

It was too cold to drink.

At least, that's what Dorothy O'Malley thought as she came out of her interview with a local radio station, pulling her patterned coat tightly over her shoulders and making sure the fleece gloves protected her from the brisk January evening.

She could see her breath in the frigid air, puffs of smoke visible in the lamp lit streets. Her part of the Queendom was winding down, settling in for the night.

She should call her butch.

He'd gone out drinking with a few buddies, to pass the time while she completed her radio interview; a small favor cashed in by an old friend who worked there. She pulled out her phone, smiling at the familiar picture set as her background.

...

"Oh he's *out* of it."

Herbert nudged Jayce, his own cheeks rosy with drunkenness. The pair had taken their old friend out, "to loosen up a bit!" as they put it.

Divus Crewel smiled dopily at his phone, eyes wistful and far away while he scrolled through Magicam, not even registering the noise of the bar around him.

Divus Crewel's inebriation always started differently, but ended the same way: face buried in his phone, dreamily scrolling through pictures of Dorothy O'Malley with a sweet smile.

Now, there could be some variation: like when he got drunk on Halloween and didn't recognize his femme, screeching about how he was married whilst she led him toward their car.

But usually he just became the more yearning version of himself.

The butch pointed to his wedding band, then Dorothy, running a hand through his hair.

"I should be with her. Herb...I should be with Dodie. I'm such a bad butch, I left her *all alone*, my sweet darling Dodie. She's my everything."

Herbert wheezed, almost falling off his stool with how hard he was laughing. Jayce pulled out his own phone, and reassured Crewel—who was getting more impatient by the minute, placing his head in hands and looking genuinely distressed—that he would call Dorothy. "Call your little femme for ya, get you home. It's late, anyway."

He dialed, waiting patiently and watching Divus spiral with a barely concealed laugh. "Ello, Miss Dorothy."

“Miss? She’s MARRIED!”

Divus could hear the sound of her melodious laughter, his smile growing impossibly bigger. “She married me!” He cooed to himself, playing with the band on his ring finger and pointing it out to the bartender.

“He’s drunk?”

Dorothy could be heard getting into a taxi, muffled voice giving directions. “Oh Herb, is he doing that again?” Herb elbowed Jayce, snickering. “He’s fallin’ in love all over again, Miss Dorothy. Ya better hurry.” He could hear the smile in her voice. “You wanna talk to ‘im? Alright.”

Herb handed the phone over to Divus, who greedily snatched it, whining into the receiver. “I want to go *home*. These hooligans are keeping me from you.”

“Hooligans?!”

“*You* suggested we go drinkin’!”

There went that charming sound, her laughter filling his ears.

He could imagine her tail swishing idly, delicate hand curled up in her lap and soft smile lighting up her features. “Come bring me home, Dodie.” He watched the bartender slide a pitcher of water toward his friend group at the counter, Jayce thanking the familiar looking face with a nod.

“I’m outside the bar you’re at, my lovely. I’ll be right in. Pull out your keys, ‘kay?”

Divus was quick to obey, hastily trying to unclip his car keys from the carabiner on his hip.

His coordination was shit, hands slipping after every attempt.

“Fuck, she’ll be mad if I can’t,” He desperately pleaded with his friends, urging them to pull his keys off his hip. “Help me, you *idiots*!”

“I’m not mad, baby, don’t be like that.”

He turned, face lighting up and lunging toward her, keys forgotten. “Dodie!” His arms were quick to wrap around her, blubbing into the cape of her winter jacket. “You wore the one I picked for you.” He mumbled into its Dalmatian patterned fabric. His hands toyed with her raised tail, smiling at her. “Cutie.”

Dorothy giggled with a hand to her lips, smiling so her canines peeked through her lips. “We’re gonna get you home, okay?” She reached for his carabiner, which immediately made Divus flustered. “In public?” He frantically whispered, looking around with wide eyes. “Dodie, I can’t let you do that here. Let’s go to the car, and I’ll ea-”

“Divus, no! Your *keys*.”

“Oh!”

“Grab his coat, Jayce.”

He willingly offered his hip, grinning as Dorothy unclipped the keys to his impressive muscle car. “Okie dokie!” She exclaimed, urging Divus to stand.

“Herb, Jay, it was really nice seeing you again,” She started, thankful as Herb began to rise and help her with Divus. Jayce handed her his coat, watching with amusement as Divus quickly took it off her hands, slipping his arms through the sleeves.

“S always a pleasure with you, Dot.” Herb declared, his own brown eyes shining with admiration. “You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to him, y’know?” She flushed, thankful for the blast of cold air that hit the four of them.

That shocked Divus a bit, causing him to sober up a bit. “I’m alright, I’m alright. Get off.” He was quick to grab Dorothy’s arm and put it back on his elbow. “Not you, Darling.” He turned to his old mates nodding in appreciation. “Thank you for looking after me.” His gait was still unfocused, and his words were slightly slurred; but his eyes were clear. The duo nodded in acknowledgment.

“Anything for you, boss.”

...

“S bedtime, stop, no more kissing.”

Dorothy pushed his face from her neck, giggling when he bit at her skin. “Love you,” he slurred, drowsy; his eyes were drooping, the lanky butch sighing at the smell of her natural scent. “I cherish you. My darling.” His whispers were felt along her skin, Divus clumsily taking her hand and pressing his lips to the skin. “M sleeping, now.”

Dorothy tried to stay awake long enough to hum in reply. “Night, Div, I love you.”

He hummed back.