

this procedure requires no swag or goody bags

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Summary

"Hey, Pam-a-lamb, check out my new wig," Harley calls as she enters the living room stark-naked but for long ginger tresses falling over her breasts.

"Batman: Harley/Ivy - sweets" @ femslash100.

Notes

Written for "Batman: Harley/Ivy - sweets" at femslash's [drabbletag7](#).

My thought process was sweets -> trick or treating -> costumes, *et boum! c'est l'idée*. Yeah, I know I'm exhausting the wig thing, but I've had the Harley asking Ivy for a makeover idea for some time and now it finally fits. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Hey, Pam-a-lamb, check out my new wig," Harley calls as she enters the living room stark-naked but for long ginger tresses covering her breasts. "It's gorgeous, right? Guess who I'm supposed to be."

"This Natasha Romanov character from those movies you like?" Ivy is proud that she remembers. Entertainment like that on television does nothing for her, but it's important to cultivate some knowledge around Harley's interests. Which are numerous and ever-changing, but Ivy tries.

"No, silly. I'm going as *you*."

"Then where's the rest of your costume? Going out in your birthday suit might be a little too cold even for you."

"A-ha! That's why I'm here. I was hoping you could give me a makeover, y'know, with your plant magic."

Ivy has long since given up trying to school Harley on her connection to the Green, so instead of contesting her choice of words, she walks toward her and says, "You mean like this?" Spreading her fingers over Harley's thighs, she wills the *Parthenocissus quinquefolia* to climb up her body. Harley wouldn't know the difference to poison ivy and it's unlikely any of the other trick-or-treaters would either. The main thing is, she'll be decently decorated – and not with rashes – and that her costume will remain on her skin.

Harley squirms and giggles as the strongly adhesive tendrils loop over her sides, her neck, her arms. "This is so amazing," she beams. "It's like you'll be with me for the rest of the night, touching and protecting me."

End Notes

Title from "[Claustrophilia](#)" by Alice Fulton.

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