Summary

A letter from Georgiana Darcy to Catherine Bennet says more than one would think.

Notes

Written for the winter 2012 Porn Battle, with the prompt: Catherine Bennet/Georgiana Darcy, fingers, letters.

My Dear Kitty,

How much we miss you here at Pemberley! Mrs. D is quite of the opinion that Mrs. Bingley only asked you to join her and Mr. Bingley on the trip to York because she is either dreadfully jealous of all the fun we have been having together, or because she has no desire to endure the presence of Miss Bingley without another female there to share the burden. Even dear Fitzwilliam admits that the house is rather quiet without you here to ‘get the dogs riled with your playing on the pianoforte’, but I am certain he is just playing.

Words cannot express how much I miss you, dear Kitty. I have always longed for a sister, and was delighted to welcome Mrs. D to our family when she married Fitzwilliam, but it is not quite the same as having a friend and companion that is quite near to my own age. I miss our games, the ones we’d play by candlelight well into the night after everyone else retired…
Tiptoeing through the corridors to one of their bedchambers, the way lit only by a single, flickering candle.

Giggles muffled by soft pillows after hearing stories told about the Bennet daughters’ childhood antics.

Sitting side by side in the bed, with eyes for no one but each other, the silence unexpectedly loud in their ears.

Lips brushing together in the faintest of kisses.

Do you remember the night of the snowstorm, Kitty? Fitzwilliam, who has never been afraid of anything, was so terribly nervous because he feared that if it was too bad, then the midwife and the physician might not be able to make their way to Pemberley when Elizabeth’s time came? Thankfully, it wasn’t so bad as that - the people of Pemberley are well used to clearing the roads for ease of travel in the winter months - but it was also rather fun for us when we decided to stay together for warmth. I do not think I have ever been so warm during the winter, not even with a warming pan!

A darkened bedchamber, with only the crackling flames in the fireplace.

Two bodies wrapped around one another beneath the covers, separated only by the thin fabric of their shifts.

Hands rubbing soothingly along each other’s backs.

Lips brushing together yet again, only this time going much deeper.

Mouths opening, tongues darting together in a lovely dance.

You have been so wonderful to me, dearest. You and Mrs. D have been all kindness to me, showing me the delights of being surrounded by a laughing, happy family. I do not know that I shall ever be able to let you go.

Fingers tugging impatiently at their shifts, pulling them over each other’s heads.

Thin fabric falling to the floor, unwanted and unnoticed.

Hands gliding over bare skin, cupping pert breasts and lightly rubbing nipples into hardness.

Exploring further, lower.

Gasps in the darkness when fingers flutter over and into forbidden places.

Heavy breathing and tiny, blissful cries, caught by loving lips.

Kisses, kisses, kisses, all over heated bodies.

Giving one another pleasure well into the night.

Do send us word when you arrive in York to tell us how you do. Mr. B told my brother that he
intended to stay for about a month to six weeks before they shall return home to Prescott Park. Perhaps then you shall be able to come and stay again with us at Pemberley, unless Mrs. B has further need of your presence. I do hope you will be able to stay with us! I so long for your presence, dearest.

I think I have gone on long enough, for now. Mrs. D has a letter of her own, much longer than mine, and it is already finished, probably full of little news about the adorable antics of little Eddy and Bess.

All my love,

Your devoted friend,
Georgiana Darcy

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!