

Everything about today was very quickly becoming miserable, he thought. It was cold, wet, and gloomy. The fractured earth has left him on a torn-apart-island that's floating in the sky under a bloody makeshift home. A home that he now shares with a red indigent Cccat, Flynn, who, despite frequent insistence, has yet to leave. Perhaps he enjoys it here. Of course, perhaps in his right mind, he should be thankful for Flynn. After all, it was thanks to him that they got more resources and a larger plot of land after the whole fracturing event. Crowley flicked another stick into the fire pit near his feet as he continued to think and reminisce. To think that he was once comfortably living alone in a swamp, occasionally, coming out of his lovely little home to meet with his mentors and get his fresh fill of booze. As the hours passed, the wind began to pick up as well, forcing the fresh chill under his thick leather coat.

Shivering a bit, he poked at the fire with his worn-down staff. "It may be about time to start heading instead." He said as he stared down at the fire.

"Hmf, keep at it, dear. Maybe if you keep giving that bonfire the death stare, it'll get warmer." Flynn said.

Crowley quickly glanced up at the Cccat with an expression most grim, before setting his eyes back on the fire. Flynn hasn't bothered to move. Nicknames were always something he hated, but Flynn slowly succeeded in mixing them into their conversations. Before all this, Crowley would've pinned Flynn to the ground with his foot for being called "dear".

"You love it." He said with a large smirk. As Crowley was poking at the soft flames, the Cccat returned his focus on picking and strumming at the strings of an old acoustic guitar that rested on his lap.

After some time passed, Crowley broke the silence. "When our world shattered into thousands of pieces, couldn't it have at least given me the courtesy of escaping this season's weather? We are literally in space, above the ruined planet that bears titans of a whole new magnitude. A planet, might I add,-" he bends down to grab a hold of a whisky that rested by his feet and downed in one solid gulp. Crowley continues with fierce exaggeration and gesture, "-that had actual environments! Environments that did not involve snow at any point throughout the year. I could hibernate in the fucken swamp if I so wished and not once would I be woken up by the bitter cold. The world broke apart around us as we stood in this beautiful wetland, and here I am still stuck in the cold." He shuffled around his chair for a second bottle of whisky. "Of course, I know, that's not how the weather works." Finally, his hand snatched at another bottle and he leaned back again. Flailing his unused hand towards Flynn, he continued his little rant, "Realistically speaking, these floating islands are unique in their own way. The gravitational pull is all out of whack, and I doubt the ozone even reaches us from here. Truthfully, we should be frozen. To give us the air we breathe, to provide us with seasons, and for the plants that grew on the planet below to continue to survive all the way up here."

"I know you are supposed to be smart, but I don't have the slightest clue what you're talking about. By the way, as much as it is far below freezing, it's not snowing, or at least not yet.

Tomorrow perhaps! For now, it's just the icicles and the ice tower that's just over yonder." Flynn said.

"And I spoke in simple terms..." He sighed and pouted.

"Exploratory pirate!" Flynn set down his guitar and watched Crowley sway around looking for another bottle. Tilting his head, he decided to bring up the big question that he knew would irritate the Crook, "How many drinks have you had?"

"Two," he said as he snatched another bottle. "What? You...er want a drink?" Slouched over, Crowley looked up at Flynn with his arm out offering the bottle.

Flynn grabbed the bottle and took a drink. "You may think two. You may verbally say two, but the empty bottles around you say otherwise." He tilted his head in gesture to the mess around them.

Crowley took a minute to look around them. There were more empty bottles than he initially thought. *How many did I drink? Couldn't be that many. Could it?* As he stared down, he began to wonder if he could simply swipe the mess with his little knowledge of magic. Undo the process of being inebriated as one could say. *Wait a minute, that'd just undo all my hard work! I'm finally toasty! Damn, Cccat. I'd say I think pretty smoothly; however, if it truly is a problem, maybe this would be a good time to test my hypothesis.* He glanced back up to Flynn, who, based on his current expression, probably knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Don't you fucken dare you scaly, cold-blooded snake!," he sternly spoke, already in motion to get up if necessary. Crowley, with little care for Flynn's darkened expression, glanced at the bottles and back to him; then in one swift gesture, Flynn jumped on Crowley and tackled him to the ground.

"Oi! You bastard! Get the hell off me!" Crowley was tackled to the ground, his left arm resting behind him to keep his back from fully hitting the ground, and the other wrapped around Flynn's waist. Flynn was much smaller than him but even tipsy, he didn't want to accidentally puncture the Cccat with his spikes.

"We have lived with each other for nearly two months now, I know how that brain of yours works." Flynn settled. "You were going to experiment with your magic and unless you're an expert time manipulator, neither of us need you messing up that brain of yours by trying to un-process all that liquor your body has consumed and trying to dump it back into the bottle." He shifted his weight so that his knees rested on either side of Crowley's waist, and leaned forward, stopping right before the Crook's chest spikes. Gliding his left hand on Crowley's, who gently loosened his grip on Flynn's torso, he softened his expression. "Oh come on, bud, you're not going to hurt me."

"Says the Cccat who told me off for accidentally slicing his shoulder open from simply walking past him last week." He said subconsciously gliding his thumb on the stitched shoulder.

Straightening up his posture, he responded, "Walking? That's what we're calling the incident. You walking into me? I didn't realize you hopping around on all our lovely furniture-"

"-Lovely!" He huffed with a smile. "It's handmade garbage that we found lying about!"

"Oh shut up. I'm still talking." Trying to look unamused and failing at it, he continued. "Now, where was I?" He temporarily lifted a finger to his chin in thought. "Oh yes! I didn't realize you *hopping* around on all our lovely furniture as you purposely tried to wreak havoc just to practice undoing it with your magic counted as *walking*." Tilting his back down toward Crowley for dramatics.

"Well at that very second I was walking!" Crowley answered with his voice being a much higher pitch than usual. Staring at each other, they started laughing. When they calmed down, Crowley started to wiggle around under Flynn. His right hand officially lets go of Flynn and rests behind him like his left. "Now get off me. You made your point. Between you and the booze, I am officially now hot."

Instead of moving to get off of Crowley, Flynn leaned over, hand sliding across the Crook's scaly chest. His other hand raised, gently gliding along under Crowley's chin. "Indeed you are, my dear," he whispered, leaning even further into Crowley's ear. "Always have been." Before Crowley's inebriated brain could catch up with the present and make any sense of Flynn's immediate actions, several large snowflakes began to fall onto them. The first ones landed directly on Crowley's snout. Backing up enough to see Crowley's face, Flynn's eye makes a quick appearance to look down at Crowley before re-vanishing into his throat, "Well look at that. Even under different circumstances, you cannot possibly become too hot." A wide smirk covered the Cccat's face as he glided his hand from the bottom of Crowley's chin to the nose to push off the little snow.

Crowley remained stunned in silence as Flynn continued to brush the tip of his nose, patiently waiting for a response from him. After some minutes passed, he mentally shook off the doze. Observing their surroundings, the snow was fast and thick. It heavily coated Flynn's red and black fur, and the snow on the ground began to hide every little inch of grass and dirt around them. Frequently, larger snowflakes began to strike his eyes as well. It wasn't difficult to notice the current shower of snow was quickly turning into the common snowstorm as it all sped up. Very delayed, Crowley finally got enough brain cells flowing and mumbled, "I suppose so." Not responding, Flynn only smirked and softly smiled. "We should seriously get inside though." Gliding his hand over Flynn's head, pushing off the thin coat of snow that started to clump on his fur. "It won't be long before we're buried," he quietly laughed as a thick clump of snow fell down the front of Flynn's face.

"You're right," he sighed before patting some snow off of Crowley's cobra hood. Flynn reluctantly pushed himself up with Crowley following suit. Around them, he could vaguely see a variety of bottles lying around them. One bottle that was originally open in his hand was now knocked over and spilled. The fire nearby is now tamed by the snow. Only slivers of embers sparked up between the clumps. "We got quite a mess to clean up." Next to him, he could see the spilled bottle being refilled as if it never tipped over and eventually resting next to his chair. Crowley walked over, picked up the now-filled bottle and took a large gulp before handing the remaining whiskey to Flynn.

"Don't worry about it. We can deal with the mess tomorrow. Let's get the fireplace going inside so that you can warm up. I know for certain you've got to be cold. You didn't drink nearly as much as me." He wrapped an arm around Flynn's shoulders, picked up Flynn's now wet guitar, and pushed him past their chairs, and through the door to their house. Inside, it resembled a wooden cabin with a metal framework. It was a basic one-floor building with obvious plans for an upstairs expansion with the stairway straight ahead of them leading to a ceiling. To the left was the living room with a prepped brick fireplace, all set to be lit, and a large couch in front. Connecting to the living room was a kitchen and a hallway that would lead to several additional rooms. Just passing through the door, several lanterns were already lighting up the rooms. Crowley closed the door behind them and made his way to the fireplace, letting go of Flynn and setting down the guitar that was now magically dry of snow next to the couch.

"How are you never drunk?" he quietly said. Slowly following behind Crowley, he sat on the couch to watch the Crook light the fire.

"Never drunk?" He laughed. "Now we both know that's never true." With a spark, the fireplace lit up the rest of the house and quickly started warming the two of them up. Turning around, Crowley plopped himself down on the couch right next to Flynn.

"Oh, I think you know exactly what I mean." He huffed as he curled up against Crowley when he realized he was shivering.

"Guess it's my special power, you shivering fluff ball." Gently, he patted Flynn's shoulder before finally resting it. *Maybe I will be able to tolerate you this winter.*