

Yvel looked around the cabin, running a hand through his hair as he searched. The one time he'd been in his human form, and he'd lost his damn hair ties. He ripped open drawers, then slammed them shut once he realized his hair ties weren't in any of the drawers he was looking through. Where the fuck had he put them?

He let out an annoyed hiss, kicking a chunk of wood across the floor, watching it splinter once it hit the wall. He combed his hands through his hair, holding the single hair tie he still had in his palm. Maybe Zenith would know where he'd put it?

Yvel stomped outside, looking for his companion as he tied up one of his ponytails. His eyes searched the wooded area around the cabin, looking for the telltale fire that sprouted from his friend's shoulders, but Yvel couldn't spot Zenith anywhere.

Whatever, he was probably somewhere. Yvel headed back inside, shoes clacking against the floor as he slipped on his coat. Damn, it was cold nowadays. He looked through the drawers again, letting out a low sigh as he wandered around the cabin, setting up the fire in the furnace, and preparing his pelts for sorting.

Yvel almost forgot about his hair tie before he realized his hair was getting in the way again. This is why he rarely took them off in the first place, now he'd either have to make a new one, or go out and buy one. Yvel rested a hand against his chin as he sat down at the table in the dining room; eye browsing the room around him. His ears twitched a bit at the wind outside, catching the whistling sounds.

Yvel looked down, nose wrinkling before he caught sight of it. His hair tie. How the hell had he missed it? Had it been there the whole time?

Yvel reached out and grabbed the hair tie, a small sigh of relief leaving his lips as he tied his hair up once more. There, perfect.