

A Torn Mind Introduction

# Eyes of Fright

## Inebriate Me

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi  
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878 Words

“Jonathon, you will keep yourself occupied, I presume?”

“Yes, Mother. I have my writing and sketches, and well, there may be others my age there. Isn’t that right, Father?”

Eyes of scorn met his own. His father gritted his teeth as he pushed the car to wrap around the upward winding roads.

“Listen, boy, I have business with the Flaglers’ estate. This meeting trumps any significance you may think has ever crossed your ungrateful, undeserving mind.”

“I’m aware, Father.”

“Don’t cause any trouble and stay out of sight for Christ’s sake.”

“I shall,” Jonathon said with a pursed smile.

The car reached the plateau atop the mountain. A behemoth mansion stood in the distance. The tires slowed atop white sparkling rocks. They opened their doors in slow motion, taking in the magnificent site. Large marble columns took the beat of the sun and held a golden glow.

Jonathon’s father grasped the knocker on the door.

“Hello,” an attendant said, welcoming them in. He directed Jonathon’s parents towards the main hall and led Jonathon down the west wing. He raised his eyebrows, pointing towards the dance room.

“Lady Marsela will accompany you. She is of the Genith family.”

Jonathon shrugged and leisurely strolled into a large spacious room with a glassed-in patio dressed with roses and geraniums. Marsela slowly circled the patio with her fingers barely touching the glass surface. She looked elegant in a tight white dress as she admired the flowers in their prime.

The worker excused himself and shut large double doors behind him. Marsela didn't look up from the flowers.

An invisible force sent Jonathon peddling backwards until the wall caught his back. He noticed her large attractive eyes and slightly larger than average nose. It fit her face and removed any assumptions of her being perfectly privileged. He found his right hand gravitating towards his inner breast pocket. The tips of his fingers brushed against the lid of a flask with his family's initials. The thought of the poison on his tongue wrapped through his brain, tempting him. It offered a new perspective – a new lighting to the scene – some courage for however he would approach the Genith's prize.

It can wait, he told himself, sliding his hands into multiple pockets, brushing against pills, bags, and pieces. He straightened his collar and walked to the enclosed room, watching her eyes for a signal. He gestured to the entrance and she gave a nod of approval. He stepped inside with her. Together they sat. Her delicate mouth moved.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, hello," Jonathon responded warmly.

Stillness captured them, but his laughter ended the moment abruptly. He caught himself noticing her worry.

“Sorry, it’s rather fanciful to witness the extremities of life. Why, just earlier I was getting chewed apart by ol’ dad and now I’m in the presence of, and I kid you not, the most stunning girl I’ve ever seen.”

She darted her eyes away.

“You’re not bad yourself.”

“Oh, but I’m wickedly bad as you’ll come to see, and temptations may come your way that appear like succulent, luscious fruit, yet grab on to you like the vice of death.”

“Surely not. I’m a strong girl.”

“Indeed. Marsela, I’m Jonathon. Please don’t call me Jon.” A slight frown appeared on his face. She was stung by the reservation. “I prefer Mars to those who I’d know fondly,” she said sternly but friendly.

“Mars, you shall be,” he said.

They admired the flowers and plants. He found beauty wavering in front of him and beside him, but an additional drive tapped through his psyche like a chisel and hammer.

“Say, Mars, are you fond of being inebriated? Like a joyous, gangly flower. Like those, before your eyes.”

Her words were surely internal, he noted as her mouth twisted in thought. Her cheeks blew outward as if harboring a canary. A line appeared on the bridge of her nose as her eyebrows crinkled. Thoughts and decision analyzing were swallowing her up whole. Her hands clasped together on their own, picking at the lovely blue midnight on her nails. He smiled slyly, perhaps even revealing a glimpse of carnage as he laid a hand atop hers and watched as her face melted away.

“Well, I don’t want to look foolish or —”

“And you won’t,” he assured.

He had already scanned the visual and made sure no auditory clues were around. Muscle memory and knowledge of his pockets contents let his hands fly this-and-that way, dismantling a piece, carefully breaking apart flower heads, and pushing the final product, stem-first slowly, but firmly to her lips. He struck the flint and she inhaled not oxygen, but nature’s gift that propelled her mind beyond any fixed, predetermined boundaries and crashing through the roof, past the clouds, far into the blackness of space. He took the stem to his lips and joined her in the Milky Way. Their eyes glossed over in love and adventure. Time displaced itself, but Jonathon was a formidable time traveler.

Her reactions slowed as his quickened. ‘What have I done,’ crossed Jonathon’s mind as he watched the last of the smoke dissipate from the patio.

“Say, girlie girl. What say we explore this juggernaut of a house?”

“OK,” she said with doughy eyes.