

The rooms at the Bells are eclectic. Some bursting at the seams in maximalist flair while others were frighteningly minimalist, as if to combat the chaos swirling outside the door they retired behind every night. Seeking their own piece of tranquility opposed to a multitude of stimuli to sink into. With so many individuals of varying aesthetics, tastes and choices all crammed together in one big happy opera house of debauchery — their personal abodes were bound to be just as flavorful and diverse.

Something for everyone, even down to the most mundane, overlooked detailed. Things that most wouldn't give a second thought to, but were arguably, the most important threads which made up the whole tapestry. Without them, the whole thing came apart.

Some made sense, when a face was applied to a door. Others however, once the door was opened and their abode revealed to hungry probing eyes, would draw an expression that stretched and snapped between perplexed and mystified.

Church's room could've been called a chimera of just about everything and anything. Blending opposites together in a hodge podge which somehow worked. Rather than a hastily sewn together abomination animated with a splash of necromancy and a whole lot of hope, right out of the fantasy horror books he occasionally liked to read.

He preferred the term lived in, truthfully, but he could concede the point — if he bit his tongue and squinted. Not many got so far as to be welcomed into his so called sanctum, preferring to host and entertain clients and friends alike in other rooms. An enjoyer of his own slice of uninterrupted eden, and hell bent on preventing it's despoilment, or perhaps it was just another secret he kept close to his chest.

Party favors from another life, carefully tucked amongst the pillows and wallpaper. For his eyes only.

When one stepped into it, many would be taken aback by the sheer amount of color, rather than the monochromatic purples and blues he often donned when not in his performance outfits. Rich fabrics hung from the ceiling, no two the same pattern or texture, tasseled or pearled. Dripping in trinkets which softly tinkled when horns incidentally brushed against them, or embroidered with shimmering gold thread. Some new, judging by their vibrancy while others had grown faded but no less resplendent in their years carefully pinned above.

Then there was the lanterns and lamps. Odd shapes only outshone by their peculiarly colored glass. Hung on chains of varying lengths and metals. Collected and pilfered from those looking to be rid of them, and in the case of the ones shaped like fabled beasts and strange oddities, commissioned at no meager expense to Church's indulgent delight. Some carved to allow the light to seep through in patterns of the starry night sky, while others painted silhouettes across saturated walls.

The floors were lavished with similarly plush and near-threadbare but still comfortable rugs of varying patterns. Old books haphazardly stacked and arranged, the kind with the rich dark leather backing and gold filigree inlay. Their pages yellowed by their age, and coveted due to their rarity. Stacked on the same floor coverings or left on antique dark wood dressers, which also held clusters of various bottles of drink and occasionally perfume, having been picked up and not returned to his vanity. Mirrors clasped in clawed and fanged frames littered the walls, chipped and polished, surrounded by paintings and pictures of friends old and new, portraits of him in his favorite outfits sprinkled in for a touch of subtle vanity and pride.

By far the largest furniture pieces were the large bed framed at the far wall, and an over sized vanity dresser tucked up between racks of clothing, each more vibrant, revealing and beguiling than the last. His bed was a custom piece, one he'd agonized over the price of before committing to expending the carats for it.

Framed at three sides with carved dark wood, leaving the foot of the bed the only clear entrance and exit. Canopied by a carved wooden bat wing, as if it might close and envelop the bed at a moments notice. There wasn't much rhyme or reason to the bedding either, pillows of every considerable size, shape and design backed up against the headboard or otherwise tossed around in careless displacement. Blankets of satin, silk, cotton and velvet layered upon a plush, sink-in-and-disappear mattress. One of his robes hung on the head of the draconian looking creature which curved it's head around the foot of the bed.

On occasion, he'd fall into bed only to find a book or pen digging into his back. Other times he'd stash a bottle of gin underneath a pillow, for the nights where things got a little too hectic and the nightmares rushed on in. Too real and raw, to the point no amount of creature comforts and non-destructive soothing could chase away the hurt.

At it's side, a smaller more comfortable bed hung from the ceiling, where Cheri — his spoiled Erosee, was supposed to sleep and abscond to. Folly, really, thinking the little imp would do anything other than what it wanted. And what it wanted more often than not, when not flitting too and fro through the entirety of the establishment, was the curl on the muted rose colored pillow beside the ones Church used.

Same with the ornate perch that was hooked precariously on his dresser, sturdy despite appearances, but unused.

Which brought the gaze to the dresser itself, made of similar dark, rich wood as the rest of the furniture was made from. The large, oval mirror at the center held up by figures emulating Uniqors and Cygnettes. Brass handles shaped like claws and eyes. It held all of Church's jewelery, make up and perfumes. Both bought and lovingly gifted. Whether stashed inside the drawers, or neatly placed upon the top. There was also a martini glass, a bottle of gin and an ashtray always present — but show him anyone here who didn't have some kind of vice lingering around in easy reach. It was all part of the prep.

His bedroom might not have been the organized mind's dream, or the easy on the eyes expectation some might've thought him capable of. But to him it was perfect, and it was home.