Summary

A short story about Elizabeth moving into Pemberley, Lady Catherine telling her to manage the estate better and making her life significantly harder, unannounced visits (welcomed and unwelcomed), a ball in celebration to their marriage, and Lydia making everything worse.

Being the mistress of Pemberley doesn't just mean being charming, but also having the patience of a saint and a lot of kindness. If you do it right, even Lady Catherine can't help but accept you.

(This is a work in progress)

Notes

Hi, Audrey here.

This is my first work to be published here and this is something like a sequel to the
book/movie. I do plan to make some AUs, but now I just want to write this cause why not? Please do read it and comment what you think about it.

Thank you.
It was a week after the wedding when the new mistress of Pemberley was to arrive. Despite the preparations and the shortness of the time before the event, it was not unavoidable for the people of Pemberley to grow more anxious and excited. It was to their dismay, however, that the ceremony did not take place in Derbyshire. It was to Mr. Bennet’s request that they be wed in Meryton, which Elizabeth had wished to fulfill. Mr. Darcy, of course, had agreed without resistance, hoping only to give what would give happiness to his lover.

Despite so, all was forgiven when the couple had finally arrived at Pemberley.

“Here we are, Lizzie. You’re new home!” said Miss Georgiana exclaimed as the carriage was coming to a stop. Mr. Darcy could not help himself but smile at his sister’s enthusiasm and his wife. He had been so grateful of his sister’s acceptance of Elizabeth, and was very relieved of their closeness. His aunt, Lady Catherine de Bourgh, had gravely expressed her resentment to the marriage and if it weren’t for Elizabeth’s persuasion, he wouldn’t have tolerated the offences his aunt had laid against her. He hoped it will be quite different for the servants of Pemberley, people he considered as family as they looked after him since his infancy.

Mr. Bidwell, the family coachman, opened the door of the carriage in much haste. He certainly did not want Mrs. Reynolds telling him off for being slow and delaying their arrival. Mr. Darcy stepped out of the carriage and positioned himself to the side to give his assistance to the ladies. He helped Georgiana first – who smiled at him as thanks – and then Elizabeth out of the carriage. He took her hand as she stepped out, with such easy grace that he never seemed to tire of seeing. Her eyes were bright with delight, and stared at his with obvious affection. Georgiana stared at them both, a grin on her lovely freckled face.

“Pemberley is as beautiful as I recall it. To think I am to live with you here, it seems like out of a fairy tale,” Elizabeth mused, both of her hands now in Darcy’s. Elizabeth took a breath, for a moment her eyes were sad as she whispered softly, “It’s like I don’t belong here.”

Darcy twitched at her words, it’s almost like a bruise was pressed hard on his skin. He took a deep breath, ignoring the way his chest hurt. He put his forehead on Elizabeth’s, a gesture they grew quite fond of.

“My dear, I hope you should not think that way. This is my home and I am your husband,” Darcy raise a hand to caress her left cheek, slow and affectionate. “If there’s any right you have it is that you belong here, and they cannot take that away from you. It doesn’t matter if where you came from. You are my wife, the person I have chosen to spend my life with, and the person that I love. Everything I have is yours. So please, Mrs. Darcy, do not ever think that way,” his voice light and easy, as he slightly chuckled. Elizabeth smirked at him with a brow raised on her beautiful face. Her eyes were once again animated with amusement.

“Why, Mr. Darcy. I believe I told you that you may only use such endearments at particular times. What can this mean?” Elizabeth teased, a giggle escaping her lips. Darcy smile grew wide and place a short and sweet kiss on his wife’s lips.

“Why, I am shocked at your oblivion, Mrs. Darcy. For what else can it mean but that I am completely, perfectly, and incandescently happy.” Darcy followed along her tease, emphasizing each word. He had become quite accustomed to it during their time in Longbourn. They laughed for a brief moment and then stared at each other, savoring the intimacy they had. Mr. Bidwell had given them the privacy and focused on getting the luggage out of the carriage, but ignoring them.
was completely impossible.

It was Georgiana, however, who was blushing wildly, completely taken aback by her brother’s change in attitude. She had always known him to be sensitive to the teases young ladies gave him. So she couldn’t help but feel surprised, and also embarrassed for having to witness such display of affection. It goes to show how young and innocent she was concerning such matters.

“Shall we, my dear Lizzie?” Mr. Darcy finally said, never looking away from her eyes. Elizabeth nodded in response before looking towards the doors of Pemberley. Still holding each other’s hand, they headed for the front door of their home.
The Pemberley estate was massive and, with the wide woods surrounding the lands of the house, it was stunningly beautiful in the most picturesque way especially in the mornings. Elizabeth woke the morning since their arrival in a much pleasant mood, as she lay beside Darcy in the comfort of the white linen sheets and pillows, filled with the softest down feathers.

As she shifted, half-stretching her limbs, she felt a soft hand push away the strands of hair from her sleepy face. She turned to her left to find her husband, staring at her with much affection and warmth that a familiar ache in her chest seemed to swell. In that moment, she found herself staring back while she took in his features, all beautifully carved into him since infancy. She was aware, all of the sudden, of how handsome he was, especially as the light fell softly on his face in a most angelic way.

“Good morning, Mrs. Darcy,” Darcy greeted her, planting a soft kiss on her exposed shoulder. He smiled at her; the delight showing in his face was so infectious that Elizabeth found herself smiling back.

“Why, good morning, Mr. Darcy. I see you are already abusing your use of endearments at such an early hour, why I am appalled,” Elizabeth said, switching so quick from greeting to banter that seemed entirely romantic. Nonetheless, Darcy was unflustered as he was getting used to this particular routine that seem to fall over them once they are able to share a moment together. It was such an act of intimacy between them that they both seem to look forward to every time.

“I possess no awareness for such abuse you accuse of me. Perhaps you may want to clarify in the matter?” Darcy said, feigning his innocence in a joking manner.

Elizabeth raised a brow at him. “I believe no clarification is required for it is entirely obvious how you deliberately used ‘Mrs. Darcy’ to call me.”

“Well, I clearly remember that I may only call you so if I am happy and it is given that every moment I spent with you are certain to bring happiness.” Darcy said, before stealing a kiss from her lips. “I say I am being fair, as I am following the rules of the said endearment.”
“Oh, you cheat!” Elizabeth exclaimed, laughter bubbling out of her. Both of them laughed happiness so clear in their voices. They lay there for a while, snuggled into each other’s arms comfortably. The couple was both aware of the busy day ahead of them, despite their hesitation to climb out of bed. But still five minutes later, they finally decided to get dressed for the day and head downstairs for breakfast.

In the dining room, they met Georgiana who was already helping herself to breakfast. Breakfast was mostly the same in Longbourn; it consisted of the usual eggs, bacon, sausages, kidneys and bread. Coffee was also brewed, already set on the table along with some milk and sugar. The three of them ate breakfast together with just the right amount of silence and chatter.

After their meal, they decided to do a morning walk around the estate, which became a family routine for the rest of the years. The walk was quite pleasant for all them, with Elizabeth taking in the beauty of the lush green woods and the clear flowing river in the morning light. Occasionally, Darcy would tell of his adventures as a young boy in the woods, which was a source of delight to Elizabeth for her desire to learn more about her husband and his past.

Later that week, they realize that their morning walks were the only leisure they could have until the week was over.

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There were a lot of things, rather a long list of things, to be done as the newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Darcy. Due to such responsibilities, it was not such a surprise that it took a whole week before the couple found themselves alone. Elizabeth was doing quite well with her duties as the mistress of Pemberley, one of them was the customary formal visits from their neighbors, which was to be endured with much grace and patience as possible. It was only after the ball that the neighbors would reach a consensus of Elizabeth as the new mistress, but it was clear that they were impressed with her in more ways than one.

Going back to the current time.

“In your most honest opinion, how do you think I am doing as Pemberley’s new mistress, Fitzwilliam?” Elizabeth asked Darcy as he lay down on the sofa with his head on her lap. Darcy shifted for a moment, finding a position that would make him most comfortable. Once settled, he set his gaze on his wife, who was patiently waiting for his answer in the most serious sense he has seen her. He couldn’t help but feel a sense of dread in his chest.

“Lizzie, you are doing fine,” Darcy told her, his voice soft and gentle as he spoke. “Mrs. Reynolds, herself, assured me that you are progressing smoothly with learning your duties.”

“Yes, but there’s the ball coming two weeks from now,” Elizabeth shook her head, slow and deliberate. “What if I make a fool out of myself in front of half of Derbyshire or make a mistake? What if I fail as your wife?” She said, almost choking on her words. Darcy reached out to cup her cheek, tracing the lines of her jaws delicately as if she would shatter in pressure. Elizabeth closed her eyes as she leaned into the touch, and held his hand in place with her own.

“Lizzie,” Darcy called out to her. Elizabeth’s eyes split open, meeting his warm gaze with her own teary gaze. “You will never fail as my wife, I assure you. You won’t make a fool out of yourself,” he assured her, “Well, at least not as much as your sisters could.”

Elizabeth laughed, her tears rolling down her cheeks. Darcy found himself chuckling, as some of the strain in his chest seemed to disappear. He wiped a tear with his thumb, his hand never leaving her face.
“I guess I will be too busy to make a silly mistake, even more so a scene.” Elizabeth agreed laughingly, with a faint smile on her pretty face. “I might even miss the chance to dance at the ball.”

“No, that won’t be happening. There is a customary dance for the two of us, if you happen to remember. In all honesty, I am looking forward to having the honor of dancing with such a talented dancer.” Elizabeth giggled.

“Ah, you flatter me, my love. But I can only accept such compliments if the occasion requires it.” She leaned over, her grin wide and a touch of seductive. “If there is anyone at all who deserves flattery, I believe it is you, Fitzwilliam, who deserves it. Though, it is undeniable that I quite partial to you to make the observation justifiable.”

Darcy made a considering sound, his lips pressed into a smirk. Elizabeth was just an inch away, her lips hovering just over his when they heard a crisp knock from the door. Darcy swallowed, stopping himself from groaning like a man with no self-control. Elizabeth pulled away and leaned back on the sofa, the fingers from her right hands slowly tracing over her lips.

“Sir, Madam?” Stoughton called from the other side of the door. Darcy sat up straight, his left hand reaching up to massage his temples. He gave the servants a clear order that when he is in the library with Elizabeth, they are not to be disturbed unless there is a situation that demands their presence. He looked over to the door, which still remained closed, and his face became grim with annoyance.

“Stoughton?” Darcy called his butler’s name, an indication for the servant to speak his intentions. Stoughton cleared his throat, and straightened up his posture – which didn’t really seem any more possible than it was – despite being invisible to his master.

“We have an unexpected guest in the lobby, sir. I have reason to believe that the guest means to stay in the house for rather an amount of time.” Stoughton informed them, his voice smooth and clear from the other side.

Darcy face crumpled into confusion. “Who is the guest?”

“Your aunt, Lady Catherine de Bourgh, sir.”

Chapter End Notes

It's also not a surprise if I end up writing some other one-shot before I post another chapter. I really am more of a one shot gal. But please support this cause I try. I am improving my writing. Please comment what you think, cause I am a masochist who likes to be challenged.
Georgiana was the first to welcome her aunt.

It was coincidental. She was heading towards the piano room, when she caught sight of the massive front doors opening. It revealed a slightly tall but stout woman, whom she recognized was her aunt, dressed in a big blue dress lined with only the finest laces. She bore no ill will towards her aunt, unlike her brother. She was only told that their aunt was resistant to the union of Elizabeth and her brother, but she had assumed for a reason. Now after knowing more about Elizabeth, she can only be confused at her aunt’s disapproval. Still she welcomed her aunt with her usual grace.

“Hello, Georgiana. Is your brother at home?” Lady Catherine greeted her, only the slightest smile on her lips. Her eyes were searching over the house, overcome by the goal she had set upon entering the estate. She swore that she would not leave the house until her purpose is met, and her stubborn nature could only increase her determination.

“Yes, he just got back home from town,” Georgiana said, her tone polite as always. She glanced at Mr. Bidwell, as the man was carrying the Lady’s entire luggage into the house with another servant. She turned to her aunt, a brow raised in a silent question. “How about we wait for him in the drawing room? I’ll have Stoughton call him.”

“I suppose that is the least you could offer,” Lady Catherine agreed as Georgiana led her towards the drawing room. On the way, Georgiana had notified Stoughton, who was actually very aware of the situation but still politely nodded at her. Once both ladies have settled in the drawing room, Mrs. Reynolds came in and brought them tea and snacks as they wait.

“I’m really sorry I was only able to prepare this on such short notice, Your Ladyship.” Mrs. Reynolds was saying as she began scurry out of the room. But before she could reach for the door handle, Lady Catherine called her name. “Yes?” she simply inquired.

“Has the new mistress been doing well?”
It was such a simple question, that Mrs. Reynolds elected to answer it simply. She turned around to face her, and quietly she said, “Yes, the madam has.”

“Her duties?” Lady Catherine was now directing at her a very skeptical glance. Mrs. Reynolds, quite used to being looked down on, straightened her posture with a proud expression her face. With a slight smile she said,

“She is learning them with much efficiency. She has progressed greatly just in a week.”

Lady Catherine raised a brow, a movement that looked exaggerated as it shouldn’t have been. In one swift movement, she turned her back to Mrs. Reynolds and busied herself with her tea. In a low but clear voice, she muttered, “Oh, is she? We’ll see about that.”

“Your Ladyship?” Mrs. Reynolds simply asked. She was well versed with her master’s aunt, and she knew her to be quite loud and overbearing most of the time. So it put off quite a lot of alarm bells in her mind hearing the Lady in such a tone. It was most perplexing.

“You are dismissed,” Lady Catherine told her instead, without looking back. “Do tell Darcy and his wife to hurry down. You say your mistress is doing well, but the house is in such a state at the arrival of an unexpected guest. I shall have a word over this.”

“Yes, Your Ladyship.” Then Mrs. Reynolds retreated out of the room.

Georgiana had all but watched as the scene unfolded in front of her, too surprised to do anything. She felt a sense of dread, maybe an omen, as she watched her aunt. But as Lady Catherine made the usual small talk about Georgiana’s playing, she brushed those thoughts aside for later.

She was going to have to talk to Lizzy about this.

Elizabeth remembered the very start of that week, when Lady Catherine had just started to mentor her. And when she does remember the whole thing, she wishes never did remember. It was very early in the morning at that time, and Elizabeth was getting herself dressed for a morning walk with Darcy. At that point, the walk had become a routine, and often Georgiana would join them later.

Elizabeth was getting her hair fixed when she heard a crisp knock from the door. She barely had said anything when the door flung open to reveal Lady Catherine already dressed up.

“Aunt Catherine, why are you up so early?” Elizabeth asked, her finger stilling from their work on her hair.

Lady Catherine looked at her skeptically, from head to toe. With a frown, she said, “I will not have you call me ‘Aunt Catherine’. From now on, you may only address me as ‘Ma’am’, or ‘Madam’, understood?”

“Yes,” Elizabeth agreed, slowly. “Ma’am”

“Good. Now come along, we have some duties to attend to. It will be a busy morning; we do not have time for idle chatter.” Lady Catherine said, waving the fan in her hand.

“I’m so sorry. But Fitzwilliam and I are just about go out for a walk. We have already notified the kitchen staff and they can handle the breakfast,” Elizabeth explained as she continued fixing her hair.
“So you would rather put your leisure first than your duties, is that it Mrs. Darcy?” Lady Catherine said, stressing out the words and fanning herself as she glared.

“No, Ma’am. I—”

“As the mistress of this house, you must be overseeing all the work and the servants, am I right? And a morning walk is not a way to do it. Do you really think you have time to be leisurely walking around the estate?” Lady Catherine asked, her words cutting that Elizabeth could feel herself bleeding. “You can do that anytime, but preparations cannot be put to wait. I shall meet you at the Dining room, after fixing your hideous hair. I shall send a servant to help you with it; God forbid I let it as is.”

And with that Lady Catherine left the room, leaving Elizabeth gaping. A moment later, Fitzwilliam entered the room with a servant following just after him. The servant went straight to Elizabeth and began helping with her hair.

“I passed my aunt, on the way. I have never seen her wake up this early since Georgiana’s birth.” Darcy was saying, oblivious to what had happened in his absence. He looked at Elizabeth, his whole face lit up like it was Christmas. “Shall we go for a walk?”

Elizabeth felt her stomach drop at the sight of him. She sighed, dreading the disappointment that lies on ahead. Without looking at her husband, she said, “I’m sorry, dear. But you’re aunt just told me to meet her in the Dining room to oversee the servants’ works. Since she’s helping me with learning my duties, I really cannot help it.

Elizabeth sighed again, looking at Darcy this time. “I’m sorry, William. I can’t go with you this morning.”

For a second, Darcy looked at her with a bewildered expression which was very soon replaced with downright disappointment. It was such a transition, such a face that Elizabeth had to force herself to not look away or take back what she had said.

“I see,” Darcy said finally, nodding his head. “I understand my aunt’s efforts and I shall not add ammunition for my aunt towards you. I shall let you go and I only can bid you good luck.” He smiled a little, in a boyish manner that suits him quite perfectly. “She can be quite tough.”

“I am aware. She did wake us up in wee hours just to confirm our relationship,” Elizabeth admitted, laughing. Darcy nodded, his smile going wider.

“And in a way, I am thankful she did.” Darcy went over to Elizabeth, bending over to plant a soft kiss on her forehead. Elizabeth closed her eyes, savoring the warmth for a moment before it was gone. “I shall check in with Georgiana and walk with her when she’s ready. You may join us before breakfast if there is still time. I shall see you later, my dear.”

“How many mistakes are you seeing from their work right now?” Lady Catherine asked, staring at the room.

Elizabeth looked around, searching for anything missing or misplaced as the servants were finishing up on the details to be fixed on the table. Elizabeth hummed, considering the table. “I see four or five, Ma’am.” she answered.

“Really? That is quite odd, because I see at least ten.” Lady Catherine said in a matter-of-a-fact manner. She turned to Elizabeth as she added, “I am gravely shocked and disappointed in your
lack of observation.”

“Quite unfortunately, isn’t it? Possibly, I am only reliable in judging the good qualities rather than the faulty ones. I have never been too close with perfectionism myself.” Elizabeth retorted, as quietly and politely as she can. She resisted the urge to grin so smugly and rub every word at Lady Catherine. It was very hard to do.

“Is this all a joke to you? Your responsibilities to this estate, does it not matter to you?” Lady Catherine seethed.

“It matters to me more than you could see, Ma’am.” Elizabeth closed her notebook with a flick of her wrist. “But it also matters to me that we get along, as Darcy wishes.”

“Get along?” Lady Catherine repeated, a hysterical laugh bubbling in her chest. “You expect way too much for a person when you cannot even do your job properly. I hate incompetency.”

Elizabeth was just about to say something about that when she heard Stoughton call for her. She turned to see the butler, concern on his face, as he approached her. She nodded towards him, to which he acknowledged as an approval to speak.

“We have new unexpected guests, Madam,” Stoughton said, his voice calm and reserved as always.

Elizabeth felt a migraine coming an as she heard his words, because it was really not the time for another surprise visits. She crossed her fingers as she hoped that these guests weren’t people that could make the situation she was much worse. Unfortunately, that was exactly who these people were.

“Madams. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet,” Stoughton said before bowing to them. He stepped aside, letting the servants open the doors to reveal her parents gaping at the walls of the house.

Elizabeth resisted the urge put her faces in her hands as she watched her parents look around, oblivious to the opened doors. She sighed. This was going to be a tough day.

Breakfast was downright terrible for Elizabeth as she had made sure her mother didn’t do or say anything inappropriate. It was very hard to not just kill herself already so everything will be over. That would be a coward thing to do. But what she wasn’t aware of was how much worse the morning had been for Darcy.

After a walk around the estate, Darcy and his sister decided they should head back inside for breakfast, slightly disappointed upon Elizabeth’s absence. But Darcy assured himself that he could still walk with Elizabeth tomorrow, probably. He sighed. Even Georgiana felt sorry for him as they head back inside the house for some breakfast.

Unfortunately, the sympathy only strengthened once they entered the dining room.

In the dining room, instead of the usual round table, was the long rectangular table they often used for when there are visitors. Seated by the table were Lady Catherine next to Mr. Bennet, who sat across Mrs. Bennet. They were talking; well rather Mrs. Bennet was talking with Lady Catherine while Mr. Bennet poked at the bread on his plate. Darcy looked around, there was no sign of Elizabeth.

“Yes Fitzwilliam, Georgiana,” Lady Catherine called out to them, glad for the momentary silence
from Mrs. Bennet’s chatters. “Come and sit for breakfast. You must be tired from such a walk.” She gestured towards the foot of the table and the seat across her.

Darcy smiled, still unmoving from where he stood. “Mr. and Mrs. Bennet,” he greeted, bowing to them accordingly. “Have you been well?”

“Oh yes, we have. Especially with three daughters married, who wouldn’t be?” Mrs. Bennet told him cheerily. She looked around the room, a wide smile on her face. “Pemberley is exactly as I recall it, such beautiful furniture and splendid design. I wonder if Elizabeth could give me some of.”

“I hear your library is one of the finest in the country,” Mr. Bennet cut her off, a strained smile on his face as he glanced at his wife. “I am very much anxious to see your collection, and I am sure that it is a place my dear Lizzie has favored here.” He looked at Darcy, this time his smile wide and relaxed.

Darcy returned the smile. “I believe it is, sir. We spend a great deal of our free time in the library than the bedroom, but I would also like to believe we enjoy the latter the as well,” Darcy said, half-jokingly. At this bold statement, Georgiana was blushing, Mrs. Bennet was particularly delighted, and Mr. Bennet had the same surprised look as Lady Catherine. Everyone fell silent.

It was already far too late when Darcy decided he regretted saying that, suddenly embarrassed at his own boldness. Darcy absolutely refused to let any emotions leak out of him, despite the embarrassment eating at him at the edge of his mind. He resisted the physical urge to throw himself out of the window from the second floor or even just slam his head against the hard walls of his house.

It was very hard to do so.

"That's not what I meant... uh"

It was at that moment when Elizabeth decided to enter the room, oblivious to the tension Darcy had put himself in. Despite Darcy’s best efforts, he still had difficulty getting himself out of such particular situations. And fortunately, Elizabeth was much better at handling them. Darcy had never been so happy to see her in his life, well except for when she walked down the aisle on their wedding.

“I have already arranged the quarters and asked for more food from the kitchen. The additional food will be here in a minute,” Elizabeth was saying, walking towards Darcy. She planted a soft kiss on his cheek, too brief for Darcy’s own liking. “So did I miss anything?”

Briefly, everyone fell silent again.

“Not at all,” Mr. Bennet chirped, breaking the silence. Elizabeth could only raise a brow at them, because it doesn’t seem like she’ll be getting any answers at that moment.
make sure it was really meant for the fic, not some emotions you want to take out on somebody.

I have a mom like that. I still love her.
To the Readers.

Chapter Summary

Sorry it aint an update. This will be deleted once the new chapter is posted.

Okay, I'm finally going to admit it. I'm having a slump on this one. I'm putting this project on hold until I move to Manila. I'm currently in the process of moving to College, and it's definitely leaving me exhausted. I'm really sorry. I will get back to working on this. I have the next chapter almost finished, so don't worry.

It would really mean a lot if you readers be patient with me.

Please don't give up on this. I plan to finish this, because if I don't I know I am getting nowhere in life. I will make sure I would do my best on this because I really love Pride and Prejudice. Don't worry I already know how to get over my slump, that is to watch three Jane Austen movies in a row. It'll work better than Dopamine! Probably.

SO THANK YOU FOR BEING PATIENT. PLEASE WATCH OUT FOR THE NEW CHAPTER. I'M REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY SORRY. SEE YOU ON THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Love you guys.

Yours Truly,

CrimsonMelody18/Audrey. (There I used my real name just to say I do care.) :)

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