

Ryoga For Dinner

A Ranma 1/2 Short Story

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Takes place sometime late in the Ranma 1/2 timeline at dinnertime.

Ranma 1/2 characters were the creation of Rumiko Takahashi. Based on a script by Sorrow, used with permission.

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Saturday, August 2, 2008

The Tendos and Genma Saotome gathered at the dinner table in anticipation to the meal that Ranma was preparing for them. He had told them that he was celebrating a recent victory and felt he had to share his good fortune with his surrogate family.

Kasumi smelled the air at the wonderful aroma coming from the kitchen. "Oh, my! Where did you learn to cook like that?"

Ranma came from the kitchen holding a large covered pot. "I learned from the best. It was a recipe I found in your mom's cookbook. I hope you don't mind."

Akane smiled at the thought of her mother and her legendary cooking skills even though it was a distant memory. She gazed at the steaming pot as Ranma gently placed it on the center of the dining table. Despite the revelry, she asked suspiciously. "What's the occasion?"

Ranma smiled. "I finally got Ryoga to lay off of me." He lifted the lid with a cloud of steam puffing out. "Dig in!"

Inside the pot was a stew with vegetables and chunks of meat floating in the thick broth. Kasumi recognized the smell in an instant. "Pork stew?"

Ranma took a bowl and ladled out a generous helping for himself. "Get it while it's fresh." He took a big bite out of the boiled pork chop, savoring the flavor and eating slowly instead of rapidly making his food disappear like he usually did.

Kasumi went cold as she realized that there was no pork in the refrigerator and Ranma hadn't left the compound all day. The only pig available was... "Oh, Ranma-kun, I need to get the laundry from the clothesline." She quietly stood up and briskly walked outside. A gagging sound was heard a moment later.

Nabiki put down her spoon as she realized the same thing her older sister did; that P-Chan was missing. She glanced at Akane, anticipating a major temper tantrum from her younger sister. "I forgot I've got a date tonight. I'd better not ruin my appetite." She got up and left out the front door as Ranma took another bite of pork stew.

Genma and Soun stared at each other wondering what to do. Happosai took decisive action, since the other men couldn't. He stood up, made a stance and commanded his pupils. "It's time to train! Are you with me, boys?"

"YES, MASTER!" cried out the two elder martial artists and the trio ran out the back door leaving their bowls empty and untouched.

Ranma watched as the room emptied of people except for Akane. "Well, I guess that just leaves more for us."

Akane poured some of the stew into her bowl. She slowly inhaled the wafting vapors. "It's just like my mom's cooking." She took a bite, giving a smile of approval. "They don't know what they're missing. This is even better than mom's. Ranma, what's your secret?"

Ranma smugly leaned back. "Oh, it's something that Ryoga shared with me."

<http://www.fanfiction.net/secure/review.php?storyid=1284770>. It makes me feel oh so happy and prevents me serving you a portion of the other white meat.