The Unbearable Waiting

by sunflowerbright

Summary

Being separated for an extended period of time, for the first time, after their marriage, was nothing really. Elizabeth was most certainly not missing him.

Notes

Christmas prompt for litlover12 (on livejournal)

She absolutely refuses to acknowledge this.

It *doesn’t* matter that Jane and absolutely everyone else thinks it perfectly normal. It doesn’t matter that this is what is expected of her – when had she ever truly done anything, simply because it was expected, when the other solution seemed just as reasonable? No, Elizabeth Darcy, née Bennet, had lived more than twenty years of her life believing she would never find anything remotely like, what the fairy tales so dramatically deemed ‘one true love’, and so, she wasn’t going to all of the sudden… *pine.*

She could be perfectly fine three days on her own, even if it was the longest her and Mr. Darcy – no, *William* – had spent away from each other.

See? All of this was still new enough that she sometimes found herself referring to him as Mr.
Darcy in her head. Absolutely no reason to fret, pine, worry, long or in any other way, miss her husband when he was only going to be gone for three days, five days at the most.

Elizabeth refused to acknowledge the knot in her chest at the thought of five instead of three days.

“Oh, but Lizzie, don’t you see how wonderful this is?” Jane, sweet but really not helpful Jane, had told her as she’d finally opened up to her sister about this inane feeling. “You are so in love! You miss him already.”

“But honestly,” she’d countered, fingers folding in the fabric of her dress in a gesture that was certainly not fumbling at all. “It’s hardly been a day and already I feel as if I am bursting with impatience for his return. It is ridiculous Jane, I’ve spent twenty years without him, I can surely go less than a week on my own now! Not even on my own, for you and Mr. Bingley are visiting, so I shall have plenty to do while you are here.”

Jane had laughed at her fondly, and Elizabeth was reminded of all the times her sister had asked or said something foolish and she herself had gently corrected her or offered advice. Good lord how the tables had turned.

“Lizzie, it is absolutely ridiculous to fight it. He’s your husband, it is only too natural that you should miss him, especially so soon after getting married. What is wrong with it?”

“I didn’t say there was anything wrong with it, in general,” Elizabeth stubbornly said. “But it’s been a day and I… I just think I miss him rather too much already.”

“Elizabeth, do you not miss me now that we do not see each other every day anymore?”

“Yes, but that’s different!” She protested. “I have known you my entire life; lived with you my entire life.”

“But you are in love with Mr. Darcy, and that kind of love has nothing to do with how long you have known each other or anything of the sort. It simply is, and you will feel much better if you just accept the fact that you miss him.”

If Elizabeth had casually changed the subject after that, Jane was sweet enough not to mention it. If she’d stared intensely out the window every time the sound of a horse or a carriage pulled up, Jane hadn’t commented on it either, even if her smile might have turned a tad knowing. And if Elizabeth, at the fourth day progressed with no sign of her husband, could not even concentrate long enough to have a proper conversation with her sister, well…

Well, Jane was going to comment on that, mind you.

“It’s not long now, you’ll see him tomorrow at the latest,” she said, gently squeezing her sister’s hand. Elizabeth clenched her jaw and lifted her head.

“I don’t miss him Jane. Yes, I look forward to his return, but I certainly do not miss him to the point of madness.”

Jane smiled. “If you say so,”

“I will go read.”

“Yes, Elizabeth. Would you like me to…”
Jane never got to finish her sentence, for in that moment the door was opened and Mr. Darcy strode in, tall and walking hurriedly as if he was in the middle of a very busy matter. He didn’t even see Jane sitting, which was maybe a piece of luck, because if he had he would have probably acted a tad differently.

As it was, Elizabeth barely had time to register who it was, before she was enveloped in a hug so tight she could barely breathe.

“I missed you,” her husband breathed out against her neck, and Elizabeth immediately wound her arms tight around his neck.

“Oh!” She muttered. “I missed you as well!”

Jane slipped quietly out of the room, stifling a laugh as she did so.

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