

"We're out of snaaaacks!" Whined Leelah as she walked up to a table and took a seat at it. The dining hall buzzed around her as she flopped her half-melted head onto the table and made a pitiful little whine. The table's previous occupants- Lilac and one of Leelah's classmates- regarded her with very different expressions. Lilac seemed amused, while the other girl...very much did not. They had a look about them of mild shock and moderate confusion. An awkward silence followed. Her classmate stole a quick look at Lilac but the mostly unconcerned expression of Leelah's girlfriend only seemed to leave them more bothered.

"Y-you eat...? Are you gonna be okay?" Asked Ashley, a blonde girl with a little bit of harpy blood in her that mostly just gave her unusual eyes and arms with some

feathers on them. "What's the matter, Leelah!?"

"She'll be fine," Lilac said with an amused grin, "but she's-"

"I'm gonna DIIIE," Leelah moaned. She accompanied her grief with an impressively dramatic little death roll by spinning her body parts independently of each other. "And my wonderful girlfriend is making fun of meeee!" Ashley gasped and looked in abject horror at Lilac, whose affect abruptly changed from mild whimsy to almost comical stoicism. She stood up with a stony look on her face and...

"Wh-what are you doing?" Asked Ashley, leaping up to her feet and tipping her chair over. She almost tripped over it herself and went straight to the floor, but managed to

stay up. Her tanned skin looked nice in the soft lighting of the dining hall.

"Bonk." Said Lilac. She gently bonked Leelah on the head with a rolled up newspaper. Ashley froze, waited for escalation, and stifled a laugh when none happened. She wheezed slightly to regain her breath after having been freaked out. "Yeah, we're just messing with you," giggled Lilac as her wings popped out of her back and trembled with giddy enjoyment. "We are out of snacks though."

"You see what I put up wiiiiith," whined Leelah again, her body becoming vaguely translucent and turning a sort of green color. "I'm dying and she decides to prank you! It's unbecoming!"

"You sound like your mom," Lilac laughed

and crossed her arms.

"Neversaythatagain," Leelah shot back. Her whole body jolted upright and her face resolidified long enough to look appropriately miffed. Lilac nodded apologetically and scratched the back of her head.

"Yeah, that...makes sense. Sorry. I should know better."

"No, it's...fine," Leelah said as she once again half-melted. She turned her face away as though admitted some terrible secret she lacked the conviction to say aloud to her girlfriend's face. "It was funny." Both succubus and slime shared a brief laugh. The part harpy girl, now done setting her chair back up, took a seat again.

"So..." Ashley cut in sheepishly. "She's *not* dying, right?" The girl's look of deep genuine concern got yet another laugh out of the other two. This left her looking annoyed and confused but no less concerned.

"We're fine," Leelah admitted, "but the meal plan only covers meals, not snacks."

"You know, I really feel like that's kinda human-centric, you know, for a school with this many..." Lilac started, before remembering who it was that covered her and Leelah's tuition. "Right. That's...that was the point, wasn't it. Damn catholic school."

"University's not actually catholic," Leelah cut in, sounding annoyed. "Certainly fuckin feels like it is sometimes, though. Mom

wouldn't have signed off on anything less. This one was a compromise too."

"What did you do," asked Lilac with a smarmy grin, "threaten to break a vase again?" Leelah rolled her eyes the signature 360 degrees and groaned in annoyance. "No, Lilac. I have other ways of dealing with her now, you know! God. You threaten to hurl ONE priceless ceramic down the stairs...!" The act fell apart and both girls giggled. Then Leelah's stomach gurgled again. "Wehhhh, the grocery store is such a long walk tooo!"

"It's like...a ten minute jog," Ashley said in an attempt to be helpful.

"But I'm hungry nowwww," whined Leelah. She played it up for attention but some of her distress did actually sound genuine.

"I'll just go and get some snacks for you then," Lilac offered with a smile. She started to get up-

And she had a collar around her neck.

"Gah! N-not in public!"

"Right, shit, sorry!" The collar dissolved into goo and retracted along the also-dissolved leash it had been attached to. "Force of habit. You don't, like...do that, without warning. Normally. Scared me."

"Scared you-! Lilac, I'm an adult! At least, as much as you are. I can do a snack run on my own."

"But I don't wanna be separateeeed! I'm hungryyy, think about lil old me!"

Demanded Leelah while making puppy dog eyes up at Lilac. Lilac reached over to pet her and was rewarded with happy noises for the trouble. Ashley made a cute little "awwww" at them as well, complete with the appropriate expression. That seemed to cheer up Leelah decently well. "See, we're cuter together! So stay with me!"

"Can't you just put a glob of yourself on top of my head like you do when you're depressed?" Asked Lilac. "There's really very little need to make this so-"

"I'm too too to tired to go spending that long in the sun!" Leelah complained. "And we haven't gotten to cuddle for so long..." she stole a glance at Lilac. The succubus looked unimpressed. Leelah cast her eyes off to the side with a defiant pout. "And doing that so far from my body might



cause issues, I've never tried it before..."

Ashley glanced awkwardly back and forth between the two girlfriends and when she got nothing, finally spoke up.

"I could take you two to Puppygirl Groceries?" She asked timidly. Her body adopted a posture of reserved care, with one hand clasped atop her sternum. "That way you don't have to be directly in the sun for that long." Both Lilac and Leelah snapped to look at Ashley, confused. The part harpy flinched awkwardly.

"I couldn't stay solid for that long to let like, actually carry me," objected Leelah. "And can you even fly?"

"Or carry both of us?" Mused Lilac. "You look pretty scrawny and on top of that, you're basically part bird right?...do harpies

have hollow bones like birds do? If they do...would that even mean *you would?*"

The questions seemed to dredge up something out of Ashley. Her hand clenched a bit and one of her eyebrows twitched in irritation.

"Yes, they do. In places. They use magic to help them fly anyway. And no, I don't. That I know of. And no, I can't fly." The other girls' looks of confusion only grew more intense and unmistakable. They began to speak but before they could get a word in Ashley added, "and I was offering to DRIVE you there. I have a car, you know. I just have to wear glasses." As if prodded by an unpleasant memory she blurted something out a moment later. "And yes I need glasses to drive. Yes birds have really good eyes. I'm mostly human and my eyes have issues. Like more than half of

humans." Leelah hopped to her feet and apologized for her comments.

"Sorry for being insensitive!" She said, hands waving. "I didn't mean to...you know."

"Neither did I," said Lilac as she stood up and pushed her chair in.

"It's fine guys..." Ashley sighed and rolled her shoulders. "I actually don't mind those sorts of questions normally, from other monstergirls at least, but...flight is a sore spot." Her eyes seemed to drill into Lilac as she said that. It made the succubus visibly flinch. "Since like...come on. Look at me." She flapped her feathery arms up and down half-heartedly. "I feel like it's kind of obvious that I can't."

"Some monstergirls without-" Leelah started but Lilac slapped her wrist with her tail. The slime girl flicked her arm in pain but shot an appreciative look at her girlfriend and mouthed *thank you for the save*. "Sorry. Won't bring it up again. Anyway- Puppygirl Groceries?" She asked, her eyes growing- entirely literally- wide with excitement. "That sounds so cuuute!"

"W-well, yeah. You've never been?" Ashley asked, scratching the back of her head. Leelah seemed hesitant to explain herself but Lilac felt no such limitation. The succubus walked confidently past Leelah while shrugging her shoulders. "They're a grocery store that specializes in like...monstergirl stuff. Snacks for hummingbird harpies, I have a distant cousin that's one of those, treats that clean your teeth for mouth shapes that

make brushing hard," she wiggled her arms as she pondered other examples. "...that kinda thing, you know." She looked at Leelah incredulously. "You've never heard of them before?"

"She has a rich, stuck-up mom," Lilac explained (sounding deeply annoyed). "And they're a bit...they have a stick up their ass about blending in with humans, at that. It's...a whole thing."

"Oh I'm sorry," mewled Ashley. She suddenly seemed to deflate. "I didn't mean to be rude-"

"It's fine, I'm not particularly downery bout it!" Giggled Leelah. "C'mon! I wanna see the dog girls!"

"I...that's not what the name-"

"I was promised puppygirls! And groceries!" Leelah declared proudly. "Take me to this wonderful place!"

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Lilac stepped out of Ashley's dinged old car and stretched out her long, loose spine. Despite knowing she was probably safe to let all of her features out where she was, she...didn't. She wore an oversized t-shirt and a skirt. It lacked the comfort of some of her other outfits but, having been penalized at one point for using illusions instead of actual clothes, she didn't risk leaving her dorm without "normal" clothes on anymore. This particular getup caused her very few issues but it did still bug her

slightly every now and then (mostly the shirt made her collarbone and back feel itchy on and off and the skirt sometimes made her legs feel too tight and too enclosed).

The others got out of the car as well. Leelah had stayed in a solid human looking shell the whole time to avoid losing bits of herself in the clutter and dust (she claimed she did it to avoid sullyng the seats but Lilac knew better). Now, though, she let her "skin" relax and her form grow vaguer. The tone of her skin changed accordingly to a vivid pant-like flourescent pink.

"I was kind of expecting it to be smaller," Leelah said lightheartedly as she closed the car door. Sure enough, it did seem to be roughly the size of your standard chain

supermarket that happened to sell groceries- much bigger than the grocery store they'd been imagining. Lilac had expected the same in all honesty.

"They got a lot of stuff," Ashley replied and waved her hand awkwardly. Then she turned serious for a moment. "That allowance of yours has room to pay me gas money, right?"

"Yes, of course it does!" Leelah laughed as the three walked through the parking lot. She cast a dark albeit clearly toothless look in Ashley's direction as a joke.

"Cheapskate."

"YOU JUST TOLD ME YOUR FAMILY IS LOADED YOU JERK!" Ashley responded, flailing her arms wildly to help sell her tone



of mock aggravation. All three girls shared a hearty laugh about it as they arrived at the entrance. They paused briefly to let the sliding doors open and then stepped inside.

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"How may I help you!" Chirped a sweet, fragile-looking girl wearing a visor. She stood, hands clasped in front of her and short but fluffy tail wagging behind her, at a cashier station. Her head had light brown hair in a sort of mess around it, plus a big pair of floppy dog ears that sported matching fur and hung to a point right around the elevation of her eyes. Her hair sort of hid whether she had a second set of human ears, but Lilac had no intention of investigating that.

This was partly because lots of other things grabbed her attention. Like...the signs, for example.

The doggirl in question occupied a station with a cash register that also came equipped with various signs, mostly of the dry erase variety. Words, written across them in big sloppy intense marker, told a reader such wonderful news as "SHE IS NOT REQUIRED TO SAY WOOF OR ASK IF SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL SHE JUST DOES THAT" and "please do not yell at her" and "if you hear a thump she probably smacked her tail on a sign wagging it, she is likely not distressed" There were others, but they essentially said A) she is not required to act a stereotype she just happens to fall into one, it is not store policy, PLEASE do not sue us; and B) do not do these specific things if you can help

it, they are very upsetting for her. The whole thing seemed like a bit much but Lilac found it charming.

"Oh gosh she's so cute!" Leelah squealed.  
"Lilac-"

"Honey," Lilac cut her girlfriend off. "You can't just try to set me up with every cute girl-"

"You're REALLY pretty, miss!" Blurled out the cashier, her tail wagging even harder now. Lilac looked at her again, more closely this time, and noticed something about the white robe-like outfit the girl wore. Specifically she noticed that it bore a nametag and a few pins. The nametag helpfully read "Hello my name is GRETEL," stamped all over with cute little pawprint shapes placed seemingly at random. She

also had a rainbow pin, one with a set of pink and white stripes, and one that was just a big pawprint.

Wait, she'd been staring back...!

"Oh, uh, thank you!" Lilac said back flustered. She WAS very cute. Very...VERY cute...god damnit.

"Enjoy your shopping miss! Woof!" Gretel barked happily at Lilac while flailing her arms. Ashley poked both of the others, prompting them to move. The three walked deeper into the store.

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"So have you ever gotten a magical?"  
Asked Ashley, standing next to Lilac as both of them watched Leelah wander a

dedicated slimegirl aisle. The succubus turned to her with a look of confusion. No answer came. "Wait...do you not know what that is?"

"Magical? As a noun? No...?" Lilac answered awkwardly. She felt somewhat on the spot in this conversation- like she was cornered and out of her element. She felt her shoulder beginning to itch and tried to scratch it by partially unretracting her wing. The sensation only grew more intense. "What's a...magical?"

"Like a physical but for magic," Ashley chuckled. "They're not hugely important but...you're a succubus, and you never met your biological parents, if I recall correctly?" Lilac grimaced, and Ashley winced. "Oh. S-sorry. Didn't mean to like-"

"Oh this stuff is so cheaaaap!" Leelah squealed. Her voice rang with authentic joy, something that always made Lilac smile. The succubus' tail curled into a heart and made it "beat" slightly. "And it sounds so convenient!" She threw a bunch of colorful little packets into the basket that hung from her arm and turned to Lilac with a huge smile. "You want anything?"

Lilac shot fearful glances between both of her co-shoppers, terrified to hear something about semen. No such remark entered the air. After the pause lasted long enough to become awkward she just shrugged and shook her head. When neither of the others seemed to notice that gesture, she felt compelled to speak.

"I don't really snack all that much," she said truthfully, "and the mess hall food we get

with our meal plan works plenty for me. I don't really feel like buying any..." she glanced around and her voice fell quieter as she added, "sex toys. Or...anything."

"On the contrary!" Came a voice from behind Lilac. She turned and came face to face with another succubus. An older one, even if not visibly by that much- she seemed to be in her late twenties. The woman wore a crop top made of something thin, and a pair of booty shorts. She had a big thick mane of dark purple hair and powerful, dominating eyes of the same color. The sight of her turned Leelah's whole body a different color- due to arousal, perhaps. She had a name tag too, but this one was pinned to her hip. Reading it told Lilac that this woman's name was Marcil.

"On...the contrary?" Asked Lilac, trying not to notice how the lady's boobs swayed elegantly when she walked, or how big they were, or how looking at them made her mouth feel needy for some reason.

"The contrary to...what?"

"You think a general use food store would just, what- be selling dildoes next to the animal crackers?" Despite her choice of words, Marcil spoke with a sort of gentle desire to help lacing her words. Words which one could almost physically feel slipping into their ears and infiltrating their brain...

"What...do you have...then?" Asked Lilac, staring at the woman's gorgeously vivid eyes.

"Well," Marcil tittered as she drew closer.



She had long legs and a long spine, like Lilac, but taller (and with more meat on her). She bent over and inspected Lilac. "Dear me, young lady, are all of your clothes made of normal materials?" Lilac nodded nervously, confused. "Oh dear, darling, you must be so scratchy under there...come, come!" She turned and her tail gestured to follow. Leelah and Ashley limply followed. They moved by shuffling forward with their upper bodies hunched over like zombies and their mouths hanging open. "We sell specially made clothes for succubi, darling. Made of special materials that won't feel as constrictive or uncomfortable to wear. You've been dressing that way your whole life?"

"W-well, yes," Lilac whimpered. She tried to pretend she couldn't see where this was

going. "Why, is that bad?"

"Bad OF you?" Marcil said back, turning but continuing to walk the same direction. "No. But bad FOR you? Well, it hardly sounds pleasant. And so consistantly, too..." she turned around as the quartet arrived at a wide open section full of clothes. Marcil gestured with her tail again, at a section labeled by a sign hung from the ceiling that had devil horns painted on it. "There you go, darling. I'll get out of your hair now, okay?" She walked past Lilac on slow, heavy steps. As she passed, though, Lilac's tail acted seemingly of its own will. It snaked out and hooked the barb at its tip into one of the belt loops in Marcil's shorts. The older succubus paused. "Oh?"

"W-would you-" stammered Lilac, suddenly feeling compelled to speak. "M-

maybe...help me...pick...?"