“Bloody Contract.” John huffed under his breath. He walked down the corridor with long strides, leaning forward with his fists clenched at his sides. Every one of them waves it over his head, he thought begrudgingly to himself, as if he made some short of blood oath with the devil. He should have never signed the damn thing.

Invalidated home from Afghanistan, John has no other option but to get a job at the Holmes Estate. The job seemed simple enough, until John finds himself presented with an unusual opportunity that he just can’t pass up. Now John is stuck providing a completely different kind of service to the unusual and eccentric Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes.
Dr. Watson,

After further deliberation, Mr. William Holmes and I have decided to accept your petition for employment. Please come to the Estate at once to discuss your contract.

Mrs. Margaret Holmes

John let out a heavy sigh. He’s relieved. The heavy burden that had been crushing him bit by bit seemed to melt off his shoulders. The email from the Holmes Estate came sooner than he was expecting, which was good considering that if he wanted to pay his rent, he would have had to stop eating for the next three weeks.

However, it looked like this was actually happening. It was a first step in the right direction. A nice clean mansion with sprawling acres was far better than his tiny bedsit. So much better that, when Ella, his therapist, suggested he apply for a job with the Holmes family it almost seemed too good to be true.

Room and board, meals, a weekly stipend, allowance for essentials like clothes, toiletries, and shoes. There had to be a catch. John had heard the Holmes family was a peculiar bunch and he didn’t imagine taking care of the estate would be a glamorous job but as far as he could see, the pros far outweighed the cons. What he couldn’t figure out was what Mrs. Holmes saw in a damaged, recently invalided army doctor from Afghanistan. The only surprising element about this whole experience was that he got the job in the first place.

“Come to the Estate at once.” John read the words aloud then quietly to himself. The more times he did it, the more they seemed to reek of desperation. Maybe he did know why he was able to get the job so easily.

John gripped the top of the monitor with his fingers and pulled it closed. The light on the back of the laptop flickered and the humming of the internal fan fell silent as the machine shut down. John grabbed his cane, pushed himself out of his desk chair, and glanced around the room. He didn’t have much to pack. When he had returned from Afghanistan, it was with practically nothing more than the clothes on his back. Never the less, he gathered his meager possessions into a medium sized travel bag and was out of his small bedsit in a little less then an hour.

He made a quick stop at his landlord’s apartment to let her know he was leaving then took the tube as close to the Holmes Estate as he could get. The rest of the journey wasn’t too far. The edge of the Estate was less than a mile from where John got off the tube but when he reached the front gate, he couldn’t deny that his palm was raw from rubbing against the rubber grip of his cane and his leg felt like it could buckle at any moment. He was just about to press the intercom on the side of the gothic Iron Gate when the sound of a car pulling up beside him made him pause. John turned his head; his fingers hovered over the intercom button as he watched the window of the black BMW roll down beside him. A much older man with an honest face stuck his head out. A bright smile came to his face.

“Dr. Watson, perfect timing!” John approached the car as the older man pushed the backseat door open.

“Mr. Holmes.” John climbed into the car as Mr. Holmes slid to the opposite side and placed his bag on the floor between his legs. “Thank you.”
“It’s no trouble. Our driveway is rather long and please, call me William.” The car proceeded through the gate as soon as the door closed. The driveway cut straight through the grounds and as John looked out the window, he still couldn’t believe it was possible for one family to live in a house this big. The scrawling acres, private gardens, fountains, river, pathways, and trees as old as London itself still amazed him. Not to mention the house was larger than the entire apartment complex where one hundred plus people lived. John leaned back, the right side of his lip rising in a half smile. It must be nice to be rich.

“Is Mrs. Holmes in?” When the car pulled up to the front steps John climbed out and waited for William to walk around and join him.

“Yes I believe so. I’ll take you straight to her.” As they walked up the steps together, the front doors seemed to open by themselves until a middle-aged man in a three-pieced suit stepped into view.

“Good afternoon Mr. Holmes. The Mistress is currently taking her afternoon tea in the back garden.” William’s head went back as he let out a laugh. He slapped the man on the arm twice before he turned to John.

“John this is Ben. He’s been with the estate for many years now and as you can see, mind reading has becoming one of his greatest skills!” John and Ben Shook hands. “If you ever need any help around here John, Ben is definitely the one to ask.” William smiled warmly as he folded his hands behind his back. “What about my boys? Are they in today?”

“Afraid not sir.” Ben paused then a small smirk formed on his face. “They must be too busy bringing London to its knees to stop by for tea.” William barked out a laugh. John couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows at the half-serious expression on Ben’s face. He couldn’t tell if the man was truly joking.

“That’s my boys!” William let out a breath and shook his head. After a moment, he pat his stomach then gestured to the bag John was carrying over his shoulder. “Well, we better get back to business then. Why don’t you let Ben take that bag off your hands and we can go get you application settled.” Ben pulled the bag off John’s shoulder before John could even stammer out his gratitude. Ben closed the front door then faced John and William again.

“If you’ll excuse me.” He gave a short nod then made his way out of the foyer and down the right side hallway. William let out a sigh then gestured past the staircase indicating to John that they were to go in that direction.

“It seems you still won’t be meeting my sons today. I’m sure they will turn up eventually.”

“Do they work a lot?” John raised an eyebrow when William let out a chuckle.

“If you asked my eldest son Mycroft what his brother does for a living he would tell you he wastes his time chasing the scum of the earth. If you asked Sherlock the same question about his brother he would say Mycroft rules the world while he sits on his fat arse.” William chuckled at John’s surprised scoff. “But don’t worry Dr. Watson; I’m sure a man of your caliber will be able to handle them just fine. No matter how mad they can be.” When William winked, John faltered in his steps. He felt a moment of confusion at the sudden sense there was a whole other conversation he had completely missed. Then again, he was used to that feeling whenever the Holmes brothers came up in conversation. The first time he came here, he thought all the comments about the brothers’ unusualness where exaggerations, but now he was sure they were not. They were dangerous.

John picked up his speed, unconsciously using his cane for every other step instead of every step. They walked through an archway underneath the staircase in the foyer that led to a long corridor. As they continued down this hall they passed several rooms; one that led down some stairs to the staff’s
bedrooms and another that led to the kitchens where the chiefs were already prepping for dinner for the Holmes family as well as the staffs evening meal.

After they passed a crisscrossed hallway, they only had to walk a little longer in order to reach another archway that led to a spacious room with four glass doors. Two of the doors where open and just on the other side an older women could be seen sitting away from them as the breeze gently blew her hair back and ruffled the pages of the book in her hand. William stepped outside first, John following him.

“Margret.” The older women turned her head. As soon as she spotted the two men, she used two hands to shut her book and rested it against the table. As she stood, John reached out his hand to shake hers.

“Mrs. Holmes.”

“Dr. Watson. I’m so glad you could come on such short notice.” She gestured to the table. “Please sit.” As John sat down Margret looked at her husband with a raised eyebrow. William stared at her blankly for a moment then let out a sound, his mouth making an “o” shape.

“I’ll just leave you too it then.” He gave his wife a kiss on the cheek and a nod in John’s direction before he walked back through the glass doors. Once he was out of sight Margret walked across the patio to a table where a stack of books and an envelope was sitting.

“I was hoping you would come today so I kept this with me.” She picked up the envelope and pulled out several papers stapled together. “This is your contract.” Margret placed the pile in front of John who ran his fingers over the Holmes insignia on the first page.

“This goes over everything we discussed in the interview?” When Margret hesitated, John looked up at her. She sat down across from John, her face completely serious.

“Yes, but John I need you to follow my instruction very carefully. Everything is just as we discussed. I want you to go through it thoroughly and when you get to the second to last page you can sign and date your name.” John nodded his head. He could feel his hackles raise in both curiosity and suspicion.

“Ok…”

“This is very important for you to remember. The last page is not a requirement for you to get the job.” When John went to speak Margret held her hand up to stop him. “There was something particularly… unusual I was also looking for when I was weeding out candidates. I want you to take a look at the last page, consider it and if you are willing to do it, you can sign the bottom.” Margret sat back in her chair as she rubbed her hands together. “If you feel you are not interested we can forget the whole thing and wash are hands of it. But the most important thing is it will not affect your employment. Is that perfectly clear?” When Margret fell silent, John nodded his head without even thinking.

“Yes, perfectly clear.”

“Fantastic! I’ll leave you to it.” John watched her leave his mouth gaping and his eyes wide. He understood the instructions but he couldn’t help but sense something sinister about them. What exactly was on the last page of the contract? John shook his head attempting to put it out of his mind for now. It couldn’t be that serious. Margret probably just wanted to make sure John fully understood everything in the contract before he signed it. There’s nothing strange about that.
The contract was detailed and long so it took John a while to get to the end of it. It went over everything from his day-to-day duties to the types of benefits he would be getting. Everything was just as they had discussed in his first interview with Margret yet it still felt unbelievable. Granted, the weekly stipend wasn’t all that great. It wasn’t a salary; it was more like a weekly allowance. But when John met with his therapist and came up with what he called his five year plan to coincide with the five year contract he would be under with the Holmes Estate, he realized the job was too good a deal to pass up.

He wouldn’t have to pay rent anymore and because meals where provided he wouldn’t have to use his own money to buy food. The Holmes family would provide him with clothes, shoes and other essentials. Even if the money he was getting each week wasn’t exactly a doctor’s salary, he could put that into the bank, save it, and in a few years time; when his contract was up; he could find a real job and get back on his feet. Where exactly was the down side?

Since everything was in order, John signed the bottom in a few well-practiced strokes. He wrote the date then flipped to the next page. The one Mrs. Holmes was most concerned about.

*Please Note: The Following is NOT officially part of the contract and does NOT require your signature in order to retain the position. Please read the extended section carefully and if you are interested in providing these extra “SERVICES” please sign and date at the bottom.*

John left eyebrow went up. The reiteration of Margret’s words where starting to make John feel as if there was something not right about this. It was as if they were desperately trying to assure him that he was not required to do this extra job because they were afraid asking him might be offensive. Plus, the use of quotations around services made John think there may be some kind of double meaning to that word. Regardless, John read on.

*These services will be provided to Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes, eldest and youngest son of the Holmes Estate respectively. You will be expected to perform your normal duties but servicing—*

“Servicing?”

*Mr. Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes will come before all other responsibilities. The type of service required will be to act as a bed partner, fulfilling their sexual needs whenever and if ever they desire them This includes oral, anal—*

“What!” John looked behind himself to see if anyone was coming. The chair scrapped across the ground as he pushed away from the table. He rested his elbows against his knees then covered his face with his hands. This was it, the proof that this was all way to good to be true. “Holy Mary.” John let out a heavy breathe as he sat ramrod straight and looked around the garden. When he was truly convinced he was alone he collapsed back against the chair and ran his left hand over his face in disbelief.

This was incredible, truly incredible. John wasn’t sure if he should be flattered or insulted. He thought back to everything William had been saying earlier. About how Margret thought, John was perfect for the job. Was this why? Did she pick him because she thought he would be a good lay for her sons? How many of the people did John interact with where aware of this? Did William? Did Ben? Did everyone in this house think he came here to be the new house whore?

John licked his lips as a light pink color dusted his chest, chicks and ears. He tapped his finger against the glass table and stared at the contract, innocently resting in front of him.

“Damn it.” John pulled his seat back towards the table and read on.
This includes oral, anal, manual stimulation, non-penetrative intercourse, as well as any other sexual acts that both men desire. These services may be required in any location at any time so you will be required to carry a container of lubrication to prevent injury. You will be given and required to wear an anal plug.

“For fucks—” John sighed heavily.

at all times. Both parties felt condoms where an unnecessary inconvenience because everyone involved is clear of sexually transmitted diseases.

“Is that what that doctor’s visit was for?!?”

Rest assured, all parties will be periodically tested every six months as long as you remain under this contract. If you desire to add these services to your employment be aware that your weekly stipend will be TRIPPED. Please sign and date the bottom if you so choose.

John sat back as he dropped the contract on the table. He almost felt the need to read it again to be sure it wasn’t all just a strange fever dream but he wasn’t sure he could stomach it. He felt a deep churning in the pit of his gut but it wasn’t because of how disgusted he was by the proposal, in fact he wasn’t disgusted by it at all. He was a little embarrassed by it for sure. However, what made his stomach churn was that deep down he really felt himself considering it.

Triple his current stipend was what had him in denial. He would be even better off at the end of his five-year contract. He could even end up with enough to open his own practice. But could he really have sex with two strange men, probably on a nightly basis, for the next five years?

John was no stranger to sex. He was no stranger to sex with men, even if he was less practiced at it. He had a few sexual partners while he was in the army but nothing like this. He never felt like he was practically selling himself to someone.

John stared hard at the contract for a full minute until the words on the page began to blur. He continued to weigh the pros and cons in his head but something he couldn’t identify kept nagging and nagging at him until the next thing he knew the pen was in his hand and his signature was on the page. John swallowed heavily. With shaking fingers, he added the date to the next line and slowly closed the contract.

Almost as if she could sense it was the right time to reappear. Margret Holmes walked back out into the garden. When she gave John a big smile, he smiled back while white-knuckle gripping the seat in order to hide his shaking hands.

“Finished?” Margret picked up the contract and flipped straight to the last page. A smile slowly formed on her face before she flipped the contract closed and tucked it under her arm. “Wonderful. Follow me Dr. Watson.”

“Right...” John stood on trembling legs. He took two steps and winced before he realized he nearly tried to walk back inside without his cane. John reached behind him and grabbed it then followed Margret back inside. They walked down a separate hallway and ended up in a large office. Margret went straight to the large mahogany desk and stepped around the opposite side as John stayed in front of it. She placed her hand on the desk for balance as she reached down and pulled open the larger bottom drawer.

There was the sound of something clanging against the wood as it wiggled out of the tight space. Margret pulled out a black plastic case and placed it on the ground. She put John’s contract in the
draw, shut it then grabbed the case and stood up.

“This is for you.” She walked back around the desk and handed it to John. “You won’t be starting until tomorrow so take your time getting settled in. I’m sure you remember where the employee rooms are from your interview tour. Your room has your name on it so it should be easy to find.” Margret walked towards the door but stopped short just as she was leaving. She leaned her head back in, pointing at the case in John’s hand. “When you find time for that I would suggest taking a bath first. It should help you get more… relaxed.” Margret winked before finally leaving. It was a good thirty seconds before John understood her meaning and then fully grasped what the contents of the case must be.

He sputtered in embarrassment holding the case close to his chest in an attempt to hide it while he made his way to his new room. His face was still beat red when he walked down the long hallway and eventually found the door marked WATSON.

John opened the wooden door and was surprised to find that it was a lot nicer then he was expecting. It wasn’t the grand by any means but it was still better then the tiny bedsit he had been living in before. The room had a queen-sized mattress, a bookshelf attached to a desk, a wardrobe, a mirror, a chest, and a night table with a gold lamp with floral trim on top. There were several paintings on the walls. One of a girl sitting in a field with a house in the distance and another that looked like a skull at first but turned out to be a woman sitting at her vanity. That one was John’s favorite.

There was also a closet door across from the bed and another door leading to John’s private bathroom. Against the opposite wall from the front door were two large windows close to the ceiling. John could see the grass right against the window as well as the trees of the gardens in the distance. Even though the employee’s rooms were in the basement, at least they still had a nice view of the outside.

The walls were a cream white and in the corner of one wall was a vent where central air produced hot or cool air depending on the set temperature.

“This is good. This will be very good.” John let out a breath and shut the door to his room. He walked over to his bed where his bag sat along with a folded set of clothes and a note.

Dr. Watson,

I would like to extend my sincerest congratulations and welcome to you. Please accept this small gift. It should fit in nicely with the rest of your attire.

Mycroft Holmes

A wrinkle formed between John’s brows as they furrowed in his confusion. He placed the note back on the bed and lifted the neatly folded shirt. It was a plaid shirt in his size. It didn’t look cheap however, the quality of the material lead John to believe it was costume made. John shook his head and placed the shirt back on the bed. He hadn’t even been here a full day yet and the Holmes family was living up to their peculiar reputation.

John snapped out of his thoughts when he heard giggling in the hallway. The sounds of two female staff chatting animatedly drifted past his door then gradually quieted as they traveled farther and farther from his room.

“It’s like the Uni. dormitories all over again.” John looked around the room not quite sure what to do with himself. He didn’t start work until tomorrow so what was he supposed to do now? He spotted the black case on his bed, which he had been willfully ignoring since he put it there. After having a
one sided starring contest with the thing for far too long he finally let out a sigh and pulled it open.

Wedged inside a foam lining were five objects. Four were bottles of silicone-based lube and in the center of the case was the anal plug. It didn’t quite have the shape John was expecting. It was short with a round top and a flared bottom. The shaft of the black plug was thick but not overly so. It was about the size of what an average penis would be. Clearly, this was meant to keep him stretched.

It occurred to John that the Holmes brothers could arrive any day now. Taking care of the estate was one thing but the idea of taking care of them was a subject John was deliberately trying to ignore. He didn’t want to dwell on what the men would be like or how his relationship with them would be. John was mainly trying to avoid imagining being summoned to a candle lit room and buggered until daybreak.

With that thought now prominently in the back of his head John decided it was better to tackle the plug now rather than later. He walked over to his closet and found stacks of towels, toiletries and other bathroom essentials. He took everything he would need then walked into the bathroom.

John wasn’t sure if he should be more or less appalled that his daily tasks weren’t any harder with an anal plug shoved up his ass. He was constantly aware of it. It rubbed inside of him with every step but it didn’t go deep enough to rub against his prostate. The stretch was more prominent than anything else was. It wasn’t long but he still felt full, which John begrudgingly admitted wasn’t an awful feeling. The only true downside was sitting. He hadn’t figured out the right way to sit yet.

It was this constant reminder that had John on high alert. Throughout his first workday, he found himself looking out for Sherlock and Mycroft’s arrival. When he was in the garden with Ben and he heard a car pull in, John’s heart nearly leapt out of his chest. When he was upstairs and heard a voice, he didn’t recognize he found himself scrambling to see who it was. John even found himself ease dropping on every conversation that would briefly mention either of the men’s names just to get some information about them. However, the first day was completely uneventful.

So was the second.

And the third.

In fact, John had done nothing but his regular duties the entire first week he had been there. If he had known that on his first day, he would have delayed putting in the anal plug. The reprieve didn’t last forever though and the first encounter turned out far different then John could have ever expected.

Another three days went by and John was pretty comfortable in his position. He enjoyed the people he worked with and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes always stopped to chat with him when they spotted him walking around the estate.

One of the employees John particularly enjoyed spending time with was young woman named Anna. She was actually working for the Holmes Estate part time while she was in medical school. Not only was the Holmes family allowing her to stay with them but they were also paying for her schooling.

“That’s incredible.” John carried a vase of flowers in one hand then placed it in the center of the dining table. Anna finished pushing in a chair then placed both hands on the table as she leaned forward.

“I know isn’t it? I could barely believe it when they offered it to me.” She moved over to the next
chair and pushed it back in place. “What about you Dr. Watson? What sort of perks did Mrs. Holmes offer you?” John cleared his throat and took that moment to walk away from the table to get the plates off the cart.

“Uh, nothing special. Just the basics.” Well, it wasn’t really a lie. John didn’t think his little side job could be called a perk but then again he was probably being paid the most because of it. “My pays damn good, that’s all.” Anna was about to press further when they’re was a sudden commotion coming from another part of the house. Both John and Anna turned towards the door when they heard shouting.

“Will all of you stop your incessant chattering and just tell me which room!” It was silent for several moments. John looked back across the table at Anna only for them both to jump in surprise when the door to the dining room banged open.

“Sherlock!” Anna’s hand hovered over her chest as she let out a deep breath. “What are you making all that noise for? You scared us half to death!” Anna didn’t get an answer from Sherlock. He was too busy staring at John who was staring at him with wide eyes.

“So this is Sherlock Holmes.” John thought to himself as his eyes darted over his entire body. The image that John had for Sherlock was either a perverted balding man or a grotesque looking one but the real Sherlock was neither. He had a head of luscious, thick dark short curls that framed his pale angular face. He wasn’t obviously handsome but there was something about his high cheekbones, full lips, and piercing eyes that just sort of worked.

Sherlock was also very tall. At least tall to John, who was on the short side. Sherlock’s slender build accentuated his height. He was wearing a custom suit made to fit perfectly to his body.

When John finished staring at every part of Sherlock and finally made eye contact with him, he found that Sherlock was still staring at him. The man’s appearance may have said “posh” but John could see that there was incredible intelligence in that stare. He could feel his entire body become warm under Sherlock’s scrutiny. The man was trying to present a cool exterior but his eyes were wild and his breathing was heavy.

“Dr. John Watson.” Sherlock spoke John’s name as if he was asking a question but also confirming something he already knew at the same time. As soon as John nodded his head, Sherlock turned to Anna. “Anna, do be a dear and go find something useful to do.” Anna hesitated for a moment before she walked around the table and towards the door. She paused when closing it behind her but ultimately said nothing before allowing it to click shut.

The silence in the room was heavy. John found his thoughts racing, trying to figure out something to say to the man standing in front of him. There were probably many things he should be saying considering the type of relationship they were about to step into. Even if John didn’t particularly feel he was the best at this sort of thing, it was probably best to clear the air. John rubbed his hand against his thigh and tried to hide his nerves with a casual tone.

“So-”

“Turn around.” John’s eyebrows shot up in surprise at the sudden command. When he didn’t move Sherlock approached him in a few quick strides and looked down at him. “I said turn around.”

“Yes, but what do you-“ Sherlock grabbed John by his shoulder and spun him around to face the table. He grabbed John by the hip and pulled it back as he pushed John shoulders forward so his chest would hit the surface. John released his cane allowing it to clutter to the floor. He braced his hands on the table and tried to look back at the man standing over him. “Oi! Hang on a minute. Just
let me-

John sputtered as was pressed harder against the table. He felt Sherlock’s hand dig into his pocket and slam something by his elbow before he was wrapping his hand around John’s waist and effortlessly unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. With one hand, Sherlock pulled John’s pants down to expose his backside.

“We’re really doing this right here?!” John’s thoughts were racing almost as fast as his heart rate. He looked over his shoulder and could see the door to the dining room shut but not locked. Then he looked forward at the grand windows, which gave a nice view of the front of the house. The fact that they were on the second floor was a small reprieve. When Sherlock’s hand pushed harder into his back, he bit his lip and felt his member twitch against his thigh. John didn’t expect to have this type of reaction and he wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Sherlock pressed his hand against John’s back hard for a second before releasing his hold. John didn’t lift himself but he moved his arms by his head and glanced back while Sherlock unzipped his pants and lowered them enough to expose himself. John faced forward again and closed his eyes, feeling Sherlock’s fingers slowly work the anal plug out of his passage. He couldn’t stop himself from whimpering when it was pulled from his body.

A few seconds after John heard a familiar click Sherlock pressed in until his hips met John’s ass. John went up to his elbows gasping as his nails scratched at the table. There was no pain but by slight stretching of his entrance John could tell Sherlock was thicker then the plug. Sherlock’s nails dug crescent shapes into John’s hips while he grinded forward, mumbling to himself. John’s heels lifted on each forward grind until one particular hard push had him balancing on his toes.

“ngh uh.” John clapped his hand over his mouth. His nails dug into his red and heated cheeks as he tried to suppress every possible moan, grunt and whimper that could possible pass through his lips. The permanent pressure on his prostate was already producing a copious amount of pre-cum from his throbbing member. He couldn’t help but push back into it; and try to get closer to that deep throbbing pleasure.

“Too much.” Sherlock pulled back and thrust hard then pulled out and thrust hard again until he had built a steady rhythm. When Sherlock’s hard thrusts push John further up onto the table Sherlock placed his hands on either side of John’s chest and crowded his space. Looming over John, he thrust faster and harder, grunting with each forward push. The angle change had Sherlock hitting even harder against John’s prostate. John’s eyes fluttered and his whole body jerked forward with each pummeling plunge. He completely gave into the pleasure Sherlock was giving him. “Have to find it.”

“Shit.” John released the hold on his face and bit into the thickest part of his thumb. When Sherlock pressed hard against John’s prostate John scratched at the table. “Well, he definitely found something.” He thought to himself as he lowered a shaking hand between his legs to grasp his weeping cock.

“That’s it.” Sherlock’s hips stuttered for a moment before he picked up a punishing pace. Both men gasped and groaned with each thrust while the table wear jingled in unison. John grunted, his arm rubbing against the lip of the table. He knew he should move it out of the way but it felt too good and he was too close. He gave his member a good squeeze and found his whole body shuddering when he ran his thumb over the tip of his cock the very moment Sherlock hips met his backside.

As John climbed higher towards climax, he arched his back for better access to each deep plunge. Like an out of nowhere car crash or a good sucker punch to the face, John found he was right there without any warning and he couldn’t stop it. He released his thumb to slam his hand against the table as an expression of unbelieving wonder covered his face. He couldn’t stop the gasps and ragged
breathes that fell from his lips even if the thought crossed his mind. Lucky for him his whimpers of completion barely carried outside the room. Hit with a second wave of overwhelming pleasure, John’s hips lifted and stuttered. His passage fluttered around Sherlock’s thrusting length and his member managed to spurt a few more lines of semen across the wooden floor.

The sudden pulsing and random constriction of John's inner muscles had Sherlock grunting and doubling over John’s back. He wrapped one hand around John’s thigh and the other around his waist as he thrust quick and hard until Sherlock was coming with stammered gasps. Sherlock ground his hips; the muscles in his backside flexing with every forward press.

“It was the lawyer.” John attempted to turn his head but found himself distracted by Sherlock pulling out of his sensitive entrance. His whole body shuddered and he couldn’t stop the way his hips jerked back into Sherlock’s hips. Exhausted, John rested his forehead against the table, gasping as Sherlock lifted himself up with shaking arms. When he started to hear the sound of clothes sifting and a zipper closing John lifted himself from the table and pulled his own pants up with shaking fingers. After pulling his zipper closed John hesitated briefly before turning around. However, there was no one there.

“What?” John looked around in shock before he walked over to the now open door. He looked in every direction but found Sherlock Holmes was nowhere in sight. “That… That… Cock!” John turned on his heels marching back into the dining room. He let out a huff but his anger dwindled at the sudden and very gross feeling of cum dripping down his thigh. Less angry, more confused, and slightly overwhelmed by the whole situation John took a step towards the dining table but instead found himself crumpling to the floor.

He managed to catch himself with his hands before he smacked his face into the floor. John pulled himself into a sitting position, a sharp pain pulsing in his thigh. It was only when he looked up at the table and saw his cane lying next to it on the ground that John realize he just walked from the table to the door without his cane and didn’t even notice.

John limped up the employee stairs several hours after the encounter with Sherlock. He cleaned the mess he had made underneath the dining table; thankful the entire time the Holmes family didn’t have any carpets then went straight to his room to take a shower.

Now he was determined to find out what happened to Sherlock. Meeting the man had been interesting but strange and John wanted to know what all that had been about. When John walked out into the front foyer, he spotted Anna walking on the upper level.

“Anna!” John grabbed on to the railing for balance and limped up the stairs to meet her. She stood at the top with her hands on her hips and an amused yet disapproving look.

“There you are Dr. Watson! I’ve been looking all over for you.” John looked down with an apologetic smile.

“Sorry about that, Sherlock Holmes needed me to uh,” John licked his lips and swallowed, “do him a favor. “Speaking of Sherlock Holmes, have you seen him?”

“You won’t find him around here anymore. He left a few hours ago. God knows when he’ll be back but trust me when he is you’ll know.” Anna patted John on the arm and winked. She turned on her heel and began walking away only to suddenly turn and start walking backwards. “Better get back to work Dr. Watson or Mrs. Holmes will becoming absolutely monstrous!” John waved her off before
he walked back down stairs.

If Sherlock wasn’t here, there was no point in trying to track him down. John knew he would turn up again eventually and he hoped they would get a moment to speak before actually getting down to the messy bits. A hot sensation rose from John’s toes to the top of his head. The tips of his fingers tingled and his lower abs twitched while deep-rooted warmth pooled in his gut.

John thought many things before he signed that contract and he still had some reservations about it but even he had to admit that, that was the best shag he’s had in years. John has had many sexual experiences but only a few have been worth remembering. Now Sherlock is one of them. He just wished he could talk to him; get a better understanding of who he is. John didn’t regret his decision, which surprises him but he’d still like to go into this whole mess with a clearer head.

With Sherlock nowhere to be found John could only go back to his work around the estate. He exited the house from the back and made his way down a long path. About halfway down the path next to a koi pound and some oak trees, was a large green house. There were empty pots lining one side and a cart filled with bags of soil sitting next to the door. When John cracked open the creaking door to stick is head inside no one was in there. With a sigh, he pulled his head back and walked around the green house to stand in front of the potted plants. Mrs. Holmes had wanted flowers from the green house put in pots and taken inside. He didn’t mind doing that but he had been hoping the gardener would be around to help him.

John unconsciously leaned heavily against his cane. He stared at the cart and the pots and the green house for a few minutes until he finally came up with a strategy that was decent enough for his taste. It wouldn’t get the job done fast but it would get it done.

John pushed the cart slowly inside the green house, the wheels just barely fitting through the door. He went back outside and picked up the first pot with one hand then carried it back inside the green house. Now came the tricky part. John cut open a bag of soil. He clenched his teeth as he balanced on one leg while holding the heavy bag over the pot. When the soil was at the right level John placed the bag back down with a grunt and finished filling the pot.

For the next two hours he used the same method with every pot until his leg was trembling and sweat was rolling into his eyes. When John reached the last pot, he was so focused on keeping his leg from collapsing he didn’t notice the green house door open. He only became aware of another presence when they finally spoke.

“Afghanistan of Iraq.” John jerked in alarm. The heavy soil bag fell from his hands and landed directly on the pot creating a large crack on the brim.

“For fu-” John voice trailed off. He let out a sigh and pinched the bridge of his nose. When he finally turned around to address the person who managed to sneak up on him he found Sherlock staring back at him with a smirk on his face.

“I wouldn’t be too concerned. I never liked that thing anyway. It’s better off in the trash. John snorted. He stepped to the side so Sherlock could see the damage he had caused.

“You want to tell you mother about the pot then?” Sherlock scrunched up his face before smirking. He linked his arms around his back and casually took a few steps forward.

“Well let’s not be hasty.” They were both silent. John unconsciously gripped his cane tighter as he observed the man in front of him. Sherlock was watching him with the same intense eyes but they seemed more focused, more relaxed. However, that didn’t stop John from swallowing heavily while
he thought of what happened just a few hours ago. Then John’s head twitched sideways in confusion as he pursed his lips.

“Hang on, how did you know about Afghanistan? Have you been looking at my resume?” John became more confused when Sherlock’s smirk widened into a confident smile.

“I didn’t know, I observed. I don’t need a piece of paper to tell me that, it’s fairly obvious.” Sherlock casually circled John who watched him with weary eyes.

“Observed what, exactly?” John felt the hairs on the back of his neck raise as Sherlock stopped behind him and spoke close to his ear.

“Your stance, your hair cut, your limp and, your tan lines.” When Sherlock didn’t elaborate further John shook his head and scoffed.

“Is that actually supposed to mean something to me?” Sherlock stepped in front of him again.”

“It should. Your hair cut plus the way your carry yourself says military. Your face and your hands are tan but no tan beyond the wrists. You’ve been aboard but not sunbathing. Then there’s the limp. It hinders most of your movement but the severity of pain changes depending on your state of mind, indicating the limp is psychosomatic. The cause of the limp was clearly traumatic so wounded in action. Oh, and of course the less interesting and more obvious fact that you identify yourself as Dr. John Watson, which leads me to the conclusion that you were an army doctor who was injured aboard in Afghanistan or Iraq.” Sherlock watched John expectantly but John could only stare at him with what he hoped was a neutral expression.

“That…” John bit his lip and stared down at the ground. “was amazing.” Sherlock pursed his lip and glanced sideways.

“Really?”

“Yes, it was quite… extraordinary.”

“That’s not what people normally say.” John’s lip twitched upward.

“Oh? What do people normally say?”

“Piss off.” Sherlock smirked at John who shook his head and snickered at the absurdity of the situation. He took a few steps away from Sherlock then turned back towards him.

“You know they told me you were mad.” Sherlock tilted his head and raised his chin.

“Who would they be?”

“Everyone.” Sherlock took a few steps forward until he was crowding John’s space. John swallowed as he felt a tingling feeling in his gut.

“Will that be a problem?” When John shook his head Sherlock smirked. “Good.” Sherlock glanced down then locked eyes with John. “Because in the next three seconds I intend to catch the man who has been watching us for the past ten minutes and I’ll need your assistance. John’s eyes widened but he forced himself not to look away from Sherlock’s gaze.

“Wha-” Sherlock suddenly shot past John through the back of the green house.

“Now John!” When Sherlock vaulted himself through the open window John mouth dropped. He
barely had a moment to curse to himself before he ran to the front of the green house and through the door. He just managed to spot the edge of Sherlock’s coat flapping around a tree so he pushed himself in that direction.

“Sherlock wait!” John rounded the tree and sprinted down the garden path when he caught sight of Sherlock’s coat again rounding the corner of the house. With annoyance now pushing him forward John put all his energy into trying to catch up to Sherlock. John ran past a diverging path but skittered to a halt when he heard a familiar voice calling out to him.

“No, this way John!” Sherlock didn’t sound far away. John grabbed a low hanging branch to assist him in turning then cut down another path. If he didn’t know any better John would think he was in the middle of a forest. There were trees on either side of him and he was quickly approaching an opening with a gazebo smack dab in the middle. With no other paths to go down John ran around the gazebo and was about to run down the other side of the path when a voice stopped him in his tracks.

“Well I think that about does it.” John nearly fell on his face in his haste to stop. He whipped around and found Sherlock lounging inside the gazebo.

“What happened to the man we were chasing?” Sherlock grab onto the railing and pulled himself up.

“I’m afraid I made that up.” Sherlock had his hands behind his back as he took a few steps away from the gazebo.

“You what?”

“I needed to prove a point.” Sherlock turned to face John.

“And what point was-” John’s jaw hung open. Sherlock had reached inside his coat and produced his cane.

“Missing something?” When John said nothing Sherlock took that as the signal to continue. “I nicked it from you when I ran out of the green house. I’ll be happy to give it back but I doubt you’ll really be needing it.” Sherlock walked over to John and placed the cane in his hands. John stared down at the cane as Sherlock continued to walk away from him. “Those people who told you I was mad. Did they tell you what I do?”

“No.” John turned to face Sherlock who was standing by the gazebo watching him.

“Meet me in the foyer tomorrow afternoon. My next case could really use your assistance John.” With that, Sherlock turned down the path and left. John let out a breath then laughed at himself. His eyes drifted down to the cane in his hands, which suddenly felt so light and foreign. John was relieved to be sure but it was almost as if he was realizing the cane never really belonged to him in the first place.

John’s lip twitched upward in a smile. He tightened his grip on the middle of the cane and carried it at his right side as he walked back towards the green house. It didn’t occur to him until after he finished cleaning up the pot that he never got around to confronting Sherlock about their first encounter. It seemed John was going to have to wait until tomorrow.

John wiped his hands after he placed the last pot on the back patio. Thanks to his miraculous
recovery, the job that would have taken him hours now only lasted a fraction of the time. He should probably thank Sherlock for that later.

With a satisfied smile, John turned on his heels but nearly jumped out of his skin when he found a man standing at the glass door watching him.

“Christ! Why does everyone keep doing that?” The man tilted his head, an amused smile gracing his face. He swung an umbrella back and forth twice before planting it in the ground like a cane.

“Apologizes Dr. Watson. If it’s any consolation I’ve only just arrived.” The man extended his hand out but didn’t move from his spot. “Mycroft Holmes.” John’s eyebrows shot up. He smoothed his hands over his jeans as he walked over to Mycroft in a few quick strides.

“Yes of course, Mycroft. Uh, nice to meet you… finally.” After shaking the man’s hand John rolled his shoulders and cleared his throat. “Sorry about that, before…” Mycroft let out a short chuckle. “It’s nothing to worry yourself over Dr. Watson. My brother tends to have that affect on people.” Mycroft scanned John’s body. “I see you received my gift.” His eyes narrowed when he spotted dust on John’s pant leg. “And don’t worry too much about the pot you broke. It had no value.”

“How did you- oh god you too.” John clenched his eyes shut and rubbed his forehead with his thumb. He wasn’t sure what he was getting into before and now he really wasn’t sure.

“Well then.” Mycroft stood up straight and began to swing his cane at his side again. “Now that the introductions are out of the way I’ll take my leave. Good day Dr. Watson.”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Oh, and by the way, I will be requiring your services for the night. Be sure to come to my quarters when dinner is over.” Mycroft’s expression was neutral but there was something predatory in his eyes. He gave John a final nod then turned to leave.

John stood alone in the patio rubbing his hands against his thighs. That image he had of himself, summoned to a candle little room and fucked until daybreak was looking a little more realistic then he ever realized. With a heavy sigh, John collapsed back into a chair only to jolt and let out a grunt when the force of him sitting pushed the anal plug deeper. He had been so used to it he nearly forgot it was there.

John lingered in front of Mycroft’s door for a solid minute before he even had the courage to approach it. He wasn’t sure what it was about that man, but the brief meeting made him seem far more intimidating and far less approachable then Sherlock. John never felt the need to impress someone before but everything about the man screamed upper class, political power and, superior intellect. John almost felt the need to put on his best suit for the man. However, considering the reason he was there he just stuck with the clothes Mycroft had gifted him. He had a feeling Mycroft liked seeing him in them anyway.

John raised his hand in the shape of a fist; hesitated, then knocked with the second knuckle of his pointer finger.

“Come in Dr. Watson.” John slowly opened the door and stuck his head inside. His eyes scanned the luxurious room from left to right until he finally found Mycroft standing in front of a full-length mirror. The older man was watching himself secure a tie around his neck.
John stepped into the room and shut the door behind him. The click of the lock was barely audible even in the silent room. John stayed by the door, unsure of what his next move should be. It also confused him that Mycroft was getting into clothes not getting out of them.

“Going somewhere?” Mycroft locked eyes with John through the mirror. John tried to give the appearance of complete nonchalance but the way Mycroft’s lip turned up meant he clearly failed.

“Not tonight. Tomorrow morning I have business to attend to so I was just checking the fit of my suit. My tailor does excellent work, wouldn’t you agree.” Mycroft turned away from the mirror to face John. He pulled on the end of his vest then extended his hands out to display himself. John’s eyes darted down a second then back up at Mycroft’s face.

“Yes, I would agree. You look- uh, it looks fine.” John attempted a smile but it felt more like a grimace. He could tell by the way Mycroft’s lip twitched up even more that the man got a kick out of making him uncomfortable.

“Excellent, then it should do nicely then.” Mycroft turned back around as he stuck his fingers in his tie and pulled it loose. “Feel free to make yourself more comfortable. I’ll join you in bed in a moment.” John hesitated. He continued to watch Mycroft gradually remove his clothes before he darted to the other side of the room. He faced the night table by the grand bed while trembling fingers began working at his buttons.

“This feels odd.” John glanced over his shoulder at Mycroft, surprised to find the man was already nude. Mycroft stood in front of his wardrobe hanging up the clothes he had shed. John turned back around and pulled his top off. He held it in his hands, unsure where to place it. In an attempt to make as little mess as possible John folded the shirt and placed it on the nightstand. He pulled the bottle of lube from his pocket and placed it next to his shirt. His jeans came off next and after nervous hesitation, his underwear quickly followed.

When John turned around he nearly jumped out of his skin. Mycroft stood on the opposite side of the bed staring hard at him. His member was already at half-mast, and John had to admit it wasn’t bad. He didn’t get a look at Sherlock’s but if he was going to compare sight to feel he’d estimate that Sherlock was slightly thicker but Mycroft was a little longer.

“Please lie down on your back Doctor.” Mycroft swallowed and licked his lips. The kind of energy he sent out was very different then Sherlock. John was starting to think that was contributing to what was making him so nervous. With Sherlock, it just sort of happened. They met and they had sex. It was passion with no thought. Mycroft on the other hand was very calculated. It doesn’t just happen because there is something besides pleasure he is getting from the act.

John isn’t sure what that something is but as Mycroft crawls over him and hovers between his legs he can sense his dominant energy. John has been with a few men and has felt that sensation before. The energy comes from a person who is not looking for a partner in bed but for someone to submit to their sexual whims. John is seeing more and more why men like Mycroft and Sherlock needed someone hired to sleep with them.

John let out a gasp as soon as Mycroft took hold of the anal plug and pulled it from his body. When the plug was free Mycroft placed it on the night table next to the bottle of lube then grabbed the bottle.

“How have you found this brand Dr. Watson? I chose the brand myself.” Mycroft sat back on his heels and watched John as he poured a generous amount onto his fingers. He laid the bottle by John’s hip then hovered back over him.
“I-It’s been fine, really grea- ah!” John bit his bottom lip when three of Mycroft’s fingers pushed inside him. Mycroft pressed his fingers hard against John’s prostate and watched with dark eyes and parted lips as the younger man clenched his eyes and tilted his head sideways.

“Remarkable, you’re more responsive then I had hoped.” Mycroft breathed out. Mycroft leaned down to bite at John’s nipple. His mouth lightly scrapped the skin around it before he closed his lips around the small bud. John grasped the pillow under his head with both hands; his back bowing as Mycroft abused his sensitive flesh. Mycroft didn’t leave a noticeable mark, but the skin around John’s nipple was wet and red when he was satisfied.

When John let out an involuntary gasp Mycroft’s dark eyes looked away from John’s body and directly at his face. He watched John’s reactions with an intense expression, as he thrust is fingers in and out. John had to look away. The almost blissful fascination written across Mycroft’s face was intimidating. The way Mycroft pushed is fingers inside John; each thrust different from another like he was trying to see John’s varying reactions made John feel like some sort of experiment.

When Mycroft thrust his fingers all the way in and held the pads of his fingers firmly against John’s prostate John couldn’t stop his hips from jerking into the sensation. His knees came up when he planted his heels into the bed, nearly clocking Mycroft in the chin.

“Fu-uh-uck” John covered his eyes with one hand as the other gripped the sheets by his head. He was panting heavily and his cock was leaking against his stomach profusely. When Mycroft let out an amused chuckle, John had to force himself not to peek through his fingers.

“Your body receives an excellent amount of pleasure from the prostate. Perfect.” Mycroft placed his free hand firmly over John’s belly button then pressed hard against John’s prostate again. John thought he would be prepared for the sensation but he let out a chocked gasp when vigorous rubbing followed the hard press.

John jolted upwards onto his elbows as his feet pushed firmly into the bed and attempted to propel him towards the headboard. At the same time, his hips rose off the bed and back into Mycroft’s forceful abuse. The pleasure was so intense John wasn’t sure if he wanted to go towards it or away.

Mycroft pushed John’s hips back down against the bed. He could feel John’s stomach moving up and down under his hand as the younger man panted and moaned. John inner muscles clenched around Mycroft’s fingers and his member throbbed against his stomach. He was at the point where even the lightest touch against his cock could set him off.

John was so lost in pleasure he didn’t notice Mycroft remove his hand from his stomach to grab the bottle of lube. Mycroft squeezed a liberal amount onto his throbbing cock, his hips jerking when he smeared it over his member.

John eyes shot open and he finally looked at Mycroft when a warm, wet heat engulfed the head of his cock. Mycroft was looking up at him. A smirk still managing to grace his face even with his lips stretched around John’s cock. When Mycroft coupled his thrusting, firmly pressing fingers with a few good sucks John completely lost it. His head went back against the pillow and a chocked groan passed his lips.

John’s trembling hand hovered above Mycroft’s head before he pulled away to grasp his own hair with his fingers. John clapped his thighs shut around Mycroft’s shoulders then let them fall open again as Mycroft ran his tongue along the underside of John’s cock and along his foreskin.

Mycroft’s tongue dipped inside John’s urethra causing John’s hips to jerk and his head to come off the pillow. John was about to come. When Mycroft took John all the way in and pressed firmly
against John’s prostate John’s body convulsed in orgasm.

As soon as John began to orgasm, Mycroft removed his lips from John’s member. John’s cock fell back against his stomach and continued to twitch with each spurt of cum. As quick as he could Mycroft removed his fingers from John, crawled up his body and shoved his hard cock all the way inside John’s convulsing entrance. Mycroft shuttered and let out a groan of his own grabbing at John’s hips and grinding against John’s body.

The sudden intrusion was a shock. John grasped at Mycroft’s shoulders, his orgasm intensified by the fullness.

“Perfect.” Mycroft gasped into John’s neck as he pulled his hips back and thrust forward. John’s entire body shuttered. He couldn’t help the whine that left his lips as his knees clenched around Mycroft’s hips in a futile attempt to close.

“S-sensitive too s-sen-sensitive a-ah aah!” John slapped at the bed as Mycroft’s hips picked up a steady rhythm. He wrapped his arms around John’s shoulders to keep John’s convulsing and shuttering body in place as their bodies slapped together in a steady rhythm. All the while Mycroft peered down at John with an intense dark stare.

Mycroft adjusted his position above John then began to thrust faster. John let out an embarrassingly high-pitched noise as Mycroft grunted loudly alongside him. Mycroft moved one arm away from John’s shoulders and wrapped it around John’s hips. Their pace was now furious Mycroft grunting between clenched teeth as he sought his own climax. John’s over sensitive body quivered perfectly around his member so he aimed directly for John’s prostate causing the man underneath him to jerk and shout even more.

John wanted to stop the noises he was making. He really wished he could but he was completely overwhelmed by the feeling of Mycroft’s hard member plunging inside him. His body jerked and shuttered away from it but at the same time his member throbbed and his passage convulsed in pleasure. John’s head dug back into the pillow bellow him as he let out a cacophony of “uh” and “ah” sounds alongside Mycroft’s own grunting. When Mycroft suddenly reached his own climax his hips stuttered before he thrust in hard; pressing directly against John’s prostate.

“God damn it.” John words practically came out as a whisper as the over sensitive pleasure gave into a sudden release. Mycroft, who was still in the middle of an orgasm of his own, grunted and shuttered when John’s body clenched around his member. Mycroft watched in fascination as John’s eyes rolled back and his hips grinded down against Mycroft’s own cock. John shuttered as if he was coming and his member even twitched as if it was producing sperm but nothing came out. When the intense feeling was over John fell back against the bed panting and shuttering again.

Mycroft hovered over John who was lying underneath him with his eyes closed. John was breathing heavy and every few seconds his body twitched as he experienced the remnants of a dry orgasm. When Mycroft pulled out of John’s body, he reveled in the way John shuttered.

When John finally calmed down he opened his eyes and found Mycroft was still hovering over him. He licked his lips and swallowed as he looked away from the older man’s gaze. The intensity of Mycroft’s stare was slightly unnerving to John. John couldn’t help but wonder what Mycroft was thinking when he looked at him like that. Like he owned John or he was taking his power away. John couldn’t be sure what it was exactly.

In an instant Mycroft’s face took on its neutral smugness. He crawled away from John and towards the end of the bed before standing. John sat up against the headboard. Now that, that was over he wasn’t exactly sure what he was supposed to do now. Luckily, Mycroft answered that question for
“Get some sleep Dr. Watson.” Mycroft stretched his hands back then rolled his shoulders. “I’ll wake you when I require your services once again.”

“He just wants me to sleep here?” John thought to himself as he stared at the older man’s back. Mycroft walked towards his bathroom and disappeared inside. With a heavy sigh, John glanced around the room. When he spotted a container of wet whips on the nightstand, he grabbed a few and cleaned off his stomach. Once he was clean, he tossed the whips in a small trash next to the bed then got underneath the covers.

It felt strange sleeping in Mycroft’s bed but there was nothing he could do about that. John glanced over his shoulder at the bathroom but couldn’t tell if Mycroft would be coming out any time soon. Assuming the older man was cleaning himself, John reached for the light switch by the bed and shut the light off; the only source of light was now coming from the bathroom.

With a sigh, John relaxed against the soft bed and closed his eyes. It only took a matter of minutes for him to fall asleep and he didn’t even wake when Mycroft crawled back into bed next to him.

Just as Mycroft promised, several hours later John woke to Mycroft’s hands running over his thigh and his lips against his neck.

The next morning John woke to the sunlight coming through the window. His eyes fluttered open before squinting. With a groan, John stretched his arms above his head and rolled onto his back. He looked around the room confused until it finally dawned on him where he was.

He was still in Mycroft’s room but Mycroft was nowhere to be found. John sat up scratching at his head. When his eyes scanned the room, he passed the clock only for him to do a double take.

“Damn it!” it was Eleven forty five and he was supposed to meet Sherlock at noon. “Why didn’t that cock wake me before he left?!” John jumped out of bed and went to grab his clothes, but there weren’t there. He looked around a few times and spotted a new set of clothes neatly folded on top of a chair next to the wardrobe. With a relieved sigh, John grabbed them. He managed to clean himself up, clean and put in the anal plug, and get dressed by eleven fifty five. However, in John’s haste he didn’t think about who could be roaming about at this time of day so instead of check the hall he just walked out. Unsurprisingly as soon as he turned down the hallway Anna was standing a few feet away. She was holding a cup of tea in one hand and a biscuit in the other. Her eyes were wide and her mouth was hanging open.

“Dr. Watson?!” Anna’s produced a sound so high pitched it was nearly startling. John let out a nervous laugh and approached her with raised hands as if he was approaching a startled animal.

“Anna, it’s not at all what you think-”

“Are you shagging Mycroft Holmes?!” The face John made apparently confirmed it for her. Anna’s biscuit fell to the ground when she covered her mouth with her hand. “Oh. My. God.” She looked over John’s shoulder. “Is he still in there?!“

“Anna, please. I don’t have time for this. I’ll explain later I promise.” John stepped around Anna and jogged down the hall. He could hear Anna shouting at his back.

“You better! And you better explain what happened to your cane too!”
John made it into the foyer at exactly noon. As he walked down the stairs, Sherlock was just walking from underneath it. Sherlock smirked at John.

“Ah, perfect timing.” John stopped on the last step and Sherlock stopped in front of it. With their difference in height, they ended up at eye level. Sherlock was standing so close to John their noses where almost touching. John was the first to speak.

“So, what exactly am I helping you with?”

“A crime scene.”

“Crime scene?” John’s brow furrowed.

“Yes.”

“You want to elaborate?” Sherlock said nothing as he stepped away from the stairs. He walked towards the door then looked back at John over his shoulder.

“Coming?” John let out a sigh and shook his head. He thought back on the conversation he had with William, something about the scum of the earth. He was snapped out of his thoughts when Sherlock spoke again. “Problem?”

“Why exactly should I go with you? Give me one good reason.” Sherlock looked down, the corner of his lip turning up in a smile.

“Well, you could stay here arranging flowers and dusting bookshelves or you can help me catch a serial killer.” Sherlock’s eyes locked with John’s. “Then again that may be too dangerous for you.” John stared at Sherlock. After a few silent moments John let out a breath and stepped off the stairs. Sherlock barely suppressed his smug smirk as John walked beside him while they went out the front door.
John broke into a jog so he could step in front of Sherlock and cut him off at the top of the porch steps.

“Hang on Sherlock. Is it all right for me to go with you? I do have other duties I’m supposed to take care of.”

“You have nothing to worry about John. My mother is aware of everything that goes on in this house—” John’s eyebrows shot up.

“Everything?”

“It is likely that she is already aware that you are assisting me.” Sherlock rocked back on his heels.

“Now that, that’s settled…” Without even finishing his thought, Sherlock stepped around John and bounded down the stairs. John followed him and was quick to grab his arm.

“Just a minute Sherlock.” Sherlock’s chin lifted and his teeth clenched shut, a groan releasing from deep in his throat.

“What is it now?” Sherlock turned halfway and stared at John, who was still grasping his arm. John licked his lips and shifted his feet but didn’t break eye contact.

“There was something else I needed to talk to you about…” John swallowed. He cleared his throat and looked down at the ground a moment then looked up again. When he locked eyes with Sherlock, Sherlock’s eyes narrowed. John nearly lost his nerve under Sherlock’s scrutiny but when he finally opened his mouth to speak Sherlock rolled his eyes and scoffed. John was staring at the man with wide-eyed confusion as Sherlock began to walk away.

“Now really isn’t the time for a sexual orientation crisis. You can deal with your attraction to men on your own time.” Sherlock walked to the family car parked in the driveway. Before he could pull the door open John’s hand slapped down against the window.

“I’m bloody Bi Sherlock. I don’t mind shagging men it would just be nice to get a little warning when it happens!” John let out a huff. His eyes remained locked with Sherlock’s, who stared at him saying nothing. After an uncomfortable amount of time for normal people, Sherlock broke their locked gazes by blinking and looking away.

“I see.”

“And the things you were saying, when we were…” When Sherlock looked back at John, John looked away. “You said something about a lawyer. What were you talking about?” When Sherlock sighed, John glanced up at him.

“Perhaps I should explain myself somewhat.” Sherlock breathed out. His voice gave the impression
that he believed the idea was tedious. “When I’m working on a case or on any particular problem that would seem unsolvable to the average individual my mind can become overwhelmed by useless information. I find that the physical stimulation allows me to control my aggravations and clear my mind.” Sherlock looked back at John who was staring at him with raised eyebrows. “Does that answer your question?”

“So basically, when you get stumped or frustrated you have a shag?” Sherlock shrugged.

“More or less.” Sherlock stared at John with narrowed eyes as the shorter man turned and paced two steps before turning back around.

“Fine.”

“Fine?” John licked his lips and nodded. His hands were on his hips as he glanced at the ground then looked back up to meet Sherlock’s eyes.

“It’s all fine.” John pulled open the back seat of the car. “Just give a heads up next time. It’s generally polite to ask first before you shag someone.” John spoke in a teasing tone that caused the corner of Sherlock’s lip to twitch upwards.

“Duly noted.” Sherlock climbed into the car and John climbed in right after him. Sherlock grasped the top of the front seat and leaned forward to speak with the driver. “Take us to the usual.” John closed the door behind himself before the car drove down the long driveway. He couldn’t help the way his fingers danced over the top of his knees.

“The usual?” Sherlock leaned his arm against the window and made an affirmative noise. John waited for Sherlock to say more but when he remained silent, he decided to change tactics. “I asked your father what it is you do my first day of work.” That got Sherlock’s attention. He turned his gaze away from the window and stared hard at John.

“And what did he tell you?”

“He told me that Mycroft would say you run with the scum of the earth.” Sherlock practically bristled at the mere mention of Mycroft’s name.

“I wouldn’t take anything my dear brother says to heart.”

“And what about what you say about him?” Sherlock’s head completely turned towards John, eyes staring daggers at him but somehow still containing a sense of curiosity. When he said nothing John continued. “You father also said you think Mycroft rules the world while sitting on his fat arse.” Sherlock’s stone face seemed to melt while a snort escaped his lips. John smiled; tickled by the fact that Sherlock was so amused by his own words.

“Well yes of course. He is the British government after all.”

“People keep saying that but I find that hard to believe.” A smile slowly formed on Sherlock’s face as his eyes sparkled.

“You’d be surprised.”

As soon as the car pulled over Sherlock jumped out, John following him. The air wasn’t overly chilly but the wind blew against John’s bare neck. He zipped up his coat as far as it could go while he jogged to meet Sherlock on the sidewalk.

“So, now will you explain to me why we’re walking when you have a perfectly fine driver who is
perfectly happy to drive you anywhere?” John’s shoulders were stiff and his arms were ram-rod straight at his sides, his body attempting to fight off the cold. Sherlock only glanced in John’s direction while he walked down the sidewalk in long strides. The cold barely affected him but then again his long fluttering coat, woolly scarf, and thick leather gloves provided better protection than John’s meager and aging possessions.

“I work faster without my brother’s informants around to slow me down.” John faltered in his steps.

“What?”

“Mycroft uses the family employees to spy on me.” Sherlock turned towards John with a sly smile. “I’m surprised he hasn’t offered you money yet.”

“But why would your brother do that?”

“Because he spies on everyone John it’s what he does.”

“You make it sound like he’s some sort of criminal master mind.” John looked up at Sherlock when he scoffed.

“He might as well be. Like I said before he runs the government.” Sherlock took John to an apartment complex where a grey haired detective was sitting against his car outside. As soon as he spotted the two men coming down the sidewalk, he pushed off the side of his car and walked over to meet them.

“Sherlock.” The man looked to John with a raised eyebrow. “And who’s this?”

“Detective Inspector Lestrade, Dr. John Watson. Dr. John Watson, Detective Inspector Lestrade.” Lestrade shook John’s extended hand but still looked confused.

“Right… No offense but why exactly have you brought him here?” Sherlock let out an annoyed huff.

“He’s with me Lestrade that’s all you need to know.”

“But-”

“John is here to assist me on this case-” John snorted.

“When did I become your assistant?”

“If you want me here you will accept John’s presence as well.” John raised his eyebrows in surprise and looked between Lestrade and Sherlock who were in the middle of a silent staring contest. After a brief moment Lestrade let out a defeated sigh then gestured with his head towards the door.

“Alright fine.” Lestrade led the way inside, using a key within a lockbox to enter the building. They climbed the stairs up to the fourth floor and found that the first apartment door was covered with police tape.

“We’ve been trying to figure this one out for the past month but haven’t gotten anywhere.” Lestrade pulled a file from his coat and handed it off to Sherlock. John stood close to his left side so he could
peek at its contents. “Beth Tate was a student at the local university and she also interned at the local tech company NgN. A classmate came to check on her when she didn’t pick up her mobile.” Sherlock interrupted before Lestrade could continue.

“The classmate broke down the door?” Sherlock glanced back at Lestrade who nodded. Lestrade took a few steps towards another room and pointed inside.

“Her body was found in there. Unfortunately most of the evidence has already been moved and the body has been taken to the morgue, obviously, but everything you need is in there.” John looked up at Sherlock who scoffed as he flipped to the second page of the file.

“That would be the case Inspector, if your team wasn’t in the habit of missing everything of importance.” Sherlock flipped the file shut; the force caused a breeze to jostle the curls that framed his face. “More importantly, why are you choosing to bore me with this?” Lestrade’s mouth fell open.

“What!?”

“This is a four at best!” Sherlock stomped over to the dining room table and slammed the file down on top of it. He paced between Lestrade and John, throwing out his abuse when Lestrade was closest. “Why do you insist on boring me with this when you have a perfectly good serial killer on the loose?!” Lestrade cursed to himself as his head lulled to one side. He raised his hand and pinched the bridge of his nose as he spoke.

“I told you Sherlock, those were just suicides. That’s all!” Sherlock whipped around, his face full of agitation. It was clear that this conversation had occurred several times before and while John understood that Sherlock was used to constant bickering, thanks to Mycroft. The Detective Inspector was not. His expression showed he was clearly exhausted with the conversation before it had even started. Attempting to divert the conversation, John cleared his throat and stepped in front of Sherlock. Sherlock’s expression of frustration dwindled, raising a curious eyebrow at the shorter man.

“A four?” Sherlock huffed at John’s question.

“I rank the difficulty level of a case from 1 to 10 anything below a 7 is not worth getting out of the house.” Sherlock glared at Lestrade. “But a four?! Mycroft could solve a four from his desk!”

“Well if it’s so easy then prove it.” Sherlock continued to stare daggers at Lestrade who crossed his arms to stare at Sherlock with skeptical amusement. John could practically see Sherlock’s hackles rise, ready to make another long-winded and dramatic retort so John was quick to cut him off before he could even get the words out.

“Sherlock.” Utilizing the authority that came with his rank had always managed to get John out of a tight spot but even he was surprised to find how switching to Captain John Watson worked so well on one Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock’s mouth clamped shut in the form of a heavy pout and his eyes narrowed. He took in a deep breath releasing it through his nose like an angry bull before he stormed into the living room without a word.

John and Lestrade shared a quick look before following the brooding detective inside. The space was decent for a flat of that size. The living room seemed to take up most of the flat’s entire living space. There was a white couch against one wall and a flat screen television hanging on the other. A black coffee table sat in between them without much more decoration. Beth Tate appeared to be a minimalist. In the center of the white area rug, was a large dark stain that could almost be mistaken for old blood.
When John and Lestrade stepped into the room, Sherlock was knelt on the ground, hovering over the stain. He was moments from moving his face close to it until John grabbed him on the back of his coat stopping him.

“What are you doing?!” Sherlock looked up at John surprised and nearly offended.

“I’m trying to examine the stain. What exactly are you doing?” John huffed as he grabbed Sherlock by the arm and hauled him to his feet.

“No. Absolutely not. That’s bile Sherlock. I’m not letting you stick your face in bile!” John expected to get the same tongue-lashing that Sherlock had given Lestrade but was surprised to find the man’s face not twisted in anger but surprise.

“Fine.” Sherlock pulled his phone from his pocket and began typing furiously. “What else do you examine Dr. Watson?” John blinked a few times. He released Sherlock’s arm, choosing instead to rub his hands over his thighs. After a few quick glances around the room, John wasn’t sure what he was supposed to be looking for. Then he remembered the file still sitting on the dining room table. He quickly made his way back to the other room and grabbed it off the table. He scanned a few pages, smirking when he found the coroner’s report on the fourth page. John cleared his throat while he glanced up at Sherlock who still had his eyes glued to his phone.

“She suffered from swelling of the brain and vomiting. There is nothing to suggest that her death was natural so it was probably some sort of slow acting poison.” When John looked back up Sherlock was still standing across from him but now his hands pressed together with the tips of his pointer fingers just touching his lips.

“Fascinating.” Lestrade stepped closer, looking between Sherlock and John.

“What?”

“I misjudged you Lestrade. Perhaps this case isn’t as worthless as I thought. Undetectable poison administered by secret lover. Oh, that is good.”

“What secret lover? What are you on about?” Sherlock held his phone up to Lestrade, who looked up at it in confusion.

“It’s fairly obvious if you look at Beth Tate’s Facebook page.” Sherlock looked at his phone screen again and scrolled through with his finger. “Her relationship status is listed as ‘single,’ but she rambles at nauseam about her date nights with her ‘friend from work.’ She includes her location, which is always an upscale restaurant, so even if she says it’s a friend the location of these dates infers romantic attachment. However, she never includes their name, which means she can’t. There could be multiple reasons why she would feel the need to hide her relationship but if you look at her profile photograph,” Sherlock held up the phone for John and Lestrade to see, “she cropped a group photo so she and the CEO Brian Carter would be in the center. So, it is quite obvious that the reason she hides the identity of her lover is because he is her boss who happens to be married and 32 years older than herself.” Sherlock took a deep breath as he shoved his phone back in his pocket.

“Why did he kill her then?” Sherlock rolled his eyes at Lestrade’s question and quietly mumbled an expletive to himself before he snatched the case file from John’s hands and made for the door. Lestrade and John were quick to follow him.

“Surely even you have enough common sense to figure that out on your own. I can’t do everything for you now can I?”
“Sherlock where are you going?”

“John and I are going to Ngn. Mr. Carter and I need to have a little chat.” As they made their way down the stairs, trailing behind Sherlock, John tried to ignore the look Lestrade threw in his direction. Just before John and Lestrade made it to the bottom floor Lestrade broke the silence.

“So you’re not his assistant then?” John sensed Lestrade’s underlying question and immediately began to sputter.

“We’re not—”

“Normally I’d say good luck with that mate but,” Lestrade chuckled and shook his head as they made it outside. “Bloody hell, you seem to be doing a damn good job of it already.” John’s eyebrows rose in surprise. He could only stare at the detective who was smirking. “I think you are the first and only person I’ve ever known who successfully tamed that bloody madman.” John’s lips turned up, looking over at Sherlock who was standing by the curve in the process of hailing a cab. When he turned back to Lestrade, he was still smirking while a chuckle bubbled up from his throat. He still looked exhausted but appeared more relaxed. It was clear to John that Lestrade may get frustrated with Sherlock but he respected his intellect and his advice. He wouldn’t ask for his help if he didn’t. Clearly, comments made by Lestrade like madman weren’t meant to cause offence but were almost like a term of endearment for a close friend or relative.

“You know him better than I do.” John raised his brow when Lestrade snorted.

“I’ve known him for five years and no, I don’t. He’s not like that. Not with anyone.” Before John could inquire, further he nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound of Sherlock’s loud booming voice.

“John!” When John turned around Sherlock was hanging halfway out of a black cab. “Hurry up John or I’m leaving without you!” John shoulders dropped as he let out a heavy sigh. He took a moment to wave goodbye to Lestrade then climbed into the cab behind Sherlock. The cab pulled off as soon as the door closed.

“So, what did you learn about the case then?” John waited while Sherlock produced the case file from inside his coat then opened it to the first page. It was an image of the crime scene when the forensic team had first arrived. The body of Beth Tate was lying in the center of the living room. She was on her stomach with one arm trapped underneath her while the other reached out towards the right.

“You were right about the slow acting poison.” Sherlock flipped to the next page to a photo of the living room from another angle. They could see two glasses sitting on the coffee table. One appeared to be filled with water and the other was filled with a darker liquid. John looked up at Sherlock.

“There was someone there when she died?” Sherlock made an affirmative noise then flipped a few more pages. Sherlock scanned down the page with his finger before stopping towards the bottom.

“You were right about the slow acting poison.” Sherlock flipped to the next page to a photo of the living room from another angle. They could see two glasses sitting on the coffee table. One appeared to be filled with water and the other was filled with a darker liquid. John looked up at Sherlock.

“One of the glasses is red wine so obviously it’s a romantic attachment. Anne Tate was the one restricting herself to water. According to her Facebook page she doesn’t consume alcohol.” Sherlock flipped back to the photo and stared at it. After a few minutes of silence, John looked away from the photo and back at Sherlock.

“What exactly are you looking for?”

“The wine brand.” John furrowed his eyebrows and looked back down.
“Is the bottle in the photo?” Sherlock let out a sigh.

“No, but based on the pigment, residue along the inside of the glass and, particles found in the wine I’ve narrowed it down to Clos Fourtet, Vaio Armaron, or Aalto,” Sherlock looked forward and let out a dejected sigh, “of course I can’t know for sure without smelling or tasting it.” John stared at Sherlock with wide eyes and a big smile.

“You mean to tell me… you can tell what wine that is just by looking at a photo of it?” Sherlock huffed. His voice was filled with frustration as he turned his head to look at John.

“Of course I-!” Sherlock paused and his face morphed from anger to surprise at the expression of sheer wonderment on John’s face.

“That’s amazing!” Sherlock could only blink a few times before he sat back and stared out the window, a hint of a smile gracing his face.

“Thank you.” John watched Sherlock for a moment, realizing that they never finished discussing the case. However, with a content sigh John leaned against his side of the cab and stared out the window as well. He was happy to leave Sherlock to his own thoughts clearly the man needed it. He just wished he knew what Sherlock was thinking.

The cab pulled up across the street from Ngn, which consisted of two identical glass buildings. Sherlock and John walked straight inside the closest building, passing clusters of employees until they finally arrived at the information desk. A young man with horned rimmed glasses was sitting behind the desk. The man was playing with a coin on his desk. Spinning it, throwing it and flipping it out of boredom. He only stopped when he spotted Sherlock and John approaching.

“Can I help you?” Sherlock put on his largest, fakest smile as he leaned his arms against the top of the desk.

“Yes, is Mr. Carter in? It’s imperative that I speak with him.” The young man adjusted his glasses with his pointer finger then began typing at his computer. He glanced at the screen then looked back up at Sherlock.

“Do you have a meeting?”

“No.”

“I’m afraid Mr. Carter can only see you if you schedule a meeting. He’s very busy.” Sherlock smirked. He stood up straight to his full height then stared harshly at the young man.

“I suggest you tell Mr. Carter, he is suspected of murder!” The young man’s eyes widened and other employees walking through the main lobby stopped what they were doing to stare. John, who stood behind Sherlock looked around and unconsciously covered his face. “I imagine Mr. Carter’s schedule might clear up a bit.” The young man nodded before darting out of his chair and bolting for one of the elevators. As soon as he was gone, John stepped into Sherlock’s space, his eyes still glancing around the lobby.

“I think you could have said that a little louder Sherlock I’m not sure they heard you in Sussex.”

“Don’t worry John it’s all part of the plan.”

“And what plan is that?”
“Now that I’ve embarrassed him he will feel obligated to see me.” John took a step away and nodded.

“Ah.”

“Also, if he attempts to run we’ll know for a fact he’s the killer making the case tremendously easy to solve.” John nodded again before he turned to look at Sherlock who was staring ahead with a bored expression.

“Do we want the case to be easy?” Sherlock turned to look at John; a genuine smile forming on his face.

“Never.” John stared at Sherlock until he couldn’t help but laugh. The joy Sherlock seemed to gain from what they were doing was contagious. John was almost scared by how much it tickled him. Then he looked back at Sherlock who was still smiling at him and he wasn’t so worried about it anymore.

When the young man in horned rimmed glasses returned John had just managed to contain his giggling. He brought John and Sherlock right up stairs and straight to Brain Carter’s office. When they walked inside, Carter was looking out at London through the wall-to-wall windows of his office.

Sherlock and John stood silently by the door, watching Carter who had not turned to acknowledge them yet. When the silence continued to stretch John looked to Sherlock but found the taller man completely calm.

“So,” Carter finally turned to address them, “Who am I speaking to?” Sherlock lip twitched upward as he stepped forward. He extended his hand as he spoke then stepped out of the way for John.

“My name is Sherlock Holmes and this is my assistant Dr. John Watson. We are currently consulting the police on the murder of Beth Tate, a former intern of yours.” Carter’s expression barely changed. He nodded then walked over to a cart of drinks behind his desk.

“Ah, I see. Yes, I heard what happened to Beth. Terrible business. Quiet terrible.” Carter poured himself a drink then sat down at his desk. “How can I help you gentlemen with this case of yours?” Sherlock stepped forward until he was standing in front of Carter’s desk. His hands were clasped behind his back as he stared down at him.

“You were having an affair with Ms. Tate.” Sherlock raised his eyebrow, a smug smirk forming on his face when Carter nearly choked on his drink. Carter placed the glass down on his desk before whipping his chin with the back of his hand.

“You were having an affair with Ms. Tate.” Sherlock raised his eyebrow, a smug smirk forming on his face when Carter nearly choked on his drink. Carter placed the glass down on his desk before whipping his chin with the back of his hand.

“Mr. Holmes, I don’t know who you have been talking to but I assure you I would never partake in such-” Sherlock scoffed.

“Attemping to preserve your image is useless. If you didn’t want, anyone to know about the affair you should have hidden it better. The same could be said of Beth Tate’s murder.” Carter suddenly stood from his chair, his face full of rage.

“I don’t know what sort of scheme you are trying to pull here Mr. Holmes but I will not be part of it!” He pointed towards the office doors. “I want you out. Now!” Sherlock moved to speak again but John was quick to step in front of him.

“Mr. Carter can I make a suggestion?” When Carter didn’t say anything John continued. “I apologize for his dramatics-” Sherlock scoffed. “-but I assure you his, uh, methods are only to get to the truth. I
imagine a businessman, such as yourself, wouldn’t want to be associated with a situation like this so if you can offer any information to clear yourself of suspicion… don’t you think that would be best?” John licked his lips and watched as Carter let out a sigh before he sat back down in his chair. John shoulders immediately relaxed as the tension dissipated. He took in a deep breath then look to Sherlock, who took that as an appropriate moment to take over.

“Now, Mr. Carter, I think we would all appreciate some honesty don’t you?” Carter let out a sigh.

“Fine. Beth and I were involved but I have nothing to do with this business you’re accusing me of.”

“When was the last time you saw her?”

“Here in my office. We didn’t meet outside of work.” John and Sherlock exchanged looks.

“And what is it exactly that you do here?” Carter hesitated, thrown by Sherlock’s question.

“I run the company of course. I over see everything that’s made here and provide final authorization on all materials.” Sherlock smirked then extended his hand across the desk towards Carter who accepted the handshake with a bewildered expression.

“Thank you Mr. Carter that will be all.” Sherlock turned on his heels and left the room in quick strides. John barely had a chance to offer Carter a polite goodbye before he quickly followed Sherlock out of the room. When they reached the elevator, John waited until the doors closed to speak.

“So, obviously he’s hiding something.”

“Obviously.”

“He did lie about all those dates with Beth Tate after all.” John looked up at Sherlock. “What else did he lie about?”

“Nothing, but he did tell us something very important.”

“Ok, and that is?” They stepped out of the elevator and where making their way across the lobby.

“Ngn makes chemical cleaners for machinery. Most of the ingredients would kill you and Brian Carter just informed us that he has unlimited access to everything his company produces. Not only that but he has access to the list of all materials. If he wanted to take something without anyone knowing all he would have to do is change the number of listed items and no one would even realize anything had gone missing.” They stopped walking when they reached the curb of the street. John blinked a few times appearing to be deep in thought.

“So, he was having an affair with Beth Tate. Decided he wanted to get rid of her. Stole some chemicals from his facility and poisoned her with it?” When Sherlock nodded, John turned completely to face him. “But why kill her? What did he gain from it?” Sherlock let out a breath, his shoulders raising then falling again.

“Who knows, perhaps we’ll find out when we prove he did it.” Sherlock raised his hand signaling a nearby cab. It wasn’t until Sherlock leaned forward and told the cab driver to take them to Bart’s hospital that John realized that he hadn’t even thought to ask Sherlock where they were going.

In what seemed like no time at all, they arrived at Bart’s hospital. Once inside the truly useless,
according to Sherlock, staff was extremely unhelpfully in providing information towards the case. John honestly felt bad for the poor girl facing Sherlock’s wrath.

“What do you mean I can’t see the body?! Where is Molly Hooper?” Sherlock was practically growling. The girl he towered over swallowed but held her ground.

“I’m afraid she’s not here and even if she was Beth Tate was not one of hers. The best I can do for you is give you a blood sample.” The girl braced herself for Sherlock’s reply but John was quick to step in once again.

“We’ll take it. Thank you.” John smiled warmly. The girl’s body visibly relaxed only tensing for a moment when her eyes flickered up towards Sherlock’s intense face. As soon as she was gone, John relaxed against the wall with a sigh. Sherlock was still tense and pouty. “A blood sample is better than nothing.” Sherlock only grunted in reply. After another moment of silence, John turned towards Sherlock again. “And you only really needed to test for a poison anyway.”

The girl returned a few minutes later with the box containing the victim’s blood sample. Sherlock snatched it from her hands without a word so John was sure to apologize and thank her before following Sherlock back out of Bart’s.

When they were back out on the street John looked at Sherlock who was staring at the street, seemingly lost in thought.

“So, what now?”

“We’re going back to the estate. We can use my lab there.” Sherlock lifted his hand to hail a passing cab, stepping off the curb when it pulled in front of them.

The cab dropped Sherlock and John off at the front gate forcing them to walk the rest of the way. Once inside, John allowed Sherlock to lead the way as they made their way down the right hand corridor all the way down until they reached a metal door with a yellow caution sign. Sherlock pulled a key from inside his coat and unlocked the door before pushing it open with both hands. He held the door open for John then allowed it to swing shut behind him.

Sherlock’s lab was rather large and clean. There were rows of worktables on both sides of the room with a single aisle leading up to the door. It was similar to the kinds of labs John had seen at Bart’s, which seemed like a bit much for one person.

“You’re the only one that uses this?” Sherlock was just finishing hanging up his coat and scarf on the coat rack on the door. He reached out his hand towards John, who after a moment of confusion unzipped his coat and handed it over to Sherlock.

“Yes, I am the only one who uses it but a few trusted estate employees have access to my lab in order to clean it.” Sherlock immediately took out the kit with Beth Tate’s blood and began using his lab equipment. Within a matter of seconds, he was completely engrossed in his work.

With nothing to door, John stood in the center of the room awkwardly rubbing his thighs with his hands. He cleared his throat, which only got a glance from Sherlock then looked around the room.

“Sherlock, do you want me to help you with anything?” Sherlock didn’t look up as he replied.

“Are you a chemist?” John narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips.
“No.”

“No.”

“Then sit down and shut up. I’ll tell you when I’m done.” John let out a heavy sigh as he rolled his
eyes. With no other choice, he found the closest stool and sat in it. He could only hope he wasn’t
going to be sitting there for hours.

Two hours later John was practically falling asleep against the worktable. He mindlessly drummed
against the table with one hand while the other rested against his cheek to support his head. Sherlock
was sitting in front of a microscope on the other side of the room but John wasn’t even sure if he was
alive anymore. He hadn’t moved in twenty minutes.

Out of nowhere, Sherlock slammed his hands against the table causing the metal surface to shudder
against the force. The microscope he had been focusing all his attention on jumped as if it had been
spooked by his sudden outburst. John nearly had the same reaction. He sat up straight and stared at
Sherlock with wide eyes and a gaping mouth.

“Jesus Sherlock-”

“It doesn’t make any sense! There has to be poison in her blood stream! It’s the only possible
solution for why she died!” Sherlock stood from the stool and paced back and forth like a caged
animal. He rubbed his mouth with one hand while the other was clenched at his side.

“Maybe you were wrong about Brian Carter.” John frowned when Sherlock scoffed at him.

“Don’t be an idiot John! With a wife and three children, Carter is the definition of wholesome. The
last thing he needs is a mistress to ruin his personal life along with his career therefore; he murdered
Anne Tate. There is no other person who has the motive and the resources that he has.” Sherlock sat
back on the stool and leaned his elbows on the worktable. He growled through clenched teeth as he
hung his head. “How did he give her a dosage high enough to kill her that would metabolize so
quickly? How!”

Sherlock’s shoulders where stiff as he silently sat hunched over the table. John had remained seated
through Sherlock’s ranting and now that Sherlock was motionless and quiet he wasn’t sure what he
was supposed to do with himself. Offer him more advice? Reassure the man? He would make an
attempt but he was sure Sherlock would growl at him.

John nearly jumped when Sherlock suddenly sat up straight. He turned to face John and locked eyes
with him. His stare was intense. It was an intense stare John recognized and it made his heart rate
pick up.

“John.” Sherlock’s voice was deeper and smoother then it had been before. John licked his lips and
swallowed.

“Yes.”

“You told me to ask you first.” Sherlock lifted his chin and peered down at John. “Now I’m asking.”
John took in a deep breath, his head already nodding. When he spoke, he could barely manage a whisper.

“Oh.” As soon as John’s words left his lips, Sherlock was standing. He grabbed John by his arm and
directed him to stand in the open space between all the worktables.

“Hands and knees John.” John shivered. He could already feel tingling beginning in the tips of his
fingers and toes as he worked his pants open with his fingers at the same moment Sherlock grabbed him by both arms and spun him to face the labs exit. While John stumbled on his feet attempting to get his shoes off, Sherlock slapped John’s hands away and took over, yanking John’s pants down to his knees.

“Christ.” John nearly fell face first into the floor while attempting to step out of his pants but was saved by Sherlock wrapping his arms around John’s waist. Sherlock pressed John’s back to his front and grabbed onto one thigh as he lowered himself down to his knees; taking John with him. John grunted, putting his hands on the ground to support himself and couldn’t help the gasped that left him when Sherlock grabbed the leg of his jeans still caught on one leg and ripped them off.

John watched over his shoulder as Sherlock frantically searched through his pocket to fish out the lube. Once it was in his hand Sherlock flung John’s jeans to the side nearly taking a few beakers off one of the tables. Sherlock leaned back on his haunches at the same moment John leaned forward on his elbows and spread his knees wider apart. The last time they had done this John had kept his eyes facing forward but now he couldn’t help but look back.

John’s mouth fell open and his back arched when Sherlock’s fingers grasped the end of the anal plug. When Sherlock twisted it and began pulling it free John gasped. The sound caused both men to lock eyes for a brief moment but Sherlock’s intense, pupil blown stare was too much for John so he looked away.

After a brief hesitation, Sherlock pulled the plug the rest of the way out and placed it on the floor a little ways away. He squeezed a liberal amount of lube onto his fingers then rubbed it onto his member. The first thing John felt was Sherlock’s lube covered hand pressing between his shoulder blades until his chest met the cold floor. Then the next thing he knew Sherlock member was pressing forward, stretching his entrance until Sherlock’s hips met his ass. The first thrust pressed firmly against John’s prostate. A long groan escaped John’s lips as his knees bent, lifting his feet up. His toes curled tightly, only uncurling when his calves slapped back against the floor.

Sherlock loomed over John and placed his hands on either side of his head. John was completely caged in by the taller man who demonstrated this by slowing pulling out then thrusting back in hard. The force pushed John forward so his shoulders would bang against Sherlock’s arms. With a grunt, Sherlock pulled out slowly, and then thrust hard repeatedly. They went at it like that for a while panting, breathing, groaning, and grunting. John clenched his eyes shut, his teeth sinking into his lower lip. He was consistently being knocked forward and the sounds of his ass bouncing off Sherlock’s hips seemed to reverberate in the space.

When Sherlock suddenly pushed in hard and stayed in, John breath left him as if he had been punched in the gut. Sherlock moved one hand to John’s lower back and pressed firmly as he grinded his hips side to side and in a circular motion. Now that John was being bounced considerable less, he took the opportunity to widen his knees and plant his feet for deeper thrusts.

With more control over his movements, John pulled himself forward until his shoulder hit Sherlock’s forearm then punched his hips back. Sherlock grunted as he grabbed John’s hip with his free hand and squeezed the meaty flesh. When John attempted to do it, again Sherlock was quick to push his hand between John’s shoulder blades and held him down firmly.

“God, come on.” John arched his back and gasped as Sherlock used his nails to scratch down John’s back until he reached the top of his ass. Sherlock squeezed John’s round cheek with his fingers, using the grip on John’s ass and shoulder to hold John in place as Sherlock picked up a faster pace.

John cursed to himself. He couldn’t help the throaty groans that were being forced out of him with each of Sherlock’s deep plunges. His prostate was being mercilessly battered causing his entrance to
convulse and constrict around Sherlock’s throbbing member. With a loud groan, Sherlock leaned farther over John, pushing him more into the ground. Sherlock’s mouth hung open and his eyes squeezed shut while he thrust deeper and pounded harder into John’s pliant body.

When Sherlock suddenly shuttered and let out a surprised groan John was certain he had come, but instead Sherlock’s grip on his ass tightened and his pounding became completely frenzied. John let out a surprised gasp, his eyes going wide before rolling upward towards the ceiling. He could barely think past the nearly constant pressure against his prostate and the glorious feeling of Sherlock’s cock stretching and rubbing inside him. He knew ridiculous whining sounds escaped his lips every time Sherlock’s cock thrust all the way inside but John couldn’t be arsed to care.

When John couldn’t think he could take much more he forced his arm underneath himself and grasped a hold of his leaking member. The feel of his hand on himself was nearly too much. His whole body jumped, pushing back into Sherlock and nearly toppling the larger man off him.

With a growl, Sherlock forced John’s chest back against the ground and resumed his punishing pace. It only took John to slightly flick his wrist to cause him to come with a stuttered shout. His knees rose off the ground and his hips shook while he forced his ass back onto Sherlock’s member to extend his own orgasm.

The sudden squeezing and pulsing as well as the break in Sherlock’s momentum was what finally threw him over the edge. With a strangled gasp Sherlock loomed low over John’s back, nearly close enough for his gaping mouth to take a bit out of the back of John’s neck. Sherlock moaned and shuttered his thrusts even more frenzied as he forced his cum deep into John’s body. Sherlock’s quick pushing graduated into slow deep thrusts until he was grinding into John’s body with his hips firming pressed against John’s ass.

John went completely limp, only Sherlock’s large hand on his ass holding his hips up. His eyes were shut tight and he panted heavily through his open mouth. Sherlock was still thrusting lazily. Every slow forward plunge that pushed passed John’s prostate made his hips jump from over sensitivity. Just as John had gotten his breath back he glanced back over his shoulder at the feel of Sherlock’s hand releasing his ass cheek and sliding up his back. John took it as permission to collapse to the floor but to his surprise, Sherlock didn’t pull out but followed him down to the ground.

“How is he still hard?” John thought to himself. Like his first time with Mycroft John bit his lip and whined when he felt tightening deep in his gut. He threw his head back, his eyes rolling up and his hand instantly reaching down to grasp at Sherlock’s rapidly moving ass cheek. A small part of him wanted to grip the muscled flesh to stop Sherlock but a larger part wanted to tell him to keep going. Sherlock grunted when John’s nails dug into his ass. He returned the favor by digging his knees into the ground and thrusting hard enough to lift John’s hips back off the floor. John let out a cacophony of high-pitched whines but suddenly stiffened in Sherlock’s arms and gasped as if the air was being sucked out of his lungs.

John was new to this experience but he was already becoming familiar with this feeling. A dry
orgasm. He twitched and shuddered, grunting and whining as his entrance convulsed around Sherlock’s hard pummeling flesh. The sudden constriction caused Sherlock to grunt and stutter in his thrusting. He kept a regular pace while he reached underneath John’s body and felt the twitching member that wasn’t producing anything.

Sherlock’s hips stuttered in surprise and John was barely cognizant enough to hear the long satisfied moan that escaped his lips. Sherlock seemed re-invigorated causing him to fuck John roughly, more aggressively. John barely recovered from his dry orgasm and was left like a broken record, whispering “oh god” over and over. It was barely audible under the sounds of Sherlock’s hips slapping against John’s ass. With a grunt Sherlock thrust deep, holding fiercely onto John’s body as he held himself in place and grinded his hips back and forth. John cursed breathily and shuttered.

“Sher-” John’s eyes rolled up. The direct stimulation to his over sensitive prostate was too much for him but Sherlock would not relent. He gasped and convulsed his voice going up an octave, barely noticing one of Sherlock’s hands moving down to hover near his member. Without warning, John was dry orgasming again and this one was even more intense then the last. He nearly knocked his head into the floor a few times but Sherlock held his shoulders back while he continued to grind his hips in a rocking motion. At the end of John’s release Sherlock resumed thrusting, but John’s tightly constricted entrance ensured that he would only manage a few rapid plunges before releasing deep inside John’s body.

Both men lay pressed together, their bodies covered in sweat and twitching. When John’s entrance sudden convulsed again Sherlock hips shuttered. He lifted himself both men shuttering when he pulled out his softening member. Feeling lethargic, Sherlock barely managed to scoot over a few inches before collapsing back against the ground.

They were quiet for a long time, just trying to catch their breath. When Sherlock heard a noise coming from John next to him he opened his eyes and looked over. John’s shoulders were shaking. After a moment of confusion, he realized the other man was laughing.

Whether it was the sudden release of endorphins or something else entirely Sherlock found himself joining in. In an unusually turn of events, both men lied naked, covered in sweat and other bodily fluids while they giggled like schoolboys. John flipped onto his back and covered his eyes with his arm.

“Jesus and I thought last time was good.”

“Oh?” John could already tell Sherlock was getting puffed up. Without looking, John pointed in Sherlock’s general direction.

“Don’t go getting a fat head. The last thing you need is an ego boost.” John uncovered his face and lifted his head when he heard Sherlock grunt beside him. The man stood up, still managing to be full of poise even when butt naked.

“I’m afraid it’s too late for that John. I’ve already added excellent lover to my exuberant list of skills.” Sherlock looked down at John with a playful smirk causing him to let out a snorting laugh. John sat up with a huff and lent his elbow against his bent knee.

“So, did you figure out anything new about the case?” Sherlock blinked for a moment then seemed to suddenly jump back into action. John watched him as he scrambled around the room searching for his discarded clothing.

“Ah, yes of course!” Sherlock found his underpants and hopped into them. “We’ll have to go back to the Bart’s to confirm my theory first.” Sherlock paused when John cleared his throat. The shorter
man was awkwardly scratching at his eyebrow.

“Actually, you go on without me. I uh… I need to get cleaned up.” The euphoria in the room seemed to suddenly dissipate and make room for silent awkwardness. Sherlock seemed to hesitate for a moment, his eyes darting around the room before he nodded and jerked around to face the other direction.

Feeling weighed down by the mood change John used the time Sherlock was looking away to find his own clothes and get changed as well. Looking over his shoulder at Sherlock buttoning up his shirt John was distressed by a duel sense of comfort yet being far too exposed. He chalked it up to the fact that even though he was beginning to like being around Sherlock, they barely knew each other. They were still in the stage of questionable trust and even if they could have intimate moments and be cordial that didn’t necessarily mean they really knew each other.

When John finished getting dressed and gathering all his things, he noticed Sherlock was still facing away from him. John stared at Sherlock’s back in confusion for a few seconds, noticing the man was definitely fully dressed. Sherlock’s long fingers fiddled with the edges of his sleeves then plucked random fuzz off his coat. It took another second of staring for it to click in John’s brain. His eyes softened and a smile formed on his face.

“You can turn around now.” John cooled his features as soon as Sherlock turned around. The taller man’s features were back to one of piecing superior intellect. The corner of John’s mouth twitched upward as his eyes darted between Sherlock’s and the ground. “Well, better get going.”

“Yes.” Sherlock hesitated for a moment, swallowing. “Are you sure you don’t want to join me?

“Yes I’m… sure.” John attempted a small smile for the taller man as his eyes seemed to scan over John’s entire form. He couldn’t help but feel like he was being analyzed. John felt more naked under Sherlock’s piercing stare then moments ago when he didn’t have any clothes on.

Sherlock’s eyes snapped back towards John’s face. His expression remained unchanged as he passed John to walk towards the door. John didn’t follow him out. With a heavy sigh, John examined the room around him. To put it simply, they had made a mess and John knew if he was going to be left behind, he might as well clean it. Before he could get started, the door to the lab slammed back open.

“Sherlock? What-”

“John I should probably tell you that Anna poked her head in while we were having sex.” Sherlock rolled his eyes, apparently annoyed by the stupidity of others. “Evidently people have a problem with seeing those sorts of things.”

John stared at Sherlock, his mouth gapping open before he dropped his head forward with a long sigh. He pinched the bridge of his nose and clenched his eyes shut.

“What? You where the one you didn’t lock the door.” Sherlock was smirking, the git.

“Why am I suddenly in charge of door locking? If it’s anyone’s fault it’s yours. You talk to her.”

“No, I’m afraid that’s the assistant’s job. Sherlock winked then let the door swing shut as he walked down the hallway. John scrambled to the door, catching it as it swung away from him and pushed it back open. When he spotted Sherlock halfway down the hall John cupped one hand to his mouth and shouted in Sherlock’s direction.

“I’m not your assistant you git!” When Sherlock only waved back at him, John let out a huff. He
stepped back into the room and observed his messy surroundings. He would have to handle Anna later. John was finding that he had become tense and agitated without even realizing it so he wasn’t exactly in the mood to be dealing with her at the moment.

John knew before he accepted his job and he knew every day that he was doing it that it wasn’t the best work but he never felt unhappy with himself. For the first time since he started, John was actually annoyed with what he was doing. He’s annoyed that he’s inside wiping up a floor rather than doing something that excites him. He’s annoyed that he has to stay behind while Sherlock does whatever it is that he does. And deep down he’s slightly annoyed Sherlock didn’t offer to wait for him before he left to finish the case, but John would never admit that out loud.

The glimpse into Sherlock’s life made him realize that Sherlock’s life is interesting and his is not.

When John was finished in the lab, he returned to his quarters and got himself cleaned up. He took his time, trying not to think about what Sherlock was doing or comparing it to what he would be doing instead.

When he was finished, he made his way back upstairs passing through the main foyer. John was just walking in front of the stairs towards the other side of the house when a voice stopped him in his tracks.

“Dr. Watson, I’m surprised to see you here.” Mycroft stood at the top of the stairs with his trademark cane in hand. John faced the stairs, unconsciously standing at parade rest.

“I do work here.” Mycroft let out a chuckle and stepped down a few steps.

“Obviously, but I thought you would still be off gallivanting with my brother somewhere.” Mycroft paused for a moment, scanning John much like Sherlock had done before. “You don’t happen to know where my brother is do you?” John swallowed.

“No.” Mycroft smirked humorlessly as his head tilted.

“Pity.” Before either of them could say another word Mycroft was looking passed John and John was turning at the sound of the front door opening behind them. As if he was being summoned, Sherlock walked through the door, his coat billowing with his long strides. As soon as he spotted, Mycroft on the stairs and John at the bottom the corner of Sherlock’s mouth twitched downward and his eyes narrowed.

“Mycroft. What the hell are you doing here?” Sherlock stopped at the bottom of the staircase and stood to John’s right. Mycroft smirked as he swung his umbrella back and forth with his pointer finger.

“I was about to ask you the same question brother mine. It is so rare that I find you roaming around the estate, but then again I may have an idea as to why that has changed.” Mycroft had a smug smile on his face as Sherlock stared daggers at him. When Sherlock’s eyes flickered to the left Mycroft’s chuckled and his smile grew.

“Shouldn’t you be at a secret meeting with Russia? Sherlock sneered. Mycroft walked down the rest of the stairs until he was standing between John and Sherlock. His expression was still smug as he held his chin up to stare down at Sherlock.

“No, I’m afraid that’s next week.” When John scoffed, Mycroft looked at him with a raised eyebrow. He had assumed it had been a joke at Sherlock’s expense but the seriousness of Mycroft’s expression left John second-guessing himself. To cover his fumble, John cleared his throat. “Well. Good afternoon gentlemen.”
Mycroft stepped past the two men, swinging his umbrella as he went. He walked a few paces then slowly turned around while he did a full turn with his umbrella then planted it into the floor.

“Oh, and Dr. Watson?” Mycroft’s expression was one of smug satisfaction. John cleared his throat and squared his shoulders.

“Yes?”

“I will be returning tomorrow evening just after dinner. I’m sure you understand.” Mycroft’s smile seemed to grow even larger when John let out a nervous cough. John couldn’t even find the words to reply he nodded his head already feeling heat rising to fill his face. John watched as Mycroft turned and walked out the front door. As soon as the door shut behind him John looked up at Sherlock who was still staring daggers where Mycroft had just been.

“Sherlock?” Sherlock didn’t respond. He seemed to be completely lost in his thoughts as he continued to stare at nothing. John stepped towards him and waved his hand in front of Sherlock’s face. “Oi, Sherlock!” Sherlock eyes snapped back into focus. He glanced down at John in confusion almost like he had forgotten the shorter man had even been standing there.

“What?”

“So, how did the case go?” Sherlock put his hands in his pockets and leaned back on his heels.

“As expected.”

“Did you find out how he did it?”

“Yes, with water.” John hesitated.

“Water?”

“Water in its purist form is actually a poison John. It removes salt and other essential minerals from the body until death occurs. Pure water is hard to come by but of course, Ngn supplies it. By killing her this way, Carter wouldn’t have had to worry about a pesky poison showing up in his victim’s blood.”

“How did you figure that out?”

“Simple. Instead of looking for what shouldn’t be there I looked for what should. Her body lacked every essential mineral consistent with pure water poisoning. Plus, there were the crime scene photos we saw. One wine glass and one glass of water.” Sherlock huffed in annoyance. “The ever incompetent Scotland Yard was smart enough to test the water for chemicals but they didn’t test the property of the water itself. Morons. Hopefully they’ll manage to confirm Brian Carter stole the pure water from Ngn without mucking it up.” Sherlock narrowed his eyes at John when he let out a chuckle. “Problem?”

“No.”

“The killer tried to make an escape but I managed to corner him.” Sherlock paused. “It might have been more interesting if my assistant had come along.

“I’m not your assistant Sherlock. I’m a doctor.” Both men smiled.

“And a soldier. A soldier returned from war, in fact. You must have seen a lot of injuries, violent deaths.”
“Yes, enough for a life time.”

“Want to see some more.”

“God yes.” Sherlock smile widened.

“Excellent! Lestrade just gave me the serial suicides case!”

“Really? Why?”

“Why?! Four suicides, and now a note-” Sherlock twirled as he walked. “It’s practically Christmas John!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long to update this. I hope you enjoyed it. This chapter was a bit of a struggle. I wrote a lot of it out of order so it became a bit of a mess at one point I just hope that doesn't show.

If you're interested I have a tumblr at sequelhook(.)tumblr(.)com

There isn't much going on there right now my hope is that I'll update more frequently so if you want any information about updates or anything else I'll post about it or leave it in the description of my tumblr page.

thanks again for reading =]