

"What is this?" Yvel grunted, stilling beside Twig, looking down at the haphazard collection of scary props lying at their feet. "Oh, you're already here." Twig looked up at Yvel, stepping in front of the props in an attempt to hide them. Yvel narrowed his eyes, brows furrowing. "Am I not supposed to be here? I live here." He crossed his arms, claws digging out into the ragged cloak thrown haphazardly over his shoulders.

Twig gave a sheepish smile, reaching out to push him back slightly. "I know, but I'm trying to make a surprise." Yvel didn't seem impressed. "Come on, you'll like it!" Twig smiled up, putting on her most convincing smile. Yvel looked over her shoulder once more but shrugged her hands off, turning with a huff before heading back inside the cabin.

Twig turned back to the props, organizing them into sections around the forest. It was a little something to celebrate the spirit of Halloween, maybe make it something Yvel could enjoy for once. A little... Haunted house. But out in the open?

A haunted forest..? She shook the thought away, it was just meant to be spooky and fun, it didn't need a proper name. Placing a few hanging spiders and headstones, Twig smiled to herself. This was going... Surprisingly well.

Yvel sat inside, lounging in the worn armchair he called his own. Twig had been out there for a while now, and he hadn't a clue what she was planning. But there was an itch at the back of his mind, the kind that had him standing and making... Coffee. Why was he making coffee...? The thought echoed in his mind, and he had no answer.

Walking outside with two mugs in each hand, Yvel found Twig inspecting her work. "Hmph." Yvel grunted, catching her attention, reaching out to pass the hot mug. "Hot-" She stumbled, but Yvel reached out with his icy hand, holding the mug, cooling it. "Cold." He corrected, sipping at his own, looking out at the props and spooks. "Is this... What you were doing?" He hummed, looking over to Twig.

"Hm? Oh, yeah-" Twig gestured to the many props of her makeshift haunted house. "Ta-da!" She waved, waiting for any sort of reaction. "...Show me around." Yvel grunted, pushing at Twig's shoulder, leaving her laughing and leading the way around the forest. Yvel watched as Twig got scared by the things she'd set up to scare **him**.

A smile almost wormed its way onto his face.

"...It is... Good." Yvel grunted. Praise was rare, especially from him. Twig was beaming up at him, trying to contain the excitement. "Really? You like it?" Yvel only raised a brow. "...Can we go again?" Twig mumbled out, looking out at the props again.

"...Fine."

Strangely, the woods felt more like home than they ever had. Yvel was sure he was ill, with this strange feeling of contentment. It was strange.