Festive Spirit

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Festive Spirit

by <u>Daegaer</u>

Schuldig gritted his teeth, glaring back at Crawford. It didn't take precognition to know what was about to happen.

"This isn't the time for your stupid games," he gasped.

Crawford laughed at him more than usual, not stopping his hand's rhythm.

"It's the perfect time."

Bastard, Schuldig thought. *Smug, puerile* - "Oh, sweet Jesus," he said in a strangled voice as he came.

"I prefer *Brad*," Crawford murmured, smirking at the mess on the neatly-set table. "Huh. Missed. I was aiming for Farfarello's glass."

Schuldig heaved a sniggering breath.

"We'd better get Nagi a fresh place-setting. It is Christmas, after all."

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