

Love's never forgotten

Von Meg-Giry

How on earth could this happen? And why him – why us? And why now?
This soft band of love we just started to discover. It was only few weeks ago when I finally could speak out what my soul and my heart seemed to have known for so long. And most surprising of all: Sherlock understood me and he... he was feeling the same way for me.
It all went so well, much better than I ever dreamed of, till two days ago.

And it just started so silly. Sherlock had – first time ever, according to him – gone ill. What looked like a normal cold at first fast grew more serious. Only yesterday I saw now other way than bringing him to hospital myself. His fever was dangerously high and he didn't even recognize me anymore.
I didn't know anymore what I could do to save his live. I could only watch and hope it will be over soon.

They tell me I recovered unbelievable fast from my illness. They say I nearly died yesterday. They say you did bring me here and not move from my side the last 24 hours. And that is all I know now because I do not remember. Not just the last days – all of my life seems to be gone – just cancelled.

The cure of the disease cost me my past. And although everyone here speaks of this huge tragedy, I only see real pain in your eyes. What was there between us? Why can I read in you like in a book – I mean even better than in anyone else?
Who are you?

It feels like my heart bursts in thousand pieces every time you look at me with those blank, wondering eyes. I know you're trying to read me – do deduct any single thought and feeling I show. But although you kept your skills I can see how much more efforts it costs you.
So I hesitate for a long time, before mentioning our home. But you just smile and ask me to bring you there. Maybe the known place will bring some memories back – I hope so much for it.
I need you – my friend.

The landlady Mrs Hudson welcomes us warmly and promises to cook for the next few days for us – just till I was feeling better, than she's "just the landlady not the housekeeper". I somehow got the impression she uses this phrase a lot.

But besides this nothing here is familiar to me: not my room not any of the things John is showing me or telling me about. My mind is just blank.

I let myself fall in one of the seats next to the fireplace – I simply choose the more comfortable looking one, but a faint smile on your lips shows me I've chosen right.

At least one thing that's cheering you up.

I expect questions, that you start to talk to me in any way – or at least talk to yourself. But nothing is happening. You just sit there and look around.

I feel so useless – dispensable in fact – so I silently leave the room. Just arriving at the door I look one last time back over my shoulder. No reaction comes from you – think you once again didn't realise my leave...

Fighting back the pain in my heart I vanish to my room. I'm so sorry my dear friend, but I do not see how I can be of any help to you anymore. Maybe this little romance of us just is over and gone. Probably it just wasn't meant to be....

Three weeks have passed since you lost your memory. Still there is no sign of it ever to return besides you've began to work again. Lestrade is really glad having your advice back and ignores Donovans speak of "freak-show".

But I remain alone. It's not even like on our first cases. I stay even more back this time. In fact I only follow you for keeping an eye on you. You don't need me anymore – at least it's how it seems to me. No more "what you think of that" or "what do you see here, John" or even a "I need someone to speak to".

He's always close, like my shade. Keeping an eye on me, listening to every word I speak, if I talk to myself or to someone else. But still there is something missing. I know I was more efficient in my former days – when I still had my memory. No one needs to tell me that. I can see it in their eyes, read in there gestures, know it when they speak.

I cannot go on like that – I need facts! How can I come to my old efficiently and – even more important – what does this nearly non-volatile pain in Johns eyes mean. I must know what I have forgotten. But who can I ask? My dear friend has too much to cope already.

"John!" Sherlock runs to me – like in old days – and my heart skips a beat when I see his happy smile. Is there finally something important on this case that he wishes to show me?

"John, you do not have to stay out here and shiver. Just go home – this will take some

more time."

My howl world seems to shatter in pieces. Am I not even allowed to watch him anymore?!

"I'm not cold!" I protest. But of course he sees the lie instantly.

"Your jacket is closed to the very top and you put your hands in your pocket while you try not to shudder in cold – which does only work from time to time. So please don't tell me you're not freezing cold!" He analyses firmly before adding more gently:

"I do not wish you to catch a cold. And you cannot help me here."

"Fine", I spit the word out angrily and turn. Without a single look back I leave the scene.

I know I must have hurt him. His speaking, his hanging shoulders, the way he fights his impulses – this is all so obvious. But I needed him to leave. Even when I wish my words would have been less offending.

Greg Lestrade is defiantly a reliable person. In my situation he's probably the only one I do trust and – even more important – knows what I seem to miss.

He does not plan to speak to in while having his colleagues around so we return to Baker Street as soon as I seen everything important at the crime scene.

Sad and frustrated I actually run the whole way back to our flat. How much longer can I uphold this parody? How much longer can I act as this? How many times more can my heart break before I break down completely?

I hardly managed to close the door when Mrs Hudson enters the floor, asking me of Sherlock, asking why I'm alone. Overwound by my feelings I tell her, I'm no longer of use to him and actually shout at her, when she's trying to convince me otherwise.

Without explanation or excuses I run off, let the door of the living room shutter and threw myself on Sherlocks bed. Covering my face in the pillow that smells so much like him, I start to sob silently.

Oh my love – all this time we shared, as short as it may have been, I'd give you anything to see one last of this lovely smiles for me.

"Sherlock, dear, what have you done?" It hardly needs my skills to see how much upset my landlady is. "Dear John was hardly himself, when he returned an hour ago..."

I push her aside, to walk up the stairs, hearing Greg convincing her, that I'm already planning on bringing it back in order, before he follows me.

John is not in his room – nor in the living room or the kitchen we share. Following a strange feeling I check my bedroom. There he was lying curled up on my bed, hugging the pillow I usually sleep on.

"Let him rest, Sherlock." I actually did not notice Greg stepping so close behind me. But there is a point in what he says. Johns eyes looks strange and his slightly irregular breathing tells me, he does need the sleep. So I close the door silently.

What Greg there tells me, explains so many of John's reactions that I simply cannot understand why I didn't get to that conclusion. All the times he stopped his hand, when he sure wished so much to touch me. All the ways he followed me and that he always was at my side.

Why did I not realise he was my helping hand at work – why did I not see we used to be a couple?!

All this pain you must have suffered – my friend. I just pushed you away trying to organise my mind again.

"Just speak to him, when he wakes up. He still loves you, but I'm sure he will not push your feelings. I think your love to him will grow again", Greg tries to convince me.

But I'm not that sure. Most of all, I do not believe John can be so understandable. Not after all I did, not if he has to wait for me so much longer...

The inspector left some time ago. Promising once more; all will be fine.

I wish – probably the first time ever – I was one of that dull people who lives a dull life and can believe what there told to. But I am Sherlock Holmes and I can see everything, detect lies and differ between hopes and facts.

Finally I make myself move back to my bedroom. John lays still exactly the same way on the bed. Knowing all the facts now, this does touch me and I wish somehow I would care as people usual do. Then I might know what to do in such a situation, how someone has to react. How I can comfort him.

I most definitely need a rest too. Not only to work out on all of this information.

Too lazy to walk back, I sit next to my flat mate. Going in mind again through all things happening today, listen again to all that have been said.

I do not realise when sleep overtakes me and dreams begin.

When I wake my first impression is, that all has been a terrible, long nightmare. I'm in Sherlock's bed, having him in my arms, feeling his breath on my cheek. But soon I realise it all was true. Not only the fact we both are completely dressed, also the fact he is not holding me back and in this room does simply have none of my stuff around. I remember how I ended here – how much this man had hurt me. What made him lay next to me, I could not think of, but I guessed it was just that he's usual laziness.

For a moment I felt more lost than ever, but the next moment I had myself under control again. Trying not to disturb or even wake up the man I love so much, I pulled my hands slowly back: first the one from his neck than the one from his waist.

Something is wrong here.

Sleepy I open my eyes a little bit, looking directly at John. He's carefully pulling back the hand I laid on and lifting his other hand from my waist. Without even thinking, I grab these hand, putting it right back. Yes, that feels much better.

But what is that stupid man opposite me doing?! He's trying again to take his hand away.

"NO!" I demand "It belongs here."

This is exactly how I feel about this; when I put the hand once again back at the same place.

I can only stare at Sherlock. Why this – why this sudden? I cannot understand it, but it feels so wonderful, that I don't even dream of protesting. Carefully I move a little bit closer to my sleepy friend. But he does not push me back; he just smiles and even lies an arm around my upper body.

What I am doing here I do not quite understand. But why should it matter? John looks happier than I've seen him since my recovery. Why did no one tell me it is as simple as that? And as a matter of fact: I even like having him so close.

Two more weeks have passed.

According to Greg and my John I work as efficient as ever, which pleases me a lot. Probably because my best man is at my side again, showing me all the obvious thing I likely oversee. And finally all is back to normal – well more or less.

Beside Sherlocks memory only slowly returns, we are together again. And I – strangely enough – have to thank Mycroft for that.

It was the day after I woke up in his bed, Mycroft finally decided to take a visit. He was really concerned of his little brother and so he wished to know any details from me – well at least anything his spies could not tell him. As normal I did not like to pass on information of my friend. I also did not see how this could change anything. So I asked him just to drink his tea and wait for my friend to wake up from his little rest. At least a familiar face can help to bring some memories back.

But "the government" did not like my ideas. He preferred to grab my shirt, looking angry at me, pressing me to finally answer some of his questions. I was just about to pull myself free, when an angry voice behind me commanded: "Let go of MY John! Only I am allowed to hurt him!"

"Brother dear, I was so concerned..."

"So seem you are my brother Mycroft – well, it WAS nice to see you – now you may leave."

Mycroft laugh and thankfully let go of me, to step over to Sherlock. "I was concerned – but your boyfriend remains as loyal as ever."

Before I could protest, my friend answered for me: "Because he loves me, he accepts my privacy – dear brother."

Smiling with the promise of keeping an eye on us and returning soon, the older Holmes-brother left.

My friend shouted a sarcastic "can't wait for it" down the stairs before turning back to me.

"You do love me – do you!" It was a strange phrase for him and I did not know to how else to answer this statement besides nodding.

A swift smile passed his face and he stepped closer to me, took my hand. Immediately I grew more nervous.

"Greg gave a row of facts what there was between us. I don't know if my memory

does come back. But I do now understand that I do care for you and do like having you around. So would you give a silly sociopath who hurt you so much the past few weeks another chance? I cannot promise anything. I don't know when or how my feelings will return but..."

"Oh shut up Sherlock – just stay you: the annoying dick I fell in love with! Can I kiss you now?"

He smirked at me for a moment, just before giving me this incredible kiss. Somehow it felt more intense than any kiss before.

Johns cheek became red the last few minutes.

"What are you thinking of?" I whisper, really wondering why I cannot catch this thought.

"I'll show you", he whispers back, turning even redder in face, pulling me into his arms and kissing me.

Far behind us I hear Donovans "Freaks!" and Gregs laughter.

Well what do I care – I got John!

The End