The Dance at Netherfield Park

by dozydoris90

Summary

An insight into Lizzie Bennet's thoughts whilst dancing with Mr. Darcy for the first time.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own any of these characters - they are the property of Jane Austin

Inspired by the 2005 film when Lizzie and Darcy were dancing at the Netherfield ball. This my first attempt at writing fan-fiction so please be gentle!

When her dance ended Lizzy returned to her dear friend Charlotte Lucas and was deep in conversation with her when she found herself suddenly addressed by Mr Darcy, who took her so much by surprise in his application for her that, with ought knowing what she did, she accepted him. He walked away immediately and she was left to fret over her own want of presence of mind. Her heart gave a jump – what was that? She thought, but put it down to nervousness.

The current dance was over, and her dance began. They danced for some time with ought speaking a word. Her nerves increased the longer his hand held hers, his closeness, his smell; it made her surprisingly uneasy, which she consequently tried to ease by talking. A slight observation of the dance was made by her, a brief reply on his part. Talking ceased, stifled out by the lack of possible topics. Her nervousness grew, her heart pounded. What does this mean? She thought. She looked up into his eyes to acquire an answer.
And everything changed

Her world narrowed; Charlotte, Jane, even Mr Wickham left her mind. Her only thoughts were of Mr Darcy - everyone else were of no comparison.

They fitted perfectly together whilst they glided across the floor: an extension of one another, of one mind, one Soul. Social status mattered nothing to her, of rich and poor – merely two individuals blending together. Admirers looked on. The feeling in her heart began to build, corrupting her very being. It shattered her senses until the dance was her sole concentration - nothing mattered but Mr Darcy.

Then, as abruptly as it started, it disappeared - the dance finished, the moment gone. Lost forever. Disappointment seeped out her skin, a sense of loss overpowered her, as if half of her soul had been ripped away. She felt breathless, her gaze transfixed on Mr Darcy, her mind blurred.

Hands clapped. A bow. And he was gone, the slap of boots on the hard floor, unaware of the pain he caused. Her senses re-joined her, people were seen: the laughter and gossip filtered through her ears once more.

Her mind raced – what just happened? Her legs felt like jelly, yet she walked away. What was that feeling? What does this mean? She pondered these questions, afraid of an answer. Someone was talking – Charlotte Lucas, her mind told her. I must be myself again; she thought, and consequently composed herself. She was again Lizzy Bennet - who was delighted with anything ridiculous, with a lively, playful disposition. The precious memory was stored in the back of her mind. As a ball, she recalled, was not a time to reflect and ponder.

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