

„Tojiko? Hey, psst, Tojiko?“

Being a ghost, Soga no Tojiko no longer had any real need for sleep. She still spent most of her nights in a vague sense of slumber out of sheer habit, and, just like a living human, did rarely appreciate it when someone forcibly awoke her from it. Yet the glare that had formed when her eyes opened quickly vanished as she saw just who was molesting her.

“My prince? My prince, it is the dead of the night. What could you possibly want from ... oh.”

Her frown returned.

“Please don't tell me this is about what I think this is about.”

Being a highly charismatic authority figure, the intensely miserable and helpless face Toyosatomimi no Miko now produced was a rare if not downright startling sight. In Tojiko, all it produced was a long-drawn, weary groan.

“You said you were going to see Seiga about this, milady. You said you were going to see her about this and make it stop.”

“I did!”, Miko hissed in protest. “But she says she can't do anything about it. That because my public identity in the outside world is that of a male, it will just happen to affect me from time to time.”

“And I take the only way to solve this issue is the traditional one?”

The human saint meekly nodded.

Tojiko sighed. Wiggled herself out of the nightgown she always was wearing to bed, and thereby revealed a surprisingly muscular form whose lower body almost entirely consisted of two ghostly tails.

Almost. For even if the vengeful spirit no longer had legs, she still had hips. Broad, child-bearing ones meant to produce an entire generation of heirs for a noble household. A neatly-trimmed bush of green was the only thing which still covered the bodily opening responsible for this purpose.

Miko responded in kind. Removed her own nightgown, so that the weak light of the candle she had carried into Tojiko's room illuminated a body far more delicate than that of her companion. Stunted in growth by the chest bindings she had been made to wear so as to hide her true sex, the breasts of the prince were small and unassuming. Practically little more than a footnote. The same could be said about the rest of her female curves, and if Miko put some effort into her makeup and clothing, she could easily pass along as a boy.

Heavens knew she had been forced to often enough.

But if she was naked, truly naked, a secret little spot situated between her legs would have normally given away the actual nature of the Crown Prince.

Normally.

Tonight was not normal. Tonight, said spot was occupied by a phallus of reasonable length that, perhaps somehow sensing the presence of a nearby vulva presenting itself, had already begun to harden.

“I am fairly certain it has grown again”, Tojiko dryly noted.

“Not like it's my fault!”, Miko hissed back. And, in her desperation, was already about to climb upon her companion when the latter placed a hand upon her shoulder and softly pushed her back.

“Not yet, my prince. At least give me the time to get in the mood before you push it in.”

Obedient, Miko moved backwards and returned to a seating position at the side of Tojiko's futon. Simply stared at her retainer as the latter shoved two fingers of her right hand in between her upper lips, lubricated them with her own saliva, and then moved them down towards her lower lips. Allowed them to race a dozen circles around the small pearl which throned above the entrance to her birth canal. And then, disappeared in the latter.

Soft moans began to emerge from the ghost as she massaged the insides of her pussy. Her free hand, hitherto unoccupied, wandered towards one of her breasts and began to fondle it, alternating between pressing the mammary tissue as a whole and merely squeezing the nipple perched atop of

it.

She continued like this for perhaps a minute or three. The intent concentration as she kept her eyes shut and her teeth clenched stood in mild contrast to her increasingly erratic breathing and the wet, squishy noises that emerged from her insides. And still she went on, even as her hips began to arch upwards in rhythmic intervals. Kept pushing and pushing herself, right towards the cliff whose underlying abyss seemed ever-so inviting.

“Tojiko?”

The voice, combined with a hand grabbing her shoulder, pulled the ghost out of her trance. Miko was bending over her; her features somewhere between uneasiness and arousal. Risking a brief glance to her side, she could see that the shaft of the crown princess was not only stiff, but also throbbing with anticipation.

“Apologies”, she laughed, and tried to hide her own embarrassment. “Seems like I got a bit carried away. But fair enough – I think I'm in the mood now alright.”

Taking several deep breaths to calm what would have been a pounding heart if she were still alive, Tojiko used her arms to slightly pull herself backwards and spread what she still had in the place of legs; causing the ghost tails to part like a single, blue flame splitting in two. Presented herself, like a piece of meat upon a dinner platter.

Miko accepted her invitation. Crawling on all fours, she circled around Tojiko until she no longer was by her shoulder but knelt straight in front of her lower body. The hand she placed upon the dick she had never asked for could feel its strong pulsations. Ones that only intensified as she positioned it at the wide-open front gate leading to the interior of Tojiko's fortress. A single moved, and it would be in.

But she hesitated. They had done this for what must have been over a dozen times by now, but the first blow always had been as awkward as the one from the time before it. With the way in which she now stared down on the image below her – a pussy glistening with moistness all but vocally asking to be penetrated by the invader already pressed against its outer lips – one could almost have thought Miko had become locked in a state of deep meditation.

“Come one”, a voice said. Trying and failing to hide its own impatience.

The Crown Prince responded and tricked a quiet scream out of Tojiko as she grabbed her by the waist and, rather than thrusting her thing into her, violently pulled the ghost right onto it until Miko's balls were tightly squeezed against the buttocks of her partner. The sensation as a thousand little folds on the inner walls of the other woman flew right across her sensitive meat reminded her of a match being run across the surface of a corresponding matchbox.

But the first attempt had not yet sufficed to light said match.

Her hands still gripping the ghost's waist, Miko separated her bodies by pushing that of the ghost forwards and her own hips backwards, right until the head of her shaft was at risk of simply falling out of Tojiko's interior. Not that she planned on giving it any chance of doing that. Like a rubber band that had been stretched out and snapped back to its original form, she rammed herself back into the ghost. And repeated the procedure, pushing away and pulling back in the body of the ghost at an ever-increasing speed until the growing moans of the two women were joined by audible slapping sounds.

In hindsight, some bizarre little part of Miko thought to itself, she should be grateful that Tojiko actually was a vengeful spirit, rather than a classical ghost. The shapes of the latter were as cold as the grave, whereas those of the former were hot to the touch.

Very hot, she recognized as the time between each subsequent collision was lowered with every single thrust. Already, she could feel several alarm sirens blaring forth within her lower body, informing her that a key component of her anatomy was about to undergo a critical meltdown. And she wanted it. Every single of her body screamed to release the pressure that had been building up in her loins for a while not.

A hand touched Miko's cheek. Calm and gentle, when it would have had every reason to claw into it in blind lust. It seemed so wildly out of the picture that it caused the Crown Prince to stop dead in her tracks, and as her eyes moved upwards from the bouncing pair of breasts they had been locked upon, they saw how badly flushed Tojiko's face had become.

“I know I already am dead and all, but – not so rough, please.”

Her superior produced a single, brief laugh before she unceremoniously bowed down. Laid her own body to rest upon that of her companion until their two frames had become as one, and she could shower Tojiko with a series of quick kisses that began at her neck, worked their way up towards her cheek, and finally culminated in a longer, deeper one pressed straight on her lips. That the ghost immediately responded by locking her arms around her back presumably meant that she liked it.

“Gentle enough?”, the Crown Prince asked.

“You may proceed”, her retainer panted.

And so Miko did. Her hips, now directly situated above those of Tojiko, began to move once more, but now with a slower, more sensual pace than before. With her face buried into the shoulder of the ghost as it was, and with the fingers of her companion lovingly combing through her hair, the Crown Prince no longer felt any need for hurry. Simply pulled herself back and forth across the frame of her lover and felt immense satisfaction as the hug Tojiko held her in slightly tightened whenever her shaft had fully vanished within her.

But she could not stay that way. Their little pause had briefly calmed down the overwhelming urge that was busily overwriting the cognitive functions of the Human Saint, yet her pace picked up again. Like a steam engine that, once fired up, began to turn its various little wheels faster and faster and faster. Huffing and puffing; pistons shoving themselves into their respective openings at dangerously fast rates in order to make the machine move. A train driving through the same tunnel over and over again.

Alas, even a well-designed train could only cruise that fast. Making it move any faster would cause the boiler to overheat; producing a worryingly red glow on its surface and sending rivets flying into all directions as it lost structural integrity.

And, figuratively speaking, the boilers of both Taoist women were about to blow up.

They fell upon each other like feral animals. Wildly rolled on the ground; Tojiko's ghost tails tightly wrapped around the prince's backside as she instinctively sought to prevent her from pulling out. Her efforts were rewarded when Miko went into a last series of deep, powerful thrusts, and the ghost could consciously feel how the hot fluids of the crown prince kept gushing inside of her. One large outburst followed by several smaller ones.

The climax as the woman which had been dead for so long felt the warm, life-giving substance entering into the darkness of her womb caused several bolts of lightning to flash across the night sky.

They remained in this fever dream for a few more, precious seconds until it ceased as abruptly as it had come. Miko, her energy depleted, simply collapsed upon her retainer, and did not bother asking for permission before she tightly buried her face within the wonderful soft breasts of Tojiko. The latter, in turn, was far too content to complain, and simply did what she could to pull back the blanket which the couple had largely kicked away in their frenzy.

“Thank the gods it's gone”, the crown prince eventually mumbled, a shivering hand of hers having made sure that the only thing between her legs once more was a delicate slit.

“Thank the gods I'm no longer at risk of getting pregnant”, the vengeful spirit replied in jest. “With all due respect, my liege - you came so much; I'd have produced enough little princes to rule over all of Japan in one session.”

“There, there, my dearest Tojiko. I have little intention to establish a new dynasty anyway – neither by input, nor by output. But hey – I can still ask Futo for a hand if I ever should ... Tojiko? T-Tojiko, I was joking! It was just a joke! Just a -!”

Too late. Far, far too late. No more than a split-second passed before a visibly terrified Toyosotamimi no Miko darted right out of the room of her companion, followed by an entire arsenal of pillows, furniture, and lightning bolts flying into her vague direction.

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“Did we have our fun, Lady Soga?”

Judging by the downright frightening frown with which Soga no Tojiko slammed the promised bag of coins onto her table once again, Seiga concluded that this had not been the case. Or that Miko's

lapdog would no longer ask for her services in the foreseeable future.

Such a pity. Slightly blurring the border between the prince as she was known here and the prince as he was known there actually took relatively little effort on her part, and as much as her original suggestion towards the ghost had been of a teasing nature, as much had it turned into good, reliable source of profit. To see it dry up like that was most unfortunate.

Oh well.

In a week or two, she would approach Tojiko and threaten – no, not threaten, just mildly *suggest* – that a certain absent-minded hermit might tell Toyosatomimi no Miko just why she had grown those parts she was not used to, and even did so on a relatively regular basis. A nasty secret, of course, if not an outright scandal.

But so terribly absent-minded was said hermit that she sound of a few dangling coins would probably distract her enough that she would not find herself able to bring up the topic. Well, so long as the sound did not stop, of course.

“If life gives you lemons”, Seiga silently thought to herself as she maintained her brilliant smile towards Tojiko, “hold a knife to its throat and force it to make the lemonade for you.”