

The crisp autumn air was certainly different from the chilled ice that Yuki typically breathed in. Mist surrounded Yuki's head as he looked around. This was a completely different scenery than what he was used to.

Bursts of bright reds, yellows and oranges covered the trees and the forest floor. The crunch of leaves under Yuki's feet as he sat on a tree stump. Looking up, the sky was a vibrant blue that was nearly blinding to even stare at. Yuki rubbed his face a little with his hand as he groaned slightly. Everything about this place seemed so odd to him. There wasn't any snow or ice around, not even a single snowflake, and then there was the fact that he had seen too many foxes around to completely drop his guard. Yuki sighed as he looked back down at his lap.

A sewing needle and spools of fabric sat in between Yuki's thin thighs as he picked them back up. While most made clothing for friends or pets, Yuki didn't have any sort of platonic relationships with other foxes or animals. No, he preferred to just be alone with nothing more than his thoughts and projects. The needle easily went through the pale silk as he carefully watched his own movements. This was the only reason he had come down from the snowy mountain range he called home. Wind Valley was still warm enough that his needle and fabric wouldn't be frozen over. With it being autumn, this was Yuki's last chance to finish sewing together his kimonos.

Besides, this was the second best season to have come down at. While Yuki would prefer to never have to come out of his cave, he could handle autumn weather so much better than spring or gods forbid summer. Yuki crossed one of his legs over the other as he carefully stitched the silk together. The cool breeze of fall air felt warm to him. It was honestly nice, it wasn't a damp melting warmth that spring held or the oppressive heat and dryness that was summer. No, this was the perfect balance of weather and temperature that had Yuki at least slightly comfortable.

Yuki's ears perked slightly as he heard something in the distance. The sound of crunching leaves and jovial voices could be heard passing through. Yuki paused his sewing as he just waited. Red eyes glaring slightly in the direction of the noise. The last thing that Yuki wanted was to have to deal with any other foxes coming around. He didn't want to make any sort of small talk or be bothered by inane chatter. No, Yuki just wanted to work in relative

peace and quiet. Giving it a few moments, the voices and footsteps were slowly getting harder to listen to. The passerbys thankfully seemed to just go right past Yuki's little hiding space. The icy scarfox sighed in relief as his shoulders slumped down slightly. Mist poured out of the holes in Yuki's torso as the tension in his body unwound.

Yuki's attention returned to his little masterpiece as he carefully moved to grab out a pair of scissors. The gentle snipping noise of cutting silk made Yuki relax as he just focused on his work once more. He wanted to at least make a new robe to replace his current one with. The holes and tears in the worn fabric that covered Yuki's body had served him well but now it was time to retire it. Setting his scissors down, Yuki picked up his needle once more. He was careful about threading it before use as he started to stitch the hems together.

How long has it been since Yuki even started wearing his current garment? A gentle hum left the fox's mouth as he thought about that. It had to have been at least a good decade. Yuki's mother had gifted him the outfit before he left her and that was, what, ten, no thirteen years ago? Time was a fickle thing to be sure, and it almost felt surreal to Yuki. Had it truly been that long ago when he left home? When was the last time he had even seen his mother? Yuki shook his head as he pricked his finger with the needle. He tsked in annoyance as he brought the injured digit up to his mouth and carefully sucked on it. Well, that's what thinking too deeply got him.

Taking a moment to nurse his finger, Yuki looked towards the sky. The bright blue of mid day was starting to already change into a red and yellow mess. The few clouds that hung above had taken on a bright pink hue as the sun was starting to set in the distance. Yuki couldn't help but blink a little. Time had truly flown by. He had been out here since at least the start of midday and now it looked like he would be leaving by the dawn of night. Yuki looked back down at his kimono, or what he was going to call one anyway.

The black and red yarn he had bought had become a long sweater vest of sorts. Yuki had even sewn leaf-like designs onto the article. It was nice, though Yuki didn't know if it really suited his tastes. He was a rather pale fox and the article was mainly black. A loud sigh escaped Yuki's mouth as he put the garment over his arm. Well that was at least two days of work down the drain if he wasn't going to wear it. Just before Yuki could leave, the sudden crunch of leaves right next to him has his head spinning on its cloud of mist.

A few yards away from Yuki stood the strangest, and in his opinion, ugliest looking fox he had ever seen. It was a strange muted reddish brown with holes all in its arms and whatever sort of legs and tails it had. Gods, the thing didn't even have a mouth. If there was ever a poster child for an Unstable it would have been this fox. Yuki's eyes opened as he glared at the unfortunate creature. "What are you looking at?" Mist seeped out of his mouth as he hissed.

The fox looked at Yuki as it took a small steep back. Its pale, glossy eyes looked between Yuki and the sweater vest he had just finished. Almost hesitantly, it pointed at the knitted creation. Yuki scoffed loudly as he looked at the unstable fox before him. The creature looked malnourished and filthy. It was disgustingly pitiful.

"You want this?" Yuki gestured to the sweater vest as the other fox nodded slightly. Taking a moment to think about it, the hollow fox sighed loudly and dramatically as he sat the clothing down on the stump he was sitting on. "Fine, it's yours. It's not like I would be caught dead wearing that thing anyway." Yuki turned away before he could see the reaction from the other. He didn't need some grateful unstable looking at him in admiration. No, he had more important things to do than worry about the fact he had given an unstable fox something.

The most important thing to come to mind was planning a visit to his mother's.