

Snowfall

Allison lifted her arm from the windowsill and leisurely reached outside into the freezing air. The snowflakes landing on her limb melted nearly instantly, just as they were melting all over Throne. The ground was still too warm for the snowfall to cover the graveyard of the gods with its white blanket. The snowflakes, dancing across the dark starless skies, brought a rare quiet and serenity into the restless rotten city, as if all of Thone had wordlessly agreed to halt for a moment and witness winter's arrival.

Allison, watching the snow fall on her arm, got lost in thought and forgot about the burning cigarette in her mouth. The thin glowing ring of fire that separated paper from ash on the cigarette steadily crept upwards. The ash broke apart and fell to the floor as Cio nudged Allison to the side.

"Make some space for me, lankylegs," Cio teased, squeezing next to Allison and lighting up a smoke on her own.

"What's tha staring at so intentsome? Does tha humans not have snow on tha home?" Cio asked between drawing deep breaths of blue smoke into her lungs and exhaling it outwards.

"We do," Allison smiled, gaze still fixed on the snow falling around her arm.

"Then what's tha watching that is more watchable than a neigh naked devil in tha bedroom?"

Cio teasingly wrapped her tail around Allison's thigh. Allison couldn't help but draw a slight grin in the corner of her mouth, though it quickly faded as she turned pensive again. She observed the snowflakes shifting away from her extended arm, being pushed by the moving air as with her arm's motion.

"I wonder," mused Allison, putting out her cigarette in the ashtray on the windowsill, "do you think snow is Royalty? Or is it Servant?"

"I think," Cio replied, drawing a deep puff, "tha may have hit tha head too hard today."

"I'm serious, though," Allison chuckled. "Look at it. It does one thing, and one thing only. It falls, and it melts."

Allison thought about what she just said for a moment. "Ok, those are two things," she added, while Cio stifled a snort.

"But still," Allison continued, "that's all it does. It falls from the sky, and wherever it falls, it melts. Now I can move it around by pushing the air," Allison demonstrated by waving her arm around, "yet all it does is either make it fall on my arm or continue falling to the ground, displaced by a little. Nothing I do changes the essence of what it is, nor what it does."

"Tha thinks that is what makes Royalty?"

"Isn't it? It can't be stopped. Its nature is unchangeable. It has one purpose, and does exactly that - it falls, and then it melts. No matter what I do. It does not care for my existence, nor will it ever."

"Nay," Cio shook her head.

"Nay?"

"Nay. Mayhaps tha sees freedoms in its dance through the skies, or strengths in its indomitable paths of falling and melting." Cio extended an arm outside as well, letting the snowflakes drop in her palm. "But it is not free. It is not strong. It is shackled to its purpose - to fall, and then to melt. That's all it does. That's all it can do."

Allison pondered this. "Shame," she sighed. "I was just beginning to think I should be more like the snow."

"Cold and wet?" teased Cio, moving her tail upwards along Allison's thigh.

Allison smiled softly, still looking outwards. "Less... pushable, even when pushed. More at peace with your own existence."

"Is this because tha hair's gone whitey? Got whitey hair and thinks thaself a relative of weather?" Cio quipped.

Allison chuckled and put her arm around Cio, still leaning against the windowsill.

"So then," Allison continued, "snow must be Servant, doesn't it?"

"Also nay," Cio sighed.

"Why?"

"It has no will. Tha cannot serve if tha has no will to serve with."

Allison pondered this. She opened her mouth as if to say something, but closed it again.

"Tha thinks too much," added Cio, noticing Allison's struggle with thoughts. "Snow is, but snow is also not. It is there, but it is not willing." She flicked the cigarette butt out of the window. "Snow does, but snow also does not. It does fall and melt, but it does not choose its path, it follows it."

Allison took what she thought was wisdom in, but ended up scratching her head. "Yeah... I don't get it."

Cio flashed her a brazen grin. "Of course tha don't. Tha don't even know who tha should be nor what tha should be doing now instead of freezing tha limbs off."

"And what would that be?" Allison asked amused.

Cio's devilish grin widened even further as she leaned towards Allison's cheeks, slipping her hand underneath her shirt and carefully scratching her back with her claws. "Tha should be a good little girl and bed me until daylight arises," she whispered into her ear and nibbled playfully on her earlobe.

With a swift motion, Allison lifted her up, holding her up underneath her thighs and bringing their heads to an even level. She looked at the diabolically grinning

Cio with half-closed eyes. “That can be arranged,” Allison said as she leaned in to kiss her, carrying her over to the bed, where they fell into an avalanche of kisses and giggles.