The jacket had hung lazily off of Crimson’s heavily-tattooed shoulders, the softness and warmth of the inner lining unneeded in the early fall’s heat, as she sat on her balcony, watching the sun set behind the buildings in the distance. Though her amber eyes were fixed on the horizon, her mind was distant until a gust of wind froze her shoulders, reflexively having her tug the jacket back up. Mindlessly, her hands brushed down the red-and-black flannel exterior, which was only a bit less soft than the inside itself. Even through her thick waves of her blonde hair, the wind still nipped a bit, mid-October deciding now it was the time to be cold. Still not fully in the present, she reached back and tried to pull up a hood, and she was only slightly surprised when she was able to do so.

As the shock faded, however, the rumble of a soft chuckle escaped her lips as she shook her head, standing up for a moment as if to go inside before she hesitated and decided to sit on the edge of the balcony instead. It was nice to have at least one piece of clothing that she felt she truly belonged in. When the sun finally dipped below the horizon, however, so too did Crimson’s fun in watching it, and she finally got back up and went inside. To most, it would have been unbearably warm, but Crimson found the practically sauna-like heat she baked in most of the time to be rather comfortable, even if it meant shrugging off the jacket around her shoulders. As it did so, she saw the hood fade back into the lining, which too found the flannel exterior slowly fall back into; the childlike wonder never left as she could feel the fabric start to shift in her hands as the arms of the coat first sealed up before melding with the rest of the material until she was left with nothing more than the world’s softest blanket.

She was always a bit curious as to how her parents stumbled upon the thing; she was equally curious if the damned thing would ever leave her sight. Surely they had to know, given that they never questioned how she always seemed to have a flannel that fit her, but given how absent and often empty-minded they were, she wouldn’t be surprised if they just assumed someone had just always been giving her new clothes. Even if it couldn’t speak, the blanket proved a better friend than the genetic donors she called her parents.

Even now, they still weren’t home; they never seemed to notice the heat, either. Crimson always wondered if she got up and ran, would they notice?