Summary

George leaves Lydia stranded with a dead body.

Lydia hopped out of the shower and wrapped a soft, white bathrobe around herself. She just might have to steal this when they check out of the motel tomorrow morning and leave L.A.

“Hey George,” she called out through the door, “can you call the front office and let them know the water heater is having issues? It kept switching from scalding hot to freezing cold.”

There was no answer from the other room.

“George?”

Still no answer. That was weird. Maybe he had fallen asleep. She opened the bathroom door and stepped from the steam filled room into the bedroom.

As her brain registered the immobile body splayed on the bed and large amounts of blood pooling from his head, a high pitched scream escaped from her mouth.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god. George? Are you okay?” She rushed over to the body, turned the head a little, and realized this wasn’t George. She had never seen this man before and he wasn’t breathing. She checked for a pulse, just in case, and the panic started to rise inside of her as she realized the face belonged to a dead man.

She rushed back into the bathroom as the panic forced the contents of her stomach upwards. A few minutes later, she stood at the mirror, mesmerized by the girl who faced her, hair still wet from her shower and covered in a stranger's blood.

Thoughts raced through her mind. What had happened? Where was George? She peeked through the curtains to see if George’s car was still parked outside. A flash of anger rushed through her as she realized that douchebag had left her stranded with a dead body.
She should call the cops. But if the cops came, wouldn’t they assume she was at fault? Or at the very least, an accessory to murder? Lydia wished she had spent more time watching crime shows with her mother so she would know what to do.

As she picked up her cell phone, ready to call the cops, she glanced at the image of her and her sisters that she used as her lock screen image.

“Jane!”

Jane was in L.A. and would tell her what to do. She dialed frantically and waited for her sister to pick up.

“You’ve reached Jane Bennet. I’m not available, but please leave a message…”

Lydia hung up and tried again. After a few more desperate tries, she called her aunt’s landline. Maybe Jane was just in a different room and couldn’t hear her phone ringing. No one answered.

She scrolled through her contact list to see if she knew anyone else in L.A. and her stomach jumped when she saw William Darcy’s name. Darcy lived here didn’t he? And he was rich. Rich people always know what to do in situations like these. She pressed the call button.

The phone rang a few times and then she heard a deep voice say, “Hello, this is William Darcy.”

“Darcy! This is Lydia. Bennet. Lizzie’s sister?”