

Darcy POV Episode 7

In the middle of enjoying a fine breakfast Darcy was startled by the entrance of Miss Elizabeth Bennet. He jumped to his feet with such haste that his serviette fell to the ground at his feet and he almost choked on his eggs.

“Miss Elizabeth,” cried Miss Bingley. “How early you are. We are in no state for visitors.”

Darcy could not pull his eyes from Miss Elizabeth’s glowing features. Her cheeks were flush from her energetic morning walk and her dark eyes excited by the prospect of attending to her sickly sister who, he had only just learned, had become ill after dinner and was even now installed in a spare bedroom. Her glossy, dark hair had been a victim of the brisk breeze and small ringlets had escaped her bonnet to caress her rosy cheeks, framing her face.

Attacked by a difficulty of breathing, he put his hand to his chest and felt the vibrations of a heart that throbbed deeper than ever before. The morning light pooled around her, and he experienced the strange sensation that he was floating.

“And you have walked the three miles in all this mud?” Even the shrill tones of Bingley’s sister could not detract from the pleasant, out of body experience, as Darcy stared at the vital, vibrant woman before him. The brilliance of her complexion cried out for admiration.

He dared not utter one word for fear that his tone would betray the confusing state of his heart.

“Sister, we should be solicitous of Miss Bennet’s affection for her sister,” declared Bingley. “What devotion! What tenderness of heart!”

“You are too kind,” replied Miss Elizabeth, dipping her perfect chin. “I have no mind to disturbing your breakfast. How is Jane? Pray direct me to my sister and I shall be content.”

“It is my sad duty to inform you that your sister slept ill, and though up, is quite feverish; not well enough to leave her room,” replied Miss Bingley. “Come I will take you to her.”

Miss Elizabeth’s departure from the room left a vacuum that nothing could fill. Darcy pushed away his plate, struck with a sudden lack of hunger.

“Did you see her petticoats? Thick with mud,” cried Mrs. Hurst, to which her indolent husband grunted agreement.

“You are so hard on other women, sister,” complained Bingley. “Can you not put your strict standards of decorum aside for one moment and delight in the sisterly tenderness in evidence here today. It certainly lifts the spirit of the house. Don’t you agree, Darcy?”

Darcy was still fearful that any utterance would give rise to questions concerning his own health and merely nodded.

“What was she thinking?” sneered Caroline Bingley on re-entering the breakfast room. “Does her father not keep a carriage? If it had rained today, we would have two Bennet invalids to attend to.”

“Perish the thought,” declared Mrs. Hurst.

“The apothecary is here now. He will set Jane right, even though her fever is worse. I do feel for poor Jane. She is a dear, sweet girl, I suppose.”

“Worse?” cried Bingley, jumping from his chair with so much haste that he knocked over the sugar bowl. “Should I go and see her?”

“No!” said both his sisters in unison.

He dropped back down almost missing the seat.

“Darcy,” said Caroline turning to him. “Can you not take Charles out riding? He will wear out the carpets with worry if he stays home.”

That’s what he needed, to get out on horse in the fresh air! “Yes, Bingley! There is nothing we can do here. Let’s get some exercise!”