

“Ugh, shopping for you is going to make me late to the races.” Avalon huffed, her brow furrowed as she tapped her chin and eyed the festival stalls. She loved her cousin, and she knew he was softer than many would suspect with his dour look, black fur and red eyes. Not to mention those long glittering claws. (Honestly she would have traded a horn for claws like that. That however was beside the point. Point. Ha. )

“I wonder if anyone has anything in your size even.”

Well, they might, but it was going to take some digging. It would be easy to just find him a cute little trinket, something to celebrate the aurora, but she didn't *want* to just give him a trinket. She WANTED to give him something that would let him feel secure but also warm and safe and soft.

He had one sweater from her already, and she'd kind of like to get another... but maybe something a little less pastel this time.

She squinted around the stalls, distracted by the flicker and drift of the Aurora. It always seemed to be moving faster than she expected it to. The way the light dripped in trails it somehow felt as though it should be much more languid, but it moved with speed like a small fish through clear dark water, leaving light in its wake like ripples.

Following it across the sky led her gaze through the stalls until they fell on a vendor whose booth was full of soft piles of knit fabric and as she browsed, a grin flashed across her muzzle.

“Oh I think you might just be what I'm looking for.”

She'd have to make a mental note to thank the Aurora later, or the little spirits. That black pile of knitted coziness in which she was pretty sure her sharp eyes could pick out tiny metallic flicks of bright greens and blues.

She elbowed a path through the throng, cursing under her breath as she was bumped and jostled by excited Woolyne with arms full of packages, or who were, much as she had been, distracted in their wanderings and watching the light trail across the sky.

She couldn't blame them, or well... she could there just wasn't anything to be gained from it and certainly nothing that was going to do anything to make an accidental elbow in the ribs or having to duck an particularly broad set of horns feel any better.

As busy as the crowd was, it felt miraculous that the item she had her eyes on hadn't already been snatched up by another shopper, and she immediately wrapped fingers into its thick soft wool as soon as she was in arms reach, probably startling the shop keeper as she tugged it free and held it up, eyes gleaming with triumph.

A huge, cowlneck black sweater with glittering hints of color.

It would be perfect for Weisheng!

Except she also kind of wanted it.

UGH.

Holidays were so unfair sometimes. She shut her eyes, banished thoughts of buying it for herself and sighed.

“How much?”