

“I must have it!” said the pink vixen with determined passion in her voice, her fists raised to the air as a sign of full dedication to her cause.

“Have what?” asked her sister, turning to look at the window as they walked down the street. “Are you talking about the latest outfits on these mannequins? You know they're for boy's right?”

Natha turned to face Dria, her eyes replaced with stars. “No, no, no, not that!” She grabbed her sister's arm and dragged her down further. Dria almost lost her footing, stumbling at the sudden tug but kept pace.

“Okay, okay, let go, you're gonna ruin my outfit!” She said, having paid a pretty penny for her attire, a dark red long sleeve button up shirt, designed with black rose pedals along the seams and around the cuffs of her wrist.

“That!” Natha said, pointing at the next window across the street, showing a seaming machine, needle and thread with several yarn balls in a basket, and a thick book with the title seamstress on it.

“You... want to get that?” Dria asked as she looked at her hyperactive sister, waiting for the light to change. “I thought you were obsessed with fashion?”

“Yeah and what better way to show my obsession than to make it from scratch!” She yelled out. When a few people turned to her, she came back down to earth. She fixed herself and when the light changed, she walked properly across the street with her sister next to her. “What I meant to say” she said clearing her voice “Is that what better way to show my love of fashion then to create the very clothes I have on my back... Not very cause of lawsuits and all that but you know what I mean.” She went to the window and stared through the glass, her tail wagging furiously as thoughts of dresses, pants, combat robes, belts, personalized bags, and hats filled her head.

“Why would you want to spend all your time creating and sewing things?” her sister asked, folding her arms with a bag in each hand. “I mean, you said you had an interest in fashion, that's good. But you're talking about creating clothes and accessories? Do you know how long that'll take?”

She stood up straight and rocked back and forth on her feet “I think this'll be great to do. To walk around wearing what you've created, knowing that people will look at you with the greatest jealous smirk on their faces” her voice changed to a deep sinister tone “It will be glorious!”

Dria looked at her sister with narrowed eyes. “It sounds like a waste of time, especially with how much the family alone fights. You're acting sillier than Zenny.”

“And you're as critically condescending as Zenith,” she said, sticking her tongue out, Dria rolling her eyes in response till Natha hugged her arm. “Do you know how great clothes are? Statues of

heroes are made from the clothes they have on, every man needs to look sharp and dapper, people travel all over the world with a signature outfit and pictures grant memories of those moments. And you gotta admit, in every action movie all of their outfits are bad-ass aren't they?"

Dria sighed, knowing that the gleam in her sisters eyes would overshadow anything she said. "Alright, guess you do have a point," she gave in. Her sister cheered and Dria formed a small smile to see her sister like that, before she was forcibly dragged into the shop to buy the entire set.