

Blaze

Von Billabong

Two

"Akane!"

No movement.

"Aaakaaaneeeeee!"

Still nothing.

"If you don't wake up soon I swear I'll make use of some of your own techniques to kick you out of bed – *including* the bucket full of ice water."

Ranma could see something moving underneath the big pile of blankets.

'Gosh, how can she sleep in this mess', he thought and decided to give it one more try.

"Rise and shine sleepyhead! This is your last call.....I'm warning you...."

He frowned mentally.

"Akane, I *know* you can hear me so get your sweet behind OUT OF THERE!"

Suddenly a ruffled shock of blue hair appeared.

"What did you just say?"

"Haha, I knew this would work, I can't believe I'd actually see the day when Akane Tendo oversleeps."

Akane slowly crawled back under her sheets. "I didn't oversleep, Ranma", he heard her grumble from underneath, "I was just about getting ready...". He didn't

catch the last part of what she was mumbling, because the big Akane-pillow pile suddenly started to move awkwardly into all kinds of direction, as if she couldn't find her way out of the bed-cave.

With a heavy sigh Ranma turned around and started to tap impatiently on the floor with his left foot, stopping instantly when he heard a sudden thump suspiciously close to him.

He looked back at her and rolled his eyes.

"Akane! That's The Wall!"

"Ranma! What the heck are you still doing *in my room??*"

She finally made it through the thick layers of sheets and was constantly rubbing her forehead now.

"Ouch.", she made a face.

Ranma frowned once again and took a step closer towards Akane to inspect any possible damage.

"Are you hurt?", he asked, his voice just a hint softer now.

"No", she winced, "back off."

He shot a gloomy glance at her and moved slightly backwards, as if suddenly he was the one who had to endure her pain.

That changed the second he took his eyes off of her flushed face and started to gaze lower and lower and ... 'Oh, for heaven's sake', as Akane thought....lower.

"Wow", she saw him smirking, "sexy PJ's, tomboy!"

Akane felt her face go blank, as she remembered that she only wore her very antique nightgown, which she found at the back of her wardrobe last night and had little Sailor Moon figures all over it.

'Oh, for cryin' out loud', she thought and it took her a while to recover her

voice since her tongue was stuck somewhere between her teeth and her throat.

"Ranma, you IDIOT!", she yelled, "you're well aware that Kasumi has tons of clothes to wash to get rid of the mould, Happosai spread everywhere. And I *REALLY* DON'T want to know what you're wearing at night at the moment! NOW GET YOUR BUTT OUTTA HERE!"

But Ranma had already left the room.

Akane was fuming, not to say blind with rage and she felt the urgent need to smash something hard. NOW.

For a second, she thought about going after that snotty brat but recollected quickly and took a deep breath, when she realized that he would only tease and laugh at her even more, when he saw her running wild in her silly shortie nightie. And she really didn't want to catch him *or* that old leech staring at her legs again. 'Perverts! Why in the world did all men have to be freakin' PERVERTS?!

To vent her anger only a bit, she threw a pillow at the long closed door.

"Just you wait, Ranma!"

* * *

Dead beat but happy, Akane got back to the Tendo house half an hour later. She did not regret her morning exercise, even though it was her usual day off. But after that turmoil this morning she desperately needed to feel the adrenaline pushing through her veins and the eventual calming effect, which should kick in any minute now.

When she entered her home through the backyard, she immediately took in the

smell of freshly brewed tea coming from the kitchen and almost changed her direction. 'No!', she quarrelled, she had to have a shower first before she could give in to her stomach, which longed for food.

As she walked up the stairs, she saw Ranma coming out of the bathroom. He must have heard her footsteps, because he was turning around now to face her. She noticed the cheeky grin on his face before he could get the words out.

"Akane! There you are! Woah, you smell bad! Better take off your clothes! Quick!"

"Haha, jerk! Is that the best you can come up with?", she returned sarcastically.

Akane watched his eyes rolling around in his head.

"No! I mean it! I left the shower on for you, so you're better not wasting any more precious hot water! Go!"

Slightly irritated, she blinked at him.

'Somehow that sounds familiar, very familiar even...*too* familiar' ... had she missed anything?

"Ok. I'm gonna make it real simple for you, Akane, since you're being a bit slow this morning. One knob in the shower came loose, which means that you can either burn your fingers or shower super-cold when you turn it on yourself. I figured you'd be totally wasted after your workout, so I left the shower on, just in case. Perfect timing, by the way."

And suddenly it hit her.

'FREEZE!!', she thought, 'Was this a *déjà vu*??'

"Ranma...."

"...*What* Did You Just Say???"