

Red Resurreccion

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Red Resurreccion

by [Kataclysme](#)

Summary

Following the battle of Karakura, Ichigo is exiled from the Soul Society, deprived of his Shinigami powers and his zanpakuto. Plunged into despair, he ends up killing himself. Fortunately, Shiro is there to help him, still hiding in his sick mind, and takes the young man's soul to the Hueco Mundo where he thinks he will find those who will save his King, while in the shadows, the end of the world begins. AizenIchigo, ByaRen, ShinjiKisuke and others to come.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Empty Crown

Losing his powers in the Winter War was terribly painful for Ichigo. Not physically, but mentally. Being forced to return to his quiet life as a Japanese high school student was a constant torment to him. He couldn't even say goodbye to his Shinigamis friends.

The Soul Society and the Council of 46 sent him home as soon as he was able to travel without suffering martyrdom, and Unohana declared that he could bear the journey.

Renji, Nelliel, Rangiku and the others had left his hospital room, wishing him well tomorrow, but when they returned the next day, they had learned that their friend, their savior, the hero of the Winter War, had been transferred to Karakura and deprived of his powers for a reason as crude as it was ridiculous: high treason.

During the final battle, Ichigo collapsed, drained of his blood and energy after all the fighting he had done, and didn't have the strength to deal the fatal blow to his enemy, Sosuke Aizen, who took the opportunity to flee. Shinigamis Ichigo's powers had been sealed, and his Zanpakuto was locked under seal in the military archives of the First Division.

Ichigo knew that without the support of his mentor, Urahara, he wouldn't have kept you as long as he had planned. For the first few months after his exile, he spent all his spare time at the shop, drowning his sorrow in the education and training of his younger sister, Karin, at Shinigami's job. Only the blond pervert could understand how he felt, having been expelled from the Soul Society when he was innocent.

But one day, he had to go back to high school. And just when he was just starting to get better, when his friends and the terribly charming Aizen were occupying a little less of his thoughts, Ichigo sank a little more into what was much more than a little depression. Seeing Inoue, Chad and Ishida walk out of class in the middle of class, knowing that they were going to fight Hollows, that they had contacts with the Soul Society, that they could see Rukia, Renji, and all the others, was just too much.

It was too much for him, who had given everything, and lost everything. It was unbearable for Ichigo, who was carrying the weight of a terrible failure on his shoulders. For the Soul Society, he had killed. The Hollows, at heart, were only human souls who had not been freed from death by the Shinigami. He had killed people. He had blood on his hands, much more than the others.

For the Soul Society, he had killed, broken, destroyed. To save them, he had put aside his worries, he had shattered what was most precious to him: his soul.

The appearance of his Hollow, and his hollowification were no coincidence. It was the Soul Society that had pushed him to such extremes, that had given birth to this monster, this abomination, neither human, nor Hollow, nor Shinigami, that he was. Shirosaki was nothing more than a part of himself, after all. The horrible acts he had committed on behalf of the Soul Society, when he was just a kid who had grown up too fast, had divided his soul, had fragmented it like a mirror that could not bear to be reflected, and had been shattered.

Sometimes he looked up to the sky and wondered why he had fought. Who had he given his soul for? How could he live remembering those he had killed, the mountain of corpses he had left on his road?

How was Ichigo different from Aizen? He had lied to his family, betrayed his own values, sought power to defeat him, broke the rules and laws that were imposed, transgressed all that was sacred, in order to obey the orders of those who eventually banished him.

He had done all this to be abandoned by those to whom he had given everything. And most of all, to be plunged back into a loneliness and despair that he had not known since the death of his mother.

Ulquiorra had thought to bring despair to him when he fought against it. But today, sitting on the edge of his bed, between two and three o'clock in the morning in his sleepy house, in his silent room, with his eyes fixed on that closet where Rukia would probably never take refuge again, Ichigo felt what the rawest and purest despair could be.

He came to envy the Cuarta. Heartless, no feelings. He was envious of Ulquiorra, who had felt nothing when he saw Grimmjow, fatally hit, collapse and bleed to death before his very eyes. He had felt nothing when he learned that all the Espadas who had remained in Hueco Mundo had been defeated. Ulquiorra did not blink when he learned of the death of those who had fought at his side. Aarroniero, Nnoitra, Zommari, Szayel... Four of his brothers-in-arms were dead, he was next to die, and he felt nothing.

Maybe that was his solution.

It wasn't the first time he had considered death as the only way out of the unbearable situation he had been in for months. For someone as desperate as Ichigo, who couldn't get his head out of the water and who felt like a shadow of what he had once been, thinking about killing himself was a daily thing.

All it took was an annoyance, a reflection, a car passing by or the darkness of the night to plunge him back into his thoughts and morbid thoughts. His mind had been slowly dying for weeks, all that was left was his body, his body that was only human, his body that he hated for being so weak in battle, his body that kept working when he should just let go and let go of this shitty life.

He could give it a little push, couldn't he?

Ichigo threw his legs out of bed and quietly went to the bathroom. He walked past his sisters' room, and after hesitating for a few minutes, entered without waking them. He kissed Karin on the forehead, then Yuzu, and just as gently he walked out of the room.

Once his precious medicine had been retrieved from the bathroom, he quickly wrote a note and put it on his bedside table, swallowed the entire packet, and went back to bed. With his eyes turned to the moon, which proudly displayed his first crescent, as a reminder of his stay in the Hollow Kingdom, Ichigo turned to the side and closed his eyes, his painkillers quickly taking effect.

Despite Urahara's unfailing presence and support, despite the attention and support of his family, Ichigo died on June 17, the anniversary of his mother's death, almost a year and a half since the end of the Winter War.

Isshin found his son the next morning, motionless in bed despite the noise in the house. As he entered the room, it only took him a glance to notice that his son was not moving at all, and the presence of the box of medicine and the note on the bedside table.

"Ichigo, no! »

He rushed towards him, taking in his arms the cold body of his eldest son. Isshin collapsed, hugging his son, crying for long minutes, distraught with grief.

A Hollow had taken Masaki from him, and the Soul Society had taken his son from him.

He stroked Ichigo's hair, begged his forgiveness, begged him to wake up, even though he knew it was too late, that his son had been lost since the end of the war, but this time it was a wound he couldn't heal that had taken him.

Alerted by their father's cry and worried that he would not come back down, Karin climbed the stairs to find her father on his knees, clutching Ichigo, inert against him. Unable to perceive his spiritual energy, Karin screamed with grief, joining her father and holding Isshin, mad with grief, against her.

Yuzu, in turn, climbed the steps four by four, trembling to discover a sight she would never have wanted to see. Her father, always so smiling, so strong, so alive, holding her beloved brother against him, cold as the coldest of winters, pale as a ghost, and Karin, the brave, courageous and optimistic Karin, crying and trembling.

She grabbed the landline telephone handset with a fragile hand and dialed the number of the Urahara shop.

Bad Karma

Chapter Notes

Heyyyy its me, back with the second chapter of RR ! Hope u like, it, see you soon with chapter 3

More trouble incoming, next chapter is really sad, u've been warned ;)

He was cold.

He didn't know where he was, but he was cold.

Opening his eyes with difficulty, he saw only... sand? He was lying on sand, the coldest sand he'd ever known.

He straightened up, his stomach grunting as he made him suffer. Half seated, one leg bent and the other extended, he looked around.

There was nothing but a huge white expanse. A sea of immaculate, pure, infinite sand.

Above him, an ink-black sky whose only strangeness was the moon, crescent, ethereal, luminous, as white as the sand that stretched as far as the eye could see.

He growled again.

He had been here before, hadn't he?

With a sharp gesture he threw the long red mane behind his shoulder.

He remembered. It was before the war.

"Welcome home, My King."

Shirosaki stood up, chasing away any sand that might have slipped in, and raised his alabaster face to the black sky.

He had to start hunting. This body had to be nourished with souls, if he wanted his king to be healed.

In the depths of his inner world, protected and watched over by Zangestu, Ichigo's wounded and sickly spirit took refuge. Unconscious in a bed with black sheets, the pallor of his skin and the fire of his hair sharply contrasting with the depth of the color of the bed linen, Ichigo Kurosaki rested, weakened, broken.

It was up to him, his Hollow, to take care of his King, who needed him, needed them, more than ever.

Shiro smiled viciously as he felt the power of his King, his power running through his veins, for the first time in a long time.

He was a Vasto Lorde. He knew how to attract attention. Shiro sneered. It would not take long for the people of Hueco Mundo to realize that a new champion had arrived.

"What's new in the sixth division, Captain Kuchiki? »

The new thirteen captains and their lieutenants met weekly. Everybody hated it, it was horribly boring, and terribly long. Byakuya was about to begin his report on the activities of the sixth division when a noise was heard outside the meeting room.

"But since I'm telling you that you can't come in! It's not possible, wait until the end!
- So what are you going to do, eh? Keep me out? Do you want me to take Benihime out or do you want to push yourself? »

Most of the captains frowned when they recognized the voice of Urahara Kisuke, but before a question could be asked about the rather rare presence of the man in the Seireitei, who despite his right of residence, had never come, and had simply never returned since the end of the war, refusing contact with the Shinigami, the door was brutally opened.

The outrageously dark look and the tears of the terrible and cynical Yoruichi, who never cried, worried everyone in the room.

Had something happened?

"Kisuke, what are you doing here?"

Ukitake had asked the question that burned all his lips, shaken by the sad-looking eyes of his old friend, and the pallor of his face. Kisuke looked lost, angry, shocked, as if he himself didn't believe in what he had come to announce.

"I hope you are happy."

The hatred that could be felt in his words was such that an unpleasant shiver ran down Byakuya's spine.

"What are you talking about, Kisuke-san? What's the matter? »

Rukia's worried look had the merit of softening the scientist's tone a bit. Immediately, his face remembered him and a great pain overcame him, letting him pronounce the words that followed only in a strangled and trembling tone.

"It's Ichigo. »

Rukia's worried look became fearful, and she took a step forward. Yoruichi put a hand on her shoulder, and Kisuke turned his head towards his childhood friend. The sorrow he saw on her face was the last straw and he couldn't hold back his tears any longer. The tears ran down his cheeks in silent sorrow and restraint.

Something had happened, the captains understood. Something extremely serious, so that the exuberant Kisuke Urahara was also... extinguished.

"He..."

His voice broke, forcing him to take a deep breath, before starting again, trying to keep his voice as clear as possible.

"He died yesterday. I got a phone call from his youngest sister, Yuzu. It was his father who found him in his room yesterday morning. He took a heavy dose of medicine during the night. When Isshin found him in the morning, it was... it was already too late. »

The silence in the room was deafening. Rukia felt like her world had just collapsed. She had been struggling for months to find a way to reconnect with Ichigo, and she felt like the sky was falling on her head.

She wanted to believe, she wanted to believe that it was a joke in bad taste, that Kisuke was going to tell her that he'd had them, but the pain on her face, and the sorrow, the sadness, that she could read on Yoruichi's face couldn't be wrong.

"I went to his house with Yoruichi as soon as I heard the news. But his soul... his soul was already gone. »

She was shaken by a hiccup of horror before breaking into tears. Renji immediately took her in his arms, his face dark.

"Ichigo won't come back. Not this time."

Rangiku fell to the ground, unable to stand upright any longer. She had become really attached to Ichigo. He was a brave kid who gave everything to save them. And he killed himself, overcome by despair. Thinking her life was over when it had barely begun was too much for her.

"Ichigo lived through the war badly. But the worst thing was not the fighting, but the loss of his powers, his friends here, and his zanpakuto. At the end of the conflict, you drove him away, you amputated two parts of his soul, and when he needed support, you abandoned him. Isshin, Yoruichi and I fought for months to get him back on his feet. »

He closed his eyes, letting the painful memories of the past few months come back into his mind.

"But what do you want to do for someone who doesn't want to live? Who no longer has anything to live for? His reason for being was to protect those he loved. By depriving him of

his powers, you have deprived him of that. What happened... it was only a matter of time. »

The silence of the room was disturbed only by Rukia's sobs, the others were too stunned to respond or react. Ichigo was the very model of the man who resisted everything, whom despair could never overcome. The fighter that nothing could defeat.

"Ichigo is strong for others, but weak for himself. What you have done, Commander Yamamoto, by opposing the Council of Captains, and exile Ichigo after depriving him of his powers, is to condemn him to death. You condemned him to suffer, again and again for months, sinking day after day. You killed him with your ingratitude and lack of judgment. »

Shuhei, who had been close to Ichigo in the short time he had spent with them here, took Rangiku trembling in his arms, his eyes painfully closed.

"It wasn't his first attempt. What happened to Ichigo is all your fault. Don't think I'll ever forgive you for what happened to him. »

With a voice full of gall, a boundless hatred growing with each of his words, in his chest he spat out his last words to the man he hated the most, in all three worlds, as he turned around and left the room.

"We should have let Aizen destroy this place, and you with it, you old fool. »

Rabbit Hole

Chapter Summary

Chapter focused on the discovery of a new Hollow in the vast Hueco Mundo!
Feat Aizen, Grimmjow, Nel and Ulquiorra.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Master Aizen, my sensors have indicated the presence of a new Vasto Lorde in Caldem Fields.

- Good, Szayel. What can you tell us about it? »

Sitting at the head of the table as usual, Sosuke Aizen brought his cup of tea to his lips. Still alive, and rather fit, he had recovered from his wounds following the battle of Karakura, where the momentary weakness of young Kurosaki had given him enough time to flee.

He had been able to find his castle of Las Noches, and he had fortunately taken precautions, and stored the gasoline for his Espadas in a vault, which, thanks to Hyōgoku which was still in his possession, had allowed him to bring back his generals.

Except for Kaname who had died like an idiot in the middle of the battle, everyone had survived, and Aizen was quietly organizing act 2 of his terrible plan from the Hueco Mundo.

He looked up with brown eyes at the pink-haired scientist, waiting for him to continue.

"This is a very different Vasto Lorde from the ones we are used to have here. Not only is he very clearly humanoid in shape, but he is smarter, faster and more composed than normal. He only targets the Menos Grande, mainly the Adjuchas. I've got pictures of it, would you like them?

- You're welcome to show them. »

The Ochenta nodded his head and lowered his eyes to a sort of tablet that was placed in front of him. He tapped for a few seconds, and the image appeared shaking in the middle of the table, the hologram taking a few moments to stabilize.

In the middle of the table, creating a Cero Oscuro with a snap of his fingers, his beautiful pale face adorned with a twisted smile, half his face hidden by a white mask with red features, his black eyes with amber pupils, and his long and wild red mane, the new Vasto Lorde fascinated immediately.

He looked human. Szayel wasn't lying when he said that he was very different from all those they were used to. This Hollow was quite special, and Ulquiorra's contained and measured

laughter, the one that never laughed, convinced the Espada and Shinigamis that yes, this Vasto Lorde was worth the detour.

"Ulquiorra?"

Nelliel's voice had the merit of refocusing the attention of the Espada who had left on the new Hollow.

"This is not a Vasto Lorde like the others. »

The Cuarta regained his cold and composed attitude in an instant, and the smile that had bloomed on his face frozen like marble died as quickly as it had appeared.

"This Hollow is very different from all those we have known so far, indeed. »

He pointed to the figure that dodged Cero's blows with grace, always smiling.

"He has a name. It's called Shiroasaki, it's a fragment of a Shinigami's soul, and it's none other than Kurosaki Ichigo's Hollow. »

The surprise was so present on his colleagues' faces that Ulquiorra could have laughed about it if the presence of the Hollow of the substitute Shinigami wasn't a demonstration of something serious.

Grimmjow was the first to respond, the horror painting itself on his face.

"Wait, wait, wait. If his Hollow is here, then that means...

- That means Ichi is dead! But how could something like this happen? »

Nelliel shook her head, sad. Ichigo was young, he still had life ahead of him. That he was already dead was a real tragedy. Even if it would allow them to find each other again, she would have wanted him to enjoy his life a little more before returning to the spiritual dimensions.

"I'm going to get him! »

She rose abruptly, scraping her chair on the floor, her hands flat on the table in front of her. Nelliel stared resolutely into Aizen's eyes, determined to win her case.

"Let me go get him, Master Aizen! I know Ichigo, I know what he's like! I can persuade him to join us!

- He would never betray the Shinigamis? ! Have you forgotten that he fought to protect them?"

Yammi answered.

- Never, you say? Then explain to me why his soul hasn't joined the Soul Society? »

Aizen nodded, agreeing with Grimmjow's words.

"Grimmjow is right, Yammi. If Kurosaki's Hollow is here, it can only mean one of two things: either the Soul Society refused to absolve his soul, in which case he no longer has contact with them as we thought, or he deliberately caused his own death. »

The words of the Shinigami hovered in the room in a deafening silence. For Nelliel, who was very attached to the young Shinigami, it was painful to imagine that the red-headed man could put an end to his own life.

She had immediately told Aizen that Ichigo had been expelled from the Soul Society as soon as he was cured, and that his powers and zanpakuto had been taken away from him. So the Espadas knew that Ichigo had been isolated, but being themselves stuck in Hueco Mundo until Szayel could repair his machine to open garganta, they couldn't do much, and more importantly, they hadn't heard from him for quite some time.

"Nelliel, I give you permission to fetch Ichigo. Take Ulquiorra and Grimmjow with you, you can overpower him and bring him here. Use force if necessary. »

Nelliel nodded, giving a Colgate smile to Grimmjow, who replied with another carnivorous smile as he did so well.

"Take him back to Las Noches. Willingly or not. »

Nell did not miss the brand new flame shining in the eyes of their leader. Ooh, so that was it. Somehow, the flamboyant young substitute shinigami had to find grace in the eyes of the most feared shinigami of his generation. And she was curious to see what the story would turn out to be.

Because she read Ichigo like an open book. That flame burning in Sosuke Aizen's brown eyes, she had seen it in her friend's amber eyes.

Interest, curiosity, and surely something else, but not yet very strong, had been born in the minds of the two fighters, and Nelliel could only rejoice in that. If they managed to convince Shirogami to follow them, and Ichigo finally resurfaced, then Aizen, the Hueco Mundo and the Espada could prepare to sink a few happy days.

The meeting was adjourned, and Nelliel, Grimmjow and Ulquiorra met again at the end of it.

"Shall we go?"

The young woman was stomping around. She wanted Ichigo to join them as soon as possible, she had been waiting to see him for almost two years, and it was already too long for her.

"What, now?"

- Of course, now! You have something better to do, maybe? »

Grimmjow shook his head, while Ulquiorra sighed at the impatience of the Tercera. Nevertheless, Nelliel was right. The quicker the better: Every moment Shirogami spent in possession of the red-haired man's body complicated Ichigo's return.

"Let's go now. "

Through the southern gates, those leading to the wide plains of Caldeum, Nell and Grimmjow left a smile on their lips.

From his balcony, Aizen watched his Espada sail into the desert, the wind carrying a great burst of Nell's laughter. Sosuke sighed, resting his elbows on the wrought-iron railing, savoring the breeze that gently swirled his hair. The arrival of Kurosaki was something he hadn't anticipated at all.

In fact, since their Karakura fight, he had completely improvised. He shouldn't have survived the battle. His duel with Ichigo had been intense, magnificent, a lethal dance in which he immersed himself with the greatest of delights, enjoying the attacks, the movements, the flame of will burning in the amber eyes of his opponent, the sound and vibration of their clashing swords.

Sosuke had felt the thrill he had been waiting for all his life, the one that would make him feel truly alive, he had felt it. That all these shenanigans weren't so much to make him the king and god of the Soul Society, but to allow him to find a soul strong enough, fierce enough, honest enough that could resonate with his own.

He would never have thought that this soul would be that of a 17-year-old human, of the shinigami who defied all laws, all rules, Kurosaki Ichigo.

When he saw the joy in the laughter of the Tercera, the reaction of his Sexta, and the attitude that his Cuarta had had, he understood what made Ichigo the perfect soul for him. He was the one who had changed everything, the very spirit of an institution thousands of years old, by the force of his will.

Seeing the patches of color in Grimmjow's hair, Nelliel and Ulquiorra rushing away from the castle with sonidos, Sosuke felt a new thrill: the impatience to count Ichigo in his ranks.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!

This is chapter 3 of RR, I'm so happy with your comments, you give me the strength to write Dantean chapters, I'm so happy to get some feedback ...

I forgot to tell you that each chapter was titled after a song, that I was listening in loop while writing it !

I highly recommend Rabbit Hole, the title of this chapter !

See you soon for the rest ;)

Kataclysm

Way Down We Go

Chapter Summary

A funeral, memories of times gone by and the welcoming of a new Hollow in Las Noches.

Chapter Notes

Hello ? Hehe, I'm really sorry it took me so long to post this chapter, but I wanted to move forward in history and in writing and let's just say my year was complicated, and I had a hell of a blank page syndrome!

Anyway, here's chapter 4, I hope you'll like it!

The title of the chapter is Way down we go, yes yes, like the Kaleo song I listened to over and over for writing it!

Good reading to you and thank you x3000 for all your reviews, they motivate me to write !

"Has everyone been notified?"

- I think so. Not all the captains are coming, though. Byakuya, Toshiro, Jushiro and Zarakia have confirmed they'll be here. Ikkaku, Yumichika, Renji and Rukia will be there too. Rangiku just answered. »

Kisuke laid the sheet with the names of those who came to Ichigo's funeral on it. He had died a few days earlier, and Isshin was so distraught with grief that he himself had begun to make arrangements for his pupil's funeral.

It was too unfair. Ichigo had the right to live, to love, to fight, but not to die so young. The despair he had experienced, when he should have stayed innocent a little longer, made him want to scream. Kisuke wanted to demolish the Soul Society.

Shinji Hirako put his cup of coffee on the table, laying a comforting hand on Kisuke's shoulder.

He had left everything he was doing, and everything he had planned, to return to Karakura as soon as he heard of his young student's death. Shinji had arrived at the Kurosaki house when the house was quiet. It was Kisuke who had opened the door for him, who had decided to stay there until the ceremony had taken place, posing as an unexpected support for Isshin and his two young daughters, who were struggling to cope with the loss.

Their mother, now their older brother?

Shinji shook his head. Isshin had been a wreck since the disappearance of his son. He was trying to stay strong in front of Karin and Yuzu, but he wasn't fooling anyone. Grief had broken his heart, and it showed.

"You should go to sleep, Kisuke. »

The scientist raised his head to the Vizard. Shinji-kun leaned over the table, and gently removed the glasses Kisuke was wearing. He left his hand on his cheek as he put the glasses on the table.

"If you're tired, rest. You're so tired that you'll almost be able to fall asleep during the ceremony tomorrow morning. »

Kisuke stared at his friend. It wasn't the first gesture of tenderness they had towards each other. When they were both Captains, they had shared something. It hadn't lasted long, but Kisuke kept a surprisingly clear memory of Shinji-kun's panting in his neck, the warmth of his body, the scent of his skin.

It had been short, but strong. Burning. And even today, when he looked at the former Fifth Captain, Kisuke had memories of those nights shared together.

"You're right. I know I should sleep, but...
- You're not sure you can, are you? Come on. »

Shinji-kun got up and dragged the former captain of the Twelfth Division by the hand to the sofa bed in the living room, where Kisuke had been sleeping since he had arrived at the Kurosaki's house. He unfolded the sofa bed, quickly laid out sheets and then sat the blond man on the edge of the bed.

"But what the hell...? »

The Vizard smiles gently at him, removing his green haori and gently undoing his kimono, letting the fabric slide against his skin along with his fingers, causing Kisuke to shiver. He untied his tie and threw it on a chair nearby, and removed the buttons from his shirt, letting it slide on the floor.

"You need sleep, and you can't do it alone. I'll sleep with you. »

Kisuke looked at his friend in amazement. He knew Shinji-kun was caring, but not that caring. He opened his mouth like a fish out of water when he saw the blond man spread his legs and fall to his knees in front of him.

"Shinji, what are you -
- Shh. Let it be, Kisuke. »

The Vizard gently unfastened the buckle on the scientist's belt, his eyes never leaving his. Kisuke was hot, Shinji's fingers on his skin were burning, and he held back a groan as he put his hand on his outstretched sex.

"Shinji-kun..."

He smiled at her, massaging her erection, pushing Kisuke with one hand to lie down on the bed, climbing between her legs and smiling tenderly. After several minutes of this treatment, which forced Kisuke to bite his lips so as not to make too much noise, Shinji decided to slip his fingers into his underpants.

Kisuke let out a meow as the blond man ran his tongue over his tail and then took it in his mouth. Rare are the moments when Urahara lost his footing, but when the Shinigami he'd been watching for a hundred years sucked him like that, as if having his dick in his mouth was a gift, then he lost all sense of restraint.

His hand slipped on the Vizard's cheek to get lost in his blond hair as he tried to accentuate the contact. Shinji sucked him, turning his tongue with an almost religious application, savoring the spectacle of seeing the indomitable Urahara subjected to his caresses, abandoning himself to the pleasure he gave him.

"Shinji, I'm going to...! »

He bent over, throwing his head back, grabbing the sheets and moaning dully as he released himself into Shinji's mouth, who swallowed with his eyes closed. He freed his cock by licking his lips, climbing up on the bed and overhanging Kisuke whose blurred eyes of desire and remnants of his orgasm stared at him, trying to catch his breath, still trembling with the pleasure he had just reached.

"Beautiful..."

Kisuke fluttered his eyes, surprised, but he didn't have time to react as he found himself under the sheets, lying on his side, Shinji facing him.

The leader of the Vizard's passed a hand on his cheek and yawned.

"Sleep. I won't leave, I promise."

Kisuke would have liked to defend himself that he didn't need anyone, that he could sleep alone and that everything was fine, but who would convince him? Shinji could read him like an open book, and he had to admit that he needed comfort and companionship before the horrible day they would face tomorrow.

He smiled at Shinji-kun, and moved closer to him.

"Thank you," he said.

The blond man put an arm around his waist, bringing him closer, frankly grunting, already asleep despite his erection which was still there. Kisuke smiled, his nose in Shinji's short blond hair, their legs so well intertwined that he could feel that what had just happened didn't leave Shinji out of marble, that maybe something was possible between them, and let himself be carried away by the rhythm of his breathing, finally falling asleep.

When he woke up the next morning, he was alone, and the sheets were still warm from the Vizard's presence. The room was bathed in the soft morning light, and he stood up, leaning on one elbow.

"Hey, did you sleep well?"

Kisuke turned his sleepy head to Shinji-kun, already showered and dressed in his black costume for this morning's ceremony. The first thing he thought was that the costumes were definitely something that undeniably highlighted Shinji's slender body.

"Yes, but tell me, what time is it?"

- Nearly 9:00. You still have time before you start being late. »

Shinji-kun smiles, handing him a steaming cup of tea. Kisuke sits down in his suit, his face still marked by sleep, and quietly drinks his tea. Karin and Yuzu soon got up and had breakfast together on the unfolded sofa bed.

Isshin came downstairs later, his face marked by sadness and tiredness, but this beautiful painting brought a smile to his face.

They all got ready on their own, silent, and the more time passed the more Kisuke felt like crying. When they got into the car to go to church, it was so quiet that he felt like he was suffocating.

Isshin, Karin and Yuzu were left for a few moments in the room where Ichigo's black wooden coffin was standing, so that his family could say their last farewell in private, in peace and quiet.

The ceremony began at 11:00 a.m., when everyone had arrived.

The flowers were placed around the still open casket of the young man, and when it was time to give the eulogy, the emotion was terrible. Isshin had the honor to begin, but it was almost impossible for him to speak. Sorrow gripped his throat, and to think that it was for his son that he was there, that he was speaking, that it was to his child that he was saying goodbye, was almost unbearable.

If Masaki's death had broken his heart, Ichigo's death had ripped out the little pieces that were left.

Karin praised him, describing Ichigo to everyone in a way that few of them knew: that of an older brother who was a real support, a pillar, who would stop at nothing to make his family happy, a good guy, really funny, and so much smarter than he let on. Yuzu took her in his arms, consoling her, and then spoke up.

Kisuke shook Shinji's hand in his, foolishly trying to hold back tears that were inevitable.

He had the misfortune of looking at the audience, and that's probably what ruined his attempts to remain proud. Rukia sobbed in Renji's arms, who held her gently against him, looking straight ahead, his eyes misty.

Byakuya's jaw was clenched, for noble as he was, he had become attached to the substitute Shinigami.

How could he not become attached to him?

Yachiru cried on the shoulder of a Zarakai whose eyes shone with sadness. Matsumoto could hardly hold back his tears as his captain passed a comforting hand behind his back, letting his grief show.

The ceremony ended, everyone was allowed to say a word to the deceased, and the coffin was closed.

This ebony coffin would be the final resting place of Ichigo, who had been dressed in a dark suit and buried with his Shinigami badge.

On the Kurosaki's family vault was inscribed the young man's name, below his mother's name.

"Kurosaki Ichigo, a beloved brother, a beloved friend, a devoted man. »

"Here we are. Szayel's sensors indicate Shiro's reiatsu is nearby. »

Ulquiorra raised his head to his companions. Between Nell glaring euphorically in all directions and Grimmjow almost stamping his feet in anticipation, it was time for them to get their hands on the Hollow they longed for.

An explosion, not far from them, violent enough to echo all the way to Las Noches, which was far away, and to make the ground tremble, caught their attention. Grimmjow had a predatory smile on his face as he laid his hand on Panthera's handle.

"It's definitely him. »

Nell nodded and they rushed to the source of so much disorder. At last. It was the moment of truth, and the three Espada were ready to fight, ready to fight to bring Shiro'saki, and by extension Ichigo, back to Las Noches.

Indeed, at the sight of the long red hair and the mask of the Hollow, it became certain that it was Shiro'saki who was making this monster mess on the sandy plains of Hueco Mundo.

The Vasto Lorde was fighting against Adjuchas who were obviously a bit too greedy for their own good, as they were literally being slaughtered by the redhead.

"Shiro'saki! »

Nell shouted her name, loud enough for The Hollow to turn around, a twisted smile on her face half visible.

Her gaze fixed on the Tercera for a few seconds, before slipping on Grimmjow who was next to her, and then on Ulquiorra. The Hollow's smile grew stronger as he recognized those whose help he had come to when he disembarked at Hueco Mundo.

With a wave of his hand, a Getsuga Tensho finished off the Adjuchas who were still standing, and he joined the three Espadas with a great leap.

"But say, aren't they my King's friends?

- His friends? »

Shirosaki raised an eyebrow at the surprise on Ulquiorra's face.

"But yes, Cuarta, his friends. Little Nell, she's been in his heart for a long time. They fought against formidable enemies to protect each other, after all. »

He left in a great burst of crazy laughter, under the predatory gaze of Grimmjow, who was looking forward to some challenge and novelty in the person of Shiro, and the more tender gaze of Nelliel, who had no idea that Ichigo considered her a friend. Yes, he had protected her, but Ichigo protected everyone. Knowing that she had this special place in the young man's heart touched her.

"No one ever considered me his friend...

- You two may have fought him," Shirosaki replied, pointing to Grimmjow and Ulquiorra, "but Ichigo still cared about you. You, the Sexta, were one of his greatest challenges. It was to defeat you that my King finally accepted my existence. It was your influence that allowed him to accept himself as he is. »

A silence greeted his words. If it hadn't been easy for them to survive, in the Hueco Mundo, at least they didn't have the problem of accepting their evolution. Becoming a Menos Grande, a Gillian then an Adjuchas, and finally being chosen to become an Arrancar, was something that all Hollows who had enough conscience to think about.

Ichigo was a human who had been transformed into a Shinigami and whose Hollow had awakened. Nothing that he hadn't wanted, after all. No other Shinigami in the Soul Society had Hollow in him, and if Hirako and the Vizards hadn't come to meet him, things could have gone badly wrong for him.

"As for you, Ulquiorra, it's a bit thanks to you that I'm here. If you hadn't pushed Ichi to the limit, if you hadn't forced him to give me absolute control over his body and powers, I probably wouldn't have been as strong to save his soul as I was in bringing him here. »

Shirosaki shrugged his shoulders. He was only expressing the emotions his King was feeling in his grief-stricken little heart.

"Are we going to be here long, or are you going to show me where it is, Las Noches? »

Nell nodded her head, grabbing Shirosaki's arm to show him the direction by babbling happily. She knew there would be no need to fight. Shirosaki was a part of Ichigo, and surely the young man was tired of fighting the war that had ended so badly for him.

Ulquiorra used his pager to quickly send a message to Szayel, telling him that they had Shirosaki and were heading back to the palace.

"Tell me. Your master, Aizen. Is he still alive? »

Nell raised an intrigued eyebrow, and continued to ring the bell all the way to Las Noches. Grimmjow gave Ulquiorra a worried look, and Ulquiorra responded with a raised eyebrow.

"I hope for your sake that he's still alive. Otherwise I don't know who can help my King.
- Wait, you need Master Aizen's help?"

Shirosaki nodded, looking lost in the sandy horizon of Hueco Mundo. He absolutely needed the Brown Shinigami to be alive. Ichigo thought about him all the time. Since the end of the war, Sosuke Aizen was in his King's thoughts all the time.

Not in warlike thoughts. But thoughts that he was ashamed of, that he didn't tell anyone about, because he couldn't bear to feel such a strong attraction for the one who was his mortal enemy, who had endangered the Soul Society, almost killed his friends, kidnapped his childhood friend. But what could he do? His heart had its reasons, and even though Aizen was the big villain in the whole story, he had been honest with him from the very first second, right up to the very end.

"Yeah. I don't know why, but Ichi's just thinking about him. Not even to kick his ass, anyway.
»

Nell and Grimmjow glanced at each other in collusion. Oh, if things looked like that, then it was going to be a hell of a mess in the Palace of Las Noches for the next few days. They were so looking forward to it! It was... unhoped-for.

"This is it. »

In front of them, the great south gate of the Palace of Las Noches. All in white stone, immense and magnificent, covered with engravings in an oriental style, the door was open to the welcoming committee.

Nelliel let go of Shiro's arm as they walked into the palace. No one answered Shirosaki's question about whether or not Aizen was alive, as the situation did. A little further back, in the great hall before the door, Szayel waited, his tablet in hand, pianoting his experiments in his lab from where he was, in the company of Menolli, who cast a loving glance at his master, Aizen, who stood there with a charming smile on his lips.

"Welcome to Las Noches, Shirosaki. Welcome home. »

They had done it. They were going to pull off the greatest tour de force in the history of Spiritual Wars. They were going to bring Kurosaki Ichigo, his immense power, loyalty, and beautiful amber eyes to their cause.

Bury me Low

Chapter Summary

Grief, the land of the lost and the found, and new enemies slithering in the dark.

Chapter Notes

Yup, that's me, updating this fic after forever, yeah
I know, I just ... lost inspiration. Sorry guys.
Thank my amazing boyfriend who got me back on track!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Renji had been standing in front of Ichigo's grave for hours. That was the impression Byakuya had had when he had found his vice-captain frozen and more motionless than the gray stone statues that adorned the nearby vaults.

The rain did not stream down on him poetically like in a movie, but the sky was gray covered by heavy black clouds and Byakuya had no doubt that a violent storm was coming.

The young man was standing in front of the grave of his friend, the one who had first been his mortal enemy before becoming one of his closest friends as if he was as dead as the redhead. The red hair that Byakuya loved so much was waving, but the rest of his body was perfectly still.

Byakuya stepped forward, unsure of what to do.

"Renji, we have to go. "

He got no reaction, so he decided to move closer to his vice-captain and placed a hesitant hand on his shoulder.

"What should I do? "

Renji turned his head towards Byakuya who felt as if his heart was flying out of his chest, seeing the fragility in the yet still confident look of his vice-captain. Renji was a beacon in the night, for the shinigamis. Impulsive and emotional, yes, but that was part of his strength. His unconditional sense of duty, of his heart and honor, and his hope for victory had forged his convictions and his fights for a long time. To see the intense distress in his grey, extinguished eyes, the sadness, was something Byakuya would never have wanted to see in him.

Not knowing what to do, he grabbed him by the arm and pulled him to him, hugging him.

"What should I do, now that he's gone? "

Byakuya hugged Renji tighter against him, still silent but hoping to bring him comfort in this gesture that he was unable to verbalize.

Hiding his face in his captain's shoulder, breathing in his intoxicating scent of metal and cherry blossoms, Renji closed his eyes and let the grief overwhelm him. Since the news of Ichigo's death, he had been holding back, but this was just too much for him. His legs gave out on him as he began to sob, and Byakuya who was still holding him in his arms went along with it, leaving them both kneeling in the cemetery, Renji crying his eyes out as his captain ran a hand through his hair.

Byakuya was not good at comforting people. He was not known for his tact and talent for socializing or another social discipline. But Renji was something else.

He was his vice-captain, the one who had never let him down or betrayed him, the one who had done everything to live up to his expectations without ever realizing that he had surpassed them, and the one he was madly in love with, he who thought he would never love again after Hisana.

He closed his eyes, gently cradling Renji, letting him cry with all his strength for the loss of his friend, on his knees in a windy cemetery.

Shirosaki entered the palace like a prince in his ministry. Nelliel, Grimmjow and Ulquiorra on his heels, he scanned Aizen, still a little suspicious. Okay, maybe his king had fallen in love with this despot, but that was no reason to trust him, just like that, right away.

It's not like in their mental world, Ichigo just reacted to Aizen's presence. Lying in a bed with black silk sheets, the Shinigami had grunted and pronounced his name, under the surprised look of Zangestu.

Damn, that was a good start to the story.

"Welcome to Las Noches, Shirosaki. "

Aizen bowed his head politely, or at least as politely as the big bad, self-proclaimed despot of the Hollow world could.

Shirosaki looked around, curious. It would seem that the palace had undergone some changes since he and his King had last been here, and he was not unhappy about that.

"Nelliel will show you to your quarters, and I'll join you later to discuss our... common interests. "

Shirosaki nodded as Nell grabbed him by the arm to pull him into the corridors of Las Noches.

He was rather proud of his move, he had to admit. Ichigo may have lost his Shinigami powers, and especially his ability to see souls, ghosts, and perceive spiritual energies, but Shiroaki and Zangestu had not disappeared.

Hidden in the depths of the redhead's mind, they had desperately tried to get in touch with their King, and this for months, every day. But nothing could be done, their King was deaf to their calls, and the link between them seemed broken. Shiro and Zangestu could hear Ichigo calling them, wanting to talk to them, but no matter what they did, no matter what they said, their lord could not hear.

It was horrible for the Hollow to feel so helpless in front of the despair of the one he had supported for so long. Ichigo's inner world had been in ruins for months, just like his mental state. The rain had fallen for ages, almost drowning them. Shiro and Zangestu had seen the water level rise dangerously, and one day the world had turned upside down. Ichigo got better, or at least he did for a while. Kishime Urahara was good enough as a mentor to bring the water level down, and a few days later the rain came down again.

This time, there was nothing they could do to prevent Ichigo from committing the inevitable. By the look in the redhead's eyes, Shiro and Zangestu knew that Kishime knew. Like them, he knew that a tragedy was coming, that it was only a matter of time, and that there was nothing they could do to stop Ichigo from harming himself.

The moment Shiro felt Ichigo kill himself, the moment his soul left his body, he stepped into the breach his action had created and took control.

It took a tiny second, a moment of nothing at all, for him to completely overpower his King, and regain control over their shared body.

Less than a second later, he had opened a Garganta and carried the redhead into the white deserts of the Hueco Mundo.

"Shiro?"

The Vasto Lorde turned his head to Nell, who seemed to have been calling him for a few minutes already, obviously worried.

"Yeah.

- Are you okay?

- Yeah. Yeah, now that I'm here, I'm fine. "

Nell nodded and led him through the white corridors of Las Noches Palace, still holding his arm.

She had so many questions, but she didn't know where to start.

"I'm so relieved, Shiro. Ichigo is lucky to have you, I don't know how we would have done without you. "

Shirosaki frowned, a little doubtful. Most of the time, this wasn't the kind of comment he got.

"I'm not sure. I don't think Ichi's too happy to have me, you know. I've made his life miserable anyway, because of my appearance he's been lonely, and he'll never have the respect of the other Shinigami since he's half Hollow. "

Ichigo had suffered so much when he realized that something was wrong with him. When he had met Hirako and the Vizard, he had suffered a little. But learning during his training that the Vizards were Shinigami who had been exiled from the Soul Society because of their inner Hollow, it had really struck a blow to his heart.

He may have saved Rukia, the world, and all his friends, but Ichigo was still an 18-year-old who had never gotten over the death of his mother, and who was emotionally unstable. You had to be unstable to fall in love with a crazy person like Aizen.

What was even his age, now? Will he be 18 years old forever?

"And I, for one, think you're wrong. "

Nelliel paused, her face suddenly serious.

"You are a part of him. I don't know if you're his shadow side, his dark side, whatever he's repressed deep inside, but you're a part of Ichigo. You were there when he needed you in battle, you were there when he doubted his power, you were there when he needed someone to lean on, you were there to help him when he was at his wits end, you were there to save his life. Ichigo owes you a lot, and he will realize it. You are two sides of the same coin, you and he. The shadow, and the light. "

She smiled softly at him, amused by the Hollow's surprised look.

"Without the darkness you embody, his light could never have been so strong. If you hadn't been there to darken the line, to shade it, then he could never have transformed as he did. It's strange, but it was your presence that reminded him of the most important thing in all this.

- Oh yeah? What?

- That he's still human despite everything, and that he'll never be alone. Even though he couldn't talk to you anymore, he knew that you and Zangestu were still there. You have been his pillars all along his path as a Shinigami. "

She walked forward a few feet, before turning and giving him a dazzling smile of joy.

"And without you, Ichi and I wouldn't have met. He wouldn't have made friends even among his enemies. Ulquiorra would still be the same emotionless being, Grimm would still be crazy for fighting and Nnoitra arrogant. And you wouldn't be here, in this hallway, at the dawn of your new life. "

Shiro couldn't move. Those were the kindest words anyone had ever said to him in his life. People were nice to Ichigo, but not to him, the monster. For the first time in his life, someone was nice to him.

It was the best and most terrifying feeling in the world, to feel his chest warm under Nell's words, to know that here, in this strange refuge, full of renegade Shinigami and desperate Hollows, completely out of time, with people he had once fought, tried to kill, and who had tried to kill him, he would find peace.

Maybe he had found his place, finally.

"Check again. It's just not possible. My instruments can't be wrong. "

Akon nodded, unwilling to anger Captain Kurotsuchi, and turned his attention back to the machines.

He returned to his superior a few minutes later, a spreadsheet in his hand.

"Your measuring instruments are not wrong, Captain. The results are definite. "

Mayuri grabbed the sheet, Nemu leaning over his shoulder, curious. He scanned the results with his eyes, concerned.

"Shit. "

Akon frowned. The captain swearing was as rare as seeing Byakuya Kuchiki drunk. In other words, it never happened. And when it did happen, it was a very bad sign.

"Do we have any footage?

- No, the cameras were on standby for the monthly test when it happened.
- Double the cameras. I want every moment of the Seireitei's life recorded, every minute, every movement. I want to see everything, know everything. "

Akon nodded, exchanging a worried look with Nemu.

"Shall I notify Captains Soi Fon and Yamamoto, Captain Kurotsuchi? "

Mayuri took off his glasses, sighing. The numbers on the paper? Mind-boggling. Not even the battles Gotei 13 had fought against Aizen and his army had yielded this much reiatsu. What he read on the spreadsheet of his measuring and monitoring devices was beautiful, but completely terrifying. The substitute Shinigami wasn't there to help them now, and the Soul Society's enemies had seen it.

"Absolutely not. Whatever was said in this office stays in this office. No one should know about what's going on until we're sure what we're up against. We can't afford to let panic spread through the ranks of the divisions. Gotei 13 is still weakened by the fighting in Karakura. "

The third seat saluted, then walked out of the office, as Mayuri put the paper back on his work table.

"Father? What is waiting for us?

- I don't know yet, Nemu. But it will be worse than anything we've faced so far. I don't know

if the Soul Society will emerge victorious from this fight. "

Dark days lay ahead for the Seireitei, and Mayuri was almost certain of only one thing: the coming war would sign the end of an era, the real question was whose one.

Chapter End Notes

Im very tired and yes chapter 6 is also finished but I will edit it tomorrow morning
please leave kudos and comment if you like the story, y'all have no idea how motivating
it is
yall can follow me here I post updates about my fics [@agaashi_koutaro](#)

see ya soon
Leo

Far from the Sun

Chapter Summary

Cloud gathering at the horizon, Espada Team bonding and welcoming their new member.

Chapter Notes

As promised yesterday evening, Chapter 6 edited and fresh!

Chapter 7 might be up today or before the end of the week.

I would really like to go back to my old publication rhythm, one chapter every Friday, or maybe Wednesday? i don't know yet

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Convene the council. We must act while they are weakened. "

The servant bowed and left the room. He walked quickly through the halls, anxious to fulfill his master's will as quickly as possible. Oh, the master was good, he never punished him. But he just wanted the council to meet quickly.

The sooner the decision was made, the sooner the army would be on its way. Soon, humanity, the Shinigamis, the Hollows, and their bastard spawn would be a bad memory.

Soon. It was only a matter of time.

Strolling through the gardens, he smiled. Soon. They had waited for millennia. A few more minutes wouldn't kill them.

Soon.

"Should I change? "

He turned his head toward Nell, doubtful. He was already all white, whiter than white. If he had to wear a white uniform on top of that, he wouldn't even be seen in the halls of the castle anymore.

"That's not necessary. "

Shiro and Nell turned as one to the voice that had interrupted them. Leaning against the doorframe, a charming smile floating on his lips, arms crossed, and still glaring, Aizen stood at the entrance to the room.

"You don't have to change.
- All right. "

Aizen let out a small laugh, as he straightened up and entered the room. It was rather large, with a fairly high French window, a double bed, rugs that covered the cold floor, a closet, a bookcase, and a glass door that led to a fully equipped bathroom.

Nell greeted Aizen, winked at Shiro with absolute subtlety before slipping away, closing the door behind her.

Aizen walked over to the small kitchen area and began to make tea, with an Olympian calm.

"What brings you to my humble abode, Shirosaki Hichigo? "

He placed the teapot and the two cups of tea on the coffee table, inviting Shiro to sit across from him.

"Don't ask questions you already know the answer to, Playboy. It's not polite. "

Aizen laughed softly, bringing his tea to his lips. He blew on it, detailing the Hollow.

"Ichi was going to die. I took control and brought him here, to the only place where he would be safe. "

Shiro took a sip of tea, returning his curious gaze to Aizen.

"What makes you think I'll help you? "

Shiro chuckled, mocking. Aizen was really equal to himself, with his manipulations and his innuendos. But that was his charm, in the eyes of his King, after all.

"Come on, Playboy. Don't make me think you're not interested in my King. I saw the way you looked at him during the fight. He may be blind, but I'm not. You're going to help me because you want to, aren't you? "

He took a sip of tea, and smirked.

"My King is the only one you've ever fooled, the only one who's managed to defeat you. Your alter ego. That's why you want him. "

A dangerous glint had lit up in Aizen's brown eyes, and he did not say or do anything to contradict what Shiro had said. He was right anyway.

Aizen took a sip of his tea, calm. The Hollow had seen right. He had found in Ichigo the person who could defeat him, his alter ego. Tia said that they were two halves of the same soul, that this was why their fights were always so beautiful, so flamboyant.

Ichigo had caught Aizen's eye for a long time. He was supposed to be just another experiment among many others, but the person he was had awakened in the cold calculator that he was something new.

The redhead never gave up, never gave up, never made calculations, acted in the interest of others before his own, never wondering how many laws, rules or prohibitions he would break by acting. He had rushed to cross swords with him to protect Rukia, despite all the fighting he had just done. He had transcended himself just to defeat him.

So much effort on Ichigo's part to outdo him, it was something he had loved. The ferocity of the young man, his savagery at times, the fierce look in his eyes as he fought, all of it had made his heart yearn.

It was crazy, and new for him. Aizen had already felt desire, purely carnal, when he was in the Soul Society. Shinigamis used to fight to share his bed, back in the days of the Academy and his Captaincy.

But the one he felt for Ichigo was completely new, completely unprecedented. Stronger, hotter. He didn't just want the redhead's body, he wanted all of him. His body, his heart, his soul. He wanted everything from him, and never let him leave the Hueco Mundo.

And now the Hollow of the being he desired with a power he didn't even know he had was standing in front of him and asking for help.

Aizen was selfish. Of course he was going to help Shiroaki bring Ichigo back.

"The Hyōgoku should be ready soon, now. "

He set his half-drunk cup of tea on the table, standing up. Shiro followed suit, as they left the room.

"Why the Hueco Mundo? Why not the Seireitei?"

Shiro sighed as he walked alongside Aizen down the hallways.

"They abandoned it at the end of the War. As soon as they saw that he didn't have time to finish you off, they took Zangestu, and they banished him, taking away powers. I think it broke his heart. He didn't have time to say goodbye to anyone. It was Urahara who tried to deal with it as best he could, but how could he return to a normal human life after the life he had lived?"

Shiroaki shook his head, disillusioned, under Aizen's watchful gaze.

"We knew it would end badly. The proof is that he was so desperate that he ended up killing himself. They should have taken his memories along with it's power, instead of letting him torture himself. He thought about it all the time. The fighting. You. Then Rukia, Renji, his friends who kept fighting the Hollows, but without him. That's what destroyed him. The memories. "

Aizen nodded, before resuming.

"You say he was thinking about me, I imagine it was to regret not finishing me off.
- No, not really. "

The rebel shinigami raised an eyebrow, curious.

"He was... he was always thinking about what you told him. About who his friends were. About how he was being used. He cursed himself for days for not listening to you. He finally realized that of all the people he knew with Soul Society, you were the only one who never lied to him. "

Aizen slowed his pace as they approached the Hyōgoku hall. This was perhaps the first time in his entire life that someone had told him that he was touched because he had said. To learn that he had occupied Ichigo's mind, that the young Vizard had never forgotten what he had told him about trust, and that his Hollow, his terrifying, fierce Hollow had trusted him enough to take his King into his domain, it clenched his heart. People didn't trust him: they distrusted him, they feared him, but never trusted him so much that they put their lives in his hands.

He knew there was something else, and he wanted to know. He had to know.

"Most of the time, that was what he was thinking about. The rest, he was more ... You never left his thoughts, actually. What hurt him, in losing his powers, was knowing he could never see you again. And he fucking wanted to. Ichigo was... You were very important to him. "

The brunette felt his chest grow warm.

It seemed that luck was smiling on him. Maybe there was a chance that this desire he felt would be shared. And if not, well he was Aizen Sosuke, he would know how to seduce the fierce Ichigo.

Shirosaki spoke again, before Aizen opened the door.

"That's why I brought him to you. He says your name in his sleep. He thinks of you constantly. You are the one who can cure him, who will allow him to take revenge on those bastards of Gotei 13. Don't disappoint me, or I swear you'll have a hard time. "

Aizen smirked before turning back to Shiro. In one swift and precise motion, he let go of the door handle and grabbed the Hollow's arm, sliding it next to the door and pinning it between the wall and his own body.

His eternal smirk on his lips, his hand resting on Shiro's hip as he held his breath, he moved his other hand up the Hollow's arm, letting his fingertips graze his skin.

Aizen was pleased to feel the tension in Shiro's muscles, the way he was holding his breath, and didn't miss the slight moan that escaped the Hollow when he felt the warm breath of the master of the Hueco Mundo on his neck. The brunette moved forward a few inches, almost pressing his body against the Hollow's, smiling softly.

"Don't worry, Shiro. I'll be able to take care of your King. "

Aizen backed away slowly, time to recompose his attitude. Though he showed it a thousand times less than the sanguine Hollow, the closeness had affected him.

At the same time, it was understandable. For almost 20 years, he had watched over Ichigo, laid his pitfalls in his path when he needed stimulation, friends when he needed support, and trials when he needed to grow. Ichigo was his work, his masterpiece even, and no doubt, once he joined the ranks of Las Noches, his greatest achievement.

Shiro grunted before running a hand over his face and huffing, as Aizen opened the door to the Hyōgoku room.

Around the glass cage that would soon house Shirogaki, the Espadas stood, some still serious, and others completely impatient. Nelliel's joy and Grimmjow and Nnoitra's impatience were almost palpable.

Szayel smiled softly as he and Gin prepared the transformation strips, while Aizen and Shiro entered the room.

Nelliel flashed them a perfectly bright smile.

"It is time for us to have a new Espada in our ranks. My friends, for those of you who did not follow this morning's meeting, I present to you Shirogaki Hichigo. "

The Vasto Lorde gave them a small wave of his hand, more busy trying to figure out how the King of the Hueco Mundo was going to get his King back than saying hello to his new little future comrades.

Aizen approached a slab from which a sort of transparent glass tube was protruding, and at the top of it was a shiny, smooth, luminous black ball enclosed in a strange prism.

"Shirogaki, we will wrap you in these strips, and I will use the Hyōgoku on you. The process should allow Kurosaki-kun to return to us, and you should merge. "

Shiro frowned. He and Ichi were already two sides of the same coin, how could they merge any more than that?

"The purpose of this maneuver is for you and Ichigo to become one. For now, you are two. You are part of his soul, but you are still a separate being from him. Are you willing to step aside for your king?"

Shiro didn't even need time to think of his answer. He had immediately taken control by sensing that his King was dying, he had taken him to another dimension for the sole purpose of saving him, so he could well go through with it, and step aside for Ichigo to be reborn.

"Of course. Shall we start, or shall we? "

Aizen smiled, nodding to Szayel and Gin who immediately began to wrap the strange cloth strips around the Hollow's arms and legs. Once they were done, Shiro knelt down in the glass cube which closed around him.

As soon as Shiro was positioned in the cube, it closed and the bands tightened around him, holding him in a vise that was neither too tight nor too loose. One of the strips of fabric mysteriously wrapped around his neck, then his face, before finally covering his eyes.

Once in the dark, Shiro kept his breathing calm as the strips stopped moving.

The pain, burning, sharp, that twisted his senses, came all at once, perfectly brutal and rather unexpected. He clenched his teeth and painfully closed his eyes, while the pain intensified.

Damn, he knew pain! Every time Ichigo got hurt in a fight, he felt the stinging pain of the sword strokes in his king's flesh, the burning of the Cero and other attacks. But this pain, it inflamed every nerve in his body, every little bit of his body hurt so much that he wanted to scream, and the only thing that stopped him from screaming until his vocal cords bled was that he fell into unconsciousness.

Where am I?

Around him, nothingness. Everything was black, dark, cold and he was terribly alone in this empty immensity.

What had happened?

He opened his eyes, lost. The last thing he remembered was his room in Karakura.

How did I get there?

Ichigo carefully moved every limb of his body, worried that he didn't know where he was or what his condition was.

Did I die?

A strange golden ball, bright and shimmering, floated before him.

"Welcome, Kurosaki Ichigo. "

The redhead frowned, eyeing the strange sphere warily.

"No, you're not dead, to answer your legitimate question. But the time for explanations has

not yet come for you. And I'm not here to explain what's happening to you. "

Was the golden ball talking to him? It was definitely one of the strangest things he had ever seen in his life.

"You are here because it is time for you to choose. Your life has been preserved once, by the intervention of those who want you to live on. Now the choice is yours. It is up to you to choose whether you want to live, in this desert world with those who took you in despite your difficult past, or to die. "

If that was possible, Ichigo frowned a little more before letting amazement paint itself on his face. His life had been saved. Former enemies welcoming him. A desert world.

The light went on in his mind in a second, and a mixture of very different emotions invaded him. The shame of not having succeeded in dying, of not being able to do, of failing even his suicide. The incomprehension, then. Why save him? He had no more power and was no longer good for anything!

Pause, and reread. The golden ball had just said desert world?

"Excuse me, but physically, where am I?"

A warm light enveloped him, and in a great flash of light he saw himself floating above a room. A room filled with people, and people he knew very well, in fact. A crowd of hair of all colors, Grimmjow's blue, Nelliel's green, Szayel's pink, but also Gin's grey, Ulquiorra's black or Aizen's brown.

Their attention was all focused on the big glass cage that resided in the middle of the room and they looked worried. It only took Ichigo a second to see the tuft of red hair coming out of the linen strips to understand that it was him, in that cage, and that the Arrancars and their King were trying to get him back.

"But why? Why are they doing this?"

- Because you are precious to them. Because they care about you. Because you saved them, and now they want to save you from the greatest peril you'll ever face.

- What? My inability to be of any use?

- No, Ichigo. You. "

Ichigo grunted, surprised. His gaze turned back to the scene before him. Aizen was talking with Szayel and Gin, looking concerned, before looking back at the cage. He stepped forward and put his hand on it, very gently, and spoke softly.

Aizen may have barely whispered, his caressing voice echoed in Ichigo's damaged mind as if he had spoken aloud, and he felt as if a warm, comforting blanket was being placed over his shoulders, as if after a walk in the rain.

"Come back to us, Ichigo. Please. "

Ichigo took a deep breath and made his decision. He wanted to live. He may have lost his powers, but he was still in the Hueco Mundo, which he thought was impossible! Maybe... maybe he could be happy here? Learn to live again, to be loved for who he is, he Ichigo, and

not a super-powered Vizard.

And then there was Aizen. He had searched his memory for all the moments they had shared, no matter how short they were, to try never to forget them. And to think he never thought he would see him again, but no, the man was there, a few meters away from him, worried, and using one of the greatest powers of Soul Society to bring him back.

Who wouldn't be touched by such a gesture? Ichigo was touched. He had had some kind of strange feeling during the fight as if Aizen Sosuke's blade was heavy with ... loneliness. Regret.

It was understandable. Aizen trusted almost no one and had chosen to sacrifice the simple joys of life, a life together, companionship, tranquility, to achieve his goals. Determined, and feeling strong, so strong, for the first time in months, Ichigo looked at the golden ball and gave his decision.

"I want to live. I have no idea what awaits me here, but I want to live. "

The golden ball began to vibrate, before exploding the light turning into strange ribbons that surrounded it.

The ball had a warm, comforting laugh, like a thick blanket and hot chocolate after a terrible storm, like his mother's laughter when he was a child, and he closed his eyes, letting himself go, deciding for once, to trust those who seemed to want him well.

When he opened them again, it was dark all around him, and he could feel something cracking on his skin, falling off in little pieces. The bandages, surely! Ichigo felt them fall to dust and closed his eyes to avoid getting dust, but soon he felt the cool air caressing his skin as the reiatsu strips disappeared.

After a few minutes, all the strips had fallen off, and the cube he felt under him, and all around him ended up evaporating too.

After a few minutes, all the strips had fallen off, and the cube he felt underneath him, and all around him eventually evaporated too.

Ichigo slowly straightened his head and opened his eyes, flickering to get used to the strong light, and especially the almost immaculate white scenery around him.

"Ichigo! Oh by the gods, you're back! "

Ichigo grinned as he recognized Nell's emotional voice, and saw a figure approaching, tall, thin, brown. He knew the moment a long coat was placed on his bare shoulders and a reassuring hand in the small of his back to help him stand up that it was Aizen.

His vision became clearer, and Ichigo had to admit that the spectacle he had in front of him had something to move him. Nelliel seemed to be on the verge of tears, so great was his relief, Ulquiorra put a comforting hand on his shoulder, Grimmjow apparently had a dust in his eye and pretended not to be moved, but his smile said something else. Gin gave him a warm smile, his beautiful blue eyes open for the occasion, and Aizen... Aizen had a sparkle in his eyes, which made Ichigo shiver, which was not at all due to his nakedness under the captain's coat, but rather to the intensity of his gaze.

Was it relief? Happiness? Satisfaction? Ichigo couldn't tell, but it warmed his heart. He had been back for only a few minutes and yet he had never felt so... at peace. Good. Ichigo felt good, and the realization of his condition brought tears to his eyes.

"Welcome back, Ichigo. You are an Arrancar now. An Espada."

The hand that was on his lower back pulled him closer to Aizen's strong body, who placed his other hand on Ichigo's belly, who felt an intense warmth spread over his skin. The dark-haired man traced the shape of a number with his fingertips and raised his eyes to look into Ichigo's.

"You will be the first of all. The Cero. "

A long shiver ran down his spine, as he looked down at the new tattoo on his skin. Ichigo had finally found his place. It had taken time, and many wounds, but for the first time in a long time, he knew that he was no longer alone, and that he belonged. He looked up, and taking his courage in both hands, took Aizen in his arms. The brunette was surprised and finally relaxed and returned his embrace, smiling as he heard the words whispered in the hollow of his neck.

"Thank you. "

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked it, i have great plans for this fic
I'm so happy to be back into RR writing, it feels like I reunited with an old friend, ya know ?
anyway come yell at me on twitter I post updates of my fics [@agaashi_koutaro](https://twitter.com/agaashi_koutaro)

see ya soon
Leo

Revenge, and a little bit more

Chapter Summary

A castle, a desertic land and an oasis of life hidden like a jewel in vault. Ichigo realizes the meaning of friendship and desire.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The cool wind blowing through the window woke him up. He felt so good, in that huge bed, with those soft sheets. The sun was warming his cheek, and the breeze that was blowing through his hair was pleasant, but it had just woken him up.

Ichigo sighed, having inhaled the smell of the clean sheets he was sleeping in. He closed his eyes again, after hearing the door of the room open and close, and footsteps silently approaching the huge bed he was lying in.

"Ichigo? Are you awake? "

Ichigo groaned as he recognized Nell's voice. He rolled over and sat up on his elbows, still filled with sleep.

"Hi, Nell. It's... what time is it? "

Nell sat cross-legged on the edge of the bed, setting a tray beside her that contained a teapot, cups, and some fruit.

"Almost nine. You fell like a stump yesterday, after your transformation, so we thought it best to let you sleep in this morning. "

Ichigo straightened up, and sat cross-legged, rubbing his eyes.

"I must be dreaming, huh. "

Nell gave him a soft smile, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"No, Ichi. You're right here with us. This is your home, in Hueco Mundo. Now you're one of us. "

And reality hit Ichigo like a bus. Everything that had happened, the war, the depression, his suicide, Shiro, the emptiness, the cold, and then the sand of Hueco Mundo, the light, and Aizen.

Nell understood immediately how upset Ichigo was, and she came forward to hug him. Ichigo closed his arms around Nell who held him tightly, comforting him. Tears welled up in his eyes and his throat tightened as he slowly understood the situation he was in now.

He let himself go, in the arms of his friend, and after long minutes spent like that, he stepped back, wiping his eyes.

"Come on, have a bite to eat, and then I'll show you around Las Noches. You'll see, you'll love it here.

- I already love being here, you know. "

Ichigo turned his face to the window, savoring the moonbeams that filtered through the large curtains billowing in the breeze. No sound came from outside, the Hueco Mundo remaining dead and silent as always, and yet appearing to him to be the warmest place he had been in for what, months? Years?

He closed his eyes, clutching the cup of tea in his hands, enjoying the warmth of the porcelain against his fingers and palms then took a deep breath before turning to Nell.

"I'm glad I'm here. I know what I did ... and that I almost went down for good. I don't pretend to be better, yet, but I'm glad to be here. I had missed Grimmjow, you and Ulquiorra despite... whatever happened.

- Just the three of us? "

Ichigo gave her a knowing look as his cheeks flushed. He took a sip of tea to put on a brave face and looked away as Nell burst out laughing.

"Well, okay. Maybe not just you three.

- Don't worry, Kurosaki. Your Hollow has already quaffed. "

The door opened on Grimmjow and Ulquiorra who were obviously coming to the news. If Grimmjow's smile wasn't as carnivorous as usual, it was the small, peaceful smile on Ulquiorra's lips that surprised him the most.

Ichigo blushed a little more, if that was possible, while Nell chuckled.

"Oh, that's not true...

- Don't worry, it's not like Aizen doesn't want you here, after all. You're part of the Espada now! "

Ichigo nodded, finishing his bowl of tea dry, and slipping out of bed, determined to have a good day.

"What's the program?"

Renji woke up with a groan, his head in a fog and his heart pounding in his temples. He was lying on a comfortable futon, under a warm comforter, a body warming him gently beside him.

He closed his eyes and turned to the body in question, breathing calmly and with deep satisfaction at the smell of cherry blossoms wafting from the hair under his nose.

The body sighed in its sleep and pressed itself to him a little more, their legs ever more entwined.

Renji opened his eyes suddenly, reality hitting him.

Last night. He had been drinking. With his captain.

In his quarters, in the captain's office. Byakuya had invited him to drink a few cups of sake with him, because even though he seemed distant, he was concerned about Renji's mental state.

They had been drinking, and then it had gotten out of hand. Renji had been in love with his captain for so long now. With his often cold but oh so deep black eyes. His manner, his attitude, his precepts. His voice. His zanpakuto. His soul.

Renji leaned towards his captain as he took off his kenseikan.

"Captain?

- Mmmh?

- Can I give you a hug? "

Byakuya had looked up at him, detailing his face, then his lips, calmly. He had breathed out his answer, a small yes, a bit shaky because of fear and apprehension, because he had so much to lose in this story, and then Renji had awkwardly slipped a hand into the black raven-winged hair, and kissed Byakuya.

After the first surprise, Renji had stepped back, realizing the lack of reaction of his captain. And when he had opened his eyes again, when he had realized that Byakuya had also closed his eyes and was gently licking his lips, as if to savor the mixture of alcohol and Renji's taste, he had leaned in again and kissed him.

Byakuya had responded this time, and Renji had muffled his captain's satisfied moan with his lips, putting an arm around his waist, pulling him closer, settling him astride his thighs.

The rest had been a series of increasingly hot kisses, moans and grunts, fabrics crumpling as they fell and skin caressing.

He could never forget the beauty of Byakuya's body, the softness of the arch of his back as he came, his breathless breaths, his hair scattered on the futon, the touch of his legs knotted around his waist as he took him.

Renji looked at his sleeping captain. Byakuya looked so... serene. Soothed. Leaning on one elbow, he moved his hand forward to gently touch his captain's cheek, who rested his cheek in the palm of his hand, emphasizing the contact. His fingers slid along a beautiful, soft black lock of hair and Byakuya opened his eyes slowly.

Renji froze, worried about his captain's reaction. His hand was still in his hair, and his eyes were deeply distressed. Byakuya looked up at him, his eyes still blurry with sleep.

"Good morning, Renji. "

The vice-captain cracked a fond smile before leaning in to kiss his captain, who raised a hand to slip it into the red's neck. Renji continued to smile through the kiss, tender and oh so soothing that he shared with this man he had been in love with for so long.

If this was a dream then he wanted to make the most of it before he woke up. If Byakuya decided that it was a mistake and that he would never again be able to experience the happiness he was living, with Byakuya gently running his fingers through his red hair, then so be it. But as long as Byakuya let him be with him as he was now, then Renji had to savor the moment.

Byakuya stepped back to catch his breath, and gently ran his fingers over Renji's face, who closed his eyes.

"Hello, Captain.

- Byakuya. Call me Byakuya."

Renji opened his eyes again, as Byakuya straightened up to kiss him again, taking the opportunity to tip them over, landing on Renji's pelvis.

Neither of them had seen the door of the captain's room open, and close almost immediately on Rukia's face.

This whole horrible crisis had brought at least something positive to someone. Rukia had noticed the attraction between her brother and her best friend for ages. She closed the door softly as she heard small laughter from the other side.

Rukia smiled softly before heading back to her own division. She had been worried when Byakuya hadn't returned to the Kuchiki estate the night before, but obviously he was in good hands, and there was no need for her to stay.

She just hoped that she too would find someone who could love her like Renji and Byakuya loved each other.

"Well. It's huge your castle here. I'm going to need a map to find my way around, actually.
- But noooo! You'll see, you'll get used to it, it'll come by itself! "

Ichigo sighed as Nell, Grimmjow, and Ulquiorra gave him a tour of Las Noches Palace for like, the third time. The first time, he had visited it by himself when he came to look for Orihime. The second time, it was Aizen who made the visit to Shiro when this last one had arrived at the Hueco Mundo a few days earlier. And the last one was the one he was doing with Nelliel, Grimmjow, and Ulquiorra.

He had realized that the palace of Las Noches was huge when he had come to get Orihime, but not at this point! It was incredible this quantity of rooms, corridors, doors, and hall for not much, finally.

Especially since Ichigo had already found his favorite room.

The greenhouse.

Szayel had found a way to build and maintain a greenhouse, with plants that he would regularly fetch from the ground. It was a beautiful place, a jewel box of life and beauty in an empty, dead world.

Ichigo was already enjoying himself in Las Noches. It was strange, but he felt much more comfortable here than he had ever felt at Soul Society, as stuffy as it was in its rules and principles. Living in the Hueco Mundo was simpler, more intuitive.

It was more like him.

And if not all the Espadas had welcomed him with open arms from the start, it had only taken a few days for them to understand that Ichigo was at home here and that he intended to stay.

Now, the Espadas had become accustomed to his presence, and remained mostly indifferent, as if he had always been there.

And yet, when Ichigo thought about it, the fact that the Arrancars treated him as if he had been practically born with the Las Noches castle made him feel better. He wasn't being stigmatized, not being treated any differently than anyone else.

"Kurosaki-san! "

He heard a running noise behind them and turned around. Menolli was running towards him, out of breath.

"Menolli-chan? Do you need anything?

- Yes, from you, Kurosaki-san! Aizen-sama would like to talk with you, he's in the greenhouse, if you're available I can take you there? "

Ichigo glanced questioningly at Nell, Grimm, and Ulquiorra to see if he could abandon them to go find the master of the place.

Nell nodded vigorously while Grimm smiled teasingly and Ulquiorra raised an eyebrow, a little mockingly.

"Go find him, Ichi. We've got plenty to take care of ourselves, don't worry. "

Ichigo turned back to Menolli and began to follow her, giving her a soft smile that made her blush, causing Nelliel to chuckle.

It was so funny to see how Ichigo's kindness completely confused the Arrancars, who were more used to toothy smiles than tender ones.

Ichigo entered the huge greenhouse room to find Aizen in the tropical part of the indoor garden. He was sitting with one leg resting on the ground and the other folded against him, on which he rested his arm, a cup of tea in his hand. Aizen was not wearing his usual white coat, which he could see folded neatly beside him.

He was visibly looking at the pond in which beautiful koi carp were swimming peacefully, and next to him sat an elegant teapot smoking, along with a second cup. He was sitting in a pile of colorful cushions and looked calm and peaceful.

Ichigo stopped at the entrance to the garden, almost refusing to disturb the stunning serenity of the picture before him. Aizen closed his eyes and let a calm smile spread across his face. It was a beautiful setting, and the plants that fell in garlands from the ceiling seemed to frame Aizen, like a gem in a jewel box.

The beauty of Sosuke Aizen was not to be debated. He was extremely charismatic, velvety, half feline, half reptilian in his attitude, and everything in his complexion gave the impression that he was in fact an ancient sculpture that had been given life. And in this oasis of greenery, where the silence was just lulled by the gurgling of water from the fountain and the rustling of Szayel's humidifiers, Aizen looked at peace, detached from the worries of a complicated daily life and the plots he brought with him, far from the warlord he was and as whom Ichigo had almost always considered him.

"Settle down then, Ichigo. "

Ichigo almost flinched, as if he had suddenly remembered that even though he wasn't making any noise, he wasn't the top of the reiatsu cover-up, and that was probably how Aizen had sensed he was there.

He moved forward, dropping onto the cushions next to Aizen.

"White suits you, Ichigo. "

A pretty rosiness settled on Ichigo's cheeks as he turned his head away, embarrassed.

"Thank you, Aizen-san. Did you want to see me?

- Yes, but I have to correct something first.

- What is it?

- You'll have to call me Sosuke. Simply put. "

Ichigo nodded after a few moments, while Aizen -at last Sosuke- grabbed the teapot to serve him calmly.

Once the tea was poured calmly into the small black porcelain cups that were placed in front of them, Sosuke put the teapot down and watched Ichigo take his cup.

"Ichigo. "

The young man was blowing on his tea to cool it down when he looked up, Aizen was obviously sizing him up. He took a sip of his tea as calmly as he could, savoring the powerful aroma of jasmine and rose wonderfully distilled in the drink.

Aizen's gaze was intense. Everything about Aizen was intense. When Ichigo put down his cup, it was with a hand whose tremors he had to control, refusing to show Aizen the feverishness that seized him every time he was in front of him.

"Sosuke. "

The man in front of him cracked a smile before chuckling soberly.

"You know about my ... differences with the Soul Society, Ichigo.
- It's kinda hard to ignore, don't you think? "

Aizen nodded, taking a sip of tea.

"I understand your reluctance to fight against your former brother in arms, Ichigo. But this war is far from over, and I don't intend to give up. My goals are far from being achieved.
- Recovering the Hyogoku, forming the Espada, and attacking the Soul Society are only
Steps?
- Right."

The china tinkled as Aizen put his cup back in its bowl, Ichigo immediately imitating him as he sensed the importance of this discussion.

"Attacking and destroying the Soul Society is only interesting because it allows me to take revenge on this system, and to put down the injustices that constitute it.
- Revenge.
- What?
- Revenge, Sosuke. "

Oh, Aizen was intense in the beauty of his intelligence, his plotting, and his fighting, but Ichigo could be intense too. His amber eyes glowed with anger and rage that he thought he had lost long ago, and Aizen felt as if he were standing before the Ichigo who had stopped him long ago, on Sokyoku Hill, as he was about to kill Rukia and run away.

"Their system is corrupt and unfair, just like their nobility. Captains have no say and serve as bloodhounds for the commander captain, subject to abusive orders on pain of having their position taken away and given to someone more obedient. And the way they treat souls? Pity. I have seen the Rukongai. How atrocious life is there. While Yamamoto and his henchmen enjoy the power they have, souls are dying by the dozens in the slums. "

Ichigo fell silent, clasping his hands trembling with anger in his lap. His eyes were focused on his hands whose knuckles were white because he was clutching them so tightly. He couldn't look Aizen in the eye, not while memories of the souls of the Rukongai and the conditions in which they lived flashed through his mind.

"Is this really what the afterlife is? Is this really an eternity of poverty and suffering after a lifetime of suffering? I would rather die and be a hollow, and die again once and for all than live this hell. "

He didn't see Aizen get up and sit down next to him, and he didn't realize that the king of the Hueco Mundo had only come closer when his hand landed on his own. Ichigo raised his head in amazement to look at Aizen who was very close to him, so close that he could feel the heat emanating from his body. Aizen's hand on his and the gentle warmth of it brought Ichigo back to reality.

Ichigo withdrew one of his hands, before turning the one that was still under Aizen's and intertwining their fingers. The brunette watched him curiously as Ichigo dodged his gaze, his eyes still riveted on their linked hands. Aizen's skin was soft against his. His hands were not as he had imagined them.

Oh, of course, he had imagined Aizen's hands. He was attracted to the guy more than anything else, of course, he had spent time imagining his fingers, the texture of them, their length, the taste of his skin, the feeling of those hands on him, brushing the skin of his sides or around his neck.

But if he thought back now to what he had done, thinking of Aizen and his hands, Ichigo knew that he was going to find himself in a ... tricky situation.

"If... if your goals involve the destruction of the Soul Society..."

Ichigo looked up at Aizen, to dive into the chocolate brown abyss, with beautiful undertones of warm caramel that were his irises.

"And so it is, Ichigo. "

Their faces were only a few dozen centimeters apart, and Ichigo could feel Aizen's breath hit his cheek and fall into his neck. He released a breath he didn't know he was holding until now, as Aizen stared at him as if seeing him for the first time.

"If destroying the Soul Society is what you desire, Sosuke, then I will fight for you. "

He gently lifted their linked hands to move them, unlacing their fingers to rest Aizen's hand against his stomach, on the still sensitive skin that proudly displayed the gothic zero that made him a member of the Espada.

Ichigo felt taken of courage that he ignored to have and leaned the head slightly on the side, being seductive, his eyes half-lidded.

The touch of Aizen's hand against the soft skin of his belly made him shiver and he let it run through him, his eyes riveted in those of the one who was now his master.

"My blade is yours, Sosuke-san."

Aizen loved power. He liked to be shown the respect that was due to his rank, to be given the deference and submission that was given to a King. Ichigo understood this quickly, and if he was the freest spirit, the most rebellious soul Aizen had met so far, he was at least a quarter as calculating as he was.

Aizen smiled mischievously, giggling softly as his fingers caressed the ultra-sensitive skin of Ichigo's tattoo. The redhead took a gasping breath as he slid his fingers from his tattoo to his ribs, placing his hand on his waist and suddenly squeezing it, bringing him closer, almost straddling his lap.

Ichigo's eyes focused on Aizen's lips, so close, and so very tempting. Ichigo's other hand rested on Aizen's arm, excitedly squeezing the fabric and muscle of his arm under his feverish fingers.

Ichigo's breathing was ragged, almost panting in the intensity of the moment. Aizen still hadn't said anything, and if he remained silent he was undoubtedly of the state he was putting Ichigo in.

"I would set the Soul Society on fire for you. We will burn their captaincies and throw their statues and medals to the ground. "

A fond smile settled on Aizen's face as his free hand traveled up Ichigo's neck, stroking the back of his fingers before tucking a wayward red hair lock behind his ear.

"I'd make them beg you to forgive them for what they did to you, Ichigo. "

Aizen's eyes shone with a glint of danger, terribly cold and far more terrifying than Yamamoto's darkest tantrums. Aizen's grip tightened on his waist as Ichigo inhaled sharply, desire coursing through his veins like molten lava.

"I'll bring them to their knees for you, Sosuke. And if I have to cut off their legs for it, so be it. "

Aizen made a throaty sound, a kind of almost possessive growl as his hand slid from Ichigo's waist to rest in the hollow of his loins. He arched at the contact, and the other nestled in his hair, gently pulling his head back and inviting him to discover his neck.

Aizen's lips flew over the skin of his neck before landing at the junction between his ear and his neck. Ichigo let out a moan as he felt Aizen's breath in his neck, intoxicated by the desire for him and the warmth of his strong, powerful body against his own.

He let himself go, lulled by the moment and happy, for the first time in a long time. It was perhaps only carnal, perhaps for Aizen it was nothing more than a one-night stand with one of his soldiers, but Ichigo had the intimate conviction that it was more than that.

That there was more to Aizen's proposal to join him than just the desire to win a powerful soldier.

And what about what he had just said to him?

I would have them beg you to forgive them for what they did to you, Ichigo.

What king would say such a thing to a mere foot soldier, or a common general?

What kind of *god*?

Ichigo let go and closed his eyes, his fingers gripping Aizen's shoulders, savoring the power of his muscles beneath his skin. Yes, he could tell he was happy here. There was definitely something for him here.

And the thrill of realizing that he could have missed it all, Sosuke's caresses, Nelliel's smiles, or Grimmjow's jokes, because he had given his unconditional loyalty to the wrong people because he had been abandoned, because he had been betrayed and had finally given in under the weight of all the guilt of his war crimes, because he had ended up haunted by the souls he had eternally concealed, all these emotions that swirled inside him and howled like the wind during a violent storm made him suddenly cry.

The first sobs shook him and Sosuke immediately raised his head, worried. The tears beaded at the corners of Ichigo's eyes before running down his cheeks pushed out of his eyes in a strangled sob. Sosuke put his hands on his cheeks, his forehead against his, and wiped the tears away with his fingertips, before pulling Ichigo into his arms, letting him indulge in his grief to his heart's content.

With Ichigo's head cradled against his neck and an arm around his shoulders, Sosuke painfully closed his eyes as Ichigo cried his eyes out, his hiccupping sobs reflecting the psychological pain he was feeling physically.

The brutal realization of the human life he had given up in despair, of how lucky he was that Shirotsuki had saved him in extremis, of the hope of a better and fairer life, less painful than his human life.

The realization that he was loved and desired, that he was valuable and precious, and that he was cared about for what he was, with his flaws and faults, in his glory and in his decay.

All these feelings surged through Ichigo as if the dam behind which he had held them had just broken under the pressure, and Ichigo let the tsunami of these suppressed emotions flow into him.

At the entrance to the greenhouse, Nelliel exchanged a sad look with Grimmjow, who took his hand to lead him away. It was a moment that should belong only to Ichigo and Aizen. He felt her trembling, following him. Nelliel had always been sensitive to the emotions of others.

"Don't worry about him, Nel. Aizen is watching over him. He'll get better. He'll be fine, you'll see. "

He put as much conviction into his tone as possible because he wanted to believe it. Ichigo would get better. He would get better.

He was Ichigo Kurosaki, after all.

yeaaaaaah quality time for Aizen and his new Espada !!!
More cute chapter to comes before the drama start again
lets help ichigo heal together !!!

thank u so much for ur kind comments <3

Enemy

Chapter Summary

Isshin faces grief, Ichigo faces the aftermath.

Chapter Notes

Hey lovelies,

Im glad to be back. I had the hugest writer block, but I'm back. Im sorry, this year was crazy.

Here is chapter 8 !

The house was silent. It hadn't been this quiet since Masaki's death, many years ago. And yet Isshin remembered it as if it had happened yesterday.

He had thought for years that nothing would be more painful than losing the love of his life. He was sure that no pain would be greater than the pain he had felt when his wife died. Ichigo, Karin, and Yuzu had supported him and without them, he might never have recovered.

His children were everything to him. He had nothing more precious in the world than his little ones. Nothing more important than them.

Isshin would do anything for his children. He had always thought that it would be enough.

But now that he was sitting on the bed of his eldest son who had just died, he wasn't sure.

In the cathedral-like silence of Ichigo's empty room, Isshin sat on the bed, staring into the emptiness of the room.

He hadn't touched anything since they had discovered Ichigo's cold body in his room. The whole house seemed to be frozen in a bubble, where every day looked like the last. Every morning Isshin opened his eyes and realized that he had no son to wake up, before shaking his head.

Ichigo couldn't be gone forever, could he? It wouldn't be long before he came home. He *always* came home.

No matter how long he was gone, no matter how far away he was, Ichigo always came home.

Ichigo's chair sat empty in the kitchen. His cup, which stood on the counter, had not moved since the day before he died, when Isshin had taken it out of the cupboard, thinking he could make his son's coffee in it the next morning.

Ichigo's notebooks were still open on his desk, his pencil case open and his pens scattered on the work surface.

Isshin had refused to touch anything.

Ichigo would be angry, if he saw that he had touched his things while he was away.

Isshin had closed the clinic for several days. He went about his daily life as before, getting up to make breakfast for his children, putting Ichigo's favorite cup on the table and grumbling because he had forgotten to wake up again, while Karin and Yuzu looked on worriedly.

When his daughters went to school, he would go upstairs to his son's room and sit there on the edge of the bed, staring into the empty room or out the window, numb and unable to see the time pass.

Isshin would only come out of his torpor several hours later, when he heard the front door open when the twins returned, and wore a benevolent smile that was not enough to hide the despair in his eyes.

The days had passed in this silent, hellish rhythm, the weight of Ichigo's death weighing down on what was left of their family.

The subject was not discussed, not mentioned, and Isshin continued to behave as if Ichigo had not died, but had simply left and would return.

A month after Ichigo's funeral, Karin decided to act.

It was a Thursday. She got up and went about her routine as she always did, but instead of going to class, she went somewhere else.

Her father needed help before he lost his mind completely. And Karin knew of only one person who had enough character to set his mind straight.

She slung her bag over her shoulder, and rang the doorbell of the Ishida mansion.

"I can't believe you don't eat. None of you are eating?" Grimmjow rolled his eyes as Ulquiorra looked at him, still impassive.

"Of course we do, we eat. We grind souls, I remind you. Because we're hollows, right?"

Nelliel chuckled as Tia followed her and entered the kitchen in turn. She threw them a questioning glance before settling down on one of the bar stools, watching the scene that was

playing in front of her. The blonde sat down next to her, a slight smile hovering on her usually so inexpressive face.

"You have enough to make high gastronomy and you do not cook? But you can't be serious!" Ichigo waved his arms, looking completely shocked.

"But why the hell would we cook since we don't need to eat real food? That's completely stupid!" Grimmjow was up and about as well, much to Nelliel's amusement as she hid her laughter behind her hand.

Ichigo opened a cupboard on the fly to grab a frying pan, pointing it at Grimmjow who curled his lips like a cat curls its lips.

"And what's that, huh? Is it for decoration? Why do you have 15 pans if you don't cook?"

Nelliel's laughter grew louder as the situation became more and more absurd, and she finally burst out laughing when she saw that Ulquiorra had set out to explore the room, and had found an object that particularly caught her eye.

Ulquiorra was holding in his hands a kind of metal bowl with holes in it, and he was moving it curiously, as if he was holding the strangest thing he had ever seen. Ichigo and Grimmjow stopped arguing and turned to Ulquiorra and Nelliel who was laughing out loud. Tia even let out a laugh, glancing at Nelliel whose face was lit up with joy.

Ulquiorra looked at the object before taking it by both edges and raising it to the height of his face, placing it gently on his head. The pierced metal bowl clinked against the bone plate of his hollow mask, and tipped forward as he barely dared to let go of it with his hands, obscuring his face.

"Oh my god." Ichigo clamped his hands against his mouth to try and stop the immense laughter that was coming over him, to no avail. He was laughing so hard that he had to stand at the kitchen counter, his cheeks red and his eyes almost watering because it was so intense.

His hilarity spread to the other Hollows in the room, and it was Grimmjow who finally pulled the bowl away from Ulquiorra's head, revealing the Cuarta's still impassive face and rekindling the laughter that had gripped them.

Grimmjow handed the bowl to Ichigo once they had all caught their breath, and wiped the tears that were beginning to bead at the corners of their eyes.

"This is a strainer. We use it to strain boiled food." Ulquiorra nodded, taking one last look at the colander sitting on the counter. Ichigo's gaze shifted from the colander to the Arrancars gathered in the kitchen, and his face lit up with a petty smile that sent shivers down Grimmjow's spine.

"Do you have anything to do today?" Nelliel shook her head, as did Tia, who hummed her answer, wary.

"Do you know where I can get something to cook? Like, food?" Grimmjow chuckled, his fingers sliding over the edge of the colander.

"In the human world, obviously. Here you won't find anything, the only ones who really eat are Ichimaru, Aizen, Tosen, and you now. You have to ask Szayel to open a garganta."

The joy that was on Ichigo's face melted like snow in the sun, and his countenance turned much darker.

"Oh, that's right. Let it go, then." Ichigo looked away, fleeing his friends' eyes. He had... only been dead for several days, but did his family know about what had really happened?

His face darkened as his thoughts turned darker, the specter of his suicide and the reasons for his act hovering over him like a greedy raptor. Nelliel and Grimmjow exchanged a worried look, as Tia slid off the stool to leave the kitchen.

"There's no reason for you to go see them right away." Ichigo's head turned sharply to the Espada, surprised to hear her give her opinion. Tia smiled at him, placing a hesitant hand on his shoulder.

"They'll understand if you need time, but you should still tell them you're alive, right? They're grieving for you, Ichigo. They don't know that Shiroasaki intervened to save you."

Ichigo's eyes widened, guilt squeezing his chest violently. How could he be so selfish? How could he do this to his family? To his little sisters, to his father?

They had been so supportive during his depression, how could he not tell them the truth of his current condition? He had to find a way to get in touch with his family or at least hear from them before he entered the world of the living again as if nothing had happened. To tell his family about his new situation was also to put them in danger and expose them to the wrath of the Soul Society.

It broke his heart, but maybe it was for the best that his loved ones didn't know he was alive. Who knows what the captain commander might do to them if he found out? Maybe he had them under surveillance, and as long as Ichigo wasn't sure of their safety, it was better that they didn't know he was still alive.

In the meantime, he could always go to Szayel and ask if it was possible to use the surveillance system to get news of his family, even if he didn't feel quite ready to see his loved ones, knowing full well in what sad state he would find them.

Yes, talking to Szayel about contacting his family was the safest solution for both him and them. And it could be a way to know him, too, since he was going to spend the next months and maybe the rest of his after-life here.

Ichigo could never risk the lives of his dad and his sisters by not taking this situation seriously enough. He knew his actions would have consequences on his family and friends, and even if it did not turn out the way he expected, he could not consider the issues he caused by killing himself.

He always knew every action had its consequences, and it was time for him to face the consequences of his death. Now he had time to heal, to learn, and to finally live a little. To grow as a person in a positive environment where people understood his traumas and to create bonds with new people, good yet hurt people like him, used by the wrong person.

Of course it would be hard, but Ichigo had never been a man who backed down from a challenge. He knew he wanted to be better and heal from the war and everything that followed, from the feeling of being hollow and alone, from despair and sadness. And this time, nothing could stop him from doing so.

He had been broken once, only to be reborn and reforged stronger than ever. This was what gave him determination and gave him the will to live another life, dream other dreams, and love other people than those who destroyed and used him, only to throw him away when they decided he was not useful anymore.

They wanted to see him broken, weak and obedient under their commands? He would destroy them, his blade serving the very man he was ordered to kill. Oh, how impatient Ichigo felt at the idea of battling again, but this time knowing the truth of what he was fighting for, and the true intention of his leader.

When he looked at Tia, she could see the newborn determination glinting in her eyes. She smiled at him, let her arm glide on Nell's arm and left the kitchen. Her job here was done, and she couldn't be more satisfied.

Tia did what no one ever did for him before, telling him that yes, mistakes were allowed to be made, but that the true failure for him would be to not fix his mistakes and not help those who need him now and needed him.

Of course it had to be made by the Tia Harribel. Wasn't she the one who was taken down by Aizen himself during the Karakura battle? She was so fucking powerful and dangerous that he had to slash her so he could keep up with his plans. God, she knew betrayal. Nelliel and her, they knew what betrayal felt like more than anyone else here, because of what happened with Nnoitra and Aizen.

Ichigo breathed in and turned to his friends.

"You know what? I'm going to go see my family. Not right away, I still need time, but I'm going to go see them. Can we not say anything, for now?"

Grimmjow nodded, obviously agreeing with Ichigo's proposal.

"It's probably cruel to let them grieve like this, but... if they know I'm alive, they won't be able to put up an act anymore. And I'm pretty sure the Soul Society is watching them."

There was a heavy silence in the kitchen, and everyone was acutely aware of the gravity and delicacy of the situation.

If the Soul Society learned that Ichigo had survived, they were off to war again. Perhaps it was in their Hollow nature to fight, but the Winter War had cost both sides dearly, and the

Hueco Mundo was just recovering from the violence of the clashes there.

"They say you're not dead, but in reality you are."

Glances turned to Ulquiorra who was watching Ichigo from across the kitchen hallway.

"Excuse me?" asked Nel.

- Ichigo will never be the same. In a way, the one he was before Aizen, before the war, before the withdrawal of his powers... That Ichigo, he will never come back. He died the day Shirogaki brought you here. Neither you, nor your parents, nor your family will ever see the boy you were before the Hyōgoku again. They have to come to terms with that. Let them grieve for a while, and then let them know."

Ulquiorra crossed his arms, his gaze blank with expression.

"Whoever you were died in your room, in Karakura. Trying to bring him back will only bring you pain, and sorrow."

Ichigo widened his eyes, unable to answer a single word. Ulquiorra's words were still echoing in his head as he began to speak again.

"There's no point in getting attached to who you were. Give yourself a chance to become who you are now. You've spent so much time living for others, what if this time you live for yourself?"

End Notes

Hello there !

Here is the first chapter of my fiction, about how Ichigo reacted and what happened to him after he was depowered by the Soul Society.

Chapter 2 coming this evening or maybe tomorrow !

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!