Red Roses

by DaddyAizen

Summary

The desire of the past present and future haunts poor Reader. Her will is never strong enough to fight against attractive men.

Notes

Hi guys, so this is basically the same as my prior one. It'll be worded differently, but it's still all the same pairing x Reader except for one surprise male to be mentioned later. Hopefully this version will flow and be more enjoyable to read. Thank you all so much, and I hope everyone understand why I had done this. Please enjoy and feel free to leave me any comments or concerns! <3

See the end of the work for more notes.
Anxiety. She didn't form coherent thoughts the moment she realized the situation had no rationalization. Anything she could form was empty and meaningless just like the man sitting across the room poised so elegantly at a rounded table. Words may have been able to etch themselves into the corners of her delirious mind, but they were useless. Nothing she could say would change the fact that Sosuke Aizen was staring her down with his sinister dark brown eyes across the room.

Her body finally had the courage to pathetically scurry backwards into a hard headboard. The collision had caused her only composure to crumble. The white silk sheet she had clutched in between her sweaty palms fell dreadfully. She squealed in response. The silk linen in question was the single barrier between Aizen and her naked body. Her breasts were out and exposed. In an vain attempt she tried covering them with her arms, pressing hard against her own flesh.

It was fruitless gain. Her eyes displayed wild panic beyond the natural instinct. It was the fear that living creatures alike were taught, not born with. Her heart rate grew rapid. She could feel her blood pulsing through her own body. She hated the feeling of it. It felt foreign and uncomfortable. She couldn't halt her body's own reactions to her stressful dilemma. The woman wasn't capable of having control over sanity when tossed into a pressure cooker of strenuous conditions. Most people would probably reciprocate her inability to do anything as well.

Daring her only chances she allowed her eyes to meet his. They were cold, and almost unbearable to look at. His eyes had looked so different than she remembered in the Seireitei; bright, kind, compassionate, and vibrant. Now they were basically the complete opposite of that.

His gaze was brutally critical eyeing every nervous detail of the wreck of a woman huddled in his bed. He uncrossed his legs, and stood up from the white chair and table.

Aizen took small strides, not particularly in any hurry. He placed a subtle grin on his face for her to see. With every step he took the woman had grown that much more scared and uncomfortable. It was exactly what he wanted. There was no disappointment in any of her reactions right now.

Finally Aizen's turtle paced stroll met him at the end of the decorated white loft. It was a large king-sized bed with a grand headboard. There were an abundance of plain white pillows assorted equally between rectangles and circular shapes. The sheets, and comforters were all made of the purest and most luxurious soft white silk.

Aizen froze when he reached the end of it. He cocked his head slightly to taunt the woman on the bed. She'd easily take his bait.

"Why-" She paused. "Why am I here?" She continued shakily. The brunette didn't respond to her broad question. He placed his palms forward onto the bed, and his knees followed suit quickly after.

She saw him as a beast, predatory and cruel. It appeared that there were no innocent intentions from the way he prowled and had judged her.

It made her feel extremely vulnerable. This truly wasn't the Sosuke Aizen she had known just a few weeks ago. This man was far more cunning, but deranged and warped. He was like a beautiful red rose displaying its gorgeous outside appeal. But try to touch it and you get pricked by its spiteful thorns.
Strong palms pinned her shoulders back. She yelped being slammed into the embroidery headboard. His own thighs surrounded hers. She did not want to be in this situation at all. Her gaze had averted his. Yet his hot breath still coated her exposed flesh.

"You're so coy (Name)." He teased. Her face flushed at the revolting use of her name. There was no reason for her to be here. There wasn't a reason for the both of them to be here like this. Did he have sick objective to court her, or rape her? No, that was far too simplistic for the man in question. He'd seduce her, and play dreary mind games, and possible psychical torture when he saw fit. He wanted to break her like an ornate mirror. His actions and words would shatter her weak glass. And it would tumble unceremoniously to the floor with a 'clang'.

But he didn't just want to break the woman. He then wanted to be the one who 'heroically' pieced her back together. Shards missing, and cracks still visible. Her own free will would soon be devoured by his. She would no longer have the right to her own actions or freedoms. She would no longer have a will to live except for him. When Sosuke Aizen wanted someone sexually, it wasn't just based off attraction. His sociopath tendencies yearned for him to control and toy with his prey. It was as simple as that.

(Name) couldn't bear looking at the all white tiles anymore. It would drive her insane, but her only other choice was to eye the bastard who had her pinned down. If she looked at him it wouldn't change her situation. So she let her soft eyes gaze upon his face once more. He was aesthetically perfect. His appearance was divine like a wicked god.

A long pale face with locks of chestnut brown hair slicked back sloppily, except for the loose strand that defiantly hung in front of his face between those deceiving eyes. They were a gorgeous dark brown that haunted her. It was disgusting that she found her own captor, and traitor of the Seireitei to be a very stunning male. But she couldn't help her own lustful desires.

She could feel her heart flutter nervously, and her face brighten like a ripe tomato. This was a horrendous action. She mentally scolded herself for her natural reactions. Her body just loved to conspire against her will whether it be in tears, anger, words, or sexual arousal. It seemed like her body had always acted before considering the important consequences and turmoil of her mind.

"Are you conflicted (Name)?" Aizen breathed huskily lowering his porcelain face closer to hers. She whimpered and squirmed below him. She didn't want to answer him. He was entirely correct. The man read her like a picture book. There was denying what he had said. "Do you want me to touch you (Name)?" He taunted releasing one of his hands from her shoulder. His released hand was placed under her chin. The man's thumb tilted her face higher so the height difference was minimal.

"No.. No.. I don't it's wrong." She whimpered. Poor (Name) could feel droplets of sorrow begin to accumulate in her eyes. With a single blink they released themselves and cascaded down the canvas of her skin. Another traitorous action her body performed. The last thing she wanted was to show anymore weakness to this man. It would only improve his ego, and shatter hers. But there it is. Those tears defied her strong will. They broke her rules, and spilled out by them self. Her strong will was almost nonexistent, but she had to put forth her best efforts to hold out.

His large hand trailed up the side of her face, stopping at the cheek. He let his calloused thumb tenderly brush away her tears. She tensed from his seemingly compassionate action. It perplexed her as of why he was doing any of this. It was clearly evident that he wanted to engage in some for of sexual escapade, and could have easily attained the means to do so. Yet here he was acting with a false charade of kindness. And there she was falling deep into his filthy lies. Her ignorance was not a gift of bliss; it was a curse of blindness.

"(Name) you're just denying what you want." He cooed sympathetically. His thumb still lovingly
strok[...]

She felt overwhelmed by him. Everything he said was correct. Yet that still didn't change the fact that it wasn't proper. As revolting as it was she wanted him to fulfill her sexual fantasies. She wanted him to dominate her whole body with sensual feelings. She wanted him to fill her whole, and grip her harshly. Yet she didn't. This man was a killer, even worse a liar and traitor. Did someone like him really deserve to touch her? But then again, she thought so lowly of herself. Pathetic, worthless; she'd spew those words at herself whenever looking in a mirror.

Her arms faltered from her exposed chest. They fell almost lifelessly beside her, and laid flat on the bed. Aizen only smiled in response at her lack of will. She gave into temptation so easily. It was as if she were tossing away her morals, and everything she stood for. Disgraceful and pathetic she was. But she just couldn't resist his stark gaze, and comforting touch. His words swept her into deep conflict and lying tribulations. Her body ached restlessly underneath of him. This was a man she was terrified of, and held no trust in. Yet she'd let him have his way with her if he truly wanted.

"Is it that easy for me (Name)? I just have to say a few words, and use tender actions. And in result you just completely falter and crumble like the worthless and sexually depraved woman you are." His whispered into her ear. His tongue dipping on her lobe and gliding on the outline of her jaw. She hiccuped from irregular breathing pattern of her sobs. His cold words only hurt more, but gave her less of a reason to fight back.

"I don't want this." She wept trying to convince herself yet again that it needed to stop here. She had to try to regain her composure and gain ground against the belittling male. No matter how hard (Name) reasoned her body just couldn't stay on guard. In fact she felt her body go limp, and almost numb except for the feeling of Aizen's wet appendage skating over her less than defined jaw. He was toying with her mind, poking fun at her weakness. "I think you do want this (Name). Perhaps not consciously, but somewhere deep inside that disturbed head of yours lies a burning desire for my touch. Your body has completely shut down on you, just accepting my own will."

There was so much truth in what he said behind all of his twisting lies. Her tears still splashed down without dignity, and her breath became more erratic under the tense situation. A hot sensation built up between her legs. She rubbed them together, yearning for him. He raised an appreciative eyebrow in response. His hand ghosted over her sprawled breasts. And he strategically hand lower half press over so slightly over her own.

"Say that you want me (Name). And I'll fulfill your sinful desires for me." Aizen demanded. (Name) closed her eyes tightly together. Her head finally had worked with her moral code. A simple 'no' was nodded. Aizen had sighed in her negative response. He slowly removed himself from her fragile frame. The man was about to get off the bed entirely. Noticing the loss of pressure on her body (Name) opened her left eye. She saw Aizen dismounting from the bed, and felt her body grow frigid. "Wait!" She cried allowing him a glorious victory. "Hmm?" He inquired. "I." She stopped herself before begrudgingly submitting to exactly what he had wanted her to do.

"I want you to touch me, Aizen." She muttered under her breath almost incoherently. The moment she submitted to his will he hovered over her nude frame once more. "Can you repeat what you said (Name), I don't think I heard you clearly." Aizen taunted with a devilish chagrin. She gulped swallowing her tears. "Please touch me Aizen." She sobbed.
The corners of his mouth turned upwards ever so slightly. "Okay, (Name). Just because you requested so kindly." He spoke lifting his palms from her bare body once more. His hands were now entangled in his far too extravagant white attire. Each hand rested on a side the thick black line, pulling apart. He had exposed his chest slowly, but surely letting the white cloth drape naturally around his arms. With a few simple motions he slide the upper piece off entirely throwing it somewhere across the room.

She was mesmerized by his nearly immaculate upper body. His chest and shoulders were broad, but spiced with just enough muscle. He was far more lean than bulky, which was always a preferable trait. Her mouth was left agape. She was so shameful in her developing attraction for him.

Aizen had halted when his fingers grazed the hem of white pants. "How badly do you want it (Name)?" He persisted on torturing her until the very end. Her lips quivered, "I want it really badly Aizen."

"You want it that badly?" He asked with perfect stoicism. A light dusty pink began to flush her face with his prolonging questions. She averted her gaze away from him, "I want it that badly." She spoke softly. And so Aizen had reached inside of his pants, and pulled out his erect member. "(Name), if you wanted it that badly I don't think you'd be looking away." He seduced condescendingly. Taking his bait again, her hopeless eyes found him, more or less his member. And there Aizen was so pridefully stroking his own length just egging at her every nerve. She trembled with such a neglected lust.

Before she could even blink he had flash stepped over her. She had her wrists held up high pinned down by his pad lock grip. His chest easily crushed hers, making her feeling uneasy with pain. And before she could refuse, his head was already prodding at her. He didn't promise to touch her with love, or daintiness.

She was shocked by his aggressive outtake, and began to struggle against him. He didn't allow her to. Aizen's mouth quickly smothered her own. He had quickly proceeded to enter her with one simple push making her squeal and writhe in a tense agony. She wasn't allowed to be prepared; it wouldn't play well in his deck of cards if she was given time to adjust.

The devious man pushed his tongue between her top and bottom lip exploring the wet cavern, while his rough and fast paces had explored her other wet and more delicate cavern. She groaned in objection, but mewled in grateful pleasure. Aizen had decided to move his hands away from her wrists, and instead snaked them in the long lengths of her disheveled hair. She truly was an absolute wreck. A slowly cracking mirror, or even a wilting rose that was long overdue.

Her subtle cries were chimes of great music to Aizen's ears. He loved her internal struggle, and desperate moans she let escape from the deep chasm of her chest. The woman had discarded of her sexual endeavors a long time ago, and now here was Sosuke Aizen stirring the forbidden pot once again. It was simple to say that he had made a fool out of her, and for a brief moment she had given him trust whether she realized it or not. Aizen never asked for anyone's trust, just their compliance. But most are foolish enough to mix the two up for one and another.

The man bucked his hips against hers. She didn't have the capability to match his pace. In compromise she allowed her legs to wrap around his waist tightly locking at the feet. Aizen grunted quietly in appreciation. His warm body had kept her so occupied briefly melting her freezing isolation. Each thrust had let him understand her hollow lust a bit more and more. He had finally began to push into a spot that made her grow louder and louder with pleased cries. He let his calloused fingers scrape over her scalp. She had loved that feeling.

His tongue had dominated hers in every game they played, and in some instances he'd be generous to
give her the false hope of gaining the upper hand, only to crush her in mere seconds. She was
deletable and a truly amazing piece of art to deconstruct.

(Name) could feel every nerve in her body twitching with distinct pain and yet a euphoric pleasure. It
was a mess of raw emotions and mental manipulation. And if it was really looked at it could be
considered rape. Yet it wouldn't be because she had 'agreed' and was 'enjoying' it.

She felt her stomach twist and turn, and right before she had a sweet release he stopped pumping into
her. He detached his lips from hers, and eyed her near vacant expression. There was sweat on her
brows, and a few stray tears still straggling down her bright red face. His brown eyes were hazed
with an unquenchable and deadly lust. She shook a bit. "Why did you stop?" She breathed
shamefully. She squeezed her crying eyes shut. He was a bastard feeding her out of the palm of his
hand only to pull it away from her in such a short instance without a warning.

Aizen heard her frequent pants and saw her diminished and vulnerable composure. "I want you to
beg for it." He droned moving his hands out of her hair. The man brushed over her hard nipples
watching her stiffen. She had to swallow all her remaining pride. "Please continue." She mumbled so
embarrassed. He wasn't pleased with her response and began to twist her left nipple ever so slightly.
She yelped. "I want you to say my name with your request." He demanded.

She had no other choice if she wanted to keep her nipple and have him just finish her off. "Please
Aizen!" She screeched in such desperation now sobbing at full force again in her pitiful situation. He
smirked eagerly, beginning his rhythm much slower. He pumped in and out keeping every hair on
her body standing up with anticipation. And then unpredictably he exalted his pace. Every slam kept
pushing and pushing her over the edge until she cried out with guilt.

He wasn't quite finished yet as her walls clenched against him. He had felt her body go completely
asleep as he kept forcing himself in. It only took a few more painful strokes before he had burst right
inside of her. She was completely and utterly desolate having him spill between her open legs.
(Name) felt him roll off of her. She had felt the bed shift entirely signifying that he had gotten off of
it.

It was so cold of him to leave her there, all worn out and crying. But wasn't that the part he enjoyed
the most? Her sniffles and sobs echoed in the room as he redressed himself. "You should smile
(Name). You were a very good girl today." Aizen coaxed before leaving her completely alone in the
room with nothing else to occupy her other than her conflicting thoughts.
How Did You Know?

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry I haven't been posting anything. I was just really tired and lazy. I'm still not quite satisfied with this chapter, but it does set up some future things, and displays character dynamics. I hope you all enjoy, and again I'm so sorry for not writing this sooner. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes


There was a bleak darkness covering her body like a welcoming blanket. But it wasn't soft nor was it warm. She felt like she choking on thin air, slipping through the crevices of cracked ice.

"(Name.)" A stern voice called out. "(Name.)" It called once more; she couldn't see him. There was only darkness. Swimming in a thick swamp of her darkened dreams as a man called for her. Strong palms gripped her frigid shoulders. The woman cried out, opening her eyes to be met will an overwhelming bright white glow.

Her vision was a bit blurred at first, but she had blinked a few times to attempt of escaping its blind clutches. There was a handsome face of a man. A man with chocolate brown eyes in contrast to a pale complexion. She had blinked again to finally see with precise accuracy. One strand of dark brown hair hung lonesome on the man's face. She squealed at her distraught realization. A dream shattered like glass. The woman had hoped that last night's transparent encounter was nothing more than a hallucinogenic dream. But it wasn't. There was Aizen mere inches away from her blotchy red face and eyes already yearning to leak tears. His shoulders had her shivering body nailed down to the soft bed.

He released one of them to have this thumb brush over her cheek. A deep gulp was swallowed by her. Unyielding her nervous apprehension of this man's mixed actions. "Did you have a bad dream, (Name)?"

Her eyes squinted at his disrespectful question. (Name) opened her mouth letting her tongue poke out. She scraped it between the ridges of her teeth. "This is my bad dream, Aizen." He didn't react to her.

There was no point in egging her out this early. It was so easy for (Name) to build a wall of
confident egoism in threatening situation. But she couldn't build her walls to be very durable. They'd smash easily and crumble with the slightest poke. The wall was practically begging to come tumbling down so she could once again cower in a writhing blues. A facade of bravado. There was no bite to this woman's yips.

The one hand on face moved up into her the side of her hair. He entwined his fingers between the clumps of slightly matted strands. His other hand released from her shoulder, snake into the other side of her hair. Aizen let his finger nails rake delicately along her scalp. She let her guard down. Just like he had anticipated. Her lips opened in bewilderment at his perplexing actions. Aizen placed his thighs a bit closer to her hips, hovering over her bare body with the silky white sheets entangled by her feet.

The man slowly had his face descend to hers. He kept them apart an idle inch or two. She was silent, waiting for him to entrance her. But that was a foolish concept to wait on since she was already so enticed by him. Aizen lowered his head down to the left crook of her neck. He nuzzled her in an eloquent mannerism against the tender flesh. She felt his chestnut locks tickle her skin in feverish ways. "Aizen." She breathed so confused.

He lifted his head a bit to witness her shaken orbs. Aizen placed his soft lips against the skin of her neck, trailing upwards. He met the corner of her jawline and went farther up to meet a corner of her mouth. He slid across the surface of her lips to meet in the middle. She felt the one strand of chestnut hair brush against her skin as he kissed her with such delicate sweetness. It felt like sugared fruit seeping into her bloodstream. (Name) closed her eyes like an innocent little girl.

Aizen removed his lips from hers, now pressing his weight against her. Soft eyes opened in distress. "It's easy for me to have you cooperate if I just use false kindness (Name). You really shouldn't let someone walk over you like that. It's not the most enjoyable of means to get you to behave and put the sharp tongue of yours away. But it's effective. Almost like how Captain Hirako use to court you. He always acted so childish and harmless towards you. But I know you remember that day were he showed his true intentions to you. And (Name) you let him continue to do that because you were so young and ignorant. You thought you loved him"

"How the hell do you know anything about Shin- Captain Hirako and I!?" She screamed out of a bitter rage. (Name) began to thrash under him. The worse feeling in the world was when someone had tried to pretend they knew about another's intimate life.

Aizen shuffled on top of her, gripping again at her shoulders. He kept her in place with little effort. A light chuckle roared from the bellows of his hollow heart. "You're still so ignorant (Name). Did you really think that something so taboo could be kept secret from the rest of the captains and lieutenants? The relation you had with Captain Hirako was so disturbing to some of us it just seemed like a cynical story. But none of us wanted to interfere. It was more rewarding to watch a child who thought she loved a much older man be so vulgar with her time and time again. There was no doubt
that he harbored feelings for you, (Name) and among those I can't exactly decipher what swam through his mind, but I know he did care for you. He wasn't the best at showing it. And at times his own desires for you would be far beyond your expectations. There was that one time he had taken time off to the world of the living for five days, and out of those five you took time off for three.”

Her eyes began to water up and his harsh criticism. He didn't comprehend what it was like to love. Frankly she felt pity for Aizen, bringing up someone's past just to meddle with their psyche was a desperate act. She didn't entirely understand what he was trying to convey with a summation of different accounts she held with her former captain.

"I don't get the point Aizen. It seems like maybe you were envious of Captain Hirako. Were you a depraved lieutenant back then Aizen? Did you always lust for me even when I taken?" She spat between subtle tears.

Aizen smirked a bit her venomous remarks. "I would never be envious of a man like him. But I admire the fact that you're correct about one of your assumptions. I did always have a fascination with you (Name.) Especially when I had watched Captain Hirako discard of your virginity."

The brunette could almost visualize a crack in her figurative mirror. She was so malleable and vulnerable for him to chip away at.

There was poor (Name) struggling to clean up the training barracks of squad 5 once again. She was so unlucky in terms of soul reaper abilities. And because of this her other squad members bullied her into doing their tasks and responsibilities. She supposed there was nothing to do about it; it was just her hand of cards in life. All she really cared about was leaving quicker and quicker everyday. In general she was always the last squad member to leave, but for the last couple of days Captain Hirako had been lounging around a little longer than usual. It wasn't that (Name) didn't like her captain; it was the exact opposite. She adored her captain, and had him in a pedestal of incandescent light in her vision. But being a timid girl, and not a very skilled member in the squad she chose to have the least amount of interaction with him as possible.

One single glance from him set her heart into a million fluttering flames. But she knew it was ridiculous. There was also the addition of common, unruly gossip from the females in the squad. They always chattered about how frisky and flirtatious their captain was. Most of them flirted back out of politeness and courtesy, while some were just hoping to sleep their way to the top. (Name) was jealous of those girls who had the opportunity to receive compliments and praises from Captain Hirako. She knew it was repulsive of her to be envious of their full figures, shiny hair, symmetrical faces, and soft laughs. (Name) just couldn't control herself from loathing how she appeared and her youth.

She shook her head in annoyance trailing back to negative thoughts. (Name) was almost done tidying up the mess her squad members had contributed to creating today. And as per usual Captain
Hirko was loitering around in the back, just standing there. If (Name) had more self confidence she'd realize that he was staring at her, versus her theory of him watching the wall.

The girl patted the remaining dust off her clothing, scurrying towards the exit. But as soon as she had stepped forward there was Captain Hirako leaning on the door frame. She froze, eyes and mouth agape. He cocked his head towards her; long blonde hair swaying with elegance. "Say (Name.)" He drawled out. Embarrassed, she glanced down at the floor. Her face beginning to fill with a bright red. "Yes Captain Hirako." She whispered.

The blonde sighed heavily, rubbing the back of his head. He was a bit tired of her anxious antics. He didn't mind a shy girl, but hell she couldn't even meet him in the eye without glowing like an oil lamp. "I need ta discuss some important matters with ya." He lied. Of course her ignorance would allow her to innocently accept his bait. "Hey (Name) it's disrespectful ta look away when yer captn' is tryn' ta speak with ya." He slurred. She shut her eyes together, attempting to gain confidence to look at him. It was so difficult when she felt him staring holes right through her. Her head lifted with meek efforts. She was almost pouting. "I'm so sorry Captain Hirako." She apologized.

He smirked with slight arrogance. His overbite showing. "I'd rather speak ta ya somewhere a bit more private. I need ta finish some paperwork since that damned Sosuke has been slackin' recently. Can't trust that guy to do anything," Captain Hirako grunted. "Where do you suggest we go, Captain?" She inquired with a mouse like voice that was high pitched and shrill whenever she was afraid or nervous.

"Well I really don't feel like pickn' up the slack for Sosuke. He'll just half ta catch up eventually. So we can just meander down to my captain's quarters." He offered, still chagrining at her expense. "Uh but sir, isn't that a bit-" "A bit what?" He inquired. "It's fine sir."

He walked out of the training barracks; his sandals clacking against the opposing wood with (Name) waddling behind like a penguin. The stroll was awkward and silent. It was a decent thing that they didn't have to walk so far.

Captain Hirako halted at his quarters, pressing the door open. It creaked with an eerie tone, but the nonetheless he waltzed right in with (Name) trailing behind. He walked towards a nightstand relative to his bed and twisted the lamp on. It flickered a false glow of light.

(Name) stood in the doorway unsure of what to do with herself. Once again she glanced down at the ground until he called her out, "(Name) would ya be more comfortable if ya were in a different squad? I feel like I'm makin' ya uncomfortable and that's the last thing I'd wanna do ta ya."
She was shocked. Was this truly what Captain Hirako wanted to discuss with her? It just seemed so forced and peculiar, but at the same time she couldn't help but feel guiltily. The thing she wanted was for him to think he made her uncomfortable. "No Captain Hirako, I really like this squad." She stuttered. The gangling blonde had flash stepped in front of her. Her gaze was strategically averted from his brown eyes. "Then what is it (Name) do ya just not like my face?" He joked. The man already knew what was bothering her; he just wanted to hear her say it. Captain Hirako was well aware of how she felt about him. He'd be an idiot if he didn't. And he'd be a liar if said that he was disinterested in her.

She paused, flustering once more. Her head elevated and she met his aloof grin and subtle gaze. She gulped clutching her left elbow; a bizarre nervous habit she had. "Actually sir, it's quite the opposite. I really like your face." She whimpered. A genuine smile appeared on the blonde's mug. It wasn't quite the confession he was expecting, but then again he had taken into consideration that she was a bit off beat.

He stepped a bit closer to her; licking his bottom lip. "Do ya fantasize about me doing naughty things to ya (Name), when ya touch yerself, or even when at look at me?" He seduced leaning closer to her. She gasped at his profound vulgarity. Her knees began to quake and shake. She was wobbling, and feeling unsteady. Her face was more red than a red light district.

Captain Hirako chuckled a bit. "Oh that makes much more sense now. Yer a virgin aren't cha?" He questioned with all seriousness and slick tongue. He tucked a longer piece of her bangs behind her ear. She was almost too afraid to answer. He was taunting her, and she knew it too. "Yes, Captain." She hiccuped. His grin spread. "That's alright (Name) darlin'. It just means more excitement for me. I get ta teach ya a thing or two." He cooed lovingly rolling his thumb against her flushed cheek.

"But ya gotta promise me somethin'. This'll just between us. I don't want anyone else to find out the things I'll do ta ya. And I also don't want you thinkn' just because we're not open about it that another man can touch ya. That would just be cruel to me, (Name)." He teased. She was exasperated and utterly lost. But her heart thumped hard, because she wanted him. She wanted him to touch her, and she wanted to be his and only his. "Yes Capta-" "Shinji, call me Shinji when we're alone darlin' I don't like my intimacy to be formality."

Shinji grabbed her frail wrist and flash stepped her to the wall near the bed. Her back hit it with a hard impact. It didn't matter to her at the moment. He lowered his face down to her neck; his hair draping all over her clothed breasts. His lips found a spot between her right collar bone and the basin of her neck. He sucked on the flesh, gliding his overbite ever so slightly against the skin. His hands found the front of her white obi, untying it. It fell to the ground with no elegance. He placed his hands on her waist, pressing his longer abdomen against her smaller one. Shinji felt her unprotected breasts underneath of the black cloth.

Like all virgins do even the most basic of sexual situations can make them groan and mewl. He
detached himself from her neck, eyeing her face. "Yer gonna be a noisy one aren't cha. I like that."
He breathed. His hands left her waist to caress her delicate collarbone. He could already see a little
purple blotch forming above it. The hand sank down into the slight opening above her breast. He
pulled the clothing down with ease. It fell just as disgracefully as the obi. She began to flush a dusty
pink. No one she recalled had ever seen her exposed before. It was just a new thing for her. She'd
get use to it eventually. The cool air brushed past her nipples, making them hard.

Shinji sank down to their level, attaching his mouth to the right one, and allowing one of his palms to
tenderly massage the left one. The tip of his tongue deviously danced the circumference of her
nipple. That overbite grazing the skin. He took the bud of her nipple between his teeth rolling them
around. She grunted in euphoria. His palm worked on kneading the round mound of flesh. It was so
warm and soft. He felt as if her body was inviting him in. He pressed his lower half against her. She
felt his hard bulge and almost sighed of relief. (Name) never felt luckier. She never had a dream
come true, and now her she was having him make a dream come alive.

His left arm snaked behind her, cupping her ass. He squeezed it. She mewed. It was a basic
process.

In frank honesty Shinji grew quite tired of foreplay. He wanted to main course; and he wanted to her
scream and plead for him. To make her beg like a dog, and slap her around like a sour child. Shinj
watched her body move everyday at the barracks. He had wanted to fuck her brains out the second
his eyes met her own bright ones. There was something so compelling and attracting to her. The
blonde captain was never quite sure why he wanted he yearned for her. It was just instinct he
supposed. Of course he'd had an abundance of flings with attractive and traditionally beautiful
women. They were all fun and games, but they were a one and done kind of deal. He'd greet them at
a bar with a charming smile, dance with them for awhile, and eventually get drunk enough to go
home for the night and have an escapade of unprotected sex. (Thankfully Shinji
had surprisingly never impregnated a woman. Sometimes he wondered if he was possibly infertile as
a consequence.) But then he'd leave them high and dry before the sun rose. His cum just resting
inside the woman. It was terrible, but he didn't have the decency to say goodbye.

Yet with (Name) he wanted something more. He wasn't able to sort out his own feelings all that well,
but he knew he wanted her by his side. He almost wanted to kidnap and lock her away, but he didn't.
That seemed a bit too psychotic for even him. Maybe it was the fact that he knew she was a virgin,
and everyone he's ever slept with hadn't been. But being entangled with her now he realized that he
wanted to do it again and again.

The lanky blonde shifted gears and pressed petite frame against his bed. He let his fingers slide into
the hem of her pants, but he discarded of them quickly. Revealing an adorable pair of black laced
panties. "That's a bit scandalous for a girl like you I'd reckon." He smiled pushing them to the side.
His finger slipped in between her folds, feeling how wet she already was. It really was true that
virgins got wet and bothered.
His thumb tapped against her clit, slowly stimulating it as he slowly pumped in and out of her tight hole. She was truly tight, and ready to break. He even wondered if she was one of those girls whose hymen didn't deteriorate over time. And if so not only would he be taking his first virgin, he'd be popping his first cherry. How delightful.

She moaned very softly, afraid of him hearing her. It was such a blissful feeling, but it began to get uncomfortable when he added a second digit and began to dive farther inside her. She couldn't hold it; her face naturally contorted. But at the same time, she felt immense pleasure. "Shinji." She rasped.

"Mhm." "Please take me." She begged. Shinji's paused inside of her. "Can ya please repeat yourself (Name)?" "I want you to take me, please." She cried hating that he stopped fingering her. His fingers retracted from her insides and he disgustedly licked the liquid off his fingers. Shinji had pulled out his cock, not really in the mood for shedding his clothes. There would be far more intimate times for that.

Her eyes grew wide at his length. Shinji wasn't the thickest man, but he was a bit longer than others. "Do you want me to put it in ya (Name)?" "Yes." "Yes what darlin'."

"Yes please." She pleaded just wanting him to get it over with.

His body weight was pressed on top of hers. The very tip prodding at her opening and his hands snaked into her hair. With one languorous movement he was in. She yipped out of surprise and pain. Each time he shifted and adjusted it had hurt her just a bit more. "Don't worry darlin' it's not gonna hurt ya for long." He coaxed grazing his lips against her trembling ones. He attached to her quivering lips, poking his tongue between. Then he had proceeded to start a slow pace just for her. Eventually it began to antagonize her less, and she let her arms slither into the coils of his golden locks.

She dragged her nails against his scalp having him feel so much more riled. His pace quickened, and hit with harder impact. He could feel her struggling moans escape from her mouth. Shinji began to tug on her hair, now slamming into her nether regions. He bucked and bucked against her, thick cloth slapping bare skin. Every time he had pierced through her just a little more until hitting that bunch of nerves that made anyone surge with pleasure. She could feel her stomach tighten. It was a new sensation.

Shinji could tell from the way her body was shaking. He stopped inside of her again. And dragged his face from hers. His eyes were glazed with an intense lust and fiery passion. There was a raw effigy from him, demanding and anything but demure. "I want you to scream my name." He huffed. "But what if." "Scream my name." She obeyed. His swift movements started up again, and she felt the intensity in her stomach increase. It took her a few tries to yell out his name just right, but finally
he made her burst. She grabbed his hair between her fingers and pulled, yelling, "Shinji!" It was almost like a pitiful cry. He almost spilled inside her just hearing his name leave her lips in such a mannerism.

But it took a few more moments for him to unload. His stamina was vastly superior to her inexperience. She get better in time; or he hoped that she would. His warm liquid spilled between her legs. His clothed body collapsed on top of hers. They were both fairly sweaty and a bit tired. Shinji began to smooth out her hair, "I'd want nothin' more than ta hold ya all night darlin' but ya gotta leave. I don't want any suspicion ta arise." He sighed. And he was honest. There was nothing he wanted more than to hold her right now, but integrity was worth more.

She pouted, but nodded in agreement. He flashed her once last toothy smile, and sweetly pressed his lips against hers. He got up and helped her gather her uniform, but stealthily snatched her panties. She wondered where they could have gone.

And with that she redressed and exited his quarters with a little less dignity. But it was all in good fun. Yet she still couldn't brush off that bizarre and creepy feeling she had in there. As if someone sinister was watching. But that was just silly of her to assume.

Shinji longingly watched her go, before speaking up.

"Yer're a real bastard Sosuke. Come out." He droned.

From the shadows aimlessly birthed the image of Sosuke. He had a dirty grin, and his glasses glared. "I'm surprised you noticed me, Captain." "Shut up and get out Sosuke. Be glad I permitted ya ta stay. The only reason was because she would have a damn fit if she knew that you were lurking in my quarters. Do it again, and I promise Sosuke ya'll regret it."

Chapter End Notes

I do apologize again for grammatical errors. I can't self edit to save a human life, but anyways I hope you enjoyed! Please feel free to leave any questions, comments, or complaints. I'll try to get the next chapter out sooner. Thank you all so much for reading. <3
Something Bleu

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry guys, I have had such writer's block lately. For awhile I was really considering trashing this story all together, but I really enjoy the plot and dynamics I have approaching so I'm continuing. I'll try my best to update these things much sooner. Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(Name) assumed it was the late afternoon. It had to have been a couple hours since Aizen had dropped by this morning. His unadulterated intentions were still quite muggy to her at the time. What was the point of mentioning past regrets, and dead lovers? Her only formal conclusion was just that he was playing petty mind games. It wasn't something far-fetched. (Name) recalled of what he had done to Lieutenant Hinamori. There was no objective to emotionally manipulate the poor young girl; he had done it just to prove he could. Their relationship was a bit taboo, and sketchy. Imprisoned (Name) didn't wager to imagine what Aizen had done to Hinamori behind closed doors and suits of lies.

That was besides the point now, at least Hinamori was out of the dark woods of Aizen's games. (Name) wasn't. She needed to remain focused on a way to escape. Aizen had told her this morning before he left not to leave the room unless sanctioned by him. Of course she'd rebel against his words. And unbeknownst to her, he already knew that she would.

It wasn't just the fact that (Name) was being held in a foreign building unwillingly, it was the fact that there was nothing to do in the white master chamber. She was a bit childish and immature at times. Boredom was one thing that cursed the bane of her existence. She couldn't stand being left to her own devices with nothing to do. Hell she'd even read a book if there was one in Aizen's room. But all the shelves and drawers she scavenged were empty with the exception of copies of Aizen's flamboyant attire. He left no clothes for her. Being ingenuitive she decided to take one of his oversized jackets and wrap it around her bare body. It would be a bit awkward wandering around an unknown area with a bed sheet clutched tightly around her body.

She shook her head, longer pieces of her bangs swaying with. (Name) had no legitimate plan or procedure to find a means of escape, and she doubted she'd be able to leave today. Even her dull intuition picked up that this is a gargantuan building.

Bare feet scuffled against the floor as (Name) made her way towards the grand door of the chamber. It was a basic powder white like the rest of the room. The pads of her fingers ran up and down the smooth wood. It was a bit coaxing for (Name) being able have some control of her actions.
The door creaked with minimum effort. It opened with far too much ease for a door of that thickness and weight, but she didn't let that detail bother her. There more important objectives at hand. When she stepped out of the chamber the soles of her feet were greeted by icy tiles. She almost squealed but managed to contain her discontent for the cooler temperature.

Just as she speculated it was a grand building, or rather a plain palace. The hallways were wide, and tall with windows at the end and doors lined up. There were white tables with vases of lush plants. They were an emerald green, bringing in some much needed contrast to the whole scheme.

She had begun to wander around without much thought. She crossed a few hallways, making sure not to create any detectable noises. After a few minutes of just pacing she reached a hallway with a dead end. The last door on the left was a bit adjacent. A familiar and comforting aroma wafted its way to (Name's) nostrils. The robust husky scent was compelling. It's rich bitterness yearned for (Name) to taste it. She was now distracted of her objective, and instead attaining a cup of fresh coffee was far more important. It had only been one day without coffee for (Name), but one day more than it needed to be. She prayed that no one would be occupying the room, even though that was a laughable thought. Coffee was like liquid vitality to (Name). If she could have one sip of the darkened amber liquid, she could fight another day.

She gulped with infant like trepidation, her feet already moving with stealth to the last door. A yellow light peered out from the slight crack of the door. She pressed with careful elegance against the smooth wood. It was pushed back, and squeaked slightly. Her optimistic eyes scanned the room, only to be filled with dread. Out of all the damned people that could have been in this room the one with heavenly beauty and the devil's chagrin sat with poise at a circular white table and a white mug in hand. His hickory eyes gazed over her trembling form. He watched with glee as she began to back up, and attempt to run away. But the door had already closed, and he had flash stepped in front of her.

(Name) shrieked in silence, looking away from Aizen. "Fucking hell." She mumbled almost inaudibly. "(Name)." He pressed on his tongue. The warm mug in his hand was pressing between the valley of her clothed breasts. She whimpered. It was pathetic that not even five minutes after she left the room that she was caught. "What are you doing out of my bedroom?" He questioned with a sweetened tone. The hand that didn't hold his mug between her breasts had danced along her chin, tilting it upwards so he could see her helpless expression. Her lips were trembling. "I had smelled coffee, and really wanted some." (Name) half spoke the truth. Aizen grinned subtly.

"Oh, but even so (Name), doesn't that mean you've broken a request I've asked of you." He lulled dragging his calloused fingers down the sides of her neck until he reached the collar of his own jacket. "That's very cute of you to cover yourself with one of my own jackets." Aizen teased. She couldn't help but flush red.
"I did choose to ignore what you said." (Name) cowered in hopes that he'd just let her go. Aizen tilted his head, lifting the mug from the valley of her breasts and lifted the ceramic mug to her quivering lips. "Open." He dictated. She listened, feeling a slosh of luxury enter her mouth. It was enchanting and warm, easing the nerves of being found by Aizen. He continued to pour the coffee down her throat until the mug was dry. He pulled it away from her and threw the mug across the floor. It shattered with a loud clang. (Name) jumped a little, and left her mouth open witnessing his slight outburst. "If you're going to keep your mouth open like that (Name), I can fill it with something." Aizen deadpanned. His eyes were now hazed with menace, and the grip on the collar of the jacket she was wearing became tight.

"No, no, no!" She cried, trying to pull away from his grip. What he was insinuating was something (Name) was capable of doing well. Aizen lowered his porcelain face towards the crane of her neck. "But you've even admitted to disobeying me. Bad girls like you need discipline (Name). Are you being discriminating towards the way I treat you, because it's not all that different from Captain Hirako." His tongue prodded at her tender flesh, flicking it with his wet appendage. She mewled.

"It's not that.." She mumbled embarrassed. Aizen glanced up to see her distressed face. "I don't like what you're hinting at, Aizen."

"You mean giving head?" He taunted, now lifting his face away from her neck. His hand dragged down on the collar to where the coat could be split open. Aizen pried it off her with ease. She let it fall around her feet. Helpless and afraid she nodded her head at what Aizen had asked. He chuckled softly. "That's amusing (Name) considering that you've blown more than your fair share of shinigami in the past 100 years." Her face froze. That was a pinnacle moment for him shattering a chunk of mirror on her frame. (Name's) body began to shake. "You're such a bastard! You don't know who I've been with after him!" She screeched thrashing against Aizen. Hot tears began to splash from her eyes.

Aizen's hand began to smooth out her frayed hairs, "You don't need to be so defensive about how much of a slut you've been in the past. I won't judge you. Especially that one occasion you had with Captain Kuchiki. That was truly fascinating to watch. Men tend to be weak after they lost a wife they loved. And girls like you tend to be desperate after loosing someone they loved." The tears rained harder down her face, and she began to break down into a chorus of breath.

"That was the first and last time I ever drank." She hiccuped looking at Aizen's wrathful eyes. He smiled at her sobbing composure, bringing her quivering body into a frigid hug. Her face was pressed against his hard chest. She absorbed his body warmth and let him engulf her deeper into the hug. "Does the truth hurt you that much (Name)? Or are you repulsed with yourself?"

She shoved him hard, breaking from his confines. She huffed, "You repulse me, Aizen." His smile faded away, and his face became shadowed. It was as if the sun were beginning to set, and the night came out to play.
He stepped forward with solemn scorn. His hand snaked behind the small of her back, and pushed forward. She fell without warning, palms slamming into the cold ground. She could feel a couple layers of skin on her knees pulling back from the friction. (Name) felt his tight grip entangled in her tresses, yanking her forward. She was surprised he hadn't managed to rip any of her hair out. The head of Aizen's dick met up with her cupid's bow. She swallowed her tears, and stuck the tip of her tongue out. She swirled it along the top of him, and dragged down the ribbed shaft. She was cheeky and even prodded his balls with the tip of her tongue, before dragging the appendage back up. She was holding out as long she could before actually having to take his length in. (Name) was not a lucky woman gifted with a large tolerance of being rammed in the back of the throat. She was the proud owner of a wretched gag reflex.

Aizen had leaked generous baritone moans to keep her a bit more motivated and less discouraged. He already knew in advance of her sexual shortcomings, and didn't mind if he had to use a little force to get the satisfaction he wanted from her displeasing performance. His nails dug across the surface of her scalp. "Open already (Name)." He grunted a bit annoyed. She obeyed. Aizen didn't give her any seconds to take him in. He had rammed his cock ruthlessly into the back of her throat. She almost cried, and then gagged on him. His grip in her hair became tighter, and harder. "If you gag on me, I'll make sure you can never walk without immense pain again." He threatened noticing the tears streaming down her face once more. She didn't need him to repeat his threat again, and slowly bobbed up and down his length. Her tongue had engorged him. But it still wasn't pleasurable enough for him. He used the clutch on her hair the guide her. Even then it was still a weak blow job. He sighed from brief ecstasy before abandoning it all together. He pulled out from her mouth. It would be more entertaining for him to hear her plead and moan for him.

(Name) wobbled on her knees in surprise that he didn't have her keep going. He seemed discontent with her. Perhaps he'd let her go after witnessing her lack of skills.

Before she could even catch her breath or have her tears cease she felt the tip of him at her entrance, and his firm hands digging into her waist. One buck was all it took for him to enter her completely. Her wrists almost gave under his force, and she yelped. She could feel his individual pumps driving with angst and rage. On her hands and knees getting fucked like the little bitch she was. Her body swayed with his, and she couldn't help but let little alto grunts fall. The left hand on her waist was vacant, and reached for her hair once more. He pulled her neck back in an uncomfortable way, his eyes seething with macabre intentions. His fingers twisted and turned in her hair, yanking harder, and harder.

And his fluid movements became rougher and grittier each time too. He didn't want to drawl this out long, but he wanted her to beg. The way her body moved with his, and the way she shed tears was highly alluring for him. Her face bore a flushed pink, and contorted with pain just the way he liked. She could feel her body tighten already. "Aizen." She sobbed. He just pulled harder on her hair. "Aizen!" She cried with boisterous intentions so he didn't have to ask her again. Even Aizen himself was a bit surprised by her loud outcry. Perhaps even his Espada downstairs heard her pitiful request. "What do you want me to do (Name)?" He huffed, slamming himself in and out of her. He didn't have that much time left ton carry this out. "Please make me cum." She whispered innocently. Her
teary eyes saw his face brighten a tad. His last few strokes paced faster and harder reaching that bunch of nerves. Incoherent splashes moans erupted from her, and tightened around his own vessel. Just hearing her lips have pleasure escape them was enough for him to release into her, coating her in his sticky sperm.

Aizen released his grip from her hair's, hiding the fact that he tore some out. His attention was now drawn to the baby blue haired Espada watching them. There was a plaguing grin plastered on arrancar's face. "So this is what your late for." He bellowed at in a sickening snicker. Aizen's eyes creased in nuisance. (Name's) lowered head facing the floor turned slightly. Aizen had removed himself from the woman, and stuffed his dick back into his pants. He crouched beside her face. Her eyes caught the image of the ripped male with a hollow hole in his torso. "How fucking long was he there Aizen!" She screamed at the brunette. "Do you people just like live sex performances or something!"

Aizen's right hand covered her spewing mouth. It acted as a muzzle for the time being. His attention now focused on the arrancar. "Grimmjow. Did you enjoy watching me fuck this shinigami?" He interrogated. (Name) bit down on Aizen's hand. "Bite me again and I'll put a real muzzle on you like the dog you are. Now behave." Aizen spewed loosing patience quicker than the Seireitei lost three captains during the Ryoka invasion.

Grimmjow cocked his head to the side. "Yeah my favorite part was when she screamed. She's different from all these arrancar broads. So submissive and she doesn't have any weird holes or mask remnants."

Aizen smiled. "Isn't she such a good girl, Grimmjow?"

"She's more of a dirty bitch, but I guess. Can I fuck her?" The vulgar arrancar asked, hands stuffed in pockets and gaze averted from the pair. "No." Aizen said flatly. The bluenette's eyebrows knitted together and barked, "Damn your selfish! Is she just yours Aizen? You think you can bring a woman here, just fuck her in plain sight, and not let anyone else?"

"Yes, Grimmjow. She is mine, and that's the end of this discussion. I don't think (Name) likes it when my subordinates drop by to watch." Aizen cooed, dragging fingers down (Name's) tense spine.

"I don't think she likes it when you touch her." Grimmjow retorted like a petulant child in a store whose parent said 'no' to a sugary box of cereal.

Aizen released his hand from (Name's) mouth stroking the side of her cheek. Grimmjow's presence
and vulgarity was begging to eat away at her. She had never seen an arrancar before now. He wasn't bad looking, but his temperament was fierce. She scooted into Aizen's chest, and laid her crying eyes against him. (Name) had never anticipated in her life that she'd be in his arms for comfort. Aizen enjoyed her mild compliance, wrapping the coat she tore off her earlier around her body. "Do you see why I don't want you wandering around (Name)?" Aizen paused glaring at Grimmjow's vacant eyes. "There's arrancars like him wandering about, and what they'd do to you is out of my control. I couldn't imagine what someone like Grimmjow would do to you." He cajoled.

Grimmjow sneered, "I'd fuck her better than you could." "Grimmjow. Leave this hall now before I make you leave." Aizen threatened. Grimmjow stayed stationary momentarily, before sighing and heading off. He was like an abandoned kitten who detested life, and the path it gave him.

(Name) was perplexed at how easily Aizen could have someone so dominant bow under his orders. It made her question what was really going on here, and what Aizen's motives were.

"If you disobey me again, each time what I do will be worse. I don't think you have the audacity to test me on that (Name). Don't be irrational next time. I do not want you wandering around here under any circumstances. There are very few arrancars who I can trust you with, and Grimmjow is not one of them."

She gulped. "Yes Aizen."

"You're such a good girl." He hushed into her ears. On that note, Aizen had lifted her frail body up, carrying her over his shoulder.
That shady Captain Kuchiki statement.. I can only wonder what the next flashback chapter will be. Oh also I introduced Grimmjow now, so that'll be another fun component. And one more thing, this wasn't the greatest chapter, but I'm really proud of it because it was inspired by coffee. I hope you all enjoyed, and thank you so much for reading! Feel free to leave any questions, comments, or concerns. :)

So this is a shorter chapter compared to what I usually do, but I didn't feel the need to add anything extra to it since the next chapters will be loaded with content. This is just a breather, but anyways I hope you all enjoy and I thank you so much for reading! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The moon dripped from the blackened night sky. The stars weren't out to play this late evening. Branches of trees budding with the fresh display of spring's vitality swayed in the cool wind. They were cherry blossom trees arranged in such a precise way. Their gangling branches hovering over the roof of a large building like a blanket of snow.

(Name) had craned her head up, regretting it. She had almost tripped over herself from the surge of pain and the loss of a functioning equilibrium. Her body swayed like the branches in the wind, feet dragging across a path of circular stones. This time she had actually tripped, palms scraping against the grainy surface of the stones. She hissed, wobbling to gain her balance and stand on two feet again. But she couldn't do it. Her body wanted to stay down. Bowing her head down in confusion, she crawled up the path. Their was an unfamiliar and eerie aura surrounding the area. It was of tremendous grief and sorrow, penetrating through her empathetic heart. Tears fell from her eyes. Someone was in grave pain. It was a pain she could relate, and understand entirely. Her sore hands balled up together foolishly slamming against the stones. 70 years since he had disappeared and she still couldn't get a grip. But she didn't feel so isolated at this instance. Someone was reciprocating the longing and distress of missing an integral part of their life.

Her mind was so foggy, and she wasn't positive where she was. She wasn't even sure if this wasn't just a drunken dream. The emotion cloaked over her like a sheet of ice on the road. It was crushing her; it felt false like it could melt away in mere seconds.

But something egged her that it wasn't. Something whispered to her to continue her pitiful crawl up the stone paths. Perhaps she'd be greeted by this person with solemn melancholy.

The cloth on her knees began to wither away. Her palms were stinging and burning. Indiscreet dots of blood littered the gray stones. She was so close to the end of the path before it hooked off to the right. The wind fluttered her clothing, and flickered numerous strands of hair into her eyes and mouth. Her vague tears had dried and were now replaced with a scowl.

Her bleeding palms met varnished wood; steps. Putting one hand over another she dragged herself
up the stairs. Blood had still pooled from her working hands, and the patches of her knees that were now exposed.

Craning her neck she saw the silhouette of man sitting alone in a room lit by one candle. The flame flickered in a blue way. It illuminated the bare room giving it more of a joyous feel rather than the depraved one that loomed in the air.

The man sitting in front of (Name) turned his head to find her bleeding in his door way. Onyx eyes widened, and his mouth parted in objection. "Captain Kuchiki.." She breathed warily.

Her body had felt released from the clutches of the floor. She had stood on shaky knees, fingers entwined in from of her chest clotted by the rusting blood. She bowed her head out of respect and embarrassment. A bit dazed at how she ended up on the Kuchiki clan's property she sighed. "I apologize.." She stuttered face rising a bit to see him still perplexed and bit anxious. A sheen of light sweat coated his face. He looked so disgruntled. Was trespassing on Kuchiki clan property not a commonality around here? She thought.

"Ms. (Name)." He called with irritation. His face in a permanent state of discontentment now. "I don't understand how you arrived here. But it's late, and I can smell the alcohol on you from here. Please leave." He was blunt, and didn't sugar coat that he didn't want someone in the room with him as of now. Albeit he was mildly concerned for the woman; the stench of alcohol was repulsively strong. There was another vulgar scent coating her. He didn't realize it was blood until she taken a few steps forward.

Her hands dropped from her chest. She discarded of her guard, and ignored his request for her to leave. She came all this way to find the source of the wallowing depression. And all this time it had been him. Someone who was always so composed and eloquent was now in a state of disarray and vulnerability.

"Ms. (Name) I suggest you leave now." He didn't raise his voice, but venom was seeping through his tone. She felt a bit hurt at his frigid reactions.

A low groan had fled from his lips. Bewildered she stood on her tipy toes to see over him. "Ms. (Name)!" He had shouted angrily. His patience was thin; he was tired. He was depraved.

In his trembling palms was his erect member, throbbing. (Name) had not receded from him. She felt engaged and enticed. Longing to lust and yearn again. Maybe even connect with someone who could understand what she felt, and how hollow she felt. "Captain Kuchiki.." She whispered taking longer strides. His face was pained. "Are you?" She inquired like a small child crouching beside
him. His raven brows had furrowed. No one had ever seen him this low. It was disgraceful and beyond pathetic for him.

“Lonely...” She mumbled the back of her hand brushing against his. She pressed her fingers into the skin, prying his own hands off of his dick. Her hand had slowly began to pump his shaft, dried blood flaking of her palms. He clenched his teeth in utter disgust. "Ms. (Name) I will not ask again." He pressed, wanting to push her off but he couldn't. He didn't want that. He wanted to be touched again. Byakuya wanted to relish in sinful antics for one night.

Strained moans released from his thin lips. She had kept going, fingers circling over his head already leaking with pre-cum. He cocked his head back forfeiting to the strange woman in his room. (Name) had removed her hand from him. Now scooting in front of him. Her tongue swirled around his head, tasting the noble's bitter pre-cum. It tasted just as antagonizing as she had speculated. She trailed her appendage down the sides his shaft earning more repressed moans from the man. He had never been accustomed to these sorts of endeavors. Hisana rarely ever touched him like this. In fact she was the reason he had been up this late at night.

15 years had washed by like a tempest. 15 years since her death. 15 years since he had last slept with someone, or been intimately touched. And here was this drunk woman who probably couldn't tell her left from right sucking him off. He admitted that he felt ashamed, but also that he was enjoying her avant garde company. Shameful that he was taking advantage of a woman. Even if she had initiated it, she was drunk. Her mind was too scattered to rationalize what she was actually doing.

(Name) opened her mouth wide, taking him in. Her head throbbed, but she wanted to persist. She was struggling with keeping him in her mouth. But had continued to bob up and down anyways. Byakuya being the attentive and observational man he was noticed that she couldn't entirely fit him without gagging. His pale fingers entangled with her messy hair, pulling her. She didn't object to him taking control.

Byakuya had let that charade carry on for awhile before getting selfish. The cock in her mouth was released. Her saliva coated him. (Name's) enlarged eyes glanced up at him in protest. Her palms reached for his thighs not comprehending his actions. "Ms. (Name)." He called out, black eyes gazing through her. "Please strip." He beckoned. His fingers prying at his own top exposing an ordinary chest.

Groggy, she nodded disheveling of her dirtied robes tossing them out of the room and onto the stairs. It didn't occur to her that she didn't hear the thick material colliding with the wood.

Like she always did (Name) chose not to wear a bra for some reason. Her exposed breasts glistened with a light sheet of sweat, lips pursing in a sultry pout. "Captain Kuchiki." She moaned teasingly
rubbing her thighs together and biting her lip like a little vixen. Byakuya had gulped. He couldn't believe himself. It was immoral of him to do this to her and Hisana.

But he was too dissatisfied and upset with life to stop now. He extended his hand to the side of her face, brushing against the cool skin. He had felt a liquid drip on his thumb. A tear.

Being a gentleman he had wiped it away. "Ms. (Name) you shouldn't cry. You brought this upon yourself." He cooed. Her eyes twitched, but she had nodded in agreement. Blaming herself again for being a coy slut.

Byakuya had moved closer to her, gentle palms pressing her shoulders down against the tatami mats. Her bare back felt the coolness of the floor. She squirmed under his grip, sobering up. Her eyes had widened to see him hovering over her. One of his hands had retracted away from her shoulders, and dragged down the curvature of her breasts and stomach. Calloused finger tips drawing indiscriminate circles over her navel, slowly trailing to the hem of her scanty laced panties. He hooked his fingers under the hem, dragging them down her clenched legs. She was dripping. Dripping for someone. Dripping for the action. But she wasn't dripping for him.

Clenching her eyes shut as he entered her she wanted to cry and bury herself in deepest ditch in the Seireitei. He felt so frigid inside of her. And she was so tight being inactive for all of those years that her moronic blonde was gone.

Her back arched against the floor, and he had pressed deeper into her. His long raven locks draped over her chest like a curtain. And just for a second she could pretend that it was Shinji and not Captain Kuchiki.

Cold lips pressed over her trembling ones, smothering her. His smooth hands roaming up and down her shaking body. Little moans vibrated against his mouth. He reveled in her sexual mewls, bucking his flesh against her own. The whole time she kept her eyes closed. Refusing to watch him fuck her body. Tears seeped from her eyes. Byakuya hadn't noticed this time, too enticed in exploring her insides and stroking her outsides.

It wasn't that she didn't enjoy being fucked. But she didn't want to be fucked by him, and her head was throbbing. Her whole day was a regretful mess. His cold hips just kept ramming into her at a boring and basic pass compared to what Shinji did. She could tell he wasn't as experienced and probably a bit inactive himself.

Her warm lips had given in, and pressed back against his icy ones, allowing her hands to rise and drag through the length of his silky tresses. They reminded her so much of Shinji, but it made her
only wish this was over sooner. Sobriety had finally clutched her aching mind. But it was too late.

The pads of her fingers raked over his scalp. All she could do was just pretend.

Being so depraved her stamina had decreased immensely.

He could already feel her walls tightening around him. Her stomach had tingled, and her body released in a glum performance. She removed her hands from his hair, waiting for him to unload into her. And when he did she was worried. Frightened about pregnancy. Especially with a man of his caliber and sophistication. Her life would be over.

His seed spilled over her, and he quickly removed himself from her twitching body. Her chest had risen up and down in uneasy breaths. The waterworks didn't cease. It didn't comfort her either when he had said, "I want you to go now. I can't look at you anymore without wanting to hate myself Ms. (Name.)" That had made her feel so low. As if she weren't even able to be scraped from the bottom of the barrel.

Her sniffling continued but she gathered her sore body to stand. Out of one last act of courtesy and pity he had thrown her his robe that he wore earlier. She graciously accepted, bowing one more time before running out of the room, and off the clan's property.

Chapter End Notes

I don't think I'll have reader have any healthy relationships.. I'm just not very good at writing happy love stories, and besides it's much more exciting to conjure negative aspects. I was going to have the modern time line mixed with this one, but I just didn't think it would have flown with the chapter well. The next chapter will really begin conflict and a growing plot. I hope you all have a lovely rest of the week! Thank you again for reading. <3
I hope this was okay. Thank you for reading it guys. I do apologize in advance for any grammatical errors for I'm still lacking an editor, and I'm terrible at self editing. Once I again I hope you all enjoyed. <3

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