

## **Meanwhile, in 221B...**

Author: CK

Rating: up to P16

Summary: Just little ficlets and snippets from John and Sherlock's everyday life.

Disclaimer: Steven Moffat & Mark Gatiss may please keep that show and consequently keep doing all these brilliant things they do with it. I'm just playing a little.

Author's Note: Being as old-fashioned as I am, I don't think a piece of writing under 1000 or 500 words qualifies as story. But ever since I came across Tumblr, I've caught myself writing ficlets of such length (uh, \*shorth\*?). I don't want to post them as single stories; so this will be my collection of ficlets inspired by Tumblr posts, fanart, and basically everything else that can be inspiring.

This can and will have everything in regards to a category (fluff, h/c, angst, humor etc.), but it sure will always be Johnlock. Ratings may vary and/or change.

If you like, send me prompts. No guarantee that I will fill them, though, my muse and mind are a bit stubborn at times.

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## Our Song

He was disappointed. So disappointed. But was he surprised? He shouldn't be. Really shouldn't. This was Sherlock Holmes, after all. And when you chose genius detective Sherlock Holmes as best man, you had to face the possibility that he wouldn't turn up - because some damn case was more important than the wedding of his best friend, and because he didn't care about weddings anyways, as he'd made quite clear.

John sighed. At least he had Mike, who had, with a knowing smile, agreed to stand in for Sherlock. Now was really not the time to be angry; not when his soon-to-be wife was about to walk down the aisle.

A smile - one he didn't entirely feel, despite this day being the happiest in his life - firmly in place he faced the church doors Mary would enter through any second now.

But when she eventually did, John wasn't looking anymore.

The moment the doors opened, music started to play - as expected. But not from the church organ.

A single violin accompanied Mary's way down the aisle.

A few steps to his right he stood, John's best man, *best friend*, playing Mendelssohn Bartholdy's Bridal March, and John stared at him, open-mouthed, dumbstruck, not believing his eyes.

Even when Mike nudged him to look at approaching Mary again, he still couldn't turn his head. Too much he feared - yes, actually feared, he realized with a start - his mind betraying him, and that this beautiful illusion would be gone the moment he looked away.

"John," he suddenly heard a so well-known and yet unfamiliar voice when the song had almost ended. It was a fight against his own muscles when he heaved his head back around to where it was supposed to face, and looked at Mary, who was regarding him questioningly.

Right. This was really not the time to think about Sherlock, or his complicated relationship the genius.

Turning around to the waiting priest, Mary's arm linked with his, he stole himself one last side glance at his friend, now standing next to him. Where he belonged.

*This was the time to marry the love of his life.*

<http://lizthirose.tumblr.com/post/63458191499/wutsons-sherlock-playing-his-violin-at-johns>

## Wedding Vows

*This was inspired by a prompt I read on LJ - unfortunately, I can't find it anymore; I can't actually remember what it was. It is not based on the prompt or a fill; just something that came to my mind. Sorry if I bent (book) canon.*

"Why?" The voice sounded bored and uninterested, as if he wasn't even really listening. But then, when was he?

"Because... well... never mind why, just do it for me, okay? I need someone to stand before me and listen to it, saying it to a mirror or empty room doesn't work. Besides, you're my best man; it's your job to help me with that."

John was standing next to Sherlock, hands on hips, while the detective sat, quite unimpressed and not even looking up, at the desk, typing away on his laptop.

"I'm hardly the right person to evaluate such a speech, John," his friend replied, voice still having the same absent-minded tone.

"I don't ask you to *evaluate*; I only ask you to *listen*. Come on, Sherlock, I thought we were friends!" At that, the detective looked up, then slowly turned his head to the side where John was standing. Just as slow he stood, and followed John to the middle of the room. For a moment they looked at each other, then the detective nodded.

"When we first met, I wasn't the most appealing man on Earth. Probably not even in the room. I was a lonely and miserable soul, and really not the best company to anyone."

*// There were too many people in the room, and he really didn't want anything but turn on his heels and walk back out. Maybe he wouldn't even make the effort to turn. Everything was cheery and happy and colorful, and it didn't match his mood in the slightest. But Mike had thought it a good idea, and he really needed to meet other people again; he been a loner for too long. //*

"But you just smiled at me, you winked and gave me your number, and you made it clear that you wouldn't let me go again."

*// She was the literal, and very cliched, presence to light up the room. She turned when he strode the room, walking nowhere in particular, and gave him a challenging look before she began to smile. Oh, that smile. A smirk actually, a deeply meaningful smirk that only pulled up one corner of her mouth, and yet shifted her whole expression. It reminded him of someone, but he couldn't remember who. She greeted him with "Hey there, handsome." out of the blue, winked, and then pulled out a piece of paper she thrust into his hand. "I expect you to call me, and don't you dare not to." With that, she turned back to the people she had been talking to. //*

"I didn't actually need our first date to know that I wouldn't let you go again either. I believed you to be an enchantress, because it had to be a spell you had me under, right from the beginning. Until I realized it was the spell they call love."

*// Her apartment was in the suburbs of London, a nice neighborhood, and not the cheapest either. She was not one of the poorer of the city; she did well in her job and came from a rather influential, wealthy family. He immediately felt at home in her flat, though she wasn't very much on the side of tidiness. Not that he wasn't used to that. //*

"I still don't know how I deserve you, but you made, and make, my life better. You took a misanthrope and gave him the most amazing rollercoaster life, you taught him to laugh again, to love again."

*// They raced the streets of the city, chasing each other, running high on adrenaline, before coming home and making love out of excitement. They made the silliest things, took the most amazing journeys, and met the most extraordinary people. They had the time of their lives, a never-ending adventure, and before long they knew they had to have this till the very end. When he fell to his knee once their cabin of the London Eye reached its highest position, she didn't even need to hear the question to yell Yes at the top of her lungs. //*

"Whatever happens, I want to be at your side, because without you, my life will be forever incomplete. I love you."

John's eyes had been glued to the piece of paper in his hands, eager to read it all out correctly so he could memorize it at the same time. But as he spoke the last words, he lifted his head to face the man standing before him, the man who served as a substitute for the woman he loved, as a stand-in for the one person he would hold this speech to at the church the following day.

And then in the moment his eyes met Sherlock's, everything he had said, everything he remembered of his time together with his soon-to-be wife was overlaid by memories of a whole different kind, memories of a life many years ago, of excitement and madness and danger and so much fun. It crashed down on him, everything he had sought and found, but suddenly he couldn't distinguish anymore with whom.

"I love you," passed his lips again, without him realizing he had even drawn breath to talk, or opened his mouth.

FIN

## Sharing

*Not really inspired by anything, safe for the beautiful Sherlock and John fanart that shows up on my dash now and then. Mostly, however, written for Sue. Not much of a balance, but I hope it helps ;)*

"Sherlock?"

"Yes, John?"

"What are you doing?" A sigh, one of the *please don't tell me you're not recognizing the obvious variety*.

"Going to bed. I'm tired."

"Yes, but... why--"

"You're always nagging me to sleep more."

"True--" Voice and word laced with protest.

"Have you suddenly changed your mind?"

"No, but--" Still dumbfounded.

"The why are you inquiring my actions?"

"Because it is my bed." A pause.

"You never clarified where you expected me to sleep."

"Well, in *your* bed, obviously."

"It's occupied. And yours is big enough for both of us." The long legs tangling with shorter ones, the lean body pressed against a slightly more round one, a face buried in another's neck, and one bed occupant's hands flattening on the chest of the other original owner's proved that not even the narrowest single bed would have been too small.

"But--!" A kiss on a shoulder - with silencing effect.

"Sleep, John."

And he did.

FIN

## **Rightful possession**

*I'm actually sorry for that. ... Well, okay, no I'm not. I just couldn't resist.*

"John," Sherlock said, his voice very calm, "would you please take your hands off it?"

"But Sherlock--"

"No, John." He sounded like he was explaining something to a little child. "We talked about this. You have your own. There is no need to use mine."

"I know, but yours is much bigger and better and--"

"John."

"Why is it such a problem for you when I use your dic--?"

"Because I've seen yours and you're obviously now capable of properly taking care of it."

"But it's just a--"

"It is much more, John. Now please, just use your own."

"Fine." And a grumbling John vanished through the door that led out of the living room.

FIN

->> <http://believe-in-johnlock.tumblr.com/post/62503121682/cumberbatchitis>

## Crime-Rated

*This idea came to me when I was watching ASiB again.*

The ringing sound only slowly penetrated the sleep-induced haze his mind was happily floating in. Too tired he'd been when he'd finally fallen asleep a few hours ago, exhausted and heavy-limbed. Reaching for his phone on his nightstand turned out to require much more effort than he was actually willing to invest at these early Saturday morning hour, but then he thought was it still better than risking the phone disturbing the pleasant quiet any longer, or even repeatedly.

"John? It's Greg," he heard DI Lestrade the moment he finally picked up, not even having the time to wake his vocal cords for a greeting first. "We've got a case. Dead body at the tube, missing his feet. Do you know where Sherlock is? He doesn't reply to my messages."

"Greg, it's seven on a Saturday morning. Did it occur to you that some people might still be asleep?" John outright grumbled, but in that moment he couldn't have cared less about politeness.

"Yeah, sorry mate, thought you might be; not Sherlock though. But since I can't reach him..." Hardly suppressing a groan, the doctor let himself fall back into the pillow from where he'd been leaning on his elbows.

"Listen... I tell him, okay? What was it again?"

"Body, male, no feet. Was found him on the tracks about an hour ago; in the tunnel, not directly at the station. Someone put him there, no blood trail, and he wasn't dragged along by a train." John listened with as much attention as he could muster, then shook his head.

"That's barely a six. You know he never leaves the house or even gets up for less than a seven."

"Don't dismiss it too quickly--"

"Look, I tell him and let him get back to you, okay?"

"All right. Thanks, John. And sorry again."

"Yeah, no bother." As soon as he'd hung up he put the mobile aside, once again sinking back into the mattress.

"You were wrong," a voice beside him murmured, still sleepy, "that's not even a six. A five at most."

"You're just saying that because you don't want to get up." A snort was all he got as an answer. "It's a case, Sherlock. And it does sound interesting." This time, there was no reply, but instead a long arm sneaking around his body.

"It's your fault. You drained me of my energy." For a moment John wondered if his company was serious - not that it would have been surprising - until he felt a smile forming against his skin where Sherlock's cheek had come to rest. John laughed.

"I remember that *you* were the one who was insatiable." The hum against his chest was immediately answered by heat spreading through his body.

"I still am."

And John had barely the chance to even think of a comeback before hot lips sealed his own in a hungry kiss and a lithe body with eager hands covered every last inch of him.

FIN

## The Next Step

Result of that picture prompt: <http://cylin-aka-ankamo.tumblr.com/post/62640619659/the-kiss-s-john-what-do-you-want-im> --- I think this bunny ran a bit away with me. Or from me. -.-

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*Still not gay. He was still not gay.*

Never before in his life he had felt the need for a mantra to play over and over in his mind, just to convince himself of something he'd known for years anyways. He'd ever since been self-assured enough to be able to forego such means; he knew who he was, what he liked, what he wanted.

Months and years of loneliness after one had lost their best friend did funny things to a person's mind, though. First and foremost, it got one thinking. Too much, too often, too long. Thinking about shared moments, made memories, passed adventures, survived dangers. Thinking, and reconsidering. All those things he'd never paid attention to before because they seemed too unimportant to waste time on them. Or maybe because he just didn't want to give them any further thought, didn't want to contemplate their meaning.

For John, it had been all those moments, the small things, he'd shared with Sherlock. When they were together, when they ran together, fought together, laughed together. Moments of the strangest kind of domesticity that yet was perfectly normal.

In the end, *still not gay* proved to be right; because he wasn't. He looked at men he passed on the street, met at a pub, in the supermarket, in the park, and felt nothing. Nothing at all. He looked at women and there sure was this spark, this old spark he was so familiar with, and that felt right, because he'd never had anything else. And then he thought of Sherlock, looked at his picture, and there was something entirely else. More than a spark. More than affection for a friend. More than attraction to a unarguably beautiful man even.

Instead it was something that broke his heart into a thousand pieces.

Three years he lived, *existed*, with the assurance that nothing would ever be as it was during his time with Sherlock. Three years he believed his heart would never heal. He had an affair or two, one even aspiring to be a promising relationship. Mary was a nice woman, and she accepted his pain, his mourning, but ultimately his tormented soul resisted a commitment that would have made both of them unhappy.

When Sherlock returned, he knew he ought to have gone crazy. Later on, he really wondered why he didn't. It was too much to take. He had seen comrades, friends, return after they'd been believed and declared dead, and it had torn his insides apart time and again, because mourning and happiness, crashing together in those moments, were such a volatile combination.

Sherlock suddenly standing before him, his best friend he had believed, but never quiet, lost forever - it had taken him days, if not weeks, to work through all the emotions, the surprise, anger, pain, joy, fear, even disgust for what his friend had done to him. But in the end, relief won; relief and another feeling he had struggled to define for a while.

Until this very day.

They were back at 221B, Mrs. Hudson only too happy to welcome them in the old flat again. The way his friend was stretched out on the couch, like he'd done *before* as well, conjured up all kinds of feelings inside of him, one of them the yet nameless one; the one that now made him rise from his seat and approach the head end of the sofa.

"John, what do you want?! I'm thinking!" Sherlock immediately dismissed when John leaned over him, his hands placed carefully on either side of the younger man's head, and instead of giving a snarky reply he just smiled fondly.

*Well, Sherlock. Deduce,* John thought, then leaned down and caught Sherlock's lower lip between his, slightly



nibbling, suckling, until he heard the other man moan into his mouth. Slowly he let go again, but remained close, sharing Sherlock's uneven breath.

"I - Oh God, John," he whispered, a sound that made John shudder pleasantly, "I hav- nev- I... Oh God." His voice got lost when the doctor once again pressed his lips against him, and awkward as it was, facing each other like this, it also gave an incredibly alluring prospect.

"Shh, Sherlock, don't worry, I will not hurt you," John murmured against Sherlock's lips. He heard the younger man make a disapproving sound in the back of his throat then, most likely to protest against the sentiment - as inexperienced as Sherlock may ever have been, he was no idiot, and he sure didn't want to be treated like one. But John wasn't a fool either. Even if Sherlock was a master of pretense, the trembling that had taken possession of his whole body he couldn't conceal.

To emphasize his words, John brought up his hands to caress the other man's cheeks, have his fingertips graze the area just below the jawbone, tickling it almost and immediately having Sherlock lean into the touch. He was aware that he was causing sensations that were hard to understand for someone who had never been treated to them, and John wanted nothing more than for Sherlock to relish in them.

It were no kisses yet they shared; it was only the touch of lips, a tongue dancing over full cushions before slipping between them, just a bit, just probing, just making a presence known he yet planned to let much more feel of. He first felt, then saw Sherlock's hands fly up, grabbing at thin air, fists clenching und unclenching, the movement of his arms causing the dressing gown, tied loosely, slip open a bit to reveal a bare chest beneath.

"John," Sherlock moaned into his mouth then, and the doctor's temptation got the better of him as he began to walk from behind his friend's head to his side, never losing contact, soft kisses placed all over that handsome face, until he was able to sit down next to him on the edge of the sofa. Just a bit he pulled back, just to catch a glimpse into the younger man's eyes that now opened, leisurely, eyelids no doubt heavy with his body's need to *just feel*.

"What are you--" Sherlock started a last attempt at reasoning, explanations, deductions, but John wouldn't let him.

"The right thing," he replied, as if it explained everything. It did, for him, and he hoped it would be the same for the man he planned to make his. There was doubt and trust, fear and curiosity in his friend's eyes, and it was all John needed as reassurance when he brushed his thumb over Sherlock's lower lip, then opened his mouth with a gentle tug at his chin.

He was past tender exploration and careful testing. He fell against Sherlock and sealed his mouth with his own, entangling their tongues in a passionate dance he led and his partner followed, hesitation gone, a willingness to learn setting in. The sensation of having a muscular chest instead of soft breasts meet him was odd, but right then nothing he would have wanted to give up for anything more familiar, but so unimportant.

As their lips' encounter grew more desperate, a longing revealing itself in touch and contact, John climbed atop Sherlock and pressed their bodies together, meeting him head to toe. It didn't take long before he noticed a certain hardness against his belly, and to his own surprise, it was the most erotic thing he'd ever felt. I was another man's arousal, ready and waiting, asking for attention, and he found himself more than willing to give just that. Forevermore.

*But he was still not gay.*

Because it weren't men. It was just Sherlock.

Always Sherlock.

FIN

## Too Late

A Tumblr post (<http://marcespot.tumblr.com/post/64743606249>) made me aware of something that was said during the 2013 SDCC panel. This is what my mind came up with. Not even remotely funny, contrary to what, according to Steven Moffat, the actual scene will be like, but I had to write it anyways.

"John."

Voices coming from beyond the grave didn't exist. They were simply a figment of imagination, the mind's way to deal with circumstances it couldn't understand. Pain, terror, shock. Grief. John Watson had often heard that voice, that rich and soothing baritone, in the past three years. Those years he had spent without his best friend; years that had crawled by ever since Sherlock Holmes had died. It was a voice that used to say horrible, insulting things at times, and the most amazing ones at others, and that never failed to calm him down in moments when desolation threatened to overwhelm him.

"How dare you come back now." He wasn't even sure it was real. He wasn't sure the figure standing in the doorway was there, and wouldn't just vanish when his heart and soul, in permanent uproar because they had never fully accepted the truth of his loss and fought against it ever since, decided to settle for a deception his rationality refused.

But then the person began to move, - the tall, lithe human being with serious and honest eyes, with boyishly dark curls, with ridiculously full lips and ever-fascinating cheekbones that came together to form features John had been strangely intrigued by from the very first day on - approached him without vanishing into thin air, as he should have, as visions always did the moment one had the chance to touch them, and John knew with agonizing and yet delightful certainty that this shadow of a hope he'd clung to for too long was real.

*He was real.*

"You are alive."

"Yes, John," the voice once more washed over him; and there was this well-known tone, this hint of disapproval for stating the obvious in it, and it was the last confirmation John needed.

"I stood at your grave and I begged you not to be dead. Do you hear me? I *begged* you!"

"I know," Sherlock had the nerve to reply calmly, "I was there."

"You wer--" John drew a shaky breath, and closed his eyes for a moment. His stare was hard and cold when he focused it on the detective again. "*You... were... there,*" he tried to assess the fact, tried to grab its meaning by understanding it word by word. "You were there and you--" Another pause, and a headshake. "You were there and you didn't, just for a moment, consider to let me know you are *alive*?!"

"I couldn't, it would have interfered with my plans." The doctor simply gaped at him; his brain taking, for his taste, too much time to process what he had just heard.

"You *plans*? And which--" Another lungful of air he sucked in, seeking a calming effect. And it helped - to a degree. Dangerously low was his voice when he continued, a humorless smile pulling at the corners of his mouth. "Which plans, if you don't mind my asking, kept you from telling your *friends* that you weren't dead? Kept you from being a selfish bastard?" The younger man flinched slightly at his last words, and John registered it with smug satisfaction.

"I had to assure that Moriarty's criminal network wouldn't continue to exist after his death. I couldn't allow for anyone to know that I wasn't dead; I may not have been able to disassemble this organization otherwise. Unfortunately it included causing you distress, for which I am sorry."

"You are sorry? You bloody arrogant son of a--" And there it was. A slip in his self-control. The inability to stop his words from turning into motions. John had always prided himself on being able to control himself, to rather fight verbally than physically; he'd done enough of the latter in his years in the Army. Never was he to lay a finger on family and friends; he ought to have protected and defended them, not hurt them.

But Sherlock's words, delivered as emotionless as ever, caused rage to flame up inside of him - and his fist to land a punch on the other man's face before he could even register his own failing composure. Sherlock looked irritated enough, a small cut showing on his lower lip, an angry red mark appearing almost immediately on his pale skin.

"I *mourned* you. You were my... I needed... I..." He knew he didn't need to finish the sentence. And he couldn't either. Too busy he was with swallowing his tears, his anger turning against himself at an instant for his inability to control his emotions - especially in front of one Sherlock Holmes.

But then he saw it. The flicker of guilt in Sherlock's eyes, brief, gone in the fraction of a second, but it had been there. Just as there were endless tales and explanations pouring from same eyes now, exasperated illustrations of events, clarifications of behaviors and actions that didn't believe needed justification, for they had been well thought through, and they had been done for the right reasons.

And still, for maybe the first, even the only time in his life, Sherlock Holmes was betrayed by his tongue.

"I was afraid you could get hurt. I was afraid to lose you." He had said it quietly, barely audible; admitting weakness, confessing sentiment. It had been a low rumble of voice, a humming sound that affected John so deeply that he couldn't even begin to understand it. But he understood the words.

John *understood*. Finally.

It was his heart reigning over his mind. It was his body acting up, leaving his head powerless. It were his hands framing his best friend's face, pulling it close, and his mouth claiming the other man's lips.

It was a kiss his life depended on.

If he'd been conscious enough of what he was doing, if he hadn't just acted on feelings, on desperation and relief and anger and something else he didn't dare to name, he would have actually wondered about Sherlock's reaction. He would have wondered about why there was a reaction, how the consulting detective, forever uninterested in any kind of relationship safe for his friendship with John, fell into the kiss as if it was the most natural thing in the world. He would have wondered why Sherlock let it happen, didn't push him away, complaining about unreasonable actions. He would have wondered how Sherlock knew exactly how to kiss him back, how to make his knees weak, rob him of his breath.

If he had been able to think, he would have never wanted to think again.

But once more his mind betrayed him. Once more he simply ignored everything, everything he felt and wanted and longed for. He reveled in the kiss, in having Sherlock close, have him back in his life, have the man he needed so much with him again. Have him for one stolen moment.

A moment that was over too soon.

Slowly he detached himself, took a step back, and turned to the door.

"I'm getting married next week."

And then he left.

*\*runs and hides\* Sorry?!*

## Agreements

"John?"

"Mhh?"

"Can you please stop thinking?"

"Why?"

"Because you're concentrating on something very hard, and it is a bit disturbing."

"Disturbing?"

"Yes. You've known me long enough. It shouldn't surprise you." John raised an eyebrow at that, but then only chuckled.

"Guess not. Sorry. I was thinking about Christmas Eve five years ago."

"The one with Mrs. Hudson, Lestrade and Molly?"

"Yep. Was a nice one." Sherlock contemplated John for a moment.

"Would you have rather had them with us again this year?" Now it was for John to give Sherlock a thoughtful look. Silence stretched between them, before the doctor began to smile.

"Nah. Mrs. Hudson seemed so happy to see her family again, and I'm sure Molly and Lestrade don't mind having a bit of alone time." He smirked at Sherlock. "Can't say I'm not with them on that. I definitely prefer it this way. " With that he pulled the blanket a bit higher as he snuggled into his partner's side and felt Sherlock's arm tighten around him.

*Merry Christmas :)*

## I'll Be Seeing You

*Inspired by this post - gif as well as comment below, because I don't think I would have seen Sherlock and John without it: <http://theadventuresofholmesandwatson.tumblr.com/post/71338143687/dreamwithbenny-its-a-love-story-i-love-this>*

Solitude felt welcoming when you were able to match it with emptiness inside your heart. One year ago he had taken up to long walks through endless fields and forests, striding along, aimlessly, until tiredness would force him to return home. Life moved on, the world moved on, and so did he - pretended to, made himself believe the same. Only in these moments, these hours when his feet carried him further away from a truth and a loneliness he could never escape, he allowed himself to acknowledge that in some way, he'd always remain and never leave behind what he knew he needed to.

The sun had gone to sleep already, dived into her nightly home below the horizon, and left the world under a glowing blue but somehow darkened sky, in this weird condition they called twilight and he had never quite understood.

It was quiet, so quiet; no wind howled and no bird sang; not even the rustling sounds his shoes made on the grass he heard. All his ears picked up where his own thoughts, whirling around in and outside his head, in a thousand voices, talking, crying, screaming, laughing, whispering. But listen he only did to one. Just one. One so familiar, one missed so much. He recalled it; he knew he mustn't forget it. It was all he still had; all that was left.

He'd been walking for hours again; passing through London's streets until grey beneath his feet changed to green, until noises of streets and people muted down, until the deceitful warmth of the city gave way to the blunt cold of nature. Out here, nothing would disturb him; out here, no one would try and break through the walls of memories he build up around him in moments when the pain of his loss became unbearable.

Nothing was supposed to meet him in these moments when he sought comfort in the past.

And yet, this very evening, a figure standing there, right in the middle of the field he was walking through, caused him to freeze in his step. He wanted to turn around and head away - and then he wanted to run, just run - to the stranger who was no stranger at all.

"You're here," he heard himself say, a shocked and confused sound, raw and barely above a whisper.

"Yes. But I'll be gone again soon." The voice washed over him like a warm shower after a day out in the cold rain, soothing and warming him.

Sherlock looked different. Gone was the familiar perfectly tailored suit, the always-perfect appearance; he was wearing a leather jacket and jeans, and stubble spoke of at least two or three days without shaving. He looked tired, concerned, worried; there was this old sadness, but also a new kind he hadn't seen yet.

"I miss y--," he forced out, but his voice failed him before all words had passed his lips, and he rubbed his face in frustration.

"I'm sorry. I never realized--" He had never heard Sherlock be so unsure of his own words; it was a novelty he would have appreciated a year or two ago, but that now filled him with dread and fear.

He couldn't look at his friend then; even when he felt his hands on his shoulders, and this light shake, this plea for acknowledgment. But he couldn't. The hand from his face roamed to his neck, rubbing it nervously; scared of an answer to his next question, an answer he maybe wouldn't like.

"Will you come back to me?"

But there was no answer. No verbal one, at least. Instead, Sherlock pulled him into a tight embrace, and even though it was yet another novelty, it was one he could relish in. He clung to his friend when his long arms wrapped around his shaking body, and suppressed every sob that demanded freedom from his choked throat.

He knew Sherlock would leave again - but he, he would never have to let go again.

*There was a post on Tumblr where it said, "during the wedding ceremony, when the vicar asks if anyone objects, mycroft looks over to sherlock and sees his lip tremble."*

*I was completely content with reading it, then going back to writing my TEH review. Later on, the same post appeared again, but this time with a comment that said, "\*waits for all the angsty/unrequited fic\*" and I couldn't even react so fast as my plot bunny was running.*

*<http://sherrinford221b.tumblr.com/post/72272386877/guixonlove-doomslock-during-the-wedding>*

### **Love Remains Silent**

*If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together – let them speak now or forever hold their peace.*

There was, much to Lestrade's surprise, a moment in which everyone seemed to hold their breath. As if no one was entirely sure there wasn't someone around who would object. But who should? Family and friends of John and Mary had gathered to witness their wedding. They were an adorable pair, and as far as Greg had seen, everyone was delighted to be here. Except for maybe John's best man, Sherlock, who looked like he'd been dragged to his own execution, but that was just Sherlock disliking weddings and their *sentimentality*.

Earlier the detective inspector had been subjected to a listing of reasons why marriage was an unnecessary and antiquated institution - it had been the closest he believed Sherlock was ever going to get to ranting. Greg had just smiled and patted Sherlock's back; he knew that despite all his complaining, the younger man was glad to be here, and honored to have been asked to be John's best man.

The pause now worried him a bit; he'd been at several weddings, but he couldn't remember to have ever experienced a moment of quiet so long after that particular question he had never even fully understood.

With a slightly irritated smirk he dared to take a look around.

Molly was smiling serenely, smitten by the beauty of the whole scenery and probably imagining her own dream wedding. Her fiancé hadn't been able to attend the wedding; it was why she was now sitting next to Lestrade, who had offered to be her "date" for the day.

John's sister, Harry, a short blonde with a fierce attitude and very attractive brunette company, looked at her brother with a fond smile, but also a hint of doubt in her face; probably remembering her own failed marriage, a face Greg had learned about a little earlier before the ceremony when Harry made a comment about "not messing it up like she did" to John.

Mary's aunt, Annette, an almost regal lady with a fascinating kind of elegant cheerfulness about her, carefully brushed away a tear from the corner of her eye while her features were adorned by a proud smile; Annette apparently was the closest Mary still had for family, and was like a mother to the bride.

And Mrs. Hudson was-- oh. Lestrade frowned. Mrs. Hudson had competed with the sun itself ever since she had arrived; she was so happy for John and couldn't stop mentioning it, even though there had been one or two remarks to John as well as Sherlock Greg hadn't really understood. Now, however, the smile was gone and a sorrowful, sympathetic expression in place, while her eyes rested on...

*Sherlock.*

The detective inspector's frown deepened when he followed Mrs. Hudson's eyes and John's best man came into view, standing sideways to the guests. And if he hadn't looked happy before, now he was positively gloomy. Instead of paying attention, he was staring ahead, past the bridal couple next to him, his eyes empty, his features hard. He was pressing his teeth together so tightly that the light vibration the strain on the muscles caused Greg saw even from a few meter away. Was it really so hard for him to keep his opinions on weddings to himself? And why would the words of the vicar bring forth an impulse to speak up when he otherwise never cared about when and how he shared his opinions on something?

*"Are you really sure, John? Now that Sherlock is back? Maybe..." -- "No, Mrs. Hudson, I told you."*

*"Don't be sad, Sherlock. You will still have him as your friend, I'm sure." -- "I believe I will."*

The words, exchanges between John, Sherlock and Mrs. Hudson, suddenly floated around his memory. It hadn't made sense before. Now he looked at Sherlock, and his tenacious attempt to keep his mouth shut, and it did.

*Let them speak now or forever hold their peace.*

For a moment, Greg thought Sherlock would give in after all. But he didn't speak. He just relaxed his features, these fluttering muscles and almost-trembling lips, and looked down, with an expression Lestrade had never thought he would ever see on the face of Sherlock Holmes: defeat. And utter, utter sadness.

In that moment Greg understood that the man who barely made friends, who, to his understanding, has never known love, had just given up his heart's only true desire.

FIN



## Dancing Lessons

*Well, this just happened...*

*Inspired by this post on Tumblr: <http://darlingbenny.tumblr.com/post/72660726829> -- and I thought it would have to be Sherlock showing John first and then commanding John to try it himself...*

"Sher-- what the--" He never finished the sentence before he found himself hanging almost horizontally in Sherlock's arms. Wide-eyed he stared up at his friend.

"I propose that is what you do at the end of your dance," Sherlock said, entirely unfazed. "I suggest you try it yourself. You'll have to take care of the balance of--"

"Yes, thanks, Sherlock," John growled and struggled to stand up again, as Sherlock was still holding him in this dipped position, "I actually know how to hold a woman." The consulting detective let him stand up again and then took a step back, hand folded on his back.

"But I thought you didn't know how..." he wondered, frowning.

"To dance, yes, but I know... never mind. Anyways, thanks for the lesson."

"You really ought to practice the dip. It isn't as easy as it looks."

"Not gonna practice it with you, you lanky giant." When Sherlock straightened his back a bit more and his expression became defiant, however, John realized what he had just said and cringed.

"I'm sorry, it's just... this... is... awkward."

"I'm teaching you how to dance so you won't embarrass yourself in front of the wedding audience. I understand that men are in general not expected to be able to dance, thus this will come, I assume, as a pleasant surprise to both the attendees and Mary."

John scratched his head and considered Sherlock for a moment. "I appreciate the effort, but... how's that even supposed to work?" He motioned back and forth between them, not believing he was giving this a thought.

"As I showed you. But of course we have to reverse hand positions. You put your right hand," Sherlock stepped forward and took John's wrist to guide it, "here on my waist. Your other hand goes in mine. I have my second hand on your shoulder," and he put it there, "and you will need to make a little turn to your right to utilize the movement and dip me." At John's blank stare he rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, I'll follow that movement myself, as I know what is coming." Struggling with their feet and who led the dance - Sherlock was apparently used to taking the lead, *go figure*, John thought - they finally fell into the right step, the triangular forth-side-back. After a minute that seemed all too long, Sherlock announced, "Now."

But John was too focused on his step to be prepared; and before he could even fully exclaim, "What?!", Sherlock was dipping himself to the side. Just in time John managed to wind his arm around his friend's back; not that it helped his balance much. Within seconds, they tumbled to the floor in a heap of arms and legs and with a soundtrack of *ohs* and *ows*.

"That went well,"

"An earlier warning would have been nice."

"You *knew* what was coming. You never pay attention."

"I hadn't--"

"Ju-hu, boys, I have some fresh--" Mrs. Hudson came to an abrupt halt when she entered the living room - to find Sherlock on the ground and John, only held up by his arms on either side of Sherlock's head, lying on top of him. For once both men were too shocked to react, and get up quickly. Not that it would have changed anything, if the landlady's bright and overly happy smile was any indication. She didn't even comment - she just made a noise that could very well have been identified as a squeal, and with a bounce in her step, she turned around and left, closing the door behind her.

"Great," John groaned and, without further thought, let his forehead fall against Sherlock's chest. "Mrs. Hudson will talk."

"Mrs. Hudson does little else."

And all that was heard from the 221B's upper flat was giggling.

## Picture Perfect

I have the following pic as desktop background picture and when I was looking at it earlier, I remembered how many people had noticed that Sherlock looks as if he has cried. Tiny fixing fic, basically ;)

"Is this really necessary?"

"Yes, it is."

"It's embarrassing."

"Embarrassing? You went to Buckingham Palace dressed in only a sheet, and talk of embarrassment?"

"This is different."

"I hope it is."

"I still don't understand why we have to--"

"Because it's a beautiful memory, and because I'll probably never again get a photo of you with red-rimmed eyes because you cried--"

"Still the most ridiculous thing I've ever done."

"-- tears of emotion."

"Never going to do that again."

"See. So I need proof. Now shut up and let the photographer do his job."

"John?"

"Hm?"

"We're not going to put that up in our living room."

"Oh, we most certainly will."

"But--"

"No *but*, Sherlock. This photo gets a prominent place on the mantelpiece. After all, it is the first picture of us as a married couple."

## Warning Signs

This happened after I'd seen a certain scene in a recent Elementary episode. I had to laugh because it made me think of ASiB, and then, a day later, this little ficlet came to my mind.

<http://lizthirose.tumblr.com/post/76325237132/the-difference-between-sherlock-and-elementary>

This is the post I made on Tumblr with the original pics. Beware of Elementary spoilers.

"You can't be serious."

"Why?"

"Because-- Well, you can't seriously consider putting this up. You just can't!"

"I think it is quite necessary and may just prove to be useful."

"It's no one's business!"

"I beg to differ. I assume you remember what happened the last time?"

"Of course I remember. *I was there.*"

"So was Lestrade."

"Yes, thanks for the reminder. Still, why can't we put it up at the door of the flat?"

"To assure that we are neither seen or *heard.*"

"... heard?"

"You are quite vocal."

"You seemed to like it."

"Of course I did. That doesn't mean that others need to hear it."

"But everyone who passes by--"

"Will know we are enjoying ourselves. Now give me the tape, please."