

CHAPTER 1

In an abandoned building on the edge of suburban Karakura. A place no one was meant to be, and thus the perfect place for two spiritually aware teenagers with nascent powers to train. Well, there was a better place, but that was currently otherwise occupied.

The two could hardly be more different. A bubbly redheaded girl of curvaceous figure and brown eyes shining with innocence. Always wearing a smile and with a flighty, even airheaded personality. And yet as often as not, she used that flighty attitude to hide her own thoughts and feelings.

And then there was the young man. It was difficult to see him as anything else due to his stature. A towering height that made even his somewhat broad and muscular physique look lanky. Aside from his much darker skin tone and looming physique, what further differentiated him from the girl was his personality. Soft-spoken, stoic and near taciturn. He rarely spoke unless he felt he had something worth saying.

However, despite their differences, they were both similar in one key aspect. They both had the resolve to put their newfound abilities to use. Not for themselves, but to rescue someone they had lost. For their own reasons, they were willing to involve themselves with a world they did not understand in order to do what they felt was right.

More appealing students, Yoruichi the cat could not have asked for.

"So how are we going to train, Yoruichi?" Orihime asked. "Are we going to run up a mountain strapped to a big rock?! Or, maybe deliver milk to everyone in Karakura?!"

"Wasn't that a thing from Dragon Ball?" Chad wondered to himself within his own head.

"There is no point in doing any training unless you two are able to access your powers at will," the black cat explained with an air of authority. The giant man clenched his fist, as if trying to do just that and failing. "That will be the first step you must accomplish."

"How do we do that?" Chad asked.

"Were it only that easy to give you an answer," Yoruichi replied. "Humans awakening to spiritual powers such as yours are something of a rarity."

"What about Uryu? And Don Kanonji?" Orihim asked.

"The Quincy are a special case, and I'm sure Ishida wouldn't tell you of his own methods any more than he would me. As for Don Kanonji, he is what is considered a medium. His abilities are entirely simple and basic' the manipulation of his own spirit energy into physical form. The powers you two have demonstrated are something else entirely and far beyond that." The cat

padded from the middle of the room, leaping up onto a windowsill to sit in the sun. "For now, the best advice I can give you is to remember what it felt like when you first awakened your powers and try to replicate that feeling."

"Oh! Well, when I did it, there was this big tentacle monster. And it was doing awful things, taking control of Tatsuki and Chizuru and trying to make them hurt each other and me! It was really awful, and I felt—"

For Chad, it felt rude to drift into his own thoughts when Orihime was talking. But she could be like that. She liked to talk, which was okay. He preferred to think things through quietly.

How he felt when he activated his powers... He... He was fighting a hollow that was attacking Ichigo's sister. He wanted to protect her. That wasn't anything different or special. It was an agreement the two of them had for a long time. Ichigo would throw punches for him, and Chad would throw punches for Ichigo. To protect Ichigo's sister, that made it obvious. There was no other choice. He remembered that feeling. He understood that feeling.

But... Nothing.

"Hm?" he looked up from his own thoughts, to realise Orihime was surrounded by tiny flying creatures.

"Well done, Orihime!" Yoruichi praised. "You have taken the first step."

"Are those... Your powers?" Chad asked.

"Yup!" the cheerful redhead answered with a beaming smile. "They're my Shu Shu Riko!"

"THAT'S SHUN SHUN RIKKA!" one of the fairies shouted, boxing the top of her head. **"GET IT RIGHT!"**

"Ah! I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry—!"

Well... That was good that she got it. And it was cute watching her get bullied by her own powers. Not that she wasn't cute normally.

But... That still left the question of his own powers.

Protect... He wanted to protect. No, he wanted to use his fists for others, like his abuelo taught him. He had been such a violent child. He had lost his parents so young, moved to Mexico with his abuelo when there was no one else willing to take him in. Lost and frustrated, he had lashed out against anyone who looked at him wrong.

But Abuelo, he never gave up trying to set him onto a better path. When it came time for the consequences of Chad's actions to come due, Abuelo had shielded him. Taken the beating in his place. It was that moment that changed everything. The regret that Chad had caused this man so much hardship. This man who was the only one to look out for him. At that moment, he resolved to learn what his abuelo had to teach. The wisdom he had to impart.

He felt a strange stirring. But not an unfamiliar one.

"Yasutora. You were blessed with a strong body, a sharp mind. These blessings will take you far in life. And also, you're hung like a horse."

"Uh, Abuelo?"

"Like, holy shit. You could club someone to death with that thing. You will have a line of thirsty sluts going around the block just for a chance to ride that mighty python! Like, holy shit, Yasutora! I'm jealous!"

"U-Um..."

"But you must listen to me, Yasutora. You must not abuse these gifts! Use them the right way! Use them to protect the people you love, not to cause others pain!"

"... I will, Abuelo."

"Also, slam some thirsty bitch pussy for me. Make me proud."

Chad returned from the storm of his memories, the eyes hidden by his hair filled with a resolve and conviction. Holding the medallion around his neck. "I will... Abuelo." And with that conviction, his body burst with spiritual pressure.

"What?!"

The cat's yell meant nothing to him in the moment. As he felt himself fill with incredible strength. His spirit full to bursting with untapped power! Once again his right arm became coated with a black armour marked with magenta patterns. However, that wasn't the only change. The left also underwent a similar transformation. Much slimmer and lighter armour almost like an arm glove, coloured white with red markings. And he could feel it, the armour, pass down to his torso and below into... Other places.

He could feel it! It was the power he used that day and so much more! He never would have imagined it could be something like this!

... He made a vow.

"Wow, Chad! That's amazing! The patterns are so pretty!" The beautiful, curvaceous girl was perhaps at either the worst or best time and place. Inspecting his body with her searching eyes, so beautiful. So soft.

"Orihime... I'm sorry. I need to test this."

"Huh?" She looked up at him with wide eyes, full of curiosity. "Test it how?"

"I made a vow," he repeated out loud. "Please forgive me."

"Orihime, get away! Defend yourself!" Yoruichi shouted.

She didn't know why she had to protect herself from Chad of all people, but she trusted Yoruichi. "U-Um! Santen Kesshun! I reject!" A triangular shield formed in front of her. A barrier between her and the young man.

"Brazo Derecha del Gigante!" Chad declared, raising and flexing his right arm. "Brazo Izquierda del Diablo!" His left. And finally, with a thrust of his hips. "Virilidad de la Bestia!" In a blast of pressure, his clothing fell away, revealing just where the armour extended to. The arms coming down his torso to come together in a V shape that met at the apex of his legs. There, the two halves joined to encompass his manhood. Proud, erect and enormous, even to his natural stature. The blast of pressure swept out and toward Orihime hiding behind her shield.

"Orihime!" Yoruichi shouted, not sure what she should do but considering drastic measures.

"This pressure, this feeling," she thought to herself. "It's strange. It's so strong I can even feel it behind the Santen Kesshun. But... It doesn't feel bad. It's... Warm. Maybe not gentle, but soft and comforting. It feels... *Right*." And with the power maintaining her shield being tied to her resolve, it shattered the moment she felt she didn't need it. But by then, she didn't mind at all.

"Ah!" she shrieked as the pressure hit her full force. Not from any harm, but for her clothes being suddenly blasted and ripped away from her, leaving her naked. Staring up at her friend, but also a large man with an especially large and imposing thing. She knew what was about to happen. She felt the sudden, inexplicable growing wetness between her legs. And yet despite the nervous fear, she still felt safe. It was Chad! He was a big cuddly teddy bear deep down! He'd never hurt her! And she could see the desperation even in his stoicism. He needed this in a way that she didn't understand.

"Orihime..." he said again, fighting with himself.

"It's okay, Chad," she assured him, smiling with those bright eyes of hers. "Go ahead."

"Orihime... Thank you..." His head was bowed. His hands unclenched to take her by the arm and lift her thigh. "La Penetración!"

"UWAHHHHH!" Sparks exploded behind Orihime's eyes as she felt that enormous thing enter her most sacred place. Felt her barrier break, felt her body yield to him completely. She was so full of his... Of his inhumanly large cock. Not just her body, it felt like he was inside her soul as well! This giant thing that seemed to have completely conquered her body in one savage thrust. Her breasts bounced and jostled as she settled from that initial penetration. Her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open and tongue hanging out. "Wah... Hah...!" Her head lolled, rolling drunkenly to leave her looking down at her own body. At where her belly bulged to make room for him. "More...!" she begged, "Please do more...!" she begged. Her mind temporarily lost to pleasure and lust. Her first time more intense than perhaps anyone else had ever experienced.

Chad had no intention of leaving her disappointed. Not after going this far. He had made a vow and he would do whatever it took to fulfil it! His hips pulled back, his enormous cock sliding halfway out of her before driving back in to rock her entire body once again. "Orihime! It's too good!"

"Good! It's good!" she managed to reply, any other thoughts slipping away that weren't about just how good it felt to take this giant dick. "More! Faster! Harder!"

"Orihime!" He kept slamming into her, her beautiful body somehow able to take such brutal punishment despite the rough treatment. Was this also his power? He didn't know. But he would happily take advantage of it regardless. He pulled her down with him to the floor, knelt behind her and drove himself into her from behind. The redhead squealed in climax as their bodies slapped together. Her ample breasts swinging from the force of each thrust passing through her.

"Goo... Ha..." She was beyond coherent words. She couldn't even hold herself up with her arms anymore. Her head dropped, at rest as she drooled on the floor of the abandoned building. Her brown eyes marked with pink hearts. "Haaaa...!" Another orgasm that crashed into her like a freight train. One she was left to ride out as Chad withdrew from her pussy. Her fingers quickly moved to replace it, confused and sad that the cock was gone.

But it was only gone for long enough that Chad could turn her over. Hike her legs up and press himself down over and into her. Shrouding her completely as his hips once again slapped against hers at a frenzied pace, his spiritually empowered cock pounding her fertile cunt. Slamming her with all the vigour he was capable of until, "Nngh!" Like a flood. Like an uncontrollable firehose, his mammoth cock poured his seed into her clutching pussy. Sending the teenage girl below him into another ride through feminine ecstasy. More. And more. It was too much for her body to take. her body swelled until the pressure grew too great, forcing him to withdraw. An explosion of cum followed him out of her gaping, twitching, satisfied pussy.

Their spectator's eyes had been unable to tear away from the absurd spectacle of the vivacious girl getting pounded into the floor. Not just from the sight, but from what its other senses were saying. "It isn't just sexual, what's happening is spiritual as well! Chad's spiritual pressure is rising and so is Orihime's! What even is this power?!"

"What did you do?!" Yoruichi yelled, as if the cat hadn't just sat spectating as he quite literally fucked the girl into a puddle.

"I-I..." He didn't know. He understood. But he also didn't. His armour faded. Leaving him in what was left of his ruined pants, his only somewhat less impressive manhood hanging and dripping with combined fluids. "Is she alright?"

"I'm fine!" Orihime declared, leaping to her feet to reassure him only to immediately fall over again. "Kind of fine! That was... *Wow!*" she managed to say through a delirious smile. "I mean I feel great! Better than ever! But also kind of like I could use a nap..." Her eyes began to drift closed. "Hey Chad... When I wake up, can we do that again?"

"Uh, I... I guess so?"

"Yay...!"

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CHAPTER 2

"Kisuke, your little experiments are getting out of hand."

"Aww, come on, don't be like that! You want some kitty treats? Some num-nums?"

"I let you get away with that way too often. This is serious, Kisuke. I don't know what that boy is but his power is like nothing I've ever seen before."

"You're just being weird because it involves getting down and dirty."

"Have you forgotten who you're talking to? Is it because I'm a cat right now?"

"And you're such a pretty kitty! Such a pretty little pussy, yes you—" *Shink!* "Ow. Look, Yoruichi, unexpected method or not, it's not that bizarre. Empowered arms and a weird sexual power that makes both parties stronger? That's not even that far afield of some hollow powers. It's fine. Hell, it'll certainly make your trip to Soul Society a little more interesting."

"Ugh, that's what I'm afraid of."

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A week passed by. A week of training, preparing for the hardships to come. Naturally, this meant finding the limits of their abilities, and then working to expand those limits. Whether by improving

their reserves of spiritual energy, or by fine-tuning the usage of their powers so they were more efficient.

It was a happy accident. A very happy accident. That Chad's newfound ability was for him a path to both. And for Orihime at the very least a method for the former. And if she had any complaints about him getting more out of that training method than she did, she certainly didn't voice them while he pounded her into her mattress. Or while she rode him like a stallion, moaning like a bitch in heat. It was efficient. It was practical. It was a whole lot of fun. Once Orihime discovered just how good sex felt, especially how good it felt with Chad, she couldn't get enough. For that reason it was likewise practical that most nights he ended up staying at her apartment. They needed to train. If that meant they would have rough and vigorous sex until the wee hours of the morning when she passed out? Well, that was just them giving their all to their training!

There were only two problems with this.

One, a limitation of Chad's powers that they encountered. Yes, continued constant and enthusiastic fucking did continue to provide returns. But those returns were consistently diminishing at a rapid rate. To the point that they barely got any spiritual benefit from it by the end of the week. Not that it was going to stop them.

The second problem was watching outside Orihime's bedroom window.

Tatsuki Arisawa hadn't been at all prepared for what she would stumble upon that night. She hadn't seen Orihime all that much at all over the past few days and was starting to get worried. She just wanted to make sure everything was alright. She had stopped by her friend's apartment unannounced a bunch of times so it wasn't like it would be strange for her to show up out of the blue. But when she arrived, when she raised her knuckles to knock on the redhead's apartment door...

"Ahhh! Ooh, you're so big inside me!"

The karateka had thought she was hearing things at first. Or maybe her mind was playing tricks on her, hearing such a voice from another room or building and attributing it to this one. But as Tatsuki pressed her ear to the door, there was no mistaking it. The moans, they were in Orihime's voice. Accompanied by the quiet grunts of a man.

She... Was Orihime *having sex*?! Did Orihime have a boyfriend?! Was it Ichigo?! Tatsuki hadn't seen Ichigo at all in the past week, come to think of it!

Tatsuki's first impulse was to bust the door down and find out the truth for herself. What if Ichigo had gotten weird again like that one, like... Yeah, like that one time when he was trying to kiss everyone! It was fuzzy but she remembered it... Something like that happened. But on the other

hand, what if it wasn't that? What if it was legit? She didn't want to ruin a private moment. But at the same time, she had to protect Orihime. Just like Orihime... Protected...

The tomboy palmed her face. Things were confusing. It was like her memories were all jumbled up. The important thing was to make sure Orihime was alright. And so she did something that was maybe not okay, but better than breaking someone's door down. Probably.

Intellectually, Tatsuki knew what she would be looking in on when she climbed around to Orihime's bedroom window. It didn't prepare her for the sight at all though. She could hear the redhead's squeals and moans all the clearer. Accompanied by the sight of the curvy girl kneeling, straddling... *Chad?! Orihime* wore a blissful expression as dark skinned hands cupped, massaged and supported her breasts as she bounced atop him. If there were still any question of whether it was consensual, Orihime's continued pleading for him to squeeze her breasts harder as her bouncing increased in pace put those questions to bed. The redhead was loving it.

And... Tatsuki had to wonder if what else she could see between 'Hime's legs had something to do with it. Chad was *massive*. Tatsuki hadn't seen a lot of them but his seemed almost too girthy to fit in anything. But it had. More than once, and more than one place. Not knowing there was any reason to be shy, Orihime's legs were spread wide as she leaned back, unknowingly letting her best friend see the shining, gaping folds of her empty pussy.

Which meant...

"Holy shit," the tomboy whispered. The realisation coming to her that not only were Orihime and Chad fucking, right at that moment she was watching Orihime take that huge cock in her ass. "How the hell...?" And that Orihime was enjoying it to boot. Could it really feel that good?

As if to answer the question, the redhead's movements became stiff, her muscles visibly clenching as she dropped fully onto the shaft to bury it fully inside her. Her pussy twitching and spraying clear fluid onto her sheets. Did... Did she just...? From her butt?

Tatsuki's hands began to wander, her fingers slipped along the hem of her skirt. Her tongue wet her lips. But she shook her head. What was she thinking? She shouldn't have been watching them at all, let alone doing something like that right out in the open outside her best friend's window! Squinting her eyes shut, she pulled herself away, hopping back down to the street as she calmed her breathing.

Orihime... And Chad... That was the last thing she would've expected. Tatsuki was starting to think maybe Orihime had a thing for Ichigo. Or maybe that really smart guy, Uryu. Well, so long as she was happy. And she *did* look happy.

Very happy.

The only problem was that Orihime hadn't told her about any of this. Tatsuki thought they were best friends. Then Orihime got a boyfriend and didn't say anything? It wasn't like it cast doubt on their friendship, not after that... Motorbike... Monster... With tentacles? No, that...

Ugh, she was frustrated! And not just because of her incidental stint of voyeurism. She had to go home. She had a tournament to rest up for. All this could wait until she got back.

But as Tatsuki turned and headed for home, she didn't know that after a brief session of tending her needs, she would sleep, and dream. And a lot of things would suddenly make far more sense.

Back inside the apartment, the two young lovers were each coming down from their respective orgasmic highs. Orihime laying back against Chad's chest, his manhood still deep inside her butt, keeping it tightly sealed. "Heehee! You're gonna have to carry me to the bathroom or I'm gonna make a mess!"

"Maybe we should've used a condom," the gentle giant wondered aloud.

"Nuh-uh!" The cheerful girl was having none of it. "We have to do that for the front. Gotta be careful, but I wanna feel all of it!" She sighed dreamily, absently playing with herself. "And it felt great..."

"I don't know a lot about it," he admitted, "But I heard it's not supposed to feel that good. Maybe even hurt."

"Really?" She sat up, turned herself around without extracting his thick member so she could lay herself atop him again. "I don't know. Maybe it's because it's you. Whenever we're together like this, it feels like you're so deep inside me... I don't wanna go without this feeling ever again. Doesn't matter what we're doing, if we're together it'll always feel amazing."

"I don't know how I feel about how this started," Chad admitted. "But I'm happy we can be together like this too."

"Then what's there to worry about?" she asked with a bright smile that suddenly faltered into nervousness. "Except getting me to the bathroom before you go soft."

"Yeah, hold on to me."

"After, I can make us dinner!" the redhead declared as she was hoisted into her lover's arms, her thighs wrapped around his waist. "You can try my super special wasabi and persimmon fried rice!"

"... I'd love to."

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More days passed. More days of training to understand their powers. Far less spent on what was increasingly becoming frivolous lovemaking with no meaningful benefit. It very quickly became clear that while Chad had become far stronger, far more spiritually powerful than when he started, there were still very clear and obvious limits. His right arm was powerful in its own right, but between the two armoured limbs, it was obviously the inferior.

However, while there was a massive difference in power, there was also a clear disparity in usefulness. The right arm, Brazo Derecha del Gigante, was strong. It could create powerful blasts of spiritual energy. It could also function as a shield thanks to its heavier armour. It had powers of reasonable offense and defense. On the literal other hand, Brazo Izquierda del Diablo was all offense. It could not create blasts of energy. It could not defend. Its only purpose was for Chad to get directly into the face of his opponent for a single punch with devastating force. Against most soul reapers, Yoruichi had explained, it would be enough to instantly end the fight so long as it landed. However, she warned that landing such a blow would not be easy. It was heavily telegraphed to anyone spiritually aware.

And worse. While it would almost certainly end a fight against most opponents, if it didn't, Chad would be left in great danger. The toll that power took was immense, enough to rob him of consciousness the first time he used it. With time and effort it stopped being quite that bad, but if he had to use it and didn't get a chance to rest afterwards, defeat would be inevitable.

Then, came the final day. The day before they would invade Soul Society. A day Yoruichi had told her students to take as a chance to relax and mentally prepare themselves for the trials to come. Coincidentally a day that they had arranged to go watch a fireworks festival with their friends. If they had intended to keep their relationship secret, it probably would have been better not to arrive together.

"Chad!" Keigo yelled as Orihime spotted Tatsuki and ran to go talk to her. "Why're you walking so close to Orihime?! Don't tell me—!"

"... Okay," the giant answered.

"Okay what?!"

"I won't tell you."

An overdramatic gasp. "Betrayal! Betrayal of our brotherly bond getting a cutie like Orihime as your girlfriend! How dare!"

Chad had thought Keigo was scared of him, so declaration of some kind of brotherly bond was surprising.

"Knock it off, jackass!" Ichigo complained while tripping the overexcited boy charging at someone who could flatten him in an instant. "Mizuiro's leaving without you."

"Mizuiro no! Why must everyone betray me today!"

"Hey, Chad," the orange-haired teen said more quietly as they were left mostly alone together. "You and Orihime?"

"... Yeah," the giant admitted, even a little sheepishly. "Some weird things happened with my powers and... It just kind of happened."

"Well, I'm happy for you," Ichigo said with a smirk. "Didn't think you had it in you! You're, uh... You're okay with her coming with us to Soul Society?"

Slowly, Chad nodded. "Yeah. She's strong... In her own way."

"Alright, I'll take your word for it. Pretty bold taking your girlfriend on a dangerous rescue mission. But hey, we've always got each other's backs, right?"

"... Right. After all, it's a rescue mission to get your girlfriend back."

"Gh!" The reaper stumbled at the suggestion. "Hey, no more talk like that! Keep saying that kinda crap when we bring her back, you'll give the shorty ideas!"

"... Hm."

"Tatsuki!" Orihime exclaimed, running up to and almost tackling her friend in overexcitement. "Is your arm better?! That's amazing! I thought you said it was gonna be another couple of weeks before it recovered!"

"Yeah, well, when I went for my physical the day before the tournament, I got a clean bill of health. It was the weirdest thing." She shrugged, before lifting her left arm and flexing. "But you're now looking at the number one strongest girl in Japan!"

"You're amazing, Tatsuki! I'm so happy for you! I know you worked really hard!"

"Yeah," the athlete said with the kind of melancholy reserved for people who felt they had achieved their ambitions. "I guess you have too, huh? Hey, 'Hime? I just wanted to say thanks."

"Haha, what do you even have to thank me for, silly?" the redhead asked, confused.

"Saving us from that monster."

Orihime's face froze. "Ah... Monster? I, uh..."

"Don't lie to me, 'Hime. I know why you did. It hurts, but I get it." The champion karateka looked away from the shamed expression on her friend's face. To what really bothered her more. "It hurt a little more that you got a boyfriend and didn't tell me."

"That... It just kind of happened," Orihime admitted. "I didn't tell anyone."

"Guess not." It was a simple two word statement that said far more. Tatsuki felt confident that Orihime hadn't told anyone else either. The two of them were that close. If Orihime didn't tell her, there was no one she would feel comfortable telling. "He makes you happy?"

"Yeah... It's hard to describe. But he does." She giggled to herself. "He still doesn't talk much! But that's okay! I can do all the talking, knowing he hangs on every word!"

"That so?" She was certainly doing most of the talking from what Tatsuki saw. 'More', 'harder', 'just like that', that sort of thing. Her secretive smirk slipped off her face. "You guys are going away for a while. Is it like what happened that day?"

"... Kind of. It's something we have to do. But I promise we'll come back safe!"

"Ha, you better! I'd hate to have to kick Chad's ass if anything happens to you!"

"Tatsukiiii!"

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CHAPTER 3

"You're... Okay with it?"

"Why wouldn't I be? Chad, we're going somewhere super duper dangerous!" Orihime insisted. "I won't ask you to hold back for my sake if it means you might get hurt! And if I'm not there..." She shot him a firm thumbs up. "You have my express permission to rock her world! Smash her good and hard for me!"

The not so gentle giant reacted with surprise, then gratitude. Returning her thumbs up with one of his own. The two of them seeming to sparkle at their good communication and mutual understanding.

"Man, now that I'm seeing them like this, I kinda get it," Ichigo muttered to Uryu and their feline guide. "They can't be more different but they're also both kind of dorks."

"You have no idea what they're talking about, do you?" Yoruichi asked.

"Sounds to me like they're making sure neither of them hold anything back," Uryu concluded, adjusting his glasses. "That sounds like appropriate policy when dealing with enemy soul reapers to me."

"Yeah, Uryu's right. We've got to give it our all!"

Yoruichi sighed. "That would be a no, then." The cat wasn't about to inform them either. Far beyond everything else that was remaining unsaid, she wasn't about to tell Chad not to fornicate with the enemy. Though staying silent promised to make things complicated down the line, but that would be Chad's problem, not Yoruichi's.

So naturally, that was perfectly fine.

With Urahara's aid, the four teens plus one cat moved through the passage into the Soul Society. With one small hiccup that would play out in their favour, though none of them would know that for quite a while. Oddly enough, Yoruichi was furious with Orihime for saving them from something the cat very specifically admitted would have killed them otherwise. Thus Chad, feeling the need to defend her, pointed out his girlfriend had done the right thing, even unknowingly. If they shouldn't do something dangerous or life-threatening when they feel it's the right thing to do, then they should just go home immediately.

Yoruichi, who had mostly been lashing out from frustration, wasn't exactly appreciative of the backtalk. Especially when it galvanised Ichigo, convincing him to run headfirst at the Seireitei in the distance, triggering the walls protecting it to come down and for the gate guardian to appear.

"You see what you did?!" Yoruichi snapped at the giant.

Ever stoic, Chad didn't react visibly. "Not really what I meant, yeah."

In the end, the conflict with the gate guardian went both well and poorly. Ichigo defeated the enormous soul reaper, getting his aid in opening the gate, only for a soul reaper Captain to appear on the other side of it. The ensuing fracas injured the gate guardian and shut the gate on them again, leaving Orihime to heal the friendly and honourable guardian. After all, he had genuinely just been doing his job.

Ichigo and Chad received hash-mark scratches over their faces as punishment. The former for being stupid. The latter for inspiring him to be stupid.

From there, the teens were mostly left to figure things out for themselves while Yoruichi tried to gather information. It gave them a chance to see what the afterlife was really like.

"I don't want to die anytime soon," Chad opined, looking at the village straight out of the Edo period.

"That should be obvious," Uryu responded with mild sarcasm, before adding, "But I can definitely see where you're coming from in this case."

"Mister!"

Chad was shocked to hear a familiar voice calling out to him. The soul he had protected from a hollow who had been trapped in a parakeet. That chance meeting turned out to be even more astonishing when he found out just how unlikely it was. The boy Yuichi hadn't found his mother like Chad had hoped, and those looking after him were very circumspect for Yuichi's sake in making the point that the boy likely never would be reunited with her.

Chad was sad for Yuichi. But, maybe selfishly, he was sad for himself as well. He hadn't spoken of it, not to anyone, not even Orihime. But he had hoped... Maybe he would be able to find his abuelo. For guidance, but... Also just because it would have been wonderful to see him again. To show him the kind of man Chad had become thanks to his guidance.

"Uh—!" He suddenly felt a body slam into him from behind. A very familiar body. "Orihime?"

"You looked like you needed a hug," she told him, arms wrapped around him. "You okay?"

"... Yeah. Just... Being selfish, I guess."

She smiled up at him as he turned around in her arms. "You were hoping to see someone too, huh?"

A small, sad smile formed on his face. Orihime was far more perceptive than most people gave her credit for. And she had gotten to know him very well over the past week or so. "Mi abuelo. My grandfather," he clarified. "You?"

"My big brother," she admitted. "I know he's here. He was a hollow. Ichigo helped him pass on. It was how I found out about all this." Chad nodded, not having more to say. "I wanted to see him again, to make sure he's okay. But... I think I learned when I got to say goodbye, we can't dwell on the people we lost. We should remember them, honour them, but not get lost in regrets. There were things I wish I said when he was alive, and I'm glad I got the chance to say them, but the things that matter don't need to be said. Your abuelo," she managed to not stumble on the foreign word, "You loved him? He knew. And he knew you'd do your best."

Chad wasn't the most expressive young man in the world. In public or private. And so it spoke volumes when he lowered himself to one knee and squeezed his lover tightly. No tears fell, but his whisper of "Thank you," conveyed his feelings clearly. "Your brother must be very proud of you, too."

"Mm-hm!" She accepted the compliment, knowing it was true even without having to hear Sora say it. "We should get moving. Yoruichi wants us to go talk to this village elder guy."

-(-)-

A meeting with a respectful elder, interrupted by boorish and boarish men. Fights being picked, Ichigo being stubborn and prideful wanting to hang around for a challenge with some guy he just met.

Not one of his brightest moments, and maybe something Ichigo would look back on and feel like an idiot about. But Chad knew about his friend's prideful streak long before this. He was glad Yoruichi could set him straight and get his priorities back in order.

From there, on to the home of one Kukaku Shiba. A friend of Yoruichi's, which raised questions about Yoruichi's past. But it wasn't like any of them expected the cat to answer if asked. And so they allowed themselves to wonder to themselves about what kind of person Kukaku was. None of those wonderings matched up to the truth of a hardass amputee who announced her home with a banner held aloft by giant stone arms. And also the sister of the goon who picked a fight with Ichigo the night before.

Following more rough-housing and arguments brought to a swift and sudden conclusion by the harsh and uncompromising woman, the plan was announced. Kukaku agreed to help them breach the Seireitei, despite the Shiba family's distaste for helping soul reapers. Very vocal distaste on the part of the younger brother, Ganju.

But, preparation was required to make the plan a reality. Each teen handed a ball as a test.

"Alright, test is simple!" the one-armed woman declared. "Channel your spiritual energy into your ball, and try to keep it steady. Understand? We'll start with you, four-eyes."

"Hmph." Displeasure at the nickname or not, Uryu did as told. A translucent blue shell appeared around him that was barely larger than his own body.

"Good. Precise, not wasteful, maybe even *too* tightly controlled," Kukaku praised. "Next, the ginger with the curves."

"Okay!" Another shell appeared around Orihime, spherical, unlike Uryu's.

"Hm..." The woman studied the orb closely. "Not bad. A little unsteady but it'll be good enough. Next, the big guy."

"Hm." Chad breathed in, then out, feeling the same expression as when he activated his powers.

"Wah!" Several yelps sounded as Orihime, Uryu and Ichigo were bowled over by the enormous orb that appeared and bowled them over. "Chad, what the hell!" Ichigo shouted.

The gentle giant opened his eyes and looked around, quickly cutting off the flow of energy to the orb. "Uh... Sorry."

Kukaku pinched the bridge of her nose. "Okay. So. Maybe a little more measured this time? Don't dump everything you have into it like an idiot."

"Um..." Chad tried again, with very similar results.

"Alright, stop." The frustrated woman shook her head. "We'll come back to you. Carrot Top, you're up!" Only for Ichigo to fail to manage anything at all somehow. The one who had been at this spirit business the longest of them, the one who naturally had a strong enough soul to see spirits from a young age. "Oh, hell! Are you sure you're even a soul reaper?!"

"Hey shut up, I'll get it!"

"Whatever! You! Big guy! You're coming with me for some remedial training!"

"Okay."

"Rest of you can go eat."

"You guys go ahead," Ichigo growled as he kept gripping the ball in his hands like he was trying to crush it by force. "I'mma keep working on this."

"Suit yourself," Kukaku shrugged, dragging Chad out and down the hall before shutting him in another room. One with plenty of space, some personal accoutrements, but no indication of what the room was for. "Alright, what's your deal?"

"My deal?" Chad asked.

"What are you? How do your powers work? How do you use them?" she expanded her question, only to get a confused frown. She sighed. "I want a better idea of you so I can figure out what you're doing wrong."

"... I'm human," he answered, raising his right hand and clenching it into a fist. "Yoruichi said my powers came from Ichigo. Constantly being around his spiritual pressure made our souls stronger. That strength, expressed as powers when I needed them."

The woman nodded. "Alright. That told me... Nothing. Tell you what, whip it out. Show me."

He did his best not to stare at her expansive cleavage in response to the suggestive phrase. "... Um... Whip it out?"

"Kid, we're on a timetable aren't we? Show me your damn powers already!"

"... Alright."

An explosion of spiritual pressure, but one that didn't faze the woman in the slightest as she continued puffing on her pipe. The feeling of his armour coating his body was comforting to Chad after using it so many times. Both in training and in fun times with Orihime. It was starting to feel more like his real self, unshackled. And speaking of 'unshackled', his belt exploded and his pants burst open, revealing his oddly coloured erection.

Kukaku's eyebrows shot to her hairline. Her pipe snapped between her fingers. "Well. Points for surprising me. Wasn't expecting that. How do you use them?"

"The Right Arm of the Giant. It is my shield, but also allows me to fire powerful blasts of spiritual energy. The Left Arm of the Devil. A punch that delivers everything I have in one blow."

"Uh-huh. And let me guess, you've never tried giving maybe, *less* than everything you've got?" Kukaku asked with dismay. Expecting he was an all or nothing type of guy.

"I have, while training with Yoruichi." He shook his head. "I'm beginning to think my powers don't work like that. That the only reason my right arm doesn't give everything is that it can't handle everything the way my left arm can." A flex of his left hand. "Then again, I no longer pass out after using my left arm. I might be wrong."

"Hunh," a considering grunt from the woman. So maybe not just an all or nothing type of guy, but also an all or nothing type of power that encouraged him to be an all or nothing type of guy. That was frustrating. "And what about that?" she asked, nodding down to his crotch. It twitched powerfully at being acknowledged.

Chad blushed. On some level, this kind of felt like a doctor's visit. Until a beautiful older woman was staring at his dick and smirking. "What about it?"

"How does that work? Is it 'all or nothing' too?"

"... In a way. But also not really?"

"Did you name that too?"

Suddenly, despite being right in front of the exit, Chad felt cornered. "Manhood of the Beast."

"HA!" the older woman barked out a laugh. "Is that so? I like it! Alright, you say it's different, maybe it's the key to showing you what the difference is between what you're doing and what I want you to do." She paused, looking at him expectantly. "Well? Hit me with it."

"Are you sure—?"

"Kid," she spoke flatly, flicking the broken pieces of her pipe to the side and grabbing the sword on her waist. "Don't let the arm fool you. Anyone you meet from now until you've done whatever the hell you wanna do in Soul Society? Ain't weak. So when I say 'hit me', you sure as hell better hit me!"

"... Okay." He breathed in, once again gathering his power, focusing it low. "Virilidad de la Bestia!" he called out, a powerful wind kicking up in the room. First slow, then quickly ramping up until Kukaku had to brace against it. She gasped as what felt like phantom hands caressed her exposed skin and tugged at her clothing until it was ripped away. Her sword only stayed where it was for already being in her hand. The rest? Gone. Her womanly curves, her thick brown nipples that capped heaving breasts, her powerful thighs parted around a dark bush. All revealed to Chad's eyes.

"Oh," she purred. "Oh yeah." She felt her nipples stiffen, her pussy moisten. The phantom hands massaging every part of her body to the point her knees began to quake. "Mama likes. I wish more men had powers like this." A pink tongue flashed along her lips as she fought to stay on her feet, to not lay back and spread her legs for him. She wasn't some naive girl who would give in just like that. Kukaku Shiba was a woman who knew what she wanted. And right in that moment, she wanted a taste of that dick. She took a firm, focused step forward, then another, leaving a trail of droplets on the tatami mats.

Chad however, didn't know she was barely staying on her feet. All he saw was the technique that had completely destroyed Orihime's will to resist his advances in an instant was just egging this woman on. He wasn't the type to be easily intimidated, which said a lot for just how intimidating this was as she stared at him with almost a feral hunger.

She only allowed herself to drop to her knees when she was right there in front of that prime piece of man meat. Like a baseball bat jutting out of his crotch, but angry and throbbing. She could still feel the hands brushing against her skin, ghosting over her tits and pussy, never quite reaching the level of true stimulation. Just fuelling her desires more and more. Her rational mind increasingly pushed aside was still present enough to put the pieces together before she put her hands on that incredible cock. At which point, thoughts other than getting it inside her completely fled.

"You ever had a woman before, kid?" Kukaku asked, softly breathing on his length as she stroked it. As her hand moved to fondle his enormous balls. Twin oranges in a bag that strained to fit them.

"Orihime..." he managed to say.

"The ginger?" she asked. "That's a no then. You've had a girl. Let me show you what a woman can do." She moved forward, her hand coming up to stroke the top half of his cock while she

dove headfirst into the base. Shoved her nose into the point where balls met cock and heaved in his musk. "Ahhh..." Her tongue snaked out, tickling that sensitive spot, then washed her way up the underside with her spit before pouncing on the tip. Thick enough she worried her jaw might unhinge as she fit her mouth over the end. A worry that grew and quickly faded as that monstrous shaft slipped inch by inch into her mouth.

Her tongue continued to swirl around him. Usually the reward for this kind of treatment was to hear the man moan and groan, to lose himself in her technique. And while that was present... Sucking this amazing cock was its own reward. The taste, the satisfaction of how it completely stuffed her mouth. The hand the Shiba Clan head had been using to massage his balls had a more important task. It had to tend to her utterly soaked cunt. If she didn't do something she'd go crazy. She was having too much fun to jump right to the main event. She wanted more, more of this fat, inhuman cock to stuff her gullet. She fought her own reflex, her own body, to let that bulbous crown slide down her throat as she fingerfucked herself.

It was too much. She had no idea how close she already was. The phantom hands, this incredible dick. The second her fingers slipped inside her pussy it clamped down on them. "Mmmmmngh!" she groaned out her orgasm, her body shaking as she choked herself on... On the kid's dick. She didn't even know his name but his name wasn't important. What was important was him making her cum again.

It was a significant effort to get off his cock. Not just for extracting it from her throat, but for fighting the desire to keep it there. She gasped for air when it was finally clear, strings of spit connecting her lips to the throbbing rod. "Ooh, you're something dangerous, you know that, kid?"

Chad, who had been just riding the wave all this time could only stare wide-eyed down at the woman who basically had him at her mercy. "I don't feel that dangerous right now."

"Oh, you are. What you're doing to me, I could fight it. Would probably even win." Raising her hips, Kukaku slipped his cock into the valley of her breasts. "But holy hell do you make a good case for not fighting it!" With her one good hand, she pushed her breast against his cock. "Gonna need your help for this one, kid," she reminded him, wiggling her stump.

"Right, sorry." He didn't know why he was apologising for not helping her help him fuck her tits. Maybe he was apologising for being an idiot. That seemed like a good reason. After all, her breasts were amazing. Firm and soft at the same time. Orihime's pair, they were wonderfully soft, snug, delicious. Kukaku's, their firmness made for a more stable cushion. He didn't need to press hard at all to keep himself trapped between the heaving pillows.

"That's it, fuck, even this feels great," the Shiba marvelled. Happily opening her mouth so with every thrust between her tits she could get a taste of that delicious cock meat. "Mm, fuck, so good! How you holding up, big guy?"

"I can, keep going!" he insisted. He had practice. And no matter how good she was at... Everything, he felt like he was in this for pride as much as anything else at this point.

"Then I know what I want! I want the real deal!" Her upper body dropped, letting her spit-soaked tits hang below her. Her plump ass wiggling. "Come on, stud! You know what I want!"

Chad moved behind her, palming her cheeks and pulling her folds apart with his thumbs. A juicy, thick pussy. She wasn't the only one who wanted this part.

"Don't keep me waiting!"

The door, the door that both of them were facing, slid open. "Hey Sis, the others're eating, do you want me to—WHAT THE FUCK!"

"Ganju, shut the damn door!"

"FUCK!" The door slammed shut, creating an awkward air in the room.

"So... Should we... Stop?" Chad asked.

Kukaku's head turned to glare at him. "The day I get clamjammed by my idiot baby brother is the day I end it all! Hell he can sit on the other side of that door and BEAT HIS TINY DICK LISTENING if he wants! Now shove that huge cock inside me already!"

She wasn't wrong. Chad could admit, even the appearance of Ganju couldn't kill his mood when there was a strong and beautiful woman begging him to fuck her. Leaning over her, he took her tits in his hands, rubbing his thumbs over her nipples. He didn't bother to line himself up properly. He knew, he would find his way home.

"LA PENETRACIÓN!"

Just as he expected, it was like his cock had a mind of its own, directly seeking her gushing folds and driving itself straight into her clutching love tunnel.

"UWOHHHH—... FUCK!" Kukaku screamed as she felt her cunt driven open in one powerful thrust. Once again her folds quivering and clutching, going crazy as that magnificent cock ruined her for other men. But who gave a shit, not like any other men were calling. She knew, as her jaw hung open, as her tongue hung out and drool dripped on the floor, she knew she'd have to find a way to get a taste of this on the regular. It was too good to go without. Not only did she have doubts another man could satisfy without being the size of this mighty meatstick, she didn't think they'd ever match up to just how good it felt to have nascent sex god inside her. He was still learning what his powers did. She shuddered, literally shuddered, to think what he'd be able to do when he fully got a handle on them. When he mastered them.

She'd have to make difficult decisions on a day like that. Like whether she'd want to do anything else but be his personal cock holster. But that day would probably be far in the future. For now, she just accepted his body pounding into hers, driving her to ecstatic high after ecstatic high. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" she was entirely unaware she was chanting. "Harder! Ruin me! Fuck me!" Her arms gave out, leaving her ass up as he pounded her cunt, reshaped it to take the form of his own cock sleeve. "Fuck! FUCK!"

"Argh!" For Chad, her continued orgasms were too much after everything else. But he had at least clearly outlasted her in this encounter. He finally let himself go, let loose a veritable deluge of hot cum into her cunt. Her womb flooded with potent swimmers in syrupy thick semen. Her belly bloated a little, taking such an absurd load with nowhere for it to escape. When he finally withdrew, his emergence was followed by a miniature waterfall of thick cum spilling onto the floor.

"Fuuuuuck..." Kukaku groaned as she lay on the floor. Her tongue hanging to taste the tatami mats but too tired, limp and mush-brained to close her mouth properly. "I needed that..."