

Rags to Riches

Polished, white floors, marble countertops, gold accents, oversized furniture, and light sources which could reach every possible color of the visible spectrum, and even some beyond. These were the types of things normally reserved for the highest of the high end hotels, and only found in the most elegant and refined homes. Yet, this was all just the inside of a singular ship. A ship which belonged to a lone woman who up until a few months prior, had the resources to purchase such extravagance on little more than a whim.

Now however, the luxuries of her ship, and the items within it were all that remained of her once inexhaustible fortune. Fortunately for her, among those possessions was a wardrobe so vast that it could put many department stores to shame. Not to mention the fact that a majority of the items within carried a value greater than anything you would find in said stores. The wardrobe was a lucky break for her, because it offered her the opportunity to continue practicing one of her favourite hobbies, carrying with it another modicum of her former life.

While many of the clothes she owned were things she had bought from the far reaches of the galaxy, those item most precious to her were the ones she created herself. She'd always had an interest in fashion, and regularly modified her own outfits, but it was not until she left her homeworld and saw the many styles throughout the galaxy that her passion and skill for making clothing really took off. Of the many things Eve was simply handed throughout her life, this ranked as one of the few skills she had developed all on her own.

Eve was dressed in an oversized, white t-shirt and black yoga-pants. Typically something she would wear to sleep, but currently on because it would be comfortable for the work ahead. She was in the obnoxiously large closet custom-built into the ship, digging through the mass of clothes to select a few items to modify. It had come to her attention that her good friend Eilen had a bit of a clothing issue. At first, Eve had put it off as the girl simply preferring to show off her features, but it eventually became clear that she wore those things out of necessity. With her extremely tall and slender body, there was simply no one who made clothes that fit her properly, at least not in a price range the girl could afford. So Eve took it upon herself to do her friend a favor, and make her something to wear that actually fit properly.

A chime sounded throughout the ship, indicating that someone was at the entrance. *Oh, that's gotta be her!* Filled excitement, Eve set aside the clothes she'd selected, a mixture of cocktail dressed and shorts in black, white, and relatively muted, earthy colors. Given Eilen's grey-brownish fur, she figured that vibrant colors wouldn't suit her too well.

Eve practically bounced to the door, taking just a moment to straighten out her hair before pressing her hand to the control pad. As soon as the the door opened to reveal that it was in fact Eilen, she tucked her fists to her chest and wiggled them about energetically. A short squeak escaped her as she jumped forward and hugged the frozen Eilen who still didn't seem entirely accustomed to Eve's antics. "Hi-ya Eilen!"

“Uh...eheh, hey Eve,” was the only response the hybrid seemed to manage past her surprise as she hesitantly tried to return the embrace.

“Come in, come in!” She released the girl, taking a hold of her hand and pulling her inside the ship. Without pausing to let Eilen get mesmerized by the fish tank again, Eve led her straight to her bedroom.

”So uh...what exactly is this about?” She didn’t seem as shy as she once did, but she clearly didn’t have a clue what Eve was planning.

Eve left the girl to stand in the middle of the room and stare at the many expensive amenities in while she began digging through one of her drawers. “Well, I figured you could use some clothes that fit you properly. Soooo I was like, ‘hey, why don’t I just make something?’ Not like I don’t have enough stuff anyways, right?” She shot a wide grin back at Eilen.

The hybrid took a moment to understand, but seemed excited at the idea as her ears perked up and her tail swished from side to side a bit. ”Wow really? You uh, you’d do that for me?” She brought her hands together in front of her waist, fidgeting with her thumbs.

“Ugh, what kind of question is that? If course I would!” Continuing to dig through the drawer, her voice dropped to a low mumble, “now where did I...ah there it is!” She jumped back up with a measuring tape in hand and a wicked smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Raising her voice again, she pointed a finger at Eilen. “Now then, strip!”

Eilen’s demeanour changed in a flash. All at once, her hands froze, her ears dropped, her tail went limp, and her eyes seemed to grow very distant. “W...whut?”

Eve stifled a giggle and made a ‘hurry up’ gesture with her hand. “You heard me, I need you to take your clothes off. How am I supposed to get proper measurements with all that stuff in the way?”

The Hybrid didn’t really react beyond awkwardly looking from side to side for something to say “But...uh...”

“Oh don’t be so shy! We’re both girls! Besides, you don’t have to take get completely naked. Down to your underwear is fine. I’m not gonna be able to make the clothes fit right otherwise.”

Going for an awkward smile Eilen suggested, “Well, it’s alright if the fit is just a bit off. Honestly, I’m sure it would still fit okay. Definitely better than anything else I have. Eheh...”

Did she just suggest I do a half-assed job? Placing the hand holding the measuring tape on her hip, and holding the other out with a warning finger, Eve leaned to her side, thrusting her hip out

for maximum sass. "Eilen Jath. Evelyn Cameron Ravencroft the fourth does not do *okay*... okay? She does nothing less than perfection! Now get down to your skivvies!" Adopting a normal stance again, Eve's face softened with a smile. "I promise it won't take long, and I'll do what I can to make sure you're comfortable."

Eilen was hesitant, the idea that she would be comfortable with any of this was one not even worth considering. However, she slowly seemed to come to realize that her friend was not going to take no for an answer. Her ears sunk even lower, and her voice croaked out weak and awkward. "O...kay..."

The measuring went better than either Eve or Eilen might have suspected. The half-selonian's nervousness in the beginning made her stand perfectly still, allowing Eve to quickly and easily take the measurements she needed for what she had in mind, along with some extra ones as reference for any future projects she might feel like taking on. A few measurements, like Eilen's bust, hips, and particularly inseams had the girl in a near panic, but the two ended up enjoying much of the rest. Eve would occasionally lose her balance and fall to the floor, prompting the two to laugh and relieve some of the tension.

The last thing to do before Eilen left to allow Eve to get to work was to pick out some colors. To her relief, Eilen could be fully clothed for this portion as Eve showed off the various garments she was planning to use for her new creations. More so than the measuring, Eilen seemed to embrace choosing colors for her outfit. She had a good sense of color and arrived at many of the same conclusions as Eve, even suggesting some neat ideas she hadn't considered. By the end of it all, Eve hoped that Eilen enjoyed the royal treatment, it wasn't something she'd likely experienced before.

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The following day, the chime in Eve's ship rang again. Her customer had returned to collect. Eve answered the door much the same way she had the previous day, though the energy was more difficult to keep up. She had worked through the night and it was evident in her appearance. Her hair was a bit of a mess, she still wore the same clothes as before, and there were heavy bags present under her eyes. "Hey-ya Eilen...Come on in!"

Notably more excited than when she had arrived the previous day, Eilen gave a quick wave before following inside. "Hey Eve! Soo is it ready?"

"Yes...*they*...are." She pointed at some clothes neatly laid out on her bed.

To the left was a two-toned top. The upper part was a faded, forest-green. It had sleeves that would go to Eilen's elbows, but also featured cutouts for her shoulders. The lower half made a large upward arc which peaked just below the bust, tapered down the sides and connected in the small of the back. Below the top was a simple set of black, full-length pants. To the right

however, was a dark blue dress. It was not a rich color, instead having a more natural faded quality to it. The dress features a split on the side which would run up to Eilen's thigh on the left, and an intricate series of white lines which wove their way from the very bottom of the dress all the way to the top. At first glance it appeared to all be one piece, but a closer look revealed the seams which ran along waist and just below the bust. Ordinarily, such an obvious addition would have looked strange, but Eve had used a different material for the midsection. Depending on the light, the abdominal area would shine with a purple hue, making it look exceptionally unique.

The dresses were perfectly tailored to fit Eilen's unusual frame, and the lines and patterns were designed to accent her body in ways other clothes likely never had for the girl. Eve watched her closely as the hybrid stared at the clothes. Despite her confidence in her own abilities, she still a bit nervous about what her friend might think. "So...what do you think?"

Eilen was slow to react. So slow, that it made Eve's heart sink for a moment as she thought her friend was not fond of the designs. However, those worries were quickly washed away when Eilen silently turned to lovingly embrace her. While Eve had hugged the girl on plenty of occasions, this was the first time she'd ever been the recipient. Eve possessed so many things that the average person could only dream of. She'd led a life, the likes of which most could scarcely comprehend. But at the end of it all, the only thing that mattered to her was the thing available to anyone: the love of a friend.