

The habit with the sheet

Sherlock BBC - a small Johnlock

Von Tio

Kapitel 3: the morning after

I did not move until he finally lifted himself on his elbow. I had my eyes open anyway so I immediately caught his look.

"You still don't understand, do you?", he asked in a mocking tone. His look was fixed on me when he slightly shook his head.

He was right.

I did not understand.

Ever since Moriarty appeared, disappeared and reappeared I was distracted. I had only few moments where I was bored enough to maybe think about feelings. He kept me in this world of unsolved crimes in a very pleasant manner. Pleasant for me alone since I misread all the signs John or other friends carried towards me. But there was one place where the consulting criminal could not reach me.

It hit me like a train on full speed. The answers to a lot of questions. Why did John behave that way? Why didn't I notice earlier? Why does the matter of Moriarty did not reach me here? Not in the arms of my dearest friend?

Now it was me closing my eyes smiling and leaning back into the pillows. It was not really that I did not know. I did. But it was until now, that I kept that particular door in my head closed. The door that I slammed behind me, when I shoot Magnuson. When I closed my own case, before I had solved it. All this years I was ignoring the facts. And in fact saving myself the pain.

I felt a kiss on the forehead and after that John leaving the bed. I took a deep breath when I turned to se side, pressing my nose into the pillow.

"You know, the thing with the sheet can be quite disturbing."

He saw it in an instant. That I started to understand. John wasn't stupid after all.

"Going for a shower now. I feel terrible. I might get to old for the chasing-criminals-game."

He earned himself a soft laughter. He wasn't to old, nor was he in bad shape. I guess he just needed an excuse to leave me alone. Or rather to be alone. I did not follow him, but got myself out of bed and into my chair in the living room. Without changing from sheet to clothes. When he came out of the bathroom he looked way more relaxed. His hands were sort of fighting with the edge of his jumper while a couple of water drops let themselves fall from his hair. But his face seemed very calm. So did his eyes even when he looked at the sheet again.

"How are we going to do this now?"

It was me asking that carefully while he was entering the room.

I was looking right in his eyes, trying to catch every change in his face, but it did not help me understand. Again. The lack of sentiments was my handicap in this particular game.

"What?"

He tried to sound casual and sat down opposite me. For a moment he grabbed a cup of tea, changed his mind and set it down again without taking a single sip.

"Oh don't try to fool me. I got it now."

"Do you?"

He lowered his eyebrows and cleared his throat. Then his eyes met mine again. Something in his look was saying "The game is on" but for some reason I had the feeling that it was not my kind of game.

"Don't make me say it."

"I won't. I just thought you still might have some questions."

"I just asked one."

"Yes, right. How. Shouldn't it be IF? Are we going to do it?"

Now it was me, looking at him in a rather challenging way and John turned his look down in embarrassment.

"T-that is not what I meant. Not now. I mean... I was... bloody hell."

He rose out of his chair and was pacing down between chair and coffee table. I wasn't watching him anymore. My own thoughts caught me again and while I was starting to think things through once more, he did come to a complete different solution.

"Look John, I don't know what was wrong yesterday night. I was just worried and did not wish to leave you alone. Clearly something I said reminded you of Mary. I was careless. Chose my words-..."

"Shut up, Sherlock!"

He threw himself back in the chair and leaned towards me. His eyes were as clear as they could be. No sign of fear, insecurity or hesitation. Not even grief.

"But..."

"Shut up!"

I looked at him and saw his smile. A gentle smile that was in clear conflict with his very words. He did not want me to shut up entirely but to only speak, when I figured out what to say. So I shut up and we sat there for half an hour without him changing position or facial expression.

"This was not about Mary, wasn't it?"

"Not at all."

"When did it stop?"

"I can't tell. It was more of a development than a sudden change."

"I see..."

"No you don't"

I grinned at him. He was right. Obviously. Just buying myself time again. And maybe he would let another clue slip his lips.

"Then why the crying?"

"Well it is sort of hard to realize how blind you were and slowly seeing all the signs. Especially if you see them way to late."

"The signs?"

"Your signs"

"My?"

A dry laughter slipped his lips and he leaned back in his chair again. Maybe this conversation was a little ridiculous. But then it fit perfectly with the two of us. Passing

each other those looks, giggling together always careful to not let other see and still try to get caught.

"Anyway I figured it might not be to late after all."

His voice stopped my thoughts and I looked up to find his gaze not fixed on my face but rather scanning my body. It was me now, clearing my throat looking for words to say.

"So it's official now?"

His eyes met mine.

"Well, we might give it a try before announcing anything."

"I mean, you are gay."

A very heavy silence filled the room for a moment. The moment before the both of us burst out with laughter. I have to admit I did not feel that light for a long time. It reminded me of our first case. When we were standing in the dark in front of that crime scene, giggling at each other and almost running off into the streets, so no one would overhear our following conversation. Solving this first case together. Just him and me. It felt like that, when we finally laughed together.

Things are improving really fast since that night. Since we sort of talked things over. And since... well...

After we finished laughing he looked at me in a very undefined way. I could not help myself but smile at him. No words were in my mind that could possibly explain myself. I am still not used to sentiments or expressing feelings. But John always found a way. And to finally prove to me, what exactly was going on, he just leaned forward out of his chair. Standing in front of me, he leaned slightly down. But this time he did not aim for my forehead. He had the courage to do something I was very long afraid of. Even now in the moment of understanding. But he had that courage to start it. It. Our new adventure.

When he aimed for my lips to kiss.