

Love Springs Eternal

Part 4

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Commissioned by JW

“Ranma?” Akane called out, as her wife trudged back towards the picnic. She was soaking wet, with water actively dripping off her clothes, but that wasn’t anything unusual for Ranma. In fact, it was weirder for her to spend a day *dry*. Sometimes, it even seemed like the world at large was conspiring to push her into her more girly form. Still... “Are you alright? You’ve got a weird look on your face.”

“I’m fine, Akane,” Ranma promised, plopping down next to her and reaching for a sandwich - only to pause, upon realizing that they’d all been eaten in her absence. “Sorta hungry, though...”

Konatsu, for her part, looked like she wanted to say something but ultimately kept quiet as she unwound the food she’d wrapped up in her civilian clothes, and began to eat again. Oddly enough, she was soaking wet too. She must have gotten caught up in whatever whacky scenario had drenched Ranma *this* time.

“Are you sure?” Akane asked, pressing the matter a little. “You seem... I don’t know... off somehow?” It was hard to put into words. It wasn’t like Ranma was frowning or anything, let alone crying, or sighing. There were no obvious signs of distress whatsoever. All the same, looking at her husband, all she could think was that *something* had gone wrong.

“What happened with Kodachi?” Ukyo asked. “Did she splash you with water for hogging ‘her man’ or something?”

“Something like that,” Ranma muttered, noncommittally. “She won’t be bothering us any more today, anyways.”

“Ranma sent her flying, Mistress,” Konatsu added, between bites of chicken and gulps of water.

Of course, that led to a few strange looks going her way, as the people around the picnic began to realize something was *different* about her. As for what, though, it was hard to say - the changes were subtle, after all, and with her outfit being soaking wet on top of that, it was easy enough to dismiss things as their imagination. Something that worked out just fine for Konatsu - not that she cared who knew about her transformation. She didn’t intend to hide it from her mistress long term, either. Still, if Ranma wanted to keep things quiet for a while, she wasn’t going to spoil her fellow woman’s secret.

For now, though, there was something more important on her mind. “Is there any more chicken?”

Arriving back home, Ranma stretched her arms toward the ceiling, letting out a yawn. “Well, I’m tired. Should we head to bed?”

“What happened to spending the night together?” Akane asked, blinking from surprise. “I thought seeing me in my lingerie was the only reason you agreed to this outing in the first place.”

“Big headed, much?” Ranma chortled, shaking her head. “Maybe I was just looking for an excuse to go on a girl’s night out, or something. I mean, seeing as how girly I am and everything...”

“Ranma?” Akane’s voice took on a questioning tone as she studied her husband. “Is something wrong? You know you can tell me, right?”

“What? No response to me calling you big-headed?” Ranma replied. “What happened to that famous temper of yours? Marriage make you go soft, or something?”

“Ranma...” Akane sighed. “Fine. Don’t tell me. But you weren’t the only one looking forward to a little anniversary fun, you know...”

Ranma grimaced. “Right... Well, it’s not like I *need* a bath to... you know. I mean, we’ve... experimented a little before, right?”

“Oh?” Akane asked, a gleam in her eye. “Are you sure female orgasms wouldn’t be too intense for your feeble male mind? Last time we tried, I was half afraid you’d start wanting to *stay* this way.”

Ranma resisted the urge to flinch, letting out a weak laugh instead. “Yeah... Well... I think I’m ready for tonight.” More ready for sex than she was for this conversation, at least.

“Well... alright,” Akane agreed, after a tense moment. “Just give me a moment to get changed, alright?”