

"Life fuckin' sucks, dude," I muttered gently, "like, seriously. Crappy university. Everyone's against me for being smaller than them. I already have some bitch bullying me. And NOW I have to go to calculus!" I was bitching and moaning to my dog, Shadow. He was a black miniature poodle, the only dog I had ever met that still registered me as a... well, person. After shrinking from three inches to half an inch, most animals saw me as more of more of a bug rather than a pixie. Shadow was different. He was my dog since I was a kid, and he still saw me as his owner. It was nice, being seen as a person by someone, even if it was just a dog.

It's not like the dorm room I had was the worst thing in the world, to be entirely fair. My roommate made sure of that. Most of the walls were covered in rom-com movie posters, along with a single trans rights poster, her bedsheets were far too bright in their pink shading, and the curtains were a bit too thin to keep the sun out, but the room was open, with plenty of room to stretch my two butterfly-like wings.

"Everyone's a strong word, Lyla." a strong, feminine voice rang out, "I'm your friend, aren't I?" I let out a yelp and glanced up to see an ebony face staring down at me, eyebrow raised. Damn, that still wasn't something I was used to. The smaller size made humans far more intimidating, even more than they were already. The lumbering giants were borderline deities nowadays, especially since she was crouching over the tiny corner in which I kept all my stuff. She had insisted that I spread out, but I disagreed. Didn't want to make enemies just because I was too "selfish".

"Yeah, yeah," I grumbled in response, "I know you see me as a person, too, Stella. It's appreciated. But can't I complain?" Stella was the best roommate I could dream of. A half human, half unicorn woman with a large horn coming out of her forehead, black hair going down to her shoulders, absolutely brilliant green eyes, she never looked down on me. No matter my size, she just saw me as her roomie... shame she was straight. I couldn't deny that I absolutely had a crush on her until I learned she was dating some minotaur named Jake that played tennis. Would I call her a friend? Not even close. However, she was kind enough to have my back when I needed it.

"Complaining instead of going to class, little lady?" I couldn't even yelp before Stella's dark skinned fingers reached down, grabbing my, frankly, miniscule body between her finger and thumb, holding me up to her questioning face. She was SO lucky we were roommates, or I'd absolutely get on her case for doing that. Her fingers alone were like monoliths, holding me with the strength

to crush the life out of me with nothing but a twitch. Impressively, I always found Stella to be gentle as could be.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” I pouted, “lemme go, dingus. I have to get to class.” I could instantly see Stella looking at my clothes. She didn’t even need to say anything. My “Fae Rights” shirt was sure to ruffle more than a few feathers. The two of us stared into each other’s eyes for a few moments, as if challenging each other to say something.

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