

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: nyooooo 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..."

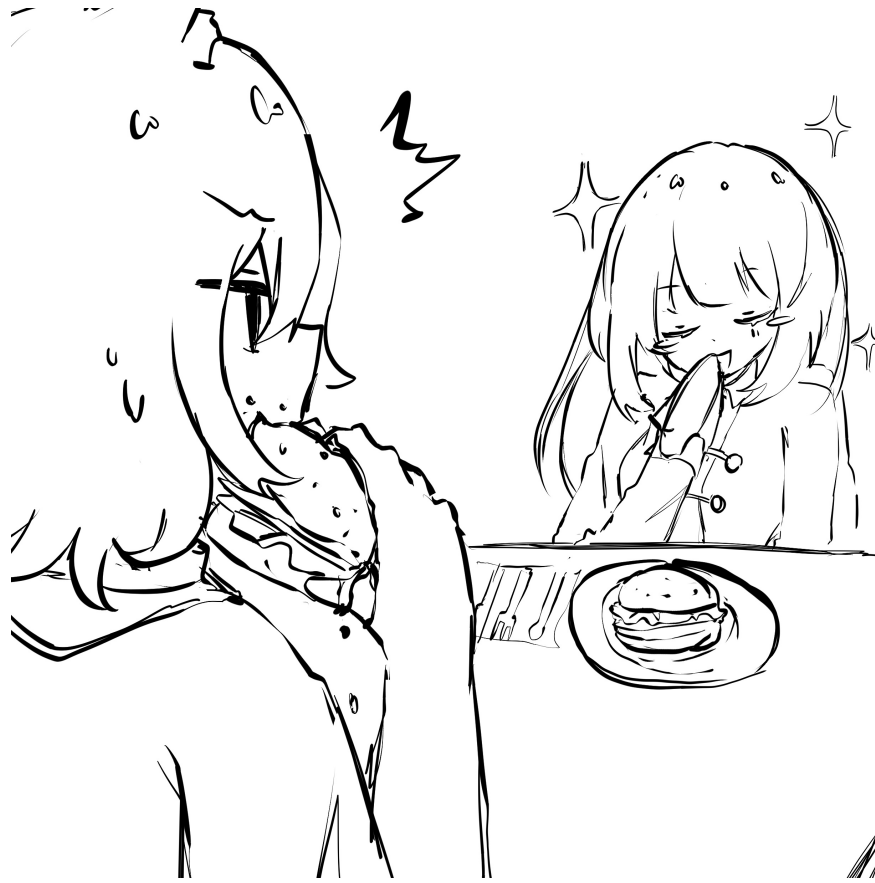
All of a sudden Alunya pushed Grace-chan against the wall with a momentary desire and placed her hand next to her. "You silly princess, the only existent property relation is you being mi-."

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.





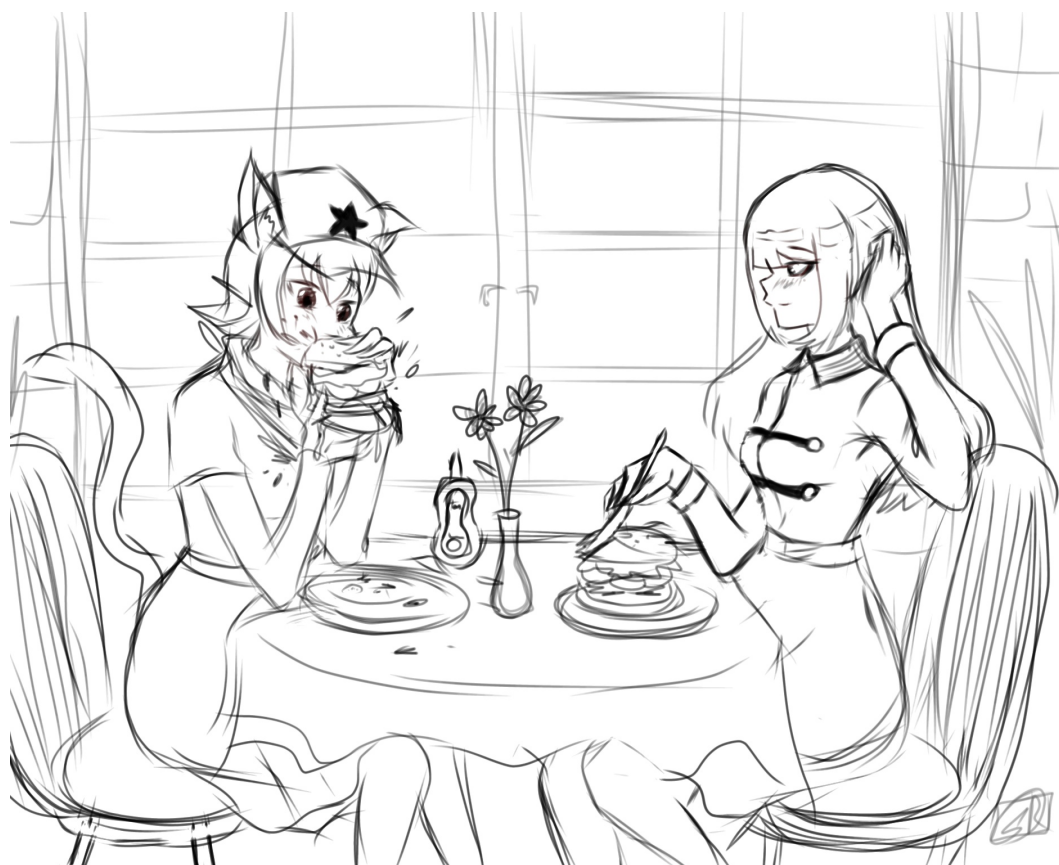
"I thought you would never show up." said Grace-chan in an annoyed voice, trying to hide her excitement. "I still don't understand why you had to choose this restaurant." "Why not?" replied Alunya. "They have good hamburgers. Plus you said you would pay, so we might as well eat something good for once. 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.