

A radiant beam of light glittered through the windowsill, leaving little patches of light behind on the marble counter. A quiet hum echoed through the air, the source of the sound coming from the tan feline in front of the stove. The feline held a knife in one hand, the other holding down the potato he was currently trying to cut. Watson had promised to make dinner for his two husbands and their friends but he was swiftly finding it was much more work than he'd bargained for. Sure, he was basically the malewife in the relationship; but the three had always been more of a grab and go sort, rather than planning and executing meals. With a sigh, she set the knife down on the cutting board, turning around to head to the fridge. A shrill yelp escaped him as he spun around, Sherlock appearing in front of him suddenly with a vaguely amused expression.

"John, where do we keep our firecrackers?"

"...What? We don't keep firecrackers here, what kind of house do you think you live in?"

Sherlock raised a brow, clearly unimpressed. His stare practically bore into John's soul, the shorter cat eventually cracking under the pressure.

"In the basement. Next to the hose."

Sherlock smiled smugly, triumph dancing in his pale blue eyes before he leaned down, planting a kiss on Watson's cheek.

"Thank you, dear."

Watson watched the male walk away with a grumble. How did he always do that? He always knew when the shorter male was lying; and he was accurate enough to be almost sinister. His skinny tail flicked back and forth, pausing in thought as he stared at the trays of uncooked food. He was going to be here for hours.

The bluetooth speaker made a thud noise as he placed it on the counter, smiling to himself. Since neither Sherlock nor Moriarty were home, he could play his secret music playlist without any shame. When his thumb pressed the play button on his phone, the room was filled with the sound of Lady Gaga, specifically Pokerface. Each time the beat hit, the usually closed off tom would sway, happily swishing his tail. Before long, Watson had cut up all of the items he needed to prep; as well as finish the marinade for the main course: the prime rib. John had resorted to crudely singing the words to Bad Romance, embarrassingly having memorized all of the lyrics. At the height of the chorus, the front door opened quietly, too quiet for her to hear. Moriarty shuffled inside, briefcase tucked under his arm, stopping at the entrance of the kitchen. His spindly ears flicked forward in interest, grinning warmly as he heard the feline's vocals.

"Nice voice you got there, dear. You should sing more often."

Watson immediately swung around, eyes widening in realization as a red blush covered his face.

“Moriartyyyyyyyyy- um, hi! You weren’t supposed to be home for uhhh, 25 minutes?”

Moriarty smirked playfully, patting his husband on the head.

“This song reminds me of us. Except we’re actually good together, somehow.”

Watson rolled his eyes playfully, punching Moriarty lightly on the shoulder, the golden tom pretending to be hurt.

“Oh, come here.”

Watson planted a small kiss on the male’s cheek, smiling warmly at his partner. The taller male snickered quietly, nuzzling John’s cheek briefly before stepping over to the prepped food.

“Quite the spread here. Did everyone already say they were coming?”

“Yes, everyone confirmed. I’m mostly afraid we won’t have enough tea.”

“Knowing you, we have far too much tea.”

Watson grumbled, turning away from the tom, bumping him with his hip to gently nudge him out of the kitchen as he got back to work.

The ding of the doorbell brought the three cats back from their daydreaming as they watched the television, Moriarty immediately getting up to answer it. Out of the three of them, he was by far the best at greeting people. While they were all friends coming, both Watson and Sherlock tended to have a harder time socializing than the average person.. Luckily for them, all of their friends stuck around long enough to get to know them better. Moriarty was naturally charismatic, which made him perfect for the job. After all, his job as a lead in marketing was practically made for him, he could sell anyone pretty much anything, even something as ordinary as a stick of gum.

“Walter, come here, you remarkable little chemistry teacher!”

Walter looked clearly uncomfortable as Moriarty pulled him into a hug, the chemistry teacher chuckling awkwardly as he just barely wrapped an arm around the flamboyant tom in response. They had known Walter for quite a while, even back when he planned to work in a partner company, and while he also wasn’t super social, he was always good to lean on and exchange advice with. His insight was always invaluable.

“Hello Moriarty, how was your morning at the fancy marketing office?”

“Oh, Walty, it was just swell. I got to make an ad for the coolest new phone, it has built in effects on the camera! Just imagine the photos you could take with th-”

“Okay, okay, calm down Mori. Let the man inside for god’s sake!”

Sherlock nudged his partner to the side of the door, shooting Walter a small welcoming smile.

As soon as Walter stepped inside, a bright red and tan feline practically leaped through the door, a squeak of surprise escaping Sherlock. The tom was average height, standing around five foot eight, though he always looked shorter due to the baggy clothing he wore.

“JESSE! What have I told you about scaring people like that?”

Walter furrowed a brow sternly, Jesse merely smirking and shrugging in response.

“Relax, old man. They can handle it, you act like such a boomer, jesus.”

Walter merely grumbled a reply, nudging his adopted son into the home, the two taking a seat on one side of the large futon, the three having moved multiple chairs and sofas into the massive living room to account for the amount of guests.

Their house was a large modern style home, composed mostly of one way glass all around the exterior. This style of house was unusual for the United Kingdom, the houses usually stuck more around the typical Victorian style. The front of the house was gated, requiring a password to be buzzed in to let guests inside, complete with a large in ground pool with twisting rocks dangling above the water.

Before long, more of their guests began to roll in. Some of the earliest to arrive were: Irma, a rather collected yet sometimes irritable purple cat; Jay, a very irritable yet honest gray cat; and Ruru, a snarky yet fun to be around dark coated tom. They were all rather prone to teasing the three husbands about their openly affectionate relationship. None of them ever meant any harm by it of course, it was all in good fun to them all. The rest of their guests: Debt, Kota, Verglas, and Purplebeast had arrived fashionably late, much to the amusement of everyone else.

Watson set the table, placing forks and spoons down at every seat that would be occupied. A smile stretched across his muzzle, waving over the large group of friends. Moriarty, Sherlock, and Watson all sat next to each other; Purplebeast, Ruru, and Jay across from them. Debt, Kota, Irma, Verglas were to the left and right of the trio, making the table seem more crowded than it was. Across the tabletop was a large assortment of cuisine, including but not limited to: rolls, steak; salad, pasta; baked potatoes, and corn.

Purplebeast grinned gleefully before grabbing a handful of rolls, shoving one in his mouth

immediately, much to the dismay of Irma.

“Dude, that’s like, so vile. At least chew with your mouth closed.”

The purple cat shot Purplebeast a look of disgust before gently grabbing a roll in her hand.

“It wouldn’t be a day with Irma without him telling someone off.”

Ruru smirked as he spoke, squeaking when he was smacked on the arm by Jay.

“Hey! What the hell was that for, Jay?”

“Cause you’re being extremely irritating.”

Moriarty smirked at the madness while Sherlock and Watson softly smiled. It was always a joy to have them all over, even if they were always at each other’s throats. It was obvious everyone still cared deeply for each other. Moriarty leaned against John’s side, his head resting atop his shoulder. The group of cats around them immediately groaned, some going as far as to fake gag towards them.

“You guys are seriously revolting.”

Debt meowed out, face scrunched up in disgust as the others joined in on the discussion.

“Seriously, I am trying to eat here and I have to see this?”

“I hate gay people. I’m actually homophobic now.”

Kota giggled quietly before putting a paw up to silence everyone.

“Ok, ok. Come on guys, let’s give them the benefit of the doubt.”

Kota struggled to keep a straight face before bursting out into laughter, doubling over from the effort.

“I lied. You guys are actually gross.”

The group settled in the living room, everyone flopped over onto the couches, chairs, and floor from how much they all ate.

“So, what movie are we watching then?”

Verglas asked, the blue toned cat raising a curious brow towards the trio.

“We’re watching the first Home Alone.”

Sherlock replied simply, his tone rather blunt as Watson and Moriarty curled into each side of him, heads resting on his stomach.

With a content sigh, he turned the television on, flipping through the channels until he landed on Disney+. While scrolling through the various movies, he settled on the movie discussed, leaning back so he was flat against the soft couch.

Moriarty’s thin tail flicked back and forth in excitement, watching as the first trap scene played out.

“Would you guys still love me if I set our house up like a Home Alone trap?”

“Wouldn’t that just be a Saw movie?”

Purplebeast replied, raising an amused brow towards the golden tom.

“Hmmm.....good point. I could be the real life Jigsaw if I wanted.”

Moriarty smiled gleefully, much to the dismay of everyone else there, minus his two husbands. Sherlock and Watson exchanged glances, shrugging.

“I suppose so. But you’re too nice to do what he does.”

A chorus of ew noises spread throughout the room, making the polycule absolutely lose it by laughing.

After the movie was over and all the food in the house was gone, their friends departed from the house, leaving the three to smile to themselves over the day they had. Despite the jokes, the group was happy to have spent their day together.

It made the holiday all the more special when it was spent with special people.