Always be clear

by ViolentFlowers

Summary

The dark haired bespectacled male stood erect against the yawning archway and even from the myopic distance across the expanse of the chamber that man extruded like a gem adoring a crown, polished facets pivoting when the man navigated toward Grignr's hidden ambuscade. The beanstalk whip thin man was covered in all manor of fabrics that obfuscated his form, rendering him to Grignr's eyes otherworldly; a vision that could be unfolded and divined, deviled, deflowered.

Behold a treasure to plunder, Grignr thought and then recoiled.

What manner of spell had that conniving harlot of a specter conceived and imparted to Grignr to mutate his thoughts to lechery for his own kind? His mind no longer equitably his own, now mired in thoughts of lust and lusciousness for that most unseemly and yet an inferno of covetousness drove his corded legs to unferal, propelling him so that he could catch the older man by the cloaked waist. His callused hands clutched the beautiful cipher's face silencing him before rough housing them deeper into the lair.
It was tragic.
Ebenezer Scrooge

The tall man with the precise somber coif adjusted his spectacles and looked out of his office and over his domain; the quizzical expanse of central park and all the beauty of New York’s towering recession of sky scrapers spread like a pestilence before him. Ebenezer Scrooge’s progress was most profound in the grand scheme of things and he had rose to the top of his vocation all on his desolate lonesome. The aggregate of all that he’d dreamed of was now irrevocably at his finger tips, balanced like a pendulum; a decade of laborious obligation and tireless man hours, turned his company into a juggernaut that was set to go public within the week. He only wished that his abutting compatriot Marley could have been here to see all that the company they had founded together had been able to achieve. But hark that was not to be, the man was dead and thinking about him wasn’t going to enliven him rearward.

The prevailing winter vortex raged on outside and the charcoal slicked streets and sidewalks of New York abated to the camouflage of a substantial layering of frozen deathly alabaster. Christmas’ jauntiness had crept in like a specter to the world enveloping Ebenezer even as he disdained the call of that wrecked holiday. Bad enough that the Stock Exchange would be sealed tight like a crypt during that time but he did not required the preoccupation of the masses and enthusiasm for: good cheer. The holiday was nothing but a distraction to the feeble minded and Ebenezer had decisively discharged his secretary Bob Cratchit to return home at the midday to save himself the constant reminder. The man had seized like a dog to the bone of marrow a humming of Christmas tunes under his breath. He even endeavored to try and talk Ebenezer into joining him at his apartment for a “Christmas party” as if Ebenezer didn’t know that this was simply a cipher for some sort of sexual congressing orgy and he would have no part of it. He had already dissuaded Cratchit from mentioning in any salacious detail those cabarets that the man insisted on inviting him to, he had expressed before to Cratchit that he had no interest in Sea World. There would assuredly be folk music and healthy women of loose persuasion undulating in the grass and no. Ebenezer was better, superior, here in his preserved microcosm of numbers and fucks.

He was irrevocably alone now in the manner that he enjoyed and he caught up in his work only to discover that the celestial orb had receded and the snow was still continuously free falling outside. He closed out of the documents that he was still engaged with and looked at his email. Ebenezer’s family had final received the message, after years and years of disappointment, that Ebenezer would not respond to their tireless deluge of correspondence within the duration of December. Thankfully that irritant had been reduced over a period of years to a single email that Ebenezer deleted without opening. He aspired to preserve his inbox as pristine as possible even though he still did not comprehend how some of these messages keep breaching his fortifications when he repeatedly marked them as spam. He had resolved yesterday that perhaps the IT director could mitigate this dilemma for him for good only to find the man playing a game in lieu of the job that he’d been employed and for that Ebenezer had fired the man on the spot, throwing him out of the building. He did not harbor that behavior. You were here to work, not execute Orcs, or deal a deck of cards. Mine sweeping or bomb threats, was right out.

Ebenezer was deeply considering the benefits of a continual work effort through the black hole of a night, in which he could take exceptional refuge in the quiet of the uninhibited building that speedily he would migrate away from for greener passage; when the booming discordant sound of a clock echoed located like bats assisting an elephant rampage. Where was that noise emanating from? His phone? Negative.

Subsequently after the 12 chimes to which Ebenezer bellowed, screamed, investigated and swore to no anvil the cacophonous sound abruptly ceased and in the quiet Ebenezer heeded the sound of ticking. Following the muffled noise he opened his desk to perceived that his father’s pocket watch had suddenly commenced to operating. This good-for-nothing piece of sentimental bullshit that he retained simply as a reminder that optimism and indulgence will fail you was inapplicably working again. He hefted the timepiece in contemplation only to observed that he had a correspondence waiting in his email.

He endeavored to delete it, for he did not recognize the sender; but instead, in that pregnant moment, the program delivered to him error after error and his computer unburdened by decency started to play a movie. It was not a motion picture that Ebenezer would ever have examined, not just because he never watched films but this example wasn’t even one that he would have entertained viewing. It was obliviously a pastiche, atrociously made back drops and terrible acting.
A waste of time and money.

His computer was immovably locked up and regardless of what Ebenezer did the screen doggedly refused to roll over or change. On the screen a solid monstrous muscular barbarian bedecked in almost nothing besieged a man that resemble his old business partner except he was wearing a cloak. The barbarian’s red hair swung with the momentum of his generously extensive sword and even though it looked like the sword sliced jetting through the man, the body was suddenly empowered by a bolt of lighting and the salt and pepper gentlemen stood back up. The men cleaved together, grappling at each other, the barbarian looked to be at an enormous advantage in breath and proportion and yet the cloaked man, that really did look like a doppelganger for Bob Marley, except bedecked like a renaissance fair reject was holding his own. Repelling the barbarian’s barrage Marley propelled the barbarian back into a swirling vortex of magic and the scene cut, the barbarian stumbled out into what looked like a contemporary office area similar in many respects to the exterior area of Ebenezer’s own office.

The proliferation of this breaking of disparate genres into a mixed and matched slurry that held no resemblance to tales of yore was the poison of the cinemas, it was no wonder that Hollywood was losing money and having to pander the the low brow tastes of the masses. Ebenezer in a fit of pique pulled the plug and smiled self-satisfied as his computer screen went dark. Indignant rage boiled up in him. This was the misconduct of the man he’d fired he deduced, no one else would have the rational to execute a tomfoolery like this so close to the final stretch. Ebenezer locomotived out of his office in righteous fury, determined to find and arrest the man responsible.

Unobserved by Ebenezer, every clock remain absolute and frozen at that specific gasp of midnight. Except his father’s pocket watch, which continued to count down.
Grignr

Grignr turned his beryl green optics to glare in despair and savage trepidation at the outlandish foreign land that he found himself whisked away to. This bizarre village was most particular, Grignr slashed his ample sword out and lacerated the flank of one of the thin barricades surrounding him. His potent onslaught chopped through a flat object that encased part of a demon beast not unlike a horse but spectrally pale and enveloped in stripes. The beast remained uncannily immobile and Grignr retreated disturbed. The intangible flame contained in the ceiling of this puzzling dungeon bestowed the terrain with an air of menace and the reverberation of his own footfalls echoed loudly; enchantments most abhorrent must have been welded to forge this, which should not exist. The air was stagnant and chilled an unearthly glimmer emitted from window shaped holes in the ceiling and yet no conflagration nor snow existed on the terrain or rafters.

He crouched bear-like behind one of the meager fortifications at the reverberation of someone traversing the chamber. Grignr was not alone but this time he would be anticipating the phantom, that wraith that had patronizingly descended upon him this crepuscular twilight would suffer a substantial cost for the diabolism that it had wrought.

Grignr should not have been here in this aberrant territory, the wench who herded goats and was eminently gifted in lower linguistics he had energetically bedded the night before still awaited his return, surely she would be bedecked in her diaphanous laced underthings. But rooted in this situation Grignr was, cornered in this nameless place. He had not been anticipating that cadaverous spellbinder whom had been dressed in a pompous oddly fitting waistcoat to be a match for him, GRIGNR! To have toppled Grignr aside and dispatch him here, for what nefarious objective?

The enchanter had but said that Grignr was to demonstrate a lesson; he did not think the enchanter would appreciate the robust learning that Grignr would distribute upon his homecoming. However when Grignr surreptitiously peeped out from his inadequate camouflage there stood not a conjurer but a lithe vision in the form of a man.

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Grignr felt an extraordinary compulsion to engage this slight man in a lust so purulent his blood boiled like magma under his dermis, and yet the insubstantial exertions of the man eroded all Grignr resolve.

Like the passion of virile men trapped in the snow; where the frigid fingers of desperation like a siren draw them to the feverish core of another man’s undulating limbs, holding them close, a sanctuary from despair. The caress of their quivering man slabs sliding together, their breathing like a gasping forge; coralling the critical warmth that only flesh can produce. Grignr had never been jealous of those tales, considering them to be mere comedies, a lesson as to why the northern commonwealth is to be circumvent and ridiculed. But now possessing the man hard against his own fibrous torso he sensed that he should have demanded more knowledge and acquiesced to view the etchings back in the songsmith’s lodgings.

Still Grignr comprehended how to bed a damsel, indubitably it could not be that much more ambitious to bed a man. He peeled back the slight powerless man’s clothing and even though the garments put up a potent and revered effort Grignr cleaved them away to unveil the pale alien delicacy of this otherworldly man. Strange lyrical words escaped from the sirens lips like the
unworldly tones and notes of a cacophonous symphony that Grignr silenced with a strip of strange cloth the seductress had been wearing.

The man’s face brimming with indignation turned toward Grignr like a blossom to the orbital star. Grignr inspected the pale creature’s body laid out on the inexplicably smooth surface of this mystifying abode and felt a torrid covetousness. There was no accommodation to take cover and Grignr did not like to be so exposed for his fornications so he dragged the enchanting creature with him beneath one of the perplexing enclosures’ many benches. In his haste Grignr thrust the quizzical chair-shaped object away without a care and ignored it as it alighted to freedom like a startled beast.

All of Grignr’s consideration was transfixed on the ethereal man’s surprised moan when Grignr gargantuan hand wrapped around the man’s soft fleshy rod and stroked; not blinking at all Grignr coaxed him to hardness, like how one would subdued a skittish colt. The man wriggling like a fish on a line, caught by Grignr the body beneath him petitioned to be devoured, to be owned, and Grignr acquiesced, lifting the man’s legs to sling them over his sizable shoulders as if the superficial man weighted nothing but a trifle.

The man’s pert globs parted when Grignr hands spread his posterior, marveling at the petal soft blanched skin as if the man had never been kissed by the sun or drudgery. A dusting of hair and the wink of that most secluded orifice accepted Grignr’s spit covered digits. Both man’s shafts were hardened like ingot, their members rutting against each other; Grignr monumental weapon dominated the smaller man’s adroitly constructed rod. The effluvium of their fornication surged as Grignr positioned himself up to the man’s threshold and press inside, marveling as the man opened to sheath Grignr deep inside.

The perspiration cascaded off their bodies as their rapture, like a wave swelled, crested, and crashed like a violence of essence squeeze out of masonry, the men acquiescing to libidinous lust and the refrain they made diaphoresis and fulmination.

At the juncture in which Grignr ample scepter of muscle erupted and was made spongy, the crescendo of magic crested anew blinding Grignr and depositing the barbarian exceedingly discourteously back whence he had originated. Grignr bound to his feet but no diviner or conjurer accosted him and if it had not been for the morsel of curious otherworldly material in his hand Grignr might conclude that this was all the repercussions of an immense amount of grog that he must have imbibed.

Grignr swung his head, he had a wench to rendezvous with, the evening was still adolescent and though this was a confrontation to commemorate it would linger as a secret that he would reveal to nobody.
Coda

Ebenezer collected himself off the floor and returned to his office. His accouterments were in tatters however he’d never felt better, he plugged his computer back in and waited in anticipation as it activated. He couldn’t believe that he had forgotten that it was ipso facto Christmas eve and not just another rubbish day antecedent to this uttermost loathsome interval. The anticipated email awaited him in his inbox delineating his corporation’s machinations to acquire the fashionable Vegetarians & Vegan Deli and eliminate it so they could transform it into their new facility. Ebenezer expunged that one and in it’s position another, designated “A WARNING” materialized into existence, he read it aloud, relishing the ways it enumerated how his life would be ruined in the forthcoming year should he not transform his behavior. This traditional visitation from phantoms on the eve of Christmas was one of the aspects of Christmas that never made him regret a thing that he had wrought throughout the year. A barbarian; the specters of Christmas yore were getting extravagantly ingenious about his presents, he would have to compensate them when they materialize.

Nude, Ebenezer sat fastidiously on his chair and nakedly anticipate their manifestation.

The booming cacophonous sound of the clock struck one.

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