**Treats for Treats**

“Seriously?” Turquoise said.

Alto didn’t stop unwrapping his lollipop, despite Turquoise judging him verbally and visually. The visual judging was particularly amusing, as her ‘grumpy old witch’ look she was so good at did not match her snuggly butterfly costume in the slightest.

“What?” he asked, not bothering to resist smirking.

“Don’t *what* me.” Turquoise rolled her eyes. “We’re only three blocks away and you’re already having your candy?”

Alto smirked and said, “So?”

“So, I’d expect this from White, not you.” She pointed a thumb at the pegasus walking next to her, jabbing her claw into his arm.

White didn’t seem bothered and just enjoyed being touched, as he always did. “I know! I’m so jealous, how am I supposed to keep up my appearance of being part piggy if you’re gonna start snacking before me? You’re crowding in on my territory and I don’t think I appreciate it.”

This time Alto rolled his eyes. “Oh noes, you didn’t eat the first piece of candy. Guess you’ll whither away into nothing, now, won’t you?”

For emphasis, White patted his thigh and pouted, right above the fishnet stockings he was wearing and right under the tape of his diaper. Typical. “Just look, Alto, I’ve already lost a few pounds just thinking about it.”

Turquoise blew a raspberry at White. “You just want us to look at your thighs, Nurse Thick haunches.”

“Whaaaaaat?” White took a quick hop forward in front of his companions, posing in an appropriate way for a ‘sexy nurse’, with a hand on his hip, candy bag held like a purse, and another on the back of his head. “You both accuse me of the silliest things, sometimes. Attention hog? Me?”

“That’s definitely silly,” Alto said, pointing his fruity pop at White. “You’re an attention piggy, not a hog.”

Turquoise snorted, the gesture of raising a hand to stifle her laughter a hollow and only made her seem condescending. Just, in a nice, ‘Turquoise’ way. “Is that why you like pink so much, White?”

“Oink, oink~” White said.

Turquoise, being the little witch she was, then said to Alto, “Oh dear, Mr Alto, are you trying to cast a spell with that wrinky dink wand? Going to make us all soggy?”

“Ha ha, very funny. I’m a *sorcerer*.” Alto stuck the sucker in his mouth and wiggled his now-free fingers. “I don’t need a magic wand like you witches and your silly cauldrons and your eyes of newts.”

“Who are you calling a witch?” Turquoise teased, lightly elbowing Alto in his fancy belt once, then a second time in his diaper. “I’m a beautiful butterfly tonight, thank you very much.”

“Oh, Turquoise, you’re always beautiful,” White said, bending down to smooch her on the cheek. “Tonight’s just a beautiful butterfly night.

She blushed, and Alto cursed himself for not giving Turquoise a kiss somewhere before he started suckling on his lollipop. Ah well, he’d just have to give her two kisses next time to make up for it.

“Isn’t that ironic?” Turquoise said. “All these spooky skellingtons and man-wolves and we’re a bunch of friendly toddlers.”

“Words,” Alto said. “You don’t know how to use them. Ironic is when you expect something, and then something else happens. Of course cutie butts like us go out and be cute.”

White nodded in agreement, and began to strut his stuff in a way that accentuated his bottom. Turquoise laughed and, perhaps subconsciously, imitated White’s strutting, and Alto thought it was double the adorable.

Alto found himself in a minor predicament all of a sudden. Being the sort that thought about what he was doing halfway through doing it, especially when he was watching friends be cute, he didn’t realize he was dropping the wrapper from his sucker until he almost let go. He was not a litter bug, and would never purposefully drop garbage like that. But, that did leave him with the issue of holding a wrapper and not having much to do with it for another few blocks.

The easy solution was dropping it into his candy bag, but that would mean he’d have to dig it out later and throw it away. Madness. Sorcerers didn’t do work like that. Something else would have to be done about this, Alto surmised. And he knew just what to do when he took another good look at White’s cute-butt-ing, deciding to upgrade the situation.

Alto reached around Turquoise and, without much warning, reached under the nurse-y tube top and stuffed the candy wrapper into the waistband of White’s diaper.

“Poof,” Alto said. “You’re now extra crinkly.”

Turquoise barked out laughter while White tensed up, wings flapping, muzzle scrunching.

“What an amazing trick!” Turquoise just about shouted. “Glad to see you’ve expanded beyond making diapers soggy.”

“Rude!” White said, hands on his hips and pouting.

Alto suddenly felt just a bit bad, and it showed on his face as he shrunk from White’s gaze. “Err, sorry. That wasn’t very nice.”

“I’ll say.” White huffed. “If you want a lap dance, you gotta go for candy bars.”

Alto blinked. “What.”

“Oh my god,” Turquoise said.

White hurried ahead a few steps to shake his butt at them. “You heard me, you gotta stuff real candy in there if you want some *favors~*”

“That’s not...” Alto began. “I wasn’t... Gah.”

Turquoise reached into her candy back and pulled out a little baggie of M&Ms and stuffed it into the leak guard of White’s diaper. It flapped against White’s thigh as he waddled, like a dollar bill would if it was thicker and full of candy-coated chocolates. “Well, I am. Go on, sweet cheeks, do a little dance for me.”

White did just that, making the act of walking into an attempt at sensual swaying. It sort of worked, bless White’s big fat heart. He pouted again, exaggerating it to the point it looped back around to being pleased.

“Well?” Turquoise said to Alto.

Alto shook his head. Ah well, like he wasn’t gonna share anyway. He reached in and grabbed a little chocolate bar, and stuck it into the back of White’s waistband, next to the wrapper. “No lap dance for me, give it to Turquoise.”

“Certainly, sir~” White cooed, dipping back to just about bump his diaper into Turquoise’s.

“Can’t leave you out, now, can we?” Turquoise plopped some more candy into White’s diaper. “Give water boy there a good show. Cuddles and kisses for him!”

“Yes ma’am~” White trotted next to Alto and wrapped him in an extra snuggly hug, and planted a noisy kiss on his cheek. “Mmmmwah~ Nurse Crinklebutt says your booboo is gone.”

Alto didn’t bother pointing out he didn’t have a booboo, knowing White would say something clever about there being no booboo because he smooched it away. Instead he shoved some candy packs into White’s leggings. “Here’s some more, go ahead and get back to dancing.”

“As the handsome panther says,” White said, resuming his sensual gait. Only now it was five times more crinkly and noisy than it was before.

Turquoise, then, slipped a candy bar into the leggings of Alto’s diaper, eliciting a yip out of him. “Come on, shake that candy ass, sweet boy~”

Alto sighed out a, “Madness,” but of course he had to comply.

They all laughed, and Alto was glad he decided to have a lollipop early that Halloween.