

The Wild Dance

"May I have the honour of a dance with you, my lady?"

His words dripped with sugar. The sly smile on his face made her annoyance all the more obvious.

There he was. A tailored suit, well-made hair, a powerful cologne which best befit the evening. He brought out his hand and looked at her with his dishonestly hopeful eyes.

What could he be plotting now? She judged while posing a watchful glare at the infuriatingly gorgeous face in front of her. She despised it so much. He was after all her only foe, her sworn nemesis. With a bigger grin on her face, she remarked, "I thought you brought a date this evening, or was I wrong?"

"Oh darling, don't be so quaint. Whether or not I have a date doesn't stop me from dancing with other women now, does it? And not every man gets the honour of dancing with you after all." He quickly responded, exaggerating the 'you'. She chuckled and said derisively, "Well too bad, I don't like dancing with men like you."

"I don't quite understand. Do you not like dancing, or do you not like men?" He said with his mocking smile only getting bigger. With every word, he was pushing her more to the edge and she glared at him with growing animosity. She could punch him and break his nose in that very moment, for all that she cared. Just then, something sparked in her and she thought of going with whatever game this wretched man was playing.

"You are right, not every man gets the honour of dancing with me, and since I can make out that you have no sense of consideration whatsoever, let me honour you with a dance, hoping that some of my kindness rubs off on you." And saying that,

she placed her tender hands into his, and strolled out to the centre of the dance floor.

With one hand he glided her waist and held her close, and the other gripped her hand tight while they danced. The slow ball music echoed in the hall, and all eyes were on them. But theirs were locked onto each other like they would set the other ablaze while they were at it.

"Those dangerously gorgeous eyes, they should be put to better use than just terrifying others." He uttered slowly, while still staring deep at her. "Oh, you would be surprised by what they are capable of doing, but unfortunately they see you worthy only of temper."

"I don't like the way you speak." He concluded while twirling her around.
"And I don't like you." She asserted when they were back to their positions.

His jaw tightened. Just the way she could make him go to the darkest worlds of animosity was alarming to him. She made him experience emotions he never knew existed. She was so beautiful that he couldn't get his eyes off of her, yet so vexatious that she could make his blood boil. He was captivated by why his soul longed so much for her attention, and when he did get it, how he wanted to make her drown in misery. Every time she spoke, she spit out fire, and every time that happened, he wanted to hear her beg for mercy.

He tightened his clasp around her hand trying to make her regret every word she said. She winced slowly and her brows furrowed with how much it ached. He smirked, content seeing the look on her face.

"You're hurting me!" She roared in a low voice.

"That's new, I didn't know this was all it took to hurt a witch like you." She glared at him in fury, wanting to gouge out his deceptive eyes. Deciding to reply to his kindness with hers, she stepped on his shoe while executing a perfect dance move and rejoiced looking at his pale face. He grabbed her waist and pulled her closer as if to declare that he could ruin her here and now.

"That's new, I didn't know this is all it took to make you lose your control. Hold your horses young man, you started the battle. You want war, I'll show you war." Just when he was going to dart back at her, he saw his mate trying to signal him that the preparations had been made. He smiled and ordered him to do it.

"War", he said. "Let's see what you've got. We are just getting started." She gave him a confused glance. The slow ball music stopped playing and the couples started walking away clapping their hands. She freed her hand from his, relieved that the torment was finally over, and turned around, ready to get away from this despicable place. But just as she took a step away, someone grasped her hand.

"Where do you think you are going, sweetheart? The battle has just begun. I told you, didn't I? We are just getting started." She stared at him in disbelief. "Do you know Tango?"

"Wha- No!"

"Don't worry, sweetheart", he came close to her till their faces were just inches apart, and growled, "Just follow my lead, and I'll make sure this is the best dance you've ever had."

Petrified, his words had barely sunk in before wild tango music started playing followed by a loud round of applause for the only couple on the floor.

The song roared, and with a wide grin, he hauled her extremely close and started moving abruptly to the music, while she looked like the ground had just slipped beneath her feet.

"Don't look so tense, my love, all the people at the prom are watching us. Now, smile like the good girl that you are", he whispered into her ears. Finally the reality of the situation in which she was started sinking in and she nervously smiled.

"Yes, that's more like it. Good fucking whore."

"Shut that pathetic mouth of yours! What do you even want!"

She was desperate to leave, and he was desperate to make her miserable. "Don't yell, remember you are my doll, and I can play with you in whatever fucking way I want. So make sure that you obey me, or I leave you in tatters." He still moved vigorously and yanked her around like she was a toy. Lifeless, defenseless, and motionless. He stroked the length of her hand and placed a soft kiss on her shoulder. A shiver went down her spine, and her skin was set ablaze just by his touch.

She tried to push him away and said, "Don't you ever try and touch me like that again!"

"You're forgetting sweetheart, I am the master here, and I touch you in whatever way, and how many ever times. You are in the lion's den, and no matter how you try to escape, you are still the prey, and I am still going to feed on you." She twitched at the comment, and prayed to good lord that this ended without consequences, and soon. But he enjoyed this way too much, to see her so powerless, so deplorable. Or

maybe was it the fact that he could touch her and feel her all he wanted in that moment, and hoped it lasted? He shoved that thought before it even entered his mind and settled for seeing her in misery. And he continued.

"I lured you into this dance so that I could show you just how powerless you are against me. That's who you are, a slut, a helpless little bitch who can try and be all bold and brave, but in the end, lives by my mercy. I can shatter you into a million pieces right this moment, so lamentable that you won't be able to piece yourself back together in this lifetime."

He flung her in the air all while growling this into her ear. Her white satin dress shimmered in the spotlight, and their dance, as wild as it was, looked ecstatic, something divine, something intense, like they were speaking to each other's souls with every speck of movement they did. He twisted and turned her aggressively, in ways she did not know her body could move. She sprained her ankle while he exulted and toyed with her all he wanted. Every inch of her body ached and her skin was heating up with how disconcerted she felt. Her dress cradled her, hugging her body and promising to never let go. At that moment, it was the only thing that gave her comfort. His words, they broke her. It was a stab in the gut, which would never heal from the torture. Her eyes burned with tears she didn't want to shed, not for a man like him—he didn't deserve it.

The song ultimately ended. He briskly twirled her around, grasped her thigh from her slit white satin dress, and pulled it up with one hand, exposing her bare leg, and made her fall on his other hand. There was loud clapping that followed and he proclaimed himself triumphant in this fight, plastering a victorious smile on his smug face. But the smile did not remain for a moment longer when his eyes met her teary ones. Their faces were centimeters apart, and the air around them was hot from their heavy breathing. His gaze lingered on her for a long moment. Her eyes were crimson from the tears that never fell, her body was shivering, and her bronze skin glistened in the light. She was the most angelic being he had ever set eyes upon, and for a second he wished she stayed that way forever. At that moment, she was so

gentle, so exquisite, so vulnerable, that he almost forgot what their relationship was.

Yet something strongly tugged at his heart, something he could not explain. Her face reflected embarrassment, hatred, and anger but most of all, hurt, and none of the defeat. He always longed to see her that way, so why did he feel so disappointed and remorseful of all that happened in these 10 minutes? He almost loathed himself for being the beast that he tried to seem. He wanted to embrace her fragile body and apologise profusely for hurting her. The mere thought of being the reason for her unshed tears twisted his heart, and he could not bear to see her like that, so broken, so helpless. He wanted to scream and let her know that this was not who he was. He was better, more deserving of her kindness. He could not explain what he was feeling, and why he was experiencing those emotions. This is what she did to him, rendered him bewildered with emotions he never knew he could feel.

He might have won the battle, but he for sure lost his heart.

Before he could gather his thoughts and say something to her, she got up abruptly and yanked her hand out of his. She faced him, and said in a broken voice, "Well done on finally shattering me entirely. I am sure you're having the most glorious moment of your life watching me like this. But it won't be for long, since I am going to return your precious gift one day. And know something, I resent you and your whole existence. That won't ever change."

She walked, almost ran out of there, leaving him in complete dismay at what he had heard. He always knew that their relationship was one of animosity, but hearing it from her stung him more than he thought it would. Those were not the words he wished to hear, the torture was not something he meant to do, and their relationship was not the way he desired it to be. He wished he could change it all, their crossing of paths, their fate of enmity, and their ecstatic dance. But the reason for it all remained unexplained.

Is this what they called love? He wouldn't know, but he honestly wished it were true.

-Prera