

GRACE  
AND  
ALUNYA  
FANBOOK





# **You are my greatest simps**

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE GRACE SIMPS OF /SIBERIA/.

Requesting OC of Grace being eaten alive by radioactive piranhas.

Grace-chan: Oh no, I am being eaten alive by radioactive piranhas! Dareka tasukete!!

Alunya: Grace-chan, those are goldfish crackers...

Grace-chan: I'm a princess! I need to be saved!! >\_\_<

Alunya: Sigh... Maybe a kiss will wake you from your delusions.

Grace-chan: nyoooooo a kissu?? leeeewd >/////<

And then they kiss. Hope you liked it.



Maybe a kiss will wake you up from your delusions.



Requesting OC of Grace being trampled alive by a crowd of festive commoners.

Grace-chan: Oh no, I am being trampled alive by a crowd of festive commoners!

Alunya: Grace-chan, that's just your weighted blanket.

Grace-chan: I'm a princess! I need to be saved!! >\_\_<

Alunya: Sigh... I guess I can climb under it next to you...

And then they cuddle. Hope you liked it.





Upon returning from a long day of campaigning for Unionization at the local Warehouse for the worker's representation. Alunya with tired heavy eyes opens the door into her home, dragging her feet along the floor. Groaning a bit the feline looked to see that the light in the kitchen was on. Odd she did not remember leaving it on when she left, much less having anyone come inside.

Looking up Alyuna's blurred vision taking in the figure sitting at the table, with those blonde locks of hair and commanding domineer. Wearing a royal purple blouse with a matching skirt, the blonde was elegant as ever as she was eating the dinner which she had prepared; lost in thought enjoying the flavors of a medium rare steak.

As she walked into the kitchen the smell would hit her. It wasn't simply just the steak, there was mashed potatoes covered with gravy made from the fat of the steak, carrots that had been roasted with a light brown coating.

A soft sigh escaped Alunya's lips before she spoke, "Grace, how many times have I told you that I don't need you to come over and cook. I can do it myself you know."

A delighted and satisfied smile came across her face, cleaning the juices from her mouth with a napkin Grace looks up from her food and towards her Feline companion.

"Nonsense. When ever I am around it is always a Royal Feast to behest. Besides tonight I was in a good mood and decided to cook for my favorite Feline. After all you been looking at some of the meats for a while now, those feline traits coming to play."

Grace remarks with a giggle at the end. This only really irritated Alyuna, despite the fact that Grace was right. Lightly grinding her teeth begrudgingly taking a seat at the table. Grace sat her fork and knife down, cleaning her mouth once more and sets the napkin down. It appeared that she had only ate about half the meal before her Feline companion arrived. While Alyuna herself stared at the food, a feeling of hunger hits her hard. She had ate before hand before heading out, but it would seem that from all the work in which she had done was occupying her mind keeping her from noticing the growing hunger.



"Why did you make all this though, was it unnecessary? Seriously you always go overboard. I get you like the idea of preparing large meals but its just the two of us that live here." Alyuna questioned the motives behind Grace's intentions.

Another giggle escapes in a more exaggerated way, "Oh ho ho, my dear Alyuna you have been working hard for those peasants that I felt that you deserved have be treated sometime."

A sigh once more escapes Alyuna's lips a bit annoyed, "Grace we been over this they aren't peasants, they are the proletariat the working class."

Nodding her Head and just says, "Of course. Of Course, Proletariat, peasants they are all the same to someone like me dear Alyuna."

Alunya Stares at the food once more, back to Grace and the food once again. With a defeated sigh decided that what was the worst that could happen. Remembering the last time she had ate some of Grace's Cooking, it was bland and flavorless. Alunya noticed that Grace seemed to be enjoying the food, so with a shrug she took the steak knife and fork and cuts off a piece of the meat. It too was Medium Rare, while it looked juicy anything at this point was going to be quite good. Taking the piece of meat and biting it as she began to chew it. Slowly at first as the flavor was actually there; Garlic, Onion Powder, Salt, Peppercorn, was that a hint of butter? It was really good Alunya's eyes opened up wide as it was delicious.

Giggling to herself Grace seemed satisfied doing her best to hide that smile she had. She could tell from Alunya's reaction that the food was great, after all she took her many tries to get this right. Despite having servants cooking her food constantly as she grew up she wanted to prove herself that she can handle this task of food preparations. She continued to elegantly eat her food, placing the knife and fork to the side and putting her napkin on top of the Plate. Placing her hand onto the side of her face watching Alunya eat now showing that smile.

"My, My seems someone was quite hungry, it seems that my food was actually really good~ Oh ho ho ho." Grace remarks once again showing her satisfaction in her tone.

Eating more of the meat and stuffing her face with the carrots and mashed potatoes, Alunya swallows to finally answer the question from Grace.

"Surprisingly its not as bad as I thought. I got to say Grace as much as I hate to admit it you did good." Alunya remarks.

If Grace wasn't smiling brightly before she was now wiggling in the seat. Giving herself a little yes giggling happily.

"Why of course my dearest Alunya. I am glad you enjoyed it! IT makes me happy knowing that you are eating my most fabulous meal to bless these walls." Grace Boasted.

Dismissingly waving her hand Alunya went back to eating with a grunt. Thinking that Grace was getting to a head of herself but she would allow it. Since we have to celebrate the small victories. It was another few minutes before Alunya finished her meal, leaning back in her chair letting out a sigh.

"Well I suppose I should thank you for this Meal Grace, as I said before you did great. Here I thought you wouldn't be able cook something so flavorful compared to the last time you made something for me." Alunya remarks.

"Why Of course! A person like myself would obviously know the best ingredients to combine to make an flavorful and heartfelt..I mean hearty meal." Grace nods with satisfaction.

Alunya shrugged her shoulder getting up from the table grabbing the plates, forks and knives putting them in the sink. Turning on the water adding some soap letting them sit for the time being. Going back over to Grace and gently pats her on the head.

"You did a good job Grace, I really appreciate the meal even with your boasting. Keep doing the good work and come up with your own style." Alunya says with a gentleness to her tone.

Grace's face lit up Brightly now not expecting the head pat, much less a heartfelt appreciation of her work being noticed. Hiding her face between her hands now as she protests, "Jeez Alunya you didn't have to pet me on the head I am not some child you know who needs parsing over something so minor. It was simply just a meal after all nothing more."

Puffing out her cheeks a little, Grace was super embarrassed about all this, while Alunya only simply laughed petting Grace's head once more.

"Of Course Grace whatever you say." she says with a mischievous grin on her face.

Once Alunya stopped the head patting Grace was bright red still in shock about what happened. Her face covered still as she was trying to hide the fact that she really enjoyed the praise she got from Alunya and the head patting felt nice.





It was a sunny day as the sunlight is touching and softening the skin, the bird voices echoing around, the heat waves making wandering souls sweat... Grace-chan, sitting, elegantly sipping her tea in a royal bower next to her own forest. She wasn't with her servants and decided to spend some time alone in the peace of nature after got over many tough royal stuff... then, suddenly, unusual cat sounds started coming from the forest at irregular intervals. Grace-chan, got "a little" scared, and at the same time, curious, slowly slowly got up from the bower and stepped into the vast forest... She was following the voices... as it gets... louder...louder...and loader... as Grace-chan is experiencing some kind of fear entrenched with curiosity as she also sweats... now... she can see something happening there from the bush... The sight she saw was quite interesting... Alunya standing there as she was meowing to a squirrel that stolen her skirt and got on the top of the tree... fortunately she was wearing a pair of shorts underneath so she wasn't looking naked. Grace-chan, with a slight blush on her face, appeared and faced the violator of her own private property. "W-what are you doing here!?" said Grace-chan. "T-the squirrel, just stole my skirt!" said Alunya...

Grace-chan, when just seeing Alunya, uncontrollably continued to blush as she is looking at Alunya, like she was secretly desiring to see her... her fear and curiosity that was following her vanished and some sense of pleasure was around her, but she tidied herself up then said "I do not care, get out of my royal forest!", Alunya, looked at the squirrel with angered eyes, then looked at Grace-Chan's emerald eyes... She sighed and said "Mkay..." with an unsatisfied look... She spent all the day chasing that thief squirrel and at the end she lost... She was feeling tired so she accepted her fate, without any words or butts, she slowly went away from Grace-chan's sight... Grace-chan, being grumpy, murmured herself "Mmh... Alunya started to appear more frequently... She should know that I am a princess and act like such!"



Then, the squirrel holding the skirt have accidentally fallen down from the tree as Alunya's skirt fell on a stone standing there... Grace-chan looked at the sweaty skirt... without any words... She just looked at like a newborn captured into the grandiose sight of outer world... She, with slow steps, got near the skirt... picked it... gave it a look once again... a-and... she brought the skirt close to her nose... what was she doing? What was that strange urge of her? And, she took a sniff... Alunya's sweaty scent passed through her nose, her body and senses with a harmony was melting... her heart started to race&bump intensely... as the blush spread all her face and it became like a tomato, was that how it feels being close to Alunya's presence? She was desperately sniffing more and more frequently as the warmth taking all her senses into a blissful state... It was way too addictive, with every smell, she utmostly desired an another, she desired Alunya's presence... and her skirt was a fragment of it... It was like, a selfish and pure feeling was waking up in her heart... She would probably lose her mind if she didn't stop now, but the smell had taken away everything else and became the only thing that she's able to focus on... She just didnt care anything else, if someone was dying in front of her... she would still sniff... if a servant of her seeing that embarassing moment of her... she would just still sniff... All her senses were in a melting pot with a strange pleasure that she have never felt before... She was in the starry heavens...

...

Hours passed in the hourglass, as the midnight almost arrived... and Grace-chan was just psychopathically sniffing, it was just too overwhelming, she found herself in draining in the smell more and more intensely... also, guess her body was at the stage of brokenness that her pantsu was all wet just from the smell... She was just in a complete state of ecstasy...



...

But then, something has happened, after a long while of addictive ecstasy, Grace-chan somehow managed to get into her senses... She looked at the Alunya's skirt... She blushed... She was aware of what has just happened... It was just too embarrassing to imagine... Like what if someone sees that moment of her, such as a prince?.. She just jumped away from the skirt... looked at it like an alien thing... She said to herself "H-hu-huh-fuh", she was extremely sweating and tired from sniffing the skirt without any breaks... She once again looked at the skirt standing on the grass, folded it and put it in her pocket... ahem of course it was because she was extremely confused and curious about what has just happened so she would try to find out afterwards... and, overwhelmingly tired, she walked some steps into the royal palace... her servants ran to her in worry and helped her to get into her room...

After all what happened, Grace putted the skirt into a chest, and lied down into her luxurious royal bed... she sighed... her eyes slowly closed as she was finally fallen asleep... But I guess in the end, when will Grace wake up, she would hope it was all a dream.



Grace-chan found herself in an almost everlasting night... fragments of memories... the memories of scent of Alunya... the mysterious echoing sounds of the night... after all, she hadn't seen Alunya for several days... and since that day, She hadn't even touched the treasure chest in which lies there Alunya's skirt, Grace gazed at the chest as it's something frightening... but ever *since that day*, or long before, Grace-chan's heart ached with pain... the brutal form of desire of Grace-chan, it wasn't leaving her alone and haunting her... Grace-chan was sleepless, and her giant palace, her maids... everything else became nauseating as long as she couldn't see Alunya, Grace-chan continued her daily princess routines, but she was like a broken machine who desperately tried that everything looked fine... Alunya had given her a taste of a strange peace, and now that she couldn't see her for days, the peace turned into a heartache... excruciating heartache and heightened anxiety...

And yes, the sounds of the midnight was echoing, Grace-chan had been sleepless for so long... she was cold even though it wasn't cold inside, she was in pain even though she wasn't bleeding, the echoes of the midnight only filled her anxiety. Grace-chan might have wished not to exist at this moment, but how could she ever reach Alunya if she didn't exist?~ and suddenly there was a flash of lightning! Grace-chan was also startled now... slowly she lay out of the bed, opened the great royal curtain... and another lightning flashed, sleeplessly watching the view, as another lightnings flashed and flashed and flashed, and the rain began to pour in. It's surely going to be an unusual summer~ She looked at the big clock on the wall, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock... It was 3 o'clock she thought. Grace sighed with stress, she was just in pain, what could she do, the painful material conditions she was in only made her break even more... Her character, her personality, her position, her illusionary state of self-awareness... all, everything had suddenly lost its meaning. What are these feelings? And ah, suddenly, her door rattled, Grace-chan just couldn't stand it, this night seemed to last forever, but Grace-chan almost felt she was going to die if it lasted a little more... the door rattled and knocked... \*knock knock\*

Who was knocking the door in the middle of midnight?

Grace-chan slowly reached for the door and opened it. Her face suddenly turned red... Alunya was standing in front of her, soaked in wet.

Instantly, all the anxiety had gone and that warm peace heated Grace-chan again...

"Huhf, puhf... h-hello Grace!" said Alunya

"W-what are you doing here!? H-how did you get here?" said Grace

"Well..." Alunya, deeply looked in Grace-chan's eyes. "I was... reading theory in my basement all the time, fully focussed... and ha ha, after a while, I wondered what are you doing, so I am now here, it wasn't that difficult to infiltrate, everyone is sleeping." Alunya continued to focus on Grace-chan's emerald eyes, but I guess even Alunya enjoys it way too much, her body couldnt function&blush but there are dark circles under her eyes since reading stuff non-stop for days slipping away one after another. Unlike Grace's, which is near to the stage to entirely break from blushing and heart bumping even Grace is too lack of sleep.

"Y-you just again violated my royal property! I am a princess y'know, unlike a... commoner like you... you should inform me and not do such things again"

Alunya giggled "So, you are not happy that I am here? We will be together in the sight of this midnight!"

Grace just blushed more... "I..."

All of a sudden Alunya pushed Grace-chan against the wall with a momentary desire and placed her hand next to her. "You silly princess, the only existent property relation is you being mi-."

Grace was literally melting... sweating... and trying to desperately handle all the affection, Alunya was too near... She couldn't even form a regular phrase "I-I-I accewpt b-be mergwed be wi-wiwith y-ywo fowever!"

Alunya, aimed to just treasure Grace-chan's emerald eyes got confused "H-huh!?"

Grace-chan was overwhelmed in the newly appeared strange and intense feelings of her, "L-lewst be , be towgether, slewp togethewr! Fowever!" Affection-drunk, Grace looked Alunya with puppy eyes. What the heck was happening! Alunya was getting lost in her senses and instincts too... she seemed to blush a little, and took Grace-chan in the bed, without any said words, kissing and embracing her as they got were in an deep ectasy... The haunting emotions of midnight upon Grace-chan was all gone.





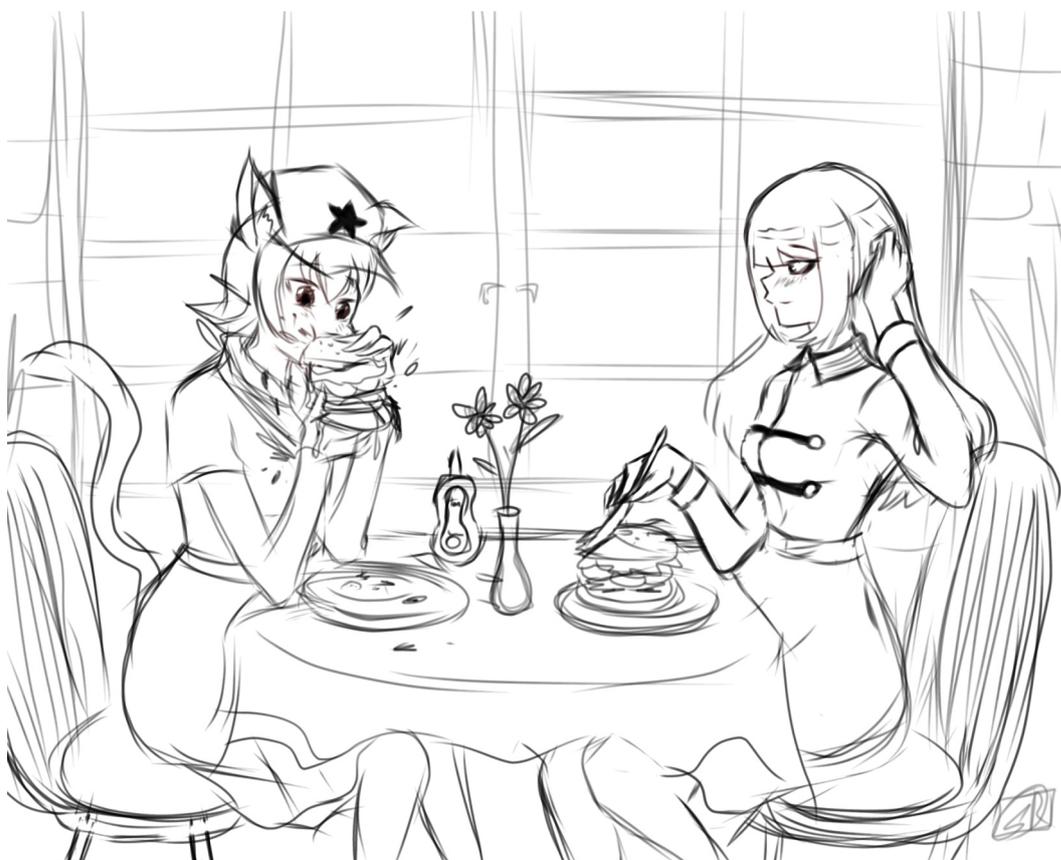
"I thought you would never show up." said Grace-chan in an annoyed voice, trying to hide her excitement. "I still don't understand why you had to choose this restaurant." "Why not?" replied Alunya. "They have good hamburgers. Plus you said you would pay, so we might as well eat something good for once. Or is it too fancy for your wallet?" "Don't worry, the royal treasury is bottomless." assured her Grace-chan. Alunya knew that the "royal treasury" was just a wallet and it was almost always empty due to Grace-chan's obsession with cosplaying as an aristocrat. But it was a cheap burgering place and if they couldn't pay, they could still make a run for it. After a brief pause, Grace-chan opened the door, but before entering she turned to Alunya a bit embarrassed: "Are you sure you are okay with eating with me? You know my political views..." she asked sheepishly. "Of course, of course! It can't be worse than dumpster diving!" replied Alunya giggling. That answer did not put Grace-chan at ease.

They went to the cashier and gave their orders. Alunya ordered the biggest hamburger offered, hoping that it would be filling enough so that she could skip a few meals afterwards and wouldn't have to worry for a while about food. Grace-chan ordered the same hamburger too. She wanted to order an even bigger one to demonstrate to Alunya her superiority, but they did not have anything bigger. This amused Alunya, she did not think Grace-chan could eat all that. They paid and sat down at a table with only two seats, facing each other. A few minutes passed in awkward silence.

Finally the hamburgers arrived. "Let's dig in!" said Alunya excitedly. Without waiting for Grace-chan to reply, she started stuffing the burger in her mouth. It was a huge one, almost as big as her head, dripping with sauce. Just making sure that it does not fall apart with every bite required all of her attention. Only when she paused to catch her breath did she realize that she got the sauce everywhere. Suddenly she remembered that she was with Grace-chan. Curiously she glanced at her to see how she was holding up against the meal. Grace-chan was eating with fine cutlery, wearing a spotless bib. Alunya wondered if this place even offered cutlery or Grace-chan brought her own. She was mesmerized watching

Grace-chan meticulously working away at her meal. "Hey Alunya, you are staring." Grace-chan reminded her gently, then started lecturing her: "And how are you eating? Just look at yourself, you are covered in sauce head to toe! Did nobody teach you proper table manners? Geez, you should at least try to behave when you are in the company of royalty, just think about what the plebs would say if they saw us—" She couldn't finish as Alunya leaned over the table and licked her cheek. "What are you doing!" cried out Grace-chan with her face now as red as the flag fo the Commune. "Oh, there was same sauce on your face, I just cleaned it up" lied Alunya. "It's catgirl table manners to clean each other up." Smugly grinning, she spread her arms out invitingly.

Grace-chan did not clean Alunya up at the restaurant. But later that day, while spending the night at Grace-chan, Alunya got to know very well what the royal tongue was capable of.



*Grace used to wear glasses...*

Alunya: Hey Grace-chan, you used to wear glasses, right?

Grace: Yes, but that was a long time ago, why are you asking?

Alunya: I just met Tania and was wondering if the glasses ever get in the way during–

Grace: Oh yes! It got in the way all the time! Like it would fog up when you got on the bus in the winter, or when you ate hot instant noodles, or...

Alunya: If it ever gets in the way when someone is sitting on your face.

Grace: Well, I wouldn't know that, since I only ever do the sittin– Wait a minute, you were thinking about Tania that way?!

Alunya: Of course not, please calm down!!

That night Grace-chan got her old glasses out and Alunya had to wear them as a punishment while they were testing if it got in the way.



## Chapter 7: The Kiss of Gold

Grace, a staunch monarchist, and her feline friend Alunya, a passionate communist, embarked on an exciting adventure to visit their eccentric friend, Sir Gaylord. As they approached the magnificent mansion surrounded by sprawling gardens, they couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and curiosity about what awaited them inside.

Sir Gaylord, an enigmatic and fabulously wealthy English aristocrat, had always been known for his eccentric inventions and extravagant lifestyle. Grace and Alunya were eager to see what marvels he had concocted this time.

The grand entrance of the mansion swung open, revealing Sir Gaylord, dressed in a splendid tailcoat, with a top hat perched jauntily on his head. "Ah, my dearest friends! What a delightful surprise to see you," he exclaimed, extending a hand to welcome them inside. Grace and Alunya exchanged amused glances before stepping over the threshold.

The mansion's interior was opulent, adorned with gilded furniture and exquisite artwork. Sir Gaylord led them through the lavishly decorated halls, each step echoing with the weight of their anticipation. Finally, they arrived at a secluded laboratory tucked away in a corner of the mansion.

With an air of theatricality, Sir Gaylord revealed his latest invention—a contraption that appeared to be a peculiar blend of science and magic. It consisted of a large, ornate machine with gears, levers, and a glass chamber in the center. "Behold! The Kiss to Gold Converter!" he declared, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Grace and Alunya stared at the contraption in awe. "Is it really possible?" Grace asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Indeed, my dear Grace," Sir Gaylord replied with a grin. "This marvelous invention has the ability to transform a simple kiss into solid gold."

Alunya's eyes narrowed skeptically. "Turning affection into material wealth? That sounds rather capitalistic, doesn't it?"

Sir Gaylord chuckled heartily. "Ah, my dear Alunya, I'm well aware of your communist leanings. But fear not, this is all in good fun. Consider it a whimsical experiment, nothing more."

Curiosity overcoming any reservations, Grace stepped forward. "Shall we give it a test, then?"

Sir Gaylord adjusted the contraption and explained its operation. "It's quite simple. One person places their lips against this glass chamber, and the other delivers a heartfelt kiss from the opposite side. The contraption will then work its magic, turning that affection into solid gold."

Grace glanced at Alunya, and they exchanged a knowing look. With a mischievous smile, Alunya said, "Very well, let's see what this contraption can do."

Alunya positioned herself behind the glass chamber, her eyes fixed on Grace. Grace stepped up, her lips pressed gently against the glass. Alunya leaned in, planting a firm, affectionate kiss on the other side. The machine hummed to life, gears spinning and levers clicking into place.

A moment later, the glass chamber filled with a golden glow. The hum intensified, and a soft whirring sound permeated the air. Then, in a burst of dazzling light, the golden glow transformed into a small, intricate golden figurine—depicting Grace and Alunya, side by side, their friendship immortalized in gold.

The room erupted with applause and laughter as Sir Gaylord triumphantly presented the golden figurine to Grace and Alunya. "A symbol of your everlasting friendship," he declared.

Grace and Alunya admired the golden figurine, both touched by the sentiment and the remarkable invention. Though their political ideologies may have differed, their friendship remained strong, transcending such divisions.

As they bid farewell to Sir Gaylord, Grace and Alunya carried the golden figurine with them, a reminder of the magic they had witnessed and the power of their enduring bond.

Little did they know that their visit to Sir Gaylord's mansion would leave an indelible mark on their journey, forever shaping their perspective on wealth, friendship, and the transformative power of invention.



## Chapter 8: Unlikely Encounters

Grace and Cat Alunya settled into plush armchairs in Sir Gaylord's elegant drawing room, where a table was set with the finest china and a steaming pot of Ceylon tea.

As the tea was poured, Alunya's thoughts turned to the falling rate of profit, a topic that never seemed to stray far from her revolutionary mind.

"You see, Sir Gaylord," she began, leaning forward, "the inherent contradictions within capitalism result in a decline in the rate of profit over time. It is a systemic issue that leads to crises and exacerbates inequality."

Sir Gaylord listened attentively; his curiosity piqued by Alunya's passionate discourse. Grace, ever the diplomatic mediator, interjected with her own insights, offering a balanced monarchical perspective on the matter.

Before their conversation could delve further into economic theory, the room was suddenly filled with the raucous clamor of an unexpected intruder. A disheveled man with unkempt hair stumbled into the drawing room, his priestly robes askew. It was Father Joe, a renegade priest known for his propensity to imbibe copious amounts of alcohol.

"More booze! I demand more booze!!" Father Joe vented, his eyes glassy and bloodshot. He staggered toward the drinks cabinet, knocking over a crystal decanter in the process and smashing it.

"Goodness!" said Sir Gaylord, taken aback by the sudden intrusion,. "Father, this is neither the time nor the place for such behavior. I kindly ask you to leave."

Father Joe ignored the request, his demeanor growing increasingly volatile. He stumbled back and forth, his unsteady movements threatening the fragile decor of the room.

"I'll burn this place down! The flames of divine retribution shall cleanse us all!" he shouted, his words slurred and barely comprehensible.

Grace and Alunya exchanged concerned glances. Grace stood up calmly and attempted to remonstrate with the priest. "Father Joe, please, let us help you. This isn't the answer."

But Father Joe's mood quickly shifted, and he slumped into a nearby armchair, tears streaming down his face. "Michael... my dear Michael. He's left me for Manchester, the heartless scoundrel! I trusted him with my soul! and now I'm broken and alone."

"There, there..." Grace and Alunya's sympathy welled up within them. In the face of Father Joe's heartache, their political differences seemed trivial.

Alunya approached Father Joe. "Father, we may have our disagreements, but we are here for you. Let us help mend your broken heart and find solace in the bonds of friendship."

Father Joe looked up through tear-stained eyes, his expression one of profound gratitude. In that moment, the walls that had divided them crumbled, replaced by a shared understanding of human vulnerability.



Grace: Come on Alunya, let's go to sleep.

Alunya: Eh, already? But this anime was just starting to get good.

Grace: I have to wake up early for work, and you promised you would start looking for a job... Let's go.

Alunya: I don't want to, I want to watch another episode!

Grace: We are going to bed. It's my castle, my ru-

Alunya: It's an apartment...

Grace: That's not the point!

Alunya: That you rent.

Grace: Exactly, so I have to work tomorrow, or you are becoming homeless again. Let's go.

Alunya. Nooo, I don't wanna! I won't put up with your tyranny anymore! This is a revolution!

Grace: \*lifts skirt\*

Alunya: OK, I'm coming.

# Preamble

*It was the year 2023.*

*Shay's Rebellion kicked off a civil war with the oppressive rightwing /pol/ regime. In league with the Shay Rebellion, leftypol fought for liberation from their chinlet overlords.*

*The war was hard: millions would die, as chinletjak evola was prepared to punish all leftists, but the confederates and anarchists put aside their differences with other leftists and achieved unity. This was anathema to chinletjak and the foreign legions who tried their best to stop leftists.*

*The chinletjak fascist armies were pushed away & all the reactionaries and rightists went into hiding:*

*/siberia/ was a remote place far from the on-going civil war. The majority of /siberia/ residents were leftists and it was under leftwing control. The /pol/ anons were lurking*

*Alunya arrived in /siberia/ by train. She heard all about /siberia/ and its revolution against chinletjak. She found a place to live with an anonymous roommate.*

## Episode 1

Alunya walks upstairs and opens the door to her apartment. She slides in and closes the door with her butt.

The room is... dim.

Nobody home? Alunya sees a girl.

The girl is enthroned on a wooden chair facing Alunya at the door and staring at her, with Leviathan control permeating the room. Sitting on the chair amiably with her hands squeezing the chair arms. This is eerie.

Grace says, *You must be my roommate. I was hoping to see you~*

Her voice is fragile, a hint worried.

Alunya flicks the light switch and sees Grace for the first time.

Grace – *that daft monarchist girl!* Alunya thinks. *Isn't she aligned with chinletjak? who invited her to live in /siberia/?* She can't believe this. The very Grace is sitting in this apartment, cuddled up in a wooden chair. Alunya aligns close to the door and returns eye contact to Grace. An awkward silence passes. There is something about that girl. Alunya is looking at her emerald eyes, but snaps out of it.

*R-Reactionaries like you shouldn't be living in /siberia/* Alunya rebuffs Grace. *I don't know what you're doing here: we didn't fight chinletjak for you to be here! EW, Grace!* Alunya gets defensive and thumps her catgirl tail a little irate.

Grace is startled. She doesn't want to be booted from her only place to live. Grace says, *I have special permission to stay here.* The monarchist gets up and begins to push her chair back to the kitchen. *I knew this wouldn't go well, darn!* She pouts despondently and lowers her head. *I tried my best to prepare the place for you and invite you to my personal abode; it looks like you're another mean political catgirl.* Grace holds back her emotions and looks down.

Alunya doesn't hold her grudge for long and sighs, *I am sorry, um, Grace?*

Grace replies, *You've said my name, but I don't know yours.*

Alunya sees Grace sobbed a little. She lowers her crimson red eyes and feels slightly sorry for this strange girl. The revolutionary catgirl looks the other way and finds it difficult to hate Grace. Alunya stirs in her spot and tells Grace, *My name? Cat Alunya... call me Alunya.* Every fiber in Alunya's being wants to resist being /kind/ with Grace.

Later at night time, Alunya finds Grace again in her regal underwear, preparing to go to bed. Alunya says to Grace, *I am feeling so tired, Grace. Where do I get to sleep? Since I be will sharing this apartment with you.*

Grace gawks, *Oh, I forgot, I'll have to share my bed with you.* Grace holds her covers up and looks at Alunya with her emerald eyes. Grace thinks, *Not even my bed is private.* It is said that many things were held in common, but Her Grace recalls even beds were shared.

\*A funny meow sound effect plays.

Alunya blushes very red and says, *I never thought I would be sharing your bed with you, Grace* Cat Alunya feels butterflies all over. Fuzzy.

Alunya slips into bed with Grace and sleeps very close.



The TV in the apartment turns on

An interview with Shay, the leader of the Shay Rebellion

A man asks Shay, *What inspired you to instigate this rebellion?*

Shay says, **It started with the neglect of our global water supply and infrastructure.**

## Episode 2

Alunya wakes up alone in bed this morning.

Looking around Grace's bedroom—wait—Alunya remembers, *This is our bedroom*. Alunya gets the fun idea to decorate Grace's room with all her stuff from leftypol. She'll do it later. >:3

Alunya puts on her red-black bandana and notices Grace is missing. Her iconic purple dress is left in the bedroom. It makes Alunya very curious where her Grace is. She looks over Grace's dress and her buttons: *shouldn't Grace wear casual clothes*, Alunya thinks, *She is always wearing this specific outfit*.

Her catgirl ears catch a sound: the shower is running. Her catgirl ears flick and Alunya pokes her fingers together.

Alunya says to herself, *I haven't visited the bathroom yet. I should check on Grace*.

A blush grows on Alunya's face. She gets up and leaves the bedroom and opens the door: the apartment is so nice and down the hallway there is the living area and another door leading to the bathroom. Obviously, that is where Grace must be. It would be great to share the living area with Grace once she finishes showering.

Alunya thinks with a wide catgirl smug face, *It would be even better to share the shower with Grace~*. She thinks about scratching the bathroom door to let her know, but doesn't.

Alunya opens the door and finds the bathroom to be be luxurious: it has gilded mirrors and fancy tiles, a white 4-legged bathtub, and a shower with a glass door. Very, very snazzy. Hair brushes lying on the sink also. Alunya looks in the fogged up mirror and normally a leftist like her should detest all this expensive decadence, but she turns her eyes to the shower and giggles to herself. This is going to be fun, Alunya says, undressing and sliding open the shower door to see Grace.

Grace is showering with her long, wet blonde hair reaching all the way down. The monarchist is too busy letting the water cascade down from the shower head and getting wet. The ambient running water sound fills her ears and sounds heavenly. Warm, running water sprinkling all over the princess.

This is her chance to know Grace better.

Alunya gives her silly catgirl smile, blushing and reaching for soap.

*Brought soap, comrade Grace <3 Alunya says, lathering Grace with soap, helping her clean up.*

Alunya observes Grace has a smooth, pearly complexion; she obviously doesn't work very much with this pale skin. This gives Alunya time to admire Grace-chan and caress her all over with her soapy hands. Alunya never thought having a revolutionary shower with a princess would be so enchanting.

Grace inhales and cries out—

***ALUNYA YOU WEREN'T INVITED!***

Alunya is startled, uplifts her neko ears. *Sorry, your royal highness; comrades shower together (◡ ◡)*

Grace shows her furious eyes and says, *Don't call me that; I am NOT your comrade.* Grace gives a Hmph sound. >\_> The blonde dame huffs at Alunya. Turning around to shower with the imperial sway of her hair. Grace finally says, *Shouldn't you hate me?*

Alunya coos, *Not if I get to re-educate you with our revolutionary love~*

Grace closes her eyes with indignation. *Don't get me started, Alunya.*

Alunya spends her time washing Grace-chan's hair. Bringing her hands together and clasping strands of the sunny hair with the soap. Rinsing it out with patience and peaceful contemplation. Altogether with the sound of the running water covering them both. This is a blissful time for Alunya. She happily closes her eyes and proceeds to wash Grace with renewed enthusiasm.

Grace sighs, *You must style yourself as my lady of the bedchamber*

*...had the task to wait upon the queen by helping her wash, dress and undress, and so forth...*

Alunya replies, *If it so pleases you, comrade Grace~ I always help a comrade in need: an act of mutual aid*

Grace and Alunya would spend quality time in the shower together for the most of the morning. Later that morning, Grace dawned on her towel and left for her bedroom—and locked the door this time, so Alunya doesn't attend her uninvited—but for the rest of the time they had together the two anonymous roommates became well acquainted despite their differences.



Alunya was out in the city, walking aimlessly. Or at least that's what she would have told if someone were to ask her. But as she kept returning to the same crossing again and again, with increasing frequency, she had to admit to herself that she was here for a reason. And that reason soon appeared.

Alunya immediately spotted her. It was hard not to, with her beautiful blond hair and old-timey purple dress. She stood out of the crowd. Alunya happily called out to Grace-chan and quickly crossed the street. But it seemed Grace-chan did not hear her, and kept on walking. As Alunya caught up to her, she gently embraced her from behind. "Guess who?" she asked, but it startled Grace-chan and she jumped a little. Alunya let her escape her embrace. "Oh, it's just you. What were you thinking, scaring me like that. You need to work a little on your manners, Alunya." she said with a red face. "Good afternoon Grace-chan! I called out to you, but you seemed not to notice. Are you walking home from work? I was just out window shopping and was wondering if you would like to come with me. It's Friday, after all." replied Alunya. "Window shopping? This time without a hammer, I hope?" Alunya let the comment slip and Grace continued. "I would certainly like to accompany you, my dear Alunya, but I am afraid I have different plans for today. I was planning to pay a visit to the Monarchy Club tonight." "Didn't you have a fall out with those guys over constitutionalism? Come on, come with me!" With this, Alunya grabbed Grace-chan's right hand with both of her hands and looked at her with a pleading face. This convinced Grace-chan.

While walking, Grace-chan was complaining about her boring office job and the Monarchy Club. Alunya listened to her, but she barely could pay attention as her mind was too preoccupied with her plans for tonight. She knew that Grace-chan liked her, or at least wanted to believe that she did, but she needed a situation where she could allow her to admit it to herself. Grace-chan really cared about how she looked in the eyes of the others, even if she couldn't always tell if people were staring at her because they liked her dress or because they thought she came from the Renaissance fair. There was no way Grace-chan would let Alunya get closer to her in public, they needed to be alone.

Finally Alunya had an idea. She pointed at the nearby high-rise, and interrupted Grace-chan, who was still ranting about her coworkers: "Hey, why don't we go up to the roof of that building and watch the sunset from there?" "Does one of your friends live there?" Alunya nodded no. "Does someone you know live there?" Alunya nodded no again. "Then how do you plan to go up to the roof?" she asked. "Well, that's easy! We will sneak in!" This made Grace-chan pause for a moment. "But what if we get caught?" she asked nervously. "Don't worry, I've done it plenty of times." Grace-chan looked at her in a way that made Alunya uncomfortable, so quickly added: "For banner drops and the like. It's easy, come." She grabbed Grace-chan's wrist and aimed for the building's door. Grace-chan followed her.

As they approached the door, an old lady was coming out. "Good evening!" Alunya said in an upbeat voice. "Good evening girls, are you coming in?" replied the old woman as she held the door open for them.



"Yes please and thank you!" replied Alunya happily. They were inside. Grace-chan leaned over to Alunya and whispered to her: "What if she alerts the police?" "Why would she? She willingly let us inside." "Well, you look a bit like a troublemaker." "To be fair I am a bit of a troublemaker. But I'm sure she thought better of your company." Still holding Grace-chan by the wrist, they started climbing the stairs.

Grace-chan was huffing and panting when they reached the top. "I sure hope she really did not call the cops, I couldn't run even if I wanted to." Alunya was looking at the door. "It's locked." she said. "Oh great, we have gone through all this trouble for nothing. I don't blame you Alunya, but this was a bit too much for me." She turned and wanted to go down but Alunya, still holding her by the wrist, gently pulled her back. "It's open now." Alunya said and pulled the door open a little. "How?!" cried out Grace-chan. "Kitty claws can be pretty useful, you know." grinned Alunya. She opened the door wide open, and bowed a little as she let Grace-chan exit before her.

Grace-chan raced to the ledge of the roof as soon as she saw the scenery, dragging Alunya with herself, who still refused to let her wrist go free. "It's so beautiful!" Grace-chan said in amazement. "Thank you for bringing me here, Alunya." "Oh, it's nothing, really." she replied and let her hand slide down from Grace-chan's wrist to her palm, interlocking their fingers. Grace-chan did not visibly react, and Alunya took this as a good sign. She started caressing Grace-chan's hand with her thumb.

Grace-chan was mesmerized by the scenery. Her gaze danced around the strange geometric shapes that made up the various buildings of the city, gently followed the tram that slowly crept down in the streets, raced through the wide boulevard towards the horizon, and finally found the descending Sun, which was already touching the top of a far-away mountain range. Alunya watched Grace-chan, her visible amazement made her happy. She pointed at a building. "That's where your office is." "Oh, it really is! Alunya, you have such amazing eyes!" "Your eyes are very special, too. That beautiful emerald colour..." Alunya lost her previous self-confidence, and struggled to finish her sentence. It seemed that Grace-chan was only interested in the scenery, she barely even looked at her. She let Alunya hold her hand, but Alunya wasn't sure if it wasn't just politeness. Maybe she wasn't interested in her at all? Maybe she couldn't get over their political differences? Maybe she hated her, and was currently plotting how she could make Alunya meet the same fate as Pinelli did. The building was more than tall enough for it. She started to regret coming here. There's no way Grace-chan could love a catgirl like her.

Suddenly Grace-chan let go of Alunya's hand and turned towards her. "I, too, have something to show. Please close your eyes for a moment." Alunya couldn't believe her ears! Grace-chan had something for her, and she even took the initiative! She never would have thought that her passive princess, who always closed herself in her castle and wouldn't let anyone in without a prolonged siege, would not only open the gate for her, but drain the moat and come outside to greet her and invite her inside. She closed her eyes as her heart was racing with excitement. Finally, this couldn't mean anything else, Grace-chan was going to kiss her! And for a brief moment, she felt something wet on her lips.

Then something popped. She opened her eyes in confusion. Grace-chan was blowing bubbles at her. "Aren't they pretty" Grace-chan giggled, and continued, "they look so nice in this sunset. My boss gave me this soap bubble thing today as a gift, for staying an extra hour. The light refraction looks most splendid at this time of the day."

Alunya's heart sank. She was devastated. She turned away from Grace-chan, towards the ledge, and looked down. Her love was mocking her. Now it was clear that she has completely misunderstood Grace-chan. She hates her. If she tried to throw her down now, she was sure she would even help her. Or just jump on her own. She already did so much for Grace-chan, one last favour wouldn't matter anymore. And the way she has lost her breath climbing the

stairs, there's no way this fragile little princess could throw her over the ledge. So she might as well jump on her own. Alunya started crying.

"Oh no, Alunya, is something wrong? I thought you would like it. Is it because it's water and you are a cat?" "Stop mocking me!" "I'm not mocking you, did I do some—" "Shut up!" Alunya erupted. "After all I did for you, all they ways I tried to make you happy, and this is what I get... why do you hate me so much?" "I don't hate you, Alunya. I thought we were friends." "Friends, sure, that's why I always have to drag you along, why you are never up for anything, why you never invite me. And for the first time, you have shown some initiative of your own, and you used it to mock me. And I thought you would..." Alunya suddenly fell into silence and started looking at the depth before herself even more intensely. "You thought I would?" asked Grace-chan with fear in her voice. "I thought you would kiss me." admitted Alunya and started crying again.

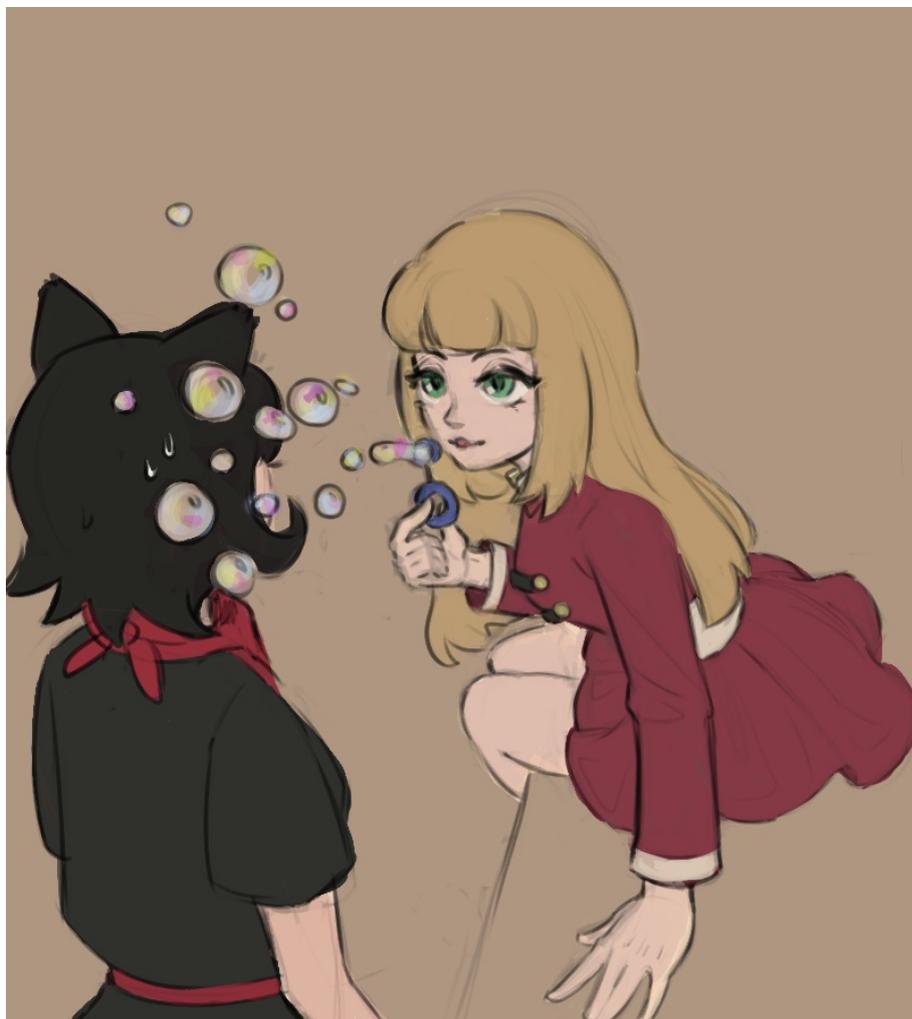
Grace-chan stepped behind Alunya, and hugged her with one hand, while she put her other hand on her head, between her cat-ears. "Oh my dear Alunya, I didn't know." she said while holding the crying catgirl firmly and caressing her hair. Alunya started calming down, while Grace-chan continued. "You know what I am like. Despite my clothes and silly mannerisms, I don't really feel like a royalty. I'm too much of a coward to lead, I just go with the flow, let people boss me around. I'm just not strong enough. But for you, Alunya, today I will do my first deed. Today I will do what I want, without anyone telling me what to do, or anyone stopping me from doing it. Today we will both get what we want!"

She grabbed Alunya by her shoulders, and turned her towards herself. Then she used one hand to cover Alunya's eyes, and another to pull her closer. Alunya's heart started racing with excitement again. This time, the wetness that found her lips tasted lasted for long minutes, and made her happier than ever.

"I just had no way to know you were a lesbian, Alunya, I couldn't risk it."

"I even put a lesbian flag pin on my bandana to let you know."

"Oh, I thought that was for republican Spain."





It was the mid-summer's festival once more with their annual fair, rides and attractions for all to enjoy. From the site of the famous love ferris wheel rumored to make true love spark with those that have rode the ride together, to the sites and sounds of joy and music that feels the humid summer evening. A time to enjoy life with those that you care about and let loose with little care about the struggles of life and their hardships. This evening was a special night for two young women as they entered the fairgrounds together.

It was Alunya and Grace together as they walked through the gates. What made it special was instead of Alunya making the decision to go out doing something like this it was Grace. After hearing about Rumors of the Love Ferris Wheel, it got her thinking maybe tonight would be the night to admit those feelings that she was hiding. To let the cat girl know how she truly felt and maybe find out what Alunya's hard shell had cracks or not.

Grace herself was wearing a long floating purple summer dress, slip on sandals, and a large sun hat which held a flower, a tulpa pink in collar. While Alunya wearing a pair of leather shorts, a blank and red tank top, and her black booties.

With a grin Alunya gives Grace a little nudge on her arm and says, "You know Grace, I didn't expect you to be going all out on this aesthetic of 'village girl' so unfitting for your royal tastes."

Puffing out her cheeks annoyed Grace fires back, "Well you just don't understand dear Alunya, that this style is very feminine and fitting of someone of my stature!"

Alunya shrugs a bit and pokes at Grace's puffed up cheek, "Right, and you usually go more all out on your attire."

Huffing Grace seemed a little annoyed getting teased like this. But it was true this was a lot more slim down than what she would have normally worn. That is because Grace was trying not to draw too much attention as she really wanted this to be a date between her and the catgirl. The two approached one of the game stands, hanging as prizes were several different plush toys, one catching the eye of the blonde. It was a grumpy looking cat ball, as it reminded her of Alunya on most days when she wasn't being the target of the catgirl's teasing. It wasn't like she didn't enjoy Alunya being around and made her heart race fast.

The big brawly and joyful man that ran the stand letting off a hearty laugh, "Hello ladies, would you be interested in trying your luck knocking down these bottles, if you can knock down a stack you can win any of my prizes you see here." he gestured moving his arms up and around with the different plushies.

"Hmm, don't see why not lets give it a shot I am willing to try." Alunya mentions grabbing on of the balls in front of her, three tries to get a prize.

"Hmph, not like I am expecting you to win but I am sure such a simple game like this would fair no challenge to someone of your caliber." Grace Remarks as she grabs a ball herself.

Grace went first rubbing the ball in her hands then with an overhand throw misses the bottles as the ball hit the wall behind it. This left the blonde in an awestruck state, how could such a simple game be a lot harder than it appears. Huffing she takes the second ball,

rubbing it similar to the first time throwing it forward without aiming at the target. It was far too the right as the ball bounces back down to the ground after contact with the wall. Now extremely frustrated now as the cackling of Alunya as she watched Grace get upset over what she called an easy game. This was the last attempt, she had to get it this time otherwise she would not hear the end of it from Alunya. Grabbing the last ball rubbing it once more whispering sweet nothings to it as she takes a moment to aim this time and throws. The ball hits the bottom of stack barely missing the bottles. A defeated sigh escaped Grace's lips as Alunya snorted and snickered.

"Such an easy game huh Grace?" Alunya remarks with a grin on her face rolling the ball in her hand.

"Oh you hush there Alunya, just throw your ball already not like you will get it on the first try anyways hmph." she puffed crossing her arms facing away from Alunya.

"Watch and Learn Grace!" Alunya remarks with a cocky smile, as she threw the ball smashing the center of the bottles on her first try with a pitcher's throw.

"We have ourselves a Winner~!" the game operator bellowed out as he says, "Alright ma'am why don't you get yourself a prize."

Grace was in shock that this just happened, puffing again as she was staring at the grumpy cat plush once more. Alunya looking through the corner of her eye notices this and decides to pick the cat plush.

"This one please." Alunya said pointing the cat plush, the game operator got it down for her.

"Enjoy the rest of your evening ladies!" he says waving to them as the duo left the stand.

Grace even more huffy and puffy now than before looked at Alunya with a pouty face. While Alunya was walking with the black cat plush tucked under her chin and says remarks:

"Sorta looks like me huh Grace." she remarks making a similar grumpy face.

"Hmph suits you too well Alunya dear, you are very much like that plushie that I believe looks much like you." Grace mentions as she tries to hide the fact that she was really happy that Alunya gotten the Toy to begin with.

Tilting her head a bit as the Catgirl wasn't blind to the body language of Grace and gives her a grin. Offering the toy to Grace.

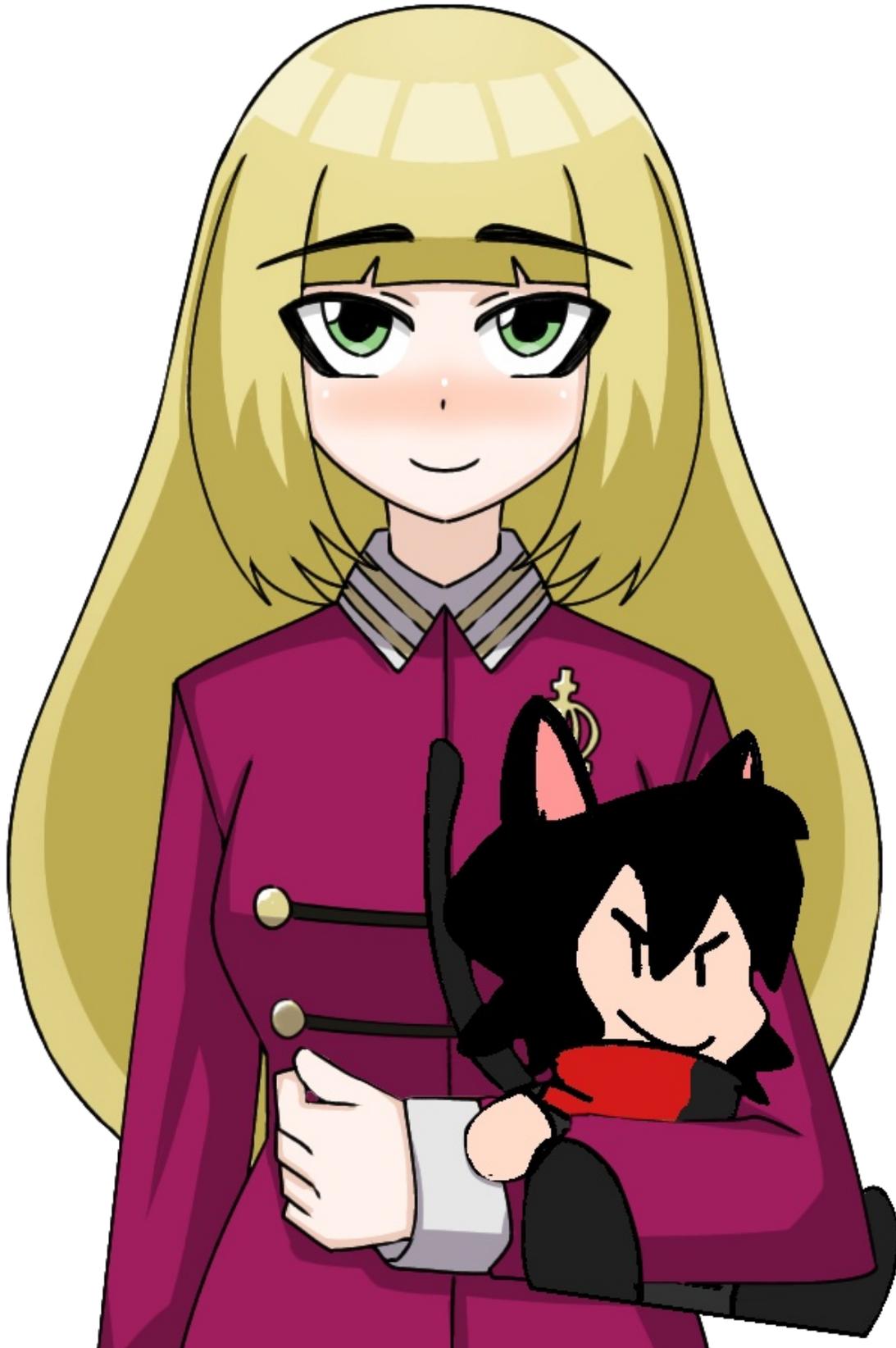
"I noticed you been looking at the toy for a while now and I figured if you couldn't win it I would get it for you. How about it want it?"

At that moment Grace's face turned a bright red, this was happening just like romance novels and shoujo comics she had read. There was no way real life was like those things, her chest was beating faster as she accepts the toy. Hugging it with glee as she lets out a happy little squeal of joy, victory. Doing a little spin with it as Alunya couldn't help but shrug her shoulders and smiles and lets out a small laugh.

"Someone is happy they got the toy they were eyeing earlier." Alunya remarks as she couldn't help but feel happy herself.

Realizing what she had done Grace hides her face behind the toy. Puffing her cheeks a little as she would look over the toy a little.

"Look its not like I wanted the toy or anything like that. It was just nice of you to do something like this for me of course." Grace lying as she could feel the heat of her blush burning through the plush.



# Grace-Rodina Russian Civil war Pg 1

## *Whites*

You could hear the bottom of boots pounding against the roads. Spirits were high, cheers all around. There was only one thought on everyone's mind as they marched. The red menace would be swept out of the caucuses and soon, the motherland. The cities of Maykop and Armavir were taken. The next in sight was Stavropol. The officers reassured the troops it would be a sweeping victory. The General told them to knock it off.

“Arrogant offices are as good as dead”.

Grace has mixed emotions on the subject. On one had, the disgusting blight that taken over the Empire was being defeated. On the other hand, the men to do so clearly had their own motives. Especially one Anton Denikin, general of the volunteer army. She recalled how he scoffed the idea of allowing a descendant of the Royal Family usurp him in command. Of course a peasant would everything in their power to cling onto the little power he's obtained. No class in a bone of his body. Though she had to admit, he wasn't a bad general. On contrary, Southern Russia was as good for the whites. Still, she had her reservation on this movement. The dreaded Left Socialist-Revolutionaries were accepted in the ranks, the putrid worms that started this whole mess and allowed for the country to be prepped like lambs to slaughter for the Bolsheviks. And yet.

“They had the decency to...” tears began to well up in her eye, their warmth contrasting the now cooling autumn.

No, I can't think of that.

Still, streams of tears kept crawling down her cheeks as the thought back of when news first broke. As soon as those dreaded words entered her ears, a pit formed in her stomach, her heart began to feel the pain of a thousand needles. Her knees gave out.

The King had died, executed at the hands of Reds.

She can remember the uncontrollable tears, the sudden rush of vomit up her throat, the chill and shivering of her body. For days she languished, unsure what to do. But at the end of the day, she was a noble, and she had a duty to God's chosen to avenge him, destroy those who wronged him and return the throne to its rightful place.

And yet, when victory was so close, she still couldn't hold back tears. A soldier approached her, asking if everything was ok. Immediately, like on command, her tears began to dry up and a scowl drew itself across her face

“I am just fine. You shouldn't break formation”. He stepped back at this sudden tone shift and immediately rejoined his troop. She stared at him for a good while before looking forward, determined as ever.

The rightful House of Romanov will rule these lands once more. I'll make sure of it.





The two were walking around the fair grounds for much of the evening taking in the sights and sounds of the festival. Grace was still lost in thought about what had happened, 'There is no way this is happening right now. This has to be some kind of dream or something right?' 'No Grace, this is real you invited Alunya here to finally confess your feelings for her. You got this Grace.' she reminded herself of the objective at hand.

Alunya was looking at Grace for a moment and noticed that she was looking at her hand. Offering her hand to Grace she smiles a bit and says, "Want to hold my Hand?"

Dumbfounded Grace was taken aback by this, what was happening right? Was this really happening, she started to become shy as she nodded her head a little, taking one arm off from around the plush. Giving it the much relief from the death grasp that Grace had it in, as she slowly reaches for Alunya's hand taking it. Once they were holding hands they were interlocked, trying to hide her excitement from the fact that she was holding hands with the person she had developed feeling for. These developments were just like from her Romance Novels and Shoyo Comics (Of which she did not want to have Alunya find out about as she would get teased about it more). Alunya only chuckles a bit seeing this happen before her, it was nice seeing Grace Happy.

"Well someone is enjoying themselves, if you wanted to hold my hand so much why didn't you say something about it earlier?" she asks with a smile.

Puffing out her cheeks Grace looks away but answers shyly, "Its not like I wanted to hold your hand or anything like that. I..I just wanted to know how your hands felt after all I thought it be like something from my Romance Novels."

It took a moment for Grace to realize what she said hiding her face into the plushie again. This made Alunya laugh a little, "Well if that is the case then I am sure you also liked it when I complimented on your food it was really good, and even when I petted your head."

Trying to not allow her joy to escape her lips but she said, "Y..Yes I really did enjoy that. It felt nice to be complimented on the work I done I did for myself, and because I wanted to for someone else. I really liked it when you praised me and petted my head it made me feel nice and giddy inside. Look Alunya, there is a lot I want to say but I want to say it when we get on the Feris Wheel."

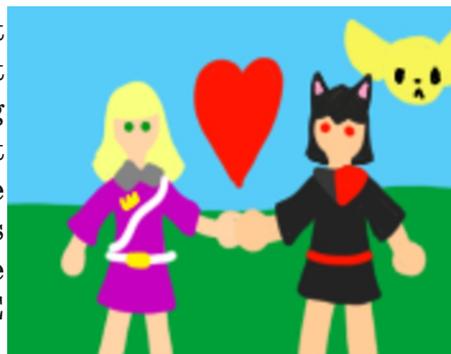
Nodding in understanding Alunya says, "Sure Grace we can go c'mon."

Grace took the lead she was excited about the events that were going to take place. She was finally going to be truthful to Alunya about everything she was feeling at this moment. 'Alright Grace you did it. Now you just got to let her know how you truly feel. None of this Tsundere Stuff, let her melt your heart. Allow your true self be freed from the ice around you. ' Feeling the butterflies in her stomach as nothing was going to take her down from her high right now as the two approached the Feris Wheel.

They were greeted with a small line and the operator of the attraction. It only took five minutes before they got a chance to get on, when they did they sat on separate sides. The cart was making its slow ascent towards its peak, from below the town looked light fireflies, while the night skies glistened with the Super Full moon close to being touched, as the stars

danced and flickered. Grace's Emerald Green Eyes stared into Alunya's crimson red eyes. The plushie was sitting in Grace's Lap as she let out a sigh, 'Its now or never Grace just do it.' calming herself enough to finally speak,

"Alunya, I want to let you know how I feel about you. I didn't know I could feel this way despite us having such different perspectives of life, yet here we are together from holding hands, to living together, and even going out on this date. At first, I thought my feelings were that of friendliness but as we started to get know each other it was then when these feelings deepened. N..No more Tsundere act I am going to tell you here and now how I feel. ALUNYA, I LOVE YOU WILL YOU BE MY LOVER!" she says out loud feeling her heart beating fast, she did it consequences be damned she admitted it.



Stunned, Alunya did not know what to say at first, but she collected her thoughts and gave a cheeky smile, "You know Grace actions speak louder than words, so let me show you my feelings for you."

Alunya move forward, as Grace closed her eyes realizing what was happening, the two of them kissed under the moon lit night at the top of the Feris Wheel, Cliche as this was Grace did not care she was happy, tears started to run down her face as Alunya reciprocated the feelings. Holding each other in a hug as the held the kiss for a moment longer before breaking it, as the two panted a little catching their breath.

"Does that answer your question dearest Grace?" Alunya being cool about the situation.

"Y..Yes my dear Alunya, I am so happy right now you don't even understand. I planned for this perfect night and it happened almost like a fairy tail."

"Well it was as real as it can get. I am glad you finally got the chance to tell me how you felt, I thought I would have to keep waiting for you to drop your act." Alunya remarks with a small tease.

Puffing her cheeks, a little but she couldn't stay mad for too long but let's off a guanine smile of her own, "I know, but I didn't expect you to like someone others find obnoxious, as I can be sometimes. while also just being nice to me despite our clear differences in how we view things."

With a small peck on the cheek Alunya pet Grace's head and says, "Nah, at first I did but when I got to know you better it wasn't so bad, and I appreciate all you do to make yourself a better person, and now a partner of mine. I love you Grace, I hope your night has been the best it has been. We got plenty of more in the future if you stick with me."

Nodding her head Grace was so happy grinning from ear to ear as the Plush toy was picked up by Grace as the ride comes to an end, letting the newly formed couple off holding hands once more as they left the grounds together as more adventures were ahead of them, but tonight it was a focus on them.



Grace and Alunya, fueled by their passionate convictions, embarked on a unique endeavor—a podcast where they debated the merits of monarchy and Marxism. In a small studio adorned with microphones and recording equipment, they began a lively discourse, presenting their arguments to an eager audience.

As their debate reached its crescendo, a sudden commotion interrupted the recording. The studio doors burst open in flames, revealing the imposing figure of Poriky, the evil CEO, flanked by his sinister minions. His shrill laughter and cigar smoke filled the room, shattering the refined atmosphere of polite intellectual debate.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? A podcast promoting ideologies I despise!" Poriky sneered, his voice dripping with malice. "I couldn't resist crashing this little gathering of yours."

Grace and Alunya exchanged glances, realizing that their activities had drawn the attention of a formidable adversary. They stood tall, their beliefs unwavering, as Poriky's minions encircled them, with evil smiles, intent on silencing them.

Poriky, reveling in his display of power, leaned against a nearby table.

"You two, with your grand ideas of monarchy and Marxism, you're nothing more than inconsequential dreamers. Allow me to show you the true power of unfettered capitalism!"

Alunya stepped forward, her voice laced with defiance. "Capitalism without regulation leads to rampant exploitation and inequality. It prioritizes profit over the well-being of the working class. We stand for a system that addresses these injustices and empowers those who have been marginalized."

Grace, her regal poise undeterred, added, "Monarchy, in its essence, is a unifying force that brings stability and continuity to a nation. It embodies a deep connection to history, culture, and tradition. We advocate for a monarchy that embraces compassion and ensures the welfare of all its subjects."

Poriky's laughter reverberated through the room, his arrogance fueling his disregard for their arguments. "Compassion and welfare? Nonsense! In the real world it's survival of the fittest, and I'm at the top of the food chain!"

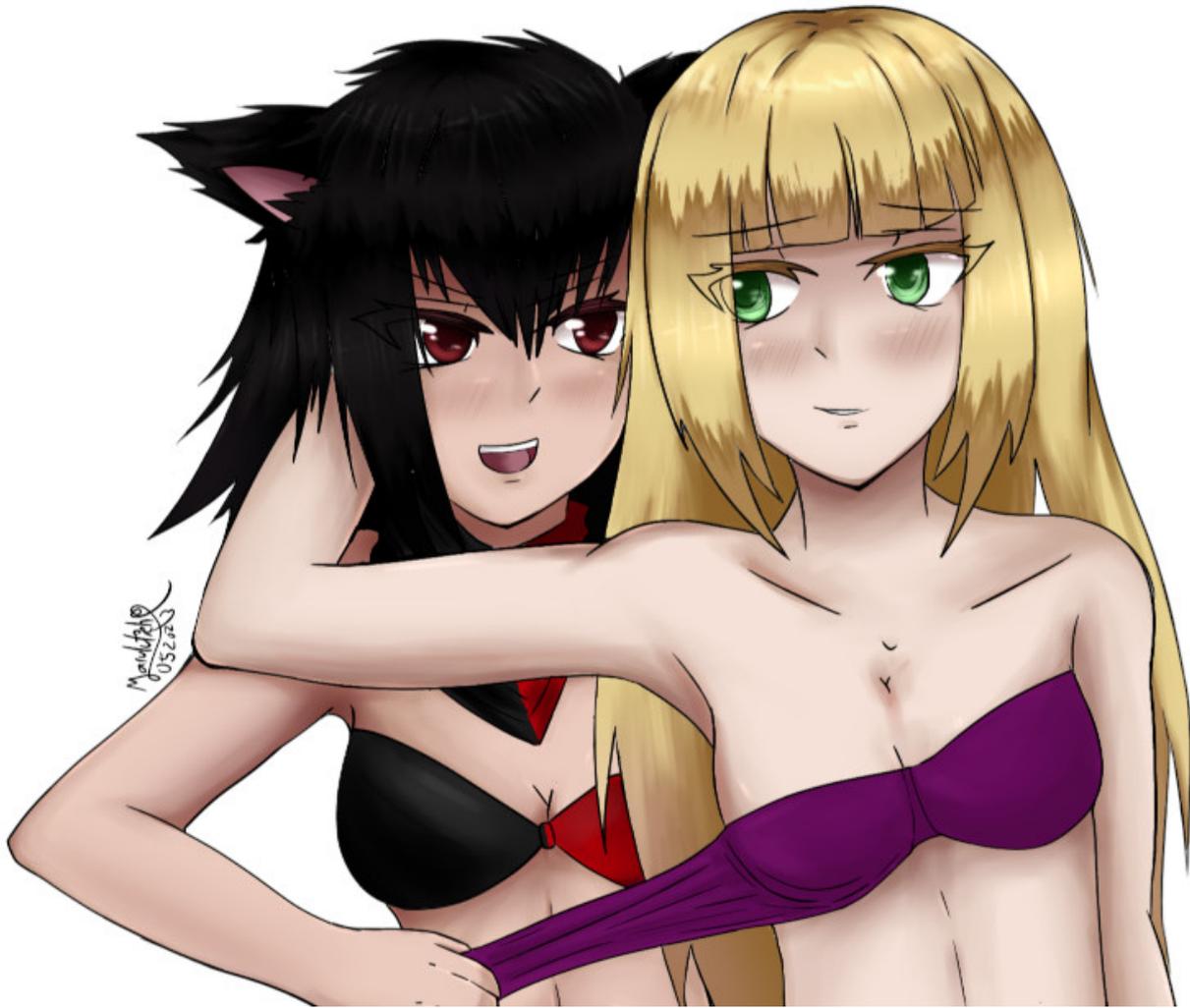
Just as Poriky moved closer to Grace and Alunya, their podcast's audience rose in collective defiance. The power of their words had resonated deeply, inspiring listeners to stand up against the tyrannical grasp of unchecked capitalism.

In an instant, the atmosphere shifted. The once-captive audience rushed to Grace and Alunya's defense, forming a protective barrier against Poriky's minions. Their voices rose in unison, proclaiming the importance of balance, fairness, and a society that values the well-being of all its members.

Caught off guard by the unexpected resistance, Poriky's bravado faltered. His minions wavered for a moment.

Grace and Alunya, bolstered by the support surrounding them, stood tall, embodying the spirit of their ideologies. They had sparked a movement, turning a simple podcast into a catalyst for change.

With a growl of frustration, Poriky retreated, his minions following suit, promising he would return one day.



The leftist weightlifting club is holding its weekly meeting at the gym. Rodina, flexing her huge muscles, is bragging: "I once parked a Yugo – without the engine running!" Tania, with her enormous muscles throbbing, pauses her deadlift to one-up her: "That's nothing! I once dragged a motorcycle for 100 meters. The engine was running – in the opposite direction, of course!"

Grace, the weakest, most pathetic member of the gym, with practically no muscles to speak of, who only comes to the gym for yoga lessons, walks by. Alunya, the biggest, most muscular leftist weightlifter, who holds all the local records, picks Grace up in princess carry, and says: "Real strength is not in spectacular feats, but in your everyday acts of love!" And she kisses Grace's cheek.

## (Unnumbered chapter)

Grace and Alunya found themselves soaring through the skies aboard Sir Gaylord's magnificent airship, propelled not by conventional means, but by the remarkable power of—love.

They gazed out at the breathtaking vistas below, scattered with mountains, lakes, and forests, holding their hands in silence and treasuring their close companionship.

Eventually, when the sun began to set across the horizon, they revived a well worn debate.

“—Marxism seeks to dismantle oppressive systems and create a society where everyone has equal opportunities and access to resources,” proclaimed Alunya.

“But Alunya my dear friend, that doesn't sound like a long term solution to the problem of running society. My ideas on the other hand provide stability and continuity in governance. Monarchy upholds tradition and fosters a sense of national identity and pride, found through dedication to the sovereign.”

Suddenly, Sir Gaylord's voice crackled over the ship's intercom.

"My dear friends, I have urgent news. It seems that Porky, the malevolent CEO, is plotting to obtain the Spherical Orb of Doom—a device that could plunge mankind into an ultra-capitalist techno tyranny."

Alunya's eyes widened with alarm. "The Spherical Orb of Doom? That sounds ominous indeed. What does he plan to do with such a device?"

Sir Gaylord's tone grew grave. "Porky is a libertarian, driven mad by insatiable greed. He aims to harness the power of the orb to consolidate his control and manipulate the masses. His billionaire friend, Biff Gezos, is complicit in this scheme, exploiting technology for their own selfish gains."

Grace's voice carried a steely determination. "We cannot allow such a dire fate to befall humanity. We must thwart their plans and protect the ideals we hold dear!"

Sir Gaylord nodded, his gaze fixed on the horizon. "Indeed, my friends. Despite our differences, we must overcome and gather allies, spread awareness, and rally those who believe in freedom, justice, and the power of love."

As the airship sailed through the skies, Grace and Alunya discussed strategies, united in their commitment to stand against the encroaching darkness.

Grace's suggestion of holding a seance to communicate with the spirit of Tsar Nicholas, the last Russian emperor, hung in the air while Alunya giggled.

"Grace, my dear friend, seeking guidance from the spirit world seems rather undialectical and silly. We should focus on practical solutions."

Sir Gaylord, however, took to Grace's defence.

"On the contrary, Grace's suggestion holds a certain appeal. Tsar Nicholas, with his experiences and insights, might offer guidance in these troubled times."

Grace's eyes lit up, grateful for Sir Gaylord's support.

"Indeed, If we can establish a connection, we may gain insight into how to counteract the nefarious plans of Porky."

Alunya's doubt remained evident, but she relented.

"Very well, if only because of my respect for you Grace, but I still reserve the right to a healthy dose of skepticism."

They gathered in a candlelit room of the airship. Sir Gaylord, with his knowledge of the

occult, guided them through the seance ritual.

As they held hands and focused their energy, Sir Gaylord channeled his intentions towards establishing a connection with Tsar Nicholas. The room fell into silence, the only sound being the soft flickering of candle flames.

Moments passed, and just as doubt began to creep in, a subtle change in the air made their hearts race. Hushed whispering seemed to resonate within the room, carrying the faint echoes of a distant voice.

"Who seeks my counsel?" the voice boomed, resonating through the room.

Grace, her voice steady, spoke into the void.

"Your Imperial Majesty, it is I, Grace, a devoted monarchist, seeking your wisdom and guidance in a time of great peril."

The disembodied voice responded with a tone of regal authority.

"Speak, Grace! I shall lend you my ears and offer what counsel I can."

Grace poured her heart out, explaining the dire circumstances they faced and the looming threat of Porky and his diabolical plans to enslave humanity into a neo-Randian capitalist tyranny. She sought advice on how to navigate the treacherous path ahead, protect the values they held dear, and preserve the freedom of humanity.

The spirit of Tsar Nicholas' rambled on for a few minutes as he shared stories of his own struggles.

The seance began to reach its climax. Grace, and Sir Gaylord felt a profound connection to the spirit of Tsar Nicholas, their hearts and minds open to the wisdom he imparted. Even Alunya was stunned.

But the serene atmosphere was abruptly shattered by a stumbling figure that lurched into the room. It was the priest, his cheeks flushed and breath reeking of alcohol.

"What is this sorcery?!" Father Joe exclaimed, his voice a mix of anger and bewilderment. He swayed unsteadily.

Grace, approached the priest with a gentle hand extended. "Father, please calm down! We did not mean to upset you. We were merely seeking guidance."

Father Joe's face twisted in fury as he waved his arms dismissively. "Guidance? From the spirit world? Such practices be damned!"

Alunya, retorted, "Father, with all due respect, Our intention was never to challenge your faith but to explore alternative avenues..."

"Sorcery! Heathens!" He blasted.

But Sir Gaylord stepped forward.

"Father, I understand your concerns. However, but our intentions were merely rooted in seeking alternative methods for defeating Porky and his sinister plans."

Father Joe, slumped into a nearby chair, as his anger subsided, and lit a cigarette. "Dammit ... I... I apologize for my outburst. But It's just that... I've a lot on me mind, and the thought of tampering with the spiritual realm unsettles me a lot. I don't like it one bit, but Porky and his diabolical machinations frightens me more. I dont know what to do except pray."

They decided to let bygones be bygones, and retreated to the lounge of the airship where they rested.

Grace just finished cleaning up after her dinner when someone knocked on the door. She did not expect visitors or deliveries; she did not have many friends and none of them were the type to turn up unexpected. Uninvited guests are usually bad news. Still, she gathered her courage, opened the door a bit, and peeked out.

A young woman stood there, around the same age as her. She was fully clothed in black. Black boots, long black trousers, black gloves, a black shirt with long sleeves, a black scarf hid most of her face, even her hair was black. The stranger pulled her scarf down, revealing her face, and pleaded: "Please let me in!" So Grace stepped aside, the stranger slipped in, quickly closed the door behind her, and sat down with her back to the door, breathing heavily.

Grace wasn't sure why she let this intruder in. She already regretted it and started thinking about a plan to get rid of her. She could be dangerous. Some strange person clad in black; what if it is a terrorist, a bomb throwing anarchist? They were everywhere in the city recently. Even this morning, as Grace was commuting to work, there was a protest that held up her bus. She was late to work, and had to spend the whole morning listening to her boss lecturing her about punctuality. She then spent her lunch break in the toilet, crying. Powerful politicians from around the world were gathering in the city to discuss matters important to them. Grace did not care much about these ministers; they can deal with their issues among themselves. But troublemakers are attracted to powerful people like flies are attracted to excrement, and they followed them here.

The intruder waved at Grace to join her on the floor. She kneeled down and sat on her heels, afraid of what would happen if she did not follow the orders. She noticed that on top of the intruder's head was a pair of cat ears. They were adorable, and Grace watched the ears flicker nervously.

"Hey, my eyes are down here." whispered the owner of the cat ears with slight amusement. Grace gathered all her courage and lowered her eyes to meet the gaze of her intruder. She had red eyes that would not look away from her. Grace felt she was looking into those eyes for way too long, but an urge overtook her and she couldn't look away. It felt like a part of her soul had been kidnapped by those red eyes and now the rest of her soul was trying to break out of her own eyeballs to join the stolen part in the mesmerizing red abyss of this intruder's eyes.

The sound of a siren from outside broke their trance. "Do you have a window that looks to the street?" whispered the intruder. Grace pointed towards the living room. The intruder started crawling there, on all fours. Grace followed her, in the same manner. She did not like this. It was humiliating, unfit for her. She wanted to get rid of the intruder.

She did not like being ordered around in her own home, in her own domain. But she was too scared not to play along. So she went.

In the living room,



the intruder sat down next to the window. "Can you tell me what's going on outside?" she asked Grace. Grace peeked out. "It's a police car. There are two officers next to it, talking." said Grace, and gathering all her courage, she continued "Are they here for you?" The intruder nodded. "Are you dangerous?" The intruder looked at Grace, surprised. "Of course not! I was just sparypainting. They are the ones that are dangerous." Grace wasn't so sure about that.

Meanwhile the sirens stopped their deafening cries. "They've got in the car. Looks like they are driving away." she narrated. "Really?" The intruder let out a cry of joy and jumped next to Grace. There was barely any space for her to look out, and Grace was determined not to give up any more of it for her; she had given up enough today. This did not seem to bother the intruder. She put her face so close to Grace that their cheeks almost touched. Grace could feel the heat radiating from that face. Blood rushed to her own and she realized she was blushing. Why would she react this way? She turned her face away, afraid that now it was her heat that was noticable. But the intruder did not seem to care, she gently let herself fall back, taking a deep breath as she stretched out on the floor, and let out a deep sigh.

Grace felt relaxed too. Now she was sure that she did the right thing. What could have happened if the cops caught this poor catgirl? Those brutes would have beat her up for sure, or worse. Grace saved this troublemaker, she gave her shelter, she took her under her protection. Those gestures that she interpreted as orders before now felt as pleas for help. She was glad, at least she did one thing right today. But now that the danger was gone, it was time to send this troublemaker on her way.

While Grace was constructing her plan to make the troublemaker leave, the catgirl stood up and extended a hand to Grace. Grace accepted it and let her help her up. The catgirl shook Grace's hand and introduced herself: "I'm Alunya. Thank you for saving me." "You are most welcome. I am Grace, welcome to my home." With the formalities out of the way, Grace wanted to bow Alunya out. "Now, if you would excuse me, could you please—" But the catgirl interrupted her: "Can I please use the toilet?" As it looked urgent, Grace showed her where it was.

While her guest was away, Grace had some time to think it over. Vandalism was pretty dumb, but it is not an inexcusable crime. Maybe they could still become friends. She would have liked a new friend, it was getting pretty lonely lately. But since her guest was likely here to protest, they probably had their political differences. Could they get over it and become friends? She was trying to come up with a plan to figure that out.

Soon her guest emerged from the toilet. In new clothes! It was still mostly black, but Grace found it friendlier and not as intimidating as before. The trousers were replaced by a short black skirt, the shirt with a black T-shirt. A bright red belt adorned her hip. Instead of the scarf she now wore a half-black half-red bandana around her neck. Grace noticed that her hair was short, barely touching her shoulders. "Well, how do you like it?" asked Alunya as she struck a pose. "Oh, it's very cute! It really suits you." said Grace happily. Alunya stepped closer and leaned in to take a good look at Grace's clothing. "Your outfit is really cute, too, I like this purple dress. It looks very elegant. And your golden hair is so beautiful, it really brings out the emerald of your eyes. Plus your hair style, it's so cool!" Grace was happy to hear that. "Thank you! It's called a "hime cut", it's how Japanese princesses used to wear their hair." she replied. "Oh, I did not know that! You really do look like a princess!" Grace was elated. Maybe they could be friends, after all.

Alunya turned around and took a good look at the nearby bookshelf. She studied the titles carefully. Grace stepped next to her happily; books are another topic dear to her heart, she was sure she could impress her guest with her collection. "Do you like them?" Grace asked. "You have so many books!" replied Alunya, and continued: "Personally I prefer science fiction, but fantasy can be entertaining, too." This confused Grace. "What do you mean,

fantasy? These are serious philosophical works!" "Oh, so you really are a monarchist, are you not?" Grace nodded yes and watched as Alunya's cat ears wilted in disappointment. Maybe they can't be friends after all.

A deep silence befell the two, but it passed on as quickly as it came, as Alunya's stomach let out a deep growl. "Uh, sorry about that." she said, seemingly embarrassed. Grace wanted to cheer her up. "Don't worry. I have some leftover Kaiserschmarrn if you would like some." It did make Alunya smile. "Oh I would certainly like to smack a Kaiser!" Alunya joked, but then quickly added: "I'm sorry, I don't want to offend you. I don't have anything against you, it's just... strange, you know?" Grace just waved at her to follow her into the kitchen.

Grace set the table for Alunya and put the food in the microwave. While they were waiting for it to heat up, Alunya asked her about the food: "It looked really sweet and special, did you have this for dinner today because you are celebrating?" Grace replied: "It is dessert. But I had nothing to celebrate today. I usually eat this when I am in a bad mood, to cheer myself up." she admitted. "Oh, are you in a bad mood today? Did something happen?" asked Alunya. Grace hesitated for a moment before answering; it was a bit embarrassing. "I was late for work, and my boss shouted at me because of it." She did not mention why she was late. Alunya jumped up from the table. "You shouldn't let your boss boss you around! Remember: the boss needs you, you don't need the boss!" Grace was amused by Alunya's sudden outburst. "Calm down, Alunya" she said, giggling. "I did not expect to find a knight in you." Alunya seemed confused but she sat down again, just in time for the microwave oven to finish its job.

Grace put the food before Alunya. "Let's eat!" Alunya cheered before taking a spoonfull. After her first taste, she erupted: "Oh, it's really good! You are an amazing cook, Grace!" Grace was elated to hear this. To make someone this happy with her food! Surely this is how kings must feel when they see their subject prosper under their rule. She felt like a queen. But still, when her guest finished her meal, the only thing on Grace's mind was to get rid of her. It was getting late and she was tired.

Alunya grabbed her plate and went to the sink. "Oh don't worry about it", Grace stopped her, "it's pretty late and I am sure you need to be at home already." Alunya laughed it off. "It's okay, it's barely anything, I'm used to cleaning up after myself." She was done with the dishes in a minute, and turned to Grace: "Now, why don't we watch some anime before I go? As a reward for helping with the chores." Grace wasn't sure if this was meant to be a joke or not, but she felt defeated. What could she do? You can't just kick out a guest. She felt it was her duty to be welcoming. If there was nothing she could do, they might as well enjoy some time together.

They sat on the sofa and Grace turned the TV on. The show barely started when Grace felt Alunya lean on her, with her head falling on Grace's shoulder. Grace froze. Her heart beat rapidly as blood filled her face. To feel her body so close to hers, and they only met this afternoon! She did not dare move, afraid that it would wake her. But she started thinking, thinking about how she could keep her guest around, silently working on a grand plan that would unite them forever. She dozed off imagining all the happiness that awaited.

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"Hey Alunya, do you remember when we first met? You fell asleep and your head fell on my shoulder..."

"Oh, I was still awake. I remember how red it made your face, you looked adorable."

"What?!"