Who Said Three's A Crowd?

by RookandHeron

Summary

Grimmjow and Ichigo have been friends a long time. They share most things, sometimes women, often each other. Both are part of a special forces unit that are based on a small island. One day Ahmya appears in their lives and throws everything out of whack.

If you want plot with your smut, this is the one for you.

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Chapter 1

Ichigo stepped out of the air conditioned café and onto the street. The sun beat a heavy rhythm down on him and he jogged across the road to avoid the midday traffic. If you could call it that, out on the island there were plenty of people but it sure wasn’t the sardine can that you found yourself in at the mainland. He found himself grateful, the heat was bad enough without having to share the space. A Jeep rolled past and the young girls in it beeped their horn at him and hollered. He gave them a smirk and a nod and carried on. Everyone knew the uniforms of the special unit that was based on the island. The black combat trousers, boots and pristine, white short sleeved shirts gave them away. Along with the fact that the men wearing them were built like brick shit houses. It was a novelty for the women on the island. The unit were a conquest for them, they worked hard and they partied hard – the girls were sure as hell going to make sure they were involved in that.

Ahead of him at the crossroads, he could see Kenpachi’s car at the lights. The unit captain had been to the mainland for a few days. Personal time, he had said. Ichigo had never known him to take a personal day since he’d started 8 months ago. As he neared, he could see that there was someone sat in the passenger’s seat but it sure wasn’t his daughter, Yachiru. This was a woman by the looks of it. The car drove off and Ichigo carried on his journey with the lunch order in hand.

Back at the base, Grimmjow sat with his head on his desk, eyes closed, nursing a hangover from hell. The heat was unbearable and the last thing he wanted to do was think about the training they had scheduled that afternoon. The thud of his food being dropped suspiciously close to his head made him rise again in his seat.

“You look like shit”

Ichigo sat down opposite him and leant back so that he could throw his feet up onto the desk.

“Suck my dick, Ichigo” was Grimmjow’s only reply, but as they caught each other’s eye Ichigo flicked his eyebrows up, eliciting a smirk from his blue haired friend.

Ichigo and Grimmjow had been friends a long time, too long to count. They had trained together years ago, fresh out of school, and been stationed together ever since. They were more than brothers, bonded together in a way that most other people just didn’t understand but weren’t going to question. They’d fit right in with the unit when they’d been assigned here 8 months ago, forming close friends with the other men straight away. They were inseparable the vast majority of the time, and everyone knew it. There were rumours that they shared everything, even women on occasion, and it was a running joke that they had the biggest bromance going.

“So how was she?” Ichigo questioned.

“Yoruichi? Yeah, intense, you know her” Grimmjow grumbled into his sandwich, “I’m not complaining!” he said, after taking in the look Ichigo was giving him. “You know she’s always up for a good time but…”

“But what?” Ichigo puzzled, he was surprised at Grimmjow’s lack of enthusiasm about taking her home. Not that it had been a struggle for him, it never was. Ladies fell at Grimmjow’s feet like meteors crashing to the ground. He just had that effect on people, even Ichigo to be fair. He knew full well what Grimmjow was like when he’d been cooped up for too many hours and had too much energy to release. His restless nature needed an outlet, sometimes it was fighting and sometimes it was sex. In both those cases, sometimes it was Ichigo.
“She tried to stay over” Grimmjow gave Ichigo a pointed look.

“Ah. And how was that resolved?”

“With a very frank conversation that you probably would have delivered a lot better than me” Grimmjow confessed, “Who was that girl you were talking to?”

“Uhh.. Soi Fon?”

“She was hot” Grimmjow stated, “Maybe I should have taken her home instead”

“Don’t pout about it, we left together anyway” came Ichigo’s response.

“Shit, really? I never even heard you. You’re obviously not doing your job right!” Grimmjow laughed at his own joke.

“You wouldn’t have heard a truck come through the wall, you were so fucked”

“And I’m feeling it now” Grimmjow put his head back on the desk.

“It’s punishment for your sins, you deserve it” Ichigo replied playfully “Come on, we have to be at the training hall in 5 minutes”

“Just kill me now” Grimmjow cried dramatically, but heaved himself up from his chair anyway.

The two men were not too different in size and build, Grimmjow’s muscular frame only topping Ichigo’s by a few inches. Both were strong, and firm, their bodies honed within an inch of their lives to be the most powerful and skilled versions of themselves. Ichigo took a breath as he saw Grimmjow rise. Something about the way his body moved under his clothes, like a panther – casual yet powerful all at the same time. His piercing blue eyes, and shock of hair drawing Ichigo in like an insect to a beautiful but deadly flower. Ichigo shivered involuntarily and cocked his head to the side. Grimmjow himself was equally as affected. He gazed down at him, the way his orange hair always looked just-fucked, the way the top couple of buttons of his shirt opened and drew Grimmjow’s eyes to his powerful chest. His mouth turned up at the corners into a grin and he rubbed his canine along his tongue to clear his head of the man in front of him. Grimmjow was insatiable, they both knew it, and Ichigo wasn’t much better. Even after a night like the previous one they needed to let off some steam, especially in the crushing August heat.

“Come on, pretty boy” Grimmjow declared, throwing his arm lazily round Ichigo’s shoulder as he stood up, “we’ve got asses to kick!”
The training had been strenuous enough. Ichigo had managed to get several hits on Renji, who was now sporting the beginning of a bruise under his eye, and Grimmjow had… well he'd been Grimmjow. Poor Shuhei hadn't stood a chance. Ikaku was usually the only person other than Ichigo mad enough to go against Grimmjow, but he’d been called off somewhere else leaving Shuhei to take the beating. Ichigo almost felt sorry for him, except he quite enjoyed watching Grimmjow fight. Almost as much as he liked watching Grimmjow get his ass handed to him. He wasn’t cruel, he just liked how Grimmjow looked when he was all scuffed up. It made his stomach tense up.

The pair of trouble makers were cooling down outside after their training. Ichigo sat on the steps down to the field with his knees wide, elbows resting on them and a bottle of water dangling from his hands between his legs. His hair was damp from the showers and the towel hung around his neck was unnecessary in the torturing heat. Grimmjow sat as casual as ever, sprawled back against the railings, one knee up and the other down. He hadn’t even bothered to put a shirt back on.

“Everyone’s at the bar tonight” Ichigo turned round to see Grimmjow’s response, whether he had overcome his hangover enough to go out.

“What time?”

Ichigo grinned.

A movement ahead of them, down the steps and across the training field, caught his eye. Renji was slowly making his way across the grass with… a woman. And fuck she was beautiful. Ichigo felt like he’d seen her somewhere before, like a distant memory that every time he tried to grasp it just trickled through his fingers. Grimmjow got up and stretched.

“Now who in God’s name is that?” he questioned, a slow grin spreading up his face.

“I feel like I’ve seen her somewhere, don’t you know her?”

“Ichigo, come on, you wouldn’t forget meeting a woman like that!”

“Well what the hell is she doing with Renji!”

“They can’t be fucking, surely not. He wouldn’t have been able to keep that quiet”

Ichigo made a non-committal grunt in response. Both men were tracking Renji and the mystery woman with their eyes, appreciating what they could see. They’d seen their fair share of women, on and off the island. Truth be told, they’d seen women from every corner of the globe. The island itself had a myriad of hot women who frequented similar bars and clubs to them. It was the kind of destination that attracted women like that. But this woman… she wasn’t just hot, she was beautiful. Her petite frame was dwarfed next to Renji’s and chocolate coloured hair flowed down her back in waves. Grimmjow imagined what it would smell like, how soft it would feel, how he would wrap it around his hand and pull it towards him while he slowly entered her from be…

“Grimm!”

“What?”

Ichigo smiled, “You have that look”
And it was true, he did. But as he turned to look at Ichigo, he saw that his face was showing everything that Grimmjow felt. Ichigo’s pupils were blown, his eyes taking on a dark and unnatural tone. It only served to turn Grimmjow on more and he shook his head like a dog, blue hair shaking about, trying to clear his head.

The woman turned around and playfully slapped Renji on the arm. Ichigo felt like he couldn’t breathe. Fuck she was perfect. What was wrong with him? There were hot women everywhere on this island, what difference did it make? But he’d never seen a woman like this. From across the field he could hear her laughter and it made him want to smile. Her eyes were big and dark, her lips full. He imagined pressing her against a wall and kissing those lips. He wanted to feel how soft they were, taste her. He pictured himself running his hand up the outside of her thigh, slowly, slowly until he skimmed the edge of her dress...

“Ichigo!”

“Fuck, what?”

“You’re just as bad as I am!” Grimmjow laughed, “Come on, let’s pack up, we can question Renji later”

Thirty minutes later and they were taking up all the space in the doorway to Renji’s office. Grimmjow leaned against the doorframe. As Ichigo stood there with his arms folded across his chest, he wondered how Grimm had ever passed training because he was so frequently sprawled across something it was a wonder he could stand to attention at all. Renji looked up from his paperwork, the bruise Ichigo had given him seeming to purple by the second.

“Uh… sorry about that Renji. To be fair, I completely thought you were going to block me”

“We said no face shots, Ichigo! Why would I need to block you if I didn’t expect you to go for my face?”

“I’m sorry!” Ichigo shot back, “I got caught up! I just saw an opening and I took it”

Grimmjow laughed, he thought it was hilarious, “Would you like me to kiss it better for you Renji?”

“Fuck off, Grimmjow,” but Renji smiled. He wasn’t really going to hold a grudge. They had all beaten on each other too many times in the past 8 months to truly take it to heart. “So come on then, to what do I owe the pleasure? I know you want something. You’ve got that look in your eyes like you’re going to eat me”

Ichigo suppressed a smile at the thought. He saw Grimm turn his head towards him a fraction before he caught himself and Ichigo resisted the urge to make eye contact with him.

“We saw you before. Outside. With that woman”

It came out like an accusation and Ichigo felt embarrassed, he wasn’t exactly sure why.

“Yeah…” Grimmjow followed up, a lot more casually, “Who was that? Because she was fucking smokin’ Renji”

“Ohhh yeah, that’s Ahmya” came Renji’s reply, a smile forming on his face.

He didn’t offer any more information.
“What, that’s it? Don’t be a dick. Who is she Renji, and why was she with you?” bantered Grimmjow.

Renji laughed, “She’s an old friend. We grew up together. I forgot that you wouldn’t know her. Everyone in the unit does, she’s like… she has ties to us I guess. She had family in the unit years ago so mostly everyone knows her”

“How is this the first time we’ve seen her?” Ichigo asked incredulously.

It was then that Renji’s demeanour changed. He’d been talking quite happily about Ahmya until this point. He didn’t look uncomfortable, more just that he didn’t want to talk about it anymore.

“She been on the mainland for a while. She’s always been at the island but she had stuff going on and she needed to be near the city for a while but now she’s back” was Renji’s reply.

Grimmjow didn’t seem to have picked up on Renji’s reluctance and barreled on regardless,

“So… you’re fucking her then or what? Because if you aren’t even trying to then you’re a god-damned fool”

Renji laughed then, his expression going back to a more comfortable and playful one.

“Oh I’ve spent time with her” came his polite response.


“Dude, she’s fucking insatiable” Renji shot back, and for a second Ichigo thought he saw something akin to fear in his eyes.

“What?” Ichigo responded dumbly

“She’s… she’s something else” Renji explained, “I mean, I have never had a night like that since and I don’t think I ever will again but… to be honest, I don’t think I could handle it”

Ichigo’s mouth dropped open, and Grimmjow’s head tilted to the side.

“What, now? Are you serious Renji?” Grimmjow’s face scrunched up like he couldn’t even fathom what Renji was saying.

“Honestly, I can’t even describe it to you. I mean she’s perfect, in every sense. But I just don’t think I could keep up with that for any sort of length of time”

“So…” Grimmjow said quietly “… you’re just friends? She’s off the table for you?”

“Yeah completely, she’s cool. The thing you have to understand about Ahmya is… she’s not a dick. She has urges just like we do, and she goes with it. She could probably give you a run for your money, Grimm. But she won’t try and cling onto you about it afterwards, she doesn’t really have the time for that, or the interest I don’t think. To be completely honest, I’m not the only guy here she’s been with but it’s never been an issue. Everyone loves her, she’s part of the family”

“What? Who else has slept with her?” Ichigo shot out. He had a strange feeling in his stomach that he wasn’t used to. If he didn’t know any better he’d say it was jealousy, but that was stupid.

Renji chuckled, “Uhmm… Byakuya”
“What the fuck!” Grimmjow shouted, “Byakuya? Are you fucking kidding me?”

Ichigo could understand Grimmjow’s disbelief. Byakuya was arrogant for sure, in a different way to Grimmjow but women were still constantly trying to get his attention. He was rarely interested. He focused on his work. It almost seemed like the women on the island weren’t good enough for him. Which Ichigo found downright rude, really. He couldn’t imagine someone as alive as Ahmya and someone like Byakuya together.

“Well that’s an interesting one for sure” was all Ichigo could say that didn’t sound like something that might give away the fact that he was insanely jealous and damn confused that Byakuya had frankly, even deigned to give her the time of day – despite the fact that she looked like a goddess.

“The plot thickens!” Grimmjow said, smirking at Ichigo, “I guess we’ll have to see where all this excitement takes us. See ya tonight Renji!”

And with that he propelled himself off the doorframe, grabbed Ichigo, bit him on the neck and then sauntered off down the hall. Ichigo knew exactly what was waiting for him when they got back to their home. He stood in Renji’s doorway hoping to the heavens that he couldn’t see the semi that Ichigo had in his trousers that was threatening to expose him. As he looked over at Renji, Renji just shook his head as though Grimmjow was odd, sure, but they indulged him all the same. Ichigo said goodbye and jogged down the hall after Grimmjow and they stepped out into the blistering sun together and headed for home.
As soon as Ichigo turned to shut the front door behind him, Grimmjow was on him like a panther pouncing on its prey, pressing him up against the door. Ichigo could feel the heat pouring off Grimmjow as it burned deliciously into his back. With his forehead resting against the cool door, the contrast was sending shivers through his whole body. Just being around him like this was intoxicating. He took Ichigo’s right arm above his head and held it against the door with his left. He interlaced their fingers and Grimmjow could feel the rough patches of skin on Ichigo’s knuckles from his session with Renji. He remembered what Ichigo had done to Renji’s face and pushed up against him harder from behind. Ichigo pushed back into him, eliciting a deep throated moan from Grimmjow who leaned forward and very slowly bit the back of Ichigo’s neck, holding it in his mouth for a few second before letting go and pushing his face against the back of his head. Grimmjow inhaled and the deep musky scent of Ichigo filled his lungs sending him dizzy.

Ichigo could feel Grimmjow against his back, rock hard and desperate for friction. He was pulled back half a step and used the opportunity to grind up against Grimmjow who growled and quickly unfastened his own trousers and then reached around to unfasten Ichigo’s. Grimmjow’s fingertips brushed against Ichigo’s stomach causing his breath to catch in his throat and sending goosebumps up his arms. Grimmjow’s presence was dominating and overpowering, but equal to Ichigo’s own. Ichigo freed himself from his trousers, aching with need and nearing the point of banging his head against the door if Grimmjow didn’t hurry the hell up. Grimmjow had started this, and Ichigo was gonna make damn sure he finished it. Grimmjow licked his hand several times and then reached around Ichigo again. His powerful body pressed up against him and Ichigo’s head dropped back onto Grimmjow’s shoulder. He gave a throaty moan as Grimmjow’s hot hand closed around him and started to slowly palm him up and down.

He reached his left arm around behind him and pushed Grimmjow’s back a little so that he could work his way in between them. Slipping his hand into Grimmjow’s boxers he stroked the smooth length of him, rubbing his thumb over the tip on every stroke. Grimmjow buried his face into Ichigo’s neck.

“Fuck” came Grimmjow’s whispered response.

Ichigo released Grimmjow from his trousers then rescinded his hand causing Grimmjow to growl a low sound in this throats which only served to make Ichigo’s dick twitch involuntarily in his hand.

“Bring that hand back” Grimmjow rumbled menacingly.

“Mmm… I am… wait…” came Ichigo’s broken reply as Grimmjow sped up his efforts.

Ichigo spat into his hand and returned it to Grimmjow’s impressive member, using the lubrication to slide his hand effortlessly up and down – he’d become quite adept at being ambidextrous when it came to Grimmjow. Both men began to speed up, feeling a slow heat beginning to build in their spines, taking their need to a higher level. Grimmjow turned his head towards Ichigo and Ichigo looked at him with black eyes and a clenched jaw, breathing heavily. Grimmjow leaned forward and
took Ichigo’s bottom lip between his teeth, sucking and biting gently. Ichigo tasted like caramel, his breath hot against Grimmjow’s face. Ichigo moaned and pressed his lips against Grimmjow’s greedily. They kissed like that for a moment before breaking away and simultaneously increasing the pressure they were putting into their strokes.

Ichigo pressed his forehead against the door again, looking down at the impressive job Grimmjow was doing with his hand. The sight turned him on even more and the mounting pressure and heat he was feeling started to near its crescendo.

“Fuck… I’m close…”

“Me too” Grimmjow spoke into the back of Ichigo’s neck where he was now resting his head.

Just as Grimmjow began to feel that he couldn’t possibly take it anymore, Ichigo squeezed when he hit the base of Grimmjow’s shaft before sliding back up. Grimmjow’s mind was like static as he began to come, his eyes were open but couldn’t focus as the feeling of intensity battered him like an ocean wave. He leaned forward and sunk his teeth into Ichigo’s shoulder and that was enough to send Ichigo over the edge as he cried out in euphoria, his spend covering the door.

They stood like that for several minutes, only moving to get more comfortable, Grimmjow’s body once again pressed up against Ichigo who was still leaning into the door. Their hands were still interlaced, red from where they had been clenched together into a fist. They were panting, their great chests heaving up and down. After a few more minutes Grimmjow opened his eyes from where his head lay pressed against Ichigo’s back. He saw a small bead of sweat begin to roll down the back of Ichigo’s neck. He stuck his tongue out and licked it away, moving up his neck with his mouth. He came back down again and stopped at the base of Ichigo’s neck, no longer kissing, just pressing his lips to the soft skin that tasted of salt and covered the formidable muscles underneath.

“Grimm…” Ichigo’s voice was quiet but his mouth turned up at the edges into a smile.

“Mmm”

“Do you think our friendship is unusual?” Ichigo asked playfully.

Grimmjow’s grin split his face, “I think it suits us perfectly”.

Ichigo sat on the couch eating a sandwich and waiting for Grimmjow, who he thought might actually be the slowest person on the planet at getting ready. It was all the hair, he thought, surely that was what took the most time. After their earlier encounter they had both showered and cleaned up, the door had needed cleaning off too. Ichigo daydreamed, remembering the feel of Grimmjow against his back, the sharp taste of peppermint that Grimmjow always seemed to have on his tongue, the feel of his hot hand wrapped around Ichigo’s…

“You gonna put that in your mouth Kurosaki, or what?”

Ichigo nearly bit his tongue. Grimmjow had appeared in the doorway of his own room, and was watching Ichigo as his sandwich hovered halfway between his plate and his mouth.

He went on, “We appear to be matching…”

And he was right. He looked at Ichigo, sat there on the sofa looking like some kind of demi-god with
his orange, just-fucked hair, his big brown eyes and muscular arms uncovered and emphasised by the black t-shirt he was wearing. The sun was setting and the glow through the windows that lined the entire back wall of their apartment lit Ichigo up with warmth like a golden beacon. Grimmjow thought he looked like honey.

Ichigo looked down and laughed. It was true. As he looked at Grimmjow, stepping out of the doorway with that ever present look of a wild animal just under the surface, he saw that Grimmjow was wearing the exact same outfit as him... except his t-shirt was white instead of black.

“I’m not swapping it; I’ve just done my hair” Grimmjow seemed to answer himself.

“Well I was ready first” Ichigo countered, but without any real conviction.

“Looks like we’ll be going to the bar as Yin and Yang then!” Grimmjow laughed at his own joke.

He sauntered over to Ichigo and leaned over the back of the couch towards him. Ichigo stomach clenched as he anticipated Grimmjow’s face meeting his... but at the last second Grimmjow shot further forward and took a huge bite out of Ichigo’s sandwich.

“Are you fucking kidding me!” cried Ichigo, his mouth opening in surprise.

Grimmjow was smirking as he chewed, “You left yourself wide open for that one, come on... I’m starving”

“Well you might as well finish it now” Ichigo huffed.

“Only if you feed me”

Grimmjow’s eyes sparkled with mischief and he leaned forward again, slower this time, and stayed leaning over the back of the couch as he devoured the rest of Ichigo’s sandwich with Ichigo holding it up for him. As he ate, his hand came up and brushed the back of Ichigo’s head, his fingers running through his soft hair and massaging his scalp lightly. Ichigo sighed, leaned forward and place a slow, chaste kiss on Grimmjow’s jaw before pulling back. Grimmjow smelled delicious, edible almost, and Ichigo wanted to bury his head in his chest and breathe him in until his lungs burned. But Grimmjow had finished stealing food and stood up again, trailing his hand along Ichigo’s back as he did so.

“Right then!” he declared abruptly, “To the bar!”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

In which we learn a little more about our mystery woman.

When they got to the bar everyone else seemed to already be there. Grimmjow had taken so long getting ready that the team were on their way to being quite merry. The place wasn’t too full yet but they could already see clusters of women dotted about trying to catch the eyes of the band of brothers sat at a long table at the back of the bar. Kenpachi sat at the head of the table and as soon as he saw Ichigo and Grimm walk in he cried,

“Finally! You’ve graced us with your presence! We thought perhaps a small child had ambushed you two on the way. Someone get these half arsed clowns a drink!”

Shaking his head and smiling, Ichigo made his way to the bar where the bartender was already pouring drinks for him and Grimmjow. Grimmjow headed straight over to the table, passing several groups of women on the way. When he gave one of them a wink he could swear he heard her give out a whimper. Grinning to himself he pulled up a chair and dropped down next to Shuhei, he felt he probably ought to apologise.

“Dude, you look fucked”

Ok… he had meant to apologise but… things didn’t always come out how he wanted.

“No shit, Grimm” Shuhei responded dryly.

“Come on man, you can’t hold it against me” he winked at Shuhei, apparently he was winking at everyone tonight. Shuhei’s cheeks seemed to go a little pink as his mouth twitched and Grimmjow knew he’d forgiven him.

“So what’s happening?” Grimmjow asked.

Ichigo came over with their drinks and set one down in front of Grimm before heading over to sit in an available seat by Kenpachi. Grimmjow gave him a nod of thanks and continued his conversation with the bruised and battered man beside him.

“Kurosaki!”

Even when you were next to him, Kenpachi sounded like he was shouting to you from across the street. Ichigo felt sure that everyone would be able to hear any conversation they would have.

“What took you so long? Was he dicking about with his mane again?” He nodded towards Grimm.

“You know him so well!” Ichigo laughed.

Kenpachi grinned and knocked back the rest of the amber liquid in his glass. Ichigo had no doubt that the captain had probably drunk more than everyone else, but he was a champion when it came to
holding his liquor. He might be loud, but that was just his nature, he wasn’t drunk.

“I saw you earlier, actually” Ichigo said lightly.

“Oh?”

“Yeah at the crossroads at the end of the main strip. I was gonna holler but you had someone in your car so I didn’t want to disturb you” Ichigo probed for information.

“You nosy little shit” Kenpachi roared with laughter, “You just want to know who I was with!”

Ichigo at least had the good grace to look embarrassed. That was, after all, exactly why he had mentioned it. Kenpachi was still laughing and shaking his head in disbelief.

“I’ve been at the mainland helping out a friend with a business deal, apparently it helps to have a hulking guy like me accompany you. Makes people take you more seriously”

“So that woman you were with, that’s who you were helping?”

“Yeah, Ahmya… She’s sharp as a knife, great business mind. But those sexist pigs inland don’t take beautiful women seriously”

That woman again. The same one. Ichigo was starting to wonder how many times she’d pop up today.

“You know, I’ve never met her, me and Grimm saw her for the first time today with Renji”

“That makes sense, she’s been on the mainland a while, sorting everything out. She’s a busy woman, lots going on. I knew her dad, back in the day, great man. He was part of the unit too. Excellent fighter, taught her everything she knows. It makes sense that you saw her with Renji. They’re good buddies, grew up together here on the island”

Ichigo was starting to think that there was more to this woman than meets the eye. He couldn’t keep up with all the information he was being given. He realised that her father must have been the family tie that Renji had been talking about.

“And her business, what does she do?” Ichigo probed. He hoped he wasn’t being rude or forward but at this point the questions just seemed to be falling out of his mouth.

“To cut a very long story short…” Kenpachi began.

Grimmjow was perusing the drinks list while Shuhei and Renji talked over his head. He didn’t normally stray from his regular but he was feeling fruity, and it was a Friday night after all. He didn’t really give a fuck if he was drinking out of a colourful drink with an umbrella as long as it was strong and delicious. He wasn’t one to deny himself of things that he wanted.

“Hey, Renji! One of these drinks has the same name as your hot friend! That’s funny”

“Well… obviously” Renji snorted.

“…Obviously?” Grimmjow blinked.

“Fuck I keep forgetting how out of the loop you are on Ahmya. She’s kind of a local hero”
“What?” Grimmjow pulled a disbelieving face.

Shuhei interrupted,

“When the mainland started to industrialise more, they started trading fewer products. The main thing they farm here on the island are papayas. The farmers weren’t getting any money for their produce because the mainland weren’t buying. It was killing our local economy”

Grimmjow felt like he wasn’t sure whether he had had too much to drink to fully process what Shuhei was saying, or whether he hadn’t had enough. Things like economy were not his strong point, Ichigo understood things like that better than he did. He glanced up the table to see him in a deep discussion with Kenpachi and he smiled at the thought that Ichigo had fit in so well with the unit just like he had. He was glad he didn’t have to worry about Ichigo if something were ever to happen to him. Shuhei was still talking about economics… or papayas… what was he going on about?

“She went round all the local restaurants, bars, businesses and encouraged them to use the papayas, to cook with them and make drinks out of them, to heighten their popularity. She helped the farmers sell directly to the local businesses without having to worry about the costs of a middle man. Once the mainland started to see the popularity of the papayas they wanted to start buying them again. The farmers employed her to manage the business of selling to the mainland because they knew they could trust her. She’s been sorting out the trade deals on the mainland for a while”

Grimmjow’s head was starting to hurt. It sounded very altruistic and all but he didn’t understand what the hell that had to do with the drinks list.

“You haven’t answered my question” he huffed at Shuhei.

“It’s a signature drink” Renji offered, “This is her favourite bar, so they made a drink that perfectly matches her… papayas… and a shit ton of rocket fuel”

Now Grimmjow was interested, he wanted to meet this woman who was described as something that tasted fucking delicious with a shit ton of rocket fuel.

“How does it taste?” he asked.

“Like liquid gold… or liquid fire, depending on how many you’ve had” Shuhei groaned putting his forehead on the table.

“Oh you’re just being a bitch because you got so fucked on it that time that you spewed all over main street on the way home” Renji replied, “besides, it’s fucking delicious”

“And that was Ahmya’s fault too, she kept egging me on!” Shuhei protested.

“God, I’m getting one!” Grimmjow stood up suddenly and prowled over to the bar with a look of determination on his face that looked positively terrifying. Some of the less brave woman he passed took one look at his face and hurried out of his way.

“One of those Ahmya things!” Grimmjow roared at the bartender, “In fact, make it two, let’s fuck Kurosaki up!”

Grimmjow’s grin spread across his face as he watched the bartender offload several types of alcohol into the glasses. It was going to be a good night.
I might have said there was smut to be had in chapter 5 but this fic appears to be growing by the day. See chapter 6 for shameless smut.

The night had carried on in much the same fashion, with the team getting louder and more raucous the more drinks they had. Ichigo had nearly choked when he tried the drink that Grimmjow gave him and he spluttered,

“Fuck me! How much alcohol is in that, Grimm?”

Grimmjow laughed, he’d already drunk half of his and he was beginning to think that he might have to change his regular.

Ichigo and Grimmjow found themselves reunited again at the opposite end of the table to Kenpachi. They sat in a booth talking to the men on either side of them, Grimmjow’s arms stretched across the back of the seating and round Ichigo’s shoulder. The more he drank, the closer he got to Ichigo. As much as they might ultimately end up going home with some hot women from the bar, it was
obvious to anyone that Ichigo belonged to Grimmjow. Ichigo liked it, he kind of wished Grimm
would reach down with his fingers and brush them against him but he knew it wasn’t likely in this
setting. Not that Grimmjow cared what anyone else thought, it was just how they were.

Laughter coming from the bar area caught Ichigo’s attention and he turned his head to look over
Grimmjow’s shoulder to see Yoruichi and Soi Fon at the bar surrounded by a pack of men all eager
to impress. Ichigo snorted, none of them were better looking than Grimmjow or himself. He turned to
face Grimmjow and said quietly into his ear,

“Yoruichi’s here”

“Fuck. Maybe if we stay here she won’t think to come over”

“Pussy”

“As long as I don’t have to deal with that shit again, you can call me what you like!” Grimmjow
raised his eyebrows dramatically. His face was close to Ichigo’s now. Grimmjow noticed suddenly
and then couldn’t stop noticing, he looked down at Ichigo’s mouth… several times.

“Stop it” Ichigo grinned, only to have it returned from Grimmjow who was looking downright
fucking mischievous.

“Hey,” Ichigo got his attention again, “I was talking to Kenpachi before, he was telling me about that
Ahmya… how she sorted out the economy again for the whole island”

“I know, I got the same story from Shuhei and Renji” Grimmjow nodded.

“And fuuuck she was hot,” Ichigo emphasised the ‘fuuuck’ and Grimmjow’s skin tingled.

“Jesus Christ and that ass, what I would do to that a…”

All of a sudden the table around them erupted as the entire team stood up, some of them up onto their
chairs, and roared and whistled and cheered at the top of their lungs towards the entrance to the bar.
All that is, apart from Byakuya, who had slunk off to the bar where he stood drinking alone. This
was something he did quite frequently so they just left him to it. Ichigo and Grimmjow slowly
followed their line of sight until their eyes rested upon the cause of all the commotion.

Ahmya had arrived.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“Fuck me”

It came out of Grimmjow like a whisper as he struggled to keep his mouth from dropping open. He’d
never seen anyone so provocative in his entire life and half of the appeal was that she clearly was
dressing for no one but herself. The majority of the women who frequented the bars and clubs on the
island wore clothes fashionable on the mainland, where most of them came from. The dresses were
constricting, the fabric stiff and thick, their heels heavy and clunky. Grimmjow thought they looked
ridiculous most of the time, not to mention damn uncomfortable, it was just too formal a style for the
island. Plus, all those straps and zips and constricting dresses were a pain in the arse to get off. The
air was constantly humid here, the women who knew the island wore thinner fabric that was looser
and airier. The other men liked their women dressed like sweet wrappers apparently, but Grimmjow
found it irritating. If Ahmya had been trying to impress, he was sure she would have been wearing
something similar to everyone else.
She was not.

Ichigo watched her walk in, holding hands with Orihime and Rukia. It surprised him, he didn’t even realise that they were friends, but he was glad that she was friends with them rather than someone like Yoruichi or Soi Fon. Rukia was Byakuya’s sister, and just like him she didn’t take anyone’s shit. That made her a loyal friend once she’d decided you were worthwhile. Orihime, well, she was just nice, plain and simple. Everyone knew she didn’t have a mean bone in her body. It made Ichigo feel kinda warm inside that she had such a good judge of character to be friends with them, and the fact that they were friends with her made him think she must be a decent person. The other women who came to the bars came in groups, gaggles of giggling girls who tottered around and fake-laughed but as soon as one had a chance at snagging a guy, they’d throw all the others under the bus. Yoruichi and Soi-Fon both fell into this category.

Ahmya seemed a little taken aback at the greeting they were receiving but half a second later a smile split her face and she beamed across the room to them. Orihime gave a polite little wave, clearly mortified at all the attention but not wanting to be rude. Rukia rolled her eyes but there was a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. The table started to calm down just before a new frenzy began of gathering more chairs for the newcomers who they just assumed would be joining them. Ichigo and Grimmjow hadn’t moved, both of them still looking over Grimmjow’s shoulder at Ahmya as though time had stopped. Orihime spoke into Ahmya’s ear and then she and Rukia whisked off to the bathroom together leaving Ahmya to make her way to the bar alone to get a drink.

If he was honest with himself, Ichigo didn’t know which part of her to take in first. She was like a mermaid, or a rare bird, or an exotic flower – beautiful, rare, enchanting. She walked straight to the bar, her hips swaying. She didn’t look to see if anyone was watching her, she didn’t care, although by this point most eyes in the room were definitely eyeing up some part or other of her. The men were staring after her with desire and the women, well some of them were almost apoplectic.

She wore a light-weight black satin dress, a single thin strap holding it around her neck and a sash tying it around the front. It was revealing, but it didn’t seem out of place or unnecessary to Ichigo, it seemed like the sort of thing you would want to wear in the kind of heat they’d been having. As she walked her legs seemed to sparkle and glitter and his eyes were drawn to jewels that flowed up the front of her legs. He had no idea how they were attached or what they even were, he assumed they were her shoes, but he had never seen anything like it and they emphasised her lean, long, bronzed legs making his mind wander to thought of running his fingers up the inside of them, his mouth, his tongue…

Grimmjow was having just as hard a time keeping his mind in check. As she’d entered the bar she’d been hit by the air-conditioning which made it obvious that she was not wearing a bra. Grimmjow could see that she didn’t need to, her breasts were perfect – not too big, pert and inviting him to graze his teeth over her nipples, take them into his mouth…

As she walked to the end of the bar, she passed the table, and Ichigo and Grimmjow simultaneously turned their heads and leaned forward to see around Ikaku’s hulking frame. He had turned up earlier and had been regaling them with stories of his time away. Her back was to them now and they could see the expanse of smooth, golden, untouched skin exposed in her backless dress. Her dark hair was up away from her face but fell back down around her shoulders, running like waves, the gloss of it catching the light as she walked. She moved with so much grace and purpose it was like the time had stopped around her. It made Ichigo think of a panther prowling through the forest. Grimmjow leaned further forward and covered his dick with his arms. Ichigo’s throat seemed to have completely dried up.

And then she did something that neither of them expected. She walked right down to the end of the
bar, to where Byakuya was sitting alone. Alone, because any women that had tried to chat him up had been swiftly dismissed. She put her hand on his arm in greeting, and Ichigo nearly choked to see Byakuya turn to her with a half smile forming on his face, and lean down to kiss her on the cheek. Ichigo actually looked around to the rest of the table to see if anyone else had noticed the universe-altering display that had just happened in front of them. Ichigo couldn’t remember the last time he’d seen Byakuya smile, let alone show any sort of affection to someone. Not even Rukia could get that kind of response out of him.

“What the fuck is happening” Grimmjow muttered, wide-eyed.

The bartender gave her a drink on the house and she tipped him, saying a few more words to Byakuya before turning her attention to the table who had given her such a welcome only a few minutes earlier.

“She’s coming over. She’s-coming-over!” Grimmjow whispered to Ichigo.

“Get your shit together” Ichigo hissed.

“Fuck me, I can’t cope with how hot she is. I’m going to the bathroom to splash some water on my face” Grimmjow joked, but stood up anyway to do just that.

The closer she got, the more beautiful she became, like a siren calling to Ichigo from the depths of the see – he was enthralled. Grimmjow timed his move so that he walked past her as she was nearing the table. Ichigo watched her eyes track him, an almost carnal look flashed over her face for a moment before she caught Ichigo’s eye as he was still watching her. Desire rushed through him at the look she’d given Grimmjow, and that same look was now directed at him. He felt a sudden urge to get up out of his seat and take her face in his hands but he supressed it, shocked at the strength of his own feelings which if truth be told… only ever really surfaced that fervently with Grimmjow. She bit her lip, giving him a smile, her eyes sparkling seductively before turning to the other end of the table and taking a seat by Kenpachi’s side. Kenpachi gave her a bear hug, as did Renji and that entire end of the table started talking animatedly.

Ichigo watched her from afar as he waited for Grimm to return, she would speak and everyone would listen enraptured by what she was saying, then burst into howls of laughter at the things she said. Genuine laughter. He knew these men inside and out, they were his brothers. They were not flirting, or trying to sleep with her, they genuinely enjoyed her company and thought she was hilarious. When she laughed herself, she tipped her head right back, unafraid of embarrassing herself or caring what anyone else thought. Her hair rippled like flowing chocolate over the back of the chair and then fell back across her face as she leaned forward still laughing, her eyes closed and her nose scrunched up. Ichigo yearned to make her laugh like that. Orihime and Rukia returned and found themselves places to sit, talking with the men they’d known for years from growing up on the island.

As Grimmjow took a piss he ran his other hand over his face. What the fuck was happening to him. Maybe it was all the fucking papaya drink going to his head but whatever it was he wanted it to go away… or never leave. He wasn’t even sure. It was true, he and Ichigo had a larger than average appetite for women but there was no challenge in an easy target and all the women they met were the same. Everything he had learned so far about Ahmya had told him otherwise and once he was actually faced with her she filled his mind like an intoxication. The only other person truly capable of that was Ichigo.

He washed his hands and left the bathroom, running straight into… Yoruichi.
“Grimm…” she purred, putting her hand on his upper arm and leaning into him, “how’s things?”

It seemed to Grimmjow that that was a pretty weird question to ask considering she had only seen him last night and the fact that she’d been right outside the toilets at the time he was leaving was downright suspicious.

“Hi… yeah, good thanks. Sorry, I have to go, Ichigo’s waiting for me”

Grimmjow suddenly became very aware that he didn’t want Ahmya to see Yoruichi practically rubbing herself up on him outside the bathroom. He extracted himself from her grasps and stepping round her, called over his shoulder,

“Nice to see you Yoruichi, catch you later!”

The last thing he wanted to do was ‘catch her later’ and he hoped she wouldn’t read too much into it. He was just trying to let her down in the kind of polite way he envisaged Ichigo would do it. He had more tact than Grimmjow for sure, but Grimmjow was trying at least. He sauntered over to the bar, looking straight ahead – he didn’t ever make eye contact with the women unless it was deliberate. They could chase him, not the other way round. He caught Ichigo’s eye from across the room and motioned him to come over to the bar with a swift tilt of his head. Ichigo made his way over, he was pretty sure someone grabbed his ass as he passed but he carried on regardless until he was standing next to Grimmjow at the bar. They ordered two more of the papaya flavoured drinks and tried unsuccessfully to stop themselves from looking over to the table every few seconds.

"Right, this is getting fucking silly" Grimmjow shot out finally, "We're going to finish our drinks, get some more, and then just go back over there and have a good time"

"You're right," Ichigo agreed, "We came out to have a good night and hang out"

"Exactly, and she's only affecting us this way because everyone hyped her up in the first place and she looks different to all the other women here" Grimmjow tried and failed to convince himself.

"...Yeah" Ichigo replied, equally unconvinced.

They stood at the bar for a while in comfortable silence as they drank, purposely avoiding eye-contact with Byakuya who was down at the other end. Not that he would have engaged them in conversation even if they were trapped in a lift together. Ichigo rolled his head back and forth, squinting as he did so.

"What's up with you?" Grimmjow frowned.

"My neck and my shoulders are so stiff, I feel like they just need loosening up or something. It's grinding on my nerves"

Grimmjow lifted one arm up and placed his hand on Ichigo's shoulder where it met his neck and began to massage the tension away, while simultaneously taking a swig of his drink with the other hand. A groan escaped Ichigo's lips.

"Hello, I don't think we've met?" came a velvety voice from behind them.

Ichigo jumped, and Grimmjow coughed into his drink but didn’t remove his hand. Both looked around to see who had spoken to them and despite all of his earlier skittishness, Grimmjow’s eyes lit up and a smile took over his face. Ichigo thought he looked downright wicked. Finally he lowered his arm as both men turned fully to face the woman who had been unknowingly on their minds all day.
“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,

“How do I taste?”

Grimmjow didn’t even skip a beat,
they stood there grinning like damn fools.

Eventually the two of them made it back to their seats. They’d taken a detour around the bar, talking to a few of the regulars and locals that they knew before finding themselves in the corner of the booth again at the end of the table. Grimmjow had spent some time talking to Orihime, just to be polite more than anything. He wasn’t in the habit of making small talk or being polite but he always made an exception for Orihime because of how kind she was. He went out of his way to lower his voice and tried his hardest to tone down his facial expressions but no matter what he did she always looked terrified of him. It made Ichigo laugh and he teased Grimmjow mercilessly for scaring Orihime.

This is exactly what they were talking about at their seats.

“I mean, how many times do I need to talk to the girl before she stops being so afraid of me?” Grimmjow grumbled, “It’s not like I’m a nut job or anything!”

Ichigo gave him an incredulous look,

“That’s exactly what you are, you weirdo. Ok show me the look you were giving her again”

And Grimmjow tried to set his face into a calming and polite expression, just like he did when talking to Orihime. Ichigo burst into laughter and doubled over, tears falling down his cheeks. He laughed so much he started wheezing, and every time he looked at Grimm he was sat trying to hold the same expression on his face which made it worse. Eventually he snapped when he couldn’t hold his annoyance in anymore,

“What are you laughing at! This is my best attempt!”

“Ohmygod, Grimmjow. You look ridiculous!” Ichigo said through his tears, he was laughing so much his jaw was beginning to hurt.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t get rid of the giggles that had overcome him, and because he couldn’t stop laughing… Grimmjow started. Ichigo’s laugh was infectious and as much as Grimmjow tried to play annoyed, he couldn’t keep the grin off his face. He started to laugh, which only spurred Ichigo on until they were both holding each other up and taking deep breaths, clutching their stomachs between laughter that refused to stop bubbling up out of them.

It was at that moment that Ahmya, found herself sitting in the available seat next to them. She looked confused and it quickly turned into a grin of her own as the laughter began to spread.

“Ohmygod watch this, show her Grimm”

Grimmjow turned to Ahmya and trying his best to keep his face straight, composed it in the same way he had earlier. Ahmya’s eyebrows shot up and Ichigo could see on her face that she was trying so hard to keep it together.

“What the hell is that?” She whispered.

“That’s Grimmjow’s ‘calm and gentle’ face that he puts on when he speaks to Orihime!” Ichigo explained through his laughter.

“Jesus, no wonder she’s terrified of you!” Ahmya declared.

“What?”
“I know right!!!” Ichigo started howling.

Ahmya couldn’t keep it in any longer and the giggle she’d been trying unsuccessfully to hold in bubbled out of her mouth into a full fit of laughter which set Grimmjow off again and then Ichigo. All three of them were falling about laughing. Grimmjow’s head had fallen back against the booth as his laughter shot up to the ceiling like fireworks. Ichigo was practically sliding off his chair as he let out long, ‘oooooohs’ of breath to try and calm himself down. Ahmya was holding onto Grimmjow’s upper arm to keep herself upright and her eyes were scrunched tight she laughed along with them, the sound musical and light.

When they finally managed to get to a position where they had all calmed down enough to breathe normally again, Ichigo noticed that she had tears clinging to impossible lashes. They looked like jewels resting there and he resisted the urge to reach over with his thumb and wipe one away.

“God, you two are mental” she said, a chuckle still forcing its way past her full lips every now and then, “The guys said you were a right pair but they didn’t warn me of this!”

She was so easy to be around, alive and fun and vibrant in a way that Grimmjow and Ichigo had never seen in a woman before.

“He’s always made me laugh this much,” Ichigo said shaking his head and smiling, “Ever since we met. Even when we first met and all he wanted to do was fight me!”

“What?” Ahmya said, surprised, “I can’t imagine that at all! You two fighting?”

“Oh yeah,” Ichigo carried on, “First day we met, first thing he said to me – ‘Fight me Kurosaki, you little bitch!’”

“Ha!” Grimmjow exploded.

“And what happened?!”

“He fucking fought me, didn’t he!” Grimmjow declared.

“Why did you want to fight him?” she was open mouthed but her eyes were twinkling with glee.

“Because he was a cocky little shit” Ichigo offered.

“NO. Because I was the new guy at school so I found the hardest guy there and intended to knock him out. And this absolute nutter just went for me! I couldn’t believe it. If anything HE was the cocky little shit”

Ahmya cried out loud and started to laugh again at how ridiculous and hilarious the pair of them were.

“And we fought every day…” Ichigo smiled at Grimmjow

“For eight weeks…” The smile was returned.

“And we’ve been friends ever since” Ichigo finished.

“You just became friends? Just like that? After all that fighting?” Ahmya asked in amazement.

“Yeah” Grimmjow said simply, “Sometimes you have to beat the crap out of each other a few times before you decide that this person is the friend for you”
The three of them talked for a long time. Ahmya asked all about their friendship and they told her all about how they’d started training together and had been stationed together in a variety of places ever since. They asked her questions too, and discovered that she’d been born on the island and lived most of her whole life here running up the hills and along the coasts. Her father had been transferred to the unit and when she’d been born he’d decided to stay there until he retired so that she could grow up in one place rather than having to uproot every 6 months or so. She told them all about how she and Renji went to school together, and told them plenty of embarrassing stories about him growing up they would definitely use to terrorise him later.

“So do your family still live here on the island then?” Grimmjow asked, wondering if they’d met her dad unknowingly.

“No” she said, a little softer than before, “When my dad died, my mum moved back to the mainland where she was from. She wanted me to go with her but… the island is in my blood. My dad came from here originally and this was where he died. I couldn’t imagine ever leaving, everything I have is here, this is my home”

It was at that moment that the team had begun to holler and shout at them from the open space within the middle of the room. The music was being turned up, the lights being turned down, and they were being called over to dance along with everyone else. The area was becoming packed, and quickly, as everyone started to move together in the dark, hot room. Ahmya stood up gracefully, set her glass down and then turned to face them. Her face had changed into something that made the heat pool in Grimmjow’s stomach, Ichigo took in a breath involuntarily. She had a smile on her face and her eyes sparkled with a mischief that almost made Grimm a bit nervous.

“Are you guys going to show a girl a good time then or what?”

And with that she took Grimmjow by the hand, motioning with her finger for Ichigo to follow, and set off for the dancefloor without even so much as a glance behind her. As Grimmjow began to feel his feet move he grabbed the front of Ichigo’s t-shirt and pulled him along behind him. Ichigo only just had enough time to set his drink down before he was swept along like an unruly child being dragged home. She led them through the crowd of people, weaving in and out of couples dancing closely together and groups of friends dancing in circles. The room was so dark now, and the dance area so full that they couldn’t see any of the team, or anyone they knew at all.

She turned herself around until she found herself between the two men and began to dance. They needed no more encouragement than that. The drinks had hit them in the sweet spot, the music was good, and the night was young. The base boomed out of the speakers and Ichigo could feel it in his chest. As more people joined the dancing, everyone shuffled together and the two men were forced closer to Ahmya, caging her in between them. She backed up against Grimmjow, pressing into him with her ass and pulling Ichigo ever nearer until both men were so intimately close to her that they had to look down at her petite frame between them. Grimmjow leaned his face down to the side of her of her neck and began to kiss, bite, suck the exposed bronze skin that covered her like sunlight. She smelled even more amazing up close in the sweltering heat
and his mind began to swim with a hunger for her that overwhelmed him. Ichigo put one hand on her waist, above where Grimmjow was now running his hands along the tops of her thighs, and brought the other to the side of her face. He traced her mouth with his thumb before claiming her lips. She tasted sweet and delicious, and he felt rather than heard her moan into his mouth. His body’s reaction was to kiss her deeper, and push against her until she could feel not one but two men’s desire grinding into her.

As Ichigo broke the kiss he turned his attention to her collarbone where he slowly worked his way up to her neck. Her eyes were closed in pure ecstasy as Grimmjow turned her face towards his and tasted her for himself. He took her bottom lip between his teeth, sucking gently before letting go and letting his tongue explore her mouth. His desire was becoming painful. He knew Ichigo must be feeling the same way, he could sense it. The rhythm of her body moving with theirs was building a tension that he didn’t think could possibly continue but it never stopped. Just when he thought he might be about to hit breaking point, Ichigo pulled away with a look in his eyes that gave Grimmjow goosebumps. Ichigo turned around, taking her by the hand and pulling her out the door, knowing that she would grab Grimmjow and bring him too.
All aboard!

By the time they got back to their apartment there had been that many mouths and hands moving, being shared, caressing, kissing, biting, that Grimmjow didn’t know which ones belonged to him anymore. Which was exactly how he liked it. Ichigo stalked through the door first turning lights off so that they wouldn’t be spied on through the giant glass windows from their nosy neighbours. Grimmjow and Ahmya followed soon after. They’d been so unable to keep themselves from each other that Grimmjow eventually had to pick her up and carry her up the stairs with her legs wrapped around him just so that they’d make it the apartment. Grimmjow closed the door behind him without looking, set Ahmya back down on those beautiful bejewelled legs of hers and spun her around to face Ichigo who had already removed his t-shirt and was staring at the two of them with a hunger that did things to Grimmjow’s insides. Ahmya was breathing heavily as she leaned back against Grimmjow’s chest, taking in the sight of the man in front of her, her eyes dark and pupils blown. As Ichigo stood there half naked, Grimmjow was amazed once again at how perfect this man was. It was like he was sculpted by the Gods, he thought. No matter how many times he saw him, fought with him, fought against him, fucked him, he never stopped being surprised at how much desire he had for him and how strikingly he looked with his shirt off. People underestimated Ichigo, just like he had when they’d first met. Ichigo wasn’t as loud or as gaudy as Grimm could be, but Grimm knew that Ichigo was strong and he was powerful, and he had a force about him that Grimmjow would never attain. He wouldn’t admit it to anybody but Ichigo had beaten the shit out of him the first time they’d fought, and probably could now if he really tried.

The thought of all that power underneath something so beautiful made his dick throb painfully in his trousers. Combined with the scent and feel of Ahmya who was leaning back against him as she took in the sight of Ichigo, her small body smooth and hot and strong, he wanted to sink his teeth into the closest thing that he could. But he didn’t, he resisted. He already knew what he was going to do. His hands ghosted up her sides, around her ribs to her stomach where he began to slowly undo the sash that held her dress in place, unwrapping her like a present that he was offering to Ichigo. Her eyes never left Ichigo as she watched him watch her slowly be revealed for him. Grimmjow had his mouth to the back of her head, breathing in her scent, but his eyes never left Ichigo either. The dress came undone and opened like a robe at the front. Ichigo closed his hands into fists and took in a deep breath, trying to keep his desire in check. The sight of her slowly being unveiled to him, the pair of them looking at him with so much lust and hunger, waiting to see what his reaction would be, was killing him. He ached for them, but Grimm wasn’t done.

Grimmjow slowly guided the satin dress down her shoulders and it fell like syrup towards the ground. Before it reached the floor, he caught it and draped it over the back of a nearby chair. Ahmya was left in nothing but her small black underwear and the heels that wrapped her legs in starlight. Ichigo was starting to lose his shit just standing there watching, but he knew they were putting this show on for him and he wasn’t about to rush it. Ahmya was staring at him with such an intensity that he couldn’t believe that they had only met a few hours earlier, surely they’d known her their whole lives? She wasn’t remotely phased by what was unfolding between them, in fact she seemed to revel in it. Grimmjow began to sink down to a crouching position, slowly running his hands down the sides of her body. When he reached the top of her underwear he carried on, but took
the underwear with him down to the floor where she stepped out of it and both men could see her for
the first time. And fuck she was perfect, Ichigo thought.

He began to slowly undo his belt and his trousers as Grimmjow, who was now crouched behind
Ahmya began to kiss and nip his way up the back and sides of her legs. He carried on over her
perfect round ass, up the beautiful smooth skin of her back, and to her neck, all the while roaming his
hands over her body in ways that made her head tilt back and her mouth make small sighs whilst still
keeping eye contact with Ichigo. Grimmjow carefully swept her long hair back over her shoulders so
that Ichigo had an uninterrupted view of everything in front of him. Ichigo had undone his trousers
now, letting them fall to the floor along with his underwear and then stepped out of them and his
shoes, sliding them behind him and out of the way with his foot. At the sight of him, Ahmya let out a
pant. She already knew that both men were generously sized, she’d felt that when they’d pushed up
against her at the bar, but seeing it in the flesh was very different. His muscular legs and chiselled
body looked unbreakable, she pressed the tops of her legs together at the sight of him.

Grimmjow held her waist with one massive hand that could easily engulf over half of her
circumference, and with his other he began his descent. He slid his fingers over her stomach and
down towards her wet heat. She was completely smooth, something he knew that younger islander
women did because of the heat on the island. She was so soft under his rough hands but she didn’t
shy away from him, if anything it turned her on more and he could feel her trying to stand up taller,
willing his hand to move quicker and reach her sooner. Ichigo was palming himself now, the sight of
Grimmjow slowly toying with Ahmya, combined with the fact that she was yearning for it, made
him need to start doing something to himself before he went crazy. Grimmjow ran his middle finger
down her sex towards her entrance which he discovered was glistening. He parted her with two
fingers, a display for Ichigo that made him moan involuntarily, and pressed his middle finger against
her opening. She bit her lip with anticipation as he ran his now drenched fingertip back up towards
her clit. As he slid over the bundle of nerves, she shuddered and made a low noise in her throat that
made Ichigo begin to pump harder. Grimmjow was straining against his trousers, his dick searching
for any kind of friction it could find. But he knew he wanted to delay it as much as possible,
knowing that it would feel so much better if he did. Grimmjow rubbed in small circles, causing her to
lift her arms up and wrap them around the back of his neck to hold herself steady. Both of them had
their eyes on Ichigo, watching him tend to himself at the exhibition they were putting on for him.

Grimmjow knew that Ichigo would be getting close to losing his resolve and he knew exactly the
thing to push him over the edge. Ahmya was almost whimpering now, wanting more, needing more,
and reaching her own breaking point of being teased by Grimm. Grimmjow slowly slid his fingers
down again to her entrance where he hovered for a minute, causing her to buck slightly in frustration
above his hand. He grinned a wicked grin into the side of her head, kissing her temple, before
slowing sinking his middle finger into her the whole way. She could keep her eyes on Ichigo no
longer as they closed against her will and her mouth dropped open into a moan. And Ichigo… he
couldn’t take it anymore. As soon as Grimmjow saw Ichigo closing the distance between them he
carefully removed his hand from Ahmya who didn’t have time to wonder at the loss as Ichigo picked
her up, wrapping her adorned legs around his waist. He reached underneath her and began to rub
himself against her sex which was now so hot and wet that it made the memory of his own hand
seem painful. Grimmjow grinned his deliciously wicked grin, glad to see how much they had turned
Ichigo on. He pulled his own t-shirt over his head, throwing it God knows where, and then started to
unbuckled his own trousers. Once Grimmjow had released himself from all of his clothes he stepped
forwards towards the two beautiful creatures in front of him. If he was honest with himself, watching
them like that, he didn’t know which one he wanted more.

Ahmya had wrapped her arms around Ichigo’s neck and was kissing him with a fury and a passion
that he’d never felt outside of Grimmjow. He knew she was urging him to fill her but he wasn’t
going to start until Grimm was undressed and ready. Grimmjow pressed up behind her, his powerful
chest meeting her impossibly smooth skin. He took himself in his hand and guided himself to her sex. Ichigo had not yet entered her, as he knew he wouldn’t have, and they both rubbed against her in that small space, smothering themselves in the juices that they’d elicited from her. As soon as she felt both men against her she had bitten down on Ichigo’s bottom lip causing a moan to escape his mouth. Grimmjow pulled back and began to palm her wetness up and down himself, leaving Ichigo room to finally enter her. Ichigo lifted her slightly with one arm and used his other hand to line himself up at her entrance. She was panting now, her own heat throbbing from the absence of friction. He held her there for a second, his now dark eyes holding contact with her own. She whimpered at his stillness and that was enough. He sank her down onto him until he was fully sheathed inside her. They moaned in unison and Grimmjow who was watching from a different position whispered,

“Fuck”

It came out of his mouth like a prayer.

She used her powerful legs now to lift herself up and down Ichigo’s impressive length and he supported her under her perfectly round ass with his hands. His head fell back with a groan and she used the opportunity to latch onto his neck with her teeth, to suck and bite, which made him start to pump himself into her harder and faster.

It was at this point that Grimmjow pressed up against her back once again.

“Ahmya” he whispered into her ear, in a way that made her shiver and moan,

“Tell me what you want, I don’t want to do anything you’re not comfortable doing”

Both he and Ichigo knew it was a risk, many women liked the idea of having both of them together but very few ever had the appetite or the courage to follow through with it. They didn’t like to leave each other out, so they didn’t tend to go along with it at all.

She leaned her head back against his shoulder, giving Ichigo room to lean forward and take one of her perfect nipples into his mouth. He hadn’t even had time to truly appreciate them before.

Grimmjow turned his head so that he could kiss Ahmya deeply and she pushed her face into his, showing him her need.

“I came here for both of you, Grimmjow” her velvety voice answered his request, “Fuck me”

On hearing her words, Ichigo immediately pulled her upright against him so that Grimmjow too could join them. He stopped thrusting into her and with both arms he held her up near the end of his shaft, using his hands to gently spread her for Grimmjow. Grimmjow pushed the head of his cock, which was now slick with her juices, against the opening of her ass and at an impossibly slow rate, Ichigo began to lower her onto both of them.

All three of them moaned in unison, Grimmjow’s head pushing against the back of Ahmya’s and Ichigo’s against her forehead as both of them tried to keep still so that she could adjust.

“Mmm, I feel so full,” she panted out.

Grimmjow moved his hands underneath her to take her minimal weight from Ichigo. Ichigo moved one of his hands so that he was holding just above her waist, his thumb rubbing across the flesh that covered her ribs. With his other arm he reached for Grimmjow, pulling him even closer, reaching up his back and holding him against the back of her at his shoulder blade. Ahmya put her hands on Ichigo’s shoulders and one of them made its way to the back of his neck and into his hair where her
fingers tugged gently, causing him to make a sound at the back of his throat that he wasn’t aware he could even make.

“Fuck, you’re so tight” Grimmjow spoke into the back of her hair, and Ichigo groaned because he felt it too. He began to pull out at a deliberately slow pace until he got right to the tip and then pushed back in with the same rhythm. As soon as Ichigo had started to fill Ahmya again, Grimmjow began to pull away. Both men were of a similar size, and once Ichigo had her down to the hilt again, and Grimmjow had nearly pulled out completely, they reversed their movements, Grimmjow entering and Ichigo pulling back.

“Fuck…” but this time it was Ahmya’s voice, moaning the curse out like she didn’t want it to leave her lips, “… you’re both perfect”

Ichigo and Grimmjow looked up at her, her head slightly above theirs’ now. The only thing that Grimmjow could think was that she looked like an angel. He had no idea what kind of angel would allow he and Ichigo to sink themselves into her this deeply and together but if one existed, it was her. Ichigo looked at Grimmjow over Ahmya’s shoulder, neither of them could believe that this woman thought they were perfect, when it was so blindingly obvious to them that she was the perfect one. Ichigo took her mouth to his, not sure why it was important but needing to try and show her with his lips how he knew they both felt.

They began to move more quickly now, building up to a pace that Ichigo felt like they’d probably been building up to all night. Grimm and Ichigo were so attuned to each other that they never missed a beat. Each one knew the other’s body and mind so well that they could work together like this without even needing to communicate. The sounds leaving each of the three of them were lewd and lustful. Grimmjow thought he’d never heard anything quite like it and it only served to spur them both on. Ichigo pushed them both to a punishing pace, he knew that Grimmjow could keep up, and he watched as one of Grimmjow’s hands left Ahmya’s ass and snaked around to her front. Ichigo took his hand from her waist and replaced the hand that Grimmjow had moved, keeping her steady and upright. Grimmjow used his adept hands to run circles around her clit. If they thought she was loud before, it was nothing to her volume now.

Ichigo could feel himself getting nearer, he knew that Grimm must be feeling the same way which was why he’d started to use his hand as well. Grimmjow could feel the heat and tension building in his muscles as he struggled to hold it back. Ahmya began to buck against them as they hammered into her and both men could feel her muscles begin to flutter around their cocks. Her head fell back and she drew a breath in that she held for a few seconds before the dam finally burst and she cried aloud as she came. Ichigo pressed his face into her neck as she dug her nails into his shoulders and Grimmjow had his mouth pressed against her back. They kept up their punishing pace as she rode her orgasm. Her muscles contracted around them and it was enough to send Ichigo over the edge. He dragged his own fingers decisively down Grimmjow’s back and the sensation was the undoing of Grimmjow who joined Ichigo in releasing himself inside of Ahmya. Ichigo groaned into her neck as he came, with Grimmjow’s deep voice rumbling a ‘fuck’ against her back at the same time as he too finished.

They stood like that, pressed against each other with Ahmya between them, for several minutes. None of them wanted to break the peace that had fallen on them. Grimmjow could feel her heart hammering in her body through her back, and Ichigo felt her panting breath on his face. Both men were exhausted, and once they had all managed to slow their breathing down a little at least, they lifted her carefully off them and set her down on her feet. She kissed each of them in turn, a deep and passionate kiss that left Ichigo seeing stars and Grimmjow with a ringing in his ears. They led her over to a chair where they sat her down and carefully undid the intricate straps of her shoes from just below her knees, down to her ankles. Once removed, they pulled her back to her feet, she was even
tinier without them and Grimmjow grinned. They led her through the apartment to Grimmjow’s room and laid her down on Grimmjow’s bed where they accompanied her – Grimm on one side and Ichigo on the other. Within seconds, all three of them were sound asleep.
Ichigo woke up slowly the next morning. The sun had risen and was dancing across the room. He remembered getting up in the middle of the night to open the window, and a breeze was gently tickling the parts of him that were uncovered. He knew straight away that he wasn’t in his own bed but was in Grimmjow’s. He figured it must have been one hell of a night if Grimmjow had consented to letting Ichigo sleep in his bed. Ichigo smiled and cast his mind back to the previous evening’s events.

His eyes snapped open. He very slowly and carefully looked down to see what he could only describe as some sort of ethereal fairy tucked under his arm. Her eyes were closed as she slept and her full mouth was parted ever so slightly. One of her arms lay loosely across his chest and he could see her delicate fingers, they looked tiny against him. She barely weighed a thing which was why he hadn’t noticed her before and one of her legs wrapped around his lower half. Every part of her that he could see was golden and smooth and she seemed to glow in the morning sun. She looked so peaceful and content. Her hair had come loose and was scattered around her in voluminous dark waves.

It was only then that Ichigo realised where Grimmjow was, and this was what shocked him more than anything. Grimmjow lay on top of Ichigo’s outstretched arm, the same one that Ahmya was tucked underneath, her head resting against the side of his chest. No wonder he couldn’t feel his arm
if Grimm’s great bulk was on top it if, he caught himself thinking. As he took in the rest of
Grimmjow with his eyes he could see that he lay on his side, his powerful arm wrapped around
Ahmya’s middle and his face pressed into the back of her hair. Now that Ichigo was waking up more
he realised that all of their feet seemed to be tangled together at the bottom of the bed and when he
felt with the back of his head, he realised that it was in fact Grimmjow’s arm underneath him.

Ichigo couldn’t believe that Grimmjow was asleep at all. He didn’t sleep well, he normally tossed
and turned and talked. Many a time, Ichigo had had to calm him down in his sleep and risk getting
hit in the face in the process. Not wanting commitment wasn’t the only reason Grimm had wanted
Yoruichi to leave the other night. On occasion Ichigo and Grimm had shared a bed, Ichigo was the
only person that Grimmjow felt comfortable sleeping around. It was different when they were out on
a mission, they’d trained themselves to sleep a certain way when sleeping in shifts, but at home when
he was relaxed… he was set in his ways. And yet here he was, wrapped around the two of them
sleeping more peacefully than Ichigo had seen in years. Now that Ichigo thought back to last night he
remembered that it had been Grimmjow really who had led them to his room, he could just have
easily led them to Ichigo’s room and then made his escape. But he hadn’t.

The side of Ichigo’s mouth lifted into a smile as he studied Grimm’s face, or the bits of it that he
could see at least. His normally angry eyebrows were inactive on his face, his powerful jaw relaxed.
For a brief moment Ichigo panicked in case Grimmjow was dead – why else would he be so still?
But then he saw his great chest rise and fall with his breath and Ichigo relaxed again. Grimmjow’s
blue hair was made even more vibrant next to Ahmya’s dark waves and the scent of the two of them
together made Ichigo’s gut ache in a way that had nothing to do with wanting breakfast. He looked
back down to Ahmya’s face and jumped as he realised she was awake and looking up at him
through her dark and sparkling eyes. She had a lazy smile on her face and Ichigo wished he could
burn that image into his mind forever.

“Coffee?” he whispered.

She smiled again and nodded. He carefully extracted his limbs from underneath the pair of them,
Grimmjow’s dead weight being a huge hindrance. He made his way to the open living area,
stretching his arms and trying to will the feeling back into the one that had been underneath Grimm.
He turned the coffee machine on and then headed into his room to find underwear and jeans. It was
gonna be hot today, he could tell. He made his way back to the living area and stood in front of the
ceiling to floor window that made up the wall, looking out across the bay.

“It’s beautiful here”

“Jesus!” Ichigo jumped, he was starting to think she might be a ninja. He realised that he and Grimm
were so heavy and loud, he wasn’t used to have anyone small or quiet around. She laughed that
musical laugh,

“Sorry” she smiled, she had found her dress and was slowly wrapping herself back up in it.

Ichigo felt like the sun was being taken away.

“You’re going?”

“Ichigo…” she began, “I’m sorry for imposing on you. I don’t make a habit of staying over at
people’s homes. I hope you don’t think I’ve outstayed my welcome”

She had sat down and was beginning to put her shoes back on, a lot more quickly than Ichigo and
Grimm had been able to undo them last night, he noted.
“What?... No… Hang on” Ichigo didn’t really know what he wanted to say, he just knew that he couldn’t get the words out fast enough, “Honestly, it was no problem at all! Do you want some breakfast? Me and Grimm, we normally go and get something together, you could come with us?”

Ichigo had no idea what he was thinking, no one ever came to breakfast, they weren’t invited. What was he doing?

“Oh, I can’t. I’m sorry Ichigo, I’m meeting Orihime so I should start heading back soon”

Ichigo felt stupid for asking. But he also felt really confused. Isn’t that what women liked? To be included in plans and stuff. If he was honest, he didn’t really know. He just knew that they always looked disappointed when he and Grimmjow didn’t want to spend time with them. He walked over to the coffee machine and poured out two cups.

“Surely you have time for coffee?” he gave her the most convincing smile he could.

“Aren’t you gonna make Grimmjow one?” she asked curiously.

“I haven’t seen him sleep that deeply in a long time,” Ichigo replied, looking back towards the doorway, a slight furrow in his brow, “I won’t wake him yet”

Ahmya smiled at that and took one of the cups for herself. Ichigo led her out onto the balcony where the breeze from the ocean could just about reach them. They sat down and watched the town begin to wake for the day. They alternated between easy conversation and comfortable silence. She asked him if they played any sports and he was glad that they’d adopted the islands games – football was huge here and Grimmjow was, obviously, brilliant at it. It helped that most opponents were terrified of him. Ichigo wasn’t too bad himself and had been dragged onto one of the local teams along with Grimm. This was clearly the right thing to say. Being an islander, Ahmya had been brought up on football. She’d played herself for a while and still followed the local teams when she could. They talked about the current season that Ahmya had missed most of since being away. Now that there was light around, opposed to the bar last night, he could really study her face. Her eyelashes were as long as he remembered, the eyes underneath them were dark but bright and full of life. Across her nose and cheeks was the tiniest scattering of freckles that could barely be seen unless you were up close.

Eventually their cups were empty. Ichigo hadn’t even noticed, he was too busy listening to Ahmya talk. Her whole face lit up when she spoke, in the morning sun she looked radiant as she sat there twisting her hair up onto the top of her head and pinning it in place. Ichigo was in awe. Truth be told he’d never really spent much time talking to women in recent years, maybe they were all this interesting, but he didn’t really care – this was the one who’d somehow managed to calm Grimmjow and it blew Ichigo’s mind. Finally, Ahmya looked down into her vacant cup, she seemed to catch herself.

“I best go, Ichigo. I don’t want to make Orihime wait”

“Well… Would you like me to walk you? Or would you like a t-shirt or something to wear instead?” Ichigo didn’t really know what had come over him but he didn’t want her to feel embarrassed on the way home, not that she should.

Ahmya stood up and walked to the balcony railing.

“You see where the bay curves just there behind the rock? There are steps cut into the hillside there. I can get up to my home that way so all I need to do is walk along the beach front. It’ll take me no time at all. Thanks though Ichigo”
And before he knew it, she was thanking him for the coffee and heading towards the door.

“Ichigo…”

He looked up at her. He’d been contemplating the bottom of his cup, not really sure what was happening or why but only that he wasn’t sure he liked that she was leaving. When his eyes met hers it was like a jolt had hit him. Her eyes sparkled dangerously and a mischievous smile crept up her face,

“I had a really good time last night, with both of you. Say goodbye to Grimmjow for me, will you?”

And with that, she walked out the door, the thin wisps of hair that weren’t piled up with the rest on her head seemed to wave goodbye to him as she ghosted down the stairs and into the morning sun. Ichigo grinned, he didn’t know why. He shut the door and turned back around to see Grimmjow stepping through his doorway dressed in nothing but fresh morning air. One arm was bent, the hand behind his head as he stretched, the other hand rubbing his face.

“What’s happening?” he said through a yawn.

“Get dressed, we’re going for breakfast”

They’d taken longer than anticipated to get ready because after some discussion they’d decided that as much as they didn’t want to wash off the scent of Ahmya from themselves, it would be more mortifying if they bumped into her while they were out and she realised. As they were both walking towards their separate bathrooms, Grimmjow had said,

“Ichigo… last night…”

“No, not yet. Food first, then discussion”

Ichigo knew that whatever Grimmjow had to say was going to be a conversation that would take a while, and if that was the case he wanted his breakfast in front of him when it happened.

They’d found a table at their usual beachside café for breakfast and had probably ordered more than they needed but the weather was beautiful, the food was delicious and the view was breath-taking. It was a perfect summer’s day and the waves lapped at the shore’s edge lazily mirroring how Grimmjow felt. He leaned back in his seat, cutting things up with his fork and then scooping them into his mouth.

“You never stop eating, do you realise that?” Ichigo laughed.

Grimmjow grinned around a mouthful of pancakes and fruit. They ate in silence for a while, both processing what had happened and what they wanted to say about it. Grimmjow spoke first, Ichigo hadn’t wanted to be the one to start but he was beginning to think he might have to be.

“So tell me what happened this morning” Grimmjow said, looking out towards the sea.

“I thought you’d want to recap last night first” Ichigo grinned.

It was infectious, and Grimmjow gave a short laugh and smiled at the memories of their previous evening.
“We’ll get to that,” he couldn’t keep the smile off his face now, “But tell me about this morning first”

“I thought it might be a bit weird that she stayed over, yknow, but it was actually fine. She wanted to go straight away, she wasn’t rude about it or anything but I offered her a coffee and we chatted a bit. She said…” Ichigo thought back, trying to remember the words Ahmya had used, “…that she didn’t stay over at people’s houses or something, I think she was embarrassed that she’d slept maybe? Maybe she thought we wouldn’t want her to stay. I don’t know, I couldn’t figure it out. But she didn’t seem uncomfortable around us”

“But we know she has regular sex, or that was the impression we got. So why lie?”

“No, I don’t think she was” Ichigo countered, “She didn’t say that she didn’t have sex or anything, I think she meant it literally, she might have sex with people but she doesn’t literally sleep there or stay over or whatever. Basically… she’s you”

“Hn” Grimmjow made a noncommittal noise as he mulled over what Ichigo had said, “Then why stay with us?”

“Well… to be fair, we were all pretty tired, and I suppose we’d drunk a bit’ Ichigo suggested.

“Yeah but that can’t be the first time, she’s clearly able to take care of herself. But then I suppose, we were exactly the same. We didn’t ask her to leave, I didn’t even try and fob her off onto you” he looked at Ichigo now, trying to decipher how he felt about it all.

“That’s what I was thinking! Isn’t that mad. And mate… you slept like a fucking baby. When I woke up we were all wrapped up together and you were out, like fully out for the count” Ichigo looked at Grimmjow intently.

Grimmjow frowned and turned his face back to the ocean. After a few minutes he looked back at Ichigo with a wicked gleam in his eye,

“Last night was fucking hot though”

Ichigo let his head fall back against his chair in jest,

“Fuuuuuck it was. When you just unwrapped her like that, man you should have seen the look in her eye. It was almost terrifying. I have never seen a woman look at me like that. She was totally in sync with you as well, like she knew exactly what you wanted to do to turn me on”

Ichigo’s eyes were sparkling now as they remembered the events. Grimmjow replied,

“I know! It was like we’d known her forever, she just fit. And when you lifted her up and then opened her up for me…” Grimmjow bit his knuckles as he clenched his fist, “FuuuuuuucK. You were both amazing. I thought i’d died”

Ichigo was nodding his head, drawing in a breath. They sat mostly in silence for the next few minutes, only speaking when they remembered a small detail that they wanted to voice,

“Shit and those shoes!”

“Nnng”

Or,

“God and she tasted like that fucking drink”
Ichigo’s eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head as he remembered.

“What the fuck are we going to do?” Ichigo asked finally.

Grimmjow, who had his head in his hands as he tried to calm himself down, turned to look at Ichigo. He licked his bottom lip slowly, a smile starting to form,

“We’re going to hope to hell it happens again”
Grimmjow and Ichigo had spent the rest of the day hanging out. They hadn’t bothered to go out on Saturday night and as much as they’d tried to reason with each other that it was because they should let their bodies recover for one night at least, the truth of it was that they weren’t sure what they’d do or say when they next bumped into Ahmya. Both of them wanted her badly, and neither of them knew where they stood. Would she be a pain in the ass like Yoruichi? They didn’t think so, she hadn’t tried to make contact with them and she hadn’t tried to hang out with them for longer, like some of the women they knew would. That left two other options. Either, she wanted to fuck them again as badly as they wanted to fuck her but wasn’t needy about it, or she was completely indifferent to them, which frankly made Grimmjow feel a little bit sick every time he contemplated it.

Ichigo lay on his front in the sand, his elbows propping him up, face towards the ocean. The beach was quiet for a Sunday and only a few groups of people were gathered together here and there. Kids playing by the shoreline, friends playing volleyball or kick-ups, parents watching carefully from afar. Grimmjow lay on his back with his arms behind his head leaning against the side of Ichigo’s back. He was eyeing up the group of women walking past but his heart wasn’t in it.

“I mean… why wouldn’t she want to fuck us?!” Grimmjow practically shouted out of nowhere.

A woman walking past grabbed her young son’s hand and quickly walked away from them, glaring at Grimmjow pointedly.
“Ahhh shit”

“Maybe we weren’t enough” Ichigo said quietly, his head still facing forwards.

Grimmjow turned around to look at him accusatorily.

“Maybe YOU weren’t enough, mate. I was fucking amazing”

Ichigo laughed, “Fuck off man, I was joking. We were great… I think”

They sat in silence again for a few minutes before Grimmjow broke it,

“I can’t believe how much I complain about Yoruichi and the others and now I’m behaving just like her”

“Yeah well, it makes me think that perhaps you should make a more pointed effort not to sleep with Yoruichi and actually tell her you’re not interested. Instead of just fucking her so you don’t have to have a conversation with her” Ichigo offered.

“Alright Dr. Phil, chill out” but Grimmjow laughed all the same before following it up with, “I’m bored. The beach is boring. We need to go and do something, what time is football?”

“You’re always bored. Football is at 3:00”

“I wasn’t bored Friday night”

“Right, so you’re not bored, you just want to fu-”

“Yes, alright” Grimmjow was getting tense, “Come on, I left my kit at the gym at work. Let’s go get it and then we can leave for football earlier and catch Renji. Then we can quiz him and see if Ahmya has mentioned us, as they’re such good buddies and all”

As much as Ichigo didn’t want to encourage the behaviour, they were both quickly settling into the habit of letting their minds wander to Ahmya whenever they weren’t focused on something else. He thought it was probably a good idea. If anything just to get Grimmjow doing something physical and let off some steam. Ichigo wasn’t immune either, he didn’t want Ahmya to be indifferent to them… but what if she wasn’t – how many times could they have sex without it being too many times? And why was he even considering it. Grimmjow stood up and offered Ichigo his hand, which he took. Grimmjow hauled him to his feet and then used his massive hands to dust Ichigo down, getting the sand off his stomach. His hands moved slower and slower until eventually he was just holding Ichigo by the waist, staring at his abs. Ichigo’s breath had begun to catch the moment Grimmjow had started and as their eyes met Grimmjow let out a shaky breath he hadn’t even known he’d been holding in.

“Football…” Ichigo said, but his voice seemed very far away, like his ears were blocked up or something.

“…football” Grimmjow repeated, and he removed his hands which had been burning into the side of Ichigo’s skin, grabbed Ichigo round the shoulders instead and led him away from the ocean and towards the unit.

Ichigo took one step through the door to the changing room and Grimmjow practically flattened him into the lockers. He’d had the good decency to turn him around at least and all Ichigo could do was
keep his hands out of the way as Grimmjow assaulted him. Grimmjow’s mouth was on him immediately, his hands against the cool metal on either side of Ichigo’s head. Grimmjow growled into Ichigo’s mouth and Ichigo could feel his frustrated frown in the way he moved his tongue. Ichigo was getting a little bored of being passive and found Grimmjow’s bottom lip and bit down on it.

“Nng” Grimmjow moaned into him. He pulled his mouth from Ichigo’s and pressed their foreheads together, blue meeting orange. He kept his eyes closed and stayed like that for a minute, both men trying to slow down their breathing again.

All of a sudden a booming laugh rang out through the corridors and both men opened their eyes, looking straight at each other, although neither of them made a move to part. That was Kenpachi for sure, Ichigo thought, but where was he? Grimmjow finally pulled back allowing Ichigo some room and they headed over to the other side of the changing room where the doorway led to the gym. Ichigo stuck his head around the door, and Grimmjow followed – they looked like a pair of dysfunctional meerkats.

From here they could see Kenpachi sat on a low stool, bottle of water in hand. Even sat down so low he was nearly as tall as Ichigo. His looming figure still shaking from whatever it was that had made him laugh. Scuffling on the floor caught Grimmjow’s attention now as he saw Renji grappling on the mats with what he could only assume was a child.

“What the…?” Grimmjow whispered.

Ichigo couldn’t see anything of the kid Renji was fighting but even though Renji was on top, he was not doing so good. Whoever this kid was, they had him in a headlock and he was slowly but surely losing ground. He might have the upper position, but not for long.

“Come on Renji… is this all my training has done for you? She’s been kicking your ass since the moment she walked in here!” Kenpachi’s barking laugh echoed out again across the gym and he shook his head in disbelief at Renji.

“…She?” Ichigo barely had time to get the words out before Renji was yielding by banging the mat with the flat of his hand. The vice like grip around Renji’s neck loosened and he slowly stood up, rolling his head from side to side. He threw his arm down and helped pull up his opponent.

“What the fuck?”

It fell out of Grimmjow’s mouth before he could stop it and all three sets of eyes fell on them. Kenpachi’s, Renji’s… and Ahmya’s.

“Oh fucking brilliant,” Renji said sarcastically, “An audience for when I get my ass handed to me, great”

Ichigo didn’t know why Renji was so bothered, he felt like the stupid one. Neither he or Grimmjow could keep their eyes off Ahmya. She was hot and sweaty and pieces of her hair had fallen out of the long braid that had fallen over her shoulder. Her face was pink from exertion and she reached out to Kenpachi who passed her the bottle of water. Ichigo thought he’d never seen anything so sexy in his entire life.

“What’re you two doing here?” Kenpachi rumbled, he seemed almost proud of what they’d just witnessed.

Ichigo managed to close his mouth, Grimmjow had not yet acquired that skill.
“We just came to pick up some kits before football”

“Hey” Ahmya said once she’d swallowed her water, she beamed at them from across the room.

“Hey” was all Ichigo could say back, he felt in awe, and also a bit fuzzy round the edges. Grimmjow was mute, still just staring.

“Jesus, you never seen a girl fight, Jaegerjaques?” Kenpachi shot at him.

That was enough to stir Grimmjow from whatever the hell was going on.

“I’ve never seen one fight that well!” he replied honestly, his eyebrows had disappeared into his hairline.

“Well then you can fight her next” Renji grumbled, massaging his neck “I need to recover”

“What!”

“What? Are ya scared Grimmy?” Kenpachi’s smile was a dare.

“No, I’m not fucking scared!” Grimmjow knew that Kenpachi was pushing his buttons but he couldn’t help but rise to it, “I just don’t want to hurt you Ahmya”

“Grimmjow, by the end of it, believe me… you’ll want to hurt her” Renji said from the floor where he was now laying on his back, covering his eyes with a cloth.

Ichigo was trying hard not to laugh at the look of total panic and confusion on Grimmjow’s face. He was stuck between wanting to rise to a challenge that Kenpachi had set, and not wanting to fight a girl. Ichigo thought it was hilarious. Kenpachi had known exactly what he was doing.

“Alright… alright!” Grimmjow seemed to be trying to convince himself more than anything.

He took his shoes off and stepped onto the mat. Ahmya had been watching the entire exchange with amusement and now passed her bottle back to Kenpachi.

“Remember, Ahmya” Kenpachi rumbled, “Use the parts that he underestimates, against him”

She nodded one slow nod as she took up her position, raising her fists in front of her face. Ichigo had moved over towards where Renji now sat watching and the look he could see in Ahmya’s eyes made him shiver. He hoped Grimmjow was taking this seriously. Grimmjow looked very uncomfortable, and pulled his own fists up but without any real conviction.

“When” Kenpachi tilted his head.

Grimmjow didn’t move. Ichigo scrunched his face up, he could see what was happening before it even happened. Ahmya hit him like lightning, Grimmjow was nearly forced back from the sheer surprise and force of her attack. He only just managed to bring up his hands in time to stop her landing several shots. Grimmjow was one of the best fighters Ichigo had ever seen, he wasn’t slow, he was underestimating her. She rained hits down on him and he blocked them with a wide eyed expression on his face the whole time.

“Fight back, Grimmjow” Renji drawled from the floor, “She’ll make you regret it if you don’t”

“I… I can’t!” Grimmjow admitted.

Ahmya’s eyebrows lowered at his confession and if possible her attack quickened. Ichigo could
barely keep up with what she was doing, he couldn’t even imagine how Grimmjow was keeping her at bay by only defending. Finally, she managed to break through. Her right arm snaked around and caught him in the side of his ribs. Her tiny stature meant that it couldn’t have been a seriously painful hit for Grimmjow to take but the shock of it completely shattered the composure he’d been trying to maintain. She saw a gap immediately and took it. Her whole body shifted and her left leg flew up through the air and clipped the side of his head. The force was enough to knock Grimmjow sideways a couple of steps. Ichigo had used that very same move on Grimm a hundred times, and he knew Grimmjow could take a hit from him without moving. Ahmya was much smaller, and although Ichigo had first-hand experience of how strong those legs were, he knew that Grimmjow had been knocked aside because he hadn’t expected the hit. And he hadn’t expected the hit because he hadn’t taken her seriously.

Ahmya’s leg was still in the air, perfectly positioned. She slowly lowered it back to the ground. Renji fell about laughing,

“Finally!! I can FINALLY say it’s not just me!” he slapped the floor with his hand.

Ahmya bit her lip to stop herself from laughing too.

“What the fuck just happened?” Grimmjow looked from Ahmya to Kenpachi, to Renji and Ichigo and then back again.

“What just happened,” Kenpachi growled from his stool, “Was that you didn’t take your opponent seriously. Did you think that because she’s a woman that, what? You would hurt her dainty little bones with your fat man hands? You are just like the sexist pigs on the mainland, Grimmjow. You were told, and you didn’t listen, so she kicked some sense into your thick skull”

Grimmjow stood slack jawed, finally he looked back to Ahmya who was still trying hard not to laugh. He began to smile, and she let out a giggle,

“Sorry Ahmya,” he said sincerely, “I should have taken you seriously”

She beamed at him, “That’s ok Grimmjow, I’m sorry I kicked you in the head”

“You know, I think I deserved it”

Ichigo and Renji were crying with laughter. They had their arms around each other and were falling about on the floor.

“I don’t know what you’re laughing at” Kenpachi shot a sinister look at Renji, “You’re back up, come on!”

Renji paled a little before mouthing ‘help!’ to Ichigo and then standing back up. He swapped places with Grimmjow who came and sat down next to Ichigo. He picked up a cold gel pack from the tub behind them and held it to the side of his head.

“Not a fucking word” he growled as he stared straight forward.

Ichigo thought he might start crying again if he looked at Grimmjow so he forced himself to watch Renji and Ahmya instead, his top teeth biting down hard on his bottom lip to try and keep it together. Every now and then his shoulders would start to shake again and he’d have to breath heavily through his nose to calm down.

Renji and Ahmya had begun circling each other and Ichigo was glad that he hadn’t been called up to
fight. As much as he agreed with everything Kenpachi had said, he thought his body too might betray him if he was actually put in that position. Renji didn’t seem to have any such obstacles to overcome. Ichigo figured that they must have grown up scrapping together on the island, to them it must be the most natural thing in the world. Renji had probably taken that many hits from her in the past that he had no problem at all giving a few back. She’d beaten sexism out of him.

Renji lunged and landed a hit on her ribs and Ichigo cringed internally, a wave a fury rolling over him that he had to suppress. Ahmya was much less fazed, she used the fact that he had shifted his weight too far forward in eagerness and kneed him in the opposite side. Renji grunted. They carried on like this for some time and although it was clear that Ahmya’s strengths were her speed and grappling combat, Renji managed to best her in the end with his sheer size and strength. By the time Kenpachi called it both of them were drenched, red faced and starfishing face up on the mats in an attempt to cool down. Grimmjow and Ichigo cheered and hollered at them both, the gel pack lay forgotten about back in the bottom of the tub.

Ichigo and Grimmjow were leaning against the front of the unit building in the sun waiting for Renji to shower and change. They figured they might as well all walk down to football together although they had wondered for a while whether Renji might make it at all. Ichigo looked over at Grimm who was now sporting a pink almost-bruise on his temple.

“That… was insane”

Grimmjow smiled, “Is it even possible that I think she’s even hotter now that I know she can kick Renji’s ass?”

Ichigo laughed as he shook his head in disbelief. The front door opened behind them and they turned expecting it to be Renji. It was Ahmya. She was showered, her long hair freshly braided down her back. She had swapped her gym gear for a loose beach dress and Grimmjow marvelled at all the facets of her personality that he had never even considered a person might have before.

“Hi” Ichigo said, he was starting to feel like the only things he ever said to her were greetings.

“Hi yourself” she said to both of them. She smiled at them in a way that made Grimmjow want take her back into the changing room that he’d been in with Ichigo earlier on.

“How’s your head, Grimmjow?” she reached up and gently held the side of his face. Her hands were so smooth that he could barely feel her there. If his eyes weren’t showing him that she was touching him, he might not have believed it.

“I think I have concussion and I’ll need looking after all day by the perpetrator” Grimmjow replied, unable to keep a serious expression on his face, “I might need mouth to mouth”

Ichigo laughed.

“Oh I’m sure I can help with the latter part of that at least” and she slowly stretched up onto her toes, pulling his face down towards hers. With the tip of her tongue she traced Grimmjow’s lips before pressing her own against them. She kissed him slowly and deeply, allowing his tongue to enter her mouth before meeting it with her own. By the time she pulled away he was breathing heavily and Ichigo’s eye were staring at the pair of them in hunger.

“Jesus fucking Christ” Ichigo breathed the words out.
It was at that moment, as Ahmya stepped back from Grimmjow, that Renji made his way out onto the street.

“Right I’m ready… don’t bitch at me, I…” he took one glance at the looks on Grimm and Ichigo’s faces, at the way their chests heaved up and down, and then looked at Ahmya who was smiling sweetly opposite them. He shook his head laughing,

“20 minutes I was in there, 20 minutes. You two can’t keep yourselves out of trouble for 20 minutes!”

“Are you calling me ‘trouble’, Renji?” Ahmya’s mock offense was convincing no one.

“That’s exactly what you are!” he laughed, and she gave a wicked grin in return.

“Come on” he was speaking to Grimm and Ichigo now, “Football!”

“There’s a party at the beach later” Ahmya called after them as Renji started to pull the two men away. Ichigo and Grimmjow just stared back at her in awe.

“Oh, they’ll be there!” Renji hollered back, “See ya later!”
Chapter 10

The walk to football had been an interesting one. As soon as Ahmya was out of earshot, Grimmjow had turned on Renji,

“What the hell was that all about in there?”

Renji laughed, “You’ve got eyes, Jaegerjaques”

“You know what I mean, how does something like that even start? She’s clearly not new to it”

“You noticed that huh?” Renji said sarcastically, “She’s always fought, since being a kid. I told you, her dad was in the unit. He wasn’t stupid, he was always going to make sure she could take care of herself. Once we were a little older, and once her dad was older too I suppose, he asked Kenpachi to train with both of us. Toughen us up”

“You trained with Kenpachi?” Ichigo was awestruck. They had all trained with him at some point or other, but usually they just went against each other. Having that level of training as a kid seemed intense to Ichigo, plus he was a little jealous.

“Yeah, he didn’t have as much time for me. He said I had my head in the clouds. Ahmya was his main concern, he loved training her. He used to say that whatever he told her to do, she listened. Anything she did wrong he’d tell her and she’d correct it straight away. You have no idea how many times I heard him tell me I should be more like Ahmya”
Renji didn’t seem bitter about it. The friendship he had with Ahmya could clearly withstand any pressure from Kenpachi.

“Yeah but I mean… she couldn’t really beat you though could she?” Grimmjow laughed until he saw the look on Renji’s face.

“The only reason she can’t beat me now is because she’s a little miniature person and my body did me a solid and decided to grow when I hit 15. If I wasn’t naturally taller, bigger and stronger than her… she’d kick my ass. In terms of skill, it pains me to say it but… she’s better than me. She’s faster and she has a better understanding of technique. What you saw today was nothing. That’s the first lot of sparring we’ve done since she came back, and she hasn’t been training at all on the mainland. Before she left we used to spar several times a week. Dude she went fucking easy on you, a couple years ago she knocked me clean out with a kick to the head like that. I came to with my ass on the ground”

Grimmjow’s eyes were so round that Ichigo thought they looked like they were about to fall out of his head. His mouth was hanging open so Ichigo leaned over and closed it for him.

“I told you,” Renji went on, “she’s something else”

“So what, is she like… nuts?” Grimmjow quizzed.

“You’re such a dick, Grimm” Ichigo laughed, he knew he wasn’t serious.

“Really though,” Ichigo joined in now, “Why does she fight? Like now… still…”

“Why does he fight?” Renji said, pointing his finger at Grimmjow.

Ichigo thought that was an odd question, “…It’s his job”

“No, not why do you fight, why does he fight?”

Ichigo took a deep breath, a little confused, but it was Grimmjow who spoke,

“Because I have a lot of pent up frustration” he spoke to himself.

“Exactly” Renji replied.

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The football match went well. Grimmjow scored two goals and Ichigo hadn’t been entirely useless. As they were getting showered off in the communal showers it seemed like a good a time as any to quiz Renji before the night began.

“So… Ahmya…” Ichigo began.

“Here we go!” Renji laughed, scrubbing shampoo into his hair.

“Well we just wondered…” Grimmjow tried to be casual and failed.

“You wondered whether she’d spoken about you to me. Whether she’d told me all about your amazing night together. Whether it had blown her mind. Whether she felt things she’d never felt before!” Renji was practically waving his arms about, flicking water at the two of them as he went.

“Did she say that?” Ichigo’s face lit up.
“She didn’t say fuck all, you idiots” Renji laughed, Grimmjow scowled, “I mean of course she didn’t. You think she’s gonna go around talking about her business to everyone? Besides, it was one night”

“Then how do you know about it?” Grimmjow narrowed his eyes and leaned in to Renji.

“Personal space Grimm, remember, we talked about that. How do I know? I saw the three of you leave the bar together and I have a brain. You two are ravenous and she’s not much better. Doesn’t take a genius”

“So she hasn’t mentioned us at all?” Ichigo was feeling a little put out.

“Not to me” Renji said, his eyes closed as he washed the suds off his head.

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“Do you think she just doesn’t talk about her business then, or that her and Renji aren’t that close or what?” Ichigo asked Grimmjow as they followed the grassy trail between the sand dunes that would ultimately lead them to the beach hut where the party was based.

Grimmjow shook his head, “I just don’t know. I don’t think we should even let it get in our heads. We saw her at the gym and she was more the friendly. Let’s just see how tonight goes”

Ichigo nodded in agreement.

“Fuck you smell amazing”

Grimmjow had only just registered what Ichigo had said before a hulking mass knocked him backwards into the grasses. Grimmjow looked up from the flat of his back to see Ichigo straddling him and with both hands on either side of his head. They were hidden amongst the tall dune grasses that lined the side of the footpath. Grimmjow smiled an easy smile and looked up at Ichigo. The sun was low on the horizon, about an hour before sunset as far as Grimm could tell. In the dim light, Ichigo’s features looked hazy and he seemed to glow. He leaned down and nuzzled into Grimmjow’s neck and chest, breathing him in.

“Ichi… Ichigo” Grimmjow laughed as Ichigo’s breath and hair tickled him, “What are you doing?”

“Why do you smell so good!”

“I don’t know, I used a new shower gel, I think?”

“God you smell delicious” Ichigo was now undoing the buttons on the front of Grimmjow’s shirt and kissing down his chest.

“Fuuuck, Ichigo” Grimmjow gripped Ichigo’s legs and began to grind up into him.

A sudden peel of laughter rang out, loud enough for them to hear quite clearly.

“Are-you-fucking-kidding-me-is-this-gonna-keep-happening-today!?” Grimmjow banged the back of his head several times against the ground underneath him.

Ichigo’s head shot up out of the grasses to see who was coming and then he ducked back down again.

“It’s fucking Yoruichi” he whispered, and then he giggled.
“Are you honestly giggling about this Kurosaki? Alright, stay there then, this is an easy enough way to get rid of her” and he held Ichigo to him so that he couldn’t climb off.

“Grimmjow” Ichigo hissed, but he couldn’t stop laughing, “stop it, you idiot. She’s coming!”

“Bahh, you’re no fun” and he shot forward and kissed Ichigo quickly and passionately before letting him go so that he could roll off into the grasses next to him.

The sound of Yoruichi and her friends was closer now, and within seconds they had come across them at the side of the path.

“Helloo…” said Ichigo, giving a ridiculous wave from down on the ground.

“Are you drunk?” Grimmjow looked at him sideways and then snorted. He was feeling quite silly himself.

Yoruichi looked a little taken aback, her friends looked downright confused.

“What are you doing down there, Grimmjow?” she asked.

A long pause followed.

“I’ve got nothing” Ichigo offered.

“…Wrestling?” Grimmjow tried.

“Wrestling?” Yoruichi repeated.

“Wrestling!” Ichigo cried, with more conviction.

Grimmjow got up and shook the sand off himself before pulling Ichigo up behind him. Grimmjow realised that if he was going to let Yoruichi down it might as well be now. No matter what happened with Ahmya, anything or nothing, he knew he didn’t want Yoruichi. He thought he’d made that clear but obviously still having sex with her had given her mixed messages that he wanted to iron out. Best tell her now, at the start of her evening, so that she wouldn’t waste her whole night pining after him, he thought. He gave Ichigo a pointed look.

“Ladies!” Ichigo exclaimed throwing his arms round the shoulders of the two women nearest to him, “Let’s walk down to the party together shall we?” and he led them off down the path.

Grimmjow put his hands in his pockets, he felt a bit awkward now that he was alone with her.

“You realise your shirt’s undone?”

“Shit!” he hastily buttoned himself back up.

“Look Grimm, what’s this about? I’m not stupid” Grimmjow sighed,

“I know, I’m sorry. Look, the thing is… I know we’ve slept together a few times. And I know you… want more than that. But I just can’t give it to you. I don’t want what you want” He sped up the more he spoke, it was a wonder she understood him at all.
“It’s Ichigo isn’t it?” she said. It wasn’t even a question really.

He thought about it. It would have been easy to say yes, that is was in fact Ichigo and it always would be Ichigo. And in part that was true. But that wasn’t the reason why he didn’t want Yoruichi. He could just say it was Ichigo anyway, that would be easy, he didn’t care what she thought. But he wanted to be truthful, and how could he in all fairness say it was Ichigo if she were to then see him with another woman? No, he couldn’t blame Ichigo.

“Actually… it’s me. Sort of. Look Yoruichi, I just don’t think we want the same things. The time we spent together was great. You’re a great woman. I’m just not looking for anything. With you. At the moment. At all” he kept adding bits on hoping that it would become clearer or easier but it just became more awkward with every passing second.

“Right” she spat venomously, “Well thanks for wasting my time!” and with the she flounced off down the path towards the party.

As much as Grimmjow knew he should feel bad, he actually felt like a great weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He wasn’t sure how he’d gotten himself into this mess with Yoruichi, he’d told her from the start that it had only been sex, but he was sure as hell glad he’d managed to get himself out of it.

By the time Grimmjow had made it down the path himself and joined the party he was starting to wonder why he’d come out at all. He soon cheered up though at the sight of Ichigo leaving the bar from in the beach hut with two beers. Grimmjow met him part way and threw an arm around his shoulder,

“If I don’t get you alone at some point today, so help me God, I’m going to lose it” Grimmjow threatened low into Ichigo’s ear.

Ichigo’s stomach tensed deliciously and he turned and looked Grimmjow dead in the eye and said, “Patience is a virtue” with the most innocent look on his face he could muster.

Grimmjow wanted to punch him. Or fuck him. He wasn’t really sure. Grimmjow took a swig of his beer and led Ichigo over to where they could see some members of the team drinking and talking. They broke apart, both finding different people to talk to for a while. Neither of them interrupted Renji, they figured he’d probably had enough of them for today.

The night wore on and the sun had set into the ocean. The beach had gotten quite full and a roaring fire had been built in the middle. The beach hut had run their sound system further out onto the sand and spirits were high. Ichigo and Grimmjow had found themselves side by side once more. It always seemed to happen, no matter how far they wandered they always ended up back together again. They stood in front of the fire, fresh beers in hand. As they looked across the flames they saw a familiar face. Ahmya was there with Rukia and Orihime, they were dancing to the music and being silly. Rukia lay in the sand making sand angels while Ahmya span Orihime round only for them to erupt into laughter when Orihime became too dizzy.

“Dude…” Grimmjow hit Ichigo and pointed over to the women.

“I see ‘em” Ichigo nodded, taking a sip of his drink but not taking his eyes off them.

And Ahmya. Well fuck, Grimmjow thought she looked radiant. She was wearing a pale short dress,
he remembered hearing someone call that colour ‘nude’ except her skin was so bronze that it wasn’t
nude on her. It was covered in a constellation of clear beads and gems that caught the light of the fire
as she moved. He thought she looked like some kind of fire nymph dancing among the flames.

Ichigo swallowed, how was his mouth always so dry around this girl. He had a beer in his hand,
didn’t he? The top half of her hair was pulled up into a band and then fell about her shoulder and
back along with the rest of it. As she danced and spun around, it whirled around her like a dervish.
She was so uninterested in what anyone else thought about her, Ichigo realised. They were just three
friends having a good time. They weren’t trying to get anyone’s attention or catch a man, and they
sure as hell weren’t stood around looking miserable like half of the women here.

“Ugh, I mean, how childish, don’t you think?” it was Yoruichi, back again like a bad smell it
seemed.

Even Ichigo was starting to get annoyed with her, and he was the patient one.

“What?” Grimmjow said stupidly.

“I just mean, you’d think they’d grow up and act their age a little. No one’s going to want them
when they can’t even behave like proper adults”

“Like you, you mean?” Ichigo countered.

“Well, I just think it’s sad that’s all. Plus, I hear she’s a bit of a tramp”

Ichigo clenched his fists and in a low growl said,

“Fuck. Off. Yoruichi”

Grimmjow gave an audible gasp and covered his mouth with his hand. He was trying very hard not
to laugh and almost had to resort to stuffing his fist down his throat. At the exact same time Ahmya
spotted them across the fire and started to prance across the sand to them. Ichigo automatically held
his hand out to her, which she took as he led her to stand in between Grimmjow and himself.
Yoruichi hadn’t moved since Ichigo had spoken and her mouth sat open in shock as she stared at
him.

“Hi Yoruichi, I haven’t seen you in a while. How are you?” Ahmya asked sincerely.

Ichigo leaned into her and planted a kiss at her temple. She didn’t seem remotely concerned by this
display of affection. Grimmjow stood over her, wrapping his long arms around her and nuzzling her
neck,

“Yeah Yoruichi, how are you?” he said, squinting at her, daring her to repeat anything that she’d just
said.

Yoruichi looked gobsmacked by the entire display, and a brief look of fury crossed her face before
she composed herself.

“I’m fine thank you Ahmya. Goodbye” and with that she flounced off for the second time that
evening.

“I’m not sure she likes me” Ahmya laughed, her eyes closed.

“Fuck her, don’t worry yourself with the opinions of arse holes” Ichigo said, tracking Yoruichi with
his eyes.
“Oh… Rukia and Orihime seem to have disappeared. They must have gone… oh, there they are talking to Renji and the others” Ahmya seemed to be speaking more to herself than anything.

“Good” Ichigo’s voice had taken on a carnal tone and as soon as the word left his mouth he had thrown Ahmya over his shoulder and started running off with her, past the fire and towards the sand dunes. She shrieked and laughed and pretended to hit his back with fake cries for help.

Grimmjow laughed, he took two more swigs of his beer and then placed it on the ground. He walked around the edge of the fire, his hands in his pockets, almost as though he was waiting for something.

“GRIMMJOW!”

His grin split his face, he turned on his heels and raced after them into the dark.
Chapter 11

Grimmjow flew across the sand, it wasn’t really a trial for him – they trained on the sand regularly in
the unit anyway. He could just about make out Ichigo and Ahmya disappearing over the top of a
dune straight ahead. They were about a half mile away from the rest of the party goers on the beach
now and he was pretty sure they wouldn’t be disturbed. By the time he crested the mound, Ichigo
was already on Ahmya, pressing her into the cool, soft sand as he kissed her with a desperate, open
mouth. Grimmjow descended down the steep side of the dune and came up behind them both, leaned
against the slope of the opposite ascent. He began to undo the buttons to his shirt, watching them the
whole time. Ichigo had Ahmya’s fingers interlaced with his, her arms pressed up above her head into
the soft ground. Her legs were wrapped around his hips. He kissed her with a hunger that made
Grimmjow’s trousers feel like a prison and he took those off too before laying his clothes down on
the ground next to Ichigo like a blanket.

Ichigo noticed Grimmjow’s movements and slowly stood back up, lifting Ahmya with him but
keeping his mouth firmly on her as he did so. He carefully put her back down and reluctantly took a
step back so that he could also undress. In his absence, Grimmjow stepped forward and slowly
began to untie the strap that held her dress around her neck. Once undone, the dress fell off quickly
due to the weight of the beading and Grimmjow took a moment to truly appreciate her as she slipped
her feet out of it along with her sandals. His eyes roamed over her in veneration as she dragged her
teeth over her bottom lip, just as entranced by him as he was with her.

“Beautiful” he whispered, and she placed both of her hands on his chest and reached up to kiss him.

He kissed her deeply and began to make his way down her body. Ichigo watched his muscular back
as he leaned into her and shuddered. He pressed kisses to her jawline, her neck, her collarbone,
down her breasts, past her stomach. By the time he was on his knees she was breathing quickly and
so was he. He ran a hand up the inside of one leg, guiding her to take half a step outwards. Ichigo
had walked around behind her now and after sweeping her long hair over the front of one shoulder,
was now kissing and sucking her other shoulder and across her back. She tilted her head back, as
though praying to the heavens.

Grimmjow slipped off her underwear with his thumbs and then led her to lie down on top of the
make-shift blanket that Ichigo had added to using his own clothes. He gently pulled her knees up, her
feet still flat to the floor as Ichigo lay next to her and began to take one of her nipples into his mouth.
She gave out a quiet moan as he worked on her, his hand roaming across to her other breast.
Grimmjow parted her legs and settled himself in between them, lying on his stomach and sliding his
hands under her so that he could hold her hips still.

The noises she was making under Ichigo’s mouth made Grimmjow’s dick pulse underneath his
stomach and he shifted to get more comfortable. He very slowly leaned forward, his breath hot
against her. She spread her legs further apart for him and he could almost feel her willing him to
touch her. As she opened herself up to him he let out a shaky breath of anticipation and she ran her
hands over his where they held her sides.
He reached out carefully with the very tip of his tongue and curved it upwards to drag along her clit and as he made contact with her she moaned loudly. He did it again, smiling to himself at how responsive she was. He buried his face into her now, kissing and sucking, licking stripes from back to front, before turning his attention back to her clit where he flicked his tongue side to side. Her small fingers were gripped around his massive hands now as she tried in vain to keep quiet.

Ichigo’s assault was no less effective as he grazed his teeth across her and then swirled his tongue around her nipples. The combination of stimulation was overwhelming Ahmya and her back arched as she tried to refocus her mind. Her moans became louder as Grimmjow doubled his efforts. Smiling, Ichigo moved up her body and took her face in his hands.

“Will I have to kiss you to keep you quiet?” he whispered into her ear.

“Yes” she breathed back as the corners of her mouth turned up.

He pressed his open mouth to hers and Grimmjow entered her with his fingers, her groan lost behind Ichigo’s tongue. Her fingers left Grimmjow’s hands but he only had to wonder at the loss for a second before they were twisting into his hair, pulling him deeper into her wet heat where he grinned like a wolf as he buried his face in her. He curled his fingers inside her as though motioning her closer and she bit down onto Ichigo’s lip, her eyes scrunching tight.

“Mmmfuuck… Grimmjow… Ichigo, don’t stop! Don’t stop!” she groaned out between kisses, each time she spoke she became more urgent.

Grimmjow had no intention of stopping, he continued caressing the inside of her, curling his finger as he moved and then took her clit in his mouth, sucking gently at first and then adding more and more pressure. Her body tensed up, and her fingers nearly pulled fistfuls of blue from his head. Her mouth opened against Ichigo’s but she couldn’t move it as she opened her eyes in a silent cry but only saw stars. Her orgasm hit her like a shockwave and Grimmjow’s expert mouth prolonged it, careful not to over stimulate her but still goading every last shiver out of her that he could.

Grimmjow’s job was finally done and he shuffled down, leaning his forehead on the floor to rest his neck.

“Oh…” Ahmya’s wicked voice floated down to him as she propped herself up on her elbows to look at him. He lifted his head to see what she would say,

“…we’re not finished!”

Her grin was carnal.

Grimmjow was aching, and exhausted. Frankly, he needed a minute. Ichigo saw the look of panic cross his face and decided it was only right that he help him out. He scooped Ahmya up and rolled her over so that he was now lay down on the clothes and she was on top of him, straddling him in a way he wouldn’t have thought possible considering how petite she was.

She kneeled up, taking him in hand immediately. He was hot and pulsing, and the feel of her soft smooth fingers on him made him want to start moving. She positioned him at her opening, needing to lean forward a little to accommodate his size.

“Keep still” she commanded, raising her eyebrows at him, and he felt the hairs on his arms stand on end deliciously.

At first he thought she intended to stay there, positioned on the end of him just to torture him. Until he realised that she was moving, it was just incredibly slowly. At a painstaking speed she was
lowering herself onto him. The torment of it caused him to make a low growl in his throat but he
didn’t dare move. Finally, she had filled herself with him and she allowed him to place his hands on
her hips as she began to ride him like a prize stallion. Her hands sat on his chest as she used him for
leverage and as he looked up at her against the sky he thought she surely couldn’t be real. The
silhouette of her over him made him wonder what good deed he and Grimmjow could ever have
done to make them worthy of this.

She motioned Grimmjow over who had been stroking himself at the sight of the two of them. The
sight of her rocking up and down on Ichigo was driving Grimmjow crazy and he’d reached a point
of madness where he didn’t exactly know what to do with himself. He stepped towards her and she
reached for him, taking him in her hands and guiding him towards her face. She took him in her
mouth and he audibly gasped. Below him Ichigo groaned at the sight.

It was Grimmjow’s turn now to wind his fingers into her hair and she moved up and down on both
he and Ichigo. She was so small that she had to use her mouth and both hands just to cover him. The
sight of it made sparks dance in front of his eyes and he wasn’t sure how long he’d be able to
manage. She removed her mouth from him, leaving him covered in spit. She brushed her hair back
behind both shoulders so that it ran down her back and then leaned forwards towards Ichigo.
Looking back over her shoulder coyly at Grimmjow she arched her back so that her ass was pointing
as high up as she could make it.

Then she gave it a wiggle.

She wiggled her fucking ass at him.

Grimmjow nearly died. He lowered himself behind her and positioned his legs on either side of
Ichigo’s. With one hand he spread her apart and with the other he slowly pushed into her from
behind, still slick from her mouth. She groaned, closing her eyes and tilting her head back. As
Grimmjow pushed deeper, Ichigo could feel him rubbing against him on the inside and he moaned
aloud.

Grimmjow gave a tester thrust and both Ahmya and Ichigo keened. Grimmjow smirked and then
began to drag himself in and out of her, building his pace and using the force of his thrusts to move
her up and down Ichigo as well. Ichigo had one hand on Ahmya’s thigh and one on Grimmjow’s
and he was gripping both of them as he attempted to keep his shit together, Ahmya’s hot breath
tickling the side of his neck where she had buried her head, trying to muffle her own noises.

Grimmjow ran his hands up the length of Ahmya’s back until he reached her shoulders. He gathered
her hair together, and wrapped his arm around it until he was holding it at the nape of her neck. He
held her firmly, but gently… he didn’t want to risk freaking her out. With the other hand he held her
firmly by the waist.

“Don’t bitch out now, Grimm,” she moaned the words out, “I know you’ve got more in you”

Desire coursed through him and he pulled her upright with his free arm and all three of them cried
out at the new feeling, Ahmya feeling so full and both of them feeling so deep inside of her. He
wrapped his free arm around her stomach and pulled her hair firmly with the other until her head lay
back against his chest. He used his arm to lift her up and down and his own powerful legs to thrust
into her at the same time causing her to cry out loud in satisfaction. She held her hands out to Ichigo,
they locked their fingers together and she used his arms to push against to keep herself upright and
against Grimmjow’s chest.

Grimmjow began to build up his speed again, using the new angle to pull her deeper down onto
Ichigo and himself. Ichigo saw a smile playing on Ahmya’s face that told him she'd known exactly
what she'd been doing when she'd goaded Grimmjow. He pounded into her mercilessly and her groans became more urgent and frantic as she neared her peak again. Ichigo was close to losing it, she was so tight around him and the friction and shockwaves from Grimmjow’s movements were sending jolts around his whole body.

“Fuck… Grimm…” he choked out.

Grimmjow, if possible, sped up - pushing Ichigo over the edge.

“Fuuck” Ichigo’s knuckles turned white with the force of his grip, and watching that look on his face was enough for Grimmjow who whispered his own curses into Ahmya’s neck as he too reached his limit. As it hit him, like a blow to the head, he took Ahmya’s neck in his teeth and the sharpness had her whimpering as she fluttered around them, her muscles quivering, milking them for all they were worth.

Grimmjow felt like he’d blacked out, he seemed to come to still sat in the same position, Ahmya’s hair still wrapped around his wrist, her back leaning fully into his chest now as she fought off exhaustion. He looked down to see Ichigo staring up at the two of them, his mouth hanging open, “Fuck me that was amazing” he said in reverence.

Ahmya smiled and hummed a contented noise. Grimmjow nuzzled the side of her neck then kissed it before slowly lowering her down to Ichigo who held her in his waiting arms. Grimmjow unwrapped her hair from his wrist, massaging the back of her scalp and the slowly pulled himself out of her. Ichigo carefully sat up so that Ahmya could lift herself off him and Grimmjow helped her to her feet. Grimmjow held her hands as Ichigo guided her feet to step back into her dress. He slid it up her smooth legs, over her body and then Grimmjow fastened it back around her neck while Ichigo positioned her sandals where she could slip her feet back into them. She watched them sleepily as they looked after her, making sure that she was taken care of before dressing themselves.

Grimmjow picked up a t-shirt that wasn’t his and threw it at Ichigo, Ichigo responded by chucking Grimm’s own shirt back at him and laughing.

“God, my t-shirt is soaking!” Ichigo laughed, and Ahmya and Grimmjow joined in feigning shock.

He tucked part of it into his back pocket rather than putting it on, and Grimmjow threw his arms into his shirt sleeves but didn’t bother to do the buttons up.

“Do you want to stay with us tonight Ahmya, or shall we walk you home?” Ichigo asked.

“I need to go home… but you don’t have to walk me!” she added.

“Don’t be daft,” Grimmjow swatted at her with his hand, “You’re not walking on your own, lead the way!”

She smiled, and led them out of the sand dunes and further along the beach towards where the bay curved and large rock cliffs obscured the view round the bend. They walked in comfortable silence, taking in their surroundings, Ichigo chasing the tide every now and then only to have it race after him back up the beach. Grimmjow picked up small stones as they walked and threw them into the coming waves. The night was dark but the moon and stars were so crystalline white that they lit up the whole beach. Back the way they’d come from they could see that the fire had burned low and there didn’t seem to be many people left at the party.

When they got to the rocks, Ahmya motioned towards a set of steps that had been carved away.
“I can take this path up to my house,” she told them, shrugging.

“Wow that’s cool!” Grimmjow’s eyebrows jumped.

They walked single file up the path, taking their time, weariness bearing down on them. Finally, they reached the top where the ground leveled out. Ichigo realised that they were past the other end of main street, where the ground sloped up into the hills. He hadn’t realised that you could get here this way, or that this would be where Ahmya lived. He’d never given it much thought. They walked a little further and turned a bend. As they neared the closest house, Ichigo made to walk past it.

“Oh, no… this is me” Ahmya stopped him from carrying on.

Both men did a double take. The house was nice, really nice. It wasn’t a mansion but it was pretty big compared to the types of houses normally found on the island. It was definitely bigger than Grimmjow and Ichigo’s apartment. Not that they couldn’t afford something bigger, they just didn’t need it, and there wasn’t all that much choice on the island. Now that Ichigo looked around, he could see that it was the only house here for quite a distance. It had smooth walls, large windows and beautiful flowers and vines climbing up the outside. It was a traditional one-storey like you could find anywhere on the island, but bigger and in better condition.

“This is… really nice!” Ichigo sounded surprised.

“What, you thought I lived in a shit hole?” Ahmya laughed.

“No… no… I just hadn’t thought about it I guess”

“Well thanks for walking me home. I appreciate it, really” and she kissed both of them in turn before heading up the stone path to the front door.

They watched her type a code into a safety box on the wall, releasing a key and allowing her to unlock the door. She waved to them from the doorway and they waved back before turning the way they’d come.

“I am so fucking tired, there is no way I’m making it down those steps” Grimmjow yawned, throwing his arm around Ichigo’s shoulder and leaning into him.

“It’s ok, I know a different way I think,” Ichigo replied, “If we carry on this way I’m pretty sure we’ll hit main street”

They walked on like that for some time, leaning into each other, giving each other warmth and breathing in each other’s scents.

“Grimm…”

“Mmm”

“You were amazing tonight”

Grimmjow gave a proud smirk and nuzzled into the side of Ichigo’s hair with his face as they walked through the night together.
The next few days crawled by in a lazy fashion. Ichigo and Grimmjow were finding that the days in which Ahmya did not turn up in their lives somehow were days that dragged, only to be rejuvenated by the occasional conversation about her or glimpse of her going about her business around town. Truth be told she was like an itch that had gotten under their skin. If they weren’t talking about her, which they tried not to, they were thinking about her. It was making them tense and they were relieving each other more than ever in an attempt to keep their irritation at bay.

The whole unit were training together outside of the compound. Kenpachi had led them on a trek in a big loop around the town which took them along the coast. They had been running for 20 minutes or so when they hit the sand and Ichigo took the opportunity to lag back a little and talk to Grimmjow.

“Don’t you think it’s strange that her house is so big?” he asked.

“Where did that come from?”

“I just think, she doesn’t live with her friends. Rukia and Orihima both live kind of near us. She already told us her mum moved back to the mainland. Why does she need a house so big? We live together and our apartment isn’t half the size of her house”

“Maybe she likes lots of space” Grimmjow breathed out.

“Doesn’t she get lonely?”

“I don’t know but fuck me, Ichigo, don’t ask her that when we next see her”

Grimmjow shook his head and pushed on through the sand, leaving Ichigo to ponder Ahmya’s housing arrangements alone.

Back at base, Kenpachi hadn’t had enough of torturing them and had decided to have them all spar with each other. Normally Ichigo and Grimmjow didn’t even bother with going against each other, they knew their counterparts moves so well that it almost seemed pointless, they’d either be in a constant stalemate or end up killing each other.

The fatigue from the trek hadn’t lasted long and their earlier feelings of tension had come back with a vengeance. Ichigo knew there was no way he was going to be able to get Grimmjow alone in a cupboard somewhere to deal with it which meant that his only other option was to spend his energy elsewhere. When Grimmjow realised that Ichigo intended to fight him his whole face lit up like a kid at Christmas.

“Seriously, Kurosaki? We’re doing this?” he hopped about on the balls of his feet, his excitement tangible.

“I mean… if you’re scared Grimm, I’m sure I could find Yoruichi to beat the shit out of you instead”

Grimmjow laughed his machine-gun laugh up to the ceiling. The other men had stopped their bouts to watch and even Kenpachi was amused enough to let them spectate. Ichigo unzipped his hoodie and threw it to the side. He wore grey sweats and a white t-shirt. Even dressed like that Grimmjow thought he looked amazing, he’d been thinking it all day. Grimmjow took it as Ichigo committing to
the challenge and he pulled his own hoodie over his head, leaving him in black sweats and a black tank. He threw his hoodie straight in Renji’s face. Everyone jeered and whistled, Renji was less than impressed.

“Come on, it’s not a fucking strip tease. Punch him already” Renji grumbled.

Ichigo’s mouth turned up into a smile on one side,

“Come on then,” he raised his fists.

Grimmjow was on him in an instant, raining hits down on him with the force of a truck.

But none of them connected. Ichigo was so fast that he managed to deflect all of them with a swat of his hands or a shove of his elbow. Grimmjow was smiling, he wasn’t even frustrated anymore. The joy of being able to fight Ichigo was enough to dispel any irritations he’d been feeling earlier. The only thing that rivalled fucking Ichigo, was fighting him as far as Grimmjow was concerned.

Grimmjow brought a knee round in an attempt to collide with Ichigo’s ribs and Ichigo caught it with one hand and threw it back to the ground.

“Fuck…” whispered Shuhei, he’d been here even less time than they had and he hadn’t seen them go at it before. Even the rest of the team had only seem them fight each other a handful of times. It was a true rarity. They were taking bets now, the rest of the team, on who would last the longest.

“Oh come on, it’s clearly going to be Ichigo,” Kensei was adamantly telling Ikkaku behind his hand, “Look how calm he is, he’s deflecting every one of his hits”

“Are you fucking kidding? Have you met Grimm? Do you think that’s gonna stop it? When have you ever known him to give up anything?” came Ikkaku’s reply. Kensei pondered this for a moment but still decided that his winner was Ichigo.

Grimmjow and Ichigo had not paused to give any mind to the dealings that were happening around them. They were focused solely on each other. Grimmjow continued with his lightning fast barrage until finally Ichigo found his opening and shot one powerful punch out, enough to create a gap between he and Grimm, before sending a kick between them that had Grimmjow sliding back several feet.

“Bahahaha! I wondered when that would start to annoy you!!” Grimmjow shouted.

Ichigo grinned. Neither of them could keep the smiles off their faces now, both so exultant to be pushing each other in this way.

It was Grimmjow’s turn to defend now and Ichigo bore down on him with his fists, looking for any gap on his body that he could take. He managed to get a hit on Grimmjow’s ribs just as Grimm brought another knee up to his own. There was an audible crack as both connected and Kenpachi growled,

“Hey, no broken bones! You need to be in a good enough condition to work when this is over!”

He looked as though he might regret his decision to let them fight, then thought better of it as he became engrossed in their battle.

Grimmjow and Ichigo were both still jubilant. In pain, yes, lots of pain. Ichigo was sure Grimm had cracked one of his ribs with his knee but he wasn’t about to let something like that stop him. The fight continued, neither of them seeming to gain any ground unless they both did. A few more body
shots connected on both sides. The audience was beginning to wonder how long this could go on
for.

“Face shots?” Grimmjow questioned with his eyebrows.

“Face shots” Ichigo confirmed as Renji shouted, “NO!” far too late.

Grimmjow’s fist was already hurtling towards the side of Ichigo’s head and even though Ichigo had
been expecting it he only just managed to dodge out of the way before sending his own back.
Grimmjow spun and leaped into the air, throwing his leg round so that his foot connected with
Ichigo’s shoulder. Ichigo staggered a couple of steps before regaining his composure and throwing
all of his weight behind his fist as it came back up and connected with Grimm’s face.

Ichigo wondered for a second if they’d gone too far but when he saw Grimmjow still smirking like a
fool he realised it would take a lot more than a punch to the face to ruin their friendship. Grimmjow
spat blood out on the floor and went for Ichigo again, this time managing to get an elbow into the
side of his head, cutting along his cheekbone.

Their team mates shouted and cheered them on, Kenpachi shook his head in open-mouthed, amused
disbelief. Renji rolled his eyes.

They carried on this way, each looking for a gap in the other’s defences or a chink in the armour,
only rarely finding it. Both men were relentless, Ichigo knew that Grimmjow would have considered
it an insult if he’d gone easy on him, and vice versa. By the time Kenpachi waded in to break them
apart a few more cracked ribs had been added to the count, Grimmjow had the beginnings of a black
eye as well as a busted lip, and Ichigo had a cut above his eye to match the one on his cheek bone.
Both men knew that they’d have some hefty purple blotches appearing on their bodies overnight.

“Riiiiight right!” Kenpachi threw himself between them as Grimmjow went in for another kick, one
which he managed to reign in just before it connected with Kenpachi’s head by mistake.

“That’s enough you two lunatics, you’re never going to beat each other, you’ll just turn each other
into mush and then you’ll be no use to me. Anyway, you need to stop before poor Shuhei here
comes in his shorts”

Shuhei turned beet red as the team laughed and several men grabbed him and scrubbed his head, but
he knew they were only messing with him. The team were a family and as the baby, Shuhei was
used to getting teased a little.

Ichigo was breathing heavily, and wiped the back of his hand across his face leaving a smear of
blood. Grimmjow was doubled over trying to catch his breath, Ichigo could see his eye darkening by
the minute. He snorted, Grimmjow looked up through squinted eyes and then started laughing
himself.

“Come here you little fucker” Grimmjow laughed, grabbing Ichigo in a head lock before having his
legs swiped under him and landing on his ass. He lay on the ground laughing as Ichigo gave him a
hand and hauled him back to his feet.

“You two go and clean up” Kenpachi ordered, “Everyone else! PAIR UP!!”

The pair of them sauntered to the showers and began to undress, taking more care once they were
out of sight of the others.

“Fucking hell Ichigo, I bit all the inside of my mouth” Grimmjow’s voice was muffled as his fingers
probed around inside his mouth the find the source of the blood.
“Yeah well you’ve definitely broken one of my ribs and I swear it’s the same fucking one you did in last time” Ichigo laughed back at him.

Ichigo stepped under the water, Grimmjow watched the blood from his face wash off into the drains below. He stepped up behind him, leaning his arm over him and placing his fingertips on the wall.

“Yeah, we definitely don’t have time for that – you know they’re gonna be in here any minute” Ichigo turned and made eye contact with him.

“Bah!” Grimmjow grumbled, but he was laughing. He gave Ichigo a wink that made his lungs hurt more than they already did and then moved under his own jet.

Ichigo was still dressing and Grimmjow was dressed and lay across a bench by the time the rest of the teams started making their way in. The room was filled with people telling them how amazing their fight had been and regaling them with their favourite hits. Grimmjow lay with one arm bent under his head, laughing at the comments being made, sporting his black eye like a badge of honour.

The rest of team were cooling off in the showers when Renji trudged in.

“Hey,” Renji called over to Grimm and Ichigo, “Trade deal went through, there’s a celebration tomorrow up at the orchard on the main hill. Ahmya said to invite you if you wanted to come. A few of us are heading up once training is finished. Bet you wish you’d gone a little easier on your faces now!”

Ichigo looked up to the ceiling and then down at Grimmjow.

“Don’t blame me! You agreed to face shots!”

“It was your idea” Ichigo narrowed his eyes at him.

“Myeh, you’re a consenting adult aren’t you?” he smirked.

"You know... at this point, I don't even know” Ichigo grinned back.
Grimmjow woke the next morning and every piece of him hurt. He hadn’t slept well, but he rarely did so that wasn’t too big of an indicator – he fully understood the extent of his battering from Ichigo when he tried to get up. He grunted, planting his feet on the floor and resting his elbows on his knees to rub his eyes. He wandered over to the mirror, attempting to loosen up his stiff limbs as he went. He grinned at his own reflection, his eye was a deep inky purple now, splodges of pinky-purple had bloomed across his ribs and he had a few minor cuts here and there. Ichigo hadn’t marked him like this in a while, he felt quite pleased with himself that he’d managed to convince him to fight him at all.

He drifted from his room, through the open plan living area, flicking the coffee machine on as he passed, and into Ichigo’s room. They rarely knocked, there was no need.

“Ichi…”

“Mmm” Ichigo stirred.

Grimmjow caught himself before he called the same pet name, instead choosing to speak a little louder,

“Ichigo”

Grimmjow could pinpoint the exact moment Ichigo woke up enough to register his own injuries. His
Grimm stood in his doorway, leaning against it in his usual display of casual sprawling. He looked down at Ichigo, tangled up in his sheets, his just-fucked hair looking right at home in bed. He took in Ichigo’s face, perfectly symmetrical with slightly sharp edges, it was no wonder a blow to the face had cut him with those cheekbones hiding underneath. Grimm thought he looked just as cute covered in cuts and bruises, cuter probably. He looked like a little lost boy all wrapped up in his bedding and rubbing his eyes, it made Grimmjow’s heart stutter. Ichigo’s face was less bruised than Grimm’s but the crescent shaped cuts along his cheek and above his right eye were definitely a sight to behold.

Ichigo stretched where he lay and focused his eyes on Grimmjow in the hazy morning light that was trickling through his blinds like syrup. He watched Grimmjow take in the sight of him, could feel his eyes on his chest where Ichigo knew he must have matching clouds of bruises to the ones he could see on Grimmjow. Ichigo watched as Grimmjow’s eyes hungrily took in every piece of him that they could. Ichigo thought he looked wild, stood there in the doorway, his body language relaxed but his face giving him away. His azure hair was stuck up on one side from where he’d been lay and Ichigo thought it was adorable. Ichigo let his eyes appreciate Grimmjow’s body, the marks he’d inflicted on him, and his mind wandered back to when they’d arrived home yesterday.

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Ichigo had been in the bathroom inspecting the damage Grimm had inflicted on his face.

“Ichigo!”

“Yeah”

Grimmjow had walked in, loose trousers on and no top. Ichigo watched him in the mirror, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. Ichigo took his hands away from his face where they’d been poking and prodding his cuts, and placed them on either side of the sink, fingers curling around the edges. The air felt heavy, like it did before a storm. That was all the green light Grimmjow had needed.

Grimmjow had come up behind him, pulling Ichigo’s t-shirt over his head, and watched him replace his hands back on the edges of the sink. He reached around and undid Ichigo’s trousers which fell to the floor, Ichigo’s eyes were on his in the mirror, never left. Grimmjow had watched him, a serious expression on his face as he removed his own remaining clothes. Grimmjow had run his hands over Ichigo’s back, feeling the muscle and power that stood in front of him and Ichigo had watched him suppress a shudder.

Grimmjow had pulled Ichigo back against him, burying his face in his hair and inhaling his scent before pushing him forwards again to lean slightly over the sink. Ichigo had watched him reach across to the cabinet, take the lubrication and apply a generous amount to himself before placing it within arm’s reach of Ichigo on the sink. Grimmjow had only broken eye contact with Ichigo in order to line himself up at his entrance, once there, his eyes were back on Ichigo’s own. He’d slowly sunk into Ichigo and his eyes had nearly rolled back in his head as Ichigo growled low in his throat. It wasn’t particularly painful for him, just took some adjusting.

Grimmjow’s hands were on Ichigo’s sides then as he began to slowly drag in and out of him. He had bared his teeth at Ichigo in the mirror and Ichigo’s stomach had tensed deliciously as he reached for the lube. He’d covered his hand and began to palm himself, sticking to the achingly slow pace that Grimmjow had set. Ichigo had backed up a fraction in order to allow himself to lean forward further so that he could rest on one elbow against the sink while he’d worked himself with
his other hand. Grimmjow had practically keened at that and had begun to pump a little faster.

Ichigo had watched Grimmow in the mirror as his own hand sped up again. He had been able to see Grimmjow’s eyes darting over his body as he lost control and tried frantically to take in every part of him that he could. He had looked overwhelmed at the sight and feel of Ichigo, his mouth hanging open, almost panting as he’d watched himself entering him from behind.

Ichigo had moaned at the sight of it, and Grimmjow’s eyes had been back on his again. The jolt that had passed between them making their connection more intense. Grimmjow hadn’t looked away after that. He had picked up his pace, urging Ichigo with his eyes to do the same. Every moan that had escaped their lips, every low growl or grunt was done with their eyes locked on each other in the mirror.

Grimmjow’s hand had ghosted up Ichigo’s back from his waist to his shoulder, and Ichigo had known he was close. His breath had hitched as he’d thrust deeper and faster into Ichigo and he’d come with his jaw clenched, his brows down… but those turquoise eyes had still been on Ichigo’s own. He’d let out a breathy groan and immediately reached around for Ichigo, batting his hand out of the way and taking him in his own. He’d taken over from Ichigo, working him quickly as Ichigo had moaned under him.

Ichigo had felt himself getting closer, he’d lowered his head to rest it on his forearm, his eyes screwed shut as he neared.

“Hey, eyes on me Kurosaki!” Grimmjow had chastised him.

And as he’d lifted his head again, eyes swallowed by Grimmjow’s own once more he’d come suddenly and hard with Grimmjow’s lopsided smile burned into his memory and the rest of him filling his body.

The thought of it was making Ichigo hard again, and by the looks of it, it was on Grimmjow’s mind too. Ichigo stretched again, his arms behind his head, deliberately letting the sheet that he was wrapped in slide further down his body, revealing more of himself. Grimmjow’s pupils took over his eyes, he made a noise in his throat that Ichigo could have sworn was almost a whimper. Ichigo motioned with his head, grinning.

“Come on then”

Grimmjow’s now-black eyes sparkled as he smiled his devilish smile and he was on Ichigo in a heartbeat. He kissed each cut and bruise, working his way down Ichigo’s body, lower and lower…

By late afternoon the pair had finished training and had showered and dressed, ready for whatever this celebration was that they’d been invited to. They’d both opted for smart-casual light-weight options, considering they had no idea what to expect but it had been another blisteringly hot day. Both men were wearing chinos (Ichigo’s were a pale mustard, Grimmjow’s a light grey) and soft linen button ups (white and pale blue, respectively).

“How does this always happen?” Grimmjow looked Ichigo up and down.

“Great minds…” he replied.

“Well, neither of us are changing, we both look fucking amazing” Grimmjow decided.
Now that their bodies were covered at least, the majority of the damage they had caused to each other was hidden, but there was nothing they could do about their faces.

“We’re just going to have to hope that she doesn’t think that we’re a pair of total thugs, looking like this” Ichigo grinned.

“Or that if she does, she quite likes it!” Grimmjow laughed.

From the street below they heard an obnoxious car horn and knew that Kenpachi had arrived to collect them. Although they could have easily walked to the orchard it would have taken them about half an hour in the volcanic heat, a car seemed like a better option. As they stepped onto the pavement they could see Renji in the passenger seat being jumped up and down on by a small, pink-haired monster - Yachiru.

Yachiru was Kenpachi’s daughter, he’d had her quite late to a younger wife. Ichigo and Grimmjow liked Yachiru a lot, she trolled Renji most of the time which they thought was hilarious.

“Ichi! Ichi! Grimmi!!” she hollered out of the open top jeep at them.

They climbed over the doors and into the back of the car, Yachiru immediately jumping into Grimmjow’s lap. He put an arm round her to keep her steady when they set off and she spent the rest of the journey jabbering their ears off about the holiday she’d been on with her mum. Kenpachi drove to the end of the strip, then took them up into the hills where the roads changed from tarmac to dirt paths. Ichigo realised that it was a similar direction to Ahmya’s house but they veered of a different way, following the bends and curves of the land that took them further from the shore. The roads here were flanked on either side with wild flowers, and more specifically, wild jasmine. Through the open car the smell overwhelmed them, flooding their lungs. Ichigo’s chest ached as it assaulted him, he wasn’t sure why.

“Mmmm!” Yachiru cried, sticking the top half of her body over the side of the jeep to grab a handful of the flowers. Grimmjow was holding onto her for dear life, a look of panic crossing his face as Kenpachi watched the pair of them in the mirror.

“Smells like Aunty Ahmya!!” she declared.

Renji and Kenpachi smiled, both catching the eyes of Grimmjow and Ichigo who sat in the back in complete agreement but dumbfounded that Yachiru would know something like that.

When they finally pulled up to what seemed to be the right place, Grimmjow felt like he might not survive if he ever didn’t have that fragrance in his life. It saturated everything up here, the air, his clothes, it was no wonder Ahmya seemed to be made of it.

Grimmjow and Ichigo climbed out, Grimmjow still had hold of Yachiru who was now perched on his right forearm which was straight to make a seat for her, with one of her own skinny little arms holding onto his shoulder. Ichigo’s heart hurt just looking at them.

They wandered around the house and between several barns to an expanse of land in front of an orchard where a large gazebo had been erected. There were wooden tables and chairs everywhere and many were filled or part filled with locals that Grimm and Ichigo knew – farmers, restaurant and bar owners, local grocers, and their families. They all seemed to be having a great time, talking and laughing, eating and drinking.

There were a few more official people clustered together, mostly men, in suits. They wore the obvious and obnoxious style of the mainland and Ichigo guessed that they were from the company or
companies that had agreed to trade again with the island. One of the older looking men came over when he saw Kenpachi and shook his hand.

“Good to see you again, Kenpachi” he spoke with the heavy accent of the mainland.

“You too, Makoto,” Kenpachi’s hand dwarfed the older man’s.

“These are some of the men from my unit,” he introduced each one in turn, “Renji, Grimmjow, Ichigo”

Makoto shook each of their hands, Grimmjow using his left as his right was currently occupied with holding Yachiru. The man looked confused, like he expected Grimmjow to put her down and shake his hand with his right, Grimmjow did not.

“And this is my daughter, Yachiru”

“Hello, little girl” Makoto crooned at her.

“Hello, old man” Yachiru beamed back at him.

Grimmjow gave his fakest, most polite smile, and Ichigo suddenly became interested in the blossom growing up the side of the barn in order to hide his laughter. Renji stood open mouthed, as though he was catching flies. Kenpachi felt no need to hide his machine gun laughter, in fact it was so loud that several people turned around.

“You’ve already met Ahmya, you’ll find no submissive women on this island, Makoto. We’re not like the mainland here!” Kenpachi put an enormous paw around the shoulder of a quite nervous looking Makoto and led him off towards the other side of the lawn, looking back over his shoulder to wink at Yachiru as he left. She beamed from ear to ear.

Ichigo and Renji walked off to find some food, leaving Grimmjow and Yachiru to survey the surroundings.

“So, kid… who do we know here?” Grimmjow scanned the area.

They ended up talking to just about everyone. Yachiru showed no inclination towards getting down from Grimmjow’s arms and she was no bother to him at all. Mostly everyone on the island knew them and between them they made a charismatic pair. They finished talking to one of the local shop owner’s before turning and finding themselves by the outskirts of the land. Grimmjow had gotten glimpses of Ahmya from time to time, talking to different guests but hadn’t yet managed to reach her. Now she stood alone by the side of the house with her back to them.

His breath caught and once again he wondered why his body always felt the need to betray him in her presence. Why did she affect him in this way? Her extensive waves of hair had been braided into two traditional islander braids down her back, he’d never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. She wore a bright yellow dress that floated to the ground and it was covered in white flowers that looked suspiciously like the wild jasmine whose aroma filled the air. She was enchanting.

“Wow,” Yachiru breathed, “Aunty Ahmya looks beautiful”

She looked pointedly at Grimmjow.

“I know, I know. Let’s go and talk to her. Try and big me up won’t you?” he joked.

Grimmjow walked towards her slowly, trying to look as casual as possible. Yachiru had the good
grace not to blow their cover. As the neared, Grimmjow realised that she was on the phone. It was too late to change direction but he didn’t want her to think he was eavesdropping if she turned around to find him stood behind her. He realised that the conversation she was having was partially in the language of the mainlanders, her lilted accent changing to a harsher one as her language changed. He didn’t know much of the mainland language but he could pick up words here and there.

“Mama…. ….. hello my love…. … summer… .. .. …. home……. .. yes .. …. I love you”

Although he couldn’t make out the whole conversation he suddenly felt a little uncomfortable. She must have been talking to her mother on the mainland and he was getting close enough now that she was bound to notice him soon. She put the phone down and turned around. Her eyes widened and immediately a smile grew on her face as she saw Grimmjow and Yachiru approaching her.

“Ahmya! Ahmya!!” Yachiru was delighted and reached her arms out for Ahmya to hold her.

“Yachiru! My favourite pink haired warrior!”

She swept her up from Grimm’s arms and spun her around making her scream and giggle. She peppered kisses and blew raspberries on the side of her face until Yachiru nuzzled into her neck, her tiny little hands playing with the braids falling down Ahmya’s back. Grimmjow felt a weird nostalgic tugging in his chest that he’d never experienced before.

“Well, you’ve certainly taken a beating” Ahmya’s eyebrows shot up but there was a smile playing on her lips,

Until that point Grimmjow had completely forgotten about his black eye. Clearly the other islanders were used to seeing the team a little battered and bruised as they hadn’t mentioned it at all.

“Ah…” he wasn’t really sure how to explain in a way that would make sense.

“Let me guess… Ichigo?”

He stared open mouthed at her. How did she know? Then he realised that she probably thought they’d had a real fight.

“Yes, but we were just training. Uhh… we got a bit carried away I guess”

She simply laughed, as though it was the most normal and natural thing in the world. She was swaying from side to side, a comforting motion done for Yachiru’s benefit as she slowly drifted to sleep in her arms with her head on Ahmya’s shoulder. Ahmya’s eyes darkened,

“It suits you, Grimmjow,” she looked down at his mouth and then back up to his eyes.

He could hear his heartbeat thundering in his ears.

They reached Kenpachi who smiled at Ahmya fondly. The way he looked at her, Grimmjow realised, was the same way he looked at Yachiru. She was family to him. He mouthed a ‘thank you’ to her and scooped a sleeping Yachiru from her arms, wandering off with her to talk to some of the other party-goers. Ahmya smiled after them but stayed with Ichigo and Grimm.
“I see you came out of this play fight with some damage of your own” Ahmya said playfully, eyeing up Ichigo’s cut face. He grinned sheepishly.

“It’s amazing what you’ve done,” Ichigo shook his head, “Orchestrating all of this, bringing all of these people together and helping them to continue their way of life”

She looked almost shy, a look Grimmjow never thought he’d see on her.

“I didn’t do much really,” she responded, “Everyone on the island did all the hard work, I just helped them bridge the gap”

“So how does it all work?”

Grimmjow could see a sprinkle of freckles across her nose and shoulders. A few tendrils had escaped her braids and fell down the sides of her face. He wanted to take her face in his hands and kiss her but resisted. He had tuned out from what they were saying, he was completely absorbed in her features, drinking all of her in. After a few minutes he tuned back in, worried in case someone asked him something.

“… manage the deal and liaise between the two,” Ahmya finished what she was saying.

“But… how does that save them money? I mean, surely you must take a decent cut?” Ichigo was asking.

He wasn’t being rude, and he’d hoped he wasn’t insinuating that she was a con artist or something. He just didn’t understand why the farmers hadn’t gone directly to the mainland. Surely it was costing them a fortune to pay her to do it for them. He knew it probably wasn’t polite to ask but curiosity got the better of him.

“Well I don’t take a big cut,” she explained, “I turned down the amount that they offered me. I refused to do it unless they payed me the same per hour as they pay the fruit pickers that collect the papayas from the orchards”

Grimmjow’s mouth twitched and he nodded his head, but Ichigo just frowned.

“But your house. It’s massive” he countered.

In his head, Grimmjow was putting Ichigo in a headlock and dragging him back to the car. Sometimes, Ichigo just couldn’t let something drop until he knew the truth of it and apparently now was one of those times.

“Oh… my house is already paid for” she said.

Grimmjow felt like that was sufficient enough an answer but she obviously felt like she had to explain more and so she did. Ichigo had the good sense to look embarrassed that he’d even started down this line of conversation. She took a deep breath,

“My house was paid for out of life insurance money”

The penny finally dropped for Ichigo. Shit. Her dad. He remembered now.

“Ahmya, I’m so sorry. I’m an asshole. I should have just shut up”

“Yeah you should,” Grimmjow rolled his eyes, and people said he was the tactless one.

“It’s fine,” she smiled, “I’ve always worked so the house was partly paid off anyway, I’ve just been
able to work fewer hours and focus solely on the trade deal for a while and the money gave me the freedom to be able to do that”

At that point Renji had turned up to congratulate her on her efforts. Grimmjow looked at Ichigo and gave him a *what the fuck* shake of his head. Ichigo’s response was to screw his eyes up and shake his own head, he knew he’d been an idiot. Ahmya didn’t seem to think any more of it however, and the celebration went on into the early evening before everyone parted ways and went home.

Kenpachi dropped them all back off at home again, including Ahmya. She’d sat between Grimmjow and Ichigo until they’d gotten to her house, the warmth of her seeping into their sides, a sleeping Yachiru on her lap. She got out first, passing Yachiru over to Renji before heading into her house. Grimmjow and Ichigo got out next, climbing up the stairs to their apartment. Once they’d shut the door behind them, Grimmjow had said,

“You idiot,” but Ichigo knew he wasn’t really mad.

“I know, I should have thought. I just couldn’t get my head around it”

Grimmjow breathed out a laugh through his nose and lay down across the couch. Ichigo lay across the other side and they stared out of the window into the evening sky in comfortable silence.

"Did you see her hair?" Ichigo asked.

"Fuck I love that islander style, it suits her so much" groaned Grimmjow.

"She's so beautiful. What the fuck are we doing?" Ichigo said quietly.

Grimmjow made a noise of agreement.

Neither knew what to say after that. It seemed to Ichigo and Grimmjow both that even though they hadn't meant it to be that way, Ahmya was becoming a recurring feature in their lives. Neither were unhappy about it but they both felt the same sense of unease at the uncertainty the future held.
Grimmjow had been winding Ichigo up mercilessly for the past forty-five minutes. Ichigo had a stack of paperwork to do which he hated almost as much as Grimmjow did. It was hard enough trying to get it done but with Grimmjow constantly trying to distract him or play jokes on him he’d gotten worked up to the point of uselessness. Grimmjow had finally been kicked out of Ichigo’s office and into the hallway where he stalked around smirking. Grimmjow sure knew how to push Ichigo’s buttons when he was in that sort of mood. He wandered into the communal desk area and lay across Shuhei’s desk dramatically.

“Shuheeeiii, fight me, I’m bored”

“Not a chance,” Shuhei replied, trying to shove Grimm off his desk.

“I’m going stir crazy in here!”

It had been raining all day, torrential really. Grimmjow was surprised they’d had no thunder or lightning so far but the rain was bad enough. He didn’t even mind it normally, he liked that it cleared the muggy air a little, but today he was bored and the morning sparring had been put off in favour of paper work due to the awful weather. For once in his life, Grimmjow had completed everything he needed to before Ichigo.

“Renji’s taking everyone who’s finished up their papers onto the assault course in like, twenty minutes” Shuhei tried to placate him.

“In this weather?” Grimmjow got up and walked to the window, separating the blinds with two fingers and peering out, “Alright, better than nothing I suppose”

He walked across the room to another corridor that led to Renji’s office. As he approached, the door opened and out walked Ahmya.

“Yeah, the weekend after next. Thanks Renji, I owe you one!”

She turned and bumped straight into Grimmjow who caught her before she bounced off him and hit the ground. His hands held her by her arms, he immediately felt huge next to her. He knew she was strong but she felt tiny between his palms. He looked down on her, she was wearing a white t-shirt, part of it had started to turn just a hint see through from the rain that must have hit her on her way there. She wore a loose dark skirt that stopped above her knees, as she stepped back from rebounding off him it swished around her. On top of her head she had braided her hair and then pinned it up. Grimmjow thought it made her look like she was wearing a crown, she certainly looked like a queen as far as he was concerned. Everything about her was effortless, and everything about her was beautiful. Some loose strands of hair had stuck to her face with the rain and he could still see how her face was slightly damp from being outside. She looked up at him through her long dark lashes and her face lit up. It was the undoing of him.

“Grimmjow!” she beamed.

“Ahmya,” he breathed, “How are you?”

“Oh I’m good, thanks. I was just catching Renji for a quick favour. How’re you?”

“Good. Getting bored of this weather though, I was just on my way to hurry Renji up so we could all go and train properly. I can’t deal with being cooped up”
She laughed at that and he smiled back at her. He realised his hands were still holding her and reluctantly let her go. The effect that the rain had on her scent was heady and Grimmjow felt like he was drowning in her.

“No Ichigo today?” she questioned, “You two always seem to be together”

“Ah…” Grimmjow pulled a face like he’d been caught, “Actually he’s in his office. He’s doing paperwork. To be honest, he’s a bit stressed”

“Stressed?” Ahmya looked surprised, “I can’t imagine it, he’s usually the more chill one out of the two of you”

“Uh…I might have contributed to that stress by winding him up so he couldn’t do his work”

“You meanie,” she teased, batting his arm.

“Although…maybe…a visit from you would pull him out of his bad mood and get him back focused on his work”

“Oh really?” she looked up at him, her teeth grazing along her lower lip.

“Nng-fuck. I can’t believe I’m even suggesting it” Grimmjow suddenly realised that actually what he wanted more than anything was to take Ahmya into one of the empty offices himself. He just thought seeing her might cheer Ichigo up but she clearly had other ideas in mind and Grimm was quickly regretting not planting himself in the mix as well.

He struggled with his internal conflict then decided that there was no way it would go unnoticed if all three of them disappeared together so instead he decided that the least he could do was point her in Ichigo’s direction and what would happen, would happen. After all, it was his fault Ichigo was so irritated in the first place.

“And where might I find our frustrated friend?” she asked innocently.

Grimmjow grinned his face splitting grin, put an arm around her shoulder and led her back down the corridors to Ichigo’s office.

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Ichigo sat at his desk, irritated to no end. Grimmjow. Fucking Grimmjow. That man was a pain in the ass sometimes. He wasn’t even really mad at him, that’s what was more annoying. He was actually just mad at all the paperwork. Grimmjow had distracted him, on purpose, making it take so much longer. Now he was behind and had gotten himself so irritated by it all that he couldn’t even focus enough to do anything. He sat, pen in hand, leaning over the papers in front of him, a perpetual frown on his face.

There was a light knock on the door.

“Fuck off, Grimmjow!”

The door opened. Ichigo looked up from his desk,

“I said fu—“

His face moved from anger to surprise as it registered who was sliding in around the door. He was
still too irritated to smile though.

“Hey Ahmya, sorry… I thought Grimmjow was back to wind me up. Apparently I’m saying all the wrong things to you this week,” he sighed and leaned back in his chair. He slouched down, his legs wide, his elbow propped up on the armrest with his hand supporting his face.

“Well… he said you were stressed but I didn’t think you’d be this worked up. Don’t worry about me, we’re good” she smiled at him, her voice was soothing “What’s got you so irritated?”

“Ugh… I just… Grimmjow knows exactly what to do to get me annoyed, I have all this work to do, and now I’m so pissed off I can’t even focus. I’m never gonna get it done”

He almost sounded pouty about it, and the corners of Ahmya’s mouth twitched.

“It sounds to me like you need a break,” she walked towards him slowly.

“I can’t Ahmya, I’m not leaving this room until it’s done” he said resolutely, his frustration blinding him to what was happening in front of him.

“Oh we don’t need to leave the room,” her eyes were almost black now as she stalked towards him.

The only part of Ichigo that moved were his eyes. His body stayed in its slouched position, his hand propping his head up, but he watched her slink over to him and slide between him and the desk. Now he was paying attention. He slid his chair back a foot, and casually leaned back, both arms on the armrests now, watching to see what she’d do next. He still hadn’t smiled.

She trailed her arms up under her skirt, her eyes never leaving Ichigo’s, and within seconds her underwear had fallen to the ground. He hadn’t even seen how she’d done it. She reached behind her, sliding his papers to the side so that they didn’t get mixed up, and then using her arms she pulled herself up and sat on his desk facing him.

Ichigo’s heart was racing. He could hear it in his head. He was sure she must be able to see it. He still hadn’t moved, hadn’t given an inkling of how he was feeling. He was in turmoil. Was she suggesting he fuck her, here in his office? Could he? What if someone walked in? Wouldn’t someone hear them? Surely that would be too far, even for him.

“Ahmya, I—“

She spread her legs, just a fraction. It was enough to silence him. He swallowed.

“Come on, daddy. You’re not going to make me leave are you?” her eyes were so round, her voice so soft, her fingers holding onto the edge of the desk.

It took Ichigo a half second to process what she’d just said and in that moment he was already lunging towards her. His mouth hit hers first and he didn’t even wait for them to fully connect before his tongue was seeking hers. His chair had been knocked backwards in his haste and he pulled her damp t-shirt over her head and threw it behind him. He swiped everything of his desk, fuck his paperwork, and laid her down. He stood between her legs, and kissed down her body like a dying man desperate for air. With his hands he undid his trousers, letting them fall to the floor, he didn’t even bother to remove his shirt.

Ichigo took a moment to look down at her, spread in front of him. She was lay on his desk, his fucking desk, ready for him. He shook his head in disbelief, a growl low in the back of his throat. She bit her lip, her breathing heavy, her eyes shining. He slid his hands up her legs, taking in every piece of her with his eyes in a possessive, hungry way. When he reached her skirt he slid it up to her
waist to that he could see her, then leaned over her, his left hand holding the edge of the desk over her shoulder. His face was inches from hers and she looked up at him with those big brown eyes.

He parted her with his fingers and then slid one inside. His eyes never left her face, but only switched between watching her mouth and then back to her eyes again. He added another finger and dragged in and out of her, watching the effect on her face, feeling himself get harder from it. As he pulled he curled his fingers and she moaned, closing her eyes under him. He licked his lip and did it again. She was so hot and wet underneath him, so wanting, it made him ache to be inside her.

He pulled his fingers out and she whimpered at the loss. He used the same hand on himself, preparing himself for her, lining himself up with her where she was soaked and waiting. When he had gotten himself into position he moved his hand up to her hip instead to hold her steady. He looked back up into her face.

“Please, daddy,” she whispered.

His body took over in response to her words and he sunk into her deep and hard. She cried out and he bent forward to kiss her as he thrust into her again and again. She moaned into his mouth and he bit her lip to keep himself from crying out.

“Fuck, you feel amazing” he choked out, looking down at her.

“Thank you, daddy” she breathed, "Please... don't stop"

“Nngg-fuuckk”

He put both of his hands on her hips now and used them to pull her towards him to meet each thrust. She wrapped her legs loosely around his waist so that he could reach deeper. She groaned under him with each push and it only spurred him on. She arched her back and he could fit his hands around her waist so that his finger-tips touched at her back and his thumbs near her belly button. It was all he could do to keep it together as he watched her start to come undone underneath him.

Her moans were getting louder. The word 'daddy' rolling off her tongue and over her lips like a prayer. Someone was definitely going to hear. He took one hand and held it carefully over her mouth so that she could still breath through her nose. She moaned all the same but the sound was at least a little muffled now. He slid his other hand further under the arch of her back now so that he could pull her towards him still on each thrust.

God she was fucking beautiful. He and Grimmjow were idiots for even wishing for more times like this with her. He groaned at the sight of her, at the feel of her, as a hot tightening sensation began to spread in his muscles. He stood straighter, angling his body a little further back and knew immediately it was the right decision as she began to cry out in rapture. He was glad his hand was over her mouth.

He sped up, pummeling harder and faster into her. Her back arched further, straining against the muscles holding it in place. Her breath caught and she was quiet for a moment before he felt her muscles constricting around him, pulling him along with her as she came. The sensation of her squeezing around him tipped it and he came hard, her legs gripping his sides as he groaned aloud, not giving a fuck now if anyone heard him.

He leaned forward into her and rested his head on her chest, trying to control his breathing and his racing heart. Several minutes later he lifted his head to look up at her. Her head was back against the desk, her eyes closed and content. He removed his hand from her mouth, leaning over her again so that his face was above hers, a wicked grin playing on his mouth. She opened her eyes, her smile just
as delicious. He leaned in, claiming her mouth and she hummed a blissful noise into the kiss.

He slowly pulled out of her and pulled his trousers back up. Taking her by the hands, he pulled her back up to a sitting position, found her knickers and slid them back up her smooth legs, kissing up them as he went. She slid from the desk so that she could pull them up all the way as he found her t-shirt, turning it from being inside out for her to put back on. She placed her hands on his chest, reaching up on her tiptoes to kiss him deeply.

“Feeling better?” she asked, once she’d pulled away again.

Ichigo sighed with relief,

“Much”

“Good,” she smiled, “See you around, Ichigo”

And with that she winked at him, wandered back to the door and after only opening it slightly, slid back out. He was left almost gaping, open mouthed after her. He looked around his office at the carnage, his chair on its back and paperwork littering the floor like confetti.

It would take him ages to clean it up and finish his work but somehow he didn’t feel so stressed about it all now. Ichigo smiled to himself and began picking his papers up off the floor.
A few days later, Grimmjow was sat on the balcony drinking his coffee black and tooth-rottingly sweet. His feet were up on the chair opposite him and the warm breeze of the morning lifted his fringe slightly and tickled it across his face. The skies had cleared throughout the rest of the week and the sun was beaming down once again.

The glass door slid open and Ichigo stepped out, his own drink in hand and a yawn on his face. He passed Grimmjow, scrunching his fingers in the hair at the back of his head as he passed and sat in the seat next to him at the table. Grimmjow subconsciously leaned into him at the touch and then went back to his original position.

They’d already had numerous conversations unpicking the goddess-like behaviour that Ahmya had displayed in Ichigo’s office. On a few of those occasions the conversations had been so intense that they’d relieved each other while Ichigo retold the events in a husky voice.

Both men were amazed that no one had heard Ichigo and Ahmya in his office but Grimmjow had been a good wingman and done his best to tactfully keep people off the corridor. Grimmjow was thinking about it now as he took a drink, a lazy smile on his face. They’d taken to randomly talking about it after periods of silence as though the conversation hadn’t ended.

“Well I can tell you now…” Grimmjow drawled, “I won’t be calling you daddy”
Ichigo didn’t even hesitate,

“Oh please, it wouldn’t be the first time”

And for once in his life, Grimmjow blushed. Well fuck, he’d forgotten about that. He had no come back. Ichigo leaned back in his chair and howled with laughter. Shit. Grimmjow couldn’t keep the grin off his face either. There was no point hiding around Ichigo, he knew him through and through.

Ichigo wheezed and attempted to stop laughing, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

“So, what are you doing today?” Ichigo smiled

Grimmjow pondered,

“Run on the beach, nothing else planned. You?”

“Shuhei asked if I’d go and spot him at the gym,” Ichigo replied, “I don’t mind, for an hour or so”

“Yeah well… I don’t think it’s the weights he wants on top of him” Grimmjow gave him a wicked look, but behind it he was serious. He might share Ichigo with women, but another man? Not fucking happening.

“Ha! I don’t think it’s me he wants to bench” Ichigo laughed, raising his eyebrows at Grimm.

“Hnn” Grimmjow thought about that. He shook his head to clear the thought, he had no interest in any men outside of Ichigo.

Grimmjow ran across the sand, his powerful legs pushing him forward step by step. The sun burned deliciously into his chest which he hadn’t even bothered to cover; feeling the wind against him as he ran shirtless felt amazing. He wore dark, fairly loose swim shorts that stopped above his knees and his trainers. As he ran down the beach several women sunbathing called out to him, a few even whistled. He indulged them by giving a wave or a wink as he passed by.

He pushed himself harder, showing off was part of his nature after all. As he approached a curve in the shoreline he could see one of the small, wooden jetties coming into view. Locals tended just to tie their boats up wherever they liked, no one really minded or had their own spaces. As he neared he could see a familiar silhouette untying one of the ropes holding a modest motor boat in place. Ahmya looked up as he approached.

“I wondered what all the hollering was about” she smiled playfully, referring to the women who had been catcalling after him down the beach, “might’ve known it would be you causing all the trouble again”

He feigned confusion, “No idea what you mean,” then ruined the effect with a kilowatt smile.

“Nice boat” he continued.

“Is that your best pick up line, Grimm?” she teased.

“Huh,” he ran his tongue along his canine, failing to hold back his smirk. She didn’t give him an inch, she was merciless. He fucking loved it.

“You busy?” she’d finished untangling the rope now, the only thing keeping the boat nearby was her powerful arms.
“What’ve you got in mind?”

“Come on, I’ll show you” she motioned with her head for him to follow and she stepped down into the boat. He breathed a surprised laugh through his nose, she never did what he expected, and stepped down after her.

She started the engine and they slowly moved backwards away from the other couple of boats that were bobbing nearby. The sea was calm, the sun hot and the day perfect.

She turned the boat around with an ease that Grimmjow could never have managed, and started to follow the coast further along. In the distance Grimm could see some cliffs that cut off the beach, they came right out to the sea preventing anyone from carrying on that way.

“Your surfboard?” Grimmjow asked, he’d spotted it propped against the seating.

“Ugh, yeah. Renji taught me, he’s made me do it every summer since we were kids. I’m so bad at it, I hate it. I swear he only does it because it’s the one thing he’s better than me at – he’s so sadistic” she laughed.

Grimmjow was surprised, he knew they were good friends but he hadn’t realised how close. Perhaps they were a lot closer than he’d thought. Perhaps they were a lot closer than he’d thought.

Grimmjow was surprised, he knew they were good friends but he hadn’t realised how close. Perhaps they were a lot closer than he’d thought. Perhaps they were a lot closer than he’d thought.

He looked up at her from where he was, he was becoming better prepared each time he saw her for how beautiful she was but it was no less effective. Today her hair was in two long, thick dutch braids down her back, and she wore a lose white beach dress over a small white bikini. He noticed that she didn’t even wear shoes today. She looked back at him over her shoulder,

“What?” she smiled at him, noticing him looking at her.

He bit his lip and smiled back,

“Nothing,” and then, “You’re beautiful”

Her eyes seemed to become rounder and a small, shy smile crept across her face before she turned back around to watch where she was going. She turned them in around the side of the cliffs he had noticed before. He stood up, looking over her shoulder. In front of them was a hidden bay that couldn’t be accessed from the land. The water was crystal clear, and the sand below it almost white. At the beach, Grimmjow noticed, the sand stopped and instead there were smooth flat pebbles covering the ground. It was mesmerising.

She stopped the boat in the middle of the bay and dropped an anchor over the edge. She lifted her sundress over her head and then dropped it to the floor of the boat. Stepping up onto its side she turned to Grimmjow, flashing him a grin before diving straight into the water. Grimmjow couldn’t believe that he’d never know this place existed. He took his shoes off and jumped over the edge, following her.

As he surfaced he flicked his azure hair out of his way and swam after her towards the shore. The sand and pebbles sloped slowly upwards to where the tide lapped lazily up the beach. They walked out of the sea laughing and joking. Grimmjow was enthralled by her, she was like a beacon drawing him in, her tiny white bikini didn’t help matters. He wondered if it was obvious that he couldn’t stop thinking about removing it. He looked down at himself, yes it was fucking obvious.

She led him to the edge of the beach and they began to climb up a rough path that had been hacked
into the smooth rocks. She told him all about how they used to come here as children, how most locals knew about it but not many came as the only people who could really access it were those with boats. Once they’d reached the top of the rocks she took him to the edge. They could see for miles across the sea, especially on such a beautiful day and Grimmjow was once again amazed – he felt like this place where they’d lived for eight months, they knew none of its secrets.

“Time to see how brave you are Grimmjow” she raised her eyebrows at him.

He cocked his head, waiting for an explanation. She gave him one. She turned from him and bolted towards the edge of the rock, and then leaped from it. Grimmjow’s heart was in his mouth, he felt sick. He ran to the edge and then stopped, could he bare to even look? He heard an almighty splash and some of the fear left him. He leaned over the edge.

“You fucker!!” he shouted down to her, “You fucking terrified me!!”

She laughed an impish laugh from where she was treading water in the bay below. It wasn’t actually that far, he thought, and the competitive streak in him wasn’t very well going to let him walk back down the rock path. Clearly he was going to have to jump.

“Come on Grimmjow, don’t keep me waiting all day!” she hollered at him before slowly starting to swim backwards towards the shore, eyes on him the whole time.

“Fuck” he muttered to himself, “If I die here, Ichigo is gonna kill me”

He took a few steps back for a run up, and then launched himself of the edge. His stomach clenched and he had a good few seconds of “oh shit” before he hit the water like a bullet. He pierced the surface again to the sound of her cheering and his face was jubilant.

“I can’t believe you just scared me like that, come here!”

He swam after her, she shrieked in delight and swam to the shore, running when her feet caught purchase on the ground. She got about two steps before he swept her up in his arms, spinning her around and then falling back into the water with her on top of him. They were both laughing, and then their lips were together and the laughter turned to smiling kisses.

Grimmjow scooped her up, deliberately not breaking their kiss. He walked a little further towards the shore to where the water was only a few inches deep. He sat back down, his legs stretched out into the ocean. She sat on top of him, straddled across his lap. The smiles lessened, the kisses deepened.

Grimmjow’s hands were round her waist, sliding up her back towards the strings of her bikini top. He pulled to undo them and broke away from kissing her to watch it slide from her, he threw it behind them onto the beach so it couldn’t wash away. He kissed each of her breasts in turn, taking her nipples into his mouth. She still smelled like wild jasmine, how was that possible? But now she tasted like the sea, Grimmjow was hooked.

As he continued worshipping her body with his mouth, his hands strayed downwards to undo the ties at the sides of her bikini bottoms. Once undone on both sides, she lifted up onto her knees so he could slide them out from under her to join her top on the beach. While she was elevated he slid down his own shorts and she helped him remove them to add to the pile of clothing.

He lay back against the smooth round pebbles of the beach. The water was so calm here, the tide so low that the bottom half of him was partially submerged while his top half could comfortably lay down without the water bothering his head. His hair glistened where droplets of sea water clung to his spikes and the water that caressed him was warm and relaxing. Ahmya sat over him, radiant in
the sun, the few beads of water on her arms and body quickly drying in the heat.

She took him in her hands and she felt so amazing that he pressed his head back into the pebbles underneath him. She slid her hand up and down him, and then positioning herself over him, using him to grind against as she worked not only him up but herself as well. Her eyes were heavy and he moaned low in his throat at the sight of her rubbing against him, out in the open, in broad daylight, where anyone could see them.

His hands strayed up her thighs and onto her hips, but they held her loosely, letting her move freely where she wanted. She lifted up higher this time and positioned him directly under her. He held his breath. She sunk down onto him until she was fully seated with a long, low moan. He squeezed her hips to prevent himself calling out her name.

She began to undulate on top of him and his eyes rolled back in his head at the feeling. It was taking all of his willpower to sit and receive it from her. She felt so amazing that it was almost driving him to madness. She held his hands in place on her hips, her head dropped back and her mouth parted slightly as she panted at the feeling of him inside her as she rolled her hips.

“Mmmfuck, Ahmya, I can’t— it’s too much” he managed to grunt out.

She immediately stopped and began to slide up and down his length instead.

“Jesus-fucking-christ” he choked out, he didn’t know how he was going to survive this girl.

With each lift up she clenched slightly to squeeze around him and then released as she came back down. His hands had a mind of their own, roaming up her body aimlessly, feeling every curve of her, memorising the feel of each piece. He was a man possessed.

She sped up, bouncing slightly now with each thrust that she rained down on him, soft sounds escaping her lips, her hands pressed gently to his chest. Grimmjow’s hands travelled down to her ass, where they stayed, caressing with every bounce. And fuck she felt amazing. She leaned forward to kiss him, and one of his hands came around to hold the side of her face. Her tongue massaged his and when they parted again he was breathless and losing his resolve. She was undoing him, piece by piece.

She sat upright again, and then leaned further backwards, placing her hands behind her on his thighs. They both moaned aloud at the fullness of the new positioning and she began to slide up and down him once more. His hands were back on her legs now, helping to move her up and down with his strong arms.

“Fuuuuuck Grimmjowww” she moaned, and she opened her eyes again to look down on him.

The sight of her like that, spread over him, leaning back to accommodate more of him and using his own legs to propel herself up and down his length, he groaned. Her scent was on him, her taste in his mouth mixed with salt water. The feel of the cool pebbles under his back, the warm water kissing against his body, and Ahmya taking all of him, above him in every sense of the word. Her moans were getting more frequent now, and louder.

His hands found their way back to her hips, and he began to match her thrusts with his own. She called out but didn’t stop her movements. She bore down on him harder with each thrust until both of them were panting, breathing heavy and nearing breaking point. Grimmjow’s hands were gripping the side of her hips, he didn’t think he had it in him to loosen them, he vaguely realised that she was doing the same thing to his legs.
“I’m so close,” he managed to say through gritted teeth.

She nodded in agreement above him, unable to form words, and then began to squeeze her muscles again as she moved. The sudden increase in pressure was all he needed and he sped up to a frantic, punishing pace as he came, his head knocking back into the pebbles, and he groaned, his eyes tightly shut. The quicker tempo and deeper thrusts were enough for Ahmya too and she came alongside him, milking him and drawing his orgasm out for longer as she called out, her head tipped back.

When she had come down, she leaned forward again to kiss him with an open mouth. He smiled into her and helped her slide off him before lying next to him in the warm, shallow water, her head against his shoulder. They lay like that for a while, recovering their strength and allowing sensation to return to their legs.

After what seemed like an eternity, although the sun wasn’t much lower in the sky, they both stirred.

“Ahmya, you are phenomenal” Grimmjow almost purred.

“You’re pretty amazing yourself, Grimmjow” she returned, looking up at him.

They dressed once again and swam back out to the boat. Now that he knew where they were and where they were going, she asked Grimmjow if he wanted to drive which of course he did. He took them back up the coastline to the small wooden jetty he’d met her at earlier. It felt like days ago when he’d been running along the beach, he was amazed that really it had only been a couple of hours at the most.

He kissed her long and hard when the boat had stopped, and then climbed out onto the wooden boards. She smiled at him, an easy familiar smile, and then backed the boat out again, before driving off across the water in a different direction. Grimmjow ran a hand through his hair, it was probably sticking up in all directions but for once he didn’t even care. He walked back to the beach and then jogged the rest of the way home, replaying the entire turn of events in his head. He couldn’t wait to tell Ichigo.
It was Friday night and Ichigo and Grimmjow had decided to head out to get something to eat instead of cooking. They wandered down the beach front towards their favourite place a few miles away. They didn’t mind the walk, the weather was hot and cloudy, with storms threatening again. Every now and then Grimm would throw an arm around Ichigo’s shoulder and they would laugh and talk as they meandered down the pavement at their own pace.

As they were passing one of the pizza places before their destination their attention was caught by someone shouting their name. It was Shuhei, he was sat at a booth on the beach front with Ahmya, Renji and Rukia. Ichigo and Grimm walked over, Grimmjow had no inclination to remove his arm from where it lay. Ichigo had given up wondering what people thought anymore. They all exchanged greetings, Ahmya eyeing them up from across the table as though they were her dinner instead.

She looked gorgeous, Ichigo thought. She wore ripped jeans and an off the shoulder fitted top. There was nothing fancy about it but fuck, she was sexy. Her hair lay straight down her back, Grimmjow imagined how it must smell. She had one foot up against the seat and leaned casually against Shuhei. Ichigo wished it was him she was leaning into instead. Was it a date?

“Hey guys!” Shuhei beamed, he was adorable, Ichigo couldn’t even be mad at him for his proximity
to her, he was like an excitable little puppy, “What you upto?”

“Just grabbing some food ourselves,” Ichigo replied.

“You want to join us?”

Renji coughed subtly, catching their eye. He sat next to Rukia, behind her so that she couldn’t see his facial expression. He glared at them deliberately, shaking his head and then motioned with his eyes towards Rukia. He obviously did not want them to join, Ichigo realised that this was a set up situation, purposefully created in order to allow Renji to spend time with Rukia. Grimmjow had never understood Renji’s fascination with Rukia but he knew enough to know that he’d been besotted with her forever. The only thing stopping him from telling her was Byakuya. Maybe now he was getting to a point where he didn’t care about that anymore.

“Uhh… sorry guys, boy’s night tonight!”

That was the best Ichigo could come up with. He realised how stupid he sounded, especially considering they lived together so every night was boy’s night. Shuhei genuinely looked disappointed, not a date then.

“We’re all going to the bar tomorrow night” Ahmya’s velvet voice floated across the table, “They’re forecasting a storm so it shouldn’t be as busy as usual. You coming?”

“Sure, we’ll be there” Grimmjow gave her a wink. She grinned.

“See you tomorrow, guys” Ichigo called as Grimmjow steered him away, looking back over his shoulder to catch Ahmya’s eye once again.

They carried on down the beach front before turning into their favourite place. It served traditional island food, fresh and home grown. The owner called out to them to sit wherever they liked and they took up a booth right at the front where they could see the sea. They sat next to each other, rather than opposite, the heat from their arms seeping through one another’s clothes.

“Do you think Renji will ever make a move?” Ichigo asked.

“I’m not sure but if he does, Byakuya will kick ten tons of shit out of him” laughed Grimmjow.

Ichigo nodded, Byakuya was not a man who suffered fools easily. As much as Rukia could take care of herself, Byakuya wouldn’t stand for her being with someone he didn’t think was good enough for her. Ichigo thought it was probably none of Byakuya’s business… but for an easy life, he wasn’t going to be the one to tell him that.

Grimmjow was drumming his hands on the table while he looked through the menu. Ichigo didn’t know why he bothered, he knew what Grimmjow was going to order. Ichigo reached out with his hand and traced a scar over the back of Grimmjow’s wrist. Grimmjow smiled automatically at the touch and looked down.

“Do you remember that?” Grimmjow asked Ichigo, looking to his eyes for recognition.

“Of course I remember it Grimmjow, you broke it punching me”

“Your stupid thick head broke it. And… even though it was my fault… as soon as it happened you took me to the hospital to get me sorted” Grimmjow looked down.

“I wasn’t very well going to leave you there was I?” Ichigo laughed softly.
“You stayed with me all summer…” Grimmjow’s brow furrowed, “You taught me how to punch as well with my left hand as I could with my right, even though you knew I’d only use that to fight you again…”

Grimmjow was quiet now, Ichigo didn’t know where the conversation was going. He was confused.

“…why did you do that, Ichigo?”

Ichigo took a deep breath. Grimmjow had never asked him that before, he didn’t know why he was asking him now.

“Because, from the first day I met you I knew I didn’t want you to fight with anyone but me” Ichigo thought it sounded stupid when he said it out loud, he didn’t know how to explain it.

“But now you don’t fight me… hardly ever” Grimmjow added, gesturing to his own bruised eye that was now a faded green.

“Because Kenpachi’s right, we got too strong. We’d only end up killing each other now. Neither of us has the sense to know when to stop. But I don’t need to fight you now to know…” Ichigo hesitated, this wasn’t something they normally voiced aloud, “…to know that you belong to me. Back then I did. I worried that someone stronger would come along and you’d be more interested in fighting them.”

Grimmjow nodded, he understood perfectly. He hadn’t known it at the time but he was constantly chasing Ichigo for the very same reason. He’d been terrified when his wrist has snapped that Ichigo would see him as weak. But even when Ichigo had trained him to use his other hand, he hadn’t made Grimmjow feel inferior. He’d always viewed him as a worthy adversary, even if he could kick his ass. Or break his wrist just by having a dense jaw.

“What do you think will happen, in the future?” Grimmjow asked, “We came here, to this unit, and I’m happy here Ichigo. We have a good life here, don’t we? But is this our life forever?”

Ichigo felt like his temperature was rising, he wasn’t sure why. What was Grimmjow asking? He said he was happy, what did he want? Did he want more? Something or someone else in his life? This wasn’t a conversation they’d had before. They’d always been a team, they came as a package deal, but it had just happened. They’d never made long term plans or commitments, they just went along with life as it happened upon them. Ichigo felt like his head was in a bubble.

“Well, what do you want? Do you mean like Ahmya? Are you not happy with how things have gone down?” Was this Grimmjow’s way of breaking things up between the three of them?

“No, I am! It’s just, before Ahmya… we looked out for each other” he gave Ichigo a meaningful glance, “and fucked women the rest of the time. We weren’t committed to anyone outside of ourselves. Is that our life forever?”

“You know why that is” Ichigo replied, thinking back to all the women who had tried to come between them in the past.

“I know! I know”

“But I know what you mean. With Ahmya it does feel like… she fits. It isn’t like it has been in the past. When she’s there, there’s no sacrifice, I don’t feel like we’re losing each other when we gain her” Ichigo finished.

It was exactly what Grimmjow was feeling, and what he’d been trying to say although he could see...
now that it had come out all wrong. And even though they didn’t have a solution, the fact that they’d voiced what they thought had helped.

Grimmjow thought back to when he’d broken his wrist. The events that had led up to it and after it. The unspoken events that he knew Ichigo remembered too. Ichigo had gotten his first girlfriend the autumn before. Grimmjow had felt the rage bubbling under the surface ever since, he hadn’t known why. The fights between them had turned back into the angry affairs that they’d had when they’d first met. He’d thought maybe he was jealous that Ichigo had a girl and he didn’t, so he found one of his own, it hadn’t been difficult. It didn’t make him feel any better.

Things had just reached boiling point one day and Grimmjow had truly lost it, taking a reckless shot that he wasn’t prepared for, resulting in his broken wrist. Ichigo had immediately dropped to the floor to Grimmjow, cradling him to calm him down and then took him straight to the emergency room. Grimmjow found out later on that he’d broken up with his girlfriend the next day, had said it just wasn’t working out.

He’d practically lived at Grimmjow’s for the next seven weeks. Grimmjow’s mom hadn’t minded, she loved them both. They slept in the same bed, travelled to school together, and carried on fighting. Things weren’t as bad as they had been, they’d had a shock, but things still weren’t right.

By the time Grimmjow’s hand had healed he was onto another girl. Ichigo and Grimmjow had been sparring late one night in the garage attached to Ichigo’s house. Neither had gained much ground, there was no clear winner and they were both getting more and more frustrated. Grimmjow’s phone had kept ringing, girls trying to get hold of him. Ichigo’s hadn’t been much better.

It was Ichigo who’d lost it this time.

“For fuck’s sake Grimmjow, can’t you shut that thing up?!” he’d yelled at him as they circled each other.

“Fuck off Kurosaki, yours is just as bad!”

Rage had flared up in Ichigo, he’d lunged for Grimmjow, ignoring all the rules he’d taught him himself. He’d tackled him to the ground and they’d grappled for a few minutes, neither of them gaining the upper hand. Finally, Ichigo’s anger had given him the strength to overpower Grimmjow. He’d managed to pin him down underneath himself. His legs were wrapped around Grimmjow’s, keeping him in place, Ichigo’s arms had pinned Grimmjow’s to the floor above his head.

Both of them had been breathing heavily from the exertion of the fight. Ichigo closed his eyes for a minute while he tried in vain to get his breath back. When he opened them, Grimmjow had been staring up at him. He realised that Grimmjow wasn’t even straining against him, wasn’t even trying to get out of the hold. Ichigo had looked down on him, noticing the pink in his cheeks, the way his azure hair did whatever it wanted – defiant even when he’d been dominated. He noticed the slight bruise forming at his temple, a hit Ichigo must have gotten in earlier.

All of these things, Ichigo had taken in, right before his body had done something completely of its own accord and leaned down and kissed him. Ichigo had no idea why he’d done it, but every fibre of his being was telling him to carry on doing it. After a few seconds he’d realised that he might have been kissing Grimmjow, but Grimmjow was not kissing back. He’d pulled away, horror seeping into his very marrow.

“What the fuck, Ichigo?” Grimmjow had said, frowning and shaking his head.
“I…” Ichigo had nothing to say. Terror was flooding his veins, he’d made a stupid mistake and jeopardised everything.

A heartbeat later Grimmjow was straining up against him, but not as Ichigo thought, to pull away and get out from under him. He was straining towards him. Grimmjow’s mouth had met Ichigo’s again, deliberately, and he’d kissed Ichigo with a hunger that he’d never felt before.

Ichigo had released Grimmjow’s arms to place his own hands on his face. Grimmjow’s had immediately moved to Ichigo’s body where he’d begun to roam all over him. Grimmjow had pulled his legs up and Ichigo had been nestled in between them. Both of them had begun to grind against one another, their breathing becoming more laboured, their kisses more disjointed as their focus wavered. Grimmjow’s hands had begun to move southward, they’d skirted along his waistband and then paused.

Ichigo had pulled away, looking Grimmjow straight in the eyes.

“Don’t stop,” he’d said hoarsely.

Grimmjow had swallowed, and reached down into Ichigo’s sweatpants. Ichigo was shaking. His hand had closed around where Ichigo was hot and hard and aching with need. He’d slowly run his hand up and down Ichigo’s length as Ichigo had closed his eyes, suppressed a groan and pressed his forehead into Grimmjow’s.

After a few minutes they’d shifted their bodies to allow better access for both of them, and once they both had their hands around the other it had been a very quick affair before both young men were groaning into the shoulder of the other in an attempt to keep quiet. Afterwards they’d stripped off their damp tshirts and put them straight in the wash, donning clean ones.

It became a regular thing after that. Both of them had continued to see new girls but nothing serious had ever arisen from it. The few times that women had wanted to take things further with them, they’d been rebuffed. Even the ones that they’d liked hadn’t been fully aware of the situation between them and those that did, didn’t like being second place.

Grimmjow realised that they hadn’t really discuss it ever. They’d alluded to it several times, maybe on occasion sort of broached a topic nearby. But everything had worked out, if it ain’t broke don’t fix it, he thought. They’d never felt the need to discuss it because it worked for them. And it still worked for them, for the precise reason that they didn’t let anything interfere with it. So what was happening?

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Football the next day had been a monstrous affair in the heat. Ahmya had been right about the storm, they could feel it coming. The air was humid, the sky dull despite the soaring temperatures. Everything was tense, static seeping into everything. Ichigo, Grimmjow and Renji walked home along the beach in an attempt to catch a breeze.

“How did you get on last night, with Rukia?” Ichigo asked.

“Bah. You know, we get on so well. I feel like I know there’s something there. Ahmya tells me to just go for it, maybe she’s right, maybe Rukia just needs me to make the move but…”

“Byakuya” Ichigo finished for him.

“Byakuya” Renji agreed.
Grimmjow shook his head, causing Renji to look at him questioningly.

“You gonna spend your whole life worrying about that pompous asshole?” he growled, “Fuck him, man. You’ve waited long enough. If she’s the one for you just do it. What’s the worst he can do?”

“Grimmjow, he could fucking kill me. You know he could. You just wanna see it happen”

Grimmjow laughed, that would be amusing, he thought. Ichigo rolled his eyes,

“He is right though Renji, enough’s enough. Make your move before someone else does”

Renji mulled that over for a while as they meandered along the edge of the tide.

“Hee-eey!” a voice called out to them, it was Orihime.

She was sat on a blanket with Ahmya and Rukia. They’d obviously had a similar idea of coming to the beach to try and feel the benefit of the ocean wind. Rukia gave Renji a wide smile. She was wearing a sheer crop top and jean shorts.

“Holy fuck” whispered Renji, “She’s so cute”

“cute?!” muttered Grimmjow so that only Ichigo could hear him. Ichigo elbowed him in the ribs.

They called back to her and made their way over. Ichigo couldn’t get over how Ahmya always looked so different, he never got bored of looking at her. She wore an off the shoulder, white long dress. It was decorated in red flowers here and there, the colours were amazing on her. It split at the knee, falling from her body onto the sand, she looked like a goddess. Her hair was up in two buns on top of either side of her head, it was fucking adorable, and when she turned he could see it was braided up the back. He never understood how people had the time or patience or skill to do things like that, he just woke up in the mornings and dealt with what he had.

“How was football?” Rukia asked, taking in their kits.

“Long. Dull” Ichigo answered.

“That’s only because you don’t put your all into it” Grimmjow responded.

Renji was smiling blankly, he didn’t answer. Orihime commented on the weather, she couldn’t believe they’d even considered doing sports in it.

“A bit of humidity wouldn’t put our boys off now would it?” Ahmya said, giving them a cheeky smile.

Ichigo grinned back, couldn’t stop in fact.

“So you said everyone’s out tonight?” he asked her.

“Yeah, the usual place… you’re coming?” she asked them both. It was clear by now that she wasn’t asking Renji.

“We’ll be there” Grimmjow assured her. She beamed.

They finished up their conversation, Ichigo noticed that Renji hardly spoke. What was he doing? Once they had said goodbye and were out of earshot, Ichigo turned to him and noticed his cheeks were a little pink, he looked quite uncomfortable.
“What’s going on with you, man?” he called across to him. A look of panic crossed Renji’s face and he flushed, obviously mortified.

Grimmjow looked around and glanced down Renji’s body.

“Renji, are you nursing a semi? Seriously? Dude she was completely covered up, get your shit together man!” Grimmjow’s eyebrows were high on his head.

“Oh fuck off Grimmjow!” Renji was completely defensive now, “I can’t help it! Besides, you’re no better!”

“I’ve not got a semi, Renji, this is just how big I am,” Grimmjow flashed his teeth at him and Renji blanched. He looked down at Grimmjow’s shorts,

“Jesus Christ” he looked quite terrified. Ichigo bent over laughing. Grimmjow seemed to hold himself taller as he strutted down the beach, Renji wilting beside him.
This chapter is twice as long as my normal chapters. I mean... I'm not concerned about it, are you?

If you're ready for a rollercoaster of emotions then read on my friends. Settle down and buckle up.

Grimm and Ichigo were in the bar when Renji and Ahmya arrived. They fell through the door, shrieking and laughing at something unknown to everyone else. Renji was wiping tears from his face, something Grimmjow didn’t think he’d ever seen him do. Grimm and Ichigo sat in the booth end of the usual part of the bar the team took up. A few others had already joined them and several empty glasses already sat on the table. Ahmya caught their eyes, calling to them, and Renji waved before they headed over to the bar to get drinks for themselves.

Ichigo thought she looked surreal tonight, like a siren who’d just stepped out of the sea. She wore a floor length, black chiffon dress that split at the thigh. It was floaty and otherworldly, partially see through though it was hard to tell that in the dim lighting of the bar. The top of it dipped low but
once again Ichigo was struck by how she didn’t look like she was trying to show off. In her own way she looked casual and confident, he was mesmerised by her. Her hair, seemingly impossibly even darker than ever tonight, hung loose down her back, natural waves tumbling over each other. As she moved her dress floated around her as though it was made of mist.

Ichigo wanted to sit her across his lap. The part of his nature he normally tried to keep under wraps surfaced, he imagined what it would be like to sink into her here infront of all these people. He imagined how her mouth would drop open, the noises she’d make. He imagined her arms on his shoulder as he thrust up into her, imagined Grimmjow joining them…

“Dude, you ok? You zoned out there for a second”

Shuhei had been talking to him, he had no idea what he’d just said. He apologised and focused on the younger man again. Grimmjow sat on his other side and he could tell by his body language that his mind was running along a similar track. Grimm shifted in his seat, tensed his body, stretched his arms along the back of the booth behind them. Ichigo smiled, he knew all his tells.

Renji and Ahmya joined them at the table and they all began to talk together. Not long after, Orihime and Rukia turned up, closely followed by Ikkaku, Byakuya and several other members of the team. The place was filling up now, despite the humid weather and the threat of the rain. The music was being turned up again and the dancefloor becoming more packed. Renji had been sat talking to Rukia for a while, his arm now draped along the booth behind her, his body angled towards hers. They’d both had enough to drink to feel a little braver. Renji stood up and lead her to the dancefloor, Ichigo made eye contact with Grimm, raising his eyebrows and tilting his head towards them. Grimmjow flicked his eyebrows up in response and smirked. Across the bar Ahmya was getting another drink, Byakuya was, as always, drinking alone. Miserable fuck, Grimmjow thought.

Ichigo took a sip of his drink, unable to stop himself from keeping his eye on Renji. He watched him take both of his hands and cup the sides of Rukia’s face. She stopped still, staring up at him like a deer caught in headlights. He leaned down and caught her lips with his own and she leaned into him, her tiny frame having to stretch on tip toes. Movement at the end of the bar caught Ichigo’s eye as Byakuya stood up, his glare venomous. Ichigo got to his feet too, Renji might do his head in but he had his back, he was their friend. Grimmjow didn’t even have to ask what was happening, he knew Ichigo’s stance and stood by his side immediately, scanning around for who they had a problem with.

They watched Byakuya glower and take a step towards the couple. They continued to watch as Ahmya seemed to float in front of him, taking him by the arm and turning him back towards the bar, and… he let her. She pushed him gently back to his seat, her eyes on his and never leaving. His gaze strayed back to Renji and Rukia once but her palm on his face brought him back. Ichigo knew that she was not his, he had no right to feel possessive over her, but damn if it didn’t make his blood boil to see how close she was to Byakuya’s face. He knew she was just talking him around, but he wanted her hands on him like that.

Grimm and Ichigo made their way over to Renji, Ichigo figured it was best to be nearby just in case Byakuya really did have a problem. Renji and Rukia had been dancing closely together again and when they arrived she excused herself to go to the bathroom, her face was alight. Renji beamed at them, “Fuck, I did it!” he was so pleased with himself.

“I’m proud of you, man” Ichigo clapped him on the shoulder, “But just keep your eye on evil brother number one over there”
Renji cringed, looking over his shoulder at where Ahmya and Byakuya sat.

“Well, if anyone can talk some sense into him, it’s her,” Renji shrugged, trying to cover his nervousness.

“Yeah, well, I wish he’d get over it so that we can get her back again!” Grimmjow scowled over at Byakuya.

“If I’ve learned anything guys, it’s that you have to make the most of what you’ve got!” Renji said, Ichigo realised he was a little merry, “Shit changes. You should appreciate all these ‘Ahmya shenanigans’ because, y’know, stuff doesn’t stay the same forever”

He made air quotes when he said ‘Ahmya shenanigans’, he was very merry, Ichigo realised.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Ichigo questioned.

“I just mean…” Renji looked around, “I’m surprised you’ve all even spent more than one night together. You guys aren’t the types, neither is she. She’s a busy woman, lot of shit to do, just… make the most of it!”

Grimmjow was glaring at Renji now, what the fuck was he talking about? Did he talk to Ahmya about this sort of shit?

“Wha—” Grimmjow started, but was interrupted by Byakuya coming up behind Renji. All three men tensed in preparation for whatever would come next.

“Renji,” Byakuya stated indifferently, “Ahmya has explained the… situation to me. I am willing to talk calmly with you but I suggest we have a conversation. Now”

He lead Renji off, leaving Ichigo and Grimmow frustrated at the lack of answers and open mouthed with confusion. Fortunately, Ahmya chose that time to return, slotting herself between the pair of them and starting to dance. Ichigo could see over Grimmjow’s shoulder that Byakuya was talking to Renji quite calmly. He had no idea what Ahmya had said to him but she was clearly a miracle worker. She ran her hands up Grimmjow’s body, winding her arms around his neck. She looked back over her shoulder at Ichigo expectantly and Grimmjow reached out and pulled him towards them, sandwiching her in the middle.

Ichigo was hit by her scent, floral and heady in the oppressing heat. The hairs on his arms stood up and he felt the energy from the impending storm press down on them like a weight. She was hot against him, he pressed his face into her hair, his mouth into her neck. He could feel his heart still hammering against his chest from the tension with Byakuya, adrenaline coursing through him. She grinded against them and Ichigo forget about Byakuya, about Renji and Rukia, about everything but her movements. Ichigo’s concept of time seemed to leave him, he had no idea how long they’d been there but the static around him was building and he was aching, a deep, delicious, painful ache. His hair was damp and stuck to his head in places, he saw Grimmjow’s was the same and he realised that Ahmya who was between them both must have felt more heat than either of them.

“Let’s get some air?” he asked them, “It’s too hot in here”

Grimmjow and Ahmya nodded and all three of them made their way out the front door, passing the smokers and heading down the road, their arms entwined around each other but somehow managing to walk. They went towards the beach, Grimmjow reasoning that there might be a breeze, away from the buildings, and by the ocean. As they arrived, a distant rumble carried through the air towards them but no relief against the heat came. The sea was relatively calm, and both Grimmjow and
Ichigo crashed to the ground, trying to leach some of the cool from the sand into their bodies.

The rain was hitting the ground like bullets. The storm that had been threatening all day had finally broken and the three of them were quickly becoming drenched. Ahmya span around barefoot with her arms out, her face to the heavens and her mane of hair swirling after her. Grimm and Ichigo lay on the beach watching her, the wet sand starting to stick to them. Ichigo felt like he could breathe again. Lighting struck just a little further down the bay and Grimmjow said,

“We should get inside”

“What about the lighthouse?” Ahmya asked, stopping her twirling and looking from one to the other.

Ichigo looked down the beach to where the lighthouse stood on a small hill of rock. The storm might be bad but the ocean wasn’t too affected so that lighthouse was actually a relatively safe place to be. He nodded his head slowly in agreement as he watched the smile develop on her face. It started off small and slowly crept over her, taking over every muscle until she darted forwards, picked up her shoes that had been next to them and then ran towards the small building. Her black chiffon dress and her magnificent hair whipped behind her and even the weight of the rain couldn’t stop it. Grimmjow and Ichigo took one look at each other and then gave chase.

The lighthouse wasn’t far, she squealed with delight as they gained on her, Ichigo seizing her round the middle and nuzzling kisses into her neck as he spun her around. Grimmjow went ahead of them, opening the door and darting up the stairs to the top of the lighthouse. Ahmya and Ichigo followed, running after him with the delight of children. They were breathless and laughing when they reached the top. All three of them were soaked to the bone, their sodden clothes clinging to their bodies.

Ahmya reached up on her toes and kissed Ichigo, her tongue caressing his gently. As she pulled away he could see rain drops resting on her lashes, speckling her skin like diamonds every time the lightning struck outside and the room lit up. She backed away from him, grinning mischievously as though she expected him to give chase. Grimmjow shifted behind her and she changed direction, backing away from both of them now, a gleam in her eyes.

Both men began to walk towards her and she backed up into the wall, her palms flat against the cool stone. As they descended upon her the lightning continued to flash nearby, giving them the perfect view of her. Her black dress hugged her skin, sticking to her and wrapping around her legs. Her hair stuck to her too, almost black now with the rain. Her eyes sparkled and her dewy skin shone with each crack above their heads. When they were just out of reach of her they stopped, she looked up at them, puzzled. They each extended a hand out towards her, their mouths straight but their eyes intense. She smiled her devilish smile and reached out for both of them, allowing them to pull her towards them.

Grimmjow took her face in his hands, she felt tiny between them, and kissed her. She tasted delicious, sweet and fresh, and beneath it he was sure he tasted a hint of Ichigo’s caramel flavour. Ichigo began to undress her, underneath Grimmjow’s arms he peeled her dress from her shoulders, sliding it down the length of her body and helping her to get her legs untangled from it. She had already started unbuckling Grimmjow’s trousers and she helped Ichigo to remove his shirt while Grimm did the rest.

The storm was truly raging outside now, the open windows of the light house and the archway out onto the balcony allowing the rain to thud across the floor. Grimmjow laid out blankets, away from the rain, that he found in a chest across the room while Ichigo slid Ahmya’s underwear off. He kissed up the insides of her thighs, stopping before he got too high, as she ran her fingers through his
damp hair.

Grimmjow lay down, one arm behind his head, the other stroking long strokes up and down himself as he watched the two of them in front of him. Ichigo’s fingers whispered up her thighs now, caressing her and stroking her calmly as the air grumbled around them. He sunk his index finger into her, she was so wet that he slid in easily, and she let out an appreciative sigh. With his mouth he kissed her stomach, then worked his way down. He added another finger, curling them inside her as he pulled in and out. She groaned, and it was echoed behind him by Grimmjow.

Ichigo slid his tongue between her folds and dragged upwards until he reached her clit, sending shivers across her body. He sucked gently, then undulated his tongue, rolling against her as his fingers continued their adulation inside her. Her body was cool to touch from the rain, and she tasted and smelled like the island – fresh air, water, sunlight.

Grimmjow watched Ichigo worshiping her from his knees, watched Ahmya whose petit frame wasn’t all that much taller than Ichigo kneeling down. He was intoxicated by them both, the feeling overwhelming him, crashing against him again and again as he gave into it helplessly. What else could he do? Nothing, there was nothing he could do.

“Come here” he instructed them both, his voice low. Ichigo smiled into her at Grimmjow’s words.

He slid his fingers from her, stood up and lead her to him, holding her hands as she sat across Grimmjow, a leg on either side of him. Ichigo’s fingers were still slick from her, he held them out to Grimmjow, who took them in his mouth, both men groaning at the sensation. Ahmya kneeled up, taking Grimmjow in her hands and positioning him at her opening. His eyes were back on hers, his hands on her thighs. She slid down onto him until there was no more of him to take, her back arching and her head tilting back. He groaned again.

She leaned towards him, sliding all the way to his tip as she put her hands through his hair, tugging, and kissed him deeply. He inhaled involuntarily. Then she slid back down again, their moans intermingled. She sat upright and he moved his hands up to her waist, he felt huge underneath her.

She reached for Ichigo, who was standing again, and took him into her mouth. She rolled up and down on Grimmjow, he knew that she knew how it would affect him from the last time. At the same time, she skated her lips up and down Ichigo, increasing pressure as his hands found their way into her tangled hair.

Grimmjow was panting, trying to calm himself down, her movements driving him to insanity. Watching her taking Ichigo into her mouth wasn’t making it any easier but he refused to look away. With one hand she reached up, cupping Ichigo’s balls, caressing them as she moved. Ichigo thought he might black out, his legs were definitely not going to hold him.

“Mmmfuck, Ahmya. How are you so amazing?” he groaned it at the ceiling and she smiled, humming into him which only served to make him moan louder. All Grimmjow could do was nod in agreement, his brain stuck between deciding whether holding her tightly with his hands would help or whether he should let go of her completely.

Ahmya pulled her mouth off Ichigo, leaving him rock hard and lubricated. He made his way behind her, crouching down so that he too was straddling Grimmjow’s legs. She leaned forwards for him, placing her delicate hands on Grimmjow’s heaving chest. Her touch sent shocks through his body and she leaned up to claim his mouth again. She sucked his bottom lip into her mouth before biting gently on it. It evoked a carnal reaction in him as their kiss deepened, becoming a dance of tongues.

Grimmjow reached round to her ass, spreading her gently for Ichigo whose grip on his own cock
became tighter, his mouth dry at the sight of her, lining himself up. He pushed into her slowly, a long
drawn out expletive passing his lips in the process as he watched himself disappear into her. She
cried out blissfully into Grimmjow’s mouth and he could feel her shift, becoming tighter around him
as she accommodated Ichigo.

She slowly began to rock up and down on them both, her moans filling the air and mixing with the
thunder. Ichigo looked down, watching himself disappear into her with every slide, could see the
same happening to Grimmjow just underneath him. He could watch her ride them like this forever,
the thought occurred to him. It took him by surprise, made his breath catch in his throat. He had no
idea why.

Ichigo moved one knee between Grimmjow’s legs, the other leg bent to the side with his foot on the
ground. He pumped into her with his hips, the movement pushing her along Grimmjow’s length too.
Grimmjow bent his knees slightly, allowing himself some movement. The muscles in Grimmjow’s
neck were tensed, just like Ichigo’s jaw.

She leaned back against Ichigo’s chest, her head resting against him as she gazed down upon
Grimmjow. Ichigo moved her hair aside and wrapped his arms around her waist. His hands
wandered across her body, caressing her breasts, as his mouth explored her neck, her jaw, her
shoulder. Her nails were lightly and slowly dragging across Grimmjow’s stomach as he continued to
move underneath her.

Grimmjow looked up at them, every time the lightning crashed he was given an illuminated view of
them. Ahmya was so beautiful, she panted as she was pushed up and down them both, her full lips
parted so that he could see her tongue playing along her teeth. Ichigo was wrapped around her, so
powerful yet controlled as he drove into her and tasted her skin. Ichigo met his eyes and made a
noise of amused appreciation at Grimmjow’s slackjaw expression. Ahmya too met Grimmjow’s eyes
now, noticing Ichigo’s sound.

Grimmjow nearly melted. How were they supposed to carry on with their lives every day with no
certainty that they would have this again? They both looked so perfect above him. Grimmjow had
never been a man to contemplate his life too deeply, he’d never been a man to worry too much about
people – people came and went. Ichigo didn’t count, Ichigo was a constant, he just… was. But as
they bounded above him, entwined together, he realised that it actually meant something to him.
What the fuck was he going to do? There was a roaring in his ears that wasn’t the thunder.

“Breathe, Grimmjow…” Ichigo’s silk voice seeped through to him like rainfall.

Ichigo could see that Grimmjow had stopped breathing. He had been staring up at them, his face
almost turning to panic as he looked from one to the other.

“Grimmjow…” Ahmya breathed.

Grimmjow’s eyes focused again at the sound of their voices, desire overtook him and he sat up
suddenly, dragging long groans from the other two. He put one hand on Ahmya’s face, kissing her,
devouring her. With the other hand he reached around to the back of Ichigo’s head, burying his
fingers in his hair. He pulled back from Ahmya and met Ichigo’s mouth over her shoulder, his
tongue claiming his as Ahmya sucked into his neck.

He lay back again, and both Ahmya and Ichigo leaned forward to be closer to him as Ichigo picked
up his pace, his thrusts becoming deeper and firmer. Ahmya’s arms were above Grimmjow’s
shoulders, her hands roaming through his hair, her face against his chest as she cried into him
blissfully. She moved one of her arms down to hold onto Ichigo’s thigh. She gripped him, urging
him to push deeper into her, to move faster and harder. He complied, the mounting feeling of heat
Grimmjow’s thrust increased too, and Ahmya became overwhelmed, the orgasm that had been building, taking over her to the point where she nearly sobbed into his chest. Her nails dug into Ichigo’s leg and he cried out as he came suddenly and with a force that had him seeing spots in front of his eyes. Grimmjow watched Ichigo come, and as his eyes cleared and they focused on Grimmjow again, Ichigo leaned down and pressed his forehead to his. Grimmjow found his release, all energy draining from him as he felt the combined weight of the other two pressing down on him.

Once Ichigo could see properly again, he realised he should move in case he crushed Ahmya. He slid out of her carefully and collapsed against Grimmjow’s side, one arm draped across Ahmya’s back. Grimmjow pulled out of her carefully, but didn’t move her. She stayed on top of him, barely weighing anything. He could feel their combined orgasms spilling out of her onto his stomach, he smiled to himself. Her even breathing told him that she was asleep, fully sated and exhausted, next to him Ichigo nuzzled into him, also sleeping. Grimmjow could barely keep his eyes open himself, and the sound of the rain still hammering down outside lulled him to sleep.

A few hours later Ichigo woke to the beginning of the sunrise creeping into the lighthouse. He opened his eyes, unsure of why he’d woken, and found Ahmya sat next to him and Grimmjow, looking down on them with a smile. She looked so beautiful, her hair had dried and it lay in tangled tumbles around her, the golden glow of the sunrise lighting her up like an angel.

“Mmmperfect woman, why aren’t you sleepin’?” he mumbled.

He thought her face looked sad for a moment, but when he rubbed his eyes he decided he must have been mistaken.

“I have to head home,” she sighed, maybe she was a little sad after all, “I’m sorry Ichigo, but I have to be up early tomorrow and need to be at home”

Ichigo didn’t really understand but he figured he didn’t need to. If that’s where she said she needed to be then that’s where she needed to be.

“Ok” he nodded, sitting up and rubbing his face again.

He realised that their clothes would still be soaked, in a damp mess from wherever they’d thrown them, but then he noticed that she was wearing her dress and it looked dry. She stood up, walking out to the lighthouse balcony and he could see that she’d draped their t-shirts and trousers over the railings to dry. It was so hot there, even with the storm gone, that they were very nearly dry. She was cute, he thought, for thinking of that.

He gave Grimmjow a shake as she walked back in with their clothes.

“No” Grimmjow grumbled.

“Grimmjow,” he whispered smiling, “we gotta get up”

“I won’t, you can’t make me”

Ichigo wasn’t even sure if Grimmjow was awake, he giggled.

“Grimmjow!” he said a little louder.
“I swear to god, Ichigo, unless you’re waking me up to suck my dick—“

Grimmjow opened his eyes and saw Ahmya, stopped mid-sentence. He grinned, embarrassed and rolled over to hide his face against Ichigo’s side. Ichigo and Ahmya both laughed and when they’d managed to compose themselves, Ichigo explained to Grimmjow that they were walking Ahmya home.

Grimmjow didn’t even question it, if Ichigo told him that’s what they were doing, he reasoned, then Ichigo must know the reason and it must be good enough for him. They got up, got dressed, only their trousers were still slightly damp, and their shoes, and descended the lighthouse steps together.

They walked the path they knew along the beach, Ahmya between them, their arms wrapped around her. They made their way up the rock steps to her road and when they arrived outside her house she turned to them, looking them both in the eyes seriously one at a time. Ichigo was struck again with the uneasy feeling that she looked almost sad, even though her mouth was smiling.

“I have such a great time with you,” she told them, “last night was… I can’t even explain it. I’m really glad we met”

Grimmjow could hear the words she was saying but they didn’t seem to match the way she was saying them. She stretched up to Ichigo, kissing him slowly and deeply, before turning to Grimmjow and stretching even higher to do the same. She smiled at them again, before turning and heading back into her house.

Both men stared after her, unsure as to why their stomachs were tensing as though knots were forming there. Neither of them said anything to each other. Grimmjow felt stupid about it, Ichigo didn’t want to give a voice to his feelings in case Grimmjow agreed. Once she was safe inside, they turned and headed back home, along main street, their bodies for once in their lives not touching as they each tried to figure out what had just happened.
Grimmjow woke the next afternoon and found himself in Ichigo’s bed. He sat up, confused but not unhappy and looked around the room, a sleepy frown on his face.

“Mmstop moving, come back,” Ichigo grumbled and pulled Grimmjow back down by his arm, nuzzling into him.

“Ughh… affection” Grimmjow joked, making Ichigo smile, “Ok octopus, let me go and get coffees if I promise I’ll come back”

“Deal,” Ichigo, who had been slowly wrapping his legs around Grimmjow’s body, released him so that he could get up.

By the time Grimmjow came back, Ichigo was sat up and rubbing his face. He’d opened the blinds to the windows that made up the whole wall so that they could look out on the sky. Grimmjow climbed back under the duvet, passing a cup to Ichigo.

“How did I end up in here?” Grimmjow asked.

“Beats me, you headed to your own room but made your way back here in the middle of the night!” Grimmjow laughed as Ichigo shook his head in mock exasperation.

“Did you feel like…”

Grimmjow turned to him when he didn’t continue. Ichigo looked like he was trying to find the right words, he tried again,

“Did you feel like she was saying goodbye to us last night? Like, for real”

Grimmjow knew exactly what he meant. He nodded,

“Yeah, and you know what, I didn’t fucking like it. Especially after Renji’s cryptic message”

It was Ichigo’s turn to nod now. They both sat, contemplating their feelings as they stared out of the window, coffees in hands.

“Maybe we need to pin her down” Ichigo suggested.

Grimmjow wiggled his eyebrows at him.

“No, you know what I mean,” Ichigo laughed, “Try and do real things with her, not just fucking”

“Sounds awful” said Grimmjow, but Ichigo knew he didn’t mean it.

“Ok, let’s do that. Next time one of us sees her we’ll just… ask her to hang out… or something?”

But they didn’t see her again that day. They didn’t see her the next. It was starting to occur to Ichigo that before they’d seen her everywhere but now they wanted to have a real conversation with her she was nowhere to be found. They went out of their way to pass places they thought she might be,
Grimmjow even walked the wrong way around their block just to pass Rukia’s apartment just in case she happened to be walking past at the exact same time – which of course, she wasn’t.

They sat in Ichigo’s office, hiding from Kenpachi and avoiding their paperwork, counting down the minutes until they could get on with some physical training. Grimmjow sat leaned back on his chair, his feet up on Ichigo’s desk and his arms behind his head. Ichigo was throwing a ball in the air and catching it.

“This is stupid!” Grimmjow barked out, “Where the hell could she be? She popped up everywhere before, we couldn’t fucking get rid of her if we tried. Now she’s nowhere!”

“I know, why the hell didn’t we just get her number? We never even asked her!” Ichigo threw the ball at the wall and caught it when it bounced back.

“Right, fuck this” Grimmjow got up, “You know what we need to do” Ichigo threw the ball behind him, and got to his feet, “Ask Renji”

“Ask Renji,” Grimmjow agreed.

Once again the pair of them were blocking all the light in Renji’s doorway. Grimmjow leaning sideways against the frame, his arms above his head holding onto the architrave above him. Ichigo leaned his shoulder against it, practically stood between Grimm’s legs.

“Come on then, gentlemen, to what do I owe the pleasure?” Renji didn’t even look up from his paperwork.

“So we were wondering… like… have you seen Ahmya around lately?” Ichigo tried and failed to act casual.

“Have I seen her around?” Renji repeated back to him.

“Yes Renji, where the fuck is she?” Grimmjow snapped.

Renji leaned back, crossing his arms, levelling them with a stare.

“She’s on the mainland, you idiots. She’s busy”

“Oh,” Ichigo felt a little foolish that they’d been looking for someone who wasn’t even on the island. He also felt hurt that she hadn’t mentioned it. There was no reason why she should, he knew that, but even in passing she hadn’t hinted that she wouldn’t be on the island.

“So, when’s she back?” Grimmjow asked, as blunt as ever.

Renji scratched the side of his face, “Uhhmm… I dunno, maybe next week or something?” he phrased it like a question.

Grimmjow’s face looked like he didn’t believe a word of what Renji was saying.

“What, she’s like your best mate or something but you don’t even know when she’s coming back?”

“Look, I don’t know her fucking schedule,” Renji was starting to get annoyed, but mostly he just looked uncomfortable, “Anyway… I mean, I get that you guys have fucked a few times and all and that’s like… a new thing for you two, sticking to one woman and all, but… you know, she’s a busy woman and I don’t think you should get too wrapped up in…” he stopped when he saw the look on their faces.
“What the fuck is that supposed to mean, Renji?” Ichigo raised his voice.

“You know what, forget it. Ignore me, I don’t know what I’m talking about” Renji muttered, looking anywhere but at their faces.

Grimmjow made to say something but Kenpachi came up behind them,

“Come on pussies!” he roared in their ears, laughing, “out onto the field in five! GO!”

He stood there yelling until they left, preventing any further conversation from being had between them.

A few more days passed and Ahmya still hadn’t returned as far as they knew. They’d made their peace with Renji, but he still wasn’t about to tell them anything. The rest of the team had spent several nights at the bar, Ichigo and Grimmjow had taken to moping around their apartment instead. At first they thought maybe they should go out, after all, that seemed like the most likely place she’d turn up but they were getting fed up of women trying to hang off them like Christmas decorations. Grimmjow had never felt so bored of the women on the island in all his life, and Ichigo felt no better.

So they’d declined the invites and tonight they found themselves devoid of female company once again. Grimmjow had come straight home and showered after work and was now lay on the sofa staring at the ceiling. Ichigo had gone straight out for a run to try and get rid of his excess energy, it hadn’t worked. He opened the door with force and slammed it behind him, pulling his earphones out.

Grimmjow sat up straight, almost catlike to look at Ichigo over the back of the sofa. Ichigo was breathing heavily, he’d clearly pushed himself. There was a dark ‘V’ on his tshirt and beads of sweat formed on his forehead and arms. Grimmjow jumped over the back of the couch immediately and stalked towards him, he smelled amazing like this. He got within reaching distance of him and Ichigo held his hand up and stopped him in his tracks.

Grimmjow growled.

“Bahhhhhh” Grimmjow paced sideways in front of him like a tiger trapped in a cage, the tension was building, “Come on Ichigo. She’s not here. What are we going to do?”

Ichigo smiled a devilish smile, he looked up at Grimmjow through his fringe. Grimmjow felt it in his stomach.

“You’re right Grimm,” he said it so calmly, so low, that Grimmjow almost misheard him, “She’s not here.” He paused, “So we’re going to amuse ourselves”

Grimmjow’s wicked smile spread across his face like sunrise, he made to step forwards to Ichigo again, but once again Ichigo held his hand up. Grimmjow nearly howled in frustration.

“But first, I need to shower. Go and wait in my room”

Grimmjow was a little taken aback by the demand. Normally he was the one giving the orders. However, he complied immediately. Ichigo followed him and then moved past him to the bathroom. Grimmjow heard him get into the shower as he stood by the window looking out onto the sunset.

It was true, Grimmjow normally set the tone for their encounters, but really he knew that it was only because Ichigo willed it so. Grimmjow was under no illusions that Ichigo called the shots. He always had. Ichigo knew that Grimmjow was a wild thing and needed to be treated as such. But every now
and then, Ichigo also knew that a wild thing needed to be tamed. And as much as Grimmjow liked to pretend to be in control, the times when he lost that control, when he lost that dominance, were the times he valued most. He needed those times as much as he needed to assert his dominance.

Ichigo rarely used this tactic on him, he knew that Grimmjow needed to have that feeling of power most of the time, and he allowed him that. But on rare occasions, when Grimmjow had worked himself up past the point where simply taking control of Ichigo would satisfy him, the only thing that would sate his desire was the exact opposite. There was no one other than Ichigo who treated him this way, no one he allowed to treat him this way. He trusted Ichigo, with more than his life, that was the only reason it worked.

Ichigo walked out of the bathroom calmly. His breathing had slowed and he had an almost indifferent look on his face. His hair was still damp but his body was dry and naked. Grimmjow turned to face him, biting his lip at the sight of him, the corners of his mouth turning into a hungry grin. He stepped towards him again and Ichigo simply raised his hand. Grimmjow immediately faltered.

“Remove your clothes” Ichigo commanded, cocking his head to the side.

Grimmjow’s hands seemed to betray his brain as he realised they were already unbuttoning his shirt. He slid it off his shoulders and threw it on a chair in the corner of the room. He moved onto his trousers, unbuckling his belt and sliding them over his thighs. Once again he threw them to the chair. Once he too was naked he stood tall and straight, his hands clasped behind his back. He didn’t even look at Ichigo, stared past him to the wall.

Ichigo knew he was trying to calm himself down. It wasn’t working, he was hard and throbbing. Ichigo walked over, he saw Grimmjow’s body tense as he stopped himself from reaching for him. He smiled and walked a circle around Grimm, taking in every aspect of him. His powerful legs, his broad back, his muscular arms, his azure hair, that sculpted chest and sea blue eyes.

“Kneel” he told him.

The corner of Grimmjow’s mouth twitched, at the same time he tried to cover a frown. The two sides of his nature jarring against each other. He knelt down in front of Ichigo.

“Open your mouth.”

Grimmjow obliged. Ichigo took himself in hand and slid into Grimmjow mouth with a groan. He watched himself disappear between Grimmjow’s lips. Grimmjow made to move his hands up to him.

“Keep your hands down” Ichigo told him.

Grimmjow clenched his fists at his side. He wanted Ichigo to be in control, he needed it, but it didn’t stop his wilfulness from trying to take over. He glared at Ichigo, although he wasn’t sure why, he wanted to be exactly where he was.

“You may move your head,” Ichigo offered.

Grimmjow closed his eyes and began to move back and forward, sliding his mouth up and down the length of Ichigo’s cock. Ichigo groaned low in his throat and leaned his head back. Grimmjow hummed, he was aching at the thought of what he was doing to Ichigo. Ichigo tasted clean and sweet and distinctly Ichigo-flavoured. He smelled divine, and each time Grimmjow took him deep in his mouth and his face came closer to his body he inhaled his scent.

Ichigo’s fingers wound themselves into Grimmjow’s hair now and Grimmjow looked up at him
through his fringe. Ichigo began to move Grimmjow’s head faster, fucking his mouth and each time he hit the back of his throat he groaned aloud. Grimmjow didn’t gag or pull away, Ichigo had known he wouldn’t. Grimmjow tried to touch Ichigo again with his hands, becoming desperate, and Ichigo hissed at him, his hands immediately falling back at his sides as he gave out a pathetic whimper that was mostly muffled by Ichigo’s cock.

Ichigo let go of Grimmjow’s hair, massaging his head where he had held him, and pulled himself from his open mouth.

“It seems you can’t keep your hands to yourself,” he commented calmly, “go and lie down. On your back,” he added.

Grimmjow’s eyes flickered to the bed and then back to Ichigo’s face before he stood up and made his way silently to Ichigo’s bed where he lay down as instructed. Ichigo walked round to the side of the bed and leaning under it, pulled out a cuff that was shackled to the bed.

“Give me your arm” he told Grimmjow evenly.

A look a mild alarm crossed Grimmjow’s face. Grimmjow was not a man who liked to be imprisoned in any way in normal circumstances. Ichigo knew this, if he was planning on tying his arms up then he must be serious. Grimmjow knew that Ichigo wasn’t going to do anything to him that he didn’t like, he just had to trust him. If he could trust him, everything he would feel would be good.

“Give me your arm, Grimmjow” Ichigo repeated, more firmly. He knew Grimmjow would say no if he didn’t want to do it.

Grimmjow held his arm out to him and he fastened the cuff around his wrist so that he couldn’t remove it. He walked around to the other side of the bed and repeated the motion. When he had finished he looked down on Grimmjow, both of his arms stretched towards the side of the bed where he couldn’t prevent Ichigo from doing anything to him. Grimmjow gave a tester pull on the restraints, just like last time… there was no way he was getting out of these.

Ichigo knelt down onto the bed and then threw a leg over Grimmjow, he kept his body above his so that they weren’t touching. He leaned his face down, parting his mouth and letting his tongue explore Grimmjow’s lips before deepening their kiss. Grimmjow tasted like peppermint… and Ichigo. Ichigo groaned at the taste of himself on Grimmjow’s tongue.

Ichigo leaned in again, kissing the space just behind Grimmjow’s ear then lower down, lower still, he trailed kisses across his throat and to the other side, occasionally grazing his teeth again his skin. Ichigo breathed him in, tasting his skin, self-control was just as difficult for him as it was for Grimmjow. Grimmjow’s breathing was picking up. Grimmjow was always a man of action, and that action was usually big and over the top. He often lost sight of the little things but Ichigo always managed to refocus him again. And here he was, Ichigo, the only man who could make Grimmjow feel almost mad with need just from kissing his neck.

Grimmjow didn’t dare move, his body was tensed but still, for fear of Ichigo stopping what he was doing to chastise him. Ichigo’s lips ghosted across Grimm’s collar bone, Grimmjow made a noise in the back of his throat, Ichigo smiled against his skin. Ichigo sat up, he brushed his hair out of his face and looked down on Grimmjow. All Grimmjow could do was gaze up in adoration at the man above him. How could he know exactly what Grimmjow needed when he himself didn’t even know? Could never have even guessed?

Ichigo smirked, placing his hands on either side of Grimmjow’s body and moved his legs so that his
knees were now positioned between Grimmjow’s legs. He continued his delicate assault, kissing down Grimmjow’s chest, tracing along each rib with his lips. It was painstakingly slow, deliciously so and Grimmjow both begged in his head for it to end and simultaneously willed him never to stop.

Ichigo didn’t stop. He reached Grimmjow’s naval and skirted around it, heading further south. Just before he reached the peak of Grimmjow’s ache and desire he detoured to his hip and then back over to his other one. He followed the crease of his groin, Grimmjow was pulling against the restraints now, leather biting into him. Grimmjow rarely denied himself what he wanted, Ichigo’s teasing was unbearable. He couldn’t even watch what he was doing to him anymore, his breathing laboured and he whined, as his head pressed back into the pillows.

“Ichigo,” his voice was hoarse, he swallowed. Ichigo started on the other side, moving slowly downwards.

“Ichigo… please,” Grimmjow begged. Ichigo smiled.

His hands were gripping the chains of the restraints now as though his life depended on it, his arm muscles tensed. Ichigo took the flat of his tongue and slowly ran it up the length of Grimmjow’s cock from base to tip. Grimmjow moaned loudly as his eye rolled back in his head.

“Are you really going to beg me, Grimmjow?” Ichigo looked up at him, his mouth inches from his tip. Grimmjow looked at him for a second and then nodded slowly.

“You best make it count then,” Ichigo teased him but he was serious. He didn’t move an inch closer to him.

“Please, Ichigo, please!” Grimmjow was passed his pride now, he needed friction, anything.

“What are you begging for Grimmjow? What is it that you want?”

“Put your mouth on me!” Ichigo raised his eyebrows and Grimmjow added, “Please! Fuck, please?”

Ichigo leaned forward and took Grimmjow in his mouth, Grimmjow has been worked up for so long and starved of any firm sensation that he cried out at the hot, wet feeling of Ichigo’s mouth. Ichigo moved up and down him slowly, closing his lips around him and using his tongue to smooth his path. Grimmjow continued his moans, finally getting something close to the beginning of a release.

Grimmjow was starting to lose it, Ichigo felt amazing and he was struggling to hold it in. He was pulling so hard on the restraints that they were leaving welts in his wrists. Ichigo noticed and removed his mouth, Grimmjow whimpered.

“Ichigo…” Grimmjow lifted his head up to look down at him.

“Grimmjow, you need to calm down, you’re going to hurt yourself” Ichigo commanded.

Grimmjow let his head fall back against the bed and relaxed his arms, trying to control his breathing. Ichigo grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and lifted Grimmjow’s lower back, positioning it underneath his ass. He leaned across to the bedside cabinet and took out the lube, squeezing some into his hand and stroking it up and down the length of himself.

He kneeled up, palming himself as he watched Grimmjow try in vain to calm down. He knelt back onto his feet and rubbed himself against the crease of Grimmjow’s ass which was now partially accessible thanks to the pillow. Grimmjow’s attempts at control went out the window as soon as he felt Ichigo against him and he practically keened under him.
“Tell me what you want Grimmjow,” Ichigo’s voice was husky again, “What is it that you need?”

“You” Grimmjow groaned.

“Be specific” Ichigo smirked.

“I need you to fuck me” Grimmjow gritted his teeth.

“I’m sorry Grimm, I can’t hear you”

“Fuck, Ichigo, I need you to fuck me! …Please” Grimmjow’s eyes were on his and the desperation in his voice pushed Ichigo to action.

Ichigo grinned, pulling one of Grimmjow’s legs up to be bent at the knee and pushing the other aside slightly. He lined his slick cock up with Grimmjow. Grimmjow wrapped his hands around the chains of the cuff once more in anticipation.

Ichigo entered him firmly but not unkindly. As he sunk into him he moaned and Grimmjow cried out. Ichigo was throbbing inside of Grimmjow, Grimmjow was so tight around him. Grimmjow felt full and strange, and as Ichigo began to pull back out it dragged deliciously at him and he closed his eyes, teeth biting down on his lip but barely suppressing a groan. Ichigo had pressed Grimmjow’s thigh up towards his body and he was holding onto his hips as he began to thrust slowly in and out of him.

“Fuuuck, Grimmjow” Ichigo’s knuckles were white with the force of his grip.

“Nnnggg” Grimmjow couldn’t even form words, his mouth dropped open and his eyes were half closed as he looked at Ichigo. Ichigo’s pupils were blown and he was panting.

Ichigo shifted his weight forwards onto his arms and drilled deeper into Grimmjow, thrusting more with his hips now. He pulled Grimmjow’s other leg up against his body, using his own weight to hold them there. Grimmjow moaned a low sound deep in his throat and pulled towards Ichigo’s head as much as he could until Ichigo came down to meet him and kissed him deeply and passionately. Beads of sweat had begun to form on Ichigo’s face through sheer exertion and as he pulled his face back from Grimm’s, one of them fell, tumbling down the side of Grimmjow’s face, across his cheek and under his ear.

Still thrusting, Ichigo took the lube and squeezed more into his hand, warming it up. One arm was down at Grimmjow’s side where he could use it to hold his weight as he thrusted. With the other hand that was now slick, he took hold of Grimmjow’s aching cock and began to pump it in time to his thrusts. Grimmjow had a wild look in his eyes now, he couldn’t focus and they were darting from place to place. His back was arched, muscles tensed all over his body. His arms were straining against the shackles now. The sight of those arms, that Ichigo knew could knock most people unconscious, with all their power but no way to use it, spurred Ichigo on.

“Stay with me Grimmjow,” he grunted to him between thrusts, “See it through to the end”

Grimmjow refocused on Ichigo, the overwhelming sensations still threatening to take over but his resolve holding as he looked at Ichigo. Ichigo sped up, adding further pressure with his hand.

“Fuuuck, Ichigo!” Grimmjow was so close now, his breathing inconsistent, his great chest moving. Teasing him had removed all of his stamina.

Ichigo clenched his jaw and pushed through the pain in his muscles, a hot, delicious tightening was happening deep within him and he focused on that feeling as he drove into Grimmjow again and
again. The feeling grew, and continued to grow. It hit a point where Ichigo thought it would never stop until finally it crashed upon him like a wave on the beach and he cried out Grimmjow’s name as he poured himself into him with deeper and deeper thrusts. Grimmjow could feel Ichigo’s release and finally allowed himself to let go, crying out loud as his spend covered his stomach in hot splashes.

Ichigo’s head was pressed against Grimmjow’s as they both panted heavily, recovering. After a few moments he held his legs as he pulled out of him slowly, eliciting a groan from Grimmjow. He untied one of his wrists, and then the other, massaging and kissing where they had bitten into his skin. He climbed next to Grimmjow and collapsed down on the bed and they both lay in blissful silence as their heartrates returned to normal.
Guys, i’m about to drop a bombshell - don’t get pissed XD you'll probably like it.

Also, your comments make my cold, dead heart melt a little. Thank you SO much. This is my first ever fic and the support means a shitload, really <3

Grimmjow woke up in Ichigo’s bed again the next morning, he often did after times like yesterday. He felt amazing, relaxed. As he came around from a rare deep sleep he could hear a noise chiming through the apartment.

“Ichigo…” his gruff voice stuck in his throat, “Ichigo… what the fuck is that noise?”

Ichigo stirred, “Sss’your phone”

“What?” Grimmjow didn’t even know his phone made a noise like that, no one ever called him.

He stumbled out of bed and headed towards the main room of the apartment, following the irritating sound. It seemed to be coming from his bedroom. He crossed the room, stubbing his toe on the doorframe to his room.

“For fuck’s sake!” he growled, “Ichigo! Where is that noise coming from!?”

“Your bedside table, you idiot!” Ichigo shouted from under the duvet.

Grimmjow dove across the bed and grabbed his phone, turning it over. ‘Mother’ flashed up across the screen.

“Shit… Ichigo! How do I make it talk? It’s my mom”

“Slide the green picture of a phone” his voice getting closer.

“Why the fuck did you have to get me a phone with no buttons?”

Grimmjow tried unsuccessfully to answer the call, he was quickly losing patience.

“It’s not working! It’s broken!”

Ichigo knew he hated technology, why had he gotten him this ridiculous phone that a rocket scientist wouldn’t even be able to figure out? Ichigo’s lean arm came around Grimmjow’s body and slid the call open on the screen. Grimmjow just stared at it.

“Speak, Grimmjow”

Grimmjow started and put the phone to his ear.

“Mama? I’m sorry, Ichigo bought me a stupid phone, I don’t understand how to work it. How are you?... Mmm… What? Today?”
Grimmjow’s eyes nearly disappeared into his hairline; he turned frantically searching for Ichigo and found him sitting in his chair watching him calmly, waiting to hear the news.

“Yes… yes Mama! Of course… No… Yes, two hours. We’ll meet you there. No don’t get a taxi! We’ll come for you”

Grimmjow held the phone out to Ichigo who cancelled the call for him.

“My mom is coming to stay” he shook his head, smiling.

“Today?” Ichigo laughed.

“Yeah, fucking today! She’s going on a cruise, taking it from the mainland in two days so thought she’d drop in to see us. She’s on the ferry right now”

“Well, we better get presentable then… tidy up… hide the shackles” Ichigo replied, leaning back in his chair and smirking, waiting to assess Grimmjow’s reaction.

Grimmjow blushed,

“Don’t fucking start” he said gruffly, but then shot Ichigo a flirty grin, “thank god the cuts have gone on your face!”

They both began to tidy the apartment, Ichigo ran out for more groceries and Grimmjow showered. When Ichigo came back, Grimmjow was buttoning up a shirt. He almost looked smart, even his hair looked less wild than normal. Ichigo felt like his heart would melt, there was nothing like watching Grimmjow get ready to see his Catholic Italian Mama. Grimmjow stood in front of the mirror smoothing his hair down, Ichigo could feel his chest tightening at the sight of him. Grimmjow saw Ichigo watching him, he held his hands out, he almost looked self-conscious.

“How do I look?” he asked, he looked nervous of Ichigo’s answer.

“Like the perfect son” Ichigo replied seriously, “I’m gonna shower, then we’ll go?”

Grimmjow nodded slowly in agreement although he was studying himself in the mirror again. Ichigo smiled, thinking back to when they were growing up and Grimmjow’s mum had to deal with all of his shit. Grimmjow had been a nightmare. Constantly starting fights, getting kicked out of schools, causing trouble. They’d eventually moved near Ichigo, and after their first few encounters, they’d gotten on like a house on fire. Of course, Grimmjow had still gotten into loads of trouble, but he never got kicked out of school, and Ichigo (although he sure considered himself a partner in crime) managed to keep him out of the worst of it.

He remembered how guilty Grimmjow would always feel after doing something wrong, he knew how sad it would make his mum. Grimmjow might look and sound like an asshole, he might be a dick to most people he met, but he tried his best to treat his mother with respect, even if he couldn’t behave.

As Ichigo showered, Grimmjow tried in vain to flatten his hair again, he didn’t know why he bothered. Anger flared through him as tried to make himself look presentable, why couldn’t get anything right? He took a breath, leaning an arm against the mirror. He wanted to look good, wanted to look ‘put-together’. He’d put his mum through hell, all the moving schools and moving homes. She knew his temper and foul moods better than anyone, knew his anger and fighting. He had Ichigo to thank for everything. He wasn't perfect, far from it, he knew that, but he’d become a better version of himself since meeting Ichigo - hadn’t he? After all the times he'd looked in her eyes and seen sadness, never disappointment, she was never disappointed in him, but just sad that he was destroying his life.
After all those times, he wanted her to look on him and know that he was a good son.

Half an hour later they were at the docks waiting for the ferry. Grimmjow kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Ichigo was leaning over a railing drinking a slush.

"Your Mum's the best. I can’t wait to see her"

"You only think that because she doesn't mither you like Isshin does"

"Yeah well, I had to move to this damn island just so he'd stop greeting me with a drop kick"

Grimmjow grimaced, he's been on the receiving end of Ichigo’s dad’s rough and tumble nature many a time.

“How do you look so casual and chilled?” Grimmjow looked at him.

Ichigo shrugged, tilting the slush towards him. Grimmjow leaned over and took a swig, more just to give himself something to do than anything.

“Grimmmjowww! Iiichigoo!”

Grimmjow’s eyes went round, he whirled and saw her stepping off the ferry, one of the ferry workers carrying her suitcase for her.

“Mama!”

Ichigo watched as Grimmjow threw his arms up, turning into the perfect Italian son. Grimmjow might be wild, he might be a pain in the ass, he might have gotten into more trouble than Ichigo could ever remember, but he was a mama’s boy through and through.

He gave her a bear hug and took her colossal case from the ferryman with ease, leading her over to Ichigo. She threw out her arms for him and he too gave her a massive embrace. She pulled back from them both, gazing at their faces, patting their cheeks and telling them both how handsome they were.

They walked home together, her arm through Ichigo’s as Grimmjow carried her case. She told them all about the cruise she was going on and how a young man on the ferry had flirted with her (Grimmjow tried to go back) and how many people from church had died that summer. She was hilarious, and Ichigo roared with laughter as she regaled them with stories from back home, a bittersweet feeling in his chest.

It was nice, Ichigo thought, having her here. As much as they loved the island, it was very different from home. Her arrival was like a small piece of home had come to visit them and it made his chest swell with warmth to listen to her.

They spent the day together, showing her around the island and introducing her to the locals that they saw along the way. At one point they saw Yoruichi across the road and Grimmjow bustled them all quickly into a nearby shop. The visited the beach, the base (all the team were on their best behaviour, especially after seeing the glare Grimmjow gave them), and some of the local farms. The showed her the best of the island, hoping to make her feel satisfied that they were OK out here, so far away from home.
As much as Ichigo had purged most of Grimmjow’s reckless energy the night before his mum had arrived, the feeling of uneasiness was starting to creep back into Grimmjow. Ichigo could sense it, even if no one else could. He’d started to get irritable, like a wild cat trapped in a cage.

They sat on the balcony of the apartment drinking cocktails. Grimmjow’s mum was leaving tomorrow. They were going to eat and then take her out for a drink at a bar nearby. Grimmjow had been sent out to pick up food and Ichigo realised how happy he was that his mother had turned up. It was only when he saw her that he realised how much he had missed her calming presence.

“I’m so glad you’re here” he said to her, and it was true, they didn’t see her enough. He should probably make plans to see his sisters, his dad.

"Ichigo, I love you like you are my second son," she embraced him and Ichigo remembered her familiar smell, like another version of Grimmjow. He wondered whether he smelled like his own mother had. His throat constricted.

“What is going on?” she asked kindly, "You and Grimmjow...?"

How did she always seem to know?

"No, no, everything is fine between us" he said, wiping the corners of his eyes with his sleeve although he wasn't sure why.

"Well what could possibly be wrong then. As long as my boy is looking after you Ichigo" she gave him a meaningful look, he tried to keep his expression as neutral as possible.

"What... what do you mean?" the words stuck in his throat.

"Ichigooo" her accent dragging out the end of his name, "I was not born yesterday you know. I may not know the fancy words that you youngsters use these days but love... is love. You and Grimmjow have loved each other since the moment you first punched each other in the head. It doesn't matter to me. Whatever this problem is, it can surely be fixed if you are together?"

Ichigo's cheeks flushed. Of course she knew, she must have always known. And sure, he also knew deep down that he and Grimmjow loved one another, but it wasn't something they spoke about. They'd never had any need. They weren't in an exclusive relationship, it wasn't conventional what they had going on. They still fucked women. He didn’t even consider himself gay, he’d never been interested in another guy. Grimmjow’s mother had a way of making the whole situation seem so simple, which Ichigo supposed, it was really.

Ichigo felt an overwhelming urge to tell her everything, but he held back. He didn't know if Grimmjow would mind, but he also knew that something had to happen.

"There's a woman..." he said quietly, he didn't want to look at her but she had a way of drawing his gaze to meet her eyes. They were the same turquoise blue as Grimmjows, but softer, kinder.

"Ahhh" she breathed, "Has this woman come between you both?"

Ichigo almost laughed aloud at her phrasing. She didn't seem at all fazed by the fact that she had just spoken directly about he and Grimmjow's relationship, and now Ichigo was introducing a woman into the conversation.

"No! Not at all... not exactly. It's err.. uhm... complicated. She's special to both of us but... to be honest, I'm worried she doesn't feel the same way"
Ichigo felt his head becoming lighter with everything he had said. He wondered whether this was what it felt like to have a Mum, someone to listen to your troubles without judgement. Grimmjow listened to Ichigo, but it was different.

"Have you both told this woman how you feel?" she inquired.

"No, like I said, it's… complicated" Ichigo looked down at his feet.

"Ichigoo... feelings are only complicated when you stand in their way. You must tell this woman, both of you. If she is special enough to have caught both your eyes, then you mustn't run from whatever it is, no matter how scary"

She was right, of course, Ichigo realised. Whenever Ahmya returned they needed to make the point of talking to her about how they felt. Whatever that was. He knew it hadn’t been that long, he knew that they hadn’t spent that much time with her clothed, but he also knew that he and Grimmjow were doing something they’d never done before – considering someone outside of each other.

That had to mean something, didn’t it?
Grimmjow lead his mum back towards the docks, Ichigo following half a step behind with her case. It was a glorious afternoon and they’d had a great time entertaining her for a few days. Grimmjow realised how much he missed her when she was so far away. He realised how hard it must have been for her when he and Ichigo left, going from having practically two sons to none. He felt guilt in the pit of his stomach. He would do better, make the effort to use that stupid contraption of a phone, call her more often.

They waved goodbye to her as the ferry departed, shouting promises to come and visit soon. Once the boat was out of sight they turned and began to head back towards home. After a few metres, Ichigo began to detour.

“Slush!” he proclaimed.

“Really? You just had one last time we were here” Grimmjow questioned.

“Yeah but these are the best ones on the whole damn island, and how often do we even come down here anyway?” Ichigo reasoned.

No one was going to persuade him otherwise. Grimmjow shook his head, his hands in his pockets as they entered the café. Five minutes later they were sat on the bench outside, and Ichigo’s eyes were almost closed with happiness.

“Why don’t you ever get one?” he asked Grimmjow.

“Because I can just have some of yours”

“But that’s not fair!” Ichigo complained, “You should get your own!”

“You shouldn’t let me have yours if you’re that bothered, Kurosaki”

Grimmjow had leaned in real close and his voice was low and threatening as he stared at Ichigo’s face. He leaned further towards the straw, slowly enough that Ichigo could have easily moved it out of reach, and took a long pull, his eyes never leaving Ichigo’s. Ichigo only rolled his eyes but his mouth still turned up at the corners.

“Hey, look!” Ichigo said, nodding his head past Grimmjow.

Grimmjow turned and could see Renji and Rukia walking down the dock, he had his arm round her and they were talking. They were so engrossed in their conversation that they hadn’t seen Ichigo and Grimm.

“Hey Re—“ Grimmjow began, before Ichigo elbowed him in the ribs, “Fuck, what was that for!!”

“Shhh,” Ichigo whispered, “maybe they’re on a date. They don’t wanna see us if they are!”

A very short one today, sorreeee.
Grimmjow grumbled as he rubbed his side but he agreed. Seemed like a bit of a stupid place to come for a date though, he thought. They watched as the couple walked along a little further before stopping as though they were waiting for something.

“You reckon they’re going somewhere?” Grimmjow muttered.

Ichigo shrugged as he drank his slush. They watched as another ferry docked. The usual tourist boat, a few locals back from visiting or running errands on the mainland, commuters returning home for a few days. Renji and Rukia were scanning the crowd, looking for something or someone. They obviously weren’t boarding themselves, Ichigo realised.

“Hey do you think they’re meeting—“

“Ahmya” Grimmjow finished.

And there she was, descending the ramp, looking every bit as beautiful as she had the last time they’d seen her. Her hair was in a messy bun on top of her head, and she wore a wrap-around jersey playsuit and sandals. Behind her she pulled a large suitcase and resting on one hip was… the most adorable child that Ichigo had ever laid his eyes on.

What. The. Fuck. Grimmjow stood up involuntarily, Ichigo dragged him back down to the bench.

“We need to go. Now!” Ichigo hissed at him before they lunged around the corner of the café where they could watch, like a pair of lurkers, without being seen.

Renji and Rukia were both smiling and waving now, this was clearly no surprise to them. Ichigo felt a bit weird, like he’d eaten something that didn’t agree with him. Why had she kept this from them? And it had to be her child, it had to be. As he looked at the tiny creature balanced on her hip that was now reaching out happily to Renji with grabby hands, there was no doubt in his mind that it was her child. The same dark hair curled across her head, the same giant brown eyes took the entire world in.

Renji took the child into his arms and swung her around in the air and she shrieked with delight before he nuzzled his face into her neck blowing raspberries. It was quite surreal, seeing Renji this way. Rukia had embraced Ahmya now and they both turned to look back the way she’d come as yet another child came into view. This kid was older, pulling her own case behind her, knobbly knees sticking out from under her shorts – which were covered in grass stains. In fact, the only way Ichigo knew that she was probably a girl was because she had the same long dark hair as Ahmya, but really… who knew?

He looked up at Grimmjow whose head was above him as they both peered around the corner. Grimmjow’s mouth was opening and closing like a fish.

“I mean… they could be her siblings?” Grimmjow tried in vain.

Ichigo just looked at him.

“Yeah alright,” Grimmjow accepted, “How old is that little one, like six months?”

“Jesus Grimmjow, no. God you don’t know anything. She looks about two, maybe three?”

“How do you even know shit like that?” Grimmjow growled. Ichigo shrugged again.

Grimmjow was pissed. Mostly just because he didn’t like surprises at the best of times. He knew his reputation, he knew he was an asshole, but what… did she really feel like she couldn’t tell them? Plenty of people clearly knew, half the team knew her, they all must have known and no one told
them. What the fuck was that all about? And Renji! All the conversations they’d tried to have with him about her, he was putting the kid on his shoulder now, carrying her down the road. Not the kind of shit that slips your mind. He supposed his cryptic comments made a bit more sense now.

The younger child was showing Rukia where one of her teeth had fallen out. Rukia was all exclamations and excitement. Renji took the other suitcase and the five of them set off together back towards the town. Ichigo and Grimmjow slid back around the corner so they wouldn’t be seen, Grimmjow seemed to wilt into the brickwork.

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Once the coast was clear, and Ichigo and Grimmjow had managed to make their way back to their apartment without being spotted, they sat on the balcony with a beer each.

“What the fuck just happened?” Grimmjow said despondently.

Ichigo was shaking his head, “I don’t even know”.

They sat in silence for a while, both of them forgetting their beers as they warmed up on the table in front of them. Neither of them knew what to say or do, they stared out at the town unspeaking.

Ichigo felt like they’d been swept up in a hectic tumble of emotions for the past few weeks. They’d finally gotten their heads round the idea of actually seeing what might happen if she was really interested in them, and now this? And what was this? So she had kids, Ichigo wasn’t even bothered about that. But he was bothered that she hadn’t told them, bothered that no one had thought it important. Was that because they knew what he and Grimm were like? Were they that bad that people didn’t even consider that they might actually like her?

The sun had set before either of them spoke again.

“What happens now?” Grimmjow croaked out, his throat dry.

Ichigo wasn’t sure. He was worried about Grimm, right now he wasn’t reacting which wasn’t like him at all. It was like the calm before the storm. He knew that once he got his head round it he’d detonate. All he could think was to get some answers, maybe that would be enough to bring him back down. He didn’t think that asking Ahmya was an option at the moment, not when she’d only just returned and had two children with her.

“Tomorrow. We go and see Renji”
“TWO fucking KIDS, Renji?! Are you fucking kidding me? You didn’t think it was necessary to tell us that?!”

Grimmjow had practically taken the door off its hinges barrelling his way into Renji’s office. Ichigo followed closely behind, not behaving quite as extra as Grimm but still a bit pissed that no one had thought to tell them. Sleeping on the news had only served to rile them up more. He didn’t know whether he was pissed at the unit or pissed at Ahmya. Renji’s face paled and he grimaced as he processed what Grimmjow had said.

“Look…” Renji began

“LOOK! Never mind, look! What the fuck is going on?!”

“What is it exactly that you’re so mad about it?” Renji shot back, gaining some courage in the face of Grimmjow’s dramatics, “It doesn’t really make any difference to you”

“Come on Renji, don’t be a dick,” Ichigo muttered from the corner of the room where he now stood with his arms folded across his chest and his eyebrows so low that it looked painful, “You know it makes a difference”

“Why?” Renji said, starting to raise his voice and then catching himself, “She not hot enough for you now? You worried she’s going to try and trap you as her baby daddies? Because I’m pretty fucking sure that she hasn’t intimated any such thing. She’s never tried to be anything more than casual with the pair of you. It’s not like you were actually fucking into her, like long term… right?”

Grimmjow stopped his pacing and shot Renji a filthy look. Ichigo sighed and sat down opposite Renji. He rubbed his face in his hands and Renji realised how stressed he looked.

“…shit” realisation slowly dawned on Renji’s face.

“Shit” Ichigo said in agreement.

No one spoke for a few minutes. The only noise in the room was Grimmjow who had started pacing around again as if it was the only thing stopping him from leaping over Renji’s desk and kicking the living shit out of him. Finally, he’d calmed down enough to pull up a chair next to Ichigo, but even the way he sat was tense, it was worlds away from his normal sprawling posture.

Ichigo sighed again,

“Renji… why didn’t you tell us? Why didn’t anyone mention it?”

Renji leaned back in his chair, a resigned look on his face.

“She’s always been a private person when it comes to her family. Probably no one else told you for
the same reason as me, you didn’t need to know. Ahmya might sleep with whoever the hell she wants but that’s all it usually is, nothing more. It doesn’t interfere with her kids and she wouldn’t let it. She’s a great mum. There was no reason to even have that conversation with you if it was just casual fucking”

“So that’s what we are, a casual fuck” Grimmjow had his head in his hands, he was talking to the floor.

“I don’t know what goes on between you two and Ahmya!” Renji admitted, “I’m just making assumptions. I didn’t mean it like that, maybe she does have feelings for you both, but you have to admit… neither of you have ever been the committed type. Why would any of us even have considered that you two of all people would catch feelings?”

Grimmjow supposed he was right, but if anyone was going to drag those feelings out of him it was going to be Ahmya. Other women had always been fine enough, but the ones who had stuck around for a while just hadn’t understood he and Ichigo’s relationship. They’d always tried to take time away from the other, or became jealous or irritated. No one really ‘got’ them, and it had always seemed like they’d had to sacrifice time with each other when a woman came along. Which was why they didn’t. It hadn’t been a conscious decision, now that Grimmjow thought about it, but he and Ichigo had always chosen each other over anyone else.

But Ahmya. Ahmya. She was something else. She didn’t want to split Grimmjow and Ichigo apart. It didn’t feel like she was someone on the outside always trying to catch up with them or get between them. She just fit. He always thought that he and Ichigo were two pieces that went together, but it seemed to him more and more that Ahmya fit into the puzzle too. Without any sacrifice. She took them both for what they were, she didn’t want to change them or replace one of them. He thought she’d wanted both of them. And now he felt fucking foolish.

Ichigo took a deep breath, Grimmjow knew he was about to ask something that Grimm wasn’t sure he wanted the answer to.

“So who’s the dad, I’m assuming it wasn’t a miraculous conception” he said dryly.

Grimmjow sat back in his chair and looked Renji dead in the eye and growled,

“I swear to God if you say it’s fucking Byakuya, I’m going to lose my shit Renji”

Renji laughed, which Ichigo thought was frankly a little dangerous, considering.

“Of course it’s not fucking Byakuya! And it’s not me either, before you get anymore stupid ideas!”

“Well of course it’s not you Renji, we know you wouldn’t have just fucked them off” Ichigo said frowning.

“Yeah…” Grimmjow narrowed his eyes, “Who is this prick who’s abandoned his kids? Who do I need to drop kick?”

Despite not knowing anything about these kids, Grimm was starting to feel a little protective which was as much as a shock to him than to anyone else.

Renji sighed again, it was like half their conversation so far had been through different varieties of breathing.

“Her husband” Renji said in a low voice.
Grimmjow’s mouth opened, then closed again, he turned to Ichigo who just shook his head slightly. Grimm turned back to Renji.

“Don’t test my fucking patience Renji. Husband! Fucking brilliant, so we’ve been fucking a married woman! As if the kids weren’t a big enough secre…”

“He’s dead” Renji cut him off.

If Grimmjow had been stunned into silence before it was nothing compared to now. He immediately regretted the things he’d been saying.

“Explain” Ichigo said.

Ichigo felt like he’d been punched in the gut. Before he’d been annoyed that Ahmya hadn’t found it necessary to tell them the truth, but now he could understand. Who would want to bring that up? Even ignoring the fact that it must be hard for her to talk about and would open a massive can of worms, it was a mood killer for sure. Now that he thought about it, he realised there hadn’t been a time when she could have brought it up, not really, not without risking making them run a mile. He kind of knew, in his bones, that they wouldn’t have, that it wouldn’t really have mattered to them. But she didn’t know that.

He suddenly felt overwhelmed as he realised how lonely that must be for her, to have all of these feelings and not share them. He always had Grimm, no matter what he was feeling, he always had that constant. He thought about what he would do if something happened to Grimmjow and his throat constricted a little. He looked across at Grimmjow to find him already staring back at him and he knew. No matter the lack of subtlety that Grimmjow had, no matter how he came across as action, instead of thought, Grimmjow was feeling the exact same way as Ichigo.

“Like I told you when we first spoke about Ahmya, her dad had been in the unit previously so she’s always had ties to us. She grew up here, we both spent our days growing up playing on the compound. I suppose really she was always going to be tied to this place. She met Takeo when he joined the unit. We were all still young really, too young, but being part of this unit… it kinds of has a way of pushing you into haste, you never know what might happen”

Ichigo understood that, it was the excuse they’d always told themselves as to why they wouldn’t get into relationships at all, they never knew what was going to happen, where they were going to be or whether they’d come back. It made sense to him that two people so in love would want to seize that and make the most of it, just in case. And if Ahmya’s father had been part of the unit, she knew only too well what her life would be like.

“They had Kaida and then about four years later Ahmya fell pregnant again. I had joined the unit myself by then and I worked alongside Takeo. He was a great friend, and a great member of the unit. He was strong, loyal… but during a mission things went wrong. He didn’t make it back.”

Grimmjow felt sick. He thought about Ahmya, pregnant and with another child already, learning that her husband was never returning home. He felt the overwhelming urge to grab Ichigo, run out of the room, to find her and hold her and never let her go. And then he remembered what Renji had said about casual sex, and the fact that he was right, she had never indicated to he or Ichigo that she wanted anything more. He thought that she’d wanted that, but really… they didn’t know what she wanted, they hadn’t even asked. He was starting to feel like a bit of an asshole, Ichigo saw his face and reached out, putting his hand on the back of Grimmjow’s neck and giving it a comforting squeeze before pulling it away again.

“It was awful,” Renji continued, and he looked like he might be sick, his eyes had a glazed look
about them.

“You have to understand, Takeo was a close friend of mine, but Ahmya… we grew up together, I can’t remember a time before we were friends. I went to tell her myself when we returned, I thought she deserved that… I’ll never get it out of my head... She broke my nose for a start”

He took a deep breath which seemed to bring him back to reality, bring him out of the memories he was replaying in his head. Grimmjow began to realise that actually, Renji had been just looking out for Ahmya all along. He hadn’t kept it a secret to be malicious, and neither had the rest of the unit. He knew that the unit stuck together, they were family. If Ahmya had been married to someone in the unit, that extended to her too. There was no way that they would ever let any harm come to her again. Grimmjow understood how Renji must feel, it was how he felt about Ichigo. As he looked over at him, his tired eyes and forever just-fucked hair, Grimmjow felt a twang in his chest. He would always be there for Ichigo no matter what. Renji had done the same for Ahmya.

“And then Hotaru came along,” Renji carried on, “And Ahmya she… God she was strong. She just carried on, I mean she had to. She did everything to make sure those girls didn’t feel like they were missing something. When she went to the mainland to trade, she knew she’d be there a while so she took them with her. There was never a chance she was going to leave them here with someone else. The girls wanted to wait the summer out with their grandma on the mainland and Ahmya had to come back here to finalise the trade deal so she let them stay there until the new school year started again here on the island”

Renji seemed to have finished. Grimmjow was grateful to be honest, he didn’t think his brain could take any more revelations. He felt drained, and he could see on Ichigo’s face that he was deep in thought but equally exhausted from the events that had unfolded. Everything that Renji had told him had just made Grimmjow feel more. It didn’t even matter anymore that she had kids. Why should that be an issue? Everything she’d gone through just made him appreciate her in a new way. But she hadn’t wanted anything more from them, and if she’d kept it quiet then she probably didn’t see anything in the future for them at all. Grimmjow couldn’t understand why that made him feel so sick, surely it was a bit too soon to be having any kind of strong emotion like this at all?

Ichigo was the first to move. The three of them had been sat in an exhausted silence for about fifteen minutes, no one really knowing what to do with the information or how to process it. Ichigo stood up, taking Grimmjow’s hand in his. He didn’t give a fuck that Renji could see, he didn’t give a fuck at all anymore. He nodded to Renji, who didn’t even look surprised at the gentle way Ichigo had taken Grimm’s hand. It occurred to Ichigo that everyone had known all along about him and Grimmjow but that nobody actually cared. He pulled Grimmjow to his feet, turning his back to Renji, and with a weary sigh said,

“Come on Grimmjow, we’re going home”

And with that he pulled Grimmjow along behind him, out of Renji’s office, out of the building, and away from everything that they’d just learned.
Chapter 22

Back at the apartment, they sat opposite each other. Grimmjow on one of the solid dining chairs, and Ichigo leaning forward on the couch, with his forearms on his knees. Outside the sun was setting around them but neither took notice of it. The light slowly changed from a brilliant orange-pink to a faded blue-grey that muted everything it touched.

“It doesn’t change anything” Ichigo’s face barely moved, if Grimmjow hadn’t heard the words he might not have believed he had said anything at all.

“Oh come on!” Grimmjow’s eyes narrowed.

Ichigo looked up, surprised at Grimmjow’s reaction. Grimm carried on,

“You think, what… that we’re just gonna all carry on fucking like there’s no elephant in the room?”

“Grimm…”

“No! Don’t be fucking stupid, Ichigo. She’s got kids, you saw for yourself”

Grimmjow had stood up, Ichigo rose to meet him.

“Wow, so what… Renji was right? She’s got kids now so you don’t wanna know anymore?”

Ichigo was almost shouting by the time he finished what he was saying. He had no idea why he was so mad. No idea why Grimmjow was.

“Oh fuck you Ichigo, acting like you don’t see that this is gonna be an issue!”

Grimmjow was pointing at him now, punctuating each word with a shove of his finger. They were about a foot away from each other.

“Don’t fucking point at me” Ichigo was pointing back now, “So you don’t give a shit now? Everything that’s happened means fuck all!”

“What the fuck do you care anyway? She doesn’t even want us anyway! And why the fuck do we want to get involved in that?”

Grimmjow was shouting now too, he had pressed himself up to Ichigo’s finger and their foreheads were almost touching. Ichigo snapped. Grimmjow didn’t even see the fist coming towards him but he sure felt it when it connected with his face. It wasn’t even the hardest punch he’d ever hit him with, Ichigo knew that, but it was the principle of the matter. Grimmjow was being an asshole, sure, but Ichigo hadn’t punched him out of anger in a hell of a long time. Realisation and dread rolled over Ichigo in waves,

“Grimm, I’m-sorry, I…”

Grimmjow turned back to Ichigo and the look he gave him made Ichigo pale. There was nothing of the warmth or glow that he normally had in his eyes, no smirk and wickedness on his face that made Ichigo’s heart start quickening. The only thing he saw there was an overwhelming look of loathing.

And Grimmjow, he didn’t even speak to Ichigo. He turned, picked up his wallet from the side, and walked straight out of the door, slamming it behind him and not once looking back.
Grimmjow stalked down main street until he could find the first half decent bar before shouldering through the door and ordering whiskey, and lots of it. He sat at the bar drinking alone, his cheek smarting where Ichigo had hit him. He couldn’t fucking believe it. Who the fuck did Ichigo think he was trying to call the shots on their life? And who the fuck was he to hit him because he didn’t like what he heard? Grimmjow was seething.

Several hours, and too many drinks later, Ikkaku and Shuhei wandered in and found Grimmjow glaring aggressively at the wall.

“Hey, Grimm!” Shuhei called.

“Hey man, where’s Ichigo?” Ikakku followed up, it was unusual to see one without the other.

“Dunno, probably at home” Grimmjow didn’t even turn to face them.

Sensing that something strange had happened, Ikkaku ordered drinks for all three of them and began trying (and failing) to coax Grimmjow into some small talk. The door opened and they all looked to see who was entering, Grimmjow secretly hoping it was Ichigo – although he didn’t know whether he wanted to start another fight or make up. It wasn’t Ichigo. It was Yoruichi and Soifon. Of, fucking, course thought Grimmjow. Ikkaku hollered at them and they walked over, a little wary of Grimm.

“Hey boys…” Yoruichi began, and immediately started trying to butter up Ikkaku and Shuhei.

Half an hour later and all five of them, Grimmjow included, had fallen into a local club and were on the dance floor, pushed together by the crowd. Grimmjow couldn’t feel where Ichigo had hit him anymore, the drinks had seen to that. He was feeling quite fuzzy, like maybe his teeth had pins and needles and his limbs were lighter than he was used to, or were they heavier? He didn’t know.

“I thought you never went anywhere without Ichigo…” Yourichi purred.

“Yet here I am” Grimmjow grinned at her. She pushed herself closer to him, he realised that his hands were on her waist and he wasn’t sure how they’d gotten there.

“I think you’re a little more fun when Ichigo isn’t here” she teased him. He laughed, “Yeah… maybe”

Her hands were making their way up his chest. It felt nice but it didn’t feel right. He pushed the strange feeling aside, angry at it. He was allowed to go out and have fun. He was allowed to do what he wanted. He kept telling himself over and over in his head. Ichigo had never cared before and Ahmya wasn’t in a relationship with them. He could do what he liked. So why didn’t it feel right?

He scowled, confused by his feelings. Yoruichi had wrapped her hands around his neck and was trying to pull his face down to hers. He pulled back from her.

“Oh come on Grimm, it’s just a bit of fun” she smiled up at him like a snake getting ready to open her jaws and swallow her prey whole.

He shook his head like a small child, unable to trust himself to speak. He untangled himself from her limbs and stumbled back. Ikkaku saw him and turned,

“Grimm, you alright?”
“Mm’fine yeah. Need to go. See you tomorrow”

He made for the exit, turning to look back as he left. Yoruichi had already latched onto poor Shuhei. Grimmjow smirked and fell out the door.

Ichigo felt sick. What had he done? He’d contemplated going after Grimmjow but he knew that he wouldn’t appreciate it, that he needed time to calm down. Ichigo would have been able to help with that normally but when he was the one who’d made him so mad, for once he didn’t know how to fix it because he wasn’t even really sure what had happened. He lay on the couch for hours waiting for Grimmjow to come home. He imagined him walking through the door and telling Ichigo that everything was alright and he wasn’t angry. He imagined him barrelling through the door and punching Ichigo back. He imagined him charging in and fucking the living shit out of him to show him that he could never do that to him again. Anything just to distract himself from the fact that Grimmjow had not come back through the door.

Eventually he couldn’t take it anymore. He couldn’t sit there awaiting his fate. He left the apartment and made his way down to the street, walking towards the beach. It would be deserted at this time he knew, there were no parties scheduled. He walked towards the tide, standing where it broke and letting the sound wash over him, fill his mind. He shuffled his feet so that his trainers sunk into the sand a little as though it had hold of him and wouldn’t let him go. The sea washed over them and trickled through to his toes but he didn’t mind.

He turned and started to walk down the beach now, adjacent with the sea. The moon was partially obscured by clouds and he could just about see well enough to know he wasn’t going to lose his way. Something ahead of him caught his eye, a good thirty metres away. Driftwood? What was that? The clouds parted a fraction of an amount, allowing some of the ethereal glow from the moon light up the beach. Driftwood didn’t have bright blue hair.

“Grimm…?” Ichigo’s voice caught in his throat, “Grimm!” he shouted this time.

The blue-haired driftwood didn’t move. Fear like he had never felt in his life hit Ichigo like a shockwave as he bolted forward towards the figure. He willed his legs to move faster on the sand, thankful for his regular training there. As he got closer he could see Grimmjow lay, his arms out on either side of him as though he were flying. Ichigo landed on top of him, straddled over him, his hands on his face, pulling him upwards towards him.

“Grimm! Grimmjow!!” he forced the words out, terrified of what he would do if there was no answer.

“Mmwhat?” Grimmjow started, looking around with unfocused eyes before finding Ichigo infront of him, his face settling into a calm smile.

“Oh, you stupid, fucking idiot! I thought you were dead!!” Ichigo pushed his head back against the sand.

“You’re so silly Ichhiii… Mm’not dead” Grimmjow mumbled out.

Ichigo leaned forwards and pressed his head against Grimmjow’s chest.

“I’m so sorry” his eyes were screwed up, “I’m so so sorry Grimmjow”

“Mn’sorry Ichi… s’mmy fault. Hey…” Grimmjow’s eyes began to focus a little, “Hey… why’re your eyes leaking… ssstop that”
He tried clumsily to wipe away the tears that had fallen down Ichigo’s cheeks but only succeeding in spreading them further around his face.

“I’m so sorry Grimmjow. I’m sorry I hit you. I’m sorry I was mad at you. None of its worth this”

It was at that point that Grimmjow seemed to sober up dramatically. He sat up, Ichigo still sat over him, and took Ichigo’s face in his hands.

“Stop. You don’t need to be sorry, I needed it. Don’t you dare say it’s not worth it because it is. I was being a bitch. I don’t care that Ahmya has kids”

“But you said…“

“I know what I said. I was being a bitch and hiding what I really felt” Grimmjow sighed.

“What do you really feel?” Ichigo puzzled. Grimmjow didn’t speak for a long moment.

Just when Ichigo was about to prompt him, he opened his mouth again.

“I went to the bar tonight. I drank a lot…”

“No shit”

“Yoruichi came” Grimmjow gave Ichigo a purposeful look.

“Oh God… Grimm, what did you do?”

“Nothing… I did nothing. I was drunk… angry… hot woman in front of me… and all I could think about was that it was weird that you weren’t with me and that she wasn’t Ahmya and nothing felt right and I ran away” Grimmjow stared past Ichigo to the sea.

“You ran away?” Ichigo was dumbstruck.

“I raaan awaaaay” Grimmjow drew the words out, “I don’t want anything that’s gonna cause a problem between me and you Ichi, and at the moment the thing that’s causing us a problem is me not being honest about how I feel. We both like Ahmya, a lot” Ichigo nodded, “so let’s just go and fucking get her. Ok, she has kids. Ok, she might not even want us. But we ain’t fucking giving up before we know for sure. If it all goes to pot or she doesn’t wanna know, we’ll still have each other. I don’t care about the kids, I was just saying that to be an asshole so I didn’t have to admit to the truth. I was scared in case she didn’t want us. Scared in case she did want us then changed her mind.”

Ichigo looked at him, drunk and sleepy and talking more sense than he had when he’d been sober and alert. He felt a swell of pride that this was his person, his best friend, his jigsaw piece. No matter what happened, even if he punched him in the face apparently, there was nothing they couldn’t overcome as a team. Ichigo squeezed him tight around the middle and kissed him deeply.

“Thass very nice…” Grimmjow was starting to slur again, “but acsshually I feel quite sick so maybe let’s do tha another tiime…”

Ichigo pressed his head back against Grimm’s and let out a massive sigh.

“I fucking love you, you idiot” he breathed, so quietly he wasn’t sure Grimm had heard him. He liked how the words tasted on his tongue. They tasted like Grimmjow. Why had he never said them like that before?

“I know…” Grimmjow smiled, his eyes closed, “I love you too”
He lay back into the sand, his arms once more outstretched. Ichigo smiled down on him, then climbed off him and lay next to him, his head on Grimmjow’s arm. Ichigo let him rest for a little while, he watched the clouds move across the moon as the tide whispered against the shore. As the moon began to disappear and the sun began its ascent, Ichigo helped Grimmjow back to his feet and guided him slowly home.
The day after their fight, Grimmjow had woken up with the mother of all hangovers and a slightly pink cheek from Ichigo’s punch. His mouth felt like sand and his hair was wilder than usual. He dragged his ass into the shower and stood leaning against the wall, letting the water cascade down his back as though somehow he could rehydrate through that alone.

Once he got out he found Ichigo in the kitchen making coffee. Grimmjow walked up to him with purpose, Ichigo turned to him – prepared for whatever repercussions might come now that Grimmjow had full use of his limbs back. Grimmjow reached out with his arms… and pulled Ichigo into him so that Ichigo’s face was nestled into his shoulder. Grimmjow leaned his head against Ichigo’s, breathing in his scent as he held him firmly in an embrace.

“Don’t fucking punch me again like that, Kurosaki,” Grimmjow threatened into Ichigo’s ear, his breath hot, but Ichigo knew he wasn’t really mad.

“If I hadn’t punched you, you wouldn’t have admitted the truth,” Ichigo countered. Grimmjow growled.

“But I’ll make it up to you all the same,” Ichigo finished.

“Ha! That sounds promising. But when my hangover’s gone at least, I feel like shit”

Grimmjow let go of him and grabbed the coffee he had made him, walking past Ichigo to the
balcony, dragging his fingertips along Ichigo’s torso as he went. Ichigo shivered, his stomach tensing at the touch. He willed Grimmjow’s hangover to leave quickly so that he could begin making up to him sooner.

“I need an ice lolly and fresh air” Grimmjow announced several hours later.

He’d been lazing around the apartment for most of the day. Ichigo agreed and they donned vests and shorts and headed out into the beautiful afternoon. They headed up main street towards a café they knew near one of the parks. They figured they were less likely to see anyone that Grimmjow had interacted with last night, he wasn’t ready to have that experience yet. Grimmjow ordered an ice lolly, Ichigo getting an ice cream, unable to resist – any excuse for something sweet, in any situation ever.

The café was on the edge of one of the local markets and they decided to cut through, wandering between the stalls selling a variety of fruits and vegetables. Grimmjow had finished his ice lolly in a matter of seconds and was already eyeing up Ichigo’s ice cream.

“Are you kidding?” Ichigo looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

“Do I look like I’m kidding?”

Ichigo huffed, but it was half-hearted, and held up the cone for Grimmjow to share. Grimmjow’s wicked grin split his face as he demolished half of the ice cream in one bite. Just as he was about to pull away, he saw something hurtling towards Ichigo’s face out of the corner of his eye. He instinctively shot his hand out and a football that had the impact of a rocket made contact, pushing his arm back slightly before he closed his hand around it.

Grimmjow lowered his arm, a scowl forming on his face. Both men looked up to see where the ball had come from, Grimmjow ready to blast the living shit out of whoever had kicked it.

“What th—!”

“Hey mister! That’s my ball” a defiant voice drifted up to them from a rather feisty, small person standing in front of them.

She had one hand on her hip and an arm straight out, pointing at the ball as though he was too stupid to know what it was. It was Ahmya’s oldest daughter. She wore shorts that showed off a rainbow of bruises to her knees and her hair was long and wild, whipped around her shoulders as though it rarely saw a brush.

“Your ball just nearly hit us”, Grimmjow replied calmly, lowering the hand with the ball in and holding it out to her.

Ichigo couldn’t speak, he was amazed that Grimmjow had managed to rein himself in mid-rage.

“Sorry, mister,” she replied, and she did look sorry to be fair, Ichigo thought, as she took the ball back.

“Kaida!” they heard Ahmya’s voice across the crowd of the market. Not stern, or concerned, just the voice of someone who frequently had to shout for a child that was possibly up to no good. Grimmjow smiled, he knew that tone all too well from when he was a child.

Kaida gave a soft sigh, took a deep breath and yelled,
“I’m here Mama!! By the coconut stall and the two men with crazy hair!!!”

Several people turned round, Grimmjow shifted almost uncomfortably, Ichigo jumped.

“Jesus, kid, stop yelling!” Grimmjow furrowed his brow.

Ichigo saw Ahmya heading in their direction, he held a hand above his head to get her attention and pointed downwards to indicate that Kaida was with them. When her eyes met his they became very large and very round. He held her gaze, continuing to smile at her, he wanted her to know that she didn’t need to worry about the conversation that was about to happen.

She stepped around some people at a nearby stall and came fully into view. She was a vision. It had only been a week or so since they’d seen her but the sight of her within reaching distance made strange things happen to Ichigo’s chest and as he looked at Grimm out of the corner of his eye he could see that he was doing the goldfish impression that was starting to happen so often it might have to become his signature move.

She wore tight white trousers (god only knew how they were so pristine with two small children) and a grey and white striped linen shirt that tied at the back. Her hair fell in waves down her back, as long and dark as her daughters but not quite as wild. One hand reached down to hold the chubby fingers of her smallest daughter who Grimmjow thought looked like a damn fairy, he didn’t even like kids but this one was cute beyond belief – all tottering feet and a crown of dark curls.

Ichigo looked at Ahmya’s face as she stood a metre or so away from them. Had her eyes always been so impossibly dark? How could they have let her go that night at the lighthouse? His eyes flicked down to her mouth, he remembered the last time his lips had pressed against hers. How was he able to stop? Grimmjow was gazing upon her in adoration as well, he wanted to run his fingers through her hair, kiss her temple, show her how much they didn’t care that her life wasn’t what they’d thought.

Both men instinctively took half a step forwards to her, only the sight of each other’s involuntary movements were enough to make them realise what they were doing and stop, as they remembered that not only could things not go back to how they had been, but they didn’t actually know what Ahmya’s response would have been. She’d been looking from one to the other the entire time, she didn’t look nervous, but looked as though she was waiting to see what would happen.

“You alright, misters? You look a bit weird”

Kaida’s voice shot through to them, allowing them to refocus and remember to breathe.

“Hi…” Ahmya said, biting her lip, “These are my daughters, Kaida,” she indicated towards the feisty footballer, “and this is Hotaru,” she lifted the toddler to her hip. She looked to Kaida now, and told her,

“This is Ichigo and Grimmjow”

Ichigo gave a small wave at his name, Grimmjow grinned like a maniac.

“You work at the unit like Grandpa and Dad used to?” Kaida asked them, she was not a child to beat around the bush.

Ahmya visibly swallowed.

“Yup!” Grimmjow replied, “How do you know?”
“The way you stand,” Kaida shrugged, “We’re going to the park now, are you going to the park?” Ichigo was dumbfounded, he looked at Ahmya. He didn’t want to presume, he raised his eyebrows, asking permission. She smiled,

“Yes, they’re coming to the park”

Grimmjow beamed. They set off, Ichigo realised that his ice-cream had started to melt down his hand.

“I-CEAAAAAMMM!!” came a very excited voice from Ahmya’s hip.

Pudgy hands reached out towards Ichigo, he was under no illusions that she had no interest in him but only his food – he was used to the feeling.

“Can she have some of this? Is she allowed?” he asked Ahmya.

“Well only if you don’t mind, she’ll probably try and take the lot” she laughed.

“Sounds familiar”

“Hey! I’m not deaf” Grimmjow told them, and then went back to the animated conversation he was having with Kaida about football.

By the time they’d reached the park, Hotaru had lived up to all expectations and eaten the whole ice-cream along with the cone. Ahmya, Ichigo and Grimmjow sat down on the grass in the shade of one of the trees, Hotaru leaned against Ichigo’s side, pulling up grass with her hands. Kaida announced that she was going to go and play football with some of the kids she could see.

“Your hair is gonna get in your way when you try and score, y’know?” Grimmjow commented.

Kaida narrowed her eyes at him, he looked unnerved and his eyes flickered to Ahmya’s and then back again.

“Bobble please” Kaida held her hand out towards her mother who took a bobble from her wrist and passed it to her. Kaida quickly pulled her hair back, looped the bobble around a couple of times and then looked back to Grimmjow pointedly.

“Bye!” she yelled before tearing off towards the other kids.

“Never in her life has she ever put a bobble in her hair,” Ahmya stared after her amazed.

“Huh” Grimmjow was quite pleased with himself, though he wasn’t sure why.

Ahmya took a deep breath, turning to both of them where they sat.

“So… you spoke to Renji”

It wasn’t a question, but they nodded all the same.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. That was a bit of a (dick) move,” she mouthed the word ‘dick’ so that Hotaru wouldn’t hear it.

“I just… the girls often spend at least part of their summers on mainland with my mom. I’ve never mentioned them to people I’ve… met… during that time because what would be the need when I only ever saw them once? I’ve never been looking for anything other than… that… so it seemed like
an unnecessary complication to add to a situation"

So that was it, Ichigo thought, she didn’t want anything more. He looked down at Hotaru, picked a flower and held it in front of her to take from him, he was trying to distract himself from the feeling clawing its way up his throat.

“But you… met… us more than once” Grimmjow said, looking out across the park.

Ichigo looked at him, he was right, and he was surprised that Grimmjow had said it. His eyes went back to Ahmya’s. She was smiling softly at his words.

“I found myself unable not to” she admitted, looking down at her hands.

Ichigo felt a flutter of hope surface in his chest, he looked at Grimmjow and was surprised to see the grin that was splashed across his face. Surprised that Grimmjow was being so obvious at all.

“Then why stop now?”

Ahmya took in a sharp breath, and looked up quickly to meet Grimmjow’s eyes before looking across to Ichigo and then back again, as though searching for confirmation. Ichigo smiled back at her.

“But I…” she began before trailing off.

“Ahmya” Ichigo called her name softly and she focused her attention back on him.

“Let us explain to you how we feel. If you’re not interested in what we have to say then we completely understand, we won’t interrupt your life any more if that’s the case, but hear us out first and then tell us what you feel?”

She nodded, her eyes wide. Ichigo began,

“The time that we’ve spent with you, it’s hard to put into words how that’s made us feel. Please understand that this… three people situation… isn’t something that we do. Ok, we have done it in the past, as one offs, but that’s all, and not for a long, long time. We’ve never really looked beyond the physical aspect of anything, partly because we weren’t interested, and partly because even when we’ve been with other people separately it has never worked because in the background there was always… us”

Ichigo motioned between he and Grimmjow as he said it. Ichigo looked at Grimmjow, it was only right that he explain the rest, he thought. Grimmjow inhaled,

“Other people have always tried to come between us, or take one of us away from the other. That’s not really an option for us”

It felt strange to say it out loud, to another person. It was something that didn’t need saying between he and Ichigo because they both knew, so the words were fresh in the world and it was difficult to feel them leave his mouth.

“…but you,” he looked away, trying to order his words, “from the moment we met it was obvious that you weren’t trying to choose between us, weren’t trying to make us choose, either. You didn’t judge us, you didn’t try to separate us, you accepted us wholly and completely without a thought to how it might appear on the outside. I know that was only sex,”

Grimmjow realised what he’d said and quickly looked down at Hotaru but she was clambering
across Ichigo’s lap now, completely oblivious. He mouthed a quick ‘sorry’ to Ahmya, who smiled, shaking her head, before carrying on.

“But as the times went on,” Grimm continued, “it just felt right that you were there. We’ve never needed anything outside of each other before but, you fit into this situation perfectly. We don’t have to pretend to be something else”

Ichigo had never heard him speak so clearly in his life. Normally he was all swear words and usually at least a sprinkle of irritation. Ichigo realised that Grimmjow was waiting for him to carry on the conversation,

“When we found out about Kaida and Hotaru, we were a little angry at first. But not about them. Just because no one had told us. But then, we realised why you hadn’t told us, and why no one else had either. It made sense. We were sad that you hadn’t been able to tell us, that you maybe didn’t see it as necessary to tell us because we didn’t mean enough to you. But you mean enough to us. We know we haven’t known you long, and we know that we haven’t spent all that much time together…”

“But we want to” Grimmjow finished.

Ichigo had been watching Ahmya, for any signs of how she felt. He could see that she was deliberately trying not to show anything on her face. Her face was neutral, although not unfriendly. She’d never been this guarded around them before. Had they got this all wrong?

“We know we can’t be your priority,” Ichigo pointed out, “You may not even feel the same way as we do. But if the smallest possibility is there that you do, we had to know. We want something… more”

Ahmya looked from Ichigo to Grimmjow and her eyes were shining. Her breathing was slightly heavier than normal, Grimmjow noticed. She made as if to speak and then stopped. She looked away, a sadness taking over her face like a downpour of rain. It broke Ichigo’s heart to see, to think that they had somehow caused that expression on her face.

“I need… time,” she finally told them, her voice was quiet and unsure.

“We understand,” Ichigo told her firmly, making a point of drawing her gaze back to them, “we’re not going anywhere… unless you want us to!”

He added the last bit on quickly, hoping that he’d sounded sincere rather than sinister.

“What the fuck!” Grimmjow suddenly declared.

“Grimmjow!!” Ichigo exclaimed, looking down to Hotaru but she had fallen asleep in Grimmjow’s lap, her head against his stomach.

“That asshole just swiped Kaida’s legs from under her!!”

Grimmjow carefully lifted Hotaru and passed her to Ichigo who was the closest person to him. He got to his feet and bolted across the field. Ahmya and Ichigo stood up, their eyes following Grimmjow as he flew to Kaida.

“Do you think we should…” Ichigo questioned.

“We can make our way over but I think he might be over-reacting, you’ll see what I mean…” Ahmya grimaced.
Grimmjow was about half way to Kaida when she started to pick herself back up. That asshole kid who was twice her size had deliberately swiped her legs from under her with a nasty kick. Even from this far away Grimmjow could see a deep gash in her shin where his boot studs had connected. He had no idea why he was reacting the way he was, no time to even think about it, but he saw red. A small voice in the back of his head that sounded a lot like Ichigo was telling him he needed to calm down before he got to her. After all, the other kids were just that – kids.

The older boy who’d taken Kaida down was laughing with his friends now, his back to her. Grimmjow pushed himself harder in an attempt to get there quicker. As he ran he saw Kaida inspect her leg, dust herself off and… walk straight up to the boy. What was she thinking? Grimmjow felt sick.

She tapped him on the back with her pointy finger and he turned around sneering. He had her ball under his foot. She kicked the ball out from under him with a power that Grimmjow couldn’t believe she possessed and the boy lost his footing, falling forwards towards her. As he came lower Grimmjow could see exactly what she was planning as though it was happening in slow motion.

He was about thirty feet away as Kadia pulled her right elbow back. Twenty-five feet away and the boy was about head height with her as he plummeted to the ground. Twenty feet and she started to drive her fist forwards again. Fifteen feet and she connected with his nose. Ten feet and he was falling sideways, her arm still outstretched – almost perfect form. Grimmjow almost felt proud. That wasn’t right, was it? By the time Grimmjow was by her side the boy was on the flat of his back holding what looked like a very bloody nose. His friends had scattered, leaving him to face her alone.

“Sup?” she said to Grimmjow as she saw him almost fall over his own feet in an attempt to stop.

He stood up tall immediately in an attempt to look cool and casual, scratching the back of his head.

“Are you alright?” he nodded towards her leg.

“Is SHE alright? What about me?! Your damn daughter nearly broke my freakin’ nose!!” the kid on the ground shouted.

“Well I’m… she’s not… you shouldn’t have swiped her out like that!!” Grimmjow flustered.

Kaida patted Grimmjow on the arm as though he was a small child who needed reassuring.

“And!” Grimmjow actually held his finger up in the air now, he was truly losing it, “if I ever see you bothering her again, we’ll have a serious problem!”

By this point, Ichigo had jogged over and joined them, leaving the sleeping Hotaru in Ahmya’s arms. Ichigo crouched down by the boy, a foot from his head.

“Do you know who we are, boy?”

Ichigo didn’t even make eye-contact with the boy as he spoke to him, he was pretending to look across the field, his voice low.

“I know who you are, you work for the unit,” the boy bit back defiantly.

“And you’re Horatio’s son” Ichigo responded, looking directly at the boy who blanched.

Horatio was a local restaurant owner, one who Ichigo and Grimm knew very well.
“Go home, and if you bother Kaida again, we’ll be explaining to your dad exactly what you did to get that bloody nose, you hear me?”

The boy scowled, but nodded under his hands. He shuffled to his feet and ran off.

“What a bunch of drama queens!!” Kaida announced, “It’s only a scratch!”

The blood had seeped into her sock now as it trickled down her leg. Grimmjow felt a bit funny looking at it, he had no idea why. He’d seen people bleeding regularly, hell, most of the time he caused it. He sat down on the grass, he needed a minute. Ichigo tried to supress a grin.

Ahmya reached them, with the casual air of someone who had seen her daughter hold her own enough times to know the difference between when she needed to be worried and when she didn’t. She held Hotaru out to Ichigo who automatically accepted her into his arms like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“Come on then, let’s get you cleaned up” and she sat on the ground and began to pull antiseptic wipes and plasters out of her bag.

It occurred to Ichigo that she must regularly have to clean up Kaida’s scrapes and cuts. Kaida reminded him so much of another feisty young child, although the one Ichigo had known had gone looking for fights which he didn’t think was the situation with Kaida.

Kaida sat down with one leg out as Ahmya began to clean up her leg and put a large plaster over it.

“I’m… I’m sorry Momma,” Kaida looked incredibly guilty.

Grimmjow felt a twinge in his chest, he knew that feeling for sure. Ahmya wouldn’t give her a hard time, would she? Would Kaida get in trouble?

Ahmya stopped what she was doing and looked Kaida dead in the eyes.

“Don’t be sorry for defending yourself Kaida. You should never go looking for fights, but when they find you it’s good that you can look after yourself if I’m not there”

Kaida relaxed and beamed at her mother. Grimmjow let go of the breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. It meant something to him that Ahmya had reacted in this way, instead of being angry.

“But…” Ahmya carried on, “Don’t overstretch when you punch, you’re going to damage your shoulder doing that.”

“I knew you were going to say that!!” Kaida laughed.

“Then you should have corrected it, imagine if Kenpachi had been here!” Ahmya teased.

It warmed Ichigo to see them interact like this, and to know that they were all so embedded in life here, that they had ties to the people that Ichigo and Grimm had ties to. Even if Ahmya wasn’t interested in them, as much as that thought made him feel a little sick, he was glad that they could somehow be a part of her life.

They said their goodbyes after that, Ahmya letting them know that she would speak to them soon. They understood that to mean that when she was ready she would find them. Whatever the outcome. Ichigo felt like they’d done everything they could to explain to her how they felt. She knew them, knew their natures, knew what they were like. She had all the information she needed to make a decision. They could do nothing more.
Grimmjow closed the door to the apartment, following Ichigo towards the main living area. They’d spent most of the walk home talking about Ahmya and her daughters, and the events that had unfolded. As much as they didn’t have an answer, Ichigo reasoned that it could have gone a lot worse. They’d told her how they felt and soon they’d get an answer. Hopefully.

Ichigo had wandered over to the floor-length windows, Grimmjow stood in front of the sofa.

“How’s your hangover?”

“Non-existent” Grimmjow narrowed his eyes, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. Where was Ichigo going with this?

Ichigo turned to face him, a look in his eye that was quite mischievous.

“I believe I have some making up to do”

Grimmjow’s eyes darkened as he took in Ichigo’s silhouette at the window. Ichigo slowly stepped towards him, removing his top as he did so. Grimmjow’s eyes hungrily roamed over his body, strong and defined as though carved out of marble. Grimmjow’s hand came forward, grabbing the back of Ichigo’s head and pulling their faces together in an angry clash of teeth and tongues, Grimmjow’s attempt at dominance always pushing against Ichigo.
Ichigo grabbed the hem of Grimmjow’s vest and pulled it roughly over his head, throwing it somewhere behind him. Their mouths still pressed together, he undid Grimm’s shorts and pushed them down with his boxers so that they dropped to the floor where he could step out of them, along with his shoes. He placed one hand on Grimm’s chest. Grimmjow pulled away, looking at Ichigo curiously for a second before feeling himself be pushed back so that he fell to the sofa, sitting down.

Ichigo dropped to his knees between Grimmjow’s legs.

“Jesus, Ichigo, you’re not even warming me up?” he grinned down at him.

Ichigo growled, “You don’t need warming up, look at you.”

And has was right of course, Grimmjow was throbbing and practically waving at him, less than a foot from his face, his ache and need for Ichigo more than obvious. Grimmjow lifted his arms to rest them along the back of the sofa on either side of him as he smirked down at Ichigo. Staring back at Grimmjow, Ichigo stuck out his tongue, and licked firmly from base to tip. Grimmjow’s mouth dropped open at the sudden sensation. It felt like days since Ichigo had touched him and his cock responded by pulsing with excitement.

Ichigo angled Grimmjow towards him with one hand, and held onto his thigh with the other. He hadn’t even bothered to take his own shorts off, Grimmjow noted, he was taking this rather seriously after all. Ichigo took the end of Grimmjow into his mouth but made no move to sink lower. Grimmjow waited, his breathing began to pick up. Ichigo still didn’t move. Grimmjow tried to shuffle himself further into Ichigo’s mouth but he was held down by his vice like grip on his thigh.

Just when Grimmjow thought he might speak, Ichigo swirled his tongue around his tip and began to suck short pulses against him. Grimmjow made a noise in his throat that he was glad no one else had ever heard. Ichigo slowly took all of him into his mouth and Grimmjow let his head fall back against the cushion as he closed his eyes. With deliberate slowness, Ichigo moved back to his head again, where he stayed as he repeated the same tongue twirling, suckling motion as before.

Every now and then Ichigo would slowly glide up and down Grimmjow’s length with his mouth, dragging the action out at a painfully slow pace until he was a panting mess.

“I thought… you were… supposed to be… making up to me… This is torture,” Grimmjow pushed the words past his teeth.

Ichigo grinned and sped up, instead of stopping each time he got to Grimmjow’s tip, he carried on.

“Nng”

The sudden increase in speed and pressure had Grimmjow gripping the cushions besides him. He looked down at Ichigo and immediately realised he shouldn’t have because the sight of him sliding up and down him nearly sent him over the edge.

“Fuck!” As much as he wanted to try and make it last longer, Grimmjow couldn’t take his eyes of Ichigo now and a familiar tightness was beginning to build inside him.

His hands made their way to Ichigo’s hair, twirling and tugging it gently as Ichigo’s hands moved to Grimmjow’s hips. Ichigo hummed with pleasure at the feeling of Grimm playing with his hair and Grimmjow cursed again as Ichigo’s sounds reverberated through him.

Grimmjow began to thrust his hips lightly in time with Ichigo’s movements and he increased the pressure of his mouth. The grip on Ichigo’s hair became firmer as it pulled him down with each stroke. Ichigo was aching with his own need now and it took all of his own willpower to carry on
instead of seeking his own friction. He groaned around Grimmjow’s cock as Grimmjow began to fuck his mouth more vigorously and Grimmjow moaned louder in response.

“Fuck, Ichigo, I’m so close,” Grimmjow loosened his grip so that Ichigo could move off him if he wanted to.

Ichigo’s grip on Grimm’s hips increased, he wasn’t moving. Grimmjow moaned again as he realised and held Ichigo’s hair tightly again, thrusting to meet each one of Ichigo’s movements. Grimmjow threw his head back against the cushion as he came, his spend hitting the back of Ichigo’s throat again and again as he called out,

“MmmfuuckIchigo!!”

As he came down, he loosened his grip on Ichigo’s hair, rubbing his head before letting his arms fall back to his side on the sofa. His head still lay along the back of the cushions, his eyes closed. Grimmjow’s whole body relaxed, as though all the tension of the day disappeared, leaving him with nothing but a body made of jelly.

Ichigo swallowed, smiling as he slid his mouth off Grimmjow and stood up. He walked around so that he was at the back of the couch, his head hovering over Grimm’s. He looked so peaceful now, his eyes still closed as he tried to slow his breathing back down, his shock of hair out of his face. Ichigo leaned down to the upside-down face beneath him, kissing Grimmjow on the lips before standing back up. Grimmjow tasted himself on Ichigo and his entire body shuddered deliciously again.

Ichigo watched him open his eyes, a glazed look on them and an easy smile forming on his face.

“You’re welcome” he grinned at Grimmjow, before wandering to the kitchen to make himself a drink and try to calm his own painful erection down.

“Fifteen minutes” Grimmjow called to him.

Ichigo turned around, puzzled.

“Fifteen minutes and I’ll be making it up to you!”

Within thirty seconds he had drifted off, naked and sated in the middle of the sofa, his head still lolling over the back of the cushions.

The summer heat didn’t seem to be easing off, despite the fact that it was nearing its end. The office buildings were sweltering and combined with the fact that they hadn’t yet had an answer from Ahmya, it was taking everything Grimmjow had not to unleash his irritable nature on everyone in sight. Ichigo wasn’t feeling much calmer, but he was less impulsive that Grimmjow and therefore better at hiding it.

Ichigo and Grimmjow found themselves haunting the doorway to Renji’s office again, out of habit now more than anything.

“Jesus, what now?” Renji joked, “I’ve got no more bombshells to drop”

Ichigo smiled, it was good to see that Renji was still cool with them after all the drama that had happened recently.
“Nothing, we’re not here to start anything,” he told him as he pushing himself off the doorframe and into the seat opposite Renji’s desk.

Grimmjow took the seat next to him, but turned it to the side before sitting down. His sprawling nature had returned which put Renji at ease a little as he watched Grimmjow lean his foot against Ichigo’s chair.

“So… we told Ahmya how we felt” Grimmjow swallowed, he had no idea why he was telling Renji.

“….And? What happened?” Renji put his pen down, giving them his full attention.

“She… needs time. I guess, to make a decision. Which I felt like I understood when she said it but now it just feels like that was a bad sign” Ichigo looked deflated.

Grimmjow stared past him to the wall.

“Surely she either wants us or she doesn’t” Grimmjow’s expression didn’t change.

A dark mood was starting to take over him. Ahmya mustn’t want them. Otherwise they would know. She would have told them.

“You don’t honestly think it’s that simple, do you?!” Renji looked at him incredulously.

Grimmjow look at him and shrugged. He knew, reasonably, that there must be more to it than that but he couldn’t remember what that could be.

“Get your head outta your ass, Grimm” Renji began, but not too unkindly.

“We know Kaida and Hotaru are a factor, but we don’t care about that!” Ichigo said.

“You might not, but she might. Did you ever think about that?” Renji probed.

Well crap, Renji was right. Here they were again, so wrapped up in how they felt that they hadn’t considered Ahmya’s feelings about it. Ichigo was starting to feel like a pretty shitty human being.

“It’s all well and good for you two saying you don’t care and that it doesn’t bother you, but maybe it bothers her. You two have never given a fuck what people think about you, but how do you think it would make her feel? You’re not stupid, you know how people will talk if they see she’s with you guys, for real. If it was just her she might not care, but what about the kids. What if it impacts on them?”

Grimmjow looked at the floor, he felt like a bit of a dick that it hadn’t occurred to him. Renji was right, he and Ichigo did what they wanted whether it bothered anyone else or not, but when you had kids, he supposed you had to put them first.

“And you’re completely forgetting the fact that her husband worked here, with this squad, and died here, with this squad. So not only does she probably worry about what the lads here might think of her, not that any of us would mind – we have her back no matter what, but she’s probably also worried that if she gets too close to you then the same thing could happen to one of you that happened to Takeo.”

Ichigo felt ashamed, had they put her in an awful position? He looked at Grimmjow, and he knew that how Grimm felt about her hadn’t changed, just like Ichigo’s feelings hadn’t changed, but would it be better all-round if they just pushed those feelings down and didn’t take a chance?
“How do you know all this Renji, has she told you?” he asked.

“She doesn’t need to, you idiot. She’s my best friend and I have a brain. You should try using yours once in a while” Renji grumbled.

“I use my brain!” Ichigo argued.

“Ichigo… throughout this whole thing the only two parts of your body you’ve used are your dick and your heart, nothing more, nothing less. Don’t get me wrong, that’s one more body part than usual, but still no brain” Ichigo felt his cheeks go hot. Grimmjow shifted.

“So that’s it?” Grimm turned to look at Renji, “We don’t bother? All these fucking feelings and we just give up?”

“I’m not saying that!” Renji threw his hands up, “I say go for it, despite all the shit I just said, and if she asks me I’ll say the same. Life’s too short to worry about the what-ifs. But it’s not my decision to make, you just gotta wait and see what she says”

“I agree” came a rumbling voice from the doorway.

All three men nearly jumped out of their skins, even Renji who could see the doorway from where he sat. Kenpachi entered the room, his dominating presence weighing down on them. Grimmjow and Ichigo turned to face him guiltily.

“Ahmya is like a daughter to me. The things that she’s had to deal with… I wouldn’t wish that on anyone” his voice was low, like distant thunder, “There isn’t a man on this squad that wouldn’t lay their life down for her, and no one here that would stand in the way of her happiness. If the answer to that is the two of you punks, then all I can do is support it. Even if I don’t understand it” Ichigo’s chest felt a bit tight. It was the closest thing to fatherly approval they would ever get. It didn’t change the fact that Ahmya might not even accept them, but it felt good to know that the team would support them if she did.

“No more of this bullshit romance talk anyway,” Kenpachi’s voice got louder, “We’re going for a run, get changed, squad’s leaving in ten!”

And with that he stomped out of the room, looking for more people to yell at. Grimmjow could hear him growling his orders out from the other side of the building.

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It was early afternoon, and the sun was relentless. The team ran along the beach, their black kits doing them no favours but at least it kept people out of their way. Kenpachi lead the way, Renji behind him. Grimmjow and Ichigo usually took up the rear, partly so that they could catch any stragglers, and partly because they liked to spend the time dicking about. They tended to use this time to try and catch each other off guard, attempting to trip each other up and they usually ended up grappling which they’d get roasted for if Kenpachi saw them.

Grimmjow threw his leg out and Ichigo jumped straight over it.

“Please, like that’d be enough” he laughed at him before shoving into Grimm’s shoulder and receiving a shove back that sent him several steps into the sea.
He ran back towards him and they locked hands, still keeping up with the rest of the group but both trying desperately to overpower the other. Ichigo hooked his leg around Grimm’s and they both fell, a tangle of limbs onto the burning sand below. They both stilled immediately and looked up to see if Kenpachi had noticed, like a pair of naughty school children.

They both battled to get up, each time one of them got their footing, the other pulling them back down. It didn’t help that they were laughing so much they could barely stand up straight. Eventually they managed to get to their feet separately and sprinted to catch up with the team. They noticed Byakuya running near the back, an odd place for him to be.

As they caught up, Byakuya began to slow down, until he was between both of them. He didn’t look at either of them. Grimmjow watched him, his lip curled. He didn’t like Byakuya, never had. The guy rubbed him up the wrong way. Ichigo peered around Byakuya to make eye contact with Grimmjow, his eyebrows showing his confusion.

“If you ever make her sad, even by accident, I don’t care what the rest of this team will do you to. I will find you first, and I will ruin you. Both of you,” Byakuya’s voice was low and threatening.

Grimmjow’s face turned into an angry snarl,

“What the fuck?!”

But Byakuya had already begun to speed up towards the rest of the group. His arrogance completely uninterested in any response they might give. Ichigo watched him move further from them, his dark hair bobbing where it sat tied back at the nape of his neck.

“Fucking psycho” Grimmjow muttered. Ichigo shook his head, his eyebrows lost near his hairline somewhere.

Up ahead they could see that the squad were starting to slow down, something was holding them up. Kenpachi had called a water break and everyone seemed to be converging in the same spot. As Grimm and Ichigo closed in on the rest of the team they realised that they’d stopped near a small group of people. Kenpachi’s wife, Rangiku was there with their daughter Yachiru along with Rukia, Orihime, Ahmya and her daughters.

“What do we do?” Grimmjow panicked.

“Just be cool, act normal” Ichigo whispered as they slowed to a jog then a walk.

“I don’t even know what normal is” Grimmjow deadpanned.

“You don’t need to tell me” Ichigo smirked.

The entirety of the squad were fussing over the kids now. Ichigo didn’t think he had ever seen so many grown men be so polite in such a concentrated space before, especially these men. Renji was talking to Kaida about her paddle boarding, Ikkaku was throwing Hotaru into the air as she squealed with delight and Yachiru was generally terrorising most others in sight, including poor Shuhei.

Ichigo and Grimmjow stood on the outskirts, not wanting to make Ahmya feel like they were pressing her for an answer. Grimmjow took a bottle of water from Kensei who was offering them around and cracked it open. Ichigo watched him bring the bottle to his mouth, the condensation running down towards his face. He shook his head, he was getting distracted. Grimmjow smiled, he couldn’t even have a drink around Ichigo without him getting hot and bothered.
Ichigo looked across the group of people as Ikkaku caught Hotaru again. Looking past his shoulder she saw Byakuya and started to shout for him.

“Fickle little thing, ain’t ya!” Ikakku laughed turning to Byakuya.

Byakuya maintained most of his composure but his mouth turned up at the corners as he took Hotaru from Ikakku and she nuzzled into his neck.

“Hn” Grimmjow made a noise of disgust.

They watched Hotaru pull back and put her hands on the side of Byakuya’s face as he spoke to her. He looked at her with such affection that Grimmjow nearly spat his water out.

“Hey mister!! GRIMMJOW!!” Kaida’s voice carried across the group as she stomped over.

Ichigo looked at Grimmjow, he looked almost nervous. She stopped in front of him.

“Good advice about the bobble, I tied my hair back when I went paddle boarding today and I only fell off one time!”

“You’re… welcome?” Grimmjow replied.

Ichigo laughed, causing Hotaru to turn and notice him.

“I-ceeaamm!!” she yelled at him.

“She means you” Kaida told him, matter-of-factly.

“I don’t have any ice-cream” Ichigo held his hands up for her to see.

“No, she actually means you. Like she thinks that’s your name now” Kaida spoke the words as though he were an infant.

Byakuya walked over as it was clear this was where Hotaru wanted to go, and reluctantly handed her over to Ichigo, an icy coldness to him again. Hotaru babbled at Ichigo and pointed at things around them, saying the names of people she recognised, like Yachiru and Orihime.

“Mamama!!” she cried happily as Ahmya walked over to them.

*Lord,* Ichigo rolled his eyes internally, did it look like they’d deliberately hijacked her children so she’d come over? Grimmjow audibly swallowed, and Ichigo understood why. Ahmya was dressed in a similar way to the other women, that is to say… wearing a bikini. They were at the beach after all. Ichigo just wished she’d put something over the top, this woman was a damn distraction to him.

Grimmjow’s eyes roamed up and down her body, he couldn’t stop himself. Her two-piece was sunshine yellow and emphasised her curves and smooth, bronzed skin. Her hair was braided to her head, strands of it snaking their way down her face. She’d obviously been in the water, as salt and sand clung to some of her hair. Grimmjow wished he was salt, he needed to get his shit together.

“Mister, you’re staring. Get it together” Kaida rolled her eyes and walked off.

Grimmjow spluttered and blushed. Ichigo doubled up laughing. Ahmya looked puzzled as she reached them and Ichigo told her,

“Your daughter is hilarious!”
“Oh she has all of the sass!” Ahmya agreed as Grimmjow tried to will his face back to a normal colour.

Kenpachi had started to mobilise everyone again and they began to move off, shouting goodbyes and waving to the group they were leaving behind. Ichigo reluctantly passed Hotaru back to Ahmya as they prepared to leave. He didn’t really know what to say without bringing up their previous conversation. Grimmjow was no help, but he could understand why, she was radiant.

“I wondered…” Ahmya began, as two sets of hopeful eyes looked up at her, “whether you would like to come over to mine tonight. Kaida is staying at Yachiru’s and Rukia is having Hotaru.”

“Yes!” they both answered immediately, so much for playing it cool.

“Eight sound alright?” she smiled.

“We’ll be there at ten to!” Grimmjow felt the words coming out of his mouth.

“No we won’t” Ichigo shook his head.

“No, we really won’t. I don’t know why I said that” Grimmjow was mortified.

“See you tonight then” she was trying desperately to hold her laughter in as they began to jog after the squad.

“What is happening to you?” Ichigo turned to Grimmjow, his mouth open, a giggle escaping.

“Please just kill me. Honestly, I don’t know what I am doing”
“Fuck, I’m nervous as shit!” Grimmjow exclaimed.

Ichigo came through the door to his room, his black shirt open showing off his chest. He moved Grimmjow’s hands away and began to do the buttons of his white shirt up for him before going back to his own. They’d opted to dress smart, Ichigo had no idea why but their lives were about to change one way or the other and he sure as hell wasn’t going to be wearing sweatpants when it did.

Ichigo tucked his shirt into his black suit trousers as Grimmjow did the same,

“Me too,” he spoke quietly.

He didn’t want to rattle Grimmjow further by showing that he was scared too but he was useless at keeping things from him. They looked at each other.

“Fuck, you look good” Ichigo told him, smiling, his eyes dark.

And he did, Grimmjow was fastening his cuffs, his long sleeved, white shirt fitted his form perfectly, the top button undone. His azure hair was styled, Ichigo had no idea how he did it. That hair on anyone else would look ridiculous, but on Grimm, it was just right. His eyes looked at Ichigo as
though he was holding his life in his hands. Ichigo supposed he probably was.

Grimmjow might be the one who people always heard and saw first, the one with the brashest remarks and the cockiest attitude, but Ichigo knew that he was a front, in part at least. Grimmjow trusted very few people. Ichigo was one of those people and he trusted Ichigo with his life. Every day. They’d trained together, they’d come to the unit together, they’d made this decision about Ahmya together.

They did everything together because Grimmjow knew that Ichigo had his back. Ichigo felt that weight of responsibility. It wasn’t a cross to bear, he accepted it gladly. Ichigo was the strength that held them together, he was the support when things were hard. If Ichigo said they were doing something, Grimmjow would follow him no questions asked. If everything with Ahmya fell apart, it would be ok because Ichigo would make it ok.

Grimmjow stared at him, this man who looked like his hair hadn’t seen a brush a day in its life. He stood before Grimmjow, long sleeved black shirt tucked into black trousers. Fuck he was beautiful, his brown eyes deep and calming. He’d brought Grimmjow back from the dead, given him purpose. Before he’d met Ichigo he was off the rails, half out of his mind with rage and stupidity. Ichigo just knew how to fix him, how to keep him together and stop him beating the living shit out of everyone he saw and kill himself in the process. He had no doubt that he’d have died long ago if he’d never met Ichigo.

Grimmjow swallowed. He didn’t tell him enough. He should tell him. Why didn’t he tell him? Why was it so hard? He thought maybe the words had escaped his lips when drunk but Ichigo never brought it up again. If there was ever going to be a time, it should be now.

“Ichigo…”

“I know, I know. You don’t have to be nervous. I’ll get us a beer before we go, hang on”

He started to walk out of the room, for once in his life completely missing the point. He should let him go, Grimmjow thought. He doesn’t need to hear it, he knows.

“No”

Ichigo stopped in the doorway, turned back to Grimmjow, confusion shadowing his face. Grimmjow took a deep breath, steeling himself for feeling like a prat.

“I love you”

Fuck. Did he say it right? It felt like he’d thrown it from his mouth. Why could he hear his heartbeat in his ears? Was he an idiot? But Ichigo was smiling and he was crossing the room towards him again. He held Grimmjow under the jaw, firm but careful. He stared into his eyes, Grimmjow’s pupils dilated.

“I know,” he waited a beat, and then, “I love you”

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They stood outside her door. The sun was low but hadn’t yet set and the sky was a tropical array of oranges and pinks. They’d stood there for five minutes already, just staring at the door, breathing. Grimmjow reached out and placed a hand on Ichigo’s shoulder, their eyes meeting. Ichigo gave a small nod as though he was reassuring himself more than anything.

The heard delicate footsteps, their heads turned to face the door as it opened. As though they were
one person, their breath caught in their chests. Ichigo was sure that there must be other women who were just as beautiful, other women who wore the kinds of clothes that she did, other women that had ridiculously long lashes framing seductively dark eyes, other women with wild siren-like hair. He was sure of they must exist, he was sure he had met them, but none of them had affected him the way that Ahmya did. He was immediately glad they’d dressed up.

She wore a pale pink, satin dress with a floral design. It wrapped around her body and tumbled from her curves. It skimmed across her thighs showing off her toned legs. She was slightly raised in small heels but she was still much smaller than both of them. Her hair was free from the day’s salt now and hung loose down her back in rolls and waves that seemed somehow impossible. How did she even get her hair to do that? Maybe she and Grimm could talk about hairstyles, Ichigo thought, they both had hair that seemed to defy physics.

Ahmya looked from one to the other and her face was so full of emotion that the urge to take her into his arms overwhelmed Ichigo. Her full lips parted to greet them, that perfect dusky pink inviting him to taste her. Her eyes seemed to light up as she took them in, looking them up and down, appraising their choice of clothes. Ichigo wanted to wrap his arms around her, fill her with himself, he fought it, his mouth twitching at the corners.

Grimmjow wished he could remember that moment for the rest of his life. The way the descending sunlight lit her up like something angelic. The way her scent, jasmine, surrounded them. It mixed with Ichigo’s scent and the combination flooded Grimmjow’s mind with things he had to push away. He reminded himself several times that that was not why they were there. He considered ignoring all of that and just laying her down on the cool tiled floor. He wanted to taste her, all of her. *Fuck*, he swallowed, battling the thought somewhere towards the back of his mind.

She greeted them, motioning with her head for them to come in and closing the door behind them. She walked ahead of them towards a central living room that opened out onto a beautiful garden. Grimmjow and Ichigo stood together as she turned to face them. Ichigo’s throat felt dry.

“*I know that we should really talk first or something…”* Ichigo spoke softly.

“*but…”* Ahmya whispered, taking a step back from them. Her tongue ghosted across her lip, followed by the graze of teeth.

“*… but*” Grimmjow didn’t even finish the sentence, he was already unbuttoning his shirt.

Ichigo smirked, he could always count on Grimmjow to take action. Ahmya was backing away around a sofa in the middle of the room, trying in vain to conceal her smile. Grimmjow stalked her around the room, moving at the leisurely pace of a predator that knows its prey can’t escape. Ichigo began to undo his own shirt, but stayed where he was, watching the pair of them.

“Oh you keep running Ahmya, it won’t make a difference” Grimmjow’s voice was low and seductively threatening as he prowled after her, a wicked grin on his face.

She giggled, running away down a small corridor and into another room. Grimmjow looked at Ichigo and raised his eyebrows suggestively. Ichigo laughed, holding a hand out to indicate that Grimmjow should follow after her ahead of him. Grimmjow did just that, sauntering down the corridor as he undid his cuffs and shrugged off his shirt in the doorway. He leaned against the doorway, undoing his shoes and sock and removing them.

Grimmjow entered the room, his eyes immediately drawn to the four poster bed. The thin chiffon drapes were tied up at the corners but still fluttered slightly in the breeze coming in from the open double doors on the opposite wall. She stood with her back against one of the posts, her arms behind
her. She looked up at him, her eyes round and large. She was so beautiful, the thought came to him again and again, like a deer caught in headlights. He wondered what she saw when she looked at him.

He walked towards her, slowly undoing his trousers and sliding them off his powerful legs. He stopped a metre from her, his tongue dancing across his lower lip as he truly took all of her in. She slowly brought her hands around to her front, untying a thin ribbon that held her dress together, unveiling herself for him the way they had for Ichigo all those weeks ago. As always, she wore no bra, the only thing barely covering her was pale pink laced underwear. Her dress slid from her body and pooled at her feet, her hair tumbling over her shoulders. Her thumbs brushed past the waistband of her underwear, pushing them down over her thighs and letting them drop to the ground.

Grimmjow’s eyes dragged down and then up her entire body and he closed the space between them. He stood inches from her, she tilted her head back to look up at him through her thick dark lashes as he moved her hands behind her again, holding onto the bed post. Grimmjow brought a hand to her chin, tilting it further so that he could claim her mouth with his. A soft groan escaped his lips as they met hers, it was exactly as he remembered. How had they gone so long without?

Ichigo took his time meandering towards the bedroom. He wanted to give Grimmjow time to undress Ahmya, for them to enjoy each other. He took great pleasure in watching them together and as difficult as it was not to run straight in, he knew he’d thank himself soon. He made it to the doorway with all of his clothes removed and began to palm himself as he watched Grimmjow slowly kiss and bite his way along Ahmya’s jaw, down her neck, to her collar.

She sighed softly and Grimmjow pulsed in his boxers, an intense ache that had been building for a while demanding to be noticed. He worked his way down her body, stopping at her breasts to pay attention to one nipple and then the other as she squirmed under his touch, her chest moving more quickly now with each breath. Grimmjow carried on down her body, moving her legs slightly apart with his hands as his head came to rest between them. He buried his face in her, extending his tongue to taste her as his arms wrapped around her legs, holding her in place. She was hot and wet, and coated his tongue immediately and he groaned a guttural noise into her as his cock strained to be noticed.

Ahmya’s eyes closed and a moan escaped her lips as Ichigo leaned against the doorframe watching them both, his mouth slackening with desire. Grimmjow’s hand snaked its way up the inside of her leg, caressing her before resting on her ass, pressing her closer to his face as he teased at her clit with his tongue. He slid his thumb into her and she whimpered, a needy sound that made Ichigo’s knees feel weak. One of her hands reappeared as she wound her fingers into Grimmjow’s hair, pulling him closer to her, desperate for the friction. Her eyes found Ichigo’s and a shiver ran through him, she was so beautiful being pleasured by Grimmjow and watching Ichigo watch them both. Her eyes were dark as she watched him give himself long strokes at the sight of them.

Grimmjow removed his thumb, and began to insert fingers into her now, massaging and curling as he moved in and out of her. Her breathing picked up considerably, and small noises escaped her mouth as though she could no longer hold them in. She tasted divine, he could sense Ichigo behind him in the doorway, wanted him to watch her come as he knelt before her.

She was so close, Grimmjow could feel it in the way her legs tensed, in the way her fingers frantically pulled at his hair. He moaned against her and the vibrations encouraged her own sounds. He sped up his fingers and increased the pressure his tongue made against her clit. Her body tensed, her back arching away from the bed post as her eyes squeezed shut.

“Fuck,” Ichigo whispered like a prayer.
Grimmjow pushed on, and he felt her tighten and flutter around his fingers. She called out above him as she drenched his hand, and he smiled into her as he slowed down his movements. Grimmjow stood up, dragging his fingers slowly from her causing her to shudder around him.

“Ichigo,” Grimmjow held his hand out to him and turned back to kiss Ahmya, his tongue burying itself between her lips.

Ichigo took Grimmjow’s fingers into his mouth, tasting Ahmya on them, and moaned. Grimmjow moved back, allowing Ichigo to take Ahmya’s face in his hands as he claimed her with his mouth. She pressed her hands against his chest, raking her nails lightly over his skin. Grimmjow removed his boxers, shivering as they brushed along him. He climbed onto the bed, sitting up against the headboard, his legs slightly apart.

Ichigo broke the kiss, stepping back and taking Ahmya by the hand to guide her onto the bed. She made her way between Grimmjow’s legs and bent down, taking him into her mouth immediately. He moaned in surprise, his head knocking back, as her wet lips slid up and down his aching length. Ichigo climbed up behind her, pulling her ass up into the air and spreading her legs further apart.

He pressed up against her and she pushed back into him, gliding up and down against him in return. He pulled back, lining himself up with her enticing, glistening heat. As the tip of his cock rubbed against her it sent a shock through him and his stomach clenched deliciously. He watched her head move up and down around Grimmjow as he gripped the pillows next to him, eyes wide.

Ichigo slid one hand down Ahmya’s back, her skin as soft as the satin she was wearing earlier. With the other hand he slowly began to guide himself into her and then moved to her hip to pull her onto him. She took him completely, grinding into him as she met the hilt and she felt so tight around him that his eyes rolled back and he let out a long, drawn-out moan to the ceiling. He watched her head move up and down around Grimmjow as he gaped the pillows next to him, eyes wide.

“Ichigo, I need to feel you… need to be inside you,” Grimmjow struggled to get the words out between Ichigo’s thrusts.

Ichigo slowed down and then stopped, allowing Ahmya to move from Grimmjow, leaving him soaked and ready for her. Ichigo pulled out, helping her to sit up and turn around. She straddled Grimmjow with her back to his chest and he positioned himself against her ass as Ichigo held her hands to keep her upright. She lowered herself onto him, her eyes never leaving Ichigo, her mouth opening as Grimmjow filled her, his own low growl sending goosebumps along Ichigo’s skin.

He leaned her back against Grimmjow’s chest, Grimmjow sweeping her long hair to the side and out of the way so that his could feel her bare skin against him burning him like flames. Ichigo straddled Grimmjow’s legs, spreading Ahmya’s apart further. He looked down upon them both, Grimmjow nuzzling into her neck now, a contented smile on her face. They were so perfect, Ichigo’s breath caught in his chest.

He leaned over, pushing slowly into her, she was even tighter than before as he shared her body with
Grimmjow. All three of them moaned together at the sensation. Grimmjow placed his hands under Ahmya’s ass to hold her steady as Ichigo began to slowly pull out of her again. Instead of thrusting back in quickly, he buried himself within her with a smooth fluidity and she let out a blissful sigh.

Ichigo continued to roll his hips, Grimmjow could feel him within Ahmya, rubbing against his length with each movement. Grimmjow buried his face in Ahmya’s hair, inhaling the smell of jasmine and ocean and everything he loved about the island. Ichigo leaned forward, carefully taking her bottom lip between his teeth and sucking gently. They needed to show her that she was important to them, he thought, how could they make it so she understood? He pushed his mouth against hers, his need overtaking him.

He pressed his forehead to hers, willing her to understand before pulling back, his body upright again. His hand whispered up her body until he found her neck, holding her there firmly but without squeezing. Grimmjow manoeuvred his legs so that he could bend them giving himself room to thrust into her. His mouth was against her shoulder where he kissed and bit along the burning skin.

Ichigo took a deep breath and pulled slowly out of her until only his tip remained before plunging firmly back into her. Ahmya gave a thrilled cry as her body pushed against Grimmjow’s and as she stilled he used his hips to thrust into her himself, eliciting another noise from her throat. The rhythm they found together increased, their grunts and moans filling the room as their breathing became laboured and sweat formed on their brows.

“Fuuuck,” she drew the word out, “how can you both always feel this amazing?”

Her eyes were almost glassy with euphoria as she stared up at Ichigo, one arm had wound behind her to wrap around the back of Grimmjow’s head, the other roaming up the side of his body underneath her. Ichigo gazed down on her, and flashed her a devilish grin that he surely must have learned from Grimmjow. His eyes met Grimm’s, whose pupils were blown, mouth open at she pulled on tufts of his hair with every propulsion.

A lazy smile formed on Grimmjow’s face as he slid his hands from her ass and up to the underneath of her thighs, pulling them up towards her body slowly. She whimpered and Ichigo cursed as she tightened around him, Grimmjow only grinned further before sinking his teeth back into her shoulder. He made a mental note to be careful, to try and leave a minimal amount of marks in visible places.

“Fuck, Ahmya, is that too much?” Ichigo asked her through gritted teeth as he continued, using her thigh to help pull himself in and out of her.

“No,” she was almost unable to focus on him now, her eyes seeing past him in reverence, her words barely more than a whisper, “give me more… give me everything”

Ichigo looked at Grimmjow again, who nodded, wrapping one arm around her waist completely. He took the hand that wasn’t in his hair and interlocked his fingers with hers, holding her in place. Ichigo removed his hand from her neck, placing both on her thighs where she gripped him tightly. He was almost writhing between them now, her need for them so desperate and her release so close but not yet able to burst through to the surface.

He sped up, pressing her thighs together and her moans turned to silence as her body began to tense. They thrust into her at a relentless pace, Ichigo above and Grimmjow underneath, and as she came she cried out as her body arched in rapture. She tightened around them both, her muscles coiling and uncoiling as she pressed down against Grimmjow with each thrust that he gave. His orgasm blindsided him, their hands locked together as he emptied himself with his mouth to her neck as he growled low and long.
Ichigo couldn’t hold on any longer, the sensation of her around him, the noises they both were making. He kept his eyes on them as long as he could until his vision turned white and shattered around him as he came, a ringing in his ears bringing him back to his senses.

He helped her to put her legs back down around him once more, leaning forward to press his head to hers, their sweat mixing. He leaned on one elbow, the other hand against the side of Grimmjow’s face, thankful for the cool breeze coming in from the open doors. They lay that way, all three of them, eyes closed, panting, smiles playing across their lips, until they could breathe properly again.

When the feeling finally returned to Ichigo’s limbs, he pushed himself up carefully and gently pulled out of Ahmya before crashing down on the bed next to them. Grimmjow slid out of her next, helping her to move between them both on the soft mattress. She lay in the space between his body and arm, her head on his chest, her arm around his waist. Ichigo rolled over so that he nuzzled against her back, his lips against her spine.

Several hours later they woke up, the sun had set but the air was still warm and inviting. Grimm and Ichigo threw their underwear back on and Ahmya lead them into the centre of the house, an open plan living area that looked out onto a beautiful garden area that was lit up under that dark sky.

“I’ll get us some drinks and we can sit outside”

She disappeared, leaving them to look around the room, hoping to learn more about her life. There was a box of toys in the corner, and a low bookshelf that was full to bursting. On one of the walls there were framed photos. Photos of Kaida and Horatu as babies, older men and women who must be their grandparents, a photos of the unit from years ago with some familiar faces and some unfamiliar. Ichigo walked along the length of the wall, taking in all of the different memories. Grimmjow had started at the other end and met him in the middle. There was a photo of Ahmya and Renji as teenagers, their arms wrapped around each other. He carried on. At the centre of it all was Ahmya, a photo of her taken on her wedding day with her husband.

Grimmjow didn’t pay much mind to what he looked like, he didn’t need to, it didn’t matter. Ahmya looked like a goddess. She looked so young, almost too young really he thought. Her hair wasn’t as long but she was the same. Her mouth still as full, her eyes as bright. He tapped Ichigo on the arm then turned away, he didn’t want her to catch them looking at her wedding photos – the conversation might be difficult enough.

They walked over to the doors that opened onto the garden and she returned with drinks, once again leading them somewhere else. She took them outside and they sat under a beautiful pergola, Ichigo and Grimm sitting together on a two-person seat while she sat across from them.

“So…” she smiled affectionately at them, “I know that you’ll understand why I had a lot to think about, why I had to take the time before just jumping in to giving you both a response”

Ichigo nodded, Grimmjow was just taking her words in. She carried on,

“Though to be honest… I probably already knew what my answer would be”

_Well fuck_, Grimmjow thought, _brutal. What more could they have done?_

“I just wondered first, when you said you wanted ‘more’, what exactly did you mean? Are you looking just to carry on having sex or…?” she looked from one to the other, a neutral expression on her face.
This is it, Ichigo realised, they had to tell her the truth. The had to let her know that it meant more to them, that they wanted more than just sex. Grimmjow had stilled next to him, Ichigo knew he was panicking internally, hoping that Ichigo would speak for both of them. And so he did,

“To be honest,” Ichigo caught Grimm’s eye, “just fucking you wouldn’t be enough for us Ahmya”

“Not that we’d turn you down, let’s not say anything rash” Grimmjow added, jokingly.

“We want more than that,” Ichigo carried on, “We don’t ca—, no, we do care about Kaida and Hotaru. It just doesn’t stop us wanting that from you. We understand that it’s complicated, we understand that you might change your mind or it might not work out, but we want it to work and we want to take that risk if you do”

Ichigo wasn’t sure what they’d do if Ahmya wasn’t interested. In the space of weeks she had unknowingly managed to break down all of Grimmjow’s cocky attitude. Ichigo had never seen him flustered around a woman. His façade had crumbled, Ichigo quite liked it, it was adorable but he knew Grimm was suffering at least a little.

“And if it didn’t work out,” Grimmjow spoke up suddenly, “We wouldn’t be assholes about it. We know how close you are with all the guys at the unit, we know your ties to the island, we would never make anything deliberately difficult for you.”

Ahmya smiled a sad smile at him, “I know, Grimm, I know you’d never do that”

“So…” Grimmjaw’s lack of subtlety appeared again, “… are we gonna do this then or what?”

He flashed her a grin, unable to stop himself. He threw his arms over the back of the chair. It might be in his nature to be angry, but it wasn’t in his nature to be sad. Ichigo laughed but turned to Ahmya for her answer all the same, holding his breath to see her response.

Her smile took over her whole face, lighting her up like a beacon as it reached her eyes.

“Of course we’re going to do this! What did you think I was going to say?” she laughed.

Ichigo let out the breath he was holding,

“Oh thank fuck, Ahmya. We missed you so much”

He was shaking his head in wonder, Grimmjow gripped his shoulder with the arm that had been snaking behind him on the chair.

“I missed you too,” she looked at both of them, a devilish grin creeping over her, “You know, it’s funny…”

They both looked into her eyes to see what she was about to say.

“Byakuya came over here last night”

Ichigo stilled, Grimmjow’s arm dropped from his shoulder. She carried on,

“He told me that although it was none of his business, he thought I should forget everything else and just go for it. That you wouldn’t let me down. That I should be happy”

Ichigo was speechless, Grimmjow was goldfishing again.

“Why would he say that?” Ichigo puzzled.
“I know he’s an asshole,” she responded, “I know how he comes across to everyone, it isn’t a front, that’s who he is… but he sees a lot, and once he gets his head out of his arse he can see people’s intentions pretty well”

“Are you saying that Byakuya convinced you to give us a chance?” Grimmjow’s eyebrows had disappeared.

“No… I was already convinced,” she smiled, “he just added weight to it”

Grimmjow made a short ‘huff’ as though he couldn’t quite believe what was happening. Ichigo had given up trying to figure Byakuya out, weird bastard, but he had to be grateful at least that he’d vouched for them.

Ahmya stood up then, slinking her way over to them and sitting across Ichigo’s lap, her hand reaching out to Grimmjow’s arm.

“As lovely as it is to talk to you both…” she began, her fingers running lazy circles up Grimm’s bicep, “we do have the whole house to ourselves…”

“Jesus your insatiable” Ichigo laughed. He turned to Grimmjow who’s lips were parted slightly at her touch, his eyes darkening. She smiled, a devilish smile that took over her face making Ichigo shudder.

“Oh, you have no idea,” and she leaned in to his lips, capturing them with her own until they both became so greedy and insistent that they had to break apart. She turned to Grimmjow, and as soon as their eyes connected, he pounced, taking her mouth in his and sweeping her up off Ichigo. With one hand he held her against him as their lips consumed each other, with the other he reached out for Ichigo as he pulled him towards the house, taking them both back towards the bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

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Well there it is folks.
Have some happy fuzziness.
Thanks for sticking with it, your comments have been amazing and I appreciate each and every one of you.

There will be an epilogue, so that we can see how our idiots are getting along but i’m not sure when that will be.
Hope you enjoyed :) I sure did.

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!