

# Meaning of a Stare

Von abgemeldet

## Meaning of a stare

John Watson stared at Sherlock Holmes.

He didn't just do it on special occasions, like seeing him firing at the wall or finding some human remains in the kitchen; he did it every time he got the chance.

He knew that Sherlock found it unnerving and just their friendship kept him from treating John like Lestrade, Anderson and all other people and snap at him.

So he carried out most of his staring at times when Sherlock was sleeping (intoxicated?) on the sofa; absently playing his violin or rattling about some new case. Sherlock probably never noticed.

One morning, Sherlock suddenly looked up from his paper and returned John's stare, which came at him over the doctor's now cold coffee.

"Are you alright?", he asked.

John quickly nodded and lowered his head, knowing that, of course, Sherlock had noticed his blush. "Oh yes, quite", he answered. "So, anything interesting in the papers today?"

Sherlock shook his head and stood. "No, but I think, I might try out a new experiment."

"Oh, good. Uhm... Can I help?"

Sherlock beamed at him. "You would?"

"Of course. I'll do what I can to help."

Walking out of the room, Sherlock waved. "I'll keep it in mind and... come later." He grinned and left, leaving behind a confused and slightly scared John Watson.

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Molly liked to look at Sherlock while he worked.

Well, she liked to look at him all the time, but when he focused on whatever he just worked on, he seemed... different.

Calmer, for one, friendlier, for the other. She liked this side of him best.

"Say, Molly..."

She flinched. It was unusual that he talked to her while working, even more so, use her first name. "Y... Yes?"

He didn't look up from the microscope but continued talking. "What is the meaning of a stare?"

"Pardon?" She was confused so he elaborated. "Well, if someone stares at me, it

usually means they find me rude or brilliant – mostly the first. There are also cases, where people stare at each other, because one of them has something in his face or on his clothes. But I am sure there are other meanings...?”

A question! The sound of his voice at the end of this sentence clearly indicated a question! Directed at her! Molly almost fainted.

“Well”, she managed, “there are stares of admiration.”

He nodded. “Oh, yes, of course... that would be it then.”

“And”, she said, quietly, “there are also stares which indicate affection... or longing.”

He looked up then, clearly puzzled. “I beg your pardon?”

She swallowed and wished to be invisible. “If someone likes a person... he or she sometimes stares at this person, sometimes even without realizing it... trying to memorize every little bit of information – data, as you would say – so to be able to remember it forever.”

Sherlock sat still for a moment, then let out a quiet breath. “Really. And... how do you recognize such a stare?”

She shrugged, feeling uneasy. “Averting ones eyes as soon as the staring is noticed... trying to find reasonable excuses... changing the subject...” She grew quiet while a huge grin appeared on Sherlock's face and he jumped out of his seat, almost running to the door.

“So THAT'S what it is! Thanks, Molly!”

He left, leaving her behind. “You are welcome”, she muttered and sighed. “For all the times he had to notice someone staring at him... it had to be John Watson.”

Disappointed, she started to clear away his mess.

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John woke with a start, not knowing exactly what had woken him up. It wasn't the sound of Sherlock's violin or his rummaging around the kitchen and... Sherlock was standing at his bedside!

He propped himself up on his elbow, eyes clouded with sleep but widened in growing shock.

“Sherlock”, he croaked, clearing his throat. “Something wrong? What time is it?”

“It is Three in the morning, John”, came the answer in an even voice and John's shock disappeared; if it were an emergency, Sherlock would sound different.

He made a little room in his bed and Sherlock sat down, not waiting for an invitation. John shuddered a little; Sherlock didn't wear his normal attire but only a light trouser and shirt, as if he had just come from bed himself. Self-consciously, John tried to wrap his blanket around his naked chest, but with Sherlock sitting on it, he had to stop trying.

“What is it?”, he asked again and his breath caught in his throat, when Sherlock placed one long hand with slender fingers on the side of his face, cupping his cheek in a gentle, almost non-touching manner. “Remember about my experiment?”, he asked, his voice low and husky. John swallowed and nodded in lack of words.

“Time to carry it out.”

Sherlock's lips weren't soft, as Watson had imagined, but rough from the latest London rains and his lack of hydration. But as the detective deepened the kiss, breaking John's lip open and teasing him with his tongue, they grew softer and also more demanding.

John nearly cried out, when Sherlock pulled back after a few seconds and he stared at his friend/roommate/colleague. "What...?", he managed, but was interrupted by a finger, who trailed down his jawline, over his collarbone and to his chest.

"Your looks are distracting me", Sherlock whispered. "I couldn't concentrate on my work, because I didn't know what they mean. So I asked someone about the meaning of a stare."

He smiled a little and leaned forward, hot breath against John's ear, whispering. "I found, there is only one explanation why you do it, John Watson. And I like it very much."

John inhaled sharply. Of course he had been noticed, but...

"I didn't think you'd be... well, interested", he managed. "You said you were married to your work."

Sherlock shrugged. "Well, England has quite a long history of divorce, hasn't it?"

He kissed John again, slowly this time, giving John time to respond and then moved his mouth down his jaw, further down until it stopped right above the beating pulse.

He bit down, soft at first, then harder, leaving a mark and making John groan.

"Sherlock", he almost shouted and was rewarded with a low chuckle. "I like it how you say my name...", came the breath against the mark on his neck and Sherlock pulled his shirt over his head.

Now John really had to stare. He hadn't seen Sherlock without clothes before, although he had imagined it quite a bit during the last few weeks, but actually seeing it... He stopped breathing for a moment.

Compared to himself (he found he wasn't really bad looking, but not as young as he had been after all) Sherlock was perfect. Pale, almost white, slender – maybe a bit too much – without breast hair and just a hint of it further down...

John swallowed and looked back up into Sherlock's eyes. "You are beautiful", he stated, not worrying about that not being a thing you say to another man.

Sherlock smiled and let his eyes wander up and down, making John blush under the intense stare. "So are you", he finally said and removed the covers completely, letting John lying only in his boxers, shifting a little uncomfortably.

"You really are", Sherlock assured him, lying down besides him, his arm across John's chest pulling him close. "For me, you are perfect."

John was speechless but that didn't matter anyway, he just put his mouth to Sherlock's throat, leaving light kisses and working his way down, stopping on a nipple and caressing it, until it grew hard, making Sherlock squirm. "You know, I actually thought I'd be the aggressive one tonight", the detective said, an eyebrow raised and John grinned. "If you wish..."

He lay down on his back again and let Sherlock straddle him, feeling his hardness through the light fabric of his trousers. He decided he loved this feeling.

Sherlock seemed to be all over him, kissing his mouth, his jaw, his chest, letting his tongue slide into his belly button, his fingers moving up and down his hips, pulling down his boxers and – "Sherlock, stop!", he cried out and pulled him up again.

Sherlock clearly looked puzzled. "Did I do it wrong?", he asked and John almost laughed but shook his head instead. "No, no you didn't", he answered, breathless. "But Sherlock... do we have to go this fast?"

A frown, quick thinking and then a smile. "Of course not", Sherlock said and stroked his cheek. "It's just... I want to do this very badly, the descriptions were so... arousing."

John's breath hitched. "You planned this!", he accused his friend.

"Of course I did, I never carry out an experiment before collecting enough sufficient data."

John had to laugh now he couldn't stop himself. "So you read books on how to... what? Have sex with another man?"

Sherlock shook his head. "No. I read books on how to PLEASE a man."

He shifted a little, grinding their groins together and John gasped. Sherlock grinned. "See?"

"I hate you", John stated, breathless. Sherlock kissed him again. "No. You love me", he whispered.

And what was there left to say?