

A most precious gift

by mazaher

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A 221B which is essentially due to tweedisgood, because of an intense passage in *Impossibilities* (<http://tweedisgood.livejournal.com/173905.html>). No other plot reference to that wonderful story.

Special thanks to athens7, whose feel for rhythm (even when on holiday-- speak of dedication to the cause!) made this much better than it would have been.

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It took very little. The touch of gentle fingertips.

No, I'm wrong -- it took sixteen years, *and* that touch.

It was the night of the Luton murders trial, when Lord Dunstore went free and his accomplice, who had unknowingly helped him get rid of the bodies, got the gallows.

Lestrade brought the news himself, then departed like a kicked dog.

The wait for Watson wasn't as long as it felt.

By seven, I was stretched full-length on the sofa, eyes closed, trying to will myself to death-like immobility.

He doesn't like me giving in to cocaine; I was doing my utmost to resist. But the small box of red Morocco leather sat open on the tea-table, promising what mankind can not, will not.

*Omnes iura ledunt et ad res illicitas licite procedunt.*¹

Then...

Watson's key turned in the latch, and I didn't move.

Watson's boots trode near, and I didn't open my eyes.

Watson's breath caught, as he saw the syringe at the ready.

He didn't speak. I heard him kneel beside me. Then his hand touched my brow, slipped across my temple, stroked my hair. In silence he kept stroking, as if I were a beloved corpse.

But corpses do not weep.

I shed tears for the first time in thirty-seven years.

Unpredictably, it was bliss.

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¹ *Carmen Buranum 3.*