Married Elizabeth tempts Darcy to reminisce on an indiscretion that occurred during their engagement.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It had been, despite his personal feelings, a successful day. Though historically not one attracted to the constraints of a rural neighbourhood, marriage and children had transformed him from one who enjoyed the many amusements of Town life to a homebody, happiest ensconced with his wife and their brood. The business that demanded his travelling to London in the off-season had been completed quickly enough, though it was not so much to his advantage that he felt the trip’s inconvenience worthwhile.

He had brought his son, an inquisitive boy of seven years, whose constant chatter and curiosity prevented the days filled with long carriage rides from being quiet or monotonous. They would stay another day in London before departing for Pemberley. Darcy wanted to show his son at least some of the city. His heart rebelled at the thought of returning home without gifts for the wife and daughter they had left behind.

After his son had been sent to bed, the house acquired an echoing, lonely quality. The London house was only a fraction of his country estate’s size, but in the country, Darcy had the company of his wife. Her aunt and uncle were the only people of his acquaintance to stay in Town year round. The night before, on his first evening in London, the Gardiners had been to Darcy’s house to dine. To-night, a previous engagement of theirs left him without any company. What a sight he
must have made to the footman who delivered the evening post!

He was a beast when he was bored.

A letter from his wife had been thoughtfully placed at the top of the pile. His patience for business exhausted, Darcy disregarded the other envelopes and directed all of his hopes for the evening to Elizabeth’s letter.

Dated the morning he left, it began:

My dearest Fitzwilliam,

Pemberley has yet to be noticeably altered by your absence. As it has not been two hours since you left, it is to be expected. Pray do not let it cause you undue distress. The house in Town, I hope, has likewise continued to stand erect despite your abandoning it for half the year. I hope you find your bed there comfortable. If it is not to your liking, I give you permission to move to mine, though I suspect it will not be as warm as you are accustomed to.

As you expect to be home within a se'nnight, you may be thinking writing to me is unnecessary. If you have thought so, I ask you to reconsider. I am wild to know my son’s impressions of London. Please write immediately before any nuances have faded from your mind. I will take the initiative to direct you to the writing desk in the morning sitting room.

Quelle idée! You have a perfectly serviceable desk in your apartment and another in your study! Why should you write in the morning sitting room? With you gone, I confess, I find myself thinking on a morning we spent in that sitting room when we were engaged. If you were to think on that morning, I would be well pleased. That is because on that occasion I was most particularly pleased, if you will recall.

There could only be one such morning. The memory came to mind with such delightful clarity that his body was stirred to think on it at length. Though Elizabeth had requested a letter, there was no doubt in his mind that her true intention had been for him to forget himself in happy reminiscence. He could not help but oblige her.

Nine years ago, his intended bride had been a treasured object — beautiful and amiable, eager and teasing. She was a country-reared girl. Her father hated London, and as they were of a similar mind in many respects, she had adopted his disinterest in Town as her own. Darcy was bored by country life. Once Elizabeth had been properly exposed to the variety of people and entertainments in London, he suspected she would come to share his opinion.
She would not, however, be immediately accepted by his people. No one would cut her. Once they were wed, Elizabeth would have the Darcy name and the Darcy fortune at her disposal. It would be madness for anyone to deny her rightful place at their table. But she was a country girl of modest fortune and little experience in the world. His choice of bride could only shock his friends.

There was a stubbornness about him that wanted Elizabeth to court the good opinions of those who mattered most in society. He wanted her to be recognised and celebrated. He wanted her generous heart to be accepted by all as a greater indicator of his future felicity than the generous purse of any jealous debutant. He wanted nothing less than the matrons of Almack’s to adore her.

In preparation for that day, Darcy had insisted Elizabeth learn to waltz.

He knew how to waltz himself, though he had been fortunate enough to avoid the need to do so outside of dance lessons. He found the idea of publicly holding a woman in an embrace uniformly unpleasant unless that woman was his Elizabeth.

He had managed to pull her into the morning sitting room for dance lessons on a day she came to call at his London house. In Town to shop for her trousseau, Elizabeth had ostensibly come to call on his sister. It was a polite fiction and nothing more. Miss Darcy and her companion ignored the disappearance of the couple. Truly, he would be shocked if he learnt her aunt and uncle expected anything less when Elizabeth left their house.

Though he knew how to waltz, Darcy quickly proved himself to be a poor dance master. Had his sister not been kindly feigning ignorance of the whole enterprise, they would have had music to accompany their dancing. Instead, they counted the beats 1-2-3, 1-2-3 which, perhaps counter-intuitively, proved to be more distracting than helpful.

Though he loved her generous heart and her strong opinions and her sweet, teasing manners, Darcy was not so unworldly as to be immune to lusting after his bride. Her dark eyes were framed by a handsome face followed by a charming figure. She had a light frame and a generous bosom to match her generous heart.

Perhaps it was only to be expected that dancing, keeping time and instructing her footwork all while embracing her was not something he excelled at. In any case, they stepped and turned and tripped and tumbled onto the sofa.
And then she was beneath him, so warm and soft. Their fall had flattened her coiffure against the cushions, knocking it into disarray. Though one of his legs braced him against the floor, the other was comfortably wedged between hers. Her hands were still engulfed in his. His hands twitched and he pressed hers against the cushions.

And then his mouth was on hers, devouring her. All of his need to touch her, to be touched by her, poured out of him through his kiss. They had kissed before, of course, but not the kisses of a man with his wife pinned beneath him. He dropped her left hand to fondle her breast. He had never allowed himself the pleasure of teasing her nipple before. As her whimper reverberated through his mouth, he kissed her harder. Pressing herself more firmly against his hand, she arched her back.

Her legs moved ineffectually. With his own leg wedged between hers, her gown stopped her from gaining any purchase. His hips jerked in response.

Gasping, he dragged his lips away from her mouth and began kissing her neck, down her chest. She rarely wore a chemisette. So kind of her, to bare so much of her soft, supple breasts to his eyes and his hungry mouth. Elizabeth’s every whisper spurned him on. It should have been impossible to want her more, but then her free hand wound itself in his hair and he became even more greedy.

His fingers found her thigh, curled around it and coaxed her to draw her leg against his hip. But the combination of his leg braced against the hardwood floor and her gown restricting her movements caused the pair to overbalance and they rolled off the sofa.

Darcy landed hard on his back, dazed from knocking his head against the floor.

“Mr. Darcy!” Elizabeth cried. Her own fall had been cushioned by landing on him.

The worry in her dark eyes superseded her flushed skin and the beads of sweat standing out against her forehead. She moved off of him quickly. Though the volume of her skirts could have hidden it if she remained on top of him, the fall of his breeches alone could not disguise his erection.

Sitting up, he said, “Do not worry, dearest.”

Her fingers found their way into his hair again, this time searching for a bump. He groaned softly.
“Does it hurt?”

It did, a bit, but pain had not been the reason he groaned. “No. Truly, Elizabeth, I am well.”

She smiled ruefully and let her hand drop to his shoulder. “Your hair is sweaty.”

“Is that why you stopped?”

“I do not wish to hurt you,” she answered.

“You could not.”

She laughed, but stroked his hair. “To the contrary, I am certain I could. But you are in luck. I have no wish to.”

“I thank you,” he replied, “for so generously guarding my heart.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because that is the part of me you could hurt if you chose,” Darcy answered. “It still seems fantastic to me that you chose to nurture it.”

“How foolish you are,” she chided him. “We are engaged. My father has signed the settlements. We hide from chaperones. You should be accustomed to it. Every time you see me, you should think to yourself, ‘That is my Elizabeth, who loves me above all!’”

“I will now,” he promised. “And how do you think of me?”

“‘That is my Darcy,’” she answered with bright eyes, “‘whom I love above all.’”
He kissed her. Not a fiery, lust-fuelled kiss, but an acknowledgement of how sweet her words were.

He drew away with something akin to shock.

When he kissed her, his bold Elizabeth had laid her hand on his erection. Any hope that he could make it wane with distractions was cast violently from his mind. “Elizabeth?”

Her fingertips traced the outline of where his yard strained against his breeches. She shrugged. “I am feeling bold, sir.” She bit her lip. “Would you prefer I fear it?”

“Certainly not,” he said, his words hiding the unease in his heart. When they were wed, she would have to submit to him. He pictured her submitting with great frequency. For her to fear his ardour would put their future felicity into question. Not only did his passion for her demand satisfaction, but their marriage must produce sons. How unpleasant it would all be if she feared him! Truthfully, he could think of very little he wanted his Elizabeth to fear. She was habitually bold. Darcy would hate for her to lose that. Yet, his expectations for the future had never included Elizabeth being bold, purposeful even, with his body.

“We will be married soon,” she said, with a hitch in her voice he could not place. “I do not want to think there is anything about you that should cause me distress.”

“No,” he quickly agreed. “I should hate above anything to cause you distress.”

She licked her lips. “May I...I should like to see it, sir.”

Mechanically, his hands moved slowly over the buttons of his fall. They moved so slowly they almost felt as though they were another man’s hands. But they were his own. His lust was too great to deny her, even while his mind could scarcely believe she was asking for what he thought she was asking.

She made no move to stop him. Naked fascination and a bold spirit kept her eyes focused on her object. Darcy folded back the flap, pushed the extra material of his long shirt aside. His erection stood free and proud, the engorged member adorned by thick veins.
And his Elizabeth reached out and touched it. She teased him with careful, gentle, cool fingers. Stroking as lightly as a butterfly, she trailed her fingers up and down.

He could not...

He could not...

“Elizabeth,” he groaned.

She locked eyes with him.

“Spit in your hand.”

Elizabeth shot him an expression of confusion mingled with disgust.

He could explain himself and hopefully continue, or stop. It was not a difficult choice.

“I know how it must sound to you, dearest, but it feels better if your hand is wet.”

Dutifully, Elizabeth spat into her palm. He took her hand, curled her fist around his instrument. Squeezing her hand until she gripped him with spectacular pressure, he guided her in an up and down motion. His Elizabeth was a quick study. Soon, he had fallen backwards onto his elbows, groaning a litany of praise and pleas as she pleasured him.

And then he was begging, begging, begging her to allow him to come inside of her.

Darcy had always been shy of masturbation, defiling himself only when he could no longer bear to go without the pleasure of it. His seed was meant to be spilt into the body of a woman. Hers was the body that would nurture his children. Hers was the body he would come to at night after they were wed. He could not spill his seed on her hands. It belonged in her womb.
Frantic hands pushed at her skirts, hauling them up around her waist. His fingers delved into the apex of her thighs, finding her pink flesh slick and hot. He found her clitoris, he spread her open, index finger slipping into her fruitful place, where it was wet and just slightly rough. A second finger followed the first. She convulsed in rhythm with the shallow thrusts of his fingers.

She was slippery and gasping and he needed her body more than he needed life.

Lying on his back, with one hand steadying the base of his yard and the other on her hip, Darcy guided Elizabeth into impaling herself on his erection. She cried out and lurched forward, palms flat against the floor on either side of his torso. To be inside of her, she whom he had lusted after and loved and dreamt of for over a year, threatened to overwhelm him already. Elizabeth had pushed him almost to the brink of complete pleasure with only her hand. To be consumed by her core, by the place in her body made for him, was nearly enough to make him come without even moving.

He grasped her by the waist, urging her to move with the rhythm he needed. All around him, her body slid up and slammed down to engulf him again. Up...and again.

Darcy could not hold out any longer. He threw his head back and cried out his pleasure.

He pulled her down against his body, holding her as his fuzzy mind reorganised itself and his erection turned soft within her. She pushed off, as though meaning to rise. Searchingly, he wondered, “Lizzy?”

His bride slipped from his arms and stepped gingerly towards the mirror that hung over the mantle. Their activities had by now not only left her hair in complete disarray, but her gown as well. The face in the mirror was flushed and dismayed. She had been curious about his body. Darcy realised with a pang that when she asked to see him, when she reached to touch him, it was possible she had not realised how quickly passions could escalate. Perhaps she was mourning that she would not meet him at the altar a virgin.

“Elizabeth,” he called. Forcing himself to sit upright, he said, “Come let me look at you.”

With one last glance directed woefully at the mirror, she returned to his side.

He reached for her, cupped her face in his hands. “Sweetheart,” Darcy said, “tell me you are well.”
But she said, “Darcy, what shall we do?”

He frowned, heart sinking. “About what?”

“I look affright,” Elizabeth said.

He breathed a sigh of relief that it was her vanity gnawing at her, not her surrendered virginity.

“When I return to my aunt’s house,” Elizabeth continued, “she will know what we have done.”

“I have maids in my employ, dearest,” Darcy assured her. “Your hair shall be dressed and your gown pressed before you return to Mrs. Gardiner.” He twirled a wayward lock of her hair around his finger. “If she still has cause to suspect what has occurred, what is it to us? As you yourself have said, we are engaged. I have signed all the papers to provide for your future. Our vows have not been yet made, but we are no less committed to one another for it.” He brushed a kiss against her forehead. “You are not the first girl to anticipate her vows. You shall not be the last. You can have nothing to fear for indulging me in this.”

“I approve of your version of events,” she said archly. “My own remembrance is that I all but demanded you present your yard.”

“Do you approve of it?” he asked, nuzzling her neck and pressing kisses against her collarbone. How had he lived before she permitted his kisses? “Shall you enjoy its frequent company? It is much attached to you.”

“There is nothing of my Darcy’s that I do not approve of,” Elizabeth answered, “though while he is an accomplished dancer, I must say he does not teach well.”

He snorted. “Perhaps one must be fond of the subject to teach. I have never waltzed but at my own lessons.”

“That is not a wonder to me,” Elizabeth declared, “if this is what your waltzing leads to!”
Stubborn, he insisted, “You must to learn properly.”

“I dispute only your method of teaching dance. It appears ineffective.” With a thoughtful turn of her countenance, she added, “That is not to say it has not been an enlightening session.”

“My information is always at your disposal.”

Making a face, she said, “I am glad to hear it, for I do have a concern that wants addressing.”

“Of course.”

Dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper, Elizabeth confessed, “It is a delicate business. Now that your yard and I are such friends, I would hate to offend him, but he has supplied me with an excess of ointment. It is getting a bit uncomfortable.”

“If you will give me a moment,” Darcy requested. He set to adjusting his shirt and breeches. When everything was properly tucked and buttoned, he gestured Elizabeth to the sofa. To have her primly sitting on the edge of the cushion was a far cry from when he had her lying across the length of it, her body beneath his. Then, he had caressed her breast with something akin to wonder that she was allowing such liberties.

Now, he knelt before her, instructing Elizabeth to pull up her gown and petticoat and spread apart her glistening thighs. She allowed him to dab at the collected juices there with his handkerchief. Appraising it, Darcy was pleased to see that only a trace amount of the fluid appeared to be blood.

Gradually, cleaning her of the mess he had made, gave way to creating a new one. He could not continue to wipe between her legs without consequence. Soon, the pretence of cleaning was overthrown. His first object was to tease her clitoris. When her hips rocked with want, he answered with his fingers, 1-2-3, and pressed her on towards her release.

Elizabeth was vocal in her appreciation. Gasps gave way to moans and moans to exultation. She came doubled over, gripping his shoulders, her head pressed against his neck. “I am to be such friends with your hands, as well?”
“No part of me should bring you distress,” he affirmed. “All that we experience together should be happy remembrances.”

“Such a wise philosophy,” she said. Her tone was cheeky, but she gave him a kiss. “One wonders where you learnt it.”

An older, wiser Darcy gripping the pages of his wife’s letter. Only she could tease him to such a frenzy from the other side of the country. As much as he disdained ejaculating anywhere but into her supple body, the memories she stirred demanded he sacrifice at least one handkerchief to self-pleasure.

When Parliament opened and the entire family came to Town for the Season, he would have to show her exactly how well she had reminded him of the happy incident in the morning sitting room.

End Notes

Beta'd by JrTT and SMAW

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