

Orion huffs quietly as he slips into his workspace, locking the door behind him. He looks out the window, eyeing the moon as it rises above the horizon.

He shuts the curtains. He can't afford being distracted. He settles down at his chair and places his paw atop the treadle of his sewing machine as he leans down to grab the box of half-finished projects, digging around in it until he gets his hand on the silken fabric of the cape he was sewing for Aiden

The festival was coming up soon, and making costumes had slipped his mind until all he had was a week to make the pieces he couldn't source from elsewhere.

He set it on the desk, turning to rummage around again for the thread he was using for the cape, fumbling through spools and loose bundles he'd have to re-spool before realizing it was already in the machine. He sighs and leans forward, turning the inner wheel and reengaging the needle. Now for the belt..

He turns the outer wheel and presses on the treadle a couple times, getting the belt back to the correct tension

Orion places the cape under the needle, placing his other foot on the treadle as he ensures everything is in its proper place before he spins the wheel and starts to pedal

The repetitive clicking drowns out his worries about the time crunch he's under as he allows himself to settle into the motions. The feed dogs pull the fabric along as he pedals, allowing him to focus on solely turning the fabric.

The clicking of the wheels spinning becomes a pleasant background noise as he works. Deft hands clutch and turn the fabric whenever necessary, despite the aching pain shooting down his arms, he's got to get this done..

After a while, Orion grabs the wheel, slowing it to a stop.

Cape finished, now to find the suit...

Rummaging through the box again, he pulls out a suit jacket he's already had to adjust twice. Will he ever be done at this rate? Who knows. He rips the seams and finds the fabric he had set aside for it, settling it under the needle and giving the wheel a spin to get it going again

Hours fade into nothing as he works tirelessly to finally have these done, a monotonous cycle of repetitive motions, framed by aches and exhaustion. By the time he's finished the sun is peeking through hastily shut curtains...

A cape, a suit jacket, a dress shirt, a long white coat, and a shirt and pants resembling scrubs. Everything he, his brother, and their two friends needed that he couldn't find.

It wasn't work he was satisfied with, but it would have to do. Orion yawns as he disengages the needle and belt, picking up the finished pieces as he stands, a familiar ache in his back. He hopes they'll look good enough to be passable for the festival...