Morning Quickie

by lochnessie

Summary

A one-shot of GrimmIchi. Grimmjow stops by for a quickie one morning, catching Ichigo by surprise. Inspired by a picture drawn by BlackStorm on DeviantArt. Warnings: yaoi, smex, profanity, etc etc. Written for GrimmIchi day! 6/15

This is dedicated to the lovely BlackStorm on DeviantArt. Her drawing of Grimm and Ichi has given me many ideas for this, it has been mulling around in my head for a long time, but it is finally time to actually run with it. This will be a one-shot. Thank you. ENJOY!

Yawning, Ichigo stretched his arms out above his head and reached for the cabinet handle. He pulled out a pale yellow coffee mug. Sleepily, he poured a cup of coffee that had still been warm from when his father made it earlier in the morning. He shuffled across the kitchen and pulled out a chair at the dinner table. It drug across the tile with a small squeal. He flopped down and sighed. Even though it was already about eleven in the morning, Ichigo was exhausted. He had been studying late into the evening for an upcoming exam in his English class. Of course it didn't help that his nightly visitor, well he didn't come every night but he did come most evenings, had interrupted his studies and made him not get to bed in the early hours of the morning.

Grimmjow had been visiting Ichigo for a few months now. First it started as a strange drop-by when Grimmjow was angry about something or another and Ichigo helped calm him down and tried to get him to talk it out instead of beating some poor bastard to a pulp. One thing lead to another and bam, Ichigo and Grimmjow were in bed together. Then it started happening more frequently and they just began to consider each other as fuck buddies.

Ichigo shook his head when he caught himself dwelling over their recent sexual escapades in his bedroom. He really did want more than just sex, of course the sex was amazing, but he needed more. He wanted someone to love him, to hold him and to help him though the rough times. Somehow he just didn't picture Grimmjow to be that guy. Grimmjow was a guy who did one of two things when it came to relationships: "smash it and trash it" or he kept them as a toy, a fuck buddy,
to play with when he wanted or needed it. Ichigo didn't really think love was an emotion the arrancar could even feel. Actually, when he thought about it, did he even want Grimmjow to be his... dare he say it, boyfriend? Oh geez, he was thinking too hard about this. And so early in the morning, too.

Ichigo went to take another drink of his coffee, but there was nothing left. Woah, where did all that coffee go? He got up from his chair and went back over to the pot for more caffeine. He was in the midst of pouring a new cupful when strong arms snaked around his midsection. Gasping, Ichigo twitched his arm and spilled hot coffee over the hand that was holding the cup.

"Shit!" Ichigo yelped. He set the mug and coffee pot down and shook his hand of the burning liquid. Turning around he pushed the blue-haired man who was responsible for his stinging hand. "Fuck you man! What the hell are you sneaking up on me like that for?"

Grimmjow only tilted his head to the side and raised an eyebrow in a quizzical expression. "Ya not happy ta see me?"

Ichigo closed his eyes and sighed heavily in frustration. "What the hell are you doing here Grimm?"

"Tha's cold," Grimmjow replied. He moved closer to Ichigo, who backed up until his rear end bumped against the counter top. He was trapped and Grimmjow enclosed on him. Grimmjow leaned over Ichigo and their noses were only an inch or two apart when he spoke again. "I jus thought I'd pay ma favorite Berry a visit." He closed the gap between them and their lips met in a fierce kiss. Grimmjow wasn't stupid, he knew Ichigo got weak whenever he kissed him like that; it was sure to do the trick. Soon he'd have him right where Grimm wanted him.

Breathless, Ichigo pulled away. "Grimm, you can't just come over unannounced like this." He wiped the saliva from his swollen lips with the back of his hand and tried to keep his glare as he stared at the gorgeous man in front of him.

Grimmjow only shrugged and gave his trademark wicked smile. "But, I always do this... and ya love it. Ya scream ma name and bed fer more." He trailed his fingers along Ichigo's strong jaw line and up to his ear. "Mmm.. I love ta get you so worked up.

Ichigo jerked away from Grimmjow's touch and looked away, his cheeks a soft shade of pink. "Yeah, but that's always in the middle of the night. And we are in my room when everyone's asleep. In case you didn't know, it's broad daylight and we aren't in my room."

Chuckling, Grimmjow cupped Ichigo's chin softly – much softer than he usually does – and turned his gaze back towards himself. "I missed ya. And I'm cravin' ya." He leaned in once more and kissed Ichigo's warm neck. As he alternated between kissing, licking and gently nibbling he could feel Ichigo's pulse in his neck getting stronger. He knew that Ichigo was getting excited. He smiled against Ichigo's neck as he gripped Ichigo's slim hips and then slammed his crotch up against Ichigo's, grinding his erection against the smaller man. Ichigo moaned softly and closed his eyes, his breath growing harsh. "Mmm, that's it," Grimmjow whispered.

"No!" Ichigo planted his hands on Grimmjow's chest and pushed him back firmly. "I can't. We can't. My dad and sisters just went out for a bit, they'll be back soon."

"So what?" Grimmjow raised an eyebrow.

"Dumbass, I don't wanna get caught! How would it look if my dad comes home and busts into my room and sees you balls deep in me?"
Grimmjow smiled from ear to ear. "It'd look pretty damn hot." He wiggled his eyebrows up and down suggestively.

"No, Grimm, it wouldn't be hot. It'd be mortifying," Ichigo said, rubbing the bridge of his nose out of annoyance. "I'd die of embarrassment and shame if my family saw us like that. Or with anyone else for that matter."

Furrowing his brows, Grimmjow's expression turned serious. "Anyone else? Are ya fuckin' someone else that I don't know 'bout?"

"Maybe! What does it matter to you? We're just fuck buddies, remember?" Ichigo shot back.

"I don't like tha idea, Ichi, that's why. You're mine! Mine!" Grimmjow growled. He looked downright mad. Their encounter had gone from playful to tense in only a minute or two. They sure did have a dysfunctional relationship, it was always like that. And it always would be.

"Grimm, you're acting all possessive," Ichigo replied coolly. "We aren't exclusive. You never mentioned anything like that… so I just assumed…"

Grimmjow pulled Ichigo up against his body quickly and smashed his lips on Ichigo's. He bit against Ichigo's bottom lip and once granted access, their tongues darted back and forth stroking and tasting each other. Grimmjow's hold on Ichigo's waist and back was strong and tight, and his fingers were digging into his skin almost painfully.

The kiss was broken almost as quickly as it started. But the embrace was still firm. "Ichi, don't fuck other people. Guys or girls, don't matter, nobody. 'Kay?"

Ichigo looked up into Grimmjow's wavering ice blue gaze. He could read some different emotions running through those azure orbs. There was anger, lust, and something softer. It almost seemed like pain. Why was Grimmjow so upset by the idea of him seeing other people? He hadn't been, but Grimm didn't know that obviously.

"O-okay," Ichigo's response was so quiet it was barely heard. He stood up on his tiptoes and kissed Grimmjow softly on the lips, his hands finding their way to his hair. Fingers laced through soft blue locks and found a grip on them. Grimmjow deepened the kiss, but left it as a gentle kiss rather than the fierce, dominant hold he usually had over Ichigo's mouth.

Grimmjow's erection hadn't gone down and when Ichigo's fingers tugged gently on his hair it made his cock twitch with need. His arms shifted and found their way around Ichigo's waist. As soon as he lifted Ichigo off the ground, Ichigo's legs automatically wrapped around Grimmjow's midsection and held on tight.

Gasping for air, Grimmjow pulled away and whispered into Ichigo's ear, "I need ya."

Ichigo panted, "but my family-"

Grimmjow put a finger to his hips and replied, "then we'll have ta make it quick." He smiled warmly at the smaller orange-haired man in his arms. "I'ma fuck ya good, Kitten."

Ichigo moaned softly and nodded. He was through fighting Grimmjow on this. He knew that it would happen; there was no way Grimm would give up. Besides, Ichigo couldn't ignore the fact that he was rock hard in his pants and he, too, needed release from this torture. He kissed Grimmjow quickly and then released his legs.

As Grimmjow let Ichigo down softly, he grinned to his lover and smacked his bottom firmly. "Get
that sweet ass o yours up stairs." He chuckled as Ichigo took off running like a child for the stairs. He chased him up the stairway and down the hall. He shut Ichigo's bedroom door with a slam and made sure to lock it behind them.

Grimmjow stripped his shirt off quickly as he crossed the room to Ichigo who was already flopped over on the bed on his back. He grinned wickedly at his lover as he pulled the boy up and removed his shirt. Then he didn't pause before making quick work of Ichigo's basketball shorts. One tug for the shorts, and one more for the boxers. Now the orange-haired man was completely naked and wanting his lover.

Smiling up at Grimmjow, Ichigo made upward fists and opened and closed them at him. This was the universal signal of "gimme!" which was mostly used by small children. Grimmjow just laughed. "Eager, are we?" Ichigo nodded, shamelessly.

"Fuck, I love when ya are desperate," Grimmjow groaned as he rid himself of his pants and underwear. He crawled on top of Ichigo on the bed and Ichigo giggled as he ran his hands over Grimmjow's strong, muscled arms. "Did you just giggle?" Ichigo blushed but nodded, owning it. Grimmjow's smile grew wider and he bit down on Ichigo's soft neck. "That's fuckin' hot."

Ichigo's hands continued to trail down Grimmjow's arms and then traveled to his stomach and hips. Then he went lower and gently ran his fingers along Grimmjow's manhood causing the bluenette to gasp and then bite down again on Ichigo's neck.

"You're walkin' on thin ice doin' that, Kitten," Grimmjow whispered into Ichigo's ear. This response only made Ichigo giggle again before grasping Grimmjow completely and he began to stroke him slowly. Grimmjow groaned against Ichigo's neck and he let his body sag, his weight falling on his elbows and he began to fall into Ichigo as the pleasure took over.

Ichigo's hand slid up and down at a slow, agonizing pace. He wanted to tease and torture his blue-haired lover. His thumb slid across the head of Grimmjow's penis, making him shudder. Ichigo's fingernail slid into the slit at the leaking tip and then he drug his wet finger back down the shaft, continuing the slow stroking.

"Nngggghh," Grimmjow groaned. "Enough!" He pushed off the bed and quickly flipped Ichigo's body over. He grabbed Ichigo's hips and brought him into the all fours position and settled himself behind his exposed lover. Grimmjow was quick to find the lubricant in the drawer next to Ichigo's bed. He flipped the lid open and hovered the bottle over Ichigo's bottom. Slowly the water-based lubricant dripped down onto Ichigo's puckered opening.

"Ahh," Ichigo gasped. "That' c-cold!"

Grimmjow grinned as he rubbed a few drops of lube on his fingers. "Serves ya right for teasin' me like that." He trailed his index finger around Ichigo's entrance and traced the circle a few times before pressing into him slowly. Ichigo sucked in a gulp of air and groaned softly at the intrusion. He buried his face into his pillow and let Grimmjow work his magic. Slowly Grimmjow moved his single finger around in a circular motion, stretching Ichigo's muscles. Then he slipped in another finger and did the same motion, this time also adding in a scissoring motion. When he put in a third finger, he focused on moving in and out of Ichigo, drawing a long moan from Ichigo.

"Ready, Kitten?" Grimmjow asked. When he saw Ichigo nodding he took a firm hold on Ichigo's hips with and then held himself with one hand, positioning himself for entry. "Here I come, babe". Grimmjow slowly pushed himself into Ichigo's tight, wet entrance. The walls surrounding him were clenching him tight, so he rubbed Ichigo's hips and whispered for Ichigo to relax.
Once Grimmjow was fully seated inside of Ichigo he paused to let Ichigo adjust to his size. He took the time to run his hands along Ichigo's thighs and hips, loving the feeling of his soft skin under his palms. "Mmm, Ichi, you feel so good." He leaned over and kissed Ichigo's shoulder blade, and gently nipped it.

Ichigo bucked his hips, and groaned into the pillow. "M-move!"

Grinning, Grimmjow did as he was asked and began to slowly pull out of his lover. As soon as he was almost to the tip, he pushed back in. He repeated and Ichigo was beginning to feel good. He was panting below Grimmjow and his fists were tightly clenching the bed sheets. He moaned loudly and slammed his hips back against Grimmjow, begging for more.

Once again Grimmjow did what his lover wanted and began to quicken his pace. He leaned back and shoved himself inside of Ichigo hard and deep. He knew he was hitting Ichigo's prostate when Ichigo lifted his neck and freed his face of the pillow. A loud moan came from deep in his throat, and it made Grimmjow twitch with excitement.

"Yeah, baby, lemme hear ya," Grimmjow grunted as he pounded into Ichigo. He spanked Ichigo's ass cheek and it made a loud crack. Ichigo cried out from under Grimmjow and moaned louder.

"Gr-Griimm," Ichigo mumbled. "You're so f-fucking g-good." He fist ed at the sheets again, pulling against them as his prostate was stroked by Grimmjow's hard-on. "Fuuuuuck."

Grimmjow loved when he made his lover come undone, he loved to hear the sound of Ichigo's panting and moaning. He was so sexy when he blushed that bright pink and met him with every thrust as he smashed his hips back against Grimmjow's crotch. Ichigo was something special, Grimmjow knew that much. He'd never fucked anyone who made him feel so possessive and animalistic. It was a dirty, hot mess whenever those two had sex. And Grimmjow wouldn't have it any other way. Ichigo was his.

Knowing that neither of them would last much longer, Grimmjow reached his hand around to Ichigo's front. He took hold of Ichigo's weeping, straining member and began to stroke him in time with his violent thrusting. He groaned and bit down on his lip as he felt his stomach coil in anticipation of his coming release.

Ichigo cried out in bliss, "Grrrrrmee, I'm gonna… I'm gonna.."

"Yeah," Grimmjow grunted. "Come… fer me." It was hard to get any words out between his thrusts and his panting. He began to stroke Ichigo faster, wanting to tip his lover over the edge.

Ichigo could take no more; he clenched his eyes tight and saw fireworks behind closed eyelids as he screamed out a wordless cry of ecstasy. He released all over Grimmjow's hand and the rest dripped and spurted across his bed sheets. He panted hard and rode out the moment.

Upon Ichigo's climax his velvet walls constricted and milked Grimmjow for all he was worth. He moaned deeply and hunched over Ichigo's back. His hot breath fell in harsh pants against Ichigo's sweat-dampened skin. He took in the sweet smell of sex, sweat and lubricant and smiled. This was the best feeling in the world. This moment was worth living for.

Grimmjow pulled out of Ichigo and rolled over, falling against the mattress next to Ichigo, who crumbled as well, no longer able to hold himself up. His eyes were still closed, and he felt like he was on top of the world. Nobody could throw him from this pedestal. Ichigo sighed with bliss and then opened his eyes and looked upon Grimmjow's face. Their eyes met, chocolate on ice.
"No more fuckin' around with nobody else, Ichigo," Grimmjow said firmly. "I mean it."

Ichigo smiled and shook his head. "There was never anyone else, Grimm."

Grimmjow returned the smile. "Good. Yer mine."

Ichigo's heart fluttered in his chest. Could this mean….

"So… are we, like… boyfriends?" Ichigo asked hopefully.

"What kinda dumb question is that?" Grimmjow snapped.

Ichigo's smile fell and the butterflies in his stomach all crashed and burned. He felt broken; Grimmjow was the only one for Ichigo. He knew that now. He was one of a kind.

"'Course we are, dumbass. I'm yers and yer mine," Grimmjow huffed when he noticed Ichigo's pained expression. "Now shut up and go ta sleep." And with that he rolled over away from Ichigo.

Ichigo's grin was ear to ear. His heart picked itself up off the ground and flew up into his throat. He swallowed hard, trying to push it back into his chest. He had a boyfriend. Grimmjow was his boyfriend. He shut his eyes and let himself succumb to sleep with his smile still painted on his soft pink lips.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!