

The habit with the sheet

Sherlock BBC - a small Johnlock

Von Tio

Kapitel 1: End of a day

Eventually we would end up as a couple. Everyone could see it. Clearly. Well not quite everyone. One had indeed trouble reading the signs. But can you blame him? Can you blame me?

After all one of the first things he said to Mrs. Hudson was: "I am not gay!"

And you have to admit, it was never one of my best features to understand human nature. With all my observation skills I still fail to get behind all the sentiments.

I had a clue though. After the Fall. Maybe I even started to hope. Maybe this was the reason I kept myself alive all the time and worked so hard on clearing the network.

I mean. His mumblings when he approached me while I was lying on the ground. It sounded to much like "Boyfriend" to me. But then again it might have been the tense of the situation, the blood running heavily through my ears and the rustling of the people around me that fooled my ears.

No it wasn't. I heard what I wanted to hear.

And so I started to hope. Hope that maybe after my return, things might get into a different direction. But to be honest. Let the word be boyfriend or just friend. It made my heart stop for a moment in the same way.

But anyway I was mistaken again, it seemed.

Has he not settled down with a woman after I disappeared? Even proposed to her.

And there I missed to read the signs again. Even though I saw that she was a lot like me.

But I don't want to defend myself. People who know me might be able to explain that to you in a better way. And they won't even wonder about it taking so long. For us. For me.

But then things went great.

Not so much for John in the beginning. Losing his wife and child. It almost broke him. Brought him to the edge of sanity. But not as much as me jumping of that building of course. That would have been a greater loss. Lucky him it was just a play.

Now, good thing Mrs. Hudson persuaded him to move back to 221b Bakerstreet. On my behalf of course, but he must not know that.

It has been over a year now and we are back to solving crimes together again. And whilst we are out on the street Mary seems almost forgotten at all.

It is at night that he still misses her. How do I know? Well even one who's not getting behind the mystery of sentiments, knows what it means when people cry into their pillow at night. It doesn't happen every night anymore but every now and then I can

still hear him sobbing in his room.

Of course I feel sorry, yet not guilty. It wasn't my fault after all, that he lost her. Little did I understand at this point. And some things are still a mystery to me, now that we are a couple. Sort of.

This one evening. Or rather night.

We were sitting in our chairs, breathing heavily and laughing. Mrs. Hudson was confused. After we entered the flat like we've been chased by killers it must have had a strange touch seeing us giggling like school boys. Of course she did not understand that those moments made our friendship. Escaping danger that close and enjoying the fact that we just almost died. Together.

"You boys madden me. How can you be so careless? I always fear the day, you don't make it back.", she was mumbling while leaving us alone.

"That won't happen, Mrs. Hudson.", John yelled hardly moving his head to the door. His eyes were fixed on me and he was still trying to calm his breath.

"Not as long, as I have you as my backup.", I added rather in a low voice and smiled pleased.

"...and vice a versa of course."

This moment he almost jumped out of his chair, his face in terror. He left for his room without a further word, closing the door tightly. Even though I could hear him break down, I was too startled to move to his door and demand entry. I did not understand. This might have been one of the rare moments, where Johns head was working way faster than mine.

In this night.

Our night, as I like to call it now. It gives us both a bitter smile.

It felt strange. I sat there and my mind was simply going nowhere. Usually I run through my mind palace but this time was different. I felt like stuck in front of a wall. I even surprised myself when I found my face in front of his room door. I can't remember when I left my chair, nor do I know how long I've been standing there without saying a word. Just with my hand on the doorknob. I could not hear him anymore. No sobbing, no rustling clothes. Not even the door made a sound, when it swung open under my hand. He did not lock himself in. Why should he? I usually don't follow him.

Thinking about it now just seems like a very strange dream. Me being totally out of character. But I guess that's what happens when you really like someone. It changes you without yourself even noticing.

So he was there. Lying on the floor. He must have fallen asleep. Our day was quite exhausting after all. I was relieved somehow. Maybe because he did not see me following him. I left the room again. Actually I did not enter it at this point. I went to the bathroom and took a shower. There was nothing to worry about, right?

Wrong.

I was so wrong and I knew it. Still I was confused that the picture of him lying there on the floor, all dressed and with clear signs of tears in his face did fill my entire mind. Somehow it was agitating. The longer I knew he was lying there, the worse I felt. Again I have no idea how much time passed with me in the shower. I just know that in the end I jumped out of it, wrapped myself in a sheet and went back to his room.