Those Bennets

by bookbabe68

Summary

One shots about Pride and Prejudice and the Lizzie Bennet Diaries. Also on FFN

Notes

Hey! So this is also a story posted on fan fiction.net, under the same username. The first chapter is a poem I wrote for AP Lit last year where we had to write a poem with a similar structure to one of the King's speeches in Hamlet. It's set in regency era, and it's from Caroline Bingley's PoV. Hope you like it!
Who are those vulgar Bennets?
With their simple, heathenish country life?
Compared to me, they are nothing.
And neither is the rest of their little town.
Me, in my fine clothing, with my fine complexion.
My refinement, my elegance
And don't forget my riches.
I am a much better match for Darcy.
Elizabeth Bennet, with her so called "fine eyes."
And her impertinence!
I am genteel, ladylike
I would never talk to such a man
As Mr. Darcy, as she does
He could never love one
As wild as she
Especially when
He sees her next to me
Who is genteel, refined, ladylike
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

A LBD fanfic! Hope you like it!

William Darcy was not a jealous man, well, he tried not to be. In the two years since he started dating Elizabeth Bennet, she had reprimanded him many times for it, but tonight was one of those times when he couldn't help it. They were at a media event, and he couldn't help but notice that almost every man in the room without a wedding ring was as captivated by her as he was. Unfortunately for him, he couldn't make it plain that she was taken without seriously breaking their "our private life is private" rule and embarrassing himself and Lizzie. So, he just chatted up potential investors and clients and did his best to not glare at every man who dared talk to his girlfriend. Apparently, he didn't do as well as he thought he did because when they got back to their townhouse, she turned on him.

"You have got to stop being so jealous all the time William Darcy."
"Oh, you saw that?" Darcy asked nervously.
"Yes. What is with you?"
"Frankly Lizzie, I get nervous when I see most of the men in the room staring at you as if you were the modern day Aphrodite."
"They were not!" Lizzie exclaimed, exasperated.
"Yes they were. You don't know what it's like, seeing the person you love being stared at like they were the epitome of perfection."
"You think I don't know what that feels like! Every time we're at a media event, every woman flirts with you. Why do you think I strode up to you and started talking shop with you last week?! I love you, and only you! Okay?! Some random guy is not going to make me stop lov-" she was cut off by a searing kiss.
"Marry me," he whispered against her lips.
"What?"
"Marry me."
"You better not just be asking because you're jealous."
Darcy dashed to their room and pulled a box out of his sick drawer. He dashed back to the living room and got down on one knee.
"Elizabeth Bennet, I am so in love with you, I don't have the words to express it. You make me a better person. You are amazing, intelligent, beautiful, witty, charming, kind, determined, and everything good. I can't express how much I want to spend the rest of my life with you. So will you please, please marry me?"
His answer was a kiss. "Yes, I'll marry you."
He laughed and spun her around the room until they fell on the couch.
"Wanna watch a movie? We have half an hour til Gigi, Fitz, and Brandon will be back with the Chinese food."
"Sure. What did you have in mind?"
"Beauty and the Beast."
"Fitting."
And that is how Gigi found them cuddling on the couch when she walked in with a bag of Chinese food 30 minutes later.
"Hey guys, how was the event?"
"It was good." Darcy got up off the couch and pulled Lizzie up. As Lizzie reached for the plates,
Gigi noticed the diamond on her left ring finger. Her natural response was to scream, loudly, which caused Fitz and Brandon to come running in.
"Gigi D, what's wrong?" Fitz panted.
Gigi just pointed to Lizzie's left hand.
"All right Darcy. Congrats."
"Thanks Fitz."
"So, how did your mother react?" Brandon asked. Everyone had seen Mrs. Bennets effusions when Bing proposed to Jane when everyone was out to dinner the last time they were in San Francisco.
The look on Lizzie's and Darcy's faces were priceless.
"Shit. We forgot to call my mother."
"We should probably remedy that faux pas."
Lizzie grabbed her phone and put it on speaker before dialing her mother.
"Hey sis. What's up?" Lydia’s voice rang out from the phone.
"Hi Lydia. Is mom there?" Lizzie asked nervously.
"Yeah."
"Can you get her? And maybe put the phone on speaker? I have some news."  
"Yeah. Hold on.
"Lizzie dear, what is it? Did you break up with that handsome boyfriend of yours? I swear Elizabeth Bennet if you-"
"Mom! I didn’t break up with William. I don’t only call you when I have bad news."
"Well it sure seems like it Elizabeth. I swear you-"
"MOM! I have some news. Good news. Would you please let me speak?"
"Oh go ahead Lizzie. But there’s no need to be so rude. Now what is this news of yours?"
"We’re engaged."
"OH Lizzie. I knew you couldn’t be so smart for nothin’. Think of all the houses you’ll have. What does he have, five, six houses? Oh Lizzie, all the vacations, and think of everything you’ll be able to buy. Oh, think of the beautiful wedding you’ll have. I’ll get started planning it right away. And you must start looking for houses in the suburbs. One with plenty of room for all the grandbabies. The city is no place to raise a family dear. Oh my…"
Lizzie put the phone on mute and turned down the volume so she could just hear her mother’s rapturous exclamations. “She’ll be talking for a while. Maybe we should just elope.”
“NO! You’re not eloping. I refuse.” Gigi and Fitz exclaimed in unison.
“Gigi D and I worked way too hard to get you two together, and you are getting married and having a big wedding so we can see the benefits of our hard work. You are dealing with Mama B Lizzie. If Jane can do it, so can you.” Fitz ranted.
Lizzie raised her hands in defeat. “Okay, okay. But you’re helping me distract her when it gets to be too much.”
“Fine. Fine.”
“Oh my god. I forgot Jane. And Charlotte.” Lizzie ran to her computer and started to open video chat when her computer dinged.
“Hey Lizzie. So mom like totes fainted and Dad carried her upstairs. But anyways, congrats to you and Darceface.”
“Thanks Lydia. I gotta go, okay?”
“Kk. Lydia out.”
“Okay, Let’s eat.”
“Aren’t you going to call Jane and Charlotte?”
“IT’s like 11 in New York and Charlotte’s probably still working.”
“Fair enough. Let’s eat. I got honey walnut shrimp,” Gigi said
“Let’s eat.”
“I got the champagne.”
“Why do you have champagne?”
“I was planning on proposing Friday. So, I had a bottle ready.”
“So, did you have that speech planned?”
“Did he have it planned?” Fitz snorted. “I had to review it. Three times.”
“I am nothing if not prepared,” Darcy said, blushing.
“And that’s one of the things I love about you.” Lizzie said, grabbing his hand under the table.
“I love you too.”

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