortable and I’ll go make you both a cuppa.”
“And some of those chocolate biscuits too!” Sherlock called after his mother as she moved down the hall, then flopped dramatically onto the bed.

“Oi! Shoes!” John chastised Sherlock, who’s feet were now on top of their bed covers. “Do you know how many germs we’ve walked on today? Off.”

Instead of obediently kicking off his shoes, Sherlock simply lifted a leg up into the air and grunted, giving his foot a little wiggle to make his point. John rolled his eyes, but stepped to the edge of the bed and (not so gently) undid Sherlock’s shoe laces, then pulled his shoes off of his feet.

“You’re lucky I love you, lazy git.”

Sherlock simply gave his husband a smug grin and folded his arms beneath his head.

“One would think that one’s husband would be more than thrilled that he is still alive, thus being grateful for the opportunity to help him out of his shoes.”

Though Sherlock meant this playfully, with no malice in his voice, John gave a sad sigh and nodded his head. He crawled onto the bed, moving so he was on all fours directly above Sherlock, straddling his waist, and leant down to kiss his nose.

“You’re right, of course, you’re right.” He kissed Sherlock on the forehead, then the tip of his nose, then the lips. It was a soft brush of the lips at first, then Sherlock leant up, leaning into the kiss, silently asking for more. And more John happily gave. He sucked Sherlock’s bottom lip into his mouth and gently rolled it between his teeth. Sherlock let out a moan… just as his mother walked into the room carrying a tray laden with tea and biscuits.

“Oh don’t stop on my account…” she chuckled when John (very quickly) rolled off of Sherlock and sat up. “Never had to worry about my boys trying to sneak girls into their rooms.” She mused, ignoring the way both men were awkwardly fixing their clothing, mainly their trousers. “Instead, with Sherlock here, I had to make sure he didn’t smuggle anything explosive or poisonous into his bedroom. All in the name of science, of course.”

“It was for science. You never let me do any fun experiments…” Sherlock grumbled and sat up, placing his back against the headboard.

“Mycroft would stay up all night, watching spy movies, reading spy novels, or writing them. Once when I thought I heard an intruder, I walked into his room to find him dressed all in black with a black winter hat pulled down low over his face. He was trying to break out of the house, caught him with his arse up in the air, legs flailing. Poor boy was stuck.” Mrs Holmes chuckled fondly and placed the tea down on Sherlock’s desk, “As for Eu…” She stopped suddenly and John noticed that there was a sad look in her eyes that hadn’t been there moments ago. But before he got a chance to ask her about it the phone rang and in a blink, the look was gone.

“Oh, that’ll be Nancy. She’s probably asking if Father and I will be at Bridge tonight. She always needs a ride, that woman.” Without another word she took off to answer the phone, leaving both men staring at each other in confusion.

“What was…? That was…” John got up and reached for the tea, handing Sherlock a cup and a few biscuits.

“Strange?” Sherlock finished then popped a whole biscuit into his mouth.

“Yeah, what do you think she was about to say? Eu… something?”
“I don’t know. And I don’t like not knowing…” Sherlock sighed, squinting his eyes together in concentration. He had the feeling that he was missing… or forgetting… something or someone. He gave a frustrated sigh then resigned himself to a week of mainly bedrest, all for the sake of getting his brain back.

***

The next three days passed by with very little excitement; and by the time Saturday came Sherlock was able to, word for word, quote every Monty Python movie in his parent’s collection. While he wouldn’t admit it, he actually enjoyed the one where they go off in search of the Holy Grail. He even chuckled at the “Witch” part. But now, Sunday morning after nearly a week of bedrest with the sun pouring through his bedroom window he was growing restless.

He’d woken early, the sun was still just an idea the early morning sky was toying with. Rays of yellow-pink light filtered through the morning fog, trying to break through like it did every morning. Sherlock watched, fascinated as the sun changed colour and actually broke free of its cloudy prison. John stirred as a patch of light illuminated his face, golden light danced over his face, catching in his blond hair, making his tanned husband look like a Greek god. Sherlock sat up properly and ran a hand through John’s hair, then after a moment when the patch of sunlight had moved to some other part of the bed, he reached for his laptop.

Over the past week, he’d started creating his own website. “The Science of Deduction” he was calling it. He wasn’t quite sure what he’d do with it, but for now, it was a mental exercise which he hoped would help him recover faster. While he was busy coding, John woke up beside him. He didn’t catch the slight movement of John’s eyes fluttering open, so when he yawned and said “Good morning, Luv,” he looked over in surprise.

“Sorry!” John sat up and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s bare shoulder, “didn’t mean to startle you.”

Sherlock hummed, kissed the top of John’s head, then turned back to his code. John reached a hand out to the nightstand and pulled his mobile off the charger.

“Wow, this is… odd. It’s supposed to be nice out all day. Fancy a walk later?”

Sherlock flicked his eyes up from the screen and focused on John for a brief moment, then glanced at the window, his lips curling up into a smile. After a week of lounging around the house in various places, a walk had never sounded so good. He gave his husband a fond smile and nodded.

“A brilliant idea, husband.” Sherlock leant down to give his husband a kiss, then murmured, “good morning,” against his lips before returning back to his code.

Later that afternoon, after putting up with mummy talking about their party, which now had a date of June 4th, father suggested she run to the shops before it got too late in the day. Sherlock mouthed “thank you” to his father, and was about to offer to help him with a word on his crossword puzzle, but he was shooed off with a laugh.

“No, no help from you. You’re just like your mother. If I let you help with one word, the whole puzzle is done in five minutes. And where’s the fun in that?”

“It’s fun because it's efficient.” Sherlock sighed, but John gave him a playful shove away from his father, and his father’s puzzle.

“The fun is seeing if you can actually do it. We know you can do it.” John chuckled then looked out the window, the sun was high in the sky, about to start it’s decent for the night. If they were
going to walk it was now or never. Sherlock caught John’s eye and nodded.

“Shoes?”

“Yeah, shoes,” John agreed.

They walked past Mrs Holmes who was just getting into her car, waved her off as she passed them on her way down the driveway, then took a right onto the country lane. John breathed in the sweet spring air, he watched the birds flit from branch to branch, he even picked a flower, a daisy, and stuck it behind his ear with a laugh. The fresh air was exactly what this doctor needed.

At some point, without either of them realising it, they subconsciously reached out and held hands. John’s thoughts were spinning, there was so much he could say, so very little he wanted to say, and the silence was… perfect. Sherlock seemed to agree, and for another five minutes, neither of them said anything.

“So…” John cleared his throat after a while, “allergies. I’m deathly allergic to sulfa, It’s listed on my dog tags, which I wear daily while on duty. As a civilian, I’ll go back to wearing one of those metal medical bracelets. I’ve got one in my stuff that’s at Harry’s. Hmm, what else… Oh, I’ve got a standing DNR,” Sherlock looked confused so, John clarified, “Do not resuscitate…I’ll change that, now that I’ve got you. But you’ve got to promise that if it’s a choice of keeping me alive as a vegetable or letting me go… Sweetheart lets me go. I don’t want to be alive if I’m not me.”

Sherlock gave a slow nod and chewed on the bottom of his lip in thought.

“Will you trust me to make the right decision?”

“Of course. I trust you explicitly.” John squeezed Sherlock’s hand.

“Then please, the same goes for me. My mind is my greatest quality, if I don’t have that…” he shuddered, “I don’t want to be alive. Even now,” he gestured to his head with his free hand, “being unable to fully and completely access my mind palace is…” he growled then dropped his hand back to his side, “frustrating. To say the last. Any other allergies? Food perhaps? Though I would assume not, as you don’t make it a habit of scrutinising everything you eat.”

“Mmm no, nothing else, though I’m not very fond of green beans.” John smiled and looked at Sherlock, “You? Anything I need to know about?”

“Nothing that I am as of now aware of.”

They walked on for a few minutes in silence, hand in hand, then John decided a lighter topic was needed.

“Hmmm, favourite colour?” John asked, playfully bumping his hip against Sherlock’s. (Though, thanks to the height difference it was more like he bumped into Sherlock’s thigh)

“Depends,” Sherlock said thoughtfully, “Yellow makes me think of bees, which as you already know is a passion of mine. I’m drawn to blues and purples when picking out clothing…. However,” Here Sherlock turned his head slightly and caught John’s eye, “I’m finding that my new all time favourite is a unique shade of blue. It’s almost… indigo, with these little flecks of brown in it, like the sea at night just after a storm.”

“Such a romantic,” John said as he blushed a brilliant shade of red. A laugh rang out and John turned to see Sherlock grinning from ear to ear, clearly pleased with John’s reaction. “Yours?” Sherlock asked, after a moment more of John blushing.
“Sad to say, it’s not quite as romantic as yours. But I like green… I look good in it, I feel good in it, and it reminds me of the back garden where I grew up. Harry and I would play for hours in it…” He smiled at the memory, then gently pulled Sherlock to a stop. They’d been walking for nearly twenty minutes, and the only way back home was to turn around and walk another twenty minutes.

“Come on, let’s head back. I overheard your mother say something about having dinner at Nancy’s. How about we take a bath, together, while they’re gone?”

“Brilliant idea, husband.” Sherlock winked at John, “You’re full of them today. I wonder what else you’ll think of.”

“Oh, you’ll see. I’ve got one more idea that I’m saving for after the bath.” John returned the wink and together they made their way back home.
21st May 2006

Chapter by Four Corners Holmes, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

OMFG IS THIS A CHAPTER???????????????? IIIITTTT
ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

Short, but its something for now.

Thank you everyone! I'll delete our "notes to you guys" chapters some time over the next few days so our chapter count/word count stays roughly on track. But I'll give it a few days so any e-mail alerts going out tonight wont get screwed up. Plus, reading your comments really really really means a lot to both of us. Life is a fickle thing, it seems like when it rains it pours.

***

FC here! Thanks, guys, so very much for your support while we've been figuring out our crazy lives! We love you all and are happy to give you this tidbit for your patience and understanding! Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John woke up the next morning with a smile on his face. Not only was it the first time since the bombing that he had woken up without a headache, but he and Sherlock had made love for the first time in a week as well. It was slow, overly cautious, anytime someone moaned, the other would pause instantly and make absolutely certain that it was a moan of pleasure and not of pain before continuing. Simply put, it had been slow, sensual, and absolutely perfect.

"You're happy this morning." Without opening his eyes John could sense Sherlock's smile, he could hear it, picture the way his smile crinkled his cheeks and the corners of his eyes. He opened an eye and saw his husband sitting up in bed, his computer propped up on the pillows on his lap.

"Mm yeah." John nodded and let out a low moan as he stretched out in bed before sitting up, "had a good night."

"I concur." Sherlock grinned then turned back to his computer screen. He minimized his university's website where, by the looks of it, he'd been picking out classes, and opened a blank page. Typing quickly he brought up a Real Estate page and narrowed the search field down with a few more keystrokes. A few listings popped up, but before John had time to peruse them, Sherlock was selecting a specific one.

"Here." Sherlock pointed to a picture of a 3 story brick building. Featured in the shot was a section just over a small Café called Speedy's" John made a series of small, but approving, hums as Sherlock clicked through the pictures of a sparsely furnished flat. It consisted of a rather large lounge, a small kitchen, master bedroom with an attached bathroom, and a second room upstairs.

"Two bedrooms, but it could be very nice, very nice indeed. Bit expensive though?" John asked
tentatively while licking his lips.

"Not at all." Sherlock turned to John, excitement freshly written all over his face. "You see, just last fall there was a rather gruesome murder that took place in the flat. The poor landlady has had trouble renting it out, even at this new low price."

"Oh, well that's just up your alley, living where someone's been murdered." John laughed and kissed Sherlock's cheek. "Is it close to the school?"

"Mm, sort of. But there is a bus that goes almost directly there, and it's a short walk from the tube."

"And you're certain we can afford it?"

"Positive. Most of the money you've sent to me since Christmas has gone directly to a savings account. Oh, which reminds me, we need to open a joint account while you're here. So we have more than enough for the initial move in fees, and I'll have enough left over for books and anything else we might need to get settled into our new place."

"Our place." John smiled and rested his head on Sherlock's shoulder.

"Mmm..." Sherlock got a far off, glassy eyed look on his face and returned John's smile.

"Well then, email the landlady, set up a meeting." John sat back up and rolled out of bed.

"I already have." Sherlock who had been typing away looked up and watched as a very naked John bent over and fished his pants up off the floor, smiling appreciatively at his perfect arse. "I expect to hear back before breakfast is over."

"Good, then come shower with me... I want to try something." John flashed Sherlock a devilish smirk and stepped into his pants, then into his pyjama bottoms.

"Oh?"

"Your parents are either at church or leaving shortly...I want to fuck you in the kitchen, then finish in the shower."

"Oh..." Sherlock's left eyebrow shot up as he regarded John’s playful smirk. "Are you quite certain we’re up for that?"

“Mmmm…” John’s smirk fell, but he maintained his cheerful mood. “I hate it when you’re right.”

“Get used to it, John.” Sherlock grinned and cocked his head to the side, “I'm always right. And... as much fun as last night was, I'm afraid I'm far too sore for any sort of sexual endeavours today.”

John let out a deep sigh and let his eyes drag down Sherlock's body. He had a pillow propped up under his legs, keeping his knees slightly bent. “Your back is bothering you, isn't it?" He couldn't help feeling a bit guilty, perhaps sex last night hadn't been the best idea.

“A bit, but please don't worry. It's hardly your fault. Now go shower, hopefully, I'll have heard something regarding the flat by the time you're out.”

True to Sherlock's assumptions, a towel clad John walked into their bedroom to find his husband grinning ear to ear at the laptop.

“Good news then?”
“The best. Care for a trip into the city today, John?” Sherlock sprang out of bed and grabbed his husband by the shoulder. With his face inches away from John’s he stared down at the smaller man with such intensity it made John blink.

“Today, on a Sunday?” Sherlock cocked an eyebrow as if to say, “What does it being Sunday have to do with anything?” So John just nodded. “Erm, y-yeah. Sure. Right. Today then.”

“Excellent. Get dressed, make yourself some toast, and we’ll be on our way.”

“You're not going to eat?”

“Not hungry.” Stated Sherlock simply as he grabbed up a fresh pair of dress trousers, his crisp white button up and a suit jacket. “We leave in ten.” Without waiting to hear John’s protests at being rushed Sherlock slipped out of the room with his armful of clothing and headed off to take a shower.

John had just finished stuffing the last bit of toast in his mouth when Sherlock, fully dressed, curls immaculately styled, stepped into the kitchen. Even with a dark purple bruise that still decorated more than half of the left part of his forehead he looked gorgeous. John couldn't help but suck in a breath, letting it out in a slow whistle of approval.

“I've always found suits impractical, but damn you make them look good.”

“Impractical? Coming from the man who wears a military uniform in the hot desert sun?” Sherlock cocked an eyebrow and snatched an apple up off the table.

“Yeah yeah…” John grumbled, “just let me get my shoes and I'll be ready.”

“Excellent. Meet me out front.”

Three minutes later John stepped out the front door and stared in shock at the sight that met him. There, in the driveway, not even a stone's throw away from him, was a sleek silver Mustang convertible. Top down, with an excited looking Sherlock in the driver's seat.

In pure incredulity, John climbed in, shaking his head and stifling a laugh by chewing on his bottom lip.

“As your doctor, I highly disapprove,” settling in the seat he fondly dragged his hand over the smooth black leather seat then buckled himself in, “as your husband…it's a tiny bit sexy.”

“Only a tiny bit?” Sherlock feigned disappointment and revved the engine.

“Okay, more than a bit.”

“Of course it's more than a bit sexy, John.”

“Is it yours?” John asked, giving the interior a once over. It was in perfect condition. In fact it appeared to have hardly been used. The dash was black, accented with silver trim, the radio was sleek and new, clearly having been upgraded recently. John's seat hugged him like a well-worn glove, luring him to sit back further into the soft seat. It was heaven on wheels, and John couldn't help wondering if he'd be given the chance to drive it.

“Mmm 18th birthday present. Bit of a family tradition.”

“It's…sexy. Very very sexy. Like you.” Licking his lips John took in a deep breath, inhaling the
rich scent of sun warmed leather and couldn't help but let out a little bit of a moan.

Sherlock grinned, threw the car in gear and quite literally kicked up rocks as he tore out of the driveway. When they made it onto the freeway Sherlock glanced over at his husband and gave him a questioning look. John grinned, and preemptively gripped the seat. As soon as the road ahead was clear Sherlock stepped on the clutch, shifted, and in one smooth movement the car few forward. John let out a whoop of laughter, Sherlock on his part gave a deep chuckle which was quickly swept away by the rush of wind.

They made it to London in record time, and John almost felt disappointed when they were stuck in the slow, everyday traffic of downtown London. While stuck at a traffic light, John turned to Sherlock and with a perplexed look asked, “If you have this car… why did you need to borrow a car from your brother while out looking at universities?”

Sherlock let out a deep sigh, “Mycroft took the keys once he found out about the drugs. I've only recently managed to get Mummy to command him to give the keys back to me.”

“Ahh…” John nodded, and despite how humiliating it must have been for Sherlock; visions of a younger, high Sherlock with his car wrapped around a tree made him, for once, agree with Mycroft.

Even despite Sherlock expertly manoeuvring in and out of traffic, it took them another forty minutes to reach their destination. Sherlock pulled up in front of the address, fought a taxi for the only remaining parking spot, and won, then slid the gears into park. John looked up at the brick building, the black wrought iron fence, and read aloud the gold numbers on the black door.

“221 Baker Street?”

“Flat B,” Sherlock interjected as he gracefully slid out of the car. John knew he must have been hurting, hell he was hurting and he'd suffered less than his husband, but Sherlock made no signs of being in pain. He waited patiently for John to hobble onto the pavement beside him then, long coat billowing behind him, strode over to the door and rapped the knocker twice.

“221 B.” John enunciated the b, and suddenly felt very short, standing directly on the pavement with Sherlock a step higher than him. Seemingly sensing John's discomfort Sherlock spun around and grinned at his husband just as the door swung open. They were warmly ushered in by an ageing woman, John guessed of perhaps 70, short dirty blond hair that obviously was dyed, and dressed in what John could only admit being a very flattering shade of plum. From the way she beamed up at them as they awkwardly stepped into the hall, to the way she patted John on the back like a long lost son as he hobbled up the steps, John instantly loved her.

“Oh you must be Sherlock,” she cooed, and John watched in shock as Sherlock bent down and allowed her to kiss his cheek.

“Mrs. Hudson,” he said, smiling down at her with such sincerity that if John hadn’t known better he would have thought of this lady as Sherlock’s grandmother.

“Which makes you John,” smiling again she put a hand on John’s left shoulder, then pointed up a set of narrow stairs. “Just up there. Can’t miss it. I’ll be just behind you. My hip you see.” Patting her hip she gave John, who was now limping rather noticeably, a sympathetic smile, and let the two men up the stairs before her.

Sherlock waited at the top of the stairs, hand on the door knob, looking down at his husband as he mounted the last of the steps. With a smile, he turned the knob and backed into what proved to be
the main sitting room. Sherlock took a preliminary walk around the exterior of the room, which was lightly furnished, and plumped down in a grey leather chair that faced the door. John stood, a few feet from the door and looked around before walking in further to inspect the kitchen.

“This could be very nice, very nice indeed.” John nodded, mostly to himself. It was small, but not overly so. The sitting room, thanks to the two tall windows, was bright, there was a fireplace that looked like it actually worked, and off of the kitchen, there was a hall that he assumed lead to both the bathroom and the master bedroom.

“So, what do you think then?” Mrs. Hudson, having finally made it up the steps, looked hopefully up at the two men. “There’s another bedroom upstairs, if you’ll be needing it.”

“No, we-” Sherlock was cut off by John saying,

“Of course we’ll be needing two. What with the mess he makes? Lab upstairs, Sherlock. I won’t have the kitchen cluttered with god knows what.” John, already knowing that living with Sherlock would be like living with a tornado in a mobile home park, shook his head and smiled fondly at his husband.

“Right, as usual, John.” Sherlock stood up from the chair and nodded towards the hall. “Bedroom?”

“And bathroom. I’m afraid the bathroom isn’t much, shower tub combo, bit outdated if I’m being honest. But the hot water lasts for ages.” Mrs Hudson called after Sherlock as he strode down the hall, opening the door that led into the bathroom, taking a quick look then opened the door that led into a large master bedroom. John followed. He noted that while the bathroom was indeed outdated, and a bit small, the master bedroom quite made up for it. It wasn’t anything fancy, but it was well lit, had a fire escape, and being on the other end of the flat didn’t get as much traffic noise as he expected.

“We’ll take it,” he said upon seeing the bedroom, and to John he whispered, “I can’t wait to fuck you in our new room.” He pressed an excited kiss to John’s forehead then went back to talk business with their new landlady, leaving his husband standing in the hall with a half hard-on. He allowed himself a moment to regain his composure then rejoined Sherlock, who’d already sat down in what John could only assume would end up being “Sherlock’s Chair.”

“I can get the furniture out if you’d like, but if you want it it’s all yours.” she was saying, even as John sank down into the fluffiest, most comfortable armchair he’d ever encountered. “The bookshelves are screwed into the wall, but anything else can be removed. After what happened with poor Alfred…” she trailed off and dabbed at the corner of her eyes, “no one wanted his things, so they just…stayed here.”

“We’ll take it all, if you don’t mind. Currently, the only bit of furniture worth anything is our bed.” Sherlock said, which seemed to please the lady.

“Wonderful! I’ll go make tea to celebrate while we go over the rent. Just this once though, I’m not your housekeeper.”

“When do you want to move in?” John asked, leaning back further into the chair and wishing he could just stay there forever.

“As soon as possible. Tomorrow, if she’ll let us.”

“Tomorrow?”
“Why not?” Sherlock shrugged as if signing for a flat, and moving in the very next day were no big deal, and looked around the place.

“You’re looking for it, aren’t you?” John chuckled at how Sherlock’s attention snapped back to him as he feigned innocence.

“Looking for what?”

“Where the murder happened? Where Alfred was killed.”

“No.”

“Yeah, you were.”

“Was not.”

“Were too.”

“Shut up, John.”

“Oh, that’s original.” John laughed then pointed to a bit of wall by the door that lead into the kitchen. “Bullet hole, just there.”

Sherlock sprang from his seat and was just pressing his nose against the wall when Mrs. Hudson made her way back into the flat carrying a tray of tea and biscuits.

***

Just under an hour later, after promising to stop by tomorrow after the banks opened with rent, John found himself standing beside the silver Mustang once again. He stared at the driver’s seat and licked his lips. Just as he was about to ask Sherlock if he could drive, Sherlock was pressing the keys into his hand.

“Not a scratch.” Sherlock hissed, then slid into the passenger seat.

“Oh fuck yes.” John looked down at the key in his palm and immediately felt his blood rush through his body in anticipation. As he adjusted the mirrors, Sherlock buckled himself in and in a stern tone said,

“Remember, this is not a military tank, and we are not in a war zone. Don’t make me regret this.”

“Shut up, Sherlock. I know how to drive, and you don’t even have your license!”

“I hardly see how that matters!”

“It does,” John sighed, key in the ignition ready to go, he looked over at Sherlock who was now sulking against his door. “Tomorrow, after we’ve got the flat squared away. We’re getting you your license. I want to know that you’ll be able to get around once I’m gone. Unless you want to rely on Mycroft all the time.”

“Fine.” huffed out Sherlock, which made John smile.
“Now...home to tell your parents.”

“Mummy’s going to cry.”

And to John’s surprise, Sherlock sounded just a little bit sad himself. This was a big change for them, a big step forward in their relationship and their lives. Sherlock had school and living arrangements worked out to keep him while John was overseas, and John had a place to call home when he managed to get enough time away from duty to come home. It made sense that Sherlock might be a bit emotional. But they had also narrowly escaped almost certain, messy demise in Afghanistan a few weeks ago, that would mess with anyone’s head and Sherlock was recovering from a concussion besides. There was some adjusting to be done, and thank Christ they had the time and means to take care of themselves a bit for once.

Chapter End Notes

This isn't quite how I imagined them finding 221B I had a bit of an... eviler plan for this flat later in the fic. But... it felt right that they have a bit or something go right for them. With John going back in 2 months time, he'd be so much happier knowing that Sherlock was able to be on his own. (Despite being under Big Brother's eye, of course) A self-sufficient Sherlock, is a happy Sherlock.
“You’re quite certain you have everything?” Mummy dabbed her handkerchief delicately under her eye, careful not to smudge her makeup.

“Of course we have. I’m not five.” Sherlock huffed with a roll of his eyes but turned quickly lest his mother see his own tears.

Together they stood on the pavement, family car at their backs, and his and John’s new home at their front. A group of men, hired by mummy, were carrying the last of their boxes into the flat where John was inside ensuring that nothing was broken, and the boxes made it into their correct rooms.

“He’s good for you, you know. Don’t screw this up.”

Mummy’s words surprised Sherlock. He turned his head slightly to catch his mother, watery eyes beside the point, staring sternly at him.

“None of those god awful experiments that stink up the whole place for weeks on end. Every once in awhile surprise him by bringing home the milk without being asked. And for heaven's sake, learn to wash the dishes. God know’s you’ll be eating off of paper when he leaves if you don’t.”

“Screw things up?” Sherlock was still confused if he hadn’t ‘screwed things up’ with John by now, he wasn’t quite sure how a sink full of dirty dishes might.

“Living together, really living together, is harder than it seems, Sherlock. Your father and I, we courted for three years before getting married and moving in. During those first six months together, I told him if I found one more dirty sock stuffed under the couch cushions I would divorce him on the spot. Granted, that was all hormones, I didn’t realize I was pregnant yet…. But..”

Mummy smiled and placed an arm around her youngest’s waist. “Be kind, be considerate, and most of all, just love him.”

“I will, Mummy. I swear. I do love him. I love him more than the air I breathe, more than science, more than learning how long it takes for a severed thumb to clot.”

His mother cringed at the last bit but smiled nonetheless.

“Good. Now come on, let me at least help with some of the unpacking.”

Three hours later, after allowing mummy to order takeaway from a surprisingly delicious Chinese place just down the road, John and Sherlock sat in their chairs in 221B Baker Street weary from the day, but grinning at each other.

“Now what?” Sherlock asked his husband while looking around their new home. His shy smile turned angry and he soon forgot about softly teasing his husband as his eyes landed on something that made his blood boil. He had suspected this, of course he had, but he thought that Mycroft would at least have the decency to wait until John had left. But no... With an angry growl, he got up and stalked over to the table behind his chair while glaring at a camera that his prat of a brother had put in.

“What’s that look for?” John ignored Sherlock’s question with a question of his own, watching as
Sherlock slowly dragged one of the wooden chairs over to the bookshelf just to the right of the fire place, then as he climbed up onto the chair exclaimed, “Oi! Sherlock! What are you doing? Don’t you dare hurt yourself.”

John was up out of his chair in a flash, hand on Sherlock’s bum just in time to catch Sherlock teeter backward as the chair rocked on the slightly uneven floor. Sherlock kept at it though and reached up to pull a book up off the top shelf. It was a large book, grey-green binding titled “The White Rabbit” he pulled it out and held it straight in front of his face.

“Nice try, Mycroft. I trust you’ll tell me if there are any others? John and I do plan on being naked in every room of this flat, and unless you want to see your baby brother getting rogered so hard he’s screaming, you’ll tell me where the others are.” No sooner had he said this, than did Sherlock’s mobile go off. With a wry grin, Sherlock looked down at John, who was still awkwardly cupping his bum. He withdrew his hand, but not before pinching Sherlock’s posh arse, Sherlock responded by lightly tossing the book at his husband and winking.

The book was suspiciously light in his hands, and as he turned it over he quickly saw that where there should have been pages it was instead glued shut. The cover, however opened to reveal a hollowed out book filled with the inner workings of a small camera. John sighed, understanding washing over him as Sherlock hopped down from the chair and went to retrieve his mobile.

“Hello, Mycroft.” Sherlock turned to roll his eyes at John who rolled his back. Leave it to his brother-in-law to install hidden cameras in their new flat.

“Sherlock. It is for your protection…” Sherlock put his phone on speaker and stuck his tongue out at the book which was still in John’s hands. “Yes, I’m sure that’s very mature, Sherlock.”

“You know what else is mature? Spying on a married couple. Especially when they are about to christen their new flat by getting seminal fluids on most every surface they can reach.”

John could hear Mycroft’s sigh and knew that he was pinching the bridge of his nose.

“So, unless you want me to tell Mummy-”

“Yes, thank you, Sherlock. There are two more. One in the hall, the picture of the young girl with a flower and one in the kitchen. Top right cupboard, the knob itself.”

“And the other? Don’t even pretend there isn’t one. Everyone stops at three. Where is the fourth?”

“In that hideous bull skull of yours. Why didn’t you have the landlady remove it?”

“I liked it.”

“Right well…” Mycroft sounded put out, as if having his hidden cameras found was the worst possible thing that could have happened to him today.

“I’ll thank you to not spy on us again. Don’t worry, brother mine, I won’t relapse to drugs the moment John goes back to fight your war.”

With that, Sherlock hung up and tossed his phone down onto his chair. It took Sherlock all of five minutes to find the rest of the cameras, then approximately ten seconds to destroy all of them.

“Now…” Sherlock, long legs and heated eyes, walked up to John and took his husband’s face in his hands, “where were we?”
“I believe you were mentioning something about me… rogering you?”

“Ah yes.” Sherlock winked and pulled a small bottle of lube out of his pocket. “I believe… you’ll find me quite ready.”

“When you say ready,” John queried and all but groaned when Sherlock, standing in the middle of their sitting room, curtains open so the whole world could see if they cared to look up, dropped his trousers and pants and bent over the arm of what was now John’s Chair. “Oh Christ!” John groaned and eyed the glass butt plug that revealed itself when Sherlock spread his cheeks.

“When…” he started to ask but realized he didn’t fucking care. Without waiting for Sherlock to reply he dropped his own trousers and before his pants had a chance to follow them, pooling around his ankles, he was hard as a rock and pulling the plug out. It came out with an obscene pop, dripping lube down Sherlock’s perineum and bollocks.

“Sorry about the mess, but I figured you’d be cross with me if I didn’t use lots of lube.” Sherlock cast John an oddly innocent look over his shoulders. Innocent at least, for a man who’d been wearing a plug up his arse all day around his mother and a moving crew. John shook his head and chuckled.

“True. I would have been cross.” John’s voice wavered a little as a glob of lube dripped onto the carpet. He felt all self-control fly out the window and snatched the bottle of lube out of Sherlock’s hand. Flipping the cap open with his thumb of his left hand, squirted some into the palm of his right hand then slicked himself up. “You’re quite sure you’re open enough…”

“Do not even bother finishing that question, John Watson-Holmes! Shut the hell up and fuck me. If we start now, taking refractory times into account, we’ll have just enough time to have sex in the kitchen, on the sofa, and in the bedroom before we’re both thoroughly spent. But not if you dilly dally!”

Having had quite enough of Sherlock’s bossy tone, John wiped his slimy hand on his thigh then grabbed hold of Sherlock’s hips. Before Sherlock had time to utter another word, John pushed inside his husband with such force that it practically knocked the air out of Sherlock’s lungs in one long gorgeous groan.

“One of these days,” John gritted out as he filled his husband, tight heat practically squeezing his rational thought out through his cock, “I’ll teach you not to be so bossy.”

“I was hardly… oh god…. being bossy, John.” Sherlock groaned and flung his long arms out in front of him to brace himself against the other chair arm.

“No? How about you shut up before I put that gorgeous mouth of yours to some other use?” Deciding that shutting Sherlock up was actually a lovely idea, John bent over Sherlock’s body, bracing himself on the back of the chair with his left hand then stuffed the fingers of his left hand into Sherlock’s mouth. Taking the hint, Sherlock began to suck and lick at John’s calloused fingers, adding in a light nibble here and there.

Movement was harder in this position, as Sherlock was much longer than John, but soon Sherlock discovered that if he arched his back such that his stomach was nearly touching the seat of the chair it caused his arse to stick up which in turn allowed John to hit his prostate with each and every delicious slide of his thick cock.

“Fuck this!” John growled, and grabbed Sherlock by the hips with both hands and pulled him up off of the chair. He kicked their trousers and pants aside, then gruffly barked out, “Kneel.”
Sherlock flashed John a filthy grin, all teeth, plush lips and that wicked tongue darting between his lips then scrambled to kneel, getting on all fours, in the space between their chairs. He wiggled his bum as John, for good measure, re-applied more lube then sank down on his on knees.

“Jesus you’re so fucking sexy…” John breathed as he took in the curve of Sherlock’s spine and how his curls were just starting to stick to the nape of his neck with sweat. “Can’t wait to have you on every inch of this flat… Downstairs, if Mrs. Hudson is out… I want you everywhere.”

“Shut up and have me now,” Sherlock growled impatiently, wiggling his bum again then settled himself on his shoulder and reached behind himself to lewdly spread his cheeks wide.

“Oh, you bastard…” John managed to whimper out as he tossed the bottle of lube aside and shuffled forward on his knees. His thighs met the backs of Sherlock’s legs and Sherlock impatiently pressed himself back against John, groaning in frustration when instead of going inside him, John’s overly slick cock slid between his legs. “Oi, give me a mo,” John grumbled out and gently pushed Sherlock forward.

John lined himself up, pressed his tip against Sherlock’s sopping wet hole, grabbed Sherlock’s hips and pulled.

“Oh FUCK” Sherlock shouted, into the carpet thankfully, so some of the volume was drowned out. “MMmmmm John… more…”

“Yeah, alright.” John, who was panting now and trying his hardest not to come just yet, reached around Sherlock’s body and took hold of Sherlock’s swollen cock.

“FUCK” Sherlock shouted again, this time bucking back against John, then rolling his hips forward simultaneously trying to fuck himself both on John’s cock and in John’s fist.

“I’m so fucking close, Sherlock…” John warned as Sherlock sped up and his movements become uncoordinated and jerky. A grunt of forced concentration was his only answer, and John took that as “Me too, you daft idiot, so hurry up and fuck me harder.” Which, of course, he did.

All it took was one swipe of John’s thumb over his leaking tip, and Sherlock was coming hard into the new-to-them carpet. Hands still holding his arse cheeks apart, face smushed into the carpet, his words were inaudible, but there was a plethora of them. Sounds like “Ohmmmffuccki…..Mmmmmffpppp….Jeessffftt…” followed by a long and drawn out “Jijjooohhhhhhhhhnnnnnn…” filled the room as Sherlock’s muscles tightened around John’s cock. With one last thrus,t John’s fingers dug into Sherlock’s pale skin and he cried out as he filled his husband with his come.

They both stayed like that for a long minute. John opened eyes he didn’t realize had been closed and looked down at the pale body beneath him. Sherlock’s chest was heaving, and though he couldn’t see it he could imagine his dark nipples were slightly peaked, possibly even over sensitive. Sherlock’s back had a fine sheen of sweat over it, and his hair was positively stuck to his head, little beads of sweat dripping off of a curl here, and a curl there.

“Don’t move… this… is going to be a bit messy.” John’s voice was hoarse, he must have been shouting, and Sherlock hummed his consent. Happy to remain as he was for the time being. Slowly, John pulled his softening cock out of his husband and half cringed, half chuckled as lube and come leaked out of him and puddled on the carpet beneath him.

“We’re never getting that security deposit now…..”

“Did you ever think we would?” Sherlock rumbled up at him.
“Erm… no, not really. Shit, which box had the towels?”

“Corner, by the sofa. Box on top.” Sherlock waved a hand in the general direction of the box and John shuffled to his feet. It was only as he was digging through the box for a towel did he realize that he was naked, standing inches away from the window, and should anyone choose to look up they’d…. Well, they’d get a surprise for sure. He pushed that thought aside, grabbed the first towel he saw then stepped out of sight of the street below.

“Right erm… don’t…. Yeah, don’t move yet. I’ve got to get the floor cleaned up before it really stains.”

“Mmmm…” Sherlock drawled and gave his bum a wiggle, sending a fresh stream of lube and come dripping down his perineum. John managed to catch it, just as it was about to drip off his bollocks.

“You’re impossible.” he chided, then gently began to clean his husband, himself, and the floor.

Once Sherlock was allowed to move, he sat up and stared at the dark spot on the carpet.

“Mmm just think of it as something for me to remember you by. When we’re sexting, I can sit right here and know that there is still some of your semen left in the carpet.” Sherlock poked at the spot then suddenly looked sad. “It’s a shame we didn’t save any. I’d like to see what it looks like under a microscope.

“Oh, how romantic.” John groaned and pulled himself to his feet again. “Come on, let's shower, then start unpacking a bit. It would be nice to have some of our clothes unpacked, among other things.”

“Dull…” Sherlock sighed and accepted John’s offered hand, allowing his husband to pull him up onto his feet.

The sun was just setting as they stepped out of the bathroom. John went to make them both tea, smiling when he opened the fridge and thankful that mummy had insisted on doing a light shopping for them. They settled in at the small table in the kitchen, picking at the leftovers and looking at the suits that hung on a hook just inside their bedroom.

“Tomorrow then?” Sherlock asked, popping a piece of garlic chicken into his mouth.

“Tomorrow.” John grinned back.

“Mummy promised it wouldn’t be huge.”

“Yeah well, we we trust her?”

“About that? No. Are you ready to meet my family, John?”

“I’ve already met Mycroft. How bad can they be.”

“Touche.” Sherlock grinned and eyed the remnants of the cameras Mycroft had set up. “Uncle Rudy though… he can be…” he trailed off and wagged his eyebrows.

“Well, how about we both show up in dresses ourselves.” John tried to keep a straight face, but that sent both of them into a fit of giggles.

“No, no dresses…. I do wish I could talk to you into wearing a kilt through….”
“Not going to happen, luv. Did it once. Windy day… Let’s just say the secret was out.” John shook his head and subconsciously closed his legs.

“But we’ll be inside most of the time…”

“Sherlock.” John raised an eyebrow and dropped the tiniest hint of his Captain Watson voice into the mix.

“Alright…” Sherlock grumbled, “But use that tone with me again and I’ll be dragging you into the bedroom.”

“Oh? Is that a threat, Soldier?” John stood, straightening up and making himself look as imposing as he could.

“More of… a request….” Sherlock dropped his eyes in an effort to look submissive.

“Better.” John sat back down and picked up his tea. “Eat something, then I’ll consider it.”
John opened his eyes and groaned. As if having Sherlock the ‘sleep induced cuddle octopus’ wasn’t enough, the tell-tale pitter patter of rain was threatening to lull him back to sleep. The rain made it impossible for him to judge the time, and as they hadn’t unpacked an alarm clock yet, John fished around the nightstand for his mobile. Squinting he turned it on, then jumped out of bed with a start.

“Sherlock! Wake up! We’re meant to be at your parents in an hour!”

Sherlock opened one eye and groaned.

“John… it’s our wedding and preparations at that. Get back in bed and cuddle me. You were warm. And if Mummy asks what took us so long, I’ll just tell her we were breaking in the new bed.

“You are impossible…” John sighed and allowed Sherlock to pull him back down onto the soft mattress. “Gorgeous, but impossible.”

“And warm,” Sherlock muttered as he wrapped himself back around John, tucking the blanket around them with a happy sigh.

“Yeah, and warm.” John gave in, he hugged Sherlock to his chest and ran a hand through Sherlock’s curls. “Can’t be late for our own party? Right?”

“Something like that.” Sherlock’s words were muffled by the simple fact that his lips were pressed against John’s clavicle, “You know, we shouldn’t lie to her. Perhaps we should break in the bed.”

“Didn’t we do that last night?” John sighed, turning slightly so he could stroke the hand that was not tangled in Sherlock’s curls down Sherlock’s back.

“We fell asleep before either of us finished….” John could feel Sherlock pout, that perfect bottom lip of his somehow becoming ever more plump as it pushed out against John’s skin.

“Yeah well… apparently, we’d hit our limit… “ John sighed. It was true, between moving, unpacking, and two glorious fucks, their third ended with John snoring while Sherlock was on top riding him. A loud buzzing noise disturbed their reminiscence, and Sherlock groaned as he reached
out for his mobile on the other nightstand.

“Mummy…” he grumbled and answered the call.

“Morning mummy… yes, I was asleep… Yeah, John and I had a bit of a late one… unpacking. Fiiinnnee I’ll just, we’ll get up now. Yes, Mummy, we’ll be there shortly.”

Sherlock tossed the phone onto the bed beside him and pulled himself out of John’s embrace.

“Come on… Before I’m tempted to have you here and now. That was my mother requesting us to get our ‘Shagging arses out of bed’.”

“Is your mother a genius too?” John sighed, already missing the feeling of Sherlock pressed against him.

“In a manner of speaking… But it doesn’t take a genius to know that a married couple, just moved into their first shared home together, would most likely be having lots of sex.”

“Oi…” John made one more desperate grab for Sherlock’s elbow as his very naked husband passed by his side of the bed on the way to the bathroom. Sherlock shimmied out of the way but nodded towards the shower.

“We’ve yet to christen the shower. If we both settled for soapy handjobs, we won't be much later than we already are.” With that, Sherlock disappeared into the bathroom.

In his haste to follow John got tangled up in the sheet, tripped while attempting to claw his way out of bed, caught himself then dashed into the bathroom. Stepping over the threshold he straightened himself out, puffed out his chest as if he hadn’t just been bested by a corner of sheet wrapped around his ankle, and completely and thoroughly ignored Sherlock knowing smirk.

Their shower was small, definitely not enough room for two grown men to comfortably have sex in on a regular basis, but determined as they were to at least say “Been there, done it there,” they found a way.

With their backs pressed against the wall standing shoulder to shoulder, John reached his left hand out to wrap his sturdy hands around Sherlock’s prick while Sherlock did the same with his right hand.

“This… yeah this could work.” John grunted as Sherlock gave his cock a tug.

“Would be better with water.” Sherlock bumped his shoulder against John’s, getting the hint John leaned a bit to his right and turned the taps on. They both hissed at the initial onslaught of cold water but as it grew warmer they both relaxed again. John lightly ran his fingertips along the length of Sherlock’s cock, then looked around for some sort of lubricant. The first bottle he grabbed was Sherlock’s conditioner. With a grin he pulled his left hand away, flicked open the bottle and squeezed a liberal amount of undoubtedly expensive conditioner into his left palm.

“Give me your hand,” Sherlock obliged, holding out his right hand for John.

“Better?” John asked as he wrapped his slick hand around the base of Sherlock’s cock. Sherlock’s answer came in way of his eyes fluttering shut as he filled the shower with the sounds of a deep baritone growl. “I’ll take that as a ye- oooohhh….” John was quickly silenced by Sherlock’s hand spreading the slick along his own length.

It was awkward at first, they kept bumping each other out of the way, elbows clashing together,
and once John stepped on Sherlock’s foot. But having a genius as a husband meant, Sherlock quickly found a rhythm that worked. They settled into a fast pace, knowing time was rather short, and within minutes had each other panting.

“Not exactly how I imagined our first time in the shower would be…” John panted out, lolling his head to the side to rest on Sherlock's shoulder.

“Yes, well…penetration in the shower is a bit tricky, and I highly doubt either of our bodies is ready for such an endeavor.” Sherlock rested his damp curls on John's head.

“Perhaps you're right,” John sighed and gave Sherlock’s shoulder a soft kiss.

“I'm always right.”

Sherlock’s voice was low. So low that it made John shiver, sending a jolt of desire straight through his body, pooling up in his groin.

“Say something else,” he pleaded.

“Like what?” Sherlock, slightly confused, blinked down at him.

“Anything. Just… that tone… Jesus it's so sexy.”

“Oooohhhhh….” Sherlock purred as a smile tugged on his lips. “What tone? Thisssss one?” Sherlock let his mouth hover directly over John’s ear, letting his voice drop so low it was hardly more than a rumble. John shuddered and let out a whimper.

“Yes, this one then. Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm….” Sherlock rubbed his closed lips over John's ear, “what shall I say? Should I tell you how much I want to feel your hot come coating my hand? Or… how I wish we could spend the day in bed so I could be balls deep inside of you? Filling you up with my hard cock, stretching you open… milking every last drop of pleasure from your wrecked body as you hoarsely cried for more?”

John’s right hand suddenly came up to grip at Sherlock’s bicep and his left hand, while it pulsed around Sherlock's length, stopped stroking as John spilled all over Sherlock's waiting hand.

“Mmmm… just like that…” Sherlock let his teeth drag over the shell of John’s ear then brought his hands to his mouth. “Let’s see how you taste today. Shall we?” He dragged the tip of his tongue between his fingers and made a show of wrapping his tongue around s middle finger. After humming his apparent pleasure at the taste he brought his hand down to his cock and used John’s come as added lubrication. John’s hand fell aside and it took Sherlock less than five strokes before his come mixed with John’s on his hand.

After indulging in a few moments of panting against the shower wall, Sherlock leaned down and kissed John square on the lips. John grinned up at him then inclined his head towards the steady stream of water.

“Shall we?”

****
The first hour at the Holmes house was spent eating. Mrs. Holmes had prepared an excellent spread of food, and they chatted business (wedding talk) over brunch.

“And you’re positive we can’t talk you into wearing a kilt, John?”

“Er, yeah. Not happening. A suit will be fine.” John stabbed at his egg a little too hard and the yolk popped.

“Well, we’ll go shopping for suits today. I know a few places nearby. Now I know I promised to keep it small…“

“What did you do, Mummy?” Sherlock looked up from the bit of toast he’d been nibbling on and glared at his sheepish mother.

“Oh… I let slip in front of Aunt Edna… and you know how she is. I’m afraid her half will be showing up, invitation or not.”

“I suddenly know how Bilbo felt…”

“What?” Sherlock cast a curious look at John.

“Bilbo… when the dwarves just showed up. Nothing he could do about it except grin and bear it. No offense, Mummy, but we really did want to keep this small.”

“I’m sorry, love… truly I am. Once the festivities are over, you and ‘Lock can slip off. I promise you won’t have to stay.”

“Yeah…” John nodded, feeling slightly better knowing that they won’t get in trouble for slipping off.

“Do you have anyone you’d like me to invite? Friends, family? Maybe that sister of yours?” Mummy, trying to save the joyful mood, did her best to change the subject.

“Actually, yeah. There are a few people I’d like to invite.” John nodded and dipped his toast into the runny yolk on his plate.

“Wonderful! Get me a list by the end of the day and I’ll make sure they’re here.”

The rest of the day was spent shopping, hiring a caterer, and upon John’s insistence, a DJ. If he were to be stuck in a large group of people being paraded around, he’d at least do so listening to music. All in all, by the time they were allowed to return home, they were exhausted.

“So much for unpacking…” John grumbled as he slid into the passenger seat.

“Tomorrow,” Sherlock promised.

“Yeah, but won’t we need to be there when the guests start arriving?”

“Frankly my dear, I don’t give a damn,” Sherlock said matter of factly as they drove off. “I’m exhausted, my head hurts, and my chest feels like it’s caving in on me. I need a day to rest, or do whatever the hell it is I want to do, before Mummy shows us off like some prized dog.”

“Oh thank god.” John slipped a hand over Sherlock’s right leg and gently squeezed. “We’ll turn our phones off when we get home then, yeah? Can’t be bothered unless they actually come and
force us kicking and screaming out of the flat?"

“Mmm.” Sherlock agreed

Despite Sherlock’s promise that they would stay home, enjoy their new flat and unpack, Mrs. Holmes had called them while on their way home. Sherlock cursed himself for keeping his mobile on during the ride, but answered his mother’s call. She sweetly, but firmly, informed the both of them that they would be showing up Friday morning to help set up; but promised them both they could duck out before any guests began arriving.
Right so... sit back and let me apologize....

My back, while better - still SUCKS. Sitting at my computer is painful still. I have an old "Links together with other chairs" chair that I got from my church. (yes, I went to church, lol) It's padded, but the seat is at an angle and really really hurts my back as its the disc at my tailbone that's damaged. So, I can only sit here for a short while before I'm in pain... AND if I sit here, I hurt for a few days afterward. I have a tablet, but no place, other than my computer desk, to sit and type on it. So using that is mostly out of the question. However, with physical therapy, I do hope that I'll be back to normal in a few months.

There's the update on my physical health.

My mental health... has been right shit. I SHOULD have called around to therapists in my area today. BUT I haven't... I just... don't even have that in me. Last Wednesday I had a complete breakdown. I went into a surgical center for a procedure and had a complete and thorough breakdown in the office to the point where they refused to do the surgery. I've been fighting depression for a few weeks now... it's all I can do most days to get out of bed. Let alone go to work, then come home and write. I've neglected you guys and this fic... which in the end makes me feel even crappier.

Thirdly, I started a new job. I LOVE this job, but it leaves me exhausted. I'm a before and after school director now, I have Kindergarten - 3rd grade (Ages 5-8) and I have 20 children in my after school programme. Which is a LOT for me to handled EVERY day. I don't have a helper yet, so it's just me, making sure 20 children don't run away, hurt themselves, or others. That on top of my depression, I've got nothing left to give by the time I get home from work.

All I can say... is I'm trying, really hard to just not give up, on you, on everything... I feel like everything is falling apart, despite having a great new job... I guess. I just need more help than I'm willing to receive right now...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had been driving in relative silence for the past fifteen minutes. Only the sound of the rain hitting the car and the wipers on high kept them company. John sat, arms crossed over his chest, staring out the window at the wet, dreary scenery; purposely not looking at Sherlock. As if being asked a million times by nearly every one of his husband's family members, and his husband, wasn't bad enough - the moment they were locked together in a moving car Sherlock had again asked if John were absolutely certain he didn't want to wear a kilt instead of a suit.

"You're sure?" Sherlock broke the silence a few minutes later and seemed completely unbothered
when John angrily growled out, "fuck off".

Sherlock opened his mouth to add something else, but was promptly cut off by John huffing out, "Look. Aside from my suit catching on fire, which is bloody unlikely, I'll not be seen in a kilt tomorrow. So you might as well stop asking, yeah?"

“Hmmffpp,” Sherlock shrugged and John got a sneaking feeling that this was far from over. However, upon arriving at Sherlock’s parent's house he soon forgot to be worried when Mrs. Holmes immediately put them to work. John was tasked with calling the caterer to ensure everything was in order for the following day. Sherlock was dragged into the kitchen where he was made to help Mummy write out name tags for the seating arrangement.

“Right….” Yawned John after having been on the phone for twenty minutes. “We've enough food to feed all of Wales for a week.” As he passed by Sherlock to take a seat at the table he squeezes his shoulder and smiled at the way that Sherlock's body curled towards the touch.

“John, dear, how's your calligraphy?” Mrs. Holmes asked, not looking up from the card she was filling out.

“Ahhh,” John scrubbed a hand over his face and looked at his mother-in-law apologetically, “Sorry mummy. But you know what they say about Doctors and their handwriting. I'm afraid it's true, at least in my case.”

“Mmm, why do you think I was thrilled when we swapped our form of communication to mainly e-mails?” Sherlock smirked and eyed John out of the corner of his eye.

“Oi!” John exclaimed loudly but there was a twinkle in his eyes that let his husband know he hadn't been bothered by the jab. “How about…” he groaned as he stood, “I make us all some lunch?”

As if answering, Sherlock’s stomach gave a loud grumble and Mrs. Holmes nodded her head.

“Sandwiches alright?”

“Thank you, dear, there’s ham in the fridge.” Mrs. Holmes smiled as John busied himself with the task, then went over the list of names one more time. “John, are you sure there isn't anyone else we can invite for you?”

“Yeah,” John called over his shoulder, “most of the people I’d want to invite are currently serving in various countries… I'm sure my men will throw me a party, another one when I get back. Any reason to celebrate, we’ll take it.”

“Yes, of course.” At the mention of John leaving, Mrs. Holmes glanced at her son. John had his back to them, and Sherlock let his shoulders sag and some of his smile faded. “Sherlock, you'll come visit your lonely mother now and then, won't you?”

“Mmm…” Sherlock nodded as he finished scrawling out ‘Marjorie Holmes’, “once classes start I may not have much time. But I'll visit when I can.”

“Oh, thank you, Lock. That's all I ask.” She stood, nodding to herself in a pleased sort of way, happy with the progress they’d made so far and went to fill the kettle. “Be a dear, and tell your father lunch is ready? I think we’ll take it out in the back garden.”

Sherlock stood and stretched his stiff back then twisted his sore wrist a few times before putting the fountain pen down beside his notebook of names. As he passed through the room to find his
father, he reached down just as he passed John and gave his husband’s arse a firm pinch. Chuckling, John put down the butter knife and reached out, grabbing Sherlock's elbow and swinging him around into a firm kiss.

After lunch, while Sherlock and Mrs. Holmes finished the place cards, John and his father-in-law sat down at the large table in the dining room and set about making centerpieces for the tables. Mrs. Holmes had purchased green squishy floral foam, tape and wires, and had made a sample for the men to follow. There were four different flowers: green carnations (a hint to Oscar Wilde which made John secretly pleased), white peonies, daisies, and a soft pink rose. John and Mr. Holmes were instructed to stick the stems of two peonies, one rose, and as many daisies as needed, into the foam ball, then place each ball inside a mason jar that Mrs. Holmes had coated in a beautiful gold glitter spray paint, then each needed to be topped off with water.

They worked in silence for a while, each of them bent on their task, but after a while, Mr. Holmes cleared his throat and John looked up.

“So…” Mr. Holmes said, then paused, clearly still working out how to say whatever it is he was trying to say.

“Mmm?” John glanced down at his arrangement as he wrapped some wire around the stems to help keep them in place.

“You… er… and Sherlock…”

“Yes?” John gently prodded, worry starting to bubble up in his chest.

“Bit fast… the wedding?”

“A bit… yes.” he said warily.

“Won't regret it then? No second thoughts?”

“None. There are three things I’ve been certain of in my life. My desire to become a doctor, joining the army, and Sherlock. Marrying Sherlock has been the best decision of my life. He’s smart, Jesus he’s incredibly smart, he’s funny without realizing it, and though he’ll deny it to my face he has the biggest heart I’ve ever seen. You know how when you walk into a room full of people, there’s always that one person you gravitate towards. That one person you want to be without of everyone else? That one person who makes being there worthwhile?”

Mr. Holmes nodded and inadvertently glanced towards the kitchen, towards his wife.

“Yeah, well, that person for me is Sherlock. He makes me want to do better, to be better, to be someone he can be proud of. I never… before him, yeah I’d been with a man or two… never would have considered myself gay though… but… it’s hearts, not parts. And his heart is the other half to mine. He makes me whole, makes me work harder so I can come back to him a better man.”

slightly embarrassed at having said as much as he had, John cleared his throat and accidentally pricked himself on a rose thorn in his haste to stick the stem into the foam.

Mr. Holmes smiled and nodded in an understanding sort of way.

“I think… you might have been just what my son needed. He was a brilliant boy, is a brilliant man; takes after his mother in that way. However… his childhood wasn’t easy. His mind and body… were at war. He wanted to do so much as a child but was limited by his age and abilities. His teen years… we nearly lost him, as I’m sure he’s told you.” John nodded at this, and Mr. Holmes
continued, “but since you’ve entered the picture, he’s like our old boy again. Everything is exciting and new, a learning opportunity, always something to be discovered. He’s himself again, John.”

Mr. Holmes sniffed, and even without looking up from the flowers in front of him, John knew the man was on the verge of tears. John stood, cleared his throat and sucked on his bleeding thumb for a brief moment before gesturing to the table of flowers. “Think I’ll open a window… allergies and such…” Mr. Holmes nodded gratefully and together they fell back into a comfortable silence as they worked.

***

“Tomorrow then.” Mrs. Holmes said as she kissed both boys goodbye, pressing the container of lasagna into John’s hands.

“Mmm tomorrow.” John agreed and shared a knowing glance with Sherlock. For the better part of the last hour, Mrs. Holmes had been trying to talk them into taking home the leftovers. Sherlock rolled his eyes in a way that said: “Just take it, or we’ll never get out of here.”

“See you around nine then? Dress here, so you don’t have to worry about wrinkling your suits during the drive. We’ll have everything ready. So you two just worry about getting here in one piece, preferably without any more of these….” Mr. Holmes lightly touched a love bite on Sherlock’s neck and clicked her tongue. Sherlock just smirked and glanced over at his husband and rolled his eyes for a second time.

“We’ll see.” Sherlock sighed, rather dramatically, and flicked his hand, “physical closeness is just as important as emotional closeness, after all. And it will be our wedding night… eve. If there is such a thing.”

“Yes well, someday you might want to show people your wedding pictures… and it might be nice for one or two of them to be hicky free.”

“I’ll behave myself, don’t worry.” John laughed and ushered his husband into the car. “See you in the morning.”

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes waved as they drove off, and Sherlock snickered as he inspected his love bite in the mirror. “You outdid yourself, John… This one will last for weeks.”

“Mmmm, I can do better than that…” John glanced from the windscreen over to his husband and smirked.

“Is that a threat or a promise, John?”

“Both, definitely both.”

Sherlock felt a shiver run down his back at John’s words and willed the car to move faster.

Chapter End Notes

OH! this is what I imagine their centerpiece to look like
Peonies = romance and prospering
Daisies = innocence and purity
Light pink rose = gentleness and admiration
Green carnation = In 19th-century England, green indicated homosexual affiliations. Victorian men would often pin a green carnation on their lapel as popularized by author Oscar Wilde, who often wore one on his lapel. According to some interpretations, American poet Walt Whitman used the calamus plant to represent homoerotic love.
John held out his hand in one last desperate attempt to get Sherlock to stay. To keep the man from running from him. They’d had a fight, Sherlock had given him an ultimatum: leave the army, or leave him. He was unable to do either. So, during Mummy’s speech at their party, Sherlock had gotten up and walked off, through the garden, into the house, then there was a screeching of tires and John knew that was it.

He woke with a start, groaning and wiping a hand over his sweaty face. “Nightmare, then…” he sighed and rolled over, looking at the clock on their bedside table. The green LED lights read 3:00. Rolling over he saw his husband, bathed in streetlight and he felt his heartbeat calm just at the sight. Sherlock was here, hadn’t left him, wouldn’t leave him.

Still, that aching feeling of watching his husband walk out on him hovered over John like a dark cloud. He needed to feel Sherlock, to know matter-of-factly that he was there, in the flesh, beside him. What he needed was the evidence of how much Sherlock loved him, in his mouth. Rolling over John got to his knees and pushed their blankets aside. Sherlock had fallen asleep in just his pants, making it easy for John to access what he desired.

Hooking a finger under the elastic band of Sherlock’s boxer-briefs John pulled them down to his thighs and blew across Sherlock’s flaccid length. It twitched with interest and Sherlock muttered in his sleep. Smiling to himself John carefully shuffled over his husband, positioning himself over Sherlock’s legs. He sucked Sherlock’s soft member into his mouth and groaned as it nearly immediately began to harden.

Sherlock woke to liquid desire pooling in his groin. Still half asleep, his hands traversed down his body, to bury themselves in the sandy hair of his husband. He’d only woken like this once before, with John’s hot mouth wrapped around his cock, and it had been a million times better than any alarm.

“What time…” he groaned as John’s tongue flattened and pressed against the underside of his cock, only to flick across his slit as John pulled off to answer.

“Early…” John huffed out, then dove back down, capturing his prize in his mouth with a low grumble of content.

Sherlock took in the scene with one bleary eye. John, coated in a fine sheen of sweat, more so than if he’d just been sucking him off. Nightmare then. Which explained away most of John’s
enthusiasm. He stroked a hand through John’s sweaty hair and let his head fall back against the pillow. If this was what John needed, who was he to say no?

Cupid bow lips parted, his tongue ran across his bottom lip and he exhaled softly. John’s mouth was back on him now, lips pressed against the sparse hair around the base of his cock. Strong, but gentle, fingers played with his balls as the hot heat of John’s mouth slid back up.

“Suck just the tip…. Jesus, yeah, like that.” Sherlock groaned and gave a full body shudder as John’s tongue circled around the head of his cock as the suction intensified. John was adept at reading Sherlock’s needs as Sherlock was people. Before Sherlock even realized he needed it, John’s index finger was lightly pressing against his entrance, patiently waiting for permission to enter.

John pulled his finger away just long enough to wet it then it was back, slick and warm, gently pressing against him. Sherlock willed himself to relax, and soon John's finger was slipping inside him.

“Yeah… fuck… yeah.” Sherlock nodded, one fist now balled in the sheets to his left, while his right hand dragged down the back of John’s head to lightly grip at his neck. Sherlock opened his mouth to sing John’s praise but all that came out was a low moan as the pad of John’s index finger brushed against his prostate. John gave a slight chuckle, sending vibrations coursing down the length of Sherlock’s cock.

John pulled off with a filthy pop and gave his husband a lopsided grin, his lips glistening with saliva. “Liked that, did you?”

“Mmmm ye...fffffffuuuu…..” Sherlock groaned and arched his back up off the bed as John slipped a second finger inside at the same moment his mouth engulfed his cock. Chuckling around the cock in his mouth, John shifted his weight back a bit. The new position allowed him to move his hand back and forth freely, gently fucking his husband with his fingers, scissoring them inside Sherlock’s tight heat.

Glancing up at his husband John saw just how far gone Sherlock was already. Less than five minutes in and Sherlock had completely given in, given himself over to John. His eyes were closed, lips parted to let moan after moan float into the room, then hand that had been on John’s neck was now resting on Sherlock’s own forehead, pushing a mop of sweaty curls out of his eyes.

“Sherlock,” John let Sherlock’s long member slide free of his mouth and he peppered Sherlock’s thighs with kisses as he spoke, “come for me. I know you want too.”

Even as John went back to his task Sherlock shook his head and muttered a gruff, “Too soon,” but John’s fingers found their mark as he began relentlessly stroking Sherlock’s prostate. Sherlock’s legs twitched around John and if John had been able too, he would have smirked knowingly. Adding a bit more suction, and the tiniest bit of teeth, he swirled his tongue around Sherlock’s glands. It took less than a second for Sherlock to respond, bucking forward he buried himself in John’s mouth, head pressed almost against the back of John’s throat as his warm release flooded John’s mouth.

John took it as best as he could, swallowing most but still pulled off coughing and sputtering a little. He grinned, however, when he saw his husband’s wrecked face. Taking himself in hand he knelt between Sherlock’s knees and began furiously stroking.

“Sherlock… where…. D’you want it?” he grunted as he let his thumb swipe over his leaking head. Sherlock waved a hand in a general “Stomach.” location and cracked one eye open to watch.
John’s eyes rolled back and his mouth hung open, his legs completely froze up as thick ropes of come landed just below Sherlock’s naval. He sat there, twitching and panting for just a moment before collapsing on the bed beside Sherlock.

“Mmmm that was…” Sherlock muttered as he curled up like a cat around John.

“Yeah… tired now.”

“We should change the sheets.”

“Tomorrow,” John yawned and snuggled his head into the crook of Sherlock’s neck.

“It is tomorrow.” Sherlock giggled sleepily.

“Later… then..” John managed just before they both fell back to sleep.

***

Roughly 3 hours later the alarm on John’s phone went off and they both let out a simultaneous groan. Pulling themselves out of their rather sticky embrace they sat up. Sherlock yawned as John stretched and they both glanced back longingly at the bed. Knowing they were in risk of curling back up under the covers John stood and shuffled into the bathroom.

“Put the kettle on, some caffeine will do us wonders. I’ll be quick.”

Sherlock nodded, grabbed the sheet off the bed and wrapped it around his thin frame as he too shuffled out of their bedroom.

The kettle was just gone hot when John, still naked, walked out of the bathroom. Sherlock eyed him sleepily and subconsciously licked his lips. Moisture still clung to John’s skin and there was a bit of shaving cream just under his left ear.

“Kettle is ready. No sugar, please,” he added the please as an afterthought, remembering how John had smiled the last time he’d use the word. John smiled again, and as Sherlock leaned down to chase the smile with his lips he brushed the shaving cream away with the pad of his thumb.

Once Sherlock was out and sitting, naked as well, at the table across the table from John, a quick glance at the weather promised that the day would, in fact, be as gorgeous as Mummy had claimed. Having brought everything to Sherlock’s parent’s house the day before, it took them very little time to get ready. John dressed in jeans and a striped t-shirt, knowing he’d be changing once they’d arrived, it mattered little but John still wanted to look presentable for any guests who might be awake when they arrive. Sherlock, as he had the past three days, dressed in a suit and John couldn’t help but shake his head.

“Guess I’d best get used to you always looking better than me. Posh bastard. Too good for jeans?”

“The thread count is terrible. These are much more comfortable.” Sherlock insisted, eying John’s jeans as if the very fact that he was in the same room as the fabric offended him.

“Yeah? Well, try wearing army gear, and jeans will feel like clouds in comparison.” John grumbled as he patted his pocket.

Phone? Front left. Check.

Keys? Sherlock made a noise and tossed them to him. Check.

Anything else they might need was already at the house.

“Right? Ready?” John grinned at his husband and opened the kitchen door that lead into the hall.

In lieu of an answer, Sherlock stepped through the open door, grabbed his coat and scarf, and dashed down the stairs as he shrugged his long form into his coat.

“You’ll hardly need them.” John argued, watching as Sherlock wrapped the scarf around his neck, “It’ll be near 21 today.” Still, Sherlock didn’t remove either coat or scarf so John simply shrugged and decided it was possible that they acted like a sort of security blanket for his husband. Which was fine, of course, it was fine. Everyone needed something at one point or another, after all.

John got to the car, parked behind 221, to find Sherlock standing near the passenger side of the car.

“Thought you could drive,” Sherlock said simply, ignoring the suspicious look on John’s face.

“Right….” unlocking the door John cast one more wary look at Sherlock before getting inside the car. “Buckle up this time.” Sherlock sighed, but reached for the buckle and made eye contact as it clicked into place.

“Happy?”

“Ecstatic,” replied John cheerily.

“Good, can we go now?”

“Jesus, has anyone told you that you’re a bossy git?” John grumbled as he put the car in reverse and backed out of their parking spot.

“My husband has, once or twice.”

“Yeah? Well, he’s a smart man.”

“Smarter than he looks.”

“Pretty damn smart then…”

They both shared a grin before John pulled out into traffic.

Once well on their way, Sherlock was lost entirely to any sort of conversation John attempted to have with him. He was far too busy with his nose in his phone, typing hurriedly on the small keyboard.

“Who are you texting?” John ventured, after growing tired of the radio.

“Someone,” Sherlock replied snarkily.

“Ohhh never would have guessed that.”
“Mmm…” Sherlock replied noncommittally and continued texting.

“So what, you're not going to tell me?”

“Noooopppeee.” Sherlock accentuated the p with a slight pop glanced over at John, then went back to typing, a smirk forming at the corners of his lips.

Sherlock: I require your assistance.

Harry: Sure, Sherl! What can I do for my favourite Brother-In-Law?

Sherlock: I’m your ONLY brother-in-law

Harry: Mmmhmm. So again, what can I do for you?

Sherlock: Correct me if I’m wrong, and I’m never wrong, it is tradition for Watson men to get married in full Watson Tartan. Correct?

Harry: Yupp! Poor Johnny though, did he tell you what happened last time? When Uncle Cedric married Anne? Ha!!! We were up on a hill, windy as fuck that day… Pretty sure granny got to see John’s balls for a second time. First being when he was born, of course.

Sherlock: Yes… he mentioned something along those lines.

Sherlock: He’s mentioned that you’re currently in possession of some of his things?

Harry: Jesus, yeah! Remind me to get this stuff out of my flat before he leaves! Be nice to have my office back!

Sherlock: You wouldn’t happen to have his kilt? Would you?

Harry: Actually, I do! What, is he saying he’ll wear it!? Oh, Mum would be so proud! She always loved seeing the family dress up!

Sherlock: Interesting… No, he hasn’t said he’d wear it.

Harry: Ohhhhh… but you want him to wear it. I see. Poor Sherl wants his husband all decked out for him. Is there wind in the forecast?

Sherlock: A bit… and please stop calling me Sherl. If you must insist on a nickname, Lock will do.

Harry: I’ll bring it, don’t worry, I’ll convince him to wear it. Even if I have to lie to him and say that Mum came to me in a dream.

Sherlock: Excellent.

Sherlock: Er… don’t mention this conversation to John. Yeah?

Harry: Mums the word! See you at 10!

Sherlock promptly deleted the text thread then put his phone down.

“Just a few last minute preparations. Nothing to worry about. I just want everything to be perfect.”

“You?” John spared Sherlock a surprised look then turned back to the road, “Just yesterday you
“You only get married once, John.” Sherlock shrugged and tried to sound uninterested.

“Twice for us, actually. This is mainly to please your mother. I thought what we had last time was perfect. Even if your brother insisted on dragging the whole family along.”

“Yes well…” Sherlock turned and looked out the window, trying his best not to imagine John Watson walking around in full traditional kilt. The image made his tailored trousers a little too snug, and he was trying to be discreet.

It was just nearing nine in the morning when they pulled up outside the already bustling family home. The back garden was decorated to the nines, flowers, balloons, and tables were already decorated and ready to be laden with food.

“Jesus, she’s wasted no time,” John muttered as he parked the car and turned the engine off.

“Clearly…” Sherlock opened the door and put one foot on the pavement, “well, come on.”

“Yeah…”

By the time his sister arrived at ten, John had been poked, prodded, and had his cheeks pinched by at least seven elderly Holmes women. How they were all related he’d long since forgotten. When Harry knocked on the opened front door and poked her head in John sprang up from his chair in the corner, where he’d been doing his best to hide, and ran to greet her.

“Harry! Thank god. I was about to run away.” John kissed his sister on both cheeks then smiled at Clara, who was a few steps behind her wife. “Clara!” he gave her the same greeting and ushered them both into the house.

“Right, there are drinks in the kitchen, just down the hall, second door on the left. Can’t miss it. The bathroom is just there, he pointed, and pretty much all the food will be outside in about… forty-five minutes. Light snacks to start off then lunch at noon. You both look gorgeous.” he grinned at them. Harry did, in fact, look good. Her eyes were bright and shining, dark blue like his and clear of any fog caused by alcohol. Her blond hair was swept back in what John could only call a ‘messy bun braid’, but he’d never been good with Women's hairstyles. Clara had long red hair that she’d left down, but slightly curled, and they were both wearing pretty, but practical dresses and flat shoes.

“JOHN! JOHN!” Sherlock, already wearing the suit picked out by Mummy, came barging into the room carrying John’s suit, horror written all over his face. “I tried to… they…. Its… I’m sorry, John.” he held the suit out, revealing burn marks all up the lapels, sleeves and even the knees.

John was too shocked to know what to say… he reached out and took the ruined outfit from Sherlock, mouth hanging open as he felt all the blood in his body rush away from his face and settle somewhere in the pit of his stomach.

“What….”

“There was an accident… with a flame. One of the Bunsen burners.”

“What… I can’t wear this, or….” he gestured to his jeans and t-shirt.
---- Dun dun dunnnnnnnnnnnnnnn (more soon!)
This chapter is not even close to what I wanted, but if I don't post it, and keep nitpicking it... I'll never be happy with it. I had bigger and better plans, but the boys wouldn't cooperate, I wanted more angst... but didn't have time.

Please expect a follow up to their fight in the next chapter, but for now, I'll give you what I have and go back to bed. (I have pneumonia.)

OH... it has also been unbetaed for spelling mistakes or grammar. I do apologize, but I just don't have the energy in me to do that right now.

Harry, who’d never in her life been able to keep a secret, placed a hand over her mouth to hide her smirk. It was then, as she stifled a giggle, did all the blood rush back into John’s face. He had a finger in Sherlock’s face sooner than anyone could react.

Flashes of his conversation with Sherlock in the car yesterday echoed in his head, and for what he assumed wouldn’t be the last time he wanted to strangle his husband.

"Look. Aside from my suit catching on fire, which is bloody unlikely, I'll not be seen in a kilt tomorrow. So you might as well stop asking, yeah?"

"Hmmffpp,"

“What did you do?” he hissed, turning to point the finger at his sister whose eyes got wide as she held her hands up in the air.

“Oh, Johnny, I didn’t do anything. I just got here. But there’s still time for me to spike the punch, if you want. We can get everyone properly pissed, then they won't notice the… yeah, they will. That’s ruined.”

“John… I didn’t…” Sherlock started, but John stopped him by cocking his head and giving him his angriest of angry looks, a smile. Harry and Clara stepped back outside, giving the couple space, thinking that John was about to explode.
“I… Well, you see…” Sherlock stalled, waving a hand at Harry, hoping she’d get the hint and retrieve John’s other outfit. “I was getting our suits…” he stammered, eyes hastily flicking around the room, looking anywhere but at John. After a brief moment of stammering about, suits, getting shuffled into the kitchen where a cook was lighting the bunsen burners, Harry came back into the house with a garment bag slung over her arm.

“Johnny…” she said softly, coming up to place a hand on his arm, “Mum would have wanted you to wear this.”

Handing the garment bag over to her brother she stepped back and gave Sherlock a wink. John shook his head, forced air coming out his nose at such an alarming rate that Sherlock wondered if John were about to pass out.

“You two planned this. You ruined my suit on purpose, so I’d have no choice but to wear THIS,” he held up the garment bag, “bloody thing! And I was the one to explain the best way to ruin it….And YOU,” he turned to his sister and glared at her. “Here I was so thrilled to see you, and you side with him!”

“Come on, Johnny! Really, it is what mum would have wanted. All the Watson men wear it, and out of all the Watson men, you’re the only one it actually looks good on.”

“I hate you both so much right now.” John grumbled and sighed up at the ceiling. “Mum would have wanted this… I hate you… so much.”

“So you’ve said.” Harry giggled then kissed her brother on the cheek. “Now, Lock, why don’t you take us to meet your parents,” she walked over to Sherlock and linked her arm through his, Clara doing the same with Sherlock’s other arm, “and we’ll leave John to get dressed.”

The two women whisked Sherlock off through the house, leaving John to stew in his annoyance alone. After a few moments, in which he went back and forth about whether or not he should wear the outfit Harry brought, he sighed and whispered up to the ceiling. “Seriously, Mum, this is for you.”

After a few minutes of fighting with the many layers of clothing he stood back and looked at himself in the mirror. He had to admit, he did look good in a Prince Charlie jacket and vest. Personally he hated the kilt hose, they were scratchy and uncomfortable, but he fingered the Sgian Dubh lovingly as he tucked it away. It had been passed down from generation to generation, each
son receiving it on his wedding day. If his father were alive now, he’d be the one helping him get ready, handing the blade on from father to son. Smoothing the pleats out in the kilt one last time he sucked in a breath and made his way outside.

No sooner had John stepped one foot onto the grass than did Sherlock’s head snap up. He looked at his husband with eyes the size of saucers. John had to mime shutting his mouth to get Sherlock to close his before he drooled all over himself. Sherlock wove his way through the guests and finally making it to John’s side took his hand.

“You look… stunning.”

“Yeah well, I feel a bit funny.” John was doing his utmost to not be pissy but there was a hard edge to his tone that told him, and everyone around him, he was failing miserably.

“Oh careful, here comes Uncle Rudy, he might try lifting up your kilt.”

Silently seething John glanced around, looking for the balding man, but Sherlock just bent over laughing.

“Kidding! But your face! You should have seen it!”

“I am going to kill you, and your brother can’t stop me.” He was only half joking. “You knock it off or I swear to Christ, you’re walking home.” Sherlock just giggled, eyes wide. This was all a game to him, and John’s discomfort was amusing. That knowledge kind of pissed him off.

“You think this is funny, don’t you? It’s all just a big fucking game to you, isn’t it? You really are a sick bastard, if other people’s discomfort is funny to you.”

“It is kind of funny, you have to admit.”

“No, I don’t. I told you every good reason I wasn’t wearing this fucking thing and you ignored it! You ignored me! You went behind my back, talked to my sister, who enjoys seeing me squirm because she’s like that, and deliberately left me no fucking choice!” He pulled away and headed across the yard towards one of the long tables, “Sod it, I need something stronger than punch. Don’t you dare follow me, go make nice with your relatives.”
“John…” Sherlock caught at his sleeve, but he yanked out of reach.

“No. I need to go. Go talk to my sister, you two are proper chums.” He caught a glimpse of his husband’s expression, but his only thought was that it served Sherlock right for forcing him into the kilt. Admittedly, John loved wearing the silly thing, but he liked wearing it on his own terms, he liked having the choice. Sherlock had taken that from him, hadn’t even considered that when John said he didn’t want to wear it, he was serious. He really hadn’t wanted to wear it, family traditions be damned. His last experience had been embarrassing, humiliating even. As he stalked past clusters of intrigued guests, who took one look at his face and knew better than to say something to him, John completely missed a couple of guests in non-standard dress-code. Most of guests wore formal attire, the men in suits (two-piece or three-piece according to individual taste) and the women in modest cocktail dresses in varying length and, of course, traditionally bizarre hats. These two, if he had paid any attention to them at all, wore military dress. Specifically the United States Army’s Service Uniform, the standard formal dress uniform worn for most occasions, arrayed with appropriate rank-signifiers. As it was, John completely missed them. That might have had something to do with the very simple fact that he wasn’t expecting them at something like a garden-party at his in-law’s house. He finally reached his destination and looked for something stronger than punch and stronger than wine.

“Here, Captain. You look like you need this.” He just about jumped out of his skin as someone spoke up next to him and a hand offered him something. A flask, a metal flask with a captive cap adorned with some design he couldn’t quite make out. He registered two things at once and took the flask, fighting off a smile and a sense of stomach-dropping relief.

“Gate-crashing, are we?” John arched his eyebrow while he gave the flask a shake to judge its fullness, and found it quite full.

“Sorry about that.” His company snickered, not a bit sorry at all, and John was dying to know how they’d gotten through the door.

“You’re not sorry at all.”

“Nope! But you look like you need some company.” He was pushed away from the table and steered until they were behind a tree, hidden from immediate sight. “Where’s that handsome clever husband of yours?”

“Thinking long and hard about what he did.”
“Anything to do with this fancy get-up?” A tug on the belt of his kilt, “Where’d you even get this?”

“It’s a family tartan, all of us Watson men wear it on our wedding-day.” He undid the cap of the flask, “Please tell me this is something strong?”

“It might be.” Charlie gave John a comical waggle of his eyebrows and John’s smile widened. Green eyes sparkled with a benign mischief, army mates smuggling bootleg moonshine and expensive bottles of whiskey in the bottom of their rucksacks wrapped in dirty socks and rolled tee-shirts. John took a quick, cautious sniff of the flask’s contents and narrowed his eyes. Memories of crowded, noisy karaoke bars in cities with names native English-speakers couldn’t pronounce correctly when they were sober or drunk, friends made in a single night and never seen again. Until today. Taking a sip John let the liquid linger on his tongue for a moment, basking in the slight tingle then swallowed and sighed.

“Whiskey… And good stuff at that,” he took another sip as Chuck gave a slight bow and laughed.

“You…” Chuck’s face was suddenly less jovial and John knew he was about to be told just how immature he’d acted towards his husband, “stormed off fairly quickly. Everything alright?”

“Yes,” John began, but at a stern look from his friend he sighed and let his shoulders droop, “Yeah, no. Not great really. First fight you see. Yeah, we’ve bickered about stuff, but nothing like this.”

“Go on…” Charlie nodded towards the flask and John got the double meaning. He nodded, took another sip then continued.

“Sherlock’s been trying to get me into a kilt for weeks now. Started when some advert came on the telly. He began inquiring about my last name, its Scottish origins, if I wore a kilt. I had a rather, unfortunate experience with a kilt and wind a few years back, and really didn’t want to repeat that. Not today, not here. It’s one thing being naked in the showers back on base with ten other men around you, and another having the secret out in front of elderly relatives thanks to a stiff breeze. You know?”

Charlie nodded. He didn’t know, but he got the gist and motioned for John to go on.

“Then out of the blue his mother asks if I’m going to wear a kilt. He won’t give it up, right? Keeps asking. We start planning this, which I didn’t even want. I just want to be home, licking my wounds and getting our flat setup, but here we are. We had suits picked out. Tailored to us even.
But then his highness goes and purposely burns my suit after going behind my back and arranging for my sister to bring this.” John gestured down to his kilt with a frustrated growl then took a long swig from the flask before capping it and handing it over.

“Seems like you boys hit a snag.”

“Hah.” John sniffled and thought back on the dream he’d had about fighting at the party with Sherlock and one of them storming off in a fury. Well, he’d stormed off, but he hadn’t actually left the party like Sherlock had in the dream. Shaking off bad memory, he took the flask from Chuck when the friendly Texan offered it and used the burn of the whiskey to refocus. He couldn’t really blame Sherlock, but the git had to learn when to back off and take no as a final answer. John made a mental note to ask Chuck how he and Ian had made out in the bombing, from first glance it didn’t look like Chuck was injured.

“Hey. Chuck?”

“Mm?”

“Is Ian here?”

“Oh, Christ yeah! What, you thought he let me get away with this by myself?” Chuck grinned and took the flask back. “Nah, not on your life! He’s around here somewhere.”

“I wonder what my mother-in-law would think if she knew a couple of well-meaning Americans had crashed the party?” He made a face, “Probably wouldn’t mind much once I explained it to her.”

“Oh?”

“She likes soldiers.” He looked around the tree to get a bead on where Sherlock was, where his sister and her wife were, and where his in-laws were. He saw Sherlock near the tables, speaking to one of the guests. He couldn’t see who it was from here, there were people in the way, but it was a very serious conversation. Sherlock looked...sad? Guilty? The people blocking his view of Sherlock moved and John let out a slow breath.

“Ah. There he is.” It was Ian talking to Sherlock, and he could only imagine how that conversation
was going.

“Did Ian get to him?”

“Looks like it. That’s...fine. It’s fine.” John ruffled his hair and looked up at the sky for a minute, so hatefully cloudless and blue. Well, it wasn’t completely cloudless, but the cover was pretty minimal and the weather was perfect. A bit of a breeze was stirring and he swore to find some way to make it very clear to Sherlock that his actions had been a Bit Not Good. Later, though.

“John, tell me,” Chuck took the flask from John and took a long sip before passing it back over, “What caused all that?” He motioned to where John had stormed off, and John sighed. “Clearly it was a bit more than you being angry over the kilt.”

“Yeah, well.” John pinched the bridge of his nose and grunted in frustration. He quickly told Chuck about his dream and watched as his friend nodded in understandment. “I guess, it’s safe to say,” John stammered, “I’m afraid he’s going to get fed up with me leaving, again.”

“You’re right. About everything. I’ve gotta talk to him.”
“Apologize now, talk later. When you get home.”

John nodded and glanced over at his husband. His mother in law was beside her son, and by the way Sherlock shook his head he guessed she was asking about his whereabouts. “I should go back.”

“Yes siree.” Chuck pushed off from the tree and stepped out into full view of the other guests. He clapped John on the back and tilted his head towards the tabled that served as a bar. “Send Ian over, will you?”

“Mmm.” John nodded and schooling his features began walking over to Sherlock.

***

Sherlock watched John go, hand still stretched out from grabbing at John’s sleeve. For the first time since having left rehab, he wanted to cry. It had just been a harmless prank, if you could even call it that. A hand on his shoulder interrupted him and he glanced over, losing sight of John in the process, to see a familiar face. It took him a moment to register who it was, from the short buzz cut to the scar above his left eye. Then it clicked.

“Ian?”

“Hey-a, Sherlock. That was ugly,” he nodded in the direction John went and added, “I’m sure he didn't mean it. Well, not all of it at least.”

“Sick bastard,” rang in Sherlock’s ears and he frowned.

“Maybe he did, and perhaps I deserved it.” Sherlock quickly, in as few words as possible, explained what had just transpired. Ian listened patiently and nodded when Sherlock got to the part where John’s suit got ruined. “And now he’s stormed off. He had a nightmare last night, bad one from what I could tell. But, what if it’s more than that. What if he’s regretting marrying me? What if he wants to leave me?”

“Sherlock, stop yourself right there, man.” Ian held up a hand and fierce blue eyes stared at him. “I highly doubt that John wants to leave you. If he did, he wouldn’t have put that kilt on in the first place, I don’t think.”
“Perhaps…” Sherlock sighed, “we’ve never fought before you know. Disagreed, yeah, but this was our first fight.”

“Chuck and I fight all the time. He thinks coming out publicly with our relationship is the right way to go. I know Sargent isn’t an incredibly high rank, but I’ve worked hard, you know? Relationships within units is strictly forbidden. I told him we’d get married once we’re both back home. For a while he was okay with that, but now we bicker about it almost daily.” Ian shook his head and sighed, “What I’m trying to say, Sherlock, is people fight. It isn’t the end of the world. What matters is you talk about it, and as lame as it sounds, don’t go to bed angry.”

“I should go talk to John.” Sherlock made to start walking towards his husband but Ian placed a hand on his arm to stop him.

“He said don’t follow, just… give him a few to cool off. He’ll come back, Chuck will make certain of that.”

“Chuck is here? Where?”

“Probably talking sense into your husband right now. He knows how to deal with a stubborn partner, after all.”

“I’m not stubborn.” Sherlock began but gave up when Ian just laughed.

“You both are, incredibly so. Oh, and Sherlock? Try not to force John into something like this again. Okay? Next time try to think of how you’d react if you were in his position.”

“I’ll try.”

They were both interrupted when Sherlock’s mother came bustling over, a worried look creasing her face.

“Where’s John, Lock? I was just about to tell everyone that light refreshments have been served.”
“I’m… not…” Sherlock shook his head and was about to tell his mother that he had no idea where his husband was, but Ian cut in.

“Oh, he’s probably off yelling at my counterpart for gate crashing. Ian Judge, ma’am. Sherlock and I met back in Afghanistan, just before the bombings. I do beg your pardon for gate crashing, but Mycroft invited us last minute. Charlie Wallace is my partner, though he’s off with John at the moment. Getting into mischief, I would imagine. Might want to make sure the punch hasn’t been tampered with.”

“Mycroft invited you?” Mrs. Holmes smiled and reached for Ian’s offered hand. However, instead of shaking it, Ian gently brought the woman’s hands to his lips and kissed her knuckles. “Oh, it is true what they say about men from the South then?”

Ian winked and Mrs. Holmes let out a girlish giggle.

“Sargent Judge,” Sherlock groaned as he eyed his mother, “was just off to go find his friend.”

“Was I?” Ian chuckled and released Mrs. Holmes’s hand. “Gorgeous home, Mrs. Holmes.”

“Oh, Evelyn, please.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes so hard that they hurt and he had to blink a few times to make the feeling go away. “Didn’t you say you were going to make an announcement of some sort? Best get to it. I’ll get John.”

“No need, I’m here.” John’s voice sounded at Sherlock’s side and he gave his husband a rather embarrassed smile then turned to look at his mother-in-law.

“Oh, John, you look marvelous! I’m so glad you decided to wear the kilt.” Mummy smoothed her hands over the shoulders of John’s jacket and beamed down at him.

“Yeah well, my mum would have liked seeing me in it again, glad it still fits,” not trying to be rude John stepped out of Mummy’s reach and nodded towards the main entrance where a short plump man was looking around nervously, “Can I borrow Sherlock a moment? Someone important just arrived.”
“Yes, of course. Five minutes, mind you, and we’ll be starting the toast.”

“Right.” John nodded and gently placed a hand just above Sherlock’s elbow and pulled him away from Evelyn and Ian, who immediately engaged in conversation with each other.

“Sherlock, I’m sorry, I was a dick,” John whispered as they walked, smiling at guests as they walked past, “Can we… talk tonight?”

“John,” Sherlock looked down at his husband, noticing the worry and fear evident in the corners of his eyes and felt part of his heart break. He wanted to tell John that it was he who was sorry, that he wished he could take it all back, but he simply nodded.

“Thank you. First chance we get alone, I promise we’ll talk. Just…” John sighed and forced a grin onto his face at a pair of well wishers, “know I’m not mad. Not anymore.”

Sherlock was just about to open his mouth, to say what he wasn’t sure. Possibly to acknowledge John, or to say sorry himself, but he was cut off when John let go of his arm and offered his right hand to a newcomer.

“Mike! I’m glad you came!” John shook Mike Stamford’s hand enthusiastically then clapped the man on the shoulder. “Wasn’t sure you would, being so last minute and all.”

“Kidding me?” the round faced man said with a smile on his face, “I wouldn’t miss it for the world. Hope you don’t mind, but I brought a plus one.”

“Oh?” John looked around questioningly as John shook Mike’s hand. It took him a moment, to pick out familiar faces in the crowd. With a shout of surprise John ran towards a man a few steps behind Mike and practically tackled the man into a bear hug.

“Sherlock! C’mere!” John called as he pulled himself from the burly man’s arms and punched his shoulder playfully, “Come meet William, or Bill. Bill Murray.”

Bill was a little taller than John, dark brown hair, brown eyes, possibly a stone or more heavier than John and muscular. He wasn’t bad looking, in fact when he smiled he was downright charming. Sherlock felt a stab of jealousy over the way John had hugged the man, but told himself he was being irrational.
“No, not the actor,” Bill said and frowned at Sherlock’s confused face, “people normally laugh at that…”

“Yeah, well, my husband hasn’t seen many movies. Doubt he gets that reference.”

“And he’s all the better for it,” Mike laughed and clapped Sherlock on the back.

“Sherlock, Bill here was one of my best mates in school. We were in rugby together, and only managed to pass that first year thanks to Mike tutoring us.”

“Rugby…. Tell me, Bill, do you have any pictures.” Sherlock grinned down at the man and everyone burst into laughter when John groaned.

“I might have,” Bill winked at Sherlock then playfully bumped shoulders with John. “Oh, John! Sarah’s pregnant again.”

“You dog! How many does this make?” John shook his head and let out a wolfish laugh.

“Four, Janie is almost seven.” Bill grinned and pulled out a handful of photographs from his pocket, but before he could pass them around there was a clinking noise and everyone’s attention was drawn to the middle of the garden.

“Shit, that’s our cue, where are you guys sitting?” John looked around and saw his mother-in-law standing with a silver knife raised to the side of a wine glass.

“With some blokes named Ian and Chuck?” Mike said, looking down at the copy of the seating arrangement he’d been handed upon entering.

“Good, great guys, sorry mate, but we’ve gotta dash.” John took Sherlock’s hand in his and laced their fingers together then nodded towards their table where Mrs. Holmes was waiting.

“How long is she going to draw this out?” he whispered dejectedly as they made their way towards
their table. Not even 11:30 yet and Mrs. Holmes was already proposing a toast over munchies? That alone was torturous. On a good day he’d be able to soldier through it, smile when appropriate and laugh when needed, but he was on edge from his fight with Sherlock. He groaned inwardly while putting on a brave face when his husband replied.

“As long as she can… This is just pre-lunch, John…” Sherlock sighed and let his shoulders slump in defeat.

“Right… so we soldier through it, heads high, smiling, eat our appetizers, lunch, mingle, then you, me, Ian, Chuck, Bill and Mike all get the hell out of here. Find a bar, or just go back to Baker Street and order a pizza.”

“What about your sister and Clara?”

“Fine yes, they can come. But for god’s sake, we don’t tell them until we leave. Harry can’t keep a secret.” John hissed over his shoulder then nodded his head to his in-laws and Mycroft as they sat down. Sherlock chuckled and placed a kiss on John’s cheek as he scooted his chair closer to John, which made both his mother and John smile.

“Whatever you say, John,” he agreed, then quietly added, “however pizza sounds lovely.”

The pair made it through Mrs. Holmes’ speech, which lasted a full ten minutes, and sat patiently while trays full of finger food were carried out and served. John was secretly glad for the food. The whisky he’d consumed from Ian’s flask had finally kicked in and the garden was spinning a bit. Wiping a bit of perspiration from his brow he motioned for the server to leave the whole tray of cheese and crackers at the table and simply arched a brow at Sherlock’s questioning stare.

“Are you feeling alright, John?” Sherlock asked as John piled two pieces of cheese on a wheat cracker.

“Yeah, just hungry. We didn’t eat much before we left this morning.”

“Ahhh…” Sherlock said knowingly while pushing a glass of water towards John.

“Yeah, thanks,” John muttered moments before stuffing his tower of cheese into his mouth.
An hour and a half later, after suffering through conversations with both his sister and Mycroft, John finally put his fork down on his empty plate and patted his stomach.

“I’m stuffed,” he sighed then glared at his sister as she began giggling. She stopped abruptly, possibly when Clara, not so discreetly, kicked her under the table.

“But we haven’t even had cake yet.” Mummy proclaimed, pushing her plate of half eaten food aside.

“Oh, I’m sure I can make room,” John began then kicked Clara himself when she added,

“I’m sure that’s not all Johnny can find room for.”

“It’s nice to see my boys aren’t the only ones who still get into sibling squabbles as adults,” mummy said with a far off smile, clearly oblivious to the innuendos. “Now why don’t you boys go wander, say hello to your guests, and I’ll tell the caterers to put a hold on dessert for twenty minutes.”

“Come on, luv, let’s go see Ian and Chuck.” John made a final dab at the corner of his mouth with his napkin then stood. “Staying here, Harry?”

“Oh, I think Clara and I are going to go off and ensure everyone knows where the dance floor is.” Harry grinned over at Clara and took her partner’s hand.

“Right, suit yourself.” With his hand on the small of Sherlock’s back, John lead his husband through the sea of tables over to the other side of the garden where Ian, Chuck, Bill and Mike were all roaring with laughter.

As they got closer they were able to make out the story Chuck was narrating.

“So, we had this new guy join the unit a week before we left for six months in Iraq. That’s where we were before we got transferred to where we are now. Where Ian joined my unit. Well, about a three days before we left I found out that our new soldier was a virgin.” John sat down at the table and shook his head while chuckling, he had a hunch he knew where this story was heading, “So,
we get to location and word spreads, quietly. A few guys pitched in money to get him laid in a whore house. That night we got him good and liquored up, took him out to the place and he got a woman. And yes, before you ask, she was hot… like capital H hot.” Ian leaned over and punched Chuck on the shoulder, but laughed anyways, “We were out in the ‘waiting area’ and he was taken to a room literally right next to us, could hear everything. He starts going to town, we could hear the bed squeaking, moans, pants, oh you name it. The next thing we know, the door bursts open and the prostitute starts screaming “My EYE! MY EYE! YOU CUM IN MY EYE!” and she peels out of the room running down the hall with her hand over her eye yelling “It burns! IT BURNS!” and our friend is just sitting on the bed with a pillow over his lap looking mortified.” the table burst out in another round of laughter and Chuck gave a mocked bow.

“Poor bastard,” he added with a shake of his head, “hasn’t slept with another woman since.”

Just then a waiter came by with the drink trolley. Sherlock opted for a single finger of scotch while John allowed the man to fill a glass with whiskey. Once everyone else at the table had their drinks Ian nodded to John’s glass and addressed Sherlock.

“Sherlock, you’ll make sure John doesn’t drive home, right?” he asked as John took a long sip.

“Mmm of course. Mycroft thought I didn’t notice when he pickpocketed my keys… Think’s he’s smarter than me. However, a free lift home is… appreciated.”

“Speaking of home.” John added, frowning at the way his tongue felt too thick. “Sherlock and I are proclaiming a pizza party at our place tonight. We’re going to skip out shortly after cake. Maybe a dance or two, then we’ll see about getting that lift home. You’re all invited of course.”

After making sure everyone had their address, John and Sherlock took their drinks, and began making the rounds with the other guests. No one else had a story quite as entertaining as Chuck’s, but John was told a rather endearing story of a young, four year old, Pirate Sherlock by one of his aunts.

Cake was soon served. John and Sherlock took their slices of chocolate gateau to the table with their friends where Ian, this time, delighted them with more stories. After a while, once they were surrounded once again with empty plates, the music that had been gently wafting through the garden turned more upbeat and Sherlock nodded in the direction of the makeshift dance floor.

“Shall we? A few dances, pictures to please my mother, then we’ll all slip off into the night.”
“Too bad you gents can’t go on a honeymoon.” Ian said sadly as they all stood and tightened their belts.

“Oh, I don’t know.” John smiled as Sherlock linked arms with him, “I like to think of this whole leave as a bit of a honeymoon. Yeah, we’re not able to go anywhere, but the sex… damn, it’s great.”

That got him a rather scandalized look from one of the elderly women sitting at the table next to him, which only made his friends laugh harder. The six men wound their way around the tables and onto the dancefloor. They were soon joined by Harry and Clara, who were then informed of the plan, and a few other guests. After twenty minutes of dancing, John’s feet were starting to hurt, and he could tell that Sherlock’s injuries, while mostly healed, were starting to take their toll on his body. Just as he was about to call it however, Mycroft sidled up to them and, straightening his already impeccable three piece suit, cleared his throat as if he were embarrassed.

“There is a limo in the driveway for you and your friends. I’ll have your car’s brought back to their owners tomorrow, once everyone has had time to sober up. If anyone requires a lift home tonight, Anthea is at your service. I’ll make your excuses with Mummy.”

Sherlock was about to thank his brother when Mycroft disappeared just as quickly as he had appeared. Instead he turned towards John and smiled softly.

“Ready to go home?”

“Oh god yes. Come on, let’s tell everyone.”
28th May, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Another day another chapter. I hope you enjoy. My muse gave up on me at the end, so I'm sorry if it seemed rushed.... I just had no idea what to do.

Also, typos are my own errors. A lot of it was written on my phone rofl and has not been put through Grammarly like the other chapters

John woke Sunday morning with a groan. He tried to sit, but a sharp pain in his head made him change his mind. Resting back against the pillow he cracked open one eye and unstuck his tongue from the roof of his mouth. His mouth was dry as cotton, his head felt like he'd just been struck with something, a frying pan perhaps, and judging by the way his stomach churned, it was all thanks to alcohol. With only one eye, he surveyed the bedroom he shared with his husband and grimaced. Clothes lay scattered on the floor, Sherlock's suit and his jacket, a quick glance down revealed that he was still wearing the kilt, and only the kilt.

Flashes of being bent over the bed with a growling Sherlock behind him made him grin, then grimace at the pain grinning caused his head. First order of business, paracetamol for him, and for Sherlock. And tea, god, lots of tea.

Rain hit the window in soft, gentle taps as he got up and shrugged into his dressing gown. Rainy day then, good. Another excuse to stay in and nurse a hangover. They'd yet to get rugs, save for the two that were here why they moved in, so to save his bare feet from cold hardwood floors, he threw on a pair of slippers and only haphazardly tied his robe closed.

Making his way into their small kitchen he finally forced both eyes open so he could set about filling the kettle without spilling water all over himself. As he wanted for the water to boil he fished around in the bathroom for paracetamol, then went back to the kitchen to see about making a proper fry up. Greasy food, the best kind of hangover food.

He was just pulling a carton of eggs out of the fridge when a noise upstairs caught his attention. Without thinking he reached for his gun, only to find it wasn’t there. "Damnit, not on duty, pull it together, Watson," he muttered to himself then looked around for something he could use as a weapon should he need to defend himself.

It was then that his eyes caught on the two jackets slung over the kitchen chairs. Army blues. American. He relaxed, and pulled down two more mugs, and added more water to the kettle as he remembered telling Chuck and Ian they could crash upstairs instead of making the hourlong drive the the shitty bedsit they were staying in.

Twenty minutes later found John placing four plates on two trays. Each plate was loaded with four slices (each) of thick bacon. (Secretly he couldn’t wait to hear the American's complaints about how bacon in England isn’t 'real bacon'.) fried eggs, sausages, tomatoes, beans, toast and fried potatoes. Then topped it off with four tablets in case they were suffering the same way he was.
Carefully balancing two cups of coffee and condiments for said coffee on one of the trays he picked it up and headed up the stairs to the spare bedroom.

Not having a free hand to knock he tapped the door with his elbow then whispered, "Ian, Chuck? Anyone awake?"

There was a groan, some shuffling, a loud thump followed by another groan and Ian cursing, then Ian’s face was at the door looking just as hung over as John felt.

"Here, take this. Bit of a fry up, and some tablets to help with the headache. Bathroom is downstairs down the hall, but you already knew that. Take your time, sleep in. Sherlock and I are going to... talk... about er, you know how I was a giant arse to him."

A still sleepy Ian took the tray and all but kissed John as he gushed his thanks.

"Bless you. It’s true what they say about you Brits, y'all are so nice."

"Yeah yeah, fuck off." John laughed and waved a hand after making sure Ian had it balanced alright. "If you need anything and we're still asleep, our flat is your flat. Help yourselves."

Laughing softly John shut the door then headed back downstairs.

The other tray was nearly identical, the only difference was this second tray had tea instead of coffee. This one John brought into their bedroom and placed it on the night table on his side of the bed, closed the door, then crawled back under the covers. Scooting close to his still sleeping husband, John pressed a kiss just above his ear and whispered,

"Wake up for me, but slowly. We're all a bit hungover...."

After a bit more prodding Sherlock woke, reluctantly, and sighed.

"I feel like a lorry hit me."

"Yeah, just about. Saw the empty bottles in the sitting room. We... well we drank a lot." John shuffled into a sitting position then placed a pillow on his lap so he could balance the tray on it.

"Come on, sit up. I’ve made us breakfast."

"Don’t want breakfast, want to die..." Sherlock moaned as he buried his head under his pillow with a soft whimper. "Head feels like it’s splitting open.

"Mm... dehydration. At its finest, self inflicted. C'mon, take these and you’ll feel better."

Sherlock opened his eyes and peered out from under his pillow and watched greedily as John swallowed down two tablets with a swig of tea.

"Gimme..." he sat up as fast as he could and held out a bony hand.

"Manners..." John muttered, but dropped two tablets into Sherlock’s palm anyways. "Listen," John began as Sherlock snatched up his tea and took the pills, "we, well I, need to talk. You’ve just gotta listen. So eat up, and I’ll talk between mouthfuls."

They ate in silence for a moment as John collected his thoughts. Taking a bite of his sausage, John nodded to himself, chewed, then began slowly.
"What I did yesterday was...unacceptable. I snapped. I shouldn’t have, but I did. Harry has her drinking problems, and well...I have anger issues. I thought they were under control, I was doing good. But with the stress of nearly losing you, my own injuries, and knowing I’ve gotta somehow man up and grown enough balls to leave you again...apparently I’m not doing as good as I thought."

Sherlock had just stabbed a chunk of potato with his fork, but placed the fork back down on his plate to give John his full attention.

"I'm not saying that as an excuse. There is no excuse for how I treated you, for what I said. You’re not a sick bastard. A pain in the arse," John added with a soft smile, "but my pain in the arse. I was peeved, that you pushed the issue of the kilt, to the point of co-conspiring with my sister. However, that still didn’t give me the right to be a Royal dick."

"I... did step out of line, John. I deserved it."

"No, Sherlock. You didn’t." John's voice broke and he looked over to Sherlock with tears in his eyes, "you didn’t deserve it. No one deserves my anger. Let alone my outbursts. I’m... I’m so sorry... please, don’t ever think that you deserved it. I was angry, and I didn’t handle it well."

"John… you’re talking like you had abused me."

"Yeah, well…” John trailed off and scrunched his lips together, fighting the anger he felt towards himself, "Listen to me, Sherlock, I’m sorry. I’m..." a single tear made it’s way down John's cheek. He brushed it away with the back of his hand and, looking up at the ceiling, sighed.

"I... might already be showing signs of PTSD, or I could just be a dick. I don’t like admitting to it, but the signs are there, for PTSD that is. I’ll talk to a therapist on base when I get back..."

"Back..." Sherlock sighed and picked his fork back up, though he didn’t immediately start eating again.

"Yeah."

"John, do you think that I’m so naive that I’ve forgotten you’ll be leaving again?"

"No, it’s not..."

"So stop. Stop beating yourself up that you need to go finish your tour. I knew what I was getting myself into. I’ll be busy with school, and while that won’t prevent me from missing you, it will keep me busy."

"I know..."

"I know you know. So, John... just do as I’m doing. Loving each day you’re with me to the fullest. That way when you do leave again, we have no regrets. There will not be any 'we should have's'. Okay?"

"Yeah... that sounds great, actually." John sniffed and wiped a few more tears from his face then looked back down at his food.
"Good. Now eat, then cuddle me. Or... I’m sure I could think of something else, I see you haven't taken the kilt off. There are still a few things I’d like to do to you while you’re wearing it."

“Mmm as great as that sounds, I’d rather like for this headache to go away before we do anything strenuous.” John arched an eyebrow as he took his last bite of egg. “So are we… good?”

“John, yes, we’re good. Now finish eating, husband.”

A few minutes later John left the bed once again. This time to bring the now empty tray back to the kitchen, and to use the loo. Stepping back into the bedroom he found Sherlock cocooned in the blankets with a sleepy smile on his face.

“Oi, you’d best share those blankets.”

One long pale arm flung out sideways, holding the blankets aloft and John wasted no time in shedding his robe before diving under them. As soon as he was nestled up against Sherlock, Sherlock’s arm draped lazily around him, securing them both in the warmth of their blankets.

“You’re warm.” John wiggled his back against Sherlock’s bare chest and sighed.

“Mmm.” Sherlock hummed and pressed a kiss to the back of John’s neck and closed his eyes, letting John’s soft hair tickle his cheek.

“Ian and Chuck are still here…” John whispered, feeling like talking any louder would burst the bubble of warmth and comfort that had settled around them.

“Mmm, I remember.”

“I didn’t. Scared the shit out of me when I heard a noise upstairs until I remembered.” John huffed a laugh and placed a hand over Sherlock’s hand where it rested on his stomach.

“Are you happy, John?”
“Hmm? What do you mean?” John craned his neck around to look at Sherlock.

“With me, our marriage, being home… in general, are you happy?” Sherlock’s voice was small, as if she were afraid of John’s answer.

“Christ yeah, I’m happy. I’m thrilled to be here with you.” John turned over on his other side so he could face Sherlock and rubbed their noses together. “Are you happy?”

“Happier than I have been in years, John.” Sherlock whispered then pressed his lips against John’s.

“Mmm perhaps we could…” John pivoted his hips forward, ever so slightly brushing his groin against Sherlock’s, “mm we could mess up these sheets a bit more?”

“Head up to it?” Sherlock murmured as he canted his hips in return.

“I’ve been told,” John whispered between soft kisses, “that an orgasm does wonders for headaches.”

“Oh? Well, you would know, Doctor.” Sherlock finished with a soft giggle then reached around and grabbed hold of John’s bum, pulling him closer so their bodies were aligned.

“I do know.” John’s lips turned up in a smile and his voice turned gravely and seductive as he rested a hand on the nape of Sherlock’s neck. “Now how about, you tell me what you’d like to do to me.”

“Well, I would enjoy bending you over every hard surface in our flat… but with guests… I’ll settle for fucking you into the sheets. Now roll onto your back, and lift that kilt.”

“Oh? You’re calling the shots now?” John grinned as he rolled onto his back. He folded his arms behind his head and grinned up at his husband. Sherlock’s eyes were dark with lust and a soft growl escaped his parted lips.

“I said… Lift the kilt.” Sherlock shifted onto his knees over John’s legs and gathered the sleep creased fabric and lifted it to John’s naval. “Oh… already aroused?” Sherlock smirked down at
John’s half erect cock, “Does the Captain enjoy being bossed around by a civilian?”

John flexed his biceps and smirked up at Sherlock, working the muscles in his groin to make his cock twitch a few times.


“I’m sorry, sir.” John screwed up his face into some semblance of seriousness and reached down with both hands to flip his kilt up.

“Good… now roll over. On your front, arse up in the air for me.” Sherlock lifted some of his weight up off of John’s legs but didn’t move entirely, enjoying the slight grunts from John as he rolled over.

“Lube.” It was a demand, not a question, and out of his peripheral vision John could see Sherlock’s right hand stretched out, waiting. Without waiting to see what else that hand would do if he were tardy, John reached under the pillow and pulled out the bottle of lube that had taken up permanent residence in the right hand corner of their bed. Reaching behind him, doing the best to shift his position as little as possible, John placed the bottle in Sherlock’s waiting hand then awkwardly let his hand drop to the bed.

“Permission to speak?” He asked, laying his head on the left side of his face so his voice wasn’t muffled.

“Ohh….” Sherlock purred, voice like velvet, “I was rather hoping you wouldn’t ask… But yes, go ahead,” he ran his fingers down the small of John’s back, up over the cleft of his arse then let his fingernails gently scrape down John’s arse.

“Where… would you like my hands?”

“Hmmm…. Under the pillow I think, where you won't be tempted to touch yourself.”

John hastened to obey, stuffing his hands under the pillow his head was resting on then settled a bit more comfortably onto the bed. The sound of Sherlock opening the bottle of lube filled the room momentarily then John jumped as a steady stream of cold liquid was squeezed over the cleft of his
“Now,” Sherlock crooned as he used his thumb to slowly guide the lube closer and closer to John’s hole, “normally I enjoy hearing you scream. However we have guests, so do stay quiet.”

Sherlock’s thumb gently pushed against John’s hole, he spread the lube around, coating his finger and John’s entrance. Spreading John’s cheeks with one hand he let his thumb sink into John’s heat. He pushed in slowly, letting John get used to the stretch, however there was no need. John was still rather open from last night, and he wiggled back against Sherlock until the heel of Sherlock’s palm was pressed flush against his cleft.

“Greedy…” Sherlock hummed and he withdrew his thumb. John whined for the loss but was quieted when a moment later Sherlock’s finger was replaced with his cock. The hard length slid with ease between John’s cheeks. Holding the tip of his own cock with his index finger and thumb of his right hand Sherlock gently pressed the head against John’s hole, not enough to penetrate but enough to tease and promise of what was to come. He slid his cock from cleft to perineum, gently nudging along the underside of John’s bollocks before sliding back up and gently pushing against his hole.

“Tell me, Captain, what do you want?”

“I… want you, inside me, please.”

“Is that it?” using his fingers Sherlock guided his tip just inside John’s entrance and held himself there, still as can be, waiting for his partner to continue.

“Yee… no. God no, I want you to make me feel alive, set each and every one of my nerves tingling with pleasure, make me beg to come, make it so all I can think of is you.”

“Mmm, that I can do.” Sherlock growled as he leaned forward, he placed both hands by John’s shoulders and slowly, so slowly, sank inside John’s heat. “You feel so good, Captain. So warm, so tight, you feel so good wrapped around my cock like this.”

With a grunt Sherlock lifted his hips, pulling out until just the very tip of his cock was still inside John, “Tell me how bad you want this…”
“Please, Sherlock… god please. Fuck me.” John begged, wiggling slightly to prove his point, then buried his head in the pillow and cried out when Sherlock drove home in a careful thrust. “Oh god, fuck… yes…”

Sherlock pushed himself up onto his knees, which were now between John’s spread thighs. With both hands he gathered the fabric of John’s kilt together and grabbed onto the waistband. Using it as leverage he set a relentless pace, pushing and pulling John back and forth in rhythm with his thrusts.

John, who was now being slightly lifted off the bed, rested his weight on his forearms and let his head hang limp between his shoulders. With each thrust his cock brushed against the mattress and he shuddered at the extra stimulation. He desperately wanted to reach down and take himself in hand but knew that Sherlock wouldn’t allow it. Not yet, at least. So he gave himself into the pleasure Sherlock was giving him.

He focused on each brush of flesh against his prostate. On how, with each slide of Sherlock’s cock, his body shuddered and practically gagged for more. It was all too much, yet at the same time, not enough. Sherlock though, his mad genius of a husband, could read him like a book. He knew, he knew what John needed, knew how to make this enjoyable for the both of them.

“Touch yourself, John…. I fear we may have to make this short before our guests wake up.” Sherlock’s voice was breathy, but demanding, and John wasted no time in reaching a hand down.

The first brush of his fingers against his cock was like electricity. His overstimulated body tightened and shook as he took himself in hand. He convulsed around Sherlock as he began stroking himself. Sherlock’s heavy breathing quickly turned to pants, then grunts, and his hands tightened around the hem of John’s kilt.

“Mmmm you feel so good. I love it when you lie there and take it.” Sherlock’s thick baritone voice washed over John, the last piece to his puzzle, tipping him over the edge. Sherlock sensed John’s orgasm and leaned down to clamp a hand over John’s mouth, effectively muffling his cry as ejaculate shot over the bedsheets. With one final primal growl Sherlock embedded himself inside John and gave into his own orgasm.

John collapsed onto the bed, shaking and breathing heavily through his nose, drool pooling up against Sherlock’s palm which was still over his mouth. Sherlock, still inside his husband, collapsed with him and laughed into the back of John’s neck.

“How is sex always this good with you?” he rolled onto his side and couldn’t help himself, he
looked down and watched as his release slowly leaked from John’s hole and down over his perineum and balls. “Mmmm, that’s hot…” he reached down and traced the stream of his own orgasm with his right index finger.

“It’s not just me then? No matter who’s topping or bottoming…” John rolled over to face Sherlock and gently took his right hand in his, bringing Sherlock’s index finger to lips, “it’s always hot…” he sucked Sherlock’s finger into his mouth and swirled his tongue over the pad of his finger before releasing it and grinning.

“Mmm, definitely not just you.” John settled back on the bed a bit more comfortably, resting mainly on his back while slightly resting on his right side. He reached his right arm out and let out a content sigh, “come here.”

Sherlock shuffled closer, resting his head on John’s forearms and pulled the blankets up to their chins.

“Would it be rude of us to sleep just a bit more?” Sherlock whispered as he turned onto his side, nuzzling in closer to John’s warmth.

“Maybe, but five minutes won’t hurt.” John grinned and kissed the top of his husband’s head.

“Good…” Sherlock yawned sleepily and smiled at John’s nearly immediate heavy breathing.

****

A soft knock on the door stirred John out of his light doze. He pushed his head out from underneath the blankets and softly called out, “yeah?”

“John?” Charlie’s voice through the door was soft and a little hesitant, clearly a bit embarrassed over interrupting John and Sherlock’s privacy. “I’m so sorry… but… would it be okay if I used the shower?”

“Jesus, yeah!” John rolled out of bed and glanced at the clock, at already half 10 this was the latest he’d slept in for years. “Lemme just… find something to wear and I’ll show you where the towels
Once inside the bathroom John showed Chuck how their shower worked, handed him a clean towel and flannel and noticed Chuck eyeing the frosted glass door that lead into his and Sherlock’s bedroom.

“Er… yeah, it is a bit… see through…” John grabbed up a towel out of their laundry basket and fastened it over the door for a makeshift curtain. “That should do the trick.”

“Thanks, man.”

John nodded and stepped from bathroom to bedroom, shutting the door behind him and smiled at the sight before him. Sherlock was laying on his stomach, arms stretched out beneath the pillow, curls a mess from both sleep and sex. He wasn’t asleep, but his eyes were closed and he wore a soft smile.

“You’re bloody gorgeous. You know that, right?” John said softly as he stripped out of the robe he’d hastily put on, and searched for something comfortable to wear. In response Sherlock simply arched an eyebrow and his smile got wider. “You should get up too, you know.” John tossed a pair of sweatpants onto the bed then pulled on a pair himself.

Sherlock did get up out of bed, however while John was busy cleaning up the kitchen from breakfast, Sherlock huffed and curled up on their sofa. John didn’t bother asking him to help, figuring getting Sherlock up out of bed was a victory within itself. Ian came downstairs, dressed in pyjamas John vaguely remembered letting him borrow. He flashed John a grin, and grabbed up a towel to help dry while John washed.

“He alright?” Ian nodded his head towards the sofa, clearly asking about Sherlock.

“Oh yes, he’s fine. Mad we have to be adults and actually get out of bed.” chuckled John.

“I can hear you both.” Sherlock called out and shrugged deeper into the back of the couch cushions.

“That’s nice, dear.” John said just loud enough for Sherlock to hear then rolled his eyes at Ian. “So,
are you two spending the day with us? Or do you have to take off?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure. Mycroft just showed up on base, told us to pack a bag, that everything was taken care of. We were all but rushed out. He brought us right to the bedsit where we spent one night, then a car picked us up yesterday morning.”

“Yeah, sounds like Mycroft…” John shook his head then leaned halfway into the sitting room. “Sherlock, can you call your brother? See if how much time Ian and Chuck have?”

“Hmmmp.”

“Right, you can come finish the dishes while I call him then.”

That got Sherlock moving. With a loud groan and a sigh meant solely for John’s benefit, Sherlock pushed himself up off the sofa. He shuffled his way into the bedroom to retrieve his phone, muttering the whole length of the kitchen. Five minutes later he came out of the bedroom, just as John and Ian were finishing up with the dishes, a air of annoyance wrapped around him.

“Well, my nosy git of a brother is on the verge of having me like him.” Sherlock pulled out a wooden chair from the table and sat hard in it.

“Oh?” amused, John dried his hands on a towel then placed it above the sink on a wooden dowel to dry.

“We can expect a car momentarily. Their,” Sherlock waved a hand in Ian’s direction, “things are being brought here. They fly out tomorrow morning from Heathrow.”

“That’s great!” Ian grinned then rushed to into the bathroom, but whether it was to tell Chuck the news, or join him in his shower, John and Sherlock weren’t sure.

“John?”

“Mmm?”
“We might need to get your kilt dry cleaned.”

John burst out laughing and walked to Sherlock’s side, bending down to kiss the top of his head.

“Yeah, I’m fairly certain it does. I blame you.” he said fondly as he straightened back up. “How about some tea? We could show them around London a bit, the major sites? Then spend the evening in, watch crap telly and order takeaway?”

“Sounds… domestic.” Sherlock sighed, but there was no animosity in his voice.

“Can you handle one more day of it? I promise you can stink up the house tomorrow with your chemical experiments. Turn upstairs into a proper lab.”

“You’ll help?” Sherlock arched an eyebrow, clearly thinking about giving into the bribery.

“Of course I’ll help.” John sat down sideways on Sherlock’s lap, wrapping his left arm around the back of Sherlock and the chair. The position put his head a few inches higher than Sherlock’s so he had to bed down to press a series of gentle kisses along Sherlock’s jaw and lips.

“Sounds… amenable.” Sherlock sighed, tilting his head to give John better access. Chuckling came from the bathroom and John, smiling, nodded towards the lounge. “Go make yourself comfortable and I’ll start the tea.”

By the time Ian and Chuck joined them in the lounge John and Sherlock were curled up on the sofa together. When their company walked in, however, they sat up, making room for company to join them. Chuck, being the man he was, scooted his butt between John and Sherlock, wrapping an arm around both of them while Ian sat in a chair just beside the sofa.

“So, Gents,” Chuck said, in his best (which was admittedly awful) british accent, “what’s the plan for today?”

“Oh, Sherlock and I thought we’d take you to see the site, then we’ll come back and watch crap telly while eating junk food. Send you off well fed and in good spirits.
“Sounds great, Govna’” Chuck squeezed John and Sherlock’s shoulders, hugging both men closer to his body then burst out laughing. “Yeah, next time I use a british accent y’all have permission to punch me.”

***

“I feel like I need a foam finger, and a armfull of popcorn and cotton candy.” Ian laughed as he stepped out of the taxi onto the pavement in front of 221b.

“Cotton Candy?” Sherlock asked not understanding.

“Err… we call it… candyfloss here I think.” John called out of the cab as he handed the driver a few notes.

“Ahhh he’s painting the picture of a typical tourist.” Sherlock nodded, walking ahead of the group to unlock the outer door to their flat.

“Yes I am, so where’s my finger?” Ian patted Sherlock on the back and laughed when both Sherlock and Charlie flashed him the middle finger. “Not that finger…. But yea, I guess I deserved that.

Upstairs in the flat Ian flopped down in one of the two armchairs and leaned back, letting out a giant sigh. “That was… amazing. But I’m exhausted.”

“Mmm same here, love.” as Chuck passed behind Ian he ran his hand over Ian’s shoulders and neck.

“John, please tell me even Brits have a junk drawer with takeout menus.”

“Yeah, kitchen, beside the door, top drawer of that weird wardrobe type thing…” John pointed as he made his way to the toilets then call over his shoulder as he shut the door, “pick what you like, I’ll eat anything. Sherlock can call and order.”
Sitting around the table in the kitchen, table overflowing with Thai food, the party was high of spirits. Even Sherlock was laughing, joining in the banter. Stories of first loves turned into stories of first jobs, life in America vs life in England. It was turning into a pleasant evening, surrounded by pleasant company.

“So, Charlie what made you join?” Sherlock asked as the conversation was steered more towards military life. He could read Ian. Military family, father was in the Navy, grandfather Air Force, uncles, two of them, Army. It was only logical for Ian to enlist. But Chuck, he was the class clown

“Oh! Let me tell this story?” Ian who was sitting across from his partner grinned, Chuck gave a nod and Ian rubbed his hands together in excitement.

“Chuck is one of eleven kids. Middle kid. You know how that goes, you’re given attention when you’re in trouble.”

“Explains some.” Sherlock nodded while John muttered “Eleven!” under his breath.

So, my dear boyfriend here, took to being a troublemaker. Harmless stuff, mostly.”

“Harmless!” Chuck burst out,” Are you forgetting about the bed?”

“Oh god… the bed… Right so let me just tell this story, then I’ll finish the other.” Ian shook his head and reached for a bottle of beer from the center of the table. “So… when Chuck was about 14, he rebelled a bit. His father was a good man, but strict. However, he had a good sense of humor, which is probably what saved Chuck here. Well, there was one day his older brother, Bill was bragging about how he was going to sneak a girl into the house. Which was totally against the rules. So Chuck here gets the bright idea to sabotage Bill’s plans .

So, halfway through the school day, he tells his teacher his stomach hurts. His house is just a few blocks from the school, so after his mother gives the okay, he walks home. Once home, he goes into the garage and finds his father’s tool box. He takes out a screwdriver and goes straight to his older brothers room.

Now, Bill, at the time, had a metal frame, headboard and footboard. Kind of all one big piece held together with screws…”
Seeing where this was going John put a hand over his mouth and did his best not to prematurely laugh.

“He gets down on his hands and knees and loosens all the screws so they’re all just hanging on by a few threads. Once done, he puts the screwdriver away and spends the afternoon in bed pretending to be sick.

Later that night his parents go out, they had a weekly date night to get away from the kids, rekindle the relationship or some such nonsense. So Bill, being the eldest, is in charge. He puts everyone in front of the television and sneak his girlfriend inside. Everything goes according to plan for a few hours. Until… Bill and his girlfriend decided to bump uglies. They’re going at it, probably have been for a few minutes, when suddenly the bed collapses underneath them.

Everyone, all the siblings who were home, rush upstairs to see what caused the loud bang and find Bill and his girlfriend desperately clutching blankets around their bodies as they’re scrambling up off the floor.”

John is now in stitches, bent over the table dabbing a napkin to his eyes while Sherlock is looking on with an impressed expression written on his face.

“Well, when the parents get home word gets out of course. And while they couldn’t ever prove it was Chuck, Bill knew.”

“Ya. He moved out shortly after that. He was 24, still living at home because he was going to college. But he and his girl got married. They have three kids now, and a very solid bed frame.” Chuck added with a laugh then clinked his bottle of ale together with Ian’s.

“As for the military… well, when Bill moved out things changed at home. The eldest sibling at home was his sister Holly. She’s always wanted pets but Bill was allergic. So…. once Bill was gone she got her wish.”

“Holly got a kitten. This little yellow thing with green eyes. Cute as can be but I swear he was the devil in feline form. One of my other sisters, Paige, got a puppy, a small pug. Ugly creature. Well kitten and puppy were best friends. They found it great fun to piss oh my bed. My sisters told me it was payback for all the pranks I’d played on the family.

After four years of putting up with both animals, I knew they, the animals, hated me. It came as
quite a shock, one day realizing that the reason I’d been sleeping in animal piss was because a four legged creature hated me. But it was freeing, the moment I decided to leave. Recruiters came to my school senior year I enlisted and never looked back. Well except for Christmas. I go back on Christmas whenever possible."

“So, if I understand this,” Sherlock began slowly, “You joined because a couple of animals disliked you?”

“Well, more like… I was out of place at home, you know? My voice meant nothing. The only time my parents actually saw me was when I was in trouble, or acting out in school. I think… that’s what motivated me. I wanted to be part of something bigger, and I was already good at keeping my head down and just… doing my own thing. If that makes sense.”

“Yeah, it does.” John nodded and gave Charlie a smile. “Any regrets?”

“Yeah, one. War.”

The three military men shared a chuckle then John raised his bottle of beer up in the air with a, “Here here!” and they all clinked glasses before leaning back in their respective chairs.

“What say,” began John as he pushed the chair away from the table and stood, “we take this into the other room,” waving at the beer, “and finish our evening with a movie. That way we don’t send you two back dead tired with another hangover.”

“Can’t you just keep us? I really don’t go back, I just got all the sand out of my ass crack.” Chuck groaned at the thought of going back to the hot desert, but made no further complaints. Ian patted him on the back sympathetically and together they all made their way into the lounge.
Chapter Notes

All I can say is I'm sorry and omg do I need you guys to motivate me to write!!!

One way you can do that is give me ideas, writing prompts, things you'd like
seen/done. The more ideas I have swimming in my head the more likely I'll be to
write! I miss writing, I just don't know where to go with these guys! I have SO MUCH
planned for the end of the fic, most of it written down, but no idea what to do now.

John will be going back soon, Sherlock will be in uni... I feel like that'll get boring fast.
Should I kind of skip over some of it, or can you guys give me silly things to write
about?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday 7th, 2006

The days ticked by, and with each one John settled into civilian life alarmingly easy. He knew the
day would come where he’d have to stop ‘playing house’ with his husband and return to his job,
but that day was not today, nor was it tomorrow. He had time to enjoy this.

In the week since their party, John had helped his husband clean out the spare bedroom upstairs.
They still kept the small double bed tucked against one wall, in the odd case of guests, but nearly
everything else was removed to make room for a small laboratory. Using Mycroft’s credit card,
which John knew they’d both be hearing about in no short amount of time, Sherlock had purchased
everything, and more, that a full-time chemistry student would require. The room was cramped,
and not exactly properly ventilated, but once John got Sherlock to promise to open the window
while working, he dry washed his hands and nodded at the room.

“Suits you, chaotic, but organized chaotic.” John fingered a beaker and hid his smile as Sherlock
snatched it away to wipe John’s fingerprint off the pristine glass.

“Yes, well.” in one fluid motion Sherlock placed the beaker back in its spot, spun on his heels to
take in the room then sat on his 3-legged stool. “It’s a start.”

“A damn good start.” John exclaimed, “I didn’t have half of this in med school, not even in the
“Times have changed.” Sherlock shrugged, but there was a playful smile twitching across his lips.

“Oi, are you calling me _old_?” John stalked over to Sherlock, straddling him so Sherlock’s bent knees were between his own legs, the stool was short, so it put Sherlock’s head just level with John’s. “Because I can take you downstairs, _or right here_ , and show how I am decidedly not old.”

“I think last night was proof enough.” Sherlock grinned and tilted his head to the left, revealing the right side of his pale neck. “Still all purple?”

“A bit, yeah,” John ran a finger over the pale flesh, now blemished with purple welts and teeth marks. “You swear it doesn’t hurt?”

“Hickies don’t hurt, John. They just look painful, and you call yourself a doctor.”

“Yeah, well, when it comes to _you_ my medical knowledge isn’t good enough.” John cleared his throat and stepped back, but rested his hands on Sherlock’s shoulders. “Listen, I’ve got to go to base, fill out some paperwork. I should have done it first thing this week,” Sherlock nodded and met John’s gaze, “are you going to stay here, or do you want to come with?”

“As tempting as it is to be around men in uniform,” Sherlock grinned, sea blue-green eyes shimmering with amusement, John found it impossible to tell if he was teasing, “I think I’ll stay here. Break in some of the equipment. I’d like to be familiar with it before classes start.”

“Right.” John dropped a kiss onto Sherlock’s forehead and stepped out of Sherlock’s personal space. “I shouldn’t be long, and I’ll stop by the shops on the way back, cook us a real dinner for a change.”

“Mmm.” Sherlock swiveled around on his chair but cast one more smile in John’s direction before immersing himself in user manuals.

John bounded down the stairs, stopped off on the second floor just long enough to grab his coat, keys and mobile before descending the last flight of stairs.
“Oh, hello, John.” Mrs. Hudson, their landlady, was just exiting her flat, a bag of trash in one hand and a box of recycling in the other.

“Let me,” John stuffed his keys and mobile into his pocket and took the bag from Mrs. Hudson.

“What a dear, thank you.” She cooed, shifting the box so she was holding it with both hands. “Just out the back, bins are against the wall.”

After a quick detour, John was on his way. He’d thought about hailing a taxi, but the day was young, and he was feeling lighthearted, and it had been a while since he’d last ridden on London’s underground. He took the tube as close as it would take him to base, and was only just wondering how he’d manage the rest of the way when a sleek black sedan car pulled up just outside the station; the backseat window rolled down and John rolled his eyes when Mycroft’s face appeared behind the tinted glass.

“Get in,” was all the older Holmes brother said. John rolled his eyes but climbed in beside his brother-in-law.

“Following me?” Before he’d fully sat down the car lurched forward and Mycroft smirked.

“I keep tabs on people of importance….”

“And what makes me important?” John asked defiantly as he sat down properly.

“I’m wondering what business you have that would bring you to this particular destination.”

“My own business.” John gave Mycroft a crooked smirk, “But I do appreciate the ride.”

“John, I’m certain you can appreciate that my brother’s mental health is, shall we say, delicate. If you are planning to leave earlier than your General…”

John held up a hand and cut Mycroft off.
“Listen, it's just some paperwork needed for my leave, and probably a bunch of shit to update now that the marriage is official and not just a civil union. If I could stay, I would trust me,” Mycroft opened his mouth to speak but John kept talking. “But, I committed. Both to Sherlock and the Army. I can’t have my new mysteriously powerful brother-in-law pulling strings. There’s a proper chain of command, Mycroft. A proper way to do things. Sherlock and I have talked about this, he knew I was in the army… HELL, that’s how we met. He sent me a letter for crying out loud. I’m no coward, Mycroft, I’ll stick out my remaining time, and won’t re-enlist. Sherlock will have school to keep him busy, and I’m certain you’ll be hovering like an unwanted fly making sure he stays clean.”

John sighed and scrubbed a hand over his face. The day had looked so promising, and now he felt the beginnings of a stress headache.

“Very admirable, Captain Watson.” Mycroft nodded and seemed to change his gaze from one of searching to one of approvement. “I can pull strings, however, to allow you to return home frequently…. A bit of a Top Up for Sherlock, shall we say. Weekend leaves, here and there. My people can even make it look like training.”

“That… could be useful.” John nodded, and not for the first time wondered what exactly it was that Mycroft did. “As much as I love having him come to visit me, we really can’t keep doing that. People will talk, and it isn’t fair for others. Nor is it safe for Sherlock.”

“Agreed.” Mycroft nodded and jotted something down in a little black notebook he’d pulled from his inner breast pocket. “I’ll instruct a car to pick you up and take you home. You may tell the driver to stop anywhere you wish, should you have errands to run. I’m certain I’ll see you again very soon.”

They’d just arrived at the security gate for the Army Base, and Mycroft was handing his ID up to the driver. John did the same, and, following protocol looked at the gate guard to be ID’d then nodded as the car was allowed to move forward.

“Secretary's office, Sir?” the driver asked, and both John and Mycroft replied “Yes” in unison.

It was with relief that John watched Mycroft’s car drive away. He didn’t so much dislike his brother-in-law, but there was something about the man that set John on edge. It was like being with an Alpha dog who was too busy pissing all over his territory to really see what he was doing. He walked into the office and nodded to the young officer sitting behind the desk and handed her his badge.

“Captain Watson-Holmes Ma’am, here to see General Graham, if he’s in.”
“Of course, Captain, if you’d just have a seat,” she motioned towards a row of padded chairs and put a hand on her desk phone. John did as he was told and had only waited a few minutes before an intercom on the officer’s desk buzzed and she called his name.

“Just through those doors there,” she nodded towards a pair of double doors and smiled.

John stood and not for the first time since stepping onto base felt out of place wearing civilian clothing. He opened the doors and got his first glimpse of the man who was to thank for his mini holiday. “General G. Graham” was written on a placard on a desk littered with papers and a vase that held a solitary union jack; the man himself was red-faced, wide in the waist and going bald despite looking no older than 45. His green eyes flashed across John’s body before meeting his glance. John instinctively stood tall and raised his hand in salute.

“At ease, Captain,” the general said and motioned for John to sit. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Just here to fill out some paperwork, sir, and verify my return date.”

“Ah… about that.” Graham shifted in his seat uncomfortably and John’s heart sank.

“Am I needed sooner?” Somehow he managed to keep his voice level despite his pulse hammering in his ears.

“Sooner? Noo! But there was an incident on base.”

“An incident? I haven’t seen anything on the news.”

“Well, no, we’re keeping it under wraps. Don’t want the general public to panic.”

“What happened, Sir,” John sat forward in his chair and bit at his bottom lip.

“A small group of Afghan rebels broke into base… Two nurses were captured. Sholto is handling it, along with the help of Colonel Sebastian Moran.”

“Moran? Has he been transferred to my base?” John asked, trepidation now turning to anger.
“Not permanently, Captain. Just while the investigation is underway. Moran is leading the investigation.”

“I don’t want that man on my base a moment longer than he needs to be.” John didn’t even attempt to hide the venom in his voice.

“Is there a problem between you two?” Graham asked, green eyes flashing.

“Personal, sir. He encouraged bullying, directed towards me when we were stationed together. As he was my CO I had no one to back me up. I simply would prefer to never see him again. Knowing he’s on my base is like knowing I have bed bugs waiting for me at home.”

“If you would like to file an incident report…” Graham began but John cut him off with a shake of his head.

“It’s in the past, Sir, and I don’t want to be labeled as a crybaby. Just get him off my base as soon as possible,” adding, “please,” after a moment's pause.

“Your request will be considered,” Graham said and gave John a smile. “Would you like to be kept abreast with the investigation?”

“Please, by one of my own men though, not Moran.” John squared his shoulders and let out a breath he hadn’t been aware of holding. “Obviously it’s your call, Sir,” he added, hoping it didn’t sound like he was trying to order the General around.

“Who should I have sent you the information.”

“Doctor Rhodes, sir. He’s a Private, but a good man, trustworthy.”

“Noted.” General Graham jotted a few things down on a pad of paper then folded his hands over the pad and regarded John with a steady gaze. “I believe all that is left is for you to sign a few documents, issue a return date, and you can be on your way.”

An hour later found John stepping out of the government issued car which had been lent to him in
Standing by the track, waiting for the tube, John stared at the piece of paper in his hand. His Orders, to return to Afghanistan. 17th, July 2006 stood out to him as if it were written in bold. He had a little over a month left with Sherlock before he had to return. It felt like a death sentence, having a date.

Instead of going right home John stopped off at the shops and picked up things for dinner, the now folded paper a burning weight in his left pocket. He poked around the store, indecisive over what to make for dinner. Sherlock could be picky at best, when he ate, and after walking back and forth between the pasta aisle and the fish display he finally settled on a nice cut of salmon. They had fixings for a salad at home, not that Sherlock would eat it, so soon John was on his way back home.

“Sherlock, I’m home!,” John shouted towards the newly installed laboratory in their attic, kicking the door shut with his foot. He managed to get all the shopping put away, and had the salmon half prepared by the time Sherlock joined him in the kitchen.

Taking one look at the salmon Sherlock’s face darkened and his brows creased together in an outward display of emotion, making his young face seem ages older.

“They’ve given you a date then?”

“Well,” John looked up from seasoning the fish and gave Sherlock a level stare, “yes. How-?”

“How did I know? You splurged on dinner, we never eat fancy, not unless we’re out. Lasagna is as fancy as we get, and you know that. You’re clearly compensating for bad news…” Sherlock pulled out a chair, spun it around and sat on the chair backwards, so his legs straddled the back.

“One could say celebrating,” John replied coolly, “I’ve not got to go back for just over a month. We have time.”

“When?” Sherlock asked, sounding very much like a child who’d just been told he had to go pick out the very stick with which he’d be switched.

“After dinner,” John said, covering the fish and placing it into the oven. “Now, do you want rice or potatoes?”
“I want to know when my husband is leaving me.”

“Sherlock! We’ve been over this! We knew I’d have to go home… er. Back.” John stammered, adding, “This is home… you are my home…” But the damage had been done. Whatever was left of what had been holding Sherlock together cracked into pieces and a single tear trickled down his cheek.

“Sherlock…” John sighed, making quick work out of washing his hands and going to kneel in front of his husband. “You are my home. Look me in the eyes and tell me I’m lying to you, I dare you,” he reached up and cupped Sherlock’s face in his hand, brushing away the tear with his thumb.

“When?” Sherlock croaked out, his voice threatening to betray him at any moment as he fought back the tears.

“July… the 17th, it’s a Monday. Over a month away, luv. You’ll even have time to take me on a tour of your new campus. Yeah?” John reached up and pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s nose.

“Rice.” Sherlock sniffed and straightened in the chair, removing John’s hands from his face, but not before giving them a gentle squeeze.

“I’m sorry?”

“Rice, you asked if I wanted rice or potatoes. I want rice. The kind with the little bits of pasta you brown…”

“Rice Pilaf?” John asked as he stood and ruffled a hand in Sherlock’s curls.

“If that’s what it’s called.” Sherlock shrugged, then stood himself, and rummaged through the last remaining bag on the table and gave a small smile when he pulled out a packet of jaffa cakes. “Dessert, I assume?”

“Only the best for you.” John grinned then had to snag the packet away from Sherlock when he tried opening them. “After dinner, you knob. Now listen to this… you’ll never believe who they let onto my base.”

John told Sherlock the story and how he’d be half overseeing the investigation from home, to which Sherlock was immediately intrigued. The rest of the evening was spent with John eating,
while Sherlock picked at his food, too busy asking questions about the people on base, as he tried to figure out a suspect pool.

Chapter End Notes

It was short, I'm sorry. But again, ideas are more than helpful. They'll keep me going while my brain gets used to writing again!
8th June, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

TWO UPDATES IN ONE WEEK!?!?! IS THIS REAL LIFE?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rare moment of silence John and Sherlock had been sharing, sitting across from each other, John with his legs stretched out propped on Sherlock’s chair was disturbed by the ring of the doorbell. John looked up from the cup of tea that was balancing on his chest and caught Sherlock’s eye.

“Probably someone for Mrs. H?” he asked. Sherlock started to nod but stopped mid-nod as their landlady’s voice carried up the stairs with a polite “This way, he’s just up the stairs and through the door. Knock first though, he’s newly married you know.”

Heavy footsteps made their way up the stairs and a man in a black knee-length coat paused at the open door.

“Don’t bother knocking,” Sherlock purred, still content from their lazy morning. They’d had a bit of a late night. He’d made John declare, in numerous positions, just exactly where home was. “Don’t I know you?” He eyed the slightly graying man for a moment then his eyes lit up in recognition! “Oh yes, you’re that copper my brother paid off.”

“He didn’t pay me off,” the man sighed and ran a hand through his rumpled hair, “Er, is Captain…” he looked down at the folder in his hand, reading the name stamped on the front, “John H. Watson-Holmes here?”

“Yeah, here,” John raised a hand and instinctively sat up straight, placing his half-finished tea on the table beside him.

“Mr. Mycroft Holmes has enlisted my help in ensuring these go directly to your hands,” the man said as he stepped a bit closer, handing John the thick manila folder.

“Eh… Thanks…”

“PC Gregory Lestrade,” the man said with a smile.

“Thank you, Office Lestrade,” John flipped open the folder briefly to see a report written by Colonel Moran and snapped it shut. “Mycroft must trust you, to have you deliver these.”

Sherlock snatched the folder out of John’s hands and frowned at it, the contents, then at the officer standing next to his husband.

“Yes, why did my brother have you hand deliver these. He alone has countless minions to do his bidding, probably some willing to wipe his arse for a paycheck,”

“Sherlock!” John chided, but Sherlock continued without pause,
“Why you… a normal PC, a man who tried giving his baby brother a ticket for parking, and driving without a license? What makes you special?” He thought for a moment, then his eyes opened wide and he wrinkled his nose in disgust, “You’re sleeping with him!”

Lestrade blushed and gave a little embarrassed cough, but for a man who’d just been accused of sleeping with another man, held his head high. “Or he could have chosen me because I have the proper clearance to carry these files.”

Sherlock snorted and tossed the folder onto John’s lap.

“Leave it to my brother, to sleep with a cop so he has someone to watch over me. Did he tell you about my little drug habit? Has he asked you to spy on me once my husband goes back to war? Did he offer you money?”

“Your arrest records are public knowledge, William Sherlock Scott Watson-Holmes, and yes your brother did mention them. No, he has not asked me to watch over you, and no he hasn’t paid me off.” Lestrade glared at Sherlock and thrust his hands into his pockets. “Now if you’ll excuse me….”

He turned to leave and John cleared his throat, throwing a quick glare in Sherlock direction before calling out, “Thank you officer!”

Lestrade grunted something that sounded like “You’re welcome,” before jogging back down the stairs, closing the front door so hard it made Mrs. Hudson, who was still in the hall, squeak.

“Right, well you could have been a bit nicer.” John sighed as he scooped up the folder and his tea and moved over to the table between the two windows.

“What for?” Sherlock sighed as he went limp in his chair, limbs and arms splayed on either side, head drooping over the back of the chair.

“Because that’s why. Now come help me sort this out.” John rolled his eyes and began spreading the contents of the folder out on the table. He made three neat stacks. One of pictures, another of reports by Moran and the third contained reports from Rhodes.”

“What exactly are we looking for?” Sherlock pulled himself up out of his chair and much like he had on the chair, splayed his long lanky body over John’s causing John to have to thrust his hands out to brace himself on the table under Sherlock’s weight.

“Oi, you big git, off me. Stand proper or sit. I’m not a post to lean on.”

“With all these muscles, I thought you were…” Sherlock hummed as he traced a finger over John’s bicep. He’d put on a close-fitting blue t-shirt that morning, and now his muscles rippled under it.

“You horny git…” John chuckled and shook his head. “Help me solve this, and maybe I’ll take you to bed.”

“Fiimeee…” Sherlock drawled and dragged over a wooden chair and plopped down with a huff of air that made the curls on his forehead wiggle.

“You read these,” John handed him the stack of reports from Rhodes, “and I’ll read Moran’s then we’ll switch off and see if there are any discrepancies.”

“Shouldn’t we look at the pictures first? So we have an idea of what they’re talking about in the reports?” Sherlock picked up the stack of nearly a dozen glossy photos and began to sift through.
them, eyes flicking back and forth, picking up every detail.

“Yeah, er, that’s smart actually.”

“Of course it is,” Sherlock said, humility thrown to the wind now that he had a puzzle to solve.

The photos were less than exciting, three of them were of the same area, just taken from different angles, of the fence that surrounded the camp and where it had been cut open.

“Clearly wire cutters, see that edge… I’d say they were new, or freshly sharpened, though no one bothers to sharpen wire cutters. Cut clean through, no scoring marks.” Sherlock pointed to a bit of the fence and John nodded in agreement.

“Could be a rib cutter, we’ve got them on hand, and we keep them sharp.”

“Oh yes, medical base. Stupid me.” Sherlock hissed and tilted his head while turning the picture around, then the next depicting the same spot. “Yes, most likely rib cutters looks like the fence was cut from the inside as well. See the angle, how it goes sideways from left to right, he made a slashing motion like ‘/’ then mimed holding the cutters. Either we’re dealing with a left-handed man or it was done from the inside. Not only that, see how they used a zip-tie to hold the fence open. Its bent out. If you were to cut open a fence, and sneak in, what would be your first instinct, to push or pull that freshly cut up wire?”

“Push, so I wouldn’t get scraped or hit in the face.” John said after a moment's thought, then added “Brilliant!” before kissing his husband on the cheek.

The looked at the remaining photos. To John they held little interest, just footprints in the dusty terrain, leading in and out of the area and pictures of the tread of photographers. But to Sherlock, they told a different story.

“See here, John, see how this tread looks smudged, blurred, almost like it isn’t in focus?” he pointed, excitement evident in his voice.

“Yeah?”

“Clearly that means that someone retraced their footsteps, almost perfectly, probably to hide how many times he walked to the fence.” Excitedly he picked up the stack of reports and began to read. Sherlock read faster than John, despite pausing often to compare the written word to a photograph, and soon was taking reports from John the moment he was done reading them. Once done with both stacks John sat back and ran both hands through his hair, massaging his scalp as he thought.

“So, the gist of Lieutenant Rhodes’ reports,” John sighed, “He seems to think it was an inside job”

“Tell me about the two captured,” Sherlock asked, eyes closed as he concentrated,

“The two nurses were civilians, locals even. Afifah Dunya volunteered to help after she came in with bruising… we suspected she was being abused. After the third time, she came to us seeking medical help one of our translators talked with her, offered her a job doing odds and ends. Laundry, kitchen help, OR cleanup, whatever we needed. She was so thankful she kissed his shoes and started weeping.

Najmah was her friend, she came looking for Afifah a few weeks after she decided to live with us. She stayed as well, she knew where to find Afifah because she had gone back to collect her
children… who,” John glanced at the report and frowned, “were not taken. They’re still on base.”

“Moran didn’t mention that,” Sherlock noted eyes closed still but one eyebrow arched. “What kind of mother was she?”

“Loving. We joked that she was the ‘Base Mother’.” John laughed softly, few other civilians on base had children with them, some children were in hospital recovering, Afifah was always by their side, mothering them, holding their hand when they needed treatment. She loved her children.”

“So not someone to leave her children behind in a midnight breakout.”

“Hardly.” John nodded and tapped his fingers against the table. “Moran probably didn’t bother to ask about her children. He’s…”

“Not a kind man,” Sherlock growled out, finally opening his eyes. “I want him off that base before you return.”

That said Sherlock turned back to the reports and growled in frustration.

“There isn’t enough! I want to know what time this was discovered, who discovered it, WHY two seemingly lowly civilians were taken FROM the base, why the children were left behind. John!” He stood up so suddenly the papers on the table rustled, “I’m going to use your e-mail account, is that alright? Thanks.” Without waiting for John to even reply he rushed to the bedroom and came back a moment later with a laptop and soon was typing away in a mad flurry.

“Can I at least see what you are sending under my name before you send it?” John sighed, moving to look over Sherlock’s shoulder.

“I’m simply asking Lieutenant Rhodes to have a chat with the children. Gave him a couple of questions to ask them. Might be useful to find out who their father is, and how well the children knew Najmah.”

“Right, that’s actually pretty smart.”

“Haven’t you realized yet, you married a genius.”

“Humble too, you are.”

“What are the chances of setting up a secure video feed with ourselves, Sholto and Rhodes?” Sherlock asked as he hit send and leaned back in the chair.

“Fairly good, I’d say. As long as Moran hasn’t taken over my office.”

“Perfect!”

_____

It was nearly teatime when John’s laptop dinged, indicating a reply from Rhodes. Sherlock jumped up from his chair, a map of his Uni campus fluttering to the ground as he moved from his chair to the table.

John expected some sort of noise of exaltation, or at least an interested hum, but Sherlock’s eyes flitted over the screen as silence enveloped both of them. John waited until Sherlock had time to read the e-mail twice over before finally speaking.
“So?”

“Busy,” Sherlock replied, bringing up a search engine and growling at the results.

“Sherlock, what?” John sighed and got up, placing his book face down on the arm of his chair and going over to where his husband was.

“Afifah wasn’t just any old civilian… you know how you said she’d sought out medical attention for abuse like injuries?” Sherlock twisted around in the chair to catch John’s gaze.

“Yeah?”

“Turns out, according to the children, Afifah and Najmah were sister wives, of a sort. They belonged to this man,” he said dryly as he tapped a finger to an image on the screen. John let out a low whistle and felt his stomach turn over at the images of Hakim Nasr Charm.

“He’s…” John started to say, but Sherlock just nodded.

“One of the largest gun dealers in southern Afghanistan. You stole his property, essentially, by allowing them to stay.”

“No wonder she left the children behind…God knows what the women are facing. Better to keep the kids behind where they are safe.” John had to pull a chair over and sat down heavily. “E-mail him back, ask if he has time to chat now, we’ll read the rest of his e-mail while we wait.”

The e-mail was short. Rhodes was straight to the point with his answers. The children were Afifah’s true blood children and they called Najmah their aunt. Other than a handful of men on base, they spoke to no one other than their mother and aunt. Mostly keeping to themselves, or busying themselves with their studies which their mother would set up for them each day on a computer given to them by one of the men on base.

“I knew we’d given them a computer,” John mused, but I’m curious who gave it to them.”

“I don’t like guessing,” his pursed his lips for a moment, “but I’d guess that whoever gave them the computer is our culprit.” Sherlock sighed and busied himself with fiddling with the webcam settings. The skype call noise startled them both out of their thoughts and as Sherlock hit accept John dragged his chair a bit closer so he could be in the frame.

****

“Wow, Civis look good on you, Captain.” Rhodes was a few years older than John, streaks of gray were visible in his too long for the military haircut.

“And you need to chop that blasted hair off.” John sighed and leaned in close to get a good look. “Surprised Moran hasn’t skinned your hide for that yet.”

“Ahh well…” Rhodes gave them a lopsided grin and ran his fingers through his hair, “I keep my OR hat on.”

“You will have a proper cut before I get back.” It wasn’t a question and the tone of John’s voice sent a shiver down Sherlock’s spine.

“Yes, sir.” Rhodes gave a firm nod, “Terrible, this breakout, isn’t it.”

“Breakout?” Sherlock quirked an eyebrow and leaned back in his chair. “You believe someone
broke out of the base, not in.”

“And you are….”

“Rhodes, this is my husband Sherlock. He’s helping me go over the case on this end.”

“Pleasure to meet you, and yes, I do believe it was a breakout, despite what Moran is trying to say. Did you see the way the fence was pushed out? I crawled through it, and back in, and let me tell you getting back in wasn’t as easy. Tore a coat, I did.”

Sherlock just nodded, eyes closed with his fingers steepled under his chin. “The children…. Did they mention who gave them the computer?”

“Yes, several times. Apparently one of the new recruits, only been on base for a few months, a…. ” Rhodes looked down at a piece of paper, “Private Sanders S Mathiesen.”

“Did you get a chance to talk to Mathiesen?” John asked quickly.

“Not yet. He works night guard duty. Should be waking up soon for his shift.”

“Good. Have a chat with him before he goes on. John,” Sherlock turned his attention from the laptop to his husband, “Is there anyone you trust, enough people to keep an eye on the children and an eye on Mathiesen?”

“Yeah.” John nodded slowly then opened his eyes in shock, “You think the children are next?”

“Most definitely.”

“Rhodes, you know the group… I want three sets of eyes on the children round the clock, and someone shadowing Mathiesen 24/7. Make sure it's not obvious.”

“Anything, in particular, you want me to ask him?”

“Yeah, ask him why he did it.” Sherlock grinned, “but record the audio for me. I want to hear him splutter over an answer.”

“Rhodes,” John put in, “Stay safe, and make sure those kids aren’t harmed.”

“Will do, boss. Hey, when are you coming back?”

“Next month, 17th. Bit of a long… furlow.”

“You’re not kidding. Well, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” Rhodes grinned at them both and gave John a wink.

“Ah, well, you wouldn’t do him,” John nudged Sherlock’s side, “so I’m afraid I can’t agree to that.”

*****

“That was….” John panted and lay flat on the bed, on hand over his beating heart, “insane.”

“That good, was I?” Sherlock rolled over onto his side to better see John and pushed a sweaty curl off his forehead.
“Your stamina is ridiculous,” laughing John grabbed hold of Sherlock’s curls and pulled him in for a crushing kiss, whispering, “Come here.” Sherlock needed no encouragement, lanky limbs and long arms snaked their way over John’s sweaty body and they lay there in post-coital bliss.

“Why do you think he did it?” John asked after a while, brain firing on all cylinders again and now slowly going back to the breakout.

“Could be a number of reasons. Money, drugs, blackmail, wrong place at the wrong time, pressure of war.” Sherlock shrugged against John and lifted his head, resting his chin on John’s chest. “But for what goal, to be court-martialed and sent back home in cuffs?”

“He could have been promised ‘a better life’ or something…” Sherlock’s voice sarcastic at the mention of a better life, “Maybe he was promised his own set of wives, helpless woman that would let him have their way with him because they don’t know any better. Maybe he was offered a job working for Hakim.” Sherlock let out a frustrated breath of air then settled his head back down on John’s chest.

“We won’t know until at least tomorrow. Shut up and let me enjoy this.” My brain was offline until you got it thinking again.”

“Oh, well I’ll just have to do something about that now, won’t I?” John chuckled and let the hand that had slowly been caressing over Sherlock’s back dip lower until he was able to grab an arsecheek.

“Mmmm yes, I think you will, Captain,” rumbled Sherlock with a devilish grin.

Chapter End Notes

I've saved so many of your ideas!!!! Thank you sooooo much, and credit will be given in the notes section of the chapters when I use one of your ideas.

I love you all, and thank you for the warm welcome back!

The next chapter might not be until Monday or so, I want to write ahead a bit, get back to a normal schedule with you guys. However, you all waited long enough for me to come back, thought I’d give you what I had now!
9th June, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Can you believe it!??! Another update!!!! *makes shocked face*

Thanks for all the motivation guys!!!!

Sorry if the spacing is all weird. I’m posting from my phone... while in the bath lol.
(Fixed the spacing, it was driving me nuts!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1:45AM London

“Mmff…” John groaned and rolled over in his sleep.

“John?” Sherlock’s sleep-thick voice rushed over John’s senses. “What’s that noise?”

“My mobile…” grunting John propped himself up on his elbow, reached for the nightstand and pulled his mobile off the charger.

“Watson-Holmes?” he answered, slapping his free hand over his cheek to wake himself up a bit.

“Captain?” Rhodes’ voice was urgent and woke John up the rest of the way.

“Rhodes? What’s happened?”

Sherlock was now leaning in, ear close to John’s trying to listen in on the call.

“There was an attempt to take the kids tonight.”

“Are they safe?” John sat up, back against the headboard, ignoring Sherlock’s growl of frustration as he too had to sit up.

“Scared, but yeah. I have them with me. Brody and Jensen are investigating. So far it seems Mathiesen was seen hanging about the tent where they were sleeping a few hours before the attempt. As it turns out, he was also the person to give the family the laptop.”

“Hold him.” Sherlock said, taking the phone from John. “Do not talk to him, or let anyone else talk to him for that matter. I’ll have a list of questions to ask him by noon your time.”

“Captain?” Rhodes asked questioningly, asking his CO for permission.

“Yeah, do as he says.” John ran a hand over his face, picking crusties from the corners of his eyes, “Thanks for letting us know. Keep them safe, yeah?”

“Will-do, Captain.”
Taking the phone back from Sherlock John hung up and leaned his head back against the headboard.

“Shit lot of good I can do from here,” frustrated he sucked in a breath through his nose.

“Not wishing you were there, are you?” Sherlock asked, just half jokingly.

“No, but I feel helpless. God knows what could happen to those kids.”

“Stop worrying about the what if’s.”

In the dim light John could clearly make out Sherlock rolling his eyes. He was about to argue with his husband when Sherlock half-yawned, half-said, “You’re no good to anyone if you get yourself worked up with worry. Now go to sleep.”

John yawned in reply and settled back down in bed. After a long pause he looked up at Sherlock, who was still sitting against the headboard and asked, “You’re not joining me.”

“No…” Sherlock said absently, “I need to think,” he sat with his back and head resting against the headboard, fingers pressed together and steepled just underneath his nose.

“Right…” John sighed, not so much annoyed as confused, and rolled over so his back was facing Sherlock. After a few moments of nothing but the sound of their combined breathing to fill the room, Sherlock shifted beside John’s head and placed one of his hands on John’s head, letting his fingers sink into his husband’s sandy hair. John let out a soft hum of approval as Sherlock’s fingers gently began to massage his scalp. He wanted to stay awake, to enjoy the sensation, but soon John found himself drifting off.

9th June, 2006

9:04 AM

John woke with a start, patting the bed beside him to find Sherlock’s spot empty. Balling his hands into fists he rubbed at his eyes and let out a groan. He’d slept like the dead after Rhodes’ phone call, couldn’t even remember dreaming. Forcing himself to get up, out of bed and not lounge all day, he stuffed his feet into slippers and grabbed one of Sherlock’s dressing gowns. (He had his own, a fuzzy blue one Sherlock had bought for him, but John loved the feeling of Sherlock’s silk gowns against his body and loved the smell of them even more.)

He made his way into the kitchen, intent on making a pot of tea, but stopped short. Sherlock was sat on the floor of their lounge, surrounded by an almost perfect circle of papers and two open laptops. Closer inspection showed the papers were the reports delivered by PC Lestrade the day before. By Sherlock’s left knee was a blow that had been repurposed into an ashtray, and now held a dozen or more stamped out cigarette butts, and in Sherlock’s left hand was a freshly lit cig.

“For the love of…” John mumbled, waving a hand in front of his face while doing his best not to gag, “if you insist on blackening your lungs, at least open a window so you don’t trash mine at the same time.” Still waving his hand in front of his face he stepped over the ring of papers surrounding his husband and opened both windows in the lounge, and then the one in the kitchen for a cross-breeze then went and sat in his chair, looking down at the mess in front of him.

“Productive night, was it?” He asked as he scrubbed a hand over his face.
“John, when the women came to the base, did Afifah invite Najmah? Your exact words were ‘Najmah was her friend, she came looking for Afifah’, then you went on saying the reason Najmah even knew where to find Afifah was because, as a mother, you assumed she couldn’t bear to leave her children behind.”

“Well…” John’s hand went from his face, where he was picking sleep out of the corners of his eyes, to run through his hair as he thought. “No, I don’t really think she was invited, so to speak. Afifah was rather shocked when she found out she had a guest, scared even. I was in the mess tent when the translator was called over. She was serving that day. She asked for a quick break, and we could hear the two women whispering outside the tent for a few minutes.”

“Did Najmah ever seem like she didn’t want to be there?” Sherlock asked, then took a long drag at his cigarette, eyes closed but moving rapidly beneath his closed lids.

“She seemed fine… but I didn’t really interact with either much.” John stood and couldn’t resist ruffling Sherlock’s unruly hair, “Tea?”

“Mmm”

“Food?”

“Not when I’m thinking, it slows me down.”

“Eating…. Slows you down?” John shook his head and half rolled his eyes.

“Yes,” Sherlock said, without offering a reason.

“Right…”

Tea made, and a light breakfast of toast and fruit for John, (which he placed within Sherlock’s reach in hopes that his husband would change his mind), he grabbed one of the two laptops and perched it on his lap, meaning to have a look at what Sherlock was doing. No sooner had he placed the laptop, which had nothing open on it, down, was Sherlock handing John a somewhat wrinkled piece of paper. It was a list, of sorts; a list of questions, some scribbled out, some unfinished, but left were roughly ten questions.

“Send those to Rhodes. Tell him I want to know what and how Mathiesen replies the moment he’s done questioning him.

Checking his watch and realizing it would, in fact, be noon on base shortly John did his best to make quick work of typing up the e-mail.

“What now?” Swapping tea for laptop John leaned forward and took a sip, still unable to hold back a bit of a moan at having a good and proper cup of tea.

“You wait.”

“I wait? What about you?”

“I need to think. There’s more going on than meets the eye. I feel like I could reach out and put a finger on it.”

“Yeah, well, we’ll know more once Rhodes is done questioning him.” John shrugged and looked at his husband who’d only now opened his eyes to realize there was tea within reach.
“Why don’t you go out, have a stroll through Regents?”

“Trying to get rid of me?” John arched a brow over his mug but Sherlock just rolled his eyes. “We could go together?”

“Not precisely. I need to think, smoking helps me think but it’s illegal to smoke nearly anywhere around here. You clearly hate it, so sending you out into the fresh air for a bit will do us both a favour.

“Right, I can tell when I’m not wanted.” John winked as Sherlock looked up in shock and bent down to kiss his forehead. “Only joking. God, you stink. Shower and brush your teeth before I get back, yeah? Or else you’re not getting any kisses from me.”

“We’re not going to talk about this then?” Sherlock asked, using an index finger to circle around his mouth while staring at John’s facial hair. “I get a stubble burn every time you kiss me!”

“Shut up, it’s rugged!” John ran a hand over his chin and grinned. “Can’t have this back on base, might as well give it a try now!

“Shave and I’ll brush my teeth.” Sherlock scowled and John just laughed.

“You’ll brush your teeth long before I shower. Go the rest of the day without kisses and you’ll be going to a dentist begging him to give you a deep clean before nightfall.” Sherlock snorted in response, but made a mental note to air out the flat and brush his teeth before John returned.

“Might see if Harry is around. That alright?” John asked a few minutes later, now dressed in jeans and a soft green t-shirt.

“Fine, yes.” Sherlock waved a hand in the air and John sighed.

“Probably will fly to the moon, get a star named after me, wrestle a tiger.”

“Mmm, have fun.” was Sherlock’s absent reply. John cast him a fond smile as he pocketed his mobile, wallet and keys.

“Try not to burn the flat down!” he called as he headed out.

******

When John got back that afternoon, hours later than he’d intended after spending some time catching up with his sister, Sherlock, dressed in a tailored suit and not smeling of cigarettes, was in a mad flurry, dashing from desk to chairs (which were covered in papers and pictures) back to the desk.

“JOHN!” he all but yelled when he saw his husband.

“You never told me the children were of mixed race!”

“Well….. what?” John asked, hanging his coat up and going over to where Sherlock was waving a photograph in the air. “Hold still, I can’t exactly see it when it’s flapping about now, can I?”

Sherlock growled and thrust the picture into John’s hand, talking a mile a minute as John inspected
“Afifah’s children. They’re of mixed race! Look, see here…” he pointed to a picture of a woman, Afifah, and two small children, one boy one girl. While tan, incredibly so, they were slightly whiter than their mother

“Okay?” John handed the picture back and planted a hand on his hips while the other went to his hair.

“Rhodes got back to me about an hour after you left. It seemed he had no problem getting Mathiesen to talk. All this time we’ve been operating under the assumption that Hakim had the women, and while that is partially true, it wasn’t what happened! Hakim didn’t come in and steal them or get someone to steal them for him. Both women were… for lack of better term and I mean no offense, whores for Hakim to sell.”

“No offense taken.” John shrugged. Living on a base full of men had calloused John’s heart a bit.

“Mathiesen broke down, halfway through my questions, and spilled everything.” Sherlock sat down in his chair, bum on the back of the chair while his bare toes wiggled on the seat. He propped his elbows up on his knees and beamed down excitedly at John. “Mathiesen, when he first arrived in Afghanistan, on his first night out to town, paid for Najmah’s services. It seemed… he was her first, shall we say, customer. She was so nervous she threw up, instead of sex he spent the night holding her hair every time her nerves got the best of her and cleaning her up. The next night, he again asked and paid specifically for her services. They sat together for most of the night, he said in a comfortable silence. He showed her pictures of his home back in the States.”

With a plop, the ball of energy that was Sherlock Watson-Holmes scooted from his high perch on the chair to sit somewhat properly in his chair, his feet still were drawn up and he now rested his chin on his knees.

“Did they have sex that night?” John asked before he could stop himself.

“Yes, consensual, according to Mathiesen. We can confirm that when we will get the women back.”

“You’re certain we can?”

“Mostly,” Sherlock shrugged as if that part weren’t important now. “That took place three months ago. She’s pregnant, John, with Mathiesen’s child most likely.”

“Shit…” John cursed. “But wait, you said Afifah’s children were… what, probably partially white? So…”

“It seems Hakim has a brothel on top of being a gun dealer, and hardly cares if his women get pregnant or keep the children.” Sherlock let out a huff of air and ruffled his hair with his fingers, “I don’t know if that’s important… I don’t think it is. What matters is this.” he reached down beside the chair and picked up the laptop, eyes flicking over whatever was on the screen.

“Mathiesen, it turns out, while out in town last week, stopped at the brothel. He’d been learning Dari, and while not fluent, overheard some men, guards most likely, talking about getting ‘the bitches on base’ back. So he faked their kidnapping. Had them in a hotel in town. Only Afifah couldn’t bear to be away from her children so she tried to sneak out and was recognized.”

“So… Hakim has her now?” John felt his heart rate increase as the story began to unfold in front of him.
“Dunno…” Sherlock shrugged and let out an annoyed huff. “Rhodes and Moran are fighting for control on this one. Moran wants to punish Mathiesen for paying for sex, while Rhodes wants to find the women. Moran seems to think the case is solved. I’m sure he’ll charge Mathiesen for falsifying a kidnapping, prostitution, and whatever else he can.”

“But we need to find the women!” John protested, dragging his fingers through his hardly there beard.

“Precisely!” Sherlock nodded enthusiastically and snapped the laptop shut. “Rhodes sent someone into town to assess the situation at the hotel. He said he’d call when he knows anything.” Sherlock huffed out another annoyed breath then stood. “Come on John, I’m starving. Get your coat. Is your mobile charged?”

“Uh…” John fished his mobile out of his pocket and pursed his lips giving a half nod, “It’s half.”

“Perfect, get your coat. I know a place not far from here. Five-minute walk.”

“Right, yes.” John sprang up and grabbed his coat from where he’d hung it not five minutes ago and followed his husband who was already halfway down the stairs.

Five minutes later they entered a small Italian restaurant on Northumberland Street. The moment the door opened, a bell chimed and a man looked up. His eyes lit up in recognition and he dashed over, arms outstretched, “Sherlock! I hardly recognized you for a moment there.”

“Hello, Angelo,” Sherlock said, giving the man a smile and letting himself be examined.

“Let me get you and your date a table.” Angelo exclaimed and grinned when John put in, “Husband, actually.”

Soon they were sitting at a table by the window, a little placard on the table read “Reserved” and Sherlock let his eyes linger on it for a moment before sitting down facing the window.

“I’ll get you two a candle, more romantic.” The proprietor said as he handed them both menus. “Anything on the menu, free of charge for you boys.”

“I can pay now,” Sherlock whispered softly, and John watched as the burly Italian man seemed to cast his husband a proud look. “John, this is Angelo, he used to feed me… when I was… er… starving and too proud or high to ask Mycroft for help. He’d let me work off my tab.” Sherlock shifted uncomfortably in his chair then looked at Angelo, “I’m clean now.”

“All the more reason tonight’s on the house! Bit of a celebration then!” Angelo clapped Sherlock on the back and gave John a warm smile.

They got all the way through dinner, and most of the way through dessert when John’s mobile rang. Sherlock reached across the table and snatched it up from where it sat by the candle and pressed it to his ear. He spoke softly, humming and grunting, but said very few words. After what felt like ages he finally asked, “But they’re alright?” then came another series of grunting and other noises. “And the baby?” he rolled his eyes as if he didn’t care but knew John would and that was the only reason he asked, then went back to grunting noises.

“Excellent, Rhodes. Be sure to let the General know how little Colonel Sebastian Moran cared about solving this and finding these women. I too will be making a report about his abhorrence treatment of this case and those women.” Then, with very little fanfare, Sherlock hung up and placed the phone down on the table.
“If you’re done, I’ll explain everything on the walk home,” he looked around and eyed the other patrons, “it isn’t exactly pleasant on the ears.”

On their walk back, Sherlock took John’s hand and looped it through the crook of his elbow then took hold of his hand tightly.

“The women were found, still in the hotel room Mathiesen had rented for them. They were both beaten and left for dead. Presumably by Hakim or some hired men. The military doesn’t have the authority to press charges against him for what appears to be a domestic affair, and the local law enforcement didn’t care. Both women are being treated on base for their injuries. Rhodes said Najmah had it worse, most of the blows were to her back as if she’d curled up to protect her stomach. Rhodes said an ultrasound was done and it showed the baby was still alive. They’ll be keeping both women on bedrest until they’re well enough. Afifah will most likely be up and about, if not back to her daily duties, within a week; however, there is a good chance Najmah might be on bed rest until she delivers if she does. They’re unsure yet, the state of her uterus or other organs. I will be talking with my brother, once we are home, and will do what I can to see that Mathiesen isn’t punished too severely. He was clearly looking out for the mother of his unborn child and her best friend, albeit in a deranged way.”

John let out a low whistle and brought his eyes up to meet Sherlock’s, “You know, you’re quite good at this. Solving cases. It looks good on you, even if it makes the flat look like a disaster.” he chuckled softly and squeezed Sherlock’s hand. “I’m glad they’re safe now. Thank you for your help.”

“I….” Sherlock chewed on his bottom lip for a moment before meeting John’s gaze briefly, “enjoyed it. I’ll clean up when we get back.”

“And I’ll have a shave, I’d hate for you to have stubble burn all over your body.” John bumped his arm against Sherlock’s as they walked, both of them grinning and picking up speed. It was going to be a fun night, John could tell.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the case was lukewarm at best. Cases are not my strong suit. I know it was a bit cheesy, but it’s something at least!!!

I think in the next chapter I’m gonna skip forward a week or so. Maybe two. Have the boys do something domestic like? Maybe go to the zoo or If you guys can think of something more fun to write about lol.

Keep the ideas coming!!!
Chapter Notes

Trying to go back to a normal Monday and Friday posing schedule! I'm posting this about 4 hours early *still Thursday for me* because I'm not sure if I'll be around a computer tomorrow!

These next two chapters, this and the following on Monday, will be shorter than the last few. I'm working on NEXT Friday's chapter now, their goodbye, so I went with short writing prompts I found to get me through the rest of John's stay in London. :)

Hope you enjoy these two!

Prompt 1: Person A wakes up before Person B and decides to make breakfast to surprise Person B with Breakfast in bed. Person B wakes up, and wraps their arms around Person A while A cooks.

Prompt 2: Person A carries a sleeping Person B to bed. B wakes up and pretends to stay asleep so A will still carry them. (I sort of did that lol)

18th June, 2006: Sunday

Sherlock stifled a yawn and stretched out under the blankets as best he could. John’s head was, very efficiently, pinning his right arm to the bed. The whole limb was asleep and he could feel the pins and needles that came with lack of circulation at his fingertips, but he was loathed to move. John was asleep, curled up around him, head on his arm, and one limb thrown over Sherlock’s own legs. It was adorable. He brushed a soft kiss onto John’s temple then stifled another yawn. He thought about trying to sleep, but morning light was streaming in through the crack in the curtain and he knew he was too awake to get any sort of quality sleep. After enduring the weight of his husband’s body for a few moments more, he gently detangled his legs from John’s then did his best to replace his arm with a pillow.

It worked surprisingly well. John only gave a soft grunt, then buried his head deep into the pillow, not seeming to notice that his husband had moved. Pressing one more kiss to the back of John’s head Sherlock smiled then shrugged on a dressing gown. He loved moments like this, where all was quiet, including his brain - still foggy from sleep, where he could simply cherish the moment. He quickly sorted the image of John, naked save the blanket that covered his arse, spread out on the bed into his mind palace. Unable to help himself he softly ran two fingers down the curve of John’s spine, causing the sleeping man to murmur something inaudible into the pillow.

Treading softly into the lounge he walked to the window and watched the lazy Sunday traffic below. Now it was too quiet, without John to distract him and his brain awake, his fingers twitched and his eyes darted to the mantel where a pack of cigarettes sat in plain view. John had left them there after he’d scolded Sherlock for smoking during the case. John had bent Sherlock over his
knee and given his bottom a swatting like he were a child. The thought almost made Sherlock want to smoke again, just for the swatting. But he resisted.

His stomach gave a loud rumble just then, and he tore his eyes from the pack and glanced into the kitchen. John had done the shopping yesterday and an idea overcame him. It couldn’t be that hard to cook breakfast, and wouldn’t John be surprised when he woke up to a tray of bacon and eggs in bed.

It went well, at first. He managed to get the pans out of the cupboard without making too much noise, and he had bacon sizzling away on one pan while he stared at the eggs trying to decide how to cook them. He was so completely lost in his egg dilemma that he gave a start and nearly dropped the egg he’d been holding when strong arms wrapped around his middle and John’s body pressed firmly against his back.

“Fried, I think,” John said, planting kisses between Sherlock’s shoulder blades.

Expecting John to let go shortly he stood still. After a moment John peered around Sherlock’s shoulder and looked at the, now hot, empty pan on the stovetop.

“Well? Going to cook air for breakfast?” he said, his voice taking on a mirthful note as he buried his face back between Sherlock’s shoulders. Sherlock shook his head, curls bouncing and shuffled a step closer to the stove. John followed, keeping his body pressed firmly against Sherlock’s back while still embracing him.

“This… isn’t helping.” Sherlock muttered, cracking open an egg and awkwardly dropping it into the pan.

“Would you rather I let go?” John asked, a hint of amusement evident in his voice.

“No,” admitted Sherlock.

“Then stop complaining. I’d like two eggs please, and that bacon needs to be flipped.”

“Stop backseat cooking.” Sherlock chided, but with a roll of his eyes, he flipped the bacon.

They worked in silence after that, shuffled awkwardly together to get plates and mugs, sharing a quick giggle as they moved about the kitchen. John finally let go, just before the bacon was ready, to pour the tea. Then together they sat at the table to eat, letting their lazy Sunday morning start with shared smiles.

27th June, 2006: Tuesday

John was doing his absolute best to stay awake after waking up rather early to go see Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. Once back home, Sherlock had gone out after seeing details of an unsolved murder in the papers. He said he wouldn’t be long, but that had been four hours ago. Texts from his husband were evidence enough that Sherlock was alive and well, but also proved he wouldn’t be home anytime soon. So, he’d sat down in front of the telly and managed to find a rerun of Doctor Who. To his luck, it seemed BBC had a mini-marathon going. During advert’s, he’d glance at his mobile
and reply to any missed texts, which were few.

**John:** Where are you? It's been 4 hours.

**Sherlock:** Thames, East bank. I found something interesting. -SWH

**John:** Like what? Another dead body?

**Sherlock:** You know you’re not actually funny. -SWH

**John:** You know you’re not actually punctual.

**John:** It’s been 5 hours now.

He’d heard nothing from Sherlock for roughly 45 minutes now and he told himself he wouldn’t worry for another 15 minutes. Next time, if there was a next time, he’d go with Sherlock to make sure that git stayed safe.

Just when the 15 minutes where nearly up his phone chirped.

**Sherlock:** Still alive. -SWH

**John:** How reassuring. Where are you?

John stared at his mobile for a good solid minute before deciding Sherlock wasn’t going to reply any time soon. So, he turned up the volume on the telly, propped his feet up on the coffee table and wiggled about on the sofa until he was completely comfortable. It was another half hour before Sherlock replied. The current episode of Doctor Who was just ending and John’s eyelids were beginning to feel heavy. It was nearly 10. Blinking he picked up his mobile from where it sat beside him and read the text.

**Sherlock:** Found a scrap of fabric, at NSY now. They’re matching it to the victim’s clothing. Explain later. Go to sleep, John. They’re incredibly dim-witted and slow here. No wonder this has gone unsolved. -SWH

**John:** Be nice, they could arrest you just for being a nutter.

**Sherlock:** I’d like to see them try. -SWH

The texts stopped there but time didn’t. 10:30 pm became 11, 11 became 12. John dozed off around 12:15 when Doctor who changed over to something he honestly didn’t care about. He’d wake long enough to sleepily check his mobile here and there, but still, no new texts came.

Sherlock walked into the flat around 2, exhausted but exhilarated. He’d just help solve a week old murder by a scrap of fabric and a cigarette butt. He hung his coat up on the back of the door and smiled at the form of his sleeping husband. John had his feet up on the coffee table, and a pillow behind his head, in his left hand was his mobile. Feeling slightly guilty for not texting more he walked over to John and kissed the top of his head.

Carefully placing one arm under John’s leg’s and cradling John’s torso with the other, Sherlock lifted him up, hoisting him up a little bit so he was holding John snug against his chest. John mumbled a little as he was lifted and snuggled deeper into Sherlock’s chest, making the lanky man smile as he began his labors walk to their bedroom. For a short man, he was heavy from all that muscle.
Nearly tripping on is own damn towel from his shower that morning, the very towel John had asked him to pick up no fewer than five times that day, but he’d left it there just out of spite after the third time. (He had been going to pick it up, just hadn’t found the right time.) Regaining his balance, and somehow maintaining his hold on John, Sherlock kicked the towel aside and let out a relieved sigh.

He made it through the kitchen and down the short hall without further incident and was pleased to see that their bedroom door was open. As quietly as he could, he stepped inside and shut the door behind them, using his hip and partly his foot. Once inside the, now dark, room he stepped the few paces to their bed, stopping when memory said there was no floor left, and felt for the edge with his right leg.

Very gently he set John down on the bed, cradling his neck and arranging his feet. He tried to step away, to undress both himself and John, but John held tight and murmured, “C’mere”, cupping his hands around Sherlock’s neck. With a sort of whine of regret, Sherlock pulled away, placing a comforting hand on John’s cheek when John opened a sleepy eye.

“Be back in a mo, Husband. I’ve got to pick up my towel.”

John closed his eye and smiled wide, a smile that touched his eyes and made Sherlock’s heart leap and his brain remember why he loved this man.

“Hurry back…” John slurred, smearing drool onto the pillow as he rolled over to face Sherlock’s side of the bed, and oh, did Sherlock hurry.
7th July, 2006 & 14th July 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Two more prompts

1) Person A needs help reaching for something B lifts Person A instead of getting it themselfs
2) Person A can't tie a tie to save his(her) life, B is surprisingly really good at it

Idea from a reader: Special date night - By Saratonin (THANK YOU!)

John's suit:
http://www3.pictures.zimbio.com/gi/Martin+Freeman+Marvel+Studios+Black+Panther+42gG2ijW

PLEASE keep the ideas coming! I have them all saved in my google docs, they've been life savers!

I'm working right now on Friday's chapter, making my brain think as hard as it can. I'm VERY hopeful that it'll be up Friday. If not it will be up over the weekend. I'm house sitting for a friend so I'll very little to do other than play Runescape and write!

-Tindo

---

7th July, 2006: Friday

John looked around and groaned. Where was Sherlock when you actually needed him. He was there, hovering around like a nat most of the time, but when actually needed? It was like someone had put a vanishing spell on him.

Rolling his eyes in frustration John cast a keen look left and right, ensuring no one else in Tescos was about to witness him climbing up the shelves for a jar of jam. But he’d found it, his absolute favorite flavor. It was Fortnum & Mason’s Strawberry and Rose Preserve, and he’d be damned if he couldn’t have it just because it was placed on the VERY top shelf, and pushed so far back that no one of normal height could reach it with ease. In fact, after this, after climbing, literally climbing, up shelving he’d have two jars. He’d have one for home to have on Mrs. Hudson’s scones, and one to take back to Afghanistan with him.

Reaching like a child for the cookie jar, John’s fingertips brushed against the jar and let out a noise like a strangled cat when all he’d managed to do after all that was push it back further beyond his reach. Knocking over a packet of biscuits on his way down he pulled a frustrated face and grabbed his mobile from his pocket.

Need help, Aisle 9
He sent the text off to Sherlock then stood there, tapping his foot impatiently as he waited. Sherlock arrived a minute later, arms full near to overflowing of unneeded things like frozen meals and bags of crisps, dropped them into the trolley while returning John’s scowl, as if daring his husband to ask him to put them back, and crossed his arms.

“Said you needed help.” It was a statement, not a question, and John sighed, still looking at the junk Sherlock had just dumped into the trolley. “We don’t need all that.”

“We don’t. But I will. You’ll be leaving soon, and god knows I’ll probably burn the flat down if I try cooking for myself without your help,” he shrugged and stared at John. “Again, you said you needed help?”

“Yeah, can’t reach something,” John started to say, then gave a yelp as Sherlock stepped over, wrapped his arms around John’s middle and hoisted his husband into the air.

“You GIT,” John hissed, arms flailing for balance as Sherlock lifted him even higher. “You absolute total knob. PUT ME DOWN.”

“Said you couldn’t reach something,” Sherlock huffed out, face pressed against the small of John’s back now, “So reach it.”

“Oh, my, god…..” John grumbled as he grabbed onto the top shelf and let out a defeated sigh, “You could have just reached it yourself,” yet he grabbed three jars of the expensive preserves and allowed himself to be placed down.

“Mmm, that was more fun.” Sherlock shrugged and began to walk off again.

“Oi! Get back here. I’m not letting you wander off again, you’ll come back with more junk.”

“Johhhnnnnnnnnnnnnn,” whined Sherlock, pouting clearly just for the sake of pouting at John, “I’ll be a uni student soon, junk food is a requirement.”

“God above, I am never shopping with you again,” John growled, but grabbed the trolley and began to follow Sherlock. “But you’re paying.”

Sherlock shrugged and turned around, fixing John with a sly smile. “It’s all your money anyways. Plus, I’m not the one spending roughly 25 quid on preserves.”

14th July, 2006: Friday

“John, we’re going to be late!” Sherlock bellowed from where he stood in the lounge, staring down at the street and watching the waiting taxi. “Taxi just arrived! Hurry up!”
“Yes, alright!” John shouted back while doing nothing to mask the liquid annoyance in his voice.

Stomping his foot in irritation John turned back to the mirror hanging on the door of their wardrobe and scowled at himself. Everything about his reflection looked great. He was in a head to toe hunter green tailored suit. (Sherlock had given it to him that morning, leaving John a little worried as to when exactly Sherlock had gotten his measurements.) It looked fantastic on him, all save for one small thing. No matter what he did he could not get the tie to sit straight. The orange and green silk tie just would not behave. Either the knot was too loose, or the tie was crooked, or the tie itself was uneven. It was giving him hell. Granted, he didn’t have much experience with ties being in the army, but this was absurd.

“What is taking you so long?” Sherlock asked impatiently as he stepped into the bedroom, then stopped short when John just held the tie up, finally defeated.

“Can’t get it, and every time I mess up I’m wrinkling the silk,” he turned back to the mirror and draped the tie around his neck, doing his best to even out the ends.

“Prince Albert… I think,” Sherlock muttered to himself as he stepped behind John and reached around, picking up the ends of the tie in his hands. “Wide end over the small end,” he said gently, ghosting a kiss across John’s ear as he moved the wide end to their collective left. “Under and to the right, then across and left.”

Sherlock carried on whispering directions, with each direction he’d kiss John ear or neck. He wasn’t even halfway done when John’s breathing became heavier and he was tenting his trousers. He tilted his neck to the side and Sherlock brushed his teeth over John’s pulse point, whispering a final, “done,” as he tightened the tie and brought it up snug against John’s neck.

“Er.” John cleared his throat and blinked a few times, “thanks,” he mumbled lamely.

“My pleasure.” Sherlock winked, staring through the mirror at John’s crotch. “Now hurry up and leave before I have you on this bed, right now.”

“We could…” John gulped.

“Normally I would agree, but it would be terrible making mummy wait. She’s had this evening planned for ages. ‘We must do dinner and a show, Sherlock before John leaves. We must!’ “ Sherlock said, pitching his voice to sound as much like his mother as he could, making John giggle.

“Yeah well, we might get lost at intermission. Did you warn her about that?” John put on as serious a face as he could as he put his coat on and made to leave.

“No, but I should.” Sherlock agreed solemnly, “Must do that over dinner. Shall we?” He offered John his elbow and smiled as John slipped his arm through his and they walked down the stairs side by side, arm in arm, to the waiting taxi.

Dinner was, as John put it in the taxi on the way to their show, “Manageable.” It wouldn’t have been their first choice but the meal had been excellent and the company kind. Mummy kept patting her son on the back of his hand whenever she caught John and Sherlock sharing a glance.

John made it twenty minutes into Chicago before he’d had enough. It wasn’t that he disliked the show or the performers. No, Sherlock’s hand had been slowly sliding its way up his leg since the lights went out, and now it was just cupping his crotch. Leading over he whispered in Sherlock’s ear, “If you don’t stop, I’ll drag you to some closet and have you ten ways to Sunday.”
Sherlock just grinned and squeezed John’s groin and if the glimmer in his eyes spoke volumes, he’d been aiming for this from the start. Pushing John’s buttons. Starting with soft looks over the table a dinner, a wink when his parents weren’t looking, dragging his feet up John’s inner thigh under the table, and now this. Blatantly cupping John’s groin in a darkened theater. Where his parents could see if they looked over!

“Closet it is,” John hissed, as he cupped his hand over Sherlock’s and squeezed. “Thought I saw a staff toilet on our way in. That’ll do.” He waited a few minutes longer then half stood half crouched so he wouldn’t obscure the vision for the people behind him and made his way towards the exit.

He waited outside the theater for less than a minute before Sherlock too was sneaking out. As soon as the door was closed he grabbed Sherlock’s hand and started pulling him down the hall. Sure enough, halfway down the hall was the staff toilets and John pulled them inside.

“What if we get caught?” Sherlock asked in a giddy whisper, back pressed against the door as John crowded around him, reached past him and locked the door.

“We won’t,” John whispered, voice cold as steel in Sherlock’s ear, “If you stay quiet.”

“And… the... Er? Mess?” Sherlock gasped as John’s teeth scraped down his neck and fingers pulled aside the collar of his dress shirt and bit.

“Came prepared…” John pulled away, letting the collar fall back into place to cover the bite mark, reached into his breast pocket and with two fingers pulled out a foil wrapped condom. “Surprised you didn’t notice. With how snug this jacket it, I was certain you had seen it over dinner. Now turn around and unbutton your trousers!”

Sherlock gave a yelp as John pulled down his trousers the second the zip was undone and bent down to leave a matching bite mark on his arse.

“That’ll be two out of many marks I’ll leave on you to remember me by.” John husked out kissing over the tender spot then stood up. “Condom is lubricated, but I don’t want to…. Dear lord have you been wearing that the whole night?” he exclaimed. He’d been trailing his fingers down the cleft of Sherlock’s arse and between his cheeks when his fingers came across hard rubber. He tapped the end of the butt plug and laughed when Sherlock shivered.

“Answer me!” John gave the plug a wiggle as if he were going to pull it out but let go when Sherlock just moaned. “Answer me, or I’ll make you sit through the whole bloody show like this.”

“Of course I’ve been wearing it the whole time. Use your brain, John! Do you think I nipped out to the loo to shove a plug up my arse during dinner? No… I… Fuuuuuuuuuuucckkkkkkkk….”

“Be quiet!” John clamped his teeth over Sherlock’s earlobe as re-replaced the plug with his cock. Looking around he saw the sink and gave the plug a toss. He didn’t even bother to see if it made it in before he had a hand planted on the door by Sherlock’s side.

“I’ll have you know, as much as I love this…” Sherlock panted out, face and chest pressed against the door, “You’ll be going back with quite a few marks yourself.”

“We’ll see about that.” John pulled his teeth away from Sherlock’s ear and planted his forehead between Sherlock’s shoulder blades.

Just then the doorknob jiggled and both men froze. There was a knock and without thinking, John called out, “Occupied! Not feeling well.”
“Right, well see the manager before you head out! We’re understaffed as it is!” a voice called out and John had to bite his lip to stifle the giggle that was threatening to burst out.

“Perhaps… we should…” Sherlock said gasping for breath as he too fought back laughter, “finish this at home?”

“Probably for the best.” John agreed, pulling his now half soft cock out of Sherlock.

“Promise?” Sherlock asked as he started to pull his trousers up.

“Oi! Not yet…” John stepped over to the sink and pulled out the plug. “Where else do you think this will go? Your pocket?” Giving it a quick wash in the sink, which made Sherlock mutter out “Always the doctor,” John inserted it back inside Sherlock and gave it a fond pat before pulling up Sherlock’s trousers for him.

“There. That’s better. Now come on, I’m sure your parents are wondering what we’ve gotten up to.” John grinned and pulled Sherlock in for a crushing kiss, leaving him weak-kneed and gasping for breath. “Till home.” John winked as he slipped out of the loo.
15th July. 2003 (Saturday)

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry... the ending was rushed and I feel a bit bad about that. I hope you all still enjoy it.

One more Chapter (Monday) of them together then letters. I wanted to do Saturday and Sunday as one chapter, but they wouldn't let me!

Thank you madonna_and_mermaid for the idea of John holding up Sherlock during sex, and or face smushed against a wall so Sherlock can't talk!!!!!!!!!

“Should we tour campus today or tomorrow?” John asked, looking up from his half-filled suitcase to where Sherlock was watching him from the bed, still naked, and still mad that John had gotten up.

“Dunno.” Sherlock shrugged then cast the suitcase a dirty look. “I’d rather we stay in bed the next two days.”

“Sherlock, we’ve talked about this.” Sighing, John finished folding a t-shirt, placed it in the suitcase then stepped over to the bed. Crawling over his husband he nudged their noses together and cupped a hand around Sherlock’s face. “I have to leave, and sulking all day today and tomorrow won’t do either of us any favours. Let’s make the best of today and tomorrow, well tomorrow I promise I won’t leave the bed for more than five minutes at a time. Ten to shower. But that means I have to pack today. I’m not waking up at 1 am Monday just to pack.”

Sherlock wrapped his arms around John’s equally naked body and pulled him close, burying his head in the crook of John’s neck.

“I wish you’d let me order Mycroft to keep you home.”

“You know we can’t do that,” John whispered, kissing down the length of Sherlock’s neck and shoulder. “So go on, shower while I pack, and we’ll go out today. We’ll walk around campus, get some lunch, then lounge around the flat naked the rest of the afternoon.”

After what seemed like an age Sherlock gave a half nod and let out a sigh. “Alright, but I want lasagna for dinner.”

“Anything you want, luv.” John smiled as he pulled away, doing his best to be a man and hold back his tears. Over the past three days, an air of sullenness had settled over the flat. Even Mrs. Hudson seemed less cheerful than normal, offering to cook for them and bringing up baked goods even after they’d told her they were all set.

“Fine!” Sherlock got up out of bed, grumbling the whole time he gathered up clean clothes and gave John’s suitcase one last dirty look as he passed by and stopped short, “Why are you bringing this?”

Dipping his hand into the case he grabbed hold of the cream jumper John had first bought when
he’d come back to England and held it up in the air, unfolding at least four shifts as he pulled it out.

“I er… like it?” John shrugged and tried to pull it from Sherlock’s hands.

“As do I. I think I’ll stuff it with a pillow, get a balloon and draw a face on it. Call him John 2.” Sherlock grinned, waving the jumper around in the air, always just out of John’s reach.

“Fine, then I’m taking this…” John hurried to Sherlock’s side of the wardrobe and pulled out Sherlock’s red dress shirt, the one he’d worn the day they got married. “And I’ll stuff it with a pillow. At least that version of you won’t talk back to me,” he folded the shirt, and re-folded the shirts Sherlock had disturbed and placed it all in his case. “Now hurry up and shower. Don’t want you smelling like sex all day.”

“Boring.” Sherlock waved a hand in the air as he swayed, he actually swayed into the bathroom, still holding the jumper.

“You’re just lucky I didn’t tackle you for that.” John called after him, muttering under his breath, “I didn’t even try hard, you knob.” He had been only half-heartedly trying to get the jumper back.

“Oh, I had been hoping for that.” Sherlock sighed audibly from the bathroom, then the sound of running water filled the room.

John smiled to himself. He could only imagine what would have happened had he tackled Sherlock to the ground. He looked at his case, at the piles of clothing staked about their room. He really was almost completely packed. Most of what he needed was already on base; and most of what he was bringing were clean pants, socks and a few pairs of gym shorts along with tea and other snacks. As quietly as he could he stepped out of his pyjama bottoms and snuck into the bathroom. As luck would have it Sherlock had his back turned towards him and his head under the running water. Knowing that the shower curtain would make noise, John moved as quickly as the slippery shower floor would let him. (No good falling on your arse when you’re trying to take your husband by surprise.)

From behind, he pressed his body against Sherlock’s and clamped a hand over his mouth, drawing him in tight. “You know what you do to me,” he admonished, sliding his free hand down Sherlock’s torso, ever teasing and never touching anything below Sherlock’s navel. “The last week… mmmm no, month, you’ve been pushing every single one of my buttons. Why? Hmm? Waiting for me to snap? To take charge? Turn you helpless?” John was slowly grinding his cockstand against Sherlock’s body and Sherlock was limp, not fighting in the least bit other than moving away from the spray of water so he could breathe through his nose.

“Well, my dear, here I am. Snapped, lost control, worked up; and until I leave you’ll do anything and everything I say.” John pulled at the hand against Sherlock’s mouth, making Sherlock bend backward while his other hand splayed flat against his belly, leaving Sherlock standing with his back arched as his head rested on John’s left shoulder.

“I could take you now, fuck you against the shower wall. But that would be too easy. That’s what you want. You want me to take you now, punish you even, for what a prick you’ve been. Picking me up in a grocery store?” John hissed into Sherlock’s ear and let his teeth drag down from Sherlock’s ear to his neck.

“No, I’m going to finger fuck you, miss your prostate with every stroke, Pleasuring you just enough to get that cock of yours hard. Then I’m going to wash myself and leave you here panting, then we’ll go out. Oh, I’ll also probably come on your back while we’re in here. No sense wasting an
erection on my part.”

Sherlock whined, a proper guttural sob came from his throat and John grinned darkly. He removed his hand from Sherlock’s mouth but quickly replaced it, moving it to grip at Sherlock’s throat. His right hand left Sherlock’s stomach and his index finger very quickly found its mark. One circle around the knot of muscle was all he did before spitting on his hand and working the moisture into the cleft of Sherlock’s arse, then his index finger was probing and pushing its way inside Sherlock. Sherlock swallowed hard, John could feel his Adam’s apple move against his hand, then he began to fuck himself against John’s finger.

“Ooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. I think not.” John barked, and withdrew his finger. “Promise me you’ll be a good boy and not move.”

“...Joh…” was all Sherlock managed before John was leaning down and biting hard on Sherlock’s neck. “FUCK!” Sherlock yelped but nodded as fast as he could, “I won’t move.”

“Good lad.” John kissed the spot he’d bitten and smiled at the mark. Sherlock would have a nice bruise to remember him by for a week or two. He replaced his finger, and added a second, scissoring his fingers inside Sherlock, and as promised, missed his prostate with each stroke while animalistically rutting against Sherlock’s left thigh. “Should I drag this out?” he wondered aloud, feeling the tightening in his groin warning him that if he didn’t stop or slow down he’d soon come. “Mmm? No, I think not,” he said in reply to one of Sherlock’s whines, “we do have a busy day ahead of us. It would be a shame to waste it here in the shower.”

John continued to rut and continued to move his fingers inside Sherlock, but he took pity on his husband. (If only because he only had so many chances to watch his husband come in person for an unknown amount of time.) He removed his hand from Sherlock’s throat and took a firm, if not strong, grip around the base of Sherlock’s cock.

“Fuck yourself, both on my fingers and hand. Try and make yourself come if you can ‘cause God knows I’m about to.” John growled, shifting slightly so his cock slotted between Sherlock’s thighs. Oh, and did Sherlock move. He rutted back and forth, side to side, and whined as he tried to get John’s fingers to even graze over his prostate. But it wasn’t enough, John began grunting, his grip tightening as his body gave in to pleasure, leaving Sherlock groaning and rutting in frustration. If he could get John’s hand to slide down the length of his cock just once he could come. With a yell, John came and promptly removed his hands from Sherlock. Sherlock whined and ground his teeth in frustration but John just kissed his neck softly.

“Payback is sweet. But don’t worry, luv, I’ll have you screaming tonight.” John patted Sherlock on the shoulder then gently pushed him into a standing position, “excuse me,” he added as he scooted around Sherlock to step into the spray of water.

***

“Ready?” John stood waiting by the door, waiting for Sherlock to get his coat. “Let’s go,” he said when Sherlock gave him a nod. Outside he raised a hand in the air and called for a taxi. Sherlock was oddly quiet beside him. Once seated inside the cab he looked over to give Sherlock a quizzical look.

“Are you alright?”

“Fine.”
“No, seriously, what’s up?” he took Sherlock’s hand in his and gave it a squeeze.

“What if school isn’t enough?” What if…”

“Stop.” John shook his head and gave Sherlock’s hand a shake. “Stop thinking like that. You’ll be busier than you think.”

“What if it’s too easy? What if… I get bored…”

“Sherlock Watson-Holmes.” John pivoted in his seat and looked over at his husband, taking in how Sherlock’s shoulders were slumped and his face wore an expression of unease. “Then you’ll text me, or call me, or we’ll video chat. You’ll talk me through what’s happening and you’ll come up with a solution. I have faith in you, so have a little in yourself.”

It was a short ride, and the men were soon standing in front of an array of new, modern buildings all made out of glass and steel mixed in with the old stone and brick buildings that had been the original part of the campus. As soon as they were out walking about, Sherlock was pulling John every which way, explaining which building was used for what, pointing out the library and the laboratory with such enthusiasm that John thought of a child in a candy store. They spent an hour wandering around the mostly closed campus, and when they left Sherlock gave John a shy smile.

“I think you’re right. I think Uni will keep me… er… clean.”

“No, Sherlock, Uni won’t, you will.” John smiled, as they made it to the pavement, deciding to walk home rather than take a cab. “You’ve made it this far on your own. I’ve been away and look at you. Clean for what… a year? That’s pretty damn impressive.”

“You’re pretty damn impressive,” Sherlock said softly, trying to change the subject. He didn’t so much dislike talking about his past habits, but being praised for being clean was rather embarrassing.

“Mmm? How so?”

“You, you went from the big bad Captain to this cute Englishman who likes jam and jumpers. But… you’re still. You?” Sherlock scrunched up his face, trying to put to words exactly what he was trying to say. “The other day, you, well, you yelled, but you let me lift you in a shop. Now you’re back to… being Captain Watson-Holmes. But you’re not overbearing. You’re just… there, if I need you. Like you’re quietly standing at the sidelines, arms folded behind your back at parade rest ready for the moment you have to jump in and save me.”

“You don’t need saving.” John swallowed hard, it wasn’t often Sherlock was so open about his feelings.

“I do, all the time. My mind is constantly racing, looking for the next puzzle to solve, for the next equation. But when I look at you…” he shook his head, “John I can’t figure you out. You’re an anomaly, and I love it.”

“I think you’ll find that you’re the anomaly, dear.”

They both shared a smile, and John’s heart soared.

***

“Right.” John dry washed his hands and looked around their kitchen. They’d just finished dinner,
and enough leftovers to last Sherlock a month were portioned out and in the freezer. “That should do it. I mean, you’ll have to learn to cook eventually, but at least that will give you a head start.”

“I can cook. I just chose not to. I have better things to do with my time.”

“Oh? Like what? Like standing there in that tight suit looking positively edible? I might have you for dessert.”

“You did promise to make me scream.”

“Oh… Oh,” John said as he moved closer to where Sherlock stood, “and I will.”

Sherlock cocked an eyebrow and grinned while looking John up and down as if saying, “Yeah, but what will you do about it.” and John took the bait.

“Clothes. Off.” He growled, reaching out and beginning to untuck Sherlock’s shirt. Sherlock stood still for a moment, wanting to let John undress him, but John just glared. He gave Sherlock his best “you’ll do what I’m asking and you’ll do it now” look and Sherlock licked his lips as he started undoing his belt. Before Sherlock had a chance to know what he was doing he was standing naked in their kitchen with Captain Watson-Holmes walking circles around him, inspecting him. He couldn’t tell from John’s expression if he approved of what he saw, but then John licked his lips and Sherlock stood a little taller, a little prouder.

“Back against the wall, and don’t move,” John ordered and did his best not to grin when Sherlock scrambled to obey. Instead, he took a deep breath and slowly turned to their bedroom. If they really were about to have impromptu sex in the kitchen, they would need lube, and probably a wet flannel for cleanup. Getting both lube and clean flannel, he could get it later in the kitchen sink, he stopped short when he saw his army uniform trousers sitting in one of the piles of clothing. They were the pair he’d been intending to wear Monday, but why not let Sherlock appreciate them a little bit tonight.

Stripping quickly he put on the desert camo trousers and fixed his dog tags so they hung properly in the middle of his chest. Then with the air of the army captain he was, returned to his husband. Sherlock’s eyes went wide and John pressed two fingers to his neck, inwardly grinning to find his pulse had quickened.

“Here.” He said, holding the flannel up to Sherlock’s face, “hold this for me.” But when Sherlock went to take it from his hand John made a clicking noise with his tongue and shook his head. “Not like that, open your mouth.” Being too turned on to be confused Sherlock simply compiled. He opened his mouth and John shoved the now balled up flannel into it. “That’s better. Now we won’t be getting any noise complaints from Mrs. Hudson.”

That was mostly a joke. Mrs. Hudson had only ever complained once and it wasn’t even for noise. Sherlock had mixed together with an awful concoction of chemicals that had caused them to leave the house running, noses blocked, due to the smell. It had taken nearly a week to get the smell out of the flat.

“Turn around and stick your arse out, arch that gorgeous back of yours for me, spread your cheeks.” John made a turning motion with his index finger and his lips quirked into a half smile as Sherlock scrambled to obey. In a flash he was pressed against the wall, arse out and hands reaching back, spreading his arse so John could see his hole. Without any fanfare or dirty talk, he lubed up his finger and began teasing Sherlock. He circled the tight knot of muscle, slicking it up as he went. Sherlock moaned but kept his restraint, he didn’t push against John’s finger when it skitted over his entrance. Instead, he stood as still as he could, breathing hard against the kitchen wall.
When Sherlock began whining and making little choking sounds he slipped his index finger inside, as far as it could go and with a hard voice whispered, “fuck yourself.”

Sherlock moaned and began rocking his hips back and forth, when the muscles gave no resistance John slipped in his middle finger, making Sherlock rock faster. Soon John had three fingers inside his husband and Sherlock was muttering incoherent words into his makeshift gag.

“Turn,” John commanded, removing his fingers and wiping the lube off on Sherlock’s arse. He unzipped his trousers and pulled his cock out, giving it a few strokes as he watched his lover. Sherlock turned, and in one fell swoop John put his hands under Sherlock’s thighs and lifted him. Understand, Sherlock wrapped his legs around John and, using the wall for leverage John let go with one hand and lined his cock up. Then slowly let Sherlock sink down, sheathing his cock in the warm heat of husband.

“I’m going to fuck you like this, so every time you look at this wall you remember what we did here.” Sherlock had wrapped his arms around John’s neck for balance and John kissed one of his biceps.

Canting his hips forward he pushed in as deep as he could. His hands were on Sherlock’s arse, spreading them and guiding his movements. He started off slow, lifting Sherlock an inch or two, then lowering him, just enough to make Sherlock inhale deeply through his nose. Only once Sherlock was moaning and squeezing his legs around John, trying to gain control of the speed, did John snap his hips up at the very moment he lowered Sherlock.

John growled as Sherlock’s muscles tightened around him and Sherlock let out a strangled cry. John’s arms were starting to burn, but he kept up the fast pace, now letting Sherlock help (as much as he could). Sherlock’s thighs were now in a vice-grip around him as he bounced up and down, grunting into his gag with each thrust of John’s cock. John was ruthless in his movements, using all his strength, moving Sherlock up and down like a ragdoll.

“I’m going to come inside you… fill you up… Then I want you on all fours arse up in the air until I come back with that plug of yours. Going to plug you up and keep all it inside you. Maybe take you out to get ice cream like that. Would you like that? Going out in public with my come inside you?”

Sherlock nodded and John growled, pleased at how cooperative Sherlock was being.

“Good boy, now come for me.”

Shifting his feet a little he changed posting and let out a harsh laugh when Sherlock all but screamed as his prostate was stimulated. It didn’t take long, within minutes Sherlock’s legs were shaking and he was muttering a constant stream of what might have been words but came out more like muffled “ffffffuuuuuuuuu… Jo….”

Sherlock pressed himself against the wall, head tilted up and eyes rolled back and came. He shook violently as he came all over John’s chest. John had to hold him up for the last few moments and soon he too was coming, and it took all his willpower to keep them both upright. Panting hard, John let go of one of Sherlock’s legs, letting him slowly get to his own feet, then half walked and half wobbled into their bedroom to retrieve the plug. Back in the kitchen h found Sherlock breathing hard with his face pressed against the floor, arse up in the air, but a grin the size of England on his face, the flannel now in his hands.

“Like that did you?” he asked as he put the plug in place then picked up the flannel. Sherlock nodded and John smiled. “Good… now... Let me clean us both up, and then we can go out and get ice cream.
Chapter Notes

Yet another goodbye. It made Blood cry. :( 

Posting a day early, because I start two jobs tomorrow, then a third mid week, so I am going to be busy as fuck. Thankfully the long chapters are now done so I can go back to just focusing on letters and going back to a Monday/Friday Schedule!

Sherlock's e-mail is already written (for the most part) for Friday, so it looks like I'm in good shape to keep the schedule!!!

“Five minutes,” Sherlock said sleepily, pulling the covers down just enough to reveal his eyes.

“Five minutes,” John promised, slipping out of bed and making a mad dash to the kitchen. It was his last day in England, he’d be damned if he didn’t have at least one cup of tea. Impatiently he waited as he filled the kettle, then quickly plugged it in. He got two mugs ready, hastily stuffed a tea bag into each then made a mad dash back to the bedroom. “Kettle’s on, do you want toast?”

“Please.”

He didn’t even wait for Sherlock to finish before he was running back down the hall and stuffing toast into the toaster. “Butter?? Jam???” he shouted and rolled his eyes when Sherlock shouted back yes. “That’ll take extra time!”

“FIVE MINUTES, that’s what we agreed on!”

“Fine!” John growled, “then switch!” John grabbed the first set of toast out of the toaster and popped in two more pieces of bread, then ran back into the bedroom and hopped into the bed. Sherlock glared at him but John just shrugged. “Can’t make tea and two sets of toast in five minutes. I’d like butter and jam too, please, husband.”

Sherlock made a show of sulking as he pulled the covers down and sat up. The moment he swung his legs over the side of the bed John tapped the bedside clock and said, “five minutes. Milk, please.” Sherlock stomped the whole way into the kitchen and John just chuckled. What did he expect with their five minute rule? Just as the time was almost up Sherlock stomped back into the bedroom carrying a tray and sloshing tea over the edges of the two mugs.

“Just what I wanted, tea-soaked toast. Thanks,” John rolled his eyes and sat took the tray from his husband. “You know, if you want to make this work it’ll need teamwork. What happens when we need lunch or supper?”

“Mrs. Hudson will bring it to us,” Sherlock sounded like that had been written in stone ages ago and John had to laugh, despite the soggy toast.
“Maybe she will,” he said around a bite, eating the soggy bit first so he could enjoy the rest of his breakfast, “maybe she won’t.”

“Then we’ll order takeaway,” Sherlock whined dramatically as he slipped into bed and pressed his cold feet against John’s warm body. John yelped but Sherlock just gave a smug smile, then said haughtily, “wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t had to get out of bed.”

****

The day went by too fast and John couldn’t remember the last time he’d had that much sex in one day. He was certain his muscles in his whole body would be burning tomorrow. But looking at his napping husband, curled up on his side with a halo of riotous curls, he smiled. It had been well worth it. Sherlock shifted in his sleep, rolling over on his back with one arm bent up under the pillow. He looked like a young Greek god, Persephone in male form, all alabaster skin framed with dark curls and rosy lips. He reached out and brushed a few curls from Sherlock’s face and whispered, “God, I’m going to miss you.” Sherlock’s lips parted and he sighed, leaning in slightly to John’s touch.

Emotions washed over John and he held back tears as he bent down to kiss Sherlock’s cheek. Not wanting to cry in front of Sherlock, even while he was asleep, John quietly slipped into the bathroom and turned the shower on. Standing under the hot stream of water he let the tears fall. His whole body shook as the grief he’d been fighting for days took hold. He was so lost in his pain that he flinched in shock when Sherlock’s arms enveloped him from behind, though he quickly settled in against his husband’s warm embrace.

“Are we allowed to cry now?” Sherlock whispered as he left a trail of soft kisses from John’s ear to his shoulder.

“Apparently,” John sobbed out, having to wipe snot away with the back of his hand and Sherlock squeezed him tighter. They stood like that, both men crying for a few minutes before John turned and buried his head against Sherlock’s chest and linking his hands together behind Sherlock’s back.

“We’ve done it before,” Sherlock kissed John’s temple and John nodded.

“But not after this much time together.” John rested his head against Sherlock’s chest and splayed his hands over the small of Sherlock’s back, digging in his fingertips slightly as another sob tore its way out of his throat.

“True.” That baritone voice seemed to resonate inside the shower, making the air heavier. It put into one single word all their fears and concerns they hadn’t wanted to voice before. Both of them acknowledging that this was going to be hard for both of them. No matter how busy they might be.

“You’ll stay clean? Right?” John couldn’t help himself, he asked it before his brain had time to catch up with his emotions. He held his breath, unsure of how Sherlock would take it.

“John…” Sherlock sighed and rested his chin on the top of John’s head and sniffed. “I’ve already promised you, after having told you I don’t make promises I cannot keep. I will stay clean until the day you die.” He cleared his throat and pulled back a little so he could see John’s face, “as long as you don’t love anyone other than me.”

John barked a laugh and very unattractively wiped more snot from his nose. “Yeah, no. I won’t,” he
reached up on his tip-toes and kissed his husband. Sherlock’s hands worked their way up his back, long fingers danced their way over John’s neck until he was cupping John’s head at the base of his skull. Slow kisses eventually became heated and John’s fingers wandered. Sherlock licked and nipped at John’s bottom lip just as John’s hands grabbed at his arse and pulled their bodies close.

“Lube?” John breathed after Sherlock rutted against him, his hard cock pressing into John’s lower belly.

“Just like this,” panted his husband, canting his hips so his cock slid against the hard muscle of John’s stomach. John nodded and together they moved as one until the shower was filled with their combined cries of ecstasy.

***

Neither man slept much that night. They stayed up, heads on their pillows face each other, talking. They talked of nothing, and of everything. They talked of Sherlock’s plan once he started Uni, of what John’s expectations were for when he got back, and they promised, with soft kisses and gentle touches, to keep in touch as often as possible.

When the alarm went off at 5 am John wiped a single tear from his eyes, sat up and looked around the room. Their room. There was no mistaking that this was their space. Sherlock had been intending to find himself a flat that was close to Uni but instead he’d found them a home. Sherlock placed a hand on John’s shoulder and he looked over to see that Sherlock’s eyes were watery as well. They shared a chaste smile then John was out of bed. He breezed through his morning routine and was walking out of the bathroom, carrying his small bag of toiletries, before Sherlock was even out of bed. Sherlock was, however, sitting up and on his mobile.

“Mycroft said I can go with you to the tarmac,” he locked his phone and looked up from the screen.

“Good. We’ll have a quiet goodbye.” John nodded as he placed the bag inside his case and zipped it up. He followed Sherlock’s eyes as they drifted from him to the chair tucked away in the corner of his room. His uniform was folded there, ready for him to leave. John gave him a smile that didn’t quite meet his eyes and bent over the bed to kiss him. “Two hours, best get ready. Can’t have you showing me off in nothing but your skin. People might talk.”

“They do little else,” absently Sherlock got out of bed and began slowly dressing as if that would delay the inevitable.

Sherlock was in the kitchen making breakfast, toast, and tea, nothing fancy but enough that John wouldn’t be starving by the time he touched down when John’s now much heavier footsteps (thanks to his combat boots) came down the hall. A slight dragging noise was enough to tell Sherlock that he was rolling his case behind him. He set it by the door and for once Sherlock was not turned on by the sight of his husband in full uniform.

John looked dashing, commanding, even a bit hard around the edges. He carried himself differently dressed in uniform than he did in civies. Sherlock wanted to reach out, to soften the hard edges, to kiss the grim look of determination off John’s face; but instead, he just handed John a plate and sat down across from him at their table.

“I’m surprised they didn’t want you there this morning.”
“Mmm,” John finished chewing and had to catch a bit of jam with his finger, “Usually they just go by whatever flight is next. My flight there won’t be as glorious as some of the last. I’ll be in a cargo plane, strapped to one of the sides.”

“That’ll make for a long flight,” Sherlock remarked. Eight and a half hours strapped in a noisy cargo bay did not sound like an enjoyable flight.

“And boring..” John agreed and hastily finished the last of his toast before draining his mug of tea in one go. “But I have a few books, and we didn’t get much sleep last night. I’m sure I’ll sleep a bit.”

“It’ll be… what, 7 pm when you land?”

“If nothing is delayed, yeah.” John stood and rinsed out his mug, leaving it next to the sink to be dealt with later.

“Well, we’d best get you there then, I’m sure you won’t be able to go right to bed when you get there.”

“Hardly.” John agreed and did a double check of his pockets to make sure he had everything.

“I’ll get your case,” Sherlock said, putting a hand on the handle before John could. “Mycroft has a car waiting.”

John nodded and looked around the flat once more, taking in everything from the messy stack of newspapers in the corner to one of his books that sat beside his chair. He briefly wondered if it would still be there the next time he was back and if it would be covered in dust, but he was pulled back to reality when Sherlock handed him his coat. John cleared his throat and put it on. He’d have to take it off before he got out of the car, but for now, it allowed him to hold on to one last piece of domestic life.

The car was like the one that had taken him to the local base not long ago, if not the same. Sherlock stashed the case in the boot then climbed in beside John, immediately taking his hand and placing it on his lap.

“Buckle up,” John reminded, squeezing Sherlock’s hand and letting go long enough for Sherlock to begrudgingly comply.

The morning traffic kept them cooped up in the car for nearly an hour. Living in central London certainly had its ups, but the rush hour traffic was not one of them. They didn’t talk much on the drive, simply sat hand in hand, thighs pressed firmly together. Sherlock occasionally looked out the window, but for the most part, he kept his eyes forward. Just as they were pulling up to the airport Sherlock’s phone dinged. He pulled it out and hissed as his face turned into a scowl.

“Sherlock, sweetheart?” Concern etched over his face as he turned his whole body towards Sherlock. “What’s wrong?”

“Mycroft,” Sherlock seethed through clenched teeth but didn’t give any further information.

“Mycroft,” Sherlock seethed through clenched teeth but didn’t give any further information.

“Sherlock, luv, we’re almost there. Tell me, what is the matter.”

“He claims someone went above him, but I think he’s just being a controlling prat.”

“About?” John egged on, trying to get Sherlock to talk.
“This…” Sherlock looked up, tears welling in his eyes and noticing their surroundings, “this is where I leave you.”

“What!?” John barked, grabbing the phone from Sherlock’s hand and reading the texts for himself. “What a fucker.”

“John…” Sherlock reached over and grabbed John’s face with both hands and smashed their lips together so hard it hurt.

“Yeah…” it came out as a croak, and John didn’t bother to hide the tears that were now streaking down his face. “God, I love you, you know that right?”

“Always, John.. I’ve never doubted for a second.”

“Yeah, yeah you have.” John had to laugh, remember the first time they’d laid eyes on each other, with Sherlock wearing nothing but two towels and locking himself in his bedroom.

“Yes, well, that was then. Now I don’t.” John nodded and kissed Sherlock just as the car began pulling up to the “drop off” section of the airport. “I love you too, so much.”

“I’ll let you know when I land, as soon as I can,” John promised as the car came to a slow stop and the driver put the vehicle in park.

“Please,” Sherlock refused to let go of John’s head, and John lifted his hands to cover Sherlock’s and leaned in closer to kiss him hard, though a bit more gently than before,

“Sir,” a voice said as John’s door was opened.

“Captain!” Sherlock admonished, then whined when John pulled away.

“Hurry up, get out and give me a hug before the car is forced to move.” John stepped out onto the pavement and met Sherlock at the boot of the car. Their embrace was crushing, but John didn’t care. He inhaled the scent of Sherlock for what might be the last time in a very long while and kissed Sherlock’s neck. The driver cleared his throat, clearly impatient to be moving on again, but they held their embrace for a bit longer. John finally pulled away, took off his coat and handed it to Sherlock with a sad smile.

“Be good,” he said gently as he brushed a tear off Sherlock’s cheek with his thumb.

“You too,” Sherlock sniffed and clutched the coat to his chest as he watched John pick up his case and take a step back.

With nothing left to say John straightened his back, squared his shoulders and took in a deep breath. Sherlock nodded and John closed his eyes, tightened his grip on his case and turned his back to his husband, slowly following the early morning bustle into the airport.
19th July, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

AMAZING Idea from cheekycheekbones: John should hide little notes around the flat before he leaves telling Sherlock why he loves him. (Don't worry, this won't be the only chapter we see the notes in!!!)

Its Thursday here, but Friday in England. That means I can post Friday's chapter, right?!

It's short, and I feel a bit dirty for that. But their e-mails have never really been long, just feels weird after them having so much time together. Poor boys.

Alssooooooo with blood not writing, I want to do screenshots of texts again, but don't have her to bounce off of. Anyone know a website that'll let me make what appears to be iphone screenshots?

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk  
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk  
Subject: Notes

My dearest husband,

This morning as I was making breakfast, I found the most peculiar thing inside the fridge. Taped to the back of the milk jug, was a heart-shaped piece of paper. On it, was written, ‘Sweetheart, smile for me today. I know I can’t see it right now, but it’s gorgeous.’.

I did smile, John. The past two days have been hard, even hearing your voice last night wasn’t the same. But that note made me grin. I wonder how many more you’ve hidden around the flat. I’m sure I could deduce it, but I think it’ll be more fun to discover them by chance.

Mycroft stopped by for a visit today. He made Mrs. Hudson make us tea, which she was not pleased about. She claimed she was all out of sugar when Mycroft asked for some, but mine was perfectly sweetened. I do believe she’s like a sniffer dog and can sniff out idiots with little to no effort. I really am glad we found her, John.

She comes up in the mornings now, brings me tea and yesterday she brought me scones. I think she’ll make a habit of it. We talk for a bit, or rather, she talks at me. She doesn’t seem to mind that I don’t talk back. She let slip this morning, that she used to be a dancer, and judging by the blush on her face I don’t believe she meant ballroom dancing. She tried cleaning up your cup… the one you drank from Monday morning, but I won't let her. Call me sentimental, but I like having it there. She’s gone and washed it, muttering something about there being enough experiments in the house, but she left it where it was. Where you’d placed it.

The night you left, I drank. I don’t normally drink, as you well know. As such, I don’t exactly hold it
well as one might say. It numbed the pain, lessened the hurt, but made yesterday a right pisser. I could show you screenshot after screenshot of texts I sent to Mycroft, which in retrospect is probably why he stopped by today, I’m afraid it was a bit of a paddy. I begged him to bring you back, promising anything he wanted, even to work for his so-called secret service. He’s afraid I’ll use again I suspect, as he promised future visits. John... do you think because I drank enough alcohol that I got a bit... out of sorts... that I’d actually use?

I haven’t cried yet, not since dropping you off. But that note you left... John, I haven’t put it down. Even now, it is under my pillow as I write this from our bed. I think I might ‘have a good cry’ as I’ve heard it said before. Your pillow still smells like you...

Your now crying husband,

Sherlock Watson-Holmes

P.S. Inside your pillowcase just now. “Reason number 42 why I love you - because you’ve been nothing but honest to me since the day we met.” Looking forward to reasons 1-41.
24th July, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

John is unbelievably grumpy :( Poor man.

Still open to ideas! Love to hear what you think they should write about!

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk

Subject:

I’ll take Mycroft any day over having to be in charge of this hellhole again. I’ve been spoiled these past few months, and coming back to this has been a right pain in the arse. One of my men actually told me to chill out today. After tearing him a new one, in front of roughly 30 soldiers, I pulled him into my office and let him tell me exactly why he’d said that. Apparently in the last week, god it’s only been a week, since I’ve been here I’ve been, and I quote, “walking around like a butt-hurt puppy yipping at everyone I see”.

In retrospect, yeah, I have been. I’ve been a proper dick since getting back. I’ve been grumpy and snapping at anyone who comes near me, and can’t stop complaining about the heat. (The heat does suck.) I’ve been a cranky bastard since coming back, that’s how much I bloody miss you. I’ve started thinking that they don’t need me in this war, that the part I’m playing is pointless, and that is dangerous thinking. That’s how men get themselves killed, hooked on drugs, or booze.

Honestly, Sherlock, I don’t remember why I joined the Army. I can’t find that spark, the “For Queen and Country” that supposedly drives the Royal Army. All I can find is sand, sand, and more sand. The flowers I planted beside my tent are gone… dried up. No one tended to them when I was away.

God, would you listen to me? I’ve become a crybaby. I’ll change the topic, ya? I’m not sure if I’ve said this over text or not… but I’m glad Mrs. H is taking time to chat with you. I’m certain it would be quite lonely with only your brother for company. Oh, please do try and find out what kind of dancer she was. Any bit of gossip from home is welcomed with open arms!

No, I don’t think drinking yourself drunk means you’re going to go running for the nearest drug den, Sherlock. This is the worst that I expect to happen, so whatever Mycroft is thinking he can shove it up his arse. I suspect there’ll be days where the itch to use is too much, you might even go as far as to score something, but when it comes right down to it, you won’t use. You might have the needle pressed to your arm, enough pressure to cause your skin to concave, but not enough to puncture, but you won’t use. Whatever the reason, you won’t. But you need to find that reason out for yourself. Your brother putting cameras in the flat, or added security, or whatever, isn’t going to save you. You’ll save yourself, just like you’ve saved me.

Please, Sherlock… don’t cry. I know we’re both hurting, but don’t cry, and I’ll try to stop being such an ass to my men. They shouldn’t suffer just because I’m missing you. Maybe I’ll take up
Rugby again, channel my hurt into contact sports?

Listen, Sweetheart, I've gotta go…

Call me this week, our usual time?

-Your Husband JWC
25th July, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes


See the end of the chapter for more notes

For easier viewing (for a phone or other mobile device) please read on my tumblr. (The word tumblr is a link, but the link will also be posted in the notes)
Tue, Jul 25 2006, 5:51 PM

John, I think we need to talk.

About?

The way you are handling our mutual grief over being separated.

Read my e-mail then, I take it?

Yeah... bit not good, the way I've been acting. I've been miserable.

So have I, John, but your positions are rather different. You can't take your feelings out on your men. They could talk, and you could get into some serious trouble.
Christ! Like I don't fucking know that!

Shit. I'm sorry. This isn't your fault.

No, it isn't.

It's mine.

Why do you think that?

Because I'm the one who left, Sherlock. I turned around and walked into that airport. I left... I left YOU.

You were doing your job, John. A job I knew you had when we married.
Phone call possibly tomorrow. I have a massive migraine right now, so if it goes away I can polish up the phone call and have it ready. If not, I'll post it Wednesday.
25th July, 2006 (Phone Call)

Chapter Notes

This is it for surprise chapters this week! ;)

Friday we'll have an e-mail from Sherlock which.... I think you guys will really enjoy.

---

*Long sigh* Hello.

*Silence*

Hello? Uhhh... Sherlock, you there?

Yes.

Oh, good. I thought the reception was bad or something. Some of my texts didn’t want to go through.

*Silence*

You alright?

Yup.

Clearly, you’re not, what’s wrong? Did Mycroft stop by again?

Nope.

What’s wrong then?

*heavy exhale* Clearly we’ve moved past the quote “honeymoon phase” unquote.

Ummmmmmm... what? What makes you say that?

You didn’t say I love you in your last e-mail, John. Only married a short while and already the romance fades.

Did... Did I not? Shit, I’m sorry.
No you, in fact, did not. You ended the e-mail quite short actually.

I’m sorry sweetheart. I was being pulled away, I’d only just sat down and written as much as I had when I was being paged by one of the nurses, a patient was having an allergic reaction to an antibiotic because someone was too stupid to read his tags.

That…I suppose that is a valid excuse. Saving another’s life should be adequate reason to not add on to an e-mail.

Yeah.

However, you could have always saved it as a draft and gone back to it later. Added onto it as it were.

Right… I didn’t really think about it. I really am sorry, Sweetheart.

Don’t worry John, you are forgiven. I think as a way to reignite the spark, I’ll send you flowers that are meant to be planted in the desert. Succulents, perhaps.

I’d love that… Ohhh? God, I love it when you chuckle.

Oh, not this again…

Ohhh…. Yes, this again. God, I can see it. You probably went from sulking toddler to giggling schoolboy, that secret smirk of yours… ugh, I wish I could see it.

We could always video chat, use Skype.

I’d love to, Sweetheart, but while I was gone they moved around things… Fucking Moran… I don’t get internet in my tent anymore. Still trying to get the okay to put things back.

You could go to your office, which is, I assume, where you wrote your last e-mail to me.

Yeah, but luv, I just got undressed. I’m trying to unwind. I’m sorry, but can I be a git and say not tonight. As much as I’d love to see your gorgeous -

Waiiittt…. are you even alone?

Omg, if I didn't know better I’d think you were being serious with me right now.

What makes you think I’m not?

I can *hear* that smile, Sherlock.

Ahh… well, apparently I need to get better at deceiving.

Ummm. No. You’re already fucking amazing at that, I’ve seen you with others. Godddd it’s so nice to hear your voice… what have you been up to?

Not much… I er….

Oh god, what? What did you do? Sherlock?

I may have miscalculated an experiment. I’m glad you suggested we get metal tables for my lab as they don’t tend to catch on fire quite like a wooden table would have.
You’re not telling me you almost burned the flat down?!

I would have taken care of it, John. Don’t blow it out of proportion.

BLOW THIS OUT OF PROP… Sherlock! FIRE.

I am well aware, John, I was there. Now would you please stop yelling in my ear?

I AM… am not yelling in your ear. God, please tell me you’re alright.

I was beginning to wonder if you’d ask about me.

Stop being so damn cute, you’re trying to avoid the situation…

How can one stop being cute if that, is in fact, what they are?

And an arse.

You like my arse.

God help me, I do.

This phone call is incredibly sophisticated.

God, now you have me giggling too. How did we go from fire to you making me laugh?

I’m talented - on top of being adorable.

Fuck…. Yeah.

John?

Hmm?

Are you alone?

Of course, I’m alone. Why?

Are you dressed?

Sherlock, it’s 40° out, of course, I’m not dressed.

Good, neither am I.

What do you suggest we do about our mutual lack of clothing?

Oh, I’m about to suggest a great deal. You have lube handy, I assume?

Uhh.. yeah.

Slick up two fingers, your left index and middle finger… ohhhh?

You’ve only just now found it!? I taped it to the lube bottle the morning I left!

“Imagine it’s my hand.” Ohhhh I think that’s what we’ll do then. Wank ourselves off imagining its the other person. How many of these notes did you hide?
Uhhh... No, I don’t think I’ll answer that. It’ll be more fun to hear you tell me about them when you find them. So... more than two fingers?

Mo... ahh more than two, yeah.

Wish I could be there, I love the way your lips part and your bottom lip sticks out when my hand wraps around you.

You... oh, your tongue drives me wild, John. It’s like you... mm don’t have control of it when I’m touching you. I love when your mouth is closed, and you run your tongue across the inside of your cheek. It’s so suggestive.

Ahhhh god, I haven’t... haven’t wanked... since getting here. Twist your hand, Sherlock... just like I do when...

Ahh... Jooohnn....

Mmmm Just like that. Twist, then run your thumb over your head.

Mmmm that... that feels good. John...

Yeah, feels fantastic. I’m... I’m gonna come.

Me too... Come for me, Captain.

Aaa.........Sherloooocck.... Dear god, that was amazing. Are.. are you close?

Almost there...

Come on, soldier, work that hand faster. I want to hear you grunt as you splatter yourself with your own come.

J...John... yes, oh god yes...

That’s Captain to you, Soldier!

Yes, Captain... god, can I come, please? Please, Captain!

Come for me! Oh god... that sound should be illegal, so sexual... Sherlock?

Mm?

I love you, so fucking much.

I love you too. I miss you...

I miss you. *tired grunt* Rugby will help me... what about you?

I er... this will sound very posh, I signed up for fencing and boxing classes.

Oh? That sounds interesting. When do you start?

Boxing starts tomorrow, and the fencing classes start in a few weeks.

That’s fantastic.
You sound sleepy.

I’m half asleep now, thanks to that orgasm.

Go to bed, my love, and John...we’ll figure this out one step at a time. I promise.

Yeah, yeah we well. Sleep tight, sweetheart, love you.

I love you, too.
24th August, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

*play's music over the loudspeakers* Guess who's back, back again. Blood is back, tell a friend. Guess who's back, Guess who's back, Guess who's back...

YES, all my fellow friends and followers I am back in the saddle! A lot has happened since I had the privilege to work on this piece with Tindo, and even FourCorners, a lot has changed too. Beginning of this year I ended up having to call a Crisis Center my home. I can't speak for everyone's experience, but such a thing was the best move I ever made concerning my mental health. Now, I'm not going to lie and say I wasn't unsure at first, because I was. You hear horror stories from some people or see Holywood depict the "scary mental health hallway" in movies...however with encouragement from my mum and after me asking maaaany questions to the woman on staff, I finally agreed. Spent about seven days there, got some new medication, met some amazing people both who worked the facility and who were there as patients. Now I'm on the long road to recovery. Mental illness is a real thing and I can say it kicks arse some days. I am here if anyone needs an ear though and I highly encourage any of you to reach out for help if you feel you need it. It really is worth it in the long run.

Okay enough wind from me, on to the story! Tindo did help me with this one. And by help I mean she pretty much wrote it and I went back and added things here and there or changed things. Next Sherlock email will be ALL ME though! Promise!

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: School

You are now officially married to a University student! I wish I could report that my first day was exciting, but it was, in fact, the complete opposite. We spent the whole day in groups of five, four new students, and one a year above us. Essentially, she was our guide dog. I could have found my way around campus just fine without her help, but every time I tried to move forward (she was quite slow, pointing out all these “neat little interesting things” about campus) she’d tell me I had to stay with the group or else I’d be off to a bad start. BEGRUDGINGLY, John Hamish Watson-Holmes, I stayed with the group. I just imagined you were giving me that look.

I attended three classes today and learned nothing. Each teacher simply introduced themselves, made certain we all had the proper books, which would be helpful only to an idiot, and proceeded to give a brief outline of what we would be doing that semester for their respective classes. This guy named Sebastian Wilkes (are all Sebastians dreadful) brought Chemistry books to the English class and then had the audacity to laugh like it was some class prank. He honestly looks like one of those rich kids whose daddy owns half the campus. I’ll be sure to make a mental note to avoid in the near future.
I’m sure you don’t want to hear every single boring detail about my first day. There will be more to tell once classes get going I am sure. Aside from the dreadful start, I have to admit I do think I’m going to like it here. OH! I’m going to be in a fencing competition. I learned the basics of the sport growing up, Mycroft and I went to a very posh school, and instead of rugby, it was Chess Club or Fencing. I’ve surpassed the other students in my class, and in yesterday's lesson, the teacher asked if I would like to be in a tournament. I said yes, as long as it doesn’t interfere with school, which it won’t.

The weather is dreadfully hot here. It seems London will get more than its One Day Of Summer this year. I can’t even imagine what it must be like for you. Listen to me, talking about the weather. It’s, well, it’s because I have something to ask of you. Mycroft keeps telling me no, but it’s not like he understands any of this. I want to come visit you, just for a weekend. Not right now, as I’ve just started my schooling and it would be irresponsible to miss any of my classes now, but...I just don’t want to spend our first anniversary alone. I was trying to plan something, a surprise for you, but Mycroft said he will not allow me to enter Afghanistan under any circumstances.

I have a crazy idea. What if we planned no more than four days together (to keep the military happy) and vacationed in New Delhi for our one year anniversary. A stay in Egypt could also be quite nice. Honestly, I don’t care where we go. I just want to spend it with you. Let me know what you think, and if we could arrange something under Mycroft's overgrown nose.

Now, if you don’t mind, I need to go read up on tomorrow’s lecture in my science class. I want to make sure my teacher knows what he’s talking about, or if all this money is going to waste.

I love you, Husband.

-SWH

P.S. I found something quite interesting on our mantle John. Specifically in the skull. “Life may be fleeting and one day end, but our love will last beyond everything”. As much as my eyes roll at such cheese John, my heart also clenches. I find myself believing in those small words more so than I would have years ago. Thank you for your love John Watson.
Chapter Summary

Thank you all for the warm welcome back you gave Blood. I’m glad I managed to some what keep things together but I’m so glad she’s back.

:-D

*note*

Ao3 is up down up down. I’m posting this quickly while it’s working for me from my phone. The format might be weird. I’ll fix it later.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Confession

I’m properly chuffed to hear that your first day wasn’t a disaster. I wonder, what look exactly was it you were imagining I was giving you? Could it be the one that says “Try something and we’ll see if you get sex tonight”? Or rather, “Do it, I dare you, and you’re sleeping on the sofa”? Personally, I know I’d be giving you the warning look regarding sex. While boring yes, buddy system… The Army is huge on it.

My first day of medical school was just as uneventful as yours, only I was so scared I remember I left my dorm without putting on pants! (Yes, I had trousers on.) Had to rush back, undress and throw on pants. No way in hell I was going commando all day on my first day of medical school. I was scared because I’d found out the day before that my class had been assigned a professor who was famous for giving “pop quizzes” if he even met you in the hall. I was so afraid I’d meet him on my way to class, so afraid that the night before classes started I had a dream that Doctor Willow met me as I walked into Barts and barked “Watson! What’s the normal heart rate of a healthy male?” and I answered 60, but he was looking for the variable, 60-100, and he told me I’d never make it as a doctor.

How did your first lecture go? Did you show off to the teacher? Prove to him that you’re smarter than he is? OR did he put you in your place and wipe the floor with you? Better yet, has the school called for a debate between the two of you? Is he dreadfully dim? Do we need to find you a better university with smarter teachers? Should I come down there in full uniform and kick his arse? Oh, my mind is turning as I think about the possibilities.
I paid attention to the “neat little interesting things” about Barts… partly because of how nervous I was, but mainly because my guide was fucking fit, and she pointed out corners where you could make out without being caught. (While looking directly at me) Forgive me, luv, but that was years ago and you weren’t in the picture. I did share a few snogs with her, and if I’m being honest, a bit more… Sorry, does it bother you to hear about that?

Good god, you in a fencing tournament. I pity the poor sod who goes up against you! That’s incredibly exciting, Sherlock. Maybe you could have Mrs. H film it for me, or at least take pictures? Is it local, do you have to travel? Dear lord, you must be all muscle by now. Is it bad that I’m drooling at the thought of you covered in muscles? I’d fucking love to see it, see you. God, you’re already fucking exotic, add on muscles. Good job, you. You have me drooling over my own husband.

Which… I guess brings me around to my confession. I am the reason Mycroft won’t let you come see me. The last time you were in this country you had a fucking building fall on you. I refuse to let my selfishness be the cause of any more harm happening to you. Please, do not be angry at Mycroft, he’s only doing what I asked of him. That… er, being said… I didn’t say anything about the surrounding countries. Granted, things really aren’t much better in India or Egypt… but, I fancy seeing a few pyramids.

We’ll figure something out. I’ll have to see if I can get time off. Two Christmases off in a row might waggle some eyebrows. However… I have the fact that I’ve changed bases in my favor, they might not notice. Please don’t get your hopes up, sweetheart, but I will do my best. I obviously want to see you, especially during our first anniversary.

We’ll talk about it, right? I’m… sorry I didn’t tell you about my er, chat with Mycroft earlier. I just didn’t know how to tell you. I love you Sherlock, so much. That’s why, I can’t let you get hurt again. Forgive me?

Your apologetic Husband,

John.
Chapter Notes

I completely forgot to post this! I am so sorry everyone! I have zero excuses except that I’m an old scatterbrain on my good days. Thankfully I remembered it now and not later, say, when I was going to bed lol

This chapter has a special shout out to another fandom. It wasn't originally planned, just something that sort of wormed its way inside. Both me and Tindo are HUGE fans of said fandom so I'm honestly not surprised. I'm not going to say what fandom it is though. However, those who spot the reference and point it out in the comments get internet cookies and hugs!

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Deep Concerns

I must admit I was quite curious as to the content of your most recent email, particularly because of the subject header. Ideas ranging from an event pertaining to your men to romantic ramblings about ourselves pervaded my mind, however the reality was much less appetizing. How could you John? How could you give Mycroft the extra ammunition he needs to keep us apart? It was a simple explosion. Do I need to give you the mathematical likelihood of such an event happening again? Would have that eased your fears and kept you from going to my brother?

I must apologize John. I did not mean to go off on you like I did. I actually had to step away from the computer and did some composing to calm my mind. I suppose I could have deleted what I wrote but then I thought back to our early years. How we vowed to take everything there was about each other, the good and the bad. How you assured me that there would be hurdles but we would get over them, we just had to be honest with each other. I must understand your fears, however next time please bring your fears to me and leave my brother out of our business.

My first set of lectures were uneventful. One of them was slightly more interesting, namely my Chemistry lecture. The Professor is originally from Russia, visiting for a year to teach upper-level minds here in London. Last name Nikiforov, first name Viktor. To be honest, he didn’t make a good first impression on me. I conversed with him both outside and right before class and he seemed to be quite capricious. When he lectures however, when he lectures John, it’s almost as if a whole new personality takes over. While most instructors fail to stimulate even the most simple of minds, Dr. Nikiforov brings something new to the table. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t looking forward to exploring what Dr. Nikiforov has to offer.
I can see about getting Mrs. Hudson to videotape my fencing competition. She has been going on about how she has been meaning to make you a care package. Adding something as personal as a recording of us at my competition would cause her great joy I believe. I’ll make sure to mention it to her when she comes up to check on me next. She does that a lot. Is that normal? For landladies I mean. For them to check on their tenants, bring them food and insist on having tea with them?

I suppose I should end this and start work on my class assignments. Not that they will take much effort to complete. I do wish to get ahead some in my Science class. I’m also thinking about getting involved in the offered Honors work. Granted it would involve more work, maybe even some research, but I would get to work more closely with Dr. Nikiforov. The thought of getting to pick his brain excites me some.

Love you my dearest Husband

-- SWH
Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Can I just say, that it is freaking amazing to have Blood back? Her Sherlock rivals that of BBC's. It's like a mix of BBC and Jeremy Brett and I love it.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Pyramids

“Mathematical likelihood” IN A WARZONE? Sherlock, it is incredibly likely to happen again. I was not giving anyone “ammunition” instead I was ensuring that the one thing I cherish most in this world remains SAFE. Over my dead body will I allow you to return to this country, not until this war is over. I’m not trying to sound like an arse here, Sherlock, but it would come close to killing me if I lost you. I will not see you harmed again by this war… even if it means I have to be a bit of a dick. I guess that’s one thing the military has been good at… teaching me to stand my ground over things that matter to me the most.

I knew this would upset you and honestly, I was hoping perhaps we could even avoid this, you finding out, but I was idiotic and didn’t think about our anniversary. That just makes it sound worse after you’ve been honest with me. I was going to tell you, of course, I was, I just didn’t know how to say it gently. Next time I will go to you first. I’m so sorry love, can you forgive me for being such a hard ass on this subject? We’ll make something work, okay? Pyramids… I bet your new Doctor Nikiforov can’t give you pyramids, but I will Sherlock, a whole new world full of pyramids.

I looked him up on the internet last night, Doctor Nikiforov… bit of a pretty boy, isn’t he? He looks too… flighty… to be taken seriously and you say he’s teaching chemistry? Should have taken something else up, like dancing, instead of teaching. Did he really color his hair, or did the pressure from grad school cause him to go prematurely grey? If the latter he mustn’t be very good under stress and if that’s the case I can’t imagine he’ll be a great teacher. He’d better not be bringing anything new to our dinner table, and I certainly hope you don’t go “exploring” too deeply.

You asked if Mrs. Hudson coming up to check on you is normal. For her, it seems it is incredibly normal, for which I am eternally grateful. It is, as far as my understanding goes - though I’ve watched “Spaced” (and that show does feature a landlady invading on her tenants) - not normal. I don’t need much in that care package. I’d say don’t send one just yet, but I have a feeling she’ll send one anyway. I’ve got enough toiletries and none of my socks have worn a hole yet. Snacks would be the big thing and little bits of home. Maybe a mug with the flag on it? Or our faces, god that would be nice. Speaking of… have you finally moved that mug from beside the sink yet? The one I left there the day I left?

I fear this e-mail is going to be rather short. Nothing eventful has happened here in the past few days and I’m in a bit of a bad mood between the heat and that… teacher of yours. We’re all just
sitting, pretty waiting for something to come our way and that’s adding to the stress. Dreading the moment it happens, of course. I’m going to go take a cold shower and see about getting something to drink. It’s been so hot here we’ve all been physically ill…. You know what you guys could send me! If you wanted to pay the cost to ship it out here that is! Those fruity ice lollies that you have to freeze and it's more like slush once they’re frozen. The men would kill for those! (So would I!) I do understand the shipping would be outrageous though, so please don’t feel obligated.

I love you, Sherlock… just… remember that next time some pretty boy teacher bats his eyes at you.

-Your Husband

PS. You seem to have stopped looking for those notes I hid. I didn’t hide them that hard. Look a bit harder, maybe higher… Behind a place where you can see yourself.
1st September, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter, especially the bits concerning responses to John's obvious jealousy. Well obvious to us anyway. As always, let me know how you liked this one. What you enjoyed, what you didn't enjoy (if anything). Hearing from you guys really means a lot. I get excited to read your feedback (: 

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: In Need of Advice

Sebastian Wilkes. Sebastian Wilkes, John. If there has ever been a more independently annoying excuse for a human being, it would be this individual. His constant disregard for the intellectual curriculum, as well as my greatest desire to be left alone, has grated down my last nerve ending. His unwavering desire to share personal space with me during class and attempt “small talk” has me dreading my classes John. I’m contemplating about correlating my morning routine so I arrive at my classes a minute before the bell so as to avoid any more attempted normalcy. This however, would hinder my classroom routine, the specific one I perform before the Professor arrives and begins class, which leaves me with a not so pleasant feeling in the pit of my stomach. What should I do John? Dealing with people is your specialty. I’m only good at dealing with facts, data and occasionally certain army doctors who spectacularly decided to become my husband.

I was also correct in my assumption concerning his father. Apparently, his father owns half the banks spread out over London and made a generous donation to the campus a few years back. His son is obviously being groomed to take over the family business once his father reaches retirement age. To think that my money will soon be handled by such pompous idiocy. All I can say is I am very pleased that Wilkes is NOT in my Chemistry class. Thankfully he is a level below me. Never in my life was I more thankful for someone’s stupidity.

Speaking of my Chemistry class, things have been going spectacularly. I’m ahead in classwork to the point I actually approached Dr. Nikiforov to see if I could get more material. Do you know what he said John? He actually agreed to get me more work! All the other teachers either discourage working ahead or shoo me off when I come to them with ideas. It’s nice to have an instructor who actually takes my intellect seriously. I also will be starting Honors work in the next couple weeks. Apparently, I’m the only one who has inquired. Colour me shocked. Anyway, I’m not sure what exactly I’ll be working on, but I should be privy to the information here in a couple weeks.
I'm glad you took the time to look Dr. Nikiforov up John. Personally, I think the school website doesn’t do him justice so it’s no wonder that you were a bit put out. I assure you though, he is one of the better instructors this school could afford and I am most certainly getting my money's worth. Now I can’t speak for my other classes, but that’s inconsequential. And of course Dr. Nikiforov cannot get me pyramids, that would be in the realm of impossibility. More to the point, you getting me pyramids would also be impossible. However, it would be probable for us to go see pyramids, you and I, if that is what you mean. Also, what did you mean by bringing something new to our dinner table? How could he do that unless I invited him over for dinner? I assure you I wasn’t planning on it as I was told it would be bad form for a student to interact with their Professor outside of their classes. Though for him to bring something it would have to be more of a party with numerous individuals, something I am most definitely not having as I do not do crowds and I do not know many people.

I will pass on to Mrs. Hudson about the ice lollies. Postage means nothing. If it is something you desire John, then I shall get it to you. Also, I am once again sorry for my last email. I know you meant well and were only thinking about my safety. It was selfish of me to think of anything different and, while you are a hard arse, I know now that you were in the right. Forgiveness is given, though not needed.

I love you John, more than words can describe.

-- SWH

P.S. Your clue for the next note was highly obvious John, do try better next time. I found the picture behind the mirror over the mantle relatively quickly. Also, I remember this moment. It was late, we had decided to turn all the lights out and light the fire. We had a drink or two and were just talking. I don’t think I had ever felt closer to you at that moment, not even during one of our many sexual encounters. I love you John, and I miss you too. I miss you so much.
15th September, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Posting from My phone from work. Format might be off. I’ll fix it later :)

Thank you guys for all the love sent Bloods way!!! It’s appreciated from both of us.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk

From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk

Subject: God I Need Sleep

Sherlock, don’t let Sebastian bully you around. He sounds like the type of guy who is doing exactly what annoys you because it annoys you. Go to class like normal and ignore him (I know you can do that). Use that time to sort through your mind palace, or to write e-mails to me, or... and I can’t believe I’m about to suggest this, ask Dr. Nikiforov if he can spend the mornings with you going over your honors work. That is what you should do, what you could do is find out any juicy gossip. The first time you say “Oh, Sebastian, I heard so and so said you had a small dick,” he’ll probably leave you alone. (But... that could also make matters worse) See, Sherlock, I don’t know what to do in these situations either. We all kind of... skate through life flitting from one awkward situation to the next, until we find people (you, in my case) that we click with.

Speaking of... While I do not relish the idea of you spending more time with that ridiculously handsome man, I am glad you have a teacher who appreciates your intellect. He’ll challenge you, keep your mind working, and best of all, you busy. Between school, Honors work, fencing and boxing, you’re going to be one busy man. If you aren’t already.

I’m sorry for not getting back to you sooner. As I’m sure you saw on the news there have been some bombings... and as I am certain you’ve looked them up location wise, you know they have all happened close to me. Two buildings in the next town over were subjected to suicide bombers. My team has been helping with the wounded and we have had almost no rest in the past 72 hours. As their leader I refuse to expect anything of them that I am unwilling to do myself, so last night was the first night I slept in two days. We’ve been pushing ourselves to our limits, and it seems like there is a never ending sea of bodies waiting for surgery. So much bloodshed, Sherlock... Men without arms, women screaming that their children are missing, children crying because their mothers are missing. It sickens me, and all I can do is patch them up and send them on their way. To what? Another bombing? Another catastrophe? I’m sorry, I don’t mean to put all this on you. I mainly needed to vent. Once we all get some proper sleep I’m certain our views will change.
I’m falling asleep love, but I’m not quite done with this e-mail yet. So, instead of sending it off, then having to send a second, and much shorter e-mail tomorrow, I’m going to save this as a draft and work on it tomorrow. I love you, sweet dreams, my love.

16th September, 2006

My men let me sleep, and I mean sleep. When I stopped writing to you last night it was about 11pm. I was just woken up by the gent delivering the post and it is now 1pm. I slept for FOURTEEN hours, Sherlock… that’s got to be a record somewhere. (Mainly that I didn’t wet myself, or wake up to use the loo, but mainly the wetting myself part.) The post, Sherlock, the post!! Your package came in. You and Mrs. H overdid yourself, as always. The nibbles are much appreciated by me, and the men are going to love the lollies. (Especially after these last few weeks.) I’ll hold onto them and save them for a bit of a treat once we’re all back to normal… well, when I say normal…. I mainly mean not acting like a group of zombies because of our sleep deprivation.

As much as I know we’re going to love the lollies… Sherlock you have me in tears. These packages of seeds you’ve sent me for a new type of flower garden have me blubbering like a woman. I do believe I’ll be honestly given the rest of the day off, so I think I’ll start germinating these as soon as this e-mail is on it’s way. But, only after I watch this video of you in your fencing tournament. <3 (That’s supposed to be a heart… by the way.)

I love you, my dearest husband.

-Your John

P.S. That picture you sent me is so unbelievably lude… and I love it so much. Dare I ask WHERE you took off half your clothes, and WHO took that picture? Looks… like a side path down Regents? God, you’re ridiculous. (More please.)
17th September, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerehloni

Chapter Notes

Just some texts between our boys. It was nice working on these with blood again! As always view on my tumblr here if you're on your phone, easier reading. Link will be in the chapter as well.


(Edit, I'm sorry the screenshots are so big, ao3 is being a tit tonight and won't work with me... and I'm tired and have had a shitty day so I'm not fighting with it. Might just be easier to view on tumblr. Link above and below.)

Tumblr Link for mobile viewing
John, I hope you are not busy because I have spectacular news.
— SWH

The war has ended and I can come home? -JWH

As wonderful as that particular news would be, sadly no.
— SWH

After some ludicrous and tedious barriers, Dr. Nikiforov has finally gotten the go ahead on my Honours work!
— SWH

.... how ludicrous are you getting with him? -JWH

I’m not sure I follow.
— SWH
If you haven’t caught on, Sherlock... I don’t like the guy. I guess... I’m a bit, fuck it, yeah, I’m a bit jealous. -JWH

I don’t understand. What in the world would you have to be jealous about? — SWH

He’s handsome, brilliant, you actually don’t hate him like you do most people. So, you know, there’s that. -JWH

And?
Nevermind... I just... wish I were there with you. Not him. -JWH

I wish you were here as well, over him and over everyone else for that matter. I can’t think of a single person I’d rather be here besides you. — SWH

That... helps actually. But that’s good yeah? The bit about the
Very. We’re planning on collecting samples of wastewater from numerous treatment plants. We’re then going to test the samples by exposing them to particular bacteria cultures to see just how well these treatment plants are performing.

— SWH

That doesn’t exactly sound exciting. Not for me at least. But I bet you’re over the moon.
Ecstatic John, especially since one of the treatment plants was especially hostile when we came to them with our inquiry about obtaining samples. It wasn’t until Dr. Nikiforov went over their head that we got permission. Makes me wonder what they’re hiding.
— SWH

Dr. Nikiforov didn’t share my enthusiasm concerning such details, however I know there’s a deeper reasoning than corporate red tape.
— SWH

Hmmmm maybe they use the plant to decompose dead bodies. — JWH
Sherlock

Hmmm maybe they use the plant to decompose dead bodies. -JWH

One can only hope. — SWH

Oh my god. I was joking, Sherlock. -JWH

I wasn’t. — SWH

Do you think there would be extra credit if I solved a murder on top of bacteria cultures John? — SWH

On your exams!? Uh... maybe? -JWH
Oh this work just keeps getting more exciting by the minute! Just about as exciting as that photo I took for you. — SWH

Yeah. About that. Who the fuck took that photo!? -JWH

I did John, do keep up. — SWH

God. If those pants had been any tighter everyone would...
have been able to see if you were circumcised or not. -JWH

Sorry but that sort of information is something only you’re privy to.
— SWH

And that shirt.... purple has always been your color. But you went out in public with a see-through shirt? -JWH

It was late. Figured it wouldn’t be a problem.
be a problem.
— SWH

God, I wish I could pin that picture up somewhere. But hell will freeze over before I let my men see that. -JWH

Figured you would leap at the chance to show off what you’re keeping at home.
— SWH

Oh hell no. They’ve already seen enough of you walking around in nothing but a towel. -JWH

That was ages ago. Some men...
Oh hell no. They’ve already seen enough of you walking around in nothing but a towel. - JWH

That was ages ago. Some men need reminding who is top dog from time to time.
— SWH

Yeah. Not by seeing a very suggestive picture of my husband. That’s not for their eyes. -JWH

I suppose there is truth to that. Well I have my own personal bacteria growths that I must attend to now. Very time sensitive.
— SWH

Alright, sweetheart, I should go to bed anyways. I miss you. -
Alright, sweetheart, I should go to bed anyways. I miss you. - JWH

I miss you too my dearest husband. I love you. — SWH

I love you too... and er, Sherlock? Make sure the other doctor in your life doesn’t see any photos like this one, yeah? - JWH

Why would I send Dr. Nikiforov lewd pictures? That would not only be inappropriate and unprofessional but also unethical.
unproductive.
— SWH

Good. Just remember that. <3
-JWH

Read Yesterda
Chapter Notes

Posting for blood, she's had a few hard days so I wanted to take the weight of having to get this up off her shoulders.

<3
short of death, John. Hard, cold, pale sickly death. It was almost as if someone had dumped an entire bucket of cold water over me. I saw myself in them, John, I saw myself getting carted away and thrown in some cell, only to be forgotten. I know that part of my life is long gone but, for a moment, I was back there, alone and scared.

I’m not a hundred percent sure how I got home. All I know is one second I was outside that rundown flat and the next I was outside my own, sans books. I’m not sure why I even felt the need to write to you about the experience. Even now it seems foolish and stupid, and yet I cannot will myself to go back and delete it because I know you would want to know these things. I believe you are starting to rub off on me, my adoring husband.

On a more positive note, the Honors work is going well. We’re about a quarter of our way done. Oh! Dr. Nikiforov also has just informed me that, should I so wish to, I can take the information that we gather during our experiment, and I can put together a presentation. Apparently, there is a Symposium that takes place every year for the Science Department. Also, if one has good enough data, one may even be asked to go present at the National level. Dr. Nikiforov believes I have a chance at both levels. What do you think, John?

I love you my dearest husband. I hope things are as safe as they can be where you are. Oh! And tell your men that your bombshell of a husband says hello.

-- SWH

Really John. In the bottom of my favourite biscuit box? Also “The sweetness of these may fade upon your tongue, but my kisses will continue to set your lips on fire”. Very full of yourself my dear John Watson.

Chapter End Notes

PS. She never read the chapters I wrote when she stopped helping for a while, so I’m trying to catch her up. YES Sherlock has met Lestrade before, but we’re gonna go with the "Boring PC in my flat, delete" option as to why he didn’t remember recently seeing him.
10th October, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Summary

Posting this before I head to work. I love getting your comments while at work, they make a boring monday night so much nicer!! (I work at a hotel and tonight I'm doing the 3-11pm shift and it's going to be soooooooooooooo boring!)

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Never forgotten.

First and foremost, Sherlock, you will never be locked in a cell and forgotten... never. So get your head away from that mindset. You're only ever one decision away from a different life, and you made that decision. You cleaned yourself up and are taking steps to make your future brighter. Don’t let someone else’s decision bring you down.

That said, being full of myself? Really, you’re one to talk. “Tell your men that your bombshell of a husband says hello”? I simply mentioned how much you love my kisses, which is a completely accurate fact. By the way, I will not be telling anyone you said hello... maybe... Some of the men like to remind me how attractive you are, and while that is accurate, I don’t need the knowledge that they think of you like that.

The nearby bombings seem to have subsided... there are still attacks, ambushes, tension with the locals and so much more. But in the last week, things seem to have died down a bit. I wish I could say the worst is over, but I know I can’t. I know that I have as a soldier, I have to soldier on. Things might be shite right now, but it is my job to wade through the shit until it’s over, my time is up, or I get injured and sent home.

My garden is growing quite nicely, luv. I’ve been germinating the seeds in some cups I’ve gotten from the canteen. There isn’t much in the way of soil here, but the cook has been nice enough to help me start a small compost pile. Until that is ready, I managed to get some soil from that river we picnicked at once and it isn’t completely sand. I have a few little sprouts going. One is looking quite lovely, here, I’ll see if I can upload a picture.
There’s another one sprouting that has a tinge of pink to it! I can’t wait to see them in full form so I can arrange them outside my tent. The question is, should I plant them, or try and find something to use to pot them?

I’m pleased, very pleased indeed, to hear that your honours work is going so well. It also fascinates me that there are enough people out there who care about that data to have it featured in a Symposium, but if you can then I say do it! Show the world how brilliant my husband is. I’m pleased Prettyboy sees your potential, very pleased.

Sherlock… how have you been? Other than this run-in with the drug den? Are you doing okay? Is being busy enough? Is there anything more I can do from here? I worry about you every day. I wouldn’t exactly call it guilt, but there’s this feeling in the pit of my stomach that daily tells me that I could never forgive myself if something happens to you just because I’m here no there. I can’t describe it or put a name to it, but it sits there like a red-hot coal in my stomach, and whenever I have a spare moment to think it boils to the surface.

I finally got a spare hour to watch the video Mrs. Hudson sent over. I will be honest and say that I don’t know the rules, but you certainly looked like you knew what you were doing, if winning first place has anything to say about it! Might I ask who that was, by the sounds of it standing next to Mrs. Hudson, cheering you on? I’m assuming… Russian accent would mean it is your Professor. Not sure how I feel about it… Actually, I do know how I feel, as much as it pains me to say it, I’m glad you had him and Mrs. Hudson there for you. (I assume your brother was not there.) It means a lot to me, that he’d do that for you. Will you be competing in any more seeing as how you won? Are there different tiers?

Oh shit, I hear the sirens going off, wounded incoming. Love you, Sherlock!

-JWH

P.S There are more notes hidden ;)
11th October, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

*bows repeatedly* I am so sorry to my fellow readers! I completely forgot about posting my chapter for today! Went out grocery shopping, and something as simple as that takes a lot out of me sensory wise, so when I got home I just immediately curled up and called it a day pretty much until dinner. I know the saying, better late than never, but I still feel really bad about it...

Also, this chapter marks our big one zero zero! One hundred chapters! *blows noisemaker* We're actually nearing what could be considered the "climax" of the fic (pun intended lol)

---

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Updates and Weird Event

Things are going quite well overall John, you need not worry so much. University is keeping me busy enough. Ignoring the menial work my other classes provide me with, I have purposeful work provided to me by Dr. Nikiforov. While class assigned work I get through in no time, the extra work Dr. Nikiforov provides me with great stimulus. Also, while I do have my own lab at home, the university has equipment I could only dream of obtaining. Therefore I put in a special request to use University equipment after hours. They denied my request to my utter shock. Something about the University being liable for injury or some other boring nonsense. I took my complaint to Dr. Nikiforov, hoping he could fix what was an obvious oversight and do you know what he did John? He laughed! He then proceeded to tell me, while he was impressed with my intelligence and while he had no qualms against giving me extra work to do at home, aiding me with Honors, co-authoring his thesis etcetera, that maybe I needed a life outside of University. A life outside of University, please.

Speaking of, I believe I forgot to mention in one of my previous emails John, but Dr. Nikiforov is working on another scientific thesis and he has requested I assist him with partial credit when published. Can you believe it John? I’ve had thoughts about publishing before but never had the resources or...a clean mind...to accomplish such a feat. Granted this will be a dual publish opportunity, but I suppose it’s better than nothing as they say.

I am glad to see that the plants are doing well. I was assured when I purchased them that they would thrive in desert-like environments, however the owner of the store, his verbal confirmation was not as solid as I would have liked it to be. Pleased to see that my slight worry was confounded. Though I really should not be surprised. You seem to have a knack for taking care of plants.
Maybe, once you return, we should set up a small garden on one of the windowsills here in the flat. Or maybe I should set one up for you before? Sort of as a welcome home present? Would you like that John? Oh, but you may want to set it up yourself. Where is the fun when it comes to gardening? Is it the planting or the actual tending? Or is it both?

I know I told you not to worry John, however I would be lying if I told you that I myself was not also worrying about you. Every morning I wake up to you not there, your side of the bed as dead and cold as when you left it. Sometimes I reach out and pretended that I can feel even the slightest sliver of your warmth still clinging to the sheets. Mornings are dull without you. Granted showers and clean clothes warm my body, but my insides feel cold without you. The breakfast that Mrs. Hudson demands I eat every morning may fill my stomach but my heart is empty John. I miss you so much. Knowing you’re in constant danger and I can do nothing. I know how you feel. The red-hot coal sits in my stomach as well you see, and flairs up and the most inconvenient times. I suppose that is why I keep myself busy with University. Not only does it stave off the boredom, but it keeps that coal settled and controlled.

I suppose it was hypocritical of me to tell you not to worry. Apologies.

I found another note. This one was taped inside my favourite anatomy book. “There are thirty-seven trillion cells, six hundred and fifty muscles, two hundred and six bones and 78 organs in the human body. All these make up the beautiful sculpture that is you Sherlock, a work of art that is imperfectly perfect in every way. My dearest friend, my darling husband”.

Only you can make simple facts seem overly romantic, John. Thank you.

I love you and all of your cells, muscles, bones, and organs as well my husband.

-- SWH

P.S. Something weird happened today. I debated about whether or not to mention it but it’s been plaguing my Mind Palace in the most annoying way. I took your advice about Sebastian Wilkes and he seemed to have backed off. Today however, he came up to me and asked if I would like to come with him and his pals to lunch next week. I was so taken aback John I told him I’d think about it. What should I do John? Aren’t lunch dates what friends do? Do they want me as a friend? More importantly, do I want him and his group of opulent tagalongs as friends?
Posting from my phone again so format will be weird. Sorry I’ve been working so much I haven’t even had time to really sleep.

Thanks for sticking with us this far. Things are gonna get intense soon. Once we have our plan in motion it might take us a bit longer to post chapters. We have the majority of it written, but even the best laid plan needs tweaking.

Bear with us, and maybe get a shock blanket or two.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject:

I never used to enjoy gardening. Hated it in fact. My mother loved it though, so I grew up in a house full of flowering plants. I never understood her love for it until arriving here. It’s growth that you can physically see, Sherlock. Change, and positive change at that. Now I look back and see that my mother must have used gardening as a sort of coping mechanism for life with my father. Just as I’m using it to cope with the death and destruction that’s all around me. My plants remind me that there is life and beauty, if only I look for it. As for a garden at home, I think I’d like that… flowers on the windowsills, or tucked away in a once dreary corner.

Go have lunch with Sebastian. No one said by going with him you have to socialize further with him if it doesn’t go well. It also doesn’t make it a lunch date, simply acquaintances hanging out and eating lunch (you’d better be eating). Or… a mini school outing. Hell, embarrass him for all I care. I’m sure you’d be able to deduce something juicy from just one glance at him. In fact, I hope you do. That might shut him up for good.

I also happen to agree with doctor what’s his name. You do need a life outside of school work and fencing, Sherlock. Find that PC and help him solve a case or something. Take up ice skating… no don’t do that, I saw on his CV that Nikiforov skates. I actually looked him up… he’s nationally ranked, and… pretty damn good.

I think I’m going to throw a big Halloween party for the base. Give everyone the option to dress up when they’re done with their respective shifts, hold a fancy dress contest, snacks and end the evening off with a spooky movie. We all need to relax and I think this might do the trick. Now I just need to figure out what I should dress up as.

I need to hear your voice soon, Sherlock. It’s been too long. If you can find time in your busy schedule, we should chat. It might help ease both of our minds a bit just to hear each other.

I’m pleased your professor has told you not to use the lab outside of hours. Sherlock, I know this
isn’t easy for either of us, but you can’t drown yourself in schoolwork. Have you even touched your violin? Compose a song for me, sweetheart. Have it tell our story. Compose something so heartfelt it’ll make me cry.

I had a dream, Sherlock. About you, and god was it hot. You were wearing that outfit you had on in that picture you sent me. All tight pants, open see-through shirt and tousled curls. You were laying on our bed, stroking your leg while staring straight at me. I was trying to do something, leave for work maybe, and you were clearly doing everything you could to get me to stay. Let’s just say that when you started stroking yourself through those pants, and the outline of your erection was more than apparent, you succeeded. I woke up so turned on, with my pants already wet from come.

The dream woke me a short time before my alarm was set to go off, but I’ve used most of that time writing this. I should go start my shift. I’m head surgeon today. Should be exhausting. (I’d rather let you exhaust me.)

Missing you,
John.
31st October, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

MILD ANGST ALERT

Usually, Tindo is the one to bring the angst, but it is I Blood who come baring. Honestly, it’s very mild compared to what it could be, but hopefully it will still stab you right it the feels somewhat. If not, we have another chapter coming up that will most definitely get the job done ★~( italiana)~)

Until then I hope you all enjoy this one!

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: I'm Sorry John

It’s rather late as I sit down and write this. Mrs. Hudson has long since retired, as well as the rest of London. The few exceptions, of course, being the young individual stumbling back from a drunken night of partying, and the well-respected executive silently creeping back to his home after a sordid night having sex with his secretary. Unbeknownst to him, his wife has also not been idle. An affair with her personal trainer, or possibly his best friend? Even the most perfect relationship develops blemishes John.

I hope you were able to have that Halloween party for your men. Not that I’m highly interested in the holiday, cheap plastic decorations that are supposed to be scary, screaming children demanding candy, but I know that you and everyone involved deserves a break. I am slightly curious as to what you dressed up as however. Anything involving you I am highly curious about.

Speaking of Halloween parties, I was actually invited to one. It was some huge elaborate affair put together by Sebastian Wilkes and his family. I say his family, however his parents would not be there. Something about a last minute business trip. I just got back a couple hours ago...I wasn’t planning on going but the lunch gatherings had been going alright, and you and Dr. Nikiforov had been pushing for me to get involved in things outside of University, so I went. Apparently, a costume was mandatory so I went with Edgar Allan Poe. You would be proud to know I even bought a stuffed raven to bring with me.

Everything was actually going fine until one of the drunken hooligans noticed my ring. I didn’t recognize him as one of the individuals who accompanied us on one of the few lunch dates so obviously not a close friend Wilkes. He made some comment to the effect of “what whore would
want to marry a freak like me”. To which I kindly corrected him on the fact that I was married to a man. Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say.

Why does it still hurt John? It isn’t the first time I’ve had homosexual slurs thrown at me. When I was young, kids used to use them against me all the time before beating me up in the bathroom or behind the school so why does it still affect me like it does. It wasn’t just me either. He started insulting you, YOU of all people. I won’t repeat what he said here, but rest assured I informed him that you were nothing short than an honorable soldier who was risking his life to keep miserable scum like him safe. I then proceeded to inform him that his obvious homophobia was likely stemming from his desire to have his History instructor bend him over his desk and fuck him until they were both satisfied. Something that would never happen as he had no hopes of satisfying anyone. Erectile dysfunction at such a young age is rare but can be taken care of given the proper medical attention.

I managed to escape that encounter with nothing more than a stained costume. My offender was so drunk all he managed to do was spill his drink while trying to take a few swings at me. A few of his friends overheard the commotion however and decided to defend their friend’s honor. They were not as drunk unfortunately. I obtained torn clothes, a black eye, a sore jaw and a few scrapes for that encounter.

John I...I need to talk to you. Please. I need to hear your voice...I need to hear you...please John. Please.

-- SWH
1st November, 2006 (John’s Time)

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

*rubs hands together while grinning evilly.*

---

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Answer me.

Darling, answer me. I keep trying to call but I just get your answer phone.

Please... pick up. I’ll just keep calling until you do.

-J
Chapter Notes

Click the link at the very beginning of the chapter to view the screenshot on tumblr.

Also this was supposed to be a surprise Tuesday chapter, but I'm going to be away from my PC all day. Work then got invited to a wedding sort of last minute. Soooooo have it nearly an hour early lol

Don't kill us.... please...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

View on tumblr!!!!
Chapter End Notes

Again, before you go and complain (Comment..) that you can't see this on your phone, click the tumblr link.

1st November, 2006 (Roughly two hours later)

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Here it is... the truth about what happened.

Dare I say this angst is nothing compared to what’s coming.

“Sherlock?”
*Silence*

“Sherlock...” *Sigh* “Listen, sweetheart, I know you’re there. I’m the one who called you... you answered... just... say something, yeah?”
*Silence continues*

“Did I wake you?”

“I’m surprised you called so early your time. I was expecting you to call later on in the day.”

“I... your e-mail said you needed to hear my voice. I can sleep later. You’re more important. You... are you alright? You got into a fight? What the fuck happened?”

“Why...why does it continue to hurt John?”

“Assuming you’re talking about the emotional hurt... because... damn, I don’t know. But it does, and I hate that I’m not there with you. I would have punched that arse hole right in the nuts.”

“Trust me John, being here with me is the last thing you would want.”

“Something tells me that being there with you is exactly where I should be... Are... you... do you need... Jesus, there is no nice way to put this... just don’t use, luv.”
*echoes of silence with a choked off sob*

“Sherlock, listen to me... I’m here, talk to me.”

“I can’t...I can’t John because if I do you’ll...”

“I’ll what? Sherlock... do you think I’d leave you?.”
*beats of silence before a barely there ‘yes’ cuts through*

“Oh... luv... stop. No. I’m not going to leave you. I’m with you through thick and thin... have... you used?”

“No, I have not used but...goddamn it John after escaping from that wretched place and
those imbeciles, I just...everything from all those years ago came flooding back. I was powerless, I felt so powerless so...human...do you know how frustrating that is John?!”

“Because you are human, sweetheart. Even the best of us get overwhelmed from time to time. This is important, Sherlock. Have you used? If so I’m going to need you to monitor your vitals for me.”

“Again, no I haven’t. However, along with old memories, there came old hunting grounds. John...I may have...no...I bought some of my old vice. It’s sitting in front of me right now on the table.”

*soft sigh*

“Right. Leave it there and go into our bedroom. Put something of mine on and crawl under the covers. Don’t hang up.”

*distant almost random movements fill the temporary silence broken by the opening and closing of a door*

“It’s rather hot under these covers John.”

“Lay on top of them then. I just need you to be in familiar ground… something that’ll remind you of me.”

“No, I...think I’ll be fine. Besides, I like to think I can still smell your scent infused into these blankets. It’s comforting to be wrapped up in them.”

“It’s probably from the shirt, or whatever you have on of mine. Being under the blankets will help it seem stronger. You left the stuff in the other room, right?”

“Yes, John.”

“Good. Let’s forget about that for now. Do you want to talk or do you want me to?”

“Hearing your voice helps quiet my mind. Besides, I am somewhat curious as to how your day has been.”

“Nothing all that interesting... I mean there was the party, if you want to hear about that.”

“I’m glad to hear that you were able to host it. Were your men pleased as well?”

“Yeah. It seemed to be a big hit… though most people came dressed as doctors or nurses.”

“How dull.”

“Mmm. Mine wasn’t much better…. don’t really have a lot to go on. Dressed up as Alex from Clockwork Orange. One of the women here even helped me with the eye makeup.” (Costume Martin went as when he was all in white few years back)

“Who from what?”

“Oh... it’s an old drama/mystery from the 70’s. Most people, well at least here, didn’t get it. But at least I wasn’t in my scrubs.”

“Which automatically makes you the best dressed for the evening.”
“Mmmmmm? I think you’re biased.” *soft chuckle along with a faint rustle as John rolls over*

“Hmmm, possibly. Are you in bed as well? I thought I heard the rustling of sheets just now.”

“Yeah. I mean it’s 3am here. But don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere.”

*a beat of silence*

“John...was there ever a moment in your life where you felt helpless? Like the entire world is closing in on you, your screaming but no one can hear you?”

“That sounds a bit like a panic attack, luv... I’ve certainly felt unsure, more than a pit panicky, at times. Like when I signed my name on that paper that made my enlistment official... but... I guess I’ve always come out on top. So far at least. Then there was the moment I thought you dead... when that building collapsed. God I couldn’t breathe.”

“After leaving the rehabilitation center, I never gave much thought to my recovery. I suppose I thought that having you around would be enough, that your presence alone would fix all my problems. I guess I was foolish to believe that all my demons were taken care of.”

“For some people companionship is enough, but in most cases it does involve a plan. I’m not sure if burying yourself in school is as wise as we first thought...” *John sighs then lets out a slow breath* “while keeping busy is probably key, for you your boredom is your first trigger... clearly we need something more than simple interactions with ‘normal’ students. What about the police officer you were in into, I wonder if he would have something of interest for you to do.”

“The one named Lestrade? Hmmm...I suppose I could hunt him down and bother him.”

“Could be dangerous.” * John gives a small chuckle*

*Sherlock’s answering chuckle fills the void for a moment*

“Oh, my three favourite words. You sure do know how to get a man excited John.”

“Berk.” *short moment of silence* “Soooo are you ready to flush that garbage down the toilet? If not, we’ll talk some more.”

“No I...I believe I can dispose of the drugs now.”

“Put me on speaker phone if you need to. Either way I will stay on the line.”

*shuffle of movement, door opening and then closing before more movement scratches through the air. Another door then opens before closing almost in a finite way*

“John...thank you.”

“It’s what I’m here for, sweetheart.”

*the distant sound of a small bag being dropped into water rings out before the reverberating tones of a toilet being flushed can be heard*

“It’s done.”

“Good. Now inside the skull is a pack of cigarettes. Go have a smoke. It’ll help take the edge off. Yes, just this once I’m encouraging you to smoke.”
*Sherlock lets loose a true laugh, short but true*

“Why thank you doctor.”

“Mmm. Might not happen again. So enjoy it while it lasts.”

*More movement before the sound of a lighter being struck*

“Are you planning on heading off to sleep now?”

“Me? Nooo…” *A long drawn out sigh comes from the line before John continues* “I fear you’re stuck with me for a bit longer.”

“Oh how dreadful. Whatever shall I do.”

“Going to go back to bed?”

“Not until I thoroughly enjoy the cigarette that I have been so gracely allowed by my doctor.”

“Don’t go making me jealous of that cigarette now…. Or I might decide its bad for your health.”

*Sherlock exhales before taking another deep inhale*

“Oh John, you’re so quick to rile. You’re lucky I find such an attribute fascinating.”

“Feeling better, are we?”

“I am……thank you for that.”

“Good… now next time something like this happens you’re going to call me before you go spend money on shit I’m just going to make you throw out, right?”

*a moment of silence*

“Yes John. I am sorry John.”

“Hey, it’s not me you need to apologize to. Yes, I would have been mildly peeved… but it would have hurt you more than anyone.”

“I believe that is something that I am only beginning to understand. Also, I am assuming that I am only allowed one cigarette?”

“I’m… feeling generous right now. Could be the sleep deprivation though. Take it while you can get it, I guess.”

“Much appreciated John.”

“I’d say don’t make a habit out of it… but… clearly I’m a few years too late for that one.”

*another sound of a lighter being lit*

“I wish I was with you right now.”

“Oh god, me too, luv… Me too. I wish I were there though, so much nicer, our bed verses this tent.”
“The jury still out about our anniversary?”

“I put in for the time off… but haven’t heard yet. Maybe in a week or so.”

“Sounds reasonable enough.”

“It might be a bit expensive… No chance in getting Mycroft to pay for our holiday, is there?”

*a deep chuckle reverberates through the phone speaker*

“Oh I’m sure I can figure out a way for Mycroft to give us a pleasant and much deserved holiday.”

“How does that sound so wrong yet so right?”

“Because it has to do with Mycroft.”

“I know he isn’t all bad, but he is a dick. Something about him always makes me wish I had a pie to smash in his face.”

“More like a rock.”

“A pie, or a nice cake, would be more satisfying. Not only would you see the frosting drip off his face, but you’d see his heart break at the waste of baked goods.”

“Oh John, I knew there was a reason I fell in love with you and married you.”

*A burst of laughter from John*

“Glad that my cynical point of view is appreciated.”

“There are many parts of you that are appreciated John. Your cynical view concerning my brother is only one. Your rather girthy penis is another rather...”

“While I do appreciate that…. I’m a bit too tired for that sort of phone call, Luv.”

“I was just being honest.”

“Thank you…. I think? Yeah, thank you. Bit weird, being complimented on your penis...”

“Granted the length isn’t as impressive as mine, but you definitely make up for it in the way you...”

“Excuse me? Want to talk about length when you’re already a FOOT TALLER THAN ME?”

“I didn’t mean to imply it was bad.”

“I certainly hope not. You’re rather stuck with my... length...”

“And the spectacular things you do with it.”

*yawning*

“I’m... * more yawning * glad you approve...”
“John?”

*Slight delay*

“Mmm? Yah… I’m… here.”

“I believe it’s time I let you get some sleep.”

“Mmmmmm probably smart. Even a few hours. Better than nothing.”

“John?”

“Yes, luv?”

“Thank you, for being there for me, for marrying me, for loving me… for choosing me.”

“I could say the same, sweetheart. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, John. Oh, and John?”

“Yeah?”

“Sleep well.”

“You too, don’t stay up too late smoking that whole pack. Sleep will help your brain calm down.”

“Yes, doctor.”

“Text me tomorrow, let me know how you’re doing.”

“Will do, John.”

“Good… yeah, that’s good. Sleep well.”

“Goodnight, John.”

“Ya… night.”
1st November (Sherlock's Time)

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

Hmmm...what to say about this chapter. Sherlock just updating his darling husband on how he's doing after such an emotional rollercoaster. OH! And we get some surprise information! (✧∇✧) Well, Sherlock gets some surprise information and it takes him for a loop lol

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Update and IMPORTANT INFORMATION

I know that we have only conversed a short while ago, however I figured you would want an update on how I was doing regardless.

After getting off the phone with you, I managed to get a few tentative hours of rest myself, however I can not say whether or not those hours were truly restful. Dreams of verbal taunts, fists and dark corners plagued me while I was asleep. Wakefulness graced me with about the same courtesy. My thoughts ran rampant, echoes of voices I hadn’t heard in a long time. Thankfully, the wing in my Mind Palace that houses you and everything that has to do with you, gave me the strength to lock away those memories once again.

I also did as you suggested and went out looking for that Lestrade. New Scotland Yard is quite impressive, though I don't know if I can say the same for those who work there. Everyone seemed to be running around frantically, not a single idea in their head, and no one seemed to know where Lestrade was. I got asked if I wanted to report a crime numerous times, though I’m sure walking into the Yard with a face covered in scratches and bruises would raise some sort of alarm. I finally found a somewhat competent individual however, who informed me that Lestrade was out on another drugs bust and would not be back for a few hours at least. I left my number and a message, telling Lestrade to call me at the most convenient time possible and also the most inconvenient time. If this cop is ever going to make his way up to where he wants to be, he is going to need my help.

On the way back to our flat, I ended up running into someone who I didn’t expect to see, especially on a Saturday. Dr. Nikiforov apparently enjoys an early coffee and scone at a coffee shop near the Yard every morning. I wasn’t planning on saying hello, but his over the top, enthusiastic hello pulled me over for a friendly sit down and a coffee of my own. Needless to say, he was quite taken aback by my injuries. He inquired about them and I, of course, informed him of what transpired.
John, over the months that I have had the fortune of having Dr. Nikiforov as my instructor, I don’t believe I have ever seen him become so serious, so sullen than I did during our conversation at that cafe. Apparently, Dr. Nikiforov was no stranger to homophobic attacks either. Considering that he came here from Russia, it was honestly no surprise. What surprised me was that Dr. Nikiforov said he had a husband...A HUSBAND JOHN! How did I miss that!? His husband is currently living in Japan, helping his family with their business, and he didn’t have a ring because they had never been in an area where it was okay to advertise their love. It was hoped, by the both of them, that Dr. Nikiforov could get citizenship here, bring his husband over and then they could finally, FINALLY, have a proper life together. Can you believe it, John? All this data right under my nose and I missed it!

Before I go into my Mind Palace and catalog all this new data and try to desperately figure out how in the world I could have missed this, I thought I should also let you know that I found a very interesting envelope taped underneath the kitchen sink. During the early morning hours, before my travels into my Mind Palace, I decided to try an array of experiments to quiet my mind. I needed some supplies for their toxicity levels and found this little beauty taped at the pipes. I have to say, John, you in nothing but your dogtags, your hand lightly caressing your flaccid penis and your eyes giving your trademark ‘come hither’ look...very delicious. Also the note about there being more like this except without the envelope, so I should find them before Mrs. Hudson does, will be taken into much consideration.

I love you my sexy soldier husband,

-- SWH
12th November, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

John might be struggling with depression even if he won’t admit it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: News

I’ve rewritten this email roughly 17 times. Actually, exactly 17. I’ve been counting. I’ve tried starting the email off with something light, general chit-chat, or with what needs to be said. I’ve even thought about calling you. But I’m not sure I could speak this news aloud. Neither way seems to work. Sooo I guess I’ll just “get on with it”. It is with an incredibly heavy heart that I inform you my request for time off has been denied.

I can appreciate their reason. (Two Christmases off in a row is unfair.) That said, it doesn’t make me like it. I loathe the idea of us spending our first anniversary apart. I despise every day that goes by that we are apart. Every day I feel more and more like I am serving a prison sentence. That “For Queen and Country” I must let a piece of myself fade away with each passing day.

If it weren’t for the constant fear and adrenaline caused by this war, I feel I’d fall into a deep depression. Currently, I’m just... bitchy... I guess is the word. We can video chat, on our anniversary. I’ll make sure Skype is working. It won’t be the same. I won’t be able to touch you. But it is the best I can offer.

I will now attempt to shift gears and not be a Debbie Downer this entire email. I do apologize for the drastic shift in topic, soldier on.... or some such nonsense.

I must admit it relieves me some that Doctor Pretty Boy is married. I was waiting for the day he took a pass at you. I already need to show that groups of idiots that being a man and having a husband isn’t wrong. I was thinking a t-shirt that said “Sherlock’s Whore” so while I’m beating them senseless they’ll have the privilege of reading those words. No one gets to insult my husband. No one. They will pay.

It’s sad, how many places it is illegal to be anything but straight. Then, even in the countries where it is legal, it’s frowned upon. In this country they have a weird view on gay relationships.... if it is rape, legally it’s fine. Consensual, loving relationships, it is illegal. I can’t wrap my head around it.

I hope your professor is successful in bringing his husband over. We can both sympathize with them, being apart. It’s not an easy task. If he is successful, invite them over, Sherlock. Celebrate with them. Be a friend to them, because you know what? Rules are wrong. Laws are wrong. Just because he is your professor doesn’t mean you can’t be friends. I’d rather you be friends with him than a man who hangs out with homophobic twats.
I’m sorry I was jealous of him. But I think that partly came from my own guilt. He was there for you when I was not. Example, your fencing tournament. Now, I’m just thankful you have a small support system in him and Mrs. Hudson. Maybe you should open up to him. Explain why you need to keep yourself busy. Open up to Officer Lestrade. (Has he contacted you yet?)

How are you doing? And feeling? Physical wounds heal… but emotional ones linger longer than we’d like. Also, I never commented on your costume choice. Brilliant, Sherlock. I can only imagine what a stunning E.A. Poe you’d make. I also hope the raven survived the night as I might need to take Poe to bed for a night once I’m back home. ; )

Please…. do not let my news upset you. Bad timing to be telling you, I know. But I trust you and your will to prevent a relapse.

I love you so much and I’m so incredibly sorry to give you this news.

-JWH

Chapter End Notes

Nervous John is nervous. He’s afraid his news will spark an itch to use again on Sherlock’s part. But, it only seemed logical that he would not be granted two major holidays off when there are hundreds of other military people wanting to see their families. He’s been spoiled thus far… but he’s at war. Literally.
15th November, 2006

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

Sherlock has been up to a few things since last him and John spoke (^^)

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Everything is Quite Alright

You being the bearer of bad news John is quite alright. Honestly, we were quite foolish in thinking that the army would grant you leave after so many personal holidays. You are quite right in that we can chat during a planned Skype session and, while it will not be the same as having you here or I there, we will just have to make do.

Things with Officer Lestrade have been...pressing. I’ve informed him that I am acutely aware of his desire to move up in the ranks, yet how he finds himself stagnating in his current position. I’ve also informed him that I am in the position to help him move forward if he would only take me on as a liaison, a consultant even. The latter has a much better, stronger foundation to it but I am sure you get the idea regardless. I’ve given him facts and evidence to a few murder cases that have been in the paper, cases that obviously show that the police are out of their depth, however I am unsure to what length he has taken this information. You think the man would have a greater sense of appreciation considering the length I’m going. Do you know how difficult it is to sneak onto a crime scene? I’ve managed to get caught quite a few times. However, those mistakes have allowed me the means for improving my disguises so I suppose I shouldn’t be too put out.

University is going quite well. We’re coming upon the last stretch here in a few weeks, obviously. The Symposium for my Honor’s work is just around the corner John and, I have to say, I am a bit nervous. There is something about my findings that isn’t sitting well with me. Something about the chemical readouts that is gnawing at the base of my brain and will not let go. Dr. Nikiforov assures me that small anomalies like this are common and aren’t anything to be concerned with, we just have to make sure to report them in our findings, but I’m just not sure John. , I may need to run some experiments here. I want to say that I’ve seen such a readout before. Why I can not recall it now, in the most crucial moment, it is absolutely aggravating John! Is this what you normal people feel like? I can not say I enjoy it much.

John, you’re always so concerned with my well-being, but please, do not forget to take care of yourself. If your last email has taught me anything, it is that you are hurting just as much as I am. To me, you’re always the strong one, the soldier, the protector against everything that is out in this
calamity we call a world. I forget that sometimes I need to be the strong one. That sometimes, even soldiers get tired. For that, I am so sorry, my dearest John. I promise to be more of a beacon of light and a strong shoulder in the future. I love you so much.

-- SWH

P.S. Very crafty of you, leaving such a delicious specimen hidden amongst my mold cultures. I hadn’t studied them in a while so apologies for taking so long to find this particular one. Nude except for your dogtags and, are those your army boots? Such a salacious smile. Tell me, what do you plan on doing with that riding crop? Also, where did you get it, where is it and can I have it?
To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk

Subject: A rare occurrence.

First I would like to say that the riding crop I found down in the hall. I’m going to scarily assume that it is Mrs. Hudson’s and I refuse to ask any questions as to why she had it. I’m just going to go with the assumption that occasionally she likes to go horseback riding. As for what I would like to do with it, well use your imagination. And why yes, those were my combat boots. Just wait until you find the one of me and my hat, that one I certainly help Mrs. Hudson does not find.

I am first and foremost always concerned about your well-being. Your situation is more delicate than mine. I signed up for this I knew what I was getting myself into whereas you have more of an emotional roller coaster to go through that can be unexpected as it happens. I’m not saying that what I’m going through and how I feel doesn’t matter but I worry about you first and myself second. You, my dear, have nothing to apologize for. I feel as if I’ve reached out to you, be it through email or text when I need assurance. And you’ve always been there, always.

I am pleased that University is still going well. Do you know if you have Dr. Nikiforov next semester yet? Or was he only teaching one semester? I have complete confidence that you will walk into your symposium and as the phrase goes, completely kill it. You are a man of confidence, Sherlock. You may not realize it but you are. From the moment I met you that very first email from “Dear Soldier,” I knew you to be a cocky, arrogant, confident man. Just do me a favor, yeah? Smile at least once during your symposium. Your smile can light up a room.

Please do you not go and get yourself arrested just because you’re trying to get officer Lestrade’s attention. I can’t believe I’m even suggesting this, and if you ever bring it up I’ll deny saying this… find him at a crime scene find a way to work beside him, not against, show him what you’re made of.

As I said in the subject to this email, a rare thing happened today. We had no incoming wounded, no nearby bombings, no major surgeries planned. It was almost as if we had been given a break. I was walking from my office back to my tent, planning on relaxing; maybe emailing you earlier. But instead, I saw a few my men just lounging around. As I passed stood and saluted but I waved them off. For the next three hours we played rugby, someone brought out an old football and we kick that around, and oddly enough, like children game of tag broke out. We even finally broke out those ice lollies which was a huge hit. So, thank you for them.

While I’m thinking of it, my little garden is doing well. While not quite flowers, these plants are gorgeous in their own right. Each has a different hue. Some are pink, others purple or red. Sherlock these plants are beautiful. I’m not great with technology but I’ll do my best to send you over a picture. Maybe not just a picture of my garden… I’m sure I could slip something else in. ;)

Now, my dear, I’m going to go play a game of cards (to gamble my chores away) while there is
still some sunlight left to this strange day.

- John

Ps. Check my coat pocket. I slipped something into it before taking it off and giving it back to you at the airport. Surprised your curiosity hasn’t lead you to check all the pockets of my clothing.

Chapter End Notes

John is... being John and ignoring his emotions by focusing on anything and everything that isn’t himself.

He’s standing at the top of a very slippery slope. Gambling could be dangerous with such an attitude. I’m curious to see where he’s going to take me next. (Because I swear he writes himself.)
To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Murder John

John you are not going to believe the week that I have had! Oh, what a glorious week! I hope you forgive me for not being in contact, but hopefully the explanation that follows will abscond me of all guilt.

You will remember that the Symposium for the University Science Department happened a few days ago; I texted you the night before about my annoying nerves and you calmed them with a glorious sexting session, one that I’m still reveling in by the way. The setting up processes was completely tedious, and the meet and greet of the other students participating was an absolute bore, but I endured it if only for Dr. Nikiforov’s sake. He assured me that establishing connections with my peers could help with connections down the road. I informed him I couldn’t see how establishing anything with half-witts would benefit me. His response was merely to smile at me. He does that a lot I’ve noticed.

Professors from outside of my University came to listen and observe the presentations. There were a few from our own University who were also there, but for the most part, the University seemed to prefer outside collaboration. It’s not your typical presentation either, John. We’re all spread out in this large room, while individuals walk from one presentation station to the next. It was a great injustice that all our presentations could be was a large poster board, that we couldn’t bring in the actual physical experiments. I will admit that my mood was a bit sour already because of that fact, a fact that I knew well in advance, but that didn’t make it any more tolerable.

Now John, do you remember that data abnormality that I picked up? That curious compound that has been plaguing me for weeks? Well, after a few presentations, Dr. Nikiforov, encouraged me to go and observe some of the other groups and their work. Reluctantly I ventured off. It was either that or I would have to listen to him prattle on about how me doing so was important to my future until I agreed to do as such. It was at one of the stations John, I don’t remember who the students were or what their project was about, but a word on their board jumped out at me... decomposition
That is when it clicked for me, John. Everything immediately fell into place. The readout that Dr. Nikiforov and I were getting, that discrepancy, was the result of decomposition. According to the data, it was a sizeable amount as well. We were not talking about a rodent or a small bird somehow getting into the filtration. I knew that only the decomposition of a human body could give me those sort of readouts.

In my excitement John, I may have run from the Symposium and left Dr. Nikiforov there all by himself for the remainder of the presentations. Needless to say, he was not happy with me, even with the explanation that I’m giving you now. You would think a murder would be a viable excuse.

Yes John, murder. Remember the head of the wastewater treatment plant that did not want us poking our nose around his facility? Well, he had a mistress that had apparently gotten pregnant. She refused to get rid of the child and was threatening to tell his wife so, in a fit of rage, he killed her and his unborn child. He then had gotten the bright idea to hide the body in the wastewater treatment plant where he worked, figuring it would be a perfect place for it to decompose and never be found.

I compiled all this information myself obviously, and hand delivered it to Lestrade. I don’t think he believed me at first if his facial features were anything to go by. He was giving me a look that my brother would get back when we were little and I would tell him that I found pirate treasure in the garden. Disbelief, but entertaining me all the same.

Speaking of, I am going to go over to Scotland Yard and see if he has done as I suggested of him and passed along the information to his superiors. I honestly don’t know what I am going to do with him. If he doesn’t start taking my help seriously I may have to resort to drastic measures.

Hope the past week for you has been as fulfilling as mine, John. I love you.

-- SWH
5th December, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

I never got to check this for typos or grammatical errors. My last week and a half has been... not bad but so busy I’m literally only home to sleep 5 hours before heading off again.

This was written in a rush, and I’m not exactly in love with this email, but it’ll have to do.

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Cold

Murder? That’s a strong accusation to make. But one I’m certain you wouldn’t make unless you were positive. I’m going to assume, that the reason I haven’t heard from you in a week and a half, is you’re off with Lestrade on this case. (And not dead yourself.)

I won’t lie. Your lack of... being around ... is unnerving. Going days without even just a single text from you has made me a bit... irritable. I find myself checking my phone far more frequently throughout the day, looking for any missed text or email. I’ve even been checking the regular post, thinking perhaps you wanted to surprise me with a handwritten note.

Were you able to explain to your professor why you took off like you did? Were there any ramifications for taking off like you did? So many questions. I just wish you’d contact me. I’d rather not reach out to your brother too inquire on your state of wellbeing.

I’m worried... but it is your brothers lack of contact that keeps me (mostly) assured that you are alive and well. Call me, let me know you’re alive.

I also hate to ask for things... but winter has set in here, and it is cold. Cold Sherlock, I mean cold. You wouldn’t think of numb fingers and frostbitten toes when you think of Afghanistan, but my summer socks have proved not to be up to the challenge. Would you be a dear and send me some warmer clothing? Socks, maybe a pair of mittens, a nice woolen scarf, or even a warmer blanket?

I.. feel slightly ashamed saying this, but I lost a bet and had to give my spare blanket away. I guess it’s better than cash, but now that the nights hit near freezing, I’m starting to regret it. Some of the men have been talking about using cash, instead of chores or wanted items, when we play cards. The prospect of extra money is appealing, but something tells me I shouldn’t allow it.

Here I am, talking about how I’m cold at night, complaining, when the world around me is in chaos. Taliban forces have been progressively moving south, and their presence here is strong. People are getting shot at everyday, villages are being ransacked, some of our side... well, they’ve been known to take advantage of some of the local women. Imagine hell, then imagine screaming mothers, children, fathers.... this is the reality that is all around me. And I’m complaining about the cold...
I despise this place…. I wish I had never enlisted.

- John.

Ps... I love you, and if something has happened to you I’m in just bad enough a mood that I just might murder whoever hurt you.
Chapter Notes

Another chapter I am not completely happy with but it could be a lot worse so there is that. Sherlock is quite worried about our little soldier, as I am sure the rest of you are as well. Hopefully, he can get John to open up some...maybe. We all know how stubborn our John can be. Also, added some much needed humour at the end of this email. Is it just me or are things getting a tad bit gloomy?

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: You Have Me Worried

You wish that you had never enlisted? That doesn’t sound like you at all John. I know you. You are a man who thrives on the adrenaline, of the danger as it snaps at your heels like some rabid dog. You live for helping others. You were born to be the one who tips the scales, who decides if life or death shall consume the individual in front of you. You are John Watson Holmes. Bringer of life and, most importantly, you are a survivor John. I know that you say nothing is wrong, but I can tell that there is some deep seeded issues that need to be dealt with. As your husband I demand to know what is bothering you or I may be forced to do something majorly drastic.

Also, did not hearing from me really worry you that much, John? If that is the case, of which it seems to be, I am terribly sorry about not contacting you. It was just a whirlwind of excitement and adrenaline, that murder case. I hesitate to inform you, but I may have forgone sleep and eating during that week. The first day I consumed food and attempted to sleep, but I found that my cognitive abilities were diminished greatly, especially by digestion. Therefore, after the first day, I dedicated myself to only the case and found my performance increased drastically. Such notation will have to be remembered for the future.

John, if you need something all you have to do is ask. I am ashamed to say that I forgot all about sending you care packages. I got so caught up in University and my Honors work...I shall have Mrs. Hudson put together a winter package post haste. Wool socks, blanket, some winter treats and I shall also be including my own personal scarf. Figured you might like to have something that smells like me, if only for a little while.

Finals are coming up, something that I am not the least bit worried about. Dr. Nikiforov is still unhappy with me concerning my sudden disappearing act at the Symposium last week. He keeps mentioning how I ruined my chances at presenting at the National level. Honestly, I could care less
at this point. Unless he can give me Honors work that has to do with say, a locked room murder case, now that would be something to show off.

Mrs. Hudson has just come up to our flat so I am afraid that this email is going to be cut rather short. She insists on coming up around this time, bribing me with tea and my favourite biscuits, and sitting down from some chatting time. These are the moments that I wish for your presence, John. We could just strip naked and declare that we are about to have sex to get her to go away. Sadly, me doing such a thing by myself is quite ineffective. Apparently, masturbatory sessions have quite a more flexible schedule.

I love you, John. Please never forget that.

-- SWH
Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

10th December, 2006

Chapter Notes


To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: I’m fine.

Deep seeded issues? I’m fine, Sherlock. I guess I’ve just been stressed. Tensions are still high with the locals… everyone seems to be on edge. I’m sure that’s all you’re picking up on. I am however pleased to know you are alive and well. I know I berated you on the phone the other night about how you treated your body, but I think I will repeat myself. Eat. Food. Every. Fucking. Day.

Today, I’ve consumed: seven cups of tea, a bagel, a hand full of biscuits, two apples, three slices of pizza, and a giant helping of pasta. That’s all in one day, Sherlock. When you don’t eat, you’re hurting your body. A day is fine, sure but a week?. During the first eight hours, your body will begin to use stored fats, converting it to energy. (Stored fats that you, my thin husband, do not have.) Once you’ve reached ketosis several things begin to happen. On top of your body releasing cholesterol and uric acid into the bloodstream, you can start to get spells of dizziness, joint or muscle aches or cramps, and you would be prone to fatigue more easily. I could go on and bore you with the details. Do not make me reach out to our landlady to ask her to make sure you get more than a few biscuits and tea each night.

While I am all for taking risks, I’m not certain I would be willing to strip in front of Mrs. Hudson. She’s too nice to scare. The last thing that woman needs to see is your tall pale arse, or a limp dick flapping about. However, I wouldn’t be against warning her that knocking before came into the flat would be a smart choice.

Speaking of risks, I just found out via friends at another base that the General is coming around for surprise inspections. I’ve been elbows deep in paperwork the last few nights, making sure reports have been properly filled out and signed off on. Thank god most things are taken care of on a computer now, but still, some paperwork is always required. I’ve set up rotating teams to give the base a deep clean, and I even have a group of handy men fixing a building that… well… one of the bombs didn’t quite miss us. No one was injured, it’s mainly used as a storage building. Extra beds for the hospital, spare equipment, chairs, weird things like that. But the side of it collapsed when we got hit. We have some of the materials needed to fix it, so that’s a work in progress. I’m glad for the inspection. It gives me something to focus on.

I heard from Chuck and Ian last night. They’re being separated, sent to different bases. I guess word got out about their relationship, kind of secretly, and they worked out a deal to be sent to separate bases in lieu of punishment. Chuck is actually being sent here for the time being. His help and company will be greatly appreciated. It’ll be nice to have a friend.

Thank you for thinking of me. I’ll look forward to getting that package from you. Post just came
the other day, so I’ll probably get it just before Christmas. I’ll be mailing out your Christmas present shortly. It isn’t anything much, hard to shop for you here… but I think you’ll enjoy it. I just hope it survives the shipping.

I don’t wish I hadn’t enlisted…. I’m just… I don’t know. It’s just hard, and I’m not good with words. My team and I have helped save quite a few people, and I am thankful of that. I just can’t help thinking, it could have been a different doctor. Yes, I’m the chief surgeon here, but… the military has hundreds of us. I’m just…. a serial number. One that could be replaced. But I shall keep on keeping on until my time is done.

I love you, my dearest husband. I hope you’re enjoying the end of the semester.
Chapter Notes

Tindo and I have a very special chapter for everyone today! Well, a couple special chapters if one wants to get technical about it all lol I hope that it will be a lovely surprise for you all and I hope you enjoy reading them as much as Tindo and I have enjoyed writing them 🧚‍♂️viron
edge of his cot.

“What the fuck!” He exclaimed and shot right back up. He’d sat on feet. Someone was in his tent. Apparently asleep in his cot. For a moment he wondered if he’d wandered into someone else’s tent, but a quick look around as his eyes adjusted showed him he was in his. His laptop and phone sat exactly where he’d left them that morning.

Fine then. Someone had wandered into his tent.

“Get the fuck out of my tent!” He barked, slapping the legs of whoever was sound asleep. Someone groaned. A deep groan that reminded him so much of his husband that it only made matters worse. “UP I said. Now!” Yelling this time he smacked the pair of legs just a tad harder and stood back, crossing his arms over his chest.

“But the pillow smells like you, John...” came the slightly annoyed and very sleepy sound of Sherlock’s voice.

“Sher...” John flicked on his desk lamp and stared in disbelief. Sherlock, his husband who was supposed to be in England, was in his bed.

“You cock!” John laughed happily as he bent down to kiss his husband, "is this why you didn’t answer your mobile earlier?”

“Mmm” Sherlock admitted, mumbling so he wouldn’t have to break from a second, and much stronger kiss.

“You fucker! You’re supposed to be home! Safe in England! We talked about this, we agreed. Now is not a good time for you to be here!” John pulled away and went back to standing with his arms crossed, though his fingers itched to reach out and touch Sherlock.

“We talked?” Sherlock sat up, propping himself up with one elbow and regarded John with a sleepy yet brooked-no-nonsense glare. “No. You talked. You decided. We, ” Sherlock specified the we, “agreed on nothing. All I had to do was wait for my idiotic brother to attend some political Christmas dinner, then I was able to quietly slip out of the country. Undoubtedly he’ll have found out by now.” Sherlock shrugged then unceremoniously plopped back down on the cot. “I’m naked, John.”

“Oh... you...” John growled, trailing off with a shake of his head as he balled his fists by his side. “We,” he said as he shucked his pants off and stepped closer to the bed, “are going to have sex. And it’s going to be excellent sex. Spectacular even. Then, I’m going to go back to being angry, and I might even shout at you. But...” he ripped the blanket off his very naked husband, “I’ve missed you, and good god I need to touch you.”

“Then touch me, John.” Sherlock pulled the thin sheet that had been covering him off and let it slowly waft to the floor. Before it had fully settled on the ground John was naked and hovering over Sherlock on the cot.

“Lube...” Sherlock muttered around a mouthful of kisses as John palmed at his cock.

“Shut up.” John let go of Sherlock’s cock and grabbed his wrists, pinning them to the bed by Sherlock’s head.

“Yes, Captain.” Sherlock chuckled softly as he kissed the side of John’s neck.
“God, I’m furious at you.” John snarled as he scraped his teeth across the shell of Sherlock’s jaw.

“Not too furious to fuck me,” Sherlock started to say but was cut off by a bruising kiss.

“I thought I said to shut it.” John tore one of this hands away and fumbled in a drawer just above Sherlock’s head. Pulling out a bottle of lube he flipped open the cap. “The only things you are allowed to say until I’ve come are, ‘please harder’, ‘I’m sorry for sneaking around behind your back’, and ‘please harder’. Nod that you understand.”

Sherlock nodded and bit his bottom lip hard as John poured half of the bottle on Sherlock’s groin and used the hand not pinning Sherlock to the cot to rub it in. A soft whimper escaped his lips but he said nothing.

“Clever man.” John said with a snide, circling his finger around Sherlock hole, “Certainly clever enough to evade your brother while blatantly disregarding my wishes.

A smirk graced Sherlock’s features at John’s words. “Is this the part where I’m allowed to say I’m sorry for sneaking around behind your back?”

John barked out a hard laugh and shook his head. “Not the time, Sherlock. We’ll have words later, now I expect you to shut the hell up and turn over. I want you on your stomach, stuff my pillow under your hips.

Sherlock’s smirk in no way diminished during the entire conversation. He still wore it as he gracefully presented his backside to his husband, making sure to stuff one of the pillows under his protruding hip bones. Settling himself down onto the smooth fabric, Sherlock made sure to give his butt a nice wiggle as an emphasis of where he wanted John’s attention. He also knew just how much John loved his arse and loved to tease him now and then.

Settling down over Sherlock’s thighs John sat up straight. Dragging his fingernails across Sherlock’s arse he sighed as Sherlock began to wiggle. “Stay, the fuck, still……” he brought a hand down hard on Sherlock’s pale arse and gave a satisfied grunt as he left a red handprint behind.

On impulse John bent down and kissed the reddened skin, pulling away with a grin as Sherlock let out a contented sigh. Everything John had planned, the hard fuck into the mattress, a few more handprints on that pale skin, he’d even thought about grabbing a fist full of curls, everything faded away when Sherlock moaned.

“You drive me crazy… make me feel like a teenager again.” John whispered softly as he grabbed the lube bottle from where it was discarded earlier. Sherlock let out a surprised yet please groan as John straddled Sherlock’s hip and squirted a zigzagged line of lube across Sherlock’s back.

He started at Sherlock’s neck, rubbing in the lube, using it as massage oil as he worked his fingers into the knot of muscles. He took his time, working out each knot he found as he worked his way down Sherlock’s body, marveling at how this man hadn’t complained once about any muscle pain.

Sherlock’s moans and grunts filled his tent, there was a puddle of drool on John’s pillow below Sherlock’s open mouth. The moans continued, each one sending a pulse straight to John’s groin. Precome beaded at the tip of his cock and he soon found himself gently thrusting his cockstand between Sherlock’s arse cheeks.

Once most of the lube had been rubbed in or dried up John softly patted Sherlock’s rump and kissed his shoulder.

“Turn over so I can see you before I come just like this. I’m so close.”
Sherlock heaved a great sigh then rolled over, tossing the pillow aside as he did. John grinned and rubbed the remaining lube on his hands over Sherlock’s cock, then without saying a thing slowly lowered himself down on his husband.

“You’re so tight, John!” Sherlock groaned and reached forward, digging his fingers into John’s hip.

“Yeah well, months without sex will do that…” John flashed Sherlock’s a brief grin then concentrated on taking off of Sherlock without too much discomfort. It was almost a full minute before he was thoroughly seated on his husband and they both lay there panting as if this were their first time.

“Can I…” Sherlock flexed his muscles, making his cock twitch and John groaned, but nodded as he planted his palms over Sherlock’s ribs.

“Slow.”

“Mmm.” Sherlock nodded his agreement and slowly rocked his hips. He didn’t pull out or thrust, he just kept slowly rocking his hips. “This is… enough…” he squeezed his eyes shut for a moment and gave a start when something wet dripped onto his abdomen. Thinking John had come already he looked down, only to find his husband with a look of complete ecstasy on his face, and a slow but steady stream of clear precome dripping from his cock.

Sherlock drank in the sight, groaning as John lifted himself up a fraction of an inch then settled back down. John began making small movements, pulling off an inch here, two inches there, each time settling all the way back down on Sherlock before the next movement. After about two minutes of that slow blissful torture, Sherlock let out a grunt and brought his hips up to meet John’s.

“I’m close,” with one hand on johns hips he used the other to guide John’s head down, pulling their mouths together in a messy kiss.

“Me… too.” John grunted between kisses and with the help of the friction caused by their bodies moving together, rubbing across his cock, began to pant in earnest.

It was over too soon, waves of ecstasy and bliss crashed over them. John went limp, falling across his husband ungracefully. Sherlock wrapped his arms around John’s body and let out a happy laugh.

“That was nice.”

“Nice!? John picked up just enough to give Sherlock an almost hurt look.


“Oh? And you didn’t?” John exclaimed, falling onto his side beside Sherlock with a laugh.

“Perhaps. Just means we need practice. I’m free all night.” Sherlock grin reached from ear to ear, his smile so wide to creased the corners of his eyes.

“Good. Because I’m willing to do a redo in about fifteen minutes.” John kissed Sherlock’s chin and laughed.
Pulling himself up out of bed, away from his husband was hard for John. Worse yet was to pull on his boxers and sit in his desk chair, across from his still lounging husband. Dragging a hand through his sweaty hair he scrunched up his face, sighed, then sniffed.

“What you did… Sherlock, yeah, what you did was not good. You’re not safe here.”

Sherlock sighed as he let his head fall backwards into the bed, his right hand flicking the air in John’s general direction. “Please, John. I am perfectly safe in your capable hands.”

“What?” John shifted forward in the rickety chair and glared at Sherlock, “Like when we were on holiday, here, less than two hours away… And the fucking city got bombed? I wasn’t able to protect you then, how the hell am I supposed to do that here, in a war zone, on an army base, in Afghanistan.”

Sherlock glanced over at his husband. “You just answered your own question, John. We were two hours away. Here, on an army base? Where there are you and handfuls of other soldiers around? I think my chances of survival are considerably higher here. Logically, you would have to agree, yes?”

“Agree?” John arched an eyebrow and rose his voice, “Actually, no. Not even close! Tell me, Sherlock, do you think of me as safe when you’re home alone, missing me? I’m going to go out on a limb and say no, no you do not.”

Sherlock arched an eyebrow, “Of course I view you as safe. Why wouldn’t I see my own husband as safe?”

“Because I’m at war, Sherlock! Bombs land mere kilometers from me, daily.” John sat back in the chair and scrubbed a hand through his hair, “and not for lack of trying. So far I’ve been lucky that they’ve had shite aim!”

Sherlock immediately went from lounging in bed to sitting almost ramrod straight, giving his husband a most peculiar stare. “John, I’m starting to get the impression that you’re not happy to see me.”

“God… that’s… not the point. I mean, yes, it is because you’re here. I’m incredibly happy to see you, god I hate being apart. But I hate that you’re here. I love you to death, but if one hair on your head gets as much as sunbleached, I won't forgive myself.” John grabbed a fistful of his own, short, hair and cleared his throat.

A small smirk couldn’t help but break through Sherlock’s defenses. “Well if me getting sun bleached is the least of our worries, I assure you that leaving this tent is low on my list of things to do,” the smirk grew into a smile as Sherlock remembered his previous visit, “and considering the towel incident of last visit I believe you to be amenable to that plan?”

“Damnit, you’re making it incredibly hard to stay mad at you.” John leaned forward again, resting his arms on his knees as he bent forward, closing the little bit of space between them in one motion. “Still, you snuck out, Sherlock. What if something had happened to you on your way here? Oh wait, let me guess. Some sort of failsafe, a text you had to delete before it auto sent, or an email saved? Damnit, what if you had missed out anniversary …. Shit… Sherlock… It’s our… anniversary!” John checked his watch and nodded, “For… another 20 minutes.”

Sherlock nodded at John’s revelation. “If you look in the leftmost pocket of my bag, you’ll find a
few packets of plant seeds as a gift,” Sherlock then gestured vaguely at his lower extremities, “thought it was better than merely putting a bow on my penis and saying happy anniversary.”

“Well, let’s not table the bow just yet.” John moved from the chair back to his cot, this time gently taking his husband’s head in his hands as he knelt over him, “But right now, I just want you, kisses, hugs, touches, god you’re actually here.”

Sherlock smiled, teeth and everything. “I’m here, John.”

“God, I’m probably going to be in so much trouble because of you, but yes, yes you are here.” Holding Sherlock’s head in his hands still, he rested his forehead on Sherlock’s bony collarbone and let out a slow breath, “It’s not that I’m not thankful, I’ll just… look at the seeds tomorrow, yeah? Something far more interesting has planted itself in my bed tonight.”

“Oh, really John? And what would that be?”

“Oh… Just a certain someone. And, I think if I play my cards right, he’ll let me apologize and make up for my being mad at you earlier. Tomorrow, though, tomorrow we’ll be discussing the length of your stay.” John smiled a genuine smile for the first time that evening and rubbed his and Sherlock’s noses together in a gentle gesture of affection. “Right now, though, I just need to make these next 20 minutes unforgettable.”
“You’ve been depressed.” Sherlock broke the silence and John’s hand stilled on Sherlock’s back. They were laying together, John on his back with Sherlock draped over him, head resting on John’s chest. John had been rubbing slow circles along Sherlock’s back. Both of them spent, sticky, and more than slightly musty from a night of sex.

“Mmmm?” John yawned and cocked his head so he could look at Sherlock, he did his best to sound nonchalant, but Sherlock just rolled his eyes.

“Since September, if I had to guess a date. You started hiding it after I…” he shifted, slightly embarrassed, “almost used.”

“I’m fine.” John patted Sherlock’s shoulder and closed his eyes, hoping Sherlock would just drop it and they could go back to cuddling quietly.

“You aren’t. We promised not to lie to each other, and I think I’ve let this little facade carry on too long.”

John heaved a great sigh then let out a resigned grunt. “A little.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m here. You’re home. This place sucks ass, and all I have to show of it is a less than
amazing paycheck and ‘the feeling of knowing I’m serving my country’.” John brought his hand up to his hair and dragged his fingers across his scalp. “I’m just, fed up. I’ve been here too long. It didn’t feel that way until I got to taste what it was like to be home with you those two months. Now every day here feels like a prison sentence. Like I’ve done something wrong so they’ve just shoved me in this hellhole to think about what I did. I want to go home, sweetheart. I just want to go home.”

“I could talk to Mycr….”

“Sherlock, no.” John moved his hand to Sherlock’s neck and began softly running his fingertips against the nape of his neck. “I made my bed. I only have 6 or so months left…. I’ll be home before summer. If England even gets their one day of summer.” He tried to laugh but it came out hollow and forced.

“How long have you been here, John?”

“Too long… I don’t know… years. This isn’t my first tour either, Sherlock. It always gets like this when the end is in sight. It’s like you’ve been in a long winding tunnel, but it’s suddenly straightened out and you can see the light at the end. But you’ve misjudged the distance and no matter how fast you run that spot of light doesn’t seem to be getting any closer.”

“So you’re always this depressed this close to going home?” It wasn’t a question, and John knew it.

“No… not quite this bad.” John admitted and Sherlock gave a little “humpf” against his chest. “I assume it’s this bad because I have someone more than my alcoholic sister waiting for me at home.”

“So, you admit it’s bad?”

“For christ’s sake, Sherlock…” John groaned and let his hand lay flat on Sherlock’s neck. “Yes, I’m depressed. Happy?”

“No, but I am pleased to see you’ve stopped lying to yourself.”

“I wasn’t lying…” John began but Sherlock cut him off.
“You’re right, you weren’t lying to yourself. You were ignoring it, like an idiot. You were, and probably still are, a ticking time bomb. Your temper has already proven to get out of hand on more than one occasion since coming back. There were a few times, more than enough, that I gave you the opportunity to tell me what you’re feeling. You’d brush against the subject, then just before you got to the heart of that matter you’d skitter away and focus on me. While normally I am pleased to have your center of attention, depression is no joking matter, nor is it something that can or should be ignored. I might not be qualified to help, but I can listen, John. You might need qualified help, and that’s perfectly fine. I assume here, on an army base full of men and women in high stress situations, there is a counselor of sorts here. Talk to him, or her.”

“I don’t need therapy…” John carefully pulled his legs out from under Sherlock’s body and sat up, back pressed against his desk and drew his knees up to his chest.

“No? Then why do I have a sneaking suspicion that you do?”

“Sherlock, therapy…”

“What, won’t work? You’re going to play that card with me? With the man who spent countless months in rehab, getting help?”

“Sherlock…” John sighed and reached out, trying to stop Sherlock from getting up. “I… didn’t mean that.”

“Didn’t mean what, John? There seems to be a lot you ‘don’t mean’ lately.” Sherlock stood, just out of John reach and crossed his arms. “I didn’t come all this way just for sex on my anniversary. I came because you need to face the fact that you need help.”

John scrunched up even more and wrapped his arms around his knees. “Whatever I say… here to the base counselor… Can be used against me. It could jeopardize my position.” staring at a fixed point between his knees he continued slowly, “If I go in and say ‘doc I think I’m depressed, these are the reasons so patch me up’, everything is documented and made public enough that my superiors can see it. Especially if it is enough that my position could be affected by my mood.”
“So?”

“So? Sherlock I could be demoted, moved, stripped of my position as surgeon.”

“And you’d rather you mental health take a dive to the bottom of a cesspool, than face those slight possibility?”


“I do not believe you require medication to moderate your mood, John,” Sherlock still stood a few paces away, naked as the day he was born and seemingly unaware of that fact, “I simply think you need someone to listen, to suggest coping techniques, to reassure you when you're doing well.”

John barked out another bitter laugh then let out a slow sigh. Biting his bottom lip he fell silent. “He’s right you know,” he thought as Sherlock stared at him. “He can see right through me. I’ve tried ignoring this, thought if I did it would go away, resolve itself. It’s done that in the past. This time though, it’s different. This time I have him waiting for me, needing me, missing me. Every day it’s a struggle to get up, get dressed, put on something resembling a smile and go to work knowing that he’s so far away.”

Letting out a shaky breath he reached out and pulled Sherlock back into bed, pulling him tight against his chest. With a single tear trickling down his cheek he spoke the words that had gone from a distant echo to a loud resounding boom in his head, “I was stupid to marry you.” He didn’t release his grip on Sherlock, he refused too, and was successful in keeping Sherlock pinned against his chest even when Sherlock tried to shift away at the blow.

It was like someone dropped a heavy stone into Sherlock’s stomach. Such a weight splashed into the acidic acids and stayed there, an unmoving and undissolving mass of dread and upset. Sherlock could feel his mind racing, trying to pull together his reality and keep it from falling apart right in front of him. He also fought against the salty wave of tears that he could feel forming as his throat constricted painfully with almost every breath.

“I mean…” John was crying now, tears ran down the sides of his face, droplets falling onto his pillow. “I was stupid to believe it was fair, marrying you then leaving you. Leaving you for this.” John loosened his grip on Sherlock and gestured to their surroundings, “I don’t regret my decision to marry you. But this is cruel. Everyday I wake up and berate myself for leaving you. Every day I “soldier on” because every day that passes means I’m one more day closer to going home. I will spend every day I can, once I’m home, making up for this cruelty I’m putting you through.”
The stone in Sherlock’s gut was still present, however John’s words seemed to have dissolved most of its mass, leaving him with only a slight discomfort. Sherlock’s muscles eased as the seconds ticked by, his thoughts now screeching to a halt and completely focusing on the man who was lying below him. With John’s now loosened grip, Sherlock lifted himself until he was able to look into John’s tear washed eyes. Sherlock’s own were shiny with the threat of unshed tears, but he continued to fight against the wave of their unpleasant existence.

“John, you talk as if I blame you for marrying me and hold some sort of grudge for you returning here and leaving me in England.”

“Blaming me is the right thing to do.” He let out a strangled sob, then sniffed quite unattractively.

Sherlock’s brow furrowed in concentration as he took in John’s words and features. They had been going around and around with this and Sherlock thought maybe it was time for a more direct approach.

“John, I want you to do two things for me. This is very important now. First, I want you to look me in the eyes, focus on my face and ask me ‘Sherlock, do you blame me for marrying you as early as I did’.”

John blinked, both to clear his eyes of tears and to give himself a few moments to calm his breathing. He scrunched up his face and rubbed a palm over his eyes, then slowly beam speaking.

“Sherlock,” a small hiccup escaped his lips but he continued, “do you blame me for marrying you as early as I did?”

Sherlock knew that John didn’t have his deductive skills, but he hoped that even John was able to pick up on the truth and honesty that Sherlock was desperately pushing through as he spoke. “John, there is not a single day that goes by where I blame you for anything, much less for marrying me. If anything, I spend my days thanking you for coming into my life and making it that much more meaningful for being a part of it; I don’t know where I would be if I didn’t have you.”

It was like a weight had been lifted off of John’s shoulders. All the voices that had been telling him he’d made a mistake, that he had been selfish and only thinking about himself ceased their endless chattering. With strong arms John pulled Sherlock back down to his chest and buried his nose in Sherlock’s curls, letting out a sob as he did.
“Sherlock…” was all he managed to say before a second and third sob tore through his throat, seemingly starting in the very center of his core.

Sherlock gently ran his hand along sun touched skin in an attempt to soothe rather than arouse. Kissing the patch of skin in front of his lips, Sherlock’s voice vibrated through John’s chest and into his heart. “There’s still one more thing I need you to do for me John.”

Stamping down a sob John cleared his throat, but didn’t open his eyes, he stayed nestled in the warmth of Sherlock’s body. “Mmm?”

The entirety of Sherlock did not want to move away from the warmth of his husband’s body, however this next request was something Sherlock needed John to understand, needed him to realize was important for them as a unit, but also for them individually. Sherlock untangled his upper body away from John, doing his best to ignore how his body screamed to be close to the man he loved with all of his existence. He reached for John’s hand, the one that wore the ring that symbolized the promise that they made to each other, the oath to stay together through everything life threw at them. He brought his lips down and placed a loving kiss upon said ring before bringing his focus back to the man laying underneath him.

“Promise me John, no, swear to me John that you will never hide something like this from me again. I know that it’s hard. Being separated from you is hard, but these rings represent the vow that we made to struggle through what life throws at us together, us against the rest of the world. We no longer have to suffer alone. Trust me like I have trust in you John, please.”

“I do trust you…. I just… didn’t want to burden you.” John cupped his hand around Sherlock face and brushed his thumb over a tear, “I’ll do better, I’ll tell you next time, just like I have you tell me. Works both ways, yeah?”

A gentle smile graced Sherlock’s features, “So I’ve been told.”

“Six more months… we can do this, right?” John’s thumb found it’s way over Sherlock’s smile, and he felt his husband’s expression change as he asked.

Sherlock kissed the thumb as it passed along his lips before responding. “We most certainly can.”

“Yeah… good.” John nodded a little then took in a slow steadying breath. “Listen, I’m sorry I was
an idiot. I should have told you sooner.”

Sherlock waved his hand as if brushing away the apology. “Put away your worries about all that John. We’ve talked, argued, become emotional, and experienced relief when it has come to that,” stretching upwards, Sherlock placed a wet kiss on John’s chin, “everything has been forgiven.”

“We’ve argued?” John pulled away just enough so Sherlock could see the amusement on his face, “My dear, if you think that was arguing, you’ve got something else coming to you. That was… mild bickering, at best,” he returned the kiss, but this time planting the kiss on Sherlock’s lips.

Sherlock shrugged at John’s clarification. “Semantics.”

Drying his eyes and sitting up, John gently took Sherlock’s head in his hands and kissed this tip of Sherlock’s nose, his husband smiled and John let out a small giggle.

“Happy Christmas, Sherlock.” John circled his index finger around Sherlock’s ear and let out a small mischievous grin. “I have a present for you.”

“Oh?” Sherlock arched an eyebrow and did his best not to grin like a small child.

“It… May seem an odd present. But I think you’ll enjoy it.” John pulled himself away from his husband and got up long enough to reach his laptop. “I was going to email you the file today, but as you’re here I’ll just let you read it. It took a lot of…. pleading… to get this. And I think I owe Officer Lestrade a few favors now.”

Placing his laptop on his lap he tried thumbing the lid open and rolled his eyes. “Every time… I swear every time.” He turned the laptop around and successfully opened the computers lid. “I see the logo on the lod, and assume if I can read it I’ve got the computer facing the right way. But… nope.”

Pressing the power button he glanced over and Sherlock and gave him a big grin. Sherlock had sat up now, eyes gleaming with interest at the mention of Lestrade.

“Most of this…” John punched in his password with his index finger, letter by letter.
“I… don’t mean to interrupt,” Sherlock broke in, laughing so hard that moisture glistened in the corners of his eyes, “but, is that how you type…. poking one key at a time? No wonder it takes days for you to reply sometimes…”

Giving Sherlock an icy stare John repeated himself, “most of what’s in here has been made public…” he focused his attention back to his computer screen, pointedly ignoring Sherlock’s laughter, and double clicked on a folder. Turning the screen towards Sherlock he put a finger to the screen, pointing out the file full of cold cases.

“Some of them are simple robberies where the suspect was never found, but there are a few murders in here… one sexual assault victim who never found justice despite knowing exactly who did it. I guess you impressed this officer with your work on the Body Waste case.”

“Body Waste case?” Sherlock flicked his eyes from the screen long enough to cast John a disgusted look. “What a terrible name.”

“I don’t know, I thought it was good. So did my readers.”

“Readers?” Sherlock had been reaching for the laptop but he stopped short, giving John an inquisitive glare.

“Mmm.” John nodded and let a small smile take over his features. “I wrote a type of… blog you could say… about your case. How your honours work turned into you solving a murder. Everyone on base ate it up.”

“You..” Sherlock blinked, still frozen in place, “blogged about it?”

“Yeah.” Shrugging John placed the laptop on Sherlock’s lap and rubbed his hands down his thighs. “Kind of helped me… clear my head a bit.”

“That’s noteworthy. When you talk to a therapist, tell them that… however I do suggest you find something else to blog about.”

“Like what? How many grains of sand get blown into my eyes on a daily basis. No, I think that was more interesting.”
Sherlock flicked his gaze up over the laptop to give John and very annoyed glance. Such a look was dampened by the fact Sherlock was still naked as the day he was born. He quickly read over what John had written down in his blog post, making comments under his breath about how the facts were overshadowed by the exaggerated romanticized narrative. He then brought his attention to the folder of cold cases John had gotten for him. He clicked on the first article.

Ignoring Sherlock’s criticism regarding his write up of Sherlock’s first solved murder, John scooted back on the cot a little, he watched as Sherlock’s fingers flew over the keys, eyes darting from side to side nearly as fast as his fingers moved. He drank in the was Sherlock’s expressions changed, one second his brow would be furrowed, the next his eyes would gleam with something John couldn’t quite pinpoint, and just as fast would change to something John could only call concentration. Seconds ticked by, then minutes and Sherlock hadn't said a single word.

“Do… you,” John wrung his hands together and cleared his throat, “like it? The present, that is, not the blog. It’s rather obvious you didn’t like the blog.”

The mouse hovered over a piece of information concerning one of the three cold case robberies when John spoke. John’s voice sounded almost muffled, like it was coming from far away. It was almost like Sherlock had to physically remove himself, tear himself away from the small world he had created where there was nothing except him and the cold case files that John had presented. Looking up, Sherlock noticed the obvious worry in John’s demeanour. He was actually worried that Sherlock didn’t like or appreciate such an amazing gift.

Closing the lid to the laptop, Sherlock placed the machine on an empty section of the cot they were sitting on. It took every ounce of his willpower to separate himself from those cold cases, but social construct dictated that John needed his attention right now. He glanced sideways at the laptop before speaking. He hoped John would let him get back to researching and discovering all the information in the folder later.

“John, I absolutely love the gift you have given me. In fact, I’m finding it quite difficult in seperating myself from it.”

Breathing a sigh of relief John let a smile take over his features. “Can you seperate yourself from it long enough to make yourself decent so we can get something to eat. I’m certain Chuck would have my hide if he knew you’d been here and I didn’t let you say hello. Plus, I’m starved.”

Sherlock was about to argue that food was completely dull and that John could go acquire nourishment without him, however his stomach completely betrayed him by choosing that exact moment to let loose a giant, and very loud growl.
“Yeah, and you, Mister-I-Didn’t-Eat-For-a-Week aren’t actually getting a choice. Throw some clothes on, your only options are these: Shower before eating, or shower after eating.” John stood, and grabbed his toiletries, “I personally am going to shower first, so I don’t smell like sex.”

Standing, in order to follow John, Sherlock flashed him a very naughty smirk. “Oh but wouldn’t you rather the entire base know who I belong to? Who just spent the last hour claiming me and how?”

“And now, I have my reputation to maintain, they already have quite a firm idea of who belongs to who.” John grinned and tossed Sherlock a spare towel. “If they didn’t know before last night, your moans certainly clarified things.”

“Among other things.”

“You remember where the showers are, yeah?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes. “Please, of course I remember where the showers are.”

John groaned and rolled his eyes in return. “Fine, then get some clean clothes, or just… any clothes… and put them on. I’m not letting you wander out there naked, again.”

Breathing a sigh of annoyance, Sherlock bent over and retrieved his discarded clothing. After making sure that every inch of skin was covered, much to the pleasure of his significant other, Sherlock reclaimed his towel and began making his way toward the bases simple but efficient showers.

“The local women could learn a thing or two from you.” John quipped as he followed his overly clothed husband through the cold grounds. “You look ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous, yet still fabulous.”

“Oi!” John muttered softly, trying not to draw attention, as he did a double step to catch up. As he caught up to Sherlock he gave his husband’s bum a hard swat, then ran past him laughing.
26th December, 2006

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

1) Sorry we haven't really responded to comments. I've we've both kind of had a rough week.

2) The majority of this chapter was written seconds ago! Blood wanted me to mention how amazing we were for punding it out so quickly lol

3) Theoretically, we should be on schedule going forward however I'm going to make a little notation here:

   If the chapter is something OTHER than a letter/email, please allow us extra time to get together and write the longer chapters. My schedule is literally the opposite of Blood's and we have maybe 3 hours a week to write together.

4) Enjoy!

   -Tindo

“Not even going to pretend to be bothered that I have to work on your last day here?” John feigned a sigh as he dressed for his shift. Sherlock was sitting cross-legged on the cot, laptop balanced on one knee, a mug of tea on the other, already in full concentration mode.

Sherlock angled his head toward John, indicating he had heard him speak, however, his attention was still focused on the computer screen and the contents that were laid out upon it. “My apologies John. Did you say something?”

“Nothing…” John did his best to hide his amused grin, “Just stay out of trouble while I’m at work. I have a short shift, just 6 hours, but still. I know you. You can do a lot in that short amount of time.” He bent down and planted a kiss on Sherlock’s forehead, then looked around a bit, “You can use my desk, just be careful of the seedlings I have growing. If they get bumped too hard they might die.

A noise of affirmation passed over Sherlock’s lips at John’s request though his focus never once left the computer. Affectionately rolling his eyes, John stepped out of his tent and pulled his camp jacket closed against the wind; but the chilly air did nothing to dampen his mood. With a smile and a lighter step than he’d had in weeks, he headed past the row of tents that served as their housing quarters and took a shortcut to the hospital.

He was always impressed with the tiny building that served as hospital, surgery, and general clinic for both the base and locals. Just two floors high, every square inch of the building was put to good use.

He started his shift in his office: checking emails, voicemails, and any reports that might have been left on his desk the day before. Then he did his rounds, checking on the sick and those recovering from injuries or surgeries. He, thankfully, had no surgeries scheduled for the day, all in all, it was a
straight cut day.

“You look…. different,” a nurse commented as he checked over a patient’s chart.

“Yeah?” He mused, trying not to grin. *I mean… I did get laid. A few times.* His lips betrayed him and twitched unto a sly smile.

“Saw your husband at dinner last night. He wouldn’t have anything to do with your mood now, would he?” She winked then gave a soft laugh as John hid his blush by checking on the patient’s IV line.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He said with an amused tone then winked back as he turned to leave.

Just as he reached the hall his phone buzzed, thinking it was Sherlock he smiled and pulled it out of the pocket of his lab coat. His smile faded instantly when he saw the number. It was the guard post, at the front gate. This phone call could mean one of a few things. One, they were under attack, two, unidentified vehicle/person approaching, three… “surprise” inspection time.

No sirens or warning lights were going off, which ruled out the first two options. Closing his eyes, and wishing the general had picked any other day than the day his husband was here, he answered the call.

“Let me guess, General Connolly is here? Inspection time at long last…”

“Yeah. Should I send word?” a crisp voice came over the line.

“No. We’re in good shape. Thank you.” John hung up and straightened his lab coat. He just had to hope that Sherlock would stay in his tent…

With a resigned sigh, he pulled himself together, straightened his back and squared his shoulders.

“Time to get this over with.” He said, mostly to himself as the hall was empty, and headed out to greet the General.

John stepped out of the medic building and watched in horror as his, thankfully dressed, husband, laptop in face, ran smack dab into the General.

o0o00o00o0o

Back in the tent, Sherlock sat cross-legged on the cot, his kaleidoscope eyes shifting through the information that was presented to him on the brightly lit computer screen. John was correct when he informed him that there was everything from unsolved robberies to cold case murders, such a plethora of data compiled into one tiny digital folder. He would have preferred to have the actual physical copies, but he figured that Lestrade could only do so much, what with most of this information being obtained through many gathered favors and pulled strings. A small smirk pulled at Sherlock’s lips. Or there was the possibility that the constable took initiative and acquired said information without the aid of kissing the higher ranked arse cheeks. There was hope for the man yet.

There was a particular case that had drawn Sherlock’s attention, a gruesome murder that involved three bodies strung up like marionettes. Such a case would have continued to enrage and entertain if a small yet peculiar detail hadn’t caught Sherlock’s eye. It wasn’t that Sherlock gave it
much attention, just a flick of his gaze, but it was enough to cause the screeching of tires on the thought process Sherlock had currently careening down the path in his mind.

There was a handful of robberies that seemed to be plaguing London as of late. There wasn’t any sort of pattern to them, each bank was randomly hit by a random individual, at random times during the day. The media was blaming the rise in poverty for the increase in bank robberies. Typical. Each offender wore a mask so witness accounts were sketchy at best, and at each robbery, the security guard was subdued and immobilized via a brightly coloured red rope.

It was that red rope that struck Sherlock. Yes, rope was a common household item, but the same colour as all these robberies? Also, the intricate design of the knots. The design told Sherlock that the culprit was a sailor, or an ex-sailor on hard times. Also, the same knot was in each of the crime scene photos. Granted there could be a band of sailor bandits running around the streets of London…

The individuals were also polite if the statements given by the bank tellers were anything to go by. Honestly, who had ever heard of polite criminals. Sherlock was then drawn to the photos of the footprints. There was a part of him that really wanted to get back to the marionette murders, but his mind was on a rail he couldn’t seem to get off. A single footprint was found at each robbery, seemingly nondescript until one with a trained eye took a more careful look at it. There was a discrepancy, a flaw in the pattern of the shoe. It was very small, but it was there. And it was present on each and every footprint taken from the scenes.

Sherlock jolted upright. This could only mean a singular thing. These robberies were not the work of many individuals as Scotland Yard and the media portrayed, but the work of a very crafty, and weirdly polite, individual.

He had to tell someone. He had to express his genius. There was a problem, however. The only person Sherlock knew of that would appreciate his work was currently yards away in another tent, tending to wounded and the severely injured. Well, no matter. Sherlock would just take his genius to John.

o0o0o0o0o0o

The disaster that ensued kept both Sherlock and Captain Watson locked up in John’s office with General Connolly for most of the day. It was well past supper by the time they were allowed to leave, and John found that despite the late hour he had no appetite to speak of. Casting a quick glance in Sherlock’s direction as they quietly made their way back to his tent, he decided not to bother asking if Sherlock wanted food. Sherlock’s face made him look as if he’d just swallowed a tree-full of lemons. John held his tongue until they were both in the relative privacy of his tent.

“Mycroft will have our heads, or at least mine…” as he sat down, letting out a defeated sigh, he scrubbed a hand over his face.

Sherlock remained hovering near the entrance to the tent, his face not losing the sour expression from earlier. “Mycroft has no reason to have your head. If anything, it’s my head he’ll be after.”

“We’re both fucked, then.” John looked around his tent and sighed. Packing was not going to be an easy feat. He didn’t have much, but he’d grown used to staying in one spot, things like his garden would have no place where he’d been demoted to. “Next six months spent as a field medic, for
letting a bloody civilian on base, when we specialize in medicine and *letting civilians on base.*”

John punched his pillow and let out a growl before falling back on his cot.

Sherlock watched as John let loose his frustrations. Someone, once again, dropped a giant boulder into the pit of Sherlock’s stomach. This time a gnawing sensation accompanied the feeling of unease. The fangs of guilt tore at the stomach lining, leaving Sherlock in a world of pain and misery.

Averting his eyes, Sherlock focused on the ground nearest his feet, “John... I’m... sorry. This is all my fault.”

“All your fault?” John propped an arm under his head and looked over at Sherlock, sighing when he saw the guilt written over his husband’s face. He patted the bed beside him, and scooted over, making room for Sherlock, should he care to join him. “Somehow I doubt it. Notice how he didn’t once threaten to court-martial me, never brought up any type of official punishment? No, somehow I think this was a planned transfer, and he simply needed a reason, legitimate or not. Something to put down on the papers.”

Sherlock’s gaze immediately tore itself from the floor and landed on John, “I don’t understand.”

“Come here…” John patted the bed again, looking for any source of comfort he could get, and let out a soft sigh when Sherlock finally crawled onto the cot next to him. “Moran, Sherlock… He’s never enjoyed knowing that a lowly Captain has had command of not one, but two bases. I smell his disgusting fingerprints all over this transfer. Also, can we talk about how my inspection happened *weeks* after all the other bases in this area? Why wait, why wait until now? Waiting for red tape? Something unseen to happen? Doesn’t it strike you odd that I’m being replaced in a matter of days?”

Curling up next to John, Sherlock felt his unease slowly melt away. John’s words also combated his guilt. “You bring up excellent points John,” a small pinch of guilt, almost as if someone was pinching a nerve, still jolted Sherlock’s senses, however, “I’m still feeling as is this is some sort of death sentence for you.”

“Death sentence?” John was thoughtful for a moment then shrugged. “It can’t be that bad. I’ll be on the move, busy. Busy being a doctor for once, honestly it might make these next six months go by a lot quicker than if I just stayed here.”

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were almost happy we got caught.”

“I don’t believe this has anything to do with us getting caught. I think it was simply the first excuse that dick of a General could come up with.” wrapping both arms around Sherlock’s body, John buried his nose in Sherlock’s curls, inhaling their scent before continuing, “as for being happy. No, I wouldn’t quite say that, but… Silver linings and all.”

“Silver linings…” Sherlock trailed off as he buried his own nose into John’s chest, inhaling the scent that he had come to know most with love and home. He may not have shared John’s enthusiasm for silver linings, but as long as his husband seemed satisfied with the outcome, he would do his best to be so as well.

“I won’t have steady access to internet, that’ll be a bit of a bummer. We’ll still be able to email, just… won’t be as convenient as now.” John wasn’t completely satisfied with the outcome, however, had a feeling that this was the type of situation that would only be made worse if he questioned it, “Snail mail won’t accurately reach me either, so e-mail and my mobile will be the best form of communication. Honestly, it’s a good thing this happened when you were here. I can’t
imagine the panic you’d go through not hearing from me right away.”

A small smile gently tugged at Sherlock’s lips as he kept himself buried in John’s chest, “I can imagine I would be quite put out at the very least.”

“This will keep me almost as busy as Uni keeps you.” Finally tearing himself away from Sherlock he sat up and scrubbed a hand through his hair. “I’m pleased I don’t leave tomorrow, but two days is almost as bad. I’ll have to find someone to take care of my garden… Maybe, you… could take the seeds you brought me home and start them for me?”

Sherlock smiled up at his husband, all the love and desire he felt for him in that one moment coming through in one simple gesture, “If you would like.”

“What I’d like, honestly, is just to be going home,” barking out a dry laugh John began to undress, the necessity for work clothes now gone. “But, knowing you’ve got a small garden waiting for me, yeah, that’ll be nice.”

Following John’s example, Sherlock removed himself from the safety and comfort of the cot and began gathering what little he brought with him on his secret excursion. Not so secret anymore. His brother was most likely on the phone with General whatever his name was, and was sending a private plane to pick up his sorry behind right this moment. A scowl suddenly appeared on Sherlock’s features. Mycroft. Sherlock wasn’t looking forward to dealing with his meddling and irksome brother. He hoped the fat cow wasn’t on said plane when it came and retrieved him. Sherlock would like to put off that meeting as long as possible.

“We,” John’s voice faltered for a moment, clearing his throat he continued carefully, “might not see each other again, until I’m back home. I guess, being here, it was always a possibility. Now…” turning his head to look at Sherlock he felt his heart drop, “I’ll make sure to find someone to talk with, about… my emotions, once I’m there.”

Sherlock stopped packing and looked over at John. In all the excitement, Sherlock had completely forgotten about their fight, heated discussion according to John, earlier. Despite everything, despite the reality of not getting to see each other until John was shipped back home to London, despite the only communication they would have was sparse email at best, Sherlock forced a smile and nodded.

“We’ll be alright,” John said to as much comfort Sherlock as himself. “You’ll be so busy with your next semester … you’ll hardly notice I’m gone.”

Sherlock’s deep chuckle reverberated inside the tent, “I highly doubt that.”

“Mmm, perhaps not,” dressed in nothing but his boxers John pulled out his army bag from beneath his cot. Slowly and methodically he began to pack, folding the clothes he knew he wouldn’t need over the next few days with care and placing them in the bottom of his case. If he packed carefully, he should be able to fit everything of importance, including his laptop.

Sherlock watched as John meticulously packed his things. This man, his husband, he was always going to be grateful for having him in his life. As Sherlock tore his gaze away to finish up his own packing, there was a feeling he couldn’t quite shake. Almost like a foreboding shadow had crept inside the safety of their tent and was trying its hardest to wrap his hands around Sherlock’s throat. Shaking his head, Sherlock did his best to push the feeling aside. John was right. These last six months were going to go back fast and then he would be back in London and home where he belonged.
7th January, 2007

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Written and posted on my phone. I’m sorry I’ve been so busy I don’t have time to typo/grammar check. I’m lucky I have time to sleep, quite honestly. 4 hours of sleep and an 8 hour shift today and my heart is beating straight out of my chest from stress. Can literally feel it beat in my throat. Today’s gonna be a great day. -.-

To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk

From: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk

Subject: Not so bad.

It could be worse, where I am. I arrived what, two weeks ago now, and today is the first time we’ve had solid internet.

I’m part of a small platoon, 40 individuals. Mostly men, though we do have four female nurse and much to my surprise the men treat them with respect. I’m definitely the outsider here, and the butt of many jokes. It’s all in good fun though, and I can’t say that I’m unhappy here.

I am probably, without boasting, the highest trained doctor here. What we do, however, is something less than “doctoring”. I provide the triage and emergency first aid that would allow a wounded soldier to get to a medical base like the one I was on. I learned quickly that the commander here doesn’t expect, nor want, “heroics” as he put it. Essentially I slap on the plaster and make sure it sticks before sending them on their way.

We have a sort of...half Chaplin half counselor here. I sat down with him a few days after arriving here. Told him I just needed an ear, that I wasn’t interested in meds. I’ve seen him six times since getting here, and I must say it’s a weight of my chest talking to him. I have every intention to keep up our chats for as long as I’m with this particular company.

I wish I could go into detail about life here, but it isn’t allowed. Any form of communication can be breached, and information about our daily lives could put us in peril. I also fear this email is going to be awfully short. But I’d rather it reach you like this, than risk losing internet.

Please; The suspense is killing me. How did Mycroft handle it. Was he waiting on the plane, or in England waiting for you? Is everything alright? Uni back up? Please. Bombard me with details of your life.

I love you my husband, stay strong. Less than six months.

-John

P. S. Happy New Years!
8th January, 2007

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

*insert witty banter herer*

Just spent a good portion of my time this morning on hold, and dealing with, a billing company so my energy is lack luster at the moment. Energise me with your beautiful comments and remarks! Also, Sherlock had other ideas than my own when writing this email. The boys tend to take over like that sometimes. Just ask Tindo.

To: Dr John Watson Holmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Living Without You

I would be lying if I said the lack of communication was doing wonders for my social life. This would be the part where you would laugh and make some sort of quib about the mold cultures I keep in my lab being the social circle of which I speak. I would then make some snark remark, which you would quell by a kiss or two upon my lips before we would occupy ourselves with matters of the physical sense.

You said less than six months in your email. I feel it is my turn to be the melancholy one, John. I’m starting to wonder if my visit was indeed an intelligent move on my part. It seems to have reminded me of what it is I can not have, of the light of my life being so forcibly taken away from me and kept away in order to aid and assist other individuals. I’m a selfish man, John. I find I want you all to myself as of late.

University is not keeping me as busy as it was the previous semester, or maybe I’ve simply lost my energy for it. Level II Chemistry has indeed weeded out most of the imbeciles, and I do have Professor Nikiforov teaching again as well, however I feel as if my transport is merely “going through the motions”. Is my brain engaged? Hard to tell when thoughts of you have taken up most of the hallways and rooms in my Mind Palace.

Mycroft. My dearest, darling brother. He was not on the plane that forcibly tore me away from you, however he was waiting for me when I arrived back here in London. Needless to say, he was not pleased. He was quite put out over my little “vacation” and started rambling about national security and some other governmental nonsense I care little about. He then proceeded to threaten me with the idea of an ankle monitoring bracelet and control over my trust fund. Honestly, both overreactions in my opinion. Neither has been acted upon, ankle is still free and my trust fund has
been left alone to my knowledge, however his measly threats have rubbed me raw; even days later I can feel my teeth rubbing together in irritation.

Mrs. Hudson sends her love. She also wants to know if we will still be able to send care packages to you, what with your reassignment. She was also displeased over me and my actions, though I believe her’s were more because I didn’t fill her in to exactly where I was going. I believe she has forgiven me however, if the tea and biscuits this afternoon were any indicator.

I’m glad you’re talking to someone. Regardless of his profession, it’s better than nothing. I’m also glad you seem to be fitting in quite well, being the “butt of jokes” aside. Even though the demotion was not the best of news, I knew you would thrive regardless of your surroundings.

I’m going to leave you here. Maybe take a look at what is left of those cold cases you got for me. Keep my mind off of less than desirable thoughts.

-SWH
12th February, 2007

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

A VERY major note that everyone needs to know before reading any future chapters.

READ. THE. TAGS. FIRST.

We are getting into the heart of this story, that little idea that sparked this huge monster of a fic. It is going to get dark. We will be adding all new tags both as ACTUAL tags, and here in the beginning notes. (And writing any tags that apply to the newly posted chapter)

IF a tag makes you uncomfortable, skip the chapter and say in the comments.
“Couldn’t read because: your reason here” and blood and I will give you a short summery update as to what happened.

We don’t want to lose any readers, so don’t force yourself to read something that may or may not trigger you. We love you all and don’t with to upset you.

This chapter has no new tags.

Also, the artwork (manip) was made by
http://watsonsdick.tumblr.com/post/41022296012/halianfromplanetzork-sherlock-found-some and we were graciously granted permission to use it here.

12th February, 2007
To: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
From: Dr John Watson Holmes@gmail.co.uk
Subject: news

I… have some news. I don’t know whether or not I should be excited or scared shitless over this opportunity. I can’t say much, other than my presence has been requested on a rescue mission. We leave tomorrow.

Should something happen to me, all my affairs are in order. Everything will go to you, besides a small portion of money set up for Harry. Don’t see this as me expecting the worse. Everyone going on this mission has done the same, simply as a procession.

I won’t have a chance to check my email until I’m back, so I’m using this last opportunity to beg you not to fret. No matter what you’ll be fine. I know you, sweetheart, there is strength in you.

I, er, had one of the guys snap a picture of me in my uniform. We did a few drills today, to make sure we all worked well together, and before I got out of uniform I asked Miller to take this. For you.
I’ll have to have a shave and cut my hair before we head out. The operation shouldn’t take long, but I don’t know how long it will be until we’re back.

I wish I could say more, reassure you that everything will be alright, but I’m scared, Sherlock. For myself, and for you.

I love you, my dear husband.

Until later,
John Watson-Holmes
13th February, 2007

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

Short chapter is short. Not much is going on Sherlock's life...yet.

A VERY major note that everyone needs to know before reading any future chapters.

READ. THE. TAGS. FIRST.

We are getting into the heart of this story, that little idea that sparked this huge monster of a fic. It is going to get dark. We will be adding all new tags, both as ACTUAL tags, and here in the beginning notes. (And writing any tags that apply to the newly posted chapter)

IF a tag makes you uncomfortable, skip the chapter and say in the comments. “Couldn’t read because: your reason here” and blood and I will give you a short summary update as to what happened.

We don’t want to lose any readers, so don’t force yourself to read something that may or may not trigger you. We love you all and don’t wish to upset you.

This chapter has no new tags.

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Hope You Are Safe

I believe we may have to experiment with that beard when you get back, specifically you having one. I find myself rather drawn to the idea. I would love to see the full colour, see the different variations strand by strand. I would also love to experience the texture from the prickly beginnings to the quality of a full grown beard.

The thought of you being sent on this rescue mission, of not knowing when you will physically be able to receive this email...such thoughts are constructing the muscles in my chest to the point of excruciating pain. If I could only have Mycroft stick his bulbous nose into the matter, put something in your file that would require your shipment back to England far sooner...however to do something such as that would most likely leave you feeling very displeased with me. As much as I wish to have you home, I do not wish for you to be home and resent the reasons that brought you there...or the person.

I hope...that when you do get the chance to read my email that it finds you in good health. I know
that it does not necessarily need to be said, but please be safe my dear husband. I shall be waiting to hear back from you.

I love you, so much my darling husband.

-- SWH
20th February, 2007

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

Late upload is LAAAAAATE!!!

Seriously, everyone needs to thank Tindo because she was the one who reminded me. Otherwise, I would have just gone into tomorrow none the wiser. So bloody sorry about that everyone! Please forgive me!

A VERY major note that everyone needs to know before reading any future chapters.

READ. THE. TAGS. FIRST.

We are getting into the heart of this story, that little idea that sparked this huge monster of a fic. It is going to get dark. We will be adding all new tags, both as ACTUAL tags, and here in the beginning notes. (And writing any tags that apply to the newly posted chapter)

IF a tag makes you uncomfortable, skip the chapter and say in the comments. “Couldn’t read because: your reason here” and blood and I will give you a short summary update as to what happened.

We don’t want to lose any readers, so don’t force yourself to read something that may or may not trigger you. We love you all and don’t wish to upset you.

This chapter has no new tags.

To: DrJohnWatsonHolmes@gmail.co.uk
From: SherlockHolmes1887@gmail.co.uk
Subject: Selfish

It’s been about a week since I have heard from you last. I know you informed me that you were not sure when you would get the opportunity to contact me next, but I cannot help and be slightly concerned at this point. If I was to be entirely truthful, I’m beyond concerned. Worried would be a more accurate description of my feelings at this point. I have this tightness in my chest John that will not go away. It’s almost like a hand has plunged into my chest and wrapped its spindly fingers around my heart, squeezing the muscle with every breath my body takes.

Should I talk about what has been going on this past week? Should I pretend that everything is okay and that you’ll just get back to me when you can? Mrs. Hudson has been worried. She pretends not to be, but I can tell that she is just trying to look on the positive side of things for my own sake. I laugh because I can hear your voice telling me to do the same. My parents came for a visit the other day. They were in London and decided to stop by. They were sad that you weren’t around.
They send their love.

John, please, please be okay. I don’t know why I’m begging here, it’s not like it is going to do me any good. I know I shouldn’t be selfish. Also, the individuals who you were sent to rescue most likely have it far off worse than I do at the present time. I’m also not the only army spouse who is sitting at home, waiting to hear from their husband or wife. I can’t help but be selfish though, John. I am selfish.

Please, please let me hear from you soon.

I love you John Hamish Watson-Holmes.

-- SWH
Sherlock was sitting in his chair, his right leg bouncing with suppressed energy as he stared off into the endless void of his flat. Fingers twitching near his lips, the sound of endless rain was the only noise that broke the silence that veiled his entire morning. Mrs. Hudson hadn’t even been up for her customary visit. Sherlock could not blame her. His mood for the past two weeks had been less than welcoming.

Two weeks. It had been two weeks since his last contact with John. Sherlock glanced at his opened laptop. So far, his inbox continued to remain empty. He knew John said that the rescue mission would take an undisclosed amount of time, however, this silence was absolutely deafening.

Sherlock’s body suddenly became tense. His evaluation of his emotions had caused him to miss the opening of the front door and the acceptance of a visitor. Heavy, yet confident footfalls, with the offbeat tap of an umbrella, caused Sherlock’s lips to purse and his eyebrows to furrow with absolute agitation and disgust.

Mycroft.
As soon as his name filtered across his mind, the door to the sitting room opened to reveal his brother in all his sophisticated pompous glory. Sherlock felt the muscles in his face tighten even further, the displeasure of his morning being interrupted by the last person he ever wanted to see completely obvious, even for someone as dimwitted as Mycroft.

“Please tell me you are here to inform me you’ve finally realized your calling as a rimjob expert. With all the arse kissing you do, you most certainly could go freelance.”

A tight smile graced Mycroft’s features at Sherlock’s obvious attempt to rile the air around them into something much tenser. “Good morning to you as well, dear brother.”

Sherlock slumped deeper into his chair as he watched Mycroft make his usual rounds around the flat. It was Mycroft’s modus operandi. He would act interested in his surroundings, pretend that your life interested him. The reality of the situation was that when Mycroft came to you, he wanted something, whether it was information or action, he was always there with a purpose. He never came right out and asked you though. He always waited for you to approach him. This way he seemed less like he was demanding things of you and merely requesting them.

“What do you want Mycroft?”

Mycroft paused with his fingers caressing the opened lid of Sherlock’s laptop. “Have you heard from John recently?”

Sherlock rolled his eyes at Mycroft’s obvious attempt at pleasantries. “Not that it is any of your business, but no Mycroft I have not.”

Mycroft heaved a heavy sigh as maneuvered himself to the chair that was situated in front of his brooding brother. Not bothering to sit down, he leaned against it, his left hand resting along the back, eyes completely focused on Sherlock.

“I know you think otherwise Sherlock, but I do care about you. This is why I have been keeping tabs on my dear brother-in-law, and therefore come bearing information pertaining to his whereabouts.”

At the mention of John, Sherlock became completely alert. It was actually fascinating to see the transformation that overtook Sherlock’s entire physique. What changed the most was Sherlock’s eyes. They went from dull pools of colour to bright kaleidoscopes of hope, which made Mycroft’s
“Brother mine, what is that last you knew of him?” Mycroft’s tone of voice indicated that for once in his posh life, he was treading carefully.

Sherlock didn’t even need time to calculate the space between when he and John spoke, he had been keeping a mental notation of the time since day one. He also didn’t need to think about what had happened. He had committed John’s last email to memory.

“It’s been about two weeks. He informed me about a rescue mission he was being sent on and that he was unsure of when he would be able to contact me again.”

Mycroft nodded slowly, his eyes were sad and the breath he took before speaking was unsteady. Sherlock could feel his feelings of hope giving way to feelings of unease. There was only one other time in their lives that Sherlock saw such a look on Mycroft’s face and it was when the older brother had to tell the younger that his beloved dog had died.

“You are aware then that he was in *some* danger?”

Sherlock could feel those words gnawing at his worry and quickly turn it into one of annoyance. Mycroft always found a way to be condescending, even when it involved matters of a delicate nature.

Not releasing his grip on his umbrella, in fact, his knuckles had gone white, Mycroft settled into the chair. Using the umbrella as a sort of prop, Mycroft leaned forward, resting his weight on his hands.

“I know very little, and I know all there is to know. The mission went…” he sniffed and didn’t quite meet Sherlock’s eyes, “awry.”

Sherlock leaned forward in his chair, his hands coming up to grip the armrests rather tightly. So tightly, in fact, that Sherlock’s knuckles looked like they were about to pop under the pressure.

“What do you mean when you say that the mission went awry?” Sherlock could feel his voice rise with the tension in his body, “What does that mean Mycroft?!”
“It means bodies were found, Sherlock. John’s team was ambushed 6 hours into their mission. Nine soldiers went on that mission, including your husband. Eight British soldier’s bodies were found, John’s not among them. We are,” Mycroft paused and stood, as if trying to find the right words, words less likely to upset his brother, “uncertain where John is at this exact moment.”

It was like having an out of body experience. Sherlock was observing the room as an outsider. He could see his brother standing over him, himself sitting in his black leather chair. He watched as his fingers absentmindedly played with the wedding band that was on his left ring finger, the fingers on his right hand playing out a rhythm that was completely foreign. He was looking, but not seeing, hearing but not completely observing.

“Captain Watson-Holmes was officially declared missing in action on the 14th of February.” Mycroft moved to stand with his back to the fireplace, far enough to give Sherlock space, but close enough to observe his brother. The next few moments would decide Sherlock’s foreseeable future. He already had men stationed to shadow his brother, to inform him of any illegal activity. Or, if the news was taken poorly, a facility was waiting.

Coming back to himself, Sherlock swallowed around the thick lump that was sitting in his throat. He also let loose a long breath that he hadn’t realized he had been holding, a thick mist of tension and pain. His brother has just informed him that John has been declared missing. Missing. What did that word mean exactly? Was he alive and missing? Was he dead and they just couldn’t find the body?

“This paper,” Mycroft pulled a single sheet of folded paper out of his pocket and handed it over, speaking even as Sherlock’s eyes hungrily read the words, “contains all the information I have. They left in the dead of night, presumably midnight their time, mayday reports came through from their radios about 5 am. By the time backup arrived, near noon, the only thing left was the bodies. We know very little,” Mycroft actually snarled, his collected composure gone and replaced with pure frustration, “just that one moment they were there, something or someone attacked them, and that your husband is missing. The scene was… cleaned, thoroughly… before our men got there.”

Reading what Mycroft had given him, Sherlock could feel what energy he had slowly seep from his veins and puddle somewhere in the carpet at his feet. John’s final moments had been condensed to this one sheet of paper, this one sheet of measly paper and Sherlock was supposed to find this completely satisfactory. Letting the paper fall from his fingers, Sherlock buried his face in his hands, his breaths coming in ragged gasps, his words coming in torn phrases.

“What...am...I...supposed...to...do?”
“Wait, and not give up hope. I have personally selected a team to investigate. I saw the pictures, Sherlock. The scene was too clean. Not a single bullet, gun, or scrap of cloth was left behind. Your husband’s body was the only thing missing.” Mycroft pressed a palm against his forehead and sighed, “something doesn’t sit right with me.”

“Nothing ever sits right with you.”

“Quite right,” adjusting his grip on his umbrella he looked hard at Sherlock. “It bears asking, brother. Are you alright?” While waiting for Sherlock to compose himself, he looked around the room, not bothering to hide the fact that he was quite obviously searching for anything that his brother could use to harm himself with once alone.

“Perhaps you should go visit Mummy…” he mused as he walked across the room and fingered a scimitar that was half hanging off the table.

At the mention of staying with his parents, Sherlock lifted his face from his hands. Exhausted, fearful, yet not wanting to be babied, Sherlock’s voice came out wavering, yet strong in reply, “I’ll be fine Mycroft. However, there is one thing you can do for me.”

“Anything, Sherlock.” Mycroft’s voice was genuinely caring, and he met Sherlock’s tear-brimmed eyes with a soft look. “Absolutely anything.”

“Find my husband.”
21st, April 2007: News

Chapter by BloodSeiryu, Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

READ. THE. TAGS. FIRST.

We are getting into the heart of this story, that little idea that sparked this huge monster of a fic. It is going to get dark. We will be adding all new tags, both as ACTUAL tags, and here in the beginning notes. (And writing any tags that apply to the newly posted chapter)

IF a tag makes you uncomfortable, skip the chapter and say in the comments. “Couldn’t read because: your reason here” and blood and I will give you a short summary update as to what happened.

We don’t want to lose any readers, so don’t force yourself to read something that may or may not trigger you. We love you all and don’t wish to upset you.

This chapter has some new tags: angst, major character death???

Manip used by permisson from
http://watsonsdick.tumblr.com/post/41022296012/halianfromplanetzork-sherlock-found-some

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mycroft watched as his brother sat, practically vibrating out of his chair with unbridled anxiety. There was no mistaking that Sherlock knew the true nature of this particular visit. This was not a normal check up.

In the two months since the visit in which he informed his brother that the man he loved was missing in action he’d made it a point to visit weekly. Partly to check on his brothers wellbeing, but mostly (and he would never admit this) he cared. He loathed seeing his brother slowly fade back to the shell that he was before John.

“Are you going to tell me? If not leave me to grieve.” Sherlock started at the package resting on the table beside what had been John's chair.

“We found where he’d been held.” Speaking slowly Mycroft forced his voice to remain steady.

“And?” Sherlock snapped, annoyed that Mycroft was trying to be delicate when all he wanted was the truth. “I won’t repeat myself again. Either tell me, or get out” Sherlock’s voice into turned to a snarl and his face hardened.

Mycroft sighed and sat down in John's chair, ignoring the possessive glare he got from his brother.

“My team found the building....”
“You’ve already said that!” Shouting Sherlock stood from his chair and began pacing. “Clearly, if you are here with a bloody package in your hand you found some of John’s belongings and not John. Tell me how John died, and when I can see the body.”

“He was held captive, for two months he was tortured,” Something inside Mycroft died as Sherlock’s whole body tensed and he stopped pacing to stare blankly at the package.

“We… don’t have his body. While my team was able to locate where your husband had been held, it seems he has escaped, or was transferred elsewhere, days before we found him.”

“Where is he?!” Sherlock’s mind reeled at the implication. John, his John, could still be out there, alive.

“Before I answer your question, you should have a look at this,” Mycroft said the words as if they physically hurt to say and handed over the sealed manila envelope, watching with a pained expression as his brother’s hands shook while accepting it.

With fingers that didn’t seem to want to work, Sherlock opened the envelope. It seem to take minutes, hours, days for the seal to break. His heart stopped and he unknowingly held his breath as he poured the contents of the envelope out on the table. A metallic jingle filled his ears and his eyes locked on John’s dog tags. With a trembling hand he gingerly picked them off the table and let out a sob when, between the two tags, he saw John’s wedding band.

“If they’re giving these to me,” to his ears his voice sounded far away and ghostly…

“Your husband has been officially declared dead.” The elder Holmes brother said with a touch of genuine kindness.

Sherlock bit his lip and blinked away the tears as he slipped the tags around his neck, silently vowing to himself to never take them off. Through blurry eyes he examined the rest of the contents, only half hearing Mycroft when he said the rest of Johns belongings would be shipped over soon. On the table in front of him, was the picture he’d sent John ages ago of himself with that silly tiara on his head. The photograph was wrinkled and worn and he could almost see John looking at the picture with that half smile of his. Under the picture was a small pocket sized notebook. Also worn.

Picking the notebook up he flipped open the cover and read.

14/2/07

Day one:

I have been captured. For some reason, unknown to myself, they have allowed me to keep the small notebook I usually use for medical notes on the field and do not seem bothered by my writing in it. They have also allowed me to keep my watch and the few items I had on my person, minus my medical kit and anything that would aid in my escape.

Sherlock didn’t remember falling, he didn’t remember Mycroft attempting to catch him, and he certainly didn’t remember letting out the blood curdling “NO”. There was more to read, pages of Johns handwriting. But he couldn’t breathe, let alone read. His worst fear had come true. John had been alive, and he had listened to his brothers advice and stayed in England instead of searching for him himself.

Sitting on the floor, his brother’s head sobbing against his chest Mycroft slowly rocked his
grieving brother. Sherlock has cried much like this when his beloved Redbeard died, and it nearly tore Mycroft to bits. He vowed in that moment to protect his brother, no matter the cost. Now he had failed, failed his brother in the absolute worst way. And all he had to offer in return was his arms, and a single picture tucked away in his breast pocket.

They stayed like that for an indeterminate amount of time. Mycroft did his best to offer comfort, while also trying not to smother. Eventually Sherlock’s sobs gave way to ragged breathing and violent shakes. A few minutes later Sherlock wordlessly pulled away and, using the table for balance, slowly stood up. Gathering the contents of the package he turned towards the bedroom he’d once shared with John.

“Sherlock.”

The rustling and stout grunt told Sherlock that his brother had stood, but he didn’t turn around.

“Take this.” Mycroft moved closer as Sherlock slowly turned around, holding out a single photo.

Sherlock took it, and swallowed the lump in his throat. Despite his best efforts fresh tears brimmed his eyes when he looked at the photo. It must have been taken just after he enlisted. He looked so young, so certain of himself, so handsome. Silently he gave his brother a single nod, and retreated to his room to read the rest of John’s journals. His Husband’s last words.

Chapter End Notes
Blood and I had really rough weeks. I managed to pound this out myself (she read over it and approved it). So please forgive us for my version of Sherlock not sounding like hers.
After what seemed like days, Sherlock slowly shifted and dried his eyes as he sat up from the cocoon of blankets. Cradling the tiny notebook like it was made out of the most fragile glass, he began reading.

Journal of John H. Watson-Holmes, Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Army. 14/2/07

Day one:

I have been captured. For some reason, unknown to myself, they have allowed me to keep the small notebook I usually use for medical notes on the field and do not seem bothered by my writing in it. They have also allowed me to keep my watch and the few items I had on my person, minus my medical kit and anything that would aid in my escape.

So far, in the 6 hours, I've been here, they have ignored me. While that is ideal, I am thirsty and bound to get hungry at some point. I have a few energy bars on me, but I'm saving those. In case an emergency comes up.

I do believe that they know I am a doctor, not a fighter. I think that is the only reason they've spared my life so far.
I have limited paper, and I don't know how long my "stay" will be, so I'm going to end this now. I will be making a tick for every day. My watch does not give the date, just the time, and I only have a small window in the corner of the room. Likelihood of seeing the moon is slim.

Sherlock, I have your picture with me. The first one you've sent me. The one with the tiara. I miss hearing your voice, Sherlock. But I've got you here with me. That much at least is a comfort.

-JWH

Day 3:

Things here have been quiet. So far they've still ignored me, other than tossing food into my room once a day and letting me out (across the hall) to use the bathroom. I suppose, while I've still got my wits about me, I should account how I managed to get into this mess.

As you know, per my last letter, my camp was chosen to go on a rescue mission. I wasn’t (for obvious reasons) allowed to give you any details. My team was meant to go 9 kilometers (on foot) into hostile territory to rescue 2 men who were blown off course when they parachuted out of a plane. I was to go along because one of the men had injured himself, but before we could find out how badly their radios went out. The mission was to be and dry, we were told.

We went in at the dead of night. And at first, it went well. Things were quiet. But then, just as we were nearing our stranded men, we were ambushed. I was pushed down to the ground by one of the men, told to stay down and radio for help. But before even half of my mayday went through, they were on us.

Something hit my head, the butt of a gun I suppose, and the next thing I remember was waking up in this place. I have no clue if anyone else survived, or if they are here in this building with me. Or somewhere else, receiving the same treatment.

I can only hope that my mayday was heard. That help is on the way. It’s only a matter of time before they decide to torture me. I’ve spent the last few days preparing myself for it. I’ll write to you when things get bad. Imagine you’re reading it. It’ll help. You’ll help. Maybe I’ll find a mind palace of my own to escape into. Who knows.

-JWH

Day 7:

Ahh... so the torture has finally begun. Not sure what is worse. Knowing it will happen, or having it happen. Here’s the kicker. Sebastian Moran is here. Somehow it seems that he’s in charge of this whole place. Somehow I believe he orchestrated this whole ordeal, down to getting me kicked off of my base.

Today's first method of torture has been brought to you by electricity. Nothing as dramatic as having my feet shoved into buckets of water while being slowly fried to death. But still, unpleasant. Even so, it was better than what followed.
Homosexuality is illegal here in Afghanistan. Nevertheless, it is still common for young boys to be kidnapped and essentially used as sex slaves. That is not illegal because it is not considered a sexual act. It is seen as a man asserting his power. Nor is it seen as male on male, because the young boy is forced into the role of the female. Back on base in Kandahar, we used to care for the few boys who managed to escape their own personal version of hell. Well… today I was shown who exactly holds the power in this situation. Moran… Moran has the power.

My guards asked me what I was writing. I told them, I was writing to my Nan. Don't think they believed me, but it looks like they can't read English, and Moran doesn't care. He’s clearly only here for one reason. However, their lack of concern over my journal means they have no intention of releasing me, and thus the journal being found. And Moran doesn’t give a shit.

I fear I'm in this for the long haul. Or until rescue. Though I won't hold my breath.

I've buried your picture under some dirt in my cell. I'm afraid they'll (Moran) find it and destroy it. I look at it at night when I know I’m not being watched.

I'm tired now... going to get some sleep, if the hunger pains will let me. Still not desperate enough to eat the energy bars I have. Saving them. Things are only going to get worse. Maybe tomorrow they’ll give me a bucket of water… Could go for a wash… rather desperately. At least they've been letting me out once a day to use the toilet, aren’t I lucky?

God, I miss you...

-JWH

Day 14:

They've upgraded their means of torture. Starvation is their favourite, electricity is used on me whenever I fall asleep during Moran’s sessions, which sometimes lasts hours. (The device they use is like a glorified cattle prod.) Then today they brought out a whole set of shiny silver knives. Weren't they fun?

They don't ask me questions. They don't want answers. They're just... doing this to me for the fun of it. And for training, it seems.

Now I wish I had taken you up on your silent offer. To have Mycroft pull strings to keep me on base. I know you wanted to ask. I know you would have stopped the transfer. Had I never left... never become a field medic. I wouldn't be here. I'd probably be on my way home soon. To you.

I'm not alone here anymore. There is an American man, Thomas, here with me. Poor sod. It's nice having friendly company though.

I wish you were here. Not that I wish you to be captured and tortured. But I need your brain. I need to escape, but don't see a way out. You could find one. You could get me out of this mess. If only you knew where I was.

I hear footsteps. Time for round two.

-JWH
Day 20:

Hello, Sherlock. What's new? Oh..., nothing much on my end. Other than torture, more torture and on top of that torture. Other than the few, rare occasions, they've used the knives they really haven't scarred my body... except today. How? Oh, today they used a flame torch. I'm a bit crispy in areas but nothing that'll leave a terrible scar.

Kept asking me who I was writing to. Apparently, they found fire very effective in getting Thomas to talk. So, if anyone asks you're my Nan. Alright?

Thomas isn't doing well. He was already sick when they brought him in, now on top of 7 days of torture... He's a colonel, knows a bit more than I do, which I'm guessing means the torture is worse than with me. I'd tell you his story, how he came to join me, but I have precious little paper. I'll tell you when I come home. Promise. He's held his own so far, but his wounds are getting infected. The cell we share just has a dirt floor, and we're not always let out to use an actual bathroom when we ask... and holding it for a day is less than idea 1. So we're living in less than sanitary quarters. They won't give me medicine for him, and I fear that unless he's treated soon he won't make it.

I don't want to be alone... not here. Jesus, Sherlock. I want to go home.

-JWH

Day 23:

Thomas died in the night. They've collected his body already. I fear for myself now that I'm their only source of entertainment. Paper is running low (well, lower). Stomach is empty. Tempted to have an energy bar. But I'll need them once I escape.

-JWH

Day 35:

Sorry I haven't written in a while. There hasn't been anything new to write about. Not until today. Woke up at 3 am to the cell door being thrown open. They tossed in some English bloke. Didn't have a uniform on, but I could tell from his haircut that he was military.

One look at me, at my puffy eye, thin, bloodied state, and you could practically see the man's heart break in two. I know this is selfish of me, but I'm glad to have company again. I was just starting to not have any fun.

-JWH

Day 40:

Leg is broken. Andrew is a tit. I'm done being here now. He tells me not to bother writing, that it's pointless, you'll never get it. Makes fun of me when I look at your picture. But, Jesus, Sherlock. You're the only thing keeping me alive in here.
Andrew says I talk to you in my sleep. That I hold full conversations with you. I think he’s jealous I’ve got someone here with me…. God, do you hear me? I’ve gone crazy. You’re not here with me…

They've allowed me to set my leg. That much is good, now the bones won't heal wrong. Christ, I'm so done. Paper is nearly gone. Sherlock, I'm sorry I haven't said this before now... I love you. Hope you find this, you deserve to have closure...

-JWH

Day 55:

List of things I regret not being able to do to Sherlock Holmes one last time. Written in no particular order.

Kiss him. Every fucking inch of him. From the wrinkle between his eyes, just over his nose when he smiles... down to the tips of his toes. He deserves to know just how precious he is, just how much I love him.
Argue face to face with him. I want to see his face as he defends his point. I want to see if his arms wave in the air or if he stands still.
We’ve yet to have a flood argument

I want to spend a lazy morning in bed. Curled up beside him under our fortress of blankets. Exchanging lazy kisses, giggling over nothing. (Despite Sherlock saying he doesn't giggle.)

And god... I want to have sex with him. All sorts of sex. Slow sex that lasts forever, just the two of us, in a sweaty embrace. Hard and passionate sex that lasts mere minutes that leaves us both breathless. Lazy handjobs because neither of us can be arsed to move from our comfortable spots.

I want to to have a boring domestic life with him, if only at times. I won't let him get bored. Not with me. We'll go on adventures and solve puzzles to keep his mind occupied. Shower sex, like during our first time together. Lots of shower sex. Hot sweaty sex.. our hair in our faces. Sloppy Kisses. Christ, I want to hear him moan. I want to hear him pant my name.

Jesus, I need to get out of here. Need to plan my escape. Need to get home, to Sherlock.

Don't be sad for me. If I die here I want you to know that I'm finally at peace. If I get out of here, I'll be home, with you. It's a win-win....

-JWH

Last journal entry, Day 63.

Andrew's body is starting to decompose, and the smell is making me sick. That is to be my fate if I don't get out of here.

I'm making a break for it. Tomorrow. My guard is still injured. Broken ribs from the fight that broke out last night. (Drunken brawl that ended with half the guard leaving and the other half hung over.) Either I'll die trying or I'll succeed. Both options are better than staying and submitting myself to this hell.
My guard is always armed. He's got a long knife tucked under his left pant leg and an ak-47. Even in my state, I'm certain that a swift punch to his broken ribs will cause enough pain to momentarily stun him. That's all I need.. three seconds to disarm him. I'll save a bullet for myself, in case it looks like I can't get out. I'm not coming back here.

Just outside my door, to the left, is the exit. I don't have to go far. But I don't know what sentry duty looks like outside anymore. They boarded up my small window. Can't see out. But as we’ve had nonstop rain for 2 days, I’m thankful my room isn’t soaking wet and muddy.

Sherlock, this will be my last entry. I'm leaving my dog tags behind along with everything I own. These letters too. Everything except your picture. Should I escape I don't want to be seen as British military. With the scraps of clothes, I've managed to obtain over the past few weeks along with, if I'm lucky enough to steal my guard's turban... I plan on blending in. At least until my wounds are healed and I can get out of hostile territory. I've learned enough of their language, Dari I think, these past few months to get by.

If this notebook is found by a friendly party before I am, I’m headed west. Probably not wise to announce that, but I’ll have the bullet saved for myself should I require it…

It's now or never. And I refuse to die here, unless by my own hand. See you soon, yeah? But Sherlock, if I don’t come home to you… Please, my darling, move on. Don’t let my death cripple you.

-JWH
21st April, 2007: Heavy Request

Chapter by BloodSeiryu

Chapter Notes

Ask and you shall receive! There was a lot of comments asking about or wondering how Sherlock took the "journal entries". After some talk between Tindo and I, we decided to spoil you with such a chapter. Hope you all enjoy the continuing angst! *throws confetti*

Sherlock wasn’t sure how many times he had read each journal entry. Had it been five times? Ten? Numerical values didn’t seem as important as they once were. Time had slipped away from him as well. The sounds of busy London streets had died down to a gentle rumble, and the bright light of the early afternoon had dimmed down to late evening.

Time. What was such a human construct to him now. Without John, nothing truly mattered. Before John, nothing truly mattered. It was only when he was with John that these minuscule details mattered, that life took upon such energy and such life, that Sherlock could actually look into the darkest depths of the human existence and find constant stimulation. He glanced back down at the open notebook in his hands. He read over the last line John had written.

*Don’t let my death cripple you.*

Such a heavy request. Could Sherlock honour it?

Sherlock maneuvered the hand that was not holding onto the notebook up to his face to scrub away the tears that still rested on his pale skin. He had been crying on and off while reading John’s journals, though it seemed he was finally all cried out. Bringing his attention back to the notebook, Sherlock took his fingers and traced the words that decorated the last page. His mind was overcome with everything that he had read. More importantly, Sherlock was overcome with what he had not read. What had John been unable to write, events that he felt were beyond horrific to immortalize on paper.

Closing the notebook, Sherlock placed it gingerly on the small table that was situated next to his bed. He would find a more permanent place for it, but for now, it would be safe next to his lamp and picture of him and his brother when they were much younger. Sherlock’s limbs felt heavy as he swung his legs until his feet were placed firmly on the hardwood floor. Running his hands over his face and then through his hair, Sherlock paused to grab a fistful of curls in each hand. He
tugged on the strands as the words from John’s journals continued to flutter about in his brain. The pain helped distract him, if only for a moment.

There was an echo of footsteps somewhere outside Sherlock’s own personal bubble of hell. Judging by the speed and weight distribution, the steps belonged to Mrs. Hudson. Most likely to come up and check on him once more before she retired for the rest of the night.

Mrs. Hudson. Sherlock would have to tell her.

Sherlock would have to tell Mummy as well. His father would also have to be told of John’s fate. Sherlock could feel his breaths coming in short gasps, the room suddenly felt much too small and it was starting to tilt this way and that. Everything became blurry. Was his vision going? No, tears were forming and dropping carelessly to the floor below. Sherlock thought he was all cried out. Apparently not.

It was too much. Everything was too much.

*You don’t have to tell them all now.*

Sherlock’s head jerked as the words echoed through his head, not with his own voice, but with the voice of his darling husband. Great. His grief was causing him to hear voices. Not even the drugs caused him to hallucinate. They were correct though. He didn’t have to tell anyone anything right this moment. Wasn’t he allowed time to grieve? That’s how these things worked, yes?

Lifting his legs back onto the bed, Sherlock took the covers and buried himself in them. He could hear Mrs. Hudson shuffling about out in the sitting room and kitchen, probably cleaning up what mess was left out there. He honestly couldn’t even muster up the annoyance if she messed up what experiment he had going on the kitchen counter. None of it seemed to really matter much now anymore.

Sherlock reached up and ran his fingers over John’s dog tags and wedding ring, both still hung securely around his neck. He imagined he could still feel the warmth of John’s body on them. Through the tears, Sherlock continued to keep that physical connection with John. Even when he felt himself becoming exhausted from all the crying, he held onto the strength to keep those two things within his grasp.

Would the pain ever stop?
Would he ever feel whole again?

*Don’t let my death cripple you.*

Such a heavy request John.
29th May, 2007

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

Here you have it, and I seriously hope you love it!

The rhythmic “beep beep beep” of the hospital equipment momentarily relaxed John. His brain supplied him with the image of wearing a lab coat and checking on his patient. But then the pain kicked in, and memories came swirling back, making him dizzy. Not dead then. He didn’t even bother looking for a bin before leaning over the bed and sicking up. He lay back panting, swiping a shaking hand across his mouth and wincing as a whimper broke free. Maybe death would have been better.

He’d escaped. He’d somehow, miraculously, blessedly, overpowered his injured guard. Grabbed the arsehole’s gun, and gone on a shooting spree. Ten men dead in the matter of second. The establishment empty, save for his dead captors. Keys had been found, food had been acquired, and a truck commandeered. He vaguely remembered driving for, what was it, twenty, forty minutes, before the truck ran out of petrol.

Pinching the bridge of his nose he fought another wave of nausea, lost the battle and was soon bent over the side of the bed, dry heaving and whimpering in pain.

He spent a day, maybe two, wandering unfamiliar lands, doing his best to head back east, where camp was… but in the end his injuries overcame him, and he just barely made it back to the truck, it being his best option for shelter, and resigned himself to dying. Still, dying in the truck was better than before.

“Oh you poor dear,” a soft female, and British, voice cut through John’s thoughts. “Good to see you awake though. Here, let me…” she popped into the attached bathroom and came out a moment later with a damp flannel. He violently flinched away as she reached a hand towards him.

“Don’t…” His voice was raspy from lack of use, but it carried the edge of panic that he felt. “Don’t… touch me.” Flashes of men looming over him with the intent of causing pain made his head swim and he cowered again the guardrail on the bed, pulling on his IV lines.

“Alright..” her voice was calm and she backed away a step, but John watched her with a wary eye, “here.”

Slowly, very slowly, keeping her feet where they were she reached a hand out and offered him the flannel. “I’ll be back with something to clean up the floor, can I place a bin on your bed? Then we’ll have to check your vitals, but if you’ll permit a sedative….” She trailed off as John gave a sharp nod and painfully reached out for the flannel, swiping it over his mouth. He flinched when the bin was placed beside him, and only truly relaxed when he was alone in the room.

The next few days were a blur. He’d wake long enough to sick up then would pass out as soon as his body was done heaving. One thing which he was certain of, he had no recollection of being seen by a doctor. The nurses would administer a strong sedative before examinations until he was
strong enough to talk, and talk to a shrink.

He had vague memories of seeing his Brother-in-law, and would sometimes look for Sherlock while throwing up all over himself, but his husband was nowhere to be found. Except for in his dreams. In his dreams, Sherlock would come to him and curl up in the bed beside him, the bed would magically (as dreams allow) get bigger and more comfortable with Sherlock’s presence.

What must have been weeks passed but John didn’t care. Time meant nothing to him. He grew stronger, if only fractionally, and soon he was aware of who came and went in his room. He had a team of at least five doctors and a dozen nurses who rotated twenty-four-hour care. Mycroft would visit, periodically, but he refused to tell John anything about Sherlock. In fact, he acted like John wasn’t there. He’d refer to the nurses, or doctors, and talk about John as if he were a child.

Questions posed to anyone, be it nurses, janitor, doctor, Mycroft, about where he was were left unanswered. And after days of begging, John gave up. He was too tired, too annoyed, depressed. His room was void of windows, phone, or. TV. He was once again a prisoner, and time trickled by as if he’d been frozen in one hellish moment.

More time passed, maybe weeks, maybe one. John couldn’t tell. He was being told he was making progress, and that he was ‘out of the woods’ and even given a pair of pajamas to wear once they started forcing him to walk around the perimeter of his room, and a jumper one night when a heated blanket wasn’t enough to stop the chills.

One morning while he was laying in his hospital bed, eyes closed, two nurses came in. Over the last day or so he had found it easier to feign sleep or at least drowsiness, to avoid questions, so he remained as he was. They must have thought him asleep because they soon started chatting to each other in hushed tones. One of them, the one with the soft almost girlish voice, began chattering on about a car accident she passed on the way into work. “They had that whole section of the West Cross closed down… I’ve no doubt they’ll be coming here. Nasty crash.”

“West Cross…” John took a few slow breaths, doing his best to keep his heart rate down. He was in London. This was the first time anyone had even uttered a single clue as to where he was. Logistically it made sense, no doubt so Mycroft could keep an eye on him. Sherlock was here. So close. And now he knew.

From that point on, John waited. Waited for his chance to escape. He’d escaped one prison, what was one more? Mycroft came by a day or two later, and John once again begged to see his husband, only to be ignored. So he changed tactics.

“Mycroft, could…. I have twenty quid?”

Mycroft turned from the doctor he’d been chatting with (about him as if he weren’t there) and cocked an eyebrow, as if seeing John for the first time.

“I’d like something from the cantine, tea or sandwiches, sweets maybe… I could have a nurse get them for me.” He did his best to look frail and weak, then stamped down the rush of excitement that coursed through his veins when Mycroft placed twenty pounds on the small table. Instead, he let his eyes flutter shut, as if he were involuntarily going to fall asleep, and let out a grunt of pain. The grunt wasn’t fake or forced, but he used it to enhance his facade.

Another day or two went by and John kept that money carefully tucked under his pillow. He had a plan, a way to escape his hospital, a way to have a chance to find Sherlock, but he just had to wait. Somehow he’d sneak out, and use that money for a cab.
In the end, he didn’t have to escape, didn’t have to get a taxi, didn’t have to use that cash to pay for a ride across London. One morning, instead of his normal doctor coming to check on him, a familiar round face was smiling down at him when he woke. Mike pressed a finger to his lips, indicating that John should remain silent and John nodded.

“If we’re caught, it’s my license for sure,” Mike whispered as he handed John the jumper. I was… well, sometimes I search the nearby hospitals for you, a promise I made to Sherlock. Put that on, and take this.” Mike leaned a metal cane against the bed and patiently waited as John readied himself. “I didn’t find your name exactly, but Sherlock said to look for any male with the best doctors money can buy.”

“Sherlock?” He asked, slightly muffled from the jumper that he was struggling into.

“Alive, and… well enough. Considering. I’ll take you to him.” Mike turned to look out the door, the urgency in his voice clear.

“Right.” John gritted his teeth and stood, the cane helped, and he closed his eyes as he gathered his resolve. “Let’s go.” He stumbled over to Mike and took a deep breath. He was off, off to see his husband and he thought he might have a panic attack.

“Mike, can I borrow your phone? There’s no signal on mine.” that deep baritone voice cut through John like a knife. He’d heard it a million times over the last months, a voice conjured by his imagination when pain kept him awake, but this version had lost all softness to it. It was sharp, clinical, snarky. Gone was the playful, almost musical, pull of Sherlock’s voice and John wasn’t sure he wanted to follow Mike into the room.

“And what’s wrong with the landline?” Mike sighed and John saw his shoulders droop from where he stood just outside the door. It was easy to tell from this exchange that, as a friend, Mike had been observing Sherlock’s mental health, and quite possibly Sherlock was at a low right now.

“I prefer to text.” Sherlock’s cold voice cut in, making John’s heart break even further. It was obvious now, that his apparent death had done more damage than he’d first thought.

“Sorry, it’s in my coat.” Mike’s head made a little jerk and John knew he couldn’t loiter out in the hall any longer. He had two choices, either man up and limp into the room that contained his husband or turn and flee before Sherlock found him out. Sucking in a deep breath he gathered his resolve and, leaning heavily on his cane, walked into the room.

“I’d let you use mine…but I lost it a while back...” he let his voice trail off and forced himself to look at his husband. Sherlock didn’t immediately look up, which gave him a moment to take in the sight before him. He looked the same as John had remembered him; tall, pale, slim, cheekbones that went on for days. He was dressed in a black suit and a white button up, the top button was undone, revealing a far too slender neck. When Sherlock looked up, he did so with sad grey-blue eyes, seeing John but not appearing to see him. It wasn’t until Mike gave an encouraging nod did Sherlock’s eyes go wide, understand flooding over him. This wasn’t a dream. John wasn’t a figment of his imagination. John was here and injured. In fact, he looked a little better than death.

“Amnesia or torture?” Sherlock narrowed his eyes and remained in his chair as if he were afraid any movement would cause John to disappear again.
“Torture, followed by a medically induced coma… then your brother.” John straightened his back and did his best to appear tall and whole, not like the cripple he felt like. Before he even had a chance to tighten his grip on his cane, Sherlock was standing and walking over to him, tears streaming down his face. He reached out to touch John but hesitated with his hands inches from John’s shoulders.

“Where…” he began to ask, but couldn’t find it in himself to ask John where he could touch.

“Right shoulder, neck.. head..” John smiled sadly, understanding what his husband was asking, then threw his arms around Sherlock’s torso, letting his cane clatter to the floor, ignoring the pain that ripples through his body, finally allowing himself to break down now that he was safe. Sherlock brought his left hand up to stroke gingerly through John’s now greying hair and let his other hand gently cup his neck.

“Why didn’t you call… I would have gone to you…” Sherlock sobbed out, pressing his nose into John’s hair and as John’s fingers clung to his back. John smelled of hospital. “Oh… Mycroft.”

“Mmm. Said he didn’t want to watch you mourn me twice.” John choked out, not caring in the least that Mike was standing not three feet from them, watching two grown men sob into each other’s arms. “It was touch and go for a while… a week, maybe two, I think. Times all… blurred.”

“We’ll deal with him later. For now, let’s get you home. You are… coming home, right?” Sherlock’s voice was so full of uncertainty that it made John sob even louder. A hospital was probably the best place for him to be, the doctor deep inside himself knew that, but John didn’t care. He wanted home.

“Christ yes, I’m coming home,” he whispered and pressed a shaky kiss to Sherlock’s neck. It was only then, it seemed, that Sherlock realized just how weak John really was. He scooped up John’s cane and handed it over with a tender smile, then laced John’s other arm through his. “Mike, would you mind cleaning up for me? Please?” Mike smiled at the ‘please’ and nodded. Sherlock mouthed his thanks, for more than just cleaning up, as he picked up his coat and began to slowly lead John out of the lap.

The taxi ride was quiet. John practically collapsed into the seat the moment Sherlock let go of him and didn’t budge the whole ride other than to rest his head on Sherlock’s shoulder. When the vehicle finally stopped, John didn’t even attempt to open his own door. He simply sat with his head resting on the back of his seat, and his hands twitching in his lap. Sherlock quickly paid the driver then hurried over to John’s door before gingerly helping him out and onto his feet. It was slow work, as every movement seemed to make John wince in pain, but eventually, John was out of the cab and standing on the sidewalk in front of their flat.

“The stairs, will you be alright?” Sherlock gently guided John to the front door and looked at him with concern written all over his face.

“I can manage. Just, go behind me. If I fall, catch my hips, yeah?” Sherlock nodded, and reassured, John began his slow journey up the stairs. He made it up without falling, only having to pause at the landing once to fight back tears of pain. Once in the flat he looked around and had to smile. It was all so very Sherlock from the mess to the pictures tacked on the wall, to the knife in the mantel. He made his way to the sofa and carefully sat down, letting out a groan as he was finally able to ease some of the tension in his body.

“You have questions?” he closed his eyes and didn’t argue when Sherlock began removing his stolen hospital slippers, prodding him forward to gently slip his jacket off, then covered him with a blanket.
“Yes. But they aren’t important at this exact moment. John, the only thing I need to know is do you need a doctor?”

“This instant? no. Soon? Yeah, probably. Ran out of hospital. Well… when I say ran…” he softly thumped his left leg and barked a harsh laugh. “Think I tore some stitches in my back galavanting around London trying to find you. Right now, I need a cuppa and my husband’s arms around me. The rest can wait a few hours. Maybe even until tomorrow. Sleep would be nice.”

“You’re not concussed?” Sherlock ran his fingers through John’s hair, both for the want of feeling John beneath his fingertips and to feel for any bumps, cuts, or scars.

“No, I can sleep.” John closed his eyes and sighed at the feeling then reached up to take Sherlock’s hand in his, bringing it to his lips and kissing each knuckle. Sherlock was the first person that hadn’t caused him to recoil when touched.

“Did you get my… my…” John swallowed a lump in his throat and bit back a sob, his hands gripped at Sherlock’s hand so tightly it must have been causing the younger man pain, but neither of them dared let go. “My.. journals?”

“Journals…” Sherlock made a vexed sound and snorted as he moved to sit beside John on the sofa, tea momentarily forgotten. “Is that what we’re calling them?”

“What else should we call them? My torture stories?” John asked bitterly, but leaned his head against Sherlock’s shoulder and let out a ragged sigh, “Journals, Sherlock, for now.”

“For now, and yes. I got them.”

“Then why did you ask, back at Bart’s, torture or amnesia? You already knew.”

“Because, John, I didn’t want it to be true. I wanted it to be that you got hurt, and simply couldn’t remember me, not that my husband was raped and tortured daily for roughly two months.”

“Yeah. Guess that does sound better.” John forced out a harsh laugh then forced on his Captain John Watson-Holmes face. “But it is what it is. Can’t change it.”

“No, but I can help you heal,” Sherlock whispered and gently placed a hand on John’s knee. “Let me help you.”

“Yeah… I’ll try… “ John nodded slowly then sat up. “Help me shower? Not sure I can get these clothes off myself.”

“Shower, are you… certain? Can you get wet and didn’t you want tea?” Sherlock looked skeptically at his stubborn husband and watched as John pulled himself, with great difficulty, up off of the sofa.

“Part of me can, and tea can wait until I’m clean,” John grunted out, now standing but looking like he might fall over at any minute. “part of me can’t.” he gestured towards his back halfheartedly and the motion would have made him topple over if Sherlock hadn’t reached out and grabbed his hips, anchoring him in place. “Mmm ta. Perhaps a bath… or I could sit on the side of the tub. Is it sanitary?”

“Yes, and I have a better idea.” Sherlock stood, still making sure to keep John balanced, and slowly lead him through the kitchen and into the bathroom. He made John sit on the closed toilet and motioned that he should stay there as he dashed out of the room. He returned a moment later with a plastic step stool and placed it inside the tub. “There, you can sit there, facing the taps. Your chest
can get wet, and I’ll use a cloth on your back.”

John bit his lip and nodded, scrunching his face up into something that was a mix of fear and determination.

“Right. Help me get these off.” John motioned to his clothes, a worn jumper, and clearly, hospital provided pajama bottoms and stamped down the feeling to run that was starting to bubble up inside him.

“No.” Sherlock cupped John’s face in his hands and whispered softly, “tell me to stop, and I will. Alright?”

‘Yeah.” John nodded and closed his eyes while Sherlock began undressing him. He managed to make it through the entire process without a problem until Sherlock hooked a finger under the waistband of his pants. He put a hand on Sherlock’s and shook his head. “Let me… please.”

Sherlock withdrew his hands and gave John the illusion of privacy by turning to turn the water on. He began to roll his sleeves up but stopped when John sucked in a ragged gasp and placed a hand on Sherlock’s shoulder.

“Please don’t… do that.”

Sherlock stopped mid-roll and turned to glance at John. His confusion turned to concern when he saw the panic written over John’s face, his eyes were blown wide and his breathing was now coming in short gasps. “Alright… okay…” Sherlock slowly rolled his sleeve back down and held up his hands in surrender. “It’s back down…”

“You can… er… take the whole thing off, but that’s what he did… just before… he’d roll up his sleeve.” John bit his bottom lip and screwed on a determined face. “I know you wouldn’t, but… PTSD is a bitch.”

“It’s fine, John, it’s all fine. You are certain you’ll be alright if I take it off?”

“Mm. Probably should just join me in here, not like we haven’t seen each other naked before…” John grunted out as he pulled himself into the tub and sat down on the stool audibly sighing when the water hit his chest, “otherwise you’ll get the floor all wet.” John gave Sherlock a small smile and jerked his head, indicating that Sherlock should join him. “Come on, husband, join me.” He signed a little as he said husband. Even knowing they had many hurdles to get over, saying husband, to his husband, helped clear his mind.

“It will allow me to assist you more efficiently.” Sherlock gave a small nod then slowly began to undress, watching John for any signs of fear or panic. As he monitored his husband, he allowed himself to take in the wounds that now covered John's body. Carefully peeling off bandages off John's back he gasped at what he saw. John’s back was a series of burns, cuts and what he knew all too well to be lashes from a whip. The burns were layered on top of each other, and he knew each new burn had been added to another before the previous one had time to heal. Some of the marks were mostly scars now, while others will still ugly shades of red and yellow, the whip lashes being the worst of the wounds. However, he allowed himself to be pleased with the fact that nothing seemed to be infected. Some of the lashes were stitched together, while some of what he could only assume to be burns were bandaged.

“It appears that you did not rip any stitches…” he muttered as he continued his assessment, shirt now off and hanging on a hook on the back of the door. John made a little hum that indicated he was pleased but otherwise remained silent, allowing Sherlock to see.
As Sherlock dragged his eyes down John’s back, he could see that his hips were also burned and scarred, and one of John's legs was covered in a cloth bandage; his broken leg, Sherlock assumed, and he wondered if it were alright for it to get wet. But John slowly began unraveling the bandages and dropped it onto the tiled floor. The leg was mostly healed, which Sherlock was thankful of. The bandage was probably just there for support.

He dragged his eyes back up, and with no sexual appeal, inspected John’s crotch. Even John’s inner thighs were covered in marks, however, these appeared to have been made with a sharp blade, and had been given time to heal, leaving behind angry red scars. Until now, John had remained still, but his good leg was now bouncing slightly and Sherlock was pulled from his thoughts when John let out a small gasp. Sherlock immediately snapped his attention to John’s face, expecting to see panic there, but instead, he found tears.

“You have them…” sobbed John and Sherlock followed his eyes down to his chest where John's dog tags sat. He’d put them on the day Mycroft had delivered them, along with the depictions of his torture, and had vowed never to take them off.

“I haven’t taken them off...” Sherlock let his lips twitch into a sad smile and stepped into the shower and stood in front of John. It was a bit awkward, as the stool put John’s head roughly at the same height as his cock, however John, thankfully, didn't seem to mind. Sherlock reached a long arm out and took hold of the shower curtain, pulling it closed without looking, and continued softly, “I needed to keep you near, and they helped. Would you like them back?” He reached up and took the chain in his fingers but John stopped him with a shake of his head.

“No, sweetheart. Keep them. I don't want to be him anymore. I just want to be this, your husband.” John shook his head and folded his hands together on his lap, letting his eyes flutter closed as Sherlock’s body redirected the mist directly into his face.

Sherlock didn't fully listen though. He slipped the chain over his head and carefully removed John's wedding ring from where it sat behind the dog tags and slid the ring into John's finger, it fit loosely thanks to the weight John had lost, but it was in its proper place. “If you change your mind...about the tags,” Sherlock whispered, and blinked the water from his eyes then straightened up. “Slide forward a little bit. I'm going to move behind you and see what I can do...”

“Wait,” John whispered and reached both his trembling hands up to take hold of Sherlock’s wrists. He carefully turned Sherlock’s arms over, so his palms were facing up, and searched for any sign of needle marks, “You.... you didn't... You're clean?” he looked up with tears in his eyes and followed Sherlock’s eyes as his husband knelt in front of him on the hard shower floor.

“Of course I didn’t use. I thought you were dead, and I was trying to honour your memory. You wouldn't have wanted me to slip back into old habits. It was hard, but I stayed clean, kept myself busy... that helped.”

John nodded and gulped back a sob.

“I... probably will pass out soon. Help me clean up and get me to bed? You can call in as many kinds of doctors as you want, but I’m not leaving Baker Street. I won’t argue, I’ll do whatever they say. But I want you with me at all times.” John was whispering now eyes closed and gritting his teeth whenever Sherlock touched a damp flannel to his skin. But he made it through the shower without any further panic attacks and allowed Sherlock to help him re-apply bandages and dress into a pair of his old pajamas.

Once in bed, left leg slightly propped up with a pillow, John allowed the tears to fall again. Sherlock stood helplessly by the bed for a moment, torn between getting into bed with John and
comforting him, and calling for medical care. In the end, John’s medical needs won out, and Sherlock pressed a kiss to John’s temple.

“I’ll call for doctors while I make us tea. You’ll be okay?” John nodded and Sherlock did his best to keep the feeling of pure agony off his face.

“Be back in a moment.”

In the kitchen, away from John, Sherlock let his mood snap from anguished to angry. Snatching his phone out of his coat pocket he dialed Mycroft’s number while filling the kettle. Mycroft answered on the second ring.

“How dare you?” He practically growled into his phone at the first sound of his brother’s snobby voice. “You let me believe he was dead?!”

“It’s… more complica…..”

“I don’t give a flying FUCK, Mycroft,” he snarled, “arrange for any further medical treatment to be given here, at home.” Without waiting for an answer he ended the call and felt his blood run hot, hotter than the water in the kettle.

Back in the bedroom he placed the tray of tea and biscuits on the bedside table and smiled sadly down at John. “I made tea, In case you wanted it.”

John simply nodded and patted the other half of the bed, Sherlock’s half, and weirdly closed his eyes.

“Hold me, for a few moments, before our home is invaded.”

“Yes, husband,” Sherlock breathed out, and carefully, very carefully, he crawled in beside John and with a heart beating so fast he was surprised he wasn’t going into cardiac arrest, he held the man he thought dead, and together they wept.
“Fuck!” John cursed and swung his arms out, his first coming into contact with something solid. There was a noise much like a grunt and the heavyweight on him shifted but didn’t disappear completely.

“John, darling, it’s just a dream. Open your eyes, love.” The weight settled back over John, but it wasn’t the cruel weight of Moran accompanied by heavy breathing. No, this was familiar and friendly. Long fingers stroked down John’s face and when John finally opened his eyes he saw Sherlock, not the man of his nightmares.

“Shit… I punched you.” John rasped out and fell limply against the pillows. “Sorry,” he said lamely and half grimaced at Sherlock’s reddening cheek.

“It’s nothing, John. I should have expected it.” Sherlock, who was still straddling John’s thighs, lowered himself down to press a gentle kiss to John’s jaw. “Are you alright?”

“Mm..” John half nodded half groaned as he pushed his sweaty hair up off his forehead. Sherlock made to move, to slide off him and lay beside him, but John reached out with both hands, grabbed his hips and held him still. “Don’t… move. I, er… like the feeling.”

“What feeling?” Sherlock whispered, hardly daring to hope. John had been home for three months. In those three months, he had overcome so many hurdles, had started to smile and laugh again, would go out on his own without demanding Sherlock be by his side. However, they’d yet to have sex or even talk about sex. Sherlock gave John his space and lived on the assumption that when John was ready he would say something.

“Of you… so close. It’s been a while, yeah?” John shifted underneath him, pointedly pressing his groin up against Sherlock’s as a genuine, if not a bit shaky, smile graced John’s face. “Maybe…
you can help erase some of these memories by helping me make new ones?"

“Do you mean…?” Sherlock sat up and placed the palms of his hands flat against John’s stomach and began a rapid series of blinking while his mouth hung open.

“Sex. It’s what two people do when they love each other.” John looked up at Sherlock and grinned as a sliver of moonlight shone through a crack in the curtain and landed on Sherlock’s face, turning his eyes into pools of pure silver.

“What… can’t I do?” Sherlock stroked his fingers along John’s abdomen, suddenly feeling nervous like it was their first time and he was trying to figure out what his new partner liked and didn’t like.

“Don’t get behind me, don’t grab my hair, and try not to hold my wrists down. Oh, er, use lube lots of lube.” John had to prop himself up on one elbow as he reached up and cupped Sherlock’s face in his hand. “Just go slow, and I’ll be okay.”

“You’ll tell me if…” Sherlock began but John smiled and gently nodded.

“I’ll tell you. Now get the lube, you git. I’m half hard already.” John grinned, and for a while, Sherlock was able to forget about the shadow looming over them. John was acting the same, like the man he’d fallen in love with and he didn’t want to miss this opportunity. He scrambled off of John and rummaged through their nightstand for the lube. When he’d claimed his prize he sat on his knees beside John and did his best not to look eager. If John only wanted simple frotting, he would gladly give it, but he couldn’t help but want more.

“How do you want it, John?”

“Ahhh…” John thought for a moment as he unceremoniously shimmied out of his pajama bottoms and pants, “You inside me, I think. Fingers first please.”

“Are you certain?” Sherlock watched as John nodded and drew up his legs, knees bent with his feet flat on the mattress.

“Positive, but Sherlock?” John chewed at his bottom lip for a moment, and when it appeared that Sherlock was ready to vibrate out of his own skin due to sheer nerves he added, “It works better if
you take your clothes off. Easier that way.”

“Oh, really?” Sherlock laughed as John continued to rapidly blink up at him. The tension broke as John gave in and giggled and he sat up enough to tear his t-shirt off. Sherlock wasted no time in removing his clothing then curled up on his side beside John. When his husband gave him a confused look Sherlock simply chuckled and kissed John's nose. "Trust me?"

"With my life." John nodded enthusiastically and was about to roll over onto his side but Sherlock stopped him with a gentle hand on his shoulder and shook his head.

"You're perfect, just the way you are." The look he gave John told that Sherlock wasn't just talking about how he was positioned on the bed and it made John blush. "Now, just lay back and tell me if..."

"Yeah, I'll let you know. Don't worry." John nodded and stroked Sherlock's cheek with his index finger. "Don't worry, alright? It's you, we used to love this." John dropped his hand and rested it on his chest while his other hand laced his fingers with the fingers of Sherlock's left hand. "I'll squeeze twice if I need you to stop. Okay?"

"Yes, alright." Finding John's terms agreeable Sherlock popped open the lube bottle and slicked his fingers up. John braced himself, expecting Sherlock to immediately begin preparing him but let out a little gasp when Sherlock formed a V with his middle and index fingers and placed them directly over the tip of his cock with the pads of his fingers pressing lightly against his abdomen. "Alright?"

"Mmm. Yeah." John sighed and licked his lips. "God yes."

"More?" Sherlock dragged his fingers halfway down the length of his cock then stopped, forcing John to answer.

"Fuck yes." John rubbed his thumb over the back of Sherlock's hand and nodded.

Sherlock grinned and slid his fingers down lower, letting them trace over each testicle before slowly sliding back up. By now John had gone from half hard to fully erect and he was slowly rocking against his husband’s fingers. He continued his slow sliding movements until John was lightly panting. He added more lube and next time his fingers slid over John's balls he let them travel lower. With his fingers gently pressed against John's hole he patiently waited until John
nodded and slowly pressed his middle finger into the first knuckle. John didn't flinch or recoil. Instead, he moaned and pressed his head back against the pillow as his tongue worried his lips.

"Mmm s'nice." He encouraged, and smiled shyly over at Sherlock. "Keep going, luv."

"Always so bossy, John." Sherlock let out a deep chuckle, his smile so wide it crinkled the corners of his eyes. He did as his husband had asked and slid his finger into the second knuckle. Just as it was halfway between the second and third knuckle John's fingers twitched against his hand and it took every ounce of willpower Sherlock had to not pull out completely.

"I'm fine, really," John whispered. "Kiss me."

Sherlock didn't need to be asked twice. He shuffled closer to John and nuzzled their noses together before pressing their lips together. Sherlock moaned needily against John's lips and without thinking rutted his hips against John's leg. John stiffened for a single moment but quickly recovered and pressed his leg harder against Sherlock. "It's... alright. I don't mind," he muttered between kisses, "another finger... I think."

Sherlock nodded into the kiss and gently inserted a second finger. It seemed that as long as he kept kissing John, his husband continued to enjoy himself. Their kisses became sloppy and heated, John's teeth sought out Sherlock's lips. He tore his hand free and cupped Sherlock's face, tugging Sherlock and guiding him until Sherlock forced to remove his fingers and kneel above him.

"Go slow, but don't stop. I want this, I want you." John pulled Sherlock's face towards his and captured Sherlock's lips again. "Don't stop kissing me. Helps keep me grounded, reminds me it's you."

Sherlock nodded and ran his tongue over John's bottom lip as his fingers worked between them, opening the bottom of the lube again. He applied a liberal amount of the cool liquid to his own throbbing erection and carefully lined himself up.

He slowly canted his hips forward and met very little resistance as John relaxed underneath him and gently pushed the head of his cock inside. John momentarily stopped kissing Sherlock back and his sphincter muscles tightened around him for a moment. Sherlock continued to kiss John, letting his lips wander over John's jaw, his neck, the shell of his right ear, all while softly telling John that he was doing so well. After what felt like a full minute John nodded and Sherlock rocked forward. He had to pause twice more before he was fully seated inside John, but when he was John
let out a shaky laugh and ran a hand through Sherlock's curls, gazing up at him with nothing but love radiating off his face.

"God... that's. Nice. Real nice. Give me a sec then make love to me, Sherlock. Jesus, it's been too long."

"I concur, husband." Sherlock purred and latched his teeth over the tender skin on John's neck, laving his tongue on the skin between his opened mouth. Sherlock counted to thirty then slowly withdrew himself from his husband's heat but before he had completely pulled out he reversed direction and slid back in but not before resting his forehead on John's collarbone and letting out a broken sob.

"John...." tears poured from his eyes as he moved within his husband and John's hands abandoned Sherlock's face and hair in favor of wrapping around Sherlock's back and holding him tight.

"I know... Jesus...I know. But I'm back. I'm home." John babbled softly and lifted his head so he could shower the crown of Sherlock's head with sloppy kisses. Sherlock simply nodded and lamented a chorus of John's name, each utterance of his name came out softer and more lovingly than the time before. Despite the slowness of their movements it wasn't long until John, mostly untouched despite the friction caused by their bodies, was coming. Warm spurts of his come shot out and covered his stomach, his muscles contracted and tightened around Sherlock who, with a desperate cry, came inside his husband.

Sherlock rolled off his husband before he collapsed, not wanting to risk upsetting John by an oppressive weight that could possibly trigger unwelcome memories. John immediately rolled over and hooked a leg and arm over Sherlock then kissed Sherlock's shoulder blade.

"That was..." he giggled, suddenly feeling nothing but euphoria at finally overcoming a huge obstacle, "amazing, brilliant, fantastic, wonderful."

"I take it you're happy?" Sherlock chuckled and placed a hand on John's upper thigh and stroked through the hair on his husband's soft skin.

"Ecstatic." John continued to giggle, not caring that he was a grown ass man, giggling over having just had sex with his husband.
"Enough so that we'll be repeating ourselves in the near future?" Sherlock dared to hope, he had weeks ago decided that if John never wanted sex again, that he would be fine with it, but still a big part of him missed it, missed being so close to his husband.

"How's the shower sound, once we wake up again?" John grinned sleepily up at him as his melatonin levels rose thanks to the spectacular orgasm.

"Promise?" Sherlock nodded enthusiastically and watched as John cuddled closer to him and closed his eyes. It was nearly too much for Sherlock, sex and cuddling all in the same night. Two things he hadn't realized the extent of just how much he missed and craved until John had come back home.

"Mmm promise," John muttered softly, already drifting off to sleep. "Love you."

"Oh... I love you too."

Over breakfast the next morning Sherlock couldn’t help but watch as John ate. Since coming home John hadn’t eaten without prodding, but this morning he’d woken up, and after another romp in the sheets, he’d gone and cooked a full-fledged breakfast for the two of them.

“What?” John glanced at Sherlock over the brim of his coffee mug and arched an eyebrow questioningly, and smugly because he knew exactly what.

“Nothing.” Sherlock lied, holding back a smile, and tore his eyes from John to flit about the room.

“Clearly it’s something. You’re staring.

“This morning just feels… normal. My mind is calm, you’re eating like your old self. You’ve even stubbornly put a plate in front of me in a vain attempt to get me to eat.”

“Vain attempt?” John chuckled and glanced at Sherlock’s plate. “I wouldn’t call it vain, you’ve eaten half the food I gave you. And stole one of my sausages.
Sherlock looked down and blinked in confusion at his half-empty plate. He half smiled, in a voice almost too soft for John to hear, he whispered. “Normal.”

“Can… I ask you a question?” The reluctance in Sherlock’s voice told John that this would be a question about his time spent in captivity.

“You may, and I’ll do my best to answer.” John folded his napkin and stuck it under the side of his plate.

“Why Moran?”

“Do you mean why did he pick me?” John asked in a surprisingly steady voice. Sherlock nodded and watched John warily.

With a heavy sigh, John folded his hands together and rested his elbows on the table.

“He probably wanted revenge. To get back at me for denying him. He clearly suffers from some sort of mania, or psychotic delusions.” John shrugged and wrinkled his nose indicating that was all he knew or all that he wanted to admit out loud. “Now can I ask you a question?”

“Anything,” Sherlock’s eyes gleamed with tears that threatened to fall. This was good, them talking about what happened. John’s therapist had been trying, for weeks now, to get John to talk. But their sessions had been spent with John in almost complete silence.

“Why did Mycroft keep me from you?”

Sherlock grimaced and a look of anger flashed across his face.

“Mycroft insists he did it to protect me. To keep me from watching you die.” Sherlock spat out, he wasn’t mad at John and John knew that.

“But once it was clear I’d make a full recovery. They moved me, didn’t they? To England,
London… once I was out of the woods. Why didn’t he let me see you then? Why did he keep me locked up?”

“Let me tell you what he told me… perhaps not word for word…” Sherlock picked up his mug and brought it to his lips, but didn’t take a sip.

“When his people found you, after days of searching, you’d nearly succumbed to infection. You died four times that first day. For the first two weeks of your treatment, you were put in a medically induced coma.”

John nodded briefly, this much he’d gathered. He didn’t have any recollection of being found, or of his initial hospitalization.

“Over the course of the next ten days, they lost your pulse seven more times. My brother claims he hid the knowledge of finding you to protect me, just as you assumed. He didn’t want me to find you, just to see you die in front of my own eyes. I… did not handle your death, or your journals, well.”

John wanted to ask what Sherlock meant, what Sherlock had felt, gone through. But he knew that was a question for another day.

“Once your pulse remained steady, they transported you to England. I should have been informed then, but as you know my brother continued to keep you a secret. He claimed he was doing it out of my interest. However, I believe it was just another way for him to have a form of control over my life.”

“So if Mike hadn’t liberated me…”

“You would have been kept from me for an undisclosed amount of time.”

“Ahh.” John grimaced and pushed his chair away from the table. He stood and began clearing the table. “Tell me this, and if the answer is yes I might choose to not hate him. Is he looking for Moran?” He stopped, hand on Sherlock’s plate and looked his husband directly in the eyes. Sherlock held his gaze, swallowed hard and nodded.

“Good, because I want to have words with that bastard.”
26th August, 2007

Chapter by Tindomerelhloni

Chapter Notes

*******triger warning*********

*john discuss a bit of what happened to him. If you wish to skip over this chapter you may. It’s a letter from John to Sherlock, trying to put to words the “elephant in the room”

If you’d like to read the letter but wish for details to be left out simply say so in a comment and blood and I will try and reply as quickly as we can (I’m at work so please allow me time)

This will be the last chapter I (Tindo) will post. I had the privilege of posting the first chapter, so it’s obly fitting that Blood be allowed to post the last.

It has been a pleasure. Each one of you who had commented, be it once, or nearly every chapter, thank you. You kept us going, you provided us with endless giggles. And sometimes (a lot of the time) your comments came at the very second blood and I needed pick me ups.

In the words of the tenth doctor.

I don’t want to go.

My dear Husband,

I’m writing this while you sleep beside me in our bed. I’m writing because, well, even now I don’t know how to describe what happened to me. I had hoped that sitting down with paper and pen, words would come easier to me than if I just told the story. You already have my journals, so you can piece together most of what happened, but you still have questions. Questions I don’t know that I can answer. If only partly because I don’t want you to know the answers. I don’t want you to look at me like a damaged man.

When I was captured it happened so fast I didn't even have the time to decide if I were better off just killing myself to avoid capture. Had I know what I know now... I would have eaten a bullet. Not because I never wanted to see you again, but to avoid months of endless torture.

For roughly two months, Sherlock, I was tortured. Not for any information, other than Moran's relentless questions about you, but because they could. It was fun. I was their guinea pig. They trained people how to torture, using me for demonstration. I was nothing more than a living specimen to them. They would cut me, burn me, whip me, all because they could. Moran would rape me just for the fun of it, just to hear me scream in pain. I hate knowing that he got any amount
of perverse pleasure out of it, he just got off on hearing me scream.

Every day, I would be dragged out of my cell. Sometimes twice a day. They'd drag me down a short hall, through a few rooms, strip me then strap me either to a table or attach my wrists to chains they had in the ceiling and ankles to chains on the floor. They'd do whatever pleased them, their one rule was they could not kill me. Moran was very clear on that, regardless of what they did to me I was to live. If my infections grew to the point where they could kill me, they'd toss me antibiotics and allow me to bathe.

At one point I refused the antibiotics, only to have them inject me with it the next day. If I refused to eat or drink, they would give me an IV to put fluids and vitamins back into my system. I had no control over my body. I couldn't even starve myself to death. My only hope was escape. At least then, perhaps I would be shot in the process. I never expected to make it out. Let alone make it out alive and come back home to you.

You, Sherlock Watson-Holmes, were the one thing that kept me going. Just the thought of you, and the version of you that I conjured up and talked with daily. You kept me going. The thought of seeing you someday, of knowing you were out there grieving. I needed to get back to you, to show you that I was still alive. That drive to come home kept me sane.

I heard you crying last night... when you thought I was asleep. Felt your tears against my neck. I wanted to tighten my arms around you, to kiss you, tell you it'll be okay. But I couldn't. I'm scared, Sherlock. Scared that I would start crying as well. Scared that after everything we've been through, that this will be the defining factor. Either we make it through this, stronger than ever. Or it tears us apart. My love, please see this letter for what it is. A cry for help, a cry for love, me pleading with you to never give up on me.

Next time I hear you cry, I'll do my best to hold you. We're both hurting, and while my wounds can actually be seen, yours are just as deep. You thought me dead, only to have me come back from the dead broken and a shell of myself. I know I'm not the man you fell in love with. But I will heal, both physically and mentally. I just need time. And you.

-Your John.

P.S. You're my husband, you berk. Stop asking if you can touch me. Of course, you can touch me. Whenever you'd like. I love your touches, even the ones I know have sexual implications.
And he we are, the final chapter. I honestly suck at these sort of things, but I'll do my best. It's been a long and winding road since Tindo and I started this glorious story. Each of us has had our ups and downs. Personally, my downs had taken me away from this for a while, but thankfully I was able to find my way back. It truly has been an honour to interact with all of you. You have made this fic what it is. Without you, these would just be words on a page. You've helped bring this story to life. I'm hoping to delve into some solo projects at some point (that's my wish if my self-esteem would just allow it) and I hope to see some of you all there as well♡〜ง(^v^)ง〜♡

I hope you all enjoy this final chapter and, once again, thank you so much for coming along with us on this wild and crazy ride lol

“Sherlock. We can’t.” John sighed, exhausted and annoyed that this is the seventh time in thirty minutes he’d said no.

Sherlock held the newborn closer to his chest and pouted. The bastard actually stuck his bottom lip out and pouted in John’s direction. On purpose.

“She probably has family. We can’t just keep the baby!” John exclaimed while pinching the bridge of his nose with his hand, then groaning when he saw how filthy he was.

They’d just wrapped up a case. He’d started going on cases with Sherlock, who now freelanced for NSY. It helped. He hadn’t had a panic attack brought on by his PTSD in months. This case though shook him to his core.

Mary Morstan had come to them two weeks ago, heavily pregnant. She was afraid for her life, and the life of her unborn child. She’d become pregnant after a blind date went south. John had gripped Sherlock hand hard as she recounted her story. The man who’d done this to her was trying to gain custody of his child, and Mary kept refusing him. A lengthy court case had deemed Mary legal custody, however the harassment only got worse.

She had hired Sherlock to find something with which she could blackmail him with, proof of other such crimes in the past. Something to lock him up for good.
It had come to a bloody end.

Not two hours ago Sherlock received a frantic phone call from Mary. She felt unsafe and asked that he and John come to her aid. They got there just as she, in an attempt to break free from the man's grasp, darted into traffic and was hit by an oncoming lorry. Sherlock took after the suspect, while John acted like the doctor he was.

Mary stayed alive long enough to give birth to a healthy, if not tiny, baby girl. With her last breaths, she kissed the baby's forehead then pressed her into Johns' arms. “Take care of her…” she smiled, then was gone.

Now, Sherlock was watching as the police shoved the man into the back of a squad car while holding the infant as John did his best to clean up with a few napkins Lestrade had handed him.

“We could keep her while they check for family.” Sherlock argued, bouncing the baby as she started to whimper. It was cold for late August, so John had stripped out of his jumper and had wrapped the baby in it in an effort to keep her warm.

“Sherlock, we… the flat is not safe for babies!” John continued to reason.

“It’s not like she’ll be crawling any time soon. I have time to tidy up.” Sherlock said, acting as if this weren’t a life-changing decision.

“Could we stop arguing over the body of her dead mother?” John asked, sparing a glance for the sheet-clad body.

Sherlock followed John’s eyes and said nothing. After a moment of silence, he whirled around and stalked over to where a handful of officers were gathered, each of them taking statements from witnesses. He cornered, now detective inspector, Lestrade and began talking animatedly. John tried to watch but he was interrupted by the medical examiner who needed his report.

Ten minutes later Sherlock rejoined John, whimpering baby still against his chest, and grinned.

“Lestrade said we can keep her. At least while they look for family. Come on, John, she’s hungry,
and judging by the smell of your jumper, we should buy her some nappies.

Groaning, John had no choice but to follow his husband.

0o0o0o0o

Two weeks later:

They’d, all three, settled into a routine. It was strange. John could only label it as domestic bliss. They were both exhausted, but they’d quickly grown quite attached to, (unofficially named) Charlotte. (Her mother's middle name.)

Just as John was giving Charlotte her midday bottle Lestrade knocked on their door. He greeted John, then Sherlock who was tuning his violin, and helped himself to a wooden chair.

“Well gents, we’ve talked with every known relative Ms. Morstan had, no one wants the burden of a baby. So, as soon as we can find a service to take her, she’ll be out of your hair.

John spared one look at Sherlock, who nodded and cleared his throat.

“Wouldn’t it be better just to find someone who wanted to adopt her?”

“Ideally, yes.” Lestrade sighed and shook his head, “but that’ll take time.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” John half smiled then looked down at Charlotte as she sleepily drank her bottle.

“Meaning?” Lestrade asked, clearly not catching on.

“We’d like to adopt her.” Sherlock stated, putting the violin off to one side and getting up to take the now empty bottle from John.
Moving as if he’d handled infants his whole life, John lifted Charlotte up and placed her against his chest, expertly positioning the blanket over his shoulder should anything other than a burp come out, and gently began patting her back.

“We’ve all grown rather attached,” Sherlock said quietly as he sat on the arm of John’s chair and fondly watched on as the sleepy infant snuggled against John.

“I’ll…” Lestrade watched as the makeshift family practically cuddled together in front of him, “see about the paperwork.”

While John continued to burp the infant Sherlock saw the DI out. Just as he was halfway up the stairs he got a text that shattered the happy moment. After taking a moment to collect his wits, he bounded up the stairs two at a time and dashed to Johns side.

John took one look at Sherlock and froze mid-step on his way to put Charlotte down. “What is it?”

“They found him, John. Moran is in custody…”
I had a silly thought that maybe I should let you all know I’ve continued the series. I don’t know if AO3 let you know that there was a sequel added to this universe.

So far it’s just me writing it. I think blood needs a break.

Read and enjoy!!

Works inspired by this one:
- Illustration for Dear John by procoffeinating
- Cover | Dear John by allsovacant

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!