Fandom: Sherlock (BBC)
Title: Five times John fixed up Sherlock after a fight, and one time Sherlock fixed up John
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Genre: Gen
Characters/Pairings: John, Sherlock, Mary
Rating: PG-13
Warning: Minor spoilers for season 3
Summary: see title
Author's Note: Written for **mokusan**'s prompt in the comment-fic comm. My apologies, cause this hasn't been beta'ed. Let's assume this takes place some time after "The Empty Hearse", although there aren't any real spoilers in here, save for the part about a certain someone getting married. Please do not share or upload this fic anywhere without the author's permission.

1) Catfight

"Ow!"

Sherlock winced as John dabbed the antiseptic on the rather superficial wounds on Sherlock's cheek.

"I can't believe you're squirming this much from a few scratches. It was just a cat."

Sherlock looked almost offended. With a stern expression, he said, "It wasn't *just* a cat."

John's mouth curved into a grin. "Let me guess. Three feet long, with a mane like a lion."

"It was feral."

"What were you doing, fighting a cat anyway?"

For a moment Sherlock looked almost as if he was going to give an honest answer, then changed his mind. "I don't see any relevance to that particular story. Just get it over with, so I can be on my way."

John just chuckled. "Okay, Mr. Lion-Tamer."

2) Unprovoked

"You what?!" John asked incredulously.

"I did not see any way to reason with the man other than have my fist collide with his chin to effectively knock him unconscious."

John carefully examined Sherlock's knuckles. Sherlock twitched slightly, but didn't say anything.

"You punched him," John repeated Sherlock's previous statement. "Unprovoked." It came out

more like a question than a statement.

“Well, no, I wouldn’t say it was unprovoked.”

John shook his head. This was one of those moments where Sherlock’s actions completely baffled him, and try as he might, he could not find any other explanation other than... it was Sherlock. He stopped poking Sherlock’s hand. “I don’t think anything’s broken, but you should get an x-ray to be sure.”

Sherlock flexed his fingers a few times. “I’ll be fine,” he said in that absent-minded tone of voice that suggested his mind had already moved on to greener pastures.

John had to try hard not to roll his eyes.

3) The Harpoon

John stared at the deep cut in Sherlock’s arm. “This was caused by what again?”

“A harpoon,” Sherlock said matter-of-factly.

“A harpoon,” John repeated.

“Yes, a bloody harpoon.”

“What were you doing with a harpoon in the city centre of London?” He lifted his hands. “No, wait. I don’t think I want to know.”

Sherlock just looked at him, his eyes narrowed as if trying to decide whether John wanted an answer or not. He stayed silent.

John examined the wound and studied the edges of the skin. “It’s just superficial enough that I can patch it up with Steri-Strips. Was the tip contaminated?”

“Contaminated?”

“Yes. Sea water, sand, seaweed, lancinated fish?”

“No.” It came out completely confident.

John sighed. “Alright. Let me get my first aid kit.”

4) Stitches

“No, Sherlock. This needs stitches.”

“Look, I said no hospital.”

John let out a frustrated grunt. Sherlock's stubbornness at its best. He pressed the blood-stained wad of gauze back against Sherlock's temple, taking his arm and guiding his hand to keep pressure on it.

Sherlock kept protesting, "Can't you stitch it up?"

John sighed, knowing he had already caved. "Okay, fine. But only if we do it in my practice, I don't have the necessary materials here."

Sherlock frowned. "Your practice?"

"Yes, Sherlock, I do still practice medicine, you know. And I do *not* generally do it at home."

Realization spread over Sherlock's face. "Oh yes, of course. You work with your wife. Must be so boring. Endless cases of undescended testicles and mycoses and haemorrhoids and—"

"I enjoy it," John interrupted him rather abruptly.

"*Enjoy* it?" Sherlock asked incredulously, narrowing his eyes in disdain. "That's a white lie you tell yourself to justify—"

"Enough! Do you want me to stitch you up, or would you rather have your face permanently disfigured by an ugly, inch-long scar across your forehead?"

"Now you're just being melodramatic."

John's patience was definitely wearing thin. "Look, Sherlock, you wanted my professional opinion, and my professional opinion is that this cut needs stitches to heal properly."

"Technically, I never asked for your professional opinion."

That was it, enough was enough. "Okay. Fine." John stood up and lifted both his palms, backing away towards the door. "Be that way. I'm not your parent, I'm not your keeper, or your guardian. You're perfectly capable of making your own decisions, and you're not known to take advice from anyone. I officially give up."

He was almost out the door when he heard Sherlock's voice. "John, wait."

He stopped, closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, turning around to face Sherlock. There was no apology on his friend's face, or any other emotion.

"How far is your practice?" Sherlock asked.

"Half an hour on the tube, maybe fifteen minutes by taxi."

"Have you known me to voluntarily take the tube?"

John just shrugged as he watched Sherlock get up from the armchair. “Keep pressure on it,” he said as he got Sherlock’s coat to help him put it on.

5) Retribution

“... and you’ll have to take this three times a day with a meal, Mrs Fisher, alright?” John told the elderly arthritis patient, wishing nothing more than for his day to end.

It was at that exact moment that his intercom buzzed. “John, can you come out here?” Mary’s voice sounded urgent.

He frowned, and quickly replied, “I’ll be right there.”

He patted Mrs Fisher lightly on the shoulder and helped her out of the room, his eyes looking for his wife who pointed at the waiting room. “It’s Sherlock. He looks terrible, like he’s been... beaten or roughed up.”

“Beaten?”

John was already on the way to the waiting room, his eyes wide when he saw Sherlock’s swollen eye and pained grimace. He was by his side in two seconds. “Jesus, what happened?”

Sherlock attempted a nonchalant expression but his voice came out more like a groan. “Minor altercation with a client.”

“Okay, let’s get you to the examination room.”

He could tell Sherlock was trying to brave it out as he was sitting on the examination table, but the way he flinched when John was assessing the bruise just above the cheekbone and his ribcage told him that his friend was in a considerable amount of discomfort.

“I don’t think there are any facial fractures, but you might have cracked a rib. Mind telling me how it happened?”

“I do.”

“A client beat you up?”

“Not... precisely.”

“You said you had an altercation with a client. Should the police be involved?”

“No,” Sherlock said quickly. “It’s matter of a rather discreet nature.”

John’s voice became more impatient. “Sherlock, someone broke your rib and damn near broke your cheekbone. That’s criminal assault.”

Sherlock groaned as he shifted his position. “Perhaps so, but it’s being taken care of.”

“Taken *care* of?” John repeated incredulously. “Please tell me you’re not sending a... a mob squad in for some kind of retribution.”

Sherlock’s mouth curved into the slightest grin. “No, don’t worry. It will be a lot more subtle, and a lot more poignant. It’ll be better if I don’t tell you any more about this, trust me.”

John wasn’t sure whether he should, but he had a feeling he wasn’t going to get more information out of Sherlock short of applying physical torture. He shook his head. “You should get an x-ray to make sure there’s no displaced rib fractures.”

“I’ll get Molly to do it.”

“She’s a pathologist.”

“She’s got an x-ray machine, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, for dead people.”

Sherlock gave him a half amused, half condescending look. “My dear John. You really have to learn to embrace creative thinking.”

6) Kitten Heels

“John, you...”

It didn’t happen often that Sherlock was left speechless. John was puzzled.

“I what?”

Sherlock pointed to his own right cheek. “You’ve got blood smeared all over your face.”

John reached up to touch his face, and his fingers came away with red fingertips. “Oh, uhm...” He went over to the mirror next to Sherlock’s armchair, clearly taken aback by the sight. “Good lord.”

Sherlock scrutinized him with narrowed eyes. “You drove all the way over here looking like this, then?”

John turned around to face him. “Yes, I believe I did.”

“Hm...” Sherlock commented.

“You do have a first aid kit, don’t you?”

“Bathroom cupboard, on the left. Probably expired.”

It took John a minute to find it, and he came back into the living room with it, disgust clearly written all over his face. “I’d do this in the bathroom, but the smell is making me gag. Another one of your experiments?”

“Decay rate of British cheese varieties. I was going to write a blog about it.”

“Uh-huh,” John said dryly and left it at that.

It was quite difficult to clean your own open cut in dim lighting and a dust covered mirror, John realized. He wasn’t sure if it was his frustrated grumbling or Sherlock actually registering that his assistance might be needed when his friend said, “Sit down, John. It’s going to be more efficient if I do it.”

The antiseptic stung, and Sherlock was maybe dabbing the cut a little too hard, but John didn’t say anything. Silence engulfed the room until he couldn’t hold back the question any longer.

“Aren’t you going to ask what happened?”

Sherlock’s mouth twitched ever so slightly. “Oh, I know what happened.”

“Oh yeah? Why don’t you enlighten me?”

“You had a fight with your wife, probably over her cat vomiting on your new carpet. You had a heated argument, then she threw a stiletto at you which hit you on the cheek. You were lucky not to duck, otherwise it would probably have hit you straight in the eye. Nasty things, those kitten heels—no pun intended. Can cause real damage if aimed appropriately.”

John breathed in a long breath. He’d witnessed Sherlock’s uncanny ability to analyse a situation from seemingly no information at all often enough, but it was never more annoying than when Sherlock was seeing right through him.

“She didn’t call you?” John asked carefully.

“No.”

“Text you?”

“No.”

He sighed. “Alright. Are you done?”

Sherlock leaned back and studied John’s cheek. “I lack the medical expertise, but I would assume that this will do.”

John stood up and looked in the mirror, satisfied with what he saw. He dabbed at the skin beside it and knew it would sting for a while.

“Tea?” Sherlock asked off-handedly.

John smiled. As infuriating as the man could be sometimes, there were times when he appreciated nothing more than his ability to block out and ignore the most elementary things in life. He turned around and nodded.

“Yes, please.”

THE END.