

Trouble At Pemberley

‘Why don’t we begin with why you’re here,’ the counsellor said, eyeing the couple seated two feet apart on the sofa. ‘Lizzy?’

Lizzy glanced at her husband of seven years, but quickly averted her gaze. ‘When we first married, I’d hoped we would look past our socio-economic differences and move forward as a unit. But nothing has changed. Fitz still believes himself superior, and I... I’m tired of pandering to his self-important ways.’

‘You don’t seem to mind the new dresses filling up your wardrobe,’ Fitz interjected haughtily.

The counsellor scribbled in his notebook.

‘You only gift me with fineries to make up for your constant absence, Fitz. You’re away in London for weeks at a time, keeping company with... goodness knows.’

‘Either that or enduring your insufferable mother, whom, may I add, spends way too much time at Pemberley.’

‘You should be grateful she cares about our children enough to want to be with them,’ she snapped. She looked the counsellor square. ‘Fitz rarely makes time for our children. In fact, he is insisting we send our six-year-old son, Tobias, away to boarding school.’

‘What’s the alternative? The village school?’ Fitz scoffed.

‘What’s so terrible about the village school? It’s plenty good for our neighbour’s children.’

‘Boys need a *proper* education to get anywhere in life. Besides, Tobias should be around other boys... of his social standing.’

‘So he could end up a spoilt, pretentious little aristocrat like you?’

‘That’s uncalled for, Lizzy.’

The counsellor looked up from his notes and cleared his throat. 'It appears you have a lot to think about and work through. Tell me, Lizzy. What do you feel Fitz needs to work on the most? Be honest. This is a safe place.'

Lizzy sighed. 'His pride.'

'Fitz? What about Lizzy?'

'Her prejudice.'