

Incident on a Dance Floor

by Lynn Wright

She always felt so safe in his arms. So warm, so sheltered, so...loved. As they moved slowly around the darkened Great Hall, waltzing to that music heard only in two passionate hearts, she allowed herself to dream a little. His face was close above her, and her eyes dwelled on his lips. Would they be as soft as she had dreamed they were?

He was holding her so formally! She moved a little closer, and he responded by sliding his arm farther around her, and moving closer yet, until their bodies touched. Astonished, Catherine nevertheless accepted his move with delight. Now that was better! She sighed molded her body to his, and nestled against the soft white neckcloth that tumbled down his chest.

She could hear his heart beating. As she sighed again, moving with him in the rhythm of the slow waltz, his heart began to accelerate. They circled the floor once more, and his heart continued to beat ever faster, until it was pounding in his chest. She looked up at him, almost alarmed at its tempo.

Vincent was looking down at her with an intensity that stunned her. As their eyes locked, his steps slowed, until they were standing still, swaying in the encircling shadows. His eyes burned into hers.

She thought with stunned amazement, He's going to kiss me!

He began to bend to her face, slowly, his eyes never leaving hers. The Hall around them, the shadowy floor, the flickering torches, all the world disappeared from her mind; everything but his face, coming nearer, but so slowly! Without thinking about it, she lifted herself toward that marvelous face on her toes, longing so for his kiss that it wasn't possible to wait.

As his mouth moved the remaining distance between them and ecstatic joy, she heard him murmur almost without sound, "My love, my dearest love...", and at last, at long last, that wonderful mouth covered hers.