

らんま½ - A World Without Sorrows

What turned Ranma ½ into the story of high adventure it became? Were the gods really toying with Ranma? Was he really a nexus of realities, a conjunction of chaos? Or was his father really born under a bad star?

I present to you a MidSpace production oneshot fanfic.
Ranma ½: A World without Sorrows

Please be advised that this story features dark and adult only content. Illicit sexual contact is implied between several characters both above and below the age of consent. Some scenes may offend some readers.

The sky was clear and bright as the sun shone down outside the Nerima railway station, where a mature largish man stood wearing white workers overalls. At first glance he could have been considered suspicious, considering the small eyes behind eyeglasses and the cap on his head that hid a balding scalp.

Anyone who stopped long enough to watch however could quickly tell he was a working man, as he slowly carefully opened up the advertising sign mounted on the wall and removed the poster inside. He would roll it up and slide it in a cylindrical container before removing another from an identical container next to it, before unrolling it and sliding it in place inside the sign.

Securing the sign's frame with a key, he lifted the cap and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a cloth only to finally notice the teenagers filing past, some headed for the station platform, a few others headed in the opposite direction.

Squatting down to his toolbox, he watched as some school girls file past in their short school skirts. Watching the sway of skirts as they went past, his glasses would fog up and a slight grin appear on his face.

His pseudo break was broken when a group of boys filed past, forcing his attention back to his work as he tidied up and prepared to move on to the next sign around the corner.

From his squatted position he closed up his toolbox and was about ready to get up when he noticed a girl running towards him with her school blouse barely closed. The look of distress on her face almost as if she's running from something. She appeared to be reaching with both hands to properly button her blouse closed as she was running, when something slipped from her skirt and fell to the ground near the man.

Glancing at the object, the man realised the girl had dropped her wallet. Turning his attention back to the girl, he found her still running, having failed to notice that she'd even dropped it.

Half expecting she would realise soon that she'd dropped something, he kept watching, but she didn't slow once, before running around the corner, seemingly headed for the station.

The man got up and stretching his back a little painfully. "I'm really getting too old for this. Perhaps I should find a new line of work," he said to himself.

Stepping over to the wallet he leaned down to pick it up.

For several moments he was unsure whether to run after the girl. Reconsidering it, he flipped open the wallet, and notices the student id inside, for Ueda High School.

Nogiwa Kasumi, 17 years old.

The photo showed a teenage girl with a cute face, long straight brown hair in a simple tie that hung just past her shoulders, and a simple fringe that only partially hid large deep brown eyes.

He was looking at the photo for a few moments before he realised he was staring at the photo of a girl who was probably old enough to be his daughter.

Snapping the wallet closed, he picked up his toolkit and containers of rolled posters before setting off after the girl.

As Nogiwa Kasumi approached the ticket entrance she reached for her wallet, only to find it strangely missing.

She stalled in front of the machines, as she quickly patted down her skirt in desperation, causing a few people behind her to get irritated as they stepped around her to move through the ticketing machine.

A couple less considerate individuals knocked her roughly, causing her to let out a small cry as she stumbled off to the side near some public phones.

Taking a breath, Kasumi searched her clothes again in hopes of finding her wallet, coming up empty handed again. After all the days events, to now lose her wallet was enough to make the girl weep at the futility of going back to find it.

Leaning on one of the phones for support, Kasumi recalled a previous time when she went near a phone.

Kasumi was six years old at the time when she first discovered her mother was sick. She was out shopping with her mother, when one day she collapsed on the street. A kind man who was passing by at the time called an ambulance and took the frightened and confused six year old girl to the hospital.

Without any hospital cover to pay for the expenses, the passer-by who had helped them also paid for the bills and for the tests to find out what was wrong with her mother Nogiwa Kimiko.

That was when Kasumi was told that her mother was suffering from something called acute myelocytic leukaemia, and that she didn't have long to live. For a six year old girl, it was a frightening experience, to discover that the mother who had cared, and nurtured you for your whole existence was dying, and there was nothing anyone could do.

It would be two months later, that Kimiko passed away, leaving her young daughter in the care of the man who had helped pay for the hospital bills.

After living with her mother whom she had relied upon all her life, she found life with this man to be strange, with all sorts of odd rules, like not talking to the neighbours, or answering the phone. One time when he had left her home alone doing chores, the phone rang. The first time, Kasumi listened intently before it stopped ringing after half a minute. The second time, Kasumi stopped what she was doing and stood in front of the phone wondering if perhaps the man was calling home, expecting her to pick it up.

After a few seconds of indecision, she finally lifted the receiver, and gave a polite "hello".

There was a strange voice on the other end asking for a Buichirou whom Kasumi had never heard of. Before Kasumi could reply however, something hard hit her across the face, knocking the phone out her hand. She clutched a hand to her face as she turned about in alarm, to find the man had come home.

Without a word, he picked up the phone and hung it back on the receiver before finally opening his mouth to yell at her about never touching the phone.

Trying not to be caught up in the memory, Kasumi picked up the phone, trying to remember the number of Asakusa Children's home, where she was now living, only to come up with a blank. In frustration she thumped the number pad, only to have tears well up in her eyes again as she is unable to remember the number.

As she hasn't lifted the earpiece to her ear, she doesn't hear the ring tone on the other end. For several seconds Kasumi continues to sob, oblivious to the sound of the phone getting answered on the other end.

Realising that holding the phone wasn't going to help Kasumi lowered the receiver onto its cradle, never hearing the voice on the other end calling out "Hello, this is the Goddess Assistance Agency..."

As several celestial telephone exchanges between the pay phone and handset sitting in Heaven signalled the disconnection of the phone call, the woman on the other end slowly lowered the handset onto its cradle and stared at it for a few moments.

"That's very unusual, to be cut off like that."

Leaning against the phone again, worrying desperately what she's going to do to her home. She had cut school early that day, only to seek out her biological father who lived in Nerima who she has never met. Instead of meeting him, she ran into the boy she knew as her half brother only to be nearly raped at his hands.

Kasumi started to sob again softly into her hand when she felt a hand on her shoulder.

Giving a sharp cry of shock and fear she stepped back into a wall and turned to confront a large man wearing white overalls and glasses.

Kasumi isn't sure what to do as the man lifted the cap from his head to reveal his balding head and the small eyes behind his glasses held onto his head by string around his ears.

"Excuse me terribly miss, but I couldn't help but notice that you dropped this outside."

Kasumi takes several seconds to focus upon the object that man held out in his hand.

"My... my wallet," she stuttered as she cautiously reached for it.

The man held his hand out, giving the wallet back to her.

"I only opened it to check your ID miss Nogiwa," the man explained.

"Oh dear," Kasumi replied as she held her wallet to her chest almost as if it were her only possession in the entire world.

"You aren't going to check it?" He asked. "To make sure the money is all there."

"I don't have keep much money in it," Kasumi confessed. "But without my train ticket I can't get home. Thank you so very much for returning it."

"You're welcome," the man said with a polite bow before turning away.

Kasumi stared at the back of the man a little shocked before she opened her wallet and looked at the contents, finding her train ticket and less than six hundred yen.

Pulling the ticket out, she hurriedly went through the ticketing machines and onto the platform.

The sound of the speakers on the platform crackled for a moment before a voice of a man spoke up. "The train departing on the platform 4 is bound for Tocho-mae. Please stand clear of the closing doors. The next train on platform 2, stopping all stations to Ikebukuro will arrive in 5 minutes."

Standing on the platform, Kasumi waits patiently for the next train to Ikebukuro amongst dozens of other students and commuters. It isn't long before someone notices the poorly dressed girl with her mussed hair, and partially buttoned blouse as it was missing a few buttons and mentions it aloud to their friends.

Several more people happened to hear what was said, and turned to look too, further spreading what was said.

Standing in the middle of it all, Kasumi clearly heard the whispers over everything else on the platform. The whispers and remarks were always the same since she was a child. Always mentioning how poor she looks, how disgraceful her parents must be to let their child go to school like that, how appalling her home life must be, how scandalous it was to have a school who allowed girl's like her to attend.

As the voices rose above the sound of mere whispers, Kasumi moved over to the side of a vending machine, hoping to be less noticed as she huddled next to it.

Once out of line of sight though, the voices that had been just whispering were now conversing at full strength about her, with little regard to how much she herself could still hear.

That was when a couple of girls wearing the uniform of Saint Hebereke's high school, a private and exclusive school just for girls approached the vending machine. They pulled out their purses and made an effort to find some coins when they appeared to innocently discover Kasumi standing beside the vending machine.

"Oh my, that is disgusting," one said.

"It looks like this machine has been contaminated," the other replied.

"Yeah, now that it's been touched by someone like her," the first one snidely finished, and they both laughed.

"I guess we'll have to go to the machines at the other end of the platform now," the other girl replied. "I don't think I can stomach coming near this one ever again. There is no telling what horrible disease you might catch."

The two girls laughed as they turned away and headed down to the other end of the platform, satisfied at their verbal hazing of Kasumi.

It wasn't new to her, having been the target of such ritualistic torture by many girls since she started high school, but hearing it from girls that she had only just met, hurt her much.

The trust in people who she had only met was always broken in such a manner.

Kasumi huddled to herself trying to shake off the cold feeling of the water as it soaked its way through her school uniform. Winter had not yet settled in, but the cold water now against her skin was only a couple of degrees warmer.

The girls in the window above her giggled madly as they withdrew the bucket and stared at her trying to shake the water off like a dog.

Some of the other students, including boys could only point and gawk before Kasumi finally took off around the corner of the building, seeking the nearest bathroom to try and dry her clothes and hair before the next period.

Leading a dripping trail into one building, she walked up to the toilets onto to stop and stare at the padlocked door.

"Why is it locked?" She asked in a quiet yet surprised voice.

Several girls who happened to be hanging around the door had already noticed her when Kasumi approached. One of them heard her question and spoke up.

"I think they said it was out of order. Something about a broken pipe I think," she said.

"You'll have to use the other one," another girl replied.

Kasumi nodded in understanding and headed back outside rather than drip her way through the entire building.

Around the building, she headed up the back stairs to the second floor. Inside however, she was met with a different set of resistance.

"This is the sophomore's bathroom," a girl said as she blocked Kasumi's way.

"Please, I just want to use the driers," Kasumi pleaded.

The girl shook her head in scorn. "You'll just drip all over the place," the girl replied, noticing the puddle already forming on the floor. "The teachers will have a fit if we mess the place up."

"But I'll clean up afterwards!" Kasumi said.

Another girl stuck her face out of the bathroom. "What's taking you so long?" She asked the first girl.

"The freshman wanted to use our bathroom," the girl replied.

The second girl just looked at Kasumi up and down for several before replied. "She'll just have to use the other bathroom. Send her away then get back in here. We need to figure out what we're going to do with Mr. Okazaki."

With that she stepped back into the bathroom closing the door.

The first girl looked at Kasumi before puckering her lips. "Sorry, you'll just have to go elsewhere," she said before turning her back and following the other girl into the bathroom.

Slowly Kasumi headed towards the stairway door, wondering where she could go. There was the school nurse's office, but she was a real stickler for procedure, and more than likely call the Children's home to inform them, then when she got back she'd be reprimanded for getting into trouble.

Outside Kasumi took a deep breath as she started to realise she was getting cold and held her arms against her chest trying to keep warm.

She was about to head downstairs as she noticed one of the seniors, a boy coming up. He stopped on the steps just before her when he noticed her standing there.

"Are... are you okay?" the boy asked after a few moments. "I noticed what happened before and I..." He paused staring somewhat at Kasumi's soaked clothes.

"I'm... m... o... okay," Kasumi replied, trying to repress her teeth from chattering.

"Where's your school blazer?" the boy asked.

Kasumi shook her head. "I don't know," she replied, having somehow misplaced it during P.E.

"Well if you stay like that, you'll catch a cold. Why don't you go inside and use the dryer's in the bathroom?"

"The sophomore's d... don't like freshmen to u... use it," Kasumi replied.

"And I suppose the other one is..."

"Locked," Kasumi replied.

The boy couldn't quite understand why the other bathroom could be locked, but since the bathroom had latch, then it was quite possible someone else had brought a padlock to school and locked the door as a joke.

"Why don't you come inside, and use the guy's toilets then," the boy said moving up the stairs past her, only to stop at the door. "At least inside you'll be warmer right?"

Kasumi thought about it for a while, trying to gauge how much trouble she would get into if found in the boy's toilets.

"Look, I'll even make sure no one else can come in," the boy offered, seemingly very sincere.

Feeling a sneeze Kasumi sniffed, trying hard to repress it, until she could not longer hold it back. "Achoo."

"Look, now you really are getting a cold" the boy said, coming down the steps to grab her hand.

Kasumi didn't have a chance to resist as he pulled towards the door, and yanked the door open. Once inside, she didn't resist, letting herself be pulled along until the boy reached the boy's toilets.

He continued to hold her wrist as he pulled the door open and stuck his head in. "Just as I thought. No one here," he said before pushing the door all the way open and pulling her inside. "Most of the sophomores are too lazy to come up here during break, and use the other one instead."

Kasumi suddenly found her wrist released as the boy turned back towards the door and opened it a crack. "I'll keep a watch from here," he said.

"O... o... okay," Kasumi replied somewhat dazed at the generosity she was receiving from this boy without even knowing his name. "Thankyou for what you are doing. I am Nogiwa Kasumi."

"Fine, fine," the boy said waving a hand, before glancing about, noting that she hadn't moved. "Why don't you start drying yourself already? The longer you take, the more likely someone will come along."

Kasumi looked at him in surprise before realising he was right.

Stepping over to the hand driers, she hit the chrome button starting dryer, quickly getting hot air blowing. Gripping her shirt, she held it out under the blowing air.

"The name is Yoshiro," the boy said over the sound of the dryer. He glanced again at Kasumi, noting again how inept the girl appeared to be, trying to dry the soaking clothes while still wearing them.

Leaving the door, he walked over to Kasumi and spoke up. "I'll dry a lot faster if you take them off first and wring out the water. All you're doing right now is keeping yourself warm."

"I... I can't do that in here!" Kasumi said in shock.

"Look, just squeeze your hair over the sink and have a look how much water comes out, and then think about your clothes."

Kasumi did as he suggested, and squeezed her hair over the sink, getting a lot of the water out. Looking at her clothes now, she realised he was only speaking the truth. Looking back at Yoshiro, she noticed he'd returned to the door to keep watch.

Letting out the breath she'd been holding, she loosened the ribbon and unbuttoned her blouse. It came off her body with a wet sucking sound. Holding it over the sink, she twisted and squeezed out as much water as she could. Using the blouse she was able to wipe some more of the water still on her bare skin before squeezing it once again.

Carrying the blouse over to the dryer, she turned it on again and hung it over, allowing a part of it to hang underneath and dry as she returned to the sink, and consider the rest of her clothing.

Looking at her skirt, though it hadn't received the brunt of the water that was dumped on her, it had still soaked up whatever had run down her, until it was soaked halfway down.

She glanced again at Yoshiro, making sure that he was still paying attention on the door, before she unzipped the skirt and stepped out, finding that her panties too were clinging wet to her body.

Dealing with the skirt first, Kasumi lifted her purse out, laying it on the side of the sink before wringing as much water as she could from the heavy fabric.

It wasn't as much as she hoped, but she was glad for every drop of moisture that left her clothes and went down the sink.

Turning about, she half thought she caught Yoshiro looking at her, but now he was facing out through the narrow doorway again.

Remembering the dryer with her blouse had stopped already Kasumi hit the button again, and now turned on the other dryer before hanging her skirt over that one also.

Now that both dryers were taken up, Kasumi could only turn the clothes about and hit the buttons again when they cut out automatically.

"You know," Yoshiro spoke up after turning his head slightly so he wasn't yelling out into the corridor. "You only have to worry about your bra showing through your blouse now. If it's still wet, it'll soak right though again and everyone will see it."

Kasumi looked down to the padded bra she wore, knowing without a doubt, that without taking it off she couldn't dry it.

Taking her time to consider it, she looked again at Yoshiro. The dryers cut out again, forcing her to press the buttons and turn the clothes, feeling that they were starting to dry.

Looking again at her bra, she slowly came to a decision. She could feel her pulse quicken as she reached back and unhooked the straps. Looking up she made sure Yoshiro was still keeping his attention on the door before turning about and removing the bra.

Even as she turned to the sink, she couldn't but feel as if Yoshiro was watching her as she bent over the sink and squeeze as hard as she could to get all the water out.

Even after several times, it still felt damp to her fingers. Figuring that she couldn't get anymore out without using the drying, she slowly turned about half only to find Yoshiro still concentrating on the door.

Letting out a breath, she was towards the dryers only half covering herself when Yoshiro suddenly glanced her way.

The look Yoshiro gave her seemed very innocent before his face snapped back to the doorway without a word.

Kasumi's hands were shaking when the sound of both dryers cut out.

She started them again quickly, and shoved her bra under the one with the blouse, keeping her back to Yoshiro all the while.

"You know..." Yoshiro said.

Kasumi glanced over her shoulder, noting that he was keeping his attention on the door.

"Have you thought about asking a sophomore for help?" Yoshiro asked.

"Help with what?" Kasumi asked in confusion.

"You know. How the other girls treat you. I've seen it a few times."

Kasumi was silent for a while as she thought about how to answer him. "None of them are interested in doing anything. It's like they don't care. It's like the toilets. There are the sophomore toilets, and the freshman toilets."

"What about a boy then?" Yoshiro said, looking in Kasumi's direction whilst she wasn't looking. He ran his eyes up her winter stockings and over her clinging panties before settling on her bare back. "I mean, none of the boys are like that."

The dryers stopped for a moment, leaving the room in silence. "What boy would help me?" She asked in a quiet voice, before thumping the buttons. "And how could he possible help?"

"I'm helping you aren't I?" Yoshiro said. "As for how... I could tell them you're my girlfriend, and tell them to get lost. I mean, if they ever try something again, I could, get a couple of my friends to intimidate them a little."

Kasumi glanced over her shoulder at Yoshiro who was once again looking through the doorway.

"Your girlfriend?" Kasumi said in shock, her fingers holding her bra under the dryer were frozen in shock until she felt them burning under the heat and moved them.

Turning back again, she readjusted the clothes, checking how they were drying. "But why me?"

Kasumi's head was so filled with the prospect of a boyfriend, and someone who would go out of their way to help her that she didn't hear the door closing.

"I mean, why help..." Kasumi stopped when she felt the arms reach around her, one hand clutching firmly onto one of her exposed breasts, the other pulling her hips against something solid. "... What... what are doing?"

"Shhh," Yoshiro whispered past her wet hair into her ear. "To be my girlfriend means we can do things like this," he said roughly kneading her breast.

"Ow... that... that hurts," Kasumi half cried.

"That's because you're not properly relaxed," Yoshiro said pushing her towards the wall.

Kasumi pushed her arms out before her head smacked into the tiles, dropping the bra on the floor.

"See, that's better," Yoshiro said with a grin. His other hand snaked down underneath her panties, sliding down into her crotch.

"N... n... no... please don't," Kasumi stammered, as she felt his fingers sliding across her slit.

"You're my girlfriend aren't you?" Yoshiro asked, carefully watching her reaction. "You do want my protection from all those girls don't you?"

Against the wall Kasumi's hands shook in fear, while her heart beat rapidly inside her chest.

Slowly she nodded. "Yes."

A grin appeared on Yoshiro face as he slid his finger in, eliciting a sharp cry from Kasumi.

It wasn't the last time he touched her like that, just like it wasn't the last time the girls of her class would haze her. Come spring, Yoshiro graduated and left her alone once again, at the mercies of the girls. If anything, when the daily torture resumed, it was worse, as if the girls were making up for lost time.

Yoshiro however was not the first boy to touch her either. Deep down, Kasumi wondered if she was always meant to suffer at the hands of others.

"You need to take all your clothes off," the man said, his large hands roughly pulling the dress over her head. "You can't be having a bath wearing your clothes now can you?"

Kasumi as a six year old looked up at the man who had taken her in after her mother died with large round eyes slowly filling with tears.

"Hey, there's no need to cry. Your mother used to do this every day for you, didn't she?" He asked, Kasumi rubbed a small fist across her cheek before nodding.

"Well then, let's get undressed and get very clean then," he said as he reached over his head to pull his clothes over his head.

Whilst it only lasted several weeks, the memories of the pain she suffered felt like a lifetime. It was only when a neighbour who by chance discovered her staying at the man's place that she was rescued. Kasumi had no understanding then of why she ended up at the Children's home in Asakusa, but she was told some years later that none of her Mother's relatives wanted to take her in. That was fine with her, as she found life at the home much more tolerable than living in the home of yet another stranger.

Her reverie was broken as the sound of speakers above her crackled with static.

"The train is now arriving at the platform 2 will be stopping all stations to Ikebukuro. Please stand back from the line. The train is now arriving at the platform 2 will be stopping all stations to Ikebukuro. Thank you."

As the commuters on the station platform moved forward, readying themselves at the points where the train's doors were to open when the train stopped, Kasumi herself shuffled forward into the crowd to give herself a chance to get on in case the train were too full to take everyone.

She had just gotten into the group of waiting passenger when someone shoved her roughly. Kasumi barely caught sight of a school uniform much like Saint Hebereke's as she stumbled to the edge of the crowd, dropping her purse and several items as she fell to the pavement. There was a sound of tittering amongst the group somewhere, which Kasumi tried to ignore.

Moving with deliberation as legs pressed near her back, Kasumi picked up the items one at a time, until she came to a piece of paper.

It was a piece of paper with a single name, and an address on it.

It was the off chance at overhearing the conversation between some girls at school several days ago, that she realised that she could find her father. Printed on the birth certificate with records in the Children's home was the name of Soun Tendo.

It had taken a few more days to track down the man who was supposed to have fathered her before finding him in Nerima.

Taking the chance of getting into lots of trouble once she returned to the Children's home, Kasumi ditched school early that day, slipping past the guard at the school gate with a fake pass to take a train to Nerima.

Since she had checked a map in the school earlier that morning, Kasumi headed out from the train station in the direction she thought the Tendo home would lay.

Kasumi was not the only one ditching school that day. Three boys in the standard black uniform of the local Furinkan high school had just spent the last of their money in the local game arcade and finally decided to leave the shop lest the manager ban them permanently for unruly behaviour in their favourite hangout.

Outside the three boys were still adjusting their eyes to the late spring sun, when Daisuke, the boy with short brown hair elbowed the one to his right in the ribs.

"Ouch," complained the boy next to him, rubbing his ribs underneath the school uniform in pain. "What'ca do that for Daisuke?"

"Ranma, look what I spotted at 3 o'clock," Daisuke said.

The boy in question looked about, his longish black hair shifting as he turned his head left and right.

"What do ya mean 3 o'clock?" Ranma complained at the boy's use of overcomplicated terms.

The other boy with wild unkempt hair spoke up. "I think he means over there," Hiroshi said, pointing across the street.

Ranma's brown eyes narrowed as he squinted to look at a girl walking along the path on the other side.

"I don't recognise the uniform," Ranma said.

"Yeah, I don't think she's local. I ain't seen her about before," Hiroshi added. "Perhaps she's lost."

"Lets see if needs a little assistance finding her way," Daisuke said, stepping forward.

"Find her way into your pants you mean," Ranma said.

All three of them burst into chuckles as they crossed the street to intercept the girl.

Hiroshi was first to reach her, stepping in front to lean an arm against the wall, effectively stopping her.

"Are you lost little girl?" Ranma asked, putting on a persuasive grin.

"I... Um..." Kasumi hesitated, as she turned about, spotting two more boys who seemed to be almost her age, surrounding her somewhat. "I'm fine thankyou," she added quickly before stepping around Ranma.

Daisuke looked at Ranma who just raised his hands in silent gesture of "I tried. Now it's your turn."

Stepping quickly, Daisuke caught up with the girl, falling into step beside her. "I don't recognise your uniform. Are you from around here?" He asked.

Kasumi looked at the boy, feeling as if she wasn't going to lose them any time soon. Thinking perhaps if she told them what they wanted to hear, and then they would leave her alone. "I came from Matsudo to visit a friend," she told them, finding a lie would probably be easier.

"Would this be a girlfriend, or a boyfriend?" Daisuke asked.

"Ah... just a friend of the family," Kasumi replied hesitantly.

"So no boyfriend then?" Daisuke asked.

"No," Kasumi said with downward cast eyes. Immediately she picked up her pace, hoping they would take the hint and leave her alone.

"Hey!" Daisuke yelled, when Kasumi suddenly broke into a run.

The three boys broke into pursuit, following the girl as she turned down a street in an attempt to lose them. The echo of the feet on the pavement behind Kasumi was enough to send her again turning down a blind alleyway, thinking she could lose them somehow with her slightly longer legs, instead to suddenly come to a dead end.

Turning about, she found the three boys come to a halt, completely blocking any way out.

Gaining his breath back first, Hiroshi approached the girl. "Do you parents know you're out of school?" He asked as he came in close. "You know a girl like you could get into a lot of trouble out here all by yourself."

He poked a finger at her shoulder, pushing her back until she was against the high wall that blocked the alley before grabbing both her shoulders.

"You do know that don't you?" He asked.

"I... I didn't think," Kasumi replied with wide eyes.

Daisuke snorted. "She didn't think?"

"Is she dumb or something?" Ranma asked.

"Do you know how you are leaving this alleyway?" Hiroshi asked, as he ran one hand down her shoulder till her was touching her bare arm.

Daisuke and Ranma came forward also, leaning in close.

"There is something called a toll you have to pay to each of us," Daisuke said.

Kasumi was trying hard to hold back the tears. "Look, please I'm just trying to find the Tendo home," she pleaded with them.

Hiroshi and Daisuke were shocked enough to both turn and look at Ranma.

The long haired boy looked didn't look at either of them, instead looked as Kasumi for several long seconds. Without a word, Ranma suddenly grabbed both Daisuke and Hiroshi by the arms and dragged them away from the girl.

"Look. If you go back up the alleyway and left, and left again at the street, follow this road until get to Murakami Street then turn right. You have to turn left again at the doctor's clinic then follow it all the way over the river. Four blocks after that turn right and you can't miss it."

Kasumi stared at the black haired boy for a few moments before bowing her head briefly, and then took off down the alley, turning left where he had directed her.

"What the hell are you doing Ranma?" Daisuke said, punching Ranma in the shoulder hard enough to make the boy wince.

"If she's a friend of the family, then perhaps she's looking for mom. And you know what she can be like," Ranma said.

"She's one scary lady dude," Daisuke said.

"Glad she's your old lady and not mine," Hiroshi said.

"Gee thanks guys," Ranma said in scorn. "If the girl isn't some friend of mom, then having a girl under my own roof is a hell of a lot better than doing it in this stinking alleyway."

"So you're going home then?" Daisuke asked.

"Duh, of course idiot," Ranma slapped him across the head in revenge for the shoulder punch.

"Guess we'll see you later then," Hiroshi said. "Tell us how it went later."

"Sure. First I got to beat her home. That means taking the shortcut," Ranma said. "Guys?"

Daisuke and Hiroshi looked at one another before locking their hands around each other's wrists and held them low.

Ranma stepped up onto their locked arms as they lifted him high enough to catch the wall and scramble up. "See ya guys," he said before disappearing over the other side.

Whilst rushed, Kasumi could not fault the instructions given to her by the boy. Following the road after the last turn, soon brought her into sight of a large walled property with sign next to the gate that said "Tendo estate."

Standing there she looked up at the size of the entryway, trying to quell her nerves and remember what she planed to say to the man who was her father. With some trepidation, she pushed open one of the heavy doors, only to be somewhat awed at the size of the property that lay behind it.

On one side was a wooden fence that obviously hid a fair portion, but the other side was bordered by a low hedge, allowing her to see the rest of the well maintained yard and its garden.

Trying not to get too caught up, Kasumi kept moving until she reached the front door. After a few deep breaths to calm herself, she knocked on the wood as firmly as she could.

Tendo Nadoka looked at her son with frown. "I wish you wouldn't skip school like this Ranma," she said, trying to educate him properly. "You won't learn anything if you keep missing classes like this."

"It's not like they're teaching anything important today," Ranma replied as he popped a cracker into his mouth and munched it. "Just some lame biology crap that I know already."

"Still, it's not right to..." Nadoka was saying when she heard a knocking at the front door.

Ranma was first to move, getting up from the chair in the kitchen. "I've got it mom. It's a friend coming over to help me with some of that maths," he said, heading out of the kitchen.

"Maths?" Nadoka said in surprise. "First he's skipping class, now he's getting maths lessons?" She could only shake her head in surprise at what might be going through her son's head. Turning about, she returning her attention back to the food she had been preparing when Ranma arrived home.

Kasumi blinked in quiet surprise as the boy she saw earlier opened the door.

"So you made it," Ranma said.

Kasumi thought for a moment she had been somehow misled, but she remember the sign out on the street definitely said Tendo. Perhaps he is half my brother, she thought for a moment.

Remembering her manners, she bowed again. "I am Kasumi Nogiwa. I'm here to see Tendo Soun if he is home."

Ranma looked the girl silently as if considering her request.

"The old man is taking a nap at the moment," Ranma replied. "But if you came to see him, I guess he won't mind been woken up."

"I don't want to intrude," Kasumi replied.

"It's no problem," Ranma said stepping aside. "Come on in."

Kasumi stepped in, slipping her shoes off inside the entryway as Ranma closed the door.

"Come this way," Ranma said, leading her up the stairs. "The family room isn't clean enough for guests at the moment."

Kasumi nodded in understanding.

Up the stairs, he turned left into the first room, which lay mostly empty except for a couple of cushions on the floor.

"If you can wait here, I'll go see if the old man will see you," Ranma said, seeing her accepting what he said. Heading out the door he was about to close it when he finally remembered. "I'm Ranma by the way," he said before sliding the door closed.

Kasumi let out a long breath, wondering why she had been nervous so far. She hadn't met her father yet, and still she felt as if her hands would not stop trembling. Trying to calm herself, she looked around at the large room, counting the number of tatami mats lining the floor. When she finished, she could only wonder how much money her father must have to have such a large unused room like this.

The desire to continue looking around wore on her, so she sat down on one of the cushions and waiting. It wasn't long until the door opened again, and Ranma stepped though carrying a tray with a drink and bowl of crackers.

"The old man is walking up at the moment, and says he'll be with you in a few minutes," Ranma explained as he settled the tray on the floor beside Kasumi. "He said to relax while you are waiting, so, um, here's a drink."

Ranma turned about and headed back through the door before she could reply. "I have to do something, so I'll be back later."

"Thankyou," Kasumi said as Ranma closed the door.

Kasumi looked at the glass of what appeared to be chilled fruit juice before deciding she would have a few crackers first as she waited.

After another cracker, Kasumi couldn't help herself and had another, then another, until she realised the bowl had been emptied.

After lamenting that she had finished off the crackers so quickly, it was only then that she realised the crackers left her throat somewhat dry.

Picking up the glass of juice she took a long sip, only to choke after a moment, and has to swallow it before clearing her throat.

To remove the burning sensation, she sipped on the juice some more hoping it would go away. Instead, she suddenly found the glass empty and put it down.

Through a crack in the doorway, a single eye watched Kasumi for several minutes, patiently watching as she finished the drink laden with expensive alcohol. After the girl appeared to review the room, its contents, and the empty glass for the tenth time, did Ranma get up and open the door.

"Is Mr Tendo going to be much longer?" Kasumi asked feeling strangely relaxed.

"Um, my old man had to leave suddenly," Ranma said, slowly closing the door behind him. "There was a phone call and he had to leave. He said to apologise for not been able to see you."

Kasumi stared at Ranma for several seconds, as if slowly taking in what he said. After skipping school and the long train journey from the other side of Tokyo, to get this far, only to not even see the man, left her somewhat disappointed. "Perhaps I should leave and come back another time," Kasumi suggested.

"It's unfortunate," Ranma said.

Kasumi shifted in an attempt to get up, only to find her legs cramped from the short time sitting down.

Before she could say a word, Ranma had already bent down and gently grabbed her, helping her up.

Getting her balance, Kasumi slowly realises that Ranma was still holding her, and one hand was sliding up her back while the other was sliding up her stomach.

"What... what are you doing?" She asked in shock.

"What does it look like?" He shot back.

"It... don't, please you don't..." Kasumi tried to say, as his gently slid his hand up her skin, caressing her as he unhooked her bra.

Suddenly afraid, Kasumi tried to break free, only getting a few steps before he stops her. With a twist, she suddenly found herself falling to the floor as Ranma dropped on top of her, forcing her down with his weight.

She tried to struggle, only for him grip her wrists tight, pinning them with one hand. With the other, he ran it up over her chest, fondling her breasts through the loose bra. Sliding his fingers in, he pulled at the buttons on the blouse, ripping it open and popping off several.

"Please don't," Kasumi repeated herself.

To get better access, Ranma grabbed the bra and yanked hard, tearing the small straps out that it came free.

"No!" Kasumi cried as Ranma ran his hands across the exposed breasts, touching the erect tissue delicately.

"Your mouth is saying no, but your body is saying something else," Ranma said, as the tissue became firmer under his finger.

Kasumi closed her eyes and sobbed, finding no enjoyment at all.

After tiring of her breasts, Ranma removed his hand, and placed it behind him, sliding it underneath the waistband of her skirt. Slowly he worked his hand downwards, sliding it through her pubic hair.

Finding the girl's cries somewhat irritating, Ranma opened his mouth. "What do you want with my old man anyhow?" He asked, as he finally found what he was looking for.

Looking up, Kasumi opened her mouth, barely whispering. "He's... he's my father."

Ranma was frozen speechless for several long seconds, before he suddenly withdrew both hands.

A light knock at the door interrupted both of them, as it slid open to reveal a traditionally dressed woman. "Mom!" Ranma simply said as he slid of Kasumi in surprise.

Nadoka could only stare in shock at the scene in front of her. Before she could react to the sight of her son trying to seduce some girl she had never seen before, the girl suddenly got up from the floor and ran from the room. Brushing past her, Nadoka could only see tears in the girl's eyes as she tried to keep what was left of her clothes closed.

Kasumi didn't stop at the sound of the woman's voice, deciding that she had obviously been tricked she was leaving right away. She wasted no time slipping on her shoes and ran from the house, leaving the front door open as she ran down the path.

Out through the front gate, she ran down the street, barely missing a moustached man as she bowled around the corner. Without a word of apology, Kasumi kept running, hoping never to come back.

The hope and hope desire that Kasumi felt before, now felt like the piece of paper in her hand. It's thin and fragile nature crumpled easily within her hand. The happy family reunion she had sought with her father had disappeared just like that.

To Kasumi, it had been like this as far back as she could remember which began with the death of her mother. The happy memories, the childhood feelings were gone, replaced with sorrow, pain and torment.

The anticipation on meeting her father after so long had given her much hope, but what her brother had done wounded her deeply, dredging up all the old memories, which in turn brought a welling of tears to her eyes.

Never had Kasumi let it get her down for so long. To sit there and sob was to acknowledge that she not strong enough. To not get up and continue was admit she could not cope. To not push forward and try again was accept her defeat.

The accept defeat was not something that Nogiwa Kasumi could forgive herself for. Struggling slightly, Kasumi lifted herself up from the pavement, the piece of paper still held tightly inside her clenched hand. With the same hand she tried to wipe away the tears, only for more to stream down her face. It wasn't because of the treatment of her brother or the malicious whispers of the train passengers this time. It was the last happy memory she had of her mother whilst in hospital.

Kasumi had already heard the bad news from the doctors, but it was her mother that had explained what the doctors could not convey to the six year old.

The words had both frightened and confused the young girl, unable to understand why her mother was leaving her.

“Be strong Kasumi,” Kimiko said from her hospital bed as she grasped the hands of her child. “Whatever happens, you must have the will to persevere. I know you have it in you. You only have to keep trying and never give in, and you will find happiness.”

“But I don’t want happiness if you aren’t with me,” Kasumi replied somewhat confused. Kimiko had laughed for a few moments before she started to cough in pain.

The understanding of what her mother had told her did not sink into her head until weeks later after she begun living with the man who took her in.

Kasumi stepped forward, unable to completely wipe the tears from her face. While she missed her mother, she also knew she was probably watching from somewhere. Kasumi knew she couldn’t give up. Turning about, Kasumi took a hesitant step she thought would take her back outside of the station.

Whatever happened, she knew she had to confront her father. To do any less, was to give in.

Kasumi tried again to wipe the tears from her face, unable to completely dispel them without opening her hands. Taking another step forward, she felt her foot slip into nothingness as if she suddenly reached the edge of the platform. Kasumi could only blink her eyes as she heard the horn of the approaching train.

Most commuters eye’s were either on the approaching train, or the unusually dressed girl, and didn’t notice the convex security mirror beginning to glow as a head appeared through the solid glass. It was only one of the station employee’s who noticed the appearance, but was too shocked to even open his mouth to say anything. Because of that, he didn’t notice the girl on the platform down below, stepping off the edge, into the way of the oncoming train.

Belldandy had barely manifested herself when she noticed the girl plunging off the edge of the station platform, just bare meters in front of the oncoming train. In the briefest of moments Belldandy’s lips moved as she hurriedly invoked a spell on the area, appearing to slow time down enough to voice another spell.

Pressing two fingers to her lips in a kiss, Belldandy whipped her hand forwards, causing a wind to suddenly whip along the platform and pick up the girl mid-air, before carrying her onto the nearby station roof.

As wind carefully deposited the girl on the roof, Belldandy floated down to the ground on gossamer wings before launching herself skyward to glide smoothly down the roof next to the girl.

Just as her feet touched down on the roof, all of time suddenly returned to normal and the train slowed its way into the platform, its brakes screeching in protest over the sound of the horn as the driver attempted to bring the train to a halt somewhat short of its normal position.

On the roof above the confusion, Kasumi slowly blinked to clear her eyes as she raised her head to look at her surroundings, finding herself on the station roof, instead of in the path of a train, or worse yet, dead.

“What... what just happened?” she asked somewhat dreamily.

“Until a wish has been made, I can’t rightly allow the contractor to die unnecessarily,” Belldandy said.

When Kasumi turned her head to find a smiling Goddess with long flowing hair and bright clothes standing over her, she could only stare in awe.

“Why...” Kasumi stumbled over her words. “How?” she asked.

“An introduction is needed. I’m Belldandy, a Goddess. I came here to help people like you Nogiwa Kasumi and grant you your wish,” she said, staring with impassioned eyes at the girl before her, having no doubt at all that the poor girl before here was no one else but Nogiwa Kasumi.

“A Goddess? How can you be a Goddess?” Kasumi asked in disbelief.

“I came from heaven to grant Nogiwa Kasumi her wish,” Belldandy said.

“A Goddess?” Kasumi said again, starting to think the woman in front of her was either crazy or putting on an act. “There aren’t any such thing,” she said out loud.

“Perhaps I should fully introduce myself. I’m from the Goddess Assistance Agency. Goddess First Class, Second Category, Unlimited License,” Belldandy said with a slight bow. “My name is Belldandy.”

“There’s no way...” Kasumi said shaking her head. “My half brother did this... or perhaps someone else I’ve never heard of before,” she said starting to think that the whole world was against her.

Putting her hands down, Kasumi braced herself and stood up somewhat unsteadily on the ribbed surface of the roof, only to tear whatever buttons were left to hold her blouse closed as a result.

Standing there watching, Belldandy continued to smile though inside she felt a deep sadness at seeing Kasumi’s reaction.

Looking down at herself Kasumi could only feel embarrassed at the open exposure of her breasts in such a public area. Fumbling with the edges of the fabric, Kasumi couldn't find anything left to hold it closed as she slowly started to weep.

Without a word Belldandy started a small sing-song spell that danced in the air as it sailed across the space to Kasumi, whipping around the girl for several seconds before subsiding and leaving an astonished Kasumi holding the completely restored blouse. The rest of her uniform was also repaired and looked almost new. Underneath she could even feel the missing bra she thought she had left at the Tendo house.

"You... you did that?" Kasumi stared accusing at Belldandy.

"Yes. Because of the misfortune and hardship you have suffered, your willingness to continue trying even under these conditions, have earned you the privilege of heaven's grace. Any wish you desire Nogiwa Kasumi will be granted."

Kasumi collapsed to her knees and broke down to sob uncontrollably.

Stepping forward, the Goddess placed her arms around the sobbing teenager, holding her close to comfort her.

"All I ever wanted was a family. I wanted to fit in," Kasumi explained between fits of sobs. "And I wanted to be happy. Above all else I wanted to be happy. You can do that?" Kasumi said, turning her face ever so slightly to Belldandy's, looking at her expectantly.

"Oh course dear," the Goddess replied with an honest smile. "You can wish for whatever you want."

Kasumi buried her face again into the goddess's clothes. Her voice was somewhat muffled, but Belldandy her it nonetheless.

"Then... then I wish that I had a family again, with sisters, and I wish my father had never left my mother, but then Ranma... no, I wish Ranma would still be born. I don't want him not to exist because of me. Perhaps we can meet again one day, and we can have exciting adventures and meet strange and wonderful people. But most of all I wish I can always be happy, and have a smile like yours."

Kasumi pulled her face back and looked up at the Goddess again, who now smiled deeply at the girl. Slowly however, Belldandy released her hold on the girl and stood up, as blue glow slowly infused her body inside and out.

"What... what's happening?" Kasumi asked.

Belldandy lifted her face towards the sky above as the marking on her forehead lit up, shooting great light up into the sky and a wind from nowhere blew about Belldandy, whipping her hair clothes about. For several long seconds this continued until the light dispersed.

Slowly Belldandy lowered her eyes to Kasumi, which seemed to hold great joy in them. "Your wish has been granted, Tendo Kasumi."

"Kasumi opened her mouth to protest at the name as she felt something strange washed over her.

"Kasumi!" called a voice, which caused her jerk suddenly.

Kasumi slowly became aware of her surroundings as if awaking from some long dream.

She looked down at her hand, realising she was holding a knife in one hand, hovering over a halved watermelon.

"Oh my, did I just doze off?" she asked herself.

"Kasumi! Nabiki, Akane!" called a masculine voice.

Kasumi became aware of a noise behind her, as a man poked his head into the kitchen.

"Kasumi!" Soun Tendo, declared happily as he saw his eldest daughter. "I have great news."

Kasumi carefully put down the knife, quickly forgetting the fading images in her mind and turned to her father.

"What is it Father?" Kasumi asked, smiling happily.

This was, for Tendo Kasumi aged 19, the true beginning of her new life.

Story History

- 6-Jan-2006: I've been nursing an idea for a few months now for a Ranma story, where in instead of following the canon until someone makes a wish and the whole universe turns topsy-turvy, the story itself starts mixed up, until someone makes a wish, and turns into the canon we know. I've finally narrowed down a few base ideas on how to start and the main characters. To pull this off properly, I wanted to show a vast change in the main character. Something that could rightly require the magic of some item, or cursed object to bring about the change. Whilst Kasumi was not completely central to the Rama ½ canon, she came across as the best candidate, for showing a major change. Like a mirrored reflection, she could show the stark difference between a desperate and unhappy girl, to that cheerfully happy girl that she is.
- 8-Jan-2006: Have added some additional material to fill the plot hole and inconsistencies in the story start. I wanted to spread the story out a bit, showing past history of Kasumi, of how she became this unhappy girl that she became. Apart from writing a diary style dialog, the other effective means was to use my hated method of flash backs. Yeah. I hate flashbacks. For a short story, I think it works well, but in a long story, it detracts from the momentum, and confuses the reader. I also persisted in using Japanese context in the names, as a reinforcement to how "real" this reality is supposed to appear, with no magic, or cursed springs. Leading more towards the mirror image of the Ranma reality. After solidifying the main character, I needed to bring the magical aspect back in. It took some though before I was able to settle on the Oh My Goddess cross over. The number of fan fictions out there that have crossed Ranma ½ and Oh My Goddess, and led to inevitable comparisons between Kasumi and Belldandy – mainly because they same Japanese voice actress – stagger me. I didn't want to copy this eventuality. But without using Belldandy, it wasn't going to have the right appeal. But there is one factor that actually favoured this. The Kasumi in this reality, doesn't look, sound like, or match the age of Kasumi in the Ranma ½ reality. I worked part of wording of the wish into this. Kasumi wanted to look somewhat like Belldandy. Hopefully I conveyed this enough in the story.
- 7-Aug-2006: I decided to start filling out the outline I wrote up. Only the flashback of the event with Ranma was written, so now I've created the flashback for the school hazing, and re-wrote the first half of the story in a readable story format, instead of the half arsed script formatted dialog that I started it in, where he did this, she did this, then he did this. The events leading up the station platform actually make a lot more sense now, and hopefully will slowly lead the reader to the obvious conclusion.
- 8-Aug-2006: I filled out the wish sequence with some of the conversation from OMG TV. Lifting of words straight from the Manga or Anime isn't something I normally like doing because of how simple it is, that any idiot can do it, but the fact is, without it, and using some other words, it doesn't quite sound like Belldandy. And if anything, Belldandy is the ONLY character in this fiction who is meant to be in character.
- 9-Aug-2006: Finally finished the main content of the story. The last part I wrote for this was actually when we first meet Ranma. In this case, Ranma isn't the Ranma we know. He's the child of Nadoka and Soun Tendo. Someone who has had a mother all his life, and a strong father figure that isn't overcome with grief.
- 14-Aug-2006: I left a couple of holes in the story. One of which was how/why Kasumi fell in front of the train. From the spectator's perspective it was supposed to not appear clear whether she jumped, fell, or was pushed. The reader was supposed to get the impression that Kasumi had no intention of committing suicide, which is confirmed later by what Belldandy says. I filled this out somewhat, also describing why someone in Kasumi's position hasn't tried to commit suicide yet. The other hole still there is the evident gap in the age between this Kasumi and the other Kasumi. This Kasumi is still in high school, probably about 17 years old. Whilst in the start of the canon, she is 19. The only explanation I have is that this one was born later. Due to the effects of the wish, the timeline shifts so much, that she is also a little older. She would be more mature, have gotten to spend more time with her dying mother, and given more opportunities to lead a happy life, just like she wished for.
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