

Normally I would put in the votes here. But let's face it, everyone knew where this was going to go. So here we are.

Now, I realize I shouldn't have to say this, but I will anyway. **THERE BE LEMONS here.** And it is going to be by far the largest episode, moving it from the realm of snack to small meal given how I wanted to get the lemons done and move on in one episode, and within the lemons is quite a bit of pillow talk. Still, I figured that putting another poll in between would be silly. Beyond the lemons, the WAFF is strong in this one...

This has been edited by myself with Grammarly and Hiryo. And as always, thanks go to the original thread writers for their work.

Episode 13 Night of Firsts

Pausing in the antechamber of her room, Henrietta raised her scepter in the air, concentrating for a brief moment to bring to full power the suite's built-in wards. With that, no one would be able to enter or hear anything that went on inside. With that done and a final glance towards the door leading out into the hallway, Henrietta steeled herself, then entered the bedroom, only to stop and stare in wonder.

The regular torches were gone now. Instead, the light was provided by five glowing blue figurines situated here and there throughout the bedroom. One was a crane, another a dolphin, a third a rose, a fourth a star and the fifth was made to look like a horse rearing on its back feet, its mane flying in the wind. Within each, a bright blue light burned, casting the whole room in a blue tone, the color of Ranma's ki from when he first showed it to Henrietta. Here and there on the walls, hyacinths and roses had been hung on the wall in bushels, replacing the torches and tapestries that had been on the walls before. The smell of them filled the room with their heady scent.

And reclining on one of the balcony's chairs, which he had brought in from the balcony, was Ranma. He was sitting beside the blue-glowing horse, the glass figure's light bathing him in its radiance, though not as bright as his blue eyes.

Licking his suddenly dry lips at the sight of the Princess's stunned, wide-eyed gaze, Ranma waited until a silent and staring Henrietta stepped into the room, the door to the bedroom closed behind her. Then he lifted a flute to his mouth and began to play. Ranma wasn't very good at it. Indeed, Ranma barely had any memories of the flute at all beyond one time carving a few to sell. But Ranma did remember seeing them used at a few festivals and tried to emulate one of the songs he had heard back then. It was hard, but eventually, Ranma

found a tune, and then he stood up, his feet beginning to move into a kata from Wing Chun as he continued to play the flute, shifting into a few katas he knew from Silat Tari.

At first, Henrietta recognized only a dance, exotic and almost catlike, as Ranma glided along the floor, foot taps keeping the beat. Soon, as the pace sped up, she started seeing what it really was: strikes, kicks, and even occasional swings of the flute as footfalls acted as percussion, all of a show of lithe, almost catlike dexterity and body control.

At one point, she might have been somewhat concerned about having recognized that aspect of the dance, but after earlier, when Ranma had explained the differences in the various styles, Henrietta was not put off by the martial potential in Ranma's dance. But more than anything else, the dance showed Ranma's sheer physicality. The way he moved, bent, twisted, pranced almost, everything showed that his body was a finely honed instrument, and watching, Henrietta was nearly forced to remember the feel of his muscles as they held one another, the hard nature of the body beneath the spell-weave outfit Henrietta had commissioned for him, how strong his arms felt around her.

Seeing Henrietta's eyes go heavy-lidded, and noticing her chest start to heave, a blush suffusing her features, Ranma smiled faintly around the tip of the flute. *So far, so good. Now for the next bit.* He closed his eyes for a moment, and slowly his skin began to glimmer with gold light as his ki began to appear all around him. The color rose and fell as Ranma bowed towards Henrietta, letting the flute fall to his side with his other hand outstretched, still glowing that same pale golden hue.

For a moment, Henrietta could only stare, then she tremulously reached forward, her fingers playing along Ranma's palm until she clasped his hand in hers. And like earlier, when her hand touched Ranma's ki, she could feel some of the emotions that comprised Ranma's very soul. Confidence was still there, as well as the desire to play, but they were combined with more emotions this time as if the gold represented a less filtered version of his soul.

Fierce protectiveness towards Henrietta was there, along with sincere admiration, a feeling that Henrietta rarely saw in the opposite sex and could ever truly believe as real. Beyond that was a growing desire towards her, which caused Henrietta's cheeks to pink further. And alongside that desire, Henrietta sensed a sliver of a softer, more all-encompassing emotion.

Henrietta's eyes became misty as they clasped hands, and the realization grew in her heart that despite knowing each other only a few days, this remarkable young man was falling in love with her. And feeling that Henrietta could no longer deny she was falling along with him. The speed of it was somewhat astonishing, but feeling Ranma's emotions like this, even that concern faded into the background of her mind, to be replaced by simple wonder and growing joy at their connection.

When his little impromptu show finished, Ranma paused, unable to think of anything to say. *Well, I have always felt actions speak louder than words anyway.* With that thought, Ranma slowly pulled Henrietta into his arms, leaning down to kiss the Princess on the lips.

Delighted that he had taken the initiative this time, Henrietta's moment of shock and joy ended instantly, and she responded ardently, sliding her arms around him, hugging Ranma as tightly as she could. The kiss heated up rapidly, and Henrietta opened her mouth to let her tongue seek her paramour's. Ranma faltered for a moment in shock, but then his tongue instantly took action, like someone turning a martial arts match around, their tongues dancing with each other.

The kiss went on and on, the young couple lost to the world. It only broke long later, when Henrietta needed to breathe, and she pulled away, a thin trail of saliva connecting their lips for a second before she licked it away. Her chest heaving, Henrietta let her head fall to Ranma's. "Ranma... Oh, Ranma... you, sweet, astonishing man!" The Princess enjoyed the feel of Ranma's muscles shifting like that as she looked around the room in bemused shock. "This is so much more than I could have imagined!" She kissed him again for a second before pulling back, gesturing around her. "How, how did you come up with all of this?"

Ranma chuckled subconsciously, but as he felt Henrietta's hands move down his back to pull at the shirt, he replied easily, while his own hands moved up and down her back, leery of exploring too much too quickly and ruining the great mood he'd somehow created. "Heh, um, I met up with Makoto and introduced her to this maid who'd helped me when I first arrived. She knows how to speak Japanese, so I convinced Siesta to help Makoto out until Louise can get her spell working properly. Erm, Siesta had this book about, um... well, never mind, I asked the two of them about, um, setting the stage for romance, especially on the fly, and they both gave me some ideas. About lighting, music, mood, that kind of thing."

As he finished, Ranma froze, remembering belatedly that Makoto was the person the love potion had forced Henrietta to be fixated on. But to his surprise, beyond a slightly deeper blush to her cheeks, Henrietta merely smiled. "I will have to thank Makoto at some point then, discreetly perhaps."

Ignoring the potion-induced images of how she could thank Makoto in the future, Henrietta concentrated on the feel of Ranma's muscley back under her hands, pushing up with her hands on Ranma's back, carrying his shirt up with them. Yet before she could move them any further than a hand's width up his back, the sight of one of the glowing blue ornaments to one side, this one the star-shaped one, caught her attention. "And these lights?"

"Ah, well, remember I was working with the castle's blacksmith? I figured out how to heat my ki right, and with enough heat, you can melt glass. I took some sheets of spare glass from the work-shed here in the academy, melted them, and then figured out how to kind of push my ki back into them after the glass had cooled. It's a trick I've seen a few times back in my old world, old masters having canes or weapons that are reinforced by their living energy.

They don't normally glow o' course, but none I've ever seen were made of glass either," Ranma shrugged. "I figured it was worth a try. And before that, I kind of... found the flowers...er, in the academy's gardens. That might cause trouble, but I figure it was well worth it to make you smile."

For a moment, Henrietta was torn between awe at what Ranma had accomplished, giggling at his moments of thievery and delight that Ranma had done this for her. The delight, coupled with her growing arousal, won out, and she leaned up, breathing out, "Smile? My dearest Ranma, smiling is the least of my responses to all you've done."

Another long kiss resulted, and Henrietta squeaked in delight as Ranma's hands moved down to her dress-clad rear, squeezing her cheeks and almost lifting her off the floor. Even as the kiss deepened and their tongues once more began to tangle around one another, Henrietta tried to slowly move the martial artist toward the bed by pressing against his body, pushing at him. This didn't work, Ranma not even noticing what she was doing, and eventually, Henrietta broke off the kiss. When she spoke, her tone was low and throaty as she nearly growled, "Bed, Ranma, please, before my legs give out..."

"I'd just carry you, you know," Ranma muttered against her lips before, in a moment of inspiration, shifting his attention to her throat.

Henrietta gasped, her hips rocking forward into Ranma's waist in response before she gently started to push Ranma back. They kept kissing, one seeking the mouth of the other, or the neck, or the face until Ranma's legs hit the foot of the bed. Ending the kiss, Henrietta's hands flew with the rapidity of her thundering heart, undoing the fastenings of her white gown, causing it to slowly pool around her feet.

Underneath her gown, Henrietta wore a complicated-looking chemise of pale peach, along with panties and long stockings that ended halfway up her thigh. Her thighs were well-built, her legs smooth and strong-looking, showing Henrietta's love of dance. Her waist was thin, somewhat soft-looking, but certainly not overmuch, the chemise hugging her curves, showing that Henrietta was nearly as well-endowed up top as the tanned, redheaded student Ranma had seen a few times around Louise. Henrietta's face was flushed, a flush continuing down to her elegantly curved neck, and her lips were full and oh-so kissable below her deep purple eyes.

As the dress fell to pile around her feet, Ranma stared, almost poleaxed by the sight of her body. Despite Henrietta being the first woman he had ever seen like this, Ranma knew instinctively that he would rarely if ever, meet someone so beautiful. "Gods, you are so gorgeous."

"Thank you, my Ranma," Henrietta murmured, then gasped as Ranma lifted Henrietta's chemise-clad form kissing her neck and then her lips once more. As Henrietta kissed back, Ranma turned, setting her gently on the side of the bed above the sheets he had turned down

earlier. Running his hand up under the back of the undergarment, he did not try to remove it yet, just kneaded and caressed her back as his kisses went back down to her shoulder, then around to the pulse-point on Henrietta's throat before moving further down.

"Oh, Founder, that's good! Ranma..." Henrietta panted excitedly. And at this point, her arousal was only partially fueled by the potion. Everything Ranma had done for her, coupled with what he was doing now, was enough for a wet mark to start to grow on her panties as her juices soaked through the material. "Ooooh... Ranma..." her eyes clenched shut for a moment as her hips lifted off the side of the bed when her new consort found the sensitive area right at the bottom of her collarbone.

Deciding she wanted more of Ranma's touch on her skin, Henrietta started to lift the hem of her chemise. As she did, Ranma's hands never stopped moving his fingers, grazing her thighs, her arms, her side, and neck. He found a particular point on her collarbone that caused her to moan even louder before moving to nibble at her ear as she writhed in pleasure.

Meanwhile, Henrietta's hands were still working, and when he felt her arms moving, Ranma pulled his head back. At the suddenly poleaxed look on his face, Henrietta giggled, but Ranma didn't notice, all of his attention suddenly riveted to the edge of the garment as she lifted it. Henrietta bit her lip at the look of awed wonder on her lover's face and slowed down the great reveal, moving the chemise slowly up her stomach, watching as Ranma's eyes tracked the movement. Inch by inch, her hands pulled the chemise up, revealing more of her flesh.

Soon the voluptuous queen-to-be's breasts were revealed, and the whisper of "Gorgeous" nearly made Henrietta swoon. The way Ranma was looking at her made the Princess think she was the most gorgeous woman in the world, and despite having been told she was beautiful numerous times by Wales, the nearly wordless appreciation Ranma bestowed on her was just as telling. *And the fact I am his first makes this all the better!*

Even freed, Henrietta's wasn't the size of Kirche's, Ranma could see that, though he had no idea how such things were measured. But they were still a good bit more than a handful, and for all their size, Henrietta's breasts looked firm, bouncing only slightly with her breathing. *Not like jelly, like Kirche's moved when she did anything, but like mochi, maybe?* That was the only way Ranma's somewhat stunned, not to mention turned-on brain could put it. And at the top of her breasts, Henrietta's dark pink nipples sat, already hard and throbbing from their kissing about the size of one of the gold coins Ranma had seen in this world. For some reason the sight of them just took Ranma's breath away, and he found his mouth watering for no reason he could understand, the need, the almost all-consuming desire to take those pink buds into his mouth filling Ranma's mind.

Shaking his head, Ranma looked up at Henrietta's face, his entire expression thanking Henrietta for letting him see her like this, making Henrietta feel once more like her body was a treasure few could match. To her shock, Henrietta found herself blushing hotly under that gaze, looking away as if it was the first time. "Ahem, um, it is customary to divest yourself of all your

clothing in these situations, you know," she began somewhat lamely, before adding with more of her normal fire, "In other words, I've shown you mine, now you must show me yo...yours..."

Henrietta's voice trailed off into nothing as she stared. Ranma had divested himself of his shirt and pants as she had looked away, a speed that she found most surprising, but nowhere near as surprising as the body underneath.

Now, Henrietta had seen men shirtless before. She had seen some members of the Gryphon Guard shirtless after training at the castle, like Viscount Wardes, who was reckoned quite a well-made man. Henrietta had seen wide shoulders and the stomach and chest muscles Wardes had to go with his skill as a swordsman and mage. She had slept with Wales, who was, though younger, just as fit, built more for speed than strength perhaps, but with a waist even thinner.

Ranma's body topped them both. He had the toned, stream-lined body of a swimmer or sprinter like Wales, but on top of that, he had muscles, muscles galore! Ranma's shoulders were just as wide as Wardes, a grown man, and Ranma's pectorals looked like hardened steel under his skin along with what looked like perfect stomach muscles, creating a V somehow, which defied her understanding. This included the side muscles where men routinely grew what Henrietta had heard (from one of the older maids) were called love handles. His legs, too, were perfectly toned and muscular. Indeed, Ranma looked as if he had no fat anywhere on him. The tent in his underwear was also most impressive, although Henrietta found herself more drawn to his skin than his still-hidden penis. Those muscles were just amazing, and Henrietta noticed a few small scars here and there as well, telling of a life of violence.

Sitting up, Henrietta pulled Ranma beside her, so they lay side by side, smiling at him as her hands moved to his side and stomach in sheer wonder at the taut muscles there. There was so much definition there, she could feel each muscle move and twitch under her touch, and Henrietta shuddered as Ranma's hands began to explore in turn, one hand trailing a line of fire along her stomach before coming to rest cupping her breast, the other arm moving under her neck. *Ranma's body contains so much power, yet he is so gentle too. The way he touches me...* It felt to the Princess like Ranma was holding her as if she was a treasure, something infinitely precious to him.

Ranma moved in slowly for another kiss, a whisper of "Henrietta..." on his lips, such passion in her name that it caused the Princess to moan before their lips even touched.

Moving as one, the two lovers pulled one another tight as they continued to kiss side by side, rubbing their bare chests together as their tongues dueled again. This trapped one of Ranma's hands between them, and it began to play with her breast, eventually starting to examine her nipple, first rubbing, then tweaking it before just gently rolling the nipple between two of his fingers. Henrietta moaned in delight at this and lifted one leg over Ranma, pulling him in deeper, her calves caressing the backs of his muscled thighs and buttocks. In this manner, she started to move her hips against Ranma's, pressing her still-panty clad sex with

greater and greater urgency against his equally covered manhood, while the arm not underneath Ranma's body moved to push her drenched panties down her leg with little result.

A whimper came to her then as they kissed, one Ranma heard despite their mouths being so busy. In response, Ranma shifted himself slightly backward before moving his lips to Henrietta's earlobe, kissing and nibbling it in a way that Ranma had already learned Henrietta loved. As she was letting loose a breathy giggle, Ranma twisted them around so that he was on top of Henrietta. A kiss once more stole her breath away, and then Ranma was moving down her body, licking and nibbling her chin, neck and then collarbone, before moving even further down.

Henrietta moaned louder now, one hand moving down her body to work at her panties while the other moved into Ranma's hair. As she did, she blinked in astonishment, now looking at him with curiosity as well as rising ardor. "Wh, how, how is your hair so smooth and silky?"

Pausing in his trek right above Henrietta's chest, Ranma blinked. "Er, good living, maybe? It could be a byproduct of my ki."

"Hmmmh!" Henrietta might have tried to reply to that surprising point, but Ranma decided he'd paused long enough. Instincts buried deep within Ranma had awoken, and they would not be denied. He moved down Henrietta's body further, pressing his face into the valley between her breasts, kissing the skin there for a second. From there, his lips climbed up those hills one after another, exploring their curvatures with lip and tongue. Ranma took his time about it, becoming almost intoxicated by the feel of Henrietta's skin under his lips, the taste of it, the feel of her breasts in his hands, the moans and whimpers she let loose.

Only when he had memorized every bit of her breasts did Ranma move up towards the tip at her left peak. Moving his tongue up the underside of Henrietta's breast, he didn't stop until his tongue slid to her already painfully hard nipple, where he gently licked it, once around the areola, then twice just across, before nipping at Henrietta's nipple with his teeth very lightly, mesmerized anew by the taste and texture of it.

The sound Henrietta let loose at that was so loud Ranma had to wonder if anyone around would hear it. "Ahh, yes!! Blessed Brimir, Ranma!" She had honestly been so close to demanding he start paying attention to her nipples it wasn't even funny. *Dear God, he is playing my body like he played that flute! Is it just his instincts, or Heeheh, did he do some light reading on what to do and not mention it earlier!* "Wh, where did you learn how to do thisSS!?"

Again a moan interrupted her words, but Ranma heard her question even so. Almost unwilling to pull his tongue away from its new toy, Ranma looked up at Henrietta, his blue eyes, almost back to normal but still glowing lightly in the dark, practically beaming now. "Er, would you believe instinct? I've always learned best by doing, and um, I guess you could say that I'm kind of reading how you react to whatever I do. And um... off-topic here, but do we need to be worried about being overheard?"

"I raised the wards of the suite, no noise will escape, and no one can enter until I bring the wards down. And you are, are reading me, are you? Mmm... in that case, do continue doing so," Henrietta intoned, her tone positively salacious to her own ears, causing Ranma to flush.

Taking this as an order, Ranma eagerly went back to work, one hand massaging her right nipple gently, while Ranma's left hand gently fondled Henrietta's left teat, adding to the sensation of his mouth on that nipple, which only became even more powerful as Ranma engulfed the nipple entirely in his mouth and started to suckle on it. As the feelings became too strong, Ranma showed he was reading Henrietta's body almost better than she could and moved to the other nipple, giving it equal attention.

By this point, Henrietta's panties were so drenched they almost felt as if she had jumped in a bath with them still on. As Ranma continued, a deep, yearning feeling grew within her, a fire pulsating out from her nether regions. It was time, Henrietta felt, to move on to the main event.

The next time Ranma went to switch between her breasts, Henrietta leaned forward and kissed him as fervently as she possibly could. After a few moments of this passionate lip-lock, she pulled away slowly then pressed her forehead against his gasping for air. "Take me, Ranma, now, I, I need to feel you inside of me."

Ranma kissed her back, a bit of pride going through him that he had been doing so well. But there was one thing he still wanted to try. There had been something about that scene in Siesta's book that intrigued him, and he wanted to try it. "Of course, my Princess Love..." With that, Ranma started placing kisses down her torso again, making a line straight down her chest and to her belly this time. Ranma paused there, kissing her skin, reveling in the smoothness there. For all that her life was one more of meetings than doings, Henrietta was still in good shape, her stomach flat if not toned.

I'd like to take a bit to explore her sides and stomach too, or well, be honest, I wanta explore all of her! But right now, I have a specific target in mind. Glancing up at Henrietta's face, Ranma smirked at her bemused expression, his glowing blue eyes flashing even more than normal. "...Eventually."

"Eventually? Ranma, if you are in any doubt about my readiness, I assure you IMMM!!" Henrietta's words juddered to a halt as Ranma kissed the curve of her hip just before taking the tie of one side of her panties in his teeth. He lingered for a second, making certain their eyes were locked, before he pulled at the string, then slowly pulled her panties up and away, Henrietta helping by lifting her rear gently.

Their eyes still locked, Henrietta resumed breathing with a gasp as Ranma ran his tongue along her hips just over where her panties had been a second ago. With every touch creating liquid fire on her nerves, Henrietta's eyes widened as Ranma moved further down, nuzzling into the small, well-trimmed patch of purple hair there.

Ranma's tongue flicked out, scrapping through the patch of purple hair to what lay below, blinking as the taste of the juices Henrietta had been secreting hit him. At first, he had thought it was some kind of sweat, but the touch seemed to jolt an old memory of a very dry class he'd taken at an all-boys school.

The school treated the subject with about as much interest as someone making his bed: it was something you had to do, but it was boring, and there was nothing of interest in it. And at the time, despite the snickers of some of the boys, Ranma had almost entirely ignored the subject, exactly as the school wanted all of its young charges to do. Now he only could remember a few lines of it, but the importance of those lines screamed at his mind now, complete with the droning tone of voice, "...When the woman in question is sexually aroused, her vulva, or vagina, will secrete fluids, to help the male understand when she is ready for penetration..."

God damn, whatever is going on with my memory is weird as hell, but I gotta say that was timely. Siesta's book, thank you! And you, teacher guy, if I ever go back to Earth and meet you, I...honestly don't know if I'm going to beat you up for being a moron, or just pat you on the head sadly if you really thought this was boring. By this point, Ranma had decided that being with Henrietta like this was going to become his favorite past time, tied with learning new martial arts skills. And even then, if Henrietta was around, being with her would win hands down. Her little gasps, sighs and moans, her body, her touch, her laugh, everything was so freaking new and intoxicating!

Time to put that little blurb I read to work, Ranma thought. He paused for just a second, looking away from Henrietta's face to take in the sight of what lay between Henrietta's thighs.

The purple thatch of hair at the top was shaped to look like a tiny triangle about an inch or so to a side, those sides very clearly delineated. Below it, there was what Ranma supposed was the vulva mentioned in his memory. It reminded Ranma almost like lips, or perhaps a flower, but neither description seemed to work entirely. Henrietta's slit was about the size of two fingers pressed together, the sides like small mounds, pulsing with blood, while between them, the opening was equally small. The smell almost hit Ranma, heady, like crushed flowers, mixed with something tangy.

Licking his lips, Ranma leaned down, eager to see what Henrietta's lower lips tasted like.

Watching this, Henrietta gasped, "Are you... are you going to do that... with your mouth...?" She had not thought anyone would do that in real life. "No one ever... I never thought... will you really... for me...?"

Pausing from where had been licking along the outer edge of Henrietta's vulva (Ranma was kind of proud of remembering that term) Ranma nodded. "Er, I accidentally read a bit of a book Siesta had that described it. The woman seemed to enjoy it, so..."

“Oh, s, so my maids aren’t the only ones with books like thAATTT! Oh... Oh, Founder...” Henrietta practically panted as Ranma, not seeing her object, dove back in, licking up one side of her mound and then down the other before working his way back up directly along her slit.

While doing so, Ranma shuddered, his penis starting to throb almost uncomfortably in his underwear, the taste going straight to his inner caveman. It was tangy, almost meaty, but the smell was flowery with a hint of something else Ranma couldn’t find a comparison to. He also began to observe Henrietta’s reactions once more. He realized quickly that tonguing directly at the slit caused Henrietta the most pleasure, and after a few passes up and down and to the side of it, Ranma started to thrust his tongue into the opening, twisting his tongue around as he did so.

Ranma sensed something was coming, some peak, Henrietta’s ki going wild within her so much that he caught the edge of it without concentrating on his only recently trained ki senses. That was interesting, but Ranma didn’t have time to think about it as Henrietta hit that crescendo.

“Oh, God, oh, Founder, oh RANNNNMAAAA!!!” Henrietta screamed to high heavens as she peaked, going over with a violence that caused her hips to buck up, nearly pushing Ranma’s face away from his newest toy.

Hearing that cry and sensing the climax through Henrietta’s ki, which he was now paying closer attention to, Ranma smiled in satisfaction, laying his head down on one of her now-wet thighs, laying gentle kisses on her thigh. Henrietta’s body had gone all tense just then, so he figured that continuing to give her powerful stimulation might actually hurt her somehow, so he waiting for her to stop spasming her arms and legs collapsing, her legs, in particular, flopping further open. *Just gives me more room to work with*, Ranma chuckled, moving back in eagerly, his hands now moving inward from where he had been holding her legs open before.

It took Henrietta a while to recover her awareness, but when she did, she saw Ranma's eyes gleaming with almost feline delight at her from where he was once more poised over her trembling womanhood like a cat at cream. Realizing what he was about to do, she implored, “Wait... please wait... Dear Ranma, I need you in me... I, I'll fall apart if I don't have you within me.”

Ranma’s eyes flew open, his look of desire fading indecision. Nothing in his fractured memories had come forward on this score specifically. He knew what she meant, but actually doing it was a different thing.

Seeing that doubt, Henrietta reached down, touching his chin. “I, I, I beg of you... your c-cock,” she stumbled a bit on the vulgarity. “I need your cock inside me! Please! I am ready.”

Blinking at what he sensed was a very vulgar, and thus out of character, statement, Ranma nodded slowly. With a final lick of her womanhood, Ranma stood up and removed his

underwear, letting them drop to the floor, not letting a flash of embarrassment stop him. After all, Henrietta had bared herself to him utterly by this point, Ranma had to do the same.

As he did, Henrietta watched, fascinated first by the play of his muscles as he bent down and pushed his underwear down, then gulping as his hardened manhood popped up to full mast. This being the second penis she had seen, Henrietta stared unabashedly, her mind treacherously comparing it to that of Wales, with which her virginity had been taken, despite her best efforts to not fall into that trap.

When Ranma moved back to the bed, Henrietta sat up, reaching for his head and pulling him into a kiss. And, as she pushed her tongue into her lover's mouth, she did not hesitate to grasp it.

Ranma's eyes flew open mid-kiss, and he pulled back, hissing at the sensation of someone else touching his manhood for the first time. Seeing this reaction, Henrietta realized it was time for her to take the lead, and with a certain thrill, did so, kissing Ranma lightly on the lips before moving to his shoulder, kissing it and looking between their bodies at where Ranma's manhood hung down from where he was crouching above her, a lion paused in his feast. *Hmm, I wonder why cat analogies seem to fit Ranma so well?*

Having seen Ranma's reaction when she had attempted a bit of vulgarity before, Henrietta tried it once more, kissing his lips again before pulling back. "Mmm, your cock is so large," she cooed, feeling his penis jump in her hands. Henrietta kissed him again, moving her other hand to join the first, moving them up and down the shaft.

Feeling it in her hands like this, Henrietta realized it was indeed noticeably larger than Wales's, something which was made plainer when Henrietta realized it had been more than a year since she had slept with Wales, and her body – and perforce her hands – had grown since. It was certainly thicker, filling her hand almost to the point her scepter did, and it also seemed perhaps longer than what she had experienced before, the tip poking out past her two hands with a bit of room to spare as she pumped them up and down.

Despite its somewhat daunting size, Henrietta had no worries about her accommodating it with her more mature body and highly stimulated state. Indeed, she could feel her juices trickling out even more now, the wet patch underneath her now very noticeable.

With a steady grip, Henrietta eagerly guided the tip of Ranma's penis down to her core, watching as Ranma settled his legs for a moment right before she then put the tip of his penis between her outer lips. Her eyes closed as she sighed at the sensation, fighting back the urge to hump her hips up to take more within herself faster. Henrietta somehow sensed the next stage had start from Ranma. Looking at his face, she knew that thought was right, and she slowly moved her hands up and down his back soothingly, staying silent for now.

Ranma's face was scrunched up, his eyes closed as he grit his teeth with the sensation invading him from the tip of his penis right now, the soft, moist, velvety feeling surrounding it was far outside of anything that he had ever felt or even dreamed was possible before that it took all his efforts not to just ram the rest of his penis inside Henrietta. But he knew that would be wrong, and he also knew if he did, Ranma would lose control and reach the male version of the thing that Henrietta had felt earlier. And that meant he wouldn't be able to concentrate on Henrietta.

But Ranma was a past master at controlling his body. Part of his basic training with Genma was on this score, ignoring pain, hunger, strain and so forth, overriding his body's instincts and controlling every twitch of his body. Now he used that training to fight back his body's natural reaction to this pleasure, fighting it back down and slowly building a new level of self-control.

After nearly a minute of Ranma's cockhead laying within her moist entrance, Henrietta's own self-control was almost at the breaking point, and her hands had shifted. One hand had moved up to Ranma's hair, the other moved to her mouth where Henrietta started to bite down at her own knuckle to keep control. It was sheer torture on top of Ranma's earlier ministrations! When Ranma looked at her, Henrietta let that hand fall away, and she breathed out, "Take me, Ranma, now!"

Ranma kissed her again while slowly sliding deeper, testing his self-control as he worked his shaft slowly deeper in Henrietta's velvety clutch, steadily probing farther, millimeter by millimeter with each repetition, watching Henrietta's face for any sign of pain. Another concept that didn't seem to come from a specific memory was that first times were often painful for girls, and the last thing he wanted to was to cause Henrietta pain.

At first, Henrietta was simply moaning and thrashing, the feeling of being filled so slowly causing her no end of pleasure. But seeing Ranma's concerned, worried look, she realized that he wasn't going slowly just for his own self-control, but for her. Biting her lip, Henrietta paused then whispered, "Ranma, dear, that is not necessary..."

Ranma heard that and looked at her in confusion, and Henrietta elaborated, "I did not want you to stop. I want you to fill me. You do not need to worry about my maiden barrier. I am not a virgin."

Ranma blinked, and the worry fled his face replaced by a grin as he started pushing into her a bit faster. "That's, well, it's kind of a relief, you know?" he huffed, still having trouble controlling himself, the sensations he was dealing with were so new.

"Is... ah! Is it? M, most, most w, wou, would not find it SOOOoooo..." Henrietta attempted to speak, but as Ranma pushed more of his thick length into her, her ability to speak was sharply curtailed.

“Eh, yeah, I um, I had kind of thought up an idea to take away the pain, but er, like everything else we’ve been doing, it isn’t something I’ve tried beforeEEE!” Ranma’s own breath was coming in gasps now, but he dipped in for another kiss, continuing to speak between kisses. “N, now all I need to concentrate on is giving you pleasure!”

Henrietta moaned a response, her mouth opening eagerly. Their tongues danced together amidst their muffled moans as Ranma continued to push forward until Ranma’s own black pubic hair rested against Henrietta’s purple thatch.

Feeling oddly proud at taking Ranma’s whole length, Henrietta pulled back from the kiss, shuddering and gasping as her tongue and Ranma’s slid apart with manifest reluctance. Remembering her words earlier, once more Henrietta decided to use a bit of the coarse language she had read in one of her maid’s books. “Mmm... Ranma’s cock is now buried in my pussy,” seeing Ranma’s eyes widen in shock, she giggled, then shifted her hips back and forth, deciding the time to be soft, “f-fuck me, Ranma! Fuck me and fill me with your beautiful cock, my Love!”

Hearing that, Ranma eagerly obliged her. Bracing himself further with one arm beside Henrietta’s head, Ranma began to thrust in and out of Henrietta at an increasingly rapid tempo, while his other hand teased and caressed down Henrietta’s torso until it rested on her lower belly, the area of her body he had skipped over earlier. And once more, Ranma tried to use his ability to read Henrietta’s body, figuring out what tempo Henrietta liked best. At which point he lowered himself to another kiss, dominating the kiss from the get-go, trying to pour his ardor for Henrietta into that kiss.

Overwhelmed momentarily, the Princess lost herself in sensations of the fleshy rod plunging into her over and over again while Ranma’s tongue twirled hers. Her arms moved around him, pulling Ranma deeper desperately, her wordless cries urging Ranma to an even more rapid pace. Soon Henrietta pulled back from the kiss, her back arching as she panted out a cry of “Again, RAAAAAMMMMA!!” announcing her second orgasm of the night.

Coming down from her rush, she found Ranma nuzzling her neck and still rock-hard inside her. He had stopped moving, once more allowing her body to recover some equilibrium. Meanwhile, Ranma had simply gazed at her in awe, Henrietta’s flushed face, her heaving chest, wet lips, and now wild, sweat-matted hair the most gorgeous sight Ranma had ever seen.

Seeing that gaze and deciding to regain a bit of control, Henrietta braced her feet on the mattress. At which point, she started to shift her hips to either side and up, taking more of Ranma’s cock inside her pussy for herself.

In response, Ranma raised himself up a bit before thrusting down into Henrietta again, harder than before, causing her entire body to shake as she squealed out her enthusiastic response. “Yes, oh Blessed Founder, yes!”

Looking down, Ranma was transfixed by the movement of Henrietta's breasts as she writhed under him, urging Ranma to cum. Bending his back a bit, Ranma was able to take Henrietta's rightmost nipple in his mouth, nibbling and suckling at it, once more delighting in the taste and texture.

When Henrietta started to tire, Ranma took the chance to change their positions a little, straddling her right leg while raising her left by hooking her knee with an arm, noting her good flexibility and muscle tone. *Heh, I was right. She really is built like a dancer. I can't wait to start teaching her the Art!* Once Henrietta's leg was over his shoulder, Ranma flexed his hips at a long even stroke, using the new angle to regain control of the love-making session.

Despite her best efforts, Henrietta couldn't help the feeling raking her body, hurtling toward another release, with no indication Ranma would cum anytime soon. This was somewhat humiliating since she knew she was the more experienced of the two. After a moment, though, a plan formed in her pleasure-filled brain, and Henrietta grinned lasciviously up at the man penetrating her to the root. Letting the pleasure Ranma was giving her carry her away, Henrietta thrust back up at him, now attempting to reach a climax as soon as possible.

As she screamed her third release, Henrietta did not give in to the lassitude of the aftershocks it caused. Instead, she fought through it and used the point of their joining as a fulcrum to roll her hips. At the same time, she put her arms around Ranma's unresisting body, pulling him to the side and down, using his surprise to straddle him this time.

Now sinking herself down on Ranma's cock, Henrietta's face was almost feral in exhilaration as she ignored the somewhat painful spasms in her vagina to keep pumping her hips up and down without pause, hands braced on his powerful chest, delighting once more in the power of that chest. "Sir Ranma's seed, I want it..." she wantonly moaned, all of Henrietta's normal self-control gone in the needs of the moment. "I want your hot semen to fill me. I want to feel it trickle all the way down my legs..."

Thighs trained by many hours of dance lessons propelled her hips now in ever lewder gyrations. Her inner vaginal muscles, not trained at all, could only grasp and quiver, but that and the new position was enough. Letting Henrietta now set the pace, Ranma reached up to play with her bouncing breasts, captivated by the glitter of sweat-damp skin in the blue light of his creations, and the feel of Henrietta's firm-but-soft breasts as her hips smacked into his over and again, the sound filling the bedroom.

Soon Ranma started panting, thrusting again up into Henrietta with a now urgent need, eliciting renewed moaning from the woman he was embedded in. "Henrietta, something, I, I'm about to..." Ranma strained out, his mind unable to come up with the right words, but somehow knowing a man finishing inside a woman could lead to trouble in the future.

"D, don't worry, my Heart, just **cum!!!**" Henrietta cried, reaching another, albeit smaller release as Ranma thrust up one last time, releasing inside her with all the force of a waterspout,

filling Henrietta so much quite bit seeped out along the sides of his cock in a thick, sludge-like ooze. Feeling this, Henrietta closed her eyes and ran her hands through her own hair, slowly swaying in rapture as she savored the feel of hot liquid inside her. "It's inside me... Ranma's seed is filling me up..."

Flopping down on top of Ranma, Henrietta purred in sensual delight and a feeling of pride at breaking through Ranma's tight self-control, the result of which she could indeed feel slipping out of her moist, still cock-filled quim in a long, thick rivulet to add still more wetness to the sheets below them. "That was splendid, Ranma. My dearest friend, I have no words beyond simply amazing."

"Heh, um, y, you were damned amazing yourself! And not just at the end either, just, everything about you is..." Ranma's passionate reply was interrupted by another kiss.

For several minutes they recovered, quietly exchanging small kisses and caresses. Finally, Henrietta had recovered enough to ask a question that had been at the back of her mind since her second orgasm. "I have to ask, was that really your first time?"

"Yep. I um, I, I did alright, huh? You, er, you inspired me to go all out." Ranma chuckled, scratching at his hair. It was currently hanging loosely down to his shoulders, something that Ranma suddenly realized it shouldn't be as he had a memory of looking at himself in a mirror at some point. *Hmm, a pigtail? Eh, I don't know if that's really me. Maybe a ponytail like Makoto's, only shorter?*

"Really, just, inspiration and instinct? And you did all that?" Henrietta questioned dubiously.

"Er, a few times my Ki senses helped too. Beyond that, controlling my body is what I have trained all my life to do, so stopping myself from, um, cumming was hard but doable."

Nodding thoughtfully, Henrietta reflected that that certainly matched what Ranma had told her about his ability to learn from doing and how he could read opponents, although she still didn't understand how that could equate with all he had done tonight. "Hmmm... but what about the lights and the dance and the flute? Sweet Ranma, I cannot tell you how much all that meant to me that you would go to such lengths for me!"

"You already did, Henrietta," Ranma answered, kissing her tenderly. But seeing the question in her eyes, he admitted. "Um, most of that was wild guesswork and bits of memory, coupled with that short talk I mentioned with Siesta and Makoto." Before Henrietta could question him on that point and wonder about mentioning this maid once more, as well as under what circumstances Ranma had met Makoto so late at night, Ranma continued on. "When I left you out of the headmaster's office, it started to hit me what was going to happen and I kind of panicked."

“Panicked? Really?” Henrietta asked, fascinated with this confession and her concerns on Siesta and the ‘brown-haired girl’ derailed. “How?”

“Yeah, thinking ‘this is bad, this is bad, I don’t know anything about girls at all let alone anything like kissing or more or Gaah!” Ranma waved one hand to show how panicked he had been then. He had wanted to use both, but the arm around Henrietta refused to move, ignoring his brain’s commands.

“Er, so I was doing what I do when I have to think about stuff, doing katas when er... I was approached and told about how the conversation at dinner was cut off when I left. So I went to look for Siesta, who had told me she could speak some Japanese, her grandmother had come from there. I went to look for her, and she was reading this book and um, I read a bit, and I talked to her about romance and stuff. It, um, it gave me a few ideas. So I went out to carve a flute out of some spear handle I found, punched finger-holes in it, and then found that glass in the same shed, so I thought about some ideas there.”

“You must have settled down once you had everything arranged,” Henrietta commented. “You seemed confident enough when I arrived.”

“Heh, heck no. That was just a front...” Ranma admitted with a slow shake of his head, “Um, even with Amie giving me some words of encouragement, I could barely hear myself play with the blood pounding in my ears, just hoping that it would be enough. My mind was sort of acting like the whole thing was a do-or-die martial arts match, so I just went with it.”

“‘Do or Die’ mode seems an extreme way to put it,” Henrietta pointed out with raised eyebrows while making a firm note in her mind about this Siesta girl. If there was even a hint of attraction there...

Ranma’s voice pulled her out of her thoughts before she could figure out where they were going. “Yeah, looking back, I know that kind of thinking was wrong, but that was how I was feeling. A lot of my training was like that, do or be hurt, do or don’t get food. Do or deal with broken bones. So that was the kind of thought process I fell into.”

While Henrietta began to think murderous thoughts towards Ranma’s ‘Old Man,’ Ranma’s free hand – his left arm was still ignoring all commands that would pull it away from Henrietta’s waist – moved to her face, cradling it gently. Again, Henrietta had the impression that Ranma felt she was this precious, infinitely valuable treasure, and despite everything they had done, her breath hitched, and her blush rose once more. “You, uh, you saved my life, or at least my dignity, when I saw your face light up like it did. It was like I was trying to get out of a tunnel, but then suddenly, I was under a clear blue sky, the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and everything! Once that happened, things got a lot less tense.”

Abashed but also delighted, Henrietta couldn't help but bury her face in Ranma's shoulder and giggle. "Oh, Sweet One, I did not mean to trouble you so. Truly, I would have been happy with just a lover who treated me kindly, let alone go to such lengths!"

"You can't really call it trouble. Even with freaking out like I did, I didn't regret putting in the effort. Hell, I think any guy who did wouldn't be worth calling a man!"

Looking up at him again with a glowing expression, the Princess said, "It really has been a marvelous night, the best of my life!" That hurt a bit, knowing her time with Wales had been more a thing of lust and rushed desire than true love and passion, but it was true. "When I left you to speak to Colbert, I could never have imagined a potion-enforced night could have been so perfectly romantic!"

She kissed his shoulder before leaning back, staring into Ranma's lightly glowing eyes as she reiterated her delight. "This really was the perfect start of a love affair, I... Oh my!" Henrietta suddenly pulled back entirely, clapping her hands together over her mouth, her forearms pressed against her chest and partially concealing her breasts as her eyes sparkled with embarrassment and good humor as she started to giggle, her hands falling away as she collapsed against Ranma's chest. "I enjoyed it so much, I forgot... I forgot..hehehehe..."

"You forgot what?" Ranma asked, pushing himself up one elbow, looking at her in confusion, as well as the arm Ranma was starting to think was in open revolt given its unwillingness to obey him. Instead, the arm hugged Henrietta to him all the harder, the hand moving slowly down to her pert, pliant rear, which Ranma had yet to play with.

Humming at this touch, Henrietta giggled. "I, I forgot to cast the counter-spell!"

Blinking, Ranma frowned, wondering what she was talking about for a second before he started to laugh too. "Hehehe, so, I, I suppose there's no problem with the potion, um changing the target to me or something equally annoying, like turning into poison since you slept with someone it wasn't set to?"

"No, no love potion can do anything like that. They either have no focus, or the focus never changes, such as the one Montmorency doused me with so accidentally." Henrietta smiled in a way that was both perky and sensual in a way that defied Ranma's description. "No, the only consequence is that we will need to have sex again."

"Huh, that sounds like a put-up job to me. You didn't 'forget' on purpose, did you?" Ranma teased.

Pouting, Henrietta shook her head, looking away coyly. "Not at all. But are you saying I would have to, to get you to sleep with me once more?"

With a laugh, Ranma leaned forward to kiss Henrietta on the nose, as Henrietta had earlier that night. "You're adorable when you're trying to lie." Then he kissed her on the lips. "You're just adorable all the time, really," he stated before starting a deeper kiss. "And you would have to tie me down to keep me from sleeping with you again!"

"Hmmm... whyever would tying you down stop us from sleeping together?" The Princess quipped as she ran her fingers up and down her lover's toned, heavily muscled back. She leaned to kiss Ranma in turn before both of them leaned away, laughter giggling out, not so much at the jokes but at the company of one another.

Their embrace turned more affectionate than passionate as the chuckles died down, and they lay back down beside each other, relaxing for a moment, with Henrietta murmuring, pressing her head into Ranma's chest and shoulder, "Ah me... This is so nice. I would not even mind if that potion did pull me to you if every night can be like this."

"Yeah, I've been wondering about potions for a while ago. Everything you've said about them says they're illegal, but they still exist, so is there something I can do to watch out for that?"

Henrietta considered her response for a moment. "It depends. Potions as effective as the one Montmorency created is very rare indeed. In fact, it would be almost unthinkable to use such an expensive and potent brew on a potion of this nature. Normally such things are made for the...um... participants in an arranged marriage."

Seeing Ranma's eyes widen in horror, the Princess went on quickly. "They would both drink it together, becoming enamored of one another. But even for noble houses, the expense would be so exorbitant most don't bother." Seeing her lover calm down, Henrietta went on more thoughtfully. "It is a measure of how desperate and foolish Miss Montmorency was that she even thought of such a solution, although any... truly intelligent individual would see it was almost inevitable that such a scheme would go wrong as it did."

Ranma's last vestige of concern disappeared as he laughed, and Henrietta joined him, shaking her head. "She was lucky that I, as a reasonably able water mage, was able to resist the spell long enough to get away from its fixation as I did. Furthermore, since it is illegal for anyone to give a noble such a potion against their will, most people would not risk the consequences for such an uncertain result."

That caused Ranma's good humor to vanish again. "Huh, sounds like there wouldn't be such a problem using love potions on commoners."

Henrietta winced. "You would be correct. Potions that are weaker in terms of duration but more longer-lasting in potency are far more prevalent. And there are no laws against administering them to commoners. An unscrupulous nobleman can buy a potion that only increases general... sexual excitement... and lowers the inhibitions of a victim for a short

amount. A commoner girl would have no defense against such if given it, save perhaps genuine commitment to someone else. As such, many noblemen enjoy frequent... success," she spat the word out, "in bedding women who would not normally be receptive to them, even if the potion only lasts for an hour.

"You're planning to do something about that, aren't you," Ranma announced. "That and a lot of other stuff." He shrugged when Henrietta looked at him, and he smirked. "I remember what ya very carefully didn't say even when it was just your Musketeers and me. But I figure with those wards up, we're safe."

Sighing in near sensual relief at the very idea of being totally safe to speak on this matter, Henrietta nodded, moving a bit further away, or as far away as Ranma's arm allowed her to, to convey the seriousness of this moment. For a moment, she almost wanted to go into some of her specific plans on this score, but Ranma didn't have enough background to understand them. "Yes! I have long intended to change the way things are in Tristain! While it will be difficult with so many nobles clinging to power, once I am queen, I will push through reforms in how commoners are treated and what their rights are under the law. The problem is that currently, my faction is not strong enough to do so through main strength."

Frowning in thought, she went on. "To continue using love potions as an example, to stop them from being abused in the future, I will have to simultaneously cause the nobles to fear their continued use, encourage the commoners to speak up when their nobles abuse them, in this manner and others, give them better means of protecting themselves, and protect them in turn by my own power or else be shown too weak to do so. And then keep the Church from being bribed into declaring the reform to be against the teachings of Brimir. All the while preserving or generating political capital to pursue other reforms. To say nothing of the need to make sure no external or internal threat takes advantage of the internal turmoil." She smirked then. "The Judge Magistrate and the little conspiracy we overheard will be useful in many ways, not just pushing for my being crowned two years early."

"Ugh, sounds like the mess back during the Meiji period," Ranma commented with some distaste. "Still, I'm glad you are telling me so I know what to expect. I told you earlier I'd help you but let me repeat. Whatever happens, I'll be there, Henrietta. Not just because you're my friend, and my, my lover..." he blushed then, shaking his head and looking away from Henrietta's naked and all too distracting form, concentrating on her eyes. "But also because what you're doing is right. We should all be equal in the eyes of the law, if not society."

"Thank you, Ranma," she said while kissing his shoulder, then his lips, before settling down with his arm as her pillow again, a wry smirk on her face. "Although I might steal that line from you at a later date. If the nobles want to have special privileges, they must act worthy of them and not prey on others. But what is this about 'Meiji?'"

"Ah, it was a really complex time with Japan, my home country. I spent a few years with these monks, who taught me about it. Before that, my country was mostly isolationist, but the

Meiji era opened us up, kinda forcibly. We had a civil war, attacks on foreigners, attacks by foreigners and a bunch of other things going on. The end result was Shogun and the rich nobles who had been running things badly...”

He paused, looking at Henrietta, who shrugged and replied to his unasked question. “Great general?”

“Eh, sort of. So, direct translation and meanings of words but not social stuff, damn Louise’s spell is phenomenal. Maybe it could be worth working with her on her temper if she can do stuff like that.” Ranma shook his head as Henrietta laughed, explaining, “The Shogun was the Warlord, the Shoguns took over the actual running of the government, sort of like you said the nobles have been doing here thanks to your mom not doing anything to stop it. He and the other nobles turned the Emperor into a mouthpiece, but during the Revolution, he took over for real... sort of.”

Unwilling to get sidetracked again, Ranma eagerly went on, gleeful that he had taken the time earlier during his panic attack to go through his memories about history and stuff to come back to him. *And the fact those monks were also the ones to teach me a lot about ki and ki healing explains why I’ve retained so much of their teachings.* “Anyway, here’s the part that made me think about it. For a bunch of reasons, the Emperor and the Samurai supporting him figured that they had to get rid of the samurai system that gave them power if the country was to make any progress...”

“Sorry,” Henrietta interrupted by laying fingers on Ranma’s chest, trailing them down his pectorals, shivering at the feel of them again. *Will I ever get used to how simply muscled he is?* “The word Samurai again did not come with any context. I’ve been hearing it as ‘knight’, but then you said knightly system, and that makes no sense.”

“Right, sorry, I’ve mentioned them before but didn’t think to explain. The Samurai were what Japan had for nobles, except they were the country’s entire armed forces. They led, raised and controlled troops. Some were really rich and powerful, and some just had a spear, some cruddy armor and not many ways to earn money. But they were all Samurai, and nobody else was allowed to have weapons or stand up for themselves at all, not unless they wore a Samurai’s colors.”

“And these Samurai and your emperor realized that system was leading the country to ruin?”

“Yep. The Emperor and the Samurai thought it was the best thing for the country as a whole, so they did it anyway despite it breaking their own power. Afterward, they had to go through this whole thing of making sure that the commoners were educated and able to fight for themselves, beat down folks who wanted to keep the old ways, and get the military and economy working more like other countries did, so we could compete with them. Which we

did." Ranma shook his head. "Um, there's a lot more I remember leading up to, um, our modern times, but that's about it on the Meiji."

"That does parallel with Tristain's situation somewhat, though I hope to avoid a civil war or any other kind of war if I can. Many nobles expect me to be nothing but a figurehead leaving the country in their hands. It is also the case that most of the ones in charge now only concern themselves with their own wealth and power instead of the good of the country, and I intend to remove them. However, I was not planning to change the form of our government, just re-assert the crown's prestige and clean out the corruption, not break the whole system, simply make certain that the commoners can defend themselves and advance their wellbeing without noble interference," she trailed off for a few moments, simply running her fingers up and down Ranma's chest, feeling his hand on her rear gently squeezing in turn. "What happened to the samurai?"

"Oh, they were still around, just not called Samurai. The richer ones went into trade and investments, mostly. The rest did a lot of things like getting jobs in the new government, police and a heck of a lot joined the military. Heck because they were educated, some even became teachers, or writers, or reporters." Now becoming more used to how the translation spell worked, Ranma asked, "Wait, did 'reporter' translate?"

"Perhaps, I heard 'one who delivers reports.' Were they inspectors or spies?"

"Uh, no... how to explain..." Ranma contemplated, then, "Reporters are guys who go out and find out stuff then write about it, maybe make some comments on what it means, and publish it in something that gets distributed to the common people so they can read it and learn things. They might write about earthquakes, floods, or other problems in other parts of the country. Or maybe they would talk about what was going on in other countries... all kinds of things, whatever was interesting or useful to people. But er, I don't think without a printing press and a lot more people being able to read that matters."

"Literacy is indeed often seen as a noble or merchant-class prerogative, but a printing press... hmmm... that translated, a device that makes writing. Hmm... But what else did the ex-samurai do?" The future queen set aside that thought, wondering how many other revolutionary ideas she would get from this pillow talk.

"Oh, uh... let's see... weapon makers, technicians of various types... oh! And martial arts teachers!"

Now isn't that an interesting tidbit, Henrietta thought excitedly, tamping down her interest with difficulty. "Martial arts like what you do?"

"Oh yeah. There were a whole bunch of martial arts schools opened at the time to teach anybody who would pay the fees and follow the precepts of whatever school. Some of them became like institutions run by whoever was senior, like the big martial arts monasteries in

China I also learned at. Others, though, were kept in families who would teach the general-purpose stuff to students but keep the really special techniques in the family. Others, like mine, were just family-oriented.”

“You remember your school to be a family one? Does that mean you are a samurai?” Henrietta asked, a tinge of urgency coming through her tone.

“The Saotome School of Anything Goes School of Indiscriminate Grappling,” Ranma replied, the words coming to him easily, those words and what they meant having dominated his memories, and indeed Ranma felt his entire life, before coming to this world. “As for being a samurai, remember that nobody's a samurai anymore. I mighta come from a Samurai line. It would certainly explain why my old man and I were on a training trip and everything. “But a lot of people can say they have samurai blood in their ancestry since people were marrying back and forth across former class lines ever since then.”

“I quite understand. This is all so intriguing.” *Very intriguing, indeed.* This settled in Henrietta's mind the idea that Ranma was indeed a descendent of nobility, as she had believed almost from the start. And overwhelming power paired well with even barely adequate pedigree in Tristain. This was the case of the current Duchess Valliere, who rose from being the spare daughter of a minor, obscure family to the de facto ruler of the kingdom's largest and richest province, with a military background none in the country could match, or would dare challenge.

Just give Ranma a chance to earn titles, prestige and lands... well, that would put him firmly in the 'Royal Consort' running, would it not? She could now envision a straight path to earning herself personal happiness and a stronger reign in one go. But then she sighed. No, it was far too soon to make that kind of plan. No matter how compatible they seemed, there might be complications in the future, especially with memories waiting to surface in Ranma's mind. *But Founder Bless, I want to claim every bit of this man for myself, forever!*

Her fingers had continued to trail up and down Ranma's chest, and now we're playing with his curly black private hairs, her knuckles gently tapping against his cock, which, she noticed, had yet to fully flag. Staring at that prodigious length, Henrietta mentally shook her head, the sight reminding her that making any decision while still amidst the euphoria of love-making was unwise. If the idea of asking Ranma to accept titles and her hand was still appealing after she was crowned, Henrietta could pursue it then. Though she suspected even the most pragmatic analysis would just reinforce the appeal of the man who was now gently kissing her forehead and neck.

Either way, the next step forward at that moment is to rid myself of the potion's enchantment. Indeed, now that Henrietta thought of it, it would actually be easier to cast, as the false urgings of the potion were now quite submerged by her feelings for Ranma, and a single try might be all she needed.

As Henrietta had been thinking, Ranma had let her to it since he too had things to think about. During their love-making earlier, Ranma had been able to sense Henrietta's ki, and ever since he pulled himself out of the ground in China, Ranma had been doing things with ki he had only ever dreamed of before. So as Henrietta pondered the future, Ranma pondered his ki, almost automatically kissing her forehead as her fingers wound down to his manhood, not really paying attention.

Instead, Ranma was feeling out the ki within himself and within Henrietta, seeing them almost pulsing in time, wondering about what else he could do with ki now that he had so freaking much. *Lose my memories, gain phenomenal power and come to a new world where I meet a woman who becomes a friend and then my first lover? Yeah, I'll take that. Now, I wonder if I can do anything more with ki in the bedroom...hmm...*

He quickly came back to the here and now when the Princess pushed herself up, almost dislodging Ranma's hand from her rear as she moved to straddle Ranma, her hands caressing his chest as she pushed herself upright, sitting back on her thighs. "I am glad we forgot about the spell the first time," Henrietta murmured as she started to slide her rapidly moistening sex back and forth on his wakening erection, "it made our first time together all about passion, not need. However, I still need to perform the ritual."

Starting to hum a bit under her intimate stroking, Ranma replied, "Uh, er, I really don't think passion isn't going to be involved this time, you know."

"Mmm, that will certainly be fine, just as long as I do not get swept away again before I can break the enchantment." Henrietta bit her lip, stopping her action for a moment and looking around. Where is my scepter? Ah, there it is... pooh. I don't wish to get up, but I suppose..."

Looking around, Ranma saw where the scepter was sitting on a table just out of reach of the bed. "Don't worry, I got this." Grabbing an end of a nearby pillowcase, he pulled off the pillowcase and somehow used it to snag the scepter from the table, flicking it into the air where Ranma caught it, holding it up to the surprised woman on top of him. "Do I get a reward now?" he asked mischievously.

"...I know you could never have practiced that, but that was a match for some of the best jugglers to perform at the capital." Henrietta shook her head, bemused anew at how physically capable and, moreover, adaptable Ranma was, before starting to grind against him once more. "Are you sure you don't use magic?"

"Yeah, when I say I control my body, I mean it. Every voluntary muscle action, and some of the involuntary ones, are trained to move precisely how I direct them. My Art is based on figuring out how things are done, then tweaking them to get the maximum performance, sometimes while a fight is happening. So it's like... a library of motion where if I need to do something new, I just stack the right movements together and do it."

“That helps to explain your rapid attainment of sexual prowess far more than your earlier explanations,” Henrietta replied dryly. “I did not understand that the first time you said it. I thought it was an aspect of your Ki.”

Ranma couldn't reply for a moment, gasping as his lover's ministrations became even more ardent. Being on the bottom like this and implicitly giving control over to Henrietta was doing a lot to cut into his desire to control himself. “I'm hah... I'm not explaining it too well, and it doesn't feel, hah, like you're going to let me think straight either! But, hah, there are things I can do on the first try that most people can't ever do. I-if you... gods that feels good... uh, so if you gave me a knife, threw a block of wood into the air, and told me to carve it into a particular shape, I could, hah, do it before it hit the ground.”

“Mmm, that does sound amazing, and though I may never truly understand it, at least I can enjoy what you do to me.” She shook herself, slowing her hips down with all the power of her considerable will. “For now, though, we have magic to perform.”

Ranma nodded and asked simply, “What do you need me to do?”

“At the moment? Just hold still, please? So my thoughts are not too scattered by pleasure,” she smirked as she raised herself up and then, after taking a deep breath, sank down on his shaft. She closed her eyes as she was penetrated and cooed, “Ohhhhh my, that is so... hmm... that might just be wishful thinking..”

His eyes narrowed in pleasure, Ranma decided to put into practice some of the things he had thought about a moment ago. As soon as Henrietta was resting on his hips with his cock fully inside her, Ranma tried to sending a surge of ki through his manhood, creating an aura around it and, not incidentally, within Henrietta's body, hitting all the pleasure centers within her at once.

Instantly, Henrietta's eyes snapped open, and her scepter fell from nerveless fingers as she gasped in air and twitched uncontrollably. After a moment, she shook off the paralysis from the new sensation and slapped his chest, “I, I told you not to do anything!”

Ranma didn't even try to act innocent. Instead, he put his best smirk on his face putting his arms behind his head as he lay there, one eyebrow cocked as he looked at her. “You said for me to 'hold still' and I didn't move a muscle. I don't see how it's my fault that didn't cover everything I can do.”

“Oooh, fine! Hold your Ki still too, you lout!” Henrietta tried to look stern as she gave orders. “Don't do that again, please!”

“What? You didn't like it?” Ranma teased, his smirk in full force.

“No, wait! ...You can do it again, but only aft... AAAAHHNNN!” her voice broke off into a warbling cry as Ranma thrust tingling Ki into her passage again. “Stop it! Stop it! Gah... haaaah,” Henrietta gasped and seeing her starting to lose herself, Ranma relented.

She glared at him with hugely widened eyes, but her dimples showed as she tried to suppress her smile, but even without that, Ranma could tell she was not really offended. Pointing at him, she commanded, “I meant for you to wait until I finish casting before you do anything, m, m, Mister Smarty-Cock!”

Ranma cackled at that, his hands shaking his head and pounding his fists into the mattress. “Mister Smarty-Cock!” he howled.

“Nohhh! HAHAnno, no! Stop, stop jiggling under me, you're only making it worse!” Henrietta cried as his movement caused his cock to twitch further within her played through her own body, just as the absurdity of the moment caused her to laugh in turn.

With difficulty, Ranma regained control, moving his hands to rest on Henrietta’s thighs as he smiled up at her. With Henrietta couple breathed deeply to keep their merriment reined in. Then Henrietta looked down at his chest, a blush again coming to her cheeks at the emotions in those glowing eyes. “Hide your eyes too, Ranma. I can't be serious when you look at me like that.”

“Alright... alright...” Ranma closed his eyes, shivering a bit as that just seemed to add to the sensation coming from his manhood being clamped in Henrietta’s moist, tight tunnel. “Do your magic, just make sure you don't need to cast any more spells tonight, 'cause that was too much fun, and I am not going to be able to stop again.”

“I just need to cast this one spell before we go on,” Henrietta nodded, attempting to look prim and determined when flushed, naked, and impaled on her new man's hard-on. The sheer incongruity of wishing to look like that at such a moment nearly had her laughing again, but she womanfully banished the desire. Lifting her scepter again, she then paused. “Strike that, I need to cast two, no, three spells. After that, I will be done with that for the night.”

“Better be sure... I'm not kidding when I say I plan to drive you crazy all night long,” Ranma warned her, then frowned. “Wait, three?”

“Three will be all,” she confirmed. “First, for the sake of my curiosity...” she announced and then muttered under her breath as she waved her scepter in a pattern that ended pointed at the sludge-like mass of semen on the sheets to one side of them where they had coupled earlier. The white fluid lit up in a strong green glow so strong it added the green color to the surrounding blue of Ranma’s creations throughout the room and caused Ranma to open his eyes in surprise. Henrietta, on the other hand, gaped, her mouth dropping as she stared in shock.

Looking at the new source of intense green light, Ranma blinked. "What the heck?"

"That was a spell to check the potency of your seed, which is..." Henrietta breathed out, shaking her head in complete amazement, "...rather astonishingly high." She shook herself and started gesturing with her scepter again, this time finishing with a tap to her lower abdomen, which created an almost sickly yellow light to emanate from her body for a moment. "So, my second spell is the strongest contraceptive spell known to Halkeginia. And I think I will ask one of my Musketeers to find me a morning-after potion as well. A very powerful one," She mused, looking at the large glob of semen as the light on it winked out. "Oh my."

"Erm, should I apologize now? Only, I tried to warn you..." Ranma began worriedly.

"Don't worry, Ranma, the spell and potion are one hundred percent effective. Indeed, I don't see this as a problem at all..." the Princess shivered, looking up to Ranma's face, her eyes slowly drooping as she fought back a wave of desire. "Rather, it is simply a sign of how good a lover you are. And now... the third and final part before you can fuck me so... splendidly raw..."

Ranma let loose a growl that sounded almost like that of a lion Henrietta once saw his eyes flaring. "Better hurry, my princess love, else that isn't going to be a request; it's going to be a description of current events!"

Giggling wildly at the effect she could have on this monstrously capable, powerful man, Henrietta began. "Let the chains of false love be broken! Let the wine of my heart pour freely! Ailiu iath!" the Princess shouted the last line exultantly, and the bedroom was flooded with a luminous, white flash accompanied by a loud bang. Ranma felt almost as if his ears were popping from a drop in air pressure, but it was sensed with his still-extended Ki-senses.

Sitting up, Ranma moved his hands from her hips, putting his arms around the Princess, holding her in his lap, concentrating on supporting her for a moment rather than the feeling of his shaft being surrounded by her still pulsing, moist warmth. "You okay? Er, did it work or is that a silly question?"

"Oh my, yes, although it took quite a bit out of me on top of the contraceptive spell. Fire has never been my forte, and mixing fire with water isn't easy either," Henrietta agreed with a sigh, tossing her mage-focus negligently to the side and melting into his embrace. Then she smiled, pulling away before leaning up and kissing Ranma on the lips. "And now..." she kissed him again, "...my dear Ranma..." she started moving up and down his erection, "...you can take me any way you want..." she briefly bit at his lower lip before continuing, "...anywhere you want..." her hip's gyrations sped up in her need, "...anytime, and as many times as you want me."

"Heh, be careful what you wish for, Henrietta," Ranma growled, then rolled them both to the side, placing the Princess on her back, and leaning down, taking a nipple in his mouth,

closing his eyes in concentration. A second later, as his cock started to thrust into her rapidly, his Ki surging from every pore, and the royal woman instantly started howling in ecstasy.

How long their second session went, Henrietta had no way of knowing and less inclination to care. The first time had been romantic and loving and gentle beyond belief. The combination of that and the more heated, more primal yet just as loving the second session was enough for Henrietta to realize she had now gained an addiction. An addiction to Ranma. The fact it seemed mutual was some comfort, but Henrietta decided they would have to set up some rules soon as the couple cuddled and caressed in the afterglow of their last love-making session.

No love-making before important... no, only one session a night unless I have the next morning free to regain my faculties and remove the smile on my face. By the Founder and Our Lord God, what this man can do to me! And he doesn't even look tired!

"Hey, what day was yesterday?" Ranma's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Ah? It was Ur Freyja Edel. The fifth month, first week, the seventh day of the year 6242 by our reckoning. Why?" Henrietta replied, murmuring happily as she felt Ranma's arms around her.

"Heh, well, it was the day you and I met. And fractured memory or not, I have never had anything like this. Not like holding you, not like in this bed, not like our just talking and being together. I've never even had anything close. So I can tell you this without a doubt," Ranma leaned down, kissing her cheek, nuzzling into her neck. "That means Ur Freyja Edel was the best day of my life. I, I think I love you, Henrietta. Even if our relationship doesn't work out, it won't be because I didn't try, and I'll love you and stand beside you anyway."

"Oh, Ranma..." Henrietta was profoundly touched by this and having felt his very life force, and having Ranma feeling hers, nodded. "I feel the same way. Our connection, our bond is, it has happened far more quickly than I would like, but I love you too, Ranma. It is wonderful, and a little scary, how drawn we are to each other in such a short time, but there is no denying this connection of ours."

Henrietta sighed, looking away from Ranma for a moment as she remembered another day, another love, forbidden and impossible to continue with. "Unfortunately, I know love is not always enough."

Now looking spooked, Ranma licked suddenly dry lips. "I, if that's so, do you mean we shouldn't..."

"No! We should! We should enjoy every bit of our time together, be it days or decades." Henrietta moved so she was once more on top of Ranma. Both of them greatly enjoyed that

position, though Henrietta had deeply enjoyed it this last time when Ranma had been standing by the side of the bed and railing into her, both of her legs on his shoulders.

Shaking that thought off, she looked up at Ranma, trying to convey all her emotions in her eyes. "I fell in love once before. Not wisely, but well. We both knew it was doomed, even as it began. Yet, even so, I loved as best I could every day with Wales without regret, despite the need to hide it, despite the problems it could have caused."

She smiled then, leaning down to kiss him on his lips before pulling back. "Now, with you, with true hope for the future, I intend to do no less." Leaning her body forward, Henrietta deliberately pressed her breasts and hardening nipples into his chest as she kissed him, enjoying the feel of his hands moving up and down her bare back and derriere. Pulling back breathlessly, she stared at him with an expectant look.

"I er... but you're still a princemmmphh..." Ranma's words were interrupted as Henrietta's oral assault resumed. Though it was more a matter of her showing what she wanted and getting his cooperation rather than overcoming his strength, she seized Ranma's wrists and held them to the bed as her tongue played with his. Then, as Ranma began to gain control of the kiss, Henrietta lifted back up, supporting herself on those wrists, putting her nipple to his lips again while rubbing herself against his incredibly muscled abdomen, reveling in the sensation.

She giggled lightly as Ranma pouted up at her when she pulled away. "Let us just take every day of our new love as it comes, my Ranma, treasuring each in turn."

Though tempted to let her keep kissing and teasing him into submission, Ranma decided to concede defeat now. "As you wish, Henrietta."

Generous in her win, Henrietta pressed her lips to his again before twisting to lay beside him on the bed once more, starting another long session of gentle petting and kissing. When next Henrietta pulled away to catch her breath, Ranma elaborated: "Alright, we're doing things your way. But what all are you worried about specifically that can get between us? The problem nobles? Any specifically I should watch out for?"

"Them, yes, **always** them, and I will have Agnes show you a dossier on the most annoying when we return to the castle. However, the two most looming issues are Germania, on our north and east borders, and Albion, a variable distance to the northwest across the Albion sea."

"I heard them both mentioned before, and Albion is the place we're allied with, but which is having a civil war or something, right? And it is the place where you were supposed to believe those assassins came from. But 'variable', what's that mean?"

“Exactly right. As for Albion, it is an island floating in the sky due to the large number of wind-stones that reside deep under the bedrock. It generally stays in the same region, but seasonal winds move it in a slow circuit throughout the year.”

Ranma’s eyes widened. “That’s... wild. I need to see that sometime. Still, I’d bet that makes them really hard to attack and gives their own aerial forces an edge too.”

“It does give them a high defensive benefit, which lets them concentrate on aerial strike forces instead of static defenses,” Henrietta agreed, once more delighted with Ranma’s quick mind. Then she added, “Oh, the aerial forces would be airships and dragons, mostly, with a few griffons.”

The animals came to Ranma’s mind easily, although he wondered if they were all the European instead of Asian variant. “The airships, are they like big balloons or something? Or, no, you just said something about wind-stones.”

“Yes. Spells suppressing or releasing the stone’s powers are used to raise or lower the ship, and sails and perhaps more spells are used for lateral motion.”

“Okay... but what happens if the stones bust through the ceiling?”

“It would be like a leak on a sea vessel. If it was big enough a hole, it would sink.”

“I, I think I would want to learn how to fly on my own before riding something like that.” Ranma looked very dubious, then grinned, lifting his hands – with some difficulty - from Henrietta’s back, who stared at them as they began to glow once more. “Heh, I think I just made myself a new training target!”

“Normally, they are reasonably safe. Safer than sea-based ships since they can rise above most storms. However, most airships designed for battle are manned mainly by mages able to land safely in a disaster. Is there no flying on your world of origin?” the Princess asked, wondering if indeed Ranma would be able to discover a means to fly. She could do so with some difficulty, but she was no triangle-class wind mage, able to fly for hours without aid.

“Sure, people fly. They just use airplanes with actual wings that can glide if they lose power. And they usually have multiple engines to keep going if they lose one. Even helicopters can land okay if damaged. I saw one once go down at...” Ranma stopped and looked distant, frowning.

“Another memory?” Henrietta prompted.

“Yeah, a personal one this time. I was small and at a United States Marine base; foreigners, but allies, well, mostly. I learned their style of close-quarters combat, a pretty good

close-in knife fighting style.” Shaking his head, Ranma looked back at Henrietta, his no-longer glowing hands once more on her back. “Bah, later for that. We were talking about Albion.”

“At the moment, Albion is in a civil war. The rebels are nobles who **say** they want to unite all of Halkeginia in order to attack Elvish territory and take back the Holy Land. If they win, they will probably invade Tristain next. I do not, needless to say, believe they are simple religious fanatics. Rather they are simply conquerors by any other name. Fighting against them is the royal family, including Prince Wales, one of my cousins...” Henrietta bit her lip, looking at Ranma closely as she went on. “And my former lover.”

After a moment, Ranma nodded, his voice calm and somewhat wary, but understanding too. “Huh. Cousin. That's, it's not impossible back in Japan, but it would raise a lot of eyebrows. Is that why you could never be with him long-term?”

“The blood relationship would be very much looked on much the same here, but the truly problematic part was that Albion had already placed a king on Tristain's throne in the previous generation. Two in a row would be seen as too much, an attempt to make Tristain into an Albion colony and their air forces are fearsome enough to make any of the larger countries wary of letting them have a beachhead on the mainland. If we had married, that would have triggered attacks from Gallia from the south and Germania to our northeast. Or probably both, with high possibilities of internal rebellions as well. And Albion would have been safe from that, with Tristain turned into a battleground.”

She shook her head with a sad but distant look on her face, like someone remembering a painful memory. “Up until my father died two years ago, there was a chance, however slight, that he and my mother would have a son to be the heir, thus freeing me to move to Albion though even that would not necessarily have allowed me to be with Wales since his family and the rest of the nobility of both nations would worry about our dynasties becoming too close and shutting other families out. Once Father died, Wales and I ended our affair.”

“I'm... well, I'll admit to being a bit weirded out on how young you were to have sex, but I guess that's my own world's thinking talking. And I am very sorry you lost one another,” Ranma said slowly, working out his words as he went along. “But I'm not sorry you are free to be with me now. I'm sorry you were sad, and you lost your dad and your boyfriend at the same time, but if you hadn't, we wouldn't be together, and I think my life would be a whole lot different, a whole lot darker, without you in it.”

“Thank you, Ranma,” Henrietta simply said and laid the side of her head on his chest, sighing happily. “I am happy we met and have fallen in love as well, even if the road getting here was painful.”

After a moment of silence, Ranma began to speak once more, wanting more information despite his hands, once more without orders from his brain, continuing to caress and massage. “So, possible invasion, you said?”

Henrietta replied readily, humming in appreciation of his touch. “Yes. Tristain is, even with the likes of Karin, the weakest nation in Halkeginia. Worse yet, we will never get enough support from the nobles in this country to build up our forces without an obvious warning, which I doubt we will get given the speed with which Albion troops can move. Most of the officials ignore the problem, which will not make it go away like they hope. Others have been influenced by Gallia to look at Germania as the main threat. And at last, there is the pro-Germanian group, which thinks marrying me off to the Emperor of Germania will protect us.”

“Hold up, wouldn't that be like marrying Wales? Heck, it would be worse since that would officially merge the two countries,” Ranma objected, and not at all because of the politics, which Henrietta felt in his suddenly rigid arms.

“Yes, it would, but with Germania on our side. Assuming the Emperor did not carve off parts of Tristain to hand over in exchange for peace.” Henrietta closed her eyes and listened to Ranma's heartbeat for a moment before mentioning: “The Germanian faction has almost convinced my mother and Cardinal Mazarin that theirs is the path to follow. At which point I will be offered as the Emperor's bride as soon as it was certain the Albion royal house has lost, and we face invasion.”

Henrietta heard Ranma's heart skipped a beat before immediately pounding at a faster rate and his arms becoming even more rigid around her if such a thing was possible. A low growl then began, which set a thrill through Henrietta even as she quickly explained, “Oh, my love, I will not stand for it now. Before you arrived, I thought it was the least disastrous option, as it would be a peaceful takeover followed by 'only' a two- or three-front war instead of a four-front war. Now, it may be possible to prevent Albion from attacking if you stand by my side as a deterrent.”

“You mean to use me like a boogeyman then, scare them into not invading?”

“Exactly. Purely land-based invasions are almost impossible in Halkeginia. Any country can prepare enchantments on their own territory to make defense very easy. Instead, if an enemy is to invade, they must use aerial forces to fly over the defenses and take their enemies by surprise. Therefore, if it is known that you can destroy airships, or, as you say, whole armadas, the enemy would hesitate to invade. And in Albion's case, they don't have alternatives, so their ability to attack is curtailed entirely.”

“That sounds good, but people do stupid stuff all the time, which means you will almost certainly need me to shoot down their airships at some point if they attack. And kill their soldiers,” Ranma tried to only look determined and supportive, but Henrietta could easily tell that he was deeply troubled. “I, I don't like the idea of killing, let alone like that.”

“I wish I could say it would never come to that, but you are correct. I am sorry, dearest Ranma, this is why we rulers are all horrible, horrible people. It is wrong of me to ask this of you, but for my people, I was planning to ask anyway. I decided to ask for your aid like this

before we came back to the academy." Henrietta's eyes widened in horror. "Oh, Founder! I should have talked with you about this before we made love... Now you must think I tried to..."

"Hey... Hey!" Ranma shook her a bit and then hugged her. "Don't worry, I believe you when you say you love me. You felt my Ki, and I felt yours too. I know you were telling the truth, I **know!**" he emphasized, placing one hand over Henrietta's heart as he pressed his forehead against hers. "Heck, even now I can feel your distress when you think you might be manipulating me."

Henrietta slowly calmed down, soothed by Ranma's words, and he went on calmly. "I already said I knew you were in a mess before all this, and I was going to help you anyway. I didn't know the details then, but nothing's changed now that I do. You are trying to protect the weak and do right by your people, and sometimes that means going that far. And I know you were thinking of a peaceful way first. I bet you have more ideas, too, right?"

"Yes," Henrietta answered after a moment, hugging Ranma back before pulling away, happier than ever that this man had come into her life. "Once I am crowned, we can work around the nobles and build up our forces, and perhaps a show of strength at that point will make them hesitate anew. However, it is possible this will not work, and you might need to fight for real."

Ranma sighed. "I'd rather put on a show to make the bad guys back off. Or I get good enough to stop them without needing to kill too many of them, or even any of 'em if I can help it. Still, I'll kill if I have to to protect others." He felt a single tear fall on his chest. "Hey now, no tears, we'll get through this, I promise."

Smiling wanly, Henrietta wiped the corner of her eye against a firm pectoral, mopping away the moisture. "You are so good to me, Ranma. I'm sorry, but it just, it seems I can only place burdens on you."

"Hey! I actually like it when you are on top. What are you worrying over?" Ranma protested, causing Henrietta to raise herself to look at his face in surprise, only to see his smirk once more flashing at her. Chuckling, she settled down against him again. "But seriously, I help you, you help me, we take problems on together." Ranma paused a bit on the word 'together', which had now become enormously significant to him. "That's what couples do, right?" he asked now, as his hands traced circles lower and lower on her back.

"Yes, that is the case. Couples face things together." Henrietta smiled at the reminder and started rubbing her thighs against his, feeling his rising passion between them once more.

Good. So, no more worrying about the future for now." With that, Ranma dove in for a fervent kiss, and both lovers started caressing and fondling with more intensity. "Instead, let me show you my new favorite pastime for cheering myself up."

“Oh? Hobbies can be good for that. I could use another one, too. Now, what might yours be, I wonder?” the nude Princess asked as she spread her thighs again, her body tingling in need once more. *An addiction, I tell you, an addiction!*

Ranma started kissing his way down her body to her nipples. “Let me show you,” he breathed, right before taking a nipple into his mouth once more.

The next morning Agnes approached her charge’s room while...

The gardener vows vengeance against ‘the pigtailed shadow’ for the damage to his garden (Comedy, ecchi comedy, humor)

Ranma and Henrietta were cuddling as they try to list their priorities for the day (some from the original, world-building, comedy)

Makoto and the others are accosted by Tabitha who doesn’t look like she slept. (Makoto-centric, world-building, character interaction)

Louise overhears still more people calling her Zero and goes in search of her prospective familiars (violence, comedy, explosions)

End Episode 13

This poll will go until the end of the month. Consider this an Early Thanksgiving present, Ranma fans. And remember, I still have to finish FILFy and the Patron-only winner LOL.