

Hey all. First of all, I have to apologize. I **SEVERELY** underestimated how little time I'd have this past week during my family vacation. As such I couldn't get the next chapter of *Semblance* out, heck I had trouble finishing *GDWHOM* and *Making Waves* after Hiryu and justlovereadin' got them back to me, and I am still not happy about the quality of the chapter. I knocked this off during the plane trip coming back home, feeling it would do as an apology.

I was happy to see that Death's Avenger was popular, but it highlights a problem I've been running into: too many good ideas/new stories, not enough time for me (there's only one of me folks LOL) to work on them all. So I will be asking a new opinion poll later today, that I will want everyone's opinion on. Essentially, I've decided on a course going forward and I want to see which specific stories will benefit from this decision.

This has now been edited by Hiryu.

WOO! Makoto won this time. Nuff said really.

### **Episode 17: Electrical Experience**

Given the night the two of them had shared before, it might have surprised many a person, indeed, most certainly a lot of men, that despite Ranma's words about making Henrietta pay, the young lovers hadn't done anything beyond kiss. Oh, there was a good deal of passion in those kisses, at first. And one of Ranma's hands, his mutinous one, rested underneath her skirt on one of Henrietta's pale, cream-hued thighs. A part of Ranma was still annoyed by that hand's unwillingness to obey his orders when able to touch Henrietta, but Ranma couldn't really build up any real anger, given the sensation going through him.

Henrietta was still sitting in his lap, though they had moved to one of the chaise lounge chairs in the bedroom. Her pert rear, clad still in her dress, was on his lap. Her chest, that magnificent, pillowy object which Ranma had spent quite a bit of time last night exploring, was pressed into Ranma's stomach lightly, something that caused his heart to beat faster despite obeying Henrietta's injunction about not messing overmuch with her dress. This was paired by the feeling of her thigh under Ranma's hand, her smooth skin, the muscles beneath easy to discern, although Ranma knew they would become better in time.

For now, these sensations were enough for Ranma, just as much as the feel of his touch, the thump of his heart under her ear, the feel of Ranma's solid, heavily muscled stomach against her chest, was enough for Henrietta. Indeed, after one of the hardest political sessions

she'd ever had, it was bliss to simply revel in her new lover's arms, the strength there, the affection there. And above all, the approval.

Ranma had made no bones about how he approved of her actions after the meeting and repeated that after the initial rush of kisses has faded, and that made Henrietta...not pleased certainly never that, but sanguine about the need for her actions in that meeting, up to and including bluntly informing all three of her victims that she would soon be signing their execution orders. That was, even a few hours later, hard for Henrietta to stomach, but she knew it was necessary.

The two of them cuddled the hours away, with the rest of the academy fooled into thinking Henrietta was questioning Ranma about his world, or busy with paperwork, while Ranma helped guard the princess along with her Musketeers. But while they did talk about Ranma's world, most of what he shared was what he had remembered about the history of his world, confessing to Henrietta that he had attempted to push his mind to remember those lessons, hoping they would be of use to her.

There were some very interesting parallels, Henrietta reflected, sighing in contentment as she kissed Ranma's bared chest. After all, while disrobing for Henrietta was a somewhat lengthy process, for Ranma it was but the work of a moment to pull his shirt back on. *Knowing how far guns can go, the importance of gunpowder and the printing press. Oh yes, I quite like all of that. Thank goodness that the creation of gunpowder is a royal monopoly.*

That was a move Henrietta's father had done when he was alive. Indeed, the creation of gunpowder, and the sale of it, was a major source of income for her family, irrespective of the taxes that underwrote her government like they did all others. *Hmmm, I should perhaps do the same with the printing press concept. Not for long, perhaps, but royal monopoly for, say three years. Then give out the plans to merchant families. Those without any tie to noble houses, of course. It would allow me to set into stone the idea of a royal newsletter, add it into the pre-existing royal couriers and the idea of books being far less expensive. Hmm... sell them at cost to the peasants perhaps, certainly the ones to promote literacy.*

*Yes. Ranma's stories were clear: literacy equals a growing economy, which means more monies and a strong country. It will let me both slowly erode the current fiscal organization of the nation and slowly water a growing middle class. That, and pushing forward with experiments in gunpowder. And what Ranma called science. Science and mixing it with magic.*

Her cheek nestled against a chest that, for all it was flesh and blood, could have been made of stone, Henrietta turned her thoughts from such pleasant things to the next few days, luxuriating in the feel of that skin and the hand on her thigh, the other arm being wrapped around Henrietta's waist. *Mmm... I think I have found a new favorite seat. Now, after I have been crowned, I estimate I will have three weeks leeway before I am faced with a foreign challenge to my rule. A few days at best before the rest of the noble houses in Tristain who think themselves power brokers react. They will be disorganized, off-balance. As much as it pains me,*

*I will have to keep the pressure on, turning them against one another, pushing forward with my idea for further funding for the royal army. Karin will help there, even if she realizes that in doing so her own power base will be cut down. A strong, centralized government, led by me, Karin, Mazarin and Judge Garibaldi. Yes... Let Agnes loose with Garibaldi, I'll have to postpone...*

It was only when the chest under her cheek began to rumble with a chuckle that Henrietta realized she had begun muttering aloud rather than thinking. "You know you're cute when you plot?" Ranma teased, kissing her forehead. "Well, you're cute when you do anything, but when you're thinking deep thoughts you wrinkle your nose like a rabbit and it's just reammmmm..."

Blushing in embarrassment, Henrietta cut her lover off in the most expedient manner possible, and for a time there was silence in the room other than the smacking of lips on lips. Henrietta's whimpers and Ranma's gasps for air joined them, until Ranma pulled back, realizing they were getting a bit too heated. He avoided Henrietta's mouth for a second, then she too composed herself, pressing her forehead into his chest, kissing Ranma's pecs for a few moments as her body slowly began to stop thrumming with desire. Ranma's body, she noted with something between smug delight and pride, was showing no sign of doing the same. "You, you do not mind I was spending so much of our alone time on thinking about such things? Most men would want my attention to be totally on them."

"Bah! I ain't most men, and most men wouldn't be worthy of you, Henrietta. Besides, when we head back to the palace and you're all busy with politics, you think I won't be standing in the corner, practicing with my ki or going over martial arts techniques? Our um, call them our... hmm... lifestyles isn't quite right..."

"Vocations? Passions?"

"Callings" Ranma said, nodding to indicate those two also worked before choosing his own term. "Are part of how we define ourselves. You are to politics what I am to martial arts, and heck, we both also see them as ways to help other people. So, your spending time thinking about it like this doesn't bother me. I'm just glad to be able to help you."

"Oh, my dear Knight, you do far more than that!" Henrietta exclaimed kissing her way up to Ranma's lips, before pulling away a bit. "You give me such strength! And indeed, it was your arrival that has allowed me to be able to set all this in motion. I might have grasped the waves and intend to ride them for all they are worth, but you are the stone that caused those ripples! I just wish I could repay you..."

"You have, never doubt it. And um, I'm not just talking about last night or, or us, like this," Ranma squeezed Henrietta with a chuckle. "You've given me a home, next to you. You've given me purpose. I don't have any idea what my Old Man was prepping me for, but helping you, your country, your people? Helping the peasants as you've always told me, and as you

were just planning? That's a lot more **purpose** than anything I could think my Old Man could set my feet on."

Henrietta searched Ranma's face for any sign of discontent and saw only growing affection and an eager light in his eyes, the gleam of someone eager to get to grips with a problem. The same gleam that Henrietta knew sometimes appeared in her own eyes. "You, you are far too good for me, my dear knight."

"That goes both ways, my princess love." Then Ranma smirked, running a hand up Henrietta's side, feeling her musculature and the lack thereof. "But don't think it'll be all sweetness and light. I bet you and I will clash eventually. For one thing, I refuse to let you sit in council all the time. We'll start practicing some dance moves, stretching exercises and small-scale muscle building exercises tomorrow."

Henrietta blinked. "Ranma I can't promise that" she began gently, before firming her tone in response to the mulish expression on her paramour's face. "I cannot, not will not but cannot. There is no point to even trying. As princess my time was mostly my own, but once I take the crown, being queen is a round-the-clock job. My time will rarely be my own..."

"Nope. I offered to train you, I'm not going to let you out of it. Besides you yourself said that you might like to learn, since some of the styles I know are based around or can be used to help you dance," Ranma intoned firmly. Then his tone turned sly. "Besides, I was telling the truth about what building up your own ki could help us do..."

At that, Henrietta's face blanked, then slowly turned red as she licked her lips. "Ahem, well, if you put it like that, you make it much harder to refuse." Then she brightened and, very reluctantly, lifted herself off Ranma's lap, smiling at the very visible sign of appreciation he was sporting. "But perhaps we can start dance lessons now? I believe we should still have some time before dinner begins." Henrietta planned to have one more public dinner here in the academy, then formally offer to bring the Earthers with her to the palace, along with Louise, ostensibly to better investigate how she had called the Earthers to Halkeginia before heading back there tonight.

"Heck yeah!" Ranma smiled then, looking down at himself, blushed for a moment before standing up resolutely. "First, I have a few stances I'd like you to try. You should be able to do them in a dress. Then you can teach me some of the local formal dances, and I can show you ways to turn them into katas. Er, those would be practice moves, a series of movements that are tied together to create a greater whole."

Henrietta nodded, and for the next few minutes, danced around the suite they had been given, a place, she knew, she would always remember fondly for the memories she had made here. Yet all too soon for Ranma's liking, Agnes' knock came and the idyllic time ended for now. Two of the Musketeers came in and helped Henrietta make certain that she was presentable, putting her hair back up in its formal coif. Henrietta had very reluctantly turned down Ranma's

offer to do the same. "If I let you touch my hair in such a manner Ranma, I doubt we'd be leaving this suite tonight."

Ranma shrugged at that, not arguing the point, though one of his hands seemed to want to twitch towards her hair even so. But soon enough, the two of them were on their way, the Musketeers moving around them. As they left however, Ranma frowned, looking off to the side. "Lightning? But there's not a cloud in the sky..."

Henrietta looked in the same direction. "Lightning would be Triangle-Wind type spell. I suppose..." Henrietta broke off as a series of lightning strikes was heard, then after a few seconds an even bigger \*kra-koom!\* noise, which rattled the windows. "Oh dear. I wonder what that might be?"

Shrugging Ranma led the way off, with Agnes beside him, wanting to get to grips on this mystery.

OOOOOO

While Henrietta, Ranma and Louise had begun to talk, Siesta and Makoto were trying on clothes. Siesta had shown the three Earthers around the grounds for a time, getting to know them, and answering their questions about Tristain, until Chad had mentioned how he would like to wash his clothing. Siesta had then volunteered to get them some clothing from the academy, which always had extra uniforms around.

Makoto now stood in front of a mirror, dressed in an academy uniform, modeling it in front of a mirror, while Chad and Kazuma were next door doing the same if without any of the enjoyment Makoto was showing. "I don't know, it's nice but I think I actually would prefer something a little more like the guy's uniform. It's easier to move in, and doesn't draw so much attention, to, um, ahem," Makoto decided, hefting her breasts in her hands.

"I can see that. Still, you look good in it," Siesta encouraged.

"So would you," Makoto returned with a laugh. "I normally don't like the bob cut look, but you make it work for you for sure." Then Makoto shook her head. "I suppose though that I just don't like the idea of a uniform at all. It just seems a waste to be here in this new world and not dress the part. I've also been wearing a school uniform for a large portion of my life already."

"I think you need to get used to it, I'm afraid. As..." Siesta paused thinking about the Japanese word *lackadaisical* before substituting, "lazy as the professors and various noble workers are, they are very strict about the uniform policy for some reason. So long as you wish to stay here and use magic, you will have to wear the uniform."

Makoto's face scrunched up. "Are the princess and Ranma going to stay here?"

“No, of course not,” Siesta laughed at the very idea. “The princess isn’t a student, and well... I think Ranma has designated himself as her guardian thanks to her kindness to him upon his arrival here without any memories. So they’ll be heading back to the palace.

“Along with you?” Makoto inquired, looking at the girl with one eyebrow raised in question.

Siesta flushed a little looking away but shyly nodding. The rise of status from a maid at the Academy to one of Henrietta’s personal maids and one with special skill, was quite a leap.

And it couldn’t come at a better time she thought, remembering a certain incident from the day before Ranma had arrived.

“Then I’ll be going with them.”

“But don’t you want to learn magic? I am certain that Lady Valliere will succeed in recreating her translation spell. You won’t have to rely on my help after that,” Siesta answered hurriedly. “You won’t have any trouble communicating after, just translating the written word one way to the other.”

“Oh I do. But I also want to learn martial arts from Ranma and get to know him and the Princess.”

Something in the way the other girl said that made Siesta’s inner romantic leap up and take notice, as if it were a dog which had heard the term walkies. “Oh, but why would you want that? Have you developed an interest in Ranma?”

Makoto quickly attempted to turn this question on its head, asking, “Have you?”

“Hmm... I don’t think so.” Siesta thought about it for a moment shook her head. “He’s handsome enough, but he’s got this feeling of wildness around him, this feel of something beyond the norm, if you understand what I mean? I do not think that well, I would like to become a farmwife in a few years, settle down and have a large family, a quiet homelife where we work the land and care for our family. But Ranma isn’t the type to settle down like that I don’t think.”

Makoto thought about it for a moment and nodded, agreeing that Ranma wasn’t the type to be interested in that. *Thank God for it too*, she thought, shivering a little. The idea of being a mother like that was okay for the future, like when she was in her forties. *The fact that Siesta is thinking about it now when she’s sixteen and says that’s what she wants for a few years from now, is kind of strange. At least to me, but maybe that’s one of those future medieval age’s things.*

“Um, but if you are interested in him, I, I’m afraid there’s a rumor going on around though that Ranma is interested in the princess, and vice-versa,” Siesta went on, trying to let Makoto down lightly, “and I’ve seen them interact, I think that might be close to the truth.”

Makoto chuckled, then shrugged her shoulders. “You say that like it’s going to stop me.”

Siesta blinked, then her eyes narrowed, and she opened her mouth to verbally rip into Makoto. Guest or no, she would not allow something like that to pass by when they were talking about the princess, who most common folk held in high esteem.

But then Makoto went on. “Besides, I just said I was interested in Ranma, you know, not how. And I think the princess is pretty cool too. I just want to get to know them right now, I’m not going to try to seduce either one of them or anything.”

This was true, too. While Makoto was definitely interested in Ranma, she wasn’t so foolish as to think she was in love with him or anything. She just wanted to see if there could be something there. The same went for the princess, although her interest wasn’t nearly as pronounced and Makoto wasn’t even certain if she was even interested in women.

“Oh, that’s alright then, I suppose,” Siesta answered, though she wasn’t certain she believed the earthborn woman.

Sighing, Makoto looked over at Siesta. “Yeah, this uniform is just a bit much for me. I don’t suppose you have any spare skirts and blouses?”

Eventually, the two girls, with Siesta still shaking her head at Makoto’s decision to dress in one of the maid’s own off-duty outfits, exiting the room to find the two boys waiting for them. Kazuma was dressed in his own outfit, but astonishingly, Chad had found a local butler’s pants that fit him, though the shirt did not. Instead, he was still dressed in the same sweatshirt and undershirt that he had arrived in. “Even that, was nice,” he admitted, thanking Siesta.

“You’re quite welcome. But what about you Mister Kazuma?”

“Er, n, none of that Mister stuff please. I, er, tried on some of it, but um, I didn’t like how it looked on me. So, I’ll um, just wait until I can clean my clothing myself, I think,” Kazuma admitted, flushing slightly as he spoke to Siesta. *And you’re never going to know that the real reason is that what I really want to do is clean my underwear. Damn it, of all the days to not have changed into a fresh pair!*

“Hmm... well if you didn’t like it, I won’t force you,” Siesta said with a giggle. “Although if you all end up staying here, you might wish to ask the princess for a clothing stipend. I know she paid for the clothing Sir Ranma was wearing, so the Princess will certainly be willing to pay for you all. And as hardwearing as your normal clothing might be, I would assume that you all

would like to have some clean underwear..." she teased. As a maid, she certainly wasn't shy about that topic.

Chad just nodded, while Makoto wondered aloud, "Ooh, I wonder what kind of panties and bras they have around here."

Being something of a prude despite his gangster-like appearance and lifestyle, Kazuma's flush deepened at the topic, which was further exacerbated when Kazuma's stomach rumbled. Despite this new embarrassment though, Kazuma grabbed it with both hands in an effort to get away from the subject of underwear. "Er, I don't suppose we could get something to eat?"

"That's what happens when you sleep through two meals," Siesta teased gently, shaking her head and gesturing all three to follow her. "But don't worry. We can always find something to eat in the kitchen, I can make you something, and then, we will be free from a until dinnertime, when the princess wants to see you all eating with her."

"Y, you don't have to go to that trouble for me, Siesta!" Kazuma interjected. "E, er, I mean I'd love to try your food but I, I don't want you to go to any specific trouble or anything. I'm the one who slept in so much after all. Too used to having an alarm that wakes me up, or my sister to kick me out of bed, I guess."

Siesta laughed. "Oh, it's no trouble. I was told to accommodate anything you three wanted within reason and a meal is certainly reasonable. But what is an alarm? And is your having a sister why you are so adamant you have to head home?"

Holding up one of his massive hands, Chad motioned Siesta to lead them off asking, "How long do you think we will be here before that professor, Colbert, can send us home?"

"I am afraid I have no idea. I'm not a mage, so I can only say the Colbert-sensei is one of the more intelligent and helpful mages I the academy. I'm certain that he will do his best, but I just don't know enough to give you a time table. We can perhaps go see him later today after classes have let out."

Siesta led the three down towards the kitchen as Chad began to question her about music in this world. The fact he was a guitar player was amazing to Siesta and Makoto, while Kazuma showed little interest. Instead, he was looking around, frowning a little. "Where is everyone?"

"This is a school, Mister Kazuma," Siesta shrugged. "All the students have classes, and all the servants are almost always busy round the clock." She looked shifty for a moment. "Um, and if I were any of you, I would not try to get close to the gardener for a few days. He had a bad night, apparently."



Just as they were entering the kitchen, the quartet saw a group of the princess's musketeers, leading three men, all of them grim as they pushed three men in front of them all three of them chained. One of them paused, covering the foursome as the others moved past, with Agnes in the lead down into another stairwell set between a few of the storage rooms. "What's that about?" Kazuma growled, not liking the fact the Musketeers had glared at him or pointed their primitive guns at him as they had.

"If I didn't know any better, I would say those three were going to be put in the stockades," Siesta mused.

"Jailed you mean?" Chad rumbled, also watching with interest. "I wonder what they did. They looked like nobles."

Makoto hummed thoughtfully, staring through narrowed eyes of the three men, as one of them shouted something in the local language. She looked back at Siesta, who shrugged, but dutifully translated the words. "You foreigners! I will give you each of thousand gold each to help us."

Chad didn't bother replying at all, he simply, then turned to enter the kitchens, while Kazuma snorted, gave the rich bastard the finger and Makoto laughed wildly. "You must think me rather cheap at that price!"

Hearing Siesta's translation, Agnes smirked at her, nodded and then pushed the last prisoner into the stairwell, letting Makoto and Siesta enter the kitchen after the two boys.

"There you are, Siesta!" the chief cook shouted, bustling over to her. He looked her up and down, then leaned in to whisper something in her ear. Whatever he said, caused Siesta to flinch, and instantly Kazuma's eyes had narrowed and his hands had clenched. Whatever the guy had said to her hadn't been good, and Kazuma got in his face, growling out, "What the hell are you saying to her man! If you're threatening her or something, I'm gonna kick your ass!"

Blinking, Siesta laughed, then took Kazuma's hand gently and squeezed it. "Thank you for trying to protect me, but that is what the head chef is doing as well. He passed on some information I didn't like, but it has nothing to do with him."

"What did he say to me?" the head chef asked, bewildered.

"He thought you were flirting with me, and that I did not care for your advances," Siesta laughed again.

The chef laughed too, clapping Kazuma on the shoulder. "You're a good kid. But what are you all doing here?"

Kazuma patted his stomach, and the man chuckled, needing no translation. "Well, we can't have that. Do either of you want anything" he asked looking over the other two. Once more after waiting for Siesta translate, both Makoto and Chad shook their heads. They'd had rather large breakfasts while Kazuma was still sleeping, and then small lunches later on, while he was, again, still sleeping.

Soon, the four of them had moved up to the cafeteria, where they left Kazuma to eat while Siesta led the other two back outside onto the academy's grounds. Chad and Makoto spoke about their own lives with Siesta asking questions about Earth and coming away very confused. There was quite a lot they were talking about, TVs, computers, trains cars, and things of that nature which she just didn't have enough knowledge of to truly understand. The idea of there being no magic was bizarre, as was the idea that nobles really didn't matter much any longer.

She was still trying to figure out if the two Earthers were just not aware of their nobles somehow or making fun of her when they were interrupted by a voice that Siesta had hoped to never hear again. "Ahh, there you are Siesta!"

At that voice, Siesta flinched, turning to look around only to bite her lip when she saw the speaker striding between the flower beds towards them. He was a tall, fit man, wearing a red outfit with a wide, white frill around his neck, the height of noble fashion. His face was long, and his sideburns were, like his hair, manicured to perfection, curving gently forward, while his mustache matched his eyebrows in their snail-like curl.

Chad raised an eyebrow at him, then shook his head. "Fashion around here sucks.

Makoto also looked at him, but seeing Siesta flinch she decided this guy was more serious than he seemed physically. "Why do I think this guy's some kind of leech?"

Before a slightly trembling Siesta could speak the man came close enough to address her once more, smiling at her in a way that made Makoto's fists itch. "Ah, I see you are as lovely as ever Siesta! But you are still naughty making me wait. I have been looking for you for several hours now after having come here specially for you. Surely the headmaster has told you of your change in employment? You will be coming with me back to my estates today."

Trembling in fear, Siesta grabbed her courage with both hands and shook her head. "I am sorry Count Mott but I already have found other employment elsewhere."

The so-named Mott's eyes narrowed. "Are you talking back to me, servant?"

"I, I am n, not," Siesta said now stammering. It was a very rare peasant and who could stand up against the angry noble. "B, gut I am now being employed by the princess at the palace at her personal request."

“A likely story!” Count Mott guffawed, shaking his head. “You do know that I am the head of the Royal messenger service do you not? And I have quite a bit of influence in the Council. The princess has never made any mention to anyone of looking for new maid, and even if that is so, I am certain that she will find others who will be able to perform adequately. I on the other hand, have need of your unique services.” The way he let his eyes leer down at her breasts told Siesta what kind of services he was talking about.

“What’s he saying? And why shouldn’t I belt him a good one?” Makoto growled as the man once more glanced down at Siesta’s chest.

Siesta gulped. She didn’t want to make trouble for the earth girl but hadn’t thought that Mott would think she was bluffing. “Um, ho, how to explain. Er, as I am a peasant, I um, my contract with the academy can, can be bought out and um...”

Suddenly Chad stood up, unfolding from where he had been sitting in the grass, and it was only then that Mott realized that the male servant that Siesta had been sitting with was a massive mountain of a man. That would have been intimidating to a non-mage, but he was still a servant, a peasant, and Mott simply glared up at him, a flash of fire magic appearing around his fingers. He was normally a wind mage, but fire was so much better for intimidation. “Be off oaf! My business is with Siesta. If you know what is good for you... you...”

By that point, Makoto had also stood up, her fists clenched at her sides. Instantly Mott had looked at her, his furious expression changing to an even more avaricious one. “My word! So, there was another gem hidden that this academy. Very well Siesta, I will make you a deal. If your friend here will agree to come with I will only you ask my state for a few weeks before letting you return to the academy.”

Siesta sighed, but feeling Chad’s massive bulk to one side and seeing Makoto’s barely caged eagerness for violence, she found some more courage from somewhere. With it, Siesta insisted once more, “I am sorry Count Mott, but I am being gainfully employed at the palace as a translator for these two and another foreigner. As such, I cannot switch my appointment to anyone else about the princess’s leave.”

“Okay, time for you to do some translation,” Makoto growled. “What the heck was he saying just then and why was he leering at my chest damn it! I’ve got enough of an issue with my height!”

Scowling Mott frowned. “Siesta my girl I don’t know why you are fighting me like this. It will just go poorly for you. My offer is now off the table.” He reached forward to stroke Makoto’s face. “You and this beauty will both...”

That was far as he got before Makoto’s hand flashed up, grabbing his. And then her other hand was coming forward in a punch straight to his nose. It wasn’t a hard punch as such

things go but it still rocked the older man back on his feet. "Hasn't anyone told you to look but not touch old man!" Makoto growled.

"You struck me!" Siesta backed away in fear as Mott conjured a fireball in his hand, the maid realizing that things were about to go out of control, and she had lost the opportunity to stop it. "How dare you! A peasant girl like yourself should be happy to..."

Once more, that was as far as he got before Chad reached through the flames on his arms. He grimaced very slightly, but the flames of the fire spell weren't fully formed yet, and as Chad grabbed his arm, the man's fire spell flared out. "Enough," he rumbled. "I don't know what's going on, but I don't like your tone or your roaming eyes. You are supposed to treat girls with respect." *He is reminding me Keigo, only worse.*

Now furious, the fireball instantly transferred to Mott's other hand, and he thrust it up into the giant peasant's face shouting, "Fireball!"

Chad was blown off his feet, but rolled with it, and came up, soot stained, a little red faced and sore, but otherwise fine. This caused Mott to gape at him, by which time Makoto had closed. A jab from her fist caught him in the solar plexus, doubling the man over, and the next second, a punch to the side of the face sent him reeling.

Even so, he wasn't out of it yet. Mott was a lothario, but he wasn't weak by any means. "Enough!" he shouted, and suddenly a wind spell picked up both Chad and Siesta and Makoto, hurling them every which way.

The next second a cutting spell of wind was sent towards Chad, who grimaced as it hit, opening up his chest from one shoulder down to his side.

Yet even so, Mott stared at him in shock. "T, that should've cut you in half! What are you made of?" scowling Mott redoubled his hold on the giant peasant freak. With the holding spell around him, Chad couldn't break the grip of the wind. He was trying, twitching this way and that, but couldn't quite overcome it, the wind pressing his arms too tightly to his side. Meanwhile, Mott concentrated on another attack spell, looking to end this fight quickly with a Triangle level Wind Spell, which charged the air with ions, creating lightning. It was his most powerful spell and would surely slay this foolish peasant oaf. *And since he attacked me first, I am in the right here!*

However, concentrating on Chad let Makoto get free, and she quickly raced forward her hands raised again to strike.

Seeing this, the wind mage twisted around to launch his spell at Makoto desperate to not let the peasant full peasant girl get within arm's reach of him again. After all, while Chad had grabbed him, Makoto had already struck him twice. "Lightning Hammer!"

The lightning hit, and Makoto screamed, but instead of pain a strange thing happened. Nothing. No pain, no flash of scorched skin, nothing. Makoto looked down at herself, as the lightning crackled all over, and she whispered, "Wow."

Chad, Mott, and Siesta all stared, while Makoto looked at the lightning crackling over her body in shock, but then Mott felt it. The spell he had just launched was, like the holding spell, a continual one, where he fed his Will into it in order to sustain it for longer periods of time. But now Mott realized with a start that he was no longer in control of the spell. Desperately he tried to end it, to stop funneling his Will into it, only for nothing to happen for a few seconds.

Deep within Makoto's soul, her Planet Seed had awoken. Planet Seeds were the source of the power for the Sailor Senshis. This was a kernel of magic that had been designed millennia back back by the magical scientists of the Moon Kingdom. They connected the Sailor Senshis to the magical potential of their chosen planets. The seeds were connected to the soul of the scouts, and were resurrected when those souls were. But most of the time, the Planet Seeds needed an external jumpstart, like a car with a dead battery would need to be jumpstarted to get it going. Normally this would have been done via a magical device. But exposing one of the Sailor Senshis to the element that she was tied to could also work in a pinch.

And, despite this being an alternate dimension, Jupiter was still out there. With all its vast magical potential utterly untouched.

Grinning, Makoto shouted out, "Alright, let's see if I can do this!"

With that, she clenched her hands and thrust them out, shouting, "Makoto Flash Surprise!"

While the name was somewhat ludicrous, somehow the magic now coursing through her body responded to Makoto's desire. A bolt of lightning flashed out from her larger and far more powerful than the one Mott had launched a moment ago.

Desperately Mott attempted to create a shield of lightning for himself, but the attempt was too small and too slow, Makoto's lightning strike plowed through Mott's magical spell easily. Thankfully, Makoto's aim was off, and instead of turning Mott into a fried chicken, the massive bolt of lightning crashed into the ground at his feet, hurling him up and away.

As the count rolled away unconscious, Siesta whispered, "I, I thought you said there wasn't any magic in your world! How did you..."

"I don't know," Makoto said, looking down at her still crackling all around her. "I don't know but damn was that cool!"

**OOOOOOO**

**Staring at the still-crackling Makoto as Siesta explained what had happened, Henrietta could only shake her head, wondering...**

1. What that explosion was. It looked as if Louise, introspective mood or no, still has issues with boys and Kazuma has a mouth on him. (Louise, Kazuma, character interaction, comedy, action)
2. Why a giant golem was poking its head over the outer academy wall. Someone's trying to break out the prisoners (action, comedy, people showing off, other people being sneaky)
3. What was for dinner. Dinner go without a hitch, beyond Karin posing some hard questions (Karin acting protective, Ranma being Ranma, Makoto pondering, Henrietta being accidentally seductive)
4. What the heck the beeping is coming from the computer thing that one of her Musketeers has been carrying for a while, and why Tabitha is staring at them all so hard. (world building, shocks, comedy, character interaction)

### **End Episode 17**

Hmm...this time I think it is pretty self-explanatory what each choice means. 1 is more from the original, comedy, Louise bashing. 2. is another subplot of FOZ. 3. Is going to be Ranma style silliness and Henrietta/Ranma romance. 4. is the most world-building type choice, and also brings Tabitha and Kirche back onto the stage.