The Sun Sets on Us Tonight

by Darcyshire

Summary

Sherlock Holmes and John Watson have finally wed, despite Sherlock's brother's objections to John's status and class. Tonight, the newlyweds enjoy each other. (Rewrite of the 2005 Movie Pride and Prejudice)

Notes

I own none of the characters in this short work. All credit goes to BBC and Jane Austen.

See the end of the work for more notes.

The sun cast golden rays across Holmes' estate, washing every blade of grass gold and made every ripple in the lake shine like the sun. The breeze was gentle, a whisper across the land as it blew, lightly tousling Sherlock's dark curls as he sat beside his husband - John Watson. The two basked in each other's company, gentle smiles shared between them over cups of tea as they watched the sun set from the balcony over looking lake that settled on their property. They sat close together, thighs touching, arms resting gently against the other as they sat, enjoying each other's company. Sherlock suddenly turned, setting his tea aside to pull John to his feet, disposing of his cup and saucer as well before pulling him towards the small sitting table that resided in the middle of the balcony.

Sherlock ignored John's question of what he was doing, sitting as the man sat, watching as Sherlock's pale grey eyes shifted over face as if he were analysing every line - every freckle that dotted John's face. John watched him, loving the way his husband's eyes darted back and forth,
searching for something he already possessed. It was something he had done before they married. Something he had done for a long while. Sherlock lifted his hand, coming to stroke the side of John's face gently, his long, slender fingers warm on his skin.

"How are you this evening, my dear?" Sherlock asked, voice warm with happiness as he caressed John's face.

"Very well," John replied. "Though... I wish you would not call me 'My Dear'" John said, clasping Sherlock's free hand in both of his, squeezing gently. Sherlock chuckled. It was a wonderful sound, all deep and throaty. It was something Sherlock never did unless he was truly amused.

"Why?"

"Because, it's what my father always called my mother when he was cross about something."

John said leaning forward slowly to press one kiss to Sherlock's neck, breathing in slowly as he smelled Sherlock. John could smell the soap and whatnot, but if he took a second to distinguish it, this smell was wholly and truly one hundred percent Sherlock. He smelled of the land on the estate and the rainy weather. He smelled of the grass and the lake after he just had a swim and something that was just... Sherlock. There was no other way to identify what it was.

"Well..." Sherlock said after a moment, head tipping to the side as he thought. "What endearments am I allowed?"

"Well," John murmured, bringing Sherlock's wrist up to his mouth, pressing a delicate kiss to the pale skin. "John, for everyday....My darling for Sunday...." He trailed off, watching Sherlock's eyes dance. "And My Lord," He smirked. "But only for very special occasions." John said sternly, only to laugh alongside his husband, heart light as he listened to the beautiful laugh that echoed from the man beside him.

"Then what shall I call you when I am cross?" Sherlock pondered after they calmed down, a chuckle still caught in his throat as his eyes roamed John's face once more, drinking in every expression he wore. Sherlock drew a sharp breath, eyes glittering. "Mr. Holmes."

John frowned, shaking his head. "No! No. You may only call me 'Mr. Holmes' when you are completely and perfectly, and incandecently happy." John murmured, voice dropping to a low whisper as he leaned in, as if only Sherlock may hear. Sherlock nodded, a soft smile gracing his lips as he leaned in toward John, his breath warm on John's face.

"Then... How are you this evening, Mr. Holmes." He whispered, pressing a gentle kiss to John's cheek.

"Mr. Holmes." He whispered again, nose skimming over John's as he pressed another kiss to the other cheek. John closed his eyes, smiling once more as Sherlock uttered the name once more.

"Mr.Holmes." He whispered, pressing a kiss to his forehead, hand coming to cup John's chin as he said the name once more, firmly this time, his lips meeting John's in a gentle kiss.

They shared the kiss as the sun set, all long strokes and gentle caresses, for they had all the time in the world.
I enjoyed writing this because I like being able to at least imagine Sherlock happy with someone and well... I believe that Sherlock and Mr. Darcy share some characteristics.

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