Sex and Football

by CrunchySalad

Summary

In order to keep his job as a sports agent, Ichigo has to sign a rising football star named Grimmjow. Grimmjow only has one condition: complete ownership of Ichigo's body during the length of their contract.

Notes

This fic is based on Tsukasa Matsuzaki's manga Cicada, which is highly recommended. Just as I don't own Bleach, I also don't own Tsukasa Matsuzaki's work.

Also, while based on real life, this fic is not meant to be particularly realistic. Just thought I'd throw it out there for people who are sticklers for realism in sex scenes, or anything else. Consider this fantasy porno land, please.
Beautiful fanart by FT.

(FT, you didn't leave me any contact info with this gorgeous artwork! If you see this, please let me know if you have a site that you want me to link to or anything like that).
There was that saying that bad things always came in threes. Ichigo wondered if he believed it, and then decided that he didn't. He couldn't. If he believed it, that meant something awful was waiting for him just around the corner, and he couldn't handle that right now. The universe wouldn't try to kick him in the balls while he was down, right?

The day had started normally enough. Ishida's alarm went off at seven am, lulling Ichigo to half-awareness. In contrast, it took only seconds for Ishida to spring from the bed, his mind completely awake the moment the alarm sounded. Ishida hit the sleep button, obviously for Ichigo's benefit, just the same as he did every morning. Ichigo would hit the sleep button exactly two more times after that. Finally, Ichigo pushed himself off the bed and stumbled to the bathroom. Piss, wash, brush, shave. Same routine as always. He pulled on clothes that looked clean and walked to the kitchen, where a steaming bowl of miso soup waited for him on the table.

That was a divergence from the usual daily grind; usually, there were two bowls. Ishida was standing there, his messenger bag already slung over his shoulder, ready to leave for medical school. Ichigo sat down, no idea that Bad Thing Number One was just a fraction of a second away.

"Kurosaki," Ishida said. They never had gotten around to calling each other by their first names, despite the fact that they were what people would call high school sweethearts. "I'm breaking up with you. I trust that you'll help me move my things out this weekend."

Ichigo froze, his cheeks swollen with hot soup. He swallowed. He opened his mouth, then closed it. Then he opened it again. "Why?"

"It's not you, it's me. No, wait, that's not right. It's actually you. You just don't seem that invested in our relationship."

"I'm the one that asked you to move in with me!" Ichigo tried to play their last two months together in his head. Breakfast together, work apart, dinner together, then relaxing until it was time to go to sleep. They went out to dinner every Friday, and had sex every Saturday. Ichigo had no idea why Ishida wanted to break up. Weren't their lives together pretty good? "What do you mean I'm not invested?"

"I'm going to be late," Ishida said, looking at his watch. "Look, Kurosaki, I know you can be an idiot, so let me spell it out for you: you're not in love with me anymore. It happens, sometimes. The only reason we have for staying together is that we're used to each other, and I'm not willing to just go along with it anymore."

Ichigo looked down at his bowl. At that moment, for reasons unknown, he came to the realization that he didn't know how to make miso soup. He'd have to buy instant from now on. "But, Ishida-"

"Don't worry," Ishida said, his hand on the door knob, "we can still be friends. And I froze some miso soup for you; it should last a few weeks."

And then he was gone, the promise of breakfast soup doing nothing to comfort Ichigo.

Feeling dejected and lost, Ichigo stumbled to work. Ishida had been the only boyfriend he had ever known. He had been a huge part of his life for so long, so much so that Ichigo felt like he was losing a piece of himself. What did Ishida mean Ichigo wasn't in love with him? Ichigo cared for Ishida as much as he did for Yuzu, Karin, and his mom (and that idiotic oaf he called a father). Ichigo was so
caught up in his downward spiral that he didn't realize that Bad Thing Number Two was laying in
wait for him.

"Kurosaki," one of the secretaries said, as he entered his floor, "Urahara-san is waiting for you in his
office."

Ichigo nodded and went to drop his things off in his desk, then headed to his boss's office. The door
was open, but the other man was on the phone. Ichigo hung around the door frame until Urahara
finally noticed him and waved him in. Ichigo moved a pile of folders from a chair to an empty space
on the floor and sat down. Urahara's office was as cluttered as always, and he seemed even more
frantic then usual as he discussed something over the phone. After awhile he hung up, somewhat
abruptly, and tented his fingers in front of his chest as he grinned at Ichigo.

"Ichigo," he purred, which was Ichigo's first sign that something was wrong. "Did you know that it
was time for your quarterly review?"

Now that Urahara brought it up, Ichigo did remember an email that had been sent to all the agents in
the office. "Yeah."

"Well, I had the pleasure of looking through your file, and I was deeply shocked to discover than, in
the entire time that you've been here, you've only signed two athletes to our agency. Neither of
whom is making much money for us. The first kid you signed is playing for some crappy
team in the
minors, and the other one is a sumo wrestler who's never won a match."

"I've been working on them," Ichigo said, "they have potential."

"Forget it." Urahara leaned back in his chair. "Your guys aren't ever going to get a decent salary, let
alone endorsement deals and media exposure. What you need are better clients."

"I have a lead," Ichigo said, and it wasn't really a lie. Chad had mentioned someone he used to box
with in college, some guy who wanted to get into the professional market.

"It had better be a good one." Urahara was smiling, but he didn't seem pleased. "Because if you don't
bring back a money-maker, you're fired."

Ichigo scowled in his seat, wondering how the hell he was going to be able to do that. Even if Chad's
friend panned out, boxing wasn't a huge deal in Japan right now. Relatively speaking, there wasn't
much money to be made from it, even assuming the guy was good enough to win most his
matches.

"That's all I wanted to say," Urahara said, his voice sweet as pie. It was as though he hadn't just been
threatening Ichigo with unemployment. "Say hello to Uryuu-kun for me."

Ichigo scowled even more as he left the office. He headed back to his desk, starting up his computer
to research possible leads. Maybe there was an Olympic swimmer or something who had just let go
of his agent. He searched through newspapers and trade web sites for awhile, growing more and
more despondent as his efforts turned up nothing.

"Umm. . . Kurosaki-kun?"

Ichigo looked up at the gentle voice to see Inoue looking down at him. Inoue was probably the best
agent at their company, despite her soft-spoken demeanor and ditzy personality. The truth was she
was intelligent and affable, qualities her clients regarded well when it came to negotiating their
salaries and endorsement deals. Her roster included olympic athletes and some of the top professional
players in several of Japan's most popular sports. "Hey, Inoue. Taking a break?"
"Not really. I overheard your conversation with Urahara-san this morning, and I want you to have this."

Inoue passed a manilla folder to Ichigo, who opened it curiously. It was full of magazine and newspaper clippings, mostly from a university in Irokawa. On the top was a written report that Inoue must have typed up, a summary of research on an athlete. A photograph was attached to it, one of those head shots you found on team websites. Piercing blue eyes looked out at him from classically handsome features, a smirk hidden within their depths. The man was definitely good looking enough to capture the interest of the media. Striking, too, light blue hair gelled upwards in a controlled mess, except for a few shorter strands that hung over his forehead.

Grimmjow Jeagerjaques. A strange name, but he must be at least half-foreign. Ichigo scanned through the report. Grimmjow was the captain and star striker of Irokawa University's football club. He was his college division's lead scorer, and had gotten the m.v.p. award in several games. Both F.C Tokyo and the Kashima Antlers had expressed interest, which meant that there could be a bidding war over him. His current agent was... he was currently unsigned.

"I can't take this," Ichigo said, closing the folder and shoving it back towards Inoue. "You're the one who did the research on this guy, you're the one who should sign him. I'll find my own way."

"No, no, it's not like that." Inoue waved her hands in front of her face, trying to get Ichigo to reconsider. "You'll be doing me a favor. I've already asked him several times, but he keeps saying no. Maybe you'll have more luck. After all, it's better that he's signed with our agency than somewhere else, right?"

Ichigo had to admit that was true. Besides, he could imagine what Urahara would say if Ichigo didn't at least try to convince such a big catch to sign with their agency. Ichigo placed the folder down on his desk.

"Thank you, Inoue," he said. For her part, Inoue beamed back at him, apparently satisfied that he had taken on the prospective client.

"Good luck!" she said, before skipping back to her desk.

So Ichigo had went on Irokawa University's web site, and discovered that Irokawa Football Club was having a practice that afternoon. He had immediately left the office and taken the long train ride out to Irokawa, where he was now contemplating the existence of Bad Thing Number Three.

"Taxi?" the question came from an old man in the front of the train station, standing in front of a beat up old car.

"Yeah," Ichigo said, already getting in. "Irokawa University. If you could drop me off at the football field, that would be great."

"Going to watch the boys practice?" the man asked, getting in and turning the key in the ignition. He startedrambling on about how good the team was, and how he wished more college games were televised. Ichigo half tuned him out, content to take in the scenery. This was definitely the countryside. They drove past rolling hills and farmland, the occasional cow making its appearance on the side of the street. It was so much different that Tokyo; it was even less developed than Karakura, the typical suburban town that he had been raised in. He wondered why anyone would want to go to school out in the boondocks like this, especially since Grimmjow no doubt had his pick of the colleges.

The campus was set in the middle of nowhere, but Ichigo had to admit that it was incredibly scenic.
The classically Japanese buildings were organized among groves of maple trees and well-manicured lawns. They had to drive through the main campus to get to the football field, and Ichigo enjoyed the sights as they did so. Finally they reached the field, which was surrounded on all sides by a low brick wall.

"Here it is," the man said, "that'll be 2000."

Ichigo paid him the money and got out of the car, then walked to one of the archways built into the wall. There was a wrought iron gate, but it was open, and Ichigo let himself in. It opened directly onto the bleachers, and Ichigo walked forward, noticing groups of girls cloistered together and giggling. They were pointing at the men on the field, who were currently involved in a practice game. The ball wasn't moving much right now, being kicked from one person to another.

"Hey," Ichigo said, coming up to one group, "what are you girls watching?"

They looked up at him, suspicious, but must have come to the conclusion that he was harmless.

"Of course," one of them said, "we're here to watch number six."

Ichigo looked towards the field, searching for the number six jersey and not surprised to see a streak of blue hair. So Grimmjow definitely had star power, if all these girls were coming just to watch him practice. There's no doubt that he would develop a huge fan base. Ichigo thought of all the endorsements and modeling deals that would likely come his way. . . Grimmjow could be the next Beckham, really.

"Hey, mister," a girl said, "what are you doing here, anyway? Are you a scout?"

The girls squealed in excitement at the thought, no doubt excited by the thought of their idol landing a deal with a major professional team. Ichigo shook his head no. "But I am an agent."

"You should definitely sign Grimm-kun," one of the girls said. Ichigo raised his eyebrow. That was what the girls had nicknamed Grimmjow? "He's the best on the team by far."

"Yeah," Ichigo replied, "I'm gonna try."

He watched as the practice game ended, and the players lined up for drills. Apparently the seniors were exempt, because at that point Grimmjow and a few of the other players left the field. Ichigo made his way down the bleachers, looking for the coach. It didn't take long, considering Irokawa’s football coach was a hulk of a man who wore his hair in ridiculous, thin spikes.

"Zaraki Kenpachi?" Ichigo asked. He got out his business card and offered it to the man. "I'm Kurosaki Ichigo, from Urahara Promotions. I'd like to talk to you about a player."

Kenpachi looked down at the card, but didn't take it. Instead, he raked his eyes up and down Ichigo's body, unnerving the young man. "Let me guess. You're here to see Grimmjow."

Ichigo put the card back in his pocket. "Do you know if he's interested in signing with an agency?"

"Beats me," Kenpachi said, turning his attention back to his team. "If you want to know, might as well go talk directly to him."

Kenpachi gestured towards what must be the locker rooms, and Ichigo decided just to head in. It was usually nice to have the coach's support, but in this case there was nothing he could do.

Ichigo stepped into a large locker room, surprised to find it empty. But there was a door towards the
back, and he could hear noises coming from it, so he figured the seniors must have their own room. He made his way back there to find the players in various states of undress. Grimmjow was sitting on a bench, his shirt off but his soccer shorts still on. Ichigo took a moment to admire the sculpted lines of his arms, chest, and abdomen. . . soccer players did a lot of cardio, which meant that it was easy to lose muscle during the season. That was not, apparently, an issue for Grimmjow, who must have spent a good portion of his time muscle training.

"Grimmjow Jeg. . .jak-"

"Just call me Grimmjow," the man said, not in the friendliest of tones. Ichigo guessed that most people's inability to pronounce Grimmjow's last name was an ongoing problem for the man. The man looked up, blue eyes burning into Ichigo. A frown was pulling down on his lips. "What do you want?"

"I'm from Urahara Promotions," Ichigo started, but he didn't get a chance to continue before Grimmjow interrupted him.

"Not interested," he said, getting up and turning his back to Ichigo. He pulled a towel from his locker and slung it over his shoulder, presumably to go take a shower.

"Look, hear me out first," Ichigo tried. "We're one of the biggest agencies in Tokyo. We can-"

"You guys are the ones that sent over that girl with the huge tits, right? Couldn't stop yapping about endorsement deals and contracts. But as far as I see it you guys are only around to take your ten percent cut and complicate things."

"That's not true," Ichigo said, "agents can get you deals that you would never be able to get on your own."

"What do I give a shit about deals? I just want to play football, and those teams are more than willing to negotiate with me directly."

This was going nowhere. Bad Thing Number Three, Ichigo thought, then realized that there would be a Bad Thing Number Four waiting for him back at the office. . . he was going to be fired. And it's not like any other agency was going to take on someone with his scant list of clients. "What else do you want? I can get you anything you want, do anything you want me to."

He was sure that Urahara wouldn't mind shelling out, given the caliber of the goods involved. Grimmjow turned to look at him then, his gaze shifting to an almost predatory one as his eyes roamed over Ichigo's body. They took their time, trailing over Ichigo's chest and then further downwards, causing Ichigo to cross his arms and lean backwards almost defensively.

"Anything?" Grimmjow asked, his mouth a mean sneer. He stalked towards Ichigo, towel slipping from his shoulder. In turn, Ichigo walked backwards. He wasn't the type to get nervous, but he was certainly feeling on edge right now. The back of Ichigo's head slammed against a locker, and Grimmjow's hands slammed into the metal on either side of it. Ichigo cringed more from the noise than the impact. He could make out figures behind Grimmjow, watching them, and was reminded that they weren't the only people in the room. "Here's something you can do for me."

One if Grimmjow's hands left the wall beside Ichigo's head. Ichigo watched Grimmjow's hand as it moved downward, lower, to finally end up cupped against Grimmjow's groin. Grimmjow was pulling on something through the layers of cloth, shifting something. As Grimmjow manipulated the fabric, Ichigo blushed to see the tip of Grimmjow's cock appear through a leg of his shorts. A red, bulbous head followed, than the thick, veiny shaft, until Grimmjow's limp cock was hanging halfway
down his left thigh.

"Suck it," Grimmjow said.

Ichigo's mouth was dry. The thing was probably thicker than his wrist and had to be a good foot long, and it wasn't even hard. Ichigo forced himself to laugh, but it came out sounding nervous and small. "This is a joke, right?"

"Nuh uh," Grimmjow, his expression set into a leer. "You said you'd get me anything I want. What I want is that pretty little mouth on my dick."

Grimmjow brought a hand down to the exposed part of his cock, lifting it up to give Ichigo a better view. "Pretty huge, right? I know you're dying to gulp it down. Go ahead, try to swallow it."

"You're full of shit," Ichigo said, "like I would do something like that."

"Yeah? Then why are you rock hard and blushing bright red?"

Ichigo glanced down at himself to realize that he was obviously tenting through his pants. He watched as Grimmjow's cock twitched upwards, getting harder and harder with every small jerk.

"Now be a good boy," Grimmjow said, "and suck it. If you don't, I'll just jam it down and fuck your throat by force."

The other men in the locker room had taken a few steps closer. Some of them were hard as well, tenting through their shorts and towels. A few even had their cocks out, and were stroking them languidly as they watched the show.

Ichigo gulped and sunk down to his knees, coming face to face with that monster. By now Grimmjow was completely hard and straining through the hole in his shorts. His cock was only marginally bigger hard than soft, to Ichigo's immense relief. The head of it was flushed a deep red, and its veins were taut along the rigid shaft. Every now and then a bead of pre-cum pushed out of the slit at the tip, rolling down over the head to disappear.

Ichigo scooted forward and grabbed the waistband of Grimmjow's shorts and jock strap. He pulled, freeing that monster of a cock in one motion. It bobbed it the air a few times before settling at a slightly upward angle. Ichigo placed one hand around the base of Grimmjow's cock, and the other around Grimmjow's muscular thigh. He leaned forward, his tongue darting out to press against Grimmjow's slit, lapping up the pre-cum there.

The taste of it made him shiver. Strong and decidedly masculine, and he couldn't get enough of it. He licked all around the head of Grimmjow's cock, trying to get any trace of the tangy liquid on his tongue. He licked around the shaft, too, tracing the veins that bulged slightly on the surface, bringing his lips to suck gently on the sides of Grimmjow's shaft.

"Tasty, yeah?" Grimmjow teased.

After he finished licking up and down Grimmjow's cock, Ichigo came back to the head. It seemed to pulse, moving up and down in the air. It was huge. Ichigo wondered if he could even take it into his mouth, but it looked too delicious to not even try. He spread his lips around the head of the cock, feeling them spread around it as he pushed further onto it. Soon the cock hit the back of his throat, and he wasn't even halfway done.

Ichigo paused and took a deep breath through his nose. He pushed in an inch, then pulled off two inches as he started to gag. Making an attempt to relax his throat, he tried again. Ichigo found that if
he took it slowly, he could get more and more of the thick, hot cock into his mouth. He felt his throat being stretched to the limit as it went down. After awhile he came to where his hand was holding onto Grimmjow's cock, and he moved it to cup and fondle Grimmjow's large balls instead. As he buried the cock even deeper into his throat, his free hand came down to unzip his pants and pull his own cock out, giving it some much needed physical stimulation.

"This is fucking great," Grimmjow said, as Ichigo found his nose pressed against rough public hair. "You're better at this than the freshmen boys."

Ichigo briefly wondered if Grimmjow was allowed to just fuck whoever he wanted, but now that he had the whole cock in his mouth he had other things to think about. He could really suck it in earnest now, try to milk it for all it was worth.

"You really love this, huh? You're gobbling my dick down like you're starving. You must be in heaven, with my huge dick punching your cheeks out."

The words only made Ichigo suck harder and pull on his own cock more forcefully. Grimmjow's hand came up to caress the back of his head.

"In the second half," Grimmjow said, his voice rough and heavy, "I'm gonna pound your asshole."

At the words, Ichigo's face scrunched up and he came. His hips instinctively thrust into his hand and his whole body convulsed, his cock shooting out a few thick streams of semen. He was sure that he uttered a cry, but it was no doubt muffled by the cock shoved deep down his throat. He kept pulling on his cock even afterwards, his hand slippery and wet with his own cum.

He was vaguely aware of being pushed off Grimmjow's cock and onto his back on the floor. His pants and boxers were pulled off and his legs spread. Grimmjow reached down and scooped up some of Ichigo's cum with his hand, then used it to get his huge cock wet. With his other hand, he scooped up more cum with two of his fingers, and pushed them hard up Ichigo's ass. The ring of muscle there didn't even have the chance to protest the intrusion, and soon Grimmjow's fingers were scissoring and spreading Ichigo from the inside.

"Wait," Ichigo said, watching as Grimmjow's hand moved up and down on that monster. It had been a long time since he had used his ass. For whatever reason, Ishida preferred to bottom, so Ichigo didn't get to have a cock up his hole very often. "There's no way I can take a dick that huge."

"Don't feed me that bullshit," Grimmjow said. He placed his hands on the back of Ichigo's thighs, spreading his legs up and apart. "Look at you, you're already hard again and dripping wet. You want my dick inside you, busting you open."

Ichigo looked down. His pelvis was lifted off the air, and he could see his cock pointing towards him. It was still slick with the cum he had already shot out, but now it was dripping thin streams of pre-cum onto his stomach. He could see Grimmjow's huge cock between his legs, then cringed as he felt the tip of it press against his hole.

"Wait," he said, trying again, but then he cringed as Grimmjow started to push in.

"Fuck yeah," Grimmjow said, as the tip of his cock managed to force its way past Ichigo's tight ring of muscle, "here it comes."

Ichigo couldn't help but cry out as the head of Grimmjow's cock entered his body. His hole somehow managed to stretch around it, but he still felt like he was being torn apart. It got worse as Grimmjow kept pushing in. He felt like his whole backside was being invaded, his guts rearranged to
accommodate the huge intrusion.

"Stop screaming and shut the fuck up," Grimmjow said, as Ichigo squirmed beneath him, "it's already halfway inside you."

One more push had Ichigo seeing stars. He gasped, all the breath leaving him at once, like someone had just punched him in the stomach. As Grimmjow pushed all the way in Ichigo came again, his cock shooting out strands of sticky fluid onto his stomach and shirt. He could feel Grimmjow's swollen balls press against his ass, could feel places inside him shift and rearrange themselves to fit around Grimmjow's cock. Grimmjow was reaching places inside him that no one had ever touched before, and it felt so good.

"You're so full of bullshit," Grimmjow said, leaning down to bite hard on Ichigo's earlobe. "'I don't want to suck it,' you said, 'it's too big to fit in my hole.' But now look at you. Moaning and screaming like a bitch in heat."

Ichigo moaned and cried out as Grimmjow pulled back, only to push forcefully back in it. Grimmjow fucked him slow, at first, but then built up a rhythm, pounding him in long, hard thrusts. A good eight inches of cock would pull out of him each time only to slam back in, and he felt himself sliding across the floor a little with each thrust.

"Fuck yeah," Grimmjow moaned, right next to his ear. "Your hole is so fuckin' tight. I'm gonna bust a huge load in this one."

He didn't know what was happening to him. He didn't know why he was enjoying this, but Grimmjow's cock was making him feel so good that he didn't think. The cock in his mouth shuddered and deposited thick, yummy cream onto his tongue, and another load was being dropped onto his face. It was getting in his hair and dribbling down his neck and chin, but he took the next cock into his mouth with no complaints.

"Fuck... fuck, I'm cumming."

Ichigo moaned as he felt hot semen hit the inside walls of his ass. Grimmjow still kept fucking him after he came, and the hard thrusts pushed the cum back out of his hole. It oozed out around Grimmjow's cock to drip all over Ichigo's ass and onto the floor. Ichigo jerked and convulsed as his own cock twitched one more time, shooting just a few thin streams of cum out to land on his stomach. Finally, Grimmjow pulled his cock all the way out, leaving Ichigo feeling strangely empty.

The cock in Ichigo's mouth shot its load, and then it was pulled out, leaving a sticky mess to drip out of the corners of Ichigo's lips. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily. He was a mess. Every orifice of his body felt sticky and sore, and he was covered head to toe in hot cream. It was crusting in his hair and getting into his eyes. He used an arm to wipe some off his face, blinking his eyes back open to search for Grimmjow.

Grimmjow was sitting on a bench nude, wiping his cock off with a towel. The other men were back
to whatever they had been doing before, business as usual.

"Get up," Grimmjow said. "We're going back to my dorm."

"What?" Ichigo asked, pushing himself up into a seated position. He cringed as he felt cum drip off his face and out of his asshole. Grimmjow threw his towel at him.

"I'm going to keep fucking you until my balls are completely wrung dry," Grimmjow said. "By the end of the night, your hole's going to be ruined for any other man."

Ichigo only wiped himself off as best he could, then reached for his clothes. For some strange reason. . . Grimmjow's proposition didn't sound half bad.
Ichigo cringed as he bent down to put the last cardboard box on the floor. He couldn't believe he was still sore... or maybe he could. The one night with Grimmjow had basically been a lifetime's worth of sex crammed into twelve hours. As soon as they had gotten back to his dorm, Grimmjow had pushed Ichigo on the bed and shoved his cock inside Ichigo's ass again. He had seemed to fuck Ichigo from every angle and in every position, shooting load after load into his ass. Sometimes he didn't even stop in between rounds, his cock not going at all limp. Ichigo had wondered if he was even human, or maybe he was on some kind of medication with more... exuberant side effects.

Ichigo had been unable to do much more than cry out and convulse, his body spent. Sometimes his cock would get semi-hard and what felt like an orgasm would shudder through him, but no semen would come out of his cock. His balls were completely dry. After awhile he hadn't even really been able to feel Grimmjow inside him. But he could still feel the cum sloshing around inside him every time Grimmjow pushed his cock in, every thrust pushing semen back out of Ichigo's ass. It ran down his ass and thighs, down Grimmjow's cock, getting in Grimmjow's balls and pubic hair and pooling on the bed.

When he had woken up the next morning Grimmjow was already gone, and Ichigo hadn't even be
able to get up. It wasn't just his hole that had felt sore, it was every part of his lower body. After awhile he had managed to go to the bathroom to try to inspect the damage, peering over his shoulder at the mirror. His hole had looked red and puffy, thin streams of cum still trickling out of it every now and then. It had still been somewhat stretched out, gaping at him a little bit through the mirror.

"Are you okay, Kurosaki?"

Ichigo blushed as he realized he had been rubbing his ass.

"Yeah," he said, "just more out of shape than I realized. I didn't even know that you had this much stuff."

Ishida pushed his glasses up his nose with one elegant finger, standing there as he took in all the cardboard boxes around them. It wasn't so much that he had a lot of things. It was more that they were most likely heavy. Two sewing machines, a serger, various dress and pants forms... and then there were his medical textbooks, of course. Other than that, he lived a pretty spartan life. Well, he guessed, there were his coordinating dining and silverware sets, but they were a necessity for entertaining.

"Maybe I do have too many things," he murmured, a little shocked by the revelation.

In the meantime, Ichigo was busy staring at Ishida and feeling guilty. He knew that Ishida had been the one to break up with him, but it still seemed somewhat... gauche to go off and screw another man the same day. Like, maybe he should have observed some kind of mourning period for their relationship.

"Kurosaki, what is wrong with you today?"

Ichigo snapped back from that train of thought. "What?"

Ishida's eyebrows formed a crease in the middle of his forehead. "You've been a little dazed today. Is something going on?"

"Busy at work," Ichigo replied, considering it was the truth.

Ishida still looked dubious, but it seemed like he was going to drop the subject. His face smoothed back into a more easy going countenance. "At any rate, thanks for helping me move everything, I can unpack myself."

"Are you sure?" Ichigo asked.

"Yeah. Are you hungry? I'll treat you to some sushi for your help." Ichigo was about to answer when Ishida's cell phone rang. Ishida picked it up, looked at the caller ID, and put it back in his pocket. Ichigo looked at him, the question in his eyes, and Ishida all but groaned his answer. "My dad."

"Have you told him about our break up?" Ichigo asked, a little curious. He still hadn't told his parents... considering how much his mom loved Ishida, she'd probably mope about it for days and try to get them back together. His dad would probably give him some silly motivational speech about more fish in the sea and getting back up on that horse and any other relevant metaphor he could cram in there.

"No," Ishida replied, tone dry, "it would make him too happy."

Ichigo chuckled at that. He remembered all the heat they had gotten from Ryuukien back in high
school; the man never had warmed up to Ichigo, even after all these years. "Yeah, well, when you do talk to your parents tell them hello for me."

This time it was Ichigo's phone that rang. He looked at the screen and realized that he couldn't ignore it.

"Sorry," he told Ishida, accepting the call, "it's Urahara. . . Hello?"

"Ichigo," came Urahara's voice, the teasing lilt to it hiding some seriously dangerous undertones. "Is there a reason you're not at the office today?"

Ichigo was pretty sure he didn't keep regular hours on the weekends. "It's my day off."

"Not today," Urahara said. "You just landed a huge client, Ichigo, so you better not screw this up. Today's the day Grimmjow's coming to Tokyo to sign his contract. So you had better pick up the contract and get your ass to the train station before he gets here."

Ichigo felt a twinge of something shoot through his body at the mention of Grimmjow's name, and he turned away from Ishida in case he was blushing or tenting through his pants or anything equally embarrassing. "Sorry, I forgot."

"Here. Now."

And then there was only silence as Urahara hung up the phone. Ichigo took a deep breath, then turned back around. "Sorry, I'm going to have to take a rain check on that sushi."

Ishida only waved his hand in dismissal. "It can't be helped. Just. . . don't work too hard, okay?"

Ichigo nodded as he left the apartment, turning back once to wave at Ishida. He made his way to the office in record time, practically running into Urahara's office. The older man looked up from the brim of his floppy hat, a small frown tugging on his lips. "This does not bode well for your future in the company, Ichigo."

"I've got time," Ichigo said, "where's the contract?"

"What's the rush? Didn't you just say you have time? Sit down and listen to what I have to tell you before you go rushing off."

It wasn't so much as a suggestion as it was a command, so Ichigo reluctantly took a seat opposite Urahara. The contract, a piece of paper, and a set of keys was placed on the desk in front of him.

"The contract's pretty standard," Urahara started. "There's just one thing Grimmjow insisted we put in. . . you have to be his agent. If we try to assign him someone else, or he's not happy with you, he can walk free, no penalty paid. Which means you better keep him happy."

Ichigo blushed a little bit, but he didn't think that Urahara noticed. He had expected Grimmjow to put something like that in there, to be honest, so it wasn't that surprising.

"Here are keys to one of the company cars, the blue Lexus parked in space 23. I'm sure you still have your company credit card. . . ."

Urahara trailed off, a dangerous glint in his eyes, and Ichigo vehemently nodded.

"Good. Make sure Grimmjow has an amazing night in Tokyo. Take him out to whatever restaurant he wants, whatever show he wants to go to, it doesn't matter how much it costs. Make sure you do
anything and everything to keep him in a good mood. Understood?"

Ichigo was sure that his blush was absolutely visible at this point, his mind too quick to provide images for what 'anything and everything' might be. "What hotel are we putting him in?"

"We're not," Urahara said, surprising Ichigo. "Apparently he's from Tokyo, so he'll just stay at his own apartment."

Ichigo remained sitting but Urahara didn't say anything else, so Ichigo figured he wasn't going to. Before Urahara could yell at him to get going already, Ichigo got out of his seat and left the office, heading to the parking garage underneath the building. He could feel the nerves gathering at the base of his stomach, and he couldn't tell if they were good or bad. He wasn't sure if he wanted to see Grimmjow or not. Their night together had been amazing, but absolutely perverse, and Ichigo wasn't so sure that he should be looking forward to an encore. Although, really, the choice was out of his hands. Grimmjow was a client now, one that would most likely bring in millions of dollars. If Ichigo didn't want to lose his job, then he'd have to do anything that Grimmjow wanted.

It didn't take long to find the car, and soon Ichigo was driving out into Tokyo traffic. It had been awhile since he had driven anywhere, but it's not like driving was something you ever completely forgot. At least driving took his mind off of Grimmjow and concentrated it the task at hand. Ichigo had about twenty minutes of mental peace before he pulled into a parking space and shut off the ignition.

He sighed. Well, this was it. He got out and walked up to the main area of the station. It was crowded, as usual, salarymen and schoolgirls and everyone else going about their business. There was a rhythm to their movements, set to the music of the trains arriving and departing and the chatter of the crowd.

Ichigo didn't have to look around for very long in order to find Grimmjow; the other boy stuck out like a lion in a penguin cage. It didn't help that he was taller than the average person, though that was certainly part of it. It was more that Grimmjow had a presence to him, that "it" factor that everyone always talked about but no one could ever define. Ichigo watched as some nearby girls took a snapshot of Grimmjow with one of their phones, then giggled and turned away. And to think he wasn't even famous yet.

Grimmjow noticed him before Ichigo had the chance to call out, and his lips curved upwards into a smirk as he stalked towards the other man. He didn't stop until he was right in front of Ichigo, and then he pulled the other man towards him and leaned down. Ichigo could feel hot breath against his ear, but before Grimmjow could say whatever it was that he wanted to say, Ichigo turned and started to walk towards the car.

"I've been talking to different teams," Ichigo said, resolute on discussing business. Maybe if he kept things professional, he wouldn't end up in a difficult position like last time. "I think we can really drive your salary up if we play them off each other. The Yashima Antlers are already willing to pay-"

"I'm playing for F.C. Tokyo," Grimmjow said, his tone of voice courting no objection.

Ichigo didn't have a problem with that, except that right now F.C. Tokyo wasn't offering as much as other teams, and he wasn't sure that they would go much higher. "Your salary-"

"I don't give a fuck about salary," Grimmjow stated.

Ichigo wasn't sure how Urahara would take it, but it's what the client wanted. They were in front of
the car now, and Ichigo opened the door for Grimmjow before getting in himself. One he was seated, looking over at the young man to make sure he was okay. Grimmjow had set his chair back and reclined it more, giving himself more leg space. His arm was hanging out the open window as he waited for Ichigo to start the car. With Grimmjow distracted, Ichigo let his eyes wonder down the planes of the other man's body, stopping at the bulge in his pants where his legs met.

"What are you thinking?"

Ichigo's eyes looked up to see a lewd sneer on Grimmjow's face.

"Miss my dick that much?"

Ichigo blushed and turned the ignition. With one hand he grabbed the contract and tossed it on Grimmjow's lap. "You should read that over while we're driving to your place."

He was surprised when Grimmjow obediently opened the contract and looked it over, but glad for it all the same. Without Grimmjow taunting him it was easier for him to deal with his conflicting feelings. He didn't really want to wake up the next morning with his cock sore and his ass in pain... but at the same time, he was already half hard just from thinking about what Grimmjow's cock looked like underneath his clothes. Ichigo was sure that he was going insane; this was just sick.

Luckily, they reached Grimmjow's Roppongi apartment, and Ichigo was surprised to find them at a towering granite skyscraper. There was a marble sign at the entrance to the parking garage, the English words "Olympia Tower" written in large gold cursive across it, Japanese characters underneath. Ichigo drove in, wondering if this was the place. He drove up to a gate, and opened the window for the booth attendant to come over.

"Oh, Mr. Jeagerjaques," the man said, tipping his hat at Grimmjow. "It's nice to see you again."

Grimmjow only grunted a reply. The gate was lifted, and a stunned Ichigo drove in. He parked near the elevator and got out, waiting for Grimmjow to lead the way. They stepped into an elevator made up of black marble and mirror, and they rode it up to the fifteenth floor. Once they got out, Ichigo only saw two doors in the hallway, one on the left and the other on the right. Grimmjow opened the left door, and Ichigo found himself stepping into the most luxurious apartment he had ever seen in his life.

Everything was decorated in grays and blacks, from the marble walls and floors to the leather furniture to the luxurious wool rugs. The ceilings were high and lofty, featuring ample recessed lighting. Everything Ichigo could see was huge. The foyer alone was the size of Ichigo's living room and kitchen combined. The foyer bled into a top-of-the-line kitchen on the side and opened up into the living room in the back. Ichigo stepped forward as Grimmjow did, taking in the fact that there was a circular full-service bar opposite the living room set, with a huge plasma screen television hanging above the bar.

And the windows. The windows were arguably the best thing about the apartment. They stretched from floor to ceiling, looking out on the lights of Roppongi nightlife. Even though it was still daytime, the view was ridiculously beautiful.

"This is your parent's apartment?" Ichigo asked, still dumbfounded. Ichigo's family was considered well-off, since his father was a doctor, but they were nowhere near this level of rich. No wonder Grimmjow wasn't concerned with a few million dollars when it came to his salary.

"Yeah," Grimmjow said, tossing the contract on the bar.
Ichigo turned to look around, wondering where Grimmjow's parents were. Turning back, he could see that there was a path of sorts dividing the living room area with the kitchen and foyer. It led to two hallways, one on either side, and Ichigo guessed that the hallways themselves led to the bedrooms. "Are they here?"

"No," Grimmjow said, his voice strangely devoid of any emotion that Ichigo could read. "They're never here."

Ichigo looked back at Grimmjow, but his face was unreadable. So far, he hadn't thought of Grimmjow as anything other than a client, but he guessed the young man had issues of his own. It didn't seem like Grimmjow wanted to say anything about it, though, so Ichigo didn't pry. "Are you hungry? I can drive you to a restaurant."

"We're not going anywhere," Grimmjow said, tone heavy and final. His eyes seemed to gleam as he looked at Ichigo, and Ichigo shivered underneath the heated gaze.

"I can't," Ichigo said, knowing exactly what it was that Grimmjow wanted "I'm still sore from last time."

Grimmjow leaned against the bar as his eyes darkened. "I told you last time that I don't want that kind of bullshit from you. Get your ass over here, I'm the one who decides if it's worth fucking or not."

Ichigo cringed at the harsh tone, but found himself moving forward regardless. He felt a tension in his groin and looked down, realizing that his cock was already hard and straining against the confines of his pants. He could see the outline of the head of his cock, could see a spot of wetness appear through the cloth where his slit was. He finally found himself in front of Grimmjow.

"Hurry up and strip," Grimmjow said, looked equal parts bored and impatient. He reached for a bottle of scotch and poured himself a glass as he waited for Ichigo to do what he said.

Ichigo was thoroughly embarrassed to be stripping in front of someone. When it came to sex, he had always been more modest, even more so than his friends and classmates. He and Ishida had only ever done it on a bed and in darkness. So he didn't know why, whenever Grimmjow barked a humiliating command at him, his cock would twitch and harden.

He pulled off his shirt first, averting his eyes when he felt Grimmjow's gaze rake across his chest, studying him. He concentrated at a point on the floor as he undid his pants. He let them drop to the floor, then nearly stumbled as he stepped out of them. His cock was a bulge in his boxers, the outline clearly visible through the thin fabric. It pushed the hole of the boxers open, so that a glimpse of its peach-colored shaft could be seen through the opening. Ichigo wrapped his hands around the waistband of his boxers. He pulled them down, his cock sticking a little bit where the pre-cum had oozed out to coat the silk fabric. But than it sprang free, and he was able to pull his boxers down and off all the way.

"Touch yourself," Grimmjow said. "I want to see what you look like when you're thinking about my dick inside of you, pulverizing your guts."

Ichigo reached both his hands forward. One came to fondle his balls, rolling and squeezing them in his palm. One came to the head of his cock, massaging it in rough, jerky motions. He didn't have to look at Grimmjow to know what the other man looked like. The man's eyes would be directly locked on to his groin. There would be a small smirk on his lips, and lust would have darkened his light blue eyes to almost black. Ichigo had never masturbated in front of someone before, but for some reason he only grew more excited at the thought of Grimmjow watching him, leering at him and getting
turned on himself. Ichigo could hear his little pants and moans fill the air, could feel himself getting close to orgasm. Apparently Grimmjow could feel it too, because he ordered Ichigo to stop.

"Turn around," Grimmjow said. "Bend over and grab your ankles."

Ichigo did so. He turned around and, legs spread about hip's distance apart, bent over to place his hands on his ankles. The position left his ass in the air, exposed and vulnerable. He felt Grimmjow come to stand behind him, to press against his ass. The younger man was still clothed, but Ichigo could feel his fabric-covered erection press against the back of one ass cheek. Ichigo shivered just by feeling it against him, and his cock twitched in anticipation.

"Let me tell you exactly what this contract means," Grimmjow said. He bent over Ichigo's back, and pressed his fingers over Ichigo's lips. He brushed over them a few times before forcing his way in, so that his fingers lay thick on Ichigo's tongue.

"This," he said, his fingers slowly thrusting in and out of Ichigo's mouth, "belongs to me."

Ichigo wrapped his lips tight over Grimmjow's fingers, a need deep inside his stomach telling him to suck. So he sucked on them, used his tongue to lick and taste them. After awhile Grimmjow removed his fingers, a trail of spit connecting them, momentarily, to Ichigo's mouth.

"And this," Grimmjow said, pressing his fingers against Ichigo's hole, "belongs to me."

Ichigo gasped as Grimmjow pushed inward. The ring of muscle there protested for just a moment before giving way, and two fingers slid halfway inside of him. His body jerked at the slight intrusion, and he watched as a few more drops of pre-cum oozed out of his cock to drip onto the floor in front of him.

"If I say suck it, you open that pretty little mouth of yours. And if I say spread 'em, you take your pants off and bend over. While I'm your client, your hot mouth and tight ass are property of Grimmjow Jeagerjaques."

Grimmjow watched as his fingers were pulled all the way in to Ichigo's ass. This hole was really something, he thought, moving his fingers in and out. It was squeezing on his fingers like it hadn't been completely fucked raw just a few days before. It was even almost as tight as when Grimmjow had first fucked it. He had wanted to get back inside of it all week now, and now his dick was dripping at the thought of being so close.

Grimmjow took out one finger, then put in another finger from his other hand. He pulled Ichigo's hole apart from both sides, looking deep inside the man. He built up a good volume of spit inside his mouth, then let it drip out of his lips and into Ichigo's hole. It filled the cavity and bubbled over, sloshing around the puckered skin of the entrance.

His glass of whiskey was still near him on the bar, and Grimmjow took a hand out to reach for it. With the one finger still in Ichigo's ass, he stretched that small hole to one side. With his other hand, he carefully poured scotch into Ichigo's hole. He heard Ichigo gasp and shudder as the cold liquid hit his insides, then spill over and run down his ass and legs. Grimmjow leaned forward, sticking his tongue inside Ichigo's hole and lapping up the scotch.

Ichigo was loving it, Grimmjow could tell. Moaning and panting and squirming all around him. He fucked Ichigo with his tongue, thrashing and curling it inside of the other boy. And Ichigo's body was letting him, his hole spreading easily to accommodate his tongue. The man really was made to take cock. Grimmjow pulled his tongue out and looked down, watching as Ichigo's hole closed around empty space. It was wet and twitching, ready for a good pounding.
"Get up," Grimmjow said, pulling on Ichigo's shoulder. "Get up against the window."

Ichigo was now quick to do what he was told, his hole aching too much for him to think of doing otherwise. He wanted Grimmjow's huge cock inside of him again, he wanted to feel his hole overflowing with hot semen.

He braced his hands against the glass of the window, looking out over the city. In the reflection he could see Grimmjow come up behind him. A hand came to squeeze his left hip, and the sound of a zipper opening filled the air. He saw and heard Grimmjow spit on his own cock, then rub the liquid over the huge thing. Ichigo felt it come to press against his hole, the tip of it just gently touching it. His heart sped up and his stomach fluttered; even after last time, it felt huge against him, impossibly so.

"Relax," Grimmjow muttered, "unless you want it tearing you in half."

Ichigo took a deep breath, trying to do so. Still, he couldn't help but cringe as Grimmjow started to push in. He felt his hole stretch around the very tip of the head, then stop. He cried out as Grimmjow then pushed more forcefully, the whole head breaching his tight ring of muscle. Grimmjow started to work himself in with small thrusts, each thrust spreading Ichigo's ass open another centimeter. When he was halfway in, Grimmjow placed both of his hands on Ichigo's hips, gripping hard enough for his fingernails to break the skin.

"Fuck," Grimmjow moaned, feeling his dick get squeezed. Ichigo's hole was convulsing and shuddering around him; it was like it was trying to pull him in deeper. It had been a complete mess when Grimmjow had been done with it on Monday, but now it was almost as tight as ever. "So fucking tight."

Finally he felt himself push in to the hilt, his balls hitting against Ichigo's ass with a soft slap. Ichigo was sweating and panting in front of him, and he leaned down to lick the sweat off Ichigo's shoulder. Then he bit down, enjoying the way Ichigo yelped, the way the man's body convulsed around his cock. Grimmjow licked around the bite marks before withdrawing, nuzzling into Ichigo's hair and bringing his mouth close to the man's ear.

"I'm going to fuck you now," Grimmjow whispered harshly. That was all the warning Ichigo got before Grimmjow pulled out all the way and slammed back in. Ichigo cried out as his whole body was slammed into the glass, his cheek coming to rest against it. And then Grimmjow was doing it again, and again, mercilessly pounding his guts.

Ichigo's cock was caught against the glass, uncomfortable and neglected. But that was nothing compared to the sheer pleasure of having Grimmjow's cock inside of him again. It really did feel like he was being split in half, but somehow that just made his ass shiver in ecstasy. Every time Grimmjow pulled out, it hungrily tried to pull him back in. It wasn't long before Ichigo couldn't stand it anymore. He cried and shuddered, eyes closed and eyebrows creasing together as he screamed his orgasm. His cock twitched against the window, sending cum out to coat the glass. And Grimmjow kept pounding into him.

"You're such a sick piece of fuckmeat," Grimmjow whispered in his ear. "How many times are you going to cum just from my dick fucking you?"

Ichigo moaned at the words, feeling his cock harden again, sliding against his own cum.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head off," Grimmjow said, "I'll keep fucking you all night. I'll pound your ass until you can't even stand up any more."
Ichigo shuddered and came again. It was almost painful, cumming so close together, but this orgasm seemed to wreck through his entire body. It started in his crotch and spread out like wildfire to the tips of his fingers and toes. He shuddered, his body just wanting to collapse. He was almost thankful that he was caught between the glass and Grimmjow's cock; he wouldn't be able to support himself otherwise.

Grimmjow chuckled into his neck. "Already? I guess it's my turn now. I'm going to shoot such big load into you that you'll feel it in your stomach."

Ichigo moaned as Grimmjow increased the rate of his thrusts. Grimmjow was panting and grunting into his neck, fucking him like an animal. He could feel it as Grimmjow came. He felt Grimmjow's body shudder behind him, felt hot semen hit his inside walls. If he had been hard, he would have cum again just from that sensation.

Grimmjow looked down and started to removed his cock. The puckered entrance of Ichigo's hole clung to his cock as it pulled out, as if it didn't want it to go. Finally, Grimmjow pulled it all the way out with a plop, the little hole puttering and then closing in on itself. Wanting to see jizz dripping out of Ichigo's hole, Grimmjow pushed two of his fingers back in and moved them in and out. A few thrusts was all it took to send creamy white cum squirting out of the hole, to land on Ichigo's pale ass and thighs.

Grimmjow's cock was actually limp for once, but he figured he had been giving it a good workout this week. He turned Ichigo around, supporting the other man with his arms. Ichigo's legs were obviously shaky, and he let Grimmjow move him towards the couch. Grimmjow sat down on it, legs spread apart, and lowered Ichigo between them. Ichigo blinked, face to face with Grimmjow's limp cock.

"Clean it," Grimmjow said.

Even though he was tired, Ichigo leaned forward, pushing his tongue out to lick at Grimmjow's cock. He swirled his tongue around the head, still tangy-tasting from residue of cum and pre-cum. Then he licked and sucked his way up and down the sides, tasting every square inch of flesh. By the time he was finished Grimmjow was hard again, but Ichigo dipped down lower, ignoring the hard cock to lick Grimmjow's balls clean.

Grimmjow grinned and grabbed his cock, moving it to the side so he could see Ichigo lapping his balls up. "Suck them in your mouth."

Grimmjow watched as Ichigo sucked a ball into his mouth. He could feel Ichigo's tongue press against it, swirl around it. And then Ichigo let go and repeated the same treatment with his other ball. When Ichigo was done he sat back. Grimmjow let go of his cock, watching as it gently slapped the orange-haired man on his cheek.

"I just realized you never got to taste my jizz," Grimmjow said, leaning back and bringing his arms up to rest on the back of the couch. "So go ahead and eat up."

Ichigo grabbed the shaft of Grimmjow's cock with both hands, then wrapped his mouth around the head of it. He was sure that he was too tired to be able to get the whole thing down his throat today, so he bobbed his head up and down the top half instead, while jerking off the bottom half.

"That's right," Grimmjow moaned, "milk it dry."

Ichigo increased his pace, doing his best to suck and swirl his tongue around at the same time. Even sucking on half of Grimmjow's cock was hard; he could still feel it stretch his throat out as it slid
down. After awhile he felt Grimmjow tangle his hands in Ichigo's hair and lift him off his cock.

Grimmjow's cock jerked and started shooting out cum. One jet landed across Ichigo's face, and another one landed on his tongue. And then Grimmjow pushed Ichigo's head back onto the huge cock and poured the rest of his jizz down Ichigo's throat. Grimmjow held Ichigo down there even after he orgasmed, letting his cock go limp inside Ichigo's mouth before releasing the other man.

As soon as he let go Ichigo pulled his head off, rubbing at his jaw. To his relief Grimmjow seemed content to just relax for the moment. . . maybe this time, coming twice would be enough for the younger man.

Grimmjow's hand reached out for him, and Ichigo was surprised when it ran almost affectionately along the side of his face. But then he noticed the cocky grin stretched over Grimmjow's lips.

"You look good with my cum all over your face," Grimmjow said. Ichigo scowled. But then Grimmjow had both hands on either side of Ichigo's face and was pulling him forward onto Grimmjow's lap. Their faces were just about an inch away, and Grimmjow reached his tongue out, licking his own cum off of Ichigo's face. Ichigo was surprised, but he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the tongue bath. Then Grimmjow swept his tongue lower, over Ichigo's lips, and claimed them in a kiss.

It was strange, Ichigo thought, to be doing something as innocent as just making out with Grimmjow. It was almost sweet. But then he felt something hard poking into his thigh. He broke their kisses and scowled down at Grimmjow.

"It's your fault," Grimmjow said, pushing Ichigo down into the couch cushions. "My dick just can't say no to that tight little hole of yours."

Ichigo only sighed as he felt his legs being spread apart. He guessed he was in for another long night.
Ichigo made his way through Ajinomoto Stadium. It was strange being here while it was so empty, without all the fans that flooded in for games. He made his way out to the field, watching as the members of F.C. Tokyo went through their practice. He could see a man with long white hair on the side of the field, holding a clipboard, and he made his way down there.

Ichigo had initially come here for final negotiations with the team manager, but that meeting had been short and easy enough. Ichigo had spent the entire time trying not to look at the manager's huge breasts. They were practically spilling out of a ridiculously low-cut t-shirt. Plus, he was sure that she kept leaning over just to make him uncomfortable.

After the meeting, Ichigo thought it was also a good idea for the coaches and players to see him. That way, if any of them ever happened to fire their agent, they might remember him.

"Kiyone," the white-haired man was saying, as Ichigo got closer, "take the goalkeepers and run footwork drills in the corner. Sentaro, have everyone else do ball touches midfield."

The tall, thin man named Sentaro only grunted and walked off, blowing a whistle to get everyone's attention. The short-haired woman named Kiyone, on the other hand, scowled as she scanned the field.

"Where the hell did Renji run off to," she muttered to herself, before running inside the stadium. "Probably doing something stupid..."

Ichigo stepped up to the white-haired man and held out his hand.

"Coach Ukitake?" he said. "I'm Kurosaki Ichigo, Grimmjow's agent."

Ukitake smiled and took his hand. "Of course. We're lucky that we were able to procure such a talented young man. When does Grimmjow come to Tokyo again?"

"Three weeks," Ichigo replied. He scowled as his ass seemed to twitch at the reminder. Ichigo was loath to admit it, but his hole felt empty without Grimmjow around. It was like an itch that he couldn't scratch. Ichigo wondered what the hell was wrong with him, why he couldn't stop thinking about it. Especially at this moment, when he should be having a conversation with Ukitake.

"Oh?" Ukitake asked, a worried expression crossing his face. "The other college recruits will be here in two."

"Yeah," Ichigo agreed, "he's sorry about that. But he graduates next week, and then he'll need two weeks to get his affairs in order and move."

Of course, Ichigo knew that was bullshit. Grimmjow hadn't been apologetic at all, and Ichigo was pretty sure that he was planning on coming back to Tokyo sooner than three weeks from now. Grimmjow just didn't think he needed to waste time with too much summer practice. In Grimmjow's own words, "Give me a break already. I just graduated, let me fucking relax."

"I heard," Ukitake said, his gentle smile belying the seriousness of his words, "that Grimmjow had some disciplinary problems when he first started at college. Something about fighting and skipping out on practice?"

Ichigo hadn't heard about that. He guessed that he had been so busy with negotiating Grimmjow's
salary and benefits that he hadn't done more research into Grimmjow's football career. Still, it's not as though he could admit to Ukitake that he didn't know that. "Don't worry, that's all behind him."

Ukitake nodded. "Good. I'd hate to have a bad egg spoil the bunch."

Ichigo thought he might have heard a wisp of a threat behind those words, but then decided that it was probably his imagination. Ukitake just seemed like too docile a person. At any rate, there was something else he wanted to ask the coach about. "What do you think Grimmjow's chances are of playing in official games next season?"

"Well... our strikers aren't exactly bad. Grimmjow's college record is certainly amazing, but I'd hate to bench our current star striker for someone fresh out of college. Of course, fair is fair. If Grimmjow's attitude and ability during summer camp live up to expectations, I imagine he'll be one of our starters soon enough, if not immediately."

Well, Ichigo didn't think that ability would be the problem. It was Grimmjow's attitude that he was worried about. At any rate, he wouldn't be able to get Grimmjow endorsement deals if he wasn't even playing. It would probably be good if Ichigo could drum up some hype for Grimmjow even before the season started. Develop a fan base.

"Are then any other questions you have, Kurosaki-san?"

"Mmm... just Kurosaki is fine," Ichigo replied. "And I'm fine. Thank you for your time, Coach."

"Of course. I look forward to seeing you in the future."

Ichigo said his goodbyes and left the stadium. He knew exactly what duo he could go to if he wanted some media attention, he just wasn't sure if he wanted to do it. But then he imagined Urahara finding out that he didn't use this one small connection that he had. He guessed that he had no choice.

A little bit later Ichigo found himself inside of an office building in Chiyoda. The room he was in was brightly lit and cluttered, desks all along the periphery of it. There was a round table in the middle where a group of men sat, currently talking about whether a new version of Scrabble being released in Great Britain was interesting enough to put in the newspaper.

Ichigo made his way through the large newsroom, until he got to the door the secretary had pointed out just a little bit earlier. He knocked. Seconds later it was thrown open to reveal what looked to be a pretty young woman with chin-length black hair cut into a bob. She was wearing a frilly little button-down shirt and purple pencil skirt, complete with four-inch purple heels. Which made her, right now, even taller than Ichigo. She was, as always, wearing too much eyeliner and mascara.

"Ichigo!" she yelled, latching her arms around him and giving him a big, wet kiss on the cheek. It was sure to leave lipstick. "Welcome to the Mainichi Daily News! You look as handsome as ever."

"Yumichika," came a voice from inside the office, "why don't you give the kid a break?"

Ichigo stepped into the office, Yumichika glomped onto his arm, and waved hello to the bald man sitting behind a desk. "Hey, Ikkaku."

"Hey," Ikkaku said back. "You don't have to humor the transexual, you know. Just push him off."

"Transvestite," Yumichika corrected, glaring at Ikkaku. Of course, given their long-time relationship, Ikkaku had probably just said it to annoy Yumichika a little bit.

"Yeah, yeah, same thing. So, Ichigo, what do you need us for?"
"Oh," Yumichika said, "we have plenty of time to get to that. What I want to know is what happened between you and Ishida."

Ichigo scowled as he was pushed into a chair and the door was closed behind him. For someone who liked to wear women's clothing half the time, Yumichika was certainly strong. At any rate, this is what Ichigo had been dreading. Yumichika was a notorious gossip, so it wasn't a surprise that she... he already knew about Ichigo and Ishida breaking up. Ishida had probably already told Chad, and Chad had probably mentioned it casually to Ikkaku and Yumichika. What Yumichika now wanted was more details, from the source.

"Was he cheating on you?" Yumichika asked, a scandalized expression on his face.

"No," Ichigo said. Then frowned. At least he didn't think so; to be honest, the option had never presented itself in Ichigo's mind. To his immense relief, Ikkaku openly scoffed at the idea.

"Don't be ridiculous, Ishida's not that type of person."

"Really?" Yumichika asked. "I always thought he looked pretty cute with Sado. I mean, what if Ishida had met Sado before he met Ichigo, instead of the other way around? Things could have turned out completely differently."

Ichigo cringed at the thought of his best friend and ex-boyfriend together. There was no way they would do that to him, aside from the fact that it was impossible... Chad was straight, after all. "Look, there's no real reason for it, we just didn't work out. It happens sometimes. We're still friends."

"Hmm." Yumichika sat down at the edge of Ikkaku's desk, crossing his legs as he pondered the situation. "It was definitely another man. But don't feel bad, Ichigo, I'm sure he's more handsome than you."

"Why on earth would that make me feel better about things?" Ichigo asked. "Look, guys, I came here because I needed help. Can we save the guessing game for the next time we're out drinking together?"

"I've got no problem with that," Ikkaku said, shooting a questioning glance Yumichika's way.

"Fine." With the cut he was getting thanks to Grimmjow's contract with F.C. Tokyo, Ichigo could certainly afford it. "So I'm managing this football player who's going to debut in the J. League this year. I was hoping I could get you guys to help me get some media attention for him."

Both Ikkaku and Yumichika were staring at him with blank expressions on their faces.

"You do know," Ikkaku said, "that we work for the arts and entertainment section, right? I write movie reviews, and Yumichika gossips about actors and actresses."

"Yeah," Ichigo admitted, "but your newspaper has a sports section. And doesn't it own the Sports Nippon, that daily sports newspaper?"

"Yeah, but... we personally don't really have any connections with them. And if your boy hasn't even played a professional match yet, I'm not sure why they would care. What kind of article were you thinking of doing, anyway?"

"A kind of fluff piece," Ichigo said, not really knowing newspaper terminology. "You know how..."
sometimes newspapers have articles about up and coming people? A spotlight kind of thing. A "Five Young Athletes to Watch" piece. With Grimmjow as one of the five, of course."

"What's his name again?" Yumichika, heading to his own desk.

"Grimmjow Jeagerjaques," Ichigo replied, watching as Yumichika typed in into his computer. How the other man guessed the spelling, Ichigo would never know.

"It's not a bad idea," Ikkaku admitted. "I could go down to the sports department and try to pitch it to someone, I guess. Pass along Grimmjow's information."

"Ooh," Yumichika interrupted. He had, apparently, pulled up Grimmjow's photo online. "He's hot."

Ikkaku rolled his eyes.

"You might want to set up an official website for him," Yumichika said. "I mean, I see his profile on your agency's site, and I see a page for him on his college's team website, but he's not even on the F. C. Tokyo page yet. If he's going to blow up as big as you think he is, he'll want an official site. You also might want to hire a publicist."

"Yeah," Ichigo agreed, "but right now I can handle it."

"Is he dating anyone?" Yumichika asked, as he stared lovingly at Grimmjow's photo.

Ichigo turned bright red before he could answer. He really hated the fact that he blushed so easily when it came to things like sex and relationships. He was supposed to be a pretty tough guy, usually.

Yumichika blinked at Ichigo, realization dawning on his face. "No way!"

"What?" Ikkaku asked, looking back and forth between Ichigo and Yumichika.

"Ishida wasn't the one cheating! Ichigo was!" Yumichika pointed an accusing, perfectly polished finger Ichigo's way.

"It's not like that," Ichigo said, sinking into his chair. "I met him after Ishida broke up with me."

"But you're dating him already?" Ikkaku asked, equal parts skeptic and befuddled. Ichigo didn't seem like the type who would rebound so quickly from such a serious relationship. For God's sake, he had been dating Ishida for almost a decade. If gays were allowed to get married, they'd probably have gotten engaged by now. Or not..."

"We're not really dating. . ." If anything, Ichigo turned a little bit redder.

"Oh," Yumichika said, "so he's just a fuck buddy."

Ichigo buried his face in his hands. That wasn't a term that he would have ever used himself, and yet it had dropped so easily from Yumichika's lips.

"There's nothing wrong with that," Yumichika said, coming around to pat Ichigo's head. "It's perfectly natural after a break-up. There's no better cure for a broken heart than to lose yourself in hot, mindless sex."

"I hate to say this," Ikkaku said, "but I have to agree with Yumichika on that one."

"Oh, please," Yumichika teased, turning towards Ikkaku, "you love me and you know it, so stop pretending otherwise."
"So you got yourself a younger man," Ikkaku continued. "Fresh out of college... he must be wearing you out."

"You don't know the half of it," Ichigo muttered, more under his breath than anything.

"What?"

"Actually," Ichigo said, a little bit louder, "we haven't even been able to see each other in a long time. It's been a week-"

"A week?" Ikkaku asked, raising an eyebrow. "Now you're making me feel old. I forgot you're young enough that a week without sex feels like a long time."

Ichigo rolled that statement over in his mind a little bit. When had he ever considered a week without sex too long? When he and Ishida were going to different colleges and doing the long distance thing, they had gone for longer on a regular basis. And it had never bothered either of them. And now it had only been a week, and Ichigo was feeling seriously hard up for it. He shifted a little bit in his chair, wondering, not for the first time, what was happening to him.

"Hey, guys," Ichigo said, "would you mind not telling anyone about this? I don't want it getting back to Ishida."

"Yeah," Ikkaku agreed, "Of course."

They both looked towards Yumichika, who remained silent. Several moments passed between them all before Yumichika finally gave in.

"Fine!" he said. "I won't tell anyone."

"Thank you," Ichigo said, getting out of his chair. "Let me know when you guys want to grab those drinks, okay?"

"Yeah," Ikkaku agreed. "And I'll let you know what those sports guys say."

Ichigo nodded and waved as he left the office. He had definitely spent more time with Yumichika and Ikkaku than he had planned. Although he guessed it didn't matter. As long as it had to do with Grimmjow's career, Urahara wouldn't give him crap about it. Ichigo left the building and started to head back to his office. He was walking down a street near his office, however, when something caught his eye. It was a window display. Like most window displays, it was garish and cluttered to the point of looking like every other store up and down the street. But now that he was actually paying attention, Ichigo could see that the mish mash of things on display weren't as typical. Namely, the window had an assortment of leather briefs and dildos artfully displayed against a rainbow colored background.

Ichigo looked around him, but no one seemed to care that he was looking in the window of a sex shop. Before he eve thought about it, his feet were carrying him into the store. Only to instantly regret it, as he saw the words "Steel Ball Cage" and "Semen Collecting Penis Plug" staring at him from. He turned around and started to head out of the store.

"Excuse me," came a voice, "can I help you?"

Ichigo stopped and turned toward the voice more out of instinct than anything else. He was embarrassed to be caught in a shop like this, even if it was by the shop worker.

"Sorry about that display," the clerk said, gesturing towards the shelf Ichigo had been standing in
"For some reason the owner insists on keeping the more eccentric things in the front. Scares away a lot of customers."

Well, the man seemed nice enough, even if he did work in a sex shop. He looked a little bit like a punk with his short, spiky hair and tattoos, not that the orange-haired Ichigo could talk. But the "69" tattooed on the clerk's cheek was a bit much; Ichigo was sure that would disqualify the man from any respectable job that he might want in the future.

"Can I help you find anything in particular?" the clerk asked. He looked bored and eager to help, and Ichigo decided that he might as well ask, since he was already in here.

"I was just a little curious," Ichigo finally said. It was the most he could get out without blushing furiously. What else was he supposed to say, "My asshole misses being stuffed, and I wanted something nice and big to shove up there"?

The clerk looked him over a few times, then stepped out from behind the counter. "I guess I'll show you some of our more conventional things."

Ichigo followed the clerk to a different part of the store. Ichigo could actually guess what these products were used for by looking at them, unlike the products at the front.

"This is our most popular item," the clerk said, holding up what looked like a man's mouth made out of latex. There was a slit between its lips. "It's a cock sleeve. Fill it with lube and it's exactly like fucking someone's mouth. Kind of."

Ichigo blushed horrified at the candid description, while the clerk just watched his expression.

"Or maybe something else. . . maybe a standard issue butt plug will do." The clerk gestured to a display of items that looked the same, except that they varied in size and color. They all had flared bases, then tapered to a soft nub at the top.

"What's the difference between a butt plug and a dildo?" Ichigo asked, in disbelief that he had even managed to ask the question. The clerk didn't seem to think there was anything strange about it, though.

"Size and shape, I think," he said, shrugging a little. "I've heard stories about doctors finding dildos stuck in people's asses, but it's not like it's ever happened to me. . . plus, you know, some of our dildos have realistic balls attached to them, which would make them pretty hard to get stuck up there. Oh. Also, we have a bunch of prostate stimulators and vibrators. As you can see, they're designed specifically to curve into your p-spot."

Ichigo looked over the products the clerk had gestured towards. Some of them looked somewhat like dildos, only tilted or nubbed, but others looked like they would be entirely uncomfortable. Ichigo pulled out one of the prostate stimulators that appealed to him. It had two oval segments that were, Ichigo guessed, representative of a man's head and cock. But they were equal in size and much more streamlined. It tilted a little on its axis and had a handle on the bottom, so it would be easier to grip when he was pushing it in and out of himself. It was still on the small side though, at least compared to Grimmjow, so he grabbed one of the larger butt plugs as well.

"I'll ring you up." the clerk said happily, leading the way back to the cash register. "Since it's your first time here, I'll even throw in a free bottle of lube. Cherry or coco-cola flavored?"

". . . surprise me."

A few minutes later the clerk handed Ichigo a discreet paper bag, and then a business card.
"Please think of us again for all your carnal needs," the clerk said, expression completely serious.


Ichigo stepped out of the store, and figured it was pretty close to the end of the working day. He might as well call it quits and go home. Soon enough he found himself at home and in his bedroom, the products he brought laid out before him. To be honest, he wasn't quite sure where to start. Well. . . he knew, technically, how to start, but he wasn't sure he could actually do it. He looked up for a second, eyes catching on a framed photo of him and Ishida on the nightstand. Feeling vaguely dirty and guilty, he got up and placed it inside the drawer.

He went back to his toys. Looking between them, he decided to put the butt plug away for now. He'd start with something slimmer today. He laid down on the bed and started unfastening his pants, when he realized he could see himself in the dresser mirror. He blushed and moved so he wasn't facing it anymore. Watching himself would have been too embarrassing.

Then Ichigo remembered that first he he should lube up the toy. He sat up and reached for the small bottle the clerk had included, and dripped some of the liquid inside onto it. When he was done he threw the bottle on the nightstand and rubbed the liquid over the red latex toy. A little curious, he lifted his slick fingers to his mouth. . . coco-cola.

Finally ready, Ichigo pulled his pants off and let them drop on the floor. Then laid down on the bed with his legs spread wide, feet pressed against the mattress. He gripped the handle of the toy tight in his right hand, and lowered it to his ass. He traced it along the cleft of his ass until he felt it press against his entrance, then took a deep breath. His hand a little bit shaky, he started to push it in.

Ichigo gasped. It actually slid in more easily than he had thought. The top half was already all the way inside of him. He pushed again, his eyes clenching shut when the whole thing disappeared inside him. Ichigo moaned. It felt good. Not as good as Grimmjow's dick, but so much better than being completely empty. He pulled the toy out and pushed it back in, the motion sending shivers out through his body.

He couldn't believe that he was doing this, fucking himself like this. With Ishida, bottoming had been pleasant, but his hole had never seemed to crave it the way it did now. But now he just didn't feel the same without something stuffing him. He kept pounding himself with the toy, moving his ass backwards to meet each thrust. His cock was hard and dripping onto his stomach, but he needed more. . .

Ichigo pushed his pelvis into the air as far up as he could, in a kind of bridge position. He kept fucking his ass from below, and used his other hand to jerk himself off. It felt so good, so-

His doorbell rang. Ichigo didn't slow down, assuming that whoever was there would leave. He actually picked up the pace, only to have the door ring again. It was distracting him from his once impending orgasm, but he thought he could get back in the groove. . . until whoever was out there started knocking violently and continuously on the door.

"Shit," Ichigo muttered, realizing he couldn't avoid it. The toy was lodged all the way inside of him, and he decided to leave it there for now as he got rid of whoever was at the front door. He pulled his pants on over it, cringing as he had to tuck his hard cock into the khaki confines. He rushed to the door, opening it just enough to look through. "Who is it?"

Only to find Grimmjow standing there, smirking at him in a most predatory way.

"Wha-"
"So this is your place," Grimmjow said, eyes scanning the modest apartment. "Kind of a dump."

"What are you doing here?" Ichigo asked, as Grimmjow pushed the door open all the way.

"Do you remember Zaraki? He had some business in Tokyo, so I caught a ride." Grimmjow leered down at Ichigo, taking in his flushed cheeks and general state of disarray. "Something’s up."

He stepped forward, smirk only growing as Ichigo stepped back. Another step forward, another step back. And then Ichigo let out an involuntary moan as the toy inside of him rubbed him the wrong way. He bit his lip, but it was too late. From the way Grimmjow was looking at him, he probably figured out what was going on, or at least something close to it.

"Take off your pants," Grimmjow said.

Ichigo flushed, but did as he was told. He unfastened his pants and let them drop back onto the floor, revealing his still hard cock. Grimmjow stepped up to him, licking his lips and he placed two hands on Ichigo's hips. He rubbed up and down Ichigo's sides, his rough touch sending shivers over Ichigo's skin. His hands ran up Ichigo's abdomen, and then chest, lifting his shirt up to reveal slim but defined muscles. Ichigo raised his arms, and his shirt was pulled off and dropped onto the floor.

Ichigo fell back against the wall as Grimmjow let him go. The toy rubbed up against him again, and he moaned as he used the wall to support his increasingly weak legs. Grimmjow removed his own clothing, peeling away his shirt and shorts to reveal corded muscle underneath tan flesh. Ichigo ran his eyes over every curve of every large muscle, before his eyes came to rest on the meat dangling from between Grimmjow's legs. It hung, limp, from a nest of curly hair. Thick and heavy, it swung a little with each step Grimmjow took towards Ichigo.

Grimmjow placed his hands on Ichigo's waist again, and pressed forward so that their bodies met. Lips against lips, chest against chest, cock against cock. Ichigo moaned as Grimmjow pulled his hips forward a little, rubbing Ichigo's cock against his as they kissed. Ichigo felt Grimmjow come alive against him, huge cock twitching and hardening as they rubbed together. Ichigo brought his arms around Grimmjow's shoulders and kneaded at the thick muscles on his back. He pushed into Grimmjow's violent kisses, tongue and teeth clashing. Grimmjow's hands wondered back to squeeze and pull on his ass cheeks, before one hand moved to inspect his hole.

Grimmjow chuckled into Ichigo's mouth as he grabbed onto the handle he found there. He broke the kiss for moment.

"I knew your hole would start to miss my dick," Grimmjow murmured, as he pulled out the toy, "but I didn't think you'd resort to this."

He slammed the toy back in. Ichigo arched and moaned at the sudden intrusion, his cock grinding into Grimmjow's as he did so.

"Don't worry; Daddy's here to fuck you now." Grimmjow twisted the toy inside of Ichigo, sending a wave of pleasure through his body. Ichigo instinctually spread his legs even more, moving one up to wrap around Grimmjow's waist, anything to get his hole spread wider or deeper. Grimmjow obliged his need, twisting and slamming the toy inside him over and over again.

Grimmjow leaned forward to bite and suck on Ichigo's lips, then pulled the toy all the way out of Ichigo's ass. Ichigo mewed in disappointment, but Grimmjow could give a fuck about that. Besides, he was going to give the orange-haired boy an even better treat. With one hand on Ichigo's ass for support, he lifted Ichigo's other leg up so that both were wrapped around his waist. Ichigo's arms wrapped tighter around his shoulders as the smaller boy moved higher on his body. His back was
already pressed against the wall, but Grimmjow pressed harder, making sure they could balance like that. Then Grimmjow placed his hands on Ichigo's waist, and slowly pushed him down on his cock.

Ichigo tensed as he felt Grimmjow's cock split open his ass cheeks and came to rest against his hole. Then he gasped as he was lowered onto it. He fell onto it inch by inch, until he was fully seated on the huge cock. He wrapped his legs tighter around Grimmjow's waist, barely aware as Grimmjow licked and sucked up and down his jaw. His world was narrowed to the point where they were joined, to where Grimmjow's monster of a cock had him skewered against the wall.

Ichigo shivered as Grimmjow started to pull in and out. His head hit the wall with each thrust, but that small jolt of pain was nothing compared to the pleasure coursing through him.

"Fuck," Grimmjow said, breaking away to look down at Ichigo's flushed face. Ichigo's eyes were closed, eyebrows creased just so. His lips were parted and wet as he moaned and panted. He looked like he was in heaven. "You really love this, don't you? Love having a big dick slamming you into the wall. Love having your hole pounded like some common whore."

Grimmjow got an idea then, and stopped moving. He was sick of Ichigo giving him the silent treatment during sex all the time. Ichigo blinked his eyes open, obviously confused.

"Grimmjow."

"Say it," Grimmjow muttered, tone dark and needy. "Say you need it."

"What?" Ichigo tried to move his hips on Grimmjow's cock, but Grimmjow's hands on his waist held him tight in position.

"Be a good boy and tell Daddy how much you want him to fuck you."

"No!" Ichigo was turning an even brighter shade of red now. "You're such a sick fuck."

Grimmjow rubbed his hips in tiny circles. Enough to remind Ichigo he was there, but not enough to give him any substantial amount of pleasure. "Say it, or I pull out, and you can go back to your little toys."

Ichigo was flushing, but a look of resignation seemed to pass over his face. When he spoke again his voice was an embarrassed mutter.

"Daddy," he said, "please fuck me."


"I need. . . I need your big dick. Please, give it to me."

"Yeah." Grimmjow grunted and buried his face in Ichigo's neck. His voice was hoarse, dripping with lust. "Don't worry, Daddy will give you what you need."

Grimmjow slammed into him hard, over and over, and it felt so good. Ichigo shuddered and convulsed, screaming as he came, thick white semen shooting out to coat both their bellies. He felt his legs and arms go week, and then Grimmjow was lifting him away from the wall. Grimmjow still inside of him, Ichigo was moved so that he was on his back on the floor, Grimmjow kneeling between his legs. Grimmjow hadn't had to stop fucking him for more than a few seconds, and now he was pounding him hard into the floor. Ichigo could feel his own cock stiffen again, ready for more fucking.
A broken tune filled the air. A ringtone. Ichigo thought nothing of it, only to be shocked as Grimmjow reached for his cell phone.

"Don't," Ichigo said, but Grimmjow was already answering it, even as he continued to fuck Ichigo. Grimmjow smirked and brought a finger to his lips, and Ichigo bit his own lips to keep from crying out and moaning.

"Hey," Grimmjow grunted out. Ichigo blushed as he wondered how much the other person on the line could hear. "Nothing. Just getting my dick wet."

Ichigo scowled at the comment, then moaned when Grimmjow gave him a particularly hard thrust.

"Why don't you come over?"

Ichigo reached up to snap the cell phone out of Grimmjow's hand. He had no idea what the blue-haired man was thinking, but he couldn't just invite people over to Ichigo's place without asking first. But Grimmjow somehow caught his wrists in one hand and pinned them onto the floor above his head.

"Yeah, it's nice and tight. A grade A fuckhole."

Ichigo froze a little bit as understanding dawned.

"That's why I'm telling you to come try it out."

Ichigo squirmed, trying to get away. But between having his hands pinned down and ass speared with Grimmjow's dick, there wasn't much he could do. He heard Grimmjow rattling off his address, and then the man dropped the phone to the ground. He leaned over Ichigo, placing both hands on his wrists and changing the angle of his thrusts. Ichigo arched as it hit something inside of him, but it wasn't enough to distract from what was going to happen.

"You can't just invite whoever you want to come fuck me," he said, not quite sure how he managed to get such a coherent sentence out.

"Oh?" Grimmjow drove his hips deep against Ichigo's ass, eliciting a cry from the other man. "Didn't I tell you that this- another thrust "-belongs to me? You ain't got any choice in the matter, you just gotta shut up and take it."

Grimmjow changed the angle again, somehow managing to get even deeper inside Ichigo. Ichigo gasped and moaned, forgetting for a moment the situation at hand. Grimmjow leaned over and licked at his neck, sending little shivers of pleasure over his skin.

"All you have to do," Grimmjow said, voice almost soft, "is let us make you feel good. Your hole's so greedy, it'll be happy to have two dicks to satisfy it."

Ichigo shivered with the promise. His wrists were beginning to hurt where Grimmjow was holding him, but there was also something so sensual about being held down like this. He wrapped his legs around Grimmjow's waist, and lost himself in the pleasure of being truly well fucked.

"So this is your new bitch."

Ichigo's eyes snapped open to look up to see Grimmjow's soccer coach. The man was standing right above him, mouth set in a wide, mean-looking leer. Ichigo hadn't really noticed when they had met before, but the man looked dangerous. He was tall and wide, with huge, thinly veined muscles. A long, vertical scar ran the length of his face and through the center of his eye. There was a dark,
primal look to his eyes, like an animal who only knew how to hunt and rut.

"You're telling me this guy's a good fuck?" Zaraki licked his lips as he said his, his eyes focused on where Grimmjow's cock was disappearing in and out of Ichigo's rosy little hole. Ichigo felt his cock harden even more under the scrutiny, even as he was embarrassed about it.

"Wait till you're pounding into him. Tightest hole I've ever fucked."

Zaraki chuckled at that, his hand going to rub at his growing crotch. Figuring Ichigo's cute little mouth was going to waste, he pulled off his shirt before taking off his pants. They landed in a pile on the floor, than he kneeled down next to Ichigo's head on the floor. "Why don't you bring that mouth and throat of yours over here."

Ichigo felt his hands being released, as Grimmjow's hands moved back to his waist. He turned towards Zaraki, and his face contorted into an expression of shock and awe. Despite his larger body frame, Zaraki's cock wasn't as big as Grimmjow's. It was still, however, big. Much bigger than the average male, at least. But that wasn't what made Ichigo paused. Scattered over the shaft of Zaraki's cock were several round balls, almost a centimeter in diameter, buried underneath the skin.

"From the expression on your face," Zaraki said, grinning, "you've never seen a pearl-implanted cock before. You're going to love getting this inside your cock hole."

Ichigo gulped, then brought his lips to Zaraki's cock. He couldn't believe that he was getting excited about sucking off a man he didn't even know. But right now he didn't care about that. Right now all he wanted to do was get that cock inside his mouth. He sucked the head in easily, then did his best to gulp the rest of it down. As he pulled it in deeper he ran his tongue over the embedded balls, feeling them move just slightly underneath the skin. Soon he found his nose buried in rough black curls and his throat stretched almost to max in order to fit the huge invader. He closed his eyes as he started to suck as if his life depended on him.

"He's a natural born cocksucker, isn't he?" Zaraki asked. "Look at how he's worshipping my dick."

Zaraki grabbed Ichigo's hair harshly, and held Ichigo's head in place as he fucked Ichigo's mouth. His thrusts were harsh and sudden, making Ichigo almost gag with each one. Each time Ichigo's nose would bang against pelvic bone, and soon his throat felt like it was being rubbed raw. Without warning, Zaraki pulled all the way out. Ichigo had barely enough time to close his eyes before white cum exploded all over his face, getting up his nose a little bit. He felt Grimmjow cum as well, filling his ass up with jet after jet of hot cum. When he opened his eyes he saw that Zaraki was still hard.

"I think," Zaraki said, "I'll shoot my second load deep in his ass."

"Yeah," Grimmjow agreed, "his hole's begging for it."

Ichigo grabbed onto Grimmjow's shoulders as the younger man lifted him into the air, his cock still inside of him. Zaraki had taken a cross-legged position on the floor, as if he was just sitting casually. Grimmjow got onto his knees as he lowered Ichigo into Zaraki's lap. As soon as Grimmjow pulled his cock out, Zaraki pushed the head of his in, not even giving Ichigo's hole one second of rest.

"Jesus," Zaraki said, "you've made him all wet and slippery inside. Just like a woman."

Grimmjow let go, and Ichigo cried out as he sank a few inches onto Zaraki's cock. He could feel those little pearls against his ass walls, the feeling unbearable. He wasn't even sure if it was pleasure or pain he was feeling, but he knew that he wanted more. Zaraki's hands came to catch the bottom of his thighs, spreading his legs wide so they fell out over the side of Zaraki's crossed legs. He sank
slowly the rest of the way onto Zaraki's cock, until he was sitting completely in Zaraki's lap.

Ichigo let his head lull back onto Zaraki's strong chest. His heart was beating furiously, and he could barely breath. His skin was sticky with sweat and other things. But, surprisingly, he felt amazing. He swore he could feel every single one of those pearls rubbing up against his insides. He had never felt anything like it. All Zaraki had to do was pull him up and let him drop back onto his cock, one time, for Ichigo to cum again. His semen shot out in streamers to land in his pubic hair and dribble down his balls.

Grimmjow seemed intent, for now, to watch. He stroked himself languidly as he eyed Ichigo's ass as Zaraki fucked it. The pearls in Zaraki's cock would pull at the soft flesh inside, pulling it outwards, so that Ichigo's hole was becoming puffy and raw. It almost looked like Ichigo was being fucked inside out.

Grimmjow leaned forward, running his fingers over Ichigo's stomach and pelvic region, scooping up the semen that Ichigo had spilled earlier. He brought his fingers up to Ichigo's mouth, pleased when Ichigo didn't even hesitate to suck them into his mouth. Ichigo's tongued swirled and sucked all around his fingers, sure to lap up any last trace of his own cum. Grimmjow was so turned on by the whole thing that pre-cum was bubbling from his cock like a small fountain.

"He really seems to love my dick," Zaraki said, grunting. "Look at him pant and moan. He can't get enough."

Grimmjow grinned in smug satisfaction. "Yeah. He's something special."

Zaraki grabbed hard onto Ichigo's waist, and started slamming the other man up and down on his cock. Ichigo really was tight, and Zaraki really did love all those little noises he was making. The skin of his back was sticky and sweaty against Zaraki's chest, and his neck was expose when he had rolled his head back onto Zaraki's shoulder. Zaraki leaned forward, lapping up the sweat that glistened on Ichigo's neck.

"You know," Zaraki whispered into Ichigo's ear, low enough that Grimmjow wouldn't be able to hear, "I used to fuck Grimmy like this, just like I'm fucking you. Used to pound him into the lockers, back when he was a freshmen, back when he was a fresh new hole to shoot my load into. And he fucking loved every second of it."

Zaraki grinned as Ichigo convulsed around his cock, obviously affected by the revelation. He was close, so close now. He bit down on Ichigo's neck, sending another shudder through that delightful body. Zaraki grunted and thrust up into Ichigo, spilling a load of thick, hot semen into the man. He reached around into Ichigo's lap and gave Ichigo's cock a hard squeeze, causing the other man to yelp and grow completely hard again.

"Why don't you try Grimmy's big cock for a change," he said, pulling Ichigo off. Ichigo felt cum dripping out of his ass as he was passed back over to Grimmjow. "While I keep your mouth company again."

As a mouth pressed hot and hard against his and hands ran over his body, Ichigo wondered if he would last the night. He couldn't believe that his cock was still twitching and ready for another round. The more time he spent with Grimmjow, the more he craved sex. It was like his hole needed more and more in order to be satisfied. It wanted to be fucked more often. It wanted to be fucked by more men. It wanted more cum filling it and spilling out of it. There was something wrong with him, Ichigo knew, but right now he didn't particularly care. It just felt too good.
"To rich friends!" Yumichika cheered as he clinked his glass against Ikkaku's and Ichigo's.

"Though to be fair," Ikkaku said, "this box belongs to his company."

"Doesn't change the fact that he's now rich," Yumichika said, lifting a glass of white wine oh-so-elegantly to his lips. Even when he was dressed in men's clothing, his mannerisms were still a little on the feminine side.

As it was, the three of them were seated in a box in Ajinomoto Stadium, full bar and snacks complimentary. The box was owned by Urahara Promotions, but Ichigo had never used it before. He had never been interested; besides, this was the first time that he had been able to bring friends with him. It was one of the perks of having a client on the team.

But, even as he was sitting there, Ichigo couldn't believe that this day had already come. It was the first game of the season, and the stadium was filled to near capacity with excited fans, ready to start the season. Even in the box Ichigo could feel the frenzy, hear the happy screams and see encouraging signs unfurling in the wind. And to think that Grimmjow was part of that excitement.

Grimmjow had moved to Tokyo as soon as he graduated, and had demanded the key to Ichigo's apartment. He had shown up almost every night that summer, to the point that Ichigo was amazed that he still had energy for practice. At the very least, being able to fuck every day meant that their sessions weren't the all-night marathons that had once dominated their relationship. Ichigo had to admit that he was relieved for that.

Grimmjow had also, surprisingly, impressed Ukitake. Enough that Ukitake was planning on subbing him into this game, once he thought the moment was right. Ichigo was just glad that Grimmjow hadn't gotten into any fights or scandals with his teammates, and that he seemed to be taking practice seriously. And to top it off, Ikkaku had convinced Sports Nippon to do the article Ichigo had pitched, and a few other outlets had picked it up as well. Grimmjow was definitely now a person to watch, and there was a lot of buzz surrounding him. Hopefully, he would deliver on it.

"Hey," Yumichika said, all of a sudden smoothing his hair, "is it my imagination or has that guy been checking me out?"

"It's your imagination," Ikkaku grunted, as both he and Ichigo turned to see.

"Hey! Don't look!"

"How the hell are we supposed to see if we can't look?" Ikkaku asked.

Yumichika pouted as he turned the question over in his head. "Well... fine. Look, but be subtle about it, for God's sake."

Ichigo tried to turn just enough that he could see the guy out of the corner of his eyes. There were several people in the box. Urahara Promotions tried to maintain good relationships with many different companies, for obvious reasons. So any big shots from said companies were often offered seats in company boxes for sporting events and the like. It addition to being good for professional relationships, it was also a useful way for agents, especially inexperienced ones, to network and build connections. Ichigo figured that's exactly what he should be doing, but there was more time for that later.
At any rate, it was easy to see who Yumichika was talking about, because there was indeed a man looking in their direction. He was seated on the leather couch, his arms resting against the back and his legs stretched out in front of him. He held a brandy snifter in one hand, brown liquid swirling languidly inside. His short, chestnut hair was slicked back, revealing handsome features, and a self-confident expression that showed he knew exactly how good looking he was.

"Do you know who he is?" Yumichika asked, but Ichigo shook his head no.

"Hey," Ikkaku said, looking like he wanted the conversation changed and fast, "they're introducing the players."

In addition to the view of the field, there was also a large plasma screen television in the room so that they could see whenever the camera close-upped on anything. They watched as the announcer stated the name of each player, while the camera zoomed in on the person's face. Ikkaku and Yumichika cheered and clapped as Grimmjow's name was called, and the man's smug smirk was broadcast the world.

"He certainly looks handsome tonight," Yumichika said.

"I agree," came a smooth, deep voice. The three of them turned to see the man who had been glancing at them earlier. He stood at their table, eyes fixed on Ichigo. "He's very photogenic. My name's Aizen Sosuke; you must be Kurosaki Ichigo."

Aizen held his hand, and Ichigo took it.

"Do you mind if I take a seat?" Aizen asked, smiling as he leaned closer to Ichigo. Ichigo didn't particularly care, although he was confused as to how this man knew his name and what he wanted from him. "Go ahead."

Aizen slid into the seat next to Ichigo, placing his arms on the armrests as he leaned back. Now, close up, Ichigo could see that Aizen was, indeed, extremely handsome. He was somewhat older than Ichigo, and obviously had money to spend. This latter fact was evidenced by the sleek grey lines of what looked to be a custom-made suit, exactly tailored to flatter Aizen's already fit body. "I'm an executive director with Brand X Marketing. I'm sure you've heard of us, we've dealt with your agency in the past."

Ichigo nodded. Brand X was a pretty big company, and developed all sorts of advertisement and marketing campaigns for many different brands. Ichigo knew that they had just finished working on a series of print ads for Asics, the sneaker company, and had done an extremely high-profile commercial with PETA recently.

"I'm currently doing a print ad series for a new high end clothing line. It's a fairly large undertaking. The company has already bought billboard space throughout Tokyo, and we've signed Nemu Nemu-"

"Oooh," Yumichika interrupted, leaning forward a bit. "Nemu Nemu, the model and actress? She just finished filming that science fiction movie where she plays an artificially created life form. There was a rumor that she was romantically involved with the actor who played her father."

Aizen smiled politely at Yumichika before turning back to Ichigo. "Yes, well. We want a man to shoot with her. And, to be honest, Grimmjow is exactly what the company had in mind. Do you think he'd be interested in doing a modeling shoot?"

"Definitely," Ichigo said, knowing an opportunity when he saw one. Grimmjow wouldn't be happy
about it, exactly, but he was under contract. Part of his job was doing these kinds of things, and Brand X was an important company to be on good terms with.

"Good," Aizen said. He leaned even closer to Ichigo. "And I take it you'll be closely involved, if he accepts the job?"

"Umm. . . yeah."

"Then I'll have something to look forward to." Aizen smiled again, but for some reason this smile brought a slight blush to Ichigo's cheeks. Aizen produced a business card from his jacket, which Ichigo took with hesitant fingers. "Please do call me, for whatever reason. Otherwise, I'll be in touch with you through your agency."

Ichigo nodded. "I look forward to working with you."

All three of them watched Aizen leave the box before saying anything.

"You have all the luck when it comes to cute guys," Yumichika complained, almost bitterly.

"What?" Ichigo asked, the blush deepening just a little bit. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean, you're already dating a hot jock, and now some hot shot executive is flirting with you."

Yumichika sighed and fluttered his eyelashes. "You have to tell me your secret, Ichigo."

Ikkaku rolled his eyes, while Ichigo frowned.

"He wasn't flirting with me," Ichigo insisted. Aizen was probably just being friendly. He wanted to transact a business deal, after all, there was no way he was interested in Ichigo like that. And as for Grimmjow. . . "And Grimmjow and I aren't dating."

"Oh?" Yumichika asked, raising a delicate eyebrow. "Even after all these months?"

Ichigo shrugged. He hadn't really thought about it, and the time had gone by so quickly. Both Ikkaku and Yumichika were looking at him with the same curious expressions, but it was Ikkaku who eventually asked the question.

"Do you want to be dating?"

"No," Ichigo replied, quickly. He scowled at the ridiculousness of the question. "Of course not."

"In that case," Yumichika said, "maybe you should pursue things with Mr. Executive."

Ichigo was about to say that was even more ridiculous when he felt someone's hand squeeze his shoulder. He turned back to see Inoue beaming at him. She was wearing a 50s style button-down dress, which was a marked difference from the sharp pantsuits she usually wore at the office and to business events. There was a man standing behind her, his long crimson hair tied up in a high ponytail. He looked vaguely familiar, but Ichigo couldn't remember how.

"Kurosaki-kun! This is the first time I've seen you here!"

"Hey, Inoue. I figured since Grimmjow's my client, I should come support him."

"Oh, that's so nice of you." Inoue grinned, then pulled her red-headed friend forward. "Have you met my client Renji? He's the star goalkeeper for F.C. Tokyo."

Ichigo blinked at that, but before he could ask the question Renji was answering it.
"Injury," Renji said, a lopsided smile on his face. "I'm sidelined from games until it heals."

"Oh," Renji seemed like a nice enough guy. He was tall and certainly very striking looking. He was wearing a t-shirt, and Ichigo could see that his arms were decorated in those tribal designs that were so popular among western tattoo artists. Ichigo turned back to Inoue, who seemed to be scanning the room. "You have a client for the other team, too, right Inoue?"

"Hmm?" Inoue turned back to Ichigo and nodded. "He's out on the field right now, actually."

"It must be nice to have so many good clients." Ichigo had only said it to make conversation, but apparently Inoue took it to mean Ichigo was feeling down about his status as an agent.

"Oh, don't worry, Ichigo, you'll be there in no time." She patted Ichigo on the head a few times, prompting snickers from Yumichika and Ikkaku. "Have you been working on getting any new clients?"

As a matter of fact, he hadn't. Ichigo knew that his two non-Grimmjow clients would never be big money makers, but he still tried to represent them the best that he could. So he had been focusing on the three clients he already had, relying on Grimmjow's success in order to keep in good standing with Urahara. But it was true, as an agent he should be able to handle numerous clients.

"Oh!" Inoue exclaimed, in the middle of scanning again. She pointed through the glass at another box. "I see him! The Pocari Sweat C.E.O. is in the manager's box. Let's go, Renji."

Inoue turned back for a second to smile at Ichigo. She held her hands up in the air, revealing crossed fingers. "Wish me luck!"

"Good luck," Ichigo said. He had to admit, Inoue really went that extra mile for her clients. She was always thinking about how to help them, always searching out the best ways to do so. It made him feel like he should step up his game.

"Maybe you should be talking to the Pocari Sweat guy," Yumichika asked, but Ichigo only shrugged. It's not like he could go after him now that Inoue was trying to work some angle.

"Oh, shit," Ikkaku said. The other two turned to face him, but he was staring out onto the field. Yumichika and Ichigo looked out to, to see F.C. Tokyo holding a mini-celebration of sorts before they had to get back on the field. "Your boy just fell over and still managed to score a goal."

Sure enough, the clip was being replayed over all the screens in the stadium. In it, Grimmjow approached the net only to have one of the opposing players get in his way. They both tripped, but after falling Grimmjow actually managed to roll himself back onto his feet near the ball, and took the kick. The ball flew in a perfect arch into the net, and a horn sounded the first goal of the game.

"Oh, come on, guys," Ikkaku said, a little disappointed in his friends. That play had been amazing, sure to be played on all those sports clip shows, and Ichigo and Yumichika had missed it. "Shouldn't you be watching the game?"

Yumichika shrugged. "I guess it was cool."

"Actually," Ichigo admitted, "I never really got into football."

"You're kidding," Ikkaku said. He shook his head as he brought a bottle of beer to his lips. "What sport did you play in high school?"

"I practiced martial arts," Ichigo replied.
"Huh. That sounds typical of you."

Ichigo took a gulp of his beer before turning his attention to the game. It wasn't exactly true that he didn't like football. He enjoyed playing it, just not watching it. Although that was his position with most sports. He just got antsy watching things when he could be out doing something instead.

"How does the J. League work, anyway?" Ichigo asked, figuring that he really should learn about these things. He was, after all, a sports agent.

"It's simple," Ikkaku said. He looked all too happy to explain. But then, it probably wasn't often that he was actually knowledgeable about something. "The J. League has eighteen teams, and they each play thirty-four games, twice against each opponent, one home and one away. It's a round robin tournament, and they get points according to whether they win, tie, or lose. Whoever has the most points at the end of the tournament wins."

"Okay," Ichigo said, "that seems simple enough. Is F.C. Tokyo any good?"

Ikkaku shrugged at the question. "Well, yeah, I guess. Last time they came in fifth, but now with Grimmjow and the other new players, they seem to have more depth. Plus Renji will be back soon enough. He had to sit out the last several games last season."

"Who was first last season?" Ichigo asked, somewhat curious to know.

"Kashima Antlers. Third year in a row. I fucking hate them." Ikkaku, being from Kanagawa, was a fan of the Kawasaki Frontale. The team that had apparently come second to the Kasima Antlers last year. "I hope that Cifer asshole gets hit by a football and dies."

"My, my," Yumichika said, an amused cadence to his voice. "I can't believe you're so bitter about a sports tournament."

Ikkaku sighed. "You guys just don't understand."

Kahima Antlers. Ichigo remembered the name because they had wanted to recruit Grimmjow as well, and had actually been willing to pay more than F.C. Tokyo. He wondered why Grimmjow was so insistent about coming to Tokyo, but it's not like that mattered anymore. The fact was Grimmjow was here now.

Ichigo turned back to the window, determined to watch the rest of Grimmjow's game. The game ended up being F.C. Tokyo's win, with a final score of 1-0. Ichigo could see the players on the field, obviously congratulating Grimmjow for the goal. He knew that they had plans to celebrate together, and he watched as they eventually left the field, on their way to the locker room. Which was fine, because Ichigo and his friends were planning on celebrating as well.

They made their way to their favorite bar, where Ichigo was surprised to see that Ishida and Chad were already there. Ichigo had actually spent some time debating whether he should invite Ishida or not, before deciding that it would be too strange not to. Ishida would probably always be a big part of his life, even if they weren't dating anymore. The two men had already gotten a table, and had ordered drinks for everyone. Ichigo sat down next to Ishida as the others took their seats as well.

"Congratulations on the debut of your new client," Ishida said, raising his glass. The others did the same, toasting to Ichigo's professional success.

"Thanks, guys," Ichigo said.

"You missed the news," Ishida said, "it was pretty amazing. They kept replaying the clip of
Grimmjow and saying how incredible the shot was. I wouldn't be surprised if Adidas starts calling after this."

Ichigo nodded, a little uncomfortable to hear his ex-boyfriend discussing his current... lover? He couldn't bring himself to refer to Grimmjow as his fuck buddy, no matter how many times Yumichika said it. At any rate, Ichigo supposed that it had been long enough that he could start dating again, but he still hadn't told Ishida about Grimmjow. He didn't know how he would even bring that up: "Hey, Ishida, you know my new client? Well, he's actually fucking me raw every night. Most days I can't even walk straight."

No. It wasn't something that he needed to bring up.

"I hope so," Ichigo said, instead. "It would definitely get Urahara off my back."

Ishida chuckled lightly at that. "Come on, I'm sure he's been nothing but nice to you since you've signed Grimmjow."

"Yeah, well, that won't last long unless I pull some more money into the company." Ichigo had forgotten how easy it was to talk to Ishida. He remembered when they had first met, Ishida had pretty much hated him. It was incredible that they had even started dating, let alone last so long. Still, Ichigo had to admit that Ishida had most likely been right about breaking up. It was much more fun to be like this, talking and hanging out as friends.

He spent almost the next hour just talking to Ishida, catching up. Ichigo complained about the hours Urahara had him working at the moment. Ishida complained about medical school and about his father. Ryuken had, quite expectantly, been ecstatic when he heard that Ishida had broken up with Ichigo. He had wasted no time trying to introduce Ishida to a friend's son, another medical student in Tokyo.

In the background, Ichigo could hear Chad catching up with Ikkaku and Yumichika. After a lull in the conversation with Ishida, he excused himself and went to talk to his best friend. It had been awhile since he had seen Chad, and was excited to catch up.

"You owe me a dango," Chad said as Ichigo took the chair beside him. His lips were pulled into a small smile, but it was about as mysterious as the rest of him. He really hadn't changed since high school. Tall, dark, and handsome, Chad would be perfectly cast as the brooding hero in a action movie.

"Do I?" Ichigo asked.

Chad only quirked an eyebrow minutely at Ichigo's ignorance, looking extremely amused. "You really don't remember?"

Ichigo racked his brain, but he really had no idea what Chad was talking about.

"Think eight grade, hanging out in my room after school."

The statement only confused Ichigo. But then, like a flash, he remembered what Chad was talking about. His eyes lit up as a smile stretched across his face. "You're kidding!"

"We start recording on Tuesday."

"That's great, Chad! Congratulations!" Ichigo could finally remember that afternoon. It was a lot like any of their afternoons around that age, hanging out in Chad's room killing time. Chad had been fooling around on his bass guitar, Ichigo had been on his back on the floor reading comics. Chad had
said something about not being any good at playing. Ichigo had said something to the tune of that was ridiculous, that one day Chad would be in an amazing band, and Ichigo would buy him a dango the day he was signed to a major record label. "I can't believe it!"

Ichigo started asking all sorts of questions about the deal, excited for his friend. Chad was so talented, it was about time someone recognized it. In Ichigo's opinion, this was long overdue. He was so caught up in talking and celebrating that he didn't notice as someone entered the bar and started to walk towards the table. He was in the middle of laughing at something Chad said when he head Ikkaku say his name. Ichigo looked up, only to see Grimmjow there, dressed to kill in slim jeans and a black leather jacket. He was glaring down at Chad, his lips twisted into an ugly scowl.

"Ichigo," he growled, "we're going home."

Ichigo flushed, but he wasn't sure whether it was from embarrassment or anger. He wondered how Grimmjow knew he was here, but then figured Urahara had told him. As it was, the air around them was frozen as the others stared up at Grimmjow's loud command. Ishida and Chad looked equally surprised. Ikkaku looked like he'd rather be somewhere else right now, while Yumichika looked like he couldn't be more excited to see what was going to happen.

"I thought you were drinking with your teammates," Ichigo said, a little lamely.

"Get up," Grimmjow said. His eyes were still fixed on Chad, but he reached a hand out for Ichigo's arm. His hand never got there, though, because Chad grabbed Grimmjow's arm by the wrist.

"That's no way to talk to your agent," Chad said, before pushing Grimmjow's hand away with no small amount of force.

Grimmjow's eyes narrowed. He opened his mouth to snarl something when Ichigo got up.

"Fine, let's go," Ichigo said, pushing against Grimmjow's chest. Ichigo was sure that Grimmjow was getting the wrong idea about Chad. He was also sure that Ishida now knew exactly what was going on between Ichigo and Grimmjow. He wanted to get out of here as fast as possible. He looked back as he pushed Grimmjow out the door. Everyone at the table still looked a little dazed, but Ichigo was sure that Yumichika would smooth things over for him.

Once they got outside, Ichigo fell into step beside the taller man and glared up at him. Grimmjow looked furious, even though he had no right to be.

"What the hell is your problem?" Ichigo almost yelled, wondering exactly what Grimmjow was thinking.

"What's my problem?" Grimmjow snarled, looking at Ichigo in disbelief. "My problem? I'm not the one getting drunk with an ex-boyfriend."

Ichigo cursed Urahara in his mind. He never should have invited his boss to go out with them, but it's not like he had known he was going to tell Grimmjow. And even if Grimmjow knew... "First of all, I can get drunk with my ex-boyfriend whenever I feel like it. We're friends, you asshole, that's it. And second of all, Chad's not even my ex-boyfriend, the guy sitting next to him was."

"That skinny guy?" Grimmjow asked, sounding a little bewildered.

But Ichigo wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily. "I can go out drinking with whoever the hell I want. Just because you're jealous-"

"Jealous?" Grimmjow's eyes flashed red, and the next thing Ichigo knew his head was slamming
against a wall. Grimmjow's hands were fisted in the front of his shirt, holding him against the wall, and Ichigo realized that he had been pulled into a nearby alleyway. "Like I'd get jealous over a little bitch cunt like you. I just don't want anyone jacking up that hole of yours without my permission."

"You're so full of bullshit," Ichigo said, almost spitting out the words. "I've got my own life, so grow up and handle it."

They glared at each other, both of them breathing heavily. The noises from the street, just a few feet away, seemed like world away.

"Fuck," Grimmjow finally said, his grip tightening on Ichigo's shirt. "Fuck. You're so fucking sexy when you're mad."

Ichigo made a muffled noise of surprise as lips crashed into his. He pushed his hands against Grimmjow's chest, but the other man wasn't moving. Instead, he bit hard onto Ichigo's lips, enough to draw blood and get Ichigo to yelp in pain. Grimmjow took the opportunity the noise presented to shove his tongue deep into Ichigo's mouth, tasting Ichigo's spit and the faint aftertaste of too much beer.

Grimmjow pushed Ichigo's legs apart with his own legs and ground his hip in an upwards motion. It forced their cocks against each other, Ichigo moaning as he discovered they were both completely rock hard. He didn't even know when that had happened, but now he didn't really care. He let Grimmjow grind against him, humping him harshly through his clothes. It felt so good Ichigo thought he might just come in his pants. But then Grimmjow reached down and unzipped both their pants.

"Don't," Ichigo said, breaking their kissing, "anyone walking by can see."

"Then you better keep your pretty mouth shut," Grimmjow replied. "Wouldn't want to bring attention to yourself."

Grimmjow had their cocks out and was rubbing them against each other. It felt so good, feeling Grimmjow's cock against his, feeling them squeezed together. Ichigo bit hard on his lip to keep from moaning.

Grimmjow's cock was oozing pre-cum, he was so hard. It dripped out slowly, but soon it was all over his hand, all over both their cocks. It looked delicious. Grimmjow's cock always looked good enough to eat, at least to Ichigo. Even right now he wanted to take the huge head up it into his mouth, wanted to lap up all that pre-cum and then suck out more. As he thought about licking up all that delicious ooze, Ichigo felt himself coming.

His hands reached back to try to grab, futilely, at the wall. His teeth slid off his lip, and he found himself uttering a cry as his face scrunched up in ecstasy. His cock jerked against Grimmjow's hand, shooting thin jets up cum out in long stringy arches to coat Grimmjow's cock. It wasn't long before Grimmjow's still moving hand was spreading the hot stuff all over both their cocks.

"Turn around," Grimmjow said.

"Not here," Ichigo protested, all too aware that it was only a matter of time before someone walked by. "Let's get a hotel room."

"Can't wait. I need to be inside that tight little hole of yours now." Grimmjow looked up, eyes catching on a dumpster further in the alleyway. He half-pulled, half-carried Ichigo behind it. To Ichigo's immense surprise, Grimmjow actually took off his jacket and laid it on the ground before
shoving Ichigo roughly onto it.

Ichigo's back hit the leather-covered ground with a thud. He had barely landed when Grimmjow started to peel off his pants, and soon they were in a pile in the corner. From this position, the two men were mostly covered by the dumpster, though their lower bodies were still visible. Anyone walking by could probably look in to see Ichigo's bare legs, with Grimmjow's legs standing in between them.

Grimmjow stood up. He grabbed onto Ichigo's ankles and lifted his legs in the air in a V shape. It lifted Ichigo's ass and lower back off the ground, almost uncomfortably so. Grimmjow only grinned as he looked down, that little puckered entrance coming into view. Over the last few months Grimmjow had trained it well, and now it was twitching in anticipation of having Grimmjow's huge cock inside of it.

"So cute," Grimmjow said, before spitting onto the hole. His spit landed around its rim, and he used a finger to force it into Ichigo's hole. He forced his finger in and out a few times, loving the way Ichigo's hole quickly spread open to accommodate him. "Your hole looks extra hungry today."

Ichigo groaned as he felt his legs being lifted even higher. He was almost upside down, and his arms scrambled to maintain balance. Soon he only had his head, shoulders, and forearms on the ground, as his ass was lifted up in the air to meet Grimmjow's cock. Grimmjow did his best to hold onto Ichigo with one hand, and grabbed his cock with the other. He pointed it downward, and squatted down into Ichigo's hole. Ichigo cried out with the intrusion. He had never been fucked from this angle before, and it felt ridiculously amazing.

Once he was halfway in, Grimmjow let go of his cock and grabbed Ichigo's leg again. He held onto Ichigo's thighs as he lifted Ichigo up onto his cock, while at the same time pushing himself down into his hole. Soon he was buried to the hilt, and he swore he felt deeper than ever before in this new position. Once he was in he started moving, holding Ichigo's legs still as he repeatedly thrust downward into that hole.

"So fucking good," Grimmjow said, moaning. He really had a great view looking down, could see his cock disappearing into Ichigo again and again at the same time he could see Ichigo's face scrunched up in pleasure, his arms scrambling to make sure he didn't topple over. "How's it feel to have my dick fucking you like this?"

Ichigo shivered as he answered. "So good."

"I fucking bet. Your hole's just gobbling up my dick tonight." All the anger Grimmjow had felt before was being channeled into his thrusts. He wanted to ruin Ichigo's hole, wanted to pound it as hard and as fast as he could. Every thrust elicited a moan or cry from Ichigo, and he could tell the orange-haired man was loving the rough fucking just as much as Grimmjow was. "Fucking whore. There's nothing you love more than getting your guts pounded hard like this."

Ichigo moaned at those words, his hole convulsing around Grimmjow's cock as he came again, just a few thin streams coming out to land on his shirt and chin.

"Look at you," Grimmjow said. He grunted as he picked up his pace even more, Ichigo still gasping and shuddering from his orgasm. "Your hole's going to be a fucking mess when I'm done with it. I'm going to fuck it raw and fill it up."

"Yeah," Ichigo moaned, still shivering. "Fill me up. Shoot a huge load inside of me."

Grimmjow grunted as he came, thrusting as deep inside Ichigo as he could. He could feel hot, thick
cum shoot out the tip of his cock. He kept thrusting after he came, and soon his thrusts started to force him cum out of Ichigo. It squelched out around Grimmjow's cock and leaked out over the edges of Ichigo's hole. And Grimmjow kept coming, gout after gout sending more cum into Ichigo's ass, more come out of Ichigo's ass, where it dripped down over his skin.

Finally, Grimmjow was finished. He pulled his cock out of Ichigo's ass, watching as that little hole slowly closed after it.

"Can you squirt it out?" he asked, as he laid Ichigo's legs back down onto the floor.

"If it's not all out already," Ichigo muttered, still out of breath. He bent his legs back and pulled his ass cheeks apart, giving Grimmjow a good look at a hole.

It was puffy and still a little stretched out, and dripping wet. Grimmjow watched as it started to undulate, puckered edge pushing out and apart before closing in again. It did that a few times before Ichigo could push a stream of cum out, where it dribbled down his ass and onto the ground. Grimmjow wasn't sure why he liked the sight of cum running out of Ichigo's ass so much, but there was just something so hot about it. He scooped up a huge glob of semen with his fingers and pushed them into Ichigo's mouth, pleased when Ichigo sucked his fingers clean with no hesitation.

"Do you want me to feed you the rest of it?" Grimmjow asked, smirking.

"Get bent," Ichigo replied. He leaned back on his elbows, sated enough that he didn't even care where they were at the moment. Even though they were having sex everyday now, he always felt so amazing after Grimmjow fucked him. It was like every inch of his body had been thoroughly worked over, though the pleasure was always centered around his well-pounded hole. That full, stretched out feeling was the best, even if it meant his hole would be sore all of the next day. As the immediate pleasure ebbed and flowed out of him, his attention turned back to Grimmjow. "You can't get mad over something like that."

Grimmjow was frowning, but he seemed calmer about everything now. He was always the most rational directly after fucking. "Fine. I get it."

Ichigo nodded, pleased. Then, becoming re-aware of exactly where they were, he got up to survey the situation. His shirt was pretty messy, as was Grimmjow's jacket. His ass and crotch were completely soaked, and there was even dried cum on his chin.

"You wouldn't happen to have tissues, would you?"

Grimmjow, who was looking pretty neat and tidy apart from his wet cock, snickered at Ichigo's predicament. "Fraid not."

Grimmjow tucked himself into his pants as Ichigo used his boxers to wipe himself as clean as he could. He threw the boxers into the dumpster, then pulled his pants back on. At least his pants were clean. Grimmjow collected his jacket from the floor and held it draped between his fingers as he waited for Ichigo.

"Let's go home," Ichigo said.
Nemu was even more gorgeous in person. She had black hair that shone almost purple in the light, cut in bangs at the front and draping long down one side in a thick braid. Her eyes were large and the color of a dark jade stone, while her skin was pale and smooth as alabaster. Her slim legs were currently crossed elegantly as she sat on a large upholstered chair, dainty fingers flipping through a magazine.

Though Ichigo had to admit she seemed a bit... blank. She had greeted them politely, but without even a hint of interest or any other emotion, then had gone back to reading her magazine. Grimmjow was sitting beside her, legs and arms spread as he sunk into his own chair, looking bored out of his mind. Ichigo wondered if all photo shoots included this much waiting around.

He was sitting next to Grimmjow as they both waited for the photographer to show up. Nemu and Grimmjow were already dressed and made up, so it's not like they had much else to do. Ichigo was currently looking through documents and web sites on his phone, well aware that this was still considered working time for him.

"Do agents usually come to a photo shoot?" Grimmjow asked, taking in the fact that Nemu was most definitely alone.

Ichigo shrugged. "That Aizen guy asked me to come, and Urahara didn't think there was anything odd about it when I told him."

"Aizen. There's something about him I don't like." Grimmjow leaned over, looking at what Ichigo was doing on his phone. He whistled. "Who's the hottie?"

Ichigo scowled at Grimmjow. "A potential client."

His name had come up in some skiing magazines, and Ichigo had noticed. He was a sixteen-year-old rich kid whose grandfather was a gold medal skier. Apparently he had a knack for it to, and had been beating records on all the slalom runs up and down the Miyagi prefecture. It was pretty much a sure thing that he would be part of Japan's olympic team next go around.

Most of the photos of him had him covered up from head to toe, large goggles covering his eyes. But the one Grimmjow had seen was a rare shot with the skier's face exposed. Long, silky black hair was pulled up into a high ponytail, some shorter frames wisping down to frame his face. Large grey eyes peered down into the camera, a coldness to them that mirrored the swirling snow. The boy's features had an aristocratic bearing to them, or maybe it was just the haughty lift of his chin that made it seem that way.

"Seems kind of uptight, though," Grimmjow said, "like he needs a good, long fuck."

Ichigo's eyes darted to Nemu, but either she didn't hear them or she didn't particularly care. She just kept flipping through the pages of her magazine.

"I'm going to go with you when you play an away game against the Vegalta Sendai, and meet up with him then."

Grimmjow smirked at that, eyes darkening. "Yeah? Coming away with me? Can't get enough of my-"

Ichigo slapped a hand over Grimmjow's mouth as he looked over at Nemu. She hadn't even blinked.
But then a tongue swept out to lick Ichigo's palm, and Ichigo uttered a shocked cry and drop his hand. Nemu did look up at that one, just for a second, before going back to her magazine.

Ichigo felt a tap at his shoulder, and he looked up to see Aizen staring down at him. He came to stand on his feet, holding out his hand.

"It's good to see you again."

"The pleasure is all mine," Aizen replied, sliding his hand into Ichigo's and gripping it firmly. "I'm glad you were able to make it today; it's nice to see an agent have such a hands on approach with his client."

Ichigo rubbed at his neck sheepishly. "Well, I don't have that many clients, so I don't have much else to do."

"Oh, don't say that. I'm sure it's all because of your diligence." Aizen placed his hand on the small of Ichigo's back. Ichigo's nerves stood on edge at the contact, but before he could protest Aizen was leading him somewhere. He tried to relax into the touch, realizing that it was likely professional. Aizen was just leading him around, right? "Let's go watch the photo shoot, shall we?"

Aizen looked just as smooth and cool today as he did when Ichigo had met him. He was wearing a white suit today, one that clung to his fit body like a second skin. The color might have looked tacky on someone with lesser bearing, but he somehow made it work.

Ichigo looked back at Grimmjow, only to find that the chairs were empty. Apparently someone had led Grimmjow and Nemu to the stage. They had taken off the robes they had been wearing, revealing the fashions they had on underneath. Or lack thereof. Ichigo was shocked to see that neither of them was wearing a shirt. . . what was the point of advertising clothes while dressing the models in absolutely nothing? Grimmjow had on only a pair of skin tight jeans, while Nemu was wearing short skirt with suspenders. Luckily, she was facing away from them, but . . . Ichigo blushed and averted his eyes as Nemu turned around. He wondered how every one else could be so casual when it came to nudity like that.

Aizen stopped in from of a laptop that was set up on a table. A nondescript, middle-aged woman was already standing there, watching, and Aizen gestured to her.

"Kurosaki, this is Shinmura-san. She's the representative from Nico, the clothing line we're shooting for."

"Thank you for giving Grimmjow this opportunity," Ichigo said, holding out his hand.

"Oh, no, Grimmjow is exactly what the designer was looking for in a model," the woman replied. "We're happy Aizen was able to find him. I know he's only an athlete, but has he ever thought about modeling full-time?"

Ichigo hoped not. In that case, he'd be out his best client. He smiled politely at the woman as best he could. "No, he loves football too much."

"That's a shame. I wouldn't mind seeing his face and body looking out at me from the pages of my magazines."

As the woman flushed over a man half her age, Aizen directed Ichigo's attention to the laptop. It was, apparently, connected to the photographer's camera. The photos were sent to the computer almost instantly as he took them. The photographer and art directors were moving Grimmjow and Nemu into place right now, trying different lighting and position to see what worked.
As soon as the camera was on her, Nemu seemed to change completely. Her eyes took on a heavy, seductive gleam, burning and smoldering wherever she looked. No wonder she was such a popular actress. Grimmjow seemed to be moving more half-heartedly, but he seemed to be doing fine.

Because the advertisements would be on billboards and in advertisements throughout the country, care was shown to make sure Nemu's nipples weren't visible in the shot. Much to Ichigo's relief. Right now they were trying some positions where Nemu's back was to the camera, her body and neck turned just enough for her to gaze into the camera. Grimmjow stood in front of her, hands pulling slightly on the suspenders. The position didn't really appeal to Ichigo, but he had to admit they looked amazing together. It was a shame that Grimmjow didn't seem to be interested in women.

"This is a good shot of her back, don't you think?" Aizen said, leaning in closer to Ichigo to show him the photo. Ichigo only nodded, not sure what made that picture of her back different from any other picture. "This one's also lovely."

Aizen's arm brushed against his and stayed there, and Ichigo realized that he wasn't going to move it anytime soon. Ichigo looked up at the man to find him smiling down at him.

"Kurosaki, do you think you'd ever be interested in modeling?"

"Me?" Ichigo raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, I don't think so."

"Really? I think you'd be amazing in some campaigns I'm working on." Aizen's hand came up to brush against his cheek, causing Ichigo to jerk away a little bit.

Ichigo thought the whole notion of him as a model was pretty ridiculous. Ichigo was fit and lithely muscular, but he was nowhere near as built as the average male model. He wasn't tall enough, either. Even if they were just discussing facial features, Ichigo felt he definitely wasn't on the same level as Grimmjow or Nemu. "Even if I could, it's not really my thing."

"That's a shame," Aizen said. "I would have personally enjoyed working on your photo shoots."

Ichigo wasn't sure, but it felt like it was getting hotter in the room. He looked back over to where the shoot was going on. Nemu and Grimmjow were pressed together, intertwined in a way to imply sex without being sexual at all. The photographer seemed to be trying to avoid vulgarity, and directed them as such.

"Is there something going on between you and Grimmjow?"

"What?" Ichigo's head snapped up at the sudden question. "No, of course not."

"Good," Aizen replied, his smile never waver ing. "Then I have no reason not to ask you out for dinner."

"What?" Ichigo said again, feeling like a broken record. Aizen was standing much too close to him, that he was very much aware of. Confident brown eyes were staring down at him, quite assured that he would answer positively. But Ichigo wasn't sure he had heard Aizen right. "I'm sorry, I think I misheard you."

"No, it was my fault for not being clear. Would you like to go out for dinner on Friday night?"

Ichigo shot a furtive glance at Grimmjow, but the other man wasn't paying attention to him right now. Then he wondered why he was looking to Grimmjow in this kind of situation. He turned back to Aizen. "I'm sorry, but I don't mix business with pleasure."
"Oh," Aizen said, smile only growing, "I'm quite confident that you'll want to make an exception."

Aizen's laid his hand over Ichigo's on the table, the small contact sending a wave of heat through Ichigo's body. His mouth came close to Ichigo's ear, and he murmured hoarsely into it.

"I can assure you, you won't regret saying yes."

Ichigo was never more relieved when his cell phone rang. He broke away from Aizen's body heat to fish it out of his pocket, only somewhat discouraged when he saw that it was Ishida calling. He wasn't ready to talk to Ishida, but it was preferable to getting sexually harassed. Well, he thought to himself, it wasn't as much sexual harassment as it was getting asked out on a date by a handsome, successful man. He frowned, wondering why this was a bad thing, but then decided to forget about that thought. He would answer the phone.

"I'm sorry," Ichigo said to Aizen, "I have to take this."

"Of course. Feel free to use my office, it's room 605."

Ichigo walked off as he answered the phone, leaving the room just as he shut the door. "Hey."

"Hi," Ishida said, "am I calling at a bad time?"

"No." They were on the fifth floor, so Ichigo just went ahead and took a staircase upstairs. Room 605 was easy enough to find, and he let himself in. The secretary was gone, so Ichigo went ahead and entered the inner sanctum of the office, taking a seat in Aizen's chair. "Actually, you saved me. I was in a situation I didn't really want to be in."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"No," Ichigo replied. He thought of how Ishida would react upon hearing a rich, older man had hit on Ichigo. "You'd just use it to make fun of me somehow."

He could almost see Ishida smiling over the phone. "Fair enough. I was just calling about the last time we went drinking together. I didn't want things to be. . . awkward between us."

Yeah, Ichigo thought, it was a little too late for that. As it was he was feeling more uncomfortable having this conversation than he had felt just minutes ago.

"I don't want you to feel like you have to keep things from me," Ishida continued. "It's okay if you're dating someone else. You don't have to worry about my feelings and try to hide it."

That wasn't exactly the problem. Ichigo would have no problem introducing Grimmjow as a boyfriend if, in fact, Grimmjow was an actual boyfriend. But telling Ishida that he had traded a long, committed relationship for tawdry sex wasn't something he particularly wanted to do. "Sorry. I haven't really told anyone, because we're not really dating right now."

Ichigo figured that wasn't a lie, and it would be sufficiently ambiguous enough that Ishida would come to his own conclusions without asking for details. Sure enough, Ishida seemed to accept it.

"I see," Ishida said, "you two are taking it slow. That's good. Although, really, Kurosaki, I don't see you with the jealous type."

"Yeah, I already talked to him about that," Ichigo said, scowling as he remembered that night. He had ruined one of his favorite t-shirts. "He can be hotheaded."
"Sounds like someone I know," Ishida teased. There was an awkward silence, and then Ishida asked another question. "How come Yumichika and Ikkaku knew about Grimmjow?"

Ichigo felt his breath catch. He wondered how much Yumichika had told them, that insufferable gossip. "Yumichika figured it out on his own, and Ikkaku just happened to be there."

"...That does sound like Yumichika. He's rather observant, at least when it comes to someone else's love life."

"Yeah," Ichigo said, chuckling a little in agreement.

"Anyway, I was just calling to make sure sure things are good between us, but I should let you get back to work. Don't be a stranger, alright, Kurosaki?"

"Yeah, sure," Ichigo replied, "you too."

He hung up the phone and sighed, glad that was over and done with. He had been wondering how he would approach Ishida next time they saw each other, but this had pretty much set things back to normal. He realized that they were both struggling to stay friends. It wasn't an easy place for them to be in after years of dating, but Ichigo hoped that it would get easier over time. He was about to get up and go back upstairs when the door opened and started to swing inward. Denim-covered legs, a broad chest, and a shock of blue hair. Grimmjow stepped into the office and closed the door behind him.

"Are you finished?" Ichigo asked. He didn't know much about photoshoots, but that one hadn't seemed to last long at all.

"No," Grimmjow replied. He walked towards Ichigo. "Light was getting too hot, so they decided to take a break. What the hell was up with you?"

Ichigo glanced down at his cell phone. Had Grimmjow somehow known that he had been talking with Ishida? At any rate, Ichigo was sure that Grimmjow understood he wasn't allowed to get upset over something like that. He looked up again as his chair was spun around, and Grimmjow was towering in front of him. His arms were holding on to the top of the chair, his knees touching the leather between Ichigo's legs.

"Why were you letting Aizen all over you like that?" There was a hard glare in Grimmjow's eyes as he looked down at Ichigo.

"I wasn't," Ichigo said. Aizen might have been flirtatious, but it was nothing Ichigo couldn't handle.

"Don't fuck with me," Grimmjow said, his eyes narrowing. "I've got eyes, I saw how close he was standing to you. I saw how he was looking at you."

"He's a professional," Ichigo replied. "Even if he's interested, he's not going to cross that line."

"I don't fucking trust him," Grimmjow all but snarled. It was a ridiculous statement, Ichigo thought, considering the other man had given Grimmjow his first non-football related job, and had treated them with the utmost professional courtesy. Grimmjow's hands slid down to the arm rests, and his waist bended forward, until they were face to face. It didn't surprise Ichigo when lips were then pressed against his, although it didn't make him happy either. But somehow, before he knew it, Grimmjow had him off the chair and on edge the desk. Warm hands ran over his stomach, lifting his shirt up.

"Stop," Ichigo said, pushing against Grimmjow's hands. "Aizen could walk in at any moment."
"Good," Grimmjow said. "I hope he does. I want him to see my big dick inside that tight little hole of yours; that way he'll know that it belongs to me."

Ichigo shivered as Grimmjow bit down on his nipple. He scowled as he glanced towards the unlocked door, but Grimmjow was already peeling off his pants. He could feel his flesh being exposed to the cold air-conditioning of the room, before his pants and boxers were dropped onto the floor. Grimmjow was alternately sucking and biting down on his nipple, the small contact sending waves of pleasure through him.

"Grimmjow," he said, in a last attempt to stop the other man. But if he was being honest with himself, he would admit that he was too far gone as well. His cock was already hard with the promise of getting fucked, and the fact that they were in someone else's office made the situation even more tantalizing. "Stop."

"Shut up," Grimmjow said. He pushed down on Ichigo's shoulder. Ichigo's back hit the desk with a small thud, and he felt Grimmjow's hands grip onto his thighs. Grimmjow pulled Ichigo forward until he was laying on the edge of the desk, legs spread and dangling off it.

Ichigo watched as Grimmjow pulled open the zipper of his tight jeans, and the growing bulge in his underwear forced the flaps to the side. Grimmjow reached into the hole in his boxers, wrapped his hand around his cock, and pulled it out. It was only half hard but still huge, fleshy and flushed a deep red color. Grimmjow spit on it as he stroked it to life, until it was jutting proudly into the air, a wet sheen over its surface. He wasted no time in leading his cock to Ichigo's hole, pressing the tip of it against that puckered entrance. It opened greedily, wrapping around the tip of him.

Ichigo started. "Aren't you going to stretch me out first?"

"Why?" Grimmjow asked, voice hoarse. "After the pounding I gave you this morning, you're probably still all wet and slippery inside."

Ichigo flushed as Grimmjow slid in with ease, the walls of Ichigo's hole eager to stretch around the huge monster.

"See?" Grimmjow asked, smirking as he gave a thrust to emphasize his point.

Ichigo moaned with the movement. His hole had already been sore from the treatment it had gotten a few hours ago, but having Grimmjow's huge cock back inside of him so soon after didn't hurt at all. If anything, it made him feel better, every thrust sending out waves of pleasure to overtake the soreness. Soon he couldn't help but arch his back and push back onto Grimmjow's cock, trying to meet each one of Grimmjow's long, hard thrusts.

Grimmjow picked up Ichigo's legs and bent them over his shoulders as he leaned over the other man. It couldn't have been comfortable for Ichigo, his body bent together so much, but it felt so good for Grimmjow. Ichigo seemed even tighter from this angle, if that was possible. It felt like he was even deeper. Grimmjow grunted as he kept fucking Ichigo, pounding the man into Aizen's expensive mahogany desk.

Ichigo could feel himself getting close. He reached for a nearby tissue box, his hand knocking over several things on its way. Finally he managed to grab a tissue, and wrapped it around the head of his cock. He wrapped his other hand around his shaft and squeezed, before moving it up and down in fast strokes. Soon enough he felt a pressure in his groin, and his cock jerked as it came, spilling thin streams of cum into the tissue. Ichigo was spent. He laid on the desk, listless as Grimmjow kept fucking his ass.
Grimmjow could feel Ichigo coming, could feel his hole convulse and massage his cock. It felt so good, but it always did. He couldn't get enough of Ichigo's tight hole. Still, he pulled all the way out, and pulled Ichigo to his feet. Then he turned the man around and bent him over the desk before shoving back in again.

Ichigo grunted at the renewed assault. He could Grimmjow's flat palms on his back, pushing his chest and cheek hard into the cool wood of Aizen's desk. Grimmjow was fucking him even harder now, every thrust lifting his heels off the ground.

"Fuck yeah," Grimmjow murmured. He could feel himself getting closer. Could feel all that cum build up inside his balls, ready to shoot. "Take it. Take my huge dick up your cockhole."

It felt like Ichigo's ass was pulling him in, wanting him deeper and deeper. Grimmjow wondered if the man was doing it on purpose. Grimmjow felt a shudder run through his body. With one hand he grabbed one of Ichigo's ass cheeks and pulled it to the side. With the other hand he grabbed the base of his cock and pulled it out of Ichigo's hole. With one stroke his semen came shooting out, and he watched as it landed on Ichigo's small hole, covering the puckered entrance completely. The hole twitched as the semen hit it, and Ichigo gave out a low moan, strangely enjoying the feel of the hot liquid on his skin.

Grimmjow loved seeing Ichigo like that, his little hole covered in Grimmjow's jizz. He grinned at the delicious sight, before using his cock to push the semen into Ichigo's hole. He watched as more of it disappeared each time he pushed his cock in. It would cling to the sides of his cock as he pulled out, creating sticky trails of semen that connected them together, but he kept sticking his cock in until most all his cum had disappeared inside of Ichigo.

When he was finished, he took some tissues to clean himself off. Ichigo did the same, wiping his ass off with a shaky hand, before going to collect his pants. At least Ichigo couldn't complain that they were a mess. Grimmjow zipped up his pants, pleased to note that they were in pristine condition.

"We should go," Ichigo said, heading towards the door. Grimmjow smirked to see he was still a little bit dazed; the orange-haired man really did love to take cock. "They'll be looking for you."

Grimmjow followed Ichigo to the door. As Ichigo grabbed the handle, it opened inward, revealing Aizen's smiling face.

"Ichigo," he purred, obviously happy to see the man, "I've been looking for you."

Aizen was smart enough to put two and two together. His desk was a mess, and there were crumpled up tissues in his wastebasket.

"Hinamori?" he said to his assistant, who was standing meekly behind him. "Would you please get me the security tapes for my office, for the last half hour or so?"

A light blush was spreading over Hinamori's face. So she wasn't as naive as she appeared. "Yes, sir."

Back at the photo shoot, Ichigo was hugely embarrassed over the fact that Aizen had discovered them. Granted, they weren't discovered in flagranti, really, but afterwards was almost just as bad. Aizen was smart enough to put two and two together. It didn't help that Grimmjow was acting as casual as ever, but Ichigo hadn't expected more from the man. He watched as Grimmjow took position in front of the cameras again, light apparently fixed or replaced.
About twenty minutes later Aizen came back down to the set, and Ichigo averted his eyes as he sat down next to him. His whole body felt tense. . . after all, it was hardly professional of him to have sex in the office of the man who hired them.

"Kurosaki," Aizen said. Ichigo could feel the hairs on his skin stand up on end. "What do you think of this photo?"

There was a tense moment before Ichigo relaxed, realizing that Aizen was willing to gloss over the offense. Ichigo turned back to the computer and got back to business.

Some time later, Ichigo stood with Grimmjow at a busy intersection near Grimmjow's apartment. They were in front of the biggest billboard that Nico had bought for the campaign. Other billboards had gone up throughout the city already, but the workers had changed this particular billboard just this morning. Now, a thin plastic sheet covered it, about to be revealed.

"I don't get why we're here," Grimmjow said, shoulders slumped as he dug his hands into the pockets of his pea coat. It was just a billboard, after all. Did it really matter that it was his mug that was on it?

Ichigo scowled at Grimmjow's attitude, wondering why the man couldn't just be happy about his success. "We might as well look, it's on the way to your place."

"Whatever."

Ichigo watched as the workers peeled off the plastic, revealing the new campaign for Nico. Grimmjow was at the very center of the ad, sitting in a simple wooden chair but looking like he was a king in a throne. Nemu was at his side, one leg straight on the floor while the other was bent onto the chair, looking almost like she was going to climb into the chair in the next few moments. One arm was resting on the back of Grimmjow's shoulders, while the other was on her waist, her body contorted in a way that covered most of her chest. Her smoldering gaze was focused downward, towards Grimmjow, while Grimmjow's stare was fixed on the viewer.

It looked amazing, Ichigo thought. And he might have been biased, but he thought that it was Grimmjow that stood out from the photo, not Nemu. This despite the fact that Nemu was a huge star. Grimmjow really did look handsome, though, splashed up there in the billboard.

"You're blushing."

Ichigo's eyes snapped up to Grimmjow, scowl deepening. The other man was smirking at him. "What are you talking about?"

"You're blushing. You were just thinking about how handsome I am, weren't you?"

"You're such an idiot," Ichigo muttered, but he was sure his blush deepened. Grimmjow only smiled down at him. They heard a small squeal then, and looked over to see a group of teenage girls oohing over the photos. One of them took out a camera and snapped a shot of it. Ichigo smiled at the scene. Beside him, Grimmjow turned up the collar of his coat, a futile attempt not to be recognized in case the girls looked in their direction. As if his shock of bright blue hair wouldn't give it away.

Ichigo's business cell rang, and he looked down to see an unknown number splash across it. He picked it up and held it to his ear.

"Kurosaki Ichigo here," he said, wondering who was calling.

"Hello, this is Tessai Tsukabishi, from Coco-Cola Japan. Is this Grimmjow Jeagerjaques's agent?"
Ichigo felt the nerves in his stomach flutter, in an entirely good way. Grimmjow hadn't even gotten any sports endorsements yet, and now a huge corporation like Coca-cola was on the line? "Yes, it is. How are you, Tsukabishi-san?"

"Fine, fine. I was just calling because Grimmjow's been on our radar for awhile now, ever since his stunning debut with F.C. Tokyo. What really impressed us, though, are these new advertisements that have been popping up on all the buses and billboards around town. Apparently, he's causing quite a stir among teenage girls, my daughter included."

"I see," Ichigo said.

"At any rate, I'll cut to the chase. Would Grimmjow be open to signing an endorsement deal?"

Ichigo couldn't help the smile that was spreading over his face. "I'll have to talk to him and get back to you."

"Good, good. Also, Kurosaki, I'll tell you that I golf with some of the good people over at Nike's marketing division. Don't be surprised if they call soon, if Grimmjow's performance on the field stays steady."

"That's good to know... thank you."

"Yes, well, please call me as soon as you receive an answer."

"Of course," Ichigo said, "I'll be sure to do that."

He turned towards Grimmjow, grinning from ear to ear. "How do you feel about Coca-Cola?"

Grimmjow stared down at Ichigo for one long moment. He had never seen Ichigo look so happy... it was strange.

"I drink Pepsi," he said. The he turned to walk towards his apartment.

Ichigo frowned and started after the other man, knowing that he was just being difficult. As far as he could tell Grimmjow didn't drink any soda at all. Still, even if Grimmjow couldn't admit it or didn't care, Ichigo knew that this was the start of something big. Maybe it was time to hire a publicist.
In the Locker Room

There was a briskness in the air that had seemed to come out of nowhere. Ichigo was hardly one to complain; he liked this clean, crisp feeling. It was cool enough to wake his senses as he stepped outside, but not cool enough to send shivers down his spine. He knew that he would enjoy it, until it came time to drag his winter coat out of the closet.

He was walking with Grimmjow towards the stadium, through the private parking lot that was kept for players and other important people. They had been discussing the publicists that Ichigo had narrowed it down to when they noticed two large silver buses in the parking lot. The opposing team was spilling out of the buses, covered up in matching track suits. Ichigo remembered that Grimmjow's team was playing the Kashima Antlers today. The Antlers were leading F.C. Tokyo in the league so far, with two teams in between them. The top four were only separated by a few points, though, and it still wasn't even the middle of the season. Anything could happen at this point, regardless of what happened today.

Ichigo watched as they came out of the bus, players and trainers and physical therapists alike. The coach seemed to be a tall, solidly built man wearing, of all things, a floral women's kimono. He had rather unkempt wavy hair that was tied back in a low ponytail and a few days worth of facial hair. He stepped forward, and Ichigo realized that Ukitake had been standing there to greet the team. The two men hugged as though they were good friends before turning and heading in, chatting amiably as the team followed them.

Ichigo felt Grimmjow tense and stop next to him. He looked up, surprised to find a look of utter hatred on Grimmjow's face. He followed the man's hot gaze only to see a player from the other team staring back at them. He was a short man with a blank expression, with messy black hair and emerald green eyes that looked almost too bright to be natural.

"Ulquiorra," Grimmjow snarled out, as they got closer to the other man. The name sounded vaguely familiar in Ichigo's mind. "I see you're still walking around with a stick up your ass."

Then Ichigo remembered. Ulquiorra Cifer was the Kashima Antler that Ikkaku had seemed to hate the most.

"And I see you've hardly matured since I last saw you." Ulquiorra's tone was monotonous and dull, as if he couldn't be bothered to care about the conversation. Even his posture was relaxed, leaning against the bus.

Grimmjow, on the other hand, looked like he was itching to get into a fight.

"Tell me," Ulquiorra continued, "are you just as much of a failure now as you were in high school?"

"Blow me," Grimmjow uttered.

"Oh, but you'd enjoy that, wouldn't you?"

Ichigo could see Grimmjow's arm twitch back, readying for a punch, and he grabbed onto it before the other man could do anything.

"Grimmjow," Ichigo said. "Let's go."

Ichigo's voice brought Ulquiorra's eyes to him. Ulquiorra seemed to be assessing him, sizing him up
before coming to a conclusion. "So, you're Grimmjow's latest toy. Be careful that he doesn't break you."

Ichigo scowled, but focused on pulling Grimmjow into the locker room. Obviously, whatever history Grimmjow had with Ulquiorra, it wasn't a good one. Ulquiorra hadn't seemed to want to fight it out the way Grimmjow did, but he didn't look like he would back down either.

"Fucking asshole," Grimmjow muttered. As soon as they were inside his leg shot out, kicking against the wall. Ichigo wanted to ask more, but Ukitake was there, frowning at Grimmjow.

"Grimmjow," he said, "is there a reason you just kicked a hole in my wall?"

"Forget this," Grimmjow said, walking past Ukitake, "I'm going to get changed."

"Grimmjow, dear," Ukitake called after Grimmjow in a sing-song voice, "please do take your aggression out on the field, and not on club property."

Ukitake turned back to Ichigo, smiling softly.

"Of course," Ichigo said, frowning, "Grimmjow will pay for the damage."

"Of course." Ukitake turned around and walked away.

Ichigo sighed and exited the locker room. It was almost time for him to meet Chad at the front gate so they could watch the game together. Ichigo had gotten two seats near the field this time, thinking that it would be a good change of pace from being up in the box. He had contemplated inviting Ikkaku, but the man's burning hatred for the Antlers made him reconsider. The last thing he needed to be spending his time doing was pulling Ikkaku out of a riot. Chad was the only other friend that followed football, and besides, Ichigo rarely got to see the other man these days.

He found Chad near the will-call box, looking every inch the rock star that he was going to become. Doc Martens, skin-tight jeans, and a tight t-shirt proclaiming the name of a band Ichigo had never heard of before. A few leather necklaces hung around his neck, beads and ornaments hanging between his clavicles, while a thick leather cuff decorated his left wrist. Chad was leaning against a wall, but stood up as soon as he saw Ichigo.

"Hey," he said, nodding at his friend. "Nice jacket. Is it new?"

"Kind of," Ichigo said, brushing off the question. He didn't want to explain that the expensive pea coat he was wearing actually belonged to Grimmjow. The man had forced him to stay the night, and he didn't have many of his own things at Grimmjow's apartment. "Hey, how's the recording going?"

Ichigo started to walk towards their seats, Chad following next to him. Chad held out his hand and inclined in back and forth, which Ichigo took to meant that it wasn't going as well as Chad wanted.

"But that's not bad, right?" Ichigo asked.

"It could be better," Chad replied, but they both knew that he was a perfectionist when it came to his music. Ichigo was sure that whatever they had recorded had sounded great.

"How's it going with Mr. Tall, Crazed, and Jealous?" Chad asked.

Ichigo frowned at that description of Grimmjow, but it's not as though it wasn't deserved. "Do you want something to drink?"
Chad shook his head. They were near their seats, anyway, so it didn't make sense to go back up to buy beers. They could just wait for the vendors to come around. "Are you changing the subject deliberately?"

"Yes," Ichigo admitted. "Fine, we can talk, let's just get into our seats first."

They shuffled sideways past the people who were already sitting, until they got to the little plastic seats designated on their tickets. As Ichigo sat down he was amazed at the view they had from here. He could clearly see all the lines and markings on the field, and the holes that made up the texture of the net. It was a completely different experience than being in the box.

"You were saying?" Chad asked, after they made themselves comfortable.

"Things are going fine," Ichigo said, shrugging. While Chad didn't know the specifics of his relationship with Grimmjow, Ichigo didn't feel as though he needed to tell him.

"He's still in the habit of attacking random friends that you're talking to?"

"No," Ichigo said, "I think we're past that. I mean, I don't know, he pretty much does whatever the hell he wants. He's constantly forcing me to go along with his pace, do things that he wants to do."

"Is he really?"

Ichigo looked up at the question, but Chad wasn't the most expressive guy in the world when it came to facial features. It didn't help that he tended to be economical with his words. Right now, Ichigo didn't know what he was talking about.

"You're not the kind of person who goes along with things you don't want to do," Chad explained. "If it's so easy for him to force you to do things, maybe you actually want to do them."

Ichigo scowled at that, not exactly liking the explanation. But he had to admit, at least to himself: the things he did with Grimmjow. . . well, it wasn't exactly as though he found them unpleasant.

"Ichigo, I've been meaning to ask you this, but. . . what exactly is your relationship with Grimmjow?"

Ichigo froze at the question, not sure how to answer. He obviously couldn't say they were agent and client, since Chad already knew there was more to it than that. There was no way he was going to tell Chad they were fuck buddies. And they certainly weren't dating, considering their relationship outside of the bedroom revolved around work. "We. . . don't really have one."

Chad looked at him for a moment, and then nodded. Chad had always been the most perceptive of his friends when it came to human nature, so it wouldn't surprise Ichigo if Chad knew exactly what was going on between him and Grimmjow.

"Do you want one?" Chad asked.

Ichigo wished he had a drink right now. Yumichika had asked him a similar question recently, but for some reason that felt like such a long time ago. If he was being honest. . . "I don't know."

Chad nodded again, apparently accepting that as an answer. Ichigo kind of wished Chad had some profound piece of insight to tell him right now, but the other man didn't seem to be in a hurry to say anything else. So Ichigo looked out on the field, watching as the players came out to warm up. He spotted Ulquiorra, though it wasn't difficult. Maybe it was the almost grey pallor of his skin, or the strange brightness to his eyes, but Ulquiorra stood out from the rest of his teammates. For a moment
Ulquoirra looked up, and Ichigo swore that he looked straight at Ichigo. But that was impossible, and the moment was over soon enough anyway.

"Chad," Ichigo said, "what do you know about Ulquoirra Cifer?"

"Not much," Chad replied. "I know he's a great player. Maybe the best in the league right now, since so many of our top players have gone abroad."

"Ikkaku can't stand him," Ichigo said, remembering all the remarks Ikkaku had made about the man since the season started.

Chad shrugged. "Ulquoirra's the most hated player in the league right now, but it's most likely because he's so good. People with extraordinary talent are often hated for it. Kashima Antlers fans certainly don't have a problem with him."

"So it's not because of something he's specifically done?" Ichigo asked.

"From what I've read, he seems to keep to himself. Maybe it's his coldness that turns people off, but I don't see anything wrong with being solitary. He works hard, and he's polite enough in interviews, if a bit curt."

He certainly hadn't been polite with Grimmjow. Even now, they seemed to be glaring at each other from where they were lined up on the field. The referee blew his whistle, and the first half started. Ichigo watched as the ball passed from one player to the other. Football was most certainly a slower-paced game, at least for the viewer, but the more Ichigo watched the less he really minded it.

By this time Grimmjow had made it as a starter, so he was playing the game from the first second onwards. Ichigo watched closely, especially since Ulquoirra was on the field as well. Things seemed like an average football game, until Ichigo noticed something. Every time Ulquoirra was near Grimmjow, or vice versa, things would get more... physical. Not enough to get the referee to call a foul, but there was definitely jostling that was more than just playing football.

Still, Ichigo didn't think it was bad, until Grimmjow was standing right in front of Ulquoirra, and actually elbowed him in the ribs. Ichigo looked at the referees, but they didn't say anything.

"Did you see that?" he asked Chad.

Chad only shrugged. "Sometimes this sport gets physical."

After that there were several elbows and hard shoves whenever the two were in close proximity, dealt out by both players. They were never called on it, so Ichigo figured either the referees didn't care or the men were smart enough to do it when the referees weren't looking at them. They both seemed to be getting more heated up with each altercation, Grimmjow more than Ulquoirra. Ichigo prayed to whatever gods were listening that they could just make it through the game without injuring each other or, in Grimmjow's case, getting any flags. However, Ichigo soon proved to be very unpopular with said gods.

Ulquoirra was standing just a few feet in front of Grimmjow. There was a pause in the game, and they were taking a moment to catch their breath before the ball was thrown back in. But then Ulquoirra's eyes seemed to glimpse at Ichigo before turning back towards Grimmjow. Ulquoirra opened his mouth, saying something Ichigo couldn't hear. Whatever it was, it made Grimmjow's eyes flash red, and then the blue-haired man was tackling Ulquoirra to the ground.

This time the referee did blow his whistle. Ichigo shot up out of his seat, desperate to see what was going on, but the other players had gathered in a crowd around the two in an attempt to pull them
apart. The Kashima Antlers fans in the crowd were booing out of solidarity for Ulquoirra, and the television screen was replaying the tackle in horrific slow motion. The announcer's voice came out over the intercom: Grimmjow was suspended for the rest of the game. Other disciplinary measures would be decided on later.

Ichigo felt the bottom of his stomach drop out. He figured they could say goodbye to that contract with Coca-Cola now. He watched as Grimmjow stomped off the field and into the locker room, kicking over a cooler of water as he did so. That little act was definitely not going to help his case with the J. League board.

"Well," Chad said, "it's good to see he hasn't lost any of that hot-headed attitude of his."

"I can't believe him," Ichigo muttered. His eyes happened to glimpse Ulquoirra, then, still standing on the field. And this time there was no doubt about it... Ulquoirra was looking directly at him. "I'm sorry, Chad, do you mean if I leave for awhile?"

"Do what you have to do," Chad replied.

Ichigo left his seat, moving towards the locker room. Grimmjow had looked furious, and Ichigo had to calm him down before he did anything else stupid. Soon enough he made his way back to the room. Grimmjow was there, punching his clothes as he stuffed them into his duffel bag.

"Fucking bitch," Grimmjow was saying, "I'm gonna fuck him up first chance I get."

"Grimmjow," Ichigo said, "what the hell happened?"

Grimmjow's head snapped up towards Ichigo. He was breathing heavy, eyes set in a glare. "Did you see that bitch? He wouldn't even throw one punch back at me. Knew it would get me in more trouble that way, while he got off scott free. Fucking pussy."

"Did you hurt him?"

Grimmjow scoffed at that. "Yeah, right, like I could get a scratch on Ulquoirra Cifer. Guy's a black belt in about ten different martial arts."

Ichigo came and pulled Grimmjow's bag away from him, hoping it would get him to calm down. Grimmjow glared at Ichigo, but dropped himself onto a bench, shoulders slumped over as he leaned over.

"What is up between you and Ulquoirra?" Ichigo asked.

Grimmjow was silent for so long Ichigo wasn't sure he was going to answer. When he did speak, his voice had a serious tone that Ichigo had never heard before. "We went to high school together. Hated each other almost instantly. He was such an arrogant prick, always thinking he was better than everything. Always so fucking above it all. Well, he was teacher's pet, too, and eventually he got me kicked off the football team. Couldn't play until I got to college."

Ichigo didn't know what to say to that, so he didn't really say anything. He leaned against the lockers, watching as Grimmjow visibly calmed down. He wondered if that was the reason Grimmjow had ended up going to that university in Irokawa, instead of some place better known for their football team... if he hadn't been playing in high school, than it made sense that none of the big college football teams would have scouted him.

Grimmjow seemed a lot calmer now, so Ichigo decided to ask him the next question. "What did he say to you today?"
"Said that I should enjoy you while I could, cause he'd take you away from me too."

Ichigo wanted to ask about the 'too' in that sentence, but it didn't seem like the right time to do it. There was a frankness to Grimmjow's admittance that had embarrassed them both, a little bit.

Before Ichigo could think of a response he felt Grimmjow's hand around his wrist, pulling him forward with a gentle tug. He stumbled forward a few steps, just so he was right in front of Grimmjow. Then he felt a strange blush rising to his face as Grimmjow bent down and pressed a kiss around his wrist. Ichigo shuddered as Grimmjow licked and sucked at the flesh there, then pressed another kiss on his skin, this time a little bit farther up. A small tug and a kiss, a tug and a kiss. By the time Grimmjow had reached Ichigo's elbow, Ichigo was straddling Grimmjow's lap, legs kneeling on the wooden bench.

Grimmjow's arms came to support him behind his legs, pulled him forward even further. Ichigo's hands buried themselves in the soft hair at the back of Grimmjow's neck. He closed his eyes, breath hitching. Ichigo could feel Grimmjow nuzzle against his groin, could feel Grimmjow's tongue come out to lick at his fabric-covered erection. Ichigo moaned as Grimmjow mouthed him through the fabric, the heat of Grimmjow's mouth pressing the shaft of his cock. Grimmjow licked and nuzzled him through Ichigo's pants for several moments, until he was uncomfortably hard. Then that mouth withdrew, and Grimmjow's fingers pulled down his zipper.

Grimmjow pulled Ichigo's pants and boxers down to the middle of Ichigo's thighs, freeing Ichigo's cock before taking it inside his mouth. Ichigo's mouth opened in a silent "o" as he was completely enveloped in wet heat. His hands tightened in Grimmjow's hair and his hips thrust forward a little. It felt so amazing, having Grimmjow's mouth suck on him like this.

Grimmjow pulled his head back and forth on Ichigo's cock, bobbing as he sucked on it. He moved one hand towards the cleft of Ichigo's ass and slipped his fingers inside, feeling for that small hole. Soon the tips of his fingers brushed against it. He could feel it open for him in response, eager for what was to come next. He slid just two fingertips in, and Ichigo's hole seemed to pull him in the rest of the way, swelling his fingers in one gulp.

Ichigo's whole body seemed to shudder in pleasure with the intrusion, his hands tightening to pull on Grimmjow's hair almost painfully. Grimmjow scissored his fingers, twisted them, massaging Ichigo's insides. Eventually, he pulled his fingers out and his mouth away at the same time, leading Ichigo to make a small noise of disappointment.

Grimmjow tugged on Ichigo's pants, and the smaller man got the message. He stood up and helped Grimmjow pull them off the rest of the way. Before they could do anything else, though, Ichigo got on his knees between Grimmjow's legs, spreading them to make way for his body. He placed a hand on Grimmjow's bound erection, kneading it through his pants. Grimmjow gave a little grunt of satisfaction before Ichigo undid his pants.

Ichigo used both hands to pull out Grimmjow's cock from the side of his jock strap, handling it as though it was a religious artifact. It was hard and heavy, thick enough that there were still inches of space between his thumb and fingers when he tried to wrap a hand around it. Ichigo didn't know if it was because Grimmjow's balls were so large, but he always shot a ridiculous amount of cum, and right now it was dripping with pre-cum. The drops of white liquid would ooze out Grimmjow's slit, where they formed perfect pearls for just one second. Then they would flatten, disperse into liquid, and drip down the underside of Grimmjow's cock.

Ichigo licked his lips as he ran his hands over the hot flesh of Grimmjow's shaft. The man really did have a gorgeous cock; Ichigo hadn't been able to deny that since the day that they had met. He moved forward and pressed a kiss to the tip of it, his lips becoming moist with a bead of pre-cum.
Then he ran his tongue around the head, licking up all of Grimmjow's tangy taste. After that he opened his mouth and sucked the whole head of it into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it as best he could.

He moved a hand to cup one of Grimmjow's large balls, feeling the heavy weight of it settle in his palm. He kneaded it in his hand as he moved his head forward, feeling his throat expand inch by inch around that thick monster. He was used to this, though, and it wasn't long before he had the whole thing inside his mouth. Rough hairs tickled his nose, and he breathed in deeply, inhaling Grimmjow's masculine musk.

After taking a moment to enjoy the feeling of having his mouth and throat so full of cock, Ichigo pulled off a little, then back on again. He fucked his mouth with Grimmjow's cock, bobbing his head back on forth of it. Grimmjow's hand came to the side of his head, hot palm pressing lightly against his cheek as fingers ran through his hair. Eventually he saw Grimmjow's abdominal muscles tighten, just minutely, and realized the man was going to come. Ichigo pulled completely off Grimmjow's cock and opened his mouth wide, both his hands coming to stroke Grimmjow to completion.

Grimmjow gave a grunt, and Ichigo watched as thick jets of cum shot out of his cock and into Ichigo's mouth, to land on his waiting tongue. He tried to catch all of it, but some of it overflowed from his mouth and dribbled down his chin. As soon as the last jet landed in his mouth, Ichigo moved forward and swallowed Grimmjow in one gulp, sucking as hard as he could. He kept sucking until he was sure Grimmjow wouldn't go limp, and then he moved off.

Grimmjow's hands reached for his waist, but Ichigo was already standing up. He raised his arms up as Grimmjow slid his shirt off, then dropped it somewhere on the floor near his pants. Completely nude, Ichigo laid on his back on the cold wooden bench. Grimmjow was sitting in between his legs, one leg straddling either side of the bench. Grimmjow pulled him forward, so that the backs of his legs were draped over Grimmjow's thighs. Ichigo could feel the tip of Grimmjow's cock press against him, could feel his hole twitch in anticipation.

"How do you want it?" Grimmjow asked, voice hoarse with need. Ichigo could barely answer.

"Long and slow."

Indeed, Grimmjow entered him with an almost unbearable slowness, before pulling out at the exact same pace. Being fucked this way, while excruciating, felt amazing in its own way. Ichigo could enjoy every centimeter of Grimmjow's cock as it entered him, could feel his hole being stretched around it bit by bit. He swore that it heightened the sensation, that sense of anticipation. After awhile, though he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Harder," Ichigo said, panting, "fuck me harder."

Grimmjow was more than happy to oblige the request. His hands gripped onto Ichigo's waist as he started to slam into him. The sound of their flesh slapping together with each thrust filled the room, together with their grunts and moans and heavy breathing. Ichigo gave a cry every time Grimmjow's powerful ass muscles slammed into him, driving his huge cock inside with all the force of a bullet. It hurt, but it felt so good. Ichigo clenched and tightened his ass muscles around Grimmjow's cock, trying to get it deeper inside of him.

"Touch yourself," Grimmjow said. "I want to see you playing with your cute dick."

A wave of pleasure shot through Ichigo as his hand wrapped around his cock. He started jerking on it, each stroke bringing him closer to orgasm. In the back of his mind he heard a clatter from the side of the locker room. Something inside him warned him that someone had walked in, someone had seen him getting pounded into a locker room bench, but right now Ichigo couldn't even bring himself
to care. He was lost in the pleasure Grimmjow's dick was giving him. Grimmjow grunted, and Ichigo felt his insides being filled with hot liquid. The wet, sticky sensation was enough to make him cum, spilling himself all over his hand even as he continued to masturbate himself.

Grimmjow leaned over Ichigo, resting his weight on Ichigo's chest even as they stayed connected. Ichigo brought his hands up to knead the strong muscles of Grimmjow's back and shoulders, enjoying this strangely intimate moment as their breathing evened out. Then Grimmjow's phone rang. Ichigo cringed as Grimmjow pulled out with a wet plop and took out his phone.

"The manager," Grimmjow said, scowling.

Ichigo frowned at that, and went to collect his clothes. The call didn't last long. Grimmjow didn't even really say anything, just hung up after a few seconds.

"She wants to see me in her office. Now."

The two men made themselves presentable as quickly as they could before heading up to her office. Neither one seemed to be looking forward to the meeting, for good reason. The league officials had probably decided what to do about Grimmjow. The manager would, most likely, be furious. Ichigo wondered if Grimmjow could be fired over something like this... he couldn't remember what the provisions in his contract were. He didn't think so, but still.

All too soon they found themselves in front of the manager's office. Grimmjow opened the door, Ichigo followed.

"Oh," the manager said, sitting behind her desk, "Ichigo. I didn't know you were here too."

Ichigo quickly averted his eyes from the manager's heaving bosom. He didn't know why she was always wearing such low cut clothes, and leaning over like that. "Hey, Rangiku."

To both their surprise, though, Rangiku seemed pretty happy. At the very least, she didn't look any different from usual. She smiled at them before gesturing for them to sit.

"Don't worry," Rangiku said, "why do you two look so tense? I won't bite. Unless you want me to."

Rangiku laughed at her cheesy joke before getting back to business at hand. "Sorry, sorry, I got too excited when I saw two nubile young men in front of me. At any rate, thanks to these-"

And here Rangiku grabbed her boobs and pushed them together.

"Grimmy's only suspended for one more game. Those old perverts in the league are easy to deal with. So turn that frown upside down, Tiger, you'll be back in commission before you know it."

Rangiku winked at Grimmjow, who did seem relieved to hear the news. It startled Ichigo, the thought that Grimmjow had been worried over the league decision. It didn't seem like the other man to care about anything. But, then again, when it came to football Grimmjow was always serious. Ichigo guessed that he really did love the sport.

"So he's out for the Sendai game?" Ichigo asked, just to clarify.

Rangiku nodded. "It should be an easy enough win, even without Grimmjow. Just think of it as a little vacation."

That wasn't a bad idea. Ichigo had to go to Sendai anyway, to meet with that skier who could possibly need an agent. If Grimmjow still wanted to go, maybe they could have some time to relax as
well. It would be good for Grimmjow, a small break in the middle of the season. The perfect way to cool his head off after what happened with Ulquiorra.

"Of course," Rangiku said, "you'll still need to apologize. Hold a press conference, say you've repented for your behavior, the standard stuff."

"No way I'm apologizing to that asshole," Grimmjow snarled, angry all over again.

Rangiku sighed at the outburst, but seemed otherwise unfazed. "Look, kid, I've got your back, but there's limits, you know? If you don't want the league on your ass, watching your every move during the games, you'll apologize. I'll leave it up to you."

"And what about endorsements?" Ichigo asked Grimmjow, knowing he couldn't rationalize with him but trying anyway. "Public perception is key. If fans think you're a violent jerk, no one's going to want to make a deal with you."

"I never cared about any of that bullshit anyway," Grimmjow said.

Ichigo cringed, wondering what he was going to do about his problem client. At any rate, it would take a few days before they found out what the effects of this altercation were. Hopefully people would just gloss over it.

Rangiku sent Ichigo a sympathetic look. She raised her hands in the air, washing herself of the matter. "I think that this is between the both of you. At any rate, have a nice vacation."

"Yeah," Grimmjow grunted, getting up. "I'll do that."

He started walking towards the door, and Ichigo got up to go after him.

"I'll see you later, Rangiku."

"Sure, kid. Good luck with that one; he's certainly a live wire."

She didn't know the half of it.
"Hello?" Ichigo asked into his cell. No answer. He had thought that he was finally put off hold, but the lines must have disconnected. Understandable, since they were on the team bus driving through the countryside, some parts of which didn't get service. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, since Ichigo knew what they were going to say when they deemed fit to get on the line anyway. Ichigo had called his top four choices for a publicist, and each one of them had told him pretty much the same thing. Sorry, but they weren't looking to take on any problem clients.

Ichigo wasn't sure what he would do. He crossed a name off his list, then looked over at Grimmjow. The man was asleep and leaning against the glass. Surprisingly, it had been Grimmjow who had suggested taking the team bus to Sendai. Ichigo had been about to book them plane tickets. Apparently, team bonding was something Grimmjow took seriously, and it was amusing for Ichigo to see just how well Grimmjow got along with all his other teammates. Just earlier Grimmjow had been at the front of the bus, playing a drinking game and talking trash with some of the other players. Maybe that had been Zaraki's influence? The man seemed the type to force his players in line.

The bus hit a bump then, and Ichigo found the pen he had been holding flying out of his hand. It rolled to a stop next to a pair of grey snow boots.

"Renji," he said, to the man sitting across the aisle from him. "Do you think you can pick that up for me?"

Renji rubbed at his neck, not even looking at Ichigo as he answered. "Yeah, sure."

His tone was clipped, but he bent down nonetheless to retrieve the pen. Still, he didn't look at Ichigo at all as he held it out to the side. Ichigo took the pen, a little annoyed by the almost non-interaction. He wondered what the other man's problem with him was. Since Ichigo had gotten on the bus, Renji had done everything he could not to look at him or talk to him. This despite the fact that they ended up sitting next to each other, and the fact that everyone around them was asleep right now.

Well, Ichigo guessed it didn't matter. He put his pen and notebook away and zipped up his jacket. . . it was already getting cold, and growing exponentially colder as they continued north. Apparently they were getting more and more above sea level, as well, which had something to do with it. Ichigo hoped that he would be able to get in a good amount of skiing while they were there. He was more excited about something else, though. The team was staying in a traditional ryoken, complete with hot springs. Embarrassingly enough, there was something Ichigo had always wanted on vacation like this, something that he had never mustered up the courage to ask Ishida. He looked back over at Grimmjow. With Grimmjow's libido, he probably wouldn't even have to ask, it would probably just happen on its own.

"Hey, Kurosaki." Ichigo looked up to see one of Grimmjow's teammates standing in the aisle, an arm against the seat in front of Ichigo. He held out his phone. "Thought you and Grimmy would want to see this."

Well, Grimmjow was still asleep, but Ichigo took the phone anyway. It was open to an on-line video, a clip from some popular sports show, where the two hosts sat around and snarked on important sports moments from the week. Ichigo hit play.

". . . football fans everywhere outside of Kashima are clamoring to know more about their new hero.
Who knew that F.C. Tokyo’s new striker would become the league’s most popular player. . . by physically taking out its most hated one? As a die-hard Kawasaki Frontale fan, this reporter has one thing to say: we salute you, Grimmjow Jeagerjaques!

"You're kidding," Ichigo said.

"Nah, it's the popular sentiment on a bunch of the message boards too. Thought you'd like to know."

"Yeah. Thanks." Ichigo watched as the player took his phone back and went back to the front of the bus. He wondered exactly what this would all mean, when he noticed that Renji was also staring after the other player. Apparently he had been watching the clip as Ichigo had played it.

"Crazy, huh?" Ichigo asked. "I didn't think he'd get any positive media out of this."

Renji's head almost immediately snapped to look out the window. "Umm. . . yeah."

Ichigo scowled. "Look, Renji, do you have some kind of problem with me or something?"

"What?" Renji's head snapped to face him, looking somewhat surprised, before turning back to look out the window. In the second he had been facing Ichigo, Ichigo had been surprised to see that his cheeks were slightly tinged pink. "Of course not!"

"Yeah? That's not what it seems like."

"No. . . I. . . umm. . . look, I saw you in the locker room that time, okay?" Renji buried his face in his hands.

Ichigo blinked, no clue as to what Renji had just said. He parsed through it in his mind. I saw you in the locker room that time. Ichigo's eyes widened as his cheeks also turned pink. Renji had walked in on Grimmjow and him fucking in the locker room. "Uh. . ."

"I didn't know you were there, I just wanted to check up on Grimmy," Renji said, his words a rush of verbal diarrhea. "And now when I see you I can't help but imagining you naked and moaning and looking good enough to eat. . ."

Ichigo only turned redder at that comment. He turned to look at Grimmjow, who was fortunately still very much asleep. And Renji was still going on, apparently helpless to stop the words that were gushing like a torrent out of his mouth.

". . . get hard just thinking bout it, and I don't need to be pitching tents anytime I look at you, it's ridiculous."

"Renji," Ichigo said, "shut up already!"

Renji closed his mouth. He lifted his head from his hands to look at Ichigo, revealing the fact that his face was almost the same color as his hair. He only looked at Ichigo for one second before burying his face in his hands again. "Shit. You're so fucking hot."

And then, uttered feebly just a few seconds later: "I didn't even know I was gay."

Ichigo decided that he would just leave Renji alone from now on. Grimmjow was stirring beside him, and he looked over to see the man blinking and stretching as much as he could in the confines of his seat. Grimmjow looked from Ichigo to Renji, and then back to Ichigo again.

"What the hell is up with you two?" he finally asked. "Why are you both bright red?"
"It's nothing," Ichigo said back, and pulled his papers out again. He might as well look for a publicist that would take on Grimmjow. It was better than telling him what they had been talking about.

Once they got to the ryoken, Renji was the first to run out of the bus, which suited Ichigo just fine. He was also embarrassed about the situation, after all. Ichigo and Grimmjow headed to their room to drop off their stuff before heading out. Ichigo's meeting with his potential client was coming up soon, so he had to head out pretty soon. He'd probably have to have the inn call him a taxi.

"What do you think you're going to do while I'm gone?" he asked Grimmjow, who was flopping down onto his bed.

"Get a massage. See if we can switch to a room with one bed instead of two."

Ichigo frowned. Grimmjow already had enough problems, the last thing Ichigo wanted was for the media to find out he was gay and having an affair with his agent. "Just make sure not to make it obvious, it's no good if other people find out."

"Yeah, whatever." Grimmjow pushed himself up on his forearms so he could stare at Ichigo. "You going to check out that hot skier?"

Ichigo nodded. Then his mind flashed to his secret goal for this mini-vacation. "I was also thinking that, after I come back, we could maybe... go to the hot springs together."

Ichigo was pleased when Grimmjow nodded his agreement. Hopefully, this thing with the skier would go well, and he'd be in the hot springs with Grimmjow soon enough.

"Okay," Ichigo said, "I'm out."

"Good luck," Grimmjow said, the statement surprising Ichigo a little bit.

It didn't take too long to get to the skier's estate, but once he did Ichigo was struck by just how majestic it was. He knew the family was rich. The Kuchiki family even owned a mountain where they practiced skiing in private. Still, Ichigo didn't expect to drive up to find what looked like a sprawling feudal castle, mixed with western elements. It wasn't like anything he had ever seen before. The taxi dropped him off in the middle of a huge circular driveway, directly in front of the estate's entrance. Ichigo had to admit that, walking towards the door, he was a bit nervous. Ichigo knocked, and the door was soon opened by an elderly gentleman in a thick yukata.

"Hello," Ichigo said, "I'm here to see Kuchiki Ginrei."

"Of course," the man said, "please come in."

Ichigo stepped into the house, taking in the the paintings and furniture that decorated the space. Everything looked expensive, at least to his untrained eye. There was nothing overly ornate, just traditional, understated elegance.

"This way, please."

From the man's carriage and way of speaking, Ichigo surmised that he was a servant. He followed him into what must have been a living room and took a seat when gestured to do so.

"Please wait here for Kuchiki-sama."

"Sure," Ichigo said, feeling a little awkward and out of his element as the man left. This family didn't just seem rich, they seemed high-class. After what seemed like forever, the door opened. Ichigo
stood up and watch as a stern-looking man made his way into the room. He was older, hair and beard grey, and walked with impossibly straight posture. He came to a stop before Ichigo and raised a hand.

"You must be Kurosaki Ichigo," he said. "My name is Kuchiki Ginrei. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"No," Ichigo said, almost stumbling over his words, "thank you for meeting me."

"Not at all. I apologize that Byakuya's father could not meet you, he has taken ill at the moment. Please, take a seat."

Ichigo did so, then wondered if perhaps he should have waited for Ginrei to do so first. Ginrei took a seat a moment later, though, so he supposed it was fine.

"I have to say," Ginrei said, "I am pleased that you called. Urahara's father was the one in charge of my own career, so I feel as though my grandson will be in capable hands at the company he started."

"Oh," Ichigo replied, somewhat surprised. "I didn't know that."

"Yes, well, that was long ago. Can I offer you some tea, or-"

At that moment the door opened again, and a teenage boy came through the door. Ichigo stood up, though he noticed that Ginrei remained seated as he only gestured towards the boy.

"Byakuya," he said, "you're just in time. This man is Kurosaki Ichigo, and he's interested in becoming your agent. Kurosaki-san, this is my grandson Byakuya."

Byakuya was dressed as though he was about to go skiing, in a silver and white outfit and boots that looked extremely expensive. He looked exactly like his photograph; no, in fact, he was probably more attractive in person, if it wasn't for the arrogance that marred his features. His chin was tilted up as he looked at Ichigo, a hard stare in his eyes.

"Umm. . . it's nice to meet you," Ichigo said, extending his hand. He saw Byakuya's nose wrinkle just slightly as he looked at the offered palm. Receiving no response, Ichigo let his hand drop back to his side. "I hope that we can work together-"

"I decline," Byakuya said. He turned towards his grandfather. "Any way you look at him, he's not good enough. He lacks professionalism and decorum. It's obvious that he's just an amateur, and in no way fit to manage my career."

"Excuse me?" Ichigo asked.

"I don't believe I was speaking to you," Byakuya said, turning back towards Ichigo. He put his hands on his hips and glared at the man. "But if you insist, very well. You. Are. Not. Good. Enough. As though I'd work with someone so obviously beneath me."

Ichigo felt his eyebrow twitch, but this was a potential client. What exactly was he supposed to do in a situation like this? "I'm sure that we can-"

"Forget this," Byakuya said, tossing his head back. "I'm leaving."

And then he was running out, slamming the door behind him. Ichigo looked at Ginrei, feeling a little bit lost, but Ginrei looked rather indifferent about the whole thing.

"You must forgive him," Ginrei said, "Byakuya is a teenager, after all. He can be. . . difficult, at
"I approve of you as Byakuya's agent," Ginrei continued. "However, I'm afraid Byakuya has the final choice when it comes to his career, so I'm afraid that your visit today was in vain."

For some reason, Ichigo didn't just want to leave things here. The brat had pissed him off, sure, but that was all the more reason to get him to change his mind. Ichigo would make Byakuya accept him as an agent. "Do you know where I can find him?"

Ginrei looked amused at the statement, and he nodded. "There's one particular resort that he likes to frequent. One of our drivers can take you there now, if you wish."

It didn't take long to get to the resort. In fact, Byakuya's current preferred resort was practically next door neighbors with the little ryoken F.C. Tokyo was staying at. Ichigo paid his way through the entrance and left through the back of the building, towards where all the activities were. The first thing he saw when he got out was the bunny slope, and past that a ski lift. He was wondering how on Earth he was going to find Byakuya when he saw him, standing at the base of a snowboard ramp.

Ichigo ran to the large structure, noticing as he got closer that Byakuya was talking... or arguing, more likely, with an extremely pretty young woman. While she had Japanese features, her skin was so dark that it couldn't have been just a tan. Maybe she was mixed with another ethnicity? Her hair was dark purple and tied up in a high ponytail, and she was wearing a kind of expensive gear similar to what Byakuya had on, only in purple and black. She was laughing and ruffling his bangs, while he stood there looking absolutely furious.

"It's a stupid sport," Byakuya was saying, as Ichigo got loser. "Actually, it doesn't even qualify as a sport. It's just stupid."

The young woman laughed at that. "You're just mad because you're no good at it. You might as well stick to skiing, Byaku-chan."

"Don't call me that!" Byakuya exclaimed, slapping the woman's hand away from his face. "You... you... harlot!"

"Ooh, little Byakuya knows some big insults."

"You're insufferable. I'm leaving." Byakuya turned around to leave, presumably to hit the ski slopes.

"So you're not denying it then. The fact that you couldn't snowboard if it was to save your life."

Byakuya's eyebrows twitched at the taunt. "Anything you can do, I can do better."

"Is that a challenge?"

Byakuya turned around. "Yes."

The group around them cheered at that, and someone handed Byakuya a snowboard. Apparently, it seemed as though this scene was fairly common. It looked like they were going to climb up to the top of the ramp, but Ichigo caught up to them before they could go so far.

"Byakuya!" he said, running up to them. "I'm glad I was able to find you."

Byakuya narrowed his eyes at Ichigo. "I don't believe we're on a first name basis."
"Now, now," said the young woman, slinging her arm around Byakuya's shoulders, "be nice, Byaku-chan."

Byakuya shrugged the woman's arm off. "I'll be waiting for you at the top."

The woman laughed, her golden eyes beaming. She seemed to take immense pleasure from teasing Byakuya. Instead of following Byakuya, though, she turned to look at Ichigo. "So you must be the agent Ginrei told me about. Ichigo, was it?"

Ichigo nodded his head and held out his hand. "Nice to meet you, umm. . ."

"Shihoin Yoruichi. But go ahead and call me Yoruichi. You must be having a hard time with the brat, huh? Don't take it personal, he's been giving all his would be agents the run around. Tell you what, I just fired my agent. . . want to give it a go with me?"

"Are you an athlete?" Ichigo asked.

Yoruichi nodded. "World-champion snowboarder, at your service! So, what do you say? Of course, I might fire you soon, too. I've been through three agents in the last two years."

That didn't sound particularly appealing. But if Yoruichi was a world-class snowboarder, Ichigo should definitely look into her. "Why didn't they work out?"

"Three words," Yoruichi said, leaning forward. "Money, moolah, and cash. I've got Red Bull and Oakley in my pocket, but I want more. And you're going to get it for me, or else you're done. Do we have a deal?"

". . . Yeah. Okay." Ichigo decided to go for it. Yoruichi didn't seem to be lying, so it wouldn't be a bad thing to take her on. Snowboarding was growing in popularity every day, after all. He got out his card and handed it to her.

"Sweet," Yoruichi said, winking at Ichigo. "Get my contract ready, cause I'll be giving you a call tomorrow."

"Yoruichi!" Byakuya screamed, already standing at the top of the ramp. "What's taking you so long?"

"Coming, Byaku-chan!"

Ichigo watched as Yoruichi ran up to the top of the ramp. Now that he was up close, it was a lot bigger than he thought, Wide and curved, glistering with ice and snow. It was really beautiful, in a way. He watched as Byakuya took position at the top of his ramp, pulling on his goggles as he prepped for his run. He really did look in his element, self-assured and cool. He pushed himself off, and Ichigo watched in amazement as he took a run.

Every time Byakuya came to the edge of the ramp he would take off, flying through the air like it was nothing. He'd do flips and spins, only to land perfectly back on his feet. It was too soon before the run was over and he was sliding onto the level snow at the bottom. Everyone was cheering, and he took off his goggles to reveal a smug expression. For someone who trained in skiing all the time, he really seemed like a natural snowboarder.

Yoruichi was next, and Ichigo watched as she came down the ramp. Only to find out that Yoruichi could soar even higher than Byakuya could, could do even more flips and spins. She was already grinning like a cheshire cat as she got to the bottom, the smug expression wiped off Byakuya's face. Byakuya only stomped off, an angry pout on his face.
Ichigo walked up to Yoruichi, amazed at his luck in picking her up as a client. "That was amazing!"

"Yeah," Yoruichi replied. "I know. Oh, and, don't worry about the brat. He's working some stuff out, but he's a decent guy at heart. Maybe if you ask him again he'll play nice."

Ichigo nodded. "I'll do that, thank you."

Of course, at this point it was useless. Byakuya had disappeared, and Ichigo was sure that he wouldn't be able to find him again. He looked down at his watch, only now noticing that the sun had set. Too late for dinner, so he'd have to grab something on the way back, but there was still time for the hot springs.

Ichigo hurried back to the ryoken. He headed to the room, only to find out from the maid that all their things been moved to another room. He headed to that room to find a note from Grimmjow: in the hot springs with the guys. Ichigo groaned. Of course the other players would go to enjoy the hot springs. He was an idiot for not realizing. He'd have to put his secret plan for the weekend on hold for now. Still, he changed into his yukata and headed down there.

Once he was in the open air hot spring, it wasn't hard to find Grimmjow. His blue hair, usually gelled up, was down, the water from the hot spring causing it to hang in a limp, shaggy mess around his face. Ichigo made his way over and plopped into the water, his disappointed gaze sweeping over all the other people in the springs.

"What's up with you?" Grimmjow asked. "Are you pouting?"

"Of course not," Ichigo said. He'd try again tomorrow. When the players were all at the game, there'd be a chance they could have alone time in the hot springs, especially since there weren't many other guests that weren't on the team. Ichigo sunk into the water and tried to enjoy it. He did have to admit it was beautiful, large polished stones giving the spring a natural look. The space opened up to a view of the mountains and snow, and he could see the stars and sky above them. There were never this many stars in Tokyo's sky, all the neon lights doing too much to obscure them. But here it seemed as though there were millions of them.

"Things didn't go well with the hottie?"

Ichigo scowled, remembering. "No. The first thing he did when we met was start insulting me, saying I wasn't good enough to be his agent. Then he runs off. I did end up signing this snowboarder, but it still bugs me. . . since I've started this I want to finish it. I want to sign him."

"Huh." Grimmjow didn't seem to have much to say to that, but Ichigo hadn't expected him to. Ichigo sighed, then felt someone bump into him. He turned around to find himself looking into Renji's surprised eyes.

"Oh," Renji said, "I didn't see you there. Umm. . . I'm gonna go, now. . ."

And like a flash, Renji jumped out of the spring. He grabbed a little white towel from the side of the spring to cover his crotch as he ran out, but not before Ichigo could see. Renji had been half hard, his cock deliciously long and thick. Not as big as Grimmjow, but big enough to make any girl, or boy, as the case may be, happy.

"Something's up with you two."

Ichigo turned at the sound of Grimmjow's voice. Grimmjow was looking at him suspiciously, but Ichigo only shrugged. "He's just being strange."
"You really think I'm going to believe that bull?"

Ichigo should have known that wasn't going to satisfy Grimmjow. At any rate, it's not like he couldn't tell him the truth... or partial truth, as it was. "He saw us when we were in the locker room the other day, so now he's embarrassed about it."

Grimmjow nodded, apparently accepting that. "At any rate, what are you going to do about this Byakuya guy?"

Ichigo wondered about that. Byakuya had seemed pretty adamant about not wanting to sign with him, and Ichigo didn't really know why. He had no idea how he was going to convince the boy, but he had to try at least. "I'll try to talk to him tomorrow. He likes to go to the resort next door, maybe I can run into him there."

"Sounds like a plan," Grimmjow agreed.

They soaked in the hot spring for a while before heading back to their room. Ichigo went ahead, Grimmjow saying something about wanting to get them a bottle of sake. At any rate, Ichigo was feeling a lot more relaxed after soaking in the hot springs. Every one of his muscles was loose, and he all but sank into the king-sized bed in their room. Before he knew it, he was drifting off to sleep.

There was the rustle of fabric, then small sensations of pleasure. Ichigo blinked open his eyes, slowly becoming aware of what was going on. His legs were spread apart, the folds of his yukata pushed open to reveal his legs and cock. The top of his yukata, however, was still fastened, the strap around his waist secure. Grimmjow was between his legs, Ichigo's left leg slung over Grimmjow's shoulder as he suckled at the flesh of Ichigo's inner thigh. Ichigo shivered, realizing that Grimmjow already had two fingers up his ass, and was stretching and kneading his inner walls.

Grimmjow's mouth traced a slow, lazy path up Ichigo's leg. He licked and kissed Ichigo's thigh, every so often stopping to suck on a small inch of flesh. Every time he did so it would send a little jolt through Ichigo's body. He moved higher and higher up Ichigo's leg, until he was near his cock. He pulled Ichigo's leg out even more, and bent to suck at the skin where Ichigo's leg met his crotch. Ichigo threw his head back as immense pleasure flooded through him. He hadn't even known that was a sensitive area. Grimmjow licked and sucked on the small area for a little bit before moving away. He ran his tongue up the length of Ichigo's cock, from the balls to the head, and pulled his fingers out. Grimmjow withdrew until he was kneeling, and Ichigo could see that the other man was already completely nude. His hard muscles shone in the dull light, and his cock looked unbelievably hard.

"You look sexy in that yukata," Grimmjow said, pushing on the backs of Ichigo's legs until they were bent and pressed against his chest. Ichigo's ass lifted off the bed a few inches, and as Grimmjow leaned over him Ichigo could feel Grimmjow's cock come to settle in the cleft of his ass. It sank downwards until the head of it was pressed against Ichigo's hole, and then Grimmjow pushed in, sliding deep into Ichigo's ass. Ichigo moaned with the intrusion. His hole was so used to Grimmjow's cock by now that it stretched to accommodate it almost instantly, before squeezing back around it, like a latex glove.

"So fucking good," Grimmjow said, his breathing already labored. "No matter how much of a pounding I give it, your hole stays so fucking tight."

Grimmjow pulled out slowly, then slammed in hard and first. The movement pushed Ichigo's ass another inch into the air and wrung a soft cry from the man's lips. Grimmjow fucked him that way for awhile, each thrust inward rewarded by another cry or moan. Soon he couldn't help himself
though, and he started jackhammering into the man beneath him.

Grimmjow watched the expression on Ichigo's face. It was twisted in part pain and mostly pleasure, eyes scrunched up tight and pretty lips slightly parted. He looked like he was in heaven with Grimmjow's dick going to town on him like that. Grimmjow leaned forward and licked at Ichigo's lips, before claiming them in a messy kiss. Teeth and slobber smashed together as Grimmjow's hand came to pull Ichigo's yukata off his shoulder. Grimmjow broke the kiss and moved his head over, teeth coming down to bite on that soft flesh.

Ichigo was bucking underneath him, thrusting forward whenever he thrust back. Grimmjow kept fucking him, sucking and biting on his shoulder, before pushing himself into a kneeling position. He grabbed Ichigo's legs and pulled them over his shoulders. He looked down to watch his huge cock move in and out of that little hole, licking his lips at the delicious sight.

The door opened two minutes before Grimmjow was expecting it to. But it opened nonetheless, and Renji stepped into the room.

"Grimmy? I got your message, what did you want?"

Both Ichigo and Renji felt their eyes widen. Both Ichigo and Renji felt their cheeks turn bright red. Ichigo squirmed, trying to de-attach himself from Grimmjow and pull his yukata over his cock, but Grimmjow's hands were tight around his waist.

"Don't pretend that you don't want this." Grimmjow said it to Ichigo, but his words were directed as much to Renji. "I saw you staring at his dick in the hot springs, like you wanted to suck it dry right then and there."

"Grimm-" Ichigo tried to protest, but a particularly hard thrust sent the air in his lungs out in a gasp instead.

"Why don't you come keep his mouth company?" Grimmjow asked Renji. "It's probably lonely, what with all the attention his other hole is getting."

Renji just stood there, too shocked to move. He couldn't get enough of just watching Ichigo. He loved looking at Ichigo's face, every time Grimmjow would thrust into him. He loved looking at Ichigo's cock, jutting out of reddish-blond hair and dripping pre-cum all over his yukata. But most of all he loved looking at Ichigo's ass, as it was fucked raw by Grimmjow's forceful pounding. Renji was hard, achingly so, but he still wasn't sure what to do about it. This situation just didn't seem right. . . but, before he knew it, he was stepping towards the bed.

He stopped when he got to the bed, standing right next to Ichigo's head. He wasn't sure what to do, or if he should even do it. Ichigo's eyes blinked up at him, glossy and unfocused.

"Renji?" Ichigo asked. It was a tone of disbelief, but his voice was shivering with pleasure.

It was enough for Renji to make up his mind. He untied the sash of his yukata, letting the sides fall open and his rock hard cock jut out into the air. His hand came up to jerk on his cock as he hesitated, again.

"What are you waiting for?" Grimmjow taunted. "That pretty little mouth is just gagging to gulp your dick down."

Renji flushed at the words, his cock twitching with the anticipation of being inside Ichigo's mouth. He stepped forward and pressed the tip of his cock on Ichigo's moist lips. An awkward angle, however, had his cock sliding right over those lips, so that just the underside of his cock was in
between Ichigo's lips. Still, as Ichigo wrapped his lips around it and licked at the bottom of his cock, Renji figured it didn't feel bad. He moved his cock back and forth, letting Ichigo lick and suck at the underside of his cock.

Once Reji had enough, he pulled his cock away a little. Ichigo's mouth almost automatically opened into a perfect "o," and Renji wondered if Grimmjow had been right about Ichigo wanting this. The thought sent a jet of pleasure shooting through his cock. He moved forward, watching as the head of his cock disappeared inside Ichigo's mouth.

"His mouth's hot, yeah?" Grimmjow asked, as though he was showing off a prized possession.

Renji could only grunt in reply. He was much more fixated on the indent his cock made on Ichigo's cheek as he pushed it in from the side like this. Ichigo really was so hot like this, a cock in his ass and another cock in his mouth. Renji thrust shallowly, the sides of Ichigo's mouth stopping his cock from going much more than halfway in. He didn't mind, though, he liked to watch Ichigo's cheeks puff out around his cock. But then Ichigo turned his face a little bit more sideways, and with his next thrust Renji found his cock slipping down Ichigo's throat.

Renji felt pleasure ripple through him as Ichigo deep-throated him with no problem. The orange-haired man's face was buried in his pubes, his brown eyes looking up at him as best he could. And then Ichigo started sucking.

Renji couldn't take it. He had only been jerking off to Ichigo for a week now, it was too much to have the real thing right in front of him, sucking him off. His body shuddered as he came, spilling his semen deep down Ichigo's throat. Only one jet came out before Ichigo pulled off his cock, and Renji watched as the rest of his cum, spurt by spurt, flew out to land all over Ichigo's mouth and face. He watched as Ichigo's pink tongue darted out, licking up as much jizz as it could reach.

Coming down from the afterglow, Renji was very much in disbelief over what he just happened. He couldn't believe he had just done that, had just come all over another man's face like that. A man who was his teammate's agent. Renji grabbed his yukata and threw it on, before turning and running from the room.

"Didn't expect that," Grimmjow said, still fucking Ichigo. "Thought he'd at least stick around long enough to put it in your ass."

Ichigo didn't reply, just tugged at his own limpening cock. He had already come, had shot cum all over himself as soon as he felt Renji shoot all over his face. He didn't think he could get it back up, he was too tired, and he was hoping that Grimmjow wouldn't last too long today. He felt Grimmjow pull all the way out, then slap him on the ass.

"Turn over."

Ichigo did so. He got onto his knees on the bed, his hands gripping onto the headboard as Grimmjow's body pressed flush behind him. Hands lifted his yukata up over his ass. Grimmjow pushed in again, filled him up again, and started thrusting. He could build up an even faster rate this time, each thrust slamming the headboard into the wall and forcing a cry from Ichigo's lips. If Ichigo could he would cum all over again, just from Grimmjow's violent thrusts into him. He felt teeth bite back down on his shoulder, and then Grimmjow pushed himself in as deep as he could get. He came, thrusting shallowly, shooting his cum deep inside Ichigo's inner recesses.

They stayed that way until Ichigo's shaking arms gave out. He collapsed onto the bed, Grimmjow a heavy weight over him, his cock still inside of him. After awhile Ichigo pulled away, extracting himself from Grimmjow's cock inch by inch. His ass felt all stretched out, but that was nothing new.
Ichigo stripped off his dirty yukata, using it to clean up his face before tossing it on the floor. The maid would not be pleased once she saw what she had to clean up in this room.

Ichigo turned back around. Grimmjow was laying on his back, and Ichigo pressed up against his side. His hand reached out to press against Grimmjow's hard pectoral muscle, enjoying the feel of smooth muscle underneath his fingertips. He was always glad for the number of hours Grimmjow spent at the gym, lifting weights.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he asked, already half-asleep. It had been a tiring day. "You're okay with your friends fucking me but you don't want anyone else doing it? What kind of crazy logic is that?"

Grimmjow shrugged. "They're my friends. And your ass belongs to me, it's mine to share if that's what I want to do."

"And what about Renji? What are we going to do about him?"

"What about him?" Grimmjow sounded like he couldn't care less. "You both had a good time, he'll get over his embarrassment eventually."

Ichigo hoped that Grimmjow was right. After all, there was no way that Ichigo and Renji could avoid each other in their professional life. Besides, today hadn't exactly been unpleasant. Ichigo would never admit it, to himself or anyone else, but he probably wouldn't mind doing it again. Maybe. He felt a Grimmjow's arm come to rest over his shoulder, and soon enough, Ichigo fell asleep.
"Kurosaki Ichigo speaking." Ichigo asked, trying his best to keep the sleep out of his voice. He woke up to find himself sleeping mostly on his stomach, partly on his side, Grimmjow's heavy body draped over him and an arm wrapped around his chest. His business cell was ringing, and even in his half-asleep state he knew better than to ignore it.

"Kurosaki? This is Tsukabishi from Coca-Cola. I was just wondering if you've had a chance to ask Grimmjow about our offer yet?"

Ichigo pushed Grimmjow off of him. Grimmjow only gave a grunt before he fell over onto his back, still completely asleep. Ichigo was sure that he was still dreaming. He hadn't thought in a million years that Coca-Cola would be interested, not after that stunt with Ulquiorra. "Actually, yes. Grimmjow's very interested in the deal, depending on the terms, of course."

"Good, good. We were actually hoping that we could act soon on this, so that we could take advantage of all the media attention Grimmjow is getting right now. Football fans seem to love him more than ever. While we don't condone his actions, of course, we realize that opportunities need to be taken advantage of."

Ichigo blinked, dumbfounded. "Of course."

"Would you be willing to come to our Tokyo office today to negotiate?"

Ichigo could kick himself in the head. "Actually, I'm out of town on business today. Would you mind if I send an associate to meet with you?"

"Of course. I'll leave my three o'clock appointment open for you. I look forward to working with you, Kurosaki."

"The feeling's mutual." Ichigo hung up the phone, still shocked. Then, in an instant, he was filled with elation. They still had Coca-Cola... if he could find a proxy for himself. Frantic, Ichigo hit his speed dial for Inoue, never more relieved then when she answered the phone.

"Hey, Kurosaki-kun!" Inoue's voice was as bubbly as ever, despite the early hour. "What's going on?"

"Hey. Are you doing anything at three today?"

After discussing the details of his situation, Inoue declared herself happy to help. When they eventually hung up, after talking over all the particulars. Ichigo was sure that Grimmjow would be getting a good contract out of this. Out of all the agents at Urahara Promotions, excluding Urahara himself, Ichigo trusted and respected Inoue the most. Despite her bubbly personality, she played hardball better than anyone he knew.
Ichigo went off to brush his teeth and take a shower, extremely pleased with the way his life was going. He had a new client, and a deal with Coca-Cola. He felt like he could take on the world. He would have no problem talking to Byakuya today, he was sure of it. Ichigo was halfway through his shower, shampoo still in his hair, when his business cell went off again. He grabbed a towel, wrapped it around himself, and ran to the phone. Water and soap was dripping off of him everywhere, just adding to the mess that was their room.

"Hello, Kurosaki Ichigo speaking."

"Ah, yes, how d'ya do?" The voice that spoke had thick Kyoto dialect, and Ichigo found himself wondering who could it be. "This is Ichimaru Gin, returning your call from yesterday."

Ichimaru Gin... Ichimaru Gin... then it clicked in Ichigo's head. One of the publicists that he had been interested in. The one he had been waiting to speak to, yesterday on the bus, before his phone connection had dropped. "Of course, Ichimaru. How are you?"

"Fine, fine. Now, I see here you were calling about a Grimmjow Jaegerjaquez. Did some research on him, though I hardly had to... he's been on all the blogs lately."

"Yes, well, we were wondering if you would be willing to take him on as a client. " Ichigo could feel his heart race in anticipation of Ichimaru's answer. The man's voice had sounded amused when he had been talking about Grimmjow, which Ichigo took as a good sign.

"Yeah, sure, I always love a bad boy. More fun to work with, you know? Provided the price is right, of course."

"What were you thinking off?" Ichigo asked.

Ichimaru named his salary, and Ichigo nearly had a heart attack. It was true that Ichimaru was one of the best, and Grimmjow had money to spend, but... it still seemed like a fortune.

"How about half of that?" Ichigo asked.

"Now you're just being silly," Ichimaru said, a teasing lilt to his voice. "Ninety percent."

"Sixty."

"Eighty-five."

"Sixty-five," Ichigo said, still trying to play the game.

Ichimaru sounded like he might have been laughing underneath his breath. "In that case... ninety-five percent. You say no, this telephone conversation ends now."

Crap.

"Fine," Ichigo said, a little belligerently.

"Perfect," Ichimaru all but purred. "I'll be faxing over my contract, then. I look forward to working with you, Kuro-chan."

Ichigo cringed at the nickname, but Ichimaru hung up before he could say anything about it. He couldn't believe it... two huge strokes of luck in one day. But then it dawned on Ichigo, and his good cheer soon turned to mild paranoia. This was too much good luck at once. Something bad was going to happen, he just knew it.
Ichigo?" Grimmow's voice was still heavy with sleep. "Why are you dripping water all over the bed?"

Ichigo ignored him and went to finish his shower. Once he got out he was feeling better and a lot less superstitious. There was no reason something bad had to happen. Today was just a good day, and he should thank the gods for finally smiling down at him. He waited for Grimmjow to take a shower, and then they both headed to the next door resort together, intent on getting some skiing and breakfast in.

It was a great day to be skiing. It had snowed during the night, a fresh, soft layer of snow coating the mountains. It was all white snow around them, and blue sky and bright sun above them. The fact that the slopes weren't crowded at all also helped. It was a lull in the season, so they didn't have to deal with too many tourists, and all the football players were no doubt eating a healthy breakfast and relaxing in the inn. The game was tonight, after all, so none of them could risk the injuries that a ski accident might give.

Grimmjow and Ichigo made their way to the ski lift which carried them up to the top of the mountain. Their destination was a shack in the middle of the mountain, right on the way down. Ichigo had heard about it from Inoue and was resolved to go while he was here. Surprisingly, Grimmjow had been interested in going as well. Supposedly, the shack made the best taiyaki north of Tokyo. It was made all the better by the fact that the only way to get there was to ski there. . . there wasn't any ski lift or walking path that would get you there.

Soon enough, they were at the top of the run, looking down on glistening snow and white-covered pine trees. It really was beautiful, Ichigo thought. He hadn't gone skiing since the last time he went on vacation with his family, back when he was a second year in college. Though he wasn't one to brag, he had been pretty good at it.

"Race you to the taiyaki stand," Grimmjow said.

Ichigo was about to tell Grimmjow to shove off when he looked at the other man. Grimmjow was smirking, but it wasn't his typical I'm-a-complete-ass kind of smirk. Instead, it was almost. . . amiable.

"Fine," Ichigo replied. He pulled on his goggles and launched himself down the mountain, figuring Grimmjow hadn't said they needed to start at the same time. To his disgust, it didn't take long for Grimmjow to pass by him, a blur of lightning as he sped down the hill. It really was sickening, how good Grimmjow was at anything physical.

Ichigo almost passed by the taiyaki stand, a small brown hut in an expanse of white. He had to really put effort into stopping when he did see it, and nearly ran off the mountain in the process. Grimmjow was already there, holding onto two fish-shaped cakes attached to sticks.

"Do you prefer a more traditional bean paste," Grimmjow asked, grinning in victory, "or something funky and modern, like chocolate?"

"Give me the chocolate one," Ichigo said, reaching for it.

Grimmjow handed him the cake, and they walked over to a nearby table to enjoy eating them, taking seats adjacent to each other. Ichigo bit into it, nearly moaning as pure deliciousness dripped into his mouth. The chocolate was still mostly melted, and the cake was still hot. It was crispy on the outside, but the inside of the cake just dissolved in his mouth. Maybe it was just because he was hungry, but it was possibly the best taiyaki Ichigo had ever eaten.

"Got a butt plug up your ass or something?" Grimmjow asked, a leer on his face. "You look like
Ichigo would have scowled at him, but he was feeling too good about things right now. He looked over to see Grimmjow taking a large bite out of his taiyaki, the whole head of the fish already gone.

"Are you a big skier?" Ichigo asked, curious despite himself. "I can't imagine you doing anything other than playing football, but you were pretty fast."

"Are you kidding me?" Something akin to happiness might have been flashing in Grimmjow's eyes. "I might as well have grown up in the Alps."

Once again, Ichigo was reminded of the wealth gap between them. "Huh. The only skiing I did growing up were annual family trips to Hokkaido."

"Yeah?" Grimmjow asked. "That sounds like fun."

Grimmjow was smiling, but it wasn't his usual sadistic turn of the lips. It almost looked as though... he was enjoying himself. Ichigo pressed his palm against Grimmjow's forehead.

"Are you feeling okay? Running a fever?"

Grimmjow slapped Ichigo's hand away, the smile disappearing. Ichigo gave a sigh of relief to see it gone.

"What the hell are you talking about? I'm just saying a family vacation sounds nice. I can just imagine, you and your hot brothers, getting all warmed up in a bath together after a long day skiing and building up a sweat."

"What the hell are you thinking?" Ichigo exclaimed, cheeks blushing. Grimmjow was snickering at him, and he found it all to easy to smile back at the man. "For your information, I have two sisters and no brothers."

"That's a shame," Grimmjow said. "All those hot genes and only you to show for it."

"You wouldn't be saying that if you were straight," Ichigo commented. He thought his sisters were pretty gosh darn cute, but maybe he was biased.

"Do you have a dilf, at least?" Grimmjow was smirking in his entirely unpleasant way, and Ichigo wasn't exactly sure he wanted to know what he was talking about.

"What the hell is a dilf?" Ichigo asked, deciding he might as well just go for it and ask.

"Dad I'd like to fuck."

"Oh! Ewww!" Ichigo shook his head back and forth, as though that would clear any sexual connotations involving his dad from his mind. "There's something seriously fucked up about you, Grimmjow Jaegerjaquez."

Grimmjow's smirk only got wider. "Yeah? I bet he's a real hottie, like a more mature, muscular version of you. Maybe you should introduce us-"

"Okay. Shut up before I punch you." Ichigo wasn't sure why he was still smiling after all of Grimmjow's ridiculousness.

Grimmjow snickered, but didn't say anything else about it. His next comment was innocuous enough. "I bet you guys have a lot of fun together."
"Yeah," Ichigo agreed, "we do."

It made Ichigo regret not going home more. He called his mom at least once a week, of course, and she always passed on information about the family. Sometimes Yuzu would call too, checking up on him and asking for advice, but Karin was pretty independent. With both of the girls in college, the family didn't spend nearly as much time together as they used to. He wondered how his mom and dad were handling it, if they were suffering from empty nest syndrome.

Ichigo looked at Grimmjow, but couldn't exactly read what was going on inside his head. Grimmjow was an odd person to begin with, so more odd behavior on top of that wasn't entirely unexpected. It was all equally incomprehensible. Ichigo wondered what he was thinking, if he was remembering moments with his family as well.

"What about you?" Ichigo asked. "What about your family? Do you have fun together?"

Grimmjow shrugged, turning to look into the distance. "I don't think I've ever spent more than an hour at a time with any of them, so I don't really know."

The mood between them felt a little bit heavier now, so Ichigo dropped the subject. He should have known better than to say anything. He had never heard Grimmjow even mention his family before, and was sure that none of them ever called him. He wondered if all ultra-rich families were this estranged, if Grimmjow was brought up by nannies or something like that.

"You're probably thinking I was raised by nannies or something, aren't you?"

"How the hell did you know that?" Ichigo asked, scowling at Grimmjow's little mind-reading act. At least Grimmjow was smirking again, instead of staring off into the distance.

"Oh, come on, we spend almost every day together, you don't think I'd pick up on some of your thought patterns and shit like that?"

"It's not like we do much talking while we're together," Ichigo countered, instantly regretting it. Grimmjow's eyes darkened with lust at the insinuation, his tongue coming out to lick his lips.

"You know," Grimmjow said, "there's no one else coming down this mountain. We could have some fun together. Just me, you, and that taiyaki stand guy."

Ichigo rolled his eyes as Grimmjow snickered at his own little suggestion. The taiyaki guy was standing in the shack staring off into space, clearly out of earshot. He was a round, red-faced little man, sweat dripping down his face despite the cold. The proposition was definitely not the most pleasant one Ichigo had ever heard.

"Let's have a rematch," Ichigo said, getting up. "Down to the bottom of the run."

"Fine with me," Grimmjow agreed. "It's your ass that's going down."

Ichigo pushed off before Grimmjow even finished putting on his goggles. Grimmjow eventually caught up, but that only forced Ichigo to stay on top of his game. They stayed pretty much neck in neck the whole rest of the way down. When one would edge out the other, it didn't take long for the other one to catch up and return the favor. Finally, Ichigo was the first one to the bottom, coasting to a stop before turning to look back at Grimmjow. Ichigo had a smug smile on his face, especially once he saw that Grimmjow was scowling. The competitive jock really did hate to lose.

"You're lucky you had that head start," Grimmjow said, coming to stand next to Ichigo.
Ichigo shrugged. He figured the head start was made up for by his lack of practice. Once he got back into the swing of skiing again, he'd take Grimmjow on without the handicap and win.

"Do you want to go again?" Ichigo asked. "Or do you want to try a different course?"

"Let's do another one, that one was too simple."

They spent almost all day at the ski resort, Ichigo keeping an eye out for Byakuya the whole time. He was disappointed when he didn't see the man at least once, but figured he could always go to his estate later tonight. At any rate, the football team would probably be leaving for the stadium soon, and the ryoken would be empty.

"I'm kind of tired," Ichigo said, as they finished another run down the mountain. His mind automatically turned to the hot springs and his little secret fantasy. "Do you want to go back and soak in the hot springs?"

"Yeah," Grimmjow replied, to Ichigo's satisfaction. "Sure."

They were making their way through the main building of the ski resort when Ichigo saw him. It wasn't difficult, considering there weren't that many people there today, and besides, Byakuya tended to stand out in the crowd. He was heading right towards them, and bumped into Grimmjow as he made his way past.

"Watch where you're going," Byakuya said, his tone derisive.

"Hey, you little shit," Grimmjow aid, turning around to look at Byakuya, "you're the one that bumped into me. I think you owe me an apology."

As he looked at him, Grimmjow realized that this was the hottie skier Ichigo had been talking too. He looked younger in person, Grimmjow thought. Too little and skinny to be Grimmjow's type, but he was still pretty cute.

Byakuya's eyes narrowed at him. "As though I would ever apologize to a ruffian like you."

Grimmjow outright laughed at that. "Ruffian? What century do you think this is? Think a lame insult like that's good enough to get me mad?"

Well, Ichigo thought, Grimmjow certainly seemed riled up. Byakuya had an obstinate set to his jaw, and Ichigo didn't think that this was going to end well. But then Byakuya's eyes moved over to him, and they narrowed even more.

"You," Byakuya said, "you're that agent. What part of your pea-sized brain doesn't understand the meaning of 'no'? Stop following me."

"Hey," Grimmjow said, "that's no way to speak to your elders."

Ichigo was surprised when Grimmjow's arm reached out, grabbing onto the back of Byakuya's jacket and pulling him forward. "Apologize to Ichigo."

"Unhand me!" Byakuya's arms came up to push Grimmjow away, to no avail. His eyes were practically on fire. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Teaching you some manners," Grimmjow said. He gave the boy a little shake, but that only seemed to increase Byakuya's struggling.
"Unhand me this instant," Byakuya spit out. It was almost comical, the way his fists were banging ineffectively on Grimmjow's chest.

"Nuh uh." Grimmjow's lips spread into a large smirk. "Bad boys need to be punished."

Ichigo watched in horror as Grimmjow's fingers pinched the bottom of Byakuya's neck, and every limb of the teenager's body went limp almost at once. Forget not signing Byakuya as a client, Ichigo was going to get in major trouble with the Kuchiki family over this.

"What the hell are you doing?" He asked, through clenched teeth.

"Relax," Grimmjow replied. He slung Byakuya over his shoulder and started to walk towards the door of the resort. "He's just unconscious, he'll be back up again in no time."

Ichigo followed, making sure that he did, indeed, see the rise and fall of Byakuya's chest. Still, that didn't really change the fact that they were pretty much kidnapping the boy, and he really didn't want to know what Grimmjow was planning to do with him. They got into a taxi, Grimmjow mumbling something to the driver about too many drinks too early in the day, and were back at their ryoken soon enough. In all that time Byakuya hadn't stirred in Grimmjow's arms.

"Grimmjow," Ichigo said, once they were out of the taxi and walking back to their room, "what the hell are you planning?"

"What?" Grimmjow said, feigning innocence. "The kid needs to be taught some manners. I'm doing my civic duty in raising upstanding citizens for Japan."

Ichigo frowned as Grimmjow dumped Byakuya's body on the bed. He wasn't expected it, though, when Grimmjow turned on him, picking him up and throwing him on the bed too.

"What the hell, Grimmjow?" Ichigo shouted, struggling as Grimmjow tied his hands to the headboard with the sash of one of their yukatas.

"Just making sure you don't try to stop me," Grimmjow said, before tying something around Ichigo's mouth as well. "For having such a slutty hole, you're actually kind of a prude."

Ichigo definitely did not like the sound of that, as his mind finally supplied him with what Grimmjow was planning to do with Byakuya. He struggled against the sash, but it was tied on tight. The gag in his mouth prevented any of his words from coming out as anything more than muffled garbage. He watched as Grimmjow made his way back to Byakuya and started to remove his clothes.

Grimmjow peeled off Byakuya's clothing, watching as the boy slept. Sometime during the struggle his ponytail holder had snapped, and his hair hung like silken strands around his face. He really was cute, Grimmjow thought, still had a certain roundness to his cheeks that would probably be gone within a year or two. He was just Kenpachi's type, actually. The guy had a thing for cute twinks.

Soon enough Grimmjow had Byakuya completely stripped. He was a little on the skinny side, but it was still obvious that he was fit. He was all soft, flawless skin, like a little doll. Grimmjow tied his wrists together and laid him down on his side, then got behind the small teenager. The boy had a perfect, firm bubble butt, and Grimmjow kneaded it as Byakuya drifted awake.

The first thing Byakuya became aware of, as consciousness washed over him, was the fact that his wrists were bound tightly together. The second thing he became aware of was that orange-haired agent was tied up in front of him, trying to say something past a cloth gag. The third thing he became aware of was the fact that he was completely nude, and someone was squeezing his ass.
Byakuya's eyes snapped open as he jerked his body away from the warmth behind him. He didn't accomplish much, though, as an arm came to wrap around his chest and keep him in place.

"Release me this instant!" he said, something akin to embarrassment flooding through him. The man behind him only chuckled and licked a trail up the side of his face. Byakuya cringed at the feeling the saliva left on his face. He had no doubt that this was the blue-haired man from before.

"Nuh uh. You've been a bad boy, and now you're going to take your punishment like a man."

Byakuya felt something hard and impossibly huge press against his ass. He blushed furiously and struggled in the man's grip, but he couldn't break out of it. The man leaned against Byakuya's back, some of his weight helping to keep Byakuya in this fetal-like position on the bed. The arm wrapped around his chest pinched his nipple, and Byakuya yelped as half-pain half-pleasure shot through him.

"What kind of punishment is this? Let me go!"

"What's the problem, kid? You're the age of consent in this prefecture."

Byakuya was flabbergasted at that response. "I'm not consenting!"

But somehow that arm holding him was moving, and a hand wrapped around his mouth while still immobilizing him.

"You will be," came the heated whisper.

Byakuya jumped as cold, slick fingers pressed against his hole. He screamed into Grimmjow's hand, but they only came out as muffled noises. Two large fingers only pressed against him for now, rubbing small circles around his entrance. Still, he could clearly feel the promise of penetration, could feel the pressure grow with each small circle. Byakuya could feel his eyes sting with water, but he wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment, fear, or anger. He couldn't believe that someone was doing this to him. A fingertip dipped into his hole, and Byakuya's eyes widened. He thrashed around, one last attempt to get away, then cried out when the finger pushed inside him, shoving aside his tight ring of muscle.

Byakuya cried out again as the finger sunk deep inside his ass. It felt odd; there wasn't supposed to be anything up there. He squirmed, wanting Grimmjow to take it out, relief flooding him when the finger pulled away from him. But then he yelped as the finger shoved in again.

"How's that feel?" Grimmjow asked, fucking the kid with his middle finger. The boy was hot and tight, tight enough to make Grimmjow's cock twitch in anticipation. Grimmjow could feel sweat start to form on the boy's back, could feel the boy shivering against his chest. "How's my finger feel shoved up your ass? You ever had anything up there before?"

Byakuya shook his head, once, the only thing he as able to do at the moment. His body seemed to have lost all its strength. He gave a cry as another finger was roughly shoved into his entrance, joining the other to fuck him. At the very least, he thought, they were slippery and wet with something. He felt them scissor inside of him, spreading his inner walls. Before he knew it, having them inside of him felt less and less strange.

"What's this?" Grimmjow said. His hand left Byakuya's mouth and moved down to his crotch. It wrapped around Byakuya's cock and squeezed, and Byakuya was ashamed to realize that his little cock was hard and dripping. "Someone's enjoying this, yeah? I knew you were the type as soon as I saw you, the kind of slut that needs to have his hole stuffed. You wouldn't have this attitude problem if you got a good dicking every now and then."
Byakuya couldn't even say anything, he was so embarrassed. Instead he tried to bury his face into the bed, tried to pretend this wasn't happening.

"It's not much of a punishment if you like it, yeah? I'll have to give you something else."

The fingers were pulled out of his ass, and Byakuya flushed red as he actually heard himself whimper with the loss. He couldn't believe his body was reacting this way, couldn't believe his cock was dripping so much pre-cum. But then he felt something much larger than a finger press against his hole.

"Don't," he said, eyes widening. "Stop it!"

The hand slammed down over his mouth again as Grimmjow started to push. For a moment Byakuya wasn't even sure if it would go in, nothing seemed to be happening. But then his ring of muscle gave way, and the head of Grimmjow's cock pushed inside of him, spreading his entrance open wider than it had ever been before. Byakuya could feel tears fall down his cheeks as he was spread apart. It hurt...he had never felt something like this before. He felt lips pressing against his neck, soft kisses that he supposed were meant to ease the pain. The hand left his mouth, but he didn't have the strength to yell. Besides, he didn't exactly want someone to rush inside the room to see him like this.

"Please," he said, the word almost foreign on his tongue, "take it out. It's too big."

"It's fine," Grimmjow said, pushing in little by little. "You can take it."

"It hurts." He almost didn't recognize his voice. When had he ever sounded so unsure, so feeble? It only served to shame him more. Grimmjow's hand stroked his side, its warmth almost comforting.

"It's okay, you're doing good."

Byakuya felt every excruciating inch as it slid inside of him. He had never been spread open like this; he felt as though he was being split in half. He swore that he could feel Grimmjow's cock inside his stomach.

"You're doing good," Grimmjow repeated, whispering it into Byakuya's ear. The teenage was shivering in his arms, his body spasming around Grimmjow's cock. It felt too good, too tight. Grimmjow didn't even think he could get all the way inside of the boy. He stopped pretty close to it though, most of his cock lodged inside Byakuya's ass. He rubbed his hand over Byakuya's hip, calming the other boy down as he got used to the sensation of having something so big inside of him.

"Do you want it to be over soon soon?"

The boy nodded, unable to do much else.

"Apologize to Ichigo, then."

Byakuya sniffled. He couldn't remember the last time he had apologized for something, but at this point he didn't care. "I'm sorry, Ichigo. I was rude to you."

"Why don't you apologize with your mouth?"

Byakuya looked up at Ichigo, who was, in turn, glaring at Grimmjow. Byakuya looked down to see that there was a tent in Ichigo's pants. He didn't have to reach far to touch it, his slim hand pressing against Ichigo's erection. Ichigo shivered at his touch, and Byakuya took that as encouragement. He opened Ichigo's zipper and pulled out Ichigo's cock, blushing at the sight. It was long and slim and
delicious looking. Leaning forward as best he could with Grimmjow's cock inside him, he took the head of Ichigo's cock into his mouth. He sucked on the top half of it as his hands stroked the bottom half, finding that it tasted just as good as it looked.

Grimmjow snickered at how enthusiastic Byakuya looked to be sucking cock. "You've never had a dick up your ass, but I've bet you've spent a lot of time sucking on them."

Byakuya turned crimson at the accusation, which was all the confirmation Grimmjow needed to know it was true. Whoever was fucking that little pink mouth was a lucky asshole, Grimmjow thought. At any rate, Grimmjow had been still for long enough. He pulled out and pushed back in, causing Byakuya to cry out against the cock in his mouth. He fucked the boy slowly as Byakuya gave Ichigo head. He could only really fuck him with the top half of his cock, the boy was so tight. Grimmjow grabbed Byakuya's top leg and lifted it up before letting it fall back over his thigh. Byakuya's hole was spread open a little bit more this way, and Grimmjow was able to get a few more inches in.

Grimmjow reached around to Byakuya's cock, which had gone limp when he had been breached but was now coming back to life. Grimmjow started stroking it to full hardness as he fucked the boy's hole. Soon enough, Byakuya was moaning in pleasure around Ichigo's cock. At some point, Grimmjow's dick inside of him had stopped hurting and started to feel good. Unbelievably good. Byakuya couldn't stand how good it felt, wanted it to keep fucking him, deeper and deeper. It wasn't long before he came, spilling hot, sticky seed into Grimmjow's hand. Ichigo's semen soon flooded his mouth, and he swallowed every gulp even as he tried to suck out more.

After Byakuya came, Grimmjow figured it was his turn to get off. He pulled out of the boy and flipped him over on his back. Grimmjow kneeled, pointing his cock at Byakuya's crotch as he stroked on it. After several fast strokes he could feel the pressure built in his groin, and soon he was shooting strings of cum onto Byakuya's limp cock and nest of black pubic hair. He almost coated Byakuya's cock with the stuff before he stopped. He watched as Byakuya, of his own accord, reached down with a finger and scooped some cum out of his pubic hair. He brought it to his lips and sucked it down his throat before going back for more.

"What a little cum slut," Grimmjow muttered, a little surprised. At any rate, Byakuya looked content enough, so Grimmjow wasn't too worried. He knew all the boy needed was a good pounding.

"What about him?" Byakuya asked, nodding towards Ichigo. The orange-haired man still looked irate, despite the fact that he had just cum.

"Don't worry about Ichigo," Grimmjow replied. "He's just jealous that my dick was up someone else's hole instead of his."

Still, Grimmjow went about removing Ichigo's gag and untieing him. He had barely undid Ichigo's restraints when a fist went flying into his face and his vision went completely black.

Ichigo watched as Grimmjow fell, unconscious, onto the bed. He grabbed Byakuya's shoulders, pulling the boy up and shaking him a little bit. "Are you okay?"

Byakuya blinked, a little dazed from everything that had happened. "I'm. . . fine. I think."

Ichigo sighed. He swore, one day Grimmjow would be the death of him.
Ichigo woke up to the noises of the other players clamoring down the hallway. They were cheering and yelling, so Ichigo figured they had just won the game and were headed to someone's hotel room to celebrate. Ichigo frowned. So much for going to the hot springs alone with Grimmjow. He guessed his secret goal for the weekend was never going to come to fruition.

Ichigo and Byakuya had fallen asleep right after what happened earlier, too tired to do much else. But now, looking around the room, Ichigo realized that he was completely alone. Grimmjow was probably celebrating with the others, but he wondered where Byakuya was. Maybe the boy had gone home. Ichigo got up, thinking that he should at least look for Byakuya, in case he wasn't feeling well. He opened the door and stepped out into the hallway, where he crashed into an already drunk red head.

Renji blinked at him. His long red hair was down and a terrible mess, tangled in at least two places that Ichigo could see. Still, in didn't look bad. . . in fact, Renji looked kind of cute like that. Renji kept staring at him, apparently unable to do much else. As he stared at Ichigo, his cheeks slowly became redder and redder.

"Umm. . . Ichigo. . . mm. .. sorry, 'bout, other day. . . should go. More sake." And then he half-ran, half-stumbled away.

Well. . . at least that was somewhat of an improvement over Renji ignoring him pre-blow job. At least Renji had been able to manage a semi-coherent sentence while looking Ichigo directly in the eyes. Ichigo made his way through the inn, keeping an eye out for Byakuya. He finally found him outside, sitting at the base of a hill. There was something in his hands, and as Ichigo got closer he realized it was a snowboard.

It was a basic snowboard, not like one of the expensive-looking things that Yoruichi and her friends had been riding. Ichigo guessed that Byakuya had gotten it from the inn manager or something. As Ichigo took a seat beside the boy, he noticed that Byakuya's hands were running over the surface of the board in slow, gentle movements. Almost reverently.

"Are you okay?" Ichigo asked, not just referring to what happened with Grimmjow. He was referring to things in general.

Byakuya turned and stared at him, nothing readable in those cold grey eyes. His hair was still down, and the silky strands fluttered about his face, framing his features perfectly. Ichigo wondered why he always wore it up. . . it seemed a shame to do so.

"I'm perfectly fine," Byakuya said. "I'm not so weak as to be troubled by. . . that bit of vulgarity."

"Of course," Ichigo said, pretending not to notice that light blush that rose to Byakuya's cheeks. He looked up at the hill. It wasn't the most thrilling thing, but it was definitely big enough for a snowboarder to run down a few times before getting bored. "Are you going to take a run down the hill?"

"I tried," Byakuya replied, his cheeks turning even pinker. "But certain areas of my body seem to be too sore."

Ichigo bit back a laugh at that. Still, Byakuya didn't look like he was in very bad shape, considering that it was his first time and he had taken Grimmjow's huge cock in his ass.
"Besides," Byakuya continued, "snowboarding is for fools. Like Yoruichi."

Despite his harsh words, Byakuya was looking at the snowboard with a type of fondness. He definitely enjoyed snowboarding more than he was letting on. Then Ichigo realized why Byakuya was making such a fuss about all the agents who were trying to represent him in skiing: maybe his heart lay with a different sport.

"Do you want to compete in snowboarding?" Ichigo asked, each word slow and precise. He didn't want to offend the hotheaded boy, although he wasn't sure why Byakuya found the idea of snowboarding so offensive.

"Of course not," Byakuya said, a little too quickly. "I'm from a long line of skiers. My grandfather has the record for most Olympic gold medals in skiing. My ancestors before that were also highly decorated. There would be nothing more honorable than to continue their tradition."

Byakuya's eyes seemed to shine with pride as he discussed his family's history. He really did seem as though he wanted to uphold his family's tradition, but . . .

"That doesn't mean you can't love snowboarding," Ichigo said.

Byakuya didn't seem to have anything to say to that. He just stared down at the snowboard in his hands.

"Just like how you're proud of your family for excelling in skiing, I'm sure your grandfather would be proud of you for excelling in snowboarding. Does he know that you like to snowboard?"

There was silence for a long time. When Byakuya did answer, it was with a small no. For once, there was a hint of insecurity in his eyes. He turned to Ichigo, questioning.

"If I hire you as my agent. . . as my agent, will you come talk to my grandfather with me?"

Ichigo nodded. So Byakuya was just a little teenaged brat after all, clamoring for his grandfather's approval. "Yeah, sure."

Byakuya nodded, his eyes taking on their usual self-assured glow. His back stood a little bit straighter, and his hands came to rest firmly on the board. "In that case, I formally hire you as my agent, to represent me in the sport of snowboarding."

"Well, we still have to sign a con-"

"As my agent, your first duty will be to come to my house tomorrow morning to meet with Grandfather."

Ichigo didn't have any problems with that. He thought that Byakuya was making a mountain out of a molehill; Ginrei would no doubt be fine with having a champion snowboarder in his family. "Okay."

Byakuya's fingers started to tap on his board, and he bit his lip before turning to ask Ichigo something. ". . . Is Grimmjow your boyfriend?"

Ichigo frowned, wondering where this was going. At any rate, this really wasn't something he wanted to get into. "Something like that."

"In that case. . . " Byakuya's fingers stopped tapping, and he lifted his chin up a little as he looked at Ichigo. "In that case, as my agent, it will be your duty to loan Grimmjow to me from time to time as I desire it."
Ichigo’s hand came up to slap against the back of Byakuya's head. He almost laughed at the shocked expression on Byakuya's face. "You're still a hundred years too early to ask for something like that."

"So it's no good?" Byakuya asked, looking surprisingly innocent for someone who had just requested a regular booty call from someone else's lover.

"Well... we'll see." Ichigo got up and helped Byakuya to his feet. "Do you want to stay the night or should I call for a taxi?"

"I can send for a driver," Byakuya said. "My grandfather will worry if I don't come home."

"Okay, well, I'll wait with you in the lobby. It's warmer in there."

A half-hour later Byakuya was gone, back to the comfort and extravagance of his mountain estate. Ichigo was feeling wiped out from all the activity of the day, so he started to head back to his room. He'd have to wake up super early tomorrow morning to go meet with Byakuya's grandfather, since their bus left at eight. Or maybe he should just leave later and fly back to Tokyo. He picked up his phone, about to check if there were any flights down in the morning, when he noticed he had a missed call. From Urahara.

Ichigo looked at the clock. It was late, but not so late that Urahara would be asleep. The man would be angry at Ichigo for calling so late, but he'd be even angrier if Ichigo waited until the morning to do it. Stopping to lean against the wall of the hallway, Ichigo dialed Urahara's number.

"Ichigo," Urahara said, "where have you been?"

"Sorry. My cell has been acting funny." He wondered if Urahara could tell he was lying.

"What are you doing Wednesday evening?"

Urahara always did have a tendency to cut to the chase when it was important. Well, it's not as though Ichigo had anything pressing to do in the next few days. Just getting contracts ready for Byakuya and Yoruichi, and following up with Inoue when it came to Coca-Cola. His other two clients were pretty much inactive until their next salary negotiations came up. "I'm free if there's something important to do."

"A potential client called the office today and he requested you. He's a big one, so I want you to do anything in your power to persuade him to sign a contract. I've already made a reservation at Sense in the Mandarin Oriental. That's where he's staying. Show up at seven, not a minute later, and don't let him pay for anything."

Ichigo was about to ask who this potential client was when Urahara hung up, apparently having said all that he wanted to say. Ichigo wondered how his name had gotten famous enough to attract a client... the only famous athlete he had been in charge of, after all, was Grimmjow. And Grimmjow had only landed one modeling job and one endorsement so far. Ichigo guessed he would find out Wednesday, though.

Ichigo turned and made his way back to his room, when he was grabbed from behind. Before he knew it he was slung over someone's shoulder... although that round, muscular ass certainly looked familiar.

"Grimmjow? What the hell are you doing?" Knowing Grimmjow, it was probably something absolutely idiotic.

"It's a surprise," Grimmjow said, "so shut up and go with it."
Ichigo scowled, but it was just easier to let Grimmjow do what he wanted. Ichigo couldn't believe the man was still so energetic after skiing all day, fucking Byakuya, and then being knocked unconscious by Ichigo's right hook. He really was an amazing physical specimen of a man. At any rate, Ichigo couldn't tell where they were going, his view filled with Grimmjow's backside. He felt it get steamy... then cold? Were they outside? Grimmjow was completely manhandling him now, pulling off his clothes, and then Ichigo felt himself deposited with a splash in a pool of hot water. He flailed for a little as he fell under the water, gasped for breath, then quickly used his hands to sit up. It was only chest deep, once he was sitting.

"What the hell?"

He blinked. Grimmjow was standing nude in front of him, getting into the water. There were stars above him and mountains of snow in front of him. They were in the open air hot springs. And they were completely alone.

"You kept talking about going to the hot springs," Grimmjow said, walking towards him, "and you seemed so eager about it. I thought it was weird, but then I got to thinking... maybe you have a kink for fucking in hot springs. And it's not like you'd ever say anything about it outright."

Grimmjow was sitting in front of him now, and his hands came to fit neatly around Ichigo's waist.

"Like I said," Grimmjow said, pulling Ichigo towards him, so that their mouths were almost touching, "you really are a prude."

Ichigo wrapped his arms around Grimmjow's neck as they pressed their lips together. It started with just firm pecks, the pressing of lips against lips several times, before Grimmjow's tongue came out to lick along Ichigo's lips. Ichigo opened his mouth, letting Grimmjow's tongue explore the soft recesses inside. Grimmjow's hands tugged at his waist, pulling him forward so that he came to sit on Grimmjow's lap.

"What if someone walks in?" Ichigo asked, expecting some answer about letting them watch or even join in. Instead, Grimmjow surprised him.

"I reserved the place for the next hour."

Grimmjow's hair was wilting in the steam and humidity, falling in messy waves around his face. Ichigo buried his hands in the back of it, pulling their bodies even closer together. Grimmjow's face was buried at the base of his neck, and he started licking and biting on Ichigo's collarbone. Their erections were squeezed in between their stomachs, standing side by side, rubbing together in an utterly incredible yet entirely unsatisfying way. Ichigo closed his eyes as warm hands ran down his sides to cup against his ass.

Grimmjow kept sucking on Ichigo's skin as he kneading his ass, enjoying the feel of the toned flesh underneath his hands. Although Ichigo wasn't an athlete, he was certainly fit, thanks to time spent at the gym and playing pick-up basketball games. After several minutes of just making out, Grimmjow's hands finally moved towards Ichigo's hole. He easily slid the index finger from each hand inside of it.

Ichigo shivered as his ass was penetrated. Grimmjow's fingers pulled him apart as wide as they could, and it felt like hot water was filling him up. His grip on Grimmjow tightened as those fingers stretched and massages his inner walls, getting him ready. Soon they left him, and Ichigo moved backwards a little bit, just enough to free Grimmjow's cock from between their stomachs. With one of Grimmjow's hands on his waist to guide him, he lifted his hips up, then down again, feeling his hole press against the tip of Grimmjow's cock.
Ichigo bit his lip as he sank down on the huge cock, but that didn't suppress the moan that reverberated through his whole body. He went slow, enjoying the feeling of being stretched open. The water rippled around them, making slick noises with every movement.

"So fucking tight," Grimmjow mutter into Ichigo's skin, as soon as his cock was completely buried inside that little hole.

"Tighter than Byakuya?" Ichigo couldn't help but say it.

"What, jealous?" Grimmjow smirked against Ichigo's collar bone. "That was the brat's first time, he couldn't help but be tight. But his hole didn't milk me the way yours is doing now."

Ichigo flushed lightly at that, but then both of Grimmjow's hands were on his waist, lifting him up.

"Come on," Grimmjow said. "Ride it. Shove it in and fuck yourself on it."

Ichigo shivered, lifting his hips before slamming back down. He could feel the water splash up slightly around them with the movement, and he found himself moving faster and faster. His grip tightened around Grimmjow's head as he fucked himself on that huge cock, all the while grinding his own cock against Grimmjow's stomach. He could hear his moans filling the room, mingling with the sound of the lightly splashing water. It wasn't long before he came, shooting hot semen in between them to coat both their stomachs. His legs felt weak, and then they gave out. He fell back onto Grimmjow's cock, impaling himself completely as his head landed on Grimmjow's shoulders.

Grimmjow got up a little bit, lifting Ichigo with him. His still hard cock fell out of Ichigo's hole as he dropped the other man onto the tiled ground by the edge of the pool. Ichigo winced as his ass and upper back made contact with the hard stone. It was cold laying there, only his lower legs submerged in the pool, only the heated steam rising from its surface to warm him. He lifted himself up a little so that, while his forearms were on the ground, his back wasn't. And, at any rate, Ichigo didn't have much time to think about how uncomfortable it was. Because Grimmjow's shock of blue hair was lowering between his legs, and a tongue was pressing against his taint.

Ichigo's breath caught at the sensation. He closed his eyes, all the better to focus on the treatment Grimmjow' inexplicably rough tongue was giving him. It grazed up and down that narrow strip of flesh, sending pleasure shooting out throughout his body. After awhile it brushed against the edge of his hole, then lingered there, rubbing against the part of Ichigo's hole directly next to his taint. Ichigo couldn't help but moan at the teasing feeling. It felt so good, but not nearly as good as it felt when Grimmjow slid his tongue completely inside of him.

Now Ichigo was really moaning, cock growing hard again as that hot, wet tongue squirmed inside of him. Fired him in a way that was entirely different than how a cock would. He loved getting this kind of attention, having Grimmjow rimming his ass like it was the most delicious thing in the world. It didn't take too long before he was completely hard again for the third time that night, his cock dripping thin strands of pre-cum onto him stomach.

After awhile that tongue pulled out of his body, and Ichigo whined at the loss before he could help himself. He blamed it on the heat and the steam of the baths, which were combining to make him light-headed. Grimmjow smirked as he heard the noise, which made Ichigo regret making it all the more. But than Grimmjow was moving forward, devilish grin on his face, and Ichigo had to clamp a palm over his mouth as he watched his cock disappear into Grimmjow's mouth in one gulp.

Shit. Ichigo moaned into his palm as that hot mouth started to suck on him like the cure for cancer was in his dick. It felt amazing, and looked even better, Grimmjow's face pressed completely against his crotch. And when Grimmjow started to bob up and down, and looked up at Ichigo with dark,
heavy-lidded eyes, Ichigo almost lost it right then and there. But he didn't . . . he had come too many times tonight already for it to be that easy.

So he relaxed and just enjoyed the show. Enjoyed the attention Grimmjow was lavishing on him. As Grimmjow's mouth moved up and down his cock, one of Grimmjow's hands found its way to Ichigo's balls. It cupped and fondled them, sometimes squeezing gently, sometimes rolling just a little bit. And that mouth continued to work on him, bobbing up and down before it concentrated on just his head. He felt Grimmjow's tongue swirl around his sensitive cock head, over and over, until finally dipping down into the slit at the top of it. Shivers ran up Ichigo's body, and Grimmjow pulled away, Ichigo's cock falling from his mouth with a wet noise. Grimmjow smirked, then stuck his tongue out, licking a long, slow trail from the base of Ichigo's cock to the tip. He pressed a kiss to the very tip before lifting himself up and positioning himself between Ichigo's legs.

Almost automatically, Ichigo spread his legs a little bit farther. He could see Grimmjow's big cock now. It was wet and throbbing, and Grimmjow was stroking it with long, measured movements of his wrist.

"I'm going to stick it in again," Grimmjow said, though Ichigo hardly knew why the other man felt the need to say it.

At any rate, he didn't wait for a response. Grimmjow wrapped one hand around Ichigo's thigh. His other hand stayed wrapped around his cock, holding it nice and straight as he positioned it at Ichigo's hole. A hole that was still loose from previous fucking, and opened up easily as Grimmjow pushed forward. Grimmjow started to fuck the other man from this position, watching as his cock slammed into Ichigo's hole over and over again.

"So fucking good," Grimmjow said. "You love having my huge dick up your hole, don't you? The only thing your hole's good for is taking cock, isn't it?"

Ichigo cried out as Grimmjow sped up his pace. Ichigo was supporting himself with his arms, but they were getting shaky. It felt too good to have Grimmjow inside him, to have Grimmjow fucking him like this.

"Say it," Grimmjow growled, as his hand closed around Ichigo's cock.

Ichigo moaned as Grimmjow started to jerk him off. "Yes. Fuck, yes. All my hole wants is to have your dick inside of it, ramming it inside out."

"Fuck yeah. I'll pound it all night long if it wants me to. I'll fill it with load after load of cum, and then I'll fuck it some more."

Grimmjow leaned forward, and Ichigo lost his balance. His back fell onto the polished stone of the hot spring. Grimmjow followed shortly after, bending over to kiss Ichigo as he kept fucking the man. Grimmjow's hand reached into the small space between their stomachs, tugging on Ichigo's erection. As their tongues sparred Ichigo lost it, shooting his third orgasm of the night into Grimmjow's hand. Grimmjow didn't last much longer, and Ichigo soon felt the first jet of hot semen flood into his ass. He wrapped his legs around Grimmjow's waist, pulling the man closer, wanting every drop of Grimmjow's semen deep inside of him.

After Grimmjow came he fell on top of Ichigo and buried his face in the nape of Ichigo's neck. He could feel Ichigo's pulse, still racing, and he waited for it to calm down. He waited for both their pulses to calm down. After a while he withdrew, pulling his cock out with a wet noise.

"Are you tired?" he asked, his hands coming up to rub up and down Ichigo's sides. Ichigo was still
laying there, hadn't moved an inch.

"Yeah," Ichigo breathed. He forced himself to move, realizing that they should get themselves cleaned up. Luckily they were in the hot springs, although he was sure the innkeepers would not condone what they were getting up to in here. He sunk back into the water, his swollen hole crying in relief as it touched the hot, soothing water. Ichigo was still feeling shaky, but Grimmjow's arm came up around his back to support him. He felt himself being pulled half onto Grimmjow's lap, could feel Grimmjow's hand washing away the cum that stuck to his stomach and chest. He felt Grimmjow's lips against the side of his head, pressing a kiss into his hair.

"Do you need me to carry you to our room? Princess style?"

Ichigo scowled as he pushed Grimmjow away. Grimmjow was smirking at him, and maybe laughing a little bit.

"Fuck no," Ichigo said. "What the hell are you thinking?"

"I dunno, was thinking you'd be cute being carried like that."

"I can walk by myself," Ichigo said, getting up out of the bath to prove it. He didn't get far, though, because soon he was being tackled back into the water. Grimmjow's arms were wrapped around him, Grimmjow's hard cock pressed against the side of his thigh. He couldn't believe how insatiable the other man was. They had sex practically every day, and this was his third time tonight. Ichigo almost reconsidered his answer to Byakuya's earlier question. . . maybe it would be better on his ass if he loaned Grimmjow out every now and then.

"Come on, one more round. We have the place for another twenty minutes. I'll make it a quickie."

Ichigo sighed, wondering if saying no was even an option. "Fine."

Ichigo turned around so that he was facing Grimmjow, back pressed against the side of the hot spring. He bent his arms behind him, resting his forearms on the stone ground and gripping the edge of the pool with his hands. Grimmjow, kneeling in front of him, lifted Ichigo's lower body up to meet his pelvis. The buoyancy of the water was it easy to keep his body suspended like that, even without Grimmjow's hands to hold him up. Soon he felt Grimmjow's cock nudging at his entrance again, and it easily slid into his already wet hole. Grimmjow started to fuck him in short, shallow thrusts, as his hands wondered all over Ichigo's body. They ran over his chest, over his stomach, and his sides, sometimes dipping down to fondle his still limp cock. With his body practically level with the surface of the water, Ichigo had a rather obscene view of it being fucked, and it brought a flush to his face.

"I thought it was going to be a quickie," Ichigo said, half moaning. Though his cock seemed to be done for the day, it still felt so good to be filled like this.

"Yeah. Sorry." Grimmjow sped up his thrusts, until he was ramming into Ichigo with each one. Ichigo started to clench and de-clench his ass around Grimmjow's cock, hoping that the added sensation would help the man get off. He reached up with one hand as he supported his weight with the other, to pinch Grimmjow's left nipple and roll it around in his fingers.

"Talk dirty to me," Grimmjow said, "that'll get me off. Tell me how my dick feels inside of you."

Ichigo blushed, but at this point in their relationship he knew that Grimmjow liked this kind of stuff. It wasn't as embarrassing as it used to be, at any rate. "Your dick's so big and hot. I love the way it teases my hole, the way it fucks me. It always feels like it's going to split me apart, but it feels so fucking good."
"Yeah, my dick likes your little hole, too. It gets so hard thinking about it. All it wants to do is slam into you over and over, all day long."

"Do it," Ichigo moaned. "Fuck me. Give me that big, juicy cock."

Grimmjow finally gave a grunt and a final thrust, and Ichigo found himself being filled with more hot cum. He frowned and hoped that they could make it through getting each other cleaned up without Grimmjow getting hard again.

"Okay," Ichigo said, carefully pulling himself off of Grimmjow's cock, "let's go rinse off in the shower and head back to our room."

Luckily, Grimmjow seemed sated enough, and they were able to tumble into their beds and fall asleep without further incident.

Ichigo woke up early the next morning, tired and sore. He went through all his work duties in a haze.

. . print out two copies of the standard contract pdf. Explain to Ginrei that Byakuya was changing his career focus. (The old man, incidentally, had no problems with Byakuya taking up the sport). Get Byakuya to sign the contract. Track down Yoruichi (easy enough; she was staying at the Kuchiki estate), get her to sign the contract. Ignore Byakuya's questions about Grimmjow. Watch Yoruichi tease Byakuya about Grimmjow. Ichigo was looking forward to just getting back to the inn in time to make the bus, and sleeping the whole damn way home. Fortunately for him, that's exactly what he was able to do.

Unfortunately for him, the next week of his life wouldn't be nearly as relaxing.
Chocolate and Fruit

If Ichigo was more fond of socializing, he might have better appreciated the fact that it constituted most of his job as an agent. After all, if you weren't courting a potential client you were romancing potential employers and sponsors for said clients. Ichigo probably should have thought more about that when he was choosing a career path. But, as it was, he just felt awkward at Urahara's latest meet-and-greet, a monthly luncheon the firm hosted to keep up business contacts. Urahara invited, basically, everyone who was anyone who had ever had any dealings with their firm.

So here Ichigo was, at a ballroom in the Four Seasons, sitting at a table in the corner and munching on food as he watched everyone else network. He didn't know most of the people there, though he supposed he should go out and ingratiate himself into some of the conversations. He saw Inoue doing just that, fluttering from group to group as usual. But no matter how much Ichigo realized he should be doing the same, it just felt so fake and contrived for him to do so. As a result, he spent most of the time at these luncheons either talking with people he knew or just watching the crowd.

Right now, he was doing the latter while contemplating the former. He saw Ukitake at one point, which reminded him that today was a "day off" for the players. "Day off" meaning that they were all probably training individually. He saw a few sportscasters he recognized from television but hadn't actually met yet. And he saw Aizen, headed straight towards him.

"Ichigo," the man all but purred. "So nice to see you again. How are you today?"

Ichigo flushed some more as he glanced at Aizen out of the corner of his eyes. The man looked as handsome as ever, dressed as usual in one of his impeccably crisp suits.

"Fine," Ichigo said, before looking away. "And you?"

"Couldn't be better. And how's Grimmjow?"

Ichigo's head whipped around to face Aizen fully. He was searching for hints as to whether Aizen was teasing him, but Aizen's expression and demeanor looked the same as ever. An innocent question, then.

"He's fine," Ichigo replied. "It seems like his career's really taking off."

"Yes, I've noticed. I'm glad that our client was able to shoot with him before his price went up."

"Were they happy with the ad campaign?" Ichigo asked. He really should follow up on things, and at least talking about it took his mind off of other... embarrassments.

"Immensely so," Aizen replied.

An associate was calling Aizen's name, and Aizen turned and held up a placating finger. *I'll be over in a minute*, the gesture said. But then he looked back at Ichigo, staring at him for a rather long moment. Analyzing, like a chess player about to make his move. Ichigo shifted, uncomfortable, before Aizen broke the moment.
"I look forward to seeing Grimmjow's career grow," Aizen finally said. "Until next time, Ichigo."

"Sure. Next time."

Ichigo watched as Aizen got up and left. He wondered what that odd moment had been about, but figured it didn't really matter. He got up and half-heartedly introduced himself to a few people before, at last, turning to go back to the office. He spent a few hours there before going home, done for the day.

When Ichigo got home, he wasn't surprised to hear his shower running. The bathroom door was open, and although he couldn't see anything, he could feel the humidity and heat from the shower wafting out as he walked into his small apartment. Grimmjow had no doubt just come home from whatever athletic endeavor he had been participating in today and was getting cleaned up.

Ichigo stopped once he got to the kitchen, partly to put his messenger's bag on the counter top and partly to get a snack to eat. He opened the refrigerator, surprised to see that the shelves had been adjusted to fit a rather large basket. It was filled to brimming with fruits, both chocolate-covered and plain, strawberries and bananas and skewered grapes arranged in an edible bouquet. There was a small card attached to it, and he plucked it off to read.

To Grimmjow, from your new friends at Coca-cola.

How sweet of them. And how fortunate for Ichigo, what with his fondness for chocolate and Grimmjow's general distaste of it. He pulled a chocolate-covered strawberry from its position and pushed the tip of it into his mouth. It was almost heaven as he swirled his tongue around it, as the rich chocolate melted on his tongue and against his lips.

"I'm disappointed that you didn't pick a banana to do that too."

Ichigo bit down on the strawberry as he looked up at the bathroom door. Grimmjow was standing there with his towel in his hand, nude but mostly dry, cock half-hard between his legs. He dropped the towel and started to make his way towards Ichigo. Ichigo, for his part, finished the strawberry and tossed its leafy top into the nearby trash can just as Grimmjow had made his way to him. Two arms came around either side of him, and Ichigo found himself effectively trapped. Which was a position, to tell the truth, he didn't really mind being in at the moment.

"You've got some chocolate on your mouth," Grimmjow said, lips curled and voice husky.

"Yeah?" Ichigo asked.

"Yeah," Grimmjow replied, leaning in. "Let me help you with that."

Grimmjow closed the few inches between them quickly, and Ichigo soon felt a tongue tracing across his lips, gathering any trace of chocolate before pushing into his mouth. Their tongues sparred. First in Ichigo's mouth, then in Grimmjow's, and all the while Grimmjow was pressing up against him, rubbing that magnificent cock against the crotch of his pants. When Grimmjow broke away a large smirk was on his face.

"They sent a jar of chocolate syrup with the basket," Grimmjow said. "Since you're being such a good boy today, I'll let you lick it off my dick."

"Asshole," Ichigo muttered, even as he sunk down onto his knees.

Ichigo unzipped his pants and pulled out his aching erection, then stroked it as he watched Grimmjow move around the kitchen. Grimmjow's big cock would bob up and down in front of him,
dripping pre-cum every now and then onto the tiled floor. It didn't take long before Grimmjow had the jar of chocolate sauce in hand and that heavy cock was bobbing its way back towards Ichigo's face. Ichigo licked his lips as Grimmjow dripped a stream of milk chocolate up and down his shaft, as the creamy goo spread over its veined surface.

"Go ahead," Grimmjow said with his usual smirk. "Bon appetit."

Ichigo grabbed the base of Grimmjow's shaft with one hand to hold it in place, all the while using his other hand to keep jerking himself off. He darted his tongue out and used it to lick up and down Grimmjow's cock, lapping up every trace of chocolate Grimmjow had dripped onto it. It really did taste good, rich and creamy, mingling with Grimmjow's own taste. Every time Ichigo would lick it all off Grimmjow would drip more on, until Ichigo figured enough was enough and just sucked as much of Grimmjow's cock into his mouth as he could.

Grimmjow chuckled. "How's that taste? Dick and chocolate. Your two favorite things, yeah? Bet you're in heaven, having that thing crammed down your throat."

Ichigo started to pull off Grimmjow's cock in order to tell the other man to shut up, but two hands tangled in his hair and slammed him even further down onto it. His nose hit pelvic bone as he gagged for a moment. Ichigo consciously forced his throat to relax around Grimmjow's monster, then stayed still as Grimmjow started to fuck his mouth. He could feel it ramming itself down his throat, thick and pulsing. But he was used to doing this, so it didn't feel... well, terribly uncomfortable. He placed a hand around Grimmjow's thigh to hold himself steady as Grimmjow pounded his mouth like it was an asshole.

Ichigo's throat was just beginning to feel sore when Grimmjow grunted and started to pull out. Cum oozed down his throat, shot onto his tongue, onto his lips, and, finally, onto his face as the last of Grimmjow's load exploded out of his cock. Ichigo swallowed the stuff in his mouth before using his tongue to sweep up any that had landed around his lips, then he swallowed that as well.

"Get up and bend over the counter," Grimmjow said, even as his cock started to go limp.

Ichigo did what Grimmjow asked, pulling his pants off along the way. As he bent over he felt a hand push against his lower back and a hand knead at an ass cheek. Then the hand on his back disappeared and he felt something cold and slimy spill in between the crevice of his ass. He couldn't help but let out a gasp as the cool liquid dribbled over his hole and down over his balls, but then Grimmjow's tongue was there, licking up all that chocolate. It started at his balls, licking and sucking and sometimes nibbling at them in that oh-so-pleasant way. Then it made its way upwards, dragging along his taint to lap up the trail of chocolate there. And then it was at his hole, and Ichigo couldn't help but squirm as the hot wetness of Grimmjow's tongue swept away the coolness of the chocolate. That tongue swept over his hole again and again, up and down and then in circles, never pushing inward, until Ichigo swore he was going to go insane.

"Hurry up and fuck me already," he finally spit out, flushing red as he did so.

For Ichigo's articulation Grimmjow pushed his tongue inside his hole, wriggled it slightly, then pulled his mouth off entirely.

"You really are in a good mood today, aren't you?" Grimmjow asked. A thumb came to rub back and forth over Ichigo's hole, never putting enough pressure to actually enter. "Unfortunately for you, my dick needs a little more time to get hard again."

Ichigo looked backwards with a frown, the words 'you've got to be kidding me' hanging from his lips. Then he realized that at some point Grimmjow had gotten the refrigerator door open and was
staring at the fruit basket inside.

"Oh, fuck no," Ichigo said. "You're not shoving a peeled banana up my ass."

"I'm not an idiot," Grimmjow shot back, tone mildly offended.

Ichigo's answer was an incredulous glare.

"Look, relax, yeah? I'm thinking here."

Ichigo frowned and turned to face forward again, letting Grimmjow 'think.' It really wouldn't take Grimmjow all that long to be ready again, and besides, that teasing thumb felt pretty nice. When it finally left his skin Ichigo couldn't help but make a small mewl of disappointment, but the thumb was quickly replaced with something... something cold, small and round?

"What the hell?" Ichigo asked, head spinning around just as whatever it was disappeared inside his ass. But he couldn't help but gasp at the feeling, as his hole closed up around the foreign object.

Behind him, Grimmjow was holding a handful of grapes, and was in the process of pressing a second one against Ichigo's asshole.

"Grimmjow," Ichigo warned, rather non-convincingly. As the second grape pressed into him he couldn't help but admit that it felt good. It was different than having something like a finger or a cock up there. He could feel them shifting, rubbing against each other and rubbing against him, and could feel them all the more as Grimmjow pushed in a third... than a fourth... than a fifth...

"You're really something," Grimmjow said. "Your ass is just swallowing these things up."

Ichigo shifted, minutely, and the small movement caused an entirely unproportional sensation inside of him. He could feel the grapes, like large beads, shift and roll, even as more were added.

"Fuck," Ichigo murmured, squeezing his ass around the foreign objects inside of him. He had lost count of how many Grimmjow had added, but he was started to feel impossibly full. "How many are you putting in there?"

"As many as your greedy hole wants."

The answer was, Ichigo noted, three more. At which point Grimmjow was pulling him back off the counter, then helping him up so that he was sitting over the sink with his legs bent and spread. He looked down to see his lower abdomen just slightly distended from the fruits inside him, his cock jutting out hard and dripping.

"Push them out," Grimmjow said. "Let me see you push them out."

Ichigo flushed but did what Grimmjow wanted. It was an odd sensation, pushing out that first, perfectly circular grape. He could feel the others shifting inside him, could feel the outermost one breach his hole, and then felt it leave his body with a plop. It landed with a short, clear noise in the sink, before spiraling down the drain. Grimmjow's eyes on the spectacle just made it even more embarrassing, filled as they were more with curiosity and amusement than anything else. Ichigo pushed the others out as well, one after another, more and more quickly, happy to be rid of them. And through it all he was ashamed to admit that his erection hadn't gone down at all.

"Is that all?" Grimmjow asked, once the grapes stopped coming and no more seemed forthcoming.

Ichigo could only nod. After which point Grimmjow didn't waste any more time.
Grimmjow wrapped his hands around Ichigo's waist and jerked the other man to the edge of the countertop, where his hard cock was waiting. Ichigo squirmed a little bit, finding it a little difficult to balance in this position, though the feeling of Grimmjow's cock as the head of it rubbed back and forth inside his ass crack made the experience a little more pleasant. Every now and then it rubbed against his hole, and Ichigo was on the verge of yelling for Grimmjow to fuck him already. Luckily he didn't have to, as Grimmjow grabbed his cock with one hand and started to push it inside of him.

Fuck. As Ichigo arched backwards and thrust forward, a gasp on his lips as he was mounted, he nearly fell backwards into the sink. Somehow, though, Grimmjow's arms and his arms and their bodies were tangling up in such a way that they were almost stable. Grimmjow's lips, Grimmjow's teeth, attached themselves to his neck, and Ichigo could only moan as that wonderfully thick cock slid all the way inside of him. No waiting time, after that, Grimmjow was rutting into him with all the force of an animal in heat. No graceful movements, no sense of rhythm, just raw fucking.

Ichigo bit his lip as that thick cock slammed into him again and again and again. Grimmjow was muttering things to him, the usual things, he wasn't paying too much attention to it. Things like 'so fucking tight' and 'fuck yeah' and whatever else got Grimmjow off. Ichigo wasn't sure how long they fucked for, but after awhile Grimmjow grunted and shoved his cock in extra deep, and Ichigo could feel spurts of liquid heat shoot against his innermost walls. And Grimmjow kept fucking him, a thrust for every spur of cum and even after that, until his cock was too soft to keep fucking anymore.

With a jerk Grimmjow pulled out and sunk down onto his knees. Ichigo nearly lost his balance once again, but caught himself just in time to look down and watch as his hard cock disappeared inside of Grimmjow's mouth. Ichigo gasped and thrust forward. He was already on the verge of coming, so the feeling of that wet heat wrapping around him was all it took before he started to spill himself down Grimmjow's throat.

It felt like he was shooting forever. Hard and long, until he was completely drained, and Grimmjow was swallowing every last drop. When Ichigo was finally done coming his limbs felt like pudding. He somehow sunk down onto the floor, legs tangling with Grimmjow's, back uncomfortably shoved against the small knob of the cabinet there. Grimmjow's forehead was pressing against his, and then they were kissing, the tangy aftertaste of his cum still on Grimmjow's tongue. He sucked it into his mouth, swirled his tongue around it, then let go as his orgasm started to fade. He opened his eyes to see Grimmjow's face, too close, grinning at him.

"Chinese for dinner?" Grimmjow asked. "I've got a craving."

Ichigo shrugged. "Why not?"

The next few days passed in rather ordinary fashion, until it came time for Ichigo to meet with his potential new client. After a busy day at work he had just enough time to hurry home and make himself presentable for his dinner meeting. He put on one of the few suits he owned and headed to the Mandarin Oriental, a little apprehensive about the meeting. Sense was on the 37th floor. Ichigo took the elevator up and stepped out into the restaurant.

The space was designed with clean, modern lines, and decorated mainly with grays and other neutral colors, punctuated with accents of magenta. A solitary purple-pink wall in the back of the restaurant. Small pink lights. The soft purple of the cheongsams that the hostess and waitresses wore. Windows ran from floor to ceiling, offering unparalleled views of the Tokyo skyline. To the side there was a bar, grey and black, lit by bars of soft light. There was a man sitting there, dressed in a suit but wearing a wide-brimmed fedora low on his head, as if to hide his face from the crowd. Ichigo walked up to him. He was the only man sitting at the bar... he seemed to be waiting, so maybe he was the client.
"Excuse me," Ichigo said, only to find his tongue frozen as bright green eyes looked up at him. It was Ulquiorra Cifer
Ichigo wasn't sure what to say, but he didn't have to think about it, because Ulquiorra was greeting him.

"Kurosaki," he said, "it's nice to see you again."

The hostess was before them now, a gentle smile on her face as she bowed slightly. "Gentlemen, your table is ready."

She led them to the main area, Ichigo feeling dumbstruck as he followed. He was hardly aware of it as they took their seats and Ulquiorra directed the waitress to bring over a certain vintage of wine. After the waitress left, Ulquiorra took off his hat and placed it on the seat next to him.

"It's convenient for hiding my identity when I'm in the city," he explained, "but it's impolite to wear a hat when dining."

Ichigo could only nod, a little dumbfounded. They were seated at a table for two in the corner, next to the wall of glass that looked out over the city. Ulquiorra was sitting on the cushioned bench that ran the length of the wall while Ichigo was in a chair opposite him. Ulquiorra looked the same as he did last time Ichigo saw him. Messy black hair, emerald green eyes, grey-white skin. There was the same non-expression on his face, lips turned downward just that little bit.

Ichigo wasn't really sure how he was supposed to act in this situation, considering Ulquiorra's relationship with Grimmjow. He wasn't even exactly sure he knew what Ulquiorra wanted from him.

"Urahara told me you were looking for an agent," Ichigo said. "Was that true?"

"Are you always so curt when wooing potential clients, Kurosaki?" Ulquiorra's words made it seem like a breach of etiquette, but his expression said he could care less. "I was hoping for a more pleasant experience before we get down to business."

Ichigo scowled. "What I don't get is why you think I'd do business with you at all, after everything you've done to Grimmjow."

The conversation came to an awkward pause as the waitress came by their table, armed with the bottle of wine Ulquiorra had ordered for them. She poured a small amount for Ulquiorra, who tasted it before giving his approval. She then poured a glass for Ichigo before topping Ulquiorra's off. They waited until she left before resuming the conversation.

"Your loyalty to your clients is admirable," Ulquiorra said, "but I'm sure you know that Grimmjow is hardly an outstanding citizen. I'd be sure to take whatever he told you with a grain of salt."

Ichigo's scowl only deepened. He took a swig of his wine, uncomfortable with where his thoughts were heading. It was true what Ulquiorra was saying. Grimmjow was a mess of vices rolled into one; he had painted himself the victim when it came to Ulquiorra, but that didn't mean that was actually the case. "So you're saying you didn't force him off your high school soccer team."

"No, I did do that." There was absolutely no remorse in Ulquiorra's eyes, on any other emotion, really. "But I had good reason. Grimmjow wasn't good for the team. He was hotheaded and had no respect for the coach. He only came to practice when he wanted to, and only listened to orders during games if he wanted to. I made no secret of the fact that I detested him, and I know that he hated me just as much. I was the complete opposite as him, after all: a dutiful student who upheld the
rule of the schools, the rules of the football team."

Ichigo couldn't deny that Grimmjow might have been that way once. It was in fitting with his personality. But these days, Grimmjow came to practice, Grimmjow listened to what his coach said. He had grown up over college. . . maybe it was the fact that he couldn't play football in high school that did it, Ichigo didn't know, but he wasn't the same man. And even if he was. . . "So, what? You had him picked off because of a personality clash?"

Ulquiorra took a sip as wine, as casual as though they were discussing the stock exchange, and not some long-simmering feud between two men. "That wasn't the reason."

"So what was?" Ichigo was starting to think this was a waste of time. If anything, Ulquiorra was starting to just piss him off. This was obviously just a case of two boys not being able to get along, and the antagonistic feelings bleeding into their adult lives.

"He was sexually assaulting one of the lower classmen on the team. I couldn't let that slide."

An uncomfortable feeling came to settle at the bottom of Ichigo's stomach. So maybe Ulquiorra did have a reason for his strong dislike of Grimmjow. "It might have been consensual. . ."

"It wasn't," Ulquiorra said, his voice definitive. "Or are you saying you don't think Grimmjow's capable of doing something like that?"

But that was the problem. Ichigo was sure Grimmjow was capable of it.

"To be fair," Ulquiorra continued, "Grimmjow wasn't the only perpetrator. But he was the ringleader. Once he was off the team, every one else stopped and got in line soon enough."

"What happened to the lower classman?" Ichigo asked.

Ulquiorra shrugged at the question. "He stayed on the team. Played football. Without Grimmjow there, the team became orderly enough. That man used to be complete trash, and it seems like he hasn't changed much since then. Exactly how did you two end up sleeping together, by the way?"

Ichigo blushed as the memories flooded him. It was true, it hadn't been after the usual period of courtship. At any rate, that day seemed so long ago.

"To a man like Grimmjow," Ulquiorra said, "sex isn't just about sex. It's about control. Maybe you enjoy being controlled and used like some object, in which case I'll leave you alone. But the fact is, Grimmjow is your biggest client, isn't he? Maybe you have a hard time saying no to him because you think he'll break his contract with you."

"That's not how it is," Ichigo said, even as he realized that it was. At the very least, it was how it had started between them. But now. . . things were different now, weren't they? Ichigo couldn't even be sure. He was so used to Grimmjow, so used to the things they did, that he couldn't get an objective perspective on it. "And even if it was, what would you do about it?"

"Offer to sign with you instead. I have a higher salary and more endorsement deals than Grimmjow. Sign with me and break off your professional relationship with Grimmjow. You'll be free of whatever twisted contract Grimmjow has you locked into."

"Why would you do that?"

Ulquiorra looked off to the side, contemplative as his eyes scanned over the cityscape. "It just seems like the fitting thing to do. I always felt bad that I couldn't intervene sooner when it came to
Margera*. He was a sweet boy, and didn't deserve the experience he went through."

"And what exactly did he go through?" Ichigo asked. He was still hesitant to believe that Grimmjow had done something truly awful to his former teammate. "How can you know exactly what went on between them?"

Ulquiorra's eyes were sharp and clear as they looked back over at Ichigo. "I caught them in the locker room. Grimmjow and his friends, teaming up against Margera. It was excruciatingly obvious that there was no consent or pleasure there."

Ichigo shook his head a little bit before taking another gulp of wine. He had been drinking throughout this discussion, and was starting to feel a little dizzy. He never could handle his alcohol. "I still don't understand why you would give a shit about what Grimmjow's doing with me."

A flash of some glimmer of emotion flashed through Ulquiorra's eyes before it disappeared again. "I admit that I may appear somewhat... cold. I keep to myself, and because of that, the public seems to have a negative opinion of me. I'm not the type of person who would usually involve myself in the affairs of others, but I still wanted to offer you a way out, in case you needed one. The choice is up to you, Kurosaki. You don't even have to decide now. Take your time, my offer will still be standing."

Ichigo's glass was empty. Ulquiorra had been pouring him more this whole time, probably more out of habit and politeness than anything else.

"Let me ask you some things, Kurosaki. Do you want to be with Grimmjow? Are you happy with the type of relationship that you have? Because, if not, you shouldn't be in it."

"I don't know," Ichigo said, answering honestly. After everything Ulquiorra said today, he wasn't really sure of anything. He did enjoy being with Grimmjow, he knew that much. But was it only because Grimmjow had trained him to enjoy their sex play? Grimmjow wasn't a man that Ichigo was comfortable calling his boyfriend, and he wasn't a man Ichigo could see bringing home to meet his mother. If he wasn't Grimmjow's agent, if Grimmjow wasn't his client... would he still want to be with the other man? "I don't know. I have to think over all of this."

Ichigo pressed his hands on the table, pushing himself up. He could barely stand, though, could feel his legs shaking underneath him. But as soon as he was falling Ulquiorra was there, and the shorter man slipped an arm around Ichigo's back to steady him. Ichigo felt eyes on him, and hoped he wasn't causing a commotion in the crowded restaurant.

"You're drunk," Ulquiorra said. "I'll walk you to my room. You can sleep it off there."

"I shouldn't," Ichigo said, but he was already walking in tandem with Ulquiorra's steps.

"Are you worried I might try to take advantage of you? I would never do such a thing; I'm not Grimmjow, after all."

Ichigo nodded, too dizzy to defend his client. At any rate, going up to Ulquiorra's room was the best plan of action. He could lay down for a little bit, drink some water, and then leave.

"Fine," he said. "Let's go."

Ichigo let Ulquiorra help him to his hotel room. Once they were inside, Ichigo made a mad dash to the porcelain god in the bathroom, where he kneeled down as something rushed up through his body. Ichigo could taste the vomit on his tongue as he regurgitated all the alcohol he had just drank into the toilet. Ulquiorra came up behind him and brushed his hair back in a soothing manner, hands
hot against his forehead. Ichigo couldn't believe that he was in Ulquiorra's hotel room throwing up. What kind of agent was he...

"I didn't even have that much to drink," Ichigo murmured, wondering at his predicament. It was like he had skipped the whole being drunk part of drinking... he had gone from sober to sick in two seconds flat.

"Actually," Ulquiorra said, "you managed to finish most of the bottle while we were talking."

This was not professional at all. Ichigo wondered if he should apologize for his behavior, but then Ulquiorra was lifting him up and pressing a glass of water against his lips. He drank it gratefully. It actually made him feel a bit nauseated, to be honest, but he knew that his body would thank him in the morning. Ulquiorra steered him towards the bed, where he all but collapsed into the mattress. Laying down made him dizzy, but if he could fall asleep before the urge to throw up caught up to him again, he could sleep through this part of being drunk...

Ichigo blinked open his eyes. This room was much brighter than what he was used to. The sheets felt different as well. Then he remembered. Ichigo shot straight up on the bed, horrified beyond belief that he had gotten drunk with Ulquiorra and then had fallen asleep in the man's hotel room. His eyes scanned the room. There was a blanket on the couch, and he gathered that Ulquiorra had slept there for the night. The man himself, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Ichigo got up and walked to the bathroom, intent on getting himself a glass of water. He didn't really have a hangover, but he was feeling tired and dehydrated. He didn't think a glass of tap water had ever tasted so good. When he went back to the main room he saw that Ulquiorra was back. The man was dressed in a sweatshirt and hoodie, skin flushed and damp. He must have just been running. He held a paper bag in his hands, and put it on the table.

"I bought some take-out. Rice porridge and miso soup. I wasn't sure what you liked."

"Actually," Ichigo said, "either of those sounds good right now."

While the thought of completely solid food made his stomach turn, something more soup-like was probably exactly what the doctor ordered. Ichigo took a seat as Ulquiorra took out two styrofoam tubs and placed one at random in front of Ichigo.

"Should I make you coffee?" Ulquiorra asked. "Or tea?"

Ichigo almost scowled at the suggestion. He had been enough of a bother to the other man, he really shouldn't impose any more than this. "I'm fine, thanks."

He peeled the plastic lid off the container, refreshed as the fragrant steam of miso soup hit his nose. Ulquiorra opened the other container, and they ate in semi-comfortable silence as they sat opposite each other.

Ichigo watched Ulquiorra from the rim of his take-out container. Now that he had spent more time with Ulquiorra, he had realized that Ulquiorra was actually a very handsome man. And for all his unpopularity, Ulquiorra was actually a pretty nice guy. It made Ichigo feel bad for disliking him, before, when he only had Grimmjow's side of the story to go by.

"Are you feeling well?"

Ichigo nodded. "Yeah. I feel fine enough. Thanks, by the way."

"It's my responsibility," Ulquiorra noted. "I was the one who kept refilling your glass."
"Yeah, well, thanks all the same."

Ulquiorra was staring at him with an unreadable expression. But then, everything about the guy was unreadable. It seemed like he had a poker face by default.

"I know that you haven't had much time yet," Ulquiorra said, "but have you given any thought to Grimmjow?"

Ichigo frowned. He had, a little bit, while they had been eating. He hadn't thought too much about it though, because. . . "I don't think I should come to any conclusions without hearing what he has to say first. Whatever he is to me, he's not just a client. I need to give him the benefit of the doubt."

"You're so loyal."

There was a tiny upward twitch to Ulquiorra's lips, and Ichigo stopped eating for a moment when he saw it. And here he thought Ulquiorra didn't show any emotions. The smile looked. . . good on him.

"You're an interesting man, Kurosaki Ichigo. I don't think I'd mind having you as my agent at all."

"Huh. Umm. . . thanks." Ichigo didn't know why he was feeling knots in his stomach all of the sudden. Ulquiorra's mouth was still set in the tiny smile, and it was hard for Ichigo to concentrate on anything else. At any rate, he was done eating his soup, and he figured he had imposed on Ulquiorra for long enough. "I should get back to my place. Thanks for everything."

Ulquiorra nodded as Ichigo got out of his seat, then walked him to the door. "I took the liberty of slipping my card into your wallet last night. Feel free to call me, for whatever reason."

Ichigo could only nod and say goodbye.

About an hour later, Ichigo was opening the door to his small apartment. He could hear that his seldom used television was on and stepped forward to see Grimmjow laying on the couch, flipping through the channels. He had probably spent the night here, as usual, and this was another day off for him.

"I didn't know what time you'd be back," Grimmjow said, without looking up from the television, "so I picked up an extra order of pancakes for you when I went to get breakfast. It's in the refrigerator."

"Oh," Ichigo said. "Thanks."

"How'd the meeting with the potential client go?"

Ichigo wondered when the two of them had started to have actual, normal conversations. When had it stopped being just about sex. . . and why hadn't Ichigo noticed? Thinking back, the day they spent skiing together in Sendai had pretty much been a traditional date. Really, Ichigo realized, they were in a fairly traditional relationship, extremely untraditional sex notwithstanding. For some reason it made Ichigo feel prickly and uncomfortable. When had he started enjoying Grimmjow's company so much?

Ichigo walked over to the couch, arms resting on the back of it as he looked down at Grimmjow. Grimmjow, in a t-shirt and boxers, looking for all the world like he belonged in this apartment, on this couch. Grimmjow looked up at Ichigo's silence, some vague glimmer of concern crossing over his handsome features.

"Hey," Grimmjow said, "what's up with you?"
"Why didn't you just sleep at your place?" Ichigo asked. It was a ridiculous question. Grimmjow never slept at his place; when he wasn't sleep over at Ichigo's, he was probably crashed out drunk at one of his teammate's homes. Ichigo didn't know why he was asking it, but he wanted Grimmjow to answer. He wanted Grimmjow to say something to him, but he wasn't sure what it was. "Why don't you ever sleep at your place?"

Grimmjow frowned at the question. "It's too big. What the hell is wrong with you today?"

"What exactly is this thing between us?" Ichigo asked, not willing to let it go. "If I'm just a convenient lay, why are you always here, watching my television and buying me food? Why aren't you seeing anyone else? Why aren't you fucking anyone else?"

"Why should I have to, when I can pound your hole anytime I want?"

It was said in a mean, ugly tone, and it made Ichigo throw his hands up in frustration as he turned to go back to his bedroom.

"This is why Ulquiorra hates you," Ichigo spat out.

There was a snarl, and a moment later Ichigo found himself pressed against the wall, Grimmjow's hands on either side of him. Grimmjow looked furious, but Ichigo could care less.

"When were you talking with Ulquiorra about this? What the fuck does a little shit like him know?"

"He knows you well enough," Ichigo countered. "You're such a prick, Grimmjow. All you do is treat people like objects that are there for your satisfaction, you don't give a shit about anyone but yourself."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Grimmjow asked. "Why shouldn't I treat you like an object? You belong to me."

"Fuck you," Ichigo said, before throwing a fist into Grimmjow's stomach. Grimmjow doubled over in pain and sunk onto the floor, and Ichigo made his way to his bedroom. He grabbed a duffel bag and tossed some of his things into it. Some part of his mind pointed out how ridiculous it was that he was running away from his own apartment, but he didn't care. He just wanted to be away from Grimmjow for awhile. It didn't even take him a minute to stuff everything he needed in his bag, and then he was making his way to the front door. Grimmjow had gotten up and was leaning against the wall, his expression a mix of anger and confusion.

"Ulquiorra was right about you," Ichigo said. "All you care about is getting off. With me, Margera-"

"Ulquiorra doesn't know fuck all about Margera," Grimmjow snarled. Something passed over his eyes, some strange depth of emotion. When he spoke again his tone was a little more somber, though the undercurrent of anger still remained. "What would Ulquiorra know, what would he understand? He's always had everything. Talent, brains, respect. . . parents who actually gave a shit about him. . . what the hell would a person like that know about a person like me?"

Ichigo looked back, staring at Grimmjow's hunched over shoulders, the way his eyes were burning resolutely into the floorboards. A flicker of sympathy flashed inside him before he brushed it aside, slamming the door as he left. He needed some time to himself. As he walked through the streets of Tokyo he got out his phone, hitting the speed dial. A few seconds later it was answered by a low, familiar voice.

"Hey, Ichigo."
"Chad," Ichigo said, coming to rest against a wall to catch his breath, "is it okay if I stay with you for awhile?"

There was silence on the other end of the phone. Ichigo was sure it was from some mixture of confusion and shock; Chad wouldn't mind if he stayed. Asking was just a formality. Sure enough, his best friend soon answered in the affirmative. "Sure. What's wrong?"

What was wrong? Ichigo's head was clearing, the anger inside him dissipating. With it gone, he was left shaky and a little depressed. "I think I'm love with Grimmjow."

"... Do you want to meet up? I can take an early lunch break."

"Yeah. That'd be good."

About fifteen minutes later Ichigo was sitting across from Chad inside a tea shop, a pot of Puer tea sitting between them. It was strong and bitter, but it was helping Ichigo calm down.

"What happened?" Chad asked.

"I think I was trying to get him to say that he actually gave a shit about me," Ichigo said, feeling more depressed by the minute. "It's not like I need some stupid romantic declaration, maybe just a 'you're cool to hang out with, man,' or something like that."

Ichigo shook his head. "I should have known that even that was a lost cause. Well, before I knew it, he said something to make me mad, I punched him, and then I left."

"Sounds like you," Chad said. "You really should work on expressing your feelings properly, instead of being so hotheaded."

Ichigis couldn't help but smile at that bit of advice. "Says the man who barely ever opens his mouth."

Chad shrugged. "I talk when I need to. I talk to you."

"Yeah." Ichigo's smile disappeared soon enough, though. "Sorry, I just need to crash for a few days. Grimmjow will probably fire me now, then I can go back to my place and never have to worry about him again."

"Is that okay with you?" Chad asked. Ichigo could hear the skepticism in his voice, but it's not like Ichigo could do anything about it. It was clear now. In Grimmjow's eyes, he hadn't been anything more than a good lay. It was fun while it lasted, but now it was time to move on.

"Yeah," Ichigo said. "It's better that way. Come on, let's talk about something else... how's the album coming along?"

The men spent the next several minutes talking about the hack producers that Chad was being forced to deal with, then they spent time talking about nothing important at all. It was good, to be able to relax with a friend like this, and it was too soon when Chad had to go back to work. He handed Ichigo a spare key to his apartment and they said goodbye.

The next few days brought a small surprise for Ichigo: Grimmjow didn't fire him. Ichigo wasn't sure what it meant exactly. He wasn't even sure if he was glad or not. On one hand, he didn't have to deal with Urahara chewing him out, and didn't have to worry about contacting Ulquiorra. But on the other hand, he couldn't go back to his apartment, in case Grimmjow was still hanging around there to talk to him or something stupid like that. Grimmjow called him from time to time, but Ichigo didn't pick up.
There was one problem Ichigo was having, one that he was extremely embarrassed to think about, much less talk about with Chad. When he and Grimmjow had been together, they had been fucking pretty much every day. Now... well, now, Ichigo was feeling the absence of sex acutely. He was jerking off every time he took a shower, biting his lip so that Chad couldn't hear him, one hand on his cock and a finger up his ass. It even bothered him during the day, even as he was talking to Grimmjow's publicist over the phone or talking with sponsors for Yoruichi. There was no way he could get around it: his hole missed the feeling of having a dick inside it, and it was reminding him of that fact every second of the day. Ichigo did his best to repeatedly shove the thought to the back of his mind, where it would linger for awhile before it could come to the forefront again.

And it hadn't even been a week since their last time together. Ichigo, once again, pushed it to the back of his head as he rung the bell of an office door. It was the multimedia design firm that Gin had selected to design Grimmjow's web site, and Ichigo was there to meet with Gin and the head designer. The intercom buzzed to life and Ichigo announced his name. Then the door buzzed open and Ichigo stepped into a huge, modern loft. It was one big open space with contemporary counters and desks carefully placed around the floor, dozens of Macs in sight, with young, hip types walking around.

"Ichigo," came a voice, and Ichigo looked over to see a silver-haired man with a grin that was quite disconcerting. "I'm Gin. It's a pleasure to finally meet you in the flesh."

Instead of shaking Ichigo's hand, however, he put a hand on his back, gently leading him towards a corner computer where a young, blond man was sitting. The man had blond hair that fell over his face and an absolutely morose expression.

"Yeah," Ichigo said, allowing himself to be led there. "Me too."

"This is Kira Izuru," Gin said. "He's the one in charge of the site."

"Nice to meet you," Kira said, only nodding his head at Ichigo. "If you want, I thought we'd go over what I've done with it, see if you like it and see what needs to be changed."

Kira started to show Ichigo the site he designed, which Ichigo had to admit looked pretty good. A video of Grimmjow's first goal as a J. League player greeted fans to the site, and then an interactive menu sent them to the normal areas that a celebrity web site would have. Biography, interviews, news, and a way to join his fan club. Which Ichigo hadn't even known Gin had set up already. Photos of Grimmjow, both from his football games and his photo shoot, were liberally found all over the site. All in all, it was modern and easy to navigate, which was just what Ichigo had wanted.

"It looks great," Ichigo said, "I can't think of a single thing I would change."

Kira's expression didn't change, but his eyes seemed to light up with the compliment. "Yeah, it was pretty fun to do. The boss gave me complete creative control this time."

"Thanks to yours truly," Gin said, grin widening just a tiny bit more. "I'm sure you'll be able to thank me later for putting in that good word with your boss."

Kira blushed slightly, but just as quickly as it appeared it was gone, and Ichigo wondered if he had even seen it at all.

"I've gotta thank you," Gin said to Ichigo, "it's getting pretty exciting managing Grimmjow's career. Especially after today's game. . . I've been on the phone pretty much all day. I've got his photo ready to splash on the front page of every sports newspaper and interviews lined up. I've just gotta give him a call and see if he's up to taking them. Which he will be, if he knows what's good for him."
The last sentence sounded more like a threat than anything else, and Ichigo was glad that he had hired Gin. It seemed like he might be able to keep Grimmjow in line when it came to the public relations part of his career. But Ichigo had forgotten that Grimmjow had even had a game.

"Did he do something at the game?" Ichigo asked.

Gin's eyes momentarily opened a little bit. "You're kidding, you didn't watch it?"

"It was amazing," Kira interrupted. "I couldn't believe it when I saw it. It was like watching the second coming of Maradona."

Ichigo had no idea who that was. "Is that a football player who liked to fight a lot?"

"He was only the best footballer of all time," Kira said, his eyes wide and almost sparkling. Gin placed a hand on Kira's shoulder, chuckling a little.

"You can be such a fanboy," Gin said, before turning back to Ichigo. "F.C. Tokyo was down 1-0 with ten minutes left. Which would normally be as good as a loss, only Grimmjow managed to score two goals in the last eight minutes."

"And you should have seen the goals," Kira said. "I mean, talk about skilled, the last one in particular. Fifteen seconds left and Grimmjow actually got the ball up the field forty meters, dribbling past four opponents, and making the goal just in time. One of the most exciting football games in J. League history."

"Yes, yes," Gin agreed, "and now F.C. Tokyo is second in the rankings. There's talk that they'll be able to overthrow the Antlers' dynasty. Talk that I'm doing my part to encourage, of course."

Ichigo nodded, a little dumbfounded. He was thinking of what to say when he felt his phone beep, and he looked down to see a text from Urahara. "Adidas interested. Call back ASAP." A number was included, and Ichigo put his phone back in his pocket, a little bit out of breath.

"So," he said, as though he needed confirmation, "the front page of every sports paper, huh?"

Gin nodded, obviously very pleased with himself. After that they discussed miscellaneous facets of Grimmjow's career, and Ichigo left the building feeling extremely confident with his decision to hire Gin. It was money well spent, he thought, especially since it meant he didn't have to work directly with Grimmjow in at least that one area of his career. Ichigo wondered how he would deal with a possible Adidas contract, though. He'd obviously have to call Grimmjow to talk about it, though he was loath to do so. Ichigo was still thinking about it when he walked into someone, sending them both falling to the floor.

"Sorry," Ichigo said, standing up, "my bad."

But when he looked down he came eye to eye with a familiar redhead. Renji was holding an empty cup in his hands, most of its contents spilled onto his clothes. He was wearing, inexplicably, a suit jacket and tie with a pair of jeans. Ichigo had to admit that he looked good. Better than he had any right looking, as a matter of fact. A flush was on his cheeks as he looked at Ichigo, and Ichigo remembered what they had gotten into the last time they had been together. His hole twitched at the memory and his face flushed as well.

"Umm... Ichigo... hi."

"Congratulations on the game," Ichigo said, grabbing Renji's arms to help him onto his feet.
"Yeah, thanks. It was a good one."

They stood there, staring at each other, Ichigo getting much too conscious just how good Renji looked today. His hair was braided in a thick pleat that hung over his shoulder instead of in the messy high ponytail he usually wore. It made him look more mature, somehow. And the cut of that jacket was only accentuating his muscles, obviously well-formed even with all that fabric covering it. Partially wet fabric, Ichigo noted, swearing he could see a trace of Renji's nipple. He was getting a little hard, and he wondered if Renji was feeling it too.

"The apartment I'm staying at is nearby," Ichigo finally said. "Come over and I'll help get that stain out of your shirt."

Renji stared at him for so long that Ichigo thought he was going to say no. But then he managed to squeak out a small "okay," and Ichigo turned to go to Chad's apartment, Renji in tow. They didn't really talk on the way there, Renji no doubt feeling awkward and Ichigo anticipating the coming events too much. He was almost completely hard by the time they got back to the apartment, and he was glad that Chad worked regular hours while Renji didn't.

"I'll need your shirt and jacket," Ichigo said, once they were in.

"Oh." If anything, Renji's blush only deepened. "Okay."

Ichigo watched as Renji first pulled out off his tie, then placed it on a nearby table. Then he pulled off his jacket, handing it to Ichigo. The last thing he did was unbutton his dress shirt, and Ichigo watched as his pectoral and abdominal muscles were revealed inch by inch. Renji was certainly keeping up with his training, Ichigo thought, watching as his thick biceps flexed as he took off his shirt. To Ichigo's surprise, most of Renji's upper body was heavily tattooed. He had seen the tribal designs wrapping around his upper arms like a sleeve, but Ichigo hadn't realized the extent of it. The intricate design wrapped around his shoulders as well and covered the top parts of his chest and back. They only served to draw more attention to the hard lines and ridges of his muscles.

"Here," Renji said, snapping Ichigo out of his reverie.

Ichigo took the shirt from Renji's outstretched hand. "Go sit on the couch while I wash it out."

Even as hard as he was, Ichigo felt duty-bound to take care of this first. It looked like it was grape soda, so if he didn't wash it out soon it might stain. Right now, though, it was pretty easy to get out, and soon he was wringing the clean yet wet fabric and throwing it into his dryer. He came back to the living room to find Renji sitting on the couch. Without any preamble, Ichigo went and kneeled in between his legs, reaching for his zipper.

"Hey, wait," Renji said, sounding a little bit frantic. He tried swatting Ichigo's hands away. "What are you doing?"

Ichigo scowled. "This is what you came for, isn't it? You're completely hard."

Ichigo grabbed Renji through the fabric of his pants, eliciting a gasp from the other man. His cock was hard and hot in Ichigo's hand, even through the denim fabric. With Renji's hesitation apparently silenced, Ichigo finished unzipping his pants and pulled out his gorgeous cock. It was long and burning up in Ichigo's hands. The foreskin was stretched out along the shaft, revealing the pink head, and Ichigo could see all the little veins and wrinkles that ran along the sides.

"First I'm going to suck you off," Ichigo said. "And then you're going to fuck me. Can you do that?"

Renji's breath shuddered through his body before he could answer. "Yeah. Yeah, definitely."
Ichigo enveloped the head of Renji's cock in his mouth and swirled his tongue around it as he stroked the shaft with both hands. He teased around the slit at the top before delving his tongue into it, causing Renji to groan and tangle his hands in Ichigo's hair. Ichigo decided to take him deeper, and let his throat spread around Renji's cock as he swallowed it up. Once he had the whole thing in his mouth he reached down and tugged on his pants. As he bobbed his head up and down he managed to work his hand into his boxers, and shoved two fingers inside his ass. It felt so good to have both his holes filled; it had been too long. Renji was leaking a steady stream of pre-cum now, and Ichigo could taste it on his tongue as he moved back and forth on Renji's cock.

It didn't take long for Renji to come. His thighs tensed and his hips thrust upwards, and Ichigo pulled away until only the tip of the cock was inside of his mouth. His mouth was soon filled with delicious, hot cum, and he took his time to savor it before swallowing it all. Renji's cock was glistening and wet in front of him, and Ichigo stroked on it, not wanting Renji to get soft. He didn't seem to have to worry, though, because Renji stayed hard in his hands.

Ichigo stood up, pulling off his pants and shirt, as Renji completely removed his pants. Apparently the man wasn't feeling so unsure of this now. Soon enough Ichigo was climbing into his lap, straddling him on the couch. Renji's hands came up to rub up and down his sides, his mouth coming to press kisses against Ichigo's chest.

"I've never done this before," Renji said, voice a little shaky. Ichigo could practically feel Renji's heart beat through his fingertips, racing a mile a minute.

"Don't worry," Ichigo said, a hand coming to rest in Renji's hair. His other hand reached behind him, grabbing onto Renji's cock. "I'll take care of you."

Ichigo guided Renji to his hole and lowered himself onto that cock. His eyes closed and his mouth opened into an "o" as his hole was opened up. It had only been a several days, but those days had been forever. His hole needed this, needed a big cock stretching it open. Ichigo didn't stop sinking down onto Renji's cock until he had the whole thing up his ass. Finally he was completely impaled, could feel rough pubic hair brushing against his balls. Renji's fingers had an almost painful grip on his rib cage, and Ichigo opened his eyes to see that the man had his head thrown back and his mouth open.

"Are you okay?" Ichigo asked, taking a moment just to enjoy being so full. "How does it feel?"

" Fucking unbelievable," Renji moaned. "I feel like I could nut just from being inside of you."

Ichigo frowned, hoping Renji didn't go off just yet. He put his hands on Renji's shoulders and started to move up and down on the other man's cock. As good as it felt just being filled, this was a million times better. His hole was so sensitive right now Ichigo swore he could feel every ridge of Renji's cock. He kept fucking himself on it, feeling a good seven inches pull out of his hole each time just to slam back in again. Soon he was riding Renji's cock like he was on a horse, his cock bouncing in between them and splattering pre-cum onto Renji's stomach. It wasn't long before he felt Renji shoot, the hot semen hitting hard against his insides.

Ichigo was surprised as Renji pushed him onto his back down on the couch. Renji's cock fell out of him with a plop, but Ichigo could see it was still completely hard. It glistened underneath the light, a mixture of Ichigo's spit and Renji's cum. Ichigo spread his legs again as Renji made his way between them, then leaned forward to press his cock in again. Ichigo moaned as he was breached for a second time and wrapped his arms and legs around Renji's body, pulling him closer.

"That's right," Ichigo said. "Fuck me any way you want. Use my hole until you're satisfied."
He felt a shiver run through Renji's body, felt Renji fuck him harder, deeper. He wished he could see the man's powerful ass as Renji really pounded him, could see it slam into him with each thrust. He was really being jackhammered now. The couch creaked with each thrust and the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the air. Ichigo was very much aware of the noises he was making, even if he wasn't aware of actually making them. Embarrassing, short cries, wrenched out of him each time Renji slammed into his hole, but they were so close together they sounded like one long, strange moan. He could feel his cock get harder and his balls pull up a little, and then he was coming, shooting his juice in between their stomachs. Renji grunted and forced his dick all the way up Ichigo's hole, and held it there as Ichigo felt hot cum shoot into him for the second time that day.

Renji's body weight collapsed over him, and Ichigo realized that the man was done. He rubbed Renji's shoulders, still feeling shudders run through the red head's body. They were still connected, but Ichigo could feel Renji slowly going limp inside of him. After what felt like a long while, Renji pulled out. He looked down at Ichigo, awkward again, before leaning down to place a rather chaste kiss on his lips.

"Umm... thanks," Renji said, as he sat up. "Are you okay? Did I do it right?"

Ichigo nodded as he stood up, going to collect Renji's clothes for him. "You were great."

"Is this really all right?" Renji asked, a touch of nervousness in his voice. "I mean, Grimmjow's my friend, you know."

Ichigo almost rolled his eyes as he came back. If Renji was worried about that, he should have said something earlier. "He would have been fine with you fucking me the other night, so I don't think he would have a problem with it now. And we're not really together anymore."

They hadn't been together to began with, but Ichigo didn't feel like explaining that right now. At this point Renji was completely dressed, and Ichigo escorted him to the door.

"Oh. Sorry."

"It's not your fault," Ichigo said, opening the door. Renji walked through it, but turned around to press another kiss against Ichigo's lips.

"I'll see you later, then," Renji said, his cheeks still blushing slightly.

"Yeah," Ichigo agreed, giving Renji a little smile. "And thanks."

He closed the door, then went to take a shower and clean up before Chad got back and found a mess on his couch.

* Crack pairing, I know. But I couldn't help but wonder what kind of guy Margera would be if Aizen hadn't taken away most of his abilities to function as a person. I imagine he's be sweet, quiet, and the perfect guy for Grimmjow to harass during his high school days.
Byakuya is back which means this chapter contains under-aged scenes.

Ichigo figured out a pretty cheap way to deal with the Adidas contract: have Gin tell Grimmjow about it. Gin had given him a funny look when he had asked him to do it. . . those kinds of dealings, after all, weren't in his job description. But he had done it anyway, although the look in his eyes made Ichigo think he was going to pay for it later. Well, at least it was better than talking to Grimmjow directly. And now they were meeting for a business lunch to discuss the situation, as well as some other things having to do with Grimmjow's public image.

"You know," Gin said, over a salade nicoise, "this is the first time in my career that I've encountered an agent who doesn't speak with his client. It's utterly bizarre, really."

Ichigo scowled, not really inclined to discuss it, but feeling indebted to Gin for taking on these extra tasks. At least he was staying quiet about the whole thing. If word got back to Urahara that he wasn't on speaking terms with Grimmjow, the man would throw a fit. "What did Grimmjow say about Adidas?"

Ichigo was sure Grimmjow would use it as a power play. Grimmjow could care less about endorsements, he could refuse to do it unless Ichigo apologized or came back or whatever whim Grimmjow was feeling that day.

"He said he'd do it."

Ichigo blinked. "What?"

Gin looked somewhat amused by Ichigo's surprise. "Wouldn't that be the typical reaction, when an athlete gets a deal with a huge company like Adidas?"

"Did he say anything else?" Ichigo asked.

"Yeah. He asked me when you were going to come home." Gin's grin grew wider. "May I ask exactly what is going on with you two?"

"No," Ichigo said, scowling even more. He wondered, though. . . had Grimmjow been waiting for him in his apartment all this time? "What about everything else? How are things going?"

"They couldn't be any better," Gin said. "His web site's been getting massive traffic and thousands of people have already signed up for his fan club. Apparently, after that goal he made, he was Japan's most googled person for a day."

"Really?" Ichigo asked, a little surprised.

"Even the foreign press has been running with the clip. With my prodding, of course. If Grimmjow ever gets to an international forum, say the world cup, you can bet all eyes are going to be on him. It doesn't hurt that he's a pretty decent-looking guy. I prefer blonds, myself, but that's just me."
Ichigo nodded, a little dumbstruck by Grimmjow's sudden rise to celebrity. Ever since that game, Ichigo had been fielding offers from all sorts of companies that wanted to endorse Grimmjow or get him in their commercials or advertisements. It was becoming difficult to decide which ones he wanted Grimmjow to commit to.

"I want to go over these offers with you," Ichigo said. "To see if you think they're good for Grimmjow's image."

Ichigo spent the rest of the lunch getting Gin's input on what jobs would be best for Grimmjow's career. When they were done Ichigo was surprised he had spent over an hour with the man. Still, he was glad that they had gotten work taken care of, and he was glad he could delay any interaction with Grimmjow. Of course, he knew that he couldn't do it forever. If Grimmjow really had no intention of firing him, Ichigo would have to talk to his client eventually. He supposed it was just a matter of time.

At any rate, he had other things to take care of right now. Byakuya was coming to meet with some representatives of Red Bull and wanted to look around the city. Surprisingly, he had never been to Tokyo for more than a day. Ginrei was about to send him to Tokyo with a few servants in tow, but Byakuya had firmly stated that it wasn't needed, and that Ichigo would attend to him. Which was news to Ichigo, but he wasn't going to say no. So after meeting with Gin, Ichigo headed to the airport, where he was supposed to pick up Byakuya.

It didn't take long before he saw the boy come out of arrivals, his black hair tied up in its customary short ponytail. He was still wearing his high school uniform, dark grey pants with matching blazer, his school's emblem embroidered on one breast. A black and blue scarf was wrapped around his neck, and that piece alone looked like it might have cost more than Ichigo's whole wardrobe. Grey eyes caught sight of him quickly, and Byakuya made his way over as his eyes scanned the crowd.

"Grimmjow is not with you?" Byakuya asked.

Ichigo frowned, not exactly fond of the way the brat was so obsessed with Grimmjow. "No. Do you have any luggage?"

"Sent ahead to the hotel," Byakuya replied. "I'm hungry, and I'm in the mood for Brazilian grill. You will take me to one now."

Ichigo frowned even more, but he led Byakuya towards the car. He figured that was just the way the boy spoke to his servants, so he couldn't really help it.

"How's Yoruichi?" Ichigo asked, as they got into the car and headed off. He hadn't spoken to the woman since he had gotten her a deal with Apple, and she had been extremely pleased at the time.

"That insufferable woman?" Byakuya asked, his teeth grinding together. One second later, though, and he was relaxed, his tone of voice back to normal. "She's fine. She says hello."

Ichigo almost laughed at their relationship. Byakuya seemed to think he hated Yoruichi so much, but it was obvious that they were close friends. He was probably just sore that he had never been able to beat the other woman at their little snowboarding competitions. "How's school? Are you doing good?"

"Well," Byakuya corrected. "And, yes, I am doing particularly well. As to be expected."

"Any thoughts on college?" Ichigo asked. Byakuya was only a second year, but Ichigo was sure that he had thought about it. His family seemed to be the type to have everything planned out.
"Most likely I'll go abroad," Byakuya said. "Either to Germany or Canada, since I'm fluent in both German and English. Also, it will make it easier for me to travel to the next Olympics and all the North American competitions."

Ichigo wondered about the logistics of having a client abroad. He knew that Inoue had several clients that went to work and live abroad, and so did several other agents at the firm. Maybe Ichigo should brush up on his English. But they had come to the restaurant now, and Ichigo stopped thinking about it as he parallel parked the car in front. No sooner had he gotten out, however, did something catch his eye. Or, rather, someone. Ichigo couldn't miss him, really; he looked like a giant walking among mostly short Japanese people, and the spikes in his hair only made him look taller.

"Zaraki!" Ichigo called, waving at the tall man.

Zaraki turned around, mouth stretching into a grin as he saw Ichigo. He waved and started to make his way over, pushing his way through the crowd roughly. Ichigo swore that he saw a women fly onto the ground with just a nudge of Zaraki's hands, but then he figured he was imagining things.

"Hey, kid," Zaraki said, once he was in front of Ichigo. He slapped Ichigo on the back in a friendly greeting, but the motion forced all the air out of Ichigo's lungs. He seemed to be in a good mood, Ichigo thought. "How are you? How's that punk Grimmy treating you?"

"Fine," Ichigo said, not wanting to get into it. "What are you doing in Tokyo?"

"Visiting my niece. She's the sweetest little thing, got pictures in my wallet if you want to see." Before Ichigo could say no Zaraki had a wallet full of photos out, each one displaying a cute little girl with pink hair. "Look, she looks like her uncle, right?"

Ichigo looked from the girl's innocent-as-pie expression to Zaraki's madly grinning one. "I don't see the resemblance."

"Yeah, look, she's got my ears." Zaraki looked proudly at his niece before putting his wallet away, but then his eyes lit up again as he saw Byakuya standing there. "Who's the chicken?"

Byakuya was looking at Zaraki as though he was a pile of vomit someone had left on the floor. Ichigo thought it was understandable. .. Zaraki had a rough and tumble look to him, and was wearing worn out clothes that had maybe cost him a few dollars in all.

"This is Byakuya," Ichigo said, but then Byakuya was interrupting him.

"Don't introduce me to that low-class ruffian," Byakuya said. "It's beneath me."

"Feisty," Zaraki said, still grinning. "I like him."

Then he leaned down towards Ichigo's ear, whispering hoarsely so that Byakuya wouldn't hear. "Hey, Ichi, you fucking him? Cause if you're not, mind if I have a go?"

"Excuse me," Byakuya said, crossing his arms, "I believe you're taking me to lunch, Kurosaki Ichigo."

"That's funny," Zaraki said, "cause I'm pretty hungry myself. Your treat, right, Ichigo? Considering how well you're doing."

Zaraki slammed his hand into Ichigo's back again, and Ichigo found himself nodded his agreement, not wanting to start a scene in the middle of the street. Predictably, Byakuya didn't seem too pleased with the decision. He glowered at Ichigo, but didn't say anything about it. They made there way into
the restaurant, where Zaraki and Byakuya ordered. Ichigo, not hungry after lunch with Gin, just nursed on his water.

The way Zaraki was staring at Byakuya, there was no doubt what was on his mind. Ichigo wouldn't be surprised if he had a hard-on underneath the table cloth. He had pushed his chair closer to Byakuya, while Byakuya only looked at him in distaste. Zaraki kept trying to ask Byakuya questions - how old was he? where was he from? did he know how fucking cute he was? - but Byakuya ignored them to the best of his ability. He was actually handling it pretty well until, all of a sudden, his face turned bright red and his head whipped around to glare at Zaraki. Ichigo wondered what was wrong.

"Get your hand off my thigh," Byakuya hissed. Oh. So that's what it was.

"But it's such a nice one," Zaraki said. "Slim, but fitter than you'd think, yeah?"

"Let go," Byakuya said, gripping his fork in his hand and holding it up in the air. From the way he was turning redder, Ichigo figured Zaraki wasn't letting go. In fact, though Ichigo couldn't see it, Zaraki was massaging and kneading the flesh of Byakuya's thigh, enjoying the feel of the slim muscles there.

"Guys," Ichigo said, hoping to diffuse a dangerous situation, "I think the food's here."

Byakuya snapped, his hand rushing forward, presumably to shove the fork into Zaraki's offending hand. Before he could do it, though, Zaraki had Byakuya's wrist caught in his other hand, and he pulled the boy closer to him. Before Byakuya knew what was going on, Zaraki had his hot tongue shoved in Byakuya's ear, lovingly tracing its ridges and curves. Byakuya gasped as he dropped his fork. It clattered onto the table, harmless and forgotten. Byakuya would have pushed Zaraki away, but he was too shocked by the fact that what Zaraki was doing felt so damned good. His breath hitched and his eyes closed as he pushed into the sensation.

Ichigo hid his face in his hands. The waiters, carrying steak for Zaraki and lamb for Byakuya, coughed. Byakuya's eyes snapped wide open as he pushed Zaraki away and smoothed nonexistent wrinkles in his blazer, trying to get his breathing under control. Zaraki, on the other hand, was grinning like the cat who had gotten the canary. Byakuya was surprisingly sensitive. Zaraki couldn't wait to see how responsive other parts of his body were.

Zaraki started cutting up his meat. "Looks delicious."

"I wouldn't expect a lowly person like you," Byakuya said, his attitude coming back to him, "to appreciate such an expensive piece of meat."

"Oh," Zaraki said, eyes glinted, "I can appreciate a good chunk of meat all right."

Byakuya frowned as he realized his words had been a double entendre, and worse yet, open to a cheesy line like that. He cut a piece of lamb off and placed it in his mouth, watching Zaraki out of the corner of his eyes.

"So," Ichigo said, hoping to change the subject, "do you come to Tokyo often, Zaraki?"

"Yeah, well, I try," Zaraki said. "Can't let my cute little Yachiru go without her Uncle Ken-chan for too long."

"I didn't know you had such a soft spot for kids," Ichigo said, but Zaraki only shrugged off the question. It was strange to see the large, rough-looking man with such a sparkly gleam in his eyes. Strange, and extremely creepy.
"Yeah, well, anything cute, actually," Zaraki admitted.

Ichigo was surprised to hear it, but Zaraki didn't seem like he was lying. An image of huge, muscular Zaraki sleeping in a bed of teddy bears flashed through Ichigo's mind before he pushed it away. Well... the world was full of stranger things.

"I can't resist them," Zaraki added.

"Of course not," Byakuya snapped. "An oaf like you doesn't know the meaning of self control."

"Oh ho," Zaraki said, looking amused. "Little Byakuya really doesn't like me, yeah? You know what they say... it's a thin line between love and hate. Don't go falling for me now."

"As though I would ever! Don't flatter yourself into thinking you're not beneath me."

Ichigo sighed and resigned himself to listening to Zaraki and Byakuya bicker for the next half hour. When they were close to being done eating he pushed his chair our and got up.

"I'm going to the bathroom," he said.

"Don't leave me alone with him," Byakuya said, as though it was an order.

Ichigo shrugged. "Come with me or don't, I don't care."

Byakuya shot a glare towards Zaraki, to warn him not to follow, before he got up and walked after Ichigo. As Ichigo took a piss, Byakuya leaned against the wall and complained about Zaraki.

"He's obviously controlled by his baser instincts," Byakuya said, "like an animal. He probably isn't even capable of complex thought, just his drive to hump anything in sight. I bet he doesn't even know how to do it properly. What is that vulgar expression? Wham, bam, thank you ma'am? I would hazard to guess that describes him to a tee... Kurosaki Ichigo, why are you blushing?"

Ichigo finished up, shaking the last few drops out of his cock. He wondered if he should even say this, but figured he and Byakuya already knew each other pretty intimately, so he might as well.

"Actually," Ichigo said, "he's pretty good."

Byakuya blinked, eyes wide with shock. "Excuse me?"

"Yeah, I mean..." Ichigo flushed some more, but he had already started talking, so he might as well finish. "His cock's really big, so it feels good. Plus, there's something special about it."

Byakuya was staring at Ichigo with interest written all over his face. "How big?"

Ichigo couldn't believe it. Byakuya was doing a complete one-eighty after hearing about Zaraki's larger than average size. Ichigo wondered if he would be interested in anyone with a huge cock. Well... that was one way to change Byakuya's fixation with Grimmjow.

"About this long," Ichigo said, using his hands to show Byakuya. "And this thick. He has big, heavy balls, too, so he shoots a lot of cum."

"Really," Byakuya said, licking his lips at the revelation. "And what's so special about it?"

"You'll just have to ask him about that," Ichigo said, washing his hands and leaving the bathroom.

Once they got back to the table, Byakuya was looking at Zaraki with a completely different
expression than he had been wearing before. He sat down and laid his napkin over his lap, fiddling with the corners. It was obvious that he was working up the courage to do something. Finally, he leaned over, his lips ghosting against Zaraki's ear. Ichigo couldn't hear what was being whispered, but he could hazard a guess. After Byakuya asked his question, Zaraki turned and whispered an answer into Byakuya's ears. Zaraki's lips were curved into a smirk even as he spoke. A light blush rose to Byakuya's cheeks, but he definitely looked intrigued.

"Does that feel good?" he asked out loud, wondering.

"Yeah," Zaraki said, his hand back on Byakuya's thigh. "It feels so much better than just a regular dick. Like you're being pulled inside out."

Byakuya visibly gulped. "I think we should pay the bill now."

Ichigo pulled out his credit card, glad that this strange lunch was finally coming to an end. He walked outside behind Byakuya and Zaraki, taking note of the fact that Zaraki had his arm around Byakuya's waist. All of the sudden the two of them were so chummy. Zaraki seemed to be leading Byakuya to a large van, so Ichigo turned and headed to his company Lexus. A hand grabbed his arm, though, and he turned to see Byakuya looking at him.

"Why are you leaving?" he asked, eyes big and questioning.

"You guys don't need me for the next part, do you?"

Byakuya's fingers only tightened around his arm.

"For fuck's sake, Ichi," Zaraki said, "can't you tell the kid's nervous to be alone with the big bad wolf? Just come with us, it's more fun with more people anyway."

"I'm not nervous," Byakuya muttered, but he was tugging on Ichigo's arm as he said it. Ichigo sighed and followed them into the van.

"Where are we going?" he asked as he climbed in and shut the door behind him.

"Who said anything about going anywhere?" Zaraki said, and Ichigo realized he was pushing everything in the van to the side. Ichigo had to admit there was enough space. There were no seats in the back of Zaraki's van; he probably used it to transport things. Now, though, there were only miscellaneous things in the way, and he pushed them to the side as he pulled out a blanket from some nook or cranny.

"You jest," Byakuya said, holding a hand to his heart.

"I what now?" Zaraki spread the blanket over the floor of the van.

"I hardly think it's appropriate," Byakuya continued, "to have relations on a dirty blanket in a dirty van parked on a busy street in the middle of Tokyo."

Zaraki scowled as he looked down at his blanket. "It's not dirty. Yachiru gave this to me."

Ichigo frowned. "That's wrong on a whole other level, then."

"Fine," Zaraki said, getting up to go to the front seat as he spoke to Byakuya. "You're lucky that cute guys like you are just my type, cause I wouldn't usually put up with this bullshit."

Byakuya smiled with all the grace of someone used to getting exactly what he wanted, and took the
passenger's seat.

"So," Zaraki said, "where to?"

A little bit later they were at Byakuya's hotel room, the titular suite at the Peninsula Hotel. As they walked in, both Zaraki and Ichigo felt their mouths drop open a little. It was bigger than most apartments. There was a grand piano in the living room and huge windows overlooking Tokyo everywhere they looked. Ichigo could see the Imperial Palace Gardens from the balcony. He briefly wondered whose family had more money, Grimmjow's or Byakuya's.

"Welcome to the Peninsula Suite," Byakuya said, his arm opening in a wide gesture over the space. "I suppose the likes of you two have never seen such luxury. The bedroom is this way."

They walked to the bedroom, but then Zaraki caught a glimpse of the bathroom. A large, round marble bath tub sat underneath an expanse of glass, looking out into the city skyline.

"I'm running a bath," Zaraki said, walking into the bathroom, "you two get started without me."

Ichigo and Byakuya made their way to the bedroom, where a king-sized bed was placed at the corner, walls of glass surrounding it. As soon as they were there, Byakuya was pulling off his clothes, his youthful hormones apparently getting the best of him. Ichigo hadn't been hard before, but he could feel himself stiffening as he watched Byakuya strip and saw the boy's half hard cock come into view.

"Are you just going to look?" Byakuya asked, fingers brushing over his cock as he smirked slightly, "or are you going to join me?"

Ichigo frowned, not liking how worldly Byakuya was starting to get when it came to matters of sex. He wondered if this was his fault. Still, he pulled off his clothes as he went to join Byakuya on the bed. They laid side by side and kissed, tongues moving in and out of each other's mouths. Ichigo hadn't been hard before, but he could feel himself stiffening as he watched Byakuya strip and saw the boy's half hard cock come into view.

"I want to suck on you again," Byakuya said. "I want to taste you."

Ichigo blushed, wondering why Byakuya wasn't embarrassed at all to be saying something like that. He guessed that shame wasn't a trait that was taught in the Kuchiki household. He pushed Byakuya onto his back, then got into position above him so that they were both facing each other's cocks. As soon as he was there he felt Byakuya's hands wrap around him again, and he leaned down to take Byakuya's cock inside his mouth.

Byakuya shivered as Ichigo's mouth wrapped around him. Ichigo's cock was in front of him, looking long and hard and absolutely delicious. His fingers were wrapped around it and he squeezed and stroked, watching as a drop of pre-cum appeared at the tip. He used his tongue to lap it up, then squeezed out another. Byakuya didn't know if it was normal or strange, but he had always loved the taste of cum. Even before he had any experiences with other men, the thought of licking up his own cum was always enough to get him hard in an instant. Eventually he took most of Ichigo's cock in his mouth, sucking on it as hard as he could. More pre-cum would come out that way to land on his tongue and flood his mouth with its delicious taste.

Ichigo shuddered as Byakuya sucked on him, dropping Byakuya's cock from his mouth. It hit his chin, leaving a trail of sticky pre-cum there, and Ichigo moved it away. His hands reached down to
cup around Byakuya's ass and spread it apart. A little puckered hole came into view, colored a lovely pink shade. He reached down and hooked his fingertip inside of it, pulling it open. Byakuya's cock twitched with the intrusion, so Ichigo figured the boy was enjoying it. He used his finger to pull and stretch Byakuya's hole, then added a finger from his other hand. He pulled the little hole wide open using his two fingers, then spit into Byakuya's open ass. He watched as the spit seemed to bubble and then disappear, then leaned down and stuck his whole tongue inside Byakuya's hole.

Byakuya moaned around his cock, sending shudders of pleasure through Ichigo's body. For his part, Ichigo swirled his tongue inside the tight hole, pushed it in deeper, tasting Byakuya's unique flavor. And every few seconds Byakuya would moan around his cock, sending those amazing reverberations through his body. He kept fucking Byakuya with his tongue as the other boy sucked on him, and soon enough Ichigo could feel himself losing it. He thrust deep into Byakuya's mouth and shot his load, jet after jet of cum forced down Byakuya's throat and onto his tongue. Byakuya was sucking it down with delight, and kept sucking on Ichigo even after the man had stopped coming.

"Bath's ready," came a voice, and Ichigo looked up to see that Zaraki was naked and staring down at them. "But I guess one round on the bed isn't going to hurt."

Ichigo climbed off of Byakuya, Byakuya's mouth following him for a second before letting go with a wet plop, then Byakuya's eyes widened as he saw Zaraki standing nude in front of him. Zaraki was completely hard, his large cock dripping with pre-cum. Byakuya pushed himself to sit on his calves, reaching a tentative hand out towards Zaraki's cock. His fingers brushed against a few of the pearls embedded in Zaraki's shaft, then withdrew, before reaching out more confidently. His hand wrapped around Zaraki's cock. He tugged on it lightly, feeling the balls move over the skin of his palm. As he continued his grip became progressively tighter, and soon there was a steady stream of pre-cum flowing from Zaraki's cock. Byakuya held his tongue against the underside of Zaraki's cock, letting the hot liquid pool there before sucking it into his mouth to taste.

"Is this really going to feel good inside of me?" he asked, giving Zaraki's cock a squeeze.

"Yeah," Zaraki said. "It's going to make you feel amazing. Once you've had it, you might not be able to go back to normal dick. Now, why don't you be a good boy and get on your hands and knees?"

Byakuya nodded, more than happy to actually follow Zaraki's command. Ichigo was a little surprised at that, but apparently the Byakuya's drive to be well fucked overruled his disdain for Zaraki's social status.

"Hey, Ichigo," Zaraki said, "why don't you get over here and help spread his ass for me?"

Ichigo had been just watching and pulling on his own cock, which was still half-limp, but he figured he'd rather get a better view anyway. He wanted to watch Zaraki's cock sink into Byakuya's tight hole, wanted to see them fucking close up. He got up and kneeled beside Byakuya's ass, then reached around and spread Byakuya's ass cheeks open. His pink hole came into view and spread open just a tiny bit.

"You've got one of the prettiest holes I've ever seen," Zaraki said. "I can't wait to open it up."

Zaraki grabbed his cock with one hand as he placed the tip of it against Byakuya's hole. He squeezed his cock, and a thick rope of cum dripped out to land on the puckered entrance. He kept squeezing until Byakuya's hole was covered in pre-cum, then Ichigo used his fingers to push it inside of the boy. He could feel Byakuya's hole soften and relax the more he touched it, getting nice and wet for Zaraki's cock.
Ichigo pulled all but one finger out and used it to pull Byakuya's hole open a little bit. Zaraki pressed forward, his bulbous cock head slipping in easily. Ichigo felt it sink in against his finger. It wasn't until the first few beads were in that Byakuya started really feeling it. His cock started dripping even more, so Ichigo figured he liked it. He had been moaning for awhile now, but now he was getting louder.

"So fucking tight," Zaraki groaned, now halfway in.

Ichigo pulled his finger out and rubbed it along the rim, feeling where Byakuya's body was connected to Zaraki's cock.

"I'm gonna have a lot of fun fucking you raw." Zaraki sunk the rest of the way in one thrust, wrenching a cry from Byakuya's lips. He wasted no time in pulling back out and slamming back in, and was soon fucking Byakuya with long, powerful thrusts. Byakuya was crying out with each penetration. Ichigo couldn't stand how hot it looked, Zakrai's pearl-implanted cock disappearing into Byakuya's little hole. He reached a hand down to stroke on his now painfully hard cock.

"Lick my balls while I'm fucking him," Zaraki said to Ichigo, who didn't need to be told twice. He laid down underneath Byakuya and brought his head up, his tongue going out to lick against Byakuya's hole as Zaraki's cock slammed in and out of it. He could taste Zaraki's pre-cum and Byakuya's ass, and it tasted so good. He wished he could jam his tongue into that hole with Zaraki's cock still fucking it.

Ichigo licked Zaraki's cock as it reappeared from the hole, then moved to the thick, heavy balls that were swinging between his legs. Zaraki was fucking Byakuya in short, powerful thrusts now, which made it easy for Ichigo to suck one ball into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around it and sucked, before doing the same thing to the other ball. They were so hot and tasty, Ichigo could feel his cock twitch and leak in response. He grabbed it in one hand and started to jerk it off while he reached his other hand out to fondle Byakuya's balls.

Byakuya cried out with each thrust. Zaraki's cock felt so good inside his hole that he never wanted him to stop. He swore he could feel every single bead as it rubbed against him, and the pleasure they forced through his body was unbelievable. This was so much better than having Grimmjow's plain cock inside of him.

"How do you like it?" Zaraki asked. "How's my dick feel fucking you?"

"So good," Byakuya panted. "I wish it could fuck me all night long."

Zaraki laughed at that. "You like my dick that much? I could get used to fucking you, you know. I've never felt such a tight, hot hole."

Ichigo felt Byakuya's balls tighten in his hand, then heard the boy cry out one last time, louder than before. From the way his cock was twitching Ichigo figured he had orgasmed. Zaraki didn't last much longer. He shoved his cock as far up Byakuya's ass as possible and grunted, and Ichigo knew he was filling Byakuya's insides with fresh, hot cum. After he was done shooting he thrust back and forth a few times, forcing semen out of Byakuya's hole. Ichigo lapped it all up, licking at the area where Byakuya's ass met Zaraki's cock. Then Zaraki pulled his cock all the way out, a thin rope of cum still connecting the tip of his dick with Byakuya's hole. More cum dribbled out of his hole, landing in Ichigo's waiting mouth and all over his face.

"I think," Zaraki said, "we should go get cleaned up."

Before he knew it Ichigo felt himself being lifted over Zaraki's shoulder, while Byakuya was being
picked up under Zaraki's arm. The larger man carried them both to the bathroom, where they were deposited in hot bath water. Ichigo looked over at Byakuya and realized that the boy was still completely hard even though he had just come. Zaraki was still more than half hard as well, and he climbed into the bathtub with them. The water sloshed around them, overflowing over the tub rim and onto the floor.

Zaraki started to stroke his cock as he looked over at Byakuya. "Have you tried being inside of someone yet?"

Byakuya shook his head no.

"Well, I'm sure Ichigo would be more than happy to teach you how it feels. I'll just enjoy the show for a little bit."

Ichigo climbed onto Byakuya's lap, straddling him. He placed Byakuya's hands on his waist, then reached around with one hand to hold onto Byakuya's cock. He had been playing with his ass earlier, so there was no need for that now. Holding Byakuya's cock in place, Ichigo started to sink down onto it. He didn't stop until he was completely sitting on Byakuya's cock. The boy had his head thrown back, was almost completely submerged in the water. He looked like he was in heaven.

"How does that feel?" Ichigo asked.

"Amazing. It feels amazing inside you."

Ichigo lifted himself up and then fell back down on Byakuya's cock, causing the boy to cry out in pleasure. It felt good for Ichigo, too, only Byakuya's cock was a little on the slim side. . . Ichigo didn't have to worry for too long about that, though, because soon he felt Zaraki come up behind him. Fingers came to feel where he was fucking himself on Byakuya's cock, and then he felt one of them enter him. He moaned and pitched forward, letting the finger get deeper inside of him alongside Byakuya's cock. It was followed by another finger, and then he felt Zaraki's cock nudge against his entrance.

Ichigo cringed as a second cock was forced up his hole, even as the fingers were removed. It hurt like hell and it felt better than heaven. He could feel two hot cocks pulsing inside of him and he loved it. Together, Zaraki and Byakuya were bigger than Grimmjow, and Ichigo felt himself being opened up more than he ever had been before. He moaned as Zaraki slid all the way in, both cocks deep inside of him.

"Zaraki," Byakuya moaned, almost breathless, "I can feel you rubbing against me."

"Yeah, kid." Even Zaraki sounded somewhat affected. "Me too. Fuck, Ichigo, the way you're squeezing us together. . . not sure if I can last too long."

Zaraki pulled out, then slammed back in, eliciting cries from both Ichigo and Byakuya. Zaraki started really pounding Ichigo's ass, spreading Ichigo and rubbing against Byakuya with each thrust.

"How do you like that?" Zaraki asked, his hot breath on Ichigo's ear. "I bet you love having two hard dicks up your ass. That's just the kind of bitch you are."

Ichigo shivered as Zaraki kept fucking inside of him. He could barely catch his breath before a good, hard thrust sent all the air out of his lungs again. "Too. . . good. . ."

"Yeah, your little hole loves it. Loves getting stretched out and stuffed. Too bad we don't have a third dick around to to keep your mouth company."
The sounds of moans, grunts, and splashing water filled the room as they fucked. Soon Ichigo couldn't stand it anymore. The feeling of having two cocks pummeling him at the same time was too much, and he spilled himself into the water. Spent, he all but collapsed onto Byakuya's chest, blacking out as the men continued to fuck him.

Ichigo woke up a little bit later, feeling drained and more sore than he ever had been in his life. He was laying naked in the chaise in the bedroom. He reached down, running a hand over his ass only to have his fingers slip easily inside. . . he was gaping open and swollen, and his hole was wet and slippery with what seemed like gallons of cum. He sat up, realizing that there were noises coming from the bed.

Ichigo looked over to see that Zaraki and Byakuya were still going at it. Byakuya was laying on his back with his legs in the air, his arms wrapped around so he could grab onto Zaraki's butt. Zaraki was kneeling between his legs, pushing them back and up as he fucked the boy. They were talking even as they fucked, as though it was just a casual conversation.

"I don't believe you," Zaraki was saying, "it's not possible."

"It is," Byakuya replied. "I do it all the time."

"Shit. . . fine. Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?"

Ichigo watched as Zaraki pushed Byakuya's legs even further up, so that soon his feet were going past his head. He marveled at how flexible Byakuya seemed to be. Then he stared, shocked, as he realized the tip of Byakuya's cock was pressed against Byakuya's lips.

"Fuck," Zaraki said, sharing Ichigo's sentiments. Then, the next thing they knew, Byakuya sucked about half of his own cock into his mouth. He sucked on it with relish as Zaraki fucked him, obviously enjoying his own taste. Ichigo could feel himself get hard again. Apparently the sight was too hot for Zaraki to handle as well, and he shoved his cock deep into Byakuya, shooting another load inside of the boy.

"Fuck," Zaraki said again. "That was fucking hot."

Byakuya let go of his cock with a wet noise, and laid back down. Both Byakuya and Zaraki seemed to notice that Ichigo was awake, and Zaraki pulled out of Byakuya and moved aside. From the chaise, Ichigo could still see how open Byakuya's hole was, how puffy and red its rim was. Thick cum was dribbling out of it, coming to pool on the bed sheets underneath Byakuya's ass.

"Do you want a turn in his hole?" Zaraki asked.

"No," Ichigo decided. He didn't particularly want to spend the night here, so he should leave while he still had the willpower to do so. "Maybe next time."

Zaraki smiled at the promise, watching as Ichigo got dressed. "Yeah. Let's do that."

"Zaraki," Byakuya said, pouting a bit, "bring your attention back this way. This time, I want to be inside of you."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever you want, kid."

Ichigo left the hotel suite, grateful that Zaraki and Byakuya got along, even if it was in a perverse, oversexed way. He was outside of the hotel when his phone rang, Gin's number showing up on the caller ID. He scowled, wondering what Gin was calling for at this hour. It was almost ten, well past business hours. He flipped open his phone.
"Hey," Ichigo said, "what's up?"

"So sorry to bother you," Gin said, "but I thought you would like to discuss this new development."

"Development?" Ichigo asked, confused.

"Oh. You haven't read any of the blogs?" Gin sounded like he was smiling, the sadistic bastard. "I'm talking about the sex tape of you and Grimmjow, of course."
Ichigo wanted to crawl into a hole and die. He couldn't believe it. He looked at the blog flashing across Chad's computer screen and read the item again: "What exactly is the J. League's resident bad boy hiding in that closet of his? Plenty, if rumors of a steamy, man on man sex tape are to be believed. Rumors say someone is shopping around security footage of famous footballer Grimmjow Jaegerjaquez doing the horizontal tango with none other than his (male!) agent Kurosaki Ichigo. . . on someone else's desk, no less! Will Grimmjow's inability to keep it in his pants be the end of his career? This blogger hopes not. . . that is one video she would definitely pay to see!"

The same news was plastered on all the celebrity blogs, albeit in different words. One of the blogs even had a photo, and Ichigo was sure that within the next hour all the other sites would have it too. Fortunately, the photo was from before any clothes were removed, and Ichigo's face was obstructed. But, considering they were passionately kissing on a desk, there wasn't much doubt what was going to happen.

Ichigo's phone rang. Yumichika.

"Hello?" he asked, picking it up.

"Ichigo," Yumichika purred. "How'd you like to give one of your closest friends a statement? I know Grimmjow's not an actor, per se, but he's a big enough celebrity that it would be a great scoop in my-

"No comment," Ichigo said, hanging up. Yumichika would be pissed off at him, but he'd just treat the man to dinner some time. He really didn't want to discuss this with anyone right now. Well. . . maybe one person, but only out of necessity. He picked up the phone and dialed Gin's number.

"Did you see?" Gin asked, sounding highly amused by everything that was going on.

"Yes."

"It's on tv now, too," Gin said, "on that celebrity news show. They've only got that one picture, though, so it seems like no one's got any concrete details. Does a sex tape even really exist?"

"Yes," Ichigo groaned, remembering what they had gotten up to in Aizen's office. "Grimmjow had a job with Brand X and we were there for the photo shoot. Things got a little out of control. . ."

"So I see. Well, if it's security footage, maybe one of the guards saw it and decided to try to make a profit out of it. My company has lawyers, you know. I already have them figuring out who's shopping around the tape, and they can try to stop any more photos or video. But, you know, a sex tape might even be good for Grimmjow's career-"

"Stop the tape," Ichigo said, very sure where he stood on this topic. He did not want a video of him having sex getting out there, even if it meant extra publicity.

"Your call," Gin said, sounding a little disappointed. "I'll let you know once we find out the details."

"What should we do until then?" Ichigo asked, deferring to Gin's experience. He was sure the man had dealt with scandal in his client's lives before.

"You might want to take a little vacation," Gin said. "There were all sorts of paparazzi outside of the F.C. Tokyo practice, trying to talk with Grimmjow. If they find out your address, or Grimmjow's
address, you can be sure they'll be there quick as a flash. Grimmjow's the hot 'it' boy right now, after all. Also, you're probably gonna want to talk to Grimmjow, work out what you two want to say to the press."

"He can figure that out with you," Ichigo said, "I'm not planning on releasing a statement."

"My, a little publicity shy, aren't we?"

"I just want to stay as uninvolved as possible it this," Ichigo said, praying that Gin's lawyers would be able to prevent the release of the tape.

"Yeah, well, you still got any contacts with Brand X? You might wanna give them a call and see if they'll help you figure out who could have done this."

"Yeah, that makes sense." Ichigo resolved to call Aizen in the morning. "Anything else you can think of?"

"I think you should talk to Grimmjow," Gin said.

"I know," Ichigo said, still not sure if he was going to do it or not. "Look, I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Sure thing. Give me a call if something comes up."

Ichigo hung up the phone and buried his head in his hands. He needed a drink. Chad was staying late at the recording studio, so he wouldn't have any company to do it with, but he figured it was okay to drink by himself under the circumstances. He got up and headed to the door, planning on going to the corner store to get a bottle of liquor.

While he was walking there, however, Ichigo became convinced that everyone was staring at him. Maybe he was being paranoid, but he wasn't usually the type to have those kind of tendencies. He realized that bright orange hair wasn't exactly a common occurrence, and it would probably be a beacon to anyone who had seen the photograph. Which, apparently, was everyone. Hunching over his shoulders, Ichigo walked quickly to the store, paid for his alcohol, and walked quickly back.

Ichigo was never more relieved when he got back to Chad's apartment. He locked the door and plopped down onto the couch before opening his bottle of sake and taking a huge gulp.

Several hours later, Ichigo woke up. He was still on the couch, an empty bottle of sake grasped in his right hand. His head was pounding. His body was shaking. The smell of eggs wafted from the kitchen, but it only made him feel sick.

"You awake?" Chad called from the kitchen.

Ichigo mumbled an answer as he got up, his head throbbing even more with the motion.

"I can't believe you finished a bottle of sake, given how badly you handle alcohol. What happened?"

Ichigo stumbled to the bathroom, grabbed a glass and filled it with water. His cell phone was on the counter and he could see without picking up that he had two missed calls from Grimmjow. He scowled. "Someone's trying to release a sex tape of me and Grimmjow."

Chad actually looked really shocked for once. ". . . What? You made a sex tape?"

"No." Ichigo drank the whole glass in one gulp. It didn't really help. "We did it in some guy's office,
and it was caught on the security camera."

"......... Wait. You had sex in someone else's office?"

Ichigo scowled even more. "You know, Chad, you're not really helping the situation."

"Sorry," Chad said, still looking just a little bit shell-shocked. "Also, don't you have work?"

"Taking a few days off," Ichigo muttered as he got another glass of water, picked up his cell phone, and stumbled back onto the couch. He felt a little bit better as he sunk back into it. He dialed Urahara's number and held his phone to his ear. Urahara answered after the second ring.

"You do know," Urahara greeted, in a sing-song voice, "that fraternizing with clients is prohibited here at Urahara Promotions, don't you, Ichigo?"

Shit. So Urahara had heard about the tape. "It must have slipped my mind."

"Well... I suppose I can let in slide, considering how well you've been doing lately. Besides, Inoue is dating one of her clients, as well, so I can hardly play favorites, can I? Although Inoue does bring in a lot more money than you. . . ."

"Wait," Ichigo said, getting distracted by something Urahara said, "Inoue is dating a client? Who?"

"Just an olympic gold medalist in judo. But that's not the point, Ichigo. I just want to know one thing: is this tape going to affect Grimmjow's endorsement deals?"

"I don't know," Ichigo said.

"You better find out. Make sure his sponsors are happy... if they're good, chances are new sponsors won't care either."

"I'll call them today. But, actually, I was calling to take a few vacation days off. I want to go back home until this sex tape thing blows over."

"I guess I've got no choice, considering you have a lot of days saved up. Have fun in Karakura Town. Oh, and one more thing! This is extremely important: this snowboarder you signed, Yoruichi. . . when are you going to introduce us? She's ridiculously hot."

Ichigo hung up the phone.

"You're going back home?" Chad asked. He hadn't meant to listen in on Ichigo's conversation, but it was a small apartment. It was impossible not to.

"Yeah." As soon as he got up the strength to pack up his things and head to the train station. His mom and dad would be surprised to see him. . . Ichigo's eyes opened in horror as he remembered them. What if his mom had heard about the sex tape? Ichigo groaned and wished that he could just die already. "Thanks for letting me stay here for so long."

"Anytime, man. I've got to get to work, but call me when you're back in Tokyo, okay?"

"Yeah. Sure." Ichigo waved over his shoulder as Chad left, feeling too horrible to do anything else for now. He lounged around Chad's apartment for an hour before he got around to getting ready. It didn't take him too long to pack the possessions he had, and then he was off to the train station, a baseball cap on to hide his bright orange hair.

On the train ride home, Ichigo made calls to sort out this whole ordeal. Neither Adidas nor Coca-cola
were particularly worried right now, though they were both going to pay attention to how the public responded to the scandal. If Ichigo could stop the release of the tape, and the public forgot about this mess, it should probably be fine. Ichigo called Aizen as well, and the man assured him that he would try to find out who had access to the security tapes. They set up a meeting for when Ichigo returned to Tokyo. So, really, that was all he could do for the moment, and Ichigo settled in to enjoy the rest of his train ride in silence.

It wasn't long before Ichigo found himself in front of his house, and he let himself in. Yuzu and Karin were no doubt away at college, unless there was some kind of fall break Ichigo didn't know about. His dad would most likely be in the clinic, and he could hear the clatter of pots and pans in the kitchen. He dropped his bag and made his way there, part apprehensive and part excited to see his mom.

"Mom?" he said, as he stepped through the kitchen door.

Masaki turned around, her face overcome with first surprise and then joy. "Ichigo!"

She came towards his son and caught him in a hug. Ichigo hugged back, lifting her off the floor a little bit. It was nice to be home.

"Ichigo, what are you doing here? Take a seat, sit down."

"No," Ichigo said, "I'm fine."

"I said," Masaki said, her voice stern even though her smile was still sugar sweet, "sit down."

"Ouch!" Ichigo yelped as Masaki caught his ear between her fingers and forced him into a chair.

"Now," she said, "What's this I hear about a sex tape?"

Ichigo visibly paled. But then his dad's face appeared from the door connecting the kitchen and the clinic, mild surprise written over his features.

"Ichigo? What are you doing here?"

"Your son was just telling me," Masaki said, "why he felt compelled to film himself having sex, of all things."

"Ah, yeah. . ." Isshin scratched his head. "Really, Ichigo, I thought we raised you better than that."

But as soon as Masaki's back was turned Isshin gave him a big wink. He crept closer to his son and leaned down to whisper in his ear. "Nothing wrong with spicing up things in the bedroom. Why, I wish Masaki would let me film-"

"Dad!" Ichigo yelled. "I don't need to know that!"

Masaki turned to glare at both of them, especially her husband. She walked up to the table with a pan of fried rice, which she deposited on a plate in front of Ichigo. "Eat. You look a little thin."

"Come on, now, dear," Isshin said. He came up to wrap his arms around his wife, but she held him at bay with a spatula. "Ichigo's a grown man. He can make his own decisions."

"Mom," Ichigo said, feeling beyond mortified, "it's not like I made it on purpose. I didn't know there was a camera there, I swear. I'm trying to make sure it's not released."

Masaki seemed somewhat pacified by that answer. Still, there was a crease in her forehead as she
went to put the pan back on the stove. "What I don't understand is, why didn't you tell us about your new boyfriend? I don't know how long the two of you have been dating, but you haven't even mentioned another man to me, not since you and Ishida broke up."

Masaki seemed a little hurt, which just made Ichigo feel even more horrendous about things. He hadn't meant to keep Grimmjow from his mother. . . except that he realized that was exactly what he had wanted to do. But now what was he supposed to tell her, that they had only been together for the sex? There was no way he was going to tell his mother that.

"I'm really sorry, Mom," Ichigo said. "We wanted to keep it a secret, because of Grimmjow's career."

"A secret from me?"

"Don't feel bad, honey bun," Isshin said. He went to put his arms around her again, only this time she gave in. "He's probably just going through a phase."

Masaki scowled. It was a rare expression to been on her face, and it made her look, oddly enough, more like Ichigo. "A phase. At his age."

"He's always been a late bloomer."

Now it was Ichigo who was scowling. "Have not. Look, Mom, I'm sorry I didn't tell you before. It hasn't been that long, really, and I didn't want to jinx the relationship."

Masaki seemed to believe that easily enough, and her face soon shifted into her normal smile. "Oh, alright. I guess I should just be happy that you're home."

She walked up to Ichigo and ruffled his hair, before bending down to press a kiss against his temple. "So. How long will you be here, and what dishes do you want me to cook during your visit?"

Isshin pouted. "Hey. Is Ichigo eating my fried rice?"

Masaki rolled her eyes, though the smile didn't leave her lips. "I can always make you more. Now, Ichigo, tell me all about this new boyfriends of yours."

Ichigo spent the next hour telling his mother how Grimmjow and he had met and gotten together. It was heavily censored in parts and embellished in other parts, but it's not like she knew that. It's not as though he was going to tell her the tawdry details of their first meeting and onwards. After that he went upstairs to wash up and get ready for bed. It had been a long day and he was tired. It was a comforting feeling to be able to sink into his old bed, into those old Ultraman bed sheets his mother had kept for him. It wasn't long before he was lulled into a deep sleep, content to forget about the rest of the world until morning came again.

Ichigo woke up to the sound of his mother's laughter. It was coming from downstairs and put him in a good mood. It really was nice to be home. He got up and went to brush his teeth, getting ready for the day. Soon enough he was walking down the stairs to the kitchen. As he did so, his ears started picking up on something. Something wasn't right. The masculine voice talking to his mother didn't belong to his father. . . no, it belonged to someone else entirely. Ichigo froze on the staircase. He didn't want to do this.

"Ichigo?" came his mother's voice. "Is that you? Come to the kitchen, love, you have someone to see you."

Ichigo felt his stomach drop. With heavy feet, he made his way into the kitchen. There, sitting next to
Ichigo’s mother as though he was a part of the family, was Grimmjow.

"Hey," Grimmjow said. To the other man's credit, he didn't seem exactly sure as to how to approach Ichigo. The normal smug, self-satisfied tone in his voice was gone, and there might have been just a touch of nerves in his blue eyes. "Urahara told me where you were."

Of course. He should have just stayed at Chad’s house.

"I was just telling Grimmjow," Masaki said, as she got up to get breakfast for Ichigo, "that he's even more handsome in person. Really, you should have brought him around before. It's so nice of him to come see you on his day off."

"You have your father's blessing, Ichigo," Isshin said, grinning over his newspaper. "Grimmjow seems like a fine, strapping young man."

"I didn't ask," Ichigo muttered, before taking a seat. There was only one chair open, and that was next to Grimmjow. The two men shared a look, both hesitant as to what to do next. Ichigo felt his heart speed up in his anxiety. He had to admit that Grimmjow looked good, even more handsome than Ichigo remembered. He looked away, feeling the beginning of a blush start in his cheeks, just in time to watch Masaki pile a huge stack of french toast on his plate.

"You never told me your mom was such a great cook," Grimmjow finally said. The statement made Masaki beam a little, though Ichigo just ignored it, preferring to eat his french toast instead.

"Does your mom cook?" Masaki asked.

Grimmjow snorted at the question. "I don't think she even knows the difference between a microwave and an oven."

"Oh, I'm sure that's not true," Masaki said. "Some people are too busy to learn how to cook. My husband, for instance, couldn't make instant ramen to save his life."

"Masaki," Isshin whined, pouting, "what about that omelet I made you on our anniversary?"

"The burnt chicken and chocolate one?" Masaki bent down to press a kiss against Isshin's temple. "It was delicious."

Ichigo nearly gagged. "Aren't you guys too old to be so lovey-dovey?"

"Oh, come on, Ichigo," Grimmjow said, something that looked suspiciously like a genuine smile on his face. "It's sweet. Isshin."

"I told you, Grimmjow," Isshin interrupted, "call me Dad."

Ichigo choked on his french toast, leading Grimmjow to hit him hard several times on the back. Finally he picked up a glass of water and completely drained it. "Thanks for the breakfast, Mom. I think I'm going to go to the store, do you need anything?"

"No, thank you."

Ichigo pushed his chair away to get up. He was disappointed, but not terribly surprised, when Grimmjow did the same.

"You should stay here," Ichigo said. "And relax. You're a guest, after all."

"What are you talking about, Ichigo?" Isshin said, butting in. "Grimmjow's your boyfriend, of course
you two should go galavanting off together. Take you time... going to the store."

Isshin made finger quotes as he said "going to the store" and gave Ichigo a big wink. Stupid dad.

"Bundle up," Masaki said, "it's going to be chilly out today."

Grimmjow gave Ichigo a smug smile as he got up from the table, a smile that Ichigo decided to ignore. He made his way to the closet to grab a sweatshirt and heard Grimmjow getting ready behind him. When he turned around the tall man was wearing a military-style pea coat with the collar popped up just a little bit, a designer scarf tucked around his neck. Ichigo scowled. For some reason, Grimmjow just looked even more handsome with the ensemble on.

"What?" Grimmjow asked, smirking. "What are you thinking right now?"

"Nothing," Ichigo muttered, before turning and leaving through the front door. Grimmjow followed him, staying a few steps behind as they walked to the store together. Ichigo could feel himself grow more and more nervous as the silence stretched between them. Had Grimmjow come all this way just to irritate him? Finally everything came to a head inside of him, and he turned around to yell at the other man. "Exactly why the hell did you come here?"

Surprisingly, Grimmjow looked a little sheepish. It almost made Ichigo feel bad about yelling. Almost. "Jesus, Ichigo, there are brats around."

Ichigo looked around. He realized they were standing in front of a playground and the little kids had stopped in the middle of their play to look up at them. "Like you care..."

But he didn't protest when Grimmjow grabbed his wrist and led him to a nearby bench. Ichigo sat down and watched as the kids went back to playing, easily forgetting about the strange orange-haired man who had been screaming just a moment before. Ichigo watched them play, the silence overtaking them for a moment again as neither one spoke.

"I kept waiting for you to come home," Grimmjow finally said, his voice sounding more contemplative than anything else. "But you didn't. And you didn't return any of my phone calls either, and no one knew where you were. I knew you were mad at me, but I didn't know why, and I didn't know you were that mad. I mean, I got angry too, but I was over it soon enough. We're both probably too hotheaded for our own good. So, what, you want me to apologize? Will you come back if I say I'm sorry?"

"No," Ichigo said. He could feel himself deflate, not sure why he had gotten so angry about things in the first place. "I don't care about that. I just want to know what this thing is between us. I mean... do you even give two shits about me?"

"What the hell kind of question is that?" Grimmjow asked, and the honest surprise in his voice shocked Ichigo. "You and football are the only good things I have in my life."

Ichigo blinked, then blushed, then turned away in embarrassment. He hadn't expected something like that, but he'd be lying if he said he didn't like it. "Fine. Okay. I'll come back."

"Good," Grimmjow said. He crossed his arms and leaned back, triumphant. He still didn't know what he had done wrong, but Ichigo was coming back, so that was all that mattered anyway. "What were you talking to Ulquiorra about?"

"He was worried I was being coerced into having sex with you, so he offered to take your place as my client."
"Huh," Grimmjow said, grinning a little. "But that's how we started, isn't it? It was total coercion."

"Idiot," Ichigo replied. "I wouldn't have gone along with it if I really hadn't wanted to, even with your contract on the line."

"Yeah. I figured." Grimmjow leaned forward a little. "Hey. Does that mean you love me? Was that a confession? How embarrassing."

"That was embarrassing? What about you? So I'm as important to you as football is, am I?" They were both smiling now, Grimmjow's hand coming to rest on Ichigo's waist as they teased each other.

"It was a figure of speech," Grimmjow said, leaning closer and closer, a mischievous gleam to his eyes.

"Bullshit. I've never heard of a figure of speech like that." But Ichigo was leaning forward too, until their lips met in the middle. Ichigo's lips tingled as they kissed, the sensation reverberating outward through his whole body. He wrapped an arm around Grimmjow's, his fingers coming to grip the wool fabric at Grimmjow's shoulder. If he was more honest with himself, Ichigo would admit that he had missed this a lot.

"Look! Those two boys are making babies!"

And Ichigo pulled away. He looked up to see the girl who had said that, but luckily she had just been talking to her friends. No adults in the vicinity to overhear it. He got up, about to suggest that they actually head to the store, when he felt himself being pushed into the bushes.

"What-" Ichigo's objection was cut short as his back hit the ground with a thud. Grimmjow landed on top of him, his arms on either side of Ichigo's body. "What the hell are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" Grimmjow's hands were already on the waistband of his jeans. "Making babies."

Ichigo pushed Grimmjow's hands away. "There are kids nearby!"

"They can't see us."

Ichigo looked around to see that, indeed, the bushes blocked them from the view of almost everyone around them. Still, it wasn't exactly an invisible shield. "If someone gets close, they'll be able to see us."

"So don't make any noises, and no one will come to check it out." Grimmjow leaned down to press their mouths together again. He ground his hips in a downward motion, making Ichigo moan as their erections pressed against each other. Even through their clothing, Ichigo could feel Grimmjow's large cock, hot and pulsing. It had been a long time since they had been together, and before he knew it Ichigo was peeling off Grimmjow's heavy coat and unbuttoning his pants. Soon he was holding Grimmjow's cock in his hands, and felt his own cock being pulled out into the chilly air.

Grimmjow kissed Ichigo as they stroked each other, amazed that Ichigo wasn't protesting more than he was. Maybe Ichigo had missed this too. In Grimmjow's mind, there wasn't anything better... Ichigo's mouth, Ichigo's cock, Ichigo's ass, he couldn't get enough. In the time they had been apart, he had missed this like crazy. Ichigo's cock was leaking pre-cum like a leaky faucet, and Grimmjow felt his hand grow slick with the sticky stuff. He pulled away, giving Ichigo a little space. "Turn around. Get on your hands and knees."

Ichigo did so, staying as low to the ground as he could. Grimmjow pulled his pants down, just to his
knees, just enough to give them proper access. Ichigo ended up in a frog-like position, his forehead resting on his forearms. He felt Grimmjow's hands spreading his ass cheeks apart, and then he gasped as Grimmjow's tongue pressed against his entrance. It didn't penetrate him, not yet. It only swept back and forth over his hole, pressing just enough to make his hole body shiver with need. Ichigo had to bite down hard on his lip to keep from making any noise. He shoved his ass back a little, wanting something inside of him, but Grimmjow only pulled away.

Grimmjow pulled away, but then figured he would take pity on the man in front of him. He reached a hand around to grab Ichigo's cock, and at the same time he pressed his tongue into Ichigo's hole. He felt Ichigo's body jerk forward, heard the man suppress a moan. As he stroked Ichigo's cock, he swirled his tongue around inside that little hole, getting it nice and wet. He ate Ichigo's ass for several minutes, feeling it soften and spread around his tongue. His fingers were covered with Ichigo's pre-cum; the other man must have wanted this badly, he was leaking like crazy. Grimmjow withdrew his hand and pressed a finger to Ichigo's ass, then pushed it in alongside his tongue. He could taste Ichigo's tangy pre-cum as he did so.

Ichigo thrust back as he felt a wet finger enter him, sliding inside next to the tongue already fucking his hole. It felt amazing. They both worked at spreading him, opening him up, though he hardly felt that he needed it. He wanted Grimmjow's cock inside of him and he wanted it now. He felt Grimmjow shift behind him, the tongue and finger disappearing from his ass. Ichigo's stomach fluttered in anticipation as something hot and hard was pressed against his entrance. Grimmjow moved forward, and Ichigo bit even harder down on his lip as the pleasure coursed through his body. He had the head of Grimmjow's cock inside of him, and he clenched his ass muscles, trying to get more in.

"Hold on," Grimmjow muttered, his hands coming to rub and stroke Ichigo's back. Being inside Ichigo after all this time just felt too good. He was afraid he'd shoot just from getting the head of his cock inside. He thrust forward just a little bit, before pulling out all the way. He opened Ichigo up nice and slow that way, pulling all the way out after pushing in another inch every time. After awhile he was buried to the hilt, his balls pressed against Ichigo's ass and his cock surrounding by velvet soft heat. He leaned forward, pressed a kiss against the back of Ichigo's neck, and started moving.

Ichigo couldn't help but moan as he felt Grimmjow's body weight settle over him, as Grimmjow started rolling his hips around Ichigo's ass. It felt good enough to be impaled on Grimmjow's cock like this, but that small, continuous movement was driving him crazy. It let Grimmjow stay deep inside of him, but it also rubbed up against his inner walls in a way that made him want to scream. As time went on Grimmjow went faster and faster, until he started to pull out and slam back in, really fucking Ichigo's ass. Ichigo slammed a hand over his mouth as he cried out with every thrust. His body crumbled beneath him and fell on the ground with the force of Grimmjow's fucking, so that he was laying on his stomach, his cock pressed almost uncomfortably against the ground.

Grimmjow pounded Ichigo's ass into the ground, sucking at the skin at the back of Ichigo's neck at the same time. Ichigo tasted delicious, and he felt amazing. Grimmjow loved fucking him, loved having his huge cock buried inside that tight heat. But what he loved the most was finishing inside of Ichigo. He loved the thought of having his cum buried inside the other man, deep inside his innermost places. It didn't take him long, only took a few minutes before he felt his release, felt that wave of orgasm wash over him. He thrust shallowly even as he came, feeling his cock twitch inside Ichigo's ass with every jet it shot out. He could feel Ichigo's hole getting more and more wet, until his cock slipped out completely on its own. Grimmjow gave Ichigo's neck one last lick before moving off of him. He took in the sight of Ichigo's ravaged hole, wet and swollen in front of him. It twitched a few times before closing, just a thin stream of cum trailing down towards Ichigo's balls.

"Fuck," Grimmjow said. "That was good."
He'd want to do it again in a little bit, but maybe not at the park. Instead, he turned Ichigo over and took in the site of that cute neglected cock, flushed and weeping. Without preamble Grimmjow leaned down and took it into his mouth, enjoying the way Ichigo gasped as he started to suck on it like a poisoned man sucking out the antidote. His fingers found their way back to Ichigo's ass and he shoved two inside that now wet hole, fucking and sucking Ichigo at the same time. In only a few minutes he could feel his mouth flooding with Ichigo's cum, could taste it spilling onto his tongue. He kept sucking after that, until Ichigo went completely limp in his mouth.

Both men cleaned up as best they could and got dressed properly, then Ichigo checked to make sure no one was watching as they came out of the bushes. The children, mere yards away, appeared none the wiser.

"We still have to go to the store," Ichigo said, although he wished they didn't. He felt sated and tired, and wanted nothing more than a mid-morning nap. But it would be suspicious if they returned empty-handed. Grimmjow didn't complain, only fell into step beside him. After a few moments he felt Grimmjow reach for his hand. Their fingers intertwined as Grimmjow pulled Ichigo's hand into his pocket, keeping it warm there for the rest of their walk.
They were on the train back to Tokyo when Grimmjow breached the subject. They were both traveling incognito, floppy hats pulled over their attention-getting hair. Ichigo was flipping through a magazine, some silly celebrity news thing, when Grimmjow brought it up.

"You know," Grimmjow said. "It wasn't that hard to open you up that time in the park. Were you sleeping with someone else while you weren't seeing me?"

"Renji and Zaraki," Ichigo said, not even looking up from the page he was on. "And Byakuya."

There was silence for a long minute. Then. . . "Shit. I didn't realize you were such a slut."

Ichigo scowled and glared at Grimmjow out of the corner of his eyes. "Look who's talking. And Zaraki and Byakuya were kind of a package deal. All of us happened to meet up, and they ended up really hitting it off. What about you, who did you sleep with while I was gone?"

"Just Margera," Grimmjow replied. "And only once. Well, by once I mean one session, not just one time. It was, you know, multiple times over the course of several hours."

Ichigo blinked at the name before he remembered where he had heard it before. "Margera? The Margera Ulquiorra claimed you sexually assaulted in high school?"

"Yeah," Grimmjow said, looking somewhat uncomfortable to be discussing it. "After you mentioned his name, I thought a lot about him, and I realized that I needed to go apologize to him. So I tracked him down. Luckily he works in Tokyo, drawing characters and graphics for hentai games."

". . . Okay." That hadn't really been what Ichigo was curious about. "Grimmjow, what did you need to apologize for? What happened between you two?"

Grimmjow actually sighed. He didn't look particularly happy to be discussing it, but it seemed like he was going to spill the details. "Back in high school, Margera was this skinny, quiet kid in the art club. One day he just upped and joined the football team instead. . . which was fine, you know, cause he was a decent player. Well, one day I find out why he joined the football club, because I find one of his sketchbooks. And it's full of sketches of me. At the time I was going through a lot of shit and I took it out on him. I pretty much forced him into a sexual relationship, knowing that he liked me, and I was real cruel about it too. I pretty much treated him like a fuck toy."

"Really," Ichigo said, rolling his eyes, "that doesn't sound like you at all."

"Oh, shut up," Grimmjow said. "You're the one that wanted to hear this story, don't go getting all sarcastic with me. Point is, I liked the kid and I treated him like shit. So one day he tells me it's over and I get mad. Things got out of control. . . my friends ended up getting in on the action and I didn't do anything to stop it, even though I knew he wouldn't like it. Unlike you, he didn't enjoy a crowd."

Ichigo scowled.

"That's when Ulquiorra showed up."

"And Margera forgave you?" Ichigo asked. "When you went to see him recently?"

"Yeah, well, he wanted to have sex with me, right?" Grimmjow grinned smugly at that. "Hey. Is that why you were mad at me? Was I treating you badly?"
Ichigo shrugged. "Kind of. Maybe. I mean, you could stand to be less of a jerk all the time, you know? You said some stupid stuff that day, and that's why I got mad. I think you were right with what you said before, we're both too hotheaded."

"Yeah. Okay. We can work on that." Grimmjow looked down at Ichigo, frowning at what the other man had in his hands. "Why are you reading that trash, anyway?"

"I want to see how much coverage these sex tape rumors are getting," Ichigo said. "This magazine only gave it two paragraphs, so I don't think it's too bad so far."

"What are you going to do about that tape?" Grimmjow asked. "You know I don't really give a shit if it goes public or not."

"I figured," Ichigo said, scowling at his boyfriend. He guessed he could call Grimmjow his boyfriend. His parents already were, and it was becoming clear that Grimmjow already thought of them as having that kind of relationship. "I'm going to find out who's trying to distribute it, and I'm going to make sure it never sees the light of day. I don't want that sex tape out there where my sisters can see it."

"Ichigo, unless there's something you want to tell me, I don't think your sisters are going to want to look at your sex tape."

"That's not what I mean," Ichigo said, wishing he could wipe that little smirk off Grimmjow's face. "I don't want it out there to embarrass them. And myself."

"Got it. And you've got people working on it, right?"

Ichigo nodded. "And I'm going to meet Aizen today when we get back, to see if he can tell me who the culprit might be. It did happen in his office, after all."

Grimmjow frowned at the mention of Aizen's name, but he didn't say anything about it. Ichigo knew that Grimmjow didn't like Aizen. Grimmjow was so selectively possessive... maybe it had to do with the person, Ichigo thought. Grimmjow certainly never seemed to mind when it was one of his own friends who was interested in Ichigo.

"Do you want me to come with you?" Grimmjow asked.

"I can handle it. Besides, having you there would probably make things even more difficult."

"Probably," Grimmjow said, a grin on his face.

Ichigo went back to flipping through the magazine and Grimmjow didn't say much during the rest of their train ride. It didn't take that long, anyway, and soon they found themselves back in Tokyo. Ichigo didn't have much time to spare before his meeting with Aizen. Just enough to shower and change, then it was off to Brand X, his hair air drying in his company car.

Once he got to the building, Ichigo was led upstairs and into Aizen's office right away. Then man greeted him in a black on black pinstripe suit, smiling as he offered a hand.

"Ichigo. It's so nice to see you again."

Ichigo nodded as he shook Aizen's hand, feeling somewhat embarrassed over the circumstances that led him back to this office. "Thanks for seeing me. I'm really sorry about all this, by the way."

Aizen nodded and gestured for Ichigo to sit down, doing to same himself. "Yes, well, I can't say I
wasn't surprised to discover what you and Grimmjow had been up to in my office. I take it you two are together."

"Yeah," Ichigo agreed. "I guess that cat's out of the bag now."

"I also take it that you're keeping it a secret for the sake of Grimmjow's career."

Ichigo nodded. That was partly it. . . though it probably had to do more with Ichigo's sensibilities than it did with Grimmjow's. Grimmjow could care less who knew, as long as he could still play football. And Rangiku didn't seem like she was going to break his contract over something like this, though Ichigo couldn't say about the other team managers. But if Kazuhiro Tadano could play baseball in Japan (eventually) after his gay sex tape scandal, Grimmjow could most likely play football.*

"Yeah. So I'm really glad that you're willing to meet with me like this. Have you managed to find out anything about who could have leaked the tape?"

"Well," Aizen said, "we keep security footage for about two weeks before it's overwritten. In two weeks, several dozen security guards pass through the control room where the footage is kept. Furthermore, any employee can submit a request for footage. All they have to do is give the control room the time and location they want, and the footage is found for them."

"Even for your office?" Ichigo asked. "Considering how high up you are in the company, I'd think the only person who had access to security footage of your office was. . . you."

Aizen's slightly spreading grin confirmed to Ichigo what he had just been thinking.

"You're the one who leaked the rumor," Ichigo said, frown growing.

"Bravo, Ichigo," Aizen said. "I knew you were an intelligent man."

"Why?" Ichigo asked, not really understanding why Aizen would do something like this. It's not as though he had any kind of vendetta against Grimmjow. He had hired the man for a lucrative advertisement, after all.

"I'm a man who's used to getting what I want," Aizen replied. "And I believe that I told you before. What I want is a date."

"You're kidding," Ichigo couldn't help but say. His voice was rising in pitch with every syllable, disbelief clear in his tone. "You'd wreck someone's career and subject them to public humiliation over something like a date? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"I suggest you don't speak to me in that manner," Aizen suggested, looking as calm as ever. "After all, I can go ahead and release the tape over the internet whenever I feel like it."

Ichigo slammed his teeth together, anger boiling underneath every inch of his skin. But it was counterproductive, right now, to get angry. "I'll sue for invasion of privacy."

"I don't think you can have any reasonable expectation of privacy," Aizen said, "when you're in someone else's office. Even if the courts do find that your privacy was breached, what of it? Some employee will end up taking the fall, and he'll have to pay you a fine. The tape will still be out there on the internet, and you won't be able to do a thing about it."

"This is fucked up."
"It's your fault." Aizen got up, coming around to lean on his desk next to Ichigo. He reached his hand to trace along the side of Ichigo's face, but the younger man flinched away from the touch. "I don't actually want a date. I want a night. One night to do whatever I want with you. You didn't think I'd let you go after you so brazenly had sex on my desk, did you? The expressions and noises you were making on that tape, it was as though you were taunting me."

"You're a sick bastard, you know that?"

"Am I? Am I any more so than you or Grimmjow? Think about it, Ichigo. If I don't hear back from you by Friday, I'll have someone release the footage."

Aizen was walking towards the door, but Ichigo was frozen to his seat. It wasn't until the door opened that he forced himself out of the chair. He all but stomped past Aizen, bumping into his shoulder on the way.

"Take care, Ichigo," Aizen called after him. "I look forward to hearing your decision."

It was a blur as Ichigo drove himself home. He couldn't believe that Aizen was actually doing this. He had already done a lot of damage, all for the sake of this obsession he had with getting into Ichigo's pants. Soon enough Ichigo found himself back at his apartment, jamming his key in the door and slamming it open. Grimmjow looked up from where he was reading a sports magazine, startled by the noise.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Grimmjow asked.

"Aizen's the one who has the tape," Ichigo said. "He's going to release it unless I sleep with him."

"I knew that bastard was no good. There's no way in hell I'll let you fuck him."

"I can't just let the tape get released!"

Grimmjow scowled at that. "What the fuck are you saying? You're saying you want to fuck him?"

"No..." Ichigo seemed to deflate. He frowned as he plopped down into a chair opposite Grimmjow. He didn't want to sleep with Aizen, but he didn't want the tape to get out there either. "I don't know."

"I can go beat the footage out of him. He doesn't seem that tough."

That would be great. Ichigo could just imagine the headlines if Grimmjow got arrested for assault and battery. "No. That won't be necessary."

Ichigo buried his head in his hands as he stared down at the wood grain embedded in his table. He wondered if it would really be that bad if the tape was released... then he realized that, yeah, it really would be. He didn't want everyone on the street to know him as the guy in Grimmjow's sex tape. He couldn't take that kind of mortification. He was wondering what to do about the situation when his phone rang. He looked down to see Gin's name splash across the screen.

"It's Gin," he said, and Grimmjow only nodded as Ichigo disappeared into the bedroom to take the call. Ichigo flipped open the phone as he fell onto his back on the bed. "Perfect timing. Did you find out anything?"

"Well," Gin began, "it seems as though no one's shopping the tape around after all. Whoever started the rumor was lying about that. None of the usual suspects in pornography distribution have gotten so much as a call."
"Yeah," Ichigo said. "It's because they're not interested in making a profit. The guy I know at Brand X, this executive Aizen, he's the one behind everything. He's going to release the tape to the internet unless I have sex with him."

"Oooh," Gin said, sounding highly amused. "Scandalous."

"Gin. Help me out a little here. I don't know what to do."

"And Grimmjow said you weren't allowed to sleep with him?"

Ichigo scowled. "Why are you and Grimmjow so messed up? Why is that scenario conditioned on Grimmjow's permission?"

"Just saying," Grin replied. "Look, I'll go talk to Aizen. I'll do a little... convincing. So you just leave everything to me. And Ichigo?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't. Worry. Let me handle it."

Ichigo began to protest, but Gin hung up on him. He tossed his phone onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. He wondered if dying his hair black would help him avoid being recognized. When he finally sat up he saw Grimmjow leaning against the doorframe, staring at him.

"What did Gin have to say?"

"He said he'll take care of it," Ichigo said. "But I really don't know what he can do."

"If Gin says he can take care of it, I believe him. Gin's a pretty resourceful guy, I bet he has a few tricks up his sleeve."

It was true, Gin didn't often say things that he couldn't back up. Ichigo sighed. He figured he didn't need to think about it until Friday anyway.

Gin ended up calling back on Thursday.

"Good news!" he said, cheerfully enough.

Ichigo and Grimmjow sat together on the couch, listening to Gin on Ichigo's speakerphone. Ichigo held his breath as he awaited Gin's "good news," although Grimmjow didn't seem to care past just wanting to know what was going on.

"Aizen will settle for a blow job!"

"What?" Ichigo exclaimed, at the same time that Grimmjow said "I don't mind just a blow job."

Ichigo scowled at Grimmjow, eyes glaring, in complete disbelief.

"I'm sorry," Gin said. "I didn't catch that. What's going on?"

Grimmjow mouthed "what" at Ichigo as he shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he had no idea why Ichigo was irritated with his little remark.

"Is that really the best you could do?" Ichigo asked.

"You're not exactly giving me a lot to work with here," Gin replied. "Aizen's a pretty damned good
negotiator, and I don't really have any leverage. It's a testament to my abilities that I was able to talk him down this much."

Ichigo turned back to Grimmjow. "And you're okay with me sucking off Aizen? Despite the fact that you seem to hate him?"

Grimmjow shrugged once again. "I know how much you want to get this tape blocked, so I'm willing to sacrifice a little. After all, that's what people do in a relationship."

As Grimmjow grinned in a highly self-satisfied way, Ichigo resisted the urge to punch him in the face. Exactly who was sacrificing what, here? Ichigo was the one who was going to have to give some blackmailing creep a blow job, not Grimmjow.

"Ichigoo~ooo," Gin called out, in a sing song voice. "What's your decision, exactly?"

Gin's voice startled Ichigo from his anti-Grimmjow thoughts. His mind focused instead on the sex tape situation. One blow job. All he had to do was give one blow job, and he'd have the sex tape in his possession. And yeah, sure, he kind of enjoyed sucking cock, and Aizen was a pretty (extremely) good-looking guy, but he wasn't sure he wanted to do it just based on the principle of the thing.

"I don't know," he said.

Grimmjow rolled his eyes. "You fucked me and sucked off half my college football team in order to secure a contract. You can give one measly blow job when it's your reputation and privacy on the line."

"When he puts it that way," Gin interjected, "I don't see how you can still say no."

Ichigo frowned. Both of them did have a point.

"Fine," he said. "I'll do it."

"Good to hear it!" Gin said. "Aizen was optimistic that you would say yes, so he already booked a hotel room. How does eight o'clock tomorrow night sound?"

"Fine, I guess," Ichigo grumbled.

"Good, good. I'll text you the information, so let me know how it goes. And have fu~un."

And with that statement Gin clicked off his phone. Ichigo sighed and flipped close his own phone, then sunk into the couch. He looked over at Grimmjow, but the other man had already unmuted the television and was absorbed in watching whatever sitcom he had on. Ichigo scowled. He guessed he was going to have to take care of this situation himself.

The next night Ichigo found himself in the lobby of a rather fancy hotel, shifting from foot to foot. He was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, so it was no wonder all the patrons were giving him strange looks. If he had thought about it he would have worn something else, but he hadn't known that Aizen would be keeping him waiting for so long.

Out of nowhere an arm came around Ichigo's back and a silky smooth voice whispered in his ear.

"Ichigo, I'm so glad that you made it."

Ichigo gulped. He took a step away and looked up so see Aizen smiling slyly down at him. The man was as handsome as ever, hair perfectly slicked back, tuxedo perfectly draped over that slim yet
"Excuse my formality," Aizen said, loosening his bow tie so that it was just a strip of fabric around his neck. "I just came from an event, but I assure you that you'll have all my attention from here on out. Now, shall we go to dinner?"

"Dinner?" Ichigo asked. "That wasn't part of the deal."

"Humor me," Aizen said, placing his hand on Ichigo's lower back in order to push him along. "I'm the type who enjoys a little romance before sex."

It's not as though Ichigo had any room to protest, considering he was in a public place and had already been pushed to the entrance of the hotel restaurant. The host there looked at him from over an upturned nose, as though he was a piece of trash on his shoe. At least, he did until he saw who Ichigo was with.

"Aizen-san," he said, all rainbows and lollipops now. "It's such a pleasure to see you again. Will you be needing a table for two?"

"Actually," Ichigo managed to interject. "I think I'm a little underdressed for this restaurant."

"Nonsense," Aizen said. "If it really bothers you, I'm sure one of the wait staff can run to the hotel boutique to buy you a jacket."

"No, that's quite alright," Ichigo said, only Aizen was already giving instructions to the host.

A few minutes later, Ichigo was sitting at a booth with Aizen, a no doubt ridiculously expensive jacket draped over a five-year-old t-shirt. He was a little uncomfortable, not just because of the jacket but also because Aizen was sitting right next to him and had an arm draped on the booth behind Ichigo's shoulders.

"What's your drink?" he asked Ichigo, leaning close enough to bring a blush to Ichigo's face.

"Umm... beer?"

Aizen raised a finger, and almost instantly a waiter appeared out of nowhere. Ichigo wondered how the hell he did that.

"One Old Fashioned," Aizen said, "and one Delirium Tremens."

"Yes, sir," the waiter said, before scurrying off.

"I hope you enjoy Belgian beers," Aizen said.

"Sure," Ichigo replied, despite never having had one. When he was out drinking, he and his friends usually ordered the cheapest drink there was. "I love them."

Then he blushed even more, wondering why he was trying to impress Aizen of all people. But Aizen was handsome, and obviously intelligent, and smelled really, really good. It was hard not to get nervous with him. In an attempt to distract himself from Aizen's intoxicating cologne, Ichigo reached for the menu and fumbled as he opened it. Then nearly had a coughing fit as he saw what the prices were.

"Oh, come now," Aizen said, his voice teasing. "These prices can't be that much of a shock to you. You must be getting a substantial cut of Grimmjow's salary, so I know that you really shouldn't be a muscular body.
"Money or no," Ichigo replied, "I was raised a certain way. And that way involved local family restaurants and McDonalds, not thirty dollar burgers made out of lamb raised on one particular mountain in the Pyrenees."

"Oh, but what delicious burgers they are," Aizen said, laughing softly. "It must be something about the French air."

"Or maybe it's a magical mountain," Ichigo grumbled, eliciting a chuckle from Aizen.

At that point the waiter came back with their drinks and Ichigo watched as what looked like a ceramic bottle partially wrapped in blue foil was placed before him. The waiter took out a frosted glass, poured the beer perfectly into it, then sat both objects near Ichigo’s place setting. Ichigo reached for it and took a few large gulps, finding the taste quite pleasant.

"Are you ready to order, sir?" The waiter said, addressing Aizen.

"At the risk of being presumptuous," Aizen said to Ichigo, his lips pulled up on one side in that devilish smile, "would you allow me to order for the both of us? There's nothing I like more than being able to share my favorite dishes with others."

"Go ahead," Ichigo said. He then watched as Aizen ordered their meal... in French. And the waiter, who was obviously Japanese, at least ethnically, nodded and committed everything to memory before leaving to the kitchen.

Aizen smiled and turned back towards Ichigo. "I hope that I've impressed you, if only a little. Though you seem too intelligent to be impressed so easily."

"Do you often take your dates to expensive restaurants, then order for them in French?" Ichigo asked.

"No," Aizen replied, smooth as butter. "Only the ones I hold in particularly high regard."

Ichigo didn't think that was just a line, though he supposed he couldn't be sure. But Aizen didn't seem to be the type to waste his time wining and dining those he wasn't very interested in. He didn't have to, after all. A man like Aizen only had to snap his fingers and women and men would fall into bed with him.

"But enough about me," Aizen said. "I wanted to take you out, after all, so that I could learn about you."

Ichigo wasn't really sure what to say. After all, he was basically just a normal person. But he was saved from embarrassing himself, at least for a few moments, when the appetizers arrived. An entire meal's worth of hor d'oeuvres was set before them, each of them looking and smelling absolutely delicious.

"Bon appetit," Aizen said, smiling, "I hope that you enjoy."

A few appetizers and a drink later, Ichigo was much more comfortable with Aizen, and had no trouble opening up about his rather mundane life. Aizen, for his part, was a rapt listener, taking a seemingly interest in what Ichigo had to say and asking follow-up questions to stories even Ichigo thought were boring. He was a much better listener than Grimmjow... Ichigo briefly wondered if he was with the wrong person before shaking that thought out of his head.
A salad, entree, and several drinks later, Ichigo was feeling more than just comfortable. To be honest, he was feeling a little bit hot. And the fact that Aizen was so close to him, and still smelled so goddamned good, was not helping that dizzy feeling in his head.

"How are you feeling?" Aizen said, whispering the words into Ichigo's ear. "You look a bit flushed."

The feeling of the Aizen's hot breath in the inner channel of his ear sent tingles through Ichigo's body, and made him subconsciously lean closer.

"Mm fine," Ichigo murmured, as Aizen's hand landed on his thigh.

The waiter came back then, to place an ornate glass pedestal topped with small chocolates in front of them. Aizen said something to him before he left, leaving them alone again.

"Bourbon truffles," Aizen said. "Allow me."

Aizen picked up a truffle between his thumb and two fingers and brought it up to Ichigo's mouth. Without even thinking to complain Ichigo parted his lips and let Aizen slip the chocolate within them. His lips closed around the chocolate and the tips of Aizen's fingers, sucking the chocolate into his mouth before pulling away. He bit into it and chewed, tasting the bourbon as it gushed out.

"You have a little chocolate," Aizen said, "at the side of your mouth."

Aizen's fingers ran along Ichigo's jaw, lifting up his chin. Aizen's lips came closer, just brushing against Ichigo's lips before a tongue darted out to lap at Ichigo's skin. Ichigo couldn't help but moan lightly at the sensation. He wasn't sure why, but he was extra sensitive right now. Maybe it was the food, maybe it was Aizen... most likely, it was all of the alcohol he had consumed.

At any rate, when Aizen's lips moved up against Ichigo's lips, Ichigo didn't protest. And when Aizen deepened that touch of the lips into a kiss, Ichigo kissed back. It didn't hurt that Aizen was an amazing kisser. He pressed his lips against Ichigo's more and more insistently with each kiss, until they were hot, fevered things. Eventually Aizen used his tongue to trace over Ichigo's lips, which obediently parted, letting Aizen explore every crevice of Ichigo's mouth.

While Ichigo's mouth was otherwise occupied, Aizen's hand moved up his thigh, kneading it until his fingers brushed against Ichigo's groin. Ichigo moaned into Aizen's mouth. But Aizen didn't stop there; his palm cupped Ichigo's rapidly hardening crotch and pressed down, massaging it through the denim of Ichigo's jeans.

Ichigo spread his legs before remembering where they were and who he was with. He broke apart however reluctantly. Although it didn't really do much... it just gave Aizen the chance to attack his jaw. He pressed kisses up along Ichigo's jaw, until he came to the man's ear. Their cheeks pressed together as he dipped his tongue inside, the moist touch making Ichigo shiver.

Wait. Wasn't he supposed to be protesting?

"Mmm...stop," Ichigo moaned, and even if he was drunk he had the presence of mind to realize that he did not sound convincing at all.

"Why?" Aizen murmured, before going back to doing absolutely wonderful things to Ichigo's ear.

"We're in public."

"There's no one here, and the waiters aren't coming back until I call them."
Ichigo managed to look around, and he noticed for the first time that the waiters hadn't sat anyone at any of the tables in front of them. At this point, with Aizen's arm on his shoulder, Aizen's cheek pressed against his, and Aizen's hand kneading his cock, Ichigo was having a hard time remembering exactly why he wanted to protest.

"Wait... if you don't stop," he said, voice slightly slurred, "I'm going to come in my pants."

"Oh. We can't have that, can we?" Aizen leaned back and slung both his arms over the back of the bench, a sly smirk on his lips.

Ichigo scowled at the loss of body heat from various vital parts of his body.

"I believe we have an agreement," Aizen continued.

"Here?" Ichigo asked, before hiccuping.

"I see no better time than the present."

Ichigo looked around, but there really wasn't anyone there. Well... what the hell? He was horny and drunk, and he kind of wanted to see what Aizen was working with. With one last glance he ducked underneath the table, the long, silk tablecloths hiding him from view. Once he was there he made his way to Aizen's spread legs and kneeled between them. His placed his hands on either thigh, on top of the soft silk of his tuxedo.

Ichigo ran his hands up and down as he eyed the bulge in Aizen's pants, which he had to admit was impressive enough. Not as impressive as Ichigo was used to, but maybe he was spoiled by having Grimmjow around. He reached out and unzipped Aizen's pants. He could see Aizen's boxer-briefs now, could see its slit spreading to reveal swollen, pink-tinged flesh. Ichigo licked his lips as he pulled those boxer-briefs down, as he pulled Aizen's mostly hard cock out of his pants. Too impatient to take his time, Ichigo leaned forward and took the whole thing in his mouth.

He was rewarded for his effort by a low moan that rumbled in Aizen's throat, a noise that sounded almost like a purr. Encouraged, he sucked hard as he moved his tongue as best he could over the underside of Aizen's cock. After a few moments he started to move his head, bobbing it up and down Aizen's long, slim cock. He tried to keep up a gentle suction, and tried with each bob downward to brush the head of Aizen's cock against the roof of his mouth.

Aizen seemed to be enjoying it, from the way his breathing had mellowed out. The man wasn't making any other noises, though, and for that bit of self-control Ichigo was thankful. Aizen's hand came down to brush against Ichigo's cheek, than tangle in the hair at the side of Ichigo's face.

As Ichigo bobbed up Aizen's cock, he stopped for a moment with just the head of it in his mouth. He brought a hand up to stroke the damp, exposed shaft of Aizen's cock, then swirled his tongue around and around the head. Then he moved his tongue to dip in the slit of it, the action garnering a small thrust of the hips from Aizen.

"Sosuke, is that you? I thought I saw you come in."

Ichigo heard the voice coming from outside of the table. He looked out of the side of his eyes, enough to see black shoes under the bottom of the table cloth. But Aizen's hand prevented him from moving off the man's cock. If anything Aizen pushed his face back down, deeper and deeper, until Ichigo's nose was buried back in those brown pubic hairs. Aizen held him there, deep throating him, as he had a conversation with his co-worker slash friend slash whoever the hell it was, Ichigo wasn't so sure. It wasn't until the conversation was finished that Aizen let go, and Ichigo pulled off the cock
to stretch his mouth out a little. His jaw hurt, as did his throat, a little bit.

"You should hurry," Aizen said, his voice calm and amused. "The restaurant seems to be closing up."

Ichigo frowned, but he went back to the task at hand. As he held onto the cock at its base, he licked and sucked all along the rest of it. After awhile Aizen's hand came back to grip the back of Ichigo's head, and then he was coming, and making sure that Ichigo swallowed every single drop. Ichigo almost gagged as semen poured down his throat, but it's not like he could move away with Aizen holding him there.

Aizen didn't let him go until he was completely done coming, at which point Ichigo moved away and started coughing. While he was used to swallowing, it's not as though Grimmjow ever forcibly held him down to the point of gagging before. He wiped an errant trail of semen from the corner of his lips as Aizen pulled him up by the arm.

Once he was seated at the table again, Aizen pulled him forward in another deep kiss.

"Are you still hard?" Aizen asked, when he pulled away. "If you'd like, I can help you take care of that."

"That wasn't part of our deal," Ichigo said, though he was having trouble remembering what that deal was exactly or why it even mattered.

"Consider it outside of the deal," Aizen said. His voice was a near purr, and he dropped it lower as he moved his mouth close to Ichgo's ear. "The question is: do you want me to fuck you, or not?"

Ichigo shivered. Why, exactly, hadn't he wanted to sleep with Aizen? For the life of him, he couldn't remember.

"Yeah," he said. "Let's go."

With Aizen's hand on Ichigo's arm to steady him, they made their way out of the restaurant and towards the elevator. The elevator door had barely dinged shut when Aizen pulled Ichigo flush against him. Ichigo's arms wound around Aizen's neck as Aizen's arms wound around Ichigo's waist, their lips and tongues meeting in a heated exchange.

They didn't make it to the hotel room. Aizen reached out a hand and hit the emergency stop button before turning his attention back to Ichigo, and Ichigo didn't care enough to mind. He could feel Aizen's cock, half-hard again already, rubbing against his through the fabric of their pants, and the feeling was just oh so delicious. Somehow, and Ichigo wasn't even sure how it happened, Aizen managed to pull his pants off. All Ichigo was aware of was the sound of leather and metal shifting... his belt? His zipper? And then like magic his pants and boxers were around his ankles and he was stepping out of them.

"You get me so hard," Aizen said, a breathy whisper against Ichigo's ear. "It's been a long time since I've wanted to be inside someone the way I want to be inside of you."

Ichigo moaned. It felt too good as Aizen pressed back against him, as Ichigo's cock tubbed against the silk of Aizen's tux. Against the hardness that was growing underneath it. He could feel hands grab him just underneath his ass, lifting his legs up. The back of his head hit the wall as Aizen lifted his legs up, and he took the initiative to wrap his legs tight around Aizen's waist. As he moaned, trapped between the cold mirror of the elevator wall and the heat of Aizen's body, two fingers made their way to his entrance.
Aizen claimed his mouth again, stifling the noises that Ichigo made as those fingers sunk deep inside of him. Maybe it was a testament to the copious amounts of sex Ichigo had been having lately, or how drunk and relaxed he was, but his hole spread open easily to accommodate Aizen's fingers. He gasped into Aizen's mouth as they started to move inside of him, stretching him even more.

It wasn't long before those fingers pulled out of him and Ichigo felt the blunt head of Aizen's cock press against there instead. He pulled away from the kiss as his hands twisted in the back of Aizen's tuxedo jacket, gasping as Aizen pressed into him, inch by inch. Aizen licked and nibbled at Ichigo's throat as he pressed in, until he was completely enveloped by Ichigo's hot body.

Ichigo moaned and arched as Aizen began to move, as that cock began to piston in and out of him. Being pressed between Aizen and the wall just made being fucked feel all that much better; like Aizen's cock was getting in deeper, somehow. And his own cock was rubbing against the fabric of Aizen's dress shirt every time, the friction sending shock waves through Ichigo's groin.

As one of Ichigo's hands grasped Aizen's jacket, the other was thrown behind his head, pressing against the wall above him as he tried his best to press back against Aizen's body. Through his half-open eyes, Ichigo could see their fucking reflected in the mirrors that lined the elevator wall. He could see his flushed, wanton expression, so much different than the expression he usually wore when he looked in the mirror. He could see Aizen's head buried in his neck, Aizen's hips and ass as they pressed into him with slow, powerful thrusts. And with each thrust he could feel himself slide up against the mirror a few inches, only to slide back down again as Aizen withdrew.

"You feel so soft," Aizen murmured. "So hot. I think I'll have to spend all night buried inside of you."

Ichigo only groaned, feeling himself get so close. . . it was too much, the physical and the visual stimulation. He watched himself in the mirror as he came, eyebrows furrowing and lips parting in a silent cry. He could feel his cock twitch and spurt semen into the space between them, and, several minutes later, could feel Aizen's seed fill him in turn.

They stayed joined together for a long moment. Then Aizen withdrew, carefully helping Ichigo to place his legs on the floor.

"I think," Aizen said, "we'll have to continue this in our hotel room."

Ichigo could only nod in agreement.

Meanwhile, custom-made Italian loafers sounded through the fifteenth floor of Olympia Towers in Roppongi. A door was unlocked, opened, and closed. The shoes stepped forward over a marble foyer, walking into the open space of a ridiculously large living room.

"Grimmjow?" came a large, booming voice. "Are you home?"
Mr. Jaegerjaquez

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Ichigo put his key in the lock and turned. When he opened the door he wasn't surprised to see Grimmjow there, arms crossed and lips set in a tight little frown.

"Where the hell have you been?" Grimmjow asked.

Ichigo didn't have time for this. He mumbled a "with Aizen" as he made his way towards his bedroom and collapsed on his nice, soft bed. He just wanted to get a few hours of sleep to make up for the sleep he didn't get last night.

"I thought it was just going to be a blow job," Grimmjow said, following.

"Yeah, well, it turned into something more," Ichigo replied, snuggling into his pillow. His eyelids, drifting shut, snapped right back open again as he heard something crash and shatter. He looked over at Grimmjow and saw that the other man had just thrown a coffee mug against the wall. "What the fuck, Grimmjow?"

"I can't believe you had sex with him!"

Ichigo pushed his upper torso off the bed, scowling. He just wanted to get some sleep, dammit. "Okay, let's get something straight here: I'm not sure why I need to remind you, but we have both been sleeping with other people. And if you're okay with making me fuck your friends, you sure as hell can't complain when I fuck someone else. That's the thing when you have a relationship with no boundaries... you can't complain when it's not monogamous!"

"Well, maybe I want to be in a monogamous relationship, then!"

The two men glared at each other, somewhat shocked but mostly angry.

"Fine!" Ichigo finally yelled out.

"Fine!" Grimmjow yelled back, before leaving and slamming the door behind him.

Ichigo rolled his eyes and fell back on the bed, ready for a nap now.

Ichigo didn't wake up until late in the afternoon. He still felt tired, but that was most likely due to the lingering effects of the alcohol. He was also hungry. But mostly tired. He got up and went to take a shower, feeling instantly better as soon as he got out. He pulled on new jeans and a t-shirt, then grabbed a small towel to continue drying his hair as he made his way out to the living room.

Grimmjow was there, but Ichigo expected that. The younger man looked up from the magazine he had been reading, eyes focusing on Ichigo.

"Good, you're up," Grimmjow said. "We're going out to dinner."

"What?" Ichigo asked. He was asking more because he hadn't really heard what Grimmjow was saying than because he was mad about the brusque command, but apparently Grimmjow took his question to mean the latter.

Grimmjow scowled. "Do you want to go out to dinner?"
That froze Ichigo in his tracks. His hands went still on his towel as he blinked at Grimmjow. "Excuse me?"

"Do. You. Want. To. Go. Out. To. Dinner?"

So he hadn't heard wrong. Grimmjow was actually asking him for his input, instead of just ordering him to do something. Ichigo looked around, not even sure what he was looking for. Maybe some proof that he was still asleep and dreaming. But the only thing different was Grimmjow, frowning as he waited for Ichigo to answer.

"Umm. . . okay."

"Okay, then," Grimmjow said, getting off the couch. "Let's go."

Ichigo was still standing there, a little stunned, as Grimmjow walked out the door. But he came to soon enough. He dropped his towel on the couch and followed his (exclusive?) boyfriend out the door. Grimmjow waited in the hallway as Ichigo locked up, and then he was leading the way out to the street, Ichigo trailing behind him.

Ichigo wasn't sure where they were going, but he was interested enough to find out. They had eaten out in their neighborhood multiple times, but Grimmjow was leading him in a direction they had never gone before. After several twists and turns they stood in front of a rather nondescript brick storefront, roast ducks hanging from metal hooks in the window. They walked inside, and Ichigo found himself in a hole-in-the-wall Chinese restaurant of questionable sanitation. They seated themselves at a small square table in the corner, which was clean enough except for some smudges on the vinyl tablecloth. Grimmjow slouched down in his seat, hands in his pocket, as the waiter handed them their menus.

"I heard they have good beef chow fun here," Grimmjow all but grumbled. "So I thought you'd want to give it a try."

Ichigo blinked, a little surprised. It was true that beef chow fun was his favorite dish, but he had never told Grimmjow that. "How did you know I like that stuff?"

Grimmjow gave him an incredulous look. "I've been living with you since summer ended. You don't think I've been noticing your eating habits?"

No, actually, Ichigo hadn't. And he couldn't help the small upturn of his lips that appeared with the realization.

"I'm not going to take you to a fancy hotel restaurant," Grimmjow went on to say, even as he stared out the window. "It's not my scene and I'm not a big douche."

"Uh huh," Ichigo agreed, picking up his menu. He was a little shocked to realize that he currently seemed to be on a date with Grimmjow.

The waiter came back then and the two men ordered an assortment of their favorite dishes. The food was quickly prepared and served, and they started to pick from the communal dishes that laid in front of them. Conversation turned to the kinds of things it always turned to. . . Grimmjow's latest game, Ichigo's problems at the office, the stupid reality show they had watched together a few nights before. Ichigo wondered when things had grown so comfortable between them.

Afterwards, bellies full, they left the restaurant. Grimmjow's hand seemed to naturally slip into Ichigo's as they walked side by side down the sidewalk.
"What do you want to do now?" Grimmjow asked. "Isn't there a movie you wanted to see? That new Argentinean one?"

Ichigo blinked in disbelief. Grimmjow had actually been listening when he had mentioned that? But come to think of it, they had never seen a movie together. Despite all their time together, they never did the kinds of things couples usually did.


"Let's go then, it should be playing at that artsy theater near here."

They walked in comfortable silence to the theater, just several blocks away. It was kind of nice, acting like a normal couple for once. Ichigo realized how backwards their relationship was. They went through public sex, threesomes, and a sort of break up before they actually started dating. It could not have been further from the relatively standard courtship that had marked Ichigo's first relationship.

It didn't take long before they reached the theater. Grimmjow didn't release Ichigo's hand as they took a seat. Ichigo, murmuring something about how it was always cold in theaters, pulled closer to the other man. The movie started, and the audience groaned: there weren't any subtitles.

A few people left while others stayed. Ichigo frowned as the actors started speaking, but then Grimmjow leaned towards him, his voice low in Ichigo's ear.

"I can translate for you," he said.

Ichigo shivered at the heated whisper, then leaned just that little bit closer. For the rest of the movie Grimmjow whispered lines of dialog into his ear, Ichigo blushing the whole time.

By the time they left the theater it was dark. It was also cold, the fall about to give way to winter. In just two more games Grimmjow's first season would be over; Ichigo couldn't believe that the two of them had come so far in just a few months.

"Oh, shit," Grimmjow said, stopping in the middle of the sidewalk. "Adidas sent new cleats to my apartment in Roppongi. I completely forgot to pick them up and I need to wear them in the game tomorrow."

"Let's just go back to your place then," Ichigo suggested. "We can always sleep there if it gets too late."

Grimmjow agreed and, plans changed, they hopped in a cab to take them to Grimmjow's apartment. They hadn't actually been there in awhile; Ichigo preferred his humble apartment, and Grimmjow didn't seem to mind that. Honestly, most of Grimmjow's things were actually at Ichigo's apartment, despite the fact that they had never formally discussed moving in together.

Walking into the luxury of Grimmjow's apartment was always a disconcerting feeling, but this time as they did it even Grimmjow seemed unnerved.

"What's wrong?" Ichigo asked.

Grimmjow was scowling a little bit. But he didn't have to say anything for Ichigo to eventually realize what it was. There were noises coming from the living room, the shuffling of paper and the clinking of ice in glass. Someone else was actually home. Grimmjow strode towards the living room, Ichigo trailing behind him. Ichigo had to admit that his curiosity was more than just a little bit piqued. It had to be Grimmjow's parents. Who else would have been there? And Ichigo was dying to know
what kind of people they were that Grimmjow wouldn't even speak of them.

As the living room opened up in front of them, Ichigo became aware of a man sitting on the couch, drink in hand. He was older, with hair between blond and brown and a thick but neatly-trimmed beard to match. He seemed to be tall and solidly built, probably the source of Grimmjow's own impressive build. But although the man was distinguished, he wasn't conventionally handsome, which led Ichigo to believe that Grimmjow received his good looks from his mother.

"Grimmjow," the man said. "Where exactly have you been?"

"Father," Grimmjow said, confirming Ichigo's suspicions. "I don't think that's any of your business."

Grimmjow was standing with his hands shoved in his pocket and a defiant tilt to his chin. There was also a cold kind of glare to his eyes that Ichigo had never seen before.

Grimmjow's father sighed. "As disagreeable as always. You no doubt get it from your mother-

"What the hell are you doing here?" Grimmjow asked, cutting his father off. Right now he reminded Ichigo of a cat about to attack a feared enemy, claws out and every hair on end.

Grimmjow's father stared at him for a long, hard moment before speaking again. "Do you even have to ask? I'm here to bring you back to Spain. You've had your fun kicking your precious little ball around, but you have a company you need to learn how to run. The time for fun and games is over."

"Like fuck it is," Grimmjow said. "I don't need to do what you want me to, I'm my own man."

Grimmjow's father flickered his gaze over to Ichigo. "Are you really going to use such vulgar language in front of your guest?"

Grimmjow probably didn't care about the vulgarity, but his eyes did flicker towards Ichigo. Apparently he wasn't too keen to have Ichigo standing there witnessing his argument with his father, because the next words out of his mouth were, "Do you think you can wait for me in my room?"

"Yeah," Ichigo said. "Sure."

He turned to leave, though he kept sneaking glances backwards as he did so. Even once he got in Grimmjow's room he left the door a little bit open so that he could hear what was going on. Unfortunately, perhaps because they had realized there was a third party there, Grimmjow and his father switched over to using Spanish instead of Japanese.

Ichigo frowned as he sat down on his bed. Despite what Grimmjow's father had to say, he was sure that Grimmjow wouldn't leave Japan. And it wasn't like he was a kid dependent on his parents. He was a famous footballer worth millions. He could do whatever the hell he wanted. But as his argument with his father went on and on, each sentence seeming to grow more and more heated, Ichigo started to have his doubts.

What were they still talking about? Why was Grimmjow even contemplating this? Ichigo's frown deepened with each minute that passed. The men's voices were getting louder and louder, the conversation more and more heated. Finally there was one particularly loud outburst from Grimmjow, and the man stomped towards his bedroom. He flung open the bedroom door.

"Ichigo," he said, obviously furious. "Get up. We're leaving."

Ichigo didn't have any reason to protest the command. He jumped off the bed and nearly ran after Grimmjow, who was already halfway towards the door. Grimmjow kept up his fast pace as they
walked through the hallway to the elevator, than as they walked from the elevator to the street. He slammed the door behind them as they got into a cab, but after that he seemed to start to relax a little bit. At the very least, he had relaxed enough that Ichigo wasn't scared to ask him about what happened.

"What were you two arguing about?" Ichigo asked.

"You probably know the gist of it," Grimmjow said, scowling. "He wants me to go back to Spain and eventually take over the company. I want to play football."

"And it took you that long to go over that?" Ichigo asked.

Grimmjow shrugged. "We're both pretty stubborn. I don't give a fuck about what he wants, though. He can sell off the company when he's done with it, for all I care."

While Ichigo was glad that Grimmjow seemed set on staying here and playing football, his attitude was somewhat unsettling. "Maybe you and your dad can talk it out. Maybe he'll understand eventually. I mean, he is your dad."

"He's only my father by blood," Grimmjow said, turning to stare out the window. "He was never around when I was growing up, never said more than two sentences at a time to me. This was probably the longest conversation we've ever had. All I am to him is someone to continue the family business."

Grimmjow turned to look at Ichigo then, and his frown deepened at the expression on Ichigo's face.

"Hey," Grimmjow said, "don't look like you feel sorry for me. It's not like I resent my dad or anything. At least the guy gave me money growing up and financed my education. It's just that I don't have any kind of attachment to him, and I sure as hell am not going to do something just because he wants me to."

"What about your mom? What does she want you to do?" Ichigo asked, trying to push his luck. Grimmjow seemed pretty open right now, so Ichigo was going to take advantage of it.

"Who knows?" Grimmjow replied, shrugging. "Last I heard she was running around Hawaii with her latest boy toy, some big shot actor from Hong Kong. The thing about my parents is that they both have a thing for Asian men."

"Guess it runs in the family," Ichigo murmured, bringing a wicked grin to Grimmjow's face.

"Can't help it," Grimmjow said. "You guys are all so hot. Besides, I was born and raised here. What else am I going to date besides Japanese men?"

"So, what now?" Ichigo asked. "Is your dad going back to Spain? He's okay just letting you stay here?"

Grimmjow shrugged. "What else can he do? I want to play football, not run a business."

Ichigo nodded, glad that was taken care of so easily.

The next day Grimmjow and Ichigo headed to the stadium, but they parted when they got there. Grimmjow for the locker room, Ichigo for his company's box seat. The crowd was in even more of a fervor now than they had been all season, but Ichigo surmised that was because things would soon be coming to a close. F. C. Tokyo fans were particularly riled up because there was a chance that they would win the tournament. That is, if they could win their final two games. But their next, and
final, game would be against the Kashima Antlers, which meant winning the tournament would be no small feat.

Ichigo had barely stepped into the box when he saw Urahara waving at him. And from the expression on the man's face, something was wrong. Ichigo made his way over, hoping that it had to do with Yoruichi not returning his phone calls or something equally not serious. Unfortunately, he was about to be disappointed.

"Ichigo," Urahara said, "when you first signed Grimmjow, you made sure everything was okay, right?"

"Yeah," Ichigo replied, "everything was legit."

It was a standard contract with just a few changes, and legal had approved it, so he didn't think there was anything wrong with it.

"And Grimmjow can legitimately work here? He's a Japanese citizen?"

"Yeah," Ichigo said, even as a foreboding feeling came over him. "He was born here. And he would have said something to me if he wasn't cleared to work here, right?"

Urahara shook his head. "I don't know. I got a call this morning from some hot shot lawyers. They were saying something about citizenship and work visas, and how they want to look over Grimmjow's contract. For whatever reason they want the contract broken and Grimmjow out of a job. I told them to call the boys in legal, figured they'd be able to make more sense of it then I could. I think they also called Rangiku, I don't know, she might be talking to them right now."

"That's ridiculous," Ichigo replied. "Who would even care..."

But then he trailed off, realizing exactly who cared enough to get Grimmjow off the team and out of sports.

"Shit," Ichigo said. "It's his dad. Grimmjow's dad is trying to get him fired."

Urahara blinked a little in disbelief. ". . . okay. And why exactly would he want to do that?"

"He wants Grimmjow to take over the family business in Spain. And he has money to waste, so whatever lawyers are calling you are probably top-notch."

"Great," Urahara said, a dark look on his face. "Freaking great. Waiter! A brandy snifter full of rum, right now!"

Ichigo crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair. He couldn't believe that Grimmjow's father would do that to his own son. But, then again, maybe Grimmjow had inherited his selfish streak from his father. Still, he didn't know how strong of a case Grimmjow's dad would even have. Maybe there would be nothing he could do.

Or maybe he would have Grimmjow deported.

Ichigo leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. He couldn't believe this was happening.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Urahara said, "if they were calling all of Grimmjow's sponsors as well. Goodbye, endorsement deals. Goodbye, Adidas. Goodbye, Coca-cola."

"Stop it," Ichigo said. "We don't know what's going to happen yet. This could amount to nothing."
"How long is Grimmjow's contract with F.C. Tokyo?"

"One season," Ichigo said. "They wanted to see how well he fit in before renewing it."

Up until now it had been a foregone conclusion that they would renew it. But if there was some reason Grimmjow couldn't play, they could forget it. And even if Grimmjow's father couldn't get him fired with these tactics, Ichigo was sure that his lawyers would discover some more, especially after they got a hold of the contracts.

"Hellooo~oo, boys."

Ichigo and Urahara looked up at the voice, surprised to see Rangiku there. She usually sat in the owner's box and rarely made the rounds to anyone else's. No, usually people came to her.

"I thought I'd find you both here," she said, taking a seat at their table. "I just had the most interesting telephone conversation, and I just could not wait to tell you all about it."

Ichigo paled. Despite Rangiku's always cheerful demeanor, he did not expect this to go well.

"Apparently," Rangiku said, "if F.C. Tokyo terminates our contract with Grimmy at the end of this season, we're guaranteed the first draft pick, in addition to whatever transfer we want. Including Ulquiorra Cifer. Everything is all very hush hush, of course, but it's quite the offer, isn't it?"

"How the hell can they even do that?" Urahara asked. "Rangiku, who exactly did you talk to?"

"One of the J. League commissioners," Rangiku answered. "This is all very much against the rules, of course, so I'm not sure why he would set this up. He must have quite a vendetta against Grimmjow."

"Or he's being bankrolled by someone else who does," Urahara muttered.

"Rangiku," Ichigo said, "you're not going to take the offer, are you?"

Rangiku shrugged. "Personally, I'd like to keep Grimmy. He gets along with the rest of the team, plus he's great eye candy to have around. And I'd rather not get into these kind of illegal dealings. If they get out, and things like this eventually do, it's just scandal for the J. League. But I'll have to talk to the team owner about it; he's the one who makes the final call, not me."

"I bet," Urahara said, "it won't be that hard to get Coca-cola and Adidas on Daddy Dearest's side. A few million dollars in the right places and they'll be happy to have someone else endorsing their products. It's not like they lack willing celebrities."

"What exactly," Rangiku interjected, "is going on?"

"Grimmjow's dad wants him out of football," Ichigo replied, already sick of explaining it. "He wants him to go to Spain and work at the family company."

"Oh, man," Rangiku said, "family issues. Never fun to deal with, huh?"

Ichigo wondered why Grimmjow couldn't be from a more normal family. He didn't want Grimmjow to go to Spain, just for his own selfish reasons. After all, they were just starting to have an actually healthy relationship. And he didn't want Grimmjow to stop playing football, for the other man's sake. Grimmjow loved football. He was indifferent to everything else, but football was his life. He shouldn't have to give that up.
"So," Rangiku said. "What are you guys going to do?"

"Well," Urahara replied. "We'll just have to discuss that now, won't we?"

They went over the situation again and again, but it usually came back to one thing: talk to legal and see what they thought. There wasn't really much else they could do, especially since they had no idea how Grimmjow's father was going to come after them. They were so caught up in strategizing that they forgot to watch the game, and couldn't even be happy about it when F.C. Tokyo won. They talked for about an hour after the stadium had mostly cleared out, and by the time Ichigo went home he was exhausted.

Grimmjow wasn't back yet. He would probably be back from celebrating with his teammates soon, which was fine. Ichigo was mentally exhausted but physically on edge. He and Urahara had worn themselves out with their speculations. Now what he needed was physical release. Pre-Grimmjow he would usually work things out at the gym in situations like this, but now that he had Grimmjow he knew that he could work out that physical stress in more pleasurable ways. Thank God for Grimmjow's trusty libido.

Fortunately, Grimmjow stumbled into the apartment not twenty minutes after Ichigo did. Ichigo could hear the man trying to get the spare key into the lock and failing several times before he actually accomplished it. And then he was stumbling through the dark apartment, banging into things and cussing on the way to the bedroom.

Ichigo turned out his nightstand light as Grimmjow appeared at the door. The man was obviously drunk, falling face-first onto the bed once he got close enough.

"Ichii~iigoo~oo," he slurred into a pillow, "we woo~oon."

Ichigo helped to turn Grimmjow over onto his back, then crawled down to remove his dirty sneakers before they could muck up the bed anymore.

"Next week we play that asshole Ulquoirra," Grimmjow continued. "I'm gonna kick his ass so bad. He's going down, Ichigo. Emo-boy is going down."

Ichigo frowned. He had never seen Grimmjow this drunk before. The other man was ridiculously good at holding his alcohol, so it must have taken a hell of a lot to get him this drunk. Well, he guess it didn't really matter. . .

Making sure to keep the space between them to a minimum, Ichigo slid back up Grimmjow's body and placed his hands on Grimmjow's chest. He leaned down, licking at the corner of Grimmjow's mouth in a teasing way. Or at least he hoped it was a teasing way. He was new to this seduction thing, and couldn't help but feel like a fool doing it. Usually it was Grimmjow who started things, but Ichigo was too impatient right now to wait for him to do that.

"Grimmjow," Ichigo said, knowing that a little dirty talk would get Grimmjow in the mood, "I really want to fuck right now. I want that big dick of yours inside me."

"Fuck yeah," Grimmjow replied. "Yeah, you know I'm down for that. Give me a blow job, Ichi, I want to feel your hot little mouth on me."

Ichigo crept back down Grimmjow's body until he was between his legs. He unbuttoned and unzipped Grimmjow's pants, then pulled the man's pants and boxers off in several rather awkward tugs. But then they were off and thrown somewhere on the floor, and Grimmjow's cock and balls were on display for Ichigo's enjoyment.
Ichigo licked his lips as he stared down at Grimmjow's cock. It was always impressive, even limp as it was now. He rested his hands on Grimmjow's thighs and dipped his head down to take it inside his mouth. He sucked the soft flesh into his mouth, then sucked some more as he swirled his tongue around it. He did this for several minutes, but grew more and more frustrated with each one. No matter what he did, Grimmjow wasn't getting hard. This despite the fact that Grimmjow was obviously enjoying himself, moaning a little bit and thrusting up into Ichigo's mouth.

Ichigo spit out the limp cock to scowl and glare at Grimmjow.

"What the hell, Grimmjow?"

"I'm really drunk," Grimmjow murmured back.

Ichigo was furious. Grimmjow was a freaking energizer bunny most of the time, and the one night Ichigo really needed it he was out of commission.

"You top tonight," Grimmjow said, before rolling onto his stomach.

Ichigo blinked. Then he stared down at Grimmjow's perfect ass, with just a hint of his balls peeking out from underneath. It was definitely an enticing proposition. Ichigo did enjoy topping, at least he did when he used to date Ishida. But after meeting Grimmjow bottoming had become so ridiculously enjoyable that he hardly thought about it. Plus, as dominating as Grimmjow was, and given the fact that he seemed to relate sex with control, Ichigo had never thought it was even an option.

"Are you sure?" Ichigo asked, just in case he had heard wrong.

"Yeah," Grimmjow said, waving his hand in dismissal of the question. "It'll feel good. It'll get my dick nice and hard."

"Okay," Ichigo replied. He wasn't going to press it too much; he needed to get off, and doing it inside of a tight hole was as good as doing it with a cock shoved up his ass.

Ichigo's hands came to rest on Grimmjow's ass, one on each cheek, before he started massaging them. As he kneaded, from time to time Grimmjow's puckered hole would come into view. The sight of it made Ichigo harder, and he could feel his cock pushing out from the slit in his boxers. Occasionally as he massaged Grimmjow he would press a thumb against that hole, just ever so slightly, surprised when a low moan-like rumbled came from Grimmjow's throat.

Ichigo pulled Grimmjow's ass cheeks apart as he dipped his head down, his tongue coming out to lick against the entrance. Over and over it swept down and glided over that small hole, just teasing. Grimmjow would push back against the touch, wanting something more insistent, but Ichigo was enjoying this too much to rush it. As he licked he reached down and pulled his erection all the way out, stroking it to full hardness. Eventually he took pity on Grimmjow and shoved his tongue all the way inside of him.

"Fuck yeah," Grimmjow was saying, among other things. "Shove your tongue up my ass. Get me nice and wet for your dick to fuck."

Ichigo kept fucking Grimmjow with his tongue, pulling it out and in and swirling it around. Grimmjow was so hot and tight around it, but Ichigo could feel him soften and spread with the repeated onslaught. Grimmjow kept talking dirty to him while he was rimming the man, and the words were going straight to his groin. His cock was dripping pre-cum like crazy, and it helped to make it nice and slick.

Finally, Ichigo felt that he had warmed Grimmjow up enough; the fact that the other man was dead
drunk and physically relaxed probably helped with that. He removed his mouth from the other man's hole and moved up his body. Each hand came to rest on either side of Grimmjow's shoulders and his legs came to rest bent on top of Grimmjow's legs. His cock rubbed against Grimmjow's ass, and just the friction of feeling it on Grimmjow's skin felt so good. Ichigo just humped him for a little bit, enjoying the way his cock felt as it rubbed in between the cleft of Grimmjow's ass.

Eventually he reached a hand down and gave his cock a directed push, leading it into Grimmjow's hole. He moaned as it sunk in. It had been a long time since he had felt his cock being gripped like this, and it felt amazing. He bit his lip as he pushed it in bit by bit, as that hot tightness surrounded him, until his hips were pressed against Grimmjow's ass.

"Hurry up and fuck me already," Grimmjow said, when Ichigo paused for a moment.

Ichigo nodded, then slowly pulled his cock out, until only the tip was in. Then he pushed in with one quick thrust. He did it over and over, each thrust pulling a grunt from Grimmjow's lips.

"Harder," Grimmjow groaned. "Fuck me harder. I want to feel your dick slamming into me."

Ichigo obliged and sped up his movements. Soon his hips were smacking into Grimmjow's ass with each thrust and the bed was shaking and creaking with their fucking, and yet Grimmjow was still ordering him to go harder and faster. After awhile he was really pistonng into the man, a sweat building up on his skin as he used every muscle in his lower body to fuck Grimmjow. Eventually he was able to actually shut Grimmjow up, and the only thing he heard from the other man were grunts and groans.

"I'm gonna come," Ichigo moaned, feeling so close. It felt so good fucking Grimmjow like this, feeling his cock enter that tight heat over and over again.


Ichigo moaned as he felt himself shoot, felt his balls drain deep inside of Grimmjow's ass. He kept fucking him until every jet of cum was milked from him, and then he pulled out with a wet noise.

Grimmjow rolled over and immediately started to stroke himself. His cock had become hard and flushed, and looked ready to shoot at any moment. Ichigo cuddled up to Grimmjow's side and placed his head on Grimmjow's chest, then reached a hand down to grab onto Grimmjow's cock. Their hands intertwined as they both stroked Grimmjow's off, until his big cock was shooting strands of semen out to decorate his stomach.

Grimmjow fell asleep almost instantly after orgasming, his hand still wrapped around his cock. But Ichigo didn't mind. . . at least Grimmjow had waited until they had both gotten off before passing out. He nestled into Grimmjow's side and let himself fall asleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Since Kubo has a Spanish theme going with the espada, I made Grimmjow's family based in Spain, though I'm leaving his actual ethnicity open.
Champagne and Celebrations

Chapter Notes

A/N: I had no idea what to name Grimmjow’s dad, since Grimmjow’s name itself is so ridiculous. I went with Bucky, after the architect Richard Buckminster Fuller, who Nicholas Grimshaw (Grimmjow’s namesake) admired. Which would make his full name Buckminster Jaegerjaquez. Which is suitably ridiculous, I think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Grimmjow left for his final game of the season, Ichigo didn't go with him. He had some endorsement deals to negotiate for Yoruichi, and besides, there was something that he wanted to do. As soon as Grimmjow left for the weekend Ichigo was out the door, in his company car, and driving towards Roppongi.

Ichigo was soon in front of Grimmjow’s familiar apartment building. He drove into the parking lot, waving as the guard smiled and let him through. He rode the elevator up, walked up to Grimmjow's apartment, and took a deep breath as he stared at the door. This was it, he thought. He rang the doorbell.

He wasn't even sure if he wanted Grimmjow's father to be there or not. He felt the need to confront him, but at the same time, he didn't actually want to have to do it. Before he could get scared and leave, though, he heard footsteps making their way towards the door. They were excruciatingly slow, and he could feel his heart speed up with each like. Like the anticipation on a roller coaster as it rose. And then, all of the sudden, the door was thrown open.

The elder Jaegerjaquez stared at Ichigo for a long, hard moment before recognition came over his features.

"Oh," he said, "you're the man that Grimmjow was with before. Come in, come in, umm. . ."

"Kurosaki Ichigo," Ichigo supplied.

"Come in, Ichigo. And, please, call me Bucky."

Ichigo didn't have a chance to ask if that was a nickname or if it was short for his given name, as Bucky was ushering him into the living room. Once there wide hands pushed down on his shoulders, effectively seating him on the couch as Bucky made his way to the bar.

"Do you want anything to drink?"

"Umm. . . no thanks," Ichigo said, before realizing that a drink would probably help. "Actually, yeah, could I get a scotch on the rocks?"

"Very good choice," Bucky said. "I happen to have a particularly fine bottle of scotch in my reserves."

Ichigo watched as Bucky poured the golden amber liquid into two glasses, then made his way over to hand Ichigo one.
"Cheers," Bucky said, raising his glass.

Ichigo touched his glass against Bucky's and took a sip. He cringed as the alcohol burned down his throat and remembered why it was he didn't drink scotch. Bucky, in the meantime, was smiling as he looked Ichigo.

"At the very least," Bucky said, "good taste runs in the family. Would I be correct to assume that you and Grimmjow are seriously involved?"

"I guess so," Ichigo replied, watching as Bucky took a seat in a nearby chair.

"Lucky Grimmjow," Bucky said. "Now, Ichigo, what exactly brings you here to my humble abode today?"

"Umm, yeah." Ichigo felt his nerves coming back again, and took another sip of his drink. "The thing is, I was hoping that you could... maybe... stop trying to sabotage Grimmjow's career?"

As soon as it came out, Ichigo realized he had probably been too blunt. But Bucky didn't seem offended by it. He only sighed and raised his glass to his lips, taking a long, slow sip.

"I apologize," Bucky said, "if this causes any inconvenience... or unpleasantness... for you. But the fact is Grimmjow belongs in Spain."

"But he wants to stay here," Ichigo countered. "He wants to play football. As his father, shouldn't you support that?"

Bucky looked away for a moment before turning back to Ichigo. "To be honest, I have no problems with Grimmjow playing football. But this is the only way I can think of to get him to return to Spain. I'm getting on in my years, and I have come to realize that I don't have a relationship with my son. I know that, at this point, we'll never be close, but... I would try to develop some kind of connection with him. And I can do that if he comes back to Spain."

"I see," Ichigo said, feeling some small amount of sympathy flicker from within him.

"Ichigo, are you close with your father?"

Ichigo frowned at the mention of that idiot. But the point was... "Yeah. Yeah, I am."

"Than you can understand how important family is," Bucky said, his eyes pleading a little bit. "If you care about Grimmjow, surely you would want him to have a relationship with his father. Please, would you talk to him about going back to Spain? I'll call off my lawyers for now, but please, Ichigo, do that for me."

Ichigo crossed his arms as his frown deepened. Help convince Grimmjow to go to Spain? He felt sick just thinking of it, but at the same time, he couldn't help but feel that Bucky had a right in feeling the way he did. Ichigo was lucky enough to have grown up in a close-knit household, and that wasn't something Grimmjow had ever had. And if that was something Grimmjow could experience from now on, shouldn't he be able to? Ichigo fidgeted in his seat as he considered it, but eventually he knew what he had to do.

"Yeah," Ichigo finally said. "I'll talk to him."

"Thank you," Bucky said, sounding genuinely sincere. "It would mean a lot to me."

Ichigo left a little bit later, unsure of what to do. He told Bucky he would talk to Grimmjow, and he
would, but he didn't know how persuasive he was going to be when his heart wasn't in it. His time with Grimmjow had been relatively short, so far, but now he couldn't imagine life without him. At least he wouldn't have to think about it for a few days, not until Grimmjow returned from his last game of the season.

The next day Ichigo was still stressing about it when his cell phone rang, "unknown caller" flashing across the screen.

"Hello?" he asked, picking up the phone.

"Ichigo. How are you?"

Ichigo blinked in surprise at the familiar voice. "Ulquiorra?"

"Yes," Ulquiorra confirmed. "I'm sorry for not introducing myself earlier. Are you well?"

"Umm... yeah. Not to be rude, Ulquiorra, but why are you calling?" After all, he hadn't heard from the man in awhile, and when they parted Ichigo thought he had been clear about his lack of interest in Ulquiorra's proposition.

"I thought of you when I realized that I would be playing Grimmjow," Ulquiorra said, "and I wanted to call to see if you were still fine with being with him. My offer still stands, of course, in case you ever need it."

Ichigo relaxed with the explanation. For all the hatred everyone held for Ulquiorra, the man was surprisingly considerate.

"Yeah," Ichigo replied. "Me and Grimmjow are great, actually. I mean, I know that you guys had a thing in high school, but Grimmjow's changed since then."

That change had seemed to happen very, very recently, but Ichigo didn't feel the need to tell Ulquiorra that fact.

"To be honest," Ichigo continued, "I'm really happy with him."

There was a long silence on the other line before Ulquiorra answered. But when he did, he seemed content enough with Ichigo's answer.

"I see," Ulquiorra said. "In that case, I'm happy for you. Perhaps I haven't given Grimmjow enough credit. I have to go now, so take care, Ichigo."

"Yeah. You too."

The next day, it was finally there: the end of the football season. All the fans were riled up, especially since this game would decide the tournament, but Ichigo was too distracted to be too excited about it. Still, he had to watch the game, and headed off to the bar that Urahara had rented out for the occasion.

When he got there he was surprised to see, standing at a high table and laughing with Urahara, Yoruichi. He made his way over to say hello to his client.

"Hey," he said, coming to stand by them. "What are you doing here, Yoruichi?"

"I was in town and Kisuke invited me," Yoruichi said, as slyly chipper as always.

"And Kisuke will now go get you another drink," Urahara said, grinning like a lovelorn puppy as he
walked away.

Yoruichi leaned close to Ichigo and elbowed him in the stomach in a light, teasing way.

"Your boss is kind of a perv," she said. "I like it."

Well, as long as it was working out between them, Ichigo wasn't going to say anything. He just hoped that Urahara wasn't going to eventually cost him his client if their relationship ended badly.

"How are you, kid?" Yoruichi asked. "Big game for your boyfriend, huh?"

Ichigo frowned. "So Urahara-san told you about that, huh?"

"Of course," Yoruichi replied. "Things going good with Mr. Jaegerjaquez?"

"Yeah," Ichigo replied, doing his best to smile. But apparently something in his expression or demeanor was giving him away, because Yoruichi shot him a skeptical look.

"Really?" Yoruichi asked. "Even though his dad's trying to sabotage everything?"

"Urahara-san really does tell you everything, doesn't he?" Ichigo asked back.

Yoruichi grinned. "Didn't I already say?"

Ichigo sighed. "Yeah, well, his dad's going to call off all his dogs. I just have to convince Grimmjow to move to Spain."

"Oh, ouch." Yoruichi's grin quickly turned into a frown, concern showing on her face. "And you're going to do it? I thought you two had a pretty serious thing going on."

"I have my reasons," Ichigo said, not really wanting to get into it right now. "And it might be a moot point anyway. I don't know how I'm going to convince him to go over there."

"Well, his contract with F.C. Tokyo's up soon, isn't it? Why don't you try to get him a contract somewhere in La Liga?"

"La Liga?" Ichigo asked.

Yoruichi raised an eyebrow at Ichigo's ignorance. "The Spanish football league? Come on, Ichigo, you're a sports agent here. Maybe you should start reading up on this stuff."

"Now," Urahara said, back with a Long Island iced tea for Yoruichi, "what are you two conspiring about?"

"Ichigo wants to get Grimmjow a contract with La Liga," Yoruichi said, grinning broadly.

"Hmm." Urahara nodded, apparently pleased with the idea. "They would pay well, actually. I wholeheartedly approve. Besides, it would probably be good experience for you to have an international client."

Ichigo frowned. The problem with having an international client was that the client would have to be located internationally. Apparently Urahara came to that realization as well, as understanding found its way on to his face.

"Ohhh," he said. "I guess that would mean you two would have to do the long-distance thing, huh? Don't worry, you two can make it work."
A roar from the rest of the crowd distracted them from their conversation, and they looked over to see that F.C. Tokyo was running out onto the field. Ichigo got the waiter's attention, then ordered himself a beer before settling in to watch a game.

Ichigo had been on edge wondering whether Grimmjow and Ulquoirra would fight it out on the field or not. But, fortunately, they both seemed to be on their best behavior. Ichigo was glad that Grimmjow had matured and that Ulquoirra wasn't antagonizing him anymore. Maybe their conversation yesterday had helped. At any rate, both men were playing a clean game of soccer, for which Ichigo was grateful.

And it could not have been a more suspenseful game. Like a match out of a movie, neither team was more than one goal from the other at any given time. Grimmjow assisted in F.C. Tokyo's first goal, only to have Ulquoirra score a goal five minutes later. Going into halftime, the teams were tied 1-1. The second half was a near repeat of the first. . . F.C. Tokyo scoring, then the Kashima Antlers.

After eighty-nine minutes, with just one minute to go, the score was tied 2-2. Everyone in the bar was resigned to a tie game. . . which meant, considering the points that had been racked up already during the tournament, that the Kashima Antlers would win this season. But then, out of nowhere. . . one of Grimmjow's teammates passed the ball towards him. And Grimmjow, from outside the area, hit the ball up in the air with his head, then swung his leg around as his body bent backwards. With a stunning overhead kick that must have been aimed blindly, he sent the ball flying towards the net. He fell onto the grass as everyone in the bar and the stadium held their breath. And then the ball went in.

Everyone in the bar started screaming and yelling so loudly that Ichigo couldn't even hear anything. Urahara was saying something to him, probably congratulations based on the large smile on his face, but he didn't know for sure. He could see Grimmjow tackled by his teammates as they all sprinted towards him, watched as they hugged and cheered.

And then, out of nowhere, the cameramen cut to the referees. The noise died down at the bar, and a frown found its way to Ichigo's face.

"What's going on?" Ichigo asked, wondering how the mood had gone from ecstatic to morbidly suspenseful in such a short amount of time.

"Referee's reviewing the tape," Urahara said. "Apparently the goal might have come in a few seconds too late."

"That's so much bullshit," Ichigo replied, scowling.

"Hey," Urahara said. "You don't have to convince me. I'm an F.C. Tokyo fan, after all."

Moments later, the verdict was given: the goal didn't count. Now it was the Kashima Antlers' turn to celebrate, though they seemed to be doing it halfheartedly, as though they didn't think they deserved to win either. The crowd on the television were booing loudly and throwing objects onto the field. The crowd in the bar all just seemed depressed.

"Wow," Yoruichi said. "You don't get this kind of fan loyalty in snow boarding."

Ichigo nodded. He watched as both teams came out on the field and lined up to shake hands. He held his breath as Grimmjow and Ulquoirra came to stand in front of it other. Then he released it when, after a moment of hesitation, they actually shook hands. Good to know they weren't going to kill each other anytime soon.

People were clearing out of the bar now and Ichigo figured he should go too.
"Okay," he said to Urahara and Yoruichi. "I'm leaving. See you guys later."

They said their goodbyes and Ichigo walked away, thinking about the game. Grimmjow might have lost, but his last play had been incredible. In fact, he had made a lot of incredible moves this season. The footage on him was definitely going to be more than enough to get the attention of a foreign team. So even as Ichigo's heart felt heavier at the thought of it, he realized that there was a good chance some team in La Liga might be interested in Grimmjow, and Grimmjow would no doubt go where he could play football.

As he made his way home, Ichigo typed an email to Gin asking him to start making an audition reel to send out. Knowing Gin he'd have it in a few days, and then it was just a matter of mailing copies of it to different teams in Spain. At any rate, he felt abnormally tired, and by the time he got home he all but passed out in his bed.

The next day, Ichigo woke up feeling a little bit more refreshed. Grimmjow would probably be back in a few more hours and crash after partying all night yesterday, but for now Ichigo had to go to work.

Ichigo went to his office and passed the morning doing the things that he usually did. When lunchtime rolled around, however, he got a surprise in the form of one Ichimaru Gin coming to visit him. He wasn't even aware that Gin was there until he looked up from his computer a little past noon and saw the man smiling down at him. Ichigo jumped up just a little bit in surprise.

"Gin," he said. "You could have said something, instead of just standing there."

"Oh," Gin said, his smile only spreading. "My apologies. I just came to give you this."

He handed a dvd to Ichigo, with the words "Grimmjow highlight reel" written on it.

"You're kidding! I can't believe that you did this so fast. How, exactly, did you pull that off?"

"Did I mention that Kira is also in video production?" Gin asked. "When he heard Grimmjow wanted a reel, he insisted on putting it together. He's turned into quite the Grimmjow fan."

Ichigo opened the dvd-rom on his computer and slid the dvd in. He clicked on the file and soon enough the video popped up. His contact information was written in a bar running across the bottom of the screen, while the top of the screen showcased video clips. He watched as the video went through each of Grimmjow's goals and assists that season, with media commentary spliced in after each one. It was an extremely professional reel; Kira had done a great job.

"Thanks so much," Ichigo said. "This looks great."

"Sure, sure. Just remember when you get the bill for this, you pay for quality. Call me if you need anything else."

Ichigo frowned but didn't protest. Kira had done a great job, so Ichigo didn't mind compensating him fairly. As Gin walked out Ichigo was already on the phone, calling around to see if there was a Spanish translator nearby that could be hired a.s.a.p. As soon as he lined one up he went through the company records to get the contact information of every manager of every team in La Liga.

As soon as the translator showed up Ichigo was on the phone, calling up everyone on his list, telling them about Grimmjow, and getting their e-mail addresses so he could send them the video. By the end of the day he was exhausted, and he hadn't even made it through his entire list yet. He'd have to finish it tomorrow.
He was never so glad to step through the front door of his apartment. Ichigo could hear the shower running, though it turned off for a second so that Grimmjow could call out to him.

"If the door rings," he yelled, "it's the pizza delivery guy. Get it for me, would you?"

And then the shower turned back on. Ichigo sighed in relief as he sunk into the couch and kicked his feet up on the table. At least Grimmjow had taken care of dinner. That was one less thing to worry about. A few minutes later the bell rang and Ichigo opened the door to see the pizza boy holding two cardboard boxes, a heavenly aroma drifting from them. Ichigo paid the guy before taking the boxes into the living room, where he was quick to open one and dig in.

"Hey, hey," Grimmjow said, walking out of the bathroom in just his boxers. He had a towel around his neck and his hair was still damp, hanging a little past his chin in wet waves. "Starting to eat without me? And you forgot to open up a bottle of wine."

"Wine with pizza?" Ichigo asked, a little incredulous.

"Hell, yeah," Grimmjow replied, even as he walked to the kitchen. "It's a special dinner. We're celebrating my first season as a pro-football player, after all."

"Again, with pizza?"

"Hey, I like pizza."

Ichigo scooted over as Grimmjow made his way over to the couch, a bottle of red wine and two glasses in his hand. Grimmjow poured glasses for both of them, then handed one over to Ichigo.

"How are you feeling?" Ichigo asked. "About the game?"

Grimmjow shrugged. "Everyone and their mom knows that we won, it's just a technicality that the Antlers get the actual fucking credit for it. I'm happy with how I played."

"Yeah," Ichigo agreed. "And I'm glad you and Ulquoirra didn't get into a fight."

"That punk's not worth it," Grimmjow replied, even though the scowl on his face made Ichigo think maybe he wasn't completely over things. "Everything that happened is in the past. What matters now is that I kick his ass on the football field."

Ichigo smiled as he took another sip of his wine. "Yeah."

As they ate pizza and drank wine, the two men chatted about Grimmjow's trip and football game. Ichigo made care not to bring up the meeting with Bucky or his interactions with La Liga... he wanted to bring that up at the right moment. Probably not until after he had an actual offer with a La Liga team, if that happened at all. At any rate, it was nice just to enjoy pizza and wine and relax a little bit after a long day at work. Afterwards they went to sleep, both of them too tired to do much else.

A few days later, after multiple phone calls and long distance charges, Ichigo had what he had been after from the beginning: an offer from a team in Spain. After the Atlético Madrid expressed interest, it had taken maybe a day of almost non-stop negotiations before Ichigo had worked out the details with them. Now all he had to do was take the offer to Grimmjow.

He decided to wait until they were post-coitus, since that was when Grimmjow was the most amenable to suggestions anyway. As it was he found the opportunity to bring it up when they were both soaking in the tub after an aqua-themed round of fucking. He sat on one end as Grimmjow sat...
on the other, their legs intertwined. Grimmjow had his head leaned back against the rim and looked so relaxed Ichigo thought there might even be a hope he'd say yes.

"So," Ichigo said. "Atlético Madrid is interested in signing you to a one-year contract."

"Not interested," Grimmjow said, so quickly that Ichigo didn't have time to even prepare his rebuttal.

"They pay more," Ichigo continued, "and it's a bigger league. You might have more opportunities to play in the international forum."

"Forget it," Grimmjow said.

"Why not?" Ichigo pushed.

"Because you're not in Spain, you're here."

Ichigo simultaneously blushed and scowled at the admission, though Grimmjow seemed to be acting just as casually as ever. Still, he couldn't exactly let this go.

"What if you wouldn't be able to football if you stayed here?" Ichigo asked. "What if your dad made it so you couldn't play football again unless you returned to Spain?"

Grimmjow lifted his head up then, his eyes narrowed. "Have you been talking to my dad?"

Ichigo's scowl deepened, his blush all but forgotten. "I had to. He had his expensive legal team running around trying to get you fired from the team. But, you know, he's not doing it to hurt you. He just wants to connect with you."

"A little too late," Grimmjow scoffed. "And you know what? He can just try. If I can't play football, I'll just do something else."

"Seriously?" Ichigo asked, incredulous and not a little bit frustrated. "You'd rather stay here with me than be able to play football?"

"Yeah," Grimmjow said. "Yeah, actually, I would."

They blinked at each other, both of them surprised by the words. Ichigo didn't think that Grimmjow had even thought about it before he said it. He probably hadn't even grasped the meaning of the words until they had came out of his mouth. They both turned their heads away, feeling a little awkward and embarrassed.

"What if I came with you to Spain?" Ichigo finally asked.

For a long moment, Grimmjow just looked at him. "Are you serious? You'd move to Spain?"

"Yeah," Ichigo replied. It's not like he had just thought this up, spur of the moment. He had been thinking about it ever since he realized Grimmjow would have to go to Spain to play football. He had talked to his family about it and he had talked to Urahara. And the more he thought about it, the more he thought it would be a good solution. He had always wanted to travel abroad, after all, but had never had the chance to do it. If he hated it he could just fly back to Japan.

"Again, are you serious?"

Ichigo frowned and splashed some water Grimmjow's way. "I already said yes."

"Okay," Grimmjow said, instinctively turning his face to avoid the water. "Okay. I guess I'll think
"Then think about it," Ichigo said, as they both relaxed into the tub. He was feeling pretty positive about their discussion, even if Grimmjow was being non-committal.

A few weeks later, Ichigo's apartment had transformed into a circus. There were boxes and trash all over the place, and more people than the apartment should really fit. Ichigo's entire family was there to help him pack and would stay to see them off at the airport in a few days. While Masaki and Yuzu ran around helping to clean and pack things up, Karin sat at the kitchen table with her laptop trying to finish up a thesis she had due. Grimmjow, somewhat surprisingly, was helping her. Apparently he was actually a pretty good writer. And Isshin, of course, was getting in the way and otherwise goofing off.

"Dad!" Yuzu called from the bedroom. "We need you to carry something downstairs!"

While Ichigo was probably going to end up throwing out most of his things and shipping others over, Yuzu and Karin were taking it upon themselves to claim items for their respective dorm rooms. Items such as Ichigo's new, expensive flat screen television. . . well, Ichigo thought, he could just buy another one in Spain anyway.

"One minute, sweetheart!" Isshin called back, from somewhere outside the open door. "I'm trying to rescue this stray cat!"

"Dad," Ichigo said, "how many times do I have to tell you? That's the neighbor's cat, leave it alone!"

"Hey," Grimmjow said, looking at the clock, "we should probably leave. The party's going to start soon."

"Ohhh," Isshin said, fluttering inside as something on the kitchen counter caught his attention. "Is that a bottle of champagne?"

Ichigo's eyes widened as he ran and clutched the mostly empty bottle to his chest. He and Grimmjow had used that bottle for certain. . . extracurricular activities, the other night. "It's spoiled. I'll throw it away on my way out."

"Oh," Isshin said, pouting. "That's too bad."

Still clutching the bottle as though it was some precious artifact, Ichigo said goodbye to his family as Grimmjow stood to join him. They left, Ichigo chucking the bottle into a dumpster as they made their way to the car. Urahara was throwing them a goodbye party at the Intercontinental, friends, teammates, and co-workers all invited. Ichigo had asked his family to come, but they were pretty excited about getting some sightseeing done while they were in Tokyo.

They took an elevator to the rooftop and stepped out into the pool area. The pool was fairly standard, as far as pools went, but the views around it were spectacular. They could see the tops of skyscrapers all around them, lit up with lights even though the sun hadn't set yet. It would no doubt be even more beautiful once the sun did set and the blue water of the pool was illuminated from underneath the surface.

The space around the pool was already crowded with people they knew, but the first person they happened to see was Ishida. The surgeon-in-training smiled as he walked up to them, a glass of wine in his hand.

"Kurosaki," he said, coming to wrap his arms around Ichigo in a hug. "Congratulations! I still can't believe you're actually moving so far away."
"I know," Ichigo said, "I can't believe it either."

Ishida pulled back and smiled and nodded at Grimmjow. "Jaegerjaquez. Congratulations on your new contract."

"So you're the ex, huh?" Grimmjow made a point of looking Ishida up and down. "Yeah. I've got nothing to be threatened by. You two have fun chatting, I'm gonna go get a drink and find my teammates."

Ishida scowled as Grimmjow walked off. "What exactly did he mean by that? For his information, people consider me very attractive."

"I know, Ishida," Ichigo said, trying to appease the first love of his life. "He's just trying to push your buttons, just ignore him."

Ishida raised an eyebrow at Ichigo. "I can't imagine what you see in him, besides good looks. Although... I guess as long as you're happy, that's all that matters."

Ichigo smiled. "Thanks, Ishida."

Before Ichigo could ask what Ishida was up to these days, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Chad there, a small square case in his hand.

"It's a rough cut," Chad said, smiling as he handed over a cd case to Ichigo. "You'll just have to come back to visit if you want a copy of the final cd."

"Chad!" Ichigo exclaimed, taking the cd into his hands. "That's amazing, thank you! And of course I'm coming back to visit. You better not forget about me when you get famous... I'm expecting backstage tickets when your world tour comes to Spain, you know."

The three old friends chatted a bit before Ichigo saw some people waving to him from by the pool. The bald head and black bob were more than enough to give away their identities, and he excused himself to go say hello to Yumichika and Ikkaku.

Once he got there, Yumichika pressed a drink into his hand, some awful pink thing in a martini glass.

"It's your party!" Yumichika said. "Why aren't you drinking?"

"I am now," Ichigo replied, taking a sip of his frilly pink drink.

"I guess this makes you an official couple," Yumichika cooed. "Fuck buddies no more. Is it okay if I put the scoop in my column?"

"Oh, come on, Yumi," Ikkaku said. "Leave him alone for once."

Yumichika mock-pouted. "You're such a meanie, Ikkaku."

Ichigo couldn't help but laugh. These two never changed... although he did wonder when they were going to give it up and just start dating already.

"Hey, guys," Ichigo said. "I'll come back and talk with you later, but do you mind if I go find Urahara-san first?"

"Sure thing, sweetie," Yumichika said with a wink. "We'll be here waiting."

Ichigo caught a glimmer of a floppy hat and started to make his way towards it. And then he realized
he should maybe pick up Grimmjow so they could both thank Urahara together. He found Grimmjow in the middle of a chat with Renji, Kenpachi and Byakuya, a bottle of beer in his hand.

"Hey," Ichigo said, as he came to join the motley crowd.

"Hey," Renji said, smiling warmly. Apparently he had gotten over whatever awkwardness he felt from their relationship, much to Ichigo's relief. "Congratulations, Ichigo! You must be excited."

"Yeah," Ichigo said, smiling. "I am. But, Byakuya, what are you doing here? I didn't know you were in Tokyo this weekend."

"My family had some business to attend to," Byakuya said, "and I chose to accompany them. And I brought my new bodyguard with me."

Ichigo blinked up at a grinning Kenpachi. Bodyguard?

"It's a pretty great job," Kenpachi said. "And I don't think I have to tell you about the... ahem... fringe benefits."

"Must you be so uncouth?" Byakuya asked.

"Hey, I didn't even say anything."

"But your insinuation came through loud and clear."

"Sorry to interrupt, but I just came to get Grimmjow," Ichigo said. "Grimmjow, we should probably find Urahara-san and thank him for throwing this party for us. He said something to me before about making a toast to start off the festivities."

"Yeah, okay," Grimmjow said. "Let's go."

They were halfway towards the other man when they were ambushed, a hand coming out to grab the sleeve of Ichigo's jacket.

"Ichigo!"

Ichigo turned to see Kira standing there. There was a man next to him, but said man was facing away. With his short, spiky dark hair, Ichigo was pretty sure it wasn't Gin.

"Gin couldn't make it," Kira said. "He said to send his congratulations."

Then Kira's eyes lit up as they turned toward Grimmjow.

"Jaegerjaquez-san," he said, somehow gushing even as he kept that slow, morose tone of his. "I'm such a fan. I'm so glad that I could finally meet you."

As Kira started to shake Grimmjow's hand, the man beside Kira turned to face them. Ichigo paled to see who it was, even as recognition spread over the other man's face.

"Hey!" Hisagi Shuhei exclaimed, smiling at Ichigo. "If it isn't Kurosaki-san!"

"Oh," Kira said, turning back to Ichigo, "do you know my friend Hisagi?"

"Yeah," Hisagi said, before Ichigo could answer himself. "I see him almost every week. He's a regular at my shop."
"Shop?" Grimmjow asked, curiosity piqued.

Hisagi nodded, expression all of the sudden serious as things turned to business. "Only the finest gay sex shop in Tokyo."

"Gay sex shop," Grimmjow repeated, a smirk growing on his lips. "And you said every week? Ichigo, is there something you've been keeping from me?"

Ichigo wanted to crawl in a hole and die. "Hey, I think I see Urahara-san! Grimmjow, let's go!"

"Actually, I think I want to stay and chat with Hisagi here-"

But Ichigo was already grabbing Grimmjow's arm and pulling him away. When they finally got to Urahara, they saw that he was talking to Orihime and a small, short-haired girl.

"Kurosaki!" Orihime squealed. "Congratulations! It must be so exciting, moving to Spain all of the sudden. Like an adventure. Oh! Have you met my girlfriend, Tatsuki?"

"Pleased to meet you," Tatsuki said, shaking each of their hands.

"I was wondering when you'd get here," Urahara said. "Fashionably late, perhaps?"

"Something like that," Grimmjow replied.

"Well," Urahara continued. "We might as well start the party."

There was already a microphone set up nearby, but then Urahara always was good at planning ahead. He walked up to it, gesturing for Ichigo and Grimmjow to follow, and tapped on it with his finger. The noise from the taps reverberated through the outdoor space. The crowd grew silent and turned, watching as Urahara started to speak.

"First," Urahara said, "I'd like to say thank you to everyone who came here today. I think we can all say that we're happy to be able to celebrate Grimmjow's new contract with Atlético Madrid and the start of the European branch of Urahara Promotions."

Wait, what? Sure, Urahara had told Ichigo that he could work from Spain, but he hadn't said anything about being in charge of starting up a branch.

"Yes," Urahara continued, "this is as big of a day for the company as it is for Grimmjow and Ichigo. And I'd like to thank all of you, our treasured clients and our friends, for being with us through it all. Now, a toast, to Ichigo and Grimmjow."

As Urahara turned and raised his glass towards them, Ichigo and Grimmjow did the same. Ichigo frowned to see, however, that he was still holding Yumichika's girly pink drink. Oh, well. At least it tasted pretty good.

"May your time in Spain be as fruitful as your last few months in Japan."

Every one cheered and drank and Urahara stepped away from the microphone. As the noise died down to conversation level and the band started to play, Grimmjow turned towards Ichigo with a smile on his face.

"Any second thoughts?" he asked.

"No way," Ichigo said, shaking his head.
Grimmjow raised his glass to meet Ichigo's, their eyes connecting over the rims.

"To Spain," Grimmjow said, voice uncharacteristically soft.

Ichigo did him one better.

"To us."

.End.

A few nights earlier . . .

"I'm home," Ichigo called out, stepping into his apartment. As he slipped his shoes off he heard Grimmjow's answering reply.

"Welcome home."

For a moment Ichigo couldn't help but imagine Grimmjow playing the role of the stereotypical Japanese newlywed, spouting off some cliched line like, "Would you like dinner, a bath, or me?" It was actually a somewhat horrifying thought, but Ichigo guessed he didn't have to worry about something like that happening. Grimmjow's voice had come from the bedroom and Ichigo made his way there to find the other man laying in bed reading some sports magazine.

"Urahara-san said okay to everything," Ichigo said. "The contract will be ready for us to sign tomorrow."

"Really? Just like that?"

"Yeah. He actually seemed pretty happy about it." A little too happy, Ichigo thought, but he wasn't going to think too deeply about it. He was going to get to keep his job and go to Spain, so he couldn't really complain. "He even gave me this bottle of champagne to celebrate."

"Come here," Grimmjow said, tossing the magazine away and patting the bed.

There was a smirk on Grimmjow's face that let Ichigo know exactly why he wanted him on the bed, and Ichigo didn't particularly mind. Ichigo put the bottle down on the nightstand as he made his way over. Only to scowl as Grimmjow grabbed him, tossed him on the bed, and clicked something around his wrists.

"What the hell?" Ichigo asked. He tugged at his hands, but they were now attached to his headboard by what appeared to be metal handcuffs. Really, Grimmjow couldn't even be bothered to get the velvet lined ones? That was pretty much the only thought Ichigo had time for before Grimmjow's hands were running over his body, tugging his tie loose and pulling open his shirt with enough force to make the buttons pop off. "Grimmjow, get off me!"

Grimmjow only grinned. "Why? You were totally okay with this a minute ago."

"I'll buy you a new one," Grimmjow said, large hands running underneath the fabric and up Ichigo's ribs. "Come on. Let's pretend that you're some young, rising executive and I'm a subordinate you managed to piss off, taking my revenge."*

Ichigo's scowl deepened. "By raping me?"
"I'm kind of a psychopath like that," Grimmjow said with a shrug, before pressing a kiss against Ichigo's tightly closed mouth.

"I also don't see myself pissing off subordinates," Ichigo said.

"I don't know, you can be kind of cold and distant to people you don't know. And don't forget blunt. You can be a little too honest sometimes." Grimmjow pressed another kiss against the side of Ichigo's mouth before leaning his forehead against Ichigo's. "I'm going to take off your pants now."

Ichigo sighed. "Fine."

Ichigo squirmed a little bit in an attempt to help as Grimmjow pulled off his pants and boxers. Soon enough he was basically nude, save for his white socks and the button-down shirt and tie that were pushed to both of his sides.

"Now," Grimmjow said, running a hand up the inside of Ichigo's thigh. "How should I exact my revenge?"

"Can we stop with that scenario?" Ichigo asked with a frown. "I don't think role-playing is really my thing."

And then Ichigo gasped as two of Grimmjow's fingers pushed their way into his hole. Ichigo couldn't help but thrust his hips into the touch, especially when Grimmjow started to finger fuck him properly, twisting his fingers as he forced them in and out.

"You're still wet from this morning," Grimmjow said.

"I am not," Ichigo managed to counter, even as his thoughts centered more and more around Grimmjow's fingers inside of him. "That's impossible."

"Are you sure about that?"

Grimmjow's fingers spread open into a 'V' inside of Ichigo, hitting his inner walls in a way that made Ichigo moan and arch. But then Grimmjow pulled his fingers out all the way, leaving Ichigo feeling empty. Ichigo tugged on his hands before remembering that they were attached to the bed. He debated kicking Grimmjow in the head to get the other man's attention back, especially since Grimmjow was currently more interested in looking through his nightstand drawer.

"What happened to those toys you used to have?" Grimmjow asked, as though he was inquiring about the weather.

Ichigo turned bright red as he thought about his 'toys.' "I got rid of those a long time ago."

"Really? That seems like kind of a waste, doesn't it?"

"Can we not talk about that right now?" Ichigo asked, trying to struggle his way toward Grimmjow to close the drawer. But then he noticed that Grimmjow was staring at the champagne bottle. "Grimmjow. Don't even think about it."

He shouldn't have protested. Protesting just made Grimmjow's lips spread out into a wider smirk.

"Why not?" Grimmjow asked. "It's not like the neck of it's any bigger than a dildo."

"Because it's a freaking champagne bottle," Ichigo said.

Too late. Grimmjow was already reaching for it.
"Come on," Grimmjow said, already opening it with a loud 'pop.' "Just the tip. I'll just put it in for a little bit, see how it feels."

Ichigo scowled. "I'm sorry, are you trying to deflower some teenage virgin here?"

Grimmjow chuckled at the question. "You know, saying it was just going to be the tip never worked for me anyhow. Just relax, Ichigo. You'll like it. You always do. Press your legs together."

That order confused Ichigo a little bit, but he did as he was told and watched as Grimmjow slathered lube on the surface of the bottle. First, though, it seemed as though Grimmjow had a wakame sake style scenario in mind. He poured the champagne into the valley formed by Ichigo's thighs, covering Ichigo's groin with a small pool of liquid. Ichigo shivered at the sensation. The champagne was cool and bubbled around the sensitive skin of his currently limp cock; it felt strangely pleasant, in a way that Ichigo couldn't really describe. But what felt even better was when Grimmjow leaned down and started to lap at the liquid like a large cat. His tongue would sometimes brush against Ichigo's cock in a firm but too quick motion, and the heat of his tongue contrasted with the coolness of the champagne drove Ichigo crazy. As the liquid disappeared those brushes of the tongue became more and more frequent, until it was completely gone and Grimmjow sucked Ichigo's cock into his mouth.

Ichigo moaned and thrust upward into that wet heat. He was completely hard at this point, but he swore that he grew even harder as Grimmjow's tongue swept around the head of his cock and dipped into the slit at the end. Grimmjow sucked and licked every millimeter of him, lapping every drop of champagne from Ichigo's skin. Eventually he let go, pressing a kiss against Ichigo's cock before grinning against it.

"Open up," he said, his voice low and throaty, his thumb nudging at the space underneath Ichigo's balls.

Ichigo gulped and spread his legs. At this point he was too foregone to protest what Grimmjow had in mind; he just wanted something inside of him. He close his eyes and relaxed his head against the pillow. Before almost jumping as the slick, cold rim of the champagne bottle touched his taint. Grimmjow pressed it against his skin there and dragged it downward, agonizingly slow, until it was pressed against his hole. Ichigo tried to relax, spread his legs even more, and just breathed as the end of the bottle tried to force its way in.

When the bottle did manage to breach him, it sunk in several inches with a strange kind of 'plop.' It didn't feel bad; Grimmjow was right that it wasn't bigger than most of Ichigo's dildos. It was cold, too cold, but for some reason that just seemed to heighten the pleasure. Ichigo opened his eyes and looked downward, only to see the slender neck of the bottle disappearing inside of him. At the bottom of the neck the body flared out to its full width, and Grimmjow even managed to forced a little of part inside Ichigo as well. Then Grimmjow, his eyes riveted on where the bottle disappeared into Ichigo's body, started to fuck him with it.

Ichigo gasped and moaned. His body was starting to quiver with the onslaught; Grimmjow had adjusted the angle just so, and with each inward thrust cold, bubbling champagne was spilling out into him. He could feel it filling him up, feel it splash out around the bottle. And then he felt Grimmjow pull the bottle completely out and replaced it with his tongue, licking up the champagne that then came spilling out of him.

The bottle was promptly tossed onto the floor. Grimmjow's clothes were quickly removed. And then he was taking his place in between Ichigo's legs, inserting his cock inside Ichigo's ass without preamble. Ichigo moaned at the feeling of being spread open so completely once again. He wrapped his legs around Grimmjow's torso, ankles crossing at his lower back, and trust back as Grimmjow thrust forward. His cock bounced between them, hard and leaking, but it wasn't long before
Grimmjow grabbed it and started to stroke. At that point Ichigo was ready to lose it. His body tensed, his cock twitched, and spurt after spurt of milky white cum came spilling out of him onto his stomach. As his body went limp again he was vaguely aware of Grimmjow's cock still fucking him, until a few minutes later Grimmjow came as well, heat spilling inside of him.

Another few minutes after that, Grimmjow started to snore. Ichigo's eyes widened. He was still handcuffed and Grimmjow's cock was still inside of him, this was not the time for Grimmjow to be falling asleep.

"Grimmjow," Ichigo said, "wake up!"

He tried to twist his body around, but Grimmjow's weight and his bound hands kept him from doing much else. Eventually he resigned himself to the fact that Grimmjow had fallen asleep and wasn't going to wake up anytime soon. Besides, if he moved around too much Grimmjow would probably get hard again and fuck him while he was asleep. Sighing one last time, Ichigo closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, figuring it wasn't the worst position to be in.

* What do you guys think about this as the premise of a non-con PWP?

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So eventually I will make a proper sequel to this, although I think I need to take a break from this story for a little bit! But you can look forward to familiar characters visiting and new characters appearing, Ichigo and Grimmjow getting tired of monogamy and seeking out more 'alternative' arrangements, and most likely some serious jealousy issues popping up.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!