

## A Physical Deduction

**Author:** CK

**Rating:** PG-13 / T

**Summary:** Sherlock has a lot to learn when it comes to physical encounters - and John finds himself teaching, more happily than he'd ever have expected it.

**Disclaimer:** Leave it all to the BBC, Mark Gatiss and Steven Moffat. I'm just playing with them (if only...) and promise to give them back healthy and in one piece.

**Author's Note:** Sequel (more or less) to my story "Proving A Point". You can read this as stand-alone; you just need to know that in this first story a kiss happened due to the presence of mistletoe. I won't mind you reading the 1st story, though ;)

Ever since his very first kissing experience as a youth - he was not older than fourteen - John Watson had always thought of kisses as something precious - so precious that it should be done as often as possible, as you never knew when it was the last time, and when it came to kissing, John really didn't want to waste one single moment. He used every opportunity for a lip-lock, savoring the deeply satisfying feeling this always so intimate gesture gave him.

Never would he have expected it to become some sort of a routine one day. But it was exactly what had happened.

A mistletoe had started it all; a mistletoe and certain people from the Yard playing their own version of truth and dare. All that had made John very spontaneously kiss his best friend. But from there, nothing went as spontaneous as it had begun.

Had someone told him he'd once kiss a man - really *kiss* - he would have laughed and declared the person crazy. John had never had any interest in the same sex; he saw himself as a ladies' man. Even if the ladies tended to disagree at times.

When Sherlock Holmes came into his life, it all changed. *Everything* changed. There suddenly was only one constant: His flatmate. This genius with his uncanny ability of observation which told him every last little detail about a person; the man no one really got along with, except for a very few chosen ones, even though John didn't know what chose them.

To him, John feared, Sherlock Holmes was forever going to remain a mystery. As much as he learned about the man, he never felt he knew quite enough. Yet it was what fascinated him most about Sherlock. This, and his talented, nimble hands that easily arranged all those experiments; his lean, sinewy body that moved as smooth, elegant and quick as that of a cat, whatever they were doing; his face that looked so much younger than its owner actually was; and that brain of his, intelligent, clever, highly knowledgeable, storing away so much information, information everyone else would deem unnecessary, but for him was essential.

And then there was his unique personality that left the majority of people around them unable to deal with him - except for him, John. Somehow he had managed to learn to get along with this strange man. He had learned to accept habits that should annoy him, but usually just - secretly - amused him. And he had become best friends with him.

If Sherlock had been a woman, John would have long since admitted that he was slowly but inevitably falling for his flatmate. To his mind, trained to believe in male-female relationships for the last four decades, seeing that Sherlock was a man this shouldn't have been a cause for further thoughts, much less anything else. But as time passed, there was a truth that manifested itself, and it became harder to ignore a fact that scared him, but also gave him an odd sense of inner peace.

This wasn't about gender preferences - this was about a *person*. It was the person Sherlock Holmes John had, at some point, started to feel attracted to. It didn't matter anymore whether Sherlock was a man or a woman. He

wasn't sure he would ever be able to explain it - he wasn't even sure he understood it himself. All he knew was that Sherlock had become a part of his life he didn't want to miss ever again.

So whatever happened, he went with it. Cases, chases, hell, even being poisoned. For all Sherlock did, John trusted him so much one probably shouldn't trust another. But this man, different from anyone he had ever met, had changed his life so much, and in a good way. Now he wasn't going to stop whatever else he'd change.

After, on Sherlock's request, the mistletoe had been bought - which had cost the flatmates some effort, one wouldn't believe how hard it was to get a proper piece of this winter green - it got its place over the threshold between living room and kitchen where it hung until it was replaced with a plastic one after the holidays. Of course the intention was clear - whatever it was they had started during that pre-Christmas case, Sherlock wanted it to continue.

John never gave it a second thought whether he forgot it on purpose or really just genuinely fell for it every time again - but Sherlock always managed to get him to stand beneath the mistletoe. No matter what John did, somehow he repeatedly ended up on this threshold. Sherlock never did anything then; he just and waited. Only his eyes showed his eagerness and desire for another lip-lock, and John wasn't the one to deny it.

The genius loved kissing. It was like an experiment that bore new aspects every single time; sensations, emotions, sounds, tastes. The way the younger man reacted also had made it clear to John that Sherlock had no experience whatsoever; his thorough exploration of the act and effect of kissing told its very own story.

For reasons he had long since given up trying to find reason in it brought John great joy and even comfort to teach Sherlock. It was never more than kissing; not even much touching, apart from their lips, was involved, much less anything else. Only weeks after their first kiss John started a careful attempt to include his hands, closing them around the other man's upper arms or shoulders. He felt Sherlock's initial irritation; but also how he quickly accepted the new sensations it added to their encounters.

John had no idea where this - *they* - were heading. Was this always going to be a kissing experiment? Would Sherlock one day get bored by it, like it happened with so many other things? Were they a couple - were they in love? Would it continue to develop? And how far was John ready and willing to go?

After knowing Sherlock Holmes for quite some time, he could imagine the younger man showing no hesitation when it came to even more physical aspects of a relationship. It was, after all, and even though he rather didn't want to think about it now, the next logical step. And when it came to Sherlock, it was all about logic; as long as there weren't emotions involved, his friend wouldn't stop at anything he assumed.

Days and weeks went by and nothing happened. Nothing new, at least not to John. They kissed, and they touched hesitantly, but only whenever they met under the kiss-demanding plastic twig.

To the outside world and during cases, they were still nothing more than two friends helping out the police; whatever happened between them stayed in the privacy of their shared flat.

Much to John's surprise, from the people at Scotland Yard who had witnessed the first kiss came no other reaction than genuine bewilderment. It didn't take him long to figure out that while almost everyone had teased them about the nature of their relationship, not nearly as many actually believed that he and Sherlock also had a romantic connection of sorts, or at least a physical one. Despite his obvious friendship with John nobody held Sherlock capable of any kind of interpersonal relationship.

It wasn't that John wanted this little detail to change; he didn't even know *what* they were, so the last thing he needed was people asking - and talking - about it. Him and Sherlock talking, however, he really would have welcomed. His friend, as it seemed, not so much.

Actually, John had stopped counting their kissing encounters for his personal analysis and given up hope to once have a few words on the seriousness of their situation by the time his friend, on a quiet, case-less evening that found them both sitting in their flat, asked a question. One John instantly knew was going to change things.

"John... is it true that kisses to the neck stimulate the sexual partner?" The older man frowned at the out-of-blue enquiry; the newspaper he'd just been reading came in handy to win him some time and progress not only the words, but also their indication. Slowly he let the paper sink and folded it; only when it was a neat package, he took a deep breath and replied.

"It depends on what the person likes, but yes, for most people it is an erogenous zone that lets them respond."

"But how is one supposed to keep up stimulation when lips aren't touching anymore?" The older man could only do so much to keep a straight face when a chuckle bubbled up inside him. Sometimes he felt less like a lover--

*Did he really consider himself to be Sherlock Holmes' lover?!*

-- and more like a father or older brother. But really, he rather not went down that road. Things were complicated enough already. Freud would have had a field day with the two of them.

"Trust me, when your neck is an erogenous zone, you won't give lips a second thought," he went for a simple answer; he could have explained in detail how it all worked, but without physical examples - so to speak - it didn't make much sense to him.

With that, the conversation was over as soon as it had begun. Sherlock nodded and turned his attention back to whatever experiment he was working on, and John was left to deal with his own reeling mind.

Sherlock's question - the whole idea it had brought up - didn't leave him. In quiet moments he wondered about it, and whether his friend had ever considered exploring instead of just asking about it.

"John, would you please pass me my phone? It's on the mantelpiece," turned out to be his cue, even though the doctor didn't know it right then, in this moment on a rainy Saturday afternoon - about a week after Sherlock's question. The younger man was sitting at the living room table, typing something on his laptop; as usual he was too busy to fetch his mobile himself. This time it was different though - because when John approached Sherlock, phone in hand, temptation got the better of him. His friend's long neck, exposed by his dressing gown that had slipped a bit from his one shoulder, just asked to be kissed, and putting down the mobile next to Sherlock's laptop, John placed his lips on the soft skin before the other man even knew what was happening to him.

Sherlock never made any noises. Whereas from everyone else the occasional groan, moan or sigh would have been heard - and that included John himself who didn't exactly hold back when it came to *voicing* his pleasure - Sherlock remained silent. His breathing became louder, heavier, but other than that he was almost awfully silent.

It had bothered John in the beginning; he had feared that Sherlock didn't feel anything at all during their kisses, and that they'd forever - or as long as they'd go - remain experiments. Only later on he noticed certain changes that expressed how much his friend enjoyed their little encounters.

When John turned the neck kiss idea into reality, there also was no sound; but definitely a reaction. The consulting detective's fingers outright clawed into the table's surface, knuckles turning white from gripping the wood so hard. He remained stock-still, and the only reason John stopped his ministrations after he'd just found the pulse point and started caressing it with his tongue was that he feared Sherlock would pass out from hyperventilation.

He was restraining himself; that much John then understood. Despite everything, Sherlock still didn't seem to feel comfortable with openly committing himself to what probably was an unexplainable joy to him; a distraction from his ever-important work. Obviously it was all still just a scientific study to Sherlock, nothing more; or at least he didn't want it to be more.

The day John realized this became also the one he decided something had to change.

When Sherlock next caught him under the mistletoe, John gave the other man's lips only passing attention, before he almost immediately moved on to his neck. He even, bold as he felt, pushed aside jacket and shirt collar so he'd have easier access, and dared to not fasten his hands on Sherlock's arms as usual, but instead found his friend's waist to hold on to, to keep him close and occasionally rub up and down his sides in a reassuring caress he for some reason felt was necessary.

To say it brought results was an understatement. Suddenly John's plan - he never knew he had - to teach Sherlock had become a challenge to make the taller man lose control, surrender to his feelings and physical needs where he usually was so controlled.

Desperate hands found John's shoulders to keep its owner upright when his knees buckled; skin heated up and breathing became ragged. Instinctively John walked Sherlock backwards till his friend's back hit the nearest wall, never once refraining from his attack that had him kissing and licking and sucking the other man's skin, all the while he pressed him against the wall, to feel his body, to make Sherlock feel *him*, and to prevent his friend from losing his footing.

Sherlock's skin was soft; that much he had noticed before. Even at this afternoon hour, cheeks and chin didn't greet with stubble one would have expected and John knew he himself had. Instead there was only smoothness, a face obviously well taken care of, when he let his lips wander upwards again, accompanied by one of his hands, entangling itself in thick, dark hair, messaging Sherlock's head while lips found their equals again in a passionate kiss.

Everything that had been hesitantly explored before John now brought together in what could only be called an attack. Gently he nipped and suckled at the other man's lower lip, then pushed his tongue past Sherlock's by now swollen red cushions and started to play a passionate game with his partner's tongue, before he used it to tickle the roof of his mouth by sweeping across it, once, twice, thrice--

And this was the moment John, for the first time, heard a sighing sound from his companion's throat. As caught up as he was in their kiss, it nevertheless made him listen up, and so he also noticed how it was right away muted again. For John reason enough to leave the mouth and give his friend's ear some attention, carefully nipping at the earlobe while Sherlock shuddered and once again suppressed the sounds of his arousal.

"No, don't stop," he whispered, his breath grazing the delicate shell, earning him another vibration that went through Sherlock's whole body, "Let me hear what you feel." But when he was about to continue nuzzling his friend's neck, he felt him froze, his whole body becoming rigid.

"What?" The normally so confident consulting detective's voice was weak and breathy; he sounded far away, as if he didn't really hear, or notice that they were talking to each other. Which had also never happened before.

"Be vocal, Sherlock; you don't need to hold back."

"I... don't understand." John sighed, but then smiled. He tended to forget that for everything Sherlock knew, this was definitely an area where explanations - and teaching - had to start from scratch. His friend wasn't one of those guys who'd just never gotten a girl because girls weren't interested, and therefore had to resort to self-education by watching porno movies. This was a man who got offers - so many John caught himself feeling jealous, even though he rather didn't analyze of whom - and was completely uninterested. He may be aware of the concept of procreation, but not of the satisfaction, desire and pleasure it brought; at least not in any detail.

"When you're aroused, when something feels good during... kissing - you can voice it. This is... I can't explain it Sherlock, but you have to stop holding back. Give in. Don't suppress what your body wants to express."

He was standing so close to Sherlock that he could see every single emotion in his friend's eyes; memorize every detail in these beautiful, intelligent eyes, usually of a fascinating mix of color, but now almost black. He took a moment to savor the opportunity of seeing an unmasked side of his best friend and maybe-lover, before he once again claimed his lips and now properly locked his arms around the other man's body.

And finally, for the first time and in the middle of the kiss, Sherlock allowed himself a deep moan, the freeing effect it had on his friend not lost on John when he felt his partner's body relax entirely, before they both sank to the ground, their legs eventually giving in to their mutual pleasure.

END