the natural thing to do

by hl (hele)

Summary

Mrs. Bennet was too cunning by half.

Notes

Written for sixbeforelunch's prompt "Jane and Bingley's first kiss" in the Austen canon mini-fest.

Mrs. Bennet was too cunning by half--it was not long after they entered the drawing room to play cards that he was left alone with Jane. Charles did not mind; he had been waiting for something like this, but now, in the awkwardness of the moment, he knew not if to look at the floor, out a window, or the wall.

But it would not do--when he chanced a look at Jane, her colour was high, and her hands gripped at her dress with uncharacteristic nervousness.

He walked towards her, and cleared his throat. 'Miss Bennet,' he said, and tried to find the other words he must say. 'I...'

She lowered her eyes. A fool he may be, but not an inconsiderate fool, at least not again, and so he started again, not allowing his voice to waver. 'Miss Bennet, I love you.'

She blushed darker still, but raised her eyes, smiling, and his words died in his throat. He knew--he ought to say something about asking for her hand, but all he could think of was her mouth. He
kissed her; it was only the natural thing to do, after all.

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