

Friends, Family and Something Else

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Friends, Family and Something Else

by [undun](#)

Summary

‘Money doesn’t interest me,’ Sherlock sniffed.

‘Hah. That isn’t funny when you’ve lived with my finances.’

Notes

This is a 'missing scene' fic that fits into the 'Losing and Gaining' universe. If you haven't read the previous stories, check them out before you read this as there are references to events that take place in the previous stories.

Friends and Family and Something Else

(circa 2013)

It was a rainy day – good weather for a lazy day off work. John scratched at his hair, not trying terribly hard to organise his thoughts: he had the whole day to work up to that. He finished making his tea and carried it into the living room. Sherlock had extended his length over the entire sofa some time earlier in the morning whilst John was enjoying his lie in. John smiled at the sight of him, fingers flying over his laptop – no doubt tearing some poor shite's confidence to shreds – and gaze fixed on the screen. John moved a large envelope to make room for his mug of tea on the coffee table.

‘Sherlock,’ John said, eyeing the white envelope, ‘ ‘s this?’ There was a pause while Sherlock took a breath, eyes not leaving the screen in front of him and fingers barely slowing.

‘Hm?’

‘Envelope. Table.’ John flipped it over. ‘Solicitors?’

‘Oh. Mycroft.’

‘And?’

‘What?’ A hint of annoyance coloured Sherlock's voice now.

‘What's it about?’

‘How should I know? Haven't opened it.’

‘Sherlock...’

With a put-upon sigh Sherlock closed the laptop and muttered *imbecile* under his breath.

‘You what?’ John’s head tilted like a lance at an approaching battle horse.

‘Not you. Yet.’

John waved the envelope slowly.

‘It’s an account of the estate’s finances, I imagine. And, no doubt, an updated will for each of us, with provisions for dependents.’

‘What the hell—’

‘I know it’s tedious. I usually burn them as soon as they arrive in the post. He got past me this year by hand-delivering the damned thing.’ Sherlock sighed again. ‘I wonder if Molly has any interesting corpses today. I might text her,’ Sherlock said, digging around on the sofa for his phone.

‘You... he—’ John stumbled to a stop. He tried again. ‘There’s a *family estate*?’

Sherlock was fully absorbed with the screen of his phone. ‘Ye-e-s,’ he drawled.

‘I thought... Why, when—’ John stopped, trying to frame a coherent question that didn’t involve shouting. He cleared his throat. ‘We’ve been scratching for money. No, *I’ve* been scratching around for money since I paid back that hundred thousand—’

‘I did say it was unnecessary, John.’

‘And you didn’t think it pertinent to mention that you could have bought the fucking flat?’

‘Um, no.’ Sherlock looked up at last. ‘I don’t want to buy it, and I doubt Mrs Hudson wants to sell it.’ He looked back down at his phone. ‘Besides, owning things is tedious – too many decisions to make. Taxes, ergh, boring.’ Sherlock flung the phone down. ‘Nothing but heart failure and old age!’

‘From paying taxes?’ John asked in disbelief.

‘No! Bodies, John. Pay attention, please.’ Sherlock ruffled his hair in agitation.

John smiled and quickly hid his expression. He dropped the envelope on the table. Sherlock waved his hand at it. ‘Go ahead and open it now or you’ll be asking questions that I can’t be bothered answering.’

‘Your estate, mate – I don’t need to know,’ John said, leaning back to drink his tea.

Sherlock twisted upwards, his bare feet landing on the floor in front of the sofa. ‘I think you do at that,’ he said, his eyes averted.

John raised his eyebrows. He wondered what was not being said. ‘Okay,’ he acquiesced simply, putting his mug down and hefting the envelope.

Jon withdrew a sheaf of papers and spread them out haphazardly over his lap and the small square of uncluttered table. ‘Okay, there’s your will.’ He withdrew a slim folder from the assorted documents and placed it atop the envelope. Sherlock sniffed ostentatiously and turned to look out of the window. ‘And here’s a copy of Mycroft’s,’ John continued, placing another folder with Sherlock’s. ‘And–

‘Bloody hell. His name’s *Havelock*.’

John held the folder closer to read the name again. 'Havelock!'

Sherlock twitched and John raised his eyes to share his dismay. Sherlock wasn't dismayed. Oh.

'What's the matter with the name, John?'

'Um.' John decided not to answer. He picked through the remaining papers. There were estate balance sheets, properties, business interests and the like. 'Jesus... There's a fortune here, Sherlock.' John remembered to blink at last. He stacked the papers carefully, his hands threatening to tremble at the amounts they represented.

'Money doesn't interest me,' Sherlock sniffed.

'Hah. That isn't funny when you've lived with my finances.'

'I can live without it, I *have* lived without it,' Sherlock insisted, working up to a flounce.

'How did that work for you?' John asked tartly, the shadow of Sherlock's past drug addiction still loomed over him.

Sherlock sprang to his feet and – yes – *flounced* to the window to stand gazing down into the street. 'Money's boring.'

'Money is power,' John said reflexively.

'Hm, that explains why Mycroft is so very obsessed with it then,' Sherlock said with a hint of venom.

John picked up the folders to pack all the documents back inside the envelope. He should probably file them somewhere since Sherlock couldn't be arsed to. 'So, are these evenly endowed?' he asked waving the wills slightly at Sherlock's back. A few papers separated from one of the folders and fell to the floor.

'The three of us have identical wills with equal access to the assets should one of us predecease the other two. The assets are owned in common. Mummy's will has been altered to accommodate Paul as well. She may not be his mother but she will accept him as her son if he wishes it.'

'His real mum is an addict,' John added. He grabbed the papers that had landed on the floor.

'I'm aware. Mycroft has been piecing together his history for some time. He has him watched from a distance. I think he worries about Paul more than he does about me now.'

John responded absently, 'Heh, with good reason. He's already seen more than his fair share of trouble.' He studied the papers in his hand. 'Sherlock?'

'Hm?'

'My name is on this lot.'

'As it should be.'

'Why?'

'The estate is entailed to the extent that in the event of my death it will pay you an annual sum,' Sherlock clarified, glancing back at John from the window.

‘What do you mean?’

‘It already happened once – that money that you paid back to me, John. That was an annual payment that was sent to your account due to the widely held belief that I had died.

‘But–’ John mind circled slowly around this new information. ‘That wasn’t, I mean I thought that was the sum total of your assets, at least the part you hadn’t left to Mycroft.’

It wasn’t that long ago and John could well remember the shock of seeing his bank statement. He hadn’t asked questions. He hadn’t been able to countenance talking to Mycroft ever again.

‘No-o. Clearly.’

‘Okay, so, I’m a *dependent*?’

‘Essentially, I suppose so.’ Sherlock shrugged, feigning disinterest.

John didn’t think the street outside was that interesting. He suspected that Sherlock had been dreading this particular conversation, yet he had prompted John to open the envelope. Right.

‘I’m not your dependent, Sherlock. What’s going on?’

‘I think that we should probably... do that thing,’ Sherlock said in a rush, waving his hand to the side. He was still talking with his back to John. John could feel his temper rising.

‘What thing? Sherlock!’ He stood up, intending to pull Sherlock to face him.

Sherlock whirled around and took a step forward, John had moved towards him and they both pulled up short, startled at each other’s proximity. Sherlock’s eyes were wide and he wore a

slightly unhinged expression. John's anger dissipated and he felt a frown of concern building between his brows. He began to say something to reassure him. 'Sherlock—'

Sherlock interrupted.

'Marry me?'

~end

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