

"I fuckin' hate October."

"Aw, c'mon Wue, have fun a little!"

Robin stood towering over them both; the human woman's smaller than average frame and Wue's own much more substantial 6-foot-5 bracing the crisp breeze and the odd sort of warmth that seemed to radiate from the snowgrem's entirely-too-large body. Autumn had blustered in sooner and colder than expected, and with it Robin's steadily building winter coat. The fat was already beginning to pad across his abdomen and bulk his sides, and his well-muscled arms seemed even larger as they wrapped around the shoulders of their girlfriend.

Wue hated it. He absolutely hated it.

"Come onnnnn..."

The dog looked like he was a parka jacket. Wue stared at the slightly reddened hand that held onto his palm, easing down to a lazy hold between his fingers. More of a gentle ushering than the plea in her voice. Trailing up, bright eyes buried in both fur and a chocolate trench coat peered out into the inky abyss of his shadowed gaze, pinning her down with enough unassumed condescension it would make a passing kid cry. Still, her hope didn't waver. Because even if he didn't go, she would still be fine. It wouldn't be the first time- he looked up at Robin's close cuddled expression; there it was, that damn smile. So, when he felt her small fingers grazing his claw tips to retract her offer, he snatched her right back up.

He sighed.

"YES!"

Oh god, "Let's get this over with."

The hand hold grew into more of an arm arrest as he bent down to nuzzle into her neck, the previous unintended malice melting away into a grin that grew with the rumbling growl that started at the bottom of his throat and made her whisper goofy little things in his ear to make them both giggle. Robin just stood by with that same smile.

Ah shit...

A large paw slapped on his shoulder,

"Alright! The candy is *not* going to bag itself."

Robin's other hand fell to wrap around the girl's waist as he laughed along with her, pressing up against them both from behind and ushering them forward into the bustling throng of Gremfolk in front of them. Last year's Harvest Festival had left Wue dreading the annual trip, even more

so when he had to bring his girlfriend and Robin along, but apparently he wasn't the only one concerned about the celebrations. The community board had announced this year was to be a more traditional, closed circuit event held over only a few blocks in Rallome, similar to Dickens on the Strand back home in Galveston. Nothing more than costumed characters and the occasional publicly drunken fool. Both in this case with the new greeter, Frisk, roaming around. Still, he had to be alert. Shuffle-stumbling forward with audible discomfort, Wue began the long, claustrophobic inducing walk down Sleeping Willow Lane. At the end of it would be a block party with a very *organized* street-side pumpkin carving. Hah. Thank *god*.

"So where are we going first?"

"Uhhh...", she hung on the question. "I think we should just go in order."

Robin inhaled the air above him and held it for a bit. He tended to do it while thinking, though he never really knew what he was thinking for.

"Yeah, that sounds good." The crinkles in the corners of his eyes curved up with their crescent shape, "This is your first time going trick-or-treating, right?"

"Well, I guess on this side? We normally always gave out candy even when we weren't really in the position to. Suckers, caramels, rock sugar, SNICKERS... Couldn't even have a snickers..."

He laughed, another well placed slap that somehow didn't really move the woman.

"I gotcha, I gotcha. Back at the ranch when my pop was busy most of the day starting to shovel snow out from the pasture, I'd have these thick, homemade apple cider donuts dusted with cinnamon and sugar. Heater would be going and the chill from the window actually made it feel warmer in there. That'd be my night with a tall glass of milk. Folks didn't come up from the town that far in so we never did the candy thing, and then it'd be too late to go down by the time we finished up."

Robin leaned into his smaller companion to knock her playfully into the other man's already firm grasp from where he had snaked his arm around her at some point earlier. The crowding around them had the effect of smushing the trio together against a very effective wall formed by Wue's general discontent and solid lack of spongy effervescent joy. Robin lowered his head to match his eye level,

"How about you Wu—"

A deadened stare.

"—uuuuuuuuueeeoOOKAY!"

The walk to the first house passed in silence, masked fiends and glittered fairies running with abandon in the rush to get the best of their haul. Doorbells sounded from four fences down, and the sickly sweet chime of redundant choirs didn't match the brawls that spilled out onto the street. Still, what stood tall regardless of the chaos that surrounded them, were the old traditional wood and brick houses that lined the walk. Some were decorated simply, synthetic autumn leaves tied to wire and twine, and others were more— a shrill scream rang out for the fourth time in the last 10 minutes from the demonic cat themed bouncy house on the other side of the street —...inventive. After the third victim came running from the yard, it was apparent that the owner was lurking inside the fixture of fun to wrestle back the candy they had just given out themselves. Clever.

These houses were the oldest established properties in Rallome, remnants of a homogenous era that seemed all but fiction as you looked ahead to the mosaic that splashed into the driveways, more permanent than its traditional chalk. Especially at the three that rounded the corner on a pristine white picket and box trim hedge. They had met under quite unusual circumstances, and past the stenciled pumpkins and monogrammed tapestries, they might have been more unusual than the night had called for. The oak door opens with its iron knocker to gold filtered light and a soft pyrite glow, and the savory scent picks up with the billow of cloth pulled back over a wrinkled hand to reveal a singular candy bar: a Snickers.

That's when it hit them. None of them had ever gone trick-or-treating before.