

Eternal Dance

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Contents: A dream that shall never end...

Rating: K

Disclaimer: Jareth and Sarah and the Labyrinth belong to Terry Jones, George Lucas, Jim Henson (und David Bowie, as far as the music is concerned).

Author's Note: This story is about six years old; I wrote it shortly after I had seen Labyrinth for the first time in November 2003. Back then, it was written in German, now I decided to translate it. It's probably not one of my best stories; please keep in mind that I was much younger then and that it was my first Labyrinth fic. :)

Everything looked so familiar. The ballroom, seemingly breakable, like it was made of crystal. The silver gown caressing her body so fairytale-like - she was a princess. There was only one thing different - the other guests from so long ago were missing.

Unsure, but feeling like being part of a wonderful dream, Sarah slowly, gracefully walked forwards. She saw the person, waiting for her in the middle of the ballroom. She knew him. Jareth still fascinated her, even now, four years after their first encounter, and after everything he had done to her. He was the Lord of Darkness and the Underground, and yet only a tiny part of her feared him.

Had her quest even denied it to her last time - this time nothing would be able to hold her back from dreaming, and if only for a few stolen minutes.

A few steps away from him, Sarah stopped and simply looked at him. He hadn't changed, still looked like she remembered him. Handsome. Desirable. Beautiful. He was wearing the same costume he had been back then. Back when she had allowed herself to be led by him and the music floating through the room for the first time. His costume sparkled and shimmered in the soft light of the moon that looked so real although she knew it was only an image. It gave him a mysterious, almost frightening appearance. But she knew, somewhere deep inside her, that it was pure deception, natural for him, but not fooling her.

Though he didn't dare to believe it, his heart was already dancing with joy. She was back; back with him. May he didn't show his emotions; inside, he was all churned up. For such a long time he had tried to bring her back to his realm. And now, there she was, standing before him. She had grown up, and her beauty had grown with her; she looked breathtaking.

Even with his face so expressionless, showing no emotions, she could very well guess what he was thinking and feeling right now. It was like she had known him her whole life, and for some reason, she had as much insight into his soul as he had into hers. He had brought her here; he knew her innermost dreams and desires - and he was the one who could fulfill them. And he would know that, over the last four years, there had only been one wish possessing her heart.

Albeit the lack of expression on his face, his eyes nevertheless assured her that she could trust him. And every second passing between them showed her even more how much she had missed him. There were so many thoughts in her mind; she wanted to ask him how he had brought her back into his realm, but her lips remained closed, no words made it past them.

Suddenly, she became aware of a movement. His arm rose to offer her his hand.

Music started playing.

The same music like all those years ago. Like the music in her dreams, where she had met him again and again.

Shyly, she placed her hand in his and a tingling sensation wandered over her skin, made her shudder only slightly. Slowly he pulled her closer, and while his one hand still held hers, his other came to rest on the small of her back.

The rhythm of their emotions made them begin to move to the soft tune. He guided her through the ballroom, and her dress followed the movements, the brocade and tulle gently playing around her legs. After a while she closed her eyes and rested her head against his shoulder.

Only seconds later, she felt the temperature around them sinking and shivered. She soon found the reason for the sudden cold. Opening her eyes and looking around curiously, she noticed that they weren't in the ballroom anymore, but amidst a snowy landscape. Sarah looked questioningly at Jareth. Why did he bring her here? The music was still playing, as was the Goblin King still moving to it, now holding Sarah even closer to him.

But... they were walking, *dancing* on air. Dancing above a veil of small white crystals. The moon was shining down onto them, bright and as silver as her gown was, and yet his light seemed warm and comforting. The coolness she had felt before was gone; now she was only surrounded by the warmth of his body, his embrace.

His eyes sparkled with emotions; emotions she suddenly recognized. She saw what he was feeling. For her.

"Why did you bring me back?" she whispered, although she knew the answer all too well.

"Did you ever feel that kind of emptiness inside of you? My life was empty for over ten years. Time passes faster here. Even for those who can reorder it." Instinctively his embrace tightened, and their faces were mere inches apart. They didn't remember to dance anymore; only the music was still playing softly somewhere in the distance. "I wanted to see you again," Jareth then added.

Her heart beat so fast she thought her chest would burst. She didn't know that it wasn't much different for him. He had never been emotionless; his heart was beating strongly with all the emotions of joy and sorrow. And after she had left his realm, those emotions had been even more forceful and passionate in the few moments he allowed them to surface.

The slow movement he closed the small distance between them with was sweet torture to her, and when his lips finally brushed hers, Sarah's breath caught in her throat and everything inside her pleaded, screamed for him to repeat and deepen the touch. But he only pulled back and looked at her again.

"I want you to be my queen," he breathed before he granted her the secret pleas and claimed her lips. The kiss was unbelievable tender and gentle, and she never got the chance to think about his words, but forgot everything around her and concentrated on the feeling. After what seemed like an eternity, a wonderful eternity, he carefully broke the kiss, and only when their eyes met, she realized what he had asked her.

"I can't stay. You know that," a sad voice told him. Tears filled her eyes when she spoke.

"You are a dreamer, Sarah. You can dream. You are nineteen years old, but your dreams have remained young. That makes me love you. You could live here, far away from everything that makes you sad; you could flee the world that doesn't understand and accept you and your dreams. You've been longing for it for such a long time and I wish I would have been able to grant you this earlier. But now it doesn't matter anymore, because you are here. I want you to stay because I want you to be happy."

His voice was soft and soothing, caressing her soul. Her hopes, her wishes, her dreams, he was offering it all. She had always been dreaming about returning to him, and here was her chance.

"Why couldn't you bring me back earlier, Jareth?" she wanted to know.

"Your words defeated me, and turned me into an owl. Remember the owl that flew away shortly after your victory? The owl you've been talking to in the park so often? I've always been close to you, watching over you. Even though you couldn't see me as you had once gotten to know me, in my human form."

"But... you were there...," she realized, finally understanding. Her fingertips hesitantly touched his face, trailed the handsome, aristocratic lines and contours of it. Never again she wanted to forget them, forget him, the man she had once feared, but soon learned to love.

"I'm sorry for what I've done to you," Sarah continued, losing herself in his mysterious, mismatched eyes.

"Don't be. I've learned much in the past years."

He smiled gently and she returned the gesture, pulled him closer and back into a passionate kiss that showed their feelings for each other even more clearly.

"Just fear me, love me, do as I say - and I will be your slave," he murmured, lost in thoughts, when they parted, his gaze resting on the moon. When he turned his attention back to the woman in his arms, he said, "I'll never let you go again, Sarah."

"And I won't leave again. I will be your queen," she simply answered. In the end, it had been for her heart to make the decision.

They both went silent, listening to the heavenly tune that was embracing them.

And the eternity became the melody of their dance...

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