

## Proving A Point

**Author:** CK

**Rating:** PG (for a little bit of suggestive talking/thinking)

**Summary:** Constant nagging and mistletoe tempt John to prove a point. He forgets that experiments rarely go as planned. --JohnLock

**Disclaimer:** Leave it all to the BBC, Mark Gatiss and Steven Moffat. I'm just playing with them (if only...) and promise to give them back healthy and in one piece.

**Author's Note:** Here we are then. In 15 years of being a fangirl, I've never been a slasher. I don't mind slash couples, but I have never before actively shipped such couple. And then came JohnLock (no pun intended) and my nice het bubble burst. Brutally.

This story is the result of a prompt I read in LiveJournal's "Sherlock BBC Prompting Meme":

*I'd love something based on this scene: [YouTube link had to be deleted, sorry]*

*Basically Bones needs a favour from a lawyer, who says she can only have it if she kisses Booth under the mistletoe for more than 3 seconds. They comply a little more enthusiastically than she expected (they claim it was like kissing a sibling, she comments that Bones must 'really love her brother').*

*I'd love the same scene with Sherlock/John and the challenge being made by either Lestrade or Donovan.*

This story doesn't really follow the prompt; there is no challenge because I wanted to stay as much in character as possible (well, at least as I see the "in character", lol), and I couldn't come up with a scenario that would make Sherlock and John to go with the challenge.

For someone who didn't like Christmas the building would have been hell. There was more festive decoration than *anything* else in the shops of the mall-ish complex their latest case had brought them to. Red and green and gold and silver adorned almost every last spot, lights blinked happily-frantically. This whole building would have deserved a huge warning sign at the entrance: This shopping center is not suitable for epileptics! - or something like that.

Lucky for John Watson, he didn't mind Christmas. He sure didn't need the decorative overkill they found in this building, but it also didn't make him want to turn on the spot and run away screaming. Unlike his flatmate and friend Sherlock Holmes, who appeared to have just that as first impulse upon seeing all the kitschy trinkets and colorful illumination.

John had learned to recognize Sherlock's level of discomfort - or any other emotion - in the way he walked. And on this day, it was a purposeful stride towards their destination. Not unusual in itself, as the consulting detective had this habit of walking fast - there was no need to waste time, period, he said. But this time it held an air of trying to get away from something he really didn't want to deal with. And the case had only just begun.

In the middle of a brightly lit shop a man had been murdered - and no one, not even security cameras, had seen what had happened. Virtually impossible as it was, Detective Inspector Lestrade hadn't even taken a closer look at the crime scene before calling Sherlock and John. It was Christmas, after all - for once no one minded if the case was closed quickly, and Holmes' involvement in solving the mystery was more than welcome. Everyone was suspiciously friendly, as John noticed; no comment against Sherlock whatsoever was heard, which was a rare occasion. Not that he complained.

A first deduction was quickly made - but Sherlock soon realized that it wasn't as easy as he had hoped it to be. There was something not right, and that meant *not right* in his book - beyond the simple fact that there was a dead person lying in the middle of clothes racks and shelves with all things unnecessary.

Deep in thought, Sherlock directed John back towards the shop's doors; the connection to the mall's hallway. Something confused him greatly about this case, and thus had a rare moment of quiet deduction he only shared with his flatmate.

They stood like this, close together, talking in almost-hushed voice - well, Sherlock was talking, John was once again the listening skull to bounce ideas off on - for several minutes.

Until they became aware that they were being watched... by everyone present. And there was clearly something else going on than just them waiting for the consulting detective to come up with a solution.

Sally Donovan was the first to voice whatever seemed to be on everyone's mind...

"Well?"

...not in a very articulate way though.

"*Well* what?" It was Donovan's eyes that showed them what everyone except the duo had discovered - a mistletoe, right above their heads. More a complete bush - it was hard not to stand beneath it once one entered the shop.

"At least you should know the tradition, Dr. Watson."

"And as far as I remember this tradition only applies to couples--" Of all people, it was his friend who interrupted him - to correct him, no less.

"I'm afraid this is not quite right, John. Society expects of everyone to fulfill this tradition, no matter the relationship. Of course concerning parties are free to decide against it, but nevertheless--" This time it was for John to interrupt.

"Sherlock!" he hissed and gave him a scolding look, "do you want to *encourage* them?!"

"I do not encourage anyone, John. It is a ridiculous tradition, obviously I am not interested in following it. I simply feel inclined to point out the facts," Sherlock explained, his voice making him sound more bored than his face showed him to be. Actually, his face spoke of irritation... and bore the faintest hint of panic.

"I am so happy you know these facts. As opposed to certain ones about the *solar system*."

"I still don't understand why you deem this topic to be so important."

"Of course you wouldn't," John muttered under his breath, so quiet his words got lost when Anderson teamed up with Donovan.

"Not that it would matter, since you two are a couple anyways, right? No problem with kissing then, I assume."

"Seriously? That again?" By now John had almost given up to correct people who thought he and Sherlock were an item. Which was basically everyone. The world around them seemed to be unable to believe in plain, old friendship. Sometimes he wished he could just show them that there was nothing romantic or sexual between them whatsoever. But apart from having no idea how to do it, he really felt anything but compelled to prove something he had never encouraged others to believe in the first place.

"It's you who is standing beneath a mistletoe branch."

"By accident. And it's just a damn plant!"

"Tradition loves accidents," now even Lestrade couldn't help but comment. At least he had the decency to look apologetic right after the words were out of his mouth.

"Can we just get back to the case?"

"Don't be such a spoilsport, Dr. Watson."

"They're just afraid we could find something out we know already anyways." He had never expected himself to feel affected by such words, but sometimes it were the strangest things to make one snap. In the end, he wouldn't remember if it were the words, or the simple accumulation of all the nagging.

"Oh, for God's sake!" was what he heard himself exclaim - before he, without really knowing what he was doing, grabbed Sherlock's lapels and pulled him close to claim the other man's lips.

Lips that were warm and full and soft.

Lips that were --

*Responsive.*

Sherlock actually *responded* to the kiss, and while his hands and arms remained motionless at his side, his mouth was anything but motionless. He moved his lips experimentally, even opened his mouth shyly when the tip of John's tongue gave them a gentle nudge. And all of a sudden, John's brain went blank. It had been supposed to be evidence of their non-existent romance; it had been supposed to show them brush lips and jump apart in horror.

Instead, they were kissing. Properly, all tongues and teeths and lips, *kissing*. In the middle of a crime scene.

In front of half of Scotland Yard.

Somewhere far away, through the sound of his blood rushing through his veins, he heard someone - Anderson? - call "Oi, get a room, you two!", but right in that moment, and even though he knew that the demand was quite appropriate, he couldn't have cared less. This was a feeling he wanted to hold on to forever. This was a feeling that should never have been as good as it was.

Since he had met Sherlock, John had put so much effort into that tiny little detail he didn't get tired of claiming - and believing himself - that he was completely straight. And Sherlock had long since declared to be, in general, uninterested. But here they were kissing in a way not even two very good and close friends should kiss, straight or gay. And when it came to their friendship, John still worked on definitions.

When he finally managed to end their rather passionate first lip encounter and pull back, he found Sherlock out of breath, eyes closed, mouth still slightly open. And it made him want to do things to his friend he shouldn't possibly want to do to anyone. Period.

A cough from his side made him painfully aware of one of the reasons why he shouldn't want it. Not yet, anyways.

"You done?" Lestrade asked, amusement more than evident in his voice. *Oh, don't be so smug*, John thought, rolling his eyes. He let go of Sherlock's coat, unable to resist smoothing the crumbled lapels with his hands, and carefully avoided to look at his friend - especially after the short glimpse he'd gotten when the other man had finally opened his eyes again. With *ohbloodyhell* pupils dilated enough to let his eyes appear completely black.

Despite their apparent state of... whatever it was, Sherlock still managed, much to John's continuous admiration, to deliver a few first ideas, before he announced that he'd get back to Lestrade as soon as he had made new findings. Leaving the crime scene soon after they'd arrived wasn't unusual; Sherlock's work was never the same as the Yard's. Heading home instead of looking for or following any clues, however, was new.

With the crime scene being not far away from Baker Street, there was no need to take a cab. So they walked - in awkward silence. Minutes passed that stretched painfully, and neither of them even so much as breathed audibly. John's mind was racing; wondering what the outcome of their kiss - their *kiss*, he still couldn't believe he had really

done that - would be. This was Sherlock Holmes, after all, the man who didn't have relationships of any kind, and certainly no physical ones. This was the genius who lived like a monk, minus the modesty.

For all he knew about this strange man he'd come to appreciate in his life, if not adore despite or maybe for all his quirks and habits, Sherlock would just move on, ignore the issue completely. He was that kind of character; and if it hadn't bothered John so much, he would have been impressed. Yet it was the best possible outcome he could think of; all the others included one of them moving out, the end of their companionship, their *friendship*, and bleakness to return to John's life.

While John was contemplating how to best start a conversation, Sherlock was, as usual, faster - and broke the silence after they'd left about half the way back home behind them.

"John?"

"Mhh?" he non-answered carefully, bracing himself for whatever rationalizing speech he would now have to listen to... and his heart crushed by.

"Do you think we can stop at the store on our way home?" *Huh?*

"Sure... why?"

"I'd like to buy some mistletoe." It took John's brain about five seconds to process Sherlock's words. His friend sure could have told him the exact amount of time, right down to one hundredths of a second. But he was fine with his felt-like-an-hour five seconds he needed to realize what was happening.

And then he laughed. He burst out into giggles that soon turned into fully-grown laughter and shook him so much he was barely able to continue walking. When he finally looked up and brushed away the tears, he saw Sherlock smirk; it was this very special, distinctive Sherlock smirk that made his eyes sparkle with glee and lightened up his often so motionless and serious thinking face.

"Let's go home, Sherlock," was all John said when he felt able to walk again. The other man nodded.

"Yes, let's go home," he repeated the doctor's words, saying 'home' in manner that had a deliciously pleasant shiver go through John's body. The feeling became even more pleasant when he saw which walk Sherlock had just chosen to carry him the rest of the way.

It was the one that had him not in a rush, but also not losing any time.

The one he usually reserved for cases that got him most excited.

John smiled. This was going to be a very interesting evening.

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