Shampoo’s New Scheme

Watching from the rooftop with a frown etched into her lovely face, a certain purple-haired Chinese Amazon hissed to herself in catlike irritation. From her position, she could easily see her beloved husband in the backyard of the Tendo household, performing his usual early morning kata. But her dear husband wasn’t what had sparked her ire, far from it! She loved him, truly loved him more than anything or anyone else. No, it was the whiny, moody, but admittedly somewhat pretty Japanese girl she could also see that was stoking her anger.

As was becoming quite typical these days, Tendo Akane was in a very bad mood and the Chinese girl didn’t need to her heated glare towards Ranma to know just who or what had angered her this time. ‘*Airen, why must you continually return to her?! She does appreciate or even* ***want*** *you in her life!*’

“RANMA!!! YOU JERK!!!” Akane’s banshee shriek tore Shampoo from her musings. She had just a second’s notice to realize that somehow Akane had once again lost her temper with Ranma and sent him rocketing skyward with one of her massive uppercuts. But that knowledge was only secondary to the fact that, due to his trajectory, Ranma was flying *right at her!*

Shampoo barely had enough time to gasp out in surprise before her face made a painful acquaintance with Ranma’s. The devastating force that was propelling Ranma into LEO easily grabbed ahold of Shampoo and sent her upwards in Ranma’s wake, not that anyone would’ve noticed had they been looking.

Waking a few moments later, Shampoo found herself lying in a crater behind some bushes in a nearby playground, wincing at the throbbing agony in her cranium. “Violent Girl in big trouble now!” she seethed, trying to climb to her feet but her equilibrium was a little off from the head blow.

As she stumbled and tilted to the side, she threw her arm out to catch herself. She found herself bracing against something that was both firm and soft at the same time, though she paid it little attention as she found to stop the world from spinning before her eyes. After several moments, she shook her head as everything started clearing up and she turned to look down at what she was leaning against. It was Ranma’s chest.

Gasping loudly in surprise and delight, Shampoo’s focus swung up to her beloved’s face but found that he was unconscious, likely from their earlier collision. Still, his current state of obliviousness didn’t depress or annoy the Amazon in the least. Instead, she turned a soft smile onto him as she leaned down closer to him.

Taking in a quick whiff of his natural scent, her smile changed slightly as she leaned down closer, capturing his lips in a soft but hungry kiss. Quickly desiring more, she slid out her tongue and traced it across his lips before slipping it inside his mouth, feeling it scrape against the edges of his teeth. While she was busy kissing him, her hands had not remained stagnant. One snuck underneath his light, red shirt and was loving tracing patterns and feeling the coiled muscles of his abdominal and chest muscles. Her other hand was much bolder, rubbing against his crotch in a *very* provocative manner.

“Ai—ren,” Shampoo gasped out lovingly between kisses with his unconscious lips. Oh, how she’s longed to be able to touch and kiss her husband like this, with none of her obstacles showing up and interfering! “Shampoo—love—you!” Her lustful smile widened considerably as she felt something beginning to react and grow under her tender touches.

“Shammm…poooo…” Ranma slurred slightly as he began to slowly return to consciousness. She frowned slightly as she heard him awakening. Even with as much as she loved him, she knew what his reaction would be once he was conscious enough to realize just *what* she was doing and *who* she was. This was an *extremely* rare opportunity and she *couldn’t* let it go waste!

Moving quickly, Shampoo withdrew from his lips, pulling his pants down slightly, and rapidly engulfing his now fully erect cock in her hot, slimy mouth. Sucking on his cock head, flicking and licking it with her tongue, sliding up and down from the head to the base, and fiddling with his contracting ball sac underneath, Shampoo performed every trick her great-grandmother had taught her in how to coax a man’s seed out. She was so enthralled with what she was doing, she momentarily forgot to pay attention to Ranma. Thus, she didn’t notice that he had realized something felt very strange in his crotch, had sat up, and found a very familiar purple head bobbing like crazy off his dick. Though his natural response was to yell, fight her off, and escape, it felt *sooo* ***good****!* He couldn’t do anything but just lay back slightly and just enjoy it.

Feeling the rapid twitching and pulsing that was beginning to run through her beloved’s cock, knowing he was approaching his limit, Shampoo suddenly pulled away. She scurried up over his body until she was crouching over his waist, feeling his dick rubbing tantalizingly against her pussy through her panties. Reaching down, she swept her wet panties to one side, revealing her soaked nether lips to Ranma’s wide eyes. Before he could work up any type of denial or beg her to stop after he realized just what she was planning on doing, she took hold of his cock head and promptly speared herself onto his dick.

The sensation was like nothing that either of them had ever felt before. For Shampoo, she had never felt so full, so stretched. And thanks to her many years of harsh martial arts training, her hymen had long ago been torn, so she felt very little of the pain that most other girls experience when they lost their virginities. It was painful, to be sure, but it was pleasurable pain. Like how her muscles burned after a long day’s work out, but *sooo* much better. Oh no, this sensation was toes-curling, leg-weakening, loss of breath so much better! Ranma was filling her so completely, reaching and touching places that she never could’ve with just her fingers alone. For Ranma, it was unbelievably *tight*, *hot*, and *wet* inside Shampoo’s pussy. It felt like her pussy was trying to squeeze his dick right off his body!

Though he may have done his utmost to avoid all of his so-called fiancées, he wasn’t blind to the fact that they were all very appealing in their own ways. However, Shampoo had always been the sexiest of the lot, freely using her sex appeal to get his attention. If he were a man of lesser constitution, he had no doubt that she’d have had him wrapped around her finger in no time flat. And of his self-appointed fiancées, Shampoo had always been the one he’d preferred.

The two of them spent several long seconds just growing accustomed to the newfound sensations they were experiencing. But after only a few moments, Shampoo started moving, rocking back and forth, creating oh-so-delicious friction. Squatting down as far as she could, Shampoo let out a small cry of surprise and joy as she pressed her crotch tightly against his. Inside, she could feel that his cock had traveled all the way up to her cervix, pushing harshly into and then partially through the tight entrance and poked into her womb. Her pussy reflexively clamped down on him like a vice as she felt a small orgasm burst out of her just from that.

Apparently, this was too much stimulation for Ranma as well. On top of this being his first time having sex, it was also his first real experience with anything remotely close to a personal and actually *pleasurable* sexual experience. Despite what Akane always accused him of, he had always been extremely shy of the opposite sex. And with his focus entirely on martial arts, he also had zero experience with personal pleasure. Sure, he may have joked around a lot and threw out a lot of innuendoes, but they were ones he’d always heard other people using. He understood the context, but not the literal meaning. Thus, it was entirely unsurprising to both of them that he lost control of himself.

Ranma’s face flushed brilliantly as he reflexively tried to press himself even deeper into her. Grasping ahold of her waist and pulling her closer as he let loose long ropes of thick cum into her womb. Shampoo blinked in momentary surprise down at him, having forgotten that he had been regaining consciousness. But as she felt his hot cum start filling her womb, a bright blush crossed her own face. The implications of what that could mean suddenly struck her full on. She wasn’t sure if this was entirely sure that this was an unsafe day for her. She hadn’t been paying as close attention to her menstrual periods as she should’ve been since coming to Nerima, always getting caught in the drama surrounding her beloved.

‘*I could get pregnant*…’ she realized, feeling a small amount of fear rising. Despite what she may have always told everyone, she knew that she was still too young to have any children yet. She was only 17, for kami’s sake! She wasn’t ready to be a mother yet! Turning, she stared down at her beloved’s blissful expression as he was fully engrossed within the overwhelming sensations of his orgasm. Seeing that adorable bliss on his face, Shampoo felt her fears ease off. If she did get pregnant, a baby was much more binding than an agreement between fathers or a stolen dowry! She might’ve just won the Fiancée War! As that realization dawned on her, a soft, loving smile played across her lips.

For his part, Ranma had never felt more ashamed of himself. He knew the stories, he’d heard of what it was supposed to be like to have sex. Women always had late orgasms and it was as sign of pride and experience for the man to get a woman to cum before himself. He’d heard how a lot of the guys at school and college could got for a half hour without cumming. But he, Ranma Saotome, after just one thrust, had already cum! How humiliating! ‘*No, I* ***cannot*** *let this stand!*’ he declared as he felt his deflating boner suddenly perk back up to full strength.

Sitting up abruptly, Ranma grabbed Shampoo and shifted their position. Shampoo didn’t fight him, merely letting a surprised mewl before tightly wrapping her legs around his waist, refusing to left him try to escape in case he suddenly came to his senses. Reaching up as Ranma began thrusting frantically into her pussy, Shampoo grasped ahold of his face and pulled him down into a deep kiss. Though surprised and admittedly very reluctant, he soon melted into the kiss as any inhibitions he had left were rapidly swept aside in the deluge of pleasure he was feeling.

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 It had been a week since their little fling in the park’s bushes and Shampoo was surprised to find that she still had some trouble walking properly. Once he got started, Ranma turned into a rambunctious sexual beast. He refused to stop until he’d made Shampoo have at least three more orgasms than himself. And considering just how many he ended up getting himself in those first ten minutes, this ended up being quite a few. If she’d doubted it before, Shampoo was now certain that she was going to get pregnant any day now, if she wasn’t already. He truly did live up to his namesake of being a wild stallion!

Sighing at the memories of blissful pleasure that once again assailed her, Shampoo fought to push them aside so she could focus on her work. Today, the Nekohanten was rather slow, scarcely twenty customers had come in since it was opened two hours ago. While this normally wouldn’t bother her, Shampoo yearned for something to keep her busy. That way distracting thoughts of how it felt when Ranma had been fondling with her breasts, how he tasted when they kissed, seeing his reactions when she gave him a titfuck… Fuck, it happened again!

“Something wrong, granddaughter?” Elder Cologne asked from where she was busy cooking some fried rice. “You’ve been quite distracted today. For the past week, truthfully. Did something happen?”

“Yes, great-grandmother,” Shampoo answered, smiling brightly. “Something very, *very* good happen! But Shampoo no want talk about it. Bad things could happen if others knew.”

“Is that so?” Cologne said, her voice and expression telling Shampoo that she knew *exactly* what had happened and was quite pleased with it. “Then I shall not press the matter. However, this distraction of yours needs to be dealt with.” She paused as a new thought occurred her. “Why don’t you take an hour off to clear your head. Go and clean out my closet of the unnecessary rubbish. If you see something you like, feel free to take it.”

“Yes, great-grandmother!” Shampoo chirped, very eager. Her ancestor always had such interesting and beautiful things and Shampoo always loved poking through them, even when she was younger. Ignoring Mousse’s complaining of how *he* wanted time-off to spend with her, Shampoo quickly took off her apron and headed upstairs.

Cologne’s bedroom was the very definition of the phrase ‘Spartan in nature’ with no unnecessary furniture, furnishings, or decorations whatsoever. Her closet likewise was clean and organized, excluding a good-sized box set in the back corner. Digging it out and setting it in the center of the room, Shampoo opened it and started rifling through what lay within. Most of it was just minor miscellaneous housecleaning supplies like paintbrushes, hand brooms, crumple bits of paper or ratty old scrolls, an occasional chipped pot or cup. But near the bottom of the box, she found an old jewelry box. Inside the box were a number of old pieces of jewelry ranging from a green brooch, a large medallion with a purple gemstone, several bracelets, and a set of tiger-eye earrings.

It was the earrings that caught her eye. She normally didn’t concern herself with such useless decorations, but the color of the gemstones matched the hairpins she wore and she knew that they’d compliment them quite nicely. Unable to resist, smiling softly, Shampoo happily took them and clipped them on. That done, she quickly returned to her task of sorting through and cleaning out the box. She utterly failed to notice the slight flash of light that the earrings emitted several moments after she’d donned them before it faded away.

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It was late evening that same day and Shampoo was finishing the last of her deliveries, riding her bike atop one of the fences that lined the canal for balance training. Humming happily, Shampoo glanced longingly off to the side where she knew her beloved’s residence was. Oh, how she longed to go see him. Maybe she could make a slight detour home and see if she could…get things *steamy* again? That thought sent her off to a happy place as she continued peddling her bike along, not even paying attention to where she was going. Then again, she really didn’t need to since she knew this route like the back of her hand.

“EEEIIIYYYY!! Foul gaijin!” a shrill shriek cried out in fury, breaking Shampoo from her thoughts. Sensing the killing intent directed towards her, Shampoo leapt from her bike and to the side, just in time to evade a ki-enhanced ribbon snapping in her direction. The ribbon missed Shampoo, but sliced her bike into numerous pieces before its owner retracted it.

“Ai-yah, Shampoo’s bike!” the Amazon cried out, horrified at her bike’s savage death. Then the horror turned to anger and, turning to face her attacker, then the anger to rage. Whipping out her chui, she settled into a combat stance and snarled out, “Shampoo kill!”

“Deluded harlot,” Kodachi snarled in impotent rage. Launching herself forward, she started swinging out with her ribbon in fast but furious strikes, making her easily predictable to Shampoo. “How dare you do such things with my Ranma-sama! No, I will not allow it! Ranma-sama is mine and no one else’s!”

“What Crazy Girl talk of?” Shampoo demanded.

“I know what you’ve done with my Ranma-sama, foul gaijin!” Kodachi screeched. “He has lost his desire! His spark! He doesn’t even look at me anymore! I know it was you who did that to him! Foul gaijin wench twisting him with your foul magics and body! NO MORE!!”

Ohhh, now Shampoo understood. Somehow or other, Kodachi had managed to connect the dots that Ranma’s apparent sudden lack of interest in her was due to Shampoo using magic and/or sex on him. An idea that was…probably pretty close to the truth *for once*.

However, her moment of revelation caused her to lose one of her chui to the ribbon, but she was able to rapidly close the distance in exchange. Kodachi’s rage prevented her from seeing the danger of that, causing her to lash out with a kick. Shampoo easily blocked the weak kick, Kodachi didn’t have nearly as much physical strength as herself. Grabbing the extended leg in her free arm, Shampoo twisted around and hurled the Kuno girl to the side into a brick wall. Groaning loud in pain, Kodachi struggled to push herself back to her feet and continue attacking. But Shampoo was on her before she could move, kicking her ribbon from her hand and then jabbing her chui into the girl’s gut, knocking the wind from her chest.

Standing triumphantly over the deranged girl, Shampoo was about to go into a grand speech about why Kodachi was mistaken in assuming Ranma was hers. But she stopped, distracted as something…alluring, tasty suddenly filled her nose. The smell was so incredibly appetizing that her mouth quickly started to water in desire. Suspicious, she leaned down closer to the incapacitated girl and took a long sniff of her aroma, recoiling in shocked surprise. Kodachi smelled absolutely *heavenly*, mouthwateringly delicious! Unnoticed by Shampoo, her new earrings were once again glowing, softly but clearly.

Unable to stop herself, Shampoo grabbed Kodachi’s arms and tentatively licked at her fingers. Eyes widening, Shampoo gaped as she found that the crazy girl’s taste was even more overwhelming than her smell. Without an conscious decision, she quickly stuffed the girl’s hands into her mouth, sucking them back and into her throat. When they reached her throat, Shampoo felt some minor discomfort, but not enough to stop her from sucking more of the girl’s arms in, bringing them up her elbows.

By this point, Kodachi had started to finally recover her breath. Looking up, confused about the strange wet, sucking sensation she felt consuming her hands and forearms, Kodachi felt her heart still and her breath cease as she saw her most hated enemy eating her. The sight of two glowing earrings hanging under her repulsive purple hair was more than enough to clue the crazy girl into how and why her enemy had suddenly apparently developed a cannibalistic urge.

“FOUL WITCH! UNHAND ME! RELEASE ME!” Kodachi screeched, terror obvious in her voice as she fought to pull her arms out of the girl’s mouth.

Shampoo struggled to keep her in, Kodachi’s terror granting her a strength that she normally didn’t possess. Thinking quickly, Shampoo grabbed her chui and hit the girl just under her ribcage again, once again knocking her breathless and severely weakening her struggles. Smirking around the girl’s arms, Shampoo dropped her chui and grabbed ahold of Kodachi under her armpits. Hoisting Kodachi up and into her mouth while at the same time as she took an especially large and powerful swallow. Getting the girl’s head into her jaws proved a bit of a struggle as Kodachi purposely tried to stop it from happening. Fortunately, a quick smack to the back of her head angled the Kuno just enough for her to slip under Shampoo’s lips and just in time for another swallow.

With her mouth now full of Kodachi’s arms, shoulders, hair, and head, Shampoo realized something. Though the taste of Kodachi was heavenly, even her hair, her gymnast suit most assuredly *wasn’t*. Grimacing at the horrid flavor, Shampoo was actually half-tempted to spit her out. But then she reached up and used her superior strength to start ripping and tearing the skinsuit from the girl, as much as she could at least. The sleeves proved unable to be torn off, but that was acceptable, considering she managed to get the rest of the suit below her shoulders off. When this happened, Kodachi started throwing a fit again, screaming incomprehensible words and threats into the girl’s mouth and throat. But Shampoo paid these no mind, barely able to hear them from through her own mouth.

Instead, Shampoo leaned downwards, stretching her mouth out as she came down upon the Kuno’s chest. The sizable mounds proved to be unbelievably flavorful, milky but meaty, soft but surprisingly firm for their size. And as these delicious organs slid over her tongue and filled her cheeks, Shampoo found herself humming in pure pleasure at the indefinable taste. For several long moments, she just stood there with half a girl’s body down her throat, relishing the taste. But then she was reminded of the fact that she still only had half a girl inside her when Kodachi finally raised one of her legs and tried kicking out Shampoo’s footing. Frowning in annoyance at having her meal interrupted, Shampoo blocked the leg with her knee while reaching from to grab the girl’s ass. Heaving upwards, she hefted the naked girl up off the street and into the air, having her face downwards and allowing gravity to aid her in further slurping her down into her gut.

By the time that Shampoo reached the girl’s shapely rump, Kodachi had long since entered her stomach and was getting pushed roughly into the cramped but unnaturally expanding interior. Her screams had quickly changed to cries of repulsion at the rancid stench inside of Shampoo’s stomach. The smell was so bad that Kodachi found herself vomiting up her lunch, which just further added to the mess and stink therein. But Shampoo was blissfully unaware of this as she was busy squishing the girl’s ass into her cheeks. Getting that fat ass down her throat proved utterly undoable, her hips and the flab of the behind were just too large for her throat to handle by itself. But she found that grabbing her flailing legs and forcing the girl’s ass down her throat worked just as well. Granted, she did momentarily lose her ability to breathe somewhat as that ass was slipping under her ribcage and pushed past her lungs. Slurping up the girl’s legs and feet was incredibly easy by comparison and they vanished inside the Amazon just moments afterwards.

Gasping for a breath, Shampoo turned and pressed her back against the brick wall, sliding to the ground gracefully as her legs gave from under her. She just sat there for a few moments, dazed from the euphoria she’d just experienced. Inside her belly, Kodachi was thrashing wildly, screaming and begging in equal measure. After a few moments, she began kicking and punching everywhere, aiming for the Amazon’s internal organs. Her hopes were to induce enough pain to force the gaijin freak to vomit her up.

Sadly, Kodachi failed to remember one small but all-important fact: she only had a finite supply of air available. All her thrashing did was cause her to use up that supply at an even faster rate while dealing out minor, if any, pain to Shampoo. After a few more moments, her struggles ceased and she was gasping for breath. In the end, she didn’t last five minutes before taking her last, frantic gasp, begging for her dear future husband Ranma-sama to save her from this fate she did not deserve.

Looking down at the unnaturally bulbous and lumpy stomach she had, Shampoo sighed as she felt the crazy girl’s form still and then complete stop. The struggles had been annoying and even somewhat painful when she had managed to strike an organ by a lucky hit. “What happened? How Shampoo do this?” She wasn’t upset or scared or even remorseful, just confused. After all, she knew full well that human’s didn’t possess the ability to devour meals so much larger than what could fit inside their throats. She had no idea how she was apparently able to stretch her jaw like a snake or how her throat became so elastic to not get violently torn to pieces while swallowing such a monstrously large and struggling piece of meat.

That was when a slight glow off of her bangs that framed her face caught her attention. Moving her hair about, it was relatively easy to discover the glow was coming from her new set of earrings. “They magical? Shampoo not know that. So, give power to eat people, eh?” That explained everything! Patting her large stomach in thought, feeling how the Japanese girl was already going soft and melting apart, Shampoo nodded, “Need speak with Great-Grandmother about this.”

Pulling herself to her feet was easy, given her martial arts training and strength, but moving with such a large load that tended to sway from side to side and threw off her balance was much more difficult. Still, it was doable if she went slowly. Keeping to the back alleys, she did her best to remain unnoticed while ignoring the loud groans of digestion and crunches of bones inside her gut. She had scarcely gotten halfway back to the Nekohanten when she felt a sudden, strange, and powerful urge to vomit. Hurling to a nearby dumpster, she threw the lid open and violently began heaving up her meal with all of her strength. It was very, very painful but she gamely pressed on, voiding her stomach to the best of her ability.

Once done, she stepped back and wiped her mouth, spitting out the last of the vomit. Inside the dumpster was a huge mess of bones and gastric fluids with some strips of cloth. There was no hint of flesh or fat anywhere. “Huh, so only eat what’s edible and vomit up what’s not? That’s interesting. Good to know.”

Closing the lid, she turned and took off at a run, smiling the whole way. If she could work this right, maybe she could accelerate her time table of getting married to Ranma after all!