I shall Conquer this, I SHALL!

by idso

Summary

Darcy is heartbroken over Lizzies refusal of his first proposal

He lingered around in the grounds; his mind was far from at ease. He had no idea how to react to this, how would he ever regain his sanity after such a downfall?

He returned to the great house, he was interrupted by his cousin, he could not find the words to reply his question, and he just wanted to be alone, to rest in his own mind. To solve the puzzle inside of him. Why would she not have him? He who is both wealthy and well connected? He who, despite of her faults and lacking connections, made her an offer which would raise her social status and save her family? He was amiable and many a young lady has tried to catch him to use a vulgar phrase.

He removed his cravat and loosed his shirt, he felt restrained by them. He wanted to amend the accusations put by her. The first being about Charles and Miss Bennet, he could not and would NOT correct this because it is true.

But the second about Wickham, the mere thought of him, the mentioning of the name made his bones shriek his skin crawl and his mind uneasy. That insufferable scoundrel with his false charm has he enchanted the woman he himself loved and wanted. He admired her courage for standing up to him. A thought crossed his uneasy mind that made him smile, the thought it was himself she defended, that one day she might do so. Oh no! she will never do so; she hates the very thought of him and stated that he could never make her an offer she would accept. The smile fated into other expressions; grief, anger, disappointment and hopelessness.

He had hoped he was stronger than this, his pride not so easily weakened; he finished his letter with a sense of relief that relief was quickly overturned by a sticking sense of fear and worry.
How would she react to his explanations, would she forgive him, would she marry him? Oh no she would never marry him, not after such a speech. He lay back on the bed exhausted by his uneasy mind, he fell asleep. The next morning he woke early, he wanted to be out of the house before his aunt and cousins descended to the morning room. He knew she would take a walk early in the morning, she always did. He walked around the parsonage, out of sight but still close enough to see her. He had been walking around for an hour without seeing her; he retired to a nearby fallen oak tree, his head sunken between his legs in despair. Finally he heard the garden gate. He composed himself and hid behind the old oak tree. It was indeed her, the glorious creature she was. She walked with such speed and troth, with such force that he could still feel her anger. He could now see her flushed face, a shriek of remorse and sadness hit him, for had he caused this alteration of her fair face. He stepped out and their eyes met for a brief moment. Surprise and anger was in her eyes, remorse and pride in his.

“I have been walking in the grove sometime in the hope of meeting you. Will you do me the honor of reading this letter?”

She took the letter, he bowed and walked away, he felt if he stayed much longer he would not be able to keep his composure. He wanted to scream out that he loved her, let down his pride and embraced her, kiss her fair face. But no, he was a gentleman and she would despise him for it, she already hated him, she had said as much but the mere thought of her name made him smile…

“Miss Bennet...... Elizabeth.... Oh Lizzie”

He walked on, almost at a troth and before he realized it he had entered the great house. It was impossible to avoid the attention of his aunt now and as he though she cried out his name. “Darcy, is that you? Come I need you” He made a slight groan and entered the room in which his aunt and cousins sat; oh and how they sat there looking majestic. It made him sick; he wanted to leave this place. He had only endured the thought of staying with his insufferable aunt in the hope of seeing her. But alas! He did see her; he did observe her face and her manner of speaking. He recalled her courageous manner of addressing his aunt, her fearlessness and her strength, the strength he wished he possessed at this very moment. “Darcy did you not hear me? What is wrong with you this morning?” He woke up as if from a trance, it was his insufferable aunt, “I beg your pardon madam; I am not feeling quite well this morning” “I asked where you have been this morning, you did not come down to breakfast and the footmen told me you had already gone out” “I was just taking the air Aunt” His dreadful aunt went on about how to cure colds, headaches and other nonsense. Luckily the coronel excused himself and went out of the room, he too excused himself and went after his cousin. “Darcy! Are you well? You seem.... Not very your gloomy self” “I wish to leave Rosings now, I will say to Lady Catherine that I am needed at Pemberley, will you come or will you stay?” “I will come with you if that is what you wish, I will go up directly and say to my man to pack our things” “Thank you” he went out to the stables and commanded the man to ready his and the coronel’s horses. An hour passed and they were ready, He said his goodbyes to the ladies and went directly to the parsonage to take leave of the parson, the wife and her.
He waited but no sign of her. He did not wish to outstay his welcome and the parson was growing tiresome. He bowed and left. The coronel and he rode off...

He went to London to be with friends, the coronel stayed with him for a few days. The time in London was diverting, as it always was, and Bingley was excellent company, though still lovelorn.

The time went by as it always did in London; plays, paying calls, dinners, receiving calls, billiards with Charles, odious chats with Caroline, more tiresome calls to pay and receive. In the daytime he scarcely spared her a thought but in the nights, when he was all alone and had the dreadful inclinations of dwelling upon his mind he did think of her.

Different scenarios passed through his mind, scenes where she had accepted him, scenes where she had thrown herself in his arms after reading his letter, alas! They were all in his head.

At those lonely times he thought about his conduct towards her and her words still haunted his mind;

"You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner."

He shook his head at those times, trying to shake the words out of his mind, he determined himself to be a better man, to act more gentile if he was so lucky as to every see her again. He had a strong feeling he might never look upon her fair face, her fine dark eyes, those eyes who express so much feeling and says so much, usually after these excursions of his mind he fell asleep but in his dreams she still haunted him...

He spent several weeks in London but he felt that he needed some country air and he felt that his sister might like it too.

He spoke to his sister and she was delighted to return to their home again, he asked if she minded him bringing the Bingleys and she shook her head. He wanted to go as soon as possible and thought that instead of sending word ahead, he would just ride up to Derbyshire and make the house ready for its forthcoming guests. He asked his man to ready the horse and off he went.

It took him a couple of days to reach his destination. He gazed upon the vast grounds of his home and smiled; he was, at last, home. He rode by the stables where a very startled groom received his master and the horse.

He walked on he wanted to stretch his legs after such a long ride so he walked along the garden near the house. He walked on, deep within his own thoughts when he saw a figure near the river.

Could it be? No that was absurd, it could not be her, it simply could not, why would she be here, in Derbyshire of all places?

He walked towards the figure slowly and the figure turned around facing his direction, it was her he was sure of it, his heart skipped at beat and his legs trembled. Was he dreaming? Or was she here, at Pemberley, here so near him.

He was now within 20 yards of her and his eyes met hers, instantly he felt the blood rush towards his face and he felt his cheeks blush. He gazed upon her face and noticed it had changed to a pleasant pink colour, he thought this was the chance he had dreamt of and this was the opportunity to show her that he could be civil that he was not unpleasant but kind.

He was now not more than 3 feet from her, he kept his civility and asked her about her health, family and such civilities as one is supposed to ask. Deep down he wanted to apologize to her, tell her how sorry he was about his conduct those months before. But he could not; he had noticed the gentleman and lady speaking to his gardener and he thought it must be an aunt and uncle.

She answered politely and he saw that gentility in her manners that he loved so deeply, the pink colour in her cheeks made his hairs stand on end and he tried to hide his heart felt smile that rose from it.

He tried to keep the conversation going but he found himself stumbling and asking the same
questions, he bowed and said farewell to her.

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