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**When worlds collide**

by [angelfiregirl80](http://example.com)

**Summary**

They met over a body, not the best meet cute, but they managed to become friends, lovers, parents. Could they manage school while raising a baby and getting to know each other?

**Notes**

A new fic... Just an idea that's been on my mind for a little while. I'll update every week, if possible twice a week depending on when the muse visits.
Please, be indulgent. My English, though good, is not perfect yet. I appreciate the comments and the kudos, and more than love the criticism, but please, be gentle...

I hope you enjoy, and as always, the disclaimer. Thanks Mofftiss! Happy Sherlock everyone!
At seventeen

She was… beautiful… incredibly so… As they say, every girl wanted to be her, every boy wanted to be with her… At seventeen, she was at the best moment of her life, about to graduate from school, about to go to Uni… Cambridge wanted her! But just like everything in life—even life itself—things change, in 90 seconds her life changed for ever…

She was no longer a teenager, even though she was. She was no longer a child, even though, and very at heart, she was still a little girl, dreaming about her days in Uni, finding a good man, having children and a house in the suburbs with a picket fence. She loved plush toys, cherry lolly pops and blowing huge chewing gum bubbles. In her heart, she was a child, but after 90 seconds she became a woman, an adult… a person that will have to assume the responsibility for another human being…

At seventeen, the beautiful, young and little girl at heart, found out, after 90 seconds, that her life as it was, was over… At seventeen, Mary Morstan, the one which every girl never wanted to be, and every boy wanted to avoid, learned that she was pregnant…

Her boyfriend, David, made his best act ever and disappeared as soon as the lines appeared on the stick… She was devastated and he had said to her that he had no idea how that happened, that she should go and look for the true responsible for the situation and bolted, as fast as he could…

She was alone. She had no idea how to tell her parents, her friends… What was she supposed to do now? Cambridge wanted her! She had her future planned, she was supposed to marry a nice man, have children, a house in the suburbs with a white picket fence. She was supposed to graduate this year, she was the girl every girl wanted to be and every boy wanted to be with! She was supposed to be… perfect…
Seven minutes in heaven

John is brilliant, sweet, loving, caring, smart, intelligent, perceptive, a good son, a good brother, a good person over all. John is perfect; at least that is what his boyfriend, James Sholto, says about him.

John had always known he was different, whilst the other boys wanted to fight he wanted to heal, so by five he knew he wanted to be a doctor; but not just any doctor, a doctor that would heal the fighters, so an army doctor it is. He told his parents about his idea by the time he was seven, Henry Watson, the proud father had patted him on the shoulder and had called him a brave man “One of the few willing, a true hero”. John beamed at him and felt, for the first time in his life, that he had done something great.

But as they say, happiness usually is short lived, especially when you’re seven going on eight, his sense of pride and joy lasted exactly the time it took his father to tell his mother of his choice, she had cried, called him a silly boy, “too young to think properly about what you want, I’m sure by tomorrow you’d have forgotten all about this silly story of you becoming a fighter’s doctor”, she mocked him. John’s little heart broke that day and decided never to share his dreams and hopes with his mother, ever again.

Just like in any other family, John was the youngest of two. Harry, older brother, eight years his senior, the pride and joy of mummy and daddy alike, was considered brilliant and just to follow gramps’ example, he wanted to become a lawyer, dad had patted his back and congratulated him on his choice of career and had called him brilliant, smart, intelligent “A good man to rely on, a real Watson”, and John understood that even though he was brave, he was nowhere near brilliant. That night, after their confessions, his older brother had mocked him, called him silly, and John decided to keep his dream to himself and move forward.

At seven, John’s world was slightly shattered, he realised he was different and that his family might never understand him; after that day, he never felt like a real Watson. This reality came crashing on him at fifteen and with his first kiss ever. “Seven minutes in heaven” was the name of the game; the party was at the Sholto residency’s basement, his first party and Sarah, the first girl inside the closet waiting for him. He walked in, sweaty palms; twisted stomach and an excruciating desire to run the other way. Sarah’s lips were dry, her tongue was all over the place; she tasted like crisps and tomato basil dip; John had no idea what to do with his hands as he mentally counted the seconds for the seven minutes to be over, she pulled him a bit closer, his hands resting on her shoulders and hers travelling through his hair giving him a dishevelled look.

The seven minutes seemed like seven hours and John couldn’t shake the sensation that all this was wrong. They left the closet, Sarah with a dazed gaze and a smile that made her face look like a clown had thrown up all his jokes on her mouth; John on the other hand, looked annoyed and wanted to leave the party only to avoid the looks they were giving him, the girls went to Sarah and took her away, squealing, the boys whistled and cheered him, he just nodded and pretended to care.

The kiss didn’t let him sleep that night, he felt wrong, not because he had hated Sarah’s hands, or lips, or her taste, but because he had seen James right before he entered the closet and all he could think about while holding still for Sarah’s lips was him. The thought startled him at first, thinking about a boy while kissing a girl, was it normal? Was it right? Was he a good Watson? Harry had a girlfriend by now, a fellow university student called Clara; the eight years difference even more noticeable now with Harry about to become a lawyer and engaged to be married with “beautiful, sweet Clara”, which made him “the perfect Watson”. Oh how John wanted to be the perfect
At sixteen, he couldn’t deny it anymore, he had done some research, he had dated a few girls and after seven glorious minutes in heaven, in the same closet, in the same basement, with James, he realised he liked boys much more than he liked girls, and all he wanted to do was keep on kissing those dry lips accompanied by a light stubble on the jaw line, feel those strong hands on his hair, giving him a dishevelled look and have that restless tongue all over the place, or better yet, all over him… John faced his new reality and accepted, for the second time in his life, that he would never be “a real Watson”

At first, before coming out to his parents, John had met Mary, the young girl, a year younger than him, was sweet and beautiful, every boy wanted her, every girl wanted to be her, well, except John Watson. They became good friends rather quickly; he was tutoring her in science. At some point they seemed attached to the hip, even his parents thought there was something there, but they were just good friends, actually, the best. He had come out to her before telling anyone; she kept his secrets, he kept hers. He told her he was gay, she told him she was in love with David. He told her he loved James, even before telling James, she told him she was ready to have sex with David, even before telling David. He told her all about his first time with James, on James seventeenth birthday, it had been loving, slow, a bit painful, but quite pleasurable. If only she had told John about hers…

At seventeen, a day after his birthday, he finally came out to his parents; he had kept James a secret for almost a year, but it was time to face the music. *If I’m old enough to shag my boyfriend senseless, or be shagged senseless, then I can be honest with my parents.* His father was shocked; his “true hero” was nothing more than “a silly boy, a sodding fag” that needed, quite urgently, a trip to military school to become a real man, a real Watson.

His mother, on the other hand, blamed television, video games, music, friends, even the air “that has changed so much since we were young, Henry” Julia Watson, unlike her husband, wanted to keep her son close “We can keep an eye on him, make sure no soldier gets his way with him” She had covered her mouth and John had to roll his eyes “You know how those soldiers are, all alone in those tents” She sighed sadly and Henry relented in his heart burning desire of making him a real Watson.

After a heartfelt conversation with his parents, he made them understand that he wasn’t damaged, that he wasn’t a fag, “not the correct vernacular, father”; and that if they wanted for him to go to military school he’ll go more than happy, after all, he hadn’t forgotten he wanted to be a military doctor. In the end, they accepted that their son just had… different… interests and that he had been bullied enough by his peers, misunderstood by his friends, and last, but not least, rejected by his family. His parents understood, in the end, and a bit reluctantly, that all he needed was their support and not their rejection. In the end, Henry Watson, a real Watson, knew he’ll have to make do.

Harry, on the other hand, wasn’t as pleased with what he called “my little bro’s antics”. He married shortly after John came out and simply shut John away from his life “I don’t want a fag close to my offspring” He had said to John after breaking his nose. His parents defended him, but it was too late, the only real Watson, the perfect one left him a little more shattered and broken, his back against the coffee table in the middle of the living room, a bleeding broken nose, several bruised ribs and his pride turned into something non-existent.

A few months later, John talked to Harry and they finally made up when his older brother understood that John wasn’t different, wasn’t less, wasn’t damaged; he just was… in love… he explained to his older brother that he felt the same way he did when he looked at Clara every time he looked at James, his heart would beat fast, his stomach would flutter, he would feel a rush of adrenaline and love travel through his body. He was in love, just as much as his brother was, the
only difference was that he was in love with another man.
Caring is not an advantage

Sherlock is… Sherlock… He’s brilliant, clever, he can read a person within five seconds after glancing over them once… He’s not perfect, he’s not emotionally intelligent, but he’s lovely… when he wants… he’s caring… when he wants… he’s… Sherlock… and Victor, oh Victor, he says he loves him just the way he is. They’ve been together for the past six months, they haven’t told each other they love each other, but they both suppose they do. Love at seventeen isn’t exactly undying; maybe not even eternal, probably a bit… silly… puppy love they call it and Sherlock knows it, but it is love in the end.

Unlike other children, Sherlock is different, he truly is. The IQ test they had given him when he was five had certified him as a genius with the social skills of a one year old, the next test, at seven, turned even better, he was sent to a special school but his lack of social interest signified a great deal of suffering both for him and his family; the only thing keeping him together, slightly well centred, is Victor, they’d been friends for ever, since they met in special school. Victor has improved Sherlock’s behaviour… mildly… mostly towards him, allowing him to be close.

Sherlock is the middle child “which explains everything” the doctor that tested them said. “Mycroft, your eldest, is a genius” The doctor smiled at Violet and Siger “At twelve, he has enough social skills to convince an Eskimo to buy an ice maker, or to run his own country” the doctor chuckled. “Your daughter” His eyes looked at little four year old Eurus and took a deep shaky breath “Is a genius too, and much like Mycroft, she has enough social skills to, well” the doctor scratched the back of his neck “have anyone do anything she might want to” His smile was a bit frightened and he actually shuddered when Eurus winked at him. “Sherlock, on the other hand…” The doctor said a bit… enraged. “Well, though a genius, he has the social skills of a rabid cat’ The doctor almost snarled and received a glare from four of the five family members, Sherlock simply stared in the direction of the wall, counting how many breaths his father had taken, how many times his mother’s hand twitched, and just enjoying the memory of the doctor’s face when he had told him all about the nurse he had an affair with, a former male that had him convinced he was a good woman…

From a very, very young age, Sherlock knew he was different, and he enjoyed being different. Having a loving family made no difference to his never resting mind, he knew they were all different, that Eurus, at seven, was the best there was in math, her riddles almost undecipherable, except for him and Mycroft; that Mycroft at fifteen, was on his way to become one of the youngest men accepted to Oxford’s Law; and that he, himself, could be whatever he wanted to be, even a forensic scientist specialised in chemistry.

He told his parents he was going to be the first pirate with a university degree in Chemistry. Violet laughed and ran a hand over his unruly curls, Siger told him he could be anything he put his mind to and Mycroft rolled his eyes, but read to him, every night, Treasure Island; Eurus shared those brotherly times sitting close to her bothers, although her dreams drifted towards becoming whatever her brothers wanted to be, so a chemist, a lawyer, a scientist, you name it, she’ll be.

Adulthood came rushing to the Holmes house when Mycroft brought his first girlfriend to meet the parents at the age of twenty one. Eurus was curious about this “Anthea” that flaunted around their home with short skirts and tight shirts during summer vacation. She saw the way Mycroft looked at her when she waltzed around holding his hand or kissing his cheek and Eurus noticed the way her brother’s pulse quickened and his breathing changed. Eurus started an experiment of her own, and over the next few days analysed the behaviour of several male members of her family, Papa excluded of course, when around Anthea, and what she found out both startled and relaxed her in a way. Sherlock, her brother, the apple of her eye wasn’t interested at all in Anthea, but his eyes changed
whenever silly Victor was around

At fifteen, Sherlock confessed his attraction towards Victor to his sister; Eurus just shrugged and said, as nonchalantly as she was able “Already knew it”. Sherlock looked at her wide eyed and gaped several times “Don’t worry Bee” She whispered close to his ear “Secret’s safe with me” and she winked in his direction before leaving him alone. At sixteen, he couldn’t control his attraction anymore, but he was rewarded with the best of news when Victor kissed him for the first time in Mummy’s greenhouse. The kiss smelled like mummy’s roses and gardenias and it sounded like the buzzing bees that flew around the flowers. Sherlock was ecstatic, a huge smile on his lips. He told Eurus all about it and she warranted she’ll keep the secret until he was ready to tell Mummy and Papa.

When he was ready, the news went surprisingly… well… Unlike any other parents; they weren’t shocked, they were actually waiting for their son to come out. Violet and Siger were as perceptive as their children and could read a person from a mile away. They actually hugged and kissed him, congratulated him and gave him the embarrassing “safety first” chat. Mycroft rolled his eyes and just muttered “about bloody time” and patted his back “I’ll always be there for you” He whispered close to Sherlock’s ear and beamed at him before schooling his features to the Minor Government representative -yeah right, Sherlock still snorts at the absurdity of the affirmation- he is.

Eurus just exclaimed enthusiastically “Finally!” kissed him on the cheek, congratulated him and threatened Victor with castration if he hurt her little brother; Victor just nodded and then shook his head, not knowing what to do or say. Things went smoothly for the first six months, kisses, and daring touches over their clothes, a few ruined trousers, but never skin on skin. Sherlock was curious, of course he was, but when the moment of truth came, by his seventeenth birthday, he decided he didn’t want to go that far, at least not yet. Victor swore everything was right, that he understood completely, but Sherlock could feel the way Victor was slipping through his fingers. To avoid the pain that came with rejection, Sherlock started repeating the mantra Mycroft had told him after Redbeard, “caring is not an advantage”.
Ninety seconds to change a life

When Mary met John, she was supposed to be tutored by him. She had problems with science and John was to help her, but it took ninety seconds for them to become something more than just tutor and tutored. In ninety seconds John smiled fondly at her, patted her shoulder and told her she was brilliant, and in ninety seconds, he broke her heart and mentioned James six times. In the first ninety seconds of their meeting, Mary felt attracted to the strong, tanned, ash blonde, blue eyed, rugby captain. John was flattered, to say the least, but his heart was elsewhere, as he explained in the next ninety seconds after meeting her. Yes, Mary was the girl every girl wanted to be like and every boy wanted to be with, that is except John Watson.

They became friends quite quickly; they were attached at the hip. Mary would go to every game and cheer for him, she would go to parties with John and John would take Mary to the cinema. Eventually, they met each other’s parents, whom, at some point, thought there was something there, that is, until Mary brought David to her home and introduced him as her boyfriend, and John brought James home and introduced him as his boyfriend.

As best friends, they were always there for each other. Mary was there for John the day he came out to his parents, she was there when Harry called him a fag, and she was there to hold him when James ended their relationship and was there to comfort him when they ran on the street and he met James’ new boyfriend. As much as Mary was there, John was there for her too. Since they shared their most intimate secrets, John was the first to know Mary was pregnant and was ready to punch the lights out of David; unfortunately, he was nowhere to be found so John had to get satisfaction from punching the lights out of a ball and throwing it to the ground with as much force as he was able to muster.

Mary decided to keep a secret from John, or well, several. She never told her parents he is gay, or that the “nice chap that’s always with John” - as her father referred to James - was John’s boyfriend, or the fact that she got pregnant after ninety stupid seconds with David during her first time. For all John knew, she’d “done the nasty” with David a few weeks after John had done it with James.

She told John about the baby before telling her parents, of course she did, but when John asked what was she going to tell them when they asked about the father, her face fell and she started crying. John just held her and she allowed the warmth of friendship wash over her “Would you help me?” She whispered against his neck and John nodded, his arms around her shoulders and worry all over his face.

Once she calmed down enough John made her look up “How?” He asked and she understood the whole meaning of the question. She would tell her parents that John was the father; after much consideration she couldn’t think of a better father for her baby, he was sweet, loving, caring, and she knew, somehow, he’ll be there for them, as a father figure for the baby and as a loving and caring friend for her. Mary knew John Watson was the perfect guy-to-go, the one to “blame” for the “little bundle of joy” that was currently growing and residing in her belly.

“Would you pretend?” Mary asked, a bit wistful and very hopeful

“There’s one… issue” John scratched the back of his neck

“Of course…” Mary bit her lip and glanced to the side, considering the “issue”, John’s boyfriend, James “Perfect” Sholto. Even though she loved James and respected their relationship, she was desperate, scared, alone… she was seventeen after all… and in 90 seconds her life turned upside down; instead of planning her years at Cambridge, she was planning on lying to her parents, tell them the baby was John’s and have John, her best friend in the entire world, to lie for her and put his
current life at risk, because her life changed in 90 seconds.

John was more than willing to help. He talked to James before talking to Mary and James was on board. They discussed how John would participate. He would take the blame, assure the distressed parents he’ll be there for Mary and the baby and walk out, simple as that. But when has life been simple? John nodded and gave James a kiss, saying a quick goodbye before going to face his future.

John was ready for everything; he prepared himself mentally to accept whatever may come his way. He walked slowly, taking deep breaths, thinking of Mary’s smile, of her face when he accepted to help her, how relieved she looked when John held her and told her he’ll be there to tell her parents together. What John didn’t know was that Mary’s parents, Rosamund and Alex Morstan would be so -pissed off was a mild term for what they were- angry, baffled, irate, livid… Alex Morstan even threatened to kill him but John managed to talk him down with just a few words.

“I’m here to tell you I’m responsible” He took a deep breath and lied to him.

“OF COURSE YOU’RE RESPONSIBLE” Alex Morstan shouted to the top of his lungs and barely managed to control his urge to punch John in the face. “You’re two bloody teenagers with all your life ahead of you” He continued, fists to the sides and red faced “You’re four months from turning nineteen and she’s barely seventeen” He sounded desperate, sad… massively disappointed… Mary flinched at the last few words and felt her world crumble.

“I can assure you I’ll be here for her” John continued talking as soon as Mr. Morstan stopped for air “I’ll take care of everything Mister Morstan” John said a bit shyly, but not because he was truly shy, but because he felt like a thief, the worst person on the face of the earth for lying to a man that had been so kind to him.

“And how do you plan doing that?” Mr. Morstan sat, defeated, not willing to look at his daughter “A teenager in charge of a child, just started medical school and no job to show” He put his head in his hands “Are you even willing to marry her?” He asked and looked up at John. The always strong man looked devastated.

“Of course I am!” John blurted without thinking.

Mary gasped, her mother squealed, Ajay, Mary’s brother stood abruptly from the table and Alex looked at John, hope rising in his chest. John blinked twice and tried to focus; he couldn’t believe what he had just said, he was supposed to go visit Mary’s parents, accept his responsibility, pretend to be with Mary, have the baby and help her move out, that was it. He never planned on marrying her, but now the water was up to his neck…

How was he going to tell James? He was supposed to help her, nothing more. James had told him to apologise, accept the blame, claim to be the father, assure the family he’ll help Mary in every way possible, promise to be there for her, even give the baby his name and nothing more; marriage was not in the cards, he had just… up the ante… John couldn’t even breathe properly, but he had made his bed and now he had to lay in it. He scrubbed his face with his hands and when Alex patted his shoulder and said “Welcome to the family, son” all he could do was nod and shake his head, completely lost for words or even a proper reaction.

“I won’t hold you to that promise” Mary whispered in his ear and John just looked at her, utterly lost for the first time in his life.
Can you mend a broken heart?

James walked out of John’s room throwing the door and stomping down the stairs. John sat on his bed, head in his hands, trying to stop the tears that were falling from his eyes; he tried to breath deep but it hurt in impossible ways, his lungs felt as if they were on fire, but at the same time it felt like breathing icy wind. Mary arrived twenty minutes after John texted her and she simply held her friend close and heard him cry.

When John finally sobered up and finally fell asleep, Mary went to look for James to tell him about what had happened during John’s visit; saying she received the cold shoulder is an understatement, but she tried with all she had, to the point she shouted to James that he was a coward and that he never deserved John. James closed the window to his room, called the police and Mary was “gently” asked to leave by a young constable wanting to become a sergeant, Gregory Lestrade. He took her home and Mary cried the entire way, blaming herself for James breaking up with John.

Early next morning she went back to John before her parents called John’s. “We have to tell them before they do” She said with a slight sense of urgency.

“They’ll never believe I got you pregnant” John rubbed his eyes, tired from a nightmare filled night.

“They might” Mary held him close “After all, I’ve spent here a few nights” She kissed his cheek and held his face in her hands “I know how important James is for you” Her eyes filled with tears and John hugged her, inhaling deeply her violet soap scent. “I’m sorry” She muttered to John’s shoulder and John’s arms tightened around her “I tried to talk to him” She told John’s neck.

“You did?” John asked, keeping his hope at bay and waiting for the worst.

“He called the police on me” Mary sighed and burrowed closer in John’s arms

“What?” John was enraged; one thing is hate him for what he did and another having Mary arrested for trying to talk to him.

“The constable was very nice” Mary smiled and looked up at John, John simply rolled his eyes “None of that, he’s too old for me” She chuckled and made John chuckle “Maybe Molly will fancy him” John shook his head and held her again, feeling less sad somehow “We have to tell your parents” She took a deep breath and broke apart the hug before holding his hand.

“Let’s” John sighed deeply and squeezed Mary’s hand.

The talk with his parents went rather smoothly. Henry and Julia Watson beamed at them, hugging them both “I knew this blokes’ thing was just a phase” Julia shook her head, looking up at the ceiling and smiling “Thank heavens!” She lifted her hands, clasping them before hugging Mary again. Mary tried to smile but her eyes were filled with tears, one look to John and she knew that she hadn’t just ruined one life, she had ruined many in less than 90 seconds.

“Do we have a date for the wedding?” Henry asked and they both shook their heads.

“I think we should talk to your parents” Julia looked at Mary and Mary gave her a small smile.

“They said they’ll be in contact soon” John said, closing his eyes, he couldn’t bear lying to his parents this way. Mary squeezed his hand and he looked at her, both were lost, they only had each other and this lie.
Three weeks later, after a very intense meeting between their parents, Mary and John’s wedding was planned. It will take place three months after the baby’s birth, January 29th, just because that was the next available date they could find, and mostly because Mary turned 18 a month before the baby arrived. They agreed and helped in every way they could while juggling with school, university and a part time job, John had medical school and a small surgery where he helped with patient charts while Mary finished sixth form and a teller job in a bank. For one, she was glad that people would not be able to notice, much, her pregnancy; having a “Valentine’s Day baby” wasn’t precisely how she wanted to be remembered.

Mary finished with honours and sent a letter to the Cambridge Admissions Committee thanking them for her acceptance letter and basically pleading for a chance to hold the scholarship until the baby was at least a year old. The Committee agreed to wait for her under one condition; she’ll have to work to keep the scholarship.

Mary felt her life was on track again, she and John had created a routine, he’ll come from school or work and they’ll share a meal, she’ll help him studying and updating charts, John would be there for her when she complained -more like bitched- about David not being there and putting them in this position, and Mary would be there for John when he ran into James at University.

“He has a new boyfriend” John breathed out shakily, eyes closed, fists clenched to the sides, Mary looked at him questioningly and John just took a deep breath and held it. Mary let out a little “oh” of realization and held him close, there was nothing else left to do. “He’s my age” John continued and Mary just listened “A Chemistry Bachelor. Apparently I’ve met him, but I don’t know who he is” John shivered and Mary helped him sit. “They met at the registration office” John’s voice was coarse, holding the sobs and his eyes prickled with tears “They’d been talking for months, even before classes started” John crumbled and Mary wanted to kill James, somehow she knew John “proposing” to her wasn’t reason enough for such a nasty break up.

“I’m sorry” Mary was crying too, her heart breaking at the sight of her friend’s suffering

“Not your fault” John shook his head and tried to compose himself. If James was over with him, then John was over with James too. He’ll find a cute guy to be with and be happy with and… no, he couldn’t do that, not now, not ever, he was to marry Mary and that was that, he might as well use the lie to live it, not just tell it. He kissed Mary’s cheek and patted her shoulder “So, Mrs. Watson, what would you want for dinner?” He smiled, but Mary saw his eyes, he was resigned

The months went by quickly and little Rosamund Mary “Rosie” Watson was born October 11th, 9 pounds 11 ounces, 47 centimetres, ten fingers, ten toes; Mary’s nose and lips. John was the first to hold her, his heart swelled with love for the little girl, HIS little girl; he cut the cord and gave Mary a kiss to the forehead before leaving the room to introduce the newest Watson to the family. The Morstans were ecstatic, while the Watsons could barely contain themselves. John paraded like a proud father and realised that no matter how deep in shit his life was, just holding little Rosie was worth every single tear he had shed the last eight months.

With invitations sent, seat arrangements made, wedding suits and dresses made; bridesmaids and groomsmen chosen, the wedding was at full steam. The night before the wedding Mary and John had talked in hushed tones while Rosie slept between them and they agreed not to interfere in the other’s romantic life. Sure, their situation wasn’t exactly the best or most perfect, but they could manage to become a family and have their… flings…. let’s call it flings… on the side.

The morning of the wedding John was feeling nervous, he was about to perform the biggest lie ever. He was to commit, until death parted them, to Mary, his best friend. Less than twelve hours ago he had agreed to have flings, romances and relations, breaking the vows of marriage even before
making them… He was a mess, everything in his life was about to change in less than 90 seconds…
Six degrees of separation

Chapter Notes

Just in case you’re a bit lost, I followed canon for the birthdays and some dates. Sherlock’s birthday is January 6th, John’s July 7th. John is two years older than Sherlock, unlike canon where John is the same age as Mycroft. Molly is in an advance class where she met Mary. Molly is a year younger than Mary and a year older than Eurus. Since Eurus is a genius too, she’s ahead at school and shares classes with Molly. Molly is the same age as Sherlock. Also, John is starting his second year in med school and Sherlock his third year of Chemistry in Oxford. John started university in October right after his 18th birthday before Mary got pregnant and is now in his second year, which started before his wedding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Six degrees of separation, every person in everyone’s life is separated from someone else’s in someone’s life by six degrees of separation. John and Sherlock were the “friend of a friend”, separated exactly by those six degrees of separation. Molly was that friend that had a friend that was the friend of a friend, Molly was Mary’s friend at school, they finished sixth form together and she went to study medicine with John at Queen Mary University of London. Yes, John was two years older than her, so when Molly started studying and by the day of the wedding, it was her first year.

Molly was James’ friend too, they had met at party in James’ house and he had kissed her in his basement, once, during a “seven minutes in heaven” game. She wanted to kiss John, but Sarah had asked for that honour first so she had to kiss James. She saw the opportunity to get to know John when Mary came to study in their school and became friends with John instantly; to her dismay, John was dating James, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t be her friend.

Molly had another friend, Eurus Holmes, the gracious little sister of Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes. They met at nursery school and had been friends for the best part of fifteen years. Yes, Eurus is a genius, but the kind of genius that’s able to convince anyone to do anything, really, so Molly was convinced to be Eurus’ best friend for life. When Molly was fourteen, she was love struck, she fell immediately for the lanky, thin and gracious, raven curly headed boy. She loved his scowl, his newly developed baritone voice, the way he walked, talked and mocked everyone he met. That crush saved her from the heartache caused by John’s confession that he was in love with James.

By fifteen, her heart broke again when she found out Sherlock liked boys too and she wanted to cut her wrists when Sherlock had introduced Victor Trevor as his boyfriend. In time, by seventeen, she accepted her faith and her focus went to Sherlock’s older brother, Mycroft, who had recently broken up with long-time girlfriend Anthea, she found him interesting and charming and she wanted him like she had never wanted anyone. She discovered, with that crush, that she liked older men, and when Mary had told her all about the cute constable that picked her up from James’ house, she made her goal to have him.

Molly wasn’t really Victor’s friend, but she had met him at the Holmes London Manor. Somehow, Sherlock had become her friend and they talked a lot, mostly because they had lost Eurus to boarding school for her sixth form -an advanced one- and Molly was about to lose Mary to her baby and John. Molly was happy to be Sherlock’s friend and she was there to comfort him when his world crumbled
and Victor announced they were over and that Sherlock better continued going to Oxford instead of transferring to Queen.

Their goodbye had been sad; Sherlock left London and went to Oxford for his third year -being a genius, he had finished school by fifteen, just like Eurus and Mycroft and was accepted to Oxford and started his first year before his sixteenth birthday, Molly always admired that capacity of theirs to best everyone- and Molly was left teared eyed, with no one to tell she was to lose her best friend to a baby, that her life had changed after 90 seconds. Molly would text and Sherlock would answer. He told her all about Irene “quite a character” and her girlfriend Kate, she told him about James breaking up with John and John marrying Mary. Sherlock told him about Charles Magnussen and how his lectures fascinated him and Molly had the sad duty to tell him about Victor dating again.

Sherlock stoically accepted the news, Irene was there to watch him crumble, after that, he focused on his classes and focused on forgetting the love he once had felt for a man that promised to be with him forever, but that had left him the moment he denied sex to him. Molly convinced Sherlock to come to the wedding, miss a couple of days from his Hilary and accompany her to Mary’s wedding. As an act of good faith, and because he was already ahead on his work for his third year, and probably advancing early to his fourth; Sherlock agreed.

He arrived to London the day before the wedding and met with old acquaintances. He invited Molly for a late lunch and they chatted for long hours about what he had done for his eighteenth birthday, what she had planned on doing for her eighteenth birthday, how things were at University, how he felt about chemistry and how she felt about medicine. She mentioned, quite briefly, Victor’s new boyfriend, Sherlock scowled, paled and felt his heart thump in his chest; Molly patted his hand and promised to be there for him no matter what.

“Besides, Mary invited him to make him feel guilty for leaving John” Molly continued to chit chat and Sherlock forced himself to pay attention “He acted like a real prick” Molly blushed at the word and Sherlock attempted a half smile, watching people pass by their table.

Cheater; married to a woman and dating a man; erectile dysfunction; married four years, cheating for five; pregnant but hasn’t told the father; embezzling funds from the family business to pay gambling compulsion; addicted to heroin; drunk; military woman, returned from mission recently; first date; trying to break up; looking for a job; trying to quit job; people are just so boring...

His mind was swirling with information while Molly chatted what he considered nonsense “John offered to help Mary and pretended to be the father of the baby she was expecting, the arsehole left her when she broke the news to him” Sherlock nodded in acknowledgement “And John was so sweet…” She sighed and smiled like a love sick puppy “But he found himself engaged to Mary, unable to stop the wedding because Mr. Morstan asked him to marry Mary” Sherlock tried not to roll his eyes and nodded again. Molly continued the incessant chatter and Sherlock just hummed, nodded, smiled and occasionally would comment about the story with “oh, really?”, “no way” and “mmm, I see”. Sherlock let her talk for another half hour before excusing himself and promising Molly he’ll be at her house by eleven, an hour before the wedding.

He went to the Yard to pester Lestrade for a little while. He’d been receiving cold cases every week and Greg was very fond of the little rascal he had met five years ago, a boy he had saved from drugs during a night his brother called “a danger night”. He’d escaped his home after Redbeard was put down, a young constable, that had recently joined the force found him wondering around a bad neighbourhood and had watched as Billy Wiggings, one of the many, Baker Street irregulars offered the boy the solution for his problems and handed him a bag of cocaine in exchange for some of the money he had in his wallet.
Since that night, and thereafter, Greg became one of Sherlock’s biggest supporters and even offered to off Victor after what he had done, the young man smiled and shook his head softly before going back to his usual scowl and saying “Stop talking nonsense, Lestrade, and get me a cold case”, before turning his back to the soon to be sergeant and running up the stairs to his bedroom.

As life goes by, John had met Victor while he was waiting with Sherlock for some results at the hospital, he had a case and the information he needed could only be provided by a doctor at Bart’s; as for Sherlock, he met James while he was waiting for Victor to collect some papers at the registration office in Queen Mary University of London.

At some point, John and Sherlock were in the same place, at the same time, but separated by six degrees, at Molly’s sixteenth birthday. James was kissing John, Victor was trying to kiss Sherlock, and as the butterfly wings that define the entire faith of the universe, they didn’t meet that evening because Sherlock fled the place five seconds before John turned on his heels and recognised Victor as one of his new Biology classmates.

The day of the wedding John was there, holding HIS baby girl and waiting for Mary, his friends, including Victor and his new boyfriend, James -that was one awkward and quite hurtful encounter in their six degrees of separation- were waiting inside the church. Molly was there, her date was smoking a cigarette and he couldn’t see him quite clearly, he smiled at her and Molly returned the smile.

As the butterfly’s wings caused an earthquake in a lost island in the middle of the ocean, and an underwater volcano to erupt in that precise moment; it took a corpse, a crying baby and a failed wedding for John to meet Sherlock.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a day late... I know... No excuses except procrastination to post. I've been down the slope (as English native speakers say... I hope). This month is quite hard for me and I've been trying to use my writing as a coping mechanism but nothing is working... I would like to say that loosing a father figure is easy to put behind, but it actually sucks, much more when that figure wasn't exactly the man that procreated you, but the one that choose you as a daughter... (Which is why the John and Sherlock in this story are so in love with little Rosie) He was my best friend, the hand I held when I was scared, sick, when I felt alone, when I cried of a broken heart or a scraped knee. He taught me that my ideas were worth exploring, that my writing was worth writing, that I could do whatever I put my mind to. Sorry for the unexpected gush of emotions, but I haven't found the strenght to continue writing and I had to tell you why... I can't even pick the pen because I find myself lost in the emptyness of not having him reading whatever stupid thing I write... or admiring whatever stupid thing I paint or printing whatever stupid thing I photograph... I'm committing to the story, I'm going to finish it, but the updates might be a bit... disorganized and random... until I get the muse back. Thank you all, and sorry fot this note. Love you all. Happy Sherlock!
When the music started, Mary was supposed to be walking down the aisle, her father was waiting for her outside the room she was changing in. After five minutes of music and no signal of his daughter coming out, he knocked on the door only to receive no answer. He tried to open the door but it was locked from the inside. He knocked again, harder this time, and all he heard was a small thud from the inside and nothing more.

“Mary, love, you okay?” He asked the closed door and tried to force it open. With no other answer than silence he started pounding and screaming Mary’s name. “Open this door young lady!” He shouted. “Don’t make me force this door open” He threatened and pounded on the white painted wood again.

Instead of Mary walking down the aisle, a very flustered Alex Morstan ran to John and whispered something in his ear. John rushed behind his father in law, followed by a very concerned Rosamund Morstan, carrying little Rosie; after them went the Watsons, questioning and apologetic faces.

They finally opened the door only to find Mary laying on a pool of blood, her wedding gown torn to pieces, her shoes missing, hair in disarray, hands over her head, no signs of struggle, except for the chair that fell with the weight of her body as she fell to the floor. Alex put his hand to his mouth and fell to his knew, his baby girl was lying dead on the floor. Rosamund fainted and Henry could barely hold her before John caught Rosie in his arms, Julia was stunned and nailed to the floor, unable to move or speak.

John reacted first, handed Rosie to Harry and called 999, he entered the room, looked for a pulse and all he could do was stare at the once lively and beautiful face that had smiled at him every morning for the past seven months. John loves Mary, in all honesty, John loved Mary more than she knew and more than he ever admitted; sure, he never found her sexually attractive, and he never was in love with her, but he loved her, deeply; she was his best friend, and he had just lost his best friend.

He felt a few tears run down his cheeks, unable to look up, looking for a pulse and knowing he’ll never find it. She looked pale and rather beautiful, something akin of a smile over her lips, maybe the certainty, even in death; that John will be there for their daughter. Time started again when he looked up and saw all the pale faces surrounding him, Rosie’s cries brought him back to reality and he walked to his brother and held his baby daughter to his chest; at that very moment he realised little Rosie had just lost her mother and they were alone, he was in charge of a baby that wasn’t his but that was his in every sense of the word; she is Rosie Watson, daughter of John Watson, in less than 90 seconds he became a single parent.

The police and the ambulance arrived promptly eight minutes after John called. The recently appointed Sergeant Gregory Lestrade, John remembered his name from almost a year ago when Mary had mentioned him as the copper that took her home after James... He took a deep breath and looked at the team, photographing the scene, checking the window and the door, looking at her
destroyed dress… Another deep breath and the squealing baby brought him back, He shushed Rosie and heard a deep baritone voice approaching “Come, Molly, Lestrade’s here” The voice said and John looked up right in time to find the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes on. He was thin, a bit lanky, maybe sixteen or seventeen, lithe body, raven curls on his head and viridian eyes, his pale skin glittered under the sun light coming from the tinted windows, which gave him an ethereal, almost divine look.

John had to remind himself he was grieving for the loss of his friend and future wife, but he couldn’t find in himself to look away from the celestial creature that had approached him and was looking at him as if he had found something precious, a hidden treasure worth all his attention. Blue/green eyes with pupils blown wide bored over him, he noticed the strangers pulse, it was erratic, his eyes got lost for a second on the bobbing Adam’s apple going up and down as the stranger swallowed, and swallowed hard, filling John’s mind with all sorts of ideas and desires; the stranger had difficulty breathing, short deep breaths and shorter exhales, startled and interested … panting … something akin of a shy smile over those plump cupid bow lips and a definite blush adorning the otherwise pale cheekbones, chiselled on white marble skin. The boy was heavenly.

Sherlock couldn’t look away from the man standing right in front of him, less than a metre away. A short, sturdy, strong teenager, eyes as blue as a summer sky, with little flecks of gold that made those eyes shine under the light. Thin lipped and a tongue that made Sherlock’s stomach twist with desire and his heart beat like a wild bird trying to escape its prison. Broad shoulders, tanned skin, strong hands holding a baby that didn’t look like him at all. Sherlock’s mind filled with information.

Not his baby; medical student; sports player, maybe rugby; not his baby; gay??; good friend; not his baby; gay, definitely gay; not his baby; not his baby; beautiful; gorgeous; handsome; aroused, pupils dilated; beautiful blue eyes; strong hands; gay, really gay; not his baby. Focus Sherlock, dead body on the floor, focus; damn it!

“This was staged” Sherlock rapid-fired and walked past John, brushing his shoulder with his arm and feeling how his body tingled at the small contact, he heard John’s breath hitch and felt a little victorious at noticing the boy was interested in him. He could barely breath, he felt his heart beat fast in his chest, a caged animal trying to run free, a shiver down his spine and the want to kiss those lips, to have his hands travel all over the body in front of him.

John turned on his heels about to ask what the boy meant when he found himself under the inquisitive eyes once again and his throat was dry and he had to lick his lips and he saw those eyes travel down and fix on his mouth and John felt as he had won a rugby match, breathless, agitated, a rush of adrenaline running all over his body, immensely happy and excited because the boy was interested. He walked to him and they were standing almost chest to chest and the universe collapsed; worlds collided and the history of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson began with a big bang.
To grieve, no more

In less than 90 seconds, Sherlock Holmes - John Watson learned the name of the force of nature that came and turned his life upside down in mere seconds- as Sergeant Lestrade introduced him, solved the case and had the Yard looking for Mary’s ex-boyfriend, David. A text message, a threat made over drinks a few nights before, the carnage of the wedding dress, the cut on her ring finger, and the stab wounds to her heart and abdomen, the missing shoes “probably a souvenir, find out if he gave him those”, and the obvious -cue eye roll, huff and annoyed look at the moronic members of the Yard- indentation of a male shoe in the carpet right below the window indicating the way the perpetrator had come in and out of the room, startling the victim -“Mary” John corrected him- which is why she was facing the window. There was no struggle, the victim -“Mary” John huffed- knew the perpetrator and probably trusted them -“him, David”, John let out a sad groan- he pushed her, thus making the chair tumble, the victim following suit; the first wound was to the chest; he fixed her hands up and stabbed her the second time; the second wound was to the abdomen, “but she probably was dead by then. A crime of passion, performed with anger, revenge the main sentiment involved in the crime” Sherlock concluded and John just uttered “Fantastic”, startling the entire room and tinting with a cute blush Sherlock’s cheekbones.

David was caught two days later, Sherlock made sure of that, he found him at a coffee shop near Mary and John’s flat. When Sherlock located him he called Lestrade -after five years he still refuses to acknowledge his name is Greg- and they made an arrest. When questioned for the reason to his whereabouts, he said he wanted to pick his daughter up, meet her properly and take her with him. During his confession David revealed that he wanted to stop the wedding and Mary had refused, when he had pointed out that she was marrying a fag, Mary had glared at him, defended John as the best man she had ever met, called herself Mary Watson and ordered him to leave. When Mary said that Rosie Watson was John’s daughter and not his, David was consumed by a rage he hadn’t known, he had used the screwdriver -which he had brought to open the window from outside- to stab her in the chest and then in the abdomen. Mary hadn’t fought, she had simply allowed him to kill her and before she died she had whispered Rosie’s name and then John’s; when David heard Mr. Morstan’s voice outside the door he fled the scene as quietly as possible and closed the window.

Sherlock was satisfied with the deductions he had made the first time he met John, even though he still remained a mystery in many aspects, he was absolutely pleased with the knowledge that John in fact was gay and that the baby wasn’t his. It still remained a mystery why he was marrying Mary, but that could be easily solved by questioning him. Unfortunately, Lestrade wouldn’t allow Sherlock in the interrogation room; Lestrade even went to the lengths of calling Mycroft to retrieve his nosy little brother from the yard and fetch him back to Oxford, he had already missed more school days than he’d asked for. Reluctantly, Sherlock followed his brother, but not before he got a hold of John’s contact information.

John left the interrogation room and followed Lestrade to his office; he was tired and all he wanted was a hot bath, climb to bed with Rosie and sleep for a week; but at the same time, all he wanted was to find the force of nature that had infested his dreams -in the best possible way- for the past three days, he wanted to see Sherlock Holmes again. To his dismay, the boy was nowhere to be seen and the Sergeant explained to a disappointed John that the boy, well, man, he was referring to had to go back to school, in Oxford. The news crashed in his ears and crushed his body like a lorry. Lestrade eyed him curiously and as John blushed, Lestrade smirked and handed him a phone number “Just in case you need any help” he said, and winked at the man.

John was about to feel very offended; he was practically a widower, not really, but almost; until he noticed that the Sergeant had handed him a piece of paper with the name, mail address and number
of the boy, again, man, he was looking for. He had no idea if he should be grateful or angry at the perceptiveness of the cop so he just nodded, folded the piece of paper and walked out of the office. Outside, reality came crashing down and he realised he was alone, in charge of a daughter, a house, school, a job… He was up to his neck…

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He had to go pick up Rosie from her grandparents, Molly had offered to help and so had done Mike. He was walking to his parents’ house when he heard someone call his name. When John turned he saw James, but instead of his heart jumping in his chest, his stomach churned and he felt a wave of something akin of disgust. He invited John for a coffee; he wanted to talk, “after what happened with Mary…” He bit his lower lip and John felt compelled to comply. “I was just thinking we could, reconnect” He said, looking down.

John snorted and rolled his eyes “What, did your last beau leave you already?” He asked, a lot of spite in his remark -even though he wasn’t actually feeling anything but the need to run and find Sherlock, he had him in his mind all the time-, James shook his head and lowered his eyes, fixating his stare on the black beverage in front of him.

“No, actually we are…” He said to the cup and cleared his throat “I’m very sorry, John” He continued and looked up, but John was looking elsewhere “Victor…” John glared at the name “We’ve been together longer than you think” James looked away “Since we met…” He bit his lower lip “That party at Molly’s… I was supposed to break up with you and he was supposed to break up with his boyfriend but in the end… well…” John closed his eyes and took a deep breath, that night they had had sex…

“Well” John took a deep breath “Thanks for the cheating” He stood “And the coffee” he left some money on the table, but before he could leave, James stood and pulled him by the arm; John imagined it would feel like a shiver running down his spine, but it felt normal and he remembered the way the brief touch of Sherlock’s arm had felt over his entire body, he turned to looked at James and suddenly, not like in the movies, but pretty close, he felt… nothing. Yeah, this was the man he had, let’s say, loved, for over two years, they’d been together for almost two years, “made love”, had frantic sex, fought, laughed, cried, but he no longer had that spell over him.

“John, please” James said but released John’s arm.

“Please what?” John took a step back and tried to find the reason behind the anger that had disappeared as suddenly as it appeared “Let’s be friends?” He chuckled humourlessly “Forgive you?” He rolled his eyes and clicked his tongue “Don’t worry” John shook his head and took another step back “Be happy with your fiancé” He turned and left a baffled James gaping. It took James ten more minutes to realise he had a ring on his ring finger and that it had a VT engraved on it.

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“Sherlock” He recognised the voice immediately, but the chill never ran down his spine. Sherlock was leaving his home; packed bags next to him, his phone in his hand, waiting for Mycroft’s minion to pick him up. He turned and there he was, the boy that had broken his heart. He looked good, but he had lost something. Sherlock scanned him and noticed he was tired, that he had a strange look in his eyes and the ring on his ring finger, either married or soon to be. Sherlock expected the rush of pain and anger but all he could see was John’s face in front of him and that tongue travelling over his lips.

“Sherlock?” Victor had approached him while Sherlock was lost in the memory, he felt a hand on his
shoulder but he didn’t feel the thrill, he looked at the offending limb and rolled his eyes; Victor took the hint and retired the hand.

“Victor” Sherlock tilted his head to the side.

“I saw you at the wedding” Victor said, responding the question he thought he saw in Sherlock’s eyes, before he could say anything Victor continued “I didn’t know you knew John” He shrugged and Sherlock inhaled a deep breath at John’s name “I wanted to talk to you that day but with the murder…” He rubbed a hand on the back of his neck and kept his eyes downcast, unable to look at Sherlock.

“Congratulations on the engagement” Sherlock nodded at the ring and with a quick movement opened the door to the car and jumped in, leaving a baffled Victor looking at his hand and then at the moving car. Sherlock wished he could have felt something, even anger, but seeing Victor just reminded him of his childhood, the happy moments they had spent playing pirates, of Redbeard and the kiss which un-luckily -not sure if it was lack of luck or more likely the best of luck-, never really was.
Coward distance

Chapter Notes

Used real names and timetables from Oxford and Queen and timetables for trains, departures, arrivals and platforms.

So sorry for the delay... Been catching up with my english lit readings. Hope you enjoy this couple of chapters, will resume writing as soon as I finish with Brontë...

Sherlock arrived just in time to Paddington to catch the 12 o’ clock to Oxford. Mycroft texted him but Sherlock ignored the text, at least for the time being, and occupied himself with researching more about John Watson. He should be checking the assignments his teacher sent him, but his mind was too preoccupied with the ash blond, with the blue eyes and sturdy body to think about anything else. He found himself wanting to hear his voice again, feel his hands over his body, kissing him...

Mycroft had said he had fallen in lust at first sight, but Sherlock had figured -after a quite thorough wank- that it was more than just lust, because John consumed his every thought even more than Victor had done at the time; although, perhaps Mycroft is right-loud and long groan- maybe if I have some sort of physical relation with him -or anybody else for that matter, a body is a body, after all, right?- -A full body shudder and a look of disgust, Victor had made him feel the heat, but not in the way John had- this stupid obsession will leave my mind and I can occupy my thoughts with something more productive, he sighed and closed his eyes, trying to file away the man with the blue eyes.

He finally managed to check his assignments and realised he’ll have to pull an all-nighter for his Friday lectures -the disadvantages of returning on Thursday instead of the same Sunday after the wedding, but he got to solve a murder, even though it meant he’d missed a week of lectures- he checked the basics of the assignments and outlined them, after all, he still had forty minutes to go. He could always skip lab time before going to Structural Methods with Professor Clarke in the afternoon, and work during the lecture the rest of the assignment; he’ll read Robertson and Edward’s pages that night...

He loved having different lecturers every three weeks, but sometimes it could be… overwhelmingly… boring changing lecturer every other week. At least he had the distraction and he wasn’t as bored as his first year, seeing the same teachers twice a week for the same subject. Lost in his reverie and the work, he barely noticed the train was pulling at the station in Oxford 4. He climbed off the train and decided to walk instead of taking a cab. It was 20 minutes from the station to his room and he could pick something to eat at the Petit Gateau. He had promised Mummy he would eat.

13:16 Oxford yet?

13:17 Just arrived, going to eat, lecture at five

13:18 Good to know, see you in March

13:18 Always so loving
13:20 Nice Hilary, brother mine

Sherlock rolled his eyes and continued walking, his mind lost in those eyes once again. He thought about the information he had gathered on the man. Nineteen; second year Med Student at Bart’s, ace grades through school, rugby captain, got the championship for his team three years in a row -and looked sinful in those white trousers- interested in military formation, had applied to RAMC, was accepted and was supposed to go to training but had asked for a licence to be married. Now his military career was on stand-by because he’s a single parent now. And those eyes… He opened the door and took a deep breath, put his phone to the side and picked his books for the afternoon lecture. Maybe a little distance could help…

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20:15 Made it home, both fine. Take her tomorrow from 9? Have HD for a month

20:15 Sure son. What time you’ll be off?

20:16 Round 7. See her at lunch tho

20:16 I’ll have your favourite

20:17 Thanks Mum

John hit send and put the phone in his pocket and felt for the paper he had there. He wondered how Sherlock would react if he were to write to him now. He looked for him on the internet and found an interesting blog “The science of deduction”. He read it by bits and snippets while feeding Rosie and laughed at the prospect of finding 243 different types of ash interesting and exciting.

He found more information; the boy, actually man, had just turned eighteen, he was a third year Oxford student, getting degrees in chemistry, dance and music. He was at the top of his classes since school; violinist; theatre aficionado, praised for his role as Hamlet in a school production; dancer - John loved those photos of him in tights- and apparently on his way of becoming the youngest detective praised by the Yard, a couple commendations… GOD… John closed his eyes and all he could see were those eyes, those cupid bow lips, those long fingers… He came back to reality when Rosie squirmed, having finished her bottle.

He found a letter from the Army telling him he was a reserve, that in case he was needed he’ll be called for training; they were willing to help him with his child and wife and congratulated him on his upcoming nuptials. If only they knew… John took a deep breath and rocked Rosie; it was time for her bath. He pulled his phone out and took the piece of paper and put it away, for the time being, maybe a little distance could help; after all, he had to concentrate on his readings for Human Development.

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A restless night for both; Rosie woke up three times, two nappy changes, three feds and John found himself drinking coffee and reading for his first class of the morning, nursing a cup of tea and wishing he had turned the heating sooner. As for Sherlock, he spent the night up, reading for his lectures and preparing the assignment, nursing a cup of tea, and wishing he was back in London, struggling with the heating, it was too hot to even think, but he considered his options, and freezing to death wasn’t part of his plans.

The best I could do -both shared the same thought at the same moment- is keeping things as they are, after all. I’ve just seen him twice and just for a brief moment… Why am I so obsessed? It’s just limbs,
hands, eyes, lips, hair... Snap out of it, damn it! I have to concentrate in school. I need to get over this. I need to keep my distance.

They took the phone out, stared at the other’s number and sighed, deeply, putting the phone away and closing their eyes. I’m a coward...
With a little help from my friends

After a month of coward distance, Sherlock was summoned to London by Lestrade, something to do with a cold case he had helped solve; Sherlock texted back a simple “fine”. That Friday, after his last lecture of the morning, he boarded the 1:11 pm to Marylebone; yes, he hated having to travel twenty more minutes to the Yard, but he had to go to Baker Street; he had a client there and was imperative he interviewed Martha Hudson. The minute he arrived to London, another text from Lestrade took him out of his reverie

14:15 4pm, Broadway Starbucks

14:20 Fine -SH

Sherlock rolled his eyes and walked to Baker Street, composed a quick text to his brother to let him know he was in London, going to Baker, and another to Molly to ask her to coffee before returning to Oxford for the last two weeks of his Hilary. He arrived to Baker Street right after lunch and lied about having eaten; Mrs. Hudson just eyed him with her motherly look and pretended to believe him before inviting him for tea while they talked, after he ate half a tin of biscuits Mrs. Hudson offered some cake and he ate happily. They talked about her husband and what evidence she got.

By three he had eaten half a cake and a tin of biscuits and gathered all the information he needed; he prepared an envelope and was right on time to send it by mail to Mrs. Hudson’s lawyer, all the evidence against her husband contained within. As soon as he left the post office he resumed walking towards the yard, his mind on the case; he couldn’t believe how unbelievably idiotic the members of the yard were.

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John was summoned by Greg to the Starbucks on Broadway at 4pm. The young sergeant, who was now around 23 years old, had become John’s friend out of sympathy at first, and then out of pure interest and concern. They’ve talked several times, Greg even offering to take care of Rosie; that’s how, during one of Greg’s babysitting shifts, he met Molly and he fell for the young student; that’s how he found out all about Sherlock asking for John every chance he got -meaning every day, at least twice a day- and that’s how he devised a plan, considering John asked for Sherlock every time he met with Greg.

John agreed to meet at the coffee shop, it wasn’t a rare occurrence. Greg usually invited him for coffee, talked a lot about Molly, Rosie and… Sherlock; it was the only way he had to find about the young man, mostly because he was a bit of a coward and had no idea how to start a conversation with him.

He went to class that morning, after leaving Rosie with his mum and run, as usual, with Molly and Mike. Mike was a fellow student that had become a good friend to John in a very short time after they shared the same seats during the two months Fundamentals. Mike was one of the many people that offered to help John, moving with him after a moth after they met and finding another tenant, a nursery student, Bill Murray.

John called Mike to see if he was free that afternoon to help him with Rosie, when the call went to voice mail, John cursed his luck and called Greg.

“Don’t have anyone to help me with Rosie” He said in way of greeting as soon as Greg picked up the phone, Greg sighed deeply and John see him rubbing his hand over his face.
“Bring her, it's fine” Greg let out a deep breath, his plan could be ruined by the baby, but if he was right, Sherlock might be on board with the baby.

“Great, thanks!” John let out a relieved huff “Be there at four” he finished the call and went to look for his daughter. This morning, he had left her with the Morstans, but Rosamund found it very hard to take care of the little baby and generally after a couple of hours, John was forced to pick her up, take her with him to lectures or call favours from friends and family. Thankfully, he had forged great relationships with his fellow students and with his teachers, and Rosie had charmed her way to everyone’s heart.

By 4 pm he was standing outside the coffee shop, Rosie in his arms and his eyes looking for his friend.

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After Mary was killed, Greg was glad that Sherlock was there to help him; every single time Sherlock helped him, he received a commendation and was going places pretty fast. He had joined the force at 18 -to help with University- and by his 23rd birthday he was made sergeant, thanks to his young friend. When he met him 5 years ago, he could have sworn he would find the boy in a ditch somewhere, drugged up to his bones without salvation. He was glad he was wrong and was proud that Sherlock had followed a different path instead of recurring to drugs.

He was also glad that because of Mary’s death -not that he was glad she died- he was able to meet John. After the interview, he couldn’t help but admire his bravery and his sense of duty; he was baffled by the story and even more so when John asked not to tell Rosie’s grandparents that the baby wasn’t his. With Mycroft’s help, Greg had managed to avoid any unpleasant requests from the baby’s father.

He was also thankful to John because he had met Molly one day while taking care of Rosie, the young woman had him fascinated with her shyness, her sweetness and her overall attitude and way of simply… being… Yes, he is five years older than her, she’d just turned 18 a few days ago, but now he can fully woo her. What Greg didn’t know and had just found about, is how close to Mary and Sherlock Molly truly is -six degrees of separation- and now he was about to pull the gears of the world in motion to have his two friends meet and overcome the shyness.

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The world stopped again the second John entered the coffee shop; there he was, the man he had dreamt about for the last month, not knowing what to do, if going to him or stand there and wait for the world to move again. The moment Sherlock looked up, the world started spinning and all John could do was to hold Rosie close as a lifeline. Greg was standing right behind him and he beckoned him to the table where Sherlock was waiting. John eyes Greg suspiciously and Greg smirked; once he was sitting right in front of Sherlock, Greg excused himself with a phone call and left them to their own devices.

Sherlock felt his heart stop and start beating fast, running like a wild horse inside his chest and his stomach wildly competing with the best swimmers for a perfect 10.0 somersault. The world went silent around him and he couldn’t keep his eyes off of John; his entire world suddenly brighter just because the man he had dreamt for the last month was standing right there in front of him.

Once they overcame the shock and Greg left them alone under false pretences, Sherlock made the first move and asked him if he wanted some coffee. John nodded and Sherlock brought back the perfect cup of black coffee, no sugar and just a hint of milk. He wondered how Sherlock knew, but after hearing him solve Mary’s case in less than a minute, he knew he shouldn’t be surprised with his
insight about him.

“How is she?” Sherlock asked once he sat and nodded at the baby.

“Rosie” John pursed his lips “She’s fine. Misses her mum but she’s fine. We manage” John rubbed her little back.

“She’s four months, right?” Sherlock eyes the sleeping bundle.

“Close to five” John nodded and looked down at the baby.

“How does it feel?” Sherlock waved his hand in John’s direction.

“What?” He looked at him and thanked the heavens that they started with seemingly small talk “Being a single parent, losing my best friend, or having to take care of a little baby?”

“All of the above” Sherlock shrugged, he was feeling uncomfortable, but he wanted to stay and get to know this man, even if it meant doing some small talk.

“Well…” John moved the baby to his other arm and Sherlock opened his arms as if offering to carry the baby. John accepted the silent offer and was marvelled by the tenderness with which Sherlock carried little Rosie “All of the above are quite hard” He licked his lips, tasting the slightly bitter coffee “Being a single parent isn’t easy but I have an excellent support system. My mum is great help and so are Molly and Greg, just to name a few names” Sherlock’s eyes widened at the mention of Molly “She’s been helping you?” He asked; the information new to him.

“Yes, she’s been great help” John smiled and his smile turned even brighter when Sherlock cradled the baby better and shushed her softly “it has made it easier to accept Mary’s gone” he smiled sadly “She was my best friend” John shrugged and looked at his coffee “But as I said; I’ve a great support system, but the nights are the hardest, I have to feed her twice every night, but we do manage” He looked at Rosie and Sherlock handed her back, feeling strangely empty.

“I should kill Gavin” Sherlock shook his head but couldn’t help smiling.

“Who?” John furrowed his brow and looked at him questioningly.

“Lestrade” Sherlock rolled his eyes.

“Oh” John smirked “Greg” He chuckled “Yeah, we should kill him” He rubbed Rosie’s back to hide his trembling hands, he closed his eyes, took a deep breath and decided to be brave, once again “The truth is” he moved Rosie a little “I’m very thankful to him for… deceiving us” He blushed hard.

“Oh?” Sherlock’s eyebrows shot up and looked really surprised, even more so than finding Molly was helping John.

“Yes…” John licked his lips again, feeling his nerves crash and burn “Actually…” He looked down at Rosie and tried to gather the courage that was leaving him with every breath. Now or never, he thought “I’ve been meaning to contact you since the day I met you” He said in a whisper and Sherlock had to make an effort to hear him over the noise of the coffee machines and the coffee shop patrons.

Sherlock’s world stopped once more, he had no idea what to say. He knew John was attracted to him but wasn’t sure it would last, considering what his brother had said about his parent “lust at first
“Mister Holmes?” John called and reached over to pat his arm.

Sherlock startled, back to reality and focusing on the heat John’s hand produced in his body and how the warmth spread from his chest instead of his arm. “Sherlock, please” He managed to answer in a sigh.

“Sherlock” John licked his lips again and met his eyes and stared for a long moment before looking down again to Rosie when she moved “I’m John” He said.

“John” Sherlock made the name sound like music to John’s ears “I wanted to write to you, but I wasn’t quite sure about what to say” He admitted shyly and John practically beamed at him.

They talked for hours, both minding Rosie and sharing some food and tea instead of coffee. The waitress came with their check at closing time and John invited Sherlock to come over to his flat. Sherlock accepted gladly, but to John’s dismay Bill and Mike were home so Sherlock offered to visit the next day and take John for coffee. Reluctantly, even though happily, John accepted and walked into his flat, wishing he had kissed Sherlock instead of giving him such a lame goodbye.
I knos, I know, it's been almost a month since I last published and I'm very sorry but RL can be quite shitty and throw you to the bushes without much preamble or explanation. I won't bore you with details, suffice to say that I'm back and kicking it, expect daily updates this week, until I'm back on schedule.

Love you all, the comments, the kudos. Happy Sherlock!

Slight change of format for this chapter, texting between my boys Sherlock and John

Sherlock arrived to his brother’s house around 10 pm, the first thing he wanted to do was text John, but wasn’t sure, instead he texted Irene and she “suggested” -more like forced- Sherlock to write to John and thank him for the lovely evening.

22:40 I had fun today -SH Sherlock looked at the screen of his phone and clutched it in his hand waiting for an answer.

22:40 So did I. Thank you. The reply came seconds later; John had to do a major effort to stop his fingers from trembling.

10:40 How’s the little miss? -SH

22:41 What’s with the -SH?

22:41 My initials -SH

22:41 It’s cute! Sherlock rolled his eyes but he was grinning.

22:41 Little miss is perfect, sound asleep

22:42 I’m not cute!

22:42 Shouldn’t you be sleeping while she does?

22:42 Have to study for cancer lectures. Hey, you lost the initials :) Sherlock shook his head but looked at his phone fondly.

22:43 Cancer lectures? What’s with the :)? John couldn’t help but giggle… He’d been giggling since this afternoon, almost non-stop

22:43 Yup, lots of material for next week. And that’s a smiley face :P He chuckled and wanted to see the face Sherlock did

22:44 Never mind John chuckled to the phone… Such a cute man. How about you? Shouldn’t you be sleeping too?

22:49 Checking news on a case in Florida. Got the results I wanted

22:50 Nothing to read for school? What case in Florida?

22:51 Last two weeks of Hilary, but I’m done with the material already. And I’ll tell you about the case tomorrow

22:53 For real? John smiled widely at the idea of tomorrow.

22:53 Yes. Should let you go back to your studies. If you need help…

22:54 Thanks. Though I rather talk to you instead. Sherlock smiled.

22:56 Need help with the lectures?

22:59 Not really. But I know who to call ;) John swore he could hear him huff.

23:00 See you tomorrow?

23:01 Yeah, Where?

23:01 Baker Street, 221B, 7 pm

23:05 Good night, Sherlock

23:05 Good night, John

Neither could sleep, too excited about their meeting. John finished his reading and was up before sun rise. He had a lecture in the morning and Molly had offered to take care of Rosie for the time being.

“So?” Molly said as soon as she saw him open the door.

“So? What?” John looked at her questioningly.

“How did it go?” She bit her lower lip to contain the smile.

“I should have known” John huffed but smiled fondly at her “Here” He handed Rosie. “Be back at four. Thanks” He hugged her briefly and ran down the stairs to go to class.

While John was in his lectures, Molly went to visit Sherlock carrying little Rosie. As soon as he saw the baby he felt a rush of panic and wanted to reach for her, barely managing to contain his worry and school his features. “John’s at school” Molly said as greeting; she was one of the few people that could read Sherlock almost to perfection “Babysitting duty for the day” She smiled down at the little baby “You said you wanted coffee so, here I am” She looked up with a bright smile.

Sherlock just nodded; his eyes on Rosie all the time. Molly eyed him wickedly and before he knew it, she thrust the baby in his arms and ran to the door. Baffled, completely out of his mind, he rushed after her and all Molly did was wave goodbye. “See you at three” She shouted and ran down the street.

“Okay” Sherlock looked down at the baby and she eyed him curiously “I can do this” He looked up and found himself utterly lost for the first time in his life “I hate Molly” He let out a huff and Rosie
started crying, he rocked her softly and the baby calmed and Sherlock sighed in relief. “Mummy? You in London?” His voice was small, worried and about to burst into tears, Violet Holmes, being the worried mother she was took a deep breath and tried not to panic.

“Yes” Violet worried at her son calling her and most of all asking if she was in London. “Sherlock, dear. Are you okay?” She tried to keep the panic at bay but fearing the worst.

“How do you take care of a baby?” He asked at the edge of tears.

“William Sherlock Scott Holmes” His mother let out in a breath.

“Not mine, Mummy” Sherlock rolled his eyes, but his voice betrayed him.

“Explain yourself, young man” Mummy’s voice didn’t give him a choice.

“A friend of mine just asked me to help with the baby; I have no idea what to do” His voice broke.

“Where are you?”

“Mycroft’s”

“Be there in twenty” Sherlock let the breath he’d been holding and carried Rosie to the living room. He sat and took the time before his mother came to truly see the little girl. Her hair was dark blonde, her nose a little button, tiny hands and feet, her lips were thin and her eyelashes long. Sherlock couldn’t stop looking at her, he had never been so close to a baby and he was fascinated. Her rosy skin was soft and she smelled like lavender and roses’ water. Her tiny hand grabbed his index finger and he was lost; he didn’t even hear his mother entering the house and he didn’t feel her stand behind him and surely it went past him when she took a photo of the both of them.

A clear of the throat later, Sherlock was pulled out of his reverie and his mother was grinning at him, he rolled his eyes and covered the baby again, even though the flat was warm, he didn’t want her catching a cold in the early days of spring. “Mummy, this is Rosie” He put the baby’s back to his chest and held her close, like a little treasure “Rosie, this is my mum” He said to the now very awake baby.

“Hello beautiful” his mother picked Rosie from Sherlock’s arms and coddled her, the baby gurgled and Sherlock reached for her again, Violet obliging her son and handing the baby back “And where is your friend?” His mother asked with that know-it-all tone of voice only she had.

“He’s in a lecture right now” Sherlock rocked Rosie “Molly was supposed to take care of Rosie but she left me alone”

“He?” Violet Holmes grinned and Sherlock rolled his eyes but blushed furiously.

“As I was saying” Sherlock cleared his throat “Molly was on babysitting duty, but she left without warning” He cradled the baby closer “And I really have no idea what to do with a four months old baby” He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to calm his nerves.

“Okay” Violet grinned “I’ll teach how to change a nappy, how to taste the milk and then you’re on your own. Let the baby guide you” She had a mischievous look. Sherlock paled the moment his mother said she’ll be leaving after teaching him whatever he is supposed to learn and absentmindedly ended telling his mother all about John Watson and how they’d met “He seems like a good enough man to me” She said seriously and Sherlock just looked at her as if she had grown another head.

After Violet left, all Sherlock could do was follow her instructions. As promised; Molly returned by
three in the afternoon, what Sherlock wasn’t expecting was Lestrade with her, holding her hand. One glance and Sherlock got all the information he needed.

_Just started the mating ritual, he’s been waiting for her to turn eighteen, she liked him since she saw his at the wedding, he liked her when she was with John at the interview, already kissed and got to touching under the shirt, just stopped because she found out he just got divorced and he found out she’s still a virgin._

“How was your day?” Molly asked mischievously and Sherlock glared at her “Is she ready?” She asked and tried to get in the house but Sherlock stopped her.

“I’ll call John when she’s ready” He said and turned around, closing the door in Molly’s face. _If she thinks she’s getting the credit for minding Rosie the entire day she has another thing coming._ Sherlock thought and sent a few photos of Rosie to John; like he had done the entire day.

15:10 We’ll see you at four ;) 70 Chester Square, Belgravia.
It was a date, it was. Wasn’t it?

John stared at the screen of his phone trying to rack his brains to figure why Sherlock had photos of Rosie. The last one, of the baby on his chest, eyes closed and absolutely relaxed did it for John and he wanted to leave his lecture as soon as it was possible. As soon as he arrived to his lecture, John tried to call Molly but her phone was off, he even tried Greg but he wasn’t answering either, desperate, he called his mother and tried not to worry her and surreptitiously try to find something about his daughter when the first message of the day came. It was a photo of Rosie with an elder lady; the foot of the photo said “My Mum and Rosie. She’s fine, Molly just left her”

John wanted to bolt his classes and go get his daughter but the professor chose that precise moment to greet him and ask him a few questions about the lecture; he was forced to stay. A few minutes later he received another text.

9:25 I don’t mind, she’s amazing

Then another.

9:26 A bit loud when her requirements aren’t met, but otherwise quite amazing. John couldn’t help the smile. He felt lightheaded, his stomach was fluttering and his heart was thrumming restlessly in his chest. He took a deep breath and tried to concentrate, but all he could think about was Sherlock minding his baby daughter.

The messages kept coming and John managed to answer a couple, one of them asking about Molly, Sherlock simply answered that he shouldn’t worry and sent another photo of Rosie drinking from her bottle. John was amazed at how at peace his daughter looked and he couldn’t wait to be there with them.

By four, he arrived to Chester Square and saw the three story house and was baffled by it. He somehow knew that Sherlock was a posh man but never imagined him having such a nice house in one of the poshest neighbourhoods in London. He rang the bell and his breath caught in his throat when Sherlock, in absolute disarray but as handsome as ever, opened the door and gave him a relieved smile. His dress shirt was stained with baby spit, his trousers, otherwise perfectly ironed looked creased and dirty with baby formula, his hair resembled a black nest of curls recently abandoned because it had been blown by a nuclear bomb. He had never looked more gorgeous to John.

“Hi” John said shyly to the man in front of him, wanting nothing more than to ravish him with kisses.

“Hello, John” Sherlock sighed with relief and let him in, leading him to the once pristine living room.

“How is she?” He asked, looking down at the sleeping baby “Did she behave?”

“She’s four months old, of course she behaved” Sherlock scoffed “And she is fine” He said, more gently when John turned to look at him “I called my mum and she helped me with her for about an hour” He looked down and blushed the cutest shade of cherry red.

“Thank you” John wanted to hug him, kiss him, do something but he was frozen in space and all he could do was look at him. Sherlock nodded and smiled lopsidedly.
“Hungry?” He asked in a low voice.

“Starving” John answered and grinned widely.

“Chinese?” Sherlock cocked his head.

“Sure” John licked his lips and Sherlock looked down trying to control the blush.

After a late lunch for both of them, Sherlock reminded John that he had a meeting in Baker Street and John was ready to come with him. John helped Sherlock clean the house while Sherlock explained he decided to stay with his brother instead of going home to Enfield with his parents.

“I have business to attend here in London” Sherlock continued talking as they made their way out of the house “After all I’m just here for the weekend” He said and felt his stomach drop.

John tried not to grimace and act as nonchalant as possible “And these business” John cleared his throat before continuing “Are about the case in Florida?” he asked, instead of asking what was on his mind, if Sherlock was interested in him or not.

Sherlock looked down at John and couldn’t hold the smirk “Yes, but also about securing a place to live in London when I’m done with school”

John beamed at the news but held it as much as he could “So you solved the case” It wasn’t a question

“Yes” Sherlock smiled and kept walking, John on his heels.

They made some small talk on the way, John telling Sherlock how his lecture went, about the military, the letter he’d received and how the people at the RAMC told him they would wait. Sherlock let out a relieved sigh when he heard John wasn’t joining the military, at least not yet. Sherlock told John that he’ll be done with school in a year, that he was thinking on going into full detective work as soon as he finished, but that he was interested in studying a bit of forensic sciences before definitely dedicating his time to Detective work.

They walked to Baker Street, John didn’t even notice, so enthralled in Sherlock that when they reached Baker Street he looked at the door and was surprised to see the black door in front of him. A lady came out to receive them, slightly older than his mother, maybe over fifty, but with a beautiful smile directed at Sherlock.

“Sherlock” She cooed.

“Mrs. Hudson” Sherlock hugged her and kissed her cheek “May I introduce you, John Watson” He pointed at John and she shook his hand, the motherly smile on her face again. When she saw Rosie she cooed at them and invited them in.

“Come in, it’s cold out here. Tea?” She rushed through the door to her flat looking back at them all the time.

Tea and cake served, Sherlock gave Mrs. Hudson the latest scoop on her husband’s case. “I just made sure he’s executed” Sherlock said between cake bites “He won’t be bothering you ever again” He gave her a sweet smile and she patted his hand amorously.

“Thank you, Sherlock” She sniffled and Sherlock just shook his head “Want to see it now?”

“Not yet” Sherlock shook his head again and held her hand, closing the gap between them and
planting a kiss on her cheek “If you need to, lease it” He sighed and she shook her head. John was silent witness to the exchange and couldn’t help but smile and look dazed and pleased when Sherlock looked at Mrs. Hudson or when she acted lovingly towards him. By nine, Sherlock hailed a cab and helped John with Rosie’s stuff.

“Would you like to have breakfast? Sherlock asked before he closed the door. John nodded and waved a goodbye, looking back at the man he so wanted to kiss.

Sherlock stood for a while in the street, berating himself for not taking the chance and kissing John, like he wanted, but somehow he felt it wasn’t the time yet. He hailed another cab and returned to his brother’s flat, pleased to find a text message from John when he connected his phone to the charger.

21:35 Made it home safely. Little Miss misses you

21:40 Glad you made it safely back. I had a great day, thank you. Miss her too

21:41 Just arrived?

21:41 Just turned the phone on. Battery died on me

21:42 Have to put Rosie to bed. Needs a nappy change and her 10 pm bottle

21:42 Go ahead

22:40 She’s finally out. Think she had an exciting day, too pumped up to fall asleep.

22:40 I have to admit I’m beat. Never before

23:10 Sweet dreams, Sherlock

23:22 Night John

08:15 See you at The Bench? 9 am?

08:45 Be there in 10

After sharing a wonderful breakfast, and missing another opportunity to kiss, Sherlock walked John back to his Britton Street flat. He said goodbye to Rosie and gave an awkward hug to John before hailing a cab to Paddington.

10:00 Taking off

10:02 Send me photos?

10:03 Write to me?

10:04 As soon as I arrive

10:05 20120304_134945

11:07 Oxford 4

11:07 Glad you arrived

11:08 Write as soon as I get home
11:30 Decided to walk, just entered the flat. How are you?

11:31 Fine, you? Just gave Rosie a bath. Going to my Mum’s

11:32 Fine. Talk later?

11:33 As soon as I get home
Beautiful strangers

Chapter Notes

So. I graduated from University on friday and celebrated for almost two days... Sorry for
the delay. Two chapters today, also sorry for all the emails. Happy Sherlock

Sherlock occupied his time studying and doing some time in the lab, thinking about John and all the
missed opportunities for kissing the man he had dreamt about the last month. He wanted to be with
him, but at the same time, managing a long distance relationship meant not being there all the time.
He had already experienced what it was to be apart when he dated Victor. And that went well. Didn’t
it? He was ready for a new relationship, after all, Victor had ended things with him almost a year ago,
and he wasn’t exactly interested in anybody.

He managed to create a few relationships along the way; Sebastian Wilkes was a dick but an
important asset because he surrounded himself with people with the means to procure information.
Irene was a great asset too, and he could call her “friend” She’d been there when Victor broke it off
and was a constant company to keep him distracted. She was also to thank for not allowing him to
indulge in unsavoury situations such as cocaine use and certain abuse. Her girlfriend, Kate was to be
considered a friend too. Her sweet demeanour always managed to get the best of Irene, even though
she could be as wicked as the devil.

Mycroft texted him several times, but Sherlock just answered when it was required and necessary.
He hated the way Mycroft worried about him, but he understood why he was that way. After Victor,
Mycroft had turned feral, even threatening to kill the young man. Eurus had stopped him and made
him understand that somehow, Sherlock needed to learn through heart break. Mummy and Eurus
called him, Eurus knew all about John and Sherlock was glad he could talk to her. Eurus had chosen
going to Cambridge instead of Oxford and they were too far away, but they managed to
communicate every day via e-mail, texts and calls.

Eurus was glad that his brother had met someone new and when Mummy had told her all about
Rosie and how Sherlock had taken care of her; Eurus knew that his brother was more head over
heels than he led on.

“Why didn’t you kiss him?” She demanded, Sherlock had to put the phone away from his ear.

“Because I’ve just met him” Sherlock huffed “He’s basically a stranger” A beautiful one for that
matter.

“That’s the point, Bee!” Eurus complained.

“He’s in London!” Sherlock gave another excuse.

“And?” Eurus asked, even more exasperated now.

“I don’t want to start something that might finish without me there” Sherlock whispered.

“Oh” Eurus sighed “… She took a deep breath “Sorry Bee…”

“It’s fine” Sherlock let out the breath he’d been holding “I guess I’ll have to wait and see what
happens when I return to London for good” He bit his lower lip and kept silent for a moment. “Besides” He was ready to give the next excuse “He has a baby and his plate is full”

“The baby is not his, Molly told me” Eurus countered “But if you want to wait… well…” She fell silent and Sherlock huffed.

“Well what?” He was angry.

“Don’t miss the opportunity just because you’re scared” She insisted “Besides, Victor is an arse”

“Ats that’s marrying John’s ex” He sniffed.

“You knew?” Eurus sounded even more disbelieving than before.

“Saw them at the wedding” Sherlock answered.

“Fuck!” Eurus took a deep breath “Will you at least think about it, Bee?” She pleaded.

“I'll think about it, Bug” He rolled his eyes but decided to take his sister’s advice at heart.

“It’s been so long since you called me that” She giggled.

“You called me Bee” He chuckled “Have to go, Bug. Miss you”

“See you, Bee”

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Afternoon for John was almost unbearable. He couldn’t believe all the opportunities he had of kissing Sherlock and he had taken none. His mother noticed he was distracted but chose not to ask. His good mood and smiles made up for his distraction. He managed, somehow, to survive the afternoon with his family and plan the best schedule to be with Rosie. His mum fussed around him, asking how he’d been, where he’d been, how was his Saturday, why he didn’t call or came by.

John hesitated; he didn’t want to tell her about Sherlock, not yet, much less without any security that they’ll be together. He didn’t want to assume. Sure, there was attraction, but Sherlock was always so hesitant. He didn’t send mixed messages, John was sure they liked each other, but he knew something was off, as if Sherlock didn’t want to risk being with him. Whenever John asked about weekend plans or whatever, Sherlock would answer with his Oxford timetable.

While he was with his mother Molly called. She had called him several times but John was angry; she had left his daughter alone with a stranger, a very attractive, sweet, lovely… OH GOD! Amazing, wonderful, incredible… stranger… a beautiful stranger. John sighed and answered, trying his best not to shout at his friend “What?” He barely managed with some grace.

“I’m sorry, John” Molly muttered and John just huffed.

“Am I supposed to be okay with what you did?” He kept his voice low, he didn’t want his mother finding about what happened yesterday.

“I’m sorry, John” She repeated “I should have asked, but Greg thought it might be a good idea”

“So Greg was in it, again” John let out a long frustrated sigh.

“I’m sorry, Jon. I really am” Molly apologised for the third time “It’s just…” She took a deep breath and John interrupted the silence.
“Just what?” He asked; his annoyance more clear than before.

“You’ve been alone for almost a year” Molly sighed “And so has Sherlock”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because James’ fiancé is Sherlock’s ex!” Molly almost shouted.

“What?” John couldn’t believe what he was hearing “Does he know?”

“He does” John could hear Molly nodding.

“That’s the reason why he doesn’t want anything with me” John muttered.

“What? No!” Molly started getting angry “Eurus just called me” She sighed deeply.

“Who?”

“Sherlock’s sister” Molly clarified “She knows about you” She giggled but after a huff from John contained herself.

“So?” John tried to sound nonchalant.

“So? He likes you!” Molly sounded affronted by John’s apparent disinterest “She told me he’s afraid to start something long distance. He was in Oxford when Victor…” She bit her lip and John could sense her hesitation.

“Yeah, when a man I thought was my friend started fucking my boyfriend” John grunted “I would never do that to him” John answered sadly.

“I know you wouldn’t” Molly reassured “Would you wait for him?”

“I will” John answered, he would wait a lifetime if it meant he could be with Sherlock.

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19:07 Just got home. How was your day?

19:07 Long and boring. Yours?

19:09 Long and tiresome. John looked at the time and all he wanted was to sleep but still had the 10 pm feeding and nappy change.

19:10 Long night ahead. He pressed send and wished he could delete the text.

19:11 Want some company?

19:11 How?

19:12 wssh_consultingdetective on skype

19:12 consulting detective?

19:13 The only one in the world, I invented the job

19:13 Give me a couple mins. Have to create an account
“That sure is an annoying sound” Sherlock said as soon as John was on screen.

“What sound?” John was confused.

“The skype sound” Sherlock scrunched his face.

“You called me” John chuckled.

“I know” Sherlock scowled “I…” He blushed but remembered what Eurus said “I wanted to see you” He looked away, biting his lip, unable to face John.

“I wanted to see you too” John smiled “What did you do all day?” He tried small talk to calm his nerves.

“Experiment” Sherlock answered plainly

“Elaborate?” John tried not to chuckle

“I was in the lab part of the afternoon. Almost since I arrived” Sherlock shook his head and his raven curls bounced all over “I read the material for tomorrow’s lectures and completed the lab hours for the week” Sherlock sighed “My experiments were successful but I got bored after four hours” He continued, as if rambling “I talked to my sister, my mum and came to the flat at around seven”

“You were at the lab for four hours?” John was baffled; he couldn’t remember the last time he was in a lab for so long.

“Six” Sherlock shrugged “Wanted to go to the library but it was too full, too many distractions”

“Six hours?” John was truly baffled now “How many lab hours you have a week?” He stared, wide eyed.

“Fifteen. But I do those in two or three days, tops” He shrugged again and John couldn’t help but snigger. “What?” Sherlock tried to sound angry but he hadn’t enough heat in his voice and chuckled too “I get too bored. I read the material really fast. I could finish school this year if I wanted by taking exams, but I have to complete lab hours” He rolled his eyes “Mummy said she wanted for me to have the full University experience, so I’m pleasing her and the entire family by tolerating school for as long as I find it tolerable” Sherlock sighed deeply “My professors are quite pleased with my work and are willing to help me advance as fast as possible, but I have to complete the laid out plan, even if it means more boring hours than not”

“Sorry” John whispered

“What for?” Sherlock looked at him curiously

“I thought you were just joking when you said you were bored” He looked away

“My mind works over time. I can tell you where you’ve been just by looking at you. I know you ate Lancashire Hotpot a favourite of yours; you eat it at least twice a week, always made by your mother. I know you changed Rosie’s nappies all afternoon, your mum wouldn’t help because she was distracted by other news, maybe your brother planning an event, maybe him having some problem with alcohol. I know you want to sleep desperately, but you still have a feeding and a nappy
change before your own bed time and are calculating how many hours of sleep you can get before Rosie wakes up for her four am feeding” Sherlock rattled.

“Wow” John was astonished “that… was amazing!” he exclaimed and smiled.

“You really think so?” Sherlock blushed.

“Of course it was. It was extraordinary; it was quite extraordinary” John praised.

“That’s not what people normally say” Sherlock shrugged and looked away, blushing hard.

“What do people normally say?” John smirked.

“Piss off” Sherlock looked up and John started laughing

“Tell me how?” John smiled broadly at him

“The day we met, you had a stain of food on your sleeve. It was clearly hotpot, the smell of baked potatoes told me it was Lancashire. You clearly ate it a few days prior because your jacket still held a whiff of the smell” Sherlock’s eyes were looking at John intently “You had it again today, the same stain on you left sleeve. You also have stains on your shirt indicating that you changed Rosie several times, always staining the same spot and trying to clean it with baby wipes and marginally succeeding” he gave a once over to John.

“And my brother?” John asked, still trying to grasp all the information

“There’s an invitation on your bedside table. It has an HW on it and also several wine stains on the side from different days. You didn’t stain it because you don’t drink, but your brother does and it’s straining his relationship with his wife, your mother is probably worried that she’ll ask for divorce” Sherlock looked at the side and John picked his nephew’s christening invitation.

“And Rosie?”

“You’re a single parent, John” Sherlock rolled his eyes “You’re establishing timetables and schedules; you need them to function properly. Going out today to your mother’s has clearly tired you, your left eye twitches when you haven’t had enough sleep. Going by Rosie’s age she still feeds every five hours, and you’ve glanced to the right side of the screen almost eighteen times since the call started, clearly checking the time and calculating” John blushed furiously “You look tired, John” Sherlock gave him a small smile “Get some sleep. I’ll call you at ten to chat some more while you feed Rosie”

John listened to the advice, said goodbye to Sherlock and he slept, soundly, for over two hours, Rosie on his chest. At 10 pm, at the clock, Rosie woke up and demanded attention; and as promised, Sherlock was there to accompany John while he feed his daughter. They chatted until both Rosie and John fell asleep. Sherlock didn’t want to close the screen and watched them sleep until tiredness overtook him and he slept soundly until Rosie’s cries woke him up at three in the morning.

“Thank you” He heard John whisper and he just smiled “You should have closed the screen” John blushed and Sherlock shook his head “It was nice having you somewhat near, though” John gave Sherlock a small smile while he juggled with Rosie and the bottle.

“It was nice watching you sleep” Sherlock smiled fondly at John “You look really relaxed” He bit his lower lip, eyes downcast “But I think I should let you rest after this feeding” Sherlock looked at John as if hoping he would say no.

John looked at the screen and shook his head “Wait until we fall asleep?” John asked and Sherlock
The same conversation happened over the next two weeks. John was certain that he not only liked Sherlock Holmes but that he was inevitably and utterly falling deeply in love with Sherlock. They had become friends over the past couple of weeks; they flirted back and forth but never talked about feelings. Sherlock complained about boredom, told John about his experiments, talked about his family, university and the lack of a decent murder in the area.

At some point, during the next weekend, John helped Sherlock solve a cold case, they had lunch together and Sherlock talked with Rosie, Rosie recognising his voice. Sherlock would play the violin so she would sleep faster while feeding, making John’s work slightly more complicated when he needed to feed her; it never annoyed John, it actually made him truly happy that his daughter liked Sherlock so much.

As for Sherlock, he enjoyed the moments he spent with John. He was certain he was in love with the young man, all he dreamt about the day he could hold him close, kiss him; be by his side. He realised, after the fourth night; that he loved Rosie too, his happiness when Rosie recognised him was beyond anything he could explain and he couldn’t wait to hold her too.

The only strange moment they shared was one afternoon, Irene came barging in, asking where Sherlock had been for an entire week when she saw the screen. John was lying on his side in his bed, with Rosie in his arms and Sherlock was telling her a story. Irene came in and leaned over Sherlock, practically lying on top of him. John could feel jealousy rising up his chest to his throat and he wanted to scream but somehow managed to remain calm.

“And who’s the cutie?” Irene asked with a sickly sweet voice “The baby, I mean” Both Sherlock and John huffed at the same time.

“I don’t want to interrupt” John’s voice was clipped, his breathing short “I’ll call you when I can” He said but Sherlock stopped him.

“Irene” Sherlock used his best -you prick- voice “John Watson and Rosie Watson” he pointed at the screen “John. This is Irene” he pointed to the voluptuous, obnoxious, brunette “My soon to be ex-best friend from University” He almost snarled at her when she leaned over again and her entire face covered the camera.

“Mister Watson” Irene greeted, with her honeyed voice “So nice to meet the man that has my Sherlock captured” She smirked and Sherlock wanted to kill her

“I haven’t captured anyone” John said, annoyed with the woman and the conversation “Look” He took a deep breath “I have things to do…” He started but Irene cut him off.

“Kate asked me to invite you the rave, but I see that’ll be impossible” She looked at John wickedly “Guess I’ll have to please the girlfriend someway else” She licked her lips and blew a kiss to Sherlock “Cute Doctor” She mouthed to Sherlock and he rolled his eyes, wanting nothing but to throw her out of his flat.

“I need to get my key back” He huffed and looked at John, his expressions changing to one of concern and fear when he saw John’s face.

“Nice girlfriend” John answered shortly, his face blushed as he tried to contain his anger and jealousy.

“Her girlfriend thinks so too” Sherlock snorted “Irene’s girlfriend, Kate, studies music with me”
Sherlock felt the need to explain. “We’ve been… friends…” Sherlock waved his hand as if that explained the feeling “Since I came to University. Irene was the only person that talked to me when I arrived to school, and she’s been a good friend for the past two years. Used to keep me distracted” Sherlock shrugged.

“But?” John let out the breath he’d been holding and his face and body relaxed under this new information.

“I don’t need distractions” Sherlock blushed the cutest shade of pink and John couldn’t help but feel swooned “I have you” He muttered lowly but John heard him.

“She seems nice” John smiled shyly, breaking the slight tension. Sherlock laughed hard and looked at John, shaking his head and rolling his eyes “You have me” John sighed and they looked at each other for a while. If they had been together, they’d be kissing by now.
Hilary was over for Sherlock, he had planned going to London as soon as the term was over, but other plans -known as Mycroft meddling- came his way and he found himself embarked on a private plane to France, with the order to visit grand-mère Holmes. He’d made plans to help John with Rosie, but he saw them melt away as the plane soared over the French air. He sent a text to John and told him he’ll write as soon as he landed. John didn’t answer.

Sherlock felt his heart break after two days of trying to contact John and failing. He hadn’t promised to be there, but they had made plans. Sherlock knew John had another month of classes; they’ll only have two weeks to be together, to know each other more than they already did, plan… maybe.

John was excited when Sherlock said he’ll be arriving to London Saturday afternoon. He had planned everything for the month and a half Sherlock will be in London. Sure, his schedule wasn’t exactly flexible, but he’d managed to work out a system to improve his time with Sherlock. When he received the text, he felt his world crumble, everything changed and he couldn’t understand how, in such a short time, he had put such hope in a meeting. He decided to put his mind in school and work, working himself to shreds.

He refused to check his phone or answer Sherlock’s calls. After two days, even Rosie noticed something was wrong and cried at the exact time Sherlock was supposed to call. Rosie missed him too, just as much as John did; but John tried to be strong, he couldn’t ask Sherlock to come back, he was visiting his grandmother, in France of all places! John had to give him time… At least that was a good excuse.

Eurus was sent to France too. Vivienne Holmes, Father’s Mother had demanded the presence of her grandchildren at her house as soon as school was over; even Mycroft was “gently” asked to visit -more like forced to attend Mamie’s call- his grandmother and ask for a few days out work. Siger and Violet accompanied their children, they were summoned as well.

Vivienne, always the perceptive one in her marriage, promptly picked up on her grandson mood and took him away after the third day of watching him fade away. They went to check the covered garden, the first spring sprouts and the first bees collecting pollen from the first spring flowers.

“Is he good to you?” She pierced him with those aquamarine eyes that admitted no excuse.

“He’s good” Sherlock answered, unfazed by the look but surprised by the question “Not just to me, Mamie” Sherlock sighed “But to everyone he meets” He gave her a smile that never reached his eyes.

“You miss him” Mamie caressed his check and ruffled his hair softly before kissing his forehead. Sherlock nodded and hid his face behind his hands “Have you talked to him?” Sherlock shook his head “You had plans?” Sherlock nodded once more “How long have you been together?”
“We’re not together, Mamie” Sherlock managed before his voice broke and he had to swallow hard, closing his eyes to stop the tears “We’re just friends” He whispered and Mamie held him close.

“Oh, my boy” She cooed and smiled at him “Your plans were to ask him…” She bit her lip in that Holmesian way that identified them “And I interrupted and now he’s not answering” She tried not to laugh “He’s hurt because he planned your stay” She patted Sherlock’s cheek softly and Sherlock wanted to roll his eyes but he hadn’t the energy “When is he free?” She asked and Sherlock looked at her questioningly.

“April eighth” Sherlock shrugged.

“We have time” She smiled fondly at her grandson and took his hand, slightly pulling him before leading the way back to the house.

Three days later, after Rosie’s much insistence -yeah right-, John finally answered Sherlock’s call.

“Hi” He said shyly.

“John” Sherlock breathed the name as if he was breathing for the first time.

“I’m sorry” John thought of a fast excuse, “I’ve been busy” He lied and berated himself for not admitting he was hurt.

“Of course” Sherlock sniffed “Mamie usually asks us to visit during the summer, during her birthday, but this year she wanted us to visit earlier, something about new commitments” He tried to keep his voice steady as he rattled his excuse “I’m sorry if I’m disturbing you” He continued “Maybe I should call you on a later date” he grabbed the phone with such force, he’s knuckles whited.

“No, Sherlock, please” John hurried “I’m sorry, I was angry. I had so many plans” He said and sighed sadly.

“I’m sorry, John” Sherlock was almost pleading and John felt his heart break “I had no idea… When Mamie summons us, it’s quite difficult to say no” he tried to chuckle but it sounded more like a sob.

“I’d love to meet her”

“She’d like to meet you too” Sherlock was hopeful “Would you like to come to France?”

“I have work”

“Easily fixed” Sherlock replied.

“Sherlock…” John used a warning tone.

“I could get you some off time” Sherlock suggested.

“But I do have to work” John countered, even though all he wanted was take the first plane to France and be with Sherlock.

“Not really, you only work while you’re in school because the Doctor at the surgery is your teacher and he could give you the week off easily” Sherlock answered and bit his lip; he wasn’t supposed to know that.

“Sherlock…” John was amused.

“John” He sounded resigned and waiting for the proper scolding.
“Fine” John sighed amusedly “I’d love to go, but I don’t think I can pay the fare”

“Don’t worry. Private plane” Sherlock was beaming and John could hear it.

“Okay. When?”

“As soon as you’re done with school; just a week, and then we can go back to London, get ready for school… I don’t know” Sherlock rubbed the back of his neck and held the phone tighter.

Three weeks later, John was in private plane with Rosie going to France. Paris is as beautiful as John imagined, but it turned into something breath taking the moment he laid eyes on Sherlock. He looked more ethereal than ever, the blue scarf around his neck made his pale complexion look even more marmoreal than ever, his eyes seemed as deep as the ocean, and his lips more red than ever. John forgot how to breathe and berated himself for being angry to this wonderful creature for something out of his control.

As soon as Sherlock saw John, his face illuminated; he beamed at John and practically ran to his side, wrapping his arms around him “You’re here” Sherlock hugged John close and John couldn’t help but chuckle and wrap his arms tighter around Sherlock.

“We missed you too” John parted and signalled to Rosie. Sherlock picked her up and nuzzled her neck and the baby grabbed his curls. She had grown so much in the month or so he hadn’t seen her. Five months old now, Rosie was quite perceptive and recognised Sherlock’s voice grabbed his finger and pointed at him when John said his name.

“You have your bags?” Sherlock asked and looked around. John nodded and Sherlock led him to the waiting car “We’re going to Orleans, but Mamie promised we’ll have time to visit Paris before we leave” Sherlock beamed at John and helped him get in the car with his bags and his baby.

As soon as they arrived to Orleans, a beautiful woman -looking like an older version of Eurus- greeted them.

“Mister Watson, little Rosie. A real pleasure to meet you” She smiled at him and John felt as a bug under the microscope, she was reading him like an open book. She nodded at Sherlock and Sherlock made a sign for John to wait.

“Il est spécial” Vivienne winked at Sherlock and he blushed.

“Je sais, Mamie” Sherlock bit his lower lip and looked briefly in John’s direction.

“Alors? Mamie looked the same way and her eyes locked in Rosie for a brief moment before turning to Sherlock again.

“Vous approuvez?” The only approval Sherlock ever asked for and even wanted was Mamie’s, he loved her deeply.

“J’adore” Vivienne smiled at her grandson and walked away.
There is a first to everything

As they walked along the garden to get to the house, John was marvelled -more astonished- with the size of the grounds; when the house came to view, his astonishment turned into curiosity, because the size of the house was nothing compared to the sumptuous gardens. The house was relatively small, two stories, large windows, not a grandiose entrance. When they entered, John found the house comfortable, cosy, he felt as if he had arrived home.

For an entire week, he watched Sherlock interact with the women of his family; he knew Sherlock had an older brother that had returned to London three weeks ago with their father, work related issues. John took his time to really observe Sherlock; he would “hide” behind the large curtains and observe him with his sister, his mother and his grandmother; he even was the silent witness of Sherlock interacting with little Rosie when nobody else was looking; he saw him take her to the greenhouse, chat with her about flowers, bees, in French, and Rosie watched him with rapt attention.

John couldn’t believe the way Sherlock was, this sweet, amazing, soft creature, unknown to others, he was sure he was the first to witness the real Sherlock. Most people that had met him described him as cold, detached, and one of Victor’s friends had even said the reason behind their breakup was Sherlock not “putting out” to Victor; thanks to Mike, John didn’t punch the arsehole that called Sherlock “the virgin freak, a frigid bitch”. After a wonderful week, John fell more in love with Sherlock that he thought possible.

Their last day in Orleans, the Holmes women made John feel like one of them. Mummy even asked them how long had they been together and Sherlock had scowled at her and shook his head. Thanks to Mamie, as she had asked John to call her, they salvaged the situation by saying they were “getting to know each other”. John thanked her with all his heart, looking at the most beautiful man blush and look away.

Once in Paris, Mamie sent them on a tour, they’d take care of Rosie so John would have a chance to properly visit Paris. The Eiffel tower, the Louvre, the Seine and many other places; had John fascinated, but as fascinated as he was watching Sherlock move around like he owned the city, taking shortcuts here and there, going to places where no one else could go; Sherlock speaking in French was another thing, each word made John’s spine tingle…

As every first things usually happen, an accidental bump, a stumble and a hand around another, had them holding hands for the first time. The sensation was like nothing either one had ever experienced. The shivers that ran down Sherlock spine felt like electricity; the butterflies flying around John’s stomach made him feel giddy and happy, unable to stop smiling. It wasn’t the first time either had been in love, but it was the first time being in love was this amazing, comforting, safe…

Much like the hand holding, the first kiss was as spectacular as accidental. The top of the Eiffel tower, the sunset in front of them, a push, a pull, one look up, one look down, the pull of the magnets and two sets of lips meeting and melting against each other; it had never felt so right to kiss that way. In his inexperience, Sherlock managed to give John a wonderful first kiss, lips coming together the way they belonged, tongues dancing in perfect synchronicity, breaths coming and going rhythmically. John gave Sherlock a perfect kiss, by demonstrating that there was no awkwardness in the lack of knowledge, no reason to laugh, no lesson to teach, no lead to follow.

The kiss lasted a long while, lips coming together and never coming apart. No oxygen was needed when all the air the bodies demanded was the one the other provided. The romantic side of John was flipping and turning, doing somersaults and dancing to the drums by the fire. Sherlock discovered he
had a romantic side and couldn’t find a better scenario for a first kiss than the sunset, at the top of the Eiffel tower, right in Paris. When the kiss was over, when they finally broke apart, the light in Sherlock’s eyes could illuminate the entire world, much like the smile on John’s lips. Neither could believe they had waited so long to kiss.

There was a talk to be had, obviously, discuss terms of entanglement, expectations, times and places, trains schedules, travels, Rosie and living arrangements. No sacrifices to be made, no hearts to be broken; clear words had to be spoken to avoid either. Dinner was in order; a little café would be the perfect setting, candle light, good food, great conversation and the two of them in the perfect mood to discuss what might be coming.

“So…” John licked his lips and blushed a very cute shade of red.

“Yes…” Sherlock bit his lower lip and tried to look at John but couldn’t and looked shyly to the side.

“Cons first?” Sherlock nodded and barely contained a groan “Rosie is six months old” John started

“It’s not her fault” Sherlock frowned and John couldn’t help but laugh.

“I’m just saying she’s just six months old. I can’t pick up and leave without her” John sighed.

“Then I’ll go to London every weekend” Sherlock shrugged.

“I didn’t ask for that either” John cocked his head to the side and gave Sherlock an annoyed look.

“But it’s easier” Sherlock looked at John, confused.

“What I mean, is that neither of us should sacrifice our free time for the sake of being in London” John grabbed Sherlock’s hand and spoke softly “I want you there with me all the time” He said at the look of dismay in Sherlock’s eyes “But I also know how important chemistry is to you, how far along you already are in Oxford” John locked gazes with Sherlock to convey all he was feeling “And how much your family would appreciate you getting your degree in the University you chose” His eyes were so tender and caring that took Sherlock’s breath away.

“John” Sherlock whispered and John leaned forward to give him a chaste kiss on the lips.

“I also know that you know how important it is for me to finish medical school; that I somehow managed to get a scholarship and that most my time, for the next five years will be spent studying, having long shifts at the hospital, playing rugby and keeping high scores to keep the scholarship; coming home late and having just the right amount of time to be with Rosie and bring her up” John licked his lips once again and tried to keep his eyes on Sherlock’s the entire time, it wasn’t really worth it starting something that could end even before it truly began.

“I’m completely aware of that” Sherlock pursed his lips and the cutest pout appeared over his lips, John shook his head and simply smiled “I know I’m in no position of demanding all your free time for me” Sherlock continued, interrupting John and whatever he might have wanted to say” I know you have your studies, your team, you have Rosie, but so far we have managed” He gave a shy smile “I know an internet relationship is not ideal, but I’m willing to give it a try” Sherlock played with John’s fingers as he waited for an answer.

“So am I” John’s smile grew wider and he grabbed both Sherlock’s hands and kissed them “So…”

“Yes…”

“Sherlock Holmes” John smiled lopsidedly “Would you like to be my boyfriend?” John’s blush
deepened

“Yes” Sherlock smiled and practically leapt from his chair to kiss John.
I have no idea how getting ahead works in UK Universities, but I guess it works the same, getting advanced classes, turning papers and taking exams (At least that’s how I did it…), so I’m furthering the freeform here and extending the freeform universe to Oxford.

The small, perfect bubble they created over the last 24 hours dissolved the moment they landed in London. A car was waiting for them to take John back to his flat and to take Sherlock to Marylebone Station. The first goodbye kiss they shared was as bittersweet as expected; more salty than either wanted to admit, as fulfilling as a goodbye kiss could be. The minute Sherlock arrived to the train station he texted John.

11:20 Miss you

11:20 Miss you too

11:21 See you next weekend?

11:21 Where’re you staying?

11:22 My brother’s. Thinking of something more permanent

11:22 For the weekends?

11:23 For when I come back for good

11:28 20120423_158785

11:28 She’s so beautiful

11:29 She misses you too

11:29 And I miss her

11:30 Have lectures next Saturday?

11:30 Haven’t checked my timetable

11:31 Let me know?

11:31 Sure, Why?

11:32 Come to Oxford?

11:32 Rosie?

11:33 Both. Train’s here.
11:33 Good luck. XO

11:34 Bored

11:34 Always

11:35 Write me as soon. Got to feed her

12:30 Oxford 2

12:40 Good. Back in your flat?

13:05 Just got in. Got some food

13:06 Glad you’re eating. Mum’s here

13:07 Talk tonight?

13:07 Yeah. Miss you

13:08 Miss you too

“It’s late” Sherlock smiled softly as soon as John’s face materialised in front of him.

“I know” John sighed “Sorry”

“I was up”

“Waiting?”

“Playing”

“Mum just left” John rubbed his eyes with both his hands “She cleaned my room, said I should find a place of my own” He took a deep breath “She even proposed taking Rosie away from me” He ran a hand over his hair tiredly “Said I should find a nice girl to share the responsibility” He put his hands to either side of his face and looked up, shaking his head and trying to calm down “When I told her about you she threatened me with taking Rosie away, so I had to tell her the truth”

“John” Sherlock looked at his boyfriend and could see the sadness and desperation “How may I help?” He wanted to reach for John, kiss him and hold him.

“You already are” John smiled “Mum’s pissed, but she’ll come around” John tried to reassure Sherlock “Told her about you, though”

“You did?” Sherlock beamed.

“Yeah. That sort of calmed her down. But she wants to meet you” John made a distressed face.

“That can be arranged” Sherlock smirked “The weekend after next” He grinned “Did you checked your timetable?”

“No lectures for the next five Saturdays!” John flicked his tongue at Sherlock and lifted his arms over his head in celebration.

“Then I’ll see you next Friday” Sherlock smiled.
The conversation flowed for the next hour until Rosie woke up and Sherlock helped John to put her back to sleep by playing his violin. When John finally fell asleep, Sherlock closed the window and went to bed. It was the first time he went to bed this happy, knowing that soon he’ll have his boyfriend with him and he’ll get to show him around.

The week went by hellishly slower. Sherlock’s mood went from usual Sherlock on a strop to “the devil better hide because Sherlock’s on the loose”. He manged to ostracise Irene -who usually succeeded to get his head out of his arse- having her leave his flat, throwing the door and yelling at him that he’s “an insufferable prick”. The only moments when he remained calm were when John called him at night and he was able to see Rosie.

As for John, the week was hellish too. He had a fight with his entire family when he announced he was taking Rosie all the way to Oxford to visit his boyfriend. His father yelled, his brother almost punched him, his mother cried the entire afternoon; “so there goes the only people available to help me with Rosie”, John muttered when he told Sherlock about what had happened during their night call.

Sherlock resented the situation but was able to provide comfort in the form of his parents. Violet and Siger Holmes had fallen utterly in love with the little girl and had offered to take care of her whenever John were out of his depth, which was almost every day. John accepted gladly, of course he did, because that meant Rosie would be well cared for and kept safe for as long as needed.

“She’s family” Violet had told him when she came for Rosie early the next morning “We can keep her whenever you need to study or to rest. We just love her” She had smiled at him as she held the baby close to her chest. Even though he felt a little conflicted, all he wanted was for Rosie to be happy.

That night, during their call, he told Sherlock about the offer and Sherlock told him in his very “subtle” way of telling things “You’re an idiot, John” and he smirked -how could John feel offended?- “Take the offer” He took a deep breath “They’re quite good” Sherlock bit his lower lip “They raised me… after all” he blushed and John was lost, all he could do was nod and the next day he asked Violet to keep Rosie until the weekend.

Not having his baby around came both as a blessing and as a curse. John was moody and nobody wanted to be close to him. His flatmates, Mike and Bill avoided him the entire week, Molly walked on eggshells and Sarah, his earliest and latest admirer, finally -hopefully- understood he didn’t want to be with her in any fashion. He lashed out to several people, was rude to a couple of lecturers and by Friday afternoon he snapped and was almost thrown out of the lecture.

Seeing Rosie worked like a charm. The minute he laid eyes on his little girl all his anger and tension melted away and he smiled for the first time in four days. Violet and Siger were at the train station waiting for him, a bag for Rosie and their tickets. It was the second time John had seen Siger and was glad to at least see the man for more than five minutes, mostly because they had spent so much time with his daughter already.

“You shouldn’t” John blushed like a beet when Siger handed him the tickets.

“There is one thing you need to know, John” Violet smiled at him and shook her head when John tried to give her the money they had spent “Our son” Siger grabbed her hand “Is… difficult” She licked her lips “But since he met you, even before you became friends, well…”

Siger cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck “He’s different. He talked about you as if he had met you, his relationship with his siblings improved greatly and ever since you left Rosie with us he has called every single day” The man smiled down at John and John could feel the tips of his ears
burning with embarrassment “He says it’s because of Rosie…” Siger shook his head.

“But if that were true” Violet continued “He would hang up the second Rosie falls asleep instead of chatting with us for at least half an hour” She leaned closer and hugged John “Thank you” She gave him a kiss on the cheek “have a nice trip, son” She patted his arm softly before practically pushing him in to the train.

He arrived to Oxford 4 a quarter past six and the first thing he saw as he climbed out of the train was Sherlock’s bright smile. He couldn’t believe it had only been a week since they last saw each other; he had missed him so much!

Sherlock went to him and put his arms around the both of them. Rosie launched herself at Sherlock and snuggled close to his chest as soon as he grabbed her “I missed you too” He muttered, he gave John a quick and soft kiss before holding his hand and walking out of the station. John held to Sherlock’s hand like a lifeline and leaned close to his boyfriend, feeling comforted and calm as soon as he felt his warm hand in his.

“I missed you” John whispered against Sherlock’s shoulder.

“I missed you too” Sherlock leaned close to John and kissed his forehead “Dinner?” He asked and John nodded “Italian?” John nodded again.

Before going to the flat they went for food, the Italian place was packed -thankfully- so they took their order to go and walked to Sherlock’s flat. The space was a beautiful as John had imagined. A studio flat with everything Sherlock might need; a small kitchen, a fully furnished living room-dining room, and a king size bed; the whole ensemble was completed with a travel cot for Rosie. John couldn’t believe how prepared Sherlock was for their visit.

As soon as Rosie fell asleep, they shared their meal and talked as if they hadn’t talked for months, even though they had talked last night. They kissed like thirsty men in the desert enjoying water for the first time in days and they snuggled close in the bed until they both fell asleep. Rosie woke them up for her night feeding. John couldn’t wait for her to finally sleep through the night, but all the doctors, paediatricians, teachers, everyone, had told him he’ll have to wait at least another two months before she finally slept through the night.

“I’ll get her” Sherlock said and kissed his shoulder “Sleep” John snuggled closer in the pillows and followed Sherlock’s advice; it’d been so long since he had someone to watch over Rosie at night. Sherlock’s voice caught his attention, though, so John left the cosy bed and stood in the dark, near the door frame, watching Sherlock feed Rosie as he walked with her around the small flat and rocked her slowly, muttering sweet nothings to the sleepy baby.

Sherlock turned, sensing him and gave him a smile, John approached them and could see Rosie fighting sleep, lost in Sherlock’s eyes; she tried to grab John but she was too tired to even move her arms. “She misses you, you know?” John smiled a bit sadly.

“I miss her too” Sherlock kissed the baby’s fringe and she sighed happily, finally fast asleep.

“I’ll get her” Sherlock said and kissed his shoulder “Sleep” John snuggled closer in the pillows and followed Sherlock’s advice; it’d been so long since he had someone to watch over Rosie at night. Sherlock’s voice caught his attention, though, so John left the cozy bed and stood in the dark, near the door frame, watching Sherlock feed Rosie as he walked with her around the small flat and rocked her slowly, muttering sweet nothings to the sleepy baby.

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“I miss her too” Sherlock kissed the baby’s fringe and she sighed happily, finally fast asleep.

“London isn’t London without you” John kissed Sherlock’s shoulder.

“I could transfer” Sherlock was looking at Rosie with such intensity that made John’s heart leap on his chest.

“I wouldn’t allow it” John shook his head “We agreed we’ll try” He took Rosie from Sherlock’s arms and rocked her softly. “Let me put her to bed and we’ll talk” John went back to the bedroom
and Sherlock followed.

“I could take the advanced exams and finish early” Sherlock was leaning on the door frame, looking at John intently.

“No” John shook his head “We already agreed” John wanted to say yes, but at the same time, he didn’t want to pressure Sherlock.

“What if I want to?” Sherlock crossed his arms over his chest and pouted.

“What would your family say?” John copied Sherlock’s posture and stared.

“I’m already done with my lab hours for the term” Sherlock said “If I take advantage of the Saturdays you have lectures I could finish my graduation project in less than a month” He argued, not heatedly but strongly “Besides, most of my lectures are boring” He jutted his lower lip and looked like a five year old having a strop.

“Boring or not, you have to finish them” John argued back.

“I already told you, I’ve talked to my professors, I’ll just have to present my project, deliver a compelling paper for each lecture and I could be done before next Michaelmas, including lab hours” He frowned “I might have to work over Summer break and I’ll be out of University by September” He looked at John as if willing him to say yes.

John relented, he had no power against Sherlock’s mighty pout, he found it endearing. He grabbed Sherlock’s hand and pulled him for a kiss “Fine” He said against Sherlock’s lips “But with one condition”

“A condition?” Sherlock’s frown deepened.

“You don’t exhaust yourself, you eat, you sleep and you keep playing your violin and continue with your dance lessons” John kissed Sherlock’s hands, trying to keep his touches as chaste as possible, they’d been dating for two weeks!

“That’s… Five conditions!” Sherlock protested and pouted again.

“Those are the terms. If you’re not willing, I guess we’ll have to wait” John tried not to smirk, he knew Sherlock would accept from the moment he had asked.

“Fine” Sherlock huffed “But I have my own terms” Sherlock pulled John close and John melted into the embrace.

“You do?” He whispered against Sherlock’s chest.

“As soon as I arrive to London you and Rosie move in with me” John gaped and looked up at Sherlock, feeling like a fish out of the water, trying to catch a breath and reconnect his brain to his mouth.

“Are you sure?” Sherlock nodded and smiled, John just kissed him and held him close “London is definitely not London without you”
The weekend flew by and before they knew, John was boarding the 5 am to London with a squirming Rosie in his arms and a teary eyed Sherlock standing in front of him.

“Call me” Sherlock leaned close and kissed John’s cheek. John nodded and closed his eyes, he could feel his heart thumping in his chest and his eyes fill with tears “I’ll miss you” Sherlock whispered and held him closer, the least he wanted was leave, much less now that he knew how it felt to be with Sherlock for 24 hours, just the two of them, minding Rosie, going to dinner, having breakfast, sleeping in the same bed…

“I’ll miss you too” Sherlock heard John’s voice break and wanted to hold him until the sensation of pain and void faded away, not even when Victor had broken up with him he had felt this way, the feeling of absence, of loneliness that filled his heart was another thing, he wanted to curl up and never move again, but he knew that soon they’ll be together.

They both had three words in their minds, in the tip of their tongues, but it was too soon to voice them, at least it was what they thought. Sherlock had asked John to move in with him; John agreed, but he knew it was too soon, he just hoped that when it happened they’ll be ready, Sherlock on the other hand, was anxious for time to fly by so he could be with the man he loved.

John realised how much he loved Sherlock the night he arrived, watching him taking such care of a baby that wasn’t his -or John for that matter- melted his heart; he was about to utter the three words but managed, somehow, to contain himself and wait, even though all he wanted was to yell it to the wind.

Sherlock realised he was lost in love with John during Saturday’s breakfast -how mundane-, the scene was so domestic that if Sherlock had been the witness to it instead of the lead, he would have scoffed and mocked the people sitting together at the tiny table, taking turns to feed each other and the baby, looking at each other with big googly eyes. Sherlock almost blurted his love when John stood up to do the dishes and kissed him on the forehead, he looked down at Rosie and contained himself, just barely.

They talked every night, John had begun rugby practices again, which meant less minutes to chat with Sherlock every Monday, and less time to be together every other Saturday, but they managed. Sherlock stayed longer at the lab on Mondays and on John’s busy Saturdays he prepared the papers to finish university early. Rosie was staying with her grandparents, meaning Sherlock’s parents and John had the time to take his frustrations, tiredness and bad mood by running and beating guys around.

Hours turned into days and days turned into weeks, the unspoken love growing deeper and more fulfilling every day. They visited each other every other weekend, talked and texted every single day and missed each other more than life. Rosie was growing beautifully and she already was starting to talk. She waited for a particular day to talk out loud -their first month together celebration- taking advantage that she was in Sherlock’s arms, looking out the window of Sherlock’s Oxford flat.

“Out!” She squealed and put her little palm over the window, pointing out. Sherlock gaped and John’s eyes opened wide. “Out!” She exclaimed again and banged on the window for effect. Sherlock held her tight and she fought her way off his arms to go out until Sherlock relented and she half crawled, half butt-walked her way to the door. Sherlock and John looked at each other, not knowing what to do until she demanded their attention again, her second word being “Daddy!” and pointing at John and to the door again shouting “Out!”.
John picked her up, still astonished by her actions, Sherlock following close, eyes dazed and looking at the little girl as if he was looking at a miracle unravel in front of his eyes. “I guess we’re going out” John said, still dazed and Sherlock just nodded.

“Out! Out! Out!” Rosie rejoiced and John couldn’t help but laugh. They ended up at the Botanic Garden. Still stunned all they did was walk, hand in hand, while Rosie squealed at everything she saw, shouting “Out!” and “Daddy” every now and then.

Finally, Sherlock was able to reconnect his brain to his mouth and clear his throat “She’s barely seven months old” He said, baffled “Early talker” He looked at the little miracle in his arms once more.

“I guess time with your parents helped” John chuckled and caressed her little curly head.

Rosie turned to look at John and pointed to a rose before screaming “Nana!”

“I guess my mum’s been teaching her more words than we imagined” He smiled at the little baby and brought her close to the rose.

“Rosie” She pointed to the rose and all they could do to not faint was stare at each other and smile like idiots. The afternoon turned into night, Rosie yawned and they took her back to the flat, before she fell asleep, she took Sherlock’s finger in her hand and squeezed “Dada” she said and seconds later, after staring for over a minute to Sherlock’s astounded expressions, she fell asleep with a content sigh; her mission was done, she had started to talk.

“I…” Sherlock took a deep breath and John just held him.

“She’s right” John kissed Sherlock’s cheek “You’re her Dada in many ways” He smirked and gave Sherlock a loving kiss on the lips. Sherlock just gaped and tried to connect his brain to his tongue once again, but he found himself rendered speechless by the events of the day. Sherlock stayed awake the entire night, watching both his loves sleep; he couldn’t believe how lucky he was; he had a wonderful man by his side; he had a daughter -she had pointed him as her dada- Sherlock smiled fondly at the memory; and what made everything better was that he was about to finish school.

It turned out that Sherlock was pretty much done with university, that if he wanted to leave he could, with one condition, doing four graduate lectures before his Trinity was over and that was that; Sherlock had managed to advance in his Chemistry degree pretty quickly; an amazing discovery made him happier than ever; all the effort he had put on focusing on his classes and practices -after the breakup- meant he had finished his credits early, both in music and chemistry; all he had to do were four more credits to finish his dance degree and the four lectures; with that, he’ll be done even before he imagined. By the beginning of June his plan was approved, he assisted to two more lectures, doing six instead of four and his graduation was to be by the second week of July, meaning John could be there with him.

That Friday, he gave his last exam and left University feeling the happiest he had ever felt since he started dating John. It had taken him less than four months to finish University and he felt quite proud of himself, mostly because it meant he had managed to finish something as utterly boring as University. He arrived to London four hours after his last exam, having packed everything he needed and after giving notice to his landlord he left his Oxford flat for the last time. The first person he contacted was Mrs. Hudson -he had already given Baker Street as his address to the moving team- and she was expecting him.

“I’ll have to bring John first, but I’m sure he’ll love the place” Sherlock took another bite of his cake and watched as Mrs. Hudson pulled another tin of biscuits out of the oven for him.
“Of course, dear” She cooed and served him another cup “The second bedroom could be used as a baby’s room” She winked and Sherlock blushed.

“You’ll have to tell him that” He managed after he swallowed and coughed.

“Oh, I will” She laughed a bit wickedly and Sherlock just shook his head. “Have you told him you’re out of university?”

“He knows” Sherlock shrugged

“Sherlock” She looked at him with those -young man do what’s right- eyes, and he had to nod

“I told him I was done with university, I told him I was out, but I don’t think he paid much attention” He pouted “Anyway” He sighed “I’ve decided to go to King’s and study Forensic Science” He put another biscuit in his mouth and drank some more tea “I’ve talked to the headmaster already, turns out I’m ahead on the programme, I’ll be done in a year… Out of university for good”

“What did John say?”

“He said it sounded like a plan” Sherlock scowled at the memory, John was feeding Rosie and barely listening “But I fear he wasn’t really listening, Rosie was acting out” He let out a biscuit muffled sigh.

“Talk to him” Mrs. Hudson gave him a hard look.

“I will, tonight” Sherlock nodded once “I guess we’ll come by tomorrow at seven, he’s just finishing exam week today” He beamed proudly.

“I’ll be waiting” She patted his arm.

19 Something to talk about

http://arianedevere.livejournal.com/43047.html

“Hey!” John practically ran to Sherlock the second he saw him standing outside Bart’s “What’re you doing here?” He asked and planted several kisses on Sherlock’s lips.

“Just finished exams today” Sherlock returned the kisses and held John close.

“How did it go?” John grabbed his hand and started walking to the tube station to go back home.

“Boring” Sherlock shrugged and stopped, making John halt and turn to look at him questioningly. “I have to tell you something” Sherlock looked at John in that intense way that made John squirm. John closed his eyes, preparing for the worst when he felt Sherlock’s hand on his cheek, caressing softly, urging him, silently, to open his eyes again “Nothing too bad, don’t worry” Sherlock smiled softly and John took a deep breath.

“Over dinner?” John asked and Sherlock nodded “Chinese?”

“Italian. There’s new place over Northumberland Street” He smirked and John looked at him suspiciously.

They arrived to Angelo’s and the greeting was nothing John could’ve expected. A man practically launched himself to Sherlock and the young man simply smiled and tried, quite awkwardly to return the hug, though was more graceful when he returned the handshake.
“Sherlock” the man said and patted his back repeatedly “Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. On the house, for you and your date”

John gaped at the man and Sherlock smiled, pleased “I’m not his date” John managed to say and Sherlock frowned; he meant to say “I’m his boyfriend, but the man kept on smiling and talking.

“This man got me off a murder charge” Angelo kept his chatter.

“This is Angelo” Sherlock finally managed, Angelo finally greeting John.

“Six months ago I successfully proved to Lestrade at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder that Angelo was in a completely different part of town, house-breaking” Sherlock smiled lopsidedly and Angelo beamed at him.

“He cleared my name” John would have laughed but the solemnity in Angelo’s face prevented him.

“I cleared it a bit” Sherlock chuckled.

“But for this man, I’d have gone to prison” Angelo said, serious.

“You did go to prison” Sherlock clarified.

“I’ll get a candle for the table. It’s more romantic” Angelo left them to choose. When he returned with the candle John looked up, trying not to laugh at the smiling man that was sending Sherlock knowing looks and concentrated on the menu.

“Thanks” John said to Angelo’s back. “Okay” John said as soon as they ordered “Something to tell me?” He smiled in just that reassuring way Sherlock loves so much.

“Yes” Sherlock cleared his throat and looked out the window, then closed his eyes for a few seconds and focused again on John “I’ve a few news” He bit his lower lip and looked at the candle in the middle of the table “Remember a week ago, I came to visit and I told you about Oxford?” John nodded and the shook his head, as if trying to clear his memories. Sherlock took a deep breath “Remember I told you I was basically done with University?” Sherlock tapped his fingers on the table. John shook his head again “I told you that I’ve managed to complete the entire programme, including my research. I’ve talked to my professors and…” He hoped John wouldn’t be angry “I’ve finished University, graduation could be in July” He gave John an awkward smile and waited.

John just blinked several times, trying to catch with everything Sherlock was saying. He was supposed to be finishing his third year, not University, he’s just eighteen! And going to college for three years already… John sighed… he needed to remember he was dating a freaking genius that solved a crime in less than a minute…

“John?” Sherlock put his hand over John’s and John shook his head and started laughing hard “What?” Sherlock frowned and looked at him angrily.

“That’s it?” John tried not to laugh. Sherlock was too nervous, everything was so new and he had to remind himself, constantly that Sherlock had a brain that works in overtime.

“No” Sherlock looked down and John worried again.

“Then?” He asked nervously.

“I talked to Mrs. Hudson” Sherlock bit his lower lip again and looked out the window, what if John didn’t want to live with him?
“Finished the case?” John smiled.

“Yes” Sherlock nodded and kept his eyes on the people walking outside the window, his mind providing information relentlessly “She said I could have the flat” He mumbled.

“What?” John needed Sherlock to repeat what he had said, he needed to make sure. Sherlock had asked him to move in together but they’d been together for two months, should he move in with him?

“Mrs. Hudson said I could move in as soon as I see fit” Sherlock repeated, he tried his “cold and detached” strategy, to avoid the hurt of rejection, but he couldn’t keep the hope from his eyes.

“When?” John played with his water cup; he had no idea what else to ask.

“Tomorrow?” Sherlock looked down at the table. The moment turned a bit awkward, but before Sherlock could ask, Billy, the waiter came with their food.

They ate in an uncomfortable silence, neither knowing how to resume the conversation. When the food was finished and dessert was served, the silence had turned into tension, Sherlock kept looking out the window and fidgeting, John was focused on the candle in front of him, both thinking about what to do and ask. John decided it could be a good idea to come and live with Sherlock, that would give them time to know each other, but it could also ruin everything, having a baby wasn’t easy and Sherlock just had shared with Rosie a few nights at Oxford, never in London.

They left Angelo’s with a simple goodbye and stood awkwardly at the door. Sherlock lifted his hand and as magically as everything he does, he summoned a cab “Want this one?” Sherlock asked, not looking at John.

“What?” John cocked his head and furrowed his brow.

“I’m going to Belgravia” Sherlock pointed behind him “You’re going to Barbican” He shifted on his feet “I’ll take the next one” He attempted a smile but failed. He was waiting for John’s answer when he saw the inconspicuous black car approaching the kerb and tried not to scowl.

“Not coming?” John couldn’t hide the disappointment and the confusion, why was Sherlock saying goodbye, today, of all days? Sherlock shook his head and schooled his features to appear calm, but John noticed “Why?” John asked and the answer was interrupted by the cabbie grunting a “well?” That had Sherlock helping John in the cab and closing the door after him and rattling John’s address. John barely had time to look back and see Sherlock climb in the back of a black sedan.
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“What?” Sherlock asked in form of greeting as soon as he closed the car door and they drove away.

“Nice to see you too, brother dear” Mycroft sneered and gained a redoubled scowl from Sherlock. Sherlock simply crossed his arms over his chest and looked as the cab with John left, today of all days Mycroft had to make an appearance. “I take it was a belated celebration of your two months together”

“Barely” Sherlock huffed.

“What?” Mycroft raised his eyebrow in mock surprise “Is the young doctor reluctant to live with you?” He pretended concern.

“Piss off, Mycroft” Sherlock gritted his teeth.

“I’m here out of concern” Mycroft said more serious “My…” He cleared his throat “Contacts…” Sherlock snorted and shook his head “Tell me you just leased two hundred and twenty one b at Baker street” He almost pursed his lips.

“What is it to you?” Sherlock pouted.

“Interest in my younger brother” Mycroft sniffed.

“I thought you and Anthea had broken up and you were dating Alicia Smallwood” Sherlock changed the subject abruptly and studied his brother more closely “Are you dipping the wick in already used wax?” Sherlock smirked and Mycroft scowled.

“Don’t be crass, Sherlock” Mycroft scolded “And no. You know I’m not like that” He picked on some invisible lint from his jacket sleeve.

“Right” Sherlock nodded slowly “She was the one looking for newer, more… sturdier… wicks” Sherlock clicked his tongue and Mycroft sighed deeply, frustrated.

“She’s working with me now. If you must know” Mycroft explained unnecessarily; Sherlock knew perfectly well what had driven Anthea away and was grateful -not that he will ever say it aloud- to his brother to protect and defend him. It was a nasty business at school and University when he came out and Anthea made very clear that she wanted nothing to do with “your queer little brother”; Mycroft broke it off, even though he seemed smitten by the curvaceous young woman. Sherlock knew that having her as a PA was an even worst insult to her, because now she had to deal with whatever Mycroft wanted her to deal with; as Mycroft once put it, revenge is a dish best served cold.

“And Alicia?” Sherlock asked with a certain amount of curiosity and interest.
“She suggested it, actually. Something about keeping your friends close” Mycroft smirked and Sherlock grinned deviously “Congratulations, little brother” Mycroft handed him an envelope and Sherlock turned it in his hand several times. “It’s not anthrax” Mycroft chuckled and Sherlock let out a huffed laugh.

“My grades?” Sherlock mocked interest.

“You very well know what it is, Lord Holmes” Mycroft rolled his eyes at his brother “Hand delivered, as requested, with the mandatory congratulations” Mycroft smiled fondly at his brother “Mummy and Daddy are very proud of you, just as much as I am” He patted Sherlock’s shoulder and Sherlock looked down to the envelope once more, hiding his blush and his bashful smile “Bug called, said she couldn’t reach you, so did Mamie; they are both very proud”

“Thank you” Sherlock whispered.

“I’m very proud of you, Bee” Mycroft hugged his younger brother and Sherlock returned the hug

“Thank you, Bumble” Sherlock pinked to his ears and kept on holding his brother. They arrived to Mycroft’s flat and Sherlock practically bolted from the car, leaving Mycroft behind, shaking his head with affection.

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John looked as Sherlock climbed in the back of a black sedan; he was confused, hurt and wanted some answers. He took his phone out and called Sherlock but went directly to voice mail and he remembered Sherlock turning off his phone when they sat at the restaurant so he didn’t bother to leave a message. Sherlock should call; the sooner the better.

He arrived to his flat and was greeted by Mike and Bill, they both had been waiting for John to arrive to share a few beers, celebrate the end of their second year and compare notes from the exams, also to gossip about John’s love life and how Sherlock was.

Sherlock had visited a few times and had spent a few hours with Mike and Bill, they liked him and found him hilarious; Bill none the wiser to accept his lack of social skills as what they were, lack of knowledge, and Mike grinning at whatever Sherlock said because to him the man was just an amusing, outgrown toddler.

“So?” Bill jabbed John in the ribs.

“I think he asked me to move in with him tomorrow” John muttered as he made his way to the fridge to grab a cold one.

“What?” Mike stared at him, befuddled.

“Remember I told you he asked me to live with him when he finished University?” John let out a huff and drank half the lager in one long pull.

“Yeah?” They both chorused.

“Apparently he’s done with University” John finished his drink and grabbed another bottle.

“Okay…” Bill went over to the kitchen and stood in front of the fridge, being several inches taller than John he knew he’ll be able to stop his friend from drinking the six-pack.

“Then he left with someone in a black car and haven’t heard of him since. That’ll be about twenty
minutes now” John looked at his phone and scowled at it. He left the unopened bottle over the kitchen counter.

“Maybe it was someone he knew” Mike grabbed the bottle and opened it, drinking some. John just shrugged.

“Are you moving in with him?” Bill asked and leaned on the fridge, Mike handed him the bottle and Bill took a sip.

“I don’t know. Isn’t it too soon?” John frowned and put his head on his hands, taking a deep breath he looked at his friends “I have Rosie to think of” He fiddled with his phone, willing it to sound


“Move in with him” Mike answered nonchalantly “You’ve been pinning over him since you met, almost six months ago” He continued “Rosie loves him, his parents are helping you with her, his sister managed to get your phone and she calls you regularly” Mike listed

“Hell! He took you to Paris!” Bill chipped in.

“He’s brilliant, an awesome friend, he makes you laugh, he keeps you happy, he has manged the distance, and we know you, you’re desperate to be just with him” Mike wiggled his eyebrows and John blushed, hiding his smile with an annoyed eye roll.

“If you don’t jump…” Bill shook his head “You’ll have a place here, always… well…” Bill rubbed the back of his neck “As long as we’re in University” He chuckled.

John took a deep breath and looked at his friends “If I didn’t knew better I would think you wanted to get rid of me” John joked and they laughed.

“Well…” Mike began, but laughed at the offended face John made “Think about it, take your time, enjoy the break, go visit your parents, take a few days to yourself, we have three months after all” Mike smiled and John nodded, already lost in thought.
When Sherlock finally called, twenty minutes after John arrived; John’s heart jumped in his chest and made for the run. He took a deep breath before answering, trying to be cool and calm, but failing… miserably…

“Hi” Sherlock greeted shyly “Sorry about that” He apologised in a whisper.

“Hey” John couldn’t help but smile, his anger melting at the sound of Sherlock’s voice “Is fine. I assume it was someone that needed to talk to you” John bit his lower lip.

“Yes” Sherlock sighed “It was my brother”

“I wonder when I’m going to meet this mysterious brother of yours that whisks you away in black sedans” John chuckled.

“I guess fairly soon” Sherlock sighed again, a deep sigh.

“So?” John held his breath “I take it you didn’t finish delivering the news”

“I didn’t”

“Breakfast tomorrow?”

“Yes” Sherlock let out a breath he’d been holding and John smiled at the phone.

“See you tomorrow, Sherlock”

“See you tomorrow, John”

They met at their usual, The Bench. It was slightly awkward at first but then John kissed Sherlock deeply and everything was settled, from the butterflies in their stomachs to the wrecked nerves.

“Hey” John held Sherlock’s hand and pulled him to the café, leaning close and snuggling him.

“Hello, John” Sherlock smiled and held him close.

“So?” John smiled shyly.

“Yeah” Sherlock sat next to him and they waited for the waiter in silence. Sherlock didn’t want any interruptions, like last night. They ordered and settled more comfortably before Sherlock started speaking “I’ve finished university, graduation will be in July, after your birthday” Sherlock chastised himself; he wasn’t supposed to know that.

“Not even going to ask” John shook his head in bemusement.

“I’ve also been accepted at King’s for the Forensics’ programme” Sherlock continued “Getting the doctorate there; I’ll study for the next couple of years and get both the forensics and chemistry” John nodded, baffled “Mrs. Hudson is waiting for me at the flat over Baker, already moved a few things” He bit his lower lip, John knew he was pondering about…something “I also got this” He handed John the envelope “Mycroft gave it to me yesterday” He looked down and waited.
“Lord Holmes?” John chuckled, amused, Sherlock simply nodded and John removed the contents from the envelope “You’re joking, right?” John kept on reading “And all those zeroes?”

“My parents are smart investors; Mamie inherited her family’s fortune and divided it into three. Our futures are… solved” Sherlock spared a glance at John but kept his gaze low on the table “Mycroft is quite clever and he invested our three parts, just like our parents did, and our trust funds are to be delivered by our eighteenth birthday, our marriage or our university graduation, whichever happens first, though I agreed to accept mine after graduation.”

“Fuck” John exhaled “And this deed here?”

“House in Sussex and the “lordship” that accompanies it” Sherlock blushed “We’ve inherited a few titles too, my father had a lot of siblings, not many cousins though” Sherlock shrugged, Sherlock had inherited his grandfather’s title, Mycroft had inherited uncle Rudi’s and Eurus held Mamie’s “This is me” Sherlock glanced over at John, briefly, his face said it all, he couldn’t believe it.

“This” John read the papers all over again “King’s?” He was processing the information still.

“I can wait” Sherlock said, his eyes sad but understanding “I know we’ve just met, that we’re getting to know each other, but this” he waved his hand between them “Feels… right” His eyes brightened at John’s smile “I’ll understand if you say no, but you’re the only one that know all about me” Sherlock’s eyes turned sad once again, John nodded.

Sherlock cleared his throat and continued talking “When I was dating Victor, he somehow managed to find about this” he tapped the documents “After that, he kept on insisting I had sex with him” Sherlock blushed “I tried, once, but I was too nervous and when he started kissing me and groping me I felt disgusted, a few weeks later he broke up with me, his friends said it was because I didn’t “put out”, that he had lost a bet and that the only reason he was with me was because of my money” Sherlock closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “I…” John shook his head.

“Where do I sign to say I don’t want any of this?” John asked and Sherlock finally relaxed. “Look, Sherlock” John continued “I love you because you’re who you are, not because of your money, or a bet; or because I want to fuck you, which I want, so much, but…” John took a deep breath and fixed his eyes on Sherlock’s face, Sherlock was pale and looked baffled, John thought about what he had just said and realised he had said Sherlock that he loved him and that he wanted him.

They stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity, John trying to find a way to explain his feelings, Sherlock with a dazed look on his eyes, grasping the idea that John loved him. “I love you” He whispered and grabbed John’s hand “I love you” He repeated and John beamed at him.

“So…” Sherlock smiled.

“Yes…” John beamed.

“Cons first?” Sherlock chuckled and John nodded “Rosie is six months old” Sherlock started

“As you once said, not her fault” John laughed heartily.

“She needs attention twenty four seven” Sherlock continued “Mummy and Father had offered to take care of her while we study and so has Mrs. Hudson. I assume your Mum will want to meet me properly before we take another step and she will be right” John nodded again, his smile faltering “I assume your family might not be that happy, but…” Sherlock had to shrug, he didn’t care “They might say we’re too young, but they were willing to marry you to a girl they thought you had impregnated” Sherlock looked at John apologetically; Mary was a sore point still.
“I don’t care” John shrugged, he didn’t want to discuss his family, but his parent’s thirtieth wedding anniversary was a few weeks away, not to mention the christening of his nephew next weekend.

“We’ll both have full schedules, you’ll start your rotations, it will get harder with time” John nodded
“We can manage” Sherlock said firmly and John nodded again, smiling at him.

“We’ll manage” John agreed.

“So…”

“Yes…”

“John Watson” Sherlock took a deep breath and held it “Would you like to move in with me?”

“Yes” John beamed and reached for Sherlock’s hand, pulling him for a soft and slow kiss.
With friends like mine…

They walked hand in hand back to John’s shared flat. To Sherlock’s surprise, John had packed most of his and Rosie’s things; the thought of John deciding to move in with him before the whole money, houses and titles had Sherlock’s heart bursting out of his chest and his stomach flipping and turning wildly.

“Thank you” Sherlock hugged John and squeezed him, feeling utterly happy. He leaned close for a kiss and John held him even closer, his hands roaming Sherlock’s back, the kiss became more heated. John started pulling Sherlock towards his bedroom when the door to the flat opened and Mike and Bill came rushing in. John huffed and Sherlock sighed, they got used to the interruptions, Irene and Kate at Oxford, Bill, Mike, Molly and Greg in London; they needed their own place, luckily, they had it.

“Are we interrupting something?” Mike asked innocently and Bill burst into laughter.

“Got the car?” John asked and walked to the kitchen to grab his favourite mug, he tried to act as nonchalant as possible, he already had an uncomfortable morning, Mike and Bill had teased him relentlessly all night, he went to Tesco to buy a couple of suitcases and get some boxes and while he packed, Bill and Mike teased him about their first night together, about the love nest and other things, including having safe sex “You already have one kid, you don’t want another so soon” and “enjoy the honeymoon phase, in five months you’ll be like an old married couple”, John just rolled his eyes and continued packing.

“Yeah, got the car, that’s all you want from us now” Bill mocked offence, he went over to Mike and put a hand on his shoulder and said in a sickly sweet way “Our little boy is growing up, dear, he’s got a boyfriend” dabbing a non-existent tear from his eye and putting his other hand over his chest before sighing sadly. Mike laughed heartily and grabbed his now growing stomach.

“There, there” he tried between bursts of laughter “We knew this was coming, sooner or later” he patted Bill’s shoulder “They grow up so fast” He sniffed and continued laughing.

“Dicks” John muttered and grabbed two suitcases “Care to help?” He opened the flat door.

“Coming, dear!” Bill and Mike replied and laughed all the way down to the car. Sherlock just watched the interaction, feeling conflicted; he was happy to have John move in with him, but at the same time, he knew Mike and Bill were important to John and had been there for him for the last two years and for the past six months they’d been helping him with Rosie, school and many other things.

They reached the street and while they packed the car, John’s mum made her appearance. The last time John had seen her was a week ago when she came to look after Rosie only to find that her granddaughter wasn’t there. The fight that followed was an epic one; Julia Watson was outraged, she couldn’t believe Rosie was under the care of some strangers that John had never mentioned.

“You threatened to take her away from me” John yelled.

“You endanger her every chance you have, John” Julia replied, not caring the face her son made “You took her to visit some strangers, to France nonetheless, without telling us, you claim you have a boyfriend, which we haven’t met, not to mention you lied to us, telling us that she was your baby” Julia was in the brim of tears but John couldn’t care less.

“As I already told you, I promised Mary I will help her, she was very clear, as soon as she found out
she was pregnant, she asked me to help her; her family took everything out of proportion and her parents were the ones that forced us to get married” John wanted to punch something.

“I still can take her away from you” Julia threatened again.

“If you try, you’ll never see her again, because I’ll take her to her real grandparents” John hissed. After the aftermath, Julia left a very frustrated John that went to the Holmes manor to be with his daughter and her grandparents. They helped him with all the legalities involving Rosie, including the fact that her real father was in jail. He never told Sherlock about the fight, he couldn’t, not when Sherlock was busy with his project and his classes.

Luckily for John, Sherlock was finishing packing Rosie’s stuff -at least that’s what John thought- so he didn’t realise Sherlock was standing by the window, witnessing John’s interaction with his mother.

“Son” Julia Watson approached the car and looked at John questioningly.

“Mum” John greeted her awkwardly, glancing at Bill and Mike who entered the flat.

“Where’re you going?” She looked over the boxes and bags.

“Moving out” John answered in a clipped tone.

“And Rosie?”

“With Sherlock’s parents for the day” John continued loading the car and clearly heard his mother’s sharp breath intake.

“Where you planning on telling us” John looked up at the hurt sound of her voice.

“Of course I was. I just decided to move out yesterday. I was going to call you as soon as we settled” John looked at her for the first time, she looked tired, she’d been crying and the news about Rosie affected her more than she let on.

“And where’re you moving?”

“A flat over Baker Street”

“Is it bigger than this one?” John had no idea, he didn’t even know if Rosie had her own room, so he assumed it was big enough for the three of them.

“It’s big enough for the three of us” John shrugged.

“The three of us?” Julia’s eyes widened.

“Yes, Mum” John cocked his head “The three of us” John crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“I see” Julia sniffed and looked away from John’s piercing gaze “Is he…” She waved to the flat; John just nodded “May I?” She bit her lower lip and looked at the door, asking for permission; John shook his head “Why?”

“Let us get settled. I’ll get Rosie from his parents and we can plan something; I’ve to ask him first, but I think we could do lunch in a couple of days, you can come and see the flat, make sure Rosie has her own room and maybe help me taking care of her again?” John offered, hoping his mother would say yes.
“Is your father welcome too?” Julia asked in a whisper. John nodded and smiled at her.

“Look, Mum” John rubbed the back of his neck “I’m not hiding him from you” He shifted on his feet “It’s just too… new…” He shook his head and closed his eyes, looking for the words to avoid offending his mother “I still remember what happened when you met James” John licked his lips, he suddenly felt very thirsty “Dad yelled, you cried, Harry almost punched him and both Dad and Harry threatened to beat the gay out of me” John rubbed his face.

“Son…” Julia tried but John interrupted her.

“Mum… I love you” He said, honestly “I love all of you, but…” He let out a sad sigh “After James and I broke up you seemed so happy and you didn’t realise I felt as if I was dying, you didn’t care how I felt and I couldn’t believe how relieved you were that my relationship was over” John shrugged and shook his head at the same time as if trying to grasp a very difficult concept.

“John…” Julia tried again but he stopped her once more.

“I couldn’t believe you wanted me sad and lonely instead of accepting me for whom I am. If only you could have seen your face when I told you James and I broke up and then I told you about Mary” John rubbed his forehead, trying to erase the memory with his fingertips “heaven opened for all of you that day…” John looked away and took a deep breath “I’ll call you as soon as we’re settled Mum. I promise” John approached her and gave her a hug “I’ll have Rosie, you can bring Dad if you want, but I have one condition” Julia nodded “My house, my rules” She nodded again “One word against Sherlock…” John let out a breath and Julia simply nodded again, closing her eyes and accepting everything John was saying.

“Good bye son” Julia hugged him again “I love you”

“Love you too, Mum” John kissed her cheek “See you soon”
Big brother, little sister

With the car packed, they recruited a few other friends to help them move. They had to buy a better cot for Rosie, a larger bed for their bedroom and some more furniture. The furniture Mrs. Hudson provided was more than enough for the two of them, but they had a child to think of, a little girl that will soon be reaching for whatever she could.

Greg, Molly, Mike, Bill and Eurus were there to help them. During the week in France, Eurus and John had developed a sort of relationship that had Sherlock quite comfortable with sharing John with his sister. Eurus was interesting, to say the least and John could see so much of Sherlock in her that he enjoyed her witty comments. She had a strange sweetness to her and John loved the way she acted around Rosie.

Eurus loved John, in a very especial way; she could see Sherlock being sweet, tender, loving, caring and she loved John for loving her bother the way he did. She realised they were both love-struck. She was different when John was around; her ability to manipulate rendered useless when he was near; he wasn’t like the others, her charms didn’t work with him; Eurus knew it was because he was charmed by her brother. She didn’t need Mycroft’s intelligence reports to know John was the best match for Sherlock.

Eurus didn’t want to interfere in their relationship; all she wanted was for Sherlock to be happy. She had witnessed her brother’s decay after Victor fucking Trevor, she was aware of his wrong doing, she had several friends, and Jim had told her all about James and Victor… She was pissed and wanted to kill him, but out of respect to Sherlock she had stopped Jim from beating the shit out of both of them with his best friend Sebastian Moran. If it were for them… But no, she wouldn’t interfere, John was a keeper.

As for Mycroft, Sherlock had avoided John meeting big brother since they first got acquainted. Mycroft had teased him the day of the wedding about his “lust at first sight” to which Sherlock had rebutted with a snarky comment of Mycroft being off his diet and how Alicia felt about a flabby stomach, Mycroft sneered something nasty in his direction about Victor dumping him for his frigidity, which Sherlock had returned with the reasons behind Anthea’s refusal to Mycroft’s marriage proposal.

The silence that followed lasted until Sherlock returned to his Hilary and Mycroft wished him a nice time. He would write to Sherlock whenever his informants told him of a bad mood or when they suspected it might be a danger night. Sure, they had cut that problem from the beginning, but Sherlock was prone to easy addiction, as proved by his long hours at the lab, forgetting to eat or sleep; his increasingly long hours at the dance studio, where he danced until his toes bled, or his large hours with his violin, which he played until his fingers bled.

Mycroft was always worried about Sherlock’s condition. Victor breaking up with him proved to be dangerous; he started smoking like a chimney and Mycroft was sure he will soon turn to something more pernicious to his health, if given the slightest chance. He had to have him followed 24//7.

At first Mycroft had thought his brother suffered from some sort of OCD, but seeing his messy bedroom, the way he conducted some of his experiments, how messy he was with his school notes and how he could care less about many other things, he dismissed the idea and looked for other potential ailments. When Sherlock started dating Victor, he thought his brother suffered from a form of Asperger’s, but he soon dismissed the idea too, since he remembered how affectionate Sherlock had been as a child with his sister, with Victor and of course with his dog.
Certain behaviours his brother presented made him hit the nail in the head and conclude that his brother had an addictive personality. He would get interested in something and act all OCD for a while until he got bored; it had happened with his piracy aspirations -obviously related to Redbeard’s death- his experiments with plants, which soon died as soon as winter came -though he would have wanted he would’ve forgotten his experiments with poisonous plants- and the insane need to have honey all the time, with everything he ate, even though the results were, most of the times, as disgusting as one could imagine -from fish and chips with honey to potpie with honey- his addictive personality bordered in the insane, he would get addicted to something and would work on it for hours at the time; the only thing sticking -the honey, the violin, the dance and chemistry- becoming more important than eating or sleeping, which is why, at some point, Mycroft suspected of some sort of OCD.

The amount of cigarettes consumed by Sherlock the weeks after Victor, had Mycroft biting his nails, he was desperate to find a way to help his brother, but thankfully for him, it appeared in the form of Irene Adler, which became, unknowingly -and probably unwillingly- the anchor that kept his brother afloat. They had met during Sherlock’s first year and she was the only constant his brother had during his early Oxford years.

The new addiction -John Watson and Rosie Watson- had Mycroft in full alert, fully knowing that his brother could easily turn to drugs if this new experiment of his -having a real, adult relationship with a man that had a daughter, which wasn’t actually his, A FREAKING MESS!, moving in with said man and trying to find a job that wasn’t boring enough to kill him, raising a child and acting in ways he had never acted- failed, crashed and burned, it was keeping Mycroft on his toes, he needed to know if John Watson was right for Sherlock.

The “kidnapping” happened on moving day. John headed to the Holmes’ manor, leaving Sherlock with his friends to unload and unpack; he wanted to enter his new home with Rosie in his arms, together, with Sherlock by his side; he wanted to decided where to place the cot with Rosie in his arms -ever the romantic- John went in search of his -their- daughter.

Mycroft opened the door and greeted him; one look over the young man gave all the information Mycroft was able to gather, much like Sherlock did, though he was better at reading emotions. The file was more explicit about John’s life; one steady boyfriend for over two years -James Sholto (UK special forces (check current file of conflict and check for security) unit to be assigned, going as INT CORPS); currently engaged to be married to Sherlock’s ex-boyfriend, Victor Trevor; wedding programed for July; the sentimental fools, before Sholto’s deployment to Iraq- about eighty something one night stands after the break up -at least 10 every month since two months after the breakup and until he met Sherlock, including one two nights before the wedding!-, even though he was “engaged” to pregnant best friend, Mary Morstan, deceased January 29th; -killed by long-time boyfriend David Thompson, father of Rosamund Mary Watson- same date he met Sherlock and all his one night flings ceased.

The file was accompanied by a full blood work, a letter from the army saying that if he was called he wouldn’t be deployed to any dangerous regions -(under MI6-MH-001-Q-003-007/1 request)- and Sherlock and his daughter would be able to go with him during his deployments, provided that Sherlock would marry him- his school transcripts, from primary school to his last exams taken the day prior. According to the many hours of recording he had been faithful to Sherlock, even before they started a relationship, good friend, good father, good student, good worker; his payments were made every day the same day, on the hour, he worked as much as needed and was serious about his career and his loans; he had decided to move with Sherlock before finding out about the money.

They haven’t had sex -not that I needed to know, but Anthea... sigh- but have shared a bed several times; he could be the man his brother needed, but Mycroft had to be sure; he had to be sure he
wouldn’t be leaving at short notice, that he will choose his bother over his duty, although evidence suggested he was even willing to have his heart broken if he needed to do what he considered the right thing. Would he consider staying with my brother - no matter what - the right thing?
“Have a seat, John” Mycroft gave him another once over as they walked inside the house, he tried to be intimidating but apparently it wasn’t working.

“I don’t want to sit down” John looked around, trying to listen if somebody else was in the house “I’m here for my daughter” he added.

“You don’t seem very afraid” Mycroft tried to loom over him, using his height and weight against him.

“You don’t seem very frightening” John shrugged and locked gazes with Mycroft.

“How long do you plan to continue your association with my brother?”

“I could be wrong… but I think that’s none of your business” John clicked his tongue, trying to control his anger.

“After just two months you moved in with him. Might we expect a happy announcement by the end of the week?” Mycroft mocked.

“Probably. May I get my daughter now?” John huffed.

“Now that you’ve decided to move to two hundred and twenty one b, I’ll be willing to help you ease your way, After all…” Mycroft smirked “You’re a young doctor, struggling with debts and trying to keep your scholarship, provide for that little baby that isn’t even your daughter and keeping a flat with two other friends” Mycroft tried again. He was the one that had told Victor about the money and the title, Victor’s eyes had lightened up; he was disappointed with the young man, although he knew the bet wasn’t real; he needed to measure John, just as much as he measured every single acquaintance Sherlock had, so far Irene was the most loyal, but John was proving he truly was interested in Sherlock.

“As I told your brother, I don’t care about his money, or yours, for that matter” John was trying with all his might not to punch this pompous prick, he didn’t even knew his name but he hated him already.

“You’re very loyal, very quickly” Mycroft tried to hide his amusement.

“It’s more than loyalty” John rolled his eyes “It’s called love; perhaps you should practice it” John walked away from Mycroft and went to look for his daughter.

Mycroft was left dumbfounded; he had expected something else, something different, not this person, this man, that seemed to love his brother, so soon after they first met; could he be right in assuming Sherlock had found the person that was to stay with him for the rest of his life? He certainly hopped so.

“John?” Mycroft lifted his head when he heard John walking down the stairs, the baby in his arms and three bags over his shoulders. John looked at him and waited “Need a lift?” Mycroft asked; his voice uncharacteristically small and insecure.

“Thanks” John gave him a small smile.

The ride to Baker Street, to John’s dismay, wasn’t as uncomfortable as he expected. Mycroft
interacted with him differently after the interrogatory back at the house. He was amicable and respectful. Instead of bombarding him with facts, he decided to actually talk to him and ask about his life.

“How come you ended up with Rosie?” Mycroft knew it, everything, he had helped Gregory with the case, but neither Sherlock nor John needed to know that.

John eyed him suspiciously but answered anyway “Mary asked me to keep her” John shrugged “A week before the weeding we talked about what to do in case one of us could no longer be in Rosie’s life; I am her legal father, but in case her real father appeared there might be some… issues; so Mary decided to leave Rosie to me, as her legal guardian; we signed adoption papers the second she was born, just in case, we wanted to cover all the bases”

“That’s very brave of you” Mycroft actually smiled “I wonder” Mycroft took a deep breath “What if Mary was alive?”

John looked down for a moment and then back at Rosie “I don’t know… Maybe I’ll be moving in with Sherlock. Mary and I talked about it, we were going to stay married for a year and then divorce, get the chance to fall in love, to move on. We were pretty clear that the wedding was a sham, just to get her parents of her case. I never imagined…” John rubbed his temple.

“Very loyal” Mycroft sighed and John glared at him, Mycroft cowered slightly.

“As I said” John took a deep breath “It goes beyond loyalty. I loved Mary, very much, as much as I would love a sister and yes…” John nodded and smiled “I’m willing to help my family as much as I can in any way I can, even if it meant lying to her parents with a sham marriage. We even thought about eloping” John chuckled “but we realised that probably her parents would want to see a marriage certificate. It was all about making a lot of people happy even though we knew we were going to get divorced a year later”

“What I said” Mycroft cleared his throat after a few minutes of silence “About helping you” Mycroft looked awkwardly at John to gauge his reaction “I’m sorry” Mycroft apologised and John nodded, letting his guard down slightly “But the offer stands” Mycroft glanced at John again “Not to buy you” Mycroft hurried “Just to help you out” John shifted uncomfortably on his seat “So you don’t overwork yourself” Mycroft kept his eyes on the road, his knuckles white from the force with which he was holding the steering wheel “A sort of Holmes scholarship for outstanding students” Mycroft kept his eyes fixed on the road, unable to look at John but waiting for the lash out.

“I appreciate the offer” John took a deep breath “No thanks” He looked out of the window and his face brightened when he saw the black door to their flat and Sherlock at the door, waiting for them. John practically bolted out of the car and rushed to Sherlock, kissing him like a drowning man. Sherlock smiled softly against John’s lips, whispered something in his ear and John beamed at him.

Mycroft was silent witness to the exchange, feeling a warm feeling spread over his chest; he had never seen his brother this happy and all he wanted was to build a bubble surrounded by soft cotton and clear blue skies to keep Sherlock in the same exhilarating state for ever. He saw them approach the car and climbed out, unable to hide his happy smile. Sherlock looked at him, first with a glare, then a stare and finally a fond look in his eyes, one Mycroft hadn’t seen in many years.

They shared an intense stare down for a few moments, while John took Rosie out of Mycroft’s car, their silent conversation went from questioning motives, to silent accusations, then to realisation to finally end in a heartfelt apology from both. They both tilted their heads, both nodded and Mycroft left the happy couple to enjoy their first day in their new home.
I really have no excuses... Just been a little sick and it's hard to keep on writing when all I can do lately is sleep a lot... As soon as I get better I'll finish the story. I might have to stick to prompts for a while, no more long stories, and this one I might have to cut short...

Thank you all so much for subscribing and reading. I get my kicks out of the hits. I love you all my loyal followers. Happy Sherlock!

Mrs. Hudson was… ecstatic. The night she had met John she had fallen utterly in love with the little girl; with just one glance she loved John and she already loved Sherlock; the boy had done so much for her in such a short time, that she found the idea of having him living with her the most wonderful idea ever. Looking at them as a couple was almost miraculous, their mutual respect and consideration -even though it might be short lived- was something to admire, and the looks of love and pure adoration they shared were delighting.

She let them in to the flat and John stood there for a while contemplating their new home; Sherlock had dumped his stuff haphazardly all over the place, boxes filled with book, cases with his chemistry set and his microscope. A bed with a mattress lay on one wall next to five suitcases and a trunk containing Sherlock’s clothes. John’s boxes and suitcases were placed near the window, next to a desk and a couple of chairs. The cot they had ordered that morning had already arrived -“Mycroft helped”, Sherlock explained quietly- and it was standing next to another door.

“There’s another bedroom upstairs” Mrs. Hudson explained “If you’ll be needing two bedrooms” She said almost as an afterthought, considering how young Rosie is and that they might want to have the baby close to them in their own room.

“Of course we’ll be needing two” John beamed at her and looked down at Rosie; he had shared his bedroom with the little girl since she was born, having a room just for her was a must at this point. They went to the upstairs bedroom and looked at the space, it was well lit and clean; Mrs. Hudson had painted the room with a light yellow and had one wall decorated with a big pale pink rose. John smiled at the sight and held Rosie up “This, young lady” He had her facing the room “Will be your room” He blew a raspberry on her neck and the little girl giggled “Shall we fix it?” He looked and Sherlock and Sherlock nodded.

Their little army of friends entered the flat after a sort text message from Sherlock. He wanted to share the moment with John and nobody else, which is why they’d been waiting for the text message down at Speedy’s. As soon as they entered, they made teams of two and chose a room. Molly and Greg helped with the kitchen, Bill and Mike helped with the living room, while Eurus and her new boyfriend Jim -James Moriarty- got to work on their bedroom. John and Sherlock took care of Rosie’s room, deciding where the cot should go, placing the rocking chair near a table with a pink and yellow lamp, the small book case close to the cot and a white settee on the wall near the door. Sherlock had made an intelligent purchase, instead of buying several pieces of furniture, he managed to get a cot that became a changing table and could become a bed when needed. It also had enough storage space for her baby supplies and toiletries.
Rosie’s room was done in a short time; they settled the little girl in her cot with a few plush toys, including a ladybug, a bumblebee and a honeybee that Sherlock had purchased for her, while they fixed her clothes, toys, pictures, books and baby proofed he room, placing outlet covers and hiding electrical cords, the also placed safety gates at the top of the stairs and the always needed doorstops, not before they secured all the furniture, to avoid anything falling on her.

Once they were done with Rosie’s room they ordered lunch for the troop, Rosie was already eating solids at eight months so they tried some rice with vegetables which Rosie enjoyed, not only tasting but sharing with the people around her. Eurus was fascinated with the little girl and tried to teach Rosie her name during the entire lunch, Rosie simply giggled and called her “Eee”

After they put Rosie for her afternoon nap, they finished with the rest of the flat, placing books on the bookcase, finishing the kitchen and babyproofing the entire flat. One by one their friends left them, the last ones to leave Eurus and Jim. Sherlock was intrigued by the man, he found it hard to like or dislike him, but he had to admit his sister seemed happy; he just hoped he was a good man. They shared a few words and Sherlock noticed he was quite clever, his dark humour made him even more interesting. Sherlock tried to read him, the real him, but there were too many signals that he was pretending for the sake of being accepted.

One thing startled Sherlock, James’ honesty when he talked to his sister; to Sherlock it meant he was truly interested in her; at some point he said they were more alike than anyone could ever imagine. Eurus smiled softly at him and Sherlock decided to let the situation be, he would contact Mycroft later to ask for an entire investigation about him. John eyed him curiously the entire time, he tried to act nonchalant and told himself that Sherlock always did that, but the intensity with which he was looking at Jim awoke the monster of jealousy and by the time Eurus and Jim left he was seething.

Once alone, Sherlock pulled John in a tight hug and kissed his cheek “Welcome home” he murmured against John’s ear and felt him shiver, but John was too jealous and angry to accept Sherlock’s demonstrations of affection. He didn’t want to ruin their first night, but at the same time he couldn’t let jealousy build up.

“Tea?” He asked, as evenly as possible and walked to the kitchen, Sherlock following close.

“Are you going to tell me?” Sherlock sat at the kitchen table and watched as John moved around the kitchen to prepare their tea.

“Tell you what?” He kept his back to Sherlock.

“Why are you so tense?” Sherlock approached him and John flinched “Why are you so angry?” Sherlock walked away from John and went to the living room, settling comfortably on his chair in front of the chimney.

“Not angry” John clipped and realised too late that he had answered angrily.

“Seriously, John?” Sherlock steepled his fingers under his chin “Jealousy?” He sighed.

John approached him during the monologue and placed a cup of tea near him “I hate it when you do that” John huffed “But I love it when you deduce” He sat in front of him and sipped his tea “You kept looking at him” John moped and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“I’m curious about Jim” He said “He lied to all of us but was perfectly honest with my sister; is as if they are playing a game and we’re the ones that should loose” Sherlock continued talking, eyes closed, as if remembering the afternoon “I find it hard to trust him, but at the same time I can’t find
reasons not to” He huffed “I should call Mycroft and ask”

“I noticed he lied a couple of times” John bit his upper lip “Did you notice Eurus looking at him every time he said a lie?”

“She did?” Sherlock opened his eyes and grabbed his tea cup, downing the lukewarm beverage in one go.

“Yup” John nodded “I think it’s a good idea calling Mycroft” John picked their cups and went to the kitchen “Ready for bed?” He asked from the kitchen door. Sherlock nodded and followed him. They climbed in bed together, wearing nothing but their pants; but by the time their heads hit the pillows they were both fast asleep, it had been a long day.
Their morning started with Rosie calling for daddy. John startled awake and looked around him trying to figure out where in the hell he was, not having anything but a few unpacked boxes and Sherlock’s warm body next to his to make him realise he was home. Such a strange feeling that one, feeling home just because the person one loves is soundly sleeping next to you. John remembered the first night they had shared a bed and he realised that never, not even when he was lost for James he felt so warm, secure and at home as he felt next to Sherlock.

He gave Sherlock a quick kiss on the nape of his neck, watched him stir, heard him mumble something and continue sleeping. He rushed up the stairs and found Rosie sitting calmly on her cot, with her bee in her tiny hand, waving it and making buzzing sounds. He smiled fondly at his little girl, she had learned so much in the last couple of months being with the Holmes. When Rosie squealed and clapped her hands John noticed Sherlock was standing behind him, watching them both.

They smiled at each other and started a new routine, getting baby Rosie ready for the day. First the morning cuddles and cooing, followed by words of love and prizes for being such a wonderful girl and not crying, followed by a nappy change performed by both… something managed a bit awkwardly the first four times but perfected in time whenever they met and had to change Rosie. They changed her into the morning onesie, the one that looked like a bee, which Sherlock had bought for her during their stay in France.

They shared breakfast in companionable silence, the only noises coming from Rosie’s babbling and the occasional word interspersed between babbling bouts. They would smile at her, coo her, but they didn’t talk, it was extremely pleasurable sitting next to each other, enjoying the company. At some point the comfortable silence turned into a reflexive one; Sherlock had agreed to meet John’s family and he was starting to feel nervous; he wanted to be liked by them, but at the same time, after all John had told him about them, he was sure it wasn’t about them liking him, but him liking them.

John was thinking the same, it was inevitable, more now than ever given the fact they were living together, they’ll have to plan something, maybe lunch instead of dinner, give them time to share with Rosie, be distracted by her. He also knew that at some point their parents would have to meet, a maybe their siblings. He was confident enough that the Holmes will be great no matter the situation, but his parents; it was more an issue of the Holmes liking the Watsons and not the other way around.

Rosie brought them back to reality with a shrill cry of excitement when Mrs. Hudson made her appearance, they had no idea how long she might have been there but they were soon out of their own reveries and paying attention to the little girl who was now covered in banana puree and honey from her ears. John sighed and picked her up, nodding politely to Mrs. Hudson who just looked at him adoringly.

“It seems a bath is in order” He huffed and walked to the bathroom.
“I’ll do the dishes” Sherlock stood from his chair and picked up the plates “Yes?” He looked pointedly at Mrs. Hudson and she just giggled and shook her head.

“Never in the life…” She giggled “Your mother…” She laughed soundly “Your mail arrived” She placed a few envelopes on the now vacated table “C is free, let me know when the works start” She smiled at Sherlock and left him with his hands covered in suds and rolling his eyes.

After washing the dishes he joined John in the bathroom and helped with Rosie; by the time they were done, baby girl changed and ready to go the park. Their visit to the park was nothing out of the extraordinary, Rosie looking after every insect and flower she could find, John and Sherlock walking hand in hand, pushing the buggy together and talking about everything and nothing.

Lunch time came and went and they shared some food in a café near the park and walked some more, Rosie was ready for her nap and they walked back to Baker Street, planning the meeting with the Watsons. They took advantage of Rosie’s nap to make dinner, clean the bathroom and doing the laundry, putting up some more books, catching up on cold cases, with Sherlock calling workers to start on C and John reading some of his medical material.

Dinner was ready for Rosie, after pasta they had to give her another bath, considering she had more food in her hair than in her plate at some point; she babbled, giggled, mumbled and wet them both. After bath came sleepy time, John read, Sherlock played and Rosie fell asleep rather quickly. Once she was out, Sherlock took care of the kitchen, John the bathroom before they ate dinner.

John watched crap telly while Sherlock worked on more cold cases, made some tea and by ten he was too exhausted to keep his eyes open; Sherlock helped him to bed and they lay together for a few minutes, kissing and holding hands before sleep was to strong and took John first. Sherlock left him to sleep and went back to the living room to send Lestrade his notes on a few cases; by midnight he was ready for bed.

As he lay awake for a few moments watching at the ceiling, he reflected on the day. He was happy, like he had never been, not even his experiments made him as happy as watching Rosie sleep; but he was tired too, she was a full time job, he had no idea how John managed almost on his own for over five months; no matter how many people was there to help, he was always behind on something, might it be studying, sleeping, eating… living…

He closed his eyes and relished on John’s warm body next to his and took a deep breath, at the same time, John moved closer, putting his arm over Sherlock’s stomach and pulling him close, inhaling deeply and sighing happily, fast asleep. Sherlock couldn’t help the smile that spread over his face, he put his arm around John and kissed his temple, relishing in the smile that appeared on John’s lips and the soft mumble of his name.

No, it wasn’t a bad beginning; actually, it was a great one.
Meet the Watsons

The night prior, John had called them and they agreed to come for lunch at their flat. They started the day by asking Mrs. Hudson to help them with Rosie while they went shopping for lunch with the Watsons. Sherlock was nervous and he tried all he could to distract himself, from doing a half an hour research on brands of salt to a full on strop in front of the beef and chicken. John managed to get all they needed in the meantime but had to go back and find his lovely genius having a break down in front of the ice creams.

Once they left Tesco, John hoped for Sherlock to be more relaxed, he could see his jaw tightening as time went by, resolving it was the last time he would put Sherlock to the tiring and trying aisles of Tesco -as Sherlock so eloquently put it- although he knew it was about lunch with his family. In the walk back home, Sherlock’s mood went further south and he complained about the weather, hour of the day, the brightness -or lack thereof- of the sun. John simply shook his head and rolled his eyes, concentrating on his own nervousness.

Rosie was crying her eyes out when they arrived to Baker Street. Mrs. Hudson looked desperate as she explained that the little girl had cried from the moment they left, Sherlock huffed and muttered an “I knew we should have taken her” under his breath -not really- which made John smile in spite of his own worry and bad mood. Sherlock took the baby form Mrs. Hudson and thumped up the stairs muttering sweet nothings and calming her immediately; John was left to follow him carrying the shopping bags.

With Rosie settled comfortably in her carrier and snuggled close to Sherlock’s chest, they moved to the kitchen to get lunch ready; every ten or so minutes John would check his clock and would glance anxiously at Sherlock who seemed more relaxed, but the tension was evident in his jaw, his back, his hands, the way he moved as if uncomfortable with his clothes, as if they were itchy, or how he passed trembling fingers over his already tousled locks to hide the hand tremors.

Promptly, at one o’clock, the doorbell rang and John could hear his mother’s muffled voice from downstairs when Mrs. Hudson opened the door and introduced herself as their landlady. His heart jumped in his chest and he glanced nervously at Sherlock.

“How would they react to him? How would he react to them?” Sherlock smiled and was as polite as his education provided, shaking hands with Mr. Watson and kissing Mrs. Watson cheek.

“Mister Watson, Mrs. Watson, it’s a pleasure to see you again” Sherlock smiled and was as polite as his education provided, shaking hands with Mr. Watson and kissing Mrs. Watson cheek.

“See us again” Henry Watson asked, quite confused by the affirmation.

“Sherlock was the consulting detective that solved…” John waved his hand in the air and let the news sink in.

“Oh” Julia Watson gaped at her son. The silence that fell between them was deafening. John looked
at Sherlock, begging with his eyes for him to do something

“This way, please” Sherlock led them to the sofa “May I offer you something to drink? Water? Coffee? Perhaps some tea?”

“Water, please” Julia Watson muttered as she held her husband’s hand, trying to bring him out of his astonishment.

Sherlock put Rosie on the ground and fetched water for all of them; he looked at John, not knowing what else to do. Thankfully, Rosie broke the ice by calling John loudly “Daddy” she screeched and then giggled, showing John her latest great deed, taking off her socks and wiggling her toes. Sherlock let out a sigh of relief and the conversation started flowing around Rosie and what she’d been doing.

At the table, she kept amusing her grandparents by being part of the conversation, babbling and trying to put more food in her mouth than in Sherlock’s hair, shirt, trousers, nose… well… Sherlock patiently fed her, smiling broadly at the little girl and enjoying her gushing about everything and nothing. Julia looked at them amazed at the way Rosie acted with Sherlock, if she liked him… kids usually are good at judging people and the way they are.

“How long have you been together?” Henry asked his son, his eyes focused solely on Sherlock and Rosie.

“Two months yesterday” John muttered “I know it’s soon. Pa” Henry looked at his son, it had been years since he called him that “But it feels so right” John sighed and smiled as he watched Rosie smearing some of her apple sauce on Sherlock’s hair, Sherlock’s laughter filled the kitchen along with Rosie’s giggles.

“He was the kid with the police, the one rattling information” Henry’s brow was furrowed as he recalled the day Mary died, almost six months ago.

“Yeah” John beamed at the memory, even though it was a sad one “He works with the police, he has a friend there and helps him with cases. Right now he’s working with some cold cases and has solved a few already” John said proudly “He’s been accepted at King’s College to study a Master’s in forensics” He smiled widely “He just finished his chemistry studies in Oxford.

“Wow” His father whistled “That sure is impressive” He looked at Sherlock again and watched his wife’s fascinated face as she talked to him “How old is he?”

“Eighteen” John puffed his chest with pride.

“What about you?”

“Me?” John looked quizzically at his father.

“School, friends, everything, haven’t seen you in a long while” Henry sighed sadly.

“Everything’s fine” John shrugged “Bill and Mike are fine, helpful as ever, Sherlock’s sister, Eurus is a wonderful friend, so are Molly and Greg, the police officer that works with Sherlock” John continued talking “Sherlock’s parents are a great help, they take care of Rosie every single day, and now we have Mrs. Hudson, the landlady” He explained “As school goes, I’m doing great, keeping my scores and my scholarship, just been offered to be the captain of the rugby team, and received a letter from the RAMC, telling me that my practices have been programmed in the next couple of years at Sierra Leone” He did a quick recount of his life.
“I’m proud of you son” Henry patted his back “Sorry for not telling you before” He closed his eyes and took a deep breath “You’re a great man, son” Henry smiled at him, an apologetic smile “I’m sorry for everything” John shook his head but Henry stopped him “I talked with your Mum yesterday” He looked at his wife “she said that if we didn’t get our heads out or our arses we might never see you again” John gave his father a reassuring smile.

“It’s all fine, Pa” He chuckled and continued watching the way Rosie interacted with Sherlock.

When lunch was over, they bathed Rosie bathed and sat for a couple of hours talking about everything they could talk about, John’s parents promised to visit Rosie at least once a week, help with her over the weekends when they needed it, and to participate more actively in Rosie’s upbringing, going as far as to help them with Mary’s parents and having the baby visit them.

It was past eight when the Watsons made their way out of the flat, leaving and exhausted couple to fend with an over exited baby. They had to bathe her again to try and relax her with a scented bath; they read to her, Sherlock played the violin for over twenty minutes while John read her two Winnie the Pooh stories. It was after nine when she finally fell asleep; but they still had a flat to clean before starting all over the next day.
Okay... So... I just got a new job (FINALLY!!!!) but it means now I have no time to post, much less to write. I'm taking pen and paper (creativity may hit at the most random moments) and I promise I won't leave you hanging. I've already written ten more chapter to this story, and hope to write ten more by Sunday before I have to leave the city. I'll upload all I have by Sunday morning and hopefully by my return to the city I'll have more material for you.

This story won't be too long, maybe sixty or seventy chapters (WHAAAAAAAT? NOT LONG???? WTF??? I know! As i wrote, not TOO long). I hope you're enjoying it, not finding it too boring.

Love the kudos and even more the comments. Thank you all for reading, Love ya'll and happy Sherlock

Life the next four months went by pretty much the same. John was working and had been accepted to work at Saint Bart’s, better pay than at the surgery; he had rugby practices twice a week and helped Sherlock with a few cold cases. Sherlock, on the other hand, had managed to get Lestrade a raise and a better office and the offer for a promotion if he continued the good work. He helped him solve crimes and chase criminals.

Life was busy, raising a baby, studying, going to university, working part time jobs and having a healthy relationship. In spite of barely having time to eat or sleep, they managed to have a date day every week, going for Chinese, to Angelo’s, sharing a night out, for the sake of their relationship.

Things were going smoothly, but the work load increased the more John got involved at the hospital and the more Sherlock helped Lestrade with cases. They created a routine for those days; John managed a schedule that permitted him be with his little family for several hours every single day, and Sherlock would try not to work on fresh cases when he was in charge of Rosie. They both had agreed not to leave Rosie more time than necessary with their parents, they accepted their help whenever it was offered, but tried to parent their daughter as much as possible.

Rosie’s schedule was what moved them, crime scenes, shifts and nappy changes were programmed to the clock and they tried to keep the routine for their sake. Sherlock would help John with his readings, getting him journals and checking patient files, whilst John would help him with cold cases and real crime scenes. If they both had to leave the flat, Mrs. Hudson would be more than willing to help them with Rosie, and when not, there was always Molly, and even Eurus and Jim would come and help them.

At some point, the always concerned Mycroft made his appearance at their flat, only to find the most heart-warming image one could ever imagine; the three of them sleeping on the sofa, Sherlock holding John close to his chest, his head on John’s head, his arm holding him tight. John slept soundly, snuggled at Sherlock’s chest, his nose in the crook of his neck, one hand resting protectively over his stomach and the other holding baby Rosie closely. Sherlock’s other arm over Rosie little stomach, they both holding her close, all three fast asleep,

Mycroft felt calmer after the visit, a big weight lifted from his chest. His biggest worry was that
Sherlock might find domestic life boring; he had seen him at his best and at his worst, and quite frankly, he couldn’t help but worry and think about the time his brother might do something stupid, put at risk the life he had created and blow things with John, harming them in the way. He had to admit to himself that he was wrong, that Sherlock had found what he needed, even though he complained of being bored when a week passed and he didn’t have a case, or when John’s wasn’t around and Rosie was at her grandparents.

Mycroft followed them closely; he had time to get to know little Rosie and grow attached to her; John was unique and Mycroft could see his brother becoming a good man, he knew it was John’s doing, the way he doted on his brother was fantastic, exactly what Sherlock needed. One thing nagged him, though, the lack of physical… activities… between them. Anthea handed him a full report on their non-existent sexual life; he was willing to humiliate himself and find about what was happened between them, but his questions were answered a few days after his impromptu visit and the image he couldn’t shake from his memory, though he also had it well-hidden on his mobile.

He heard a conversation between John, Mike and Bill, one night they visited the happy couple.

“So…” Mike was looking at John with serious eyes “Has he popped your cherry yet?” He barely managed not to laugh. John blushed and bit his lower lip, looking away from his friends. Mycroft knew that John told them everything about his one night stands.

“Why?” Bill’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

“I don’t want to rush things with him…” John fiddled with his fork.

“Rush things?” Mike snorted “After six months together you don’t want to rush things?”

“Sherlock will tell me when he’s ready” John crossed his arms over his chest “I don’t want to rush him, besides, we’ve been very busy” John took a deep breath.

“Busy?” Bill laughed out loud, his whole body moving with his laughter “That’s the worst excuse ever” He shook his head and rolled his eyes.

“We’ve been busy” John repeated “Managing Rosie, my shifts at the hospital, his cases, school…” John rested his head on his hand “It’s as if the urge is lacking…” John smiled “I can’t wait to be with him, actually he makes it really hard not to be physical, but he keeps me quite satisfied” John chuckled

So… No sex?” Mike was astounded

“Nope” John shook his head “But I’m happy with the situation. I know that when it happens it will be…” John took another deep breath “spectacular” he whispered and had a dreamy look on his face.

“So you’re waiting” Bill was astonished, knowing John the way he knew him...

“As long as Sherlock needs to… I’m not doing what that fucker did” He huffed angrily “He was his friend when they were young, since they were five, he was supposed to be in love with Sherlock, but he made a bet with some idiots and started a relationship with Sherlock just to fuck him over and then dump him…” John could barely breathe, his anger rising “I’m not risking our relationship because my balls are blue” That made Bill and Mike laugh out loud “Besides, when it happens, I’m not telling you, those days are over” He grinned wickedly.

“Mate!” Bill’s brow furrowed and looked at John with mocked annoyance.

“Not a peep” John shook his head and chuckled.
Mycroft sighed, relieved, not because his brother wasn’t having sex, though in a way he was glad he hadn’t rushed to it, but because John loved his brother enough to not force or rush him; he was willing to wait, as long as needed, for Sherlock to be ready and take that step in their relationship.

He was also aware that they lacked time, that John had shifts, Sherlock had cases, Rosie was their priority, and they also made time for school, work, friends, family… life… Between cases, shifts and nappy changes, they were on the wait.
La vie en Rosie

Chapter Notes

I know!!! You few but faithful probably hate me right now, but I got a job! I'm super excited! I'll tell you all about it in another fic, as soon as I have more free time. Thank you for hanging with me and this story. I'll give you all I can this next couple of days before I leave again. Love you all and happy Sherlock! G.

In the meantime, Sherlock and John raised Rosie, created a routine that worked for them as a little family that was growing together. Being so young they didn’t have much rush to live their lives, they wanted to grow together. Their routine consisted on Rosie waking them up early in the morning, they both getting her ready, whenever time gave them the opportunity; that is when John didn’t have a night shift or Sherlock hadn’t been working on a case. Having breakfast together, no matter how tired they were or how much John wanted to sleep or Sherlock to keep working, they’ll have breakfast with Rosie. After breakfast a quick clean up, followed by Sherlock filling charts about her progress and John taking photos for the baby album.

Past ten in the morning, Sherlock would take her to the park, accompanied by the inconspicuous black sedan and Mrs. Hudson, they would play for an hour, feed the ducks, then he’ll teach her about anything and everything, helped her walk, talk and enjoy the morning. They would return to the flat by noon and feed her once again, having lunch the three of them, if possible. Whenever Sherlock is on a case, John would take Rosie to the crime scene to get Sherlock, and whenever John has a shift, Sherlock would visit and share lunch with him at one of the benches in the park next to the hospital.

The afternoon usually means nap time, potty training or a change of nappy, a quick clean-up and a change of clothes; a bit of chamomile tea with honey and a two hour nap, helped by the music Sherlock has recorded for her. After nap time, she would spend the afternoon with her grandparents, the Holmes, the Watsons or the Morstans, at least three hours every single afternoon, giving a bit of a rest to their young parents.

Rosie is the centre of their universe; they work around her and for her. Sherlock is always thinking of new ways to improve her skills, being reading or playing for her for hours, showing her pictures and teaching her words, complicated words. So far, Rosie has learned to say “skull”, “forensic” -though it sounds more like frensic-, “laboratory” -but in her little mouth sounds like labotory- “femur” -feemu- “anatomy” -tatomy- amongst others. John simply chuckled at Sherlock’s attempts, but admires both of them, Sherlock for teaching her and Rosie for learning such difficult words.

John on the other hand, was adamant on teaching her to be well behaved, polite, caring, loving. She would say “pease” and “thanks” whenever she asked for something or received something, she would say “hi” and “bye”, she would be quiet when told so and would listen to her grandparents, the most amorous little girl ever; the only person she would misbehave with will be Sherlock, who would allow her to do whatever she wanted, especially when she would call him “my daddy”.

Life with her was like a dream, a very hectic dream. Sherlock was lost in love with her, just as much as John, charming, sweet, little girl that would melt them with one look; but as much as they loved her, the little respites of time they got from taking care of her meant a lot to them. Having even a few
moments of silence apart from the squealing baby that got excited with an ant as much as she did with the buzzing lights, was something to look for.

Yes, they love her to pieces, and they both know that having her in their lives makes everything better, worthy of any sacrifice; because as Sherlock so eloquently put it once, while he washed all the mashed potatoes from his hair “life will be dull without her, John”

“Dull? Am I that boring?” John mocked hurt, gasping and putting his hand to the left side of his chest, rubbing slowly his thundering heart.

“Never, my love, but if it hadn’t been for her we might have never met” Sherlock cocked his head to one side and smiled shyly.

“I would have found you” John beamed at Sherlock and kissed his chin, just a brief touch of lips that electrified them both and left them breathless, staring at each other with want, need, lust and love.

But as many times, Rosie was the cause for the spell to be broken and the magical moment to be over; not a squeal, a cry of pain that had them both rushing up the stairs to her bedroom, to find her struggling with the sheets and rubbing her tummy.

Not for the first time, morning found them at the hospital, whether it was because Sherlock ran into a knife, a fist, a knee or a foot, or because John had a night shift and Sherlock would pick a sleeping Rosie and took her to get John back from work; but this night was different, Rosie was ill, nothing truly worrisome, but something that kept them on their toes for long hours.

The tummy ache -which soon escalated to full vomiting and fever- was diagnosed as rotavirus. They stayed with her in hospital for a few hours until the doctors had calmed her down; after that, they each took turns to stay up with her while the other rested for the next four days. No cases, no studying, no working, just Rosie. Their entire life is wrapped in hers.

And so their days go by, watching the tiny human being getting bigger, growing steadily and surpassing everyone’s expectations with her cleverness and the way she learns, understands, accepts and loves unconditionally. They are amazed by this little girl that has turned their lives upside down, that has made them better people just by trusting in them blindly, trusting that they’ll be there for her.

When the rough days were finally over, they left the flat and took her to the park. They walked, each taking turns to carry her, and appreciated the liveliness she was showing for the first time in about a week, enjoying her excitement when she pointed to a “birdie”, and the way she clapped excitedly when she saw the few birds left in the skies that last day of September. They were glad their little girl was feeling better, back to “normal”, and just a few days before her first birthday and their seven months together.

They don’t see life through a pink glass, but through Rosie’s eyes.
Sweet surrender

Chapter Notes

I give what you probably been waiting for the last 30 chapters, some fluff! LOL, not too smutty but here goes nothing...

First times -spectacular first times- belong in books, to literary romantic heroes. The veiled, yet somehow arousing descriptions of how a hand travels up and down a leg and finds its way back to a backside or to a nape, are just part of embellished romantic stories from the nineteenth century, or part of salacious, erotic novels that can be quite descriptive of a sexual, turned romantic, encounter between two bodies -usually a man and a woman- that finally unleash their passions.

The way the lovers find themselves breathless with longing and desire, and somehow find heaven in their release, must be part of fantasies created by writers that long for a memorable night of pure and undiluted lust and love. They have to be, because right now, Sherlock feels as if he’s escaped from a romantic, salacious and lascivious novel, because his first time with John -amazing, beautiful, wonderful... not enough adjectives to describe him- Watson, belong in a romantic novel, to be guarded, saved for posterity in the history of humankind, as the most wonderful, most amazing, most incredible, simply the most... -not enough adjectives to describe it- first time in history, written or otherwise.

He can still feel John, in every crevice of his mouth, in every curve of his body, in the tips of his fingers, in every muscle he tries to move and smarts a satisfactory ache, in the tingling of his skin and in that dull, soft, yet still present stinging in his... he can’t help the blush... oh, the wonderful sensation that has rendered him unable to think beyond what happened last night.

He groans inwardly, not wanting to wake his bed mate and tries to roll -but all he can roll without feeling it in his entire body- are his eyes, as he realizes how flowery he’s just been. Thinking like a swooned maiden that has been kissed for the first time by the chivalrous gentleman she has been in love for the last 29 chapters... He wants to berate himself for being so sappy, but he can’t help the giddy sensation run down his entire body whenever he closes his eyes and feels -simply feels- what John has done to his body.

They talked, every single day, about their expectations, their needs, their dreams and fears; and even though all they wanted was to ravish each other, they decided to wait, the time will come and it will be perfect. Sherlock had to admit he was scared -terrified is more like it- but he wanted John more than he ever wanted anything in his life; he had no idea how to propose to John to move forward and rush things a bit; he wanted their first night at the flat to be their first night together, but exhaustion got the best of them; after that, there was always something, a case, a night shift, or a day shift, school, practices, family visits, friends coming to study or to visit, and there was always Rosie...

Rosie, the apple of their eyes... Oh how many times had Rosie interrupted what could have become their first time... Since the beginning, they had stablished a routine, with her, with their families and friends, with everything and everyone, and between them; but one day, things just shifted; Sherlock caught John masturbating and couldn’t help but stare until John came with a quiet cry of his name. After that, Sherlock became a voyeur and would just watch John pleasure himself, knowing that his presence fuelled the fantasy.
They bathed together, showered together, slept naked, shared small touches, but nothing truly sexual except John’s masturbatory sessions. The need was there, increasing with each passing day, but at the same time, the respect for each other, the knowledge that it will happen in time, and the fact that they already shared more intimacy than sex could bring, kept John happy and Sherlock relaxed.

Sure, the kisses were heated, the touches felt like fire whenever a hand ran over a leg or an arm, every single touch and kiss leaving a tingling sensation at the base of their spines, but they waited, patiently, lovingly, happily. John was sure that if he waited, when it came it will be the best experience ever, Sherlock was certain of the same, even though the wait was becoming less pleasant and uncomfortable, and a few times quite embarrassing, because of certain dreams Sherlock was having, opening your eyes in the middle of the night and finding yourself sticky, wasn’t something he found as pleasurable as the lasting sensation of a fulfilling orgasm.

And then, it happened, Christmas Eve, nine months and six days after they got together. They’d just put Rosie to bed and were about to share dinner when a drinking accident happened, Sherlock spilled his wine over his shirt because he got distracted by John’s question about their plans for Christmas day. He pulled his white shirt over his head and went to the kitchen to soak it. John was looking at him with a hungry expression that left Sherlock breathless.

Suddenly, John’s hands were on him, fingers running down with feather light touches from his throat to his navel, touching Sherlock’s body reverentially, scorching touches that outlined Sherlock’s newly formed pectorals and abdominals -all the boxing and running-; John looked up, not a question, not asking, just looking, and Sherlock nodded, imperceptibly, a slight movement, a bounce of his raven like curls, and John’s mouth was on his, greedy, hungry, incessant, asking for entrance, which Sherlock readily granted. Then there was a little push as they walked to their bedroom, never breaking the kiss, John’s hands reaching for Sherlock’s body while Sherlock fumbled with John’s shirt buttons.

They bounced on the bed together, arms and leg flying in every direction. Sherlock chuckled and John laughed, grinning at each other they locked eyes, and this time, John’s eyes asked for permission and Sherlock agreed with a slight nod. John started kissing him, his eyelids, his cheeks, his ears, and then he concentrated all his efforts on his neck, going down until he reached Sherlock’s navel; slowly, he opened his trousers’ button and slid the fabric down Sherlock’s long, pale legs, followed closely by his briefs. Standing, John took a look at the beautiful creature on the bed, his want reflected in his eyes and his cock.

His hands slid up Sherlock’s legs, followed by his lips, up to his thighs, to the crease between his thigh and his groin, slow, teasing kisses that left Sherlock breathless.

“How far?” John asked with a husky voice.

“What?” Sherlock breathed out, confused by the question.

“How far you want to go?” John travelled up, getting ready to give Sherlock whatever he wanted.

“As far as you want to take me” Sherlock answered without hesitation.

“We can go very slowly” John breathed over Sherlock’s nipple.

“I want all of you” Sherlock arched his back, needing John’s touch “in me” Sherlock exhaled loudly.

John moved up to kiss him until they were both breathless and he reached for what he needed on his bedside table, he took the lube and condoms but Sherlock stopped him and threw the condoms box away. John looked at him quizzically and Sherlock simply shook his head “Just you” he whispered
against John’s neck.

John took his time preparing Sherlock, he did it slowly, knowing how much it might hurt if he wasn’t ready enough; he had experience with that. He shook his head to get rid of the memory and concentrated on his lover, the gorgeous man that trusted him with his life, his body, his soul, and most of all, his heart.

Very slowly, very softly, he got Sherlock ready, arousing him enough to keep the experience pleasurable but not enough to have him come before everything started; one finger, then two, then three; in, out, in, out, slowly, softly, getting the most arousing sounds from Sherlock’s mouth, Everything was silent except for the sounds Sherlock was making, turning John on, more and more with each passing second.

John removed his fingers from Sherlock and prepared himself, he was ready to come, so he took a few steadying breaths and thought about dead bodies, infectious diseases, terminal illnesses, as he covered his length with lube. He managed to keep his eyes open as he entered Sherlock, looking down at that gorgeous face contort with pleasure. The first breach left Sherlock breathless and John stopped himself from thrusting deep and fast, letting Sherlock adjust to the sensation.

When Sherlock relaxed and let out a long breath, John pushed deeper and soon was fully sheathed inside Sherlock’s body, the warmth wrapping him like a blanket. Sherlock adjusted and tilted his pelvis, and John took the hint and started to move, soon creating a rhythm of their own; slow, soft, tender, caring, loving, soft breaths and touches, slow thrusts and whispers of kisses wherever they could reach, words of love shared with a melting sweetness.

The build-up was there, growing steadily with each movement, until John hit that sweet spot and Sherlock arched his back, a low cry of pleasure leaving his lips that spurred John to move faster and thrust even deeper, hitching Sherlock’s leg up his waist with his arm and moving in him with the need to consume Sherlock until they were fused into one being, wanting to climb inside him and never leave him, wanting to make this moment last for ever.

John had never felt this way, so full and so complete, so right and so happy, immensely so, it was as if all this time he had been deprived of all his senses and now was able to feel, see, hear, taste, smell for the first time in his life, all his senses heightened, feeling Sherlock’s short breaths on his neck, his fingers tingling with the feel of Sherlock’s skin, his mouth swollen, tasting Sherlock’s lips, neck, tasting his sweat, smelling that sweet smell that belongs only to Sherlock, spicy, yet so much like honey, hearing Sherlock moan softly and call his name with every thrust, hearing the reverence, the need, the love.

He could feel Sherlock quiver around him, he hit that sweet spot once more and Sherlock was coming, untouched, with a cry of his name dying on his lips as he tried to breathe, John followed suit, one more thrust and he spent himself inside the willing body under his, the ecstasy making his body tremble, tremors that died when Sherlock ran a hand over his back and whispered a low “My love” in his ear.

He felt exhausted, sated, exceptionally so, but he didn’t want to move, he wanted to keep the connection for a few more precious seconds while they both recovered their breaths and their heart rates went back to normal. Foreheads touching; lips ghosting over lips; sated smiles and that dull ache of their muscles after a great exertion; John’s hands running over Sherlock’s body as Sherlock’s hands roamed over his back and neck. John slipped out, making Sherlock wince, but one smile and John relaxed, knowing Sherlock was fine.

The silent communication they had shared since they met became clearer, more intimate; more certain. One look, one touch, one smile, just the movement of a hand and they would know how the
other was, that familiarity now heightened by the union of their bodies and the way they had shared each other. Sherlock sighed happily and John couldn’t help but feel his chest fill with joy and he laughed, hard and loud, a bout of laughter that had Sherlock laughing along, happily.

“I love you” John whispered and pulled Sherlock close to his chest, kissing the mop of dark, slightly auburn, yet raven-like curls, Sherlock looked up and ice blue met dark blue “I love you” Sherlock breathed out, slowly, savouring the words. They kissed and allowed their bodies to move and do what they now knew they could do; this time it was rushed, frantic, two bodies coming apart together, sliding over one another and falling to the void with muffled cries of their names.

It was a sweet surrender, and they both were more than willing to fall apart together. Sleep found them in a tangled mess of limbs, arms and legs, fingers, mouths, dark curls and sandy hair. Food forgotten; nothing needed more than each other and what had just happened between them; that sensation of fullness and completeness filling their veins and making their hearts beat as one.

That night, Mycroft debugged their bedroom.
Not a freak.

Chapter Notes

I work 21 days a month and have only 7 to rest... Sorry for not updating as much as I should but I'm writing in my free time and publishing as soon as I get home. My work is away from home and have little communication with the world outside. Thanks for sticking with me. Love you all and happy Sherlock!

After their first night, sex became a part of their everyday life, being a quick hand job at the shower in the mornings, a hasty hump on the sofa in the afternoon while Rosie napped, or full on sex whenever the opportunity rose, taking their time to love each other in the way they did. If only life could be just about them in their bubble and the wonderful sex they were having; but life got in the way and they had to make do.

John was halfway on his third year, he was as busy as expected of a third year medical student; this meant that he had less time to spend with his little family, long shifts, long study hours, lack of sleep, amongst others, gave them little time to be together, but they tried their hardest, taking advantage of the little moments they could share.

As for Sherlock, he was also halfway on his studies at King’s and was trying to manage his schedules, John’s, Rosie’s and his work with the police; his life with his little family was relatively easier than his life at school; yes, his teachers were impressed and were talking early graduation, but his peers were another thing; he had made a few friends, some he had worked with at the police, others knew him and John, but there were a few idiots on his way, Phillip Anderson the most renowned, jealous of Sherlock’s age, ability or whatever, he made Sherlock’s life a living hell.

John found out through a couple of friends that this “Anderson chap”, as some of his friends referred to the moron, was harassing Sherlock; even though John was annoyed, there wasn’t much he could do, except support his beautiful boyfriend -tell his brother in law, even though Sherlock had no idea he wanted to propose- and reassure him that he wasn’t a freak, that he was clever, a genius and that he had earned the right to be where he was. Sherlock tried with all his might not to listen, not to care, but being with John, since John, he couldn’t be as cold and hard as he once was.

“You’re not a freak, love.” John was running his fingers on Sherlock’s curls as they sat together on the sofa sharing Chinese

“I haven’t done a thing to that man, he’s an arse” Sherlock pouted.

“Sure you didn’t deduce him?” John chuckled and Sherlock furrowed his brow, looking up at his boyfriend with an offended expression “Sorry, love.” John looked contrite.

“I did deduce him.” Sherlock sat up and pouted, looking away from John.

“What did you say?”

“The truth” Sherlock shrugged.

“And the truth was?”
“That he’s an idiot” John tried not to chuckle “We had to work on an analysis and the moron got it all wrong. I kept saying to him what he should look for, but he refused to listen” Sherlock huffed “It was simple, he just had to check the hands of the victim” Sherlock shook his head, dislodging John’s fingers again “He asked how I knew, so I told him I knew the same way I knew he had failed his exams twice and if he didn’t pass this time he would be out of the programme”

“And he started harassing you before or after?” John had to check his facts before he punched the lights out of Anderson.

“Before” Sherlock whispered and he bit his lower lip, looking away “He was friends with Victor” Sherlock muttered and John could feel anger flowing like boiling lava in his veins.

“Don’t worry, love” John pulled him to his lap and held him close “You just keep on being brilliant and we’ll show him who the freak is” John winked at him and kissed him softly.

A few days later, Anderson was invited to work with the Police at the Yard, to his surprise; Sherlock was invited to work on the case too and he thought he might have an opportunity to show off, and while at it, to show the “little frigid bitch” who was boss. Suffice to say, his plan backfired and John got what he wanted, he punched the lights out of Anderson.

The case was easy, in the Sherlockian scale of cases it was a five, and all they had to do was check facts. Greg, already used to the rapid-fire deductions Sherlock made, had his team assembled in such a way that every single one of them knew when to step away; that is, except green Sally Donovan and the new Forensic specialist, Philip Anderson.

They arrived to the crime scene and most of Greg’s team vacated the premises as soon as Sherlock and John arrived; he did his magic, looked around, stooped down, looked at the body, touched, smelled and much to John’s chagrin, tasted a few things. He started rattling information to Greg when he was called out, John followed to get the call from Mrs. H; it might be something about Rosie, and Sherlock was left alone with the body and the evidence.

“Hello, freak” Sally entered the room and looked at Sherlock with disdain “Why are you here?”

“I was invited” Sherlock ignored the jab and continued looking for clues, he had the case almost solved, it was the usual, a spat between friends, things got heated and the murderer acted in the heat of the moment, blunt force trauma to the head and then rearranged the body to make it look as if he had fallen on the shower.

“Why?” Sally distracted him from his reverie and he just looked at her, inhaling deeply and nothing her scent. In that moment, Anderson walked in the room and stopped dead, looking from Sally to Sherlock.

“Ah, Anderson” Anderson narrowed his eyes and looked at Sherlock with disgust “Girlfriend left you alone again?” He sniffed again and got a wicked look in his eyes.

“What are you talking about, are you inventing stuff about me again?” Anderson approached Sherlock, and he stood taller.

“Oh, no, not at all” Sherlock grinned and sniffed again “I just realised your deodorant has a very musky scent” He took another deep breath.

“My deodorant?” Anderson looked confused.

“It’s for men” Sherlock tried not to grin.
“Of course it’s for men! I’m wearing it!”

“So is Donovan” Sherlock took another deep breath and tried to hide his smile behind a huff of disgust at the smell, taking great joy in their befuddled expressions.

“Oh, you freak!” Donovan shouted and Anderson walked closer to Sherlock.

“You, frigid bitch” Anderson held Sherlock by his collar and Sherlock looked at him impassively. In that moment John made his appearance and walked in the room.

“Excuse you?” He said in a low voice, his temper about to burst.

“Who the hell are you?” Donovan tried to stop John, but one look told her she better scurried out, or else; she froze on the spot and stood there unable to say another thing.

“You were saying?” John’s voice was low, menacing, he had that smile on his face that made Sherlock cower and want to look for refuge.

“This is between the freak and me” Anderson pulled on Sherlock’s collar once more; before he knew it, John had turned him and punched him right in the middle of the face; Anderson stumbled on his feet and his arse hit the floor with a loud thud, he grimaced and before he could understand what had happened, John was on top of him, grabbing him by the collar.

“You listen to me, and listen clear” John pulled him closer “You so much as look in his direction and you’ll find, in the worst possible way, who will end up being the frigid bitch” He whispered close to Anderson’s face “Be warned, Phillip Anderson, fuck up once more and you’ll wish you never met him” He let go of Anderson and walked to Sherlock, standing next to him before addressing Donovan “And you” She looked at him “Call him freak again…” he huffed, closed his eyes and turned to Sherlock “You okay, love?” Sherlock nodded “You’re not a freak, my love” John crushed him in a tight hug; Sherlock was trembling from arousal, unable to control his body any longer “Sure you’re okay?” Sherlock nodded again.

“Take me home” Sherlock whispered in his ear, low voice, filled with desire that made John shiver. John simply grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the crime scene. Greg looked at them quizzically and John just shook his head. Sherlock looked at Greg and mouthed “Laters” Greg couldn’t help the chuckle and when he saw Anderson, he understood what had happened.

Three hours later, Sherlock checked his phone; he had a message from Greg


Sherlock read it out loud and John smirked “Come here, my gorgeous genius” John pulled him for yet another kiss before ravishing him once again.
As I told you, my work hours are crazy, I work twenty one days each month and have only seven days free... @-@ (I know!) which is why I update every month. Thank you to my few but faithful followers for the patience and for reading this silly fic. I love you all and Happy Sherlock!

Months went by and life became sweeter than it had been, now that sex was part of their life; they got a new way to get to know each other. Sherlock was amazed, every single day, by how much he ignored still about John, every single day he got to discover something new about his lover, his boyfriend, his best friend, his flatmate, the student, the future doctor, the father… the man. Sherlock could sit, for endless hours and watch in fascination, how John moved, when he reached for their cups in the morning, how he made breakfast, the way the muscles on his shoulders shifted under his shirt, or how his legs looked under his scrubs. Sherlock also observed the way he talked, the way his lips quirked when he talked about something he liked, or how his lips would give away his anger, disgust, frustration, at something he couldn’t solve or understand, how his eyes illuminated whenever he saw Rosie, or that special smile he had just for her, but Sherlock would find that every day, John had a new gesture, a small twitch, a slight frown… there is always something, something new, exciting and marvellous about John, and yes, Sherlock could watch him, in fascination, for endless hours.

John also could spend hours watching Sherlock, endless hours of watching this sweet man sleep, the way his face would tell him everything while he was unguarded in his sleep. He looked younger, fragile, sweeter, his features smooth and soft, those lips pursed in an eternal “kiss me” way, riotous curls spilled over their white pillow cases and limbs, so many limbs clinging to him, soft breathing on his neck, and those eyes, when open, amazing eyes that looked at everything with wonder, curiosity and so much knowledge at the same time. Sherlock’s eyes fascinate John, he could spend endless hours watching those eyes shift colour with every passing hour, how they looked in the middle of the morning while looking after Rosie, a luminous blue when the sun was up, or a soft green when the light was just right and muted. Unfathomable eyes that looked at his soul and smiled, smiled! at him! whenever he was near or close; the same eyes that got lost behind dilated pupils in the throes of passion.

After their encounter with Donovan and Anderson, John’s display of masculinity had them exploring each other, in as many ways as possible, they’d been exploring their bodies, their needs, and most of all each other’s kinks and fantasies, quite often, it must be said. Sherlock wanted to be… subdued… by the though rugby captain and John wanted to be marvelled by the scientist and his knowledge. They explored role playing; played doctor, teacher and student, strangers… they would find new and ingenious ways to spice their sex life, although, if given the choice, they enjoyed sweet lovemaking.

They had also been exploring their relationship, talking about the future, about Rosie, about where their relationship is going. They talked about Sherlock finishing his doctorate and where to send Rosie for day care, her schooling and schedules. They also talked about John’s career, his work, and most importantly, his military career. This still was a sore subject and it usually went undiscussed, but since Mycroft proposed to Alicia, they’d been talking about marriage.
And John had been thinking -for a while he had been thinking about the same thing-: the thought surprised him in the least expected moments, could be his morning shower, while feeding Rosie, while he was in the middle of a class, or during a practice, visiting a patient, while in rugby practices, while he was on the tube or when he walked from Tesco back home. He would smile at the thought, a huge grin that illuminated his entire face; most times he would have to school his features, mostly because people would ask him what was funny about a disease, or if he thought a patient needed such a huge smile when he was giving bad news.

His wayward thoughts got him a bit of trouble a couple of times, mostly because he would freeze in the middle of a sentence, an answer, a procedure; lately he’s been concentrating harder on controlling this particular thought, this line of thinking that left him breathless, uncoordinated, and happy as hell. Mike caught his eye one afternoon, he had taken to walk around the park near Bart’s to relax before classes and he found John standing in the middle of a walking path, smiling at the void, a huge grin on his face and his eyes dazed, lost somewhere or in some memory. Mike snapped him out of it by calling his name and John focused on his friend.

“Mike?”

“Hey mate! You okay?”

“Yeah” John smiled, his mind wondering back to last night and how he had to contain himself to not pop the question while they were doing the dishes. “Jus’ thinking” He played with his jacket zipper.

“Haven’t seen you for a while” Mike protested jokingly and John half smiled.

“Been busy. Mind everywhere” John shook his head as he found himself visualising Sherlock once more.

“How’s the family?” Mike started to walk with John and followed him to wherever he was going.

“Great, so great” John’s smile went from wide to impossibly wider and Mike just chuckled, he hadn’t seen John this happy since… well… ever…

They ended up in the morgue at St. Bart’s. Molly was there, she’d been working as a junior assistant for the last four months and she received Sherlock there in a regular basis. He would go to perform experiments when he had cases. Most of them, experiments that required equipment too dangerous to have at home -although his mother had offered to “buy whatever you need, honeybee”, he had to refuse- for Rosie’s sake; now the remodelling was underway at 221C, but still, he couldn’t bring himself to accept the mass spectrometer his brother had offered…

When John entered he saw him there, sitting at one of the stools, in front of a microscope, his riotous curls falling everywhere around his lovely face, a frown on his brow and that look that said to John he was “busy now, John” and John just stood there, watching him, the way he moved his hands, those beautiful hands that had been all over him last night, John shivered at the memory; his unfathomable eyes rapidly searching for whatever was under the microscope lenses, his pursed lips, beautiful pursed lips that had kissed him… oh how had they kissed him… and then a bit of tongue rushing over his plush lower lip… oh the tongue, swirling, licking… oh dear god! John took a deep breath that made Sherlock look up, his eyes locked with John’s and they simply started at each other, Sherlock’s smile could illuminate the world and John somehow knew that there was no better time than the present.

“John.” Sherlock breathed and smiled broadly.

“Marry me.” John said and watched as Sherlock’s face went through a myriad of emotions at the
same time, from joy to utter disbelief, followed by shock and then realisation, all within a few seconds. Sherlock stood quietly, not saying a word, looking like a deer in headlights, John worried; it seemed that he wasn’t even breathing.

“Sherlock?” John tried and Sherlock’s eyes moved rapidly, much like when he was on a crime scene inside his mind palace.

“So?” Sherlock croaked and John smiled.

“Yes?” He bit his lower lip, unable to contain his glee.

“You mean?” Sherlock took a deep breath.

“Yes” John nodded and showed all his teeth in a huge grin.

“Cons first?” Sherlock’s hand trembled and he left the pipette and walked over to John.

“No cons.” John shook his head and reached for Sherlock’s hand “So?” He looked up to ice blue eyes and felt himself fall in love all over again.

“Yes…”

“William Sherlock Scott Holmes, will you marry me?”

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