Mr Darcy is pacing nervously back and fourth among the geese, under the analyzing gazes of Mrs Bennet and Jane Bingley. The two speak loudly to each other, that which should be whispered. "I don't understand." says Mrs Bennet shrilly. "How could I not have seen this before? How could Lizzy keep something so important from me, and, how did her opinion of the man change so drastically? I thought she hated Darcy."

Jane smiles "Maybe Lizzy has seen something in him that we cannot."

"Preposterous. The man is not in the least bit likable."

Jane looks out the window to the outwardly nervous man, "He is very handsome," she states "and by the looks of it he is rather fond of our Elizabeth."

"How can you speak of this with such confidence?"

Jane turns to her mother "You and I both know, Lizzy has too much sense to like one that is not likable."

Before Mrs Bennet can speak again, Elizabeth enters the hallway happiness consuming her features. She shows no recognition of her mother and sister's presence as she stops momentarily to dull her features to their neutral form, before stepping through the front doorway.

Mr Darcy turns to Elizabeth nervously awaiting some indication of their future-to-be. When Lizzy continues not to speak his features begin to droop.

Seeing this Elizabeth allows her happiness to spill from her pulling stunned Darcy towards her, giving him a chaste kiss. Elizabeth pulls away laughing lightheartedly at the wide eyed and open
mouthed man in front of her. Soon Mr Darcy is laughing too, allowing his wife-to-be's happiness seep into his soul, and warm his heart. Pushed by the feeling he wished he could share, Darcy pulls her in for another, more passionate, kiss.

"See," said Jane, knowingly "I told you they were in love."

End Notes

Any advice or just comments in general would be much appreciated. <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!