

# ONE LAST DANCE

(A SHORT SCENE)



KATLYN GRACE

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One Last Dance

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*To the men and women (and their families) who fight tirelessly for  
our country. May God bless you and keep you.*



## ONE LAST DANCE (A SHORT SCENE)



“*Y*ou’re a grizzly bear,” Hannah tried to tease, her eyes almost twinkling like the stars above them.

He couldn’t even manage to smile, let alone laugh. She clung to his side as if she could keep the two of them in this position forever. Ryan longed to run his fingers through her loose curls, but his hands lay glued in his lap.

They were both in agony.

From the overturned log on the beach’s shore, Ryan lifted his eyes in time to see a shooting star flit across the sky.

*Perfect timing.*

He wished he didn’t have to do this.

Ryan wondered if Hannah had seen the star and wished for the same thing.

“Are you really going?” She looked up at him, the moonlight washing over her good side. Those eyes were like a vacuum, sucking every bit of strength from him.

A hole was fixating between the two of them and soon it would be as wide and as deep as the Grand Canyon.

Nothing could be done about it.

Her eyes were observatory as he slipped off his brogues

and let his bare feet sink into the sand when he stood. He skated around her question and instead, grabbed her hand. "Dance with me."

Her bottom lip trembled as if she knew this would be their last. Though her grip was feeble and had no strength, she took his hand and stood. She was a lot shorter than his six-foot-four, but Ryan didn't mind. Made it easier to hold her close.

He slowly started into the waltz as the ocean's chilly water lapped at their feet then receded. Ryan held his wife close. Pulled her to his chest. Felt like he was losing her with each little step and turn they made. Tears dripped from her eyes, making his jaw harden.

*God, it hurts.*

The ocean's spray was salty on his lips, reminding him he was alive, here in this moment. Ryan squeezed Hannah's hand, reminding her he was still here now. She squeezed back, though the gesture didn't have much strength. Love bled through their fingertips.

He breathed in her scent, let his cheek graze her hair, soaked in her features, kept squeezing her hands...

His beautiful, *wonderful* Hannah.

He forced his eyes to close just for a moment, trying his best to pull himself together.

Couldn't.

Ryan sucked in a breath and opened his eyes.

Soon he'd be off to war, and something told him he wouldn't make it back alive.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Katlyn Grace resides in a small town in West Virginia and adores spending time with friends and family. She enjoys writing, photography, music, early mornings, and going on walks. Katlyn also runs a Christian advice blog and shop, "Rosepetalssandfaith." She is the author of *The Lawson Series: Finding Hope, Finding Faith, and Finding Love* (coming soon). Katlyn writes with the intent to inspire others to discover the beauty in following Christ.



