My Mr. Darcy

by onceuponanovel

Summary

What if you traded places with Elizabeth Bennet?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
The tears slowly fell down my face. My heart ached. I began fearing it may never mend. Not even bothering to remove my coat I just plunked myself down onto the couch and turned on the television. I saw the picture become clearer and clearer. My heart ached more. It longed for him. He would never treat a lady ill. Though shy in his manner would love passionately. A love like that I had dreamed of for years. A friend made the introduction and it was destiny. The longer my eyes were on him. The more the hurt pierced my already wounded heart.

“Mr. Darcy,” I whimpered, emotion swelling in my throat. “I hate you!” I threw with surprisingly strong force the remote at the television screen. It pinged and fell hard to the floor, creating an echo throughout the room. I was alone. I couldn’t stand the pain it was too intense. I fell over on the couch and wept bitterly. That day I realized Mr. Darcy did not exist and that I was in love with a lie. Slowly I cried myself to sleep.

My eyed opened to a beautiful countryside. I was leaning against a tree. The sun was warming me in the coolness of the day. It appeared to be autumn. The tips of the leaves dipped in crimson. Some shared the color of pumpkins and the air. The air was so crisp and cool. I stood up and brushed off my dress. A dress. Why was I wearing a dress? A fine one at that? I touched my hair. Loosely it was pulled into a small bun surrounded by ringlets. A style not normally fashioned by ladies of my generation. I picked up the book beside me and couldn’t remember where it had come from. The area was not familiar to me. It was almost like a dream. Everything was so picturesque, reminding me of a fairytale in an old medieval story. Romantic and lovely the landscape and the hills, where sheep grazed, never had I seen something so breathtaking. Where was I? Scared, I began to take a few steps away from the trunk of the tree, walking along the dirt pathway. I was distracted. I did not realize the man walking up from behind me.

“Miss Bennet,” he spoke to me.
I nearly jumped at the sound of this masculine voice. I looked up astonished by this man. Was it he? Something inside me knew him. The longing I had once felt before, came rushing in ten-fold. He bowed gentlemanly before me. I tried my best to bow, as a lady would do, in return. His chocolate brown eyes met my gaze. I knew him, from where I did not know, but my heart reached out to him.

There was distress in those alluring eyes, “Miss Bennet…”

“Yes, Sir?”

He looked away. I continued to look at him. His handsome features were hid by the shadow of his hat. “May I inquire as to your health?”

“I am fine, Sir,” I replied. “And you, Sir…are you well?”

I had surprised him. He quickly met my gaze once more. For a moment, he starred lovingly at me, every fiber of my being wished for him to keep his eyes on me. I felt as if I was blushing, but I did not care.

Stammering he began to reply, “…I am well, thank you, Madame.” We stood in silence. “My sister still speaks of you often.”

We began to walk along the path, he at my side walked very refined, and I am trying to straighten my shoulders and walk elegantly. It hit me, I knew. Everything, I knew it. His sister…

I closed my eyes, hoping beyond hope that it was in fact him. I looked at him again. I smiled. It was him. “How is Miss Darcy?”

He nodded, “Well,” he almost whispered. Something was terribly bothering him. I watched him out of the corner of my eye. His manner was unlike most men. He was a true gentleman and a true romantic. I dared to know if he loved me, not just Elizabeth, but me. Fear swept over me. I could almost feel my eyes welling with tears. What if…what if he did not care for me? He stopped and so I did as well. We were at the gate of Longbourn; he bid me a good day and left.

I ran across the park and under the weeping willow. I let my tears flow everything in his manner said nothing of love for me. Pain overwhelmed me. I fell to my knees, weeping like an abandoned child. How I wished to be cradled at that moment. Was I to finish out the story? Was Miss Austen pondering what to do next? My destiny in the tip of her pen. I cringed at the thought of an unknown future in a strange world, like I had never known.

“Lizzy, my dear. What has come over you? Are you ill?”

I looked up. It was Jane, it had to be. My expression changed from distress to ease. I smiled. It was my Jane. A sister. A friend. Her gentleness and sweetness helped comfort me. She knelt and hugged me so tenderly, rubbing my back to soothe my nerves. “Lizzy, please tell me why you are in such distress?!”

I pulled away from her. I shook my head, embarrassed by my overflow of emotion. I tried so very much to stop crying, blinking back all my bitter tears.

“I don’t know what came over me…I just felt such…I…I…” I couldn’t speak anymore. I could feel my throat tightening, as if I was choking. My body began to tremble. Tears flowed down my face. The tears I fought to control were now in control over me. Every part of my body ached, especially my heart.

“Was it what the Lady Catherine said?”

I looked up. Jane and I exchanged confused expressions. Was this a dream? I lifted my hand to rub my forehead. Everything was falling into place and yet Mr. Darcy let none of his feelings be
known to me. I knew the book. I knew was what to happen. I was reliving one of the greatest romances of all times, something felt amiss. Jane ever so sweetly helped me to my feet and guided me inside. I struggled to walk up the stairs. Jane pulled back the covers and encouraged me to rest a while. Emotionally drained, I just let her. As soon as I was in bed, she left me making sure all the curtains were closed leaving me in utter darkness. My eyes quickly closed feeling heavy from all my sobbing. There were no more tears to cry. Completely exhausted, I fell asleep again.

When I woke up, I was still there. Tossing and turning, my thoughts racing. I got up and lit some candles. I searched the desk drawers. There it is…his letter addressed to me about the true dealings of Mr. Wickham! I took the letter and sat at the window seat, pulled back the curtain with my hand and let the moonlight shone through. This was hard to wrap my mind around the situation. The letter. Lady Catherine. Jane’s engagement. Lydia and Wickham.

I shook my head. Was this my life now? I went from living in some shabby apartment alone, to having an extremely nosy, loving family around me. Everything I had dreamed of. Each man I encountered leaving me burned in the end, breaking my heart, each time teaching me to trust less. All those years of loneliness and heartache, gone, now replaced with a glimmer of hope. That maybe he…oh, was it too much to hope for? I closed my eyes and tried to imagine life, as Miss Austen would write it.

I smiled. Everything else has happened according to how Miss Austen wrote it. Why would now things all of the sudden change? No, it had to finish the way it was supposed to. There was no reason for her to change the plot now. Her novels were like her children that deserved the best of her. It had to end the way it was originally planned. It had to.

The sky was beginning to lighten. It was time to go back to bed, even if I would toss and turn. I needed to rest. I held the letter in my hands. To know that he himself held this and wrote this, all with me in mind. He cared…he did love. I returned the letter to its rightful place in my desk drawer, blew out the candles one by one. My bare feet on the floor were chilled and quickly I snuggled underneath the blankets. My head lay down upon the pillow, met finally by rest once again.

“Lizzy, Lizzy…” I awoke to a shrieking outcry. I knew the voice and was reluctant to open my eyes. When I did I saw the curtains had been drawn. I stretched out my arms and groaned. I turned my head to see Mrs. Bennet, or should I say Mamma hurrying about my room. Scrambling about like a squirrel as if she were searching for a buried acorn in the earth. “Make haste, Lizzy!”

I slowly sat up, “What on earth for Mamma?” I felt chilly so I went to the window and pulled the curtains closed. I took a blanket from my bed and wrapped it around my shoulders and used it as a shawl.

Mamma took a gown from my closet and held it up to me, smiling, “Yes, that’ll do,” Mamma began. “Not pretty like Jane’s.”

Smiling, I sat down on the bench at the foot of my bed. “Mamma, will you please tell me what is happening? What has made you this frantic?”

“Mr. Bingley is coming back to see Jane! Earlier than expected,” she sang.

I wanted to roll my eyes. Yes of course everything works out for Jane in the end…but what about me?
I pulled the blanket even tighter as if that would warm me faster. Lowering my head, I didn’t want Mamma to see how upset I was, not as if it would matter. Jane, the eldest Miss Bennet, was engaged. She would have a daughter married. Two daughters married in a year, including Lydia. I’m so close though. What I want most will be forever out of reach. Mamma left the room and I did as she wanted. I put on the unattractive gown and coiled my hair upon my head. One maid was spared to help me dress and fix my hair.

*How generous,* I thought. And as expected I headed down stairs with a smile planted on my lips. Trying to keep my composure throughout breakfast while Mamma prattled on and on of wedding clothes. Glancing over to father, I saw him roll his eyes and winked at me as if the two of us were sharing a private joke. I winked back at him and finished my breakfast with ease, thanks to my Papa who calmed my nerves. After breakfast I took my warmest shawl and decided to take a walk in the garden behind the house. I needed to be alone with my thoughts. Mr. Bingley would be coming this morning. I stopped when I reached the willow tree and plunked down upon the stone bench. He would be coming too. That is how it happened in the book. Yes, of course it was. He would be coming and…here I was in my plainest gown. I wanted to look my best.

Kitty ran out to meet me out of breath, “Mamma asked me to fetch you. She would like for you to join us in the drawing room immediately. It is almost ten o’clock and Mr. Bingley will be here soon and that dreadful friend of his?”

I tried so very hard not to reply to her snide remark towards Mr. Darcy. I quietly followed her into the drawing room where Papa was sitting in his usual chair trying his best to ignore Mamma’s nagging words. I gave him a look of empathy, he only rose and eyebrow in reply and went back to his book, hoping Mamma would eventually give up.

Before I chose my seat, I strolled over to the window I looked out briefly and my heart nearly skipped a beat. I stepped back from the window. There to Bingley’s side was Mr. Darcy.

I rushed to the table where Jane was situated at and nonchalantly took some needlework, even if I detested it. Papa was silently reading a book and Mamma was chatting in his ear and Mary and Kitty reading and once I got a needle and thread took my seat next to Jane. I needed to speak to her, but the maid came in.

“Mr. Bingley and Mr. Darcy…” she bowed and left.

Both men came in. Mr. Bingley all smiles, as was Jane. I realized my selfish thoughts earlier and prayed for forgiveness. I didn’t dare look at Mr. Darcy. I busied myself with needlework I loathed. All of the sudden I felt warmth come to my face and neck. I hoped I wasn’t turning red before their eyes. I wasn’t paying attention to the conversation. All I could hear is my heart beating faster. I didn’t want to look up or to see him. What if I was wrong? What if the ending changes? What will happen to me? The more I questioned everything, the more my heart raced. I could feel my palms becoming clammy and the needle was beginning to slide between my fingers. Never have I ever felt more uncomfortable in my life.

“Of course she will, won’t you Lizzy,” Mamma’s voice was heard above my heart beat.

“I’m sorry, I will what?” I asked, knowing how ridiculous I sounded.

“Lizzy, won’t you come with us?” Jane asked.

I nodded, laying down my needlework. Hoping Mr. Darcy didn’t notice how apprehensive I truly felt. I glanced over to Jane, she obviously didn’t notice. Neither did Mr. Bingley. They only noticed each other. I followed Jane out of the drawing room and into the hall. The maid had our jackets ready. I put on my bonnet and gloves and headed out the door. Ready to get this walk over and done with, not sure how long I would be able to last.
Kitty wanted to walk with us as well, but ended her journey when she wanted to call on a friend of hers. Jane was walking with Mr. Bingley, which left me alone to walk with Mr. Darcy. Elizabeth spoke up first, I reminded myself. Should I? I could feel the awkwardness between us. I prayed for courage, although I did not feel brave.

I spoke up, “Mr. Darcy…” he turned to look at me. “I know my parents know not whom they are indebted to for my sister’s mistake. Please let me thank you for them! It meant so much to us.”

He did not reply right away. “If you must show gratitude let it be for yourself alone. As much as I respect your family, I thought only of you.”

I said nothing. What could I say? He did feel love for me. Me, he thought only of me. I thought it was almost too much to hope for, everything was coming true. All my hopes of happiness belong with this man. I still felt listless. My heart began to pound harder. I could even feel my face grow warm. He was speaking. As I listened, I was feeling overwhelmed. Would I suddenly awake from this dream as some cold cruel joke? I waited every moment, thinking I would leave this heaven.

“It…” he continued. “It taught me to hope as I had scarcely ever allowed myself to hope before. If you had completely decided against me you would have acknowledged it to Lady Catherine frankly and openly.”

I was astonished. He had a faint smirk, the first warm expression I had seen sweep across his handsome face.

“What did you say of me?” he turned to face me briefly. “That I did not deserve? My behavior, was unpardonable I cannot think of it without abhorrence. ‘Had you behaved in a more gentlemanly manner…’ those were your exact words. You know not how your words, oh how they tortured me.”

“I had not thought that they would make such a strong impression to you,” I replied.

“I easily can…I shall never forget as your words ‘I could not have addressed you in any possible way that would have induced you to accept me.’” I tried to make my reply, yet it seemed so insignificant.

“Did it?” he said. “Did it soon make you think better of me?” he was meaning his letter… “Did you upon reading it give any credit to its content?”

I went on to explain how gradually it had opened my eyes to Mr. Wickham’s true character and his own true character, of how Wickham had told falsehood after falsehood about him and everyone around him. Mr. Darcy explained how he wrote it in bitterness, instead of calmness as he had wished.

He shook his head, “I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle. As a child I was given good principles, but left to follow them in pride and conceit. Such I was from eight to eight and twenty and such I might still have been but for you, dearest loveliest, Elizabeth!”

His eyes were filled with hope. I could not help but blush. His words touched the very deepest part of my heart. I said nothing, I looked ahead, and I wasn’t sure what to say.

We walked in silence for a while. I felt so tongue-tied…maybe he did too?

He stopped suddenly, I stopped too, and he seemed somewhat agitated, he did not look me in the eyes. “You are too generous to trifle with my feelings, are your feelings the same as they were last spring, please let them be known now…” he paused, “Though one word will silence me on this subject forever.”

“My feelings?” I said. I knew what to say. I had read the book over and over. My heart nearly
stopped. “My feelings, I must say, are quite the opposite.”

I looked up into his eyes. A slight smile was planted across his lips. “Will you then consent to be my wife?” he asked.

This feeling inside of me was indescribable. I smiled and nodded, “Yes.”

He said nothing after that, neither did I. We began walking once more, until I felt him take my hand in his. It was the sweetest gesture a man has ever done for me. And by the man I love no less. The four of us walked back to Longbourn, there I had to let go of my Mr. Darcy’s hand.

That night, I went to Jane’s room and told her everything. She was so astonished she didn’t believe me at first. I was finally able to get her and Mr. Bennet to believe me. It is still so hard to call him Papa. The whole family was shocked, though Mrs. Bennet recovered sooner than the rest remembering he had 10,000 a year. I think he’s her favorite.

My stomach was full of butterflies. I could barely sleep that night. And I couldn’t believe so much had taken place. So much I missed out on. The maid came in early. Everything was as usual as it could be. Each of us sat in our places, all except Lydia. Jane was as cool as a cucumber. I sat and ate my breakfast, or rather pushed it around my plate. I excused myself and went back to my room. Where for at least an hour, I stared at it there it was laid upon my bed. White silk. The most luxurious gown I had ever seen. How was I to get through today?

After I bathed I tried again to eat something, but nothing would do. By the afternoon, the maid came in again and helped me dress. Then she helped me with my hair. As I looked in the mirror I just couldn’t believe that the person that was staring back at me was…me in a bridal gown of exquisite taste. I looked down on my hand, to see a precious gem my Mr. Darcy gave me…my heart nearly jumped into my throat. He will be my Mr. Darcy. I said a prayer for peace of mind and was determined to be happy today, not a nervous wreck.

I stepped outside the carriage. Papa took my hand, after Jane stepped out first, and our family had arrived first and were awaiting our arrival. So were our grooms. I waited in the hall. Papa was to walk Jane down the aisle first. She looked so elegant, so refined. Mr. Bingley’s heart will certainly stop at the very sight of her. I tried to peak in, but couldn’t see him. I was thankful no one spotted me. All eyes were upon Jane.

Papa walked through the door and held out his arm. I took it and then the two of us slowly began our journey down the aisle. I looked up to see him starring back at me. A faint smile was planted on his lips. The two of us couldn’t take our eyes off one another, I felt truly special.

Papa and I reached the end and Papa gave him my hand, I had to face the Reverend, though I wished I could stare into his brown eyes instead. Could this really be? Could I actually be standing here next to him? I briefly looked over to Jane. She was so calm and stood with ease. I felt like my knees were knocking. I have dreamed of this since I was first introduced to my true love. I didn’t want to do a single thing to ruin this special day! My wedding day.

I was surprised that when I repeated the vows that my voice did not shake. When I turned to face him, I felt at peace and that we were the only two in the church. Before I knew it I was pronounced his wife. Jane and Bingley walked back up the aisle first, Mr. Darcy and I followed. I tried to brace myself for the cold winter air as we walked outside the church. Though I could not
feel the bitter air, he helped me into the carriage and then he joined me. When the driver closed the door, this was our first moment alone now as husband and wife. “I’m sure your mother is happy now, three daughters married in a year and two in one day,” Mr. Darcy teased.

I nodded, “Yes, now can imagine she will be trying to not only marry off Kitty and Mary, but every other young girl of her acquaintance.” He just stared at me, “What?”

“You know me well enough to know I am not an expert in conversing,” he began. “I just want to tell you...how...how much I do love you. Mrs. Darcy.”

He pulled me close and gently his lips touched mine. I was ready at the very moment that I would awake from this perfect dream, but when he pulled away his eyes full of love, not just for anyone, but only for me.

“Is this reality?” I asked. “I fear at any moment I will wake up from this dream and you will be gone.”

He shook his head, “That is something I will never allow.”

“I love you,” I said. “I always have, I may not have realized it at first, but I always have, my Mr. Darcy.”

End Notes

I had wrote this almost ten years ago, so I guess this would be my first ever fan fiction. I hope you enjoy it, imagining yourself in Elizabeth Bennet's shoes! :)

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