

Ace Ventura: Suddenly Seeking Panda

An Ace Ventura / Ranma 1/2 Short Story

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Takes place sometime late in the Ranma 1/2 timeline for no apparent reason, again.

Ace Ventura: Pet Detective characters created by Jack Bernstein, Jim Carrey and Tom Shadyac. Ranma 1/2 and the characters therein are the property of Rumiko Takahashi.

I wrote this because Cory Rose said he was going to force his houseplants to commit seppuku if I didn't write this. Although, I'll continue to harass him in this life and the next if he doesn't finish "Princess of the Moon."

Tuesday, August 26, 2008

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Chapter 1, Back In Japan.

I don't own these characters. Please don't sue me, kill me or sell me to the zoo.

In the center of the Tokyo police department, a fax machine beeped and began to receive a message. The sound of it whirring and clicking was drowned out by the hustle and bustle of officers, detectives and civilians milling about, performing their daily duties. It ejected its freshly printed pages into an overflowing receiving tray, disturbing the previous faxes and a few of the new pages were knocked onto the floor. Detective Hiroshi Oki, a short, slender, and bespeckled Japanese man who looked more at home in a library than in a squad car, noticed the falling pages and pulled up the sheets and flipped through them, quickly scanning the words written. He smiled with anticipation, but frowned after he got to the last page. "Damn, I didn't get my transfer yet."

He took note of where the pages originated from and did a double take. He raised his eyebrows in shock and exclaimed to the annoyance of a passing clerk. "They're sending him!"

A smile formed on his face once he read more of what was said on the pages. He held up the wad of papers in the air and happily danced about, "I've got an answer to our request for assistance!"

No one around paid any attention to him as they all went about their business, playing cards, watching TV or ignoring ringing telephones. He sighed and muttered to himself in a quiet voice. "Doesn't anybody care anymore?"

Hiroshi's superior, Mr. Tanaka, shifted his weight in his high back office chair and took aim at a dart board hanging at a nearby wall. He closed one eye and carefully tossed his dart. It flew for a moment and landed on the nose of a photo of Tatewaki Kuno. He grinned, and then switched his feet around so they wouldn't fall asleep as they rested on the top of his desk. He was about to toss a dart at a photo of Azusa Shiratori when Oki excitedly came into the room. He rolled back and put his feet down with an annoyed look on his face. He was just getting into a good mood because was about to beat his high score and now he had to deal with whatever crackpot idea Hiroshi had this time.

Hiroshi dropped the papers on Tanaka's desk. "They're sending over someone for the Bon-Bon caper."

"Good for you." He answered sarcastically. "That was a crummy case, anyway." Then, he remembered what the case was. He sat up in his chair, curious. "The Bon-Bon job? Really? Who's coming to help?"

"It seems that the Miami Police Department is sending over someone they say is an expert in cases like this one. Here's his resume and recent case list." Hiroshi pushed the fax closer to his boss so he wouldn't have to strain to reach them. Too many donuts and not enough sun made Mr. Tanaka a very large man.

The chubby police commander took the sheets, sorted them in order and began to skim the information present. He saw a picture of a tall, thin, dark haired Caucasian man in a

Hawaiian shirt holding his fingers up in a 'V' for victory sign while standing in front of a dolphin tank. He read the caption below the picture. "Ace Ventura cracks the case of the missing Miami Dolphins mascot!" Another picture showed Ace holding a small black piglet with a caption that read, "Pet Detective finds lost Japanese piglet wandering in Miami." Below the picture was a news article about how he sent the pig via FedEx back to Japan to his rightful owner, Miss Azusa Shiratori. That name was familiar to the police, and not for good reasons.

He read about all of the successful cases this American detective had solved concerning lost animals and Tanaka gently nodded his head in approval. He recalled the Charlotte caper and shivered in dread at the memory since it involved that crazy ice skater. However, with this man on the job, the crime was as good as solved, and Chief Tanaka could get back to doing the things that he did best; like creating large amounts of carbon dioxide and being a drain on the Japanese taxpayers. "Hmmm... I see that he's handled Japanese cases before."

He peered up from the pages expectantly. "When will he arrive?"

The short officer pointed to the last sheet on the fax. "The itinerary is right here, although I've got to contact the Miami police department about the error on it."

"Error?" The commander queried as he peeked at the last page to find the error in question. As he looked closer, he accidentally tipped over a paper cup and spilled coffee on the itinerary. In haste, he lifted up the papers away from the drink and pulled out a pink silky cloth from a nearby plastic bag. He used it as a rag to clean off the spilled liquid. The cloth didn't absorb much, so he tossed it in the trash and looked around for a more suitable item to wipe away the drink.

Hiroshi sighed. That panty was the crucial evidence that could have linked the underwear heist to their prime suspect. So much for entrusting evidence to his superior since it meant that it was back to square one on that case again. He shook his head and focused at the task at hand and pointed his finger once again at the itinerary. "Please be careful, that's the original."

He crossed his arms behind his back and stood at attention. Police business did command respect, even if his superior didn't deserve it. "Check the last page so you can see the problem with the travel arrangements."

"Problem? What sort of problem?" He wiped his desk off with a sheet of paper titled 'Nabiki Tendo' and focused on reading the itinerary closely.

"All they have for him is just his flight information, so we'll have to pick him up at the airport. And then there's the matter of the ticket. You see; they have him booked to travel only one way."

"One way?" He asked incredulously. "When's he supposed to be flying back?"

Officer Oki shrugged. "You've got me."

"Well, you'd better hop to it. This is your problem now, so deal with it." He flung the papers back at the detective. "And you'd better get a move on."

Hiroshi was busy catching the papers as they fluttered in the air. "I'm on it."

"Good, because your help arrived yesterday."

Catching the last sheet, the officer nearly dropped them to the floor in surprise. He fumbled around and read the arrival date and time and sure enough, Tanaka was right. "Huh? How can that be? The fax came just a few minutes ago."

Picking up a dart, he moved his arm back and forth to take aim. "Like I said, it's your problem."

Ace Ventura: Pet Detective, tall of height, fair of skin, and handsome in a psychotic sort of way, disembarked the aircraft and strutted down the narrow tube into the airline terminal. He wore a set of dark sunglasses, blue jeans, and a loud Hawaiian shirt that Principal Kuno would have approved of and would have wished to become the new official school uniform of Furinkan High. He paused a moment to look at his watch, only to have the cracked dial remind him that it hadn't worked in a week. He strolled up to a nearby window to determine the time by gazing at the sun. Standing next to a wall clock, he looked up into the heavens and declared, "Yes, right on time."

He adjusted his watch to 3:45PM without looking at the clock on the wall that read the exact same time and crossed his arms impatiently. He waited for a moment, and then boldly walked toward the center of the crowded passenger area. Taking in a deep breath of the smoggy Tokyo air, he pronounced. "Ah! It's good to be back in the land of the Rising Sun."

He muttered to himself about the fact that the place was still overrun with foreigners. Turning to a businessman who was walking by, he commanded. "My good man! Please take me to..."

Ace stopped for a moment as he fumbled around with his shirt looking for the address he was given by a bunch of very happy policemen, firemen, Miami Dolphins players and the staff of the Pizza Hut next door to his now boarded up and condemned apartment.

The businessman calmly took a moment for the tall man to say something intelligent. After watching him dance around like an idiot, the gentleman decided it wasn't worth the wait and made a polite bow to this strange American. "Iie, wakarimasen."

He took a step back and proceeded on his way toward the rear of the terminal where his plane was boarding.

The detective held his hand to his chin as he contemplated the last time he ate something that wasn't obtained from the dumpster of a Burger King. It was a long time ago. He then understood what the man was trying to say, maybe. "E. A.? Don't they make video games or something?"

He held his hands to the sides of his mouth to amplify his question to the now rapidly retreating businessman. "Is 'wakari wasis' a new game of theirs?"

Undaunted, he unfolded the scrap of paper he found in his shirt pocket and read the address aloud. "Une... Ue... Uuu... Uno, close enough. Uno Zoo, Tokyo, alrighty then! That's where I must go! Now, where's my ride?"

Ace stood in the crowded passenger terminal with his arms crossed and his sunglasses down,

waiting for someone to pick him up and take him to his next mission. The loudspeakers called out an evacuation order in Japanese causing all of the people around to quickly file out of the terminal leaving Ace all alone. Ace wondered why everyone left. He smelled his armpits to see if he had somehow offended someone since he ran out of deodorant a few weeks ago. Since he was still conscious, he judged his armpits to be in acceptable condition. He was pleased.

Nightfall.

Ace stood in the empty passenger terminal with his arms crossed and his sunglasses down, waiting for someone to pick him up and take him to his next mission. Visible from the window behind him, on the tarmac below, were several girls in short skirts making stupid speeches and blasting a large menagerie of wild animals with magical attacks. Ace ignored them since they weren't his paying clients and the animals seemed to be winning the fight. He was still pleased.

Daybreak.

Ace stood in the crowded passenger terminal with his arms crossed and his sunglasses down, waiting for someone to pick him up and take him to his next mission. Despite the fact that he was standing erect, a soft sound of snoring came from the famous detective as he took a well deserved rest. A man in a suit and tie slowly approached Ace, wondering if there was something wrong with this man. Airline security had been watching him for the last fifteen minutes and he hadn't moved a muscle. He stood before Ace, bowed and asked in English. "Sir? Are you Ace Ventura, the pet detective?"

Ace awoke from his impersonation of a statue, and then rubbed his hands in glee. "Ah yes, my good man. Are you here from the Aooogah Zoo? I'm anxious to crack the case!"

The man made another curt bow. He was the man he had been looking for. "Uh... No, I'm here to inform you that your... Well, we think they're yours..."

Ace was impatient, hungry, tired and worried about the expiration date of his luggage. Besides, he was in dire need of deodorant. "Out with it my good man! I haven't got all day!"

"You were on yesterday's flight from Miami, weren't you?" He asked timidly. "Are you the one with the large beaten steamer trunk?"

"It's not beaten. It's well loved." Ace stood indignant. "Where is my luggage? You didn't send it to Bermuda did you? If you did, may I join my luggage on the next flight? It might get lonely there."

"Well, I regret to inform you that your luggage attacked the baggage handlers and the Sailor Senshi were called in to put down the things that emerged. So, sorry." He bowed down in apology.

"Sailor Sentries? You mean to tell me that you called in the Navy to process my luggage? Why, I'm honored that you'd have your military specially care for my things. Now, please take me, a large French dinner, two tickets to a football game, a large bag of cat litter, and my luggage to my hotel." Ace began to march down the hall with a sense of direction would make Ryoga proud.

"Sir? It's this way." He pointed to the sign marked 'Ground Transportation'.

Ace spun around, catlike, as if he was in search of a litter box, and then marched in the proper direction with an air of aloofness about him. "I was just testing you." He then marched directly into a crowd of people and knocked them over like bowling pins.

Detective Oki now understood why this assignment selection was issued to him by drawing the shortest straw.

A car pulled up in front of the Ueno Zoo in Tokyo and the world's greatest Pet Detective opened the door and slithered out. The vehicle's wheels made a horrible screech as the tires spun rapidly and the car vanished in an instant down the road, across a field and into parts unknown. The passers-by paused in wonderment as to what made the driver want to leave the area in such a hurry. He used this convenient diversion to hide behind trashcans, light poles and innocent bystanders to sneak up on his prey. In moments, he was in striking distance and he pounced on his target.

A little girl cried as she noticed her ice cream cone was now ice cream less. A smug tall man in a Hawaiian shirt walked away, humming an innocent tune and licked his lips enjoying the taste of his recent meal.

As Ace was listening to the gossip that two crows were sharing about a certain shrine maiden, a security guard approached. "You must be the detective from America. I'm here to escort you to the curator."

He shooed him away. "Later, they're just getting to the good part."

The guard looked around. There was no one around but a pair of crows. "Who's getting to the good part?"

"Shhhh!"

"Sir!" The guard spoke in an authoritative tone, scaring away the crows. "The curator is waiting for you."

"Awww, man! They were just about to say who's she got the hots for." Ace frowned, yet duty called. "Very well, my good man. Lead the way."

Raising his eyebrows in curiosity, the guard cautiously led the detective though the zoo. As Ace walked, he made noises to every creature that they saw and this made the guard wonder if Ace either had lost his mind or was actually talking to the animals. Talking to the animals was impossible, wasn't it? He must be crazy, surmised the guard.

Finally, they reached the panda compound, where the head zookeeper was waiting. Standing next to him was the zoo's head security officer. The zookeeper clasped his hands in joy. "Ah, finally you've arrived. This is Mr. Koji Utada, my head of security." Mr. Utada made a bow.

The zookeeper also bowed. "I'm Yoshiro Ito. I've heard many things about you."

Ace replied reflexively. "I didn't do it! I've got an alibi."

"Didn't do what?" Asked Detective Oki, who just arrived and was covered in sweat and

panted like he had just run a marathon. "I hope I'm not late."

"Uh..." Ace quickly wiped his lip with his shirtsleeve to ensure there was no incriminating ice cream on his face. "Nothing." He innocently smiled.

Oki just stood there and blinked his eyes once. He bowed at Ace. "I wish to apologize for my associate's behavior. He shouldn't have driven away so quickly."

"Do not worry, it saves me a bundle in cab fare. Besides, if he can't drive on the right side of the road, he shouldn't be driving."

The zookeeper waved his hand in the direction of a large panda habitat. "Well, I take it you've been briefed on the case."

Ace waved his hand dismissively. "No need. I've already gotten the gist of it. It appears that you're down one panda."

Mr. Utada turned to face the pen where the panda was kept. He pointed over to the scene of the crime. "Yes, the panda was..."

Ace interrupted. "He went missing over a week ago between 10PM and 10:30PM on Monday after the zoo had closed. He vanished without a trace, leaving no paw prints behind. No signs of forced entry, and no signs of foul play, so, he wasn't taken." He paused for effect. "He escaped."

The head security guard felt insulted. "What do you mean, escaped? This compound is over five meters deep. It's impossible for a panda bear to climb out. Someone came and took him."

"He wasn't taken, my good man. Nor did he walk out that locked door I see down there, nor did he climb out as you've guessed. He jumped." Ace jumped onto the railing that separated them from a five-meter fall.

"**WHAT?**" shouted the three men. The head guard placed his hands on the rail and peered into the compound. "That's not possible. Pandas cannot jump higher than a meter, if at all."

Oki had heard about Ace's powers of deduction and was in awe with being in the presence of a master of tracking. "How did you come to this conclusion?"

"Simple, Mr. Okidata. The clues are all around us." He stared at Japanese detective and crossed his eyes. "Clues are everywhere. You just have to know where to look."

The great detective walked along the railing until he reached the border of the habitat. He rubbed his five o'clock shadow in fierce contemplation on tonight's planned meal of macaroni and cheese and stopped for a minute to pick his nose. Once his sinuses were clean, he dramatically posed, and posed again and posed again for a tourist who was snapping photos of his weird antics.

A few choice poses later, Ace smiled. "And for my next trick, I'll show you how a panda goes poof."

He pointed at a short, stubby bush that was directly below the wall. "As you can see, the patterns of broken branches clearly indicate that it was subjected to a large amount of weight, say about, one well fed panda. Then, you may notice the scuff marks along the wall

in the same pattern of the wild Chinese Panda when it's out looking for someone to annoy." He spun around and pointed at the far side of the habitat. "And over there..." Ace jumped down, onto the bush, and ran across the distance of the habitat, leaping over a sleeping panda and stopping at a pile of bamboo. "Here is where he had his last meal."

Mr. Utada was livid. He clenched his fists on the railing and shouted out to the detective below. "What the hell are you doing down there? It's dangerous!"

Ace ignored him and kept to his tracking. "Now, it appears that our escapee dined here on five bamboo shoots, two Brussels sprouts and a hamburger." He held up an empty wrapper. "Interesting."

It was Mr. Ito's turn to be annoyed. He confronted his head of security and his face was flushed red with anger. "I told you that we need to keep the guests from feeding the animals. If any of these pandas get sick, it will be your fault."

"It wasn't his fault," shouted the pet policeman. "You see, since when do pandas buy burgers? Hmm, a burger does sound pretty good right now."

"Excuse me?" asked a curious Detective Oki. "Don't you mean to say, a guest bought him a burger?"

"No, he bought the burger after he escaped. Or shall I say, he stole it." Ace took a few steps away from the pile of panda food and got down on all fours. He sniffed the ground. He put his ear to the ground. He patted the ground. He rolled around in the ground. He put his sunglasses on and sunbathed while lying on the ground. "Ah, this is the life."

"Are you sure this man is a detective?" asked Koji.

Hiroshi was beginning to have his doubts. "Uh... yes?" he meekly answered.

From Ace's position of comfort, he took in his surroundings, looking for clues. "Hmm, I wonder." He got up and placed a hand on one end of the area he was lying on, and his other hand on the other end. "Hmm..." He froze as a growl was heard nearby. Slowly, the detective turned around to see a panda bear waking up from its slumber. "Nice, kitty. Nice kitty. Daddy's got something good for you. He produced a piece of wood and held it over his head. "Now, fetch!"

The panda stood there as the stick bounced off its head. Baring its teeth, it charged.

"Bad girl! No bamboo bread for you tonight." He ran around the compound in circles as an angry panda bear tried to make mincemeat out of the detective. Ace jumped, rolled and tickled the bear, which only made it angrier.

Hiroshi watched the spectacle in horror. "Do something!"

"What? That idiot jumped there willingly. I told him it was... Ooof!!!" A moist Ace landed on Koji's head, and he held in his hands a few items of trash. He was soaking wet from running through the small bathing pond in the panda compound.

Ace hopped off the stunned head of security and paced for a moment. "Now, where was I? Oh, yeah, you really need to give her some mouthwash. She stinks." He brushed himself off. "She'll never get a husband if you don't do something about her hygiene."

"How did you?" was all Hiroshi could say as he looked down into the habitat and back to Ace and back down again. Below, Lin-Lin, the female panda, was growling and staring up the wall at him with fury in her eyes and a stench that reeked of a dinner that had been left out for a week.

"Self preservation is a powerful force. Now, for the main event, I believe this is why your furry friend decided to go walkabout. I would too if she was my roommate." Ace shook himself, spraying water everywhere and in a moment, he was dry. A large backpack fell from nowhere and a small black pig appeared. Ace looked down at the creature in recognition. "Charlotte?"

"Bweee!!" The piglet ran at high speed down the walkway and out of sight.

"Ah, man. He's worth a hundred bucks every time I send him back home. Maybe next week... Anyways, your panda had an accomplice."

"I knew it." Mr. Utada nodded. "Now we're getting somewhere. How did he get the panda out of there?"

"The panda got out all by himself. However..." Ace marched to the edge of the panda habitat and pointed at the ground. "Here's where a man magically appeared. He had to have carried Bon-Bon out of the zoo. The tracks go that way." He pointed to the west, which wasn't where the main exit was located. "Strange thing though, he must have been very light on his feet. These tracks aren't heavy enough for even the weight of a panda, unless..." He gazed in the direction where P-Chan had run off. "I wonder."

"Didn't we see someone on the surveillance cameras that night?" Mr. Ito asked his underling.

"Yeah, and he's our prime suspect. But we didn't get a positive ID on him and he didn't have a panda with him. There's no way he could have hidden it in his clothes. If I remember right, he was wearing a martial arts gi."

"A gi? Where's the rest of the word? A g-suit? A g-string? Ewww..." Ace cringed.

Hiroshi had to help inform Ace about a common Japanese subject. "A gi is a uniform worn by students and practitioners of martial arts. A lot of people study that here."

"I see. Was Mr. Gi here the night of the crime? Was he about yea high?" He held his hand at just under one hundred and sixty centimeters. "Was he also portly, muscular, and smelled like bamboo."

"Wait a second." Yoshiro opened the file he had been carrying and turned a few pages. He pulled out a photo and held it to Ace. "Are you describing him?"

Ace did a double take. "Ding! Ding! Ding! We have a winner!"

Mr. Utada crossed his arms in front of his burly chest in suspicion. "How in the world can you know that this is the suspect when you hadn't even dusted that area for prints?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, which by the way I enjoyed for all of my years in school." Ace held out a white bandanna and a pair of broken glasses. "Now, where can I find, Genma Saotome?"

"You can read Japanese?" Detective Oki was truly impressed. The picture's caption was written in katakana and kanji script.

"Uh... No. It says so on his hat." He turned the cloth over and there in neat feminine writing alongside the same script in Japanese were the words, 'Property of Genma Saotome, if found, please send to Nerima Japan.'

Hiroshi examined the evidence from his place two meters away from Ace. "Where did you find that? We searched the entire compound last week."

"Oh, I have my ways." He produced another piece of cloth. It had telltale bite marks on it. "You really should watch what you feed her. Seat bottoms from someone's pants are bad for her digestion."

"I knew this was too good to be true." Mr. Ito closed his file. "I had a feeling that man was crooked."

Mr. Utada harrumphed in disgust and gave a look of 'I told you so.' "How in world could he not have been a crook? Pandas aren't animals you can get at a pet store."

The curator replied. "The panda was living in Nerima for over a year. It was well known to be a girl's pet. It was either we take possession of it, or the Chinese would demand it repatriated back to China."

"Wasn't he the one who said he imported the panda in the first place?" Detective Oki nodded. "I'm still trying to find out how he got a panda past Customs."

Mr. Utada smacked his fists together. "I can't wait to get my hands on him. That liar!"

"Smuggled or not, it doesn't matter. The panda was turned over to the zoo and Mr. Saotome was compensated. Without any hard evidence, we can't do anything." Hiroshi sighed. "There was nothing on the security camera, no witnesses and he has an alibi. Besides, how in can anyone sneak a panda bear out of a zoo?"

"That's why I'm on the case." Ace smiled. "Of course, I'll have to charge my usual fee." Without waiting for an answer, he strutted off, and then ran into the nearest men's room.

Mr. Ito walked over to the edge of the habitat and looked down toward the other resident. "If he can bring that panda back, it will be worth every yen we pay. If Lin-Lin has a baby, it would be a huge boon to the zoo."

Koji looked down as well. "As much as I hate to admit it, but he's right."

"About what?"

Looking down at the still growling panda, Koji shook his head sadly. "Unless you get her some industrial strength mouthwash, no one's going to mate with her."

Nabiki Tendo was a naturally observant woman. After the arrival of Ranma and his father Genma Saotome the year before, she became even more aware of her surroundings. Her

current source of suspicion came from the odd behavior of a certain martial artist and part time panda bear that, for the first time since he had arrived, hadn't asked for money from her father. Either he was getting money from Soun Tendo out of her view, or he had no need of it. Not wanting to assume anything, she looked up from her newspaper and spied said martial artist as an eagle watched its prey. Genma Saotome sat on the back porch next to a shogi board, playing the game with her father, Soun. Nothing was unusual about this, since the two played that game everyday shortly after he got here.

What was unusual was the exceptionally good condition Mr. Saotome's glasses and bandana were. Both looked like they had been recently purchased, and the glasses looked expensive. Nabiki kept her silent vigil, waiting for something to occur or for Genma to slip up and spill the beans on what was really going on. Hopefully, whatever crazy scheme he had wouldn't involve her family and especially her sister, Akane. She mumbled to herself. "Who am I kidding?"

Nabiki turned the page of her newspaper to keep up appearances, and scanned the room, looking for anything else that was out of place. Pervert in the living room, ironing stolen underwear, check, her older sister cooking dinner in the kitchen, check, her younger sister beating up a pole that had a black wig tied in a pigtail, check and finally, her future brother in law landing in the koi pond, check.

Nabiki sighed. Nothing out of place yet, but she had faith. It would only be a short while before something happened. It always did.

Ranma emerged from the koi pond, angry, wet and female. In this form, she had gone by the name of Ranko to elude her mother due to a suicide pact her father had made many years ago. She glared in the direction of the youngest Tendo, Akane, and stormed off into the house. "Stupid tomboy, all I said was you should try feedin' that stuff to P-Chan." She slammed the door to the bathroom as she once again embarked on her never-ending quest for hot water.

Akane punched her target dummy in anger. "Stupid Ranma. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" Each shout came out like a battle cry and she slammed the straw covered pole with all her might. "I make him dinner and this is how he thanks me!" She delivered a kick, which sent the pole flying into the sky. Satisfied that the pole wasn't going to bother her anymore, she rubbed her arm on her forehead to wipe away the sweat. "There, I feel better already."

"Dinner's ready!" Kasumi sang in her happy voice as she came out of the kitchen, holding a pot of miso soup. She placed it in the center of the dinner table as the family gathered around.

"Food!" Ranko jumped onto her place at the dinner table between Akane and her father. She pulled up her chopsticks and glared at her father, ready to defend her food from imminent attack.

"Why haven't you changed back?" Akane asked in an annoyed tone.

"I can change back later. I'm hungry now." Ranko stuffed her mouth with a piece of chicken breast and used her elbow to jab her father's gut. "Back off, Pops!"

"Ungrateful boy! You should share with your father." Genma grabbed a piece of chicken off of Ranko's plate, only to notice that his potato had vanished from his own plate. The two martial artist's chopsticks whizzed in a blur as the two fought over grains of steamed rice.

Nabiki slowly ate her food. She wasn't in a hurry and those two freeloaders knew better than to touch her plate. A light bulb went off in her head as she finally saw what was out of place. She watched Genma and saw a glint of metal under his martial arts gi. It was a thermos. He hadn't been in his panda form for more than a few minutes for the last week, and when Mrs. Saotome came to visit the day before yesterday, he ran off on a training journey instead of pretending to be Mr. Panda. Pieces of the puzzle were beginning to appear, but there had to be more. What could it be?

Happosai put down his bowl and gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Ah, Kasumi, your meal is as exquisite as ever."

"Why thank you, Grandfather Happosai." Kasumi beamed at the compliment. "Would you like some more?" She picked up the ladle out of the bowl of miso soup.

"I'm quite done. Students?"

Instantly, Genma and Soun appeared behind Happosai and answered in unison, "Yes, Master!"

"You two have been slacking off. And you, Popsicle, have something I need to discuss with you." Happosai jumped out the back door, leaving behind two very nervous disciples.

"I wonder what the Master wants this time, Saotome?"

"I don't know Tendo, but whatever it is, it can't be good."

In a flash, the two men bolted out the front door of the house only to find the Master waiting for them. "I see I've got to work on your training boys. You're way too predictable." Shortly, the trio fled into the night.

Ranko gobbled up the rest of her father's meal, then proceeded to finish off her own. "Ah, that's great! Nobody cooks like you do, Kasumi!"

"Thank you Ranma, perhaps you can help me tomorrow. Your mother will be stopping by."

Ranko's expression changed from happiness to sorrow then back to happiness again. "Sure, I can't wait to make something for Mom."

"I'll help too! I wanna try out one of Mom's recipes!" Akane clapped her hands in joy.

Ranko's expression went from happiness to hopelessness in one point five eight microseconds, a new record.

Kasumi, without skipping a beat, smiled at her sister, "Of course you can help."

Akane held her fists in front of her chest in a female symbol of determination. "I'm going to master chicken teriyaki, if it's the last thing I do."

Ranko mumbled. "It might be."

Akane's hammer fell swiftly onto Ranko's head, smashing the poor girl into the floor. "Jerk."

"You just need practice, Akane. But first, I think it's better that you work on your curry."

Nabiki mouthed the words, 'Thank you', soundlessly to her older sister.

Nabiki excused herself and picked up her newspaper and went back to her room. Closing the door, she tossed the paper on her desk and picked up her schoolbag from the top of her bed. No time like the present, she thought as she sat at her desk and did her homework. An hour went by, and after she had finished her book report, and placed her elbows on her desk and thought hard about what was bothering her.

Mr. Saotome had been acting strange for the last month, ever since he got that special delivery letter. It was that same day that that man appeared who claimed a debt and that little escapade cost the family a week when Ranma ended up at that French guy's house for a Martial Arts Dining contest. Yet, the contract was with Soun, not with Mr. Saotome, so what was in that letter? She racked her brain. Genma wasn't that smart, and what was he up to and why wasn't he lying around in his panda form for the last week.

Frustrated, Nabiki picked up an empty soda can and a candy bar wrapper from her desk and tossed them in the wastebasket. She tidied up her desk and was about to toss the newspaper in the trash when another piece of the puzzle stared back at her. "Well. I'll be."

She unfolded the paper and read the article. It was a follow up to a headline story that ran last week and there it was, a clue. But how did this all fit together? With determination worthy of a Tendo, she was going to get to the bottom of it. Carefully taking a pair of scissors, she cut out the article titled, "Bon-Bon still missing, police baffled."

Ace Ventura approached the fifth door on the right. He had been warned this was the place he needed to be, but he couldn't be too careful. His back against the wall, he slowly slid until he got to the nondescript door and pulled out a plastic card. "Here goes everything!"

The Pet Detective deftly inserted the card into the slot on the door, and a light flashed green. The mission was a go. He pulled the lever and swung the door just wide enough from him to slip through. Once inside, he closed the door behind him and crawled on the floor, using only the tips of his fingers and shoes for mobility. Ahead was what he was looking for, a large beaten steamer trunk. In a Darth Vader voice, he bellowed. "I see. We meet again."

The steamer trunk said nothing.

He continued. "When I left you, I was but a learner, now I am the master."

The steamer trunk still said nothing.

"Psst." Ace whispered. "It's your line."

The steamer trunk maintained its silence.

He got up off the ground and crossed his arms. "You're no fun. No nuts for you."

A loud pop heralded the arrival of the squirrel corps as the trunk exploded, filling the room with creatures large and small. Two-dozen furry storm troopers and two commanders lined up in order and raised their paws in salute.

"That's better. Where's Jar Jar?"

A coconut flew from nowhere and smacked Ace in the head. His monkey crawled out of the trunk and jumped on his master's head showing just how much he hated being compared to that character. He yanked at the Pet Detective's hair and wrapped his tail around his neck squeezing it tight.

"Okay! You're Chewbacca! You're Chewie! Gasp!" Thud! Ace fell over backwards. The monkey leapt off of him and landed on the bed.

"Man, where'd you leave your sense of humor?" A wad of poo bounced off of Ace. "C'mon, I said I'm sorry already. I didn't know that girl was going to kidnap you and call you Pauline." Another, much larger piece of monkey poo bounced off Ace's forehead.

"I guess I deserved that. Now, I've got a job for us, so gather 'round." Instantly, he was surrounded by Imperial Squirrels, ninja raccoons, an angry monkey, five hamsters, Underdog, three French hens, two turtledoves and a partridge in a pear tree. He pulled out a picture of a panda. "This is Bon-Bon." He held several pictures, each one depicted items like cat food, nuts, and bananas, "This is Bon-Bon back at the zoo. Any questions?"

Ace felt a wet spot forming on his pant leg. "Okay, you're Jar Jar again." A toilet flew through the air and smashed the Pet Detective against the wall.

"Fine, you can be Han Solo." Ace passed out.

Please review my story on fanfiction.net at
<http://www.fanfiction.net/secure/review.php?storyid=3670905&chapter=1> It makes me feel
oh so happy and prevents me from giving Ace Ventura your home phone number.

Chapter 2, The Hunt For Bon-Bon.

I don't own these characters. Please don't sue me, kill me or feed me dog biscuits.

Happosai gazed at his two students in disgust, as he stood on the top of a tall telephone pole somewhere in the outskirts of the Nerima ward of Tokyo. He impatiently crossed his arms and kept a stern gaze at the men below in the moonlight as they clumsily crawled under several thorny rose bushes on their way to the prize. Keeping a watchful eye on the larger of the two, he followed every motion Genma's large body made as he tried unsuccessfully to squeeze by the bush without filling his skin with thorns. The old man grinned as they suffered under his cruel training regiment. A few minutes passed, and his pupils returned, holding the most precious things known to man: Panties!

The men slithered up the pole to greet their Master, when the short balding pervert scowled at them. "You have done so-so." He snatched the bag from the hand of Genma Saotome, the man who reached him first. With hardly any effort at all, he kicked Genma in the face and the portly man slid down the pole right into Soun. The two tumbled the rest of the way down, with Soun's bag of female underwear breaking their fall.

"What did I do to anger the Master?" asked Mr. Saotome with a puzzled look on his face and a bra on his head.

Mr. Tendo replied as he removed a pair of panties that had somehow managed to appear on his forehead. "I'm not quite sure, Saotome. Perhaps, your son may have had something to do with it?"

"Ungrateful boy. He should be here placating the Master instead of us." Genma got up and brushed off more female underwear when the street became lit with an eerie blue glow.

Both men knew what that glow meant. They had seen it far too many times in the past and knew exactly what to do in such a situation. They both turned tail and ran as fast as their legs could carry them.

The mob of angry women, whose battle auras gave off that glow, quickly gave chase with shouts of "Pervert", "Masher" and "Are you single?" reverberating into the night.

Once the crowd had disappeared into the distance, the Founding Grand-master of the Anything Goes School of Martial Arts, a set of techniques created for the sole purpose of pleasing a dirty old man, jumped down from the telephone pole and picked up the few items of clothing that the pretty ladies had somehow left behind. He pulled out his pipe and a rag and used the cloth to make the pipe shine. He lit the pipe and took a small puff, patiently leaning against a wall as if he had all the time in the world.

Five minutes later, two missiles were seen streaking through the sky and they landed only meters away from Happosai with a loud crash. Once the smoke cleared, the old man spoke nonchalantly, "I think you two deserve a five minute break. Good work."

Inside the crater lay two middle aged martial artists, Genma and Soun. They were covered in bruises and injuries from the result of a mob attack. Soun groaned. "Thank you, Master." He then passed out.

Genma croaked out. "You're too kind." He too joined his friend in the land of slumber.

"Yes, I'm the generous one." Happosai smiled as he produced a flask of water. He poured a small amount on Genma, which triggered his transformation into his panda form. "I see you're still cursed. Pity. Had you found a cure, I would have enjoyed beating it out of you. Still... Bon-Bon, I know you're holding out on me and for that, I'll have to train you until you show me what you did with that money."

As Happosai maniacally laughed, a raccoon in a ninja suit quietly disappeared into the trees.

It was a lovely Saturday morning. Nabiki smiled as she gingerly went over her to-do list for the day. She had to fill the orders she had gotten in the last twenty four hours of photos of Ranma-chan in female undergarments, pictures of Akane in action poses which all went to a specific rich client in the center of Nerima and other assorted trinkets like handkerchiefs and wall scrolls all adorned with the likeness of a certain red-head. Just a few more days of sales at this rate, she'd be able to buy that digital camcorder she had her eye on. Now, that little baby was going to create even more streams of revenue, once she could figure out this thing called Youtube.

She happily whistled as she picked up her school bag and ran downstairs. There, seated at the dining room table was Nabiki's younger sister, Akane and her fiancée, Ranma who this time was in male guise. "I see you managed to keep dry this morning."

Ranma didn't bother to look at Nabiki. He paused a second from eating his rice to give a sarcastic reply. "Ha, ha, ha."

She broke her chopsticks apart and was about to start eating when she noticed something was amiss; three something's, to be exact, "where's Daddy and Mr. Saotome?"

"You got me." Ranma shrugged and put down his bowl. "I ain't seen 'em this morning. Now that you mention it, I think they're still out with the ol' freak."

"I hope Daddy isn't getting into trouble." Akane sighed then added, "at least not too much trouble."

"With that ol' guy leadin' 'em? Who knows what they're up to." Ranma shook his head in disgust. "I just hope that ol' fart doesn't come back. I'm sick and tired of him tryin' to get me into one of those outfits he keeps gettin' me."

"But Ranma, or shall I say, Ranko?" Nabiki started.

Ranma ended her sentence with a hateful glare. "That ain't my name."

"Ooohhh, I'll remember that this afternoon when your mother stops by."

"You wouldn't."

"Five thousand yen." She held out her hand.

Akane got up from the table and turned her head back to her fiancée. "Serves you right, it

was your stupid idea to use that name anyways. When are you going to tell her who you are?"

"Grrr..." Ranma growled, clenching his teeth and barely holding his anger in check. "It's all Pop's fault! He's the one who wrote up that suicide pact!"

"And you signed it too, remember?" Nabiki's eyes narrowed and she smirked with glee. Akane shook her head and ran out the door headed for school.

"I was only six at the time. How am I supposed to remember something I did when I was a kid?"

"Doesn't matter, you signed it. For now Saotome, it's five thousand yen or I'll remind you exactly what you said just now at a very inconvenient time. Which will it be?" She widened her smirk and wiggled her fingers, waiting for the payout.

"Choke on it." He pulled out his wallet and gave her every yen he had.

"You're bit short. I guess I may or may not remind you. Of course, if you manage to come up with the rest of the cash, you'd find my memory would become very faulty tonight. See you later, Ranko, or was it Ranma?" With that, she grabbed her school bag and left for school right behind Akane.

"Why that no good, lousy, dirty..." **SPLASH.** In a high-pitched voice, Ranko continued, "rotten, stinking, wait a minute? Why'd you go and do that for?"

Happosai opened a large box that contained a Sailor Senshi uniform, Sailor Jupiter to be precise, "I'd like you to try on this little number."

With a swift kick, Ranko sent the uniform and the old pervert out into the backyard. "In your dreams you sicko!"

"T-t-that's no way to talk to your elders." Genma sat down at his place at the breakfast table. His clothes were all torn up and his body looked like it had been run over by a truck, a bulldozer, a herd of wildebeest and finally tossed into a deep pit filled with starving cats. Sniffing the air, Ranko wondered if that smell was the residue of fish sausages, but no one would make someone go through **THAT** training. But then, this was her father she was thinking about and his stupidity knew no bounds. "So Pop, you decided to try out the Neko-ken?"

"Meow." Then the elder Saotome fell face forward onto the table, quivering.

Ranko jumped back and made warding signs with her hands. That sound was way too close to the real thing for her tastes. "Please tell me you're kidding."

Soun sat down next to Genma. His clothes were just as torn, his body was just as ruined and he had the distinct odor of fish. He only remained erect for a few seconds before he too fell face first onto the table. Kasumi emerged from the kitchen holding two large trays of food. Once she saw her father and Mr. Saotome resting on the table, she spun around and went back into the kitchen to cover their breakfast in plastic wrap for later.

Ranko was getting worried. "Mr. Tendo? Are you okay?"

Soun shivered. "The claws... They're coming to get me..."

"You didn't, did you?" She stared at the two men in disbelief. "How could you? You know how dangerous that technique is. And..." She stopped in mid-sentence as it dawned on her that it wasn't their idea in the first place to undergo **THAT** training. No, it would take a totally deranged mind to intentionally put anyone through that ordeal. The same deranged mind who's deranged hands were holding a box that contained a deranged set of what could be female clothes, but there was so little fabric there, it could almost pass for dental floss.

"How about this little number instead?"

"I ain't wearin' that! Moko Takabisha!" She placed her hands into position and fired a bolt of ki energy; incinerating what little fabric Happosai was holding.

The old man patted his hands together to wipe away the ashes. "I paid good money for that." Another box materialized in his hands, "maybe you'd like this?" He held up a box that had a high quality Peorth costume, which for anyone who knew the Oh, My Goddess Manga, the outfit barely passed as a swimsuit. "I had it made just for you."

"I ain't interested!" She grabbed the box and threw it into the living room. A punch later, Happosai went flying out the backyard again. "Geez, that old coot just won't quit."

Kasumi made a gentle cough to grab Ranko's attention. As she turned to see what the eldest Tendo sister wanted, she saw that she was pointing to a wall clock that showed she had only five minutes to get to school. "AAAHH!" In a blur, Ranko grabbed her school bag, wolfed down the last of her breakfast and bolted out the front door.

"Oh, my." Kasumi shook her head in disapproval.

"Now, now, Kasumi-chan. Why do you think that?" Happosai asked in a soft innocent voice.

"You know why. That wasn't very nice."

Tossing aside an empty box, he smiled a perverted grin. "She'll thank me."

Five minutes later, Miss Hinako Ninomiya, the pint-sized homeroom and English teacher shushed her students to keep order and continue to call roll. "Shh, class," she looked at a certain student and used the proper pronoun, "Miss Saotome?"

Ranko spoke with her head firmly planted on her desk in shame. "Here." She was wearing a young girl's sailor style school uniform with a white blouse, short blue skirt and a red collar instead of her usual red shirt and black pants.

Yuka tapped Akane's shoulder, "why's he dressed like that?"

Akane sighed. "Don't ask."

Ace Ventura was sitting on a bench in a park near a lake in the center of the Nerima ward of Tokyo. Strewn everywhere were paper napkins with crude drawings of traps and pandas. A monkey picked up one of the napkins and used it to blow his nose. Looking around innocently, he placed the napkin back on the ground where he found it and smiled evilly.

The pet detective was oblivious to the events happening on the ground as he was holding an empty plastic cup to his ear and tilted his head so he could listen in on two black crows cawing at each other. After a minute of eavesdropping, he still wasn't satisfied with what he was hearing. He lowered the cup and faced the two birds in frustration, "so, who's Mamoru and who's Yuichiro?" He raised a suspicious eyebrow, "who's she really in love with?" The two birds stopped talking and stared at the pet detective. He barked back at them. "It's a good question. Who's she after?"

One of the two birds hopped forward and made a few cawing sounds.

"You say she's in love with Usagi? Wait, doesn't that mean Bunny? Hmm... An animal lover, I like her already."

A chattering sound drew Ace's attention away from the two gossiping crows. There sat one of his elite Ninja Raccoons. The animal made a few gestures with his paws and pointed toward a picture of a panda on the ground. "So, you saw Bon-Bon? Good boy! I guess we're eating steak tonight!"

A tiny AT-ST Walker, driven by an Imperial Squirrel aimed its laser cannons at Ace. Everywhere, little white suited squirrels aimed their firearms at the detective.

He held his hands up and surrendered. "And nuts, lots of nuts!"

A chipmunk commander gave the order to stand down.

"That's the last time I'm letting you watch the Star Wars saga as a marathon. Now, boys, we know where he is, all we gotta do is bring him home. You know what to do, right?"

The animals collectively shrugged.

"Do I have to do the thinking around here?"

The animals collectively got worried.

"Here's the plan." Ace pointed at the napkins on the sidewalk. "This is what we're going to do."

Each and every animal was panic-stricken.

"Oh, there has got to be a great story behind this one, Saotome." Nabiki barely could control her laughter.

Ukyou was taking this in stride since it wasn't the first time Ranma came to school in female form. "Yeah, Ranchan, who're you trying to out-girl today? If it's Tsubasa, don't bother, I can take care of him for you."

Ranko grumbled while sitting down on a bench at a lunch table. She may be a guy, but she knew enough that sitting on the grass was bad for her skirt.

"If there's some sort of martial arts competition you're training for, I need to know." Nabiki

pulled out her notepad. "I have to figure out the odds."

"Ask the old pervert, he did this to me."

"Why am I not surprised?" Ukyou rolled her eyes in mock shock. "That's the third time this month. Didn't he do this to you when your mother came by last?"

"Don't remind me. Thanks to him, my mother thinks I'm a cross-dressing pervert."

"Oh? And you're not a cross-dressing pervert right now?" Nabiki replied.

"Grrr... You know what I mean! If I hadn't of peeped on Akane, Mom woulda had my head for sure."

Ukyou blinked. She looked at Akane, then back to Ranko. "You peeped on Akane?"

Nabiki held out an envelope, "five thousand yen and trust me, it's worth more."

Ukyou slipped Nabiki the money and pocketed the envelope. Sighing, the chef shook her head at the idea of Haposai and his strange tastes, "At least you're a girl, in a way I'm glad that old man isn't taking a fancy for boys. I hate to think he's expanding his pool of victims." Behind Ukyou Kuonji, several men who were eavesdropping quaked in fear. Hiroshi, one of Ranma's friends, ran off to the bathroom to lose his lunch.

"Nah, the ol' freak only likes girls. Me, I'd like him to just go away."

"Pig-tailed girl!"

"Talk about someone I'd like to make go away."

Tatewaki Kuno, the resident upperclassman and hopeless romantic for not one, but two attractive ladies, of which one wasn't really female, approached and grabbed the redhead in a loving embrace. "You've finally come to express your affections for me!"

"Give me a break, will ya?" A well-placed kick sent the amorous kendoist into the sky leaving a trail of red flower petals in his wake.

"Gee, at least he's not bothering me today." Ukyou smiled. She was wearing her male Furinkan School uniform and had a giant spatula strapped to her back.

Nabiki finished chewing on a piece of tuna roll. "I can see why. You're not doing the girl thing anymore."

"Hey, I do what I want! Besides, my dress needs to be cleaned." A plastic wrapped Furinkan girl's school uniform appeared, held by two branches of a tree that was standing next to the lunch bench.

A voice came from the tree. "My dear sweet Ukyou, I had your uniform cleaned and pressed."

Akane sighed again. It was a common thing around Ranko and her friends to have unexpected guests arrive. "I see that your admirer is back."

"Tsubasa!" Ukyou made a fist and squinted her face in anger. "For the last time, **NO**, I'm not

going out with you!" She unhooked her spatula and with a mighty swing, she sent Tsubasa in his tree disguise into the sky. Instantly, she realized a grave mistake she had done. "Oh, no! He's got my uniform! Do you know how much that costs?" Instantly, Ukyou gave chase to the rapidly disappearing cross dressing stalker. "Give me back my uniform!"

Nabiki swallowed the last of her tuna roll and rested her head on her hands. Her elbows were on the table and she gave a knowing grin like a Cheshire cat moments before vanishing. "So, where'd you get that school uniform? It looks expensive."

Ranko pulled on the fabric of the sailor collar on her school uniform. "How am I supposed to know? I don't buy this kind of stuff."

"Sure you don't, and all those disguises you have came from Akane's closet, right?"

She waved her hand dismissively. "Nah, nothing she's got fits me. The tops are too tight and the hips are too baggy."

Busted, thought Nabiki. Akane turned red and landed an angry punch on her fiancée. That was all the retribution Nabiki needed to see to consider Ranko's rudeness properly punished. Nabiki paused for a moment to watch Ranko fly over the school wall when she spoke in a bored manner. "So, Sis, do you know where he got that outfit?"

"Who cares? Let him wear girl's gym shorts for that matter."

"It's not like he hasn't already."

Akane sighed again, and walked away.

Nabiki took her notepad and flipped it to the back with her other notes. She added a notation about custom fitted expensive high school uniforms with shorter than normal skirts. She thought to herself, so Happosai is in on it too. This complicates things.

Ranko flipped into a landing position and guided her fall. A moment later, she landed feet first at the edge of a lake in a small park. "Whew, I'd hate to ruin my dress. GAH! What the heck am I thinkin'?"

She placed her hands on her breasts and gave them a small squeeze. "Whew. I'm still female. What a relief. I'd hate to have someone get the wrong idea about me."

A guy standing nearby dropped his coffee onto the ground from his limp hand. "A lesbian... Wow... I've never seen one in action before."

"I guess I spoke too soon." Suddenly, a bicycle flew from nowhere and landed on Ranko's head.

A carefully executed flip placed Shampoo right in front of her beloved Amazon husband. And without further delay, she grabbed her and snuggled in her bosom. "Nihao, Ranma! You take Shampoo on date?" She lunged forward to place a kiss on Ranko's lips when a gasp and a heavy thud distracted the Amazon. The man had fallen over unconscious, blood streaming from his nose.

"Hmmpht, man weak. Not like husband, right?"

"Sh-Sh-Shampoo, get off of me!" Ranko tried to pull away, but the smaller girl held on tight.

"Not until you take Shampoo on date, no?"

"No! I gotta go to.... Uh..." Her uniform! "School! That's it! I've got to get back before lunch break is over."

"Is Saturday, husband out of school. Shampoo not let go until husband promise take Shampoo on date!" The Amazon made it clear with the look in her eyes that no or any word resembling no was not an acceptable answer.

"How dare you force yourself on my Shampoo." A silhouette appeared and approached a nearby tree. "Leave my darling Shampoo alone!"

"Stupid Mousse." Shampoo stuck her nose into the air.

"Oh." Mousse put his glasses on and noticed that he was talking to a tree. "You're not Ranma."

Ranko continued to struggle to remove Shampoo from her person. "I'm over here, moron."

"Ranma Saotome, prepare to die!" Mousse pulled out a large mace and chain.

"If I got a hundred yen every time someone said that..." Ranko and Shampoo dodged the incoming weapon and landed in a few centimeters of water. "Hey, you almost ruined my dress!" She froze. There was one of **THEM** nearby. Looking down, there was a white and purple cat looking back up at her. "C-c-caaaat!!!"

Needing no other excuse, she bolted away at top speed. Seconds later, Mousse ran after her. "Come back here, Saotome! I'll... Quack! Quack!" The hidden weapons master failed to notice that the most direct route to his prey involved a body of water.

Shampoo the cat stepped out of the lake and onto shore. There, she shook herself off and walked over to her bicycle. Using her paws, she slid open the ramen box and found the thermos she kept for just such an emergency, Using her teeth, she unscrewed the lid and was about to use the hot water inside when a hand came out of nowhere and took the hot water away.

"I'm feasting tonight!" Ace gulped down a little water, and then spit it out. "This is just hot water. Where's the Java?" He poured out the rest of the hot water onto the ground, much to the shock of a purple cat. He rummaged around in the box some more. "This case looks familiar." He inhaled the aroma. "That smells familiar." He grabbed the bowl of ramen. "This tastes familiar." He ate the ramen all up.

That made Shampoo angry. Now she was going to have to get another order and explain to her Great Grandmother how the delivery was stolen. She growled.

"Hey there kitty. Want some ramen? Too bad, because Daddy just ate it all, see." He showed the empty bowl to the cat. "Want some yarn instead?"

"Rowr!" Shampoo attacked, swiftly, furiously and with no mercy.

Moments later, a damp human female Shampoo picked up her empty ramen box and bicycle

and stuck her nose up at the weak foreigner. "Stupid man. You no anger woman of Amazon tribe." She got on her bike and ran over Ace's unconscious body before leaving the park.

Ace slowly lifted his head up a few centimeters and whispered in a questioning voice, "Since when do cats learn karate?"

"Bwee!" A little black piglet that was wandering by took one look at Ace and ran away. A squirrel driven AT-ST walker, three speeder bikes driven by chipmunks and a small group of Imperial Squirrels on foot gave chase.

Ace mumbled. "Go get Charlotte boys. You'll get an extra bag of nuts tonight if you catch her." He fell back, out cold.

"At least Saturday's a half day."

Akane growled back. "If you're trying to cheer me up, it isn't working."

Nabiki shrugged. "Since school's already out, he can't blame you for missing class."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Do me a favor Sis. If you see him before I do, remind him he still owes me thirty-five hundred yen. Bye!" She ran off in another direction.

"Where's she going in such a hurry?" Akane wondered out loud. She paused and sighed again. She leaned over to a nearby stone wall and calmed herself down. She remembered some words of wisdom given to her last year. Don't hit anyone in anger. Sinking against the wall in depression, Akane stared at the ground holding her book bag against her chest. "I really should control my temper. But, he makes me so mad."

She saw that moment clearly. Kasumi had taken her aside and asked in a gentle but firm tone, "promise me Akane, don't hit anyone in anger."

Again she sighed. Maybe, a walk might calm her nerves. It wasn't like they were going to let her help cook something nice for Mrs. Saotome when she stopped by tonight. She turned and walked toward a place she knew would soothe her soul. After walking for ten minutes, she entered a large park with a lake in the center of Nerima. Memories flooded her of when she was little and her mother played with her on the swings. She giggled in happiness and skipped like a little girl along the concrete path. No, that's not right, it's too rough. Preferring the soft earth of a dirt path she liked to travel on, she looked in every direction for it. Where was it? She spied a familiar dirt path that led into a grove of trees. With a twinkle in her eye, she skipped down the trail and out of sight of the public. Here, tall trees surrounded her. If she let herself imagine it, she could almost believe she was deep somewhere in a rain forest lost, kilometers away from the nearest civilization. The noise of the traffic coming from only twenty meters away broke the illusion of isolation. Paying it no mind, she hopped, skipped and jumped over a patch of grass that lay in the middle of the path. She was about to continue when she heard a familiar sound. Happily, she turned around.

There, on the other side of the patch of grass she jumped over, sat her beloved P-Chan. "P-Chan! What are you doing here? She ran toward her pet pig when the ground gave way and

she fell into a giant bear trap.

In the park, Ace felt a tug on the string tied to his big toe. He lifted his head out of the dumpster and was pleased. Claspng his hands together in glee, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "I see we've got ourselves a satisfied customer. Let's go get Bon-Bon, shall we?" Taking the lead, Ace marched with pride as he led a legion of Storm trooper Squirrels and Ninja Raccoons to collect their well-earned reward. "The trap has sprung, just like I planned it!"

One raccoon was a bit surprised. "His plan worked?"

A chipmunk commander answered. "There's a first time for everything."

Ace snapped back. "I heard that." The two mumbling critters quickly stopped their conversation and stuck their tongues out at him the moment he turned away from them. The detective stopped at the edge of the bear trap and peered down into the darkness. He listened carefully to the tone, timbre and breath patterns to determine the species of animal he had caught. Ace was not pleased. "Darn, I caught a gorilla."

An instant later, Akane Tendo leapt out of the pit. She was encased in a bright blue aura with a faint outline of flame. Landing next to her pet pig, she scooped him up and spun to face the man who made that comment. With a flash of recognition, she snarled at Ace. "YOU! I know you! You're the one who stole my P-Chan!"

"Yep, I caught a gorilla. This is gunna hurt, right?"

Akane answered by rolling up her sleeves, putting her pet pig down and approached the American with murder in her eyes. "Sorry, Kasumi, but this is for my P-Chan."

The raccoons, squirrels and other animals covered their eyes. The few that watched would be scarred for life at the scenes of brutality they witnessed.

"Hello, is anybody home?" A cheerful voice from a middle aged woman filled the Tendo home with warmth and love. The other source of positive energy answered. "Oh, my, why hello there Mrs. Saotome. Welcome."

Nodoka Saotome, Ranma's mother and wife to Genma Saotome entered and bowed to the eldest Tendo sister, Kasumi. "You always make me feel welcome. Please tell me, is my son here?"

Kasumi hated lying to cover up Genma and Ranma's presence, so she passed the buck. "I'm not sure. You can ask my father." She led Mrs. Saotome into the house. As they neared a corner that blocked the view to the dining room and back yard, she spoke in a loud voice. "I'm sure my father would love to speak with you, Mrs. Saotome."

Kasumi heard a splash and it was the signal that the coast was clear. "He's right over here." She led Nodoka toward the back of the house.

Soun sat at a Shogi board and across from him was a soaking wet giant panda that was also seated for playing Shogi.

"Why Mr. Panda? I haven't seen you in a while. Have you been feeling better?"

The panda produced a wooden sign that read, "Never felt better, somebody else's wife."

Nodoka giggled. "Soun, your niece trained her panda well. It's almost as if he understood me.

Soun smiled. "Yes, Ranma.... Ranko is an excellent panda trainer."

Nodoka's face brightened at the almost-mention of her son's name. "Ranma? Have you seen Ranma? I hope he's here."

The Tendo patriarch sat with respect. "I'm afraid not. He and your husband left on another training journey. I don't know when they will return."

"I see." Nodoka sulked. "I must keep the faith that my son is a man among men."

"Indeed he is. He is worthy to marry my daughter, Akane. In fact, where is she?"

Kasumi wondered about that too. "I'm not sure. Nabiki came home half an hour ago, but I haven't seen Akane yet. I do hope she hasn't been kidnapped again."

Nodoka's eyes grew wide. "Kidnapped? Again?"

"Don't worry, Ranma always has been able to rescue her. If she is in trouble, he'll take care of things." Soun smiled and went back to his Shogi game.

"I must say, I'm surprised at the way you are reacting to the possibility that your daughter may be in danger. Is my son that dependable? That manly? Oh, I'm so proud of him. I can't wait to see him."

Nabiki came down the stairs. "Oh, I'm sure you'll see him soon." She spoke with an air of boredom and then added silently, 'you'll see him when Ranko comes back from school.' She sat on a small sofa nearby and reached over and got the TV remote control and flipped on the television set. She surfed the TV channels, until she came to the one she wanted. She turned up the volume a little and put the control back down. "So, I see Mr. Panda is back from the vet? Did you finally get him fixed?"

The panda's brow suddenly became beaded with sweat. He pulled out a wooden sign that read, "You can't fix me, I'm an endangered species!"

"Yeah, you're something that can't be fixed all right." Nabiki kept her gaze at the panda as the newscast switched over to local news.

A stuffy looking salary man sat at a news desk next to a scantily clad young woman who looked like she could still be in high school. The duo made witty scripted banter on their telecast, reporting on current news. Soon, a photo of a panda bear at the Ueno zoo appeared in the corner of the screen. The woman's face filled the TV screen, her perfect smile and cute dimples designed to draw in as many viewers as possible. "And police are still investigating the disappearance of Bon-Bon, the giant panda, from the Ueno zoo last week. Here from Tokyo, is Chief Tanaka to give us an update."

Nabiki kept her grin to herself as she watched the panda squirm.

A portly policeman was being interviewed by a different cute young female reporter. The fat

man spoke in a practiced authoritative voice. "I'm here to announce that we have gotten some good leads in the case, and we have the best detective in the world assisting us. I'm pleased to announce that Detective Ace Ventura is hot on the trail and he assures us that he will be bringing Bon-Bon back shortly."

Nabiki had all the evidence she needed. Leaving the TV on, she left the room all the while watching how Mr. Panda fidgeted and sweated as a photo of Bon-Bon was displayed on TV. The spots on Bon-Bon were the same as Mr. Panda. Now it was time to put the second phase of her plan into action.

She went into her room and locked the door. She pulled out her cell phone and read her notes. A moment later, she dialed a number and waited for an answer.

"Hello, may I speak with Mr. Utada? Yes, I'll hold."

A minute later of listening to the song 'If I could talk to the animals', a gruff voice came on. "This is Mr. Utada."

"Hello, I'm Nabiki Tendo. I understand there is a reward for the safe return of the panda called Bon-Bon. Yes. There is? What are the terms? No questions? Well... Today may be your lucky day..."

"This time for sure." Ace limped and held onto a tree for support. He was covered in assorted bandages and sported several bruises on his face. "There's no way this will fail."

The two turtledoves glanced at each other and shrugged their wings. The pair flew up into the tree and tied off the last of the ropes that secured the net.

"Now, we just have to wait. Did you get what I asked for?"

The chipmunk commander saluted and his trio of speeder bike riding chipmunks swooped in and deposited a pile of bamboo directly under the hidden net.

"Alrighty then! All we have to do is hide and wait." The pet detective crawled on his knees and avoided using his arms since they were still sore from being twisted like a pretzel. That girl named Akane may have looked human, but she must have had gorilla DNA somewhere in her bloodstream, thought Ace.

He sat and waited. A few minutes later, a bike rode through the small clearing, ridden by a purple haired Chinese girl. "That karate cat belongs to her. Hide!"

Once the girl rode out of sight, silence filled the clearing again and Ace breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, there was a loud noise as the net fell from the tree and landed directly on top of the pile of bamboo. Ace rubbed his hands in glee. "I got him! It looks like I'm getting..." He stood up and saw that the trap appeared to be empty. The net was lying on the ground and there was no panda bear to be seen anywhere. "Rats."

A dozen rats appeared at Ace's feet. One of them wore a French chef's hat.

"Sorry, figure of speech."

The rodents scowled their disapproval at being left out of the action again.

"Let me see what happened." Ace went over to the net and took a good look at the trip wires. Everything seemed to be intact until he noticed a white duck entangled in the net.

"Oh, you set it off. Here, let me get you out." He reached over to the duck that jumped out of the way. "Fine, be that way."

The duck stared at Ace for a moment. He then pulled out a pair of glasses and stared at Ace again. He made several loud quacks.

Ace scratched his head in puzzlement. "What do you mean I hurt your Shampoo? Ducks don't use Shampoo, do they?"

The duck produced a sword under one wing, and a mace and chain under the other.

"Isn't there anything here that doesn't study martial arts?" Ace asked the heavens before he was showered with every conceivable object and weapon imaginable.

Please review my story on fanfiction.net at
<http://www.fanfiction.net/secure/review.php?storyid=3670905&chapter=2>. It makes me feel
oh so happy and prevents me from letting Ace Ventura howl at the moon right outside your
bedroom window.

Chapter 3, A Job Well Done.

I don't own these characters. Please don't sue me, kill me or have me put up with another ICQ Loser.

"Ouch!" was all the great pet detective could say as he limped back toward the door of his hotel room. He paused for a moment, staring at the thin slot that was just above the doorknob. He kept gawking at the door as he assessed his situation. Both of his arms were covered in bandages, as was his right leg and most of his head. Somewhere in his shirt pocket was his credit card shaped room key, and without it, he was trapped in the hall. He wiggled his fingers out of his makeshift cast in an attempt to have them protrude enough insert his fingertips into the pocket to grab the key. He jumped up and down, trying to jolt the card up a tiny bit so he could snatch it. A female hotel guest slowly walked by, as the detective stopped his impression of a Mexican Jumping Bean and he leaned against the doorway and smiled back at her. The woman increased her stride to get away from this strange man, quickly. Ace waved at the woman. "Thanks for all your help."

He stuck his tongue out to see if he could lick the card out of his shirt pocket. That didn't work, so he bowed forward with great speed hoping that centrifugal force would be enough to fling the card out. Again, his efforts were met with dismal failure.

Somewhere in another part of the hotel, much to Ace's dismay laid his army of minions. Since the hotel had a no-pet policy unless the guest was willing to pay a substantial deposit, they had to keep out of sight.

Alone, hungry and in desperate need of scratching an itch on his butt that was just beyond his reach, the detective did what anyone would do in his situation. He screamed at the top of his lungs. **"ROOM SERVICE!"**

Down the hall, a voice replied, "Shut up!"

He defiantly shouted back at the insolent hotel employee, or at least he thought the man was an employee. These people all looked the same to him. "That's no way to treat a paying guest!" Angrily, he slammed his back against the wall with enough force to knock a nearby painting off of its hook. He squirmed as he tried to scratch the itch that was bothering him, but only succeeded in looking like a Macarena dancer on high-grade crack.

Ace sighed as he tried to figure out how he was going to get into his hotel room. "Man, I can't get a break. Why does this always happen to me?" He leaned back onto his door, only for it to easily open. He lost his balance and tumbled backwards into his room.

He blinked his eyes and just when he was about to sit up, a chunk of monkey poo bounced off the side of his head. He turned his head to face an angry simian. "Hey, cut it out!"

A set of paper dolls, made out of one of his Hawaiian shirts was deposited on his face.

"That had better not be my favorite shirt!" He sat up, visibly angry. "If you keep it up, I'll feed you to that gorilla girl."

The monkey's eyes bugged out and he instantly jumped out the window.

"Don't think I won't!" He got up and slammed the door, only for it to bounce off the doorframe and pop out. It landed on top of the detective with a loud thud. A Jedi Squirrel turned off his light saber and scurried away from the melted hinges.

"Medic?"

In seconds, the Ninja Raccoons swarmed all over the pet detective and worked their art in healing while a dozen squirrels with hammers, nails and a mean looking nail gun went to work on repairing the door. The sounds of assorted drilling, sawing and hammering from the squirrels filled the room while the raccoons performed their magic on Ace. In a flash, all the animals stood back to marvel at their handiwork. The door was pristine. The walls were immaculate. Ace Ventura was clean, bandage free and wearing a different loud Hawaiian Shirt and brown cotton pants.

Ace was not pleased. "Ahem." He coughed.

A Ninja Raccoon grappled down a rope tied to the ceiling and stopped just above Ace. A pair of sunglasses was gingerly placed atop the detective's head.

Ace was pleased. "That's better. Now, any news?"

Another Ninja Raccoon appeared, made chattering sounds and waved a photo in the air. He snatched the photo and his eyes bugged out. "It's payday, boys!" Something was familiar about the area around the panda in the picture and the detective scratched his head while feeling a sense of déjà vu. He chalked up the feeling to not eating enough cheese and asked the raccoon, "can you lead me to him?"

A nod of approval was returned.

"Then, we'll sally forth and reclaim our bounty! Victory is mine!"

A door slam announced the arrival of the youngest Tendo sister. "Of all the nerve!" Akane stormed in. Her school uniform was soiled and her pet pig was nestled safely within her arm.

Kasumi peeked out of the kitchen and shook her head in disapproval. "What happened? I hope you weren't fighting."

"He happened!" Akane slammed her school bag onto the dining room table. "That idiot! I thought I saw the last of him!"

Kasumi took a step back to give her sister some room. "Whom are you referring to? Prince Kirin?"

"No."

"Prince Toma?"

"No!"

"It wasn't that boy from Jr. High who told you mayonnaise and white paste were the same

thing was it?" Kasumi pondered incredulously.

"NO! And it was his fault for suggesting it." She crossed her arms in a huff. "He was only in the emergency ward for the afternoon. Besides, the guy I ran into was that moron Azusa hired to steal P-Chan. He tried to steal him again and threw me into a pit." Akane grinned. "But I took care of him."

Ranko came out of the kitchen, anticipation in her eyes. "Him? The guy with the elephant?"

Kasumi blinked. "Are you referring to Lychee, or... Uh... What was his name again?"

Nabiki answered dryly. "Ace Ventura, he's been in the news lately." She looked directly at Mr. Panda. "But I thought he was after a giant panda."

"A-Ace? That American? The one who..." Ranko gritted her teeth and the spatula she was holding shattered from her iron grip. "When I find that guy I'll show him a thing or two!" Leaving a dust cloud behind vaguely in the shape of the red-haired girl, Ranko dashed upstairs.

Nodoka hurriedly came out of the kitchen, calling out after her favorite Tendo. "Ranko! You still haven't finished cooking the dumplings!" She turned to Akane with a smile, "would you like to finish the dumplings? It's easy."

Akane's mood brightened instantly, and Nabiki's mood darkened with identical speed. "Can I?" Akane dropped P-Chan and rushed into the kitchen, and a moment later, the sound of utensils clattering on the floor was heard.

Nodoka returned to the kitchen. "No, Akane, you don't use that to turn them over."

Nabiki sighed. "There go the dumplings."

Kasumi smiled, "I'll make some more."

"Thanks, Sis. Oh, I almost forgot. I have a visitor coming later tonight. So if he stops by, have him wait out front until I see him."

Kasumi raised an eyebrow. "I'll be happy to do that." Another crash came from the kitchen. "Please excuse me, I'm needed."

Nodoka's voice once again came from the kitchen, "Akane, that's baking soda."

Soun's brow was visibly covered in sweat. "So, Saotome, do you have money for take out tonight?"

Mr. Panda held up a sign. "The Master took everything."

Mr. Tendo sighed. "I knew it was too good to last. At least the taxes and bills were paid."

The panda nodded in agreement.

Soun stared out into the backyard. "I wonder where the Master is now?"

"Not far enough for my taste," read the panda's sign.

The elder Tendo saw something out of the corner of his eye. There, on the back wall, something was crawling. He stood to take a good look but whatever it was, it vanished. "Did you see that?"

"Growf?"

"I could have sworn I saw something. I believe we should check it out."

The panda flipped his sign over. "What if it's the Master?"

Soun sat down and pushed a shogi piece on the board. "Your move, Saotome."

Ranko came back downstairs. She wore a red silk Chinese sleeveless shirt with yellow clasps, black cotton drawstring pants, black leather bracers and punched her fists together. "I'm ready for him."

Soun looked up from his game. The panda took this opportunity to knock a few shogi pieces off the board. "Who are you expecting?"

"That Ventura guy. I owe him a rematch."

Ranko's mother came out of the kitchen, covered in flour. "Ranko? I need you in here, and why are you dressed like that?" She produced an apron and tossed it at the small girl. "I need you here, right now."

Holding the apron like it was radioactive, she whined back. "But, I can't wear this. I gotta do somethin' first."

Nodoka glared.

"Okay!" She put on the apron. "I'm comin'. Geez, what's so..." She took one look at the kitchen and knew why. "Oh, my."

"You're on stove duty." Mrs. Saotome nudged Ranko over to the stove that was covered with steaming pots and a pan with sizzling dumplings. In the background, Akane was sweeping up the remains of several dishes off of the floor. Everywhere, there were globs of dough and foodstuffs clinging to the walls and ceiling. How they got there, Ranko dared not ask.

"Is the coast clear?" asked an insane pet detective to his Ninja Raccoon minion. The creature made clicking sounds and pantomimed a martial arts pose. "Hmm, that could be a problem. Anyone have yarn?"

A ball of yarn bounced off Ace's head. "Great. Anyone have a Big Mac?"

A Macintosh computer smashed into the detective's torso, knocking the man down. After recovering, he brushed himself off. "That's not what I meant." A gorilla beat his chest then sulked.

"Okay, our target is just beyond this wall. Everyone knows what to do?"

The animals shrugged.

"Good answer." Ace clambered up the wall and got stuck just before reaching the top. "A little help here?" With a mighty heave, the gorilla shoved the detective up and over the wall, right into the koi pond.

Kasumi chimed. "We have visitors."

Nabiki sighed. "Doesn't anyone use the front gate, anymore? We do have a doorbell, you know."

Ranko looked up from the stove and instantly recognized her foe. "That's him." She was about to jump out the window when common sense changed her mind. Smiling, she asked, "Kasumi, can you take care of this please?"

Kasumi knew what was really happening. "Of course, Ranko, but hurry back."

Akane waved. "Don't worry, I'll take care of things."

Nodoka and Kasumi exchanged worried glances.

Ranko ran outside before Nodoka could stop her. "Hey, jerk. Whatcha' doin' here? I'm ready for you."

Ace's confidence shrank just a little. "Oh, crud. It's you again. Don't you worry. I'm not here for Charlotte."

Ranko blinked and lowered her arms. "Charlotte? You can have the freeloader."

"I can? Did you hear that, boys? Go get Charlotte!" Coming over the wall were hundreds of small animals, rats, mice, squirrels, Japanese raccoon dogs, American raccoons in ninja garb, small dogs and of course, cats.

Ranko shivered in fright but held her ground. "C-c-cats."

Coming around the corner of the house, after spending the last few minutes trying to get back in, P-Chan walked slowly then bugged his eyes out at the wall of creatures who took notice of him and were making a beeline straight at him. "Bwee!" He turned around and ran right into a wall. Bouncing off, he flew into the air and landed right on Ranko's head.

Ranko was too terrified to do anything but mutter, "get off of me, you... you..." The pair were dog piled by over one hundred animals.

"Remember, boys, she's only good to me alive." He pulled out a cell phone and dialed a number.

On the line came Azusa Shiratori, the true owner of Charlotte the pig. "Mr. Detective-san, you found my Charlotte?"

"Yes, I did. She's at the Tendo Dojo. You can come and get her, and don't forget to bring my fee!"

"YAY!" The other end clicked off.

Ace waltzed up to the fallen girl and plucked the unconscious piglet lying next to her. "It's getting easier every time. Here, hold this for a minute." He tossed the pig to his friend the gorilla. "If she wakes up, use this." He handed him a bottle of chloroform. "And don't drink it this time!"

The gorilla sulked again.

"Now, you." Ace pointed a finger at the panda that was hiding behind a couch inside the house. "It's time to go home."

Nabiki sat up. This was bad for her plans.

Mr. Panda shook his head, no. He pulled out a sign. "You've got the wrong panda."

Nodoka came out, standing tall. "Mr. Panda is already home. He belongs to Ranko." She looked around. "Where is she?"

In the middle of the yard, there was a small pile of cats, just laying about covering up something.

"Not according to the zoo." Ace pulled out an official looking document. "I have here a copy of the bill of sale. Bon-Bon there is property of the Utena Zoo and I've come to take her home, you panda-napper."

Nodoka reached out and took the document. Reading it carefully, she found a disturbing clause. "It was sold by... What on Earth? For how much?"

Nabiki teleported next to Nodoka and read the amount printed on the receipt. "That would pay for all of our college tuitions!" She turned around and angrily glared at her father. "You knew, didn't you?"

It was Soun's turn to hide behind the couch. "I knew nothing until recently." He turned to look at the panda. "And I didn't know that much money was involved."

The panda held up a sign. "So I didn't put the decimal point in the right place. I'm a panda, not an accountant."

Nabiki stormed up to the panda. "Where's the money?"

Mr. Panda shrank back. "The Master has it!"

Soun nodded in agreement and terror, "Yes, he's telling the truth. The Master took it."

Nabiki crossed her arms in disgust. "That explains the outfits he got for Ranma this morning."

"Ranma?" Nodoka appeared next to Nabiki. "He was here this morning?"

Should she, or shouldn't she? That was the question going through Nabiki's mind. Ranma still owed her thirty five hundred yen, but there was enough chaos right now. She didn't need to add to it, yet. "I'm sorry Mrs. Saotome, I meant to say Ranko."

Nabiki felt bad as Nodoka's joyous smile changed into her usual forced happiness. "Oh, I'm sorry for interrupting you."

"I'm on the clock, people." Ace pointed to his broken watch. "Bon-Bon, are you coming quietly?"

"Sir," Nodoka asked in a no-nonsense tone, "I'm sure we can come to some sort of an arrangement. You see, my husband didn't own that panda. It belongs to my niece."

"According to the zoo, he belongs to them. So hand him over and no one gets hurt." For emphasis, two-dozen squirrels wearing Imperial Storm trooper uniforms held up what looked like blasters and aimed them at the Tendos. "Be careful, they've got itchy trigger fingers."

Nodoka bowed in respect. "You don't need to resort to violence. Let us discuss this over tea."

"I'm more of a coffee drinker, myself, but I do have a job to do. Come on, Bon-Bon, come to daddy!" Ace whistled and his legions of critters formed ranks behind him, except for the cats, which stood guard over the sleeping Ranko.

From the other side of the house, a knock came from the front door. Kasumi took the moment to excuse herself to answer it. She met with the man and bowed. "Oh, she's been expecting you. Wait here."

The man nodded and stood waiting. Kasumi rushed back to the living room. "Nabiki, your guest is here."

Nabiki slapped her forehead with her open palm. "Damn, he's early." She was about to come up with some sort of an excuse for him to come back later when the man burst into the room, holding bouquets of flowers in each arm.

"I cannot allow my darlings to wait when I am already here. Come Akane Tendo! Come Pig Tailed One! I've arrived to receive your loving embrace!"

Nabiki sighed in relief. "Sis, that's not who I was waiting for."

Kasumi replied. "He isn't? I thought you were dating him."

Nabiki rolled her eyes. "One date doesn't make us a couple."

Tatewaki Kuno smiled as he rushed into the kitchen and grabbed Akane in an amorous hold. "My fondest Akane, no need to fear, for I am here to comfort you!"

Akane struggled but she couldn't fight him off and finish cooking the dumplings at the same time. Or perhaps she could? She slammed the hot skillet into Kuno's face, hurling him into a wall. She skillfully caught the flying dumplings back in the pan and placed the sizzling meal back on the stove. Furious, Kuno pulled out his wooden bokken in defiance. "I doth see that the foul sorcerer still hath you under his spell."

The young Tendo grabbed the tall kendoist and yanked him into the backyard, so she could kick him into next week. Nabiki pointed her thumb towards the kitchen and Kasumi raced inside to see how fast she could undo all the damage Akane had done to the food.

With a swift kick, Kuno went flying into the sky. After she watched Kuno fade from view,

Akane looked down and saw that a gorilla had her pet pig. She focused her anger at Ace. "You give me back my P-Chan, **RIGHT NOW!**"

"It's the gorilla girl!" Ace bent down and flapped his arms like a bird. "Come my pretties... Fly... Ugh..." He fell backwards as someone grabbed his leg and violently shoved him backwards.

"Ain't gunna work a second time." Ranko stood up from the pile of cats; no worse for wear. "Now, you're mine."

"Oh?" Ace confidently replied. "I see my kitties weren't enough to contain you."

"I've been training. I let myself go into the Neko-Ken last time. But now..." She grabbed the detective by the collar. "I'm just going to kick you back to America."

"But I got what you want."

Ranko blinked. "Huh?"

"I've got a jar of it, right here." He reached into his shirt.

"You... You've got Nannichuan? Water from the Spring of Drowned Man?"

"Better! I've got a jar of catnip!" He opened the jar and sprayed powdered catnip all over the girl. Ranko coughed and wheezed from the foul odor and fell backward.

Akane had seen enough. "Give back my P-Chan or..."

"Charlotte!"

"Oh, no, not her!"

Azusa Shiratori roller-skated in from nowhere and snatched the little pig from a very surprised gorilla. "And you can be my Jean Claude!" The gorilla didn't have time to react as Azusa tied a pink bow in his hair and used more ribbon to tie up the simian so he couldn't move. "YAY! My little Charlotte has a play date with Jean Claude!"

Akane pointed a finger at Azusa. "This is all your fault!"

The skater stuck her tongue out at Akane. "No, it's not! You took away my Charlotte!"

Ace opened his hand expectantly. "My fee?"

"Oh, yeah, here you go." Azusa tossed a gold coin at Ace, who quickly examined it with a monocle, then pocketed it.

"Pleasure doing business with you."

"My Charlotte! My Charlotte! I'm going to give you a bath, then we can play dollies, then we can play with Jean Claude, isn't that so... So..." Azusa's attention shifted faster than a five year old with severe attention deficit disorder. "Oscar! So that's where you've been hiding!"

Ace stood back. "Oscar?"

Akane scratched her head. "Oscar?"

Nodoka looked around. "Who's Oscar?"

Ranko stood up, after coughing out the last of the catnip from her lungs. She pointed into the house. "He's Oscar."

Everyone looked at the panda cringing behind the couch. "My name is Mr. Panda."

Azusa jumped in glee. "It's Mr. Oscar Panda!"

The pet detective whistled a familiar American tune. "Wouldn't you like to be an Oscar Panda too?" **WHAM!** A violently thrown sign bounced off of his head that read, "don't you sing **THAT** again!"

Nodoka shrugged. "I didn't know his name was Oscar Panda, but it makes sense. I think."

Ace looked at the panda, then at Azusa, then back at the panda again, then finally at Azusa. "He's your panda?"

She skated over to the panda and quickly tied him up in blue ribbon. "Of course silly! Oscar plays with me all the time! See, he likes it when we play. He and Jean Claude are going to be best friends!"

Ace read the paperwork he got from the zoo. "I'm confused."

Nabiki sat back and quietly muttered. "I'm not."

"Then, what? Who? Gaahh!" Ace pounded his head with the paper trying to unscramble his brain and only succeeded in messing up his perfect hair, which inexplicably, moved back into place. Ace was not pleased. Then, a light bulb turned on and he gleefully stated. "So, since I found Oscar for you, I need to collect my fee."

"I already paid you!" Azusa bounced angrily.

"That was for Charlotte. I need my fee for Oscar."

Azusa pointed to the cowering panda. "Oscar? But he isn't lost. He's right there."

"That's because I found him."

"I found him!"

Ace shouted back. "I found him!"

Azusa slammed a stone statue on Ace's head, "I found him! He's mine! **MINE! MINE!**"

Ranko watched the pummeling with satisfaction then got angry and yelled, "I was supposed to take him down!"

Akane didn't know who to feel sorry for, Ace, who was rapidly becoming a pancake, or the stone statue since it did belong to her family and Azusa might be doing damage to it. "I think

she's got it under control."

Ding Dong! The doorbell chimed.

Nabiki groaned, "I hope it's not him!" She rushed to the front door, away from the shouts and pummeling and gave a practiced smile. Opening the door, she confirmed her fears.

A burly Japanese man was standing outside the doorway. "Good evening, I'm Mr. Koji Utada of the Ueno Zoo. I'm here to see a Miss Nabiki Tendo."

Nabiki grinned, "I'll be right with you." She slammed the door shut and braced her body flat against it to keep it from reopening. "This is not good. I gotta think fast."

In the backyard, Azusa was stomping on Ace's back while shouting "**MINE! MINE! MINE!**"

Ace spoke a word between each stomp. "A... little... help... here?"

The Storm trooper Squirrels unlocked their weapons; they aimed at the target, and fired. With the same precision as the Storm troopers in the Star Wars films, tiny pebbles were launched in all directions striking everyone only because every single thing in the yard was under attack. Kasumi, who was safely in the kitchen, clapped her hands. "How cute!"

Ranko raised her arms to defend herself from the barrage of tiny rocks. "Yeah, right."

Nodoka stepped back to avoid being hit by the discharge from the squirrels' weapons and retreated to the safety of the kitchen. Kasumi watched in fascination as the pebbles bounced harmlessly off of the kitchen window.

Akane angrily marched toward the closest squirrel and gave it a swift kick, sending it flying into the air, only for it to be caught by a passing chipmunk on a speeder bike.

The rest of the squirrels stopped their firing. They glanced at each other for a second, and then they all charged at the young Tendo. Akane barely had time to scream before dozens of squirrels covered her and knocked her to the ground.

"Akane!" Ranko shouted and ran to her aid.

Ace groaned out a single word with each impact on his back, "Don't.... make.... the... squirrels.... go... nuts...."

Azusa continued, "**MINE! MINE! MINE!**"

Soun gave his friend an accusatory glare. "You said that this was a foolproof plan."

The panda replied with a wooden sign, "I underestimated the power of fools."

Ranko yanked squirrel after squirrel off of Akane until all that remained was the creature in her hands. "A-a-cat!!!"

The cat screamed, "**RRWOOORW**", which meant in lol cat language, "u odor r catnip!!!" Wanting more, the cat leapt from the girl's grip and latched onto her face.

With that, Ranko spun about, and ran around the yard in total panic, "caaaaat!"

To which the cat replied, "MMMeeeooowww!", which meant, "u has flavor!"

Seeing their leader was in trouble, the Chipmunk Commanders activated their comlinks and gave new orders to their troops. In moments, the squirrels regrouped and formed two ranks and took flanking positions. Seconds later, they fired in unison at Azusa. "Ow! Stop that! Bad fuzz balls! Bad!"

The squirrels fired again, this time they knocked the skater off of Ace and she and her pet piggy fell into the koi pond.

Ace moaned. "Good work, guys. Get Bon-Bon, and it's double walnuts for you."

Instantly, a net was cast over Mr. Panda, further immobilizing him. They encircled the bear and a few formed a defensive line and trained their weapons at Soun.

Despite all the ribbon and netting, Mr. Panda produced another sign. "Do something Tendo!"

Soun answered. "My hands are tied, Saotome." In fact, they were, and the squirrels were busy tying up his feet as well.

Ace stood up and gallantly commanded his troops. "Second wave!"

A plethora of Ninja Raccoons came running in to assault the house when they were all bowled over by a terrified red-haired girl screaming, "C-c-cat!!!"

Ace shrugged. "Third wave!"

Three Imperial Chipmunks on speeder bikes swooped in and were almost at the rear entry of the house when Akane sat up from where the squirrels had left her. She screamed and raised her arms in a defensive pose and the three bikes slammed into her, throwing their riders up and over the roof, wrecking the vehicles and knocking the young girl out cold.

Ace was a tad worried. "Fourth wave?"

His monkey sidekick gave Ace the raspberry.

"Aw, man, you're no help. Why do I even keep you around?"

The monkey produced an envelope.

Ace adjusted the collar of his Hawaiian shirt nervously. "Oh, yeah, that."

The monkey smugly made the envelope disappear and gave Ace another raspberry.

Undaunted, Ace commanded, "Qui-Gon Pecan! You're up."

A squirrel in a Jedi robe came out of the shadows and produced a green glowing light saber. He made a pose, and then performed an intricate kata with his weapon. Once he was done, he was about to charge when a running girl covered in cats flattened him. "AAAAAAHHHHH!"

Ace sighed. "Sixth wave?"

The few animals that remained shook their heads, no.

With a scream of "C-c-aaaat!" Ranko slammed into the back wall of the compound and fell backwards. A moment later, she bounced up and went, "Meow!"

Ace wondered. "What is it with this country and cat girls?"

A mew came from the red haired girl and she hopped up and stood on all fours. She playfully batted the cats away from her, took a step forward and fell over rolling on the ground. The catnip's full effect took over and she wiggled around in glee.

"I guess I won't be needing this." He tossed the yarn ball away.

Ranko popped up and pounced on the yarn and purred.

Nodoka gawked at the sight before her. "Ranko! That's no way for a lady to behave!"

"Now with that over with, it's time to collect my bounty. Troops!"

The Storm trooper Squirrels appeared around Ace. Most had their helmets and uniforms off and all of them had guilty looks on their faces.

"Let's take Bon-Bon home." He marched into the house, past an objecting Nodoka and stopped right where the panda was. "Where is he?"

The squirrels shrugged.

"What do you mean, you don't know? You were watching him!"

The squirrels and chipmunks whistled and looked around the room randomly.

"Hey! What did you do?" He looked at the crime scene. Shells, bags, pits and seed casings littered the area. "You sellouts! Who bribed you?"

They quickly looked around for a scapegoat and pointed at a small man who just entered the back room. "Woo hoo! What a haul!" He paused and studied the intruder before him with a cautious eye. "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" asked a perplexed pet detective in reply.

"I'm Happosai, the founding Grandmaster of the Anything Goes School of Martial Arts. Who the heck are you?" He filled the room with a battle aura that looked like a demonic version of the tiny pervert.

"I'm Ace Ventura, Pet Detective, and you can call me a cab!"

Happosai dropped his battle aura in response. "You're smarter than you look. You can call one yourself. The phone is right on the credenza. Now, I'm busy." Happosai bounced out the entryway and into the back yard followed by a loud shout of, "Sweeto!"

"Oh, crud." Ace sighed. "It's back to the drawing board." He glared at his legions that were busy munching on assorted nuts, fruits and flakes. "Ahem."

They filled a bowl with shelled peanuts and the detective hungrily shoved his face in it and ate heartily.

"In all my days..." Nodoka shook her head in disgust. "I've never seen anyone with table manners such as yours."

Ace looked up from his bowl and licked away the peanut crumbs from his lips. "Yeah, great isn't it?" He proceeded to continue munching on the peanuts by slurping them up out of the bowl.

"Americans! They're barbarians!" Nodoka stormed out toward the back only to find her favorite niece in a very unflattering situation. She gasped in shock. There, sat Ranko, dressed in a tiger striped leotard, cat ears, tail, furry paw shaped mittens and surrounded by cats. Happosai tossed away an empty box and smiled in approval.

"You disgusting little pervert! What have you done to her?"

Happosai gave an evil laugh that brought a chill down Nodoka's back. "Nothing, except make her look more fitting for her friends."

Producing her katana, she unsheathed it and pointed it at the tiny man. "What you did to her is not becoming of a proper young lady. You deserve to be punished."

On cue, Ranko stopped licking her paw and pounced on the little pervert. In seconds, a dust cloud appeared and screams of pain emerged that were loud enough to be heard clear across town.

In a truck, driving toward the Ueno Zoo, Nabiki heard that sound and smiled.

Ace and his minions paused in their feast at the sound of a vicious catfight and the sight of a woman holding a Japanese sword. "That's our cue to leave! Boys?" Leaving empty bowls in their wake, he and his army disappeared out the front door and into the night.

Kasumi came out of the kitchen with a rat wearing a chef's hat on her shoulder. "I would never have thought of that. It really does bring out the flavor. Come back and visit us soon." The rodent nodded and scurried off after his friends.

"Ranko! Stop that this instant!" Nodoka spoke with authority and sheathed her sword. "If I was your mother, I'd have to send you to your room without supper."

Ranko stopped and sat cross-legged in front of Nodoka, holding a thoroughly beaten Happosai in her mouth. She gingerly placed the pervert on the ground and nudged him with her nose in her mother's direction. As the little man flipped over, a billfold fell out. Nodoka recognized just what it was. She snatched it and slipped it into her kimono. "I'll see to it that this is returned to its rightful owners, thief."

Soun crawled out of his hiding place from under the couch. "Oh, Mrs. Saotome, thank you for finding that."

"This is yours?" asked the elder in surprise. She opened the billfold and a bill of sale fell out. She picked it up before Soun could take it from her. "According to this, it belongs to my husband."

"He entrusted it to me."

Mrs. Saotome glanced down at the unconscious evil man. "And I see that his trust may have been a bit misguided. Since this money belongs to my husband, it therefore falls onto me to ensure its safety until such time as he returns with my son. There is of course one little matter remaining."

Ranko purred happily.

"Ranko, that panda was yours, and my husband had no right to sell him, unless... Did you ask my husband to sell your panda to the zoo?"

The cat girl happily purred and nuzzled her paw, nodding her head as she did so.

"I see. So, by all rights, this money is yours. I'll deposit it in a bank note for you, where it will remain until you reach age of majority."

Akane slowly sat up. "What happened? Ranm..." She saw Mrs. Saotome nearby and her currently female fiancée. She held out a piece of straw and waved it at the smiling cat girl. "Ranko. Here, kitty kitty." Ranko hopped into Akane's lap and fell fast asleep.

With Ranko safely recovering, Akane looked around and saw the damage in the backyard. Hearing her father cry, she asked, "Dad?"

Soun stood weeping over the lost money, pausing only to answer his daughter. "Yes?"

"What just happened?"

Soun bawled his eyes out even more. "I don't know."

A pig's squeal followed by a shout of pain from Ranko blasted into Akane's ears. The red head leapt into the sky. "AAAHHH!"

Akane's wayward pig jumped from Ranko's rear where he had just bitten it and landed in her lap. "What? Oh! P-Chan! What did that Azusa do to you?"

Azusa staggered out of the koi pond, soaking wet. "WWWAAHHH! My dress!" Shedding tears, she jumped up and down in fury. "My dress! My dress! My dress!" She stopped for a moment and saw a new shiny object. "Jean Claude!"

The gorilla was still tied up in a pink ribbon, hopelessly immobile and dismayed that Ace had left him behind.

"YAY! You're coming home with me Jean Claude!" Her pig forgotten, she spun around at high speed to shake off all the water and flung out another ribbon which ensnared the ape. The girl roller-skated down the walkway, into the street with a panicked ape dragging behind.

Kasumi came out of the kitchen, holding a plate of dumplings. "Dinner's ready."

Ranko came back down to Earth with a splash, right in the center of the koi pond. She popped her head out of the water and brushed a koi from her shoulder. "Did I get him?"

Akane replied sarcastically. "Yeah, you got him alright."

Ranko raised her arms in triumph. "YEAH! Ranma Saotome never loses!"

Nodoka popped out into the backyard. "Ranma? He's here?"

"Uh, oh."

Akane sat at the table and fed P-Chan a dumpling. "You've got some explaining to do, Ranko."

Ranko tapped her fingers together as she figured out her next move, "Secret technique! Fast Break!" She darted off.

Nodoka wondered. "How did she learn that technique? My husband used it all the time."

"Are you sure these measures are necessary? They're just pandas." Mr. Utada scratched his head as he was reading the plans laid before him.

Nabiki nodded her head and pointed to a diagram of steel netting that would completely enclose the panda pen. "Trust me. He's a master of escape. If you don't do this, he'll be back at my place by morning."

"But, the cost?"

Mr. Ito interrupted. "As curator, I have to make sure there are no more escape attempts. This panda is crucial to our breeding program. Mr. Utada, as Chief of Security, make this happen. I don't want Bon Bon to vanish again."

Bowing in respect, Mr. Utada replied. "As you wish, Sir." He took the plans, rolled them up and went off to make the arraignments.

"Now, Sir, as per my agreement." The middle Tendo held out her hand expectantly.

The curator pulled out a pay envelope. "Before I give you this, how did you manage to restrain Bon-Bon? I mean, Blue ribbon?"

"It got the job done, didn't it? He's safe at home and he isn't going anywhere right now. Once you put up those barriers, he'll stay put."

"How do you know so much about this panda, Miss Tendo?"

Nabiki smirked. "I just know how to take care of pets."

Outside, a truck backed up to the panda den and stopped just short of the gate that would lead inside. On the truck was a steel cage containing a very sad looking panda bear. He held up a sign that read, "I'm not a panda. I'm a human being!"

A zookeeper walked up to the cage, holding an armload of bamboo shoots. "It's dinner time. Aw, look. Isn't that cute? It's almost like he's trying to talk to us."

Another zookeeper agreed. "Yeah, too bad it's all that circus training they gave him, isn't that right?"

The first laughed. "Yes indeed. It's a good thing we got him. Ain't that right Lin-Lin? We got your boyfriend back."

Safely behind the steel bars of the gate to the pen, Lin-Lin bared her teeth and growled.

Mr. Panda turned his sign over. "I'll prove it to you! Get me hot water!"

"He wants hot water? Didn't she say he'd ask for that?"

The second zookeeper tossed his bamboo into Lin-Lin's pen via a food chute and quickly slammed the tiny door shut as a paw with sharp claws tried to come out. "Yeah, but you know the new rules. All water given to the pandas must be cold. Seems like Bon-Bon's got a problem with hot water. That's why he took off."

"Hot water? Oh, well. It just leaves more for us to use to wash the truck with. Ha ha ha!!!"
The two men laughed in unison.

Lin-Lin stared at Bon-Bon with hateful eyes.

Mr. Panda squirmed. "This isn't worth the money!"

"I'd disagree." Nabiki Tendo walked up to the cage with a cat like grin on her face. "Now my sister can go to college and get a medical degree. As for me, my way is all planned out, and Akane, well, she's got Ranma." She let out a chuckle on the last few words. "And you? You and Lin-Lin make a great couple."

Shaking the bars and finding that they wouldn't budge, Mr. Panda assumed the Crouch of the Wild Tiger, begging for mercy.

"Wrong technique, Mr. Panda, shouldn't you be doing Carp on a Cutting Board instead? Bye-bye!"

Mr. Panda's sign read, "I'm so doomed."

It was dawn on the savanna. A lone figure climbed up pride rock, carrying the most precious thing in the whole kingdom. Slowly, gently, he ascended, holding the heir to the kingdom in his hands. Below, hundreds of animals, large and small, stood at attention waiting for that magic moment. Just as the figure reached the top, the music rang to a crescendo; the light shown brightly and he presented the cub for all to see.

To the cheer of the audience, all the animals at once, bowed down to their new prince and Ace was pleased.

The loudspeakers came on. "Thank you for attending our show today. We'll be performing again at 3 and 6."

Ace turned to the angry baboon that was upstaged by a bigger baboon. "Next time, you hold

him. He stinks."

The cub made a relieved smile as he wet himself and Ace at the same time.

"Now he really stinks."

Please review my story on fanfiction.net at
<http://www.fanfiction.net/secure/review.php?storyid=3670905&chapter=3>. It makes me feel
oh so happy and prevents me from writing another Ace Ventura story ever again.