Country Walks

by Buzzy

Summary

Did you ever wonder why Elizabeth Bennet takes so many walks? This is the story of what really happens on Oakham Mount, and other places in the neighborhood.

Little Lizzy was four the first time she followed a footman to the hermitage and peered in through the chink in the wall to see what he was doing, but she ran away as soon as she saw his bum.

Little Lizzy was five when she asked her mother why the rooster kept jumping on the hens. She watched carefully the next time, but she could not figure out how jumping made eggs. Janie didn’t know either, but she said that if mother said it was so, then it must be. So they went out behind the house and jumped and jumped and jumped, trying to make eggs.

Little Lizzy was six when she went with her father and her very favorite cow to visit the Gouldings’ bull so they could have a calf. It was very puzzling how animals could do such odd things and have eggs and calves come out.

Little Miss Lizzy was eight when she learned that every time the new footman gave that look to Martha, she would soon slip away and they’d go to make a calf of their own. Little Miss Lizzy was sad when Martha left, but she soon got used to Polly.

Little Miss Lizzy was ten the next time she followed the footman to watch what he did with Polly. His bum was awfully spotty, but Polly didn’t seem to mind. They both made grunting noises, like the pigs did when they were fed. It made her uncomfortable, so she left.

Miss Lizzy, eleven years old and not little at all, told her father that Polly was crying and it was all the footman’s fault, and that he should be made to marry her after all they’d got up to. She didn’t say how she knew, and Mr. Bennet never asked.

At twelve, Miss Lizzy could not bear hearing her mother and father grunt like pigs and decided that she would share Jane’s room. Little Miss Mary moved into Miss Lizzy’s room.
Miss Eliza, at the age of fourteen, just happened to be walking in the general area of the wilderness when she heard sounds coming from the hermitage. Tiptoeing quietly around to the back and pressing her eye to the chink, she saw the groom with the bailiff’s daughter. This time she watched, fascinated. After that, she visited the hermitage often, always around the back. She told her mother and Jane that she had decided to take walks, and sometimes she would go to Oakham Mount or follow the stream, so she would have something to tell them on the occasions when they asked how her walk had been. But every few days she would notice a glance or catch a glimpse of a figure out the window, and know that there would soon be something to see. She learnt to press her legs together to make the tingling feeling stronger, and sometimes, when the footman rubbed his man part against Sally’s bosoms, or the coachman put his mouth to the laundry-girl’s while she bounced about on him, or the bailiff held onto the blacksmith’s wife’s while he took her from behind, she would rub her own, tiny breasts. If anyone had ever caught her, she would have died of shame, but no one did.

When Eliza Bennet was just sixteen, Mrs. Bennet declared her to be out, and in her new, light-colored gowns she did not dare go to the hermitage in secret anymore. She hardly needed to. Whenever she was alone, she would close her eyes and picture all the ways that men and women joined, and the tingling feeling would come to her on its own. She still rubbed her breasts, but sometimes, if she knew she would not be found, she pulled up her gown and pressed a hand to her secret place. Then she discovered how to spread the slippery warmth around her secret place. She stopped at once when the first sound escaped her lips; she could not imagine how horrible it might be to be discovered. The next morning, Eliza Bennet walked to Oakham Mount and there, in a quiet glade, she first found her pleasure. Her noises were not as loud as the blacksmith’s wife’s, but definitely worse than Sally’s.

From sixteen to one and twenty, Miss Elizabeth Bennet walked to Oakham Mount often. It was the one place she could be certain not to be disturbed, for her glade had a view of the path at the base of the hill, and she could see anyone approaching long before they could hear a thing.

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