

Lovemaking in the morning

by mazaher

March 1st, 2012

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A 221B for pennypaperbrain, who needs Sherlock porn to sort things out. There are only 44 words of actual porn in here, and I wrote this in a hurry. All the same, I hope it helps.

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It's raining outside.

The cool raindrops of an early March shower patter on the windowpanes of 221B Baker Street. The personal smell of Marylebone -- wet tarmac, cast iron, and daffodils blooming in secret in Regent's Park-- seeps through the casement left ajar in the kitchen.

John and Sherlock are making slow morning love on the carpet beside the fireplace. Without breaking the rhythm John leans over for one more kiss; Sherlock's lips open for him like his whole body is already doing, and his eyes fill with unexpected tears.

They are not tears of sadness, but relief.

Something is being taken from him, something so very his own that he defines himself by it. Something so cutting and painful that it often feels like shards of glass in his skull, in his stomach and his heart, making him bleed inside, drop after drop, the wet dripping sound covering everything else until he can't hear himself think. Until he can't stand it anymore, and will do anything --take anything-- to make it stop.

But all this pain of being himself, unexplained on the brink of nothingness, is now being scooped up in handfuls, cherished, loved, brought away and stashed inside John's heart for safekeeping.

Until his mind is finally empty of noise, and filled instead with the wisdom of the body.

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