

Fire and flickering moonlight broke through the darkness in the Bamboo Forest of the Lost. A random passerby certainly might have been irritated by the sight, but those who wandered through its winding paths on a more frequent basis could readily name the cause behind the anomaly:

Mokou and Kaguya were at it again.

The two immortals had been killing each other on a night-daily basis for centuries at this point, and this night should not change their normal schedule. Nonetheless, it was easily apparent that the girls already had been at each others' throat for some time now; with each bearing multiple wounds and bruises. It would not be much longer before one of them simply gave up. Or, alternatively, became so overwhelmed by the pain that had accumulated over the course of the battle that her brain underwent an unceremonious blackout.

Mokou had no desire to experience either result. Gathering what little reserves she still had, the pyromaniac shot forward, her clenched fists burning with a fire so hot that the metallic handle of a door would have undergone a spontaneous meltdown if she had tried to open it. But this was fine, seeing as the only thing she wanted to open and/or melt was her old rival.

Unfortunately for her, Kaguya had anticipated the attack and simply sidestepped it as if she was a matador and Fujiwara no Mokou an enraged bull running amok. Indeed, the temper of the white-haired immortal was very much comparable to such an animal at this point, and it thus took her a good moment to notice the stinging sensation that emerged from somewhere on her neck. Running her hand across it, she found a small, tube-shaped object embedded into her flesh, grabbed it, and made a hissing sound when she tore it out.

Resting in the hand of the human immortal was a syringe, its needle still dripping with her own blood while some last droplets of its original content – a thin, cerulean liquid – remained in its barrel.

“I know that you like playing dirty”, Mokou said as she felt how the substance spread through her nervous system like a hand full of icy fingers, “but this? This is low, even for you. How long did you have to kiss the ass of Eirin until she gave in and prepared this stuff for you? And just what is this crap anyway? Because you know poisoning me won't help you when I come back to life and cave your head in.”

“Firstly, I did not have to kiss any part of Eirin to acquire this because she doesn't even know that I have it”, Kaguya replied, “And secondly, I am outraged by the claim that I would knowingly poison you, my dear Mokou. I just thought that you always are so cramped and on edge that a little anesthetic might help you relax.”

“So, you pumped a glorified date-rape drug into me, is that it? Hells, that really is just like you, Kaguya.” Mokou would have laughed were it not for the fact that she rapidly lost control of her entire body from the neck down. “You gonna turn me into a quadriplegic and stomp around one me for a bit so you can feel good about yourself, huh?”

Kaguya flashed a mock pout. “Now now, the first part may be true, even if I would use prettier words to describe it. But I certainly won't kick a girl that's already on the ground. There are *much nicer* things that you can do with someone like that.”

These words being spoken, she casually walked over to her paralyzed foe and shouldered her limp body as if she was a sack of potatoes; ignoring the flood of obscenities that came from the other immortal as she started walking away with her.

Mokou had successfully shouted herself hoarse by the time she spotted her house in the distance and realized that Kaguya was heading straight towards it. What was going on? Knowing the Lunarian, she had expected that her old enemy would throw her off from a cliff, dump her into the deepest part of a lake, or place her in front of a cave full of hungry youkai wolves. But her own home? What was she planning to do – drop her inside and set the place on fire?

If that was her intention, she did not appear in any great hurry to do so. Instead, Kaguya Houraisan moved at an almost deliberately slow speed as she opened the door to the house of her rival, actually surprising Mokou as she carefully avoided banging the latter's head against the frame. Still, just where was she going?

To the bedroom.

Kaguya was carrying Mokou to her bedroom. And a terrible suspicion began to bloom in her. A suspicion which, for that matter, was not alleviated when the other immortal first removed her shoes, then pulled down her suspenders to remove her pants, and finally unbuttoned her shirt,

leaving the daughter of Fujiwara with nothing on her skin save for her panties and her sarashi bindings.

“J-just what are you planning to do, you crazy lunatic?!”, a clearly nervous Mokou growled.

“Should it not be obvious?”, the Lunarian replied with an amused look as she began to remove her own clothing until she, too, only was wearing her undergarments.

“I intend to sleep with you, my dearest enemy.”

The alarm that the pyromancer had felt now turned into blind panic. She always knew that Kaguya was not entirely right in the head, that her underlying psychology in many ways was alien when compared to that of the Earthlings. But despite of this, despite of the fact that the two of them had been rivals for as long as she could remember, Fujiwara no Mokou had not expected that her old foe would go so far as to rape her. In her own house. In her own bed.

For the first time in many centuries, she felt scared. Genuinely scared. Physical injuries she could endure, but after the Lunarian was done having her way with her, she would suffer injuries of an entirely different kind. Ones that would not simply go away after the next rebirth.

“Please, Kaguya. Don't do this. Everything but this. Kill me if you want to. A dozen times over. But I beg you, not this. I know you wouldn't do this to anyone, not even to me.”

“But Mokou”, the moon princess giggled as she climbed atop of the bed until she was hovering over her adversaries on all fours. “After all the time we spent fighting, you are the one most deserving of my affection. Truth to be told, I have been planning and looking forward to this for a long, long time.”

Her victim could do nothing but watch on helplessly as her tormentor slowly lowered her body, inch by inch, until she could feel the breasts dangling inside of her frilled bra squeeze against her own ones and Kaguya's breath ran across her face.

It didn't help that her body, paralyzed as it was, still could feel everything. The right knee of the Lunarian, which rubbed against her inner thigh and was dangerously close to the secret area above it. The arms that were crawling underneath her back until they met and locked her into a wholly

one-side embrace. And, perhaps worst of all, the face of Kaguya as she buried it in the soft spot between her neck and her shoulder.

“So warm...”, the Lunarian murmured; her voice muffled by the coarse skin of her old enemy. Despite (or perhaps because) of the fact that Mokou's eyes were still wide agape with fear, the princess visibly found immense comfort in the bodily intimacy towards the other immortal. Were she a cat, she probably would be purring quite intensely by now.

The Fujiwara woman, on the other hand, did not feel comfortable at all. Not with her heart pumping like crazy and every inch of her skin in contact with that of the Lunarian feeling as if covered in liquid fire. To top it off, she fully expected that just lying atop of her was the least unpleasant item on the long list of things Kaguya planned to do with her that night.

But if the princess indeed possessed such a mental list of atrocities, she certainly was taking her dear time to move to the next step. Other people might have been relieved by this, yet Mokou only grew more anxious with each passing minute.

“Just get it over with”, she finally hissed, no longer able to bear the tension. “Do whatever you're gonna do, but don't keep me on the tenterhooks like that. It's cruel.”

“But I'm already doing what I had been planning to do”, Kaguya drowsily replied.

“Bullshit. You yourself said that you were going to sleep with me. So stop playing little Miss Innocent and just to it already, you miserable, sick fuck.”

The Lunarian raised her head, but where the human immortal had expected a predatory smile, the only expression on her face was that of profound confusion. Then, something inside her head clicked, and Kaguya fell into a burst of laughter, her shaking sides rapidly moving up and down on the body of her bedfellow.

“I'm sorry Mokou”, she panted after she had calmed down enough to speak coherent words again, “I'm really, really sorry. I didn't realize it until right now, but my choice of words was rather misleading. It's a Lunarian thing – different idioms and all that – but when I said I was going to sleep with you, I think the words 'alongside you' would have been a tad more fitting.”

“You...you aren't going to...?”

Kaguya fell into another short burst of laughter. “No. But if you are *this* disappointed about it, I am sure it could be arrang-”

“I-I'm not disappointed! But you drugged me, threw me on a bed, stripped me, and...and...what in the hells did you think *I* would be thinking?!”

“Why”, the princess huffed as she shifted around until her chin came to rest at the top of Mokou's sternum and her deep-brown eyes locked onto those of the other immortal, “now you're hurting my feelings. Do you really believe I would do that sort of thing to anyone, let alone you?”

The human groaned. “How the fuck am I supposed to know what's going on in that messed-up head of yours? All I know is that we are enemies, that we've been killing each other for centuries, and that we hate each others' guts because of that. Did I mention the part where you injected me with a glorified date rape drug? Or the part where...”

“But I don't hate you. I even sent you chocolate on Valentine's day, don't you remember?”

Mokou's face ran redder than the fire-resistant pants that her would-be lover had carelessly discarded next to the bed. “Tha-tha-that was you?! Bu-but I thought Keine...” Faced with a mental flashback, she promptly came to understand why the Were-Hakutaku had reacted so stiff and surprised when she had slung her arms around and kissed her that day.

It did not help that the hand which Kaguya was now coyly holding in front of her mouth was not nearly large enough to hide the massive, smug grin that was developing behind it. “You did it, didn't you? You really went ahead and did it! And here I was, wondering why Keine kept behaving so weird across the entire week. Oh Mokou, you can be so endearingly *simple!*”

Had the Lunarian not been so busy giggling and rubbing her face across the shoulder of the one lying beneath her in a sudden show of affection, she might have noticed that the color of the human had shifted from red to an unhealthy tone of purple.

“You whore!”, Mokou howled at the very top of her lungs. Defying the effect of the paralyzing poison, smoke began to manifest from her body. “You dirty, sociopathic, ugly whore! Do you have

any idea how difficult it was for me to make myself....*you*...you tricked me! I'll kill you for that! I'll kill you to fucking dea-mmmmmhhHHHHH”

The fiery rant that she was about to launch was cut short abruptly when Kaguya grabbed her head and, without further notice, planted her lips on that of the irate human. The shock alone sufficed to stun her for the first few moments, but soon enough, she began to violently throw her head left and right in a desperate attempt to shake off the attacker. Unfortunately for her, there was more strength in the seemingly thin arms of the Lunarian than there was in the muscles of her neck, and all of her thrashing around did little to change the fact that the mouth of her violator remained locked on hers.

After what felt like a small eternity, the alien princess finally let go of her and pulled herself into a seating position atop her stomach, visibly entertained by the labored breathing of the girl whose hitherto purple face was now drained of color altogether. Closing her eyes, she raised a finger as a teacher would do it to discipline her student.

“Firstly, I did not trick you. All I did was to gift valentine chocolates to someone who always manages to make me laugh, and whom I like very much because of that. That entire little incident with Keine was solely your doing.”

Another raised finger.

“Secondly, the entire village knows that the two of you have the hots for one another, and frankly speaking, you really needed a good kick at the backside so that you would go and kiss her already. It's really just embarrassing to watch when a proverbial immortal is so timid around her sweetheart that even the local schoolgirls make fun of it behind her back.”

“Oh, and thirdly: I am under the strong impression that, despite of the jumpy start, you and Keine have grown to become a loving and deeply affectionate couple. Which means that you probably should thank me for triggering this chain of events, however unintentional my part in it may have been.”

The Lunarian retained a her pose for a few more seconds, but upon hearing no response of any kind, she slowly lifted one of her eyelids. Mokou still was staring at her with a look of absolute terror on her face; one that might not have been out of place on the victim of a knife-wielding serial killer as he closed in on her. It was funny to the princess, as was made evident by the mischievous cackle she

produced.

“You know, I did expect doing that would shut you up good, but not *that* good. Maybe it's like in the fairy tales, and the damsel needs *another* kiss so that the spell is bro-”

“*She doesn't!*”

“Fair enough, then. Although, coming to think of it, I'm really curious how fast your heart must be beating right now. Not that it's difficult to find out.”

Mokou's eyes widened as Kaguya bowed down and lowered the side of her head until it came to rest right between her breasts, the fabric of the sarashi bindings being the only thing that still separated her deathless enemy from the sensitive tissue. It was rather ironic – very much a tomboy by nature, Mokou normally was fairly indifferent about her chest, but seeing; feeling someone this close to it still had her break into cold sweat.

The Lunarian seemed to have no such qualms, and merrily listened to the frantic pulse of the organ that was hammering inside of the human's ribcage. Indeed, the sound seemingly did so please her that she made no attempt to remove her head again, not even as she blindly fumbled for the blanket of Mokou's bed and, upon finding it, pulled it up until all but her head had disappeared beneath it.

“K-Kaguya...don't you think you've listened quite a bit enough for the time being?”

“Nuh-uh”, the princess replied and, as if out of spite, shifted her head across the other immortal's bosom until she found what presumably was a more comfortable position for her. “I'm here to sleep with...pardon, alongside you, and hearing the heartbeat of someone else always helps me fall asleep. I wonder why I didn't do this sooner.”

“You...you can't just stay like that!”

“Why? I really like it that way, even if it's a bother. Eirin and Reisen are so well endowed that I would be at risk of suffocating in my sleep if I tried this with them, and Tewi is so flat that it's plainly painful. But yours – yours really are alright. Just the right size.”

“Kaguya Houraisan, I demand that you stop abusing my breasts as glorified pillows *this instant!*”

“Fujiwara no Mokou”, the Lunarian grumbled in reply, “I’ve had a long day, and I’m seriously growing tired now. So unless you want me to abuse your tits in entirely different ways other than just as pillows, *you* will shut your yap and let me sleep *this instant*. Because I’m gonna have a restful night, or I’m gonna have an *exciting* night. The choice is yours.”

The prospect of undergoing whatever the deranged lunatic that was currently cuddled up to her would deem an 'exciting' night led the human to postpone any further complaints. She probably would need psychological counseling for what already had happened alone, but a voice in the back of her head told her that her state of mental health would make the younger of the Scarlest sisters look completely sane in comparison if Kaguya went through with her threat.

Thus, the odd couple lay quiet and motionless. It was only after several minutes that the voice of the Lunarian, audibly more asleep than awake, rung out for a last time.

“...Mokou?”

“...yes?”

“I really don't hate you. Please understand that.”

The human immortal did not bother with a proper answer to this and merely let out an annoyed grunt. Yet this apparently was all Kaguya needed, and her shallow breath that now rhythmically stranded against the skin of her bedfellow like the waves of an ocean on a windless day showed that she had fallen asleep.

Mokou, understandably, found doing so more difficult. She remained wake and alert for hours, her eyes darting back and forth between the ceiling and the mass of ebony-black hair that was all she could see of her old foe now. In the end, it was pure exhaustion that caused her consciousness to fade away.

When Fujiwara no Mokou awoke, her first mental process was the realization that she could move her legs and arms again.

Her second mental process was to plan how she could use this newly-regained mobility to strangle Kaguya Houraisan to death in a manner that was as gruelingly slow as it was painful. Already, her hands hovered over the neck of the Lunarian that had thoroughly humiliated her the day before, and it really wasn't that difficult – she would just ram her thumbs into her throat; not tightly enough to fully block the flow of oxygen, but tightly enough to severely limit it. This prolonged the procedure, and would allow her to watch as the flicker of life in the woman desperately gasping for air would grow dimmer and dimmer until it finally was fully extinguished and her body stopped moving.

Naturally, Mokou knew that this was not a permanent solution, but if nothing else, she hoped that the rude awakening would make Kaguya recognize that she could take her entire 'I don't hate you' crap and shove it up her ugly ass, ideally followed by something very sharp and spiky.

But just as she was about to transfer the princess from one state of sleep into a slightly deeper one, the human hesitated. Her hands shaking, she slowly brushed aside a tangle of the black hair that covered the porcelaine-white skin beneath it, revealing the face of the one who had spent the better part of the last day molesting her.

Something inside Mokou cramped. For Kaguya was smiling.

It was not the kind of arrogant smile Kaguya typically wore when she contemplated how much better than the human she was. Not the smug grin when she congratulated herself over having tricked her, or the sneer as she loudly declared how stupid she deemed the other immortal.

It was the smile of someone who, in a quiet and content way, was *happy*. Who felt secure and at ease. Who was close to someone she liked, someone she *trusted*.

“Oh no you don't”, Mokou whispered. “You think acting all cutesy like that will save you, huh? But you're wrong. I'll kill you. I'm totally gonna kill you.”

Kaguya did not reply. She still was peacefully dreaming whatever Lunarians might dream of, which only infuriated the one on which she was resting even more.

“I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you, damnit!”

The murmur of the human's voice had become loud enough that the princess, though still slumbering, sensed the presence of a threat; her expression darkening into one of fear. Yet instead of pushing herself away from the danger, she pulled herself even closer to it; her arms constricting around the back of the woman that still stared at her with eyes full of murder.

And just like that, Mokou gave up. She couldn't kill Kaguya, not when she was like this. And besides, she didn't want to turn her house into ruins if her attempt to strangle her backfired. And besides, she could still kill her later. And besides, when she ever found herself in a tight spot, she could always tell herself that it wasn't as bad as this. And besides, variety was the spice of life. And besides, this actually felt kind of n-..

'No', the human hastily told herself as she shooed away the thought. 'No, it absolutely does not'.

It did not prevent her from closing her eyes and allowing herself to fall asleep again, notably faster this time around.

When Kaguya Houraisan awoke, her first mental process was the blurry impression of how curiously much light was already shining through the windows of Mokou's home.

Her second mental process consisted of roughly two dozen alarm bells in her mind simultaneously springing to life as she realized that she had overslept, that she still was in the house of Mokou, that Mokou likely would be absolutely furious, and that there was no more poison in her system which could prevent her from tearing her apart limb by limb.

One, then, may imagine the amount of surprise the Lunarian felt when she cautiously opened her eyes and found that her old foe was not only still sleeping, but also had wrapped her arms around her. Which technically shouldn't be possible because Mokou would have instantly proceeded with the unassisted amputation if she had woken up with full control over her own appendages. But unlike her perpetually grumpy companion, Kaguya had stopped trying to make sense out of Gensokyo long ago; chiefly because the entire place openly laughed into the face of any form of reason.

Moving as quickly as quietly as she could, she somehow managed to wind herself out of the embrace of the human, picked up her clothing from the floor, and was about to leave the bedroom. One of her feet already was through the open door when she suddenly turned around, tip-toed back to the bed, and placed a quick smooch on the forehead of the pyromaniac before she headed back to Eientei.

Like anyone would ever believe all this actually happened, anyway.