

# Emily's Dance

a short story by

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Emily sat by the window as she usually did. Today it was raining, nothing new there. She had risen early, not being able to sleep. It was still only half way between dawn and daylight, not very pleasant on the eyes, but better than lying awake in bed. So she told herself as she sipped her tea. Even this was spoiled. She had run out of milk, and black tea is not very nice, even with extra sugar in it.

She sighed deeply not knowing what this new day would bring. The thought intrigued her though, and she allowed herself to drift off into a day dream. Her eyes closed, shutting out reality, making way for illusion.

The voice came from behind her. Emily turned sharply to see who it was who had just said hello. The voice was smooth and rather soothing. When she saw him, her heart skipped a beat, and suddenly she was breathless, as though she had just run up the stairs a couple of times. "Hello," she said clumsily, "how did you get in?" "The door was open," came the reply. Emily was sure it was locked. It was part of her evening ritual, and she never broke her routine. However, for this one she felt she could be tempted.

"What's your name?" She asked meekly. "Ted," came the reply. His voice was amazing, though she was really captivated by his face, his eyes in particular were holding her gaze. He smiled as she stared at him and she looked away embarrassed. "I'm Emily." She said as she looked at the wall. "That's a nice name, have you lived here long?" "About five years." She answered, "Where are you from?" "Oh, here and there," came the somewhat cryptic reply. Emily let it go not wanting to break the flow. She was not that good at conversation, and so far, this was fun. She didn't even care that this handsome stranger had broken into her room. He seemed harmless enough, a real gentleman. "So why did you come?" She asked him. "Because you wished it," He replied, still smiling broadly at her.

Emily suddenly realised that she was still in her dressing gown, and her hair was a mess. Her hand went to it instinctively to fix it, but she withdrew it, knowing that was both hopeless, and to late. She smiled nervously and pulled her dressing gown around her more tightly. Ted just kept on smiling, he seemed to be unaware of the mess she was in. "You look nice," he said softly, as though to reassure her. Emily blushed, she wasn't used to such comments from men. Inwardly, she called him a liar, but outwardly she went coy.

For some reason she felt the need to stand up. As she did, she felt the layers of silk move around her legs. It rustled that expensive rustle as she moved. She made it to her feet, and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her hair was immaculate, and up in a very intricate style. Diamonds sparkled on her ears, and as she stepped forward, she nearly fell off the heels she was wearing. Ted moved swiftly to steady her as she lost her balance. His arms were strong, yet gentle, and she fell into them willingly.

The music started and they danced. She twirled and spun around him as she had never danced before. He was the best dancer she had ever seen and brought out the best in

her. They danced for what seemed like an hour and Emily loved every second of it, never tiring of the sensual moves they made. The tempo slowed, and they came together in a smooch. Oh how she was enjoying it all. He kissed her on the cheek and a thrill ran through her whole body. She melted into his arms and they kissed as they moved slowly around the room.

Giddy from his kisses and light headed from all the dancing, she motioned that she needed to sit down. Ted led her back to her seat and she sank into it breathless. He bowed low and was gone. "Don't go." She cried out aloud, "Don't go, Oh please don't go..."

Suddenly, she awoke, still holding the cup of tea which was now cold. slowly, Emily stood and stretched. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, her hair was a mess and her old dressing gown hung off her. One slipper had come off and she bent down to retrieve it. The clock told her she had been asleep for almost an hour.

Emily headed for the kitchen to throw the remains of the tea away. She left her room and entered the shared hallway, which led to the shared kitchen. She met old George as he came down the stairs. "Thanks very much." He said sarcastically. Emily looked at him more than a little puzzled. "For what George?" She asked boldly. "For making so much noise with all that music, you woke me up." She didn't try to explain. She wasn't sure herself. She just left George standing on the stairs and went to the kitchen.

The water hit the cup and splashed up her arm. Her legs were feeling strange, and her ankles were tired too. A smile grew slowly on Emily's face.