Kissing Sisters

by goldenrod

Summary

No one actually expected Catherine Bennet and Georgiana Darcy to become friends. So they became something more instead.

Notes

Written for the Porn Battle XIII (prompts: unlikely, influence, curtains, hidden, kissing, shy, hidden). It seems to have been quite a popular one, but let it never be said that I won't jump on a bandwagon, particularly one which involves Regency-era fem-slash. :-)

Nothing graphic, but involves Regency girls gone wild (or getting a bit frisky with each other anyway).

Feedback welcome and constructive feedback gratefully appreciated. Enjoy!

In truth, although those around them had hoped to varying degrees, no one had actually expected the two young ladies to become friends. On the surface, they were markedly different in both temperament and nature in ways that seemed entirely insurmountable; the younger Miss Bennet had something of a reputation for wild, unsociable conduct, where the young Miss Darcy was conversely known by all to be quiet and reserved to almost the point of timidity. It seemed in too many ways to
be an unlikely, if not impossible, match.

It was therefore a matter of surprise to all (and relief to some) when their friendship not only began, but indeed blossomed. The two were in no short time inseparable, as if they had all their lives been sisters, and were soon given for long walks in the country without the need for a chaperone, and for hiding themselves away in the rooms of Pemberley without the need for further companionship for hours at a time.

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There is a sitting room up the stairs and towards the rear of Pemberley that looks out onto a patch of land that, in comparison with most of the beautiful grounds of that fine estate, is not particularly grand or pleasing to the eye. The door is stiff, and does not open easily, at least not without an excessive amount of cursing and fuss. It catches little sun or warmth during the day but plenty of cold from the wind that sweeps across the land, and it is widely agreed to be ill-placed for it’s purpose. As such, it is often overlooked and little used by those who reside within that fine place, and even during the day there are few who can be bothered to go near it.

It is nevertheless one of Kitty Bennet’s favourite rooms in the entire house. There are, admittedly, only three real reasons for this. The first are the large, luxurious curtains of red velvet which adorn the windows, which are thick and warm and are large enough that they can be wrapped around anything -- such as, for instance, the bodies of two rather small young women -- to obscure it from view. The second, somewhat paradoxically, is it’s many faults and flaws, or to speak more accurately perhaps, the fact that such flaws prevent anyone from taking any particular interest in or entering it.

The third reason is her present company, who is so beautiful that she burns brighter than the sun, and looks at her with warmth and love that she has scarce never known before.

“My dear Kitty,” Georgiana Darcy whispers as she leans into her, pushing her back further into the luxurious curtain, “my dear, dear Kitty. I have something I would ask of you, but I confess myself worried about your answer.”

“Then ask me,” Kitty replies, her voice deep and equally hushed. “You are my friend, my closest friend, and I can deny you nothing.”

Georgiana smiles at the word ‘friend’, not only because there are surprisingly few in such a wealthy, beautiful girl’s life who she feels comfortable being addressed and considered as such by, but because she knows, just as Kitty knows, that such a word expresses far more between them than it does for others, means something they can never express but which nevertheless burns deep within them. She brushes Kitty’s cheek, moves aside a strand of hair that would otherwise obscure her face. If it also gives Georgiana the chance to brush her fingertips across the smooth skin of her friend’s face, well, such things cannot be helped.

“I would ask you for a kiss, Kitty. Would you be troubled if I asked for such a thing?”

“Not at all. You may take as many as you like; I would freely give them to you.”

Georgiana smiles, and leans in, and touches her lips to Kitty’s, and they are so soft, and warm, that Kitty is most disappointed when the kiss is broken for something as trivial as their mutual need to breathe.
And those who were given to observe such things could not help but detect a gradual, and indeed welcome, change in the conduct of both young women; Miss Bennet’s tendency towards social impropriety, which had only worsened when under the influence of her now married younger sister, was soon replaced with a more appropriate nature, while Miss Darcy’s at times aloof and melancholy nature gradually warmed into a more open, friendly countenance. Indeed, even Mr. Darcy, who still possessed numerous ill memories of his experience of Miss Bennet’s lack of manners when in polite society, was led to concede to his wife that her younger sister now seemed in every way a suitable and even beneficial companion for his only sister, and that he could find no possible reason to object to their friendship.

The room is cold without a fire, and it is colder still when Kitty’s dress joins Georgiana’s on the floor. But her friend’s beauty is all Kitty needs to chase away the goosebumps that form on her skin, and her friend’s touch, fingers brushing against her breast, are all that she needs for warmth.

And as with all close friendships, they soon began to enter into confidences with each other, and found they could freely share secrets that with others must be sealed behind lock and key, but which could flow freely between them when they were alone. They giggled at private jokes and whispered secret confessions, and soon it was suggested by those around them that they knew more about each other than anyone else knew about one or the other.

Georgiana, as naked as Kitty herself, leans in further, sharing her warmth.

“Kitty.” she murmurs against the other woman’s lips, so tantalizingly close yet infuriatingly far, “Dear, beautiful Kitty. Already, you have given so much and let me take more, but I have one more thing I would ask of you.”

“Ask it. Ask me anything.” Kitty insists, almost desperate.

*You mentioned before, as we entered the room, something that you did late at night, as you were alone, and thought of me.”

“Yes,” Kitty breathes, scarcely daring to hope.
Georgiana smiles, that beautiful, shy, inviting smile.

“Would you show me it?”

Kitty smiles back, and begins to tease her fingers down Georgiana’s neck, between her breasts, and lower.

“I should like nothing more,” she replies, leaning in to offer another kiss.

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Indeed, despite the contrasting nature of their characters, they seemed most uncommonly suited towards each other. At times, it seemed as if the one somehow knew what the other was thinking without a single word needing to be expressed.

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It is a maid on her way to change the sheets in Miss Georgiana’s room who thinks she hears something behind the door in that ugly old room that no one ever goes into. Probably nothing, no reason why anyone would go in there, but she is a fanciful girl, often given to lurid daydreams, and for a moment she thinks that perhaps brigands are breaking in to seize the treasures of Pemberley.

It is a ludicrous thought in several ways -- not least because it is still daylight, and the room in question is several floors off the ground, and because the sound that she isn’t even sure she’d heard sounded, if anything, like a girl, crying out -- but she is the kind of girl who allows her imagination to override her good sense at times, and nevertheless decides it best to open the door and check. She doesn’t want to get into no trouble if it was brigands, after all.

After a bit of fuss and force and some cursing that she is very glad no one, especially not Mr. Darcy or his wife, are around to hear, she manages to open the door. Looking around, she can see nothing worth noticing in there as ever, and after a moment’s disappointment at the dashing of her momentary flight of fancy, she shrugs, closes the door and continues on her way.

Had she lingered for a moment longer, she might have heard from behind the rich velvet curtains an explosion of relieved giggling from two young ladies, now free to continue their explorations of each other uninterrupted.

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And so, once the curiosity had faded, so the attentions of society drifted on to new curiosities and scandals, for there could seem to be little of further interest even to those gossips who thrived on such things in the close friendship between two young women who through marriage were now sisters.
Such friendships were scarcely uncommon, and thus hardly of great note or interest, after all.

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