

Mercy froze as they heard someone walk in.

Usually, during the hubbub of everyone leaving the church, they were able to swipe a solid ten carats from the donation bin. On *good* days, perhaps even thirty. Nobody ever came *back* into church, after all - they were all too busy talking and catching up with their friends, or thinking about all the sinful things they wanted to get up to the second they left the door.

But this bun... didn't even show up for the sermon. Was she late? Were they really going to be caught by someone who probably slept in too much, missing the whole event?

But... no, she didn't look like a sloth bun. And she seemed perfectly alert, staring right at them.

"Um... excuse me," The bun said, tilting her head to the side. "Do you know where Charles' Choo-Choo Chain is?"

...Oh. So she was lost.

Mercy tried their best to collect themselves. Maybe if they distracted this bun with... whatever that store was, she'd not notice that their hand was in the donation bin just seconds prior?

"Yes... well. I've... never heard of an establishment like that," They began, "Perhaps I could get you a map of central Burrowgatory? It might be on there."

The bun shook her head fast. "No— it wouldn't be on a map. It just opened! Are you..."

She paused. "Wait a second... this... is a church, right?"

Mercy had to get this bun to stop asking questions, right there. Quick— they needed a new plan.

“Yes,” They began, nodding sagely, “Yes, it is. In fact— just today, we were collecting donations to give generously to other succubuns— and I believe that you coming in here was a sign. What is your name...?”

“Oh— I’m Chugga!” Chugga grinned. “And... really? Is that true?”

“Yes! We at the Church of Sulfur pride ourselves on the intersection of sin and lack— without generosity, there is no greed, after all.” Although it wasn’t exactly what the church preached, it wasn’t wrong. They were sure the demons would forgive them if they simply devoted themselves to a little more prayer tonight than usual.

“Ohh... so— would... I could ask for anything?” Chugga’s eyes shone with delight.

“Yes— anything you may want. Even something for—” Mercy glanced into the bin. “A hundred carats, give or take.”

The way Chugga gasped made Mercy feel a lump in their stomach. They were probably going to have to pay out of pocket for this bribe.

“Even the Roadside Burrowgatory Standard Gauge Set 182X??” The way she asked this made it sound like she expected just anyone to immediately know what it was.

“...Yes,” Mercy said, nodding again. “Even— that.”

Chugga seemed to be so excited at this idea that she couldn’t stand still - she began to do what looked like a small dance. Stamping her hooves and flapping her hands in the air.

“Yes, yes, yes!! Thank you— um— whoever you are! Name? What’s your name?”

“Mercy,” Mercy replied, holding back the urge to sigh. There went their carats... “And... you are welcome.”