

"I'm not fond of balls. I find them rather boring. But I have been abroad for a couple of years and thought it would be a perfect way to announce I've returned for good. But most importantly I hoped I would meet up with some old acquaintances."

"I will give you some advice," Fanny said, giving him her most innocent smile. "It is really hard to meet good friends when one is hiding in the shadows of the balcony."

His laughter filled the air, and she could see heads turning their way. Some people were slowly moving closer to them, and she guessed they wouldn't be alone more than a short while longer.

There were just too many eager mamas out there, ready to throw their daughters at his feet, and they wouldn't let something like a quiet chat between two acquaintances stop them.

"Well, I wouldn't really call it hiding. It's more like trying to remember why I thought it was such a good idea to be here in the first place."

"So what do you think now, when you have actually entered the ballroom, although from the wrong entrance. Was it such a bad idea?"

He leaned closer to her, and the warmth of his arm pressed against hers.

"Now I think it was the best idea I ever had."