

## Never Too Old

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## Never Too Old

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

A missing scene set immediately after Sergeant Shadwell had "popped the question".

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"Another one, Mister S?" Jezebel asked, holding up a bottle of Guinness.

*No, not Jezebel. Marjorie.* He arranged his mouth into something that resembled a smile. "Aye," he answered.

She stood next to him, refilling his pint, her body bent towards him. She looked so different without her usual guise—but he still recognised her perfume. His brain was working overtime, trying to merge this version of her with what he knew before.

When he tilted his head to thank her, he was startled by how close her face was to his. There was faint blush on her cheeks and a question in her eyes. Her lips were slightly parted and oh, so inviting.

Witchfinder Sergeant Shadwell considered himself to be a brave man. One had to be brave when battling against the powers of evil. None of the experience he'd gained had prepared him for this, though.

"I..." he started, but immediately regretted it, because he didn't know how to continue. His mouth tried to form more words, but no sound came out.

"Oh, you old silly," Marjorie sighed affectionately, with the smallest of eye-rolls.

Then her lips were on his.

Shadwell was petrified, his eyes wide open and jaw slack. It wasn't because the turn of events had surprised him (it had), but because he was feeling too many things at once. Marjorie's soft lips against his, her perfume enveloping him, a lock of her hair tickling his neck... He couldn't be expected to function under such an assault.

Before he could get his bearings, it was over.

"I'm sorry," Marjorie whispered.

Her eyes looked sad. When she took step back, Shadwell finally snapped out of his stupor. He grabbed her arm, pulling her so close she almost toppled into his lap.

"Don't be," he croaked.

He crushed their mouths together. His kiss may have been lacking some talent, but he compensated with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Mister S," Marjorie cooed when she was able to talk again. Her smile lit up her whole face and her eyes twinkled with mischief. "The things I'm going to do to you."

Shadwell realised he'd be happy to let her do whatever, if it meant he'd get to see that look on her face again.

"I think we better start out slow, though," Marjorie mused. "Also, we're too old to be snogging on a chair."

Luckily they weren't too old to be snogging on the couch.

## End Notes

"I'm in the mood for a first kiss that goes wrong at first, please," said Caedmon on Twitter, when I posted the "if you could make me write one thing, what would it be?" thing. I doubt this is what she had in mind. I'm like a genie in a bottle, you have to be very specific with your wishes.

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