

Drinking may as well have been a sport in Burrowgatory, in an official competitive capacity, and not simply the gimmicky draw certain establishments peddled as a way to draw in the crowd. Reigning chug champions and bottomless brawlers, defending their hodge podge titles with a sovereigns iron fist. Everyone had a talent as much as an intolerance when it came to alcoholic consumption. For every sinnamon whiskey connoisseur there were a dozen dracquiri decrier's. Some sampled peach hellini's with a dainty measure of the refined alcoholic, while others nursed their sin and tonics, expression one of tepid reproach.

Then there were the types that'd drink everything and anything put in their way. Because binge drinking was a way of life, and the mindset it required, demanded both a determination and detachment to preference only rivaled by their brow beaten taste buds and subjugated gag reflex. Church didn't fancy himself amongst the crowd of bawdy, bold drinkers that stumbled night after night into every degenerate bar, night club and everything in-between to get their drunken kicks. Did he definitely have a taste for it? Absolutely. He loved slipping out on the rarefied night off, or at the end of a shift, arm in arm with another Bell or treasured client, and absconding to a favorite haunt.

Save their sobriety for their holier than thou feathery counterparts, and their sweating constitution.

But he'd always been the measured sort. The kind who would keep a steady-as-they-go pace through the night with a terminally amused expression on their sharp features. Pointed nails tapping against delicate glassware, watching present company slip and fall further into the hazy buzz of intoxication. He could keep up drink for drink with a breezy ease that most overlooked, in their rush to feel something, necking the entire drinks menu in one fell swoop.

And they'd crash and burn short, their drink count respectable but messy.

Church doesn't really drink, he's been nursing that one all night, they'd say with an over easy smile, and he'd respond by taking a sip of his drink. Savoring the sweet and sharp sensation burning pleasantly down his throat and smile back. Pleasantly unkind. Patient in the way a cat might watch the mouse. The eagle watched the hare. How demons seemed to crowd around a particularly vibrant soul.

Because that was his tested and true method was a simple but effective one: select one particular drink type, and stick to it. Easy is, easy as. A fool might laugh and declare it too simple to be true, but therein lay the effective quality of the method.

Church could spend the night drinking Keratini's while his company crossed the wires, and only one of them would be walking home with any real effectiveness. Or he could switch to something else in the middle, and barely feel the bite. Circle the rim of his sinnamon whiskey with a lovers anticipation of the bite.

Because spirits were lovers, not fighters.

And, he despised ale & beer with the kind of enthusiasm one might've tacked onto a passion project — which clipped down his own personal menu into a more palatable state. Wine was a matter of taste, and curated a similar dispassionate response. He'd drink it, and the quality would determine whether he'd enjoy it or not. Not all vintages were good, and not all straight from the vines were immature.

No, Church was an avid spirit drinker through and through, and little would get in the way of his potent enjoyment of it. Each one a little gift to be unwrapped. He had a lot of colorful poetry when it came to his relationship with drinking. How they were lovers that, when prepared right, never lead you wrong. You got what you asked for, and nothing less. Occasionally a bartender would put a thrilling twist on a classic, and that was just the cherry on top of a rather delectable cake.

He loved those bartenders the most. Talented but smart, visionaries with an iron backbone he'd love to test the strength of. Maybe one day he could convince one of them to make a drink after him, wouldn't that be fun. They could serve it at Hells Bells, for those who hadn't the coin to afford his slice of paradise, and needed something to take the edge off the sting.

He swooned over an exquisite Peach Hellini, topped with fresh fruit. Fawned for a chilled Angora Sour, with the right amount of foamy froth. On occasion, he could be seduced by a particularly divine Dracquiri at the recommendation of a charming barkeep who promised that it'd deliver or the next one was on the House. Who could say no to that ?

But what he really loved was the seasonal selection. Some were worth waiting the year for, others, he'd attempt to replicate in his home bar to moderate success.

Winter meant wrapping himself warm and sipping Rum & Smoke's in good company as they anticipated the season social calendar. Spring would chase off the last of the winter chill, and he'd reluctantly put aside the Moonshine to cosy down with a Gold Fashioned in front of a warm fire to chase the cold from his hooves. Seat himself outside of a cafe-bar in order to try their spin on a Glowjito. Summer was the season for fruity Swimosa's, beneath wide brim hats which shielded his eyes from view.

He liked quite a lot of alcohol, really. Driven by mood and season, and a disdainful eye for the man who nursed a murky tankard of scale ale.