

**Manga:** *Ranma 1/2*

**Pairing:** *Ranma X Ryoga*

**Type:** *R15, foot fetish*

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## HIDDEN VICE

### Chapter 1: Reunion

One morning of April, Ranma has just received a new letter of challenge on behalf of Ryoga.

« Dear Ranma, I have just been subjected to a training with the old in Okinawa. She taught me one of the techniques of the old horsewomen of more than 5 000 years. Get ready to be subjected to your defeat. I arrange to meet you in the dojo of Tendo, on June 17th. Ryoga ».

Ranma got some fresh air by the concerning way sceptical the date of this battle. Ryoga has never had sense of orientation and to judge it by the past, days to see weeks take place before he arrives at the desired place. Ranma continued her habits ...

« We are already in August and I did not see P-Chan for some weeks. It disappears continuously. » said sadly Akane.

« » Ranma let no comment escape while he it walked in equilibrium on the wire netting.

« Anyway, you make him only miseries. Therefore, it is normal that it disappears » every so often retorted Adeline faced with this silence.

« It would be not rather because of dishes which you prepare for him. Even THIS pig does not want it » dangles Ranma on a scoffing tone even by taking the trouble to look at it. And goes on by saying « furthermore which would like ». Without its being the time to finish its sentence Akane had just dangled him its satchel at the head, making fall Ranma in the channel being just underneath. "kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah" shouted a female voice.

« When all is said and done you make pair well with your character of pig » Ranma, then transformed into girl in the contact of water retorted.

Akane says no word and left in an anger of the most black. And Ranma took in have a very hot bath in spite of the warmth of the summer to regain the initial appearance. Thereafter, he dressed and took out by having a go the head. It is while he hears an animal shouting.

"Oiiiiink ooooouuink".

« P-chan came back. » Akane launched, while she gave him Chinese strawberries with the aid of baguettes.

« It was time! For two months when it became come back » mutters Ranma.

« Isn't it! What you tell. You say anything not to change. You are simply jealous of a pig ».

« Phew I am going to go to train for the dojo » Ranma launched by raising shoulders.

Ranma did not take the trouble to thread a kimono, and trained with the habitual keeping. It put in chains kicks and blows of hand in mad paces. It practiced in all techniques of « the school any categories ». Warmth did not help it; it sweated in mad paces and ends up slipping the sweat of its

feet in reason. And meets lengthen with a pensive air. The most flat peace reigned, they heard only the noise of crickets and the gasping breathing of Ranma. It is while a noise of step attracted its attention. He stands up and remains sat the lengthened legs.

« Ah! Ryoga » spear innocently Ranma. « It was time that you ... »

« Ranma, this is enough prepare you » shouts Ryoga, with most severe look. Ranma got up again by taking support that of the single hand to throw itself in air. Ryoga launched in his turn, his companion of battle flung a blow in the belly, and Ryoga retorted by a kick immediately. Ranma seized it by the ankle of the adversary. He pointed out that the sole of feet of Ryoga were blotted with dried earth. While Ranma touched the soil and taken support, his feet slid, owed always to his transpiration and spreads out wildly on the soil.

Ryoga lands in his turn but one of his feet skated in the sweat left by his adversary. Ranma raised the head and saw the muddy foot of his adversary.

« Horrible, I slid on some water, you should clean the dojo every so often » Ryoga threw.

« It is not some water it is that I trained and I too much sweated » Ranma retorted. « With this warmth, it is normal ».

From arrived sound, Ryoga was attracted by the smell of the Ranma's feet; the flair developed by pig had smelt it from the exit of its shower. Always, Ryoga fantasized about the feet of the endless friend and adversary. But his pride had always encouraged it forever attract whatever. But today, the perfect smell floated in air.

« Besides, it stinks of feet, while you have just taken a shower » shouts with anger Ryoga, to hide its true feeling.

« I can nothing, there with the footwear which I carry without socks, I would try unsuccessfully to wash feet still and still, a smell will always persist. Then, after my training, you imagine that it amplifies. I got used since, but not the inhabitants of this home » for a long time explained Ranma. « Besides, you can speak you have muddy feet and dirty ».

« I lost my footwear and my socks during my last trip. I played misfortune one more time. It started to rain very wildly in the forest and my umbrella was taken by a gust. Suddenly, I was transformed into pig and I could save only my backpack and my clothes before a torrent of muck takes me. The only victims were my footwear and my socks. Since, I go for a walk feet dense clouds » explained in his turn, Ryoga.

« Let us play a game, which will aim at humiliating the loser » threw Ranma, with a smile in corner.

« Which? » Ranma asked.

« This game has nothing once again since it is a question of fighting, but the loser will have to wash the feet of the winning with his language » said Ranma with an arrogant air.

Ryoga was unexpectedly taken, his dream was going to come true while Ranma thought disgusts the loser. The heart beat fast, it to picture itself one thousand things and began trembling.

« You shudder Ryoga, you are afraid to lose? »

« Definitely, contrariwise, it is the instant to dream about to destroy himself and humiliating my friend. »