

“Well... two hours.”

Kiki grumbled and took another swig of sake. “Coulda sworn we had longer til then. Three? Five?”

Yukari pulled a sake gourd out of a gap, pouring herself a cup. “I see you’ve finally hit bargaining.”

“I just... can’t believe it’s nearly over,” said Kiki. “After five... six... fuck, I’m too drunk to know how many millenia... it’s finally over. They’ll be gone for real.” She finished off her drink. “*He’ll* be gone for real.”

Yukari looked into her own drink, her reflection staring back at her. “Yeah... I get it.”

Kiki gave a small *hmm*, setting her drink down. “If... if you could see her again...” She laid her arm out on top of the kotatsu. “What would you say to Renko?”

Silence reigned for a minute or so. Yukari’s face shifted several times in its duration, between scowls, melancholy smiles, and thousand yard stares.

Eventually, she shook her head and wiped out the tears forming in her eyes. “I’d... I don’t know what I’d say beyond, just... sorry,” she said. “I’m sorry that I hurt her. I’m sorry that this had to happen... I’m sorry that her death saved too many other lives for me to completely regret it.”

Yukari paused, taking a slow drink. “I’d tell her about Gensokyo... how her love of the unknown and unexplained led me to create a place where the unknown could survive. And then... I’d tell her how much I love her, and how much I miss her every day.”

Kiki nodded solemnly, pouring herself another glass. “Yeah... I get it. I... don’t know what I’d tell BF beyond just ‘I’m sorry, I miss you, babe’.”

She looked at the now-full glass on the table. “Actually... nah, I’m not certain I want any more right now.”

Yukari put on a look of false shock. “You? Kiki Setsuko, Legendary Oni? Turn down alcohol? God forbid, it’s the end times!”

Kiki chuckled, despite herself. “Heh... fuck you, Yakumo.”

Yukari smiled sadly. “I wouldn’t recommend it. Everyone I’ve fucked has died horribly.”

The two looked down at the floor, and silence once again took over for a few minutes.

“That’s the truth, ain’t it.”

“Yep... and we’re going to have to get over to that satellite fairly soon.”

“Hm.” Kiki sighed, picking up her glass again. “Can... can I just propose one last toast?”

“To what, exactly?”

“Just... to our shitty lives, I guess.”

Yukari nodded, picking up her glass in turn. “Yeah... I’ll drink to that.” She raised her glass. “To the shittiest lives around?”

Kiki clinked her glass against Yukari’s. “To the shittiest lives around.”