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It cannot be accurately calculated if Mr. Darcy’s engagement to Elizabeth Bennet was a happier occasion to Mrs. Bennet or to the gossiping community of Meryton. They did not remember a juicier piece of information since Mr. Bingley first arrived at Netherfield. Everyone was properly shocked, from the wealthiest of the gentry to the modest stable boys. Many did not believe it at first and thought it was product of the fanciful imagination of a delusional mother. Mrs. Bennet, on her part, wasted no time in proclaiming loud enough for Mrs. Long and Mrs. Lucas to hear her expectations of her very own Lizzy marrying in the finest French muslin, patriotism aside.

Needless to say, Meryton did not know what to think about the match. Some condoned it, some were opposed to it, but they were all equally puzzled. They were even more bereft of understanding when they heard that, when Mr. Darcy came to lift the veil covering his future wife’s countenance, he was said to have whispered “Tolerable enough”. What escaped their scrutiny, however, was the hoarseness of his voice full of emotion and the happy tears that shone in his bride’s eyes. However it may be, even to those who were determined to be suspicious of Mr. Darcy’s character, it became apparent that a marriage of true minds was taking place.

Now they are married, they don’t talk much about their peculiar courtship but when they do, they do so in a light-hearted manner, gently teasing one another and with no malice. It’s fortunate that they share a snarky, rather dry sense of humour. On more than one occasion, Georgiana confided to her new sister that she’d never seen her brother smile so often and with no apparent reason to
do so. Lizzie’s laughter is soon joined by their first son’s, William, and Darcy feels as if Pemberley’s not big enough to contain his happiness.

It has to be, however, with the little devil jumping around and running through the immense grounds. Elizabeth stops and thinks for a moment what if Lady Catherine could see her now, mistress of Pemberley, running after her hyperactive child with the help of Georgiana and two chambermaids in order to persuade him to bathe, and laughs. Fleetingly wondering if Caroline Bingley would have proved a faster runner, she resumes the chase. Darcy surveils the scene from his desk by the window, decidedly distracted from his letter writing. Upon his wife’s return, he smiles and asks if he should have the horses ready next time William decides to run away in such a manner. Elizabeth throws him a tired but amused look and says he might as well, since William is eager to learn how to ride as he has proclaimed his interest to join the militia. The colour drains from Darcy’s cheeks and only when Elizabeth laughs he can breathe again. After such a declaration, Lizzie has to be the one quick on her feet to avoid her husband’s admonishment. It stings more than it angers him and in two strides she’s in his embrace. Looking at her and in all seriousness he declares that if she keeps up such a behavior he’ll have no choice but to send her to Rosings for the week to profit from Lady Catherine’s counsel. She kisses him quickly, proclaims it’s not necessary and promptly promises not to tease him further… on that subject, anyway.

Such is the life in the Darcy household. If it ever occurred to Lizzie that she was not suited for married life, it’s safe to say she never expected it to be this fun. As she writes to Charlotte in a letter, her "dances" these days are a little more exhausting but infinitely more satisfying.

And the exercise, as ever - if her husband’s word for it can be trusted - decidedly suits her.

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