A Cunning Plan

by Elizabeth (anghraine)

Summary

Darcy has a plan for everything.

Darcy has a plan for their first kiss. It will have to be the perfect moment, of course: they will be talking, as they always do now, and the sun shining, and when she is on higher ground, he will convince her to give him her hat, and say - well, he shouldn’t plan the exact words too far ahead of time, but he will say something, and finally kiss her.

October in Hertfordshire is not renowned for its balmy weather. This particular day is cool and blustery, and though it isn’t raining when they set out, Darcy brings his umbrella just in case. Soon they are huddling together underneath it, talking, and he has already given up on this particular day, and -

‘Fitzwilliam?’ says Elizabeth, with a half-familiar mischievous look, and then she lifts her lips and kisses him.

Utterly astonished, he loses his balance and hits his head - hard - against a tree behind him. Yet Darcy feels nothing but their mouths pressing against one another, gloved hands clasping across the chaste distance. His umbrella falls, unnoticed - a gust of wind blows Elizabeth’s hat away - and the reasonable English drizzle turns into a torrential downpour.

‘I love you,’ says Elizabeth, her eyes shining up at him.

Darcy wishes all his plans could fail this well.
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