

Chapter Four: A Bunny's Perseverance!

In the process of boosting Galahad's natural defenses with the Ichor infused into her blood, Rachel spent ninety minutes overlooking her Feats and what upgrades she'd gained since her change.

She was certainly built for speed, and in three weeks, she'd managed to go from Level 1 to Level 12; well, more specifically, she'd done that in a matter of days, but that was beside the point. Anthony and the girls had more or less gotten up to Level 10 since their Miami encounter, and if she were to hazard a guess, Arthur, Jeanne, and Charlemagne were around the same.

There was a drawback to EXP gain that had become increasingly evident from what she'd heard from their ventures into Anthony and Barbara's Quest worlds. The Legend Quest that had provided the bulk of their burst EXP had been far out of the ordinary, but it wasn't only her spirit's rapid expansion that had put her on the back foot.

The Unique Moons were harsh on her spirit due to the amount of pressure all that power brought, and she was now beginning to think that on top of Nike's internal spiritual reinforcement, Eostre was somehow supporting her throughout the battle to handle the stress. Once she was outside the Legend Quest, the tulpa couldn't mitigate the damage Rachel was doing to herself.

Sitting beside Nike, she saw the blanket rise and fall with the woman's deep, peaceful breaths; the Personification had gone from ragged pants, struggling to survive, to blissful slumber as she gradually recovered. Nia had been taking good care of her, mostly when she was in her child state.

Her lieutenant was currently quite bored since there wasn't any combat or general fun activities to do. Nia sat on the opposite side of Nike's bed, going through her own status window, organizing what items her younger self had just tossed inside her storage without any kind of labeling or tags.

She still had roughly two and a half hours before her transformation time was up, and she'd be down until the following night; it meant the cooldown should be up for Scarlet's father's funeral. Of course, they could be here giving blood for another hour or two, which wasn't the most exciting thing. Rachel could relate since she'd been in bed for the past two weeks.

Taking in her upgrades, Rachel streamed out a long sigh, wondering if any of them could have advanced to the next Grade if she'd been a *little* more active. She was somewhat satisfied with her Stat Grades now:

Her **Power** Stat went from **High** to **Extremely High**, due to her Level 5 **Attack Perk**, which also bumped up her **Toughness** from **Above Average** to **High**. If she were only using her fists, then she would have tried to keep both fairly equal so she wouldn't see blowback from recoil, but her amazing hammer had changed all of that, allowing her to put three points into **Power**, and only a single point into **Toughness**.

Rachel sighed, reflecting on all the phenomenal feats she'd performed in the Legend Quest; the problem was that, yes, she could totally output that same level of destruction, yet, if she did, then she'd be bedridden again. Who knew how long she'd be down if she were this reckless a second time?

Her attention moved to **Endurance**, which was what she sunk her Level 5 **Stat Modifier Perk** into, bringing it from a dismal **Below Average** to an acceptable **Above Average**. Her two points into the Stat had certainly helped her perform longer.

[**Lunar Grace**] was huge since it bumped up **Dexterity** by one, being a core Primary Stat and providing a boost to **Speed**, **Agility**, and **Quickness**. She'd planned on putting her next Stat Point here to level out **Agility** with **Speed** and **Quickness** since the former had two points while the others had three when counting the bonus from [**Lunar Grace**].

However, their recent brush with the monstification clams made her think otherwise as her attention moved to **Tenacity**, where her **Resistances** were situated. She figured she was almost entirely immune to such mind control efforts when under the effect of any Unique or Event Moon, such as the Greater Harvest, but that was only *during* their use, which didn't prevent anything in her average state.

Overall, she saw weaknesses that she needed to fix. On another note, those weaknesses could be solved through the addition of Feats. She flipped away from her Stats. At least one of her Feat Refinements had been completed:

[**Primal Force X - Refinement**: Complete - Doubles previous growth multiplier]
[**Bringer of Misfortune II - Refinement**: 10/30 Days]

Rachel frowned at her still-refining Feat, twenty days remaining until it completed. There was no indication about what it might be refined into; it had to be good, though, with how beneficial [**Bringer of Misfortune**] had been. Her other Feat provided some clues, though.

She'd already come to the conclusion that [**Primal Force**] could be spread to those that were on her team, at least when they were nearby. It's why Barbara and Anthony had been taking the Mythickin on their Quests to exploit that growth multiplier. Yet, did that also mean it helped with the elasticity of their spirits?

As Eostre had warned her, there was a limit to how much a person's spirit could expand or soak up. The Seeds acted as a funneling device to gather energy and expand their physical, spiritual, and, she assumed, Intelligence capacities; the System was a numerical way of tracking that progress.

If [**Primal Force**] only made the funnel size bigger, then it wasn't as amazing as she'd hoped it would be. On the other hand, if it enhanced their faculties to expand further, then it was beyond priceless. It was something to test. Then again, her mother's warning about her own misfortune turning against her if she wasn't careful was something to keep in mind.

A lump formed in Rachel's throat at the thought. *Mom is still not telling me everything. It matters... but it doesn't. In the last ten days, she's barely brought anything up about the topic, but, to be fair, it's not like we've been alone together since we last spoke.*

Shaking her head and trying to get her brain straight, she attempted to push the concerns regarding her draining Lunar Energy down, yet with every drop of blood Galahad soaked up, she felt herself growing weaker. Rachel scrolled down, foot tapping against her leg. When it came to her Feats, some had their Ranks upgrade, which was far less significant than a Grade increase; still, a gain was a gain.

She found a diversion in [**Bringer of Misfortune**]. Oddly, thinking back, its Grade Advancement condition had been for her to overcome one of Fate's designs through manipulating fortune and misfortune, but it hadn't upgraded when the Lesser God of wine and insanity had killed himself. That had been a product of her manipulations, so was that inside Fate's plans?

Rachel reached up to rub her left arm, where Thalia's wolf-tooth tattoo itched; the half-Hell Hound's mark was seared into her very soul, which was par for the course when

making a contract with a Marchioness of Hell. Yet, there was something unique about it that she was only now realizing.

When I earned their respect and made that contract, somehow, I thwarted one of Fate's designs. Does that mean Nike's involvement was in Fate's plan, as well as Dionysus? Too much to consider... Hey, at least [Lunar Grace] can rank up passively, like [Strategic Mind]'s constant use, whenever I'm graceful, it adds to its growth... When am I graceful? I should pay more attention when my Feats Rank rises. Maybe I just don't see it in myself, but hey, I shaved off a second for a single charge to restore. Nice.

Glancing at her Limit Break and Achievement Feats for a moment, she swiped the menu away. There had to be a way for her to turn **[Curse: Karma]** and its Limit Break **[Retribution]** into a more usable state, but that was for another time as Nia's ears perked up.

"Cap, Jeanne is saying they're done, which means I still have two hours to myself before turning into a kit?"

"Done already, eh? At least I have 18% of my Lunar Pool left... yay." Arching her back and twisting to feel the spiritual burn, Rachel shot one last look at the sleeping 5th-dimensional being, snoozing in bed. "I bet Scarlet will be thrilled to hang, and she won't feel so left out going to the late-night shopping district with you while I'm working things out with Anthony and my mom. Get us something good for the funeral. I'll give you my mom's card."

"Roger that," Nia chirped with a salute, more than ready to do something besides twiddle her thumbs. "We've got two outfit slots left, and might I suggest giving the money to Scarlet instead since I wouldn't trust my younger side with it."

Rachel snickered. "Fair point. Also, let her get something, though; two slots means one for both of us since we can share clothes and one for Lt. Little Bun."

Nia showed a forced smile. "You have no idea how tickled it makes my younger self having my own section of small outfits all to myself... It makes me feel special. If only I weren't so messy; I had to clean up *all* of her outfits across the whole room."

"At least you clean up after yourself," Rachel mused with a wink. "It's fun hearing you talk about yourself as a totally different person."

"Oh, that's a low blow, Cap. Somehow, my kitten side is so undisciplined," Nia chuckled as they left their internal world, using the term for 'baby rabbits' that she'd learned online. "I've had my eye on winter wear for fashion more than warmth, by the way."

Rachel's eyes fluttered open, adjusting to the dim room as she worked out her stiff muscles; the needle and tube had been removed, and a bright pink bandaid with a smiley face met her. "Adorable."

"I thought you might think so," Jeanne returned with an impish grin.

Arthur stood on the opposite side of the bed, hand resting on Galahad's shoulder with a look of relief that made the handsome blond appear five years younger. "I appreciate you working through the discomfort, Rachel... You didn't have to do this; I owe you."

Standing up as Nia twinkled into existence beside her, the doctor jumped as Rachel studied the resting young man. All of the signs of Yomi's pollutants were gone, and his weary spirit seemed to have relaxed now that the internal war was over.

"I'll be sure to collect on it," she returned, scooting around the doctor for the door. "Jeanne, you can update me on the details on the road. I've got somewhere to be—actually," she paused, making the blue-eyed woman blink as she made an obvious note of looking her up and down. "... You seem to like fashion... I guess you are French, but why not hang with Nia and Scarlet until we retire for bed?"

Nia turned a critical eye to the blonde, who held her hands at her front and nodded. "I'd be happy to tag along. I don't have a funeral outfit in any case—that is where we will be going later this afternoon, correct?"

Giving Arthur a casual wave goodbye, she opened the door with the two women behind her, guards jumping into motion to guide them to the elevator.

"That's the plan, and I'd remain on your guard... I expect something to happen."

The blond man's gaze lifted. "Careful, Rachel. Merlin informed me that the Scarlet Hand is regrouping and on the move again. You shook up their initial plans and exposed them, but they have influence around the world."

"I figured as much," Rachel said, giving her a two-fingered salute and chuckle. "Tell Merlin not to cause more trouble for me to clean up."

Jeanne and Nia's attitudes sobered as they rose out of the black site and entered Arthur's vehicle; well, a US government vehicle. A Secret Service agent seemed to take over from their previous driver and took them back to the Blair House.

On the way, she texted her mother and Anthony that she'd be back shortly, and sent a message to Scarlet that she'd be busy until bedtime; she sighed when she got the girl's response.

12:23 a.m. Little Fang - *No, that's totally okay! I know you're always super busy. Everyone wants a piece of your tail, I swear! Lol. I'd be happy to hang out with the freaking Legend of Jeanne d'Arc and Big Nia! Thanks for letting me know.*

Rachel tapped her phone against her bottom lip as they pulled onto Pennsylvania Avenue.

Translation: I'm really disappointed. I know you're busy all the time, and I'm not super important. There are better things you can do than hang with me and pick out a dress for my dad's funeral. It's cool that I get to spend time with Jeanne and Nia, but I was really hoping to have you there. I guess it's better over text so she doesn't see me tear up and embarrass myself.

Closing her eyes, she tapped her forehead against the cold window, hearing Scarlet trying hard not to let her emotions show, even when they weren't in the same building since the Vespertine Reaper knew how acute her hearing was.

"Something wrong?" the Frenchwoman asked, worry in her big blue eyes. "Can I do anything to help?"

As the car came to a stop, she pulled her hairpin out to shake her hair free, handing it to Nia as she exited the vehicle. "No, it's just hard to manage my time. Nia, try to put off getting a dress as much as possible. I'll try to make it near the end, but I don't want to get Scarlet's hopes up."

A gentle smile moved her outfit's lips as the pin vanished in sparkling lights, and she lightly jabbed her shoulder on the way out. "Don't be so tough on yourself, Cap. Scarlet's a big girl."

"And news flash," Rachel returned, combing out her locks, "big girls still cry and have needs. She's going through a rough time right now, so show her a good time."

"Leave it to me!" Jeanne chimed, holding up a thumb and flashing her teeth. "From Charle's info, the best strategy is to take her to the movie section in a store and let her tell me all about her favorite cartoons."

"Anime," Nia snickered, changing both of their outfits on the fly to a more casual outing dress. "Not a bad idea, though. Yo, dude," she said, leaning into the car to talk to the Secret Service agent, "we'll be heading out again, so hold the car."

“Got it, Ma’am.”

Slamming the door shut, they walked inside. Rachel had to admit being treated as a VIP guest of the president had its perks; she had people she could boss around to do just about anything.

Scarlet met them at the front entryway, wearing an orange sweater and tight blue jeans. “Welcome back! How was the dinner?”

“Eventful,” Nia said, shooting forward to hug the girl. “We’ll talk about it on our shopping trip.”

Jeanne waved from a short distance away. “I would be more friendly, hug and kiss cheeks, but Rachel has already scolded me for such openness.”

Scarlet’s mouth fell open a little as she stared at the blonde. “I swear, you look so similar to the Fate Jeanne that it’s crazy! You’re so beautiful.”

“Aww. Thank you. I have heard the comparison often, yet have not looked into the media. Perhaps you could educate me?”

The vampire girl’s mood brightened as Rachel snuck in for her own hug. “I’d love that—oh, Rachel, your mom and Anthony are upstairs talking about—heh, I guess you’d know what they’re talking about. And Coral is sleeping with Selvaria in the White House Pool? She got permission and said she was going on a 16-hour sleep-a-thon for an experiment... I didn’t quite understand her. You?”

“Selv? No shot!” Rachel tilted her ears to the left, hearing some familiar voices nearing the building; they’d arrived shortly after they entered. “Selv is a beast all her own, but she makes for a good bun sitter. We can talk before bed or stay up all night if you want. Sorry, Scarlet.”

“No! No!” Scarlet waved her hands and darted to stand beside Jeanne, turning to show a rosy smile. “You’re doing important stuff. I’m perfectly happy.”

“Well, that’s a lie.” They jumped as the door swung open to reveal a bundled-up silver-haired woman and a tiny, sparkling fairy. “Sup, bitches. Gloomy much? Damn.”

“Maria, Fiona!” Scarlet cried, hugging the unicorn. “I thought you two were with Erika?”

Fiona jabbed her thumb across the street. “She’s staying at the Lafayette Square Hotel. She, umm, had a little *too* much to drink and passed out. She’ll be fine by the morning. What are you girls going to do?”

“Shopping,” Nia replied, ushering them out of the building. “Why don’t you join us!”

“Aye! Aye! Dammit, hold your buns,” the unicorn balked before walking around her to extend a hand to Rachel. “Fi and I talked it over, and both of us will sign onto the team if our conditions are met.”

Rachel flashed her teeth as Fiona used her magic to hold up a streaming backpack. “Fiona’s got the public image on lock with her stream, and you want the bag. I get money makes the world go round. On that note,” she snickered, “I’ve got some leads to give us some fast cash, too, chica. You game for flying out to Washington for a billionaire?”

The Mexican gangster jabbed her arm with a smile. “Now you’re thinkin’ big, Ears. You got a price for me, and what kind of split we talkin’, huh?”

“Haha. Well, it’s to get the company going, but Nia’s got the details. Oh, and before I forget...” Nia materialized her purse to extract her card and hand it to a bewildered Scarlet; it was nice being able to store things inside a bag, but unfortunately, you had to summon the item to take anything out of it. “Have fun!”

She waved them off, butterflies in her stomach as she flipped around to jog upstairs. Selvaria, Maria, Fiona, and Scarlet were onboard. Then there was Barbara; the officer was basically their personal connection to the military, which meant she was more or less a part of the company already since she was tied to them. Tom and Leo were supporting the cause, and she'd even convinced her brother to look into taking over the business part.

Feeling on cloud nine with how everything was working out, she tried to temper her expectations. Crystal Gateways were all fair and good for building EXP, but Quests were the consistent route she needed to keep ahead of the game, and she'd learned of a few limitations, as of recently, from the two Legendkin she was closest to.

Her cheer diminished, pace slowing as she made it to the top of the stairs, hearing Anthony and her mother chatting down the hall. Quests had cooldowns and conditions that needed to be met. Legends could have a few Quests open at once, from Chain Quests to Side Quests, and Main Quests, but it wasn't infinite.

They needed multiple Legendkin in order to keep up with the grind-set, and Anthony had two Greater Seeds, which were showing unique signs compared to Barbara's. She had a sneaking suspicion that Izanami had provided this circumstance for a reason; she had to keep the muscular redhead close.

Opening the door, she strode inside to drop into a couch. "You two seem to be having a lovely time chatting about my awkward teenage years. Way to be *that* mom, Mom."

Her mother swept her bangs behind her ears with a smile. "You were never the embarrassed type, so don't think you're teasing me, Sweetie. I've heard whispers that you were plotting something behind my back this morning."

Rachel lifted an eyebrow at the fire-haired Legend.

"I didn't say a word. Your mom's scary informed; she knew all sorts of stuff about Amelia and me. I can see where you get that side," he laughed as her mother winked at her. "Spy work runs in the blood, huh?"

"Pfft! I'd hardly call her sneaking into school to keep tabs on me 'spy work,' but you can call it what you want. Wait, what do you know about him and Amelia, Mom?"

Her mother put a finger to her lips. "Secrets! And that's not fair," her mother huffed, a light glare making Rachel's stomach hurt. "I was very active in your schools. Why couldn't I check up on my daughter while being on the Florida Board of Education? Those were fond years..."

Rachel's ears fell forward a tad as she recalled her mother's resignation from the board shortly after the accident. Sure, she had a lot of contacts and did a lot of community things, but it was never as big as it had been when she was younger.

"I bet they were."

Crossing her legs, she leaned against the comfortable and historic couch, where powerful people from across the world had sat. It was time to get down to business.

"Mom... I wanted to talk about your shaman powers. Did you bring your tools?"

The light atmosphere tempered as her mother sighed and, for some reason, gave Anthony a gentle smile. "I suppose it is time for me to answer that constant thunderstorm hanging over your head?"

"My what?" the man asked, glancing at her for an explanation, yet Rachel could only offer a shrug back.

Her mother rose to her feet, sparking Rachel to do the same.

“Allow me to fetch my items. I’ll only need one... the spirit world wants to be heard. Haha. For once, it is them entreating us rather than the other way around. One moment...”

Swapping to Korean and following her out of the room, Rachel grabbed her elbow.

“Wait, Mom, did the spirits tell you about Anthony’s request? How does all of this work?”

Her mother put a finger to her lips as they neared their room; her father was sleeping inside, having gone to bed at his typical time of 9 p.m. Voice becoming hushed as she opened the door, she used the hall light and cracked the door to reach her suitcase.

“I can speak to many types of entities beyond our veil; spirits are just a catch-all term people use. Many come to me for advice or help... I cannot offer much, but the world on the other side is not so peaceful and free of strife. In fact... quite the opposite. Oh, fiddlesticks, your father must have moved my bells when he was getting my perfume as I was in the shower.”

“TMI, Mom... Oh, it’s over there.”

“Where?” Her mother squinted in the dark, but to Rachel, it was as good as day. “I can’t...”

“I’ve got it,” she mumbled, moving to her mother’s side of the bed to snatch it off the bedside counter. “Dad probably...”

“Mmmgm. Do you need anything, Chan-hee?”

“No, Darling,” she soothed. “Go back to sleep; I’ll be in shortly.”

“Mmm.”

Rachel was a tad surprised to find her air locked in her lungs, trying not to make a squeak as if she were in the middle of doing something wrong. Letting it go, she was careful with the bell so as to keep it from tinkling while following her mother into the hall.

Once the door was shut, her mother chuckled and accepted the colorful brass bell. “Your father is such a light sleeper. He used to wake up every night when your brother was twelve, and he would sneak downstairs to get a midnight snack.”

“Nam? No way,” Rachel scoffed, unable to see her brother taking that risk; she heard him and his wife sleeping in a room on the 3rd level. “But seriously, Mom, I get the feeling you’re not telling me everything. I’m just... worried.”

Her mother gulped and looked down at her bell with a fond expression. “...I’m not lying to you, but I am keeping secrets, my little bun.”

“Mom...” she growled, tail and ears twitching at the nickname.

Suppressing a giggle, she nudged her head toward the room Anthony was in. “You hated that nickname even as a little girl. Do you remember me chasing you around, threatening to steal your tail if you didn’t eat your vegetables?”

“No,” Rachel whispered with a small smile, “but I can picture it... You’re purposefully changing the topic. What are you scared of?”

Stopping in the hallway, just outside the room, her mother drew in, focusing on the carpet. “Something... horrific that I hope you will never have to experience.” Her motherly brown eyes lifted to look into hers. “It is not anything you can fight or punch... Your worst fear. And I will *never* do anything to hurt you, and telling you the whole story *will* hurt you... in more ways than you can imagine. I can’t hurt my daughter... I can’t hurt your brother or your father. So, please... drop it.”

A shiver ran down Rachel’s spine at her firm tone; it was perhaps the first adult conversation they’d had. “Okay.” She couldn’t say anything more. “I’ll drop it.”

Rising up on her tippy-toes, her mother kissed her cheek and brushed back her bangs with a sad smile. “I know you won’t be able to say that forever... I do so love how respectful you are

of me and your father. I am so lucky to be your mother... Now, let's summon Anthony's guest and some bunnies that couldn't be more opposed."

Rachel couldn't release the tension around her chest with a sigh as her mother returned to the room with a cheery smile, returning to English. Her mom had never lied to her; sure, she tried to hide her guilt, grief, and pain, but whenever asked, she always told the truth, which was something she respected about her parents. Yet, something wasn't right, and she wanted to destroy whatever was threatening her mother.

Not knowing how to pursue the topic for perhaps the first time since changing, Rachel let it sink below the surface of her thoughts as she sat on the sofa.

Her mother retained a happy mask, or, at least, Rachel assumed it was, while addressing the confused redhead. "I need you to close your eyes and enter your internal worlds; it is so much easier to perform these kinds of rituals with people who can enter their inner spirit. You will see a door... go through it, and you will meet at the crossroads between the veil. I will be maintaining it, so pay no mind to me."

Doing as she was told, Rachel sank into herself, opening her eyes to the bed, Nike rested in. Yet, a chime drew her to the exit. Stepping onto the white spotlight, she left Nia and her shared space, scanning the void. She blinked, and across the platform was a shimmering white door.

The silence of her inner world was deafening when she wasn't engaged in some mental exercise, which raised the hair on her tail. Standing before the door, Rachel's ear twitched as the bell rang again, and her mother whispered into her ear.

"Try to unify the bunnies... together, they will accomplish what they cannot alone."

Saliva becoming sticky, Rachel gulped and twisted the knob. Her hesitation melted away as she stepped onto open space, a war of cosmic forces and broken planets twisting around dozens of colossal black holes.

Anthony exited through a door beside hers, taking in the majestic sight of colors and raw forces colliding in deafening waves of raw power. She couldn't be sure if this were reality or some fake world, like the objects they created inside their own spirits. Yet, two figures, not three, awaited their arrival.

The powerful, electrifying presence of a king came from a being of solidified lightning, the manly figure; sitting on a throne of energy, bare-chested, pelts from creatures Rachel couldn't name covered his muscular frame. In his hand was a giant glaive that pulsed to be used. Beside him knelt elegance personified.

Resting on a raised dais and emanating the luster of the full moon, Mei waited for them to approach. In human form, her countenance was even brighter and more pristine than how she'd appeared to her before.

Silver hair wrapped in a bun and held in place by dazzling accessories, Mei wore her modest hanfu, its golden rabbits and floral design shining like the noonday sun. A positive radiance emanated from her that invoked a sense of awe as she opened her ruby eyes.

"Welcome, Rachel, I have been waiting for you to—"

"Mei! Mei! I found the *perfect* skirt and thigh-high socks for you! Look!"

Moongmor dropped out of a lunar portal that materialized in front of the woman, shattering the awe-striking entrance and making Rachel suppress a chuckle. Bouncing up and down, the bunny had a cute pair of black socks with three white strips that matched the lower half of the mini skirt he'd brought. A frumpy, quite comfortable-looking sweater hovered above it. "Oh! I forgot the—hi, Rachel! Lady Mei, My Love?"

The elegant woman smoothly rose to her feet and produced a fan from her sleeve, her voice filled with exhaustion and disgust as she leered upon the lowly bunny. “There is not an ounce of grace inside your depravity...”

Moongmor’s eyes widened. “Uh-oh. Did I make you mad? I’m sorry; I didn’t bring heels!”

A gentle wave of her fan was all it took for the bunny to be swept off the invisible platform to ping-pong in all directions, striking lunar disks. Mei lifted a foot, geta hanging slightly as Moongmor landed where she’d stood, and the wooden shoe fell on top of the poor, dizzy bun.

“You continue to try my patience with your incessant, impulsive, and repulsive desires to dress me in your scandalous articles. I am not a doll for you to gawk at and play with, you hedonistic lout.”

Moongmor moaned as she applied pressure onto his back, pressing him into the dais as she leered down at him in utter revulsion. “Is... that another rejection? Wait, I smell—a new perfume?!”

“Humph...” Lifting the pressure, the Chief Secretary of Chang’e’s Lower Lunar Court lightly tapped the side of the bunny’s body, sending a ridiculous amount of force that turned him into a meteorite through another portal. “You are an animal!”

Rachel gulped as her heated vision literally engulfed Moongmor’s outfit in lunar flames, the intense white light being her first experience with offensive Positive Lunar Force. One thought was running through her brain at the rejection.

Yeah, Mom, I don’t see them coming together...

Laughter came from the electrifying man as Anthony rubbed the back of his neck and waved. “You have to admire his dedication, Lady Mei. If a woman were half as persistent as that little bunny coming after me, I’d be honored. Why not indulge his fantasy just once?”

“Because I have my dignity, Lord Tintreach,” Mei whispered, clearly trying to suppress a shiver of rage. “One thousand rejections, and yet he acts as if one more will change my opinion... My apologies for my unsightly behavior, Lady Rachel, Lord Anthony. I do have my limits. Now, shall we have a proper discussion... without distractions.”

She snapped her fan together, creating a shimmering lunar shell around them, and Rachel wanted to laugh as Moongmor appeared just outside of it, big eyes watering at being left out. Still, she doubted advocating on his behalf just after the incident would do much good; maybe a little waiting in the dog house would soften Mei’s mood.

Walking forward, she sat in the chair the silver-haired bunny made for them; she’d wanted to talk to Anthony about the good news regarding his girl, but that could wait until after. Besides, it seemed like something he’d need to really take in and digest.

“Well, you wanted to get better acquainted, Anthony. Let’s talk business.”