

Chapter 2: Fall-Moon Harvest Festival ~ Events Galore

The fabled duo continued their journey into the square, observing each and every detail that crossed their way. Pumpkin-shaped oil lanterns were adorned on some of the stands, their warm light flickering as small gusts of wind passed by. Way up in the sky, a full moon shined brightly, causing the scenery to glow in a sort of way. Chestnut and Macadamia were still chasing down the escapade of children who had stolen Chestnut's prosthetic arm, as Vivian giggled in the background, trying to paint the chaos. Edessa and Pinwheel were handing out their own themed goods, likely having an internal competition of who could pass out more... or at least, that was going on in Edessa's mind.

Willow's eye peered around the lot, searching for his and Spoon's next point of interest. Many stands and activity spots had rather long lines, which twisted and winded in any free space they could find. Other tables, which once had free goodies to grab as any Willow please, were left empty within a few minutes. As the two traversed to the other side of the event, it seemed like all hope was lost... that was, until Spoon spotted a particular table, tucked away behind two other stands.

"Willow... I see something," she whispered, gently nudging him to face the direction her gaze followed. "Right between those vendors."

"I don't think I'm tall enough..." he picked up Tiger, holding him up high above his head. "Do you see anything, bud?"

Tiger narrowed his beady eyes, grunting as his little legs began to run midair. Whatever it was, it certainly caught his interest...

Willow gently put him down now, placing a hand to his chin. "Maybe Scarf can scope it out?"

Spoon shrugged, then gently nudged Scarf with her hand, who had been napping in the meantime. Ruffling his fur, he perked his head up, and ventured toward the direction of the table. Subsequently, the little flamake returned with a candy apple in his paws, one nearly too big to carry. Just as Spoon was about to take it, the apple slipped and plopped to the ground...

"Candy apples!! Spoon, this would be such a treat..." Willow cheered,

pumping his fist. Meanwhile, Tiger investigated the fallen delight, sniffing it, before pushing it away with his paw. Despite his doting love of food, the apple was not tickling his fancy.

"And have the candy get all stuck in your teeth?" Spoon remarked, albeit a little playfully. It was the night of sweets, after all.

"Exactly... we'll have to brush our teeth ten times over."

This time, Spoon gently grasped Willow's hand, guiding him to the table in a manner that avoided most of the crowd. Low and behold, it was nearly untouched!

"No wonder the table's full... it's so hidden..." Willow pondered, picking up an apple and handing it to Spoon, before taking one for himself. The two sat on a bench attached to the picnic-like table, rather relieved at the quieter space. "And it's not too loud here..."

"I guess... that makes this our little spot?" Though she always smiled, this time Willow could sense her heart genuinely doing so. Spoon always did favor quieter spaces. There was nothing more she wanted, or really needed than her little family right here.

"Our little spot..." Willow began to kick his feet at the thought, munching on the apple, as he then leaned against her, "Yeah... yeah!!"

Spoon closed her eyes, savoring the peace they had found, even with all the festivities. Willow soon joined her, as Tiger fell asleep in his lap, and Scarf, on her neck. The sounds of the forest behind them accompanied this newly made core memory, as leaves rustled in the wind, and little critters of all sorts chirped and chattered into the night. Like always, this night was theirs, and there wasn't a need for any grand activity to make it as such.

Nothing could go wrong, truly.