

Ears

by mazaher

January 4th, 2012

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First fic of the year.

First fic into season 2, set just after the pool scene.

Because I root for Irene, but John and Sherlock belong to each other.

The quote comes from the song which accompanies arwen-kenobi's beautiful multi-chapter

I Think I've Come A Long Long Way To Sit Before You Here Today

(<http://arwen-kenobi.livejournal.com/422908.html>).

This story however is completely independent.

For Lynn, who sent a mail.

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May come without warning

At the speed of light

Make it shine so pretty

Make it shine so bright

-- THE BARR BROTHERS, *Beggar in the morning*

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"Sherlock."

"Hmm?"

"We might have died today."

During the last 23 minutes, Sherlock has been absorbed in contemplation of John's ears. He's always considered the pinnae of human ears the most laughable feature in the whole body: vestigial, minimally functional, lacking in intrinsic aesthetic appeal, and otherwise uninteresting. Yet, for mysterious reasons, he finds he likes looking at John's. He looks away with an effort. John expects an answer.

"Problem?"

"I'm finding it hard to restart life. After giving it up. Again."

"How so?"

"I've always thought I wouldn't live to old age. I got into enough scrapes before I was ten that my mother used to say I was responsible for her hair been prematurely gray, and of course

when I enlisted I believed the deal was set. It's fine with me. The whole idea. I just want my life and my death to have a meaning. To shine, so to speak. Rather self-centered, isn't it? But there you have it. And this would have been a good death. Now I'm back to square one."

"I've never been much in favour of dying myself. The problem with death is that one isn't actually around to experience it properly. But then, there was a time when I wasn't all that much in favour of living either."

"Why?"

"It used to hurt too much."

"Oh."

"But it's different now."

"Is it?"

"Yes. Now I'd rather stay alive with you."

"Mmmh. The idea is definitely worth considering."

"Please do."

"All right then. We're settled."

Sherlock has never been especially fond of human ears. But now John is smiling, straight at him like he's the best Christmas gift John ever got, and Sherlock can't help but wonder about the lobes' previously unsuspected nibbling potential.

A lifetime with John H. Watson.

However long or short it may turn out to be, Sherlock wouldn't miss it for the world.

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