

Giving one last thanks to Yuzu for the dinner she made, Ichigo made his way upstairs, his body feeling sore and stiff. With a tiny gill stabbing him in the heart and now telling the teenager that he had to help wandering souls and the living from these random monsters, he had been dragged from one Hollow Fight to the next.

Locking the door behind him, Ichigo let out a sigh as he finally would be able to rest up a little and... blow off some steam. Closing his window blinds, the orange haired boy sat himself down at his desk and booted up his computer. He didn't usually go to these types of websites, but even with his more mature attitude, Ichigo was still just a ball of teenage hormones, he just found himself cringing at Keigo's unabashed public perversion and bringing up their girl friends in that light.

As he was looking for a video, he chuckled at the memory of Keigo bringing up Rukia. "Like that midget could do anything other than boss people around."

Looking around for his headphones, the substitute Soul Reaper couldn't find them anywhere on his desk or bed. Checking to see if they ended up on top of his clothes, Ichigo opened his closet. Having the headphones kindly placed in his hands before the sliding door gently closed.

Standing there for a moment to process that exchange, Ichigo slammed the closet open once again and was red faced while he tried to keep his family from hearing him shouting at the girl hiding in his closet. "What the hell are you doing inside of my closet?!"

"Well, I can tell you that I'm not masturbating in front of a guest." Rukia held herself with far more arrogance and power than someone who was currently crashing inside of a relative stranger's closet.

"Get out of my room before I kick you out the window!" His blush grew even deeper at her jab. "And you're a home invader more than anything!"

"A home invader that now knows you like 'big butts', 'spanking' an-" She had a stupid smile on her face as she made the usually level-headed man grow closer and closer to dying of embarrassment.

"Stop talking!" Ichigo used his body to block her line of sight to his monitor. "Out! Out! Out!" Grabbing at her, the spiritually sensitive human struggled to get a grip on her with the out of commission soul reaper wriggling in his arms and looking over his shoulder to shout of more tags that she could see under the video.

"Creampie, anal, thick with four C's." She was nearly breaking down with laughter as she made Ichigo experience one of the worst moments of his life.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!" His scream had started out in frustration and embarrassment of Rukia's teasing, but changed tone when, while trying to pick up the annoying midget and walk

her out of his room, the cord to his headphones tripped him up and he fell down on the floor and on top of the dark haired shinigami.

With the universe absolutely against him, Ichigo had fallen down against Rukia, their open and screaming lips now pressed directly against each other's. Not just that, but the substitute's hand had landed on the older spirit's petite chest. Before he could fully understand their new position, the horny teenager had already groped the soul reaper's breast without thinking.

However, instead of a kick to the groin, he received a moan echoing into the surprise lip-lock. Timidly pushing more into the kiss, Ichigo tensed up when he felt Rukia press her thigh against his crotch, but found himself moaning into the kiss too as she rubbed herself softly against him.

Ichigo being a pent-up virgin and Rukia not having gotten any action in the decade she's been a grunt in squad thirteen brewed the perfect storm of lust and desire that sent the two spiraling. Grabbing at the bunny decorated pajama top she wore, Ichigo didn't bother to carefully undo each button, instead he tore it open and made the buttons fly off. Rukia wasn't any better as she destroyed the student's button up shirt, both worked up partners wantingly ran their hands along the other's body to touch and experience more, all while doing their best to kiss. With the orange man having never kissed a girl before, and the dark haired woman only having minor experience in a couple one night stands, both were mostly flying blind.

Still, the two were more than enjoying their time together if their grinding was any indication. By the time they finally separated for air, the two were red faced and gasping. Ichigo grabbed at his pants and had trouble undoing the button with his jittering hands. "Slow down, hot stuff." Rukia chuckled, feeling kiss drunk from such an intense make out. "At least do it on the bed."

"Oh, right." The lucky teen was more than happy enough to pick the small woman up and place her on the bed. Standing up, Ichigo gave up on undoing his pants and just shimmied them off his waist into a heap on the floor with his underwear alongside them.

"Oh." Now it was Rukia's turn. "That's quite a big... *sword*." Despite having her breasts open for him to see and feeling her panties soak through, she still couldn't really believe what was happening.

Swallowing any uncertainty, Rukia turned away from Ichigo, getting on all fours while sticking her butt towards him, her bottom covered in bunny patterned pajama pants as well. Swatting her own ass, the dark haired soul reaper looked over her shoulder with a smirk. "I know how much you like, what was it; 'thicccc butts'?" She made sure to emphasize the 'c's by wiggling her rear while she stretched the sound.

Despite the raging hard on he had, Ichigo still took time to gain a tick of annoyance from her comment. Yanking down the elastic band of the pajamas and panties, the orange haired boy gave her naked ass an extra slap, his cock twitching when he saw how her cheeks clapped and rippled beneath his hands.

When he stopped being mesmerized by the movement of her ass, Ichigo finally realized that his erect shaft was just inches away from his annoying new friend's wet pussy. A lump was in his throat and a heavy blush blasted over his face, his unsteady hands twitched even more in hesitation, capped off with a stupid expression was uncharacteristically painted on his lips.

Rolling her eyes at his first time jitters, Rukia leaned back and pressed her bubble butt against his hot dick, pumping his length between her buns, making him moan deeper than he had in their impromptu make-out. "You've got a girl in your bed for the first time, don't tell me that the big bad Ichigo at school is just a front for the crowd? I guess I should temper my expectations for you." Throughout her teasing she pushed herself more and more against him, her goading ending with her now on her knees, her back pressing against his chest.

His eye twitching at the girl's taunts, Ichigo looked down at the girl in his arms, running his hands up her slim stomach. "Why don't I show you just how big and bad I can get?" He pulled back so his cock could fall off her heavy ass and line up between her legs, the two moaning at their sexes sliding against one another.

Not wasting any more time, Rukia used one hand to line him up while the other gripped the back of Ichigo's head. Letting herself sink down while Ichigo pushed forward, she bit her lip while the pleasure she hadn't felt in ages began to wash over her. Pulling Ichigo against her collar after she started to slowly pump her hips.

Said ball of hormones and angst had never felt sensations anywhere close to this from any time he'd masturbated. His hands were holding onto Rukia's waist while he kissed along her neck, nipping at her earlobes as well during their gentle start.

"Your breasts are so small, they're actually really cute." When he finally didn't feel like he was about to blow up in an instant, the strawberry swordsman took notice of the petite woman's A cups. When Rukia wound up her free arm to elbow the dumbass in the side for saying that, she got stopped short when her body locked up. His surprisingly soft hands grabbed at her chest, leaving her nipples between his fingers that tugged and toyed with them in a way none of her other partners had done before.

With Ichigo's hips starting to pick up the pace, Rukia let her arm drop and her moans escaped into the room. "Fuck, you're not half bad."

His scoff made her ear tickle with how close he was. Instead of voicing his grievances, Ichigo lowered one of his hands to her waist to help keep her steady as he put even more effort in his thrusts.

Following the base instinct shouting at him in the back of his mind, Ichigo bared his teeth and bit down into her soft collar. The mewl that passed Rukia's lips made his cock twitch inside her tight cunt. When he pulled away, there was a red outline of his bite mark marring her dainty pale skin.

Feeling himself wanting even more, Ichigo put his hands below Rukia's thighs and picked her up. Crying out in surprise, Rukia brought her other hand up and held herself against Ichigo's neck. That extra security was a smart move as the now ex-virgin stepped back from the bed and let the soul reaper fall on his cock with her whole body weight.

"Fu~ck~!!!" The dark haired woman felt tears stinging at the side of her eyes from such intense sensations coursing through her body, made all the stronger when the substitute pulled her legs up to be past her head.

At this point, the boy was no better than a Hollow, seeking desperately to satiate his ravenous hunger, using all of his superhuman strength to make the woman in his arms a moaning mess. She had no control anymore in this situation as her own body was used like a sex toy, but that only made the moment hotter as she felt her own climax growing and growing.

Ichigo came first, even with his inhuman stamina, this was still his first time. Proving just how long he had gone without using his right hand for company, his cum pumped into Rukia's fake body in hot and thick ropes. With her cunt being filled with Ichigo's hot cum, the snow user couldn't hold back any longer either as she came too, her tight pussy trying to milk him for everything he could give. Their voices intermingled and bounced off the walls. Their thrusts and hold on one another grew more and more lax until Ichigo set Rukia down on the bed and both parties laid down in a panting, sweaty mess.

"I-ha take it tha-ha-ha I'm a guest now?" Rukia exasperatedly chuckled while sloppily slapping a hand against Ichigo's chest. "Now you ca-ha, can't bother me about your closet."

Ichigo let out a tired laugh as well. "Forget the closet, I don't know if I can let you away from my bed." His hand drifted down her shoulder and onto her chest, circling around her stomach before going down and grabbing a handful of her heavy thighs. "I don't know about you, but I could go for some more."

Her turn to scoff, Rukia rolled her eyes. "If only you had this much enthusiasm when I tried to tell you what a Kido spell was." Though she couldn't stop the smile forming on her face. "... Fine, but I'm on top this time."

Sitting on Ichigo's waist with her butt in full glorious view, Rukia sat herself down on his hard shaft once more and started to ride him in reverse cowgirl.

"God, it's awesome that your fake body can't get pregnant, doing it raw feels incredible." Ichigo grabbed her waist and thumbed her ass.

"... Right... I'm glad that it definitely can't... yup." She would need to remember to call Kisuke in the morning, if she didn't forget to after being launched to cloud nine over and over.