

Lost in Austen



A Continuation

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Part 9 – To Flee or Not to Flee

There was one opulent king size bed in the large room which Darcy carefully deposited the still unconscious Amanda on and sat down beside her. He touched her cheek with the back of his hand and then her forehead. She was a little warm and he bent down to test her forehead with his lips. Yes, definitely warm.

Unbeknownst to Darcy, Amanda was very much awake. And she was warm because of him! The gorgeous sexy sod! If she wasn't so blissfully happy to see and be touched by him again she was sure she would be absolutely furious! She was doing just fine without him! Well...on some sort of level she was. She just hadn't identified what level just yet but she was pretty sure it was there.

She began to come awake from her faint when Darcy had handed her off to Wickham to give his arms a rest. Her first thought was she was too heavy! Blasted ice cream. Then she thought, of course she was heavier...she was pregnant! Whew. But she had the presence of mind to keep her eyes closed as she focused on what they were saying at the elevator.



The conversation was limited and didn't give her any insights to what, how and when. It was only natural when Lizzie was talking about the smitten hotel manager, she wanted to lift her head up and shout a threatening "bugger off" to the manager (wherever she was) but she restrained herself and was glad that Wickham didn't notice her flinch in her attempt. And what was this "couldn't have survived very much longer" baloney? What did Lizzie have Darcy believing? And Wickham! Traitor bastard! And Pirhana too...should have known. Betrayed. Her heart warmed...how she loved them all for it.

But damn! Now she would have to start all over again! And what was told to Darcy? Did they tell him about the baby and it being Michael's? No way. That would be the worst thing they could do. But to escape again...now she may have to tell him. It was the last thing she wanted to do. It was the one coup-de-grace that would surely begin the end of Darcy's love for her. That is one thing she couldn't bear. Call it selfish but she just couldn't stand thinking he

was living, in whatever century, and not loving her and just envisioning Darcy's reaction made her stomach lurch with dread.

She needed another excuse to avoid having to tell him about the baby. Obviously the "I can't have children" scenario backfired. What other excuse could she use? She didn't love him? Yeah, like he is going to believe that after her reaction just moments before. How about she was just diagnosed with leprosy? Or mental illness runs in the family? Thinking about her mum's neurotic reaction to her telling her she was pregnant with Michael's child, well, that wasn't so improbable. She often doubted her soundness of mind over the past few months as well. Anyways, lying to Darcy was so hard. She was sure he would see right through her. Double bugger!

Now she not only had to escape Darcy again but her friends as well. Her mind was racing and she was so confused and lost on what to do. She had to plan this out carefully and her pretending to be unconscious would give her that opportunity.

Darcy got up from the bed and walked over to the window and opened it to let in fresh air and stood quietly looking out into the London city night with hands clasped behind his back. Through slits in her eyes she drank in his profile clad in jeans and draped with a black sports coat. How familiar was his stance and then again...unfamiliar. As good as he looked...she in no way wanted her Darcy to be modernized. She wanted 19th century Darcy. The breeze carried over the oh-so-delightfully masculine scent of...must be Polo cologne her way...okay...a little touch of modernization wouldn't hurt.

Oh and him on the piano...singing Mandy...dirty pool! He knew that would be playing unfairly to her emotions. He knew that would draw her in like a moth to a flame. She rather him bound and gagged her and flung her over his shoulder (delicately as to not hurt the baby). Then she could fight! But his deep voice singing to her so beautifully...romantically...she was utterly left defenseless. And where the hell did he learn to play the piano? You are just full of surprises you endearing lovable scoundrel. This means war Darcy! She involuntarily emitted a little growl of rebelliousness which sounded to Darcy like a soft groan and he turned and walked over to her and felt her forehead again.

Oh Crap. Be still Amanda.

Taking off his coat he draped it over a chair and went into the loo and she heard the water running. Wow...running water and flushing toilets...wonder what he thought about all this new-fangled gadgets and gizmos...she would have loved introducing him to some of that just to see

his expressions. She still enjoyed seeing Lizzie take in something new that she never saw before. And Wickham...what was he thinking about the 21st century? He was the young man in the t-shirt and jeans. He looked good...from what she was able to see. The grunge look did him well. Clever Lizzie...must have taken them both to Harrods before. Probably maxed out another card.

Darcy came out and had a wash cloth in his hand and he sat down on the bed again. His one hand held her face steady so he could gently minister the cool cloth.

Crap. His nearness...his touch...she was losing control as she felt her lip twitch. She would have to escape without a plan. She was no actress. She could not keep a straight face. Main goal...she had to know what he knew first. If he knew about the baby...what then? If he didn't? Oh heaven help her! Turning her head back and forth slowly as if she was waking, she mumbled, "Darcy?"

His voice was low and tender, "Shhhh... Darcy is here Mandy. He will never let you stray far from him again."

Crap. This was going to be impossible. Her eyes fluttered innocently open and slowly came into focus on his face.

His arm reached over to her other side of her to enclose her body in assuring she couldn't get up without him allowing her. His head bent down so he could address her closely, "Hello my fairy. You just fluttered right into my net didn't you."

"Didn't affect me one bit. You really need to practice more."

Ahhhh, his treasure. Bending down he lightly kissed her mouth and rose up just enough to speak, "I will be sure to do so."

"And I do believe that even I sing much better than you."

"Yes you do." He mocked teasingly. "And you will be singing for me again." Touching her lips with his again he added, "Very soon."

No Darcy. Not soon. And sadness crossed her face. Barely able to speak Amanda reached up and touched his cheek, "Darcy, you shouldn't have come back for me. You are just making it so much harder for me to leave you again."

He looked deeply into her green eyes, "How could I not? And you seem to be under the impression that you are going to run away from me again. I assure you Miss Price...it will not occur again." Taking her hand into his he kissed it. Seeing the gold chain around her neck he looped his finger around it and slowly pulled the locket out from underneath her tunic sweater and raised it before her eyes, "Remember, not one heartbeat."

Amanda mentally screamed at him to stop being so...bloody perfect with all the bloody right words! Saying and doing all the right things that turned her into a physical and emotional pile of mush in human form. It was just frustratingly irritating! How was she ever going to make her get away...again? Oh, by the way Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy...what would you say if I told you there were TWO heartbeats now! She was bloody tempted! Infuriating arrogant adorable man!

There came a knock on the door and Darcy laid the locket back on her chest and got up to answer. Amanda quickly took in the layout of the room...if she could somehow get him to the far side of the room, she could make a break for the door. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted the key card sticking partially out from his back pocket. OR she could get the key card without him knowing and get him OUT of the room somehow so he couldn't get back in. Then she would have the upper hand! Use the phone and call security and have him taken away. Yes! She quickly resumed her position when he came back with a cart laden with food and refreshments.

He walked over to the bed and regarded her lying there. She had a rather smug look about her. She had already formed a getaway plan. He saw it in her eyes. He must be prepared for anything. But she didn't know what he knew...he had that advantage. It would be her first priority. Find out what he knew.

Reaching out his hand to her she took it and he gently pulled her up, "Slowly Mandy. Miss Elizabeth said that you have been unwell and not eating properly." With a serious look he bent down to her level and in a stern voice, "But no more. I am in command now and you are going to eat something good for you."

Amanda waited for him to say...and your baby. But it didn't come. Did he know about the baby or did he think she still couldn't have them? Good gravy...this was going to be hard. It will have to be a battle of wits. Looking at him...wanting him...she was in trouble.

She was sitting on the bed's edge and he brought over a bowl of soup and handed it to her along with a spoon, "First course madam." She now was hungry so she ate it as he watched closely. Next course was a salad from which he would not allow her to have any dressing. Amanda watched in amusement as he thoroughly read the ingredients on the dressing's package. He had frowned and tossed it aside but made her eat her vegetables all the same. She saw his jaw flinch as she slowly bit into a cherry tomato. Hummm...an avenue of possibility came into view. Food could be very seductive and he did compare her to food...so...

He served the main entrée. She offered him bites knowing it would bring up memories of that morning when she made French toast. He did not falter and declined. He mentioned that he had dined at one Mr. McDonalds of all places. Oh she would have loved to see that! But he made sure she ate every bite and growled when she didn't clean up her plate. Bugger! But his gentle manly control sent delicious shivers up and down her spine. Darcy was a man who knew how to take care of his woman. And she was plotting to leave him again! Yes, she lost her mind somewhere these past weeks...wish she could find it.

Last course consisted of various fresh fruits and yogurt dip. Picking up a big ripe red strawberry she seductively bit into it slowly making use of her full and luscious lips. Darcy's eyes smoldered remembering her lips tasting of strawberries. He was held mesmerized as she took up an apple slice and dipped it into the yogurt and slowly licked it. It was working. His eyes did not blink once as he stared at her lips. Then she picked up an orange slice and bit off an end and started to suck on it...then a piece of melon and then back to another strawberry...she purposely let juices ran down her chin and neck and she knew exactly what he wanted to do. She smiled in satisfaction when she saw him squint and let out a growl, "Amanda...don't play with me."

Taking on an innocent tone, "Who me? Here have the last berry."

"Amanda Dawn..."

Oh no, use of second name...indication that he was on the prowl. "Okay, I will have it..." He whipped it from her hand and tossed it across the room and he grabbed her waist and pinned her back flat on the bed. His eyes were wild but his smile was warm, "Woman, I missed you." He then descended to where the fruit's juice was trailing under her chin and began to back tracking by licking, nipping and kissing his way up to her lips. Amanda looked skyward just beaming with pleasure and triumph. Once the trail came to an end he hit home with hungry abandon and dived in to get his full of the taste of her lips and mouth.

Her hands roamed his shirted back and slowly made a path towards his back pocket. She was just about to finger the card when he caught up both arms and pinned them above her head. He then started back in on her neck. Rats! Time to change tactics.

"Darcy, I have to go to the loo."

"The what?"

"The loo. Privy. Bathroom. You know."

He groaned and reluctantly let her up and shielded her with his tall frame from the room's main door with arms crossed on his chest.

"You don't trust me."

"I have well long surmised Miss Price that you are a worthy and cunning adversary. So no. I don't."

As she went past him to enter the bathroom she stuck out her tongue quickly at him and entered. His eyebrow rose and he gave her a defiant nod in return. As the door shut he knew that the battle line had been drawn.

Once in the bathroom she began to undress...sorry Darcy to have to do this to you but you are in my world now. I have weapons...one being called Victoria's Secret and her amazing push up bra with matching bikini panties. She sort of wished she opted for the thong but she just didn't like that cord up her bum. But what she had on would suffice. She may not have cared what she wore on the outside but underneath...and with barely a baby bump...she would take this fight to a whole new level.

Checking her appearance in the mirror she wasn't so pale and her hair...messed up and wild...perfect. Went very well with what she had on. Leopard print. Thank goodness she shaved this morning...a must-do before going on a doctor's appointment. After weeks in Hammersmith and two weeks home without shaving...well, she was pretty hairy.

Not now and she confidently she opened the door and casually walked straight up to Darcy who was standing in the same position and stood up on her toes and quickly kissed his gaping mouth, "Thank you for the reprieve. I back under your command master."

Never had he seen woman's undergarments such as what she...barely had on! He clenched his jaw as she slowly crawled on the bed like a cat and slinked down on her side with a very wild "come hither" look. She probably was even purring. OH she was severely testing his already weakened resolve!

His pupils dilated as they roamed from her smooth legs, up to her curvy thighs and tempting triangle in between, to her navel and little bump to her rising and falling bosom. Remembering the night by the old well, and how he took her...he wanted to do it again only savor her slowly and have her writhing underneath him, begging and pleading. He wanted his mate! Darcy needed a drink...badly.

Taking a deep breath, "I took the card out of the pocket Amanda."

Crap! "I don't want the card Darcy." She whispered, "I want you. Come take me."

He saw her glance quickly at the communications device on the table and knew that she was probably working on her backup plan. He had to admit, he was very proud of her intelligent and designing mind. Any other woman he wouldn't have to have been so cautious and work so hard to stay a step ahead of her.

Looking at her so seductively beckoning to him...her wild look and deep cleavage...his lips pursed tightly as he raised his chin. Nodding to himself he knew what he had to do. It would be the hardest thing to do at this moment.

Amanda watched as he slowly started to peel his white shirt off and spoke in a low husky voice, "So my little vixen. Trying to seduce me are we?"

Amanda eyes widen as she took in his bared muscular chest and she felt her mouth salivate.

"Well, it worked but now..." He saw her licked her lips as he slowly unbuttoned his fly and slowly pulled down his jeans zipper, "...it's my turn." He said menacingly.

Looking at him slowly approaching, she bit down on her lip and clutched the bed spread in her fists. She knew she was playing with fire, and she was ill equipped to counter attack.

As he stepped over to the bed he looked down at her, wanting her...needing her so very badly he bent down and gathered her up in his arms and lifted her up and started kissing her hard. He was a brute as he devoured her. She tasted so good! She felt so right.

Her hand found his chin and held it as she returned his passion with a healthy dose of hers. Oh yes Darcy! Take me she begged mentally. This plan was definitely backfiring on her...on to Plan C...later! "My dearest, dearest Darcy...I missed you too." She breathlessly murmured against his mouth. He groaned when hearing her words which were just as powerful as the most potent of love-philtres. Stay focused man!

Amanda thrilled...he was moving slowly while they both assaulted each others lips. Perhaps to the wall again. Or maybe to the table. Her heart began to beat wildly as his mouth found the tip of her breast and the slip of material that confined it. His teeth toyed with the material and moved up to one of her bra straps. Pulling up on it hard he suddenly let it go and it snapped hard on her skin, "Ouch! Darcy!"

She then found herself dumped onto the bathroom counter and the door being shut behind her and the sound of a chair being jammed under the knob. "Fitzwilliam Darcy! You let me out of here! Darcy!"

As she yelled and raved he went over to the cart and drank what was left of the water pitcher wanting to actually pour it down his new trousers. That was hard! She was angry...she used his Christian name. But it had to be done. Going over to the phone he briefly read the instructions and picked up the receiver and pressed the "0" and was amazed that someone answered, "Hotel services. How can I help you?"

"Yes, this is one..." thinking that it was best not to use his real name, he opted to change it, "...Charles Bingley. Would you be so kind as to have some...I believe it is called, Duct Tape, brought to Room 77. Yes. Please do check with Maintenance. No, no...not broken...I need to secure an item for travel back to my estate. Yes, you are very kind."

Hanging up the phone he went to the bathroom door. It was quiet.

"Amanda?"

Her voice sounded like it was in a state of shock, "Darcy...are you going to Duct Tape me?"

"Yes, if necessary. So get dressed and prepare yourself. You are going home to Pemberly."

Amanda slumped to the floor. The jerk! He was going to actually bind and gag her! ❧

Michael threw the first punch and Wickham skillfully dodged it and returned with a controlled fist squarely to his eye. Stunned for a second Michael rallied and went flying into Wickham's gut only to be pushed forward into the red sofa off to the side.

Lizzie was impressed. Wickham could definitely hold his own.

"Now old chap. Why don't you just have a seat...oh, you already are...and let us talk about this with civility."

"She is having my baby! I have a right to see her!"

Wickham took a chair from the small dining table and turned it around and sat down in it with his arms crossed on top, "Yes you do have a right old chum. If it was your child. But it isn't."

"What? Sure it is! It is mine!"

Lizzie and Pirhana looked at Wickham with shocked looks. He ignored them. "You see my dear man, it was believe that you were the father...conceived I am sure with love and affection for the delightful Miss Price. She certainly is a lovely girl. And one may have

assumed that given the length of time in between...let us say her...monthly confinement...that you would be the logical presumed contributor to her present state.”

Michael was barely following him. Lizzie motioned him to speak plainly. He got her meaning after seeing Michael’s confused facial expression. “In other words, the child is not yours but Darcy’s. It was determined just yesterday (it being after midnight) that the child is only a month and a half along in the womb whereas if you had impregnated her it would be three and a half months. It was most assuredly stressed of an alternate realm had thwarted her...um...monthly confinements and caused Miss Price to believe she was with your child.”

Getting up from the chair he went over to the befuddled Michael and slapped him hard on the side of the arm, “So sorry old boy. Maybe you will be luckier next time.”

Walking over to the door Wickham opened it, “Now sir, if you would be so kind as to leave, the ladies are in need to take to their bed chambers.”

“I will marry her anyways since that wanker Nancy-boy is out of the picture.”

“No he isn’t. They are currently together at the Sheraton Park Towers enjoying a blissful reunion and soon to be wed.”

Michael actually looked dejected. Pirhana, feeling sorry for Michael, went over to him and helped him up from the sofa, “Sorry Michael, Amanda’s mother had yet to be informed of this news.”

“But I still love her. I only took Shelly because I wanted to make her jealous.” Wickham eyebrow rose and he looked at Lizzie who seemed just as stunned to hear him and his confessions. He may not have been such a bad man after all.

Pirhana nodded, “Yes, we know but it is over Michael. She doesn’t love you anymore. You need to move on.”

Nursing his eye he looked at Wickham as he passed through the door who just bowed graciously. Shutting the door and locking it he turned and found Lizzie jumping in his arms laughing and hugging him, “Wickham, that was most brilliant!” He twirled her around and started to laugh with her and when he slowly set her down their eyes locked. Wickham suddenly had an overwhelming need to kiss her and he slowly closed in...

“Let’s call Darcy!” Pirhana chimed happily not realizing what she had interrupted. Lizzie backed away from Wickham.

Still holding her gaze, both knowing what would have happened if not interrupted, Wickham answered lightly, “No, it is late. Let them have tonight. We need to sleep. What do you say Beth?”

Lizzie nodded, “Yes, very long day. We will call them tomorrow.”

Pirhana looked at both of them and immediately knew something was happening between them. Just as she had hoped. After all, in the novel, Lizzie like Wickham very much until Darcy wrote about his underhanded dealings with his sister. This was obviously not the same Wickham. So, good riddance Arnold!

Lizzie left the room and returned quickly carrying a pillow, clean sheets and a blanket to make up the sofa for Wickham. Wickham watched as she took meticulous care in making his sleeping area, “I hope you will be comfortable George.” She said as she smoothed out any wrinkles on the pillow and sheet.

“What no Wickham?”

She looked up at him, “What?”

“You called me George.”

“Did I? I wasn’t even aware.”

Wickham smiled warmly and walked over to her and picked up hand, “Either addresses coming from your lips is most welcomed.” He then raised her hand to his lips and kissed it while his mouth lingering on her skin while looking into her eyes he mouthed, “Good night lovely Beth.”

Elizabeth blushed and smiled innocently and gave him a slight curtsy but said nothing. Reluctantly he released her hand and she turned to bid Pirhana a good night and disappeared slowly behind her bedroom door.

Pirhana walked over to Wickham who was still looking at Elizabeth’s bed chamber door and whispered, “Wickham, I must talk to you. Can we go for a little walk outside?”

Wickham, broken from his sadness at the thought of leaving Beth tomorrow, looked at Pirhana, “Certainly madam.” He gracefully swoop his hand towards the door of the flat, “After you.”

Once out on the deserted street they walked about a block talking about the extraordinary day’s events until Wickham stopped her, “Pirhana, something is troubling you. Please speak of it dear lady.”

She shifted uncomfortably and then looked at Wickham, “It is about Lizzie. She is way over her head and I need you to...oh, she is going to hate me.” Pirhana’s eyes started to water.

Wickham’s face was immediately animated with concern and he put his hand gently on her arm, “Please Pirhana...she knows you have a very high regard for her and anything you do is done out of love.” Lifting her chin to look at him, “Anything done out of love will be forgiven...so tell me, what do you want me to do?”

Pirhana was so comforted by his words. He was ten times more charming and genuine in real life as he was in the novel. Still a little devilish...but she knew that Lizzie and him together...well, they would definitely compliment each other. Yes, she had to do this. “George...I need for you to...abduct Lizzie and take her back to her time.”

Wickham’s eyes widened and then slowly relaxed as her request sunk in and a lazy grin replaced his surprised expression. He admired her so profoundly in her declaration knowing she was willing to sacrifice her friendship and give up yet another living companion for the love she had for her friend. These women of this time were most definitely to be admired and exalted. It was so apparently clear how his brother could be so enamored of Miss Price.

Picking up her hand he held it and looked up into her face to answer her request, “Before you tell the reason why, may I ask my dear lady...” His grin widened, “...just where did we put that roll of...what is it called? Oh yes...this Duct Tape.” ❧