Caught in the Rain, Again

by addicted2fic

Summary

Lizzie goes for a walk but gets caught in a storm - as she is want to do. Written with the 2005 film in mind, but not so descriptive that other versions are implausible.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Miss and Mrs. Darcy took a long walk in the grounds of Pemberly in the afternoon. As the sky was overcast it has not too hot, but it had become quite humid and the exertion had warmed the ladies. Georgiana grew tired. As they were within sight of the house Elizabeth urged Georgiana to return and Mrs. Darcy would watch from her place to ensure she got in. When Miss Darcy waved from the doorway Elizabeth waved back and continued on her walk. Elizabeth and Georgiana had shared a picnic lunch so Elizabeth was not concerned that she might miss dinner.

When Elizabeth first heard the thunder she could not see the house. She had taken a path into some woods and could hardly see the sky much less her home. Though she immediately ran along the path, in hopes of exiting the forest, she had not quite out of it before the heavy rain began. She leaned against a tree for some cover and considered waiting for the storm to pass under cover of the trees. Eliza thought better of that when the lightning lit up the sky, which was now visible to her. She had been taught to stay away from trees in storms, incase they might come down. She ran now in the direction of Pemberly, toward which, fortunately, her lengthy wooded path had lead.

"Georgiana, where is Elizabeth?" Miss Darcy's brother asked her as he approached her by the fire. She looked up from her embroidery, "I thought she was with you? She said she would see
you as soon as she got back." she replied. "Did you not come back together?" he inquired, "No, she wished to see more of the grounds." She answered him. "Heavens she's still outside" he exclaimed, rather alarmed. The Darcys turned to the windows, which were so covered in rain they could scarcely see out.

"Mr. Right! Mr. Right!" Mr. Darcy shouted for his for his steward "Yes, sir." Replied a man in his sixties upon entering the room. "I need dry towels and blankets warmed by the fire and hot bricks and bed warmers made up to heat Mrs. Darcy's bed. I also need my two best rainproof jackets and our fastest horse fully saddled brought round to the back of the house. My wife is caught in the rain and I'm to fetch her." Yes of course sir, do be careful." And so Mr. Right left the room. Mr. Darcy headed for the coatroom where a servant was prepared to hand him his top hat, his coat, and another jacket and bonnet he would use for Elizabeth.

The horse was not happy to have left its warm barn but it did its master's bidding and broke into a gallop. It took Mr. Darcy nearly ten minutes to find his wife, for though the horse had been galloping, it had slowed considerably and was in need of rest. He had been calling out to her and she ran to the horse, having been not too far away. He dismounted and wrapped her in the spare coat and bonnet, then helped her onto the horse through the driving rain. He sat behind her and held her tight as the headed for Pemberly.

On entering the house carrying Elizabeth Mr. Darcy called for water and whiskey to warm his wife and that all the towels, which were by the fire be brought to her room. The blaze in Elizabeth's fireplace was grand and her husband sat her in the chair nearest to it. He asked the servants and Lizzie's maids to leave as she removed her bonnet and leaned her head against the wing of the chair. Georgiana removed herself from Elizabeth's bed, where she had been lying along with the warming pans, to give her own warmth to the bed.

When the room was empty save the two of them Darcy began undressing his wife. He removed her coat and undid the buttons of her dress, slipping it off her shoulders. He removed his own coat and shirt too, as they were also wet from the rain and he dried his hair and tried to dry hers. He stood her up, against himself and her dress fell to the floor. Next he began undoing her corset. "I'm rather too tired for that Mr. Darcy" Elizabeth scolded, "Your skin is like ice, I intend to warm you with my body heat" he said "Hm, of course you do" she replied, but was too tired to smile. Once she was nude he toweled her off, removed the remainder of his own clothes and dried himself too. He led her to the bed and slid her underneath the warm blankets, careful to avoid the hot bed warmers. He gave her the whiskey then he slipped in too and held her in his arms so they were facing each other. He rubbed her back with his warm hands and she tucked her arms against him, her frigid fingers at his neck. Since her head was still wet he took a towel from the nightstand and rubbed her hair and rung it out as best he could. When he couldn't seem to get it any dryer her glanced down at his beloved wife and she was peacefully asleep.

End Notes

This is the first fic I ever posted, though originally on FF.net (with very minor changes, like typo small), so please be gentle :) Published originally 08-24-11.

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