



Arthur looked animated and happy. This was a side of him she only saw during their dancing lessons. She didn't even try to hide her delight as she pressed play. Christina Perri's entrancing voice filled the air around them as they got into position. Arthur placed his right hand at her waist while she put her left hand on his arm. Their shoulders squared and their free hands clasped in the air. Effortlessly, Arthur led her in the first few steps of the dance. The sand shifted beneath them as his steps grew bolder and he guided her across their small section of the beach.

His face lit with a warm smile, and mirth danced in his eyes. Aliana giggled as he lifted her in the air with a twirl, her gauzy skirt catching the moonlight like a glittering net. As her feet touched the ground, she saw a faint shadow dancing with them under the clear brightness of the moon. She lost herself in the dance, in the music, and in his company.

Arthur twirled her around then pulled her close, pressing her back to his chest. One of his hands spread on her hip while the other held hers as they swayed for a few beats. His breath tickled her neck. He spun her out again with the cresting music, and they took up their beginning position again. Several beats later, he wrapped his arm around her waist, stiffened the arm that held her hand, and lifted her in the air. Her left leg hooked out as he twirled them around in several circles. The photographer in her marveled at what they must look like: a couple sharing a secret dance, her dress shimmering with moonlight, his strong body guiding her easily. Arthur was such a good partner and leader that it was easy to follow him. They swayed together and glided over the sand as the song carried into the next verse.

Aliana became a bit breathless at feeling the heat of his body through his cotton shirt. It enveloped her whenever he pulled her close. The coolness of the night air sent a flush over her cheeks and a slight shiver down her spine. Or maybe it was all because of Arthur.

Something passed between them when they danced, even more so now under the beautiful moon. Their shadows stretched and danced beside them as they moved. It was a dance worthy of a romantic fairy tale—worthy of a king and the lady he cared about.

CLAIMING EXCALIBUR (LEGENDARY SAGA # 2)

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