

Sitting cross-legged on her broom, a gentle autumn's breeze tussling her green fur, a curious vixen hovered over a small town. Tapping her wand gently against her knee, Pituya watched children adorned in an array of outfits run across the streets, laughter reaching her ears. She herself was wearing an outfit one would consider appropriate for the occasion, but her's was more casual than pretend.

Other than the many street lamps, glowsticks, and decorations lighting the night's sky, a waxing moon peeked through the occasional cloud, shedding light on this Halloween's eve. An entire night of communal dress-up, where even adults could turn back the clock to younger days and enjoy themselves in unrestrained confectionery fun. Many would wake from tonight with sore stomachs and headaches of various origins, but that was tomorrow's problem.

Tapping the broom with a claw, Pituya sped across the night sky, holding the edge of her witch-style hat to keep the wind from taking it. Lights blurred past, sprays of orange, purple and green blending together under paw. The tassels from the bow on her back whipped in the wind as the broom sped over rooftops before beginning to slow.

Her destination was the other end of town, a neighborhood one would consider to be less desirable. Here the children skipped down the streets in costumes of thin fabrics and hand-me-down clothing, sewn together into a decently recognizable version of what they were supposed to be. Parents worked hard to allow their pups the opportunity to play pretend like the rest, and they were rewarded with smiles and laughter equally as sweet sounding as those of perhaps richer disposition, if not more.

Pituya couldn't help a small smile to stretch across her muzzle. This was her favorite place to be on Halloween night. While bags may not be as heavy with candy as others in the town, the elation that shone on the children's faces upon receiving even the smallest candy was addicting.

Slowing her broom to a crawl, the chartreuse fox raised her wand and deftly swished it over the street. The star on the tip of the wand gave off a soft glow, and candy materialized around Pituya that hovered for a moment before dropping towards the kids below.

With quick flicks of her wrist, the sweets changed directions, each heading towards a different child. The candy dropped into different bags silently, the holders none the wiser. They would go home later in the evening and count their bounties, bartering between siblings or stuffing their muzzles and finding a little more than they had originally thought they had.

A few of the more observant adolescents would notice the candies they had not received from knocking on doors, and rumors were spreading that a Halloween Spirit was giving them a little extra. Pituya couldn't help but chuckle at the notion, flattered that someone of her disposition was being granted her own urban legend.

She continued down driveways and roads, orange eyes darting around for prospective recipients of her magically summoned confectionaries. Her wand danced through the air, chocolates, taffies, and gummy candies raining around her. If she spotted dark houses with empty bowls of candy kids were free to take from, a quick cast and they were filled again.

Perhaps Pituya liked candy a bit too much, but it was undeniable that her particular choice of spellcasting was a great benefit to others, albeit a mite situational.

She would go to spend a couple more hours in the sky, weaving back and forth across the night sky in her broom until her posterior became sore from sitting on the thin wooden bar for so long. Feeling satisfied with the work she had done, she tapped the brooms handle once more, turning it around and beginning a gradual descent towards a thick forest at the town's edge.

Touching down on the cool grass and stretching to loosen herself, she began to head into the woods where her humble hut lay. She stopped after taking a few steps, noticing a pair of eyes catching the light of the moon above, watching her from behind a tree trunk.

She crouched, tilting her head to the side curiously, before smiling, raising her wand, and summoning a small catnip treat in her hand. Almost immediately a stray calico padded out from the shadows, attracted by the scent of the snack in Pituya's hand. The cat wandered the forest on it's own, and Pituya rarely caught sight of it. But when she did, she made an effort to give it a little something to nibble on. They seemed to have been waiting for her to return, expecting a treat of their own tonight.

The stray took the catnip treat from the vixen, setting it on the ground to nibble on it.

"There you go." Pituya said softly, running a finger down the calicos back. "Last treat of the night." Then she stood, vanishing into the treeline to treat herself to a home sweet home.