Noodler's Eternal, Hunter Green

Author: tj_teejay (AO3 – Tumblr – Instagram – Reddit – E-Mail)
Author's Note: Please do not share or upload this fic anywhere without the author's permission.
Prompt this was written for: BBC Sherlock, John / or & Sherlock, Of COURSE he could identify the killer based on the ink on the bottom of the victim's shoe, but did he have to *lick* it?

+-+-+-+-+

"Honestly, Sherlock, did you have to *lick* it!?"

There was that look on Sherlock's face, the one that spelled exasperation, eye-rolling and sighing—all at the same time. "How else would I have been able to prove that it was Noodler's Eternal, Hunter Green?"

"And for that you had to lick it?"

"Fastest way of identifying it. Would you rather I'd had it sent to the lab and waited three weeks for the results, giving our serial killer ample opportunity to decapitate another estimated four bodies?"

"No," John quickly acknowledged. He drew in a breath and steepled his fingers. "So tell me, what does Noodler's Eternal, Hunter Green taste of?"

The triumphant glint in Sherlock's eyes was hard to miss. "Oh yes. Very distinct aroma. The bitterness on the tip of the tongue is quite unique, as well as the slightly musky flavour. It's easily mistaken for Montblanc's Midnight Blue, but the faint trace of its fruity undertone is what gave it away. Really very obvious."

Silence greeted him, which prompted Sherlock to look up and take in John's quizzical smile. With a hint of annoyance in his tone, Sherlock added, "I don't see what could possibly be amusing about that."

John tried to quickly wipe the smile off his face but didn't quite succeed. "Apologies. You're right."

"But…?"

"I'm trying to imagine you licking your way through how many brands of ink?"

"124."

The amused smile was back. "You can't be serious."

"Oh, very much so. If you don't believe it, I'd be happy to prove it to you."

"God no," John negated. "I perfectly believe it. Although I must admit the mental image of your tongue resembling the colour spectrum of a rainbow is certainly tempting."

There was only one thing that Sherlock could think of to respond, and it was a heartfelt, "Oh, shut up."