

The Coldwife
Fandom: Bleach

Tags: Abstinence, struggling marriage, corruption, consensual infidelity, cheating, filming, sexting

Kurosaki Ichigo was no boxer.

Before learning how to fight with his *zanpakuto*, all his martial arts training revolved around the countless hours he'd spent as a kid in the karate dojo, or in street fights he'd get into with bullies.

So no, he didn't really know how to *box*, but he *could* dodge, and he had excellent footwork, which meant he made for an excellent sparring partner for his best friend. A best friend who *was* a professional boxer.

Or at least, was trying to be.

With his mitts up and protecting his face the way Chad showed him, Ichigo bobbed and weaved around the ring as his best friend followed him around, launching blinding fast jabs and punches.

'Still too fast!' their spectator barked. 'Focus!'

There was one key issue with Yasutora Sado—or Chad, as his friends affectionately called the half-Mexican giant—becoming a professional boxer, especially when the man in question was so damn honourable.

After their countless life and death escapades over the years, with Ichigo helping his friends gain access to their own spiritual energy to manifest their powers, their bodies had become empowered. As their spiritual energy and skill in manipulating it grew, their bodies had become inherently more powerful and durable, much more so than regular humans.

This was, of course, a major issue for Chad. As much as he wanted to be a professional boxer and to hone his martial art, his honour wouldn't allow it unless he was on an even playing field.

Enter Urahara Kisuke.

Upon hearing of the half-Mexican giant's plight, the scruffy *shinigami* inventor had endeavoured to create a limiter, of sorts, that Chad could use to not only restrict his powers, but to temporarily strip his body of the unfair advantage having access to said powers had provided.

Chad frowned in concentration, but nodded his large head to let their referee know he'd heard her. Ichigo smacked his gloves together to let his best friend know to continue and, after a brief pause, he did. His movements were notably slower, his punches less powerful.

Ironically, in trying to level the playing field, Chad had put himself at a massive disadvantage. He'd have to actively concentrate on limiting his own power—the only way the artefact could work without any permanent, unwelcome side-effects, Urahara had assured—which meant he not only had to concentrate on what he and his opponents would be doing, but he had to make sure he didn't accidentally kill them by letting loose.

Just imagining the damage Chad could do to a regular human if he accidentally lost control had Ichigo mentally wincing. Heck, Ichigo wasn't even really a fan of getting punched by the giant with his own spiritual energy reinforcing his skin and bones...

I'll have to go to all his fights, just in case...

Despite his understandable caution as huge, lightning-quick fists came for his head, Ichigo was having a blast. This sparring session was just what he needed to let off some steam from the stresses of work... and home.

'Alright, better! Good, good!' Their spectator called, bringing their intense sparring to a stop by clapping her hands. They both turned and eyed their dark-skinned referee, Shihouin Yoruichi, with raised eyebrows and she smirked at seeing how their gazes lingered on her perfect form, especially when she needlessly bent over and provocatively slid through the ropes—showing off her perfect ass—to get to them.

Ichigo turned to Chad and thumped the giant on the chest. 'You get the feeling she learned what to wear by looking it up on Instagram?'

Instead of answering, his quiet best friend just snorted in amusement.

His old teacher had opted for a tiny, orange cotton tank-top that somehow, unreasonably, tucked into every crevice on her chest and highlighted her generous assets perfectly. Her black leggings were no better, the scrunch-butt style making it look like they were painted on.

All she was missing was a phone to film her endeavours and she had the perfect, Instagram gym-bunny outfit down to a T.

Honestly, if he weren't so used to the gorgeous woman teasing him, Ichigo would find it hard to concentrate. Even with all that, given how pent up he was, it was still a struggle.

Ichigo turned back to Chad with a shake of his head, his eyes widening as he took in his best friend's condition.

Ichigo had sparred with Chad countless times in the past, but that was with using their spiritual energy. Looking at him now, it was as if they'd been fighting for a dozen hours given how hard he was breathing and how intensely he was sweating.

Were anyone else in the gym, he was sure they'd be attracting unwanted attention given how spotless and unbothered Ichigo looked in comparison.

At least we know the ring works...

'It's been forty minutes,' Yoruichi told them dryly, shooting Ichigo a narrowed-eye glare for his cheek. 'Looks like Kisuke's little invention is working as intended. I'll leave it up to Ichigo to monitor it from now on.' She turned to him, her eyebrow raised. 'I'm assuming you need to get back to the hospital?' Ichigo nodded and Yoruichi continued. 'Wait for me, I need to use the ladies. I'll go with you.'

Again Ichigo nodded and as Yoruichi sashayed away, taking a little *too* long passing through the ropes again on her way out of the ring, both Ichigo and Chad looked at each other and shared a secret grin.

They'd learnt a long time ago that if they didn't give the sexy woman the attention she so desperately craved, she'd just stop teasing them.

And we can't have that. Honestly, perving on Yoruichi-san is the most action I've had in months...

While he waited, Ichigo picked up a nearby boxing bag and held it against his chest, motioning for his best friend to give it his best. Chad didn't hesitate, and though the limiter was definitely rendering his strength back to regular human levels, the giant *still* hit like a truck.

Luckily, Ichigo could take the punishment.

'Yeah, that image is going straight into the wank bank.'

Chad froze in the middle of his next punch at the out-of-character proclamation before shaking his head and snorting. 'Yoruichi?' At his nod, Chad shook his head again and sighed. 'Holiday with the wife not go well?'

Ichigo mirrored his friend's sigh. He'd planned an all-inclusive weekend getaway for him and Orihime at a luxury resort—the very same one they'd taken their honeymoon at—in an attempt to breathe some life into his anemic marriage. He'd had it all planned out—his pops would take care of Kazui and he had his colleagues cover his patients for the weekend.

It had been a disaster. Not only had his wife rebuffed all his efforts at romance and seduction, they'd had a fight when he'd tried to take away her phone so she'd stop incessantly messaging their son, rather than spend time with her husband.

He relayed all this to his best friend, who winced in sympathy. Chad was basically an expert in his marital woes at this point—the issues were so long-lasting and his presence as a supportive friend so unquestionable, how could he be anything but?

'That's rough... I'm sorry.'

'Yeah,' Ichigo said with a sad smile, motioning for his friend to throw another punch. 'Me too.'

Ichigo had all-but given up at this point, his relationship with Orihime having all-but devolved into one of housemates rather than husband and wife. Divorce was a non-starter—while the situation with his old man had been wildly different, Ichigo had *seen* how much he'd struggled to raise three kids in a broken home.

The countless examples he saw as a GP were just as bad.

His son would have a loving mother and a father—and whatever intimacy issues he may have with his wife, the fact that she was an *incredible* mother was never in doubt.

No, as much as it might suck, Ichigo would always put his son's well being before his own.

Yoruichi announced her return by slapping the mat of the ring with an open palm. 'Ready to go?'

Ichigo nodded and bumped mitts with Chad before removing the gloves.

'Just remember Chad, keep practising until the limiter is second nature. We can't have you accidentally killing someone in the ring—think of all the paperwork...'

Chad frowned in consternation and Ichigo just rolled his eyes. Yoruichi threw her hands up and shook her head in annoyance.

'Sheesh, everyone's a critic.'

They bid his best friend farewell before he and his old teacher left the boxing gym together. Though it was the middle of the day, the street was fairly deserted and Yoruichi turned to him with a sly grin. 'Wanna race?'

Ichigo blinked at her owlishly. 'Huh?'

Her grin widened before she poked him in the chest. 'Tag, you're it.'

Before he could yell after her, Yoruichi disappeared in a flash. Ichigo stared at the spot she'd just vacated for barely a nanosecond before his eyes narrowed and he raced after her.

It had been a while since he'd put the *Goddess of Flash* in her place...

-

When Yoruichi finally made it to the roof of the Karakura hospital, she scowled when she saw Ichigo waiting for her, a stupid, sexy grin on his face.

How is this brat still so fast when all he does is work all day?

Thankfully, with the hospital owned by the Ishidas, they didn't need to worry so much about subtlety, or explaining how they kept coming and going from the otherwise inaccessible roof.

Which was pretty handy for the spiritually awoken doctors working within.

'Wipe that grin off your face, smart-ass.'

Naturally, his grin only widened. Crossing his arms, he leaned back against the concrete wall and raised an eyebrow, waiting for the typical *forfeit* of their little games.

'Why can't you just be a *normal* man and ask to see my tits?'

He, of course, didn't blink at the otherwise absurdly tantalising offer.

Fucking monk.

Or maybe that was less true than she'd originally thought. She would see.

'*Fine*,' she bit out through gritted teeth. There wasn't much that could fluster her these days, but having this brat constantly rub it in her face that he was faster than her—*her*, the *Goddess of Flash*—drove her *insane*.

She was too good a teacher, apparently. Whoever said it was a teacher's greatest pride to have their students surpass them was either crazy, or had insane small-dick energy.

'You win, *God of Flash*.'

It wouldn't be half so bad if Ichigo didn't have that stupid, sexy, smug grin every time he ripped those words out of her.

Thankfully, the ginger haired doctor knew not to push her too far. He looked at his watch, sighed wearily, then turned back to face her. 'What's this about? I need to see a patient in ten minutes.'

Remembering what she'd overheard the boys talking about when they thought she was still in the ladies, Yoruichi frowned, a look of concern marring her beautiful features.

Though she'd freely admit to not paying as much attention to his marriage as she maybe should given how long they'd been friends, Yoruichi had always thought Ichigo and Orihime had the perfect marriage.

Apparently not.

Taking a seat beside him on the bench, she pulled her knee up to her chest and shot her pupil—no, her *friend*—a side-eyed glance. 'I overheard your conversation with Chad earlier. About your *marriage problems*.'

Naturally and expectantly, Ichigo flushed with both rage and embarrassment.

She'd expected it. Men were such fragile creatures, their egos always at risk of crumbling at the slightest amount of pressure.

That's not fair, not with Ichigo...

He proved her self-admonishment fair almost instantly by controlling his emotions and taking a deep, calming breath.

'That's my fault for assuming the ex-leader of the *Shinigami* spooks could turn off the need to spy.'

Ouch, but fair.

With as understanding and conciliatory a voice as possible, free of any judgement or teasing, she very delicately asked her next question, knowing full-well it had the potential to have the typically prudish shut down. 'How long has it been since you've made love to your wife, Ichigo?'

This was clearly a sensitive topic for him, proven by the fact that Ichigo immediately went on the defensive.

'You're gonna tease me about *this*?' His teeth were gritted, his jaw clenched and his words acidic, it was only the naked pain in his eyes that stopped Yoruichi from actually taking any offence. 'Go on, get it out of your system. I need to get back to work.'

She let the silence linger for a few, uncomfortable seconds, enough for Ichigo to let down his guard, before continuing. 'Is that how little you think of our relationship, Ichigo? That, because I find it hilarious how you *still* freak out when I show you my tits—and that *is* still hilarious, by the way—you think that means I don't care about you?'

At least he had the good graces to look chastened. Screwing his eyes shut, Ichigo took several deep, calming breaths before opening his eyes and returning her concerned stare. 'I'm sorry. I've been stressed out lately, as you've no-doubt guessed.'

He's matured.

It was easy to forget that Ichigo was a grown man now. No matter how old he grew, he'd always be that blushing teen in her eyes. Still very much a baby, when compared to her centuries of life.

After a pregnant pause, Yoruichi only nodded, but she remained silent, waiting for the answer to her original question. Looking pained to just be talking about it, Ichigo sighed again and rubbed the side of his face wearily.

'Orihime and I haven't made love since Kazui was conceived.'

Yoruichi froze in shock, her eyes wide. 'I-isn't he, like, four years old?'

Ichigo's grin was both amused and filled with pain. 'He just turned seven, you *supposedly* got him a birthday card...'

What the actual fuck?!

Growing uncomfortable at her disbelieving stare, Yoruichi schooled her emotions and adopted an open, understanding posture, turning so that she was facing him, her body open to him.

Was it fucked up that she was using interrogation tactics on her friend? Maybe, but she was finding it hard to care at that moment.

Eh, fuck it, the ends justify the means.

'Tell me *everything*.'

To Yoruichi's great surprise—men weren't typically prone to talking about their *feelings* or what ailed them—Ichigo, after only a *slight* grimace of hesitation, did just that.

He must be desperate... Normally, getting him to do more than grunt monosyllabically is like herding cats.

Ichigo's tale was, unfortunately, one she'd heard many times before in her centuries of life—though to his credit, none of those marriages had survived the ordeal. Ichigo spun her a tale of his wife growing increasingly distant over time, where intimacy had become a nuisance and something they often fought over.

Expecting him to have grown pushy and aggressive—*she* sure as shit would have—Ichigo told her about all his plans to reignite the spark of their passion. They were subtle, ingenious—so much so Yoruichi suspected he might have his own shrink helping on his end.

He *did* work in a hospital, after all.

Unfortunately, none of it seemed to work. Orihime just didn't seem interested in her husband anymore.

At least not sexually.

When he finally stopped talking, he was beyond running late for his appointments, and she could see him fidgeting in his seat, a guilty look on his face for making his patients wait.

'First, *none* of this is your fault.'

If he'd been seeing a shrink like she suspected, Yoruichi doubted this was the first time he'd had that said to him. That being said, it was as if her words had lifted an immense weight off his shoulders.

'You... have no idea how good it is to hear that.' He spoke the words through gritted teeth, as if it physically pained him to talk about his emotions. 'I keep thinking... maybe it's my fault? Maybe she's just not attracted to me anymore—'

He started in surprise as Yoruichi suddenly burst out in incredulous laughter.

Before Ichigo even had time to get angry at her laughing at him—men were so fragile, *especially* after pouring out their feelings—Yoruichi rolled across the bench, stretched a long, powerful leg over his, then settled in his lap. Predictably, he froze like a gazelle before a lion, his eyes wide and his cheeks flushed crimson.

Yoruichi threw her arms around his shoulders and leaned in close, her tits pressed against his muscular chest and her lips against his ear. She felt him shudder as her hot breath tickled, then she felt a hard poke against her rear when she stuck out her tongue and licked his ear.

He must be so backed up...

'Ichigo... if I thought for a *second* you'd actually go through with it, I'd take out your cock right now and *fuck your brains out*.' She pulled back and smirked triumphantly at the dumbfounded look on his face. While he was very obviously shocked, she could see it in his dark, smouldering eyes.

He was doing *everything* in his power to hold himself back.

Yoruichi would be lying if she said the raw desire she felt radiating off him didn't affect her.

I wish he wasn't so damn noble...

'Trust me, it's not *you*. It's not even Orihime, not really.' Yoruichi sighed, though she didn't get up from his lap—she loved seeing Ichigo squirm. Loved *feeling* the effect her mere presence was having on him.. 'I've seen this before several times. It's normal for a woman, after giving birth, to hyper fixate on raising their child—it's *less* normal for that to carry on for *seven years*.'

Ichigo had gotten over his embarrassment and was staring up at her in confusion. He was a doctor, so the source of his confusion wasn't so much what she was saying, but where she obtained the knowledge.

She sighed. 'Do you know what the purpose of the Shinigami Women's Association is?'

His face scrunched up at the seemingly random non-sequitur, then he deadpanned. 'Generating a booze fund by selling calendars to horny women filled with pictures of half-naked men taken without their consent?'

Yoruichi palmed her face and groaned in actual pain, her forehead throbbing in annoyance.

'For fuck's sake, that happened *one* time...'

Seeing Ichigo's unimpressed stare, she sighed and shook her head.

Fucking Rangiku...

'No Ichigo,' she began patiently. 'While we *do* get together and share a drink sometimes—' seeing the look on his face, she begrudgingly added, 'and while *some* of our members *may* get out of hand, the SWA is a women's support group—we have licensed psychiatrists and everything.'

'...Okay? You think I haven't tried getting Orihime to go to couple's counselling or just to see a psychiatrist herself?' He shook his head and sighed, shifting Yoruichi in his lap so she sat more comfortably—the fact that he didn't immediately shove her off, or hadn't done so since, just proved how desperate Ichigo was for some intimacy. 'Those conversations often start the biggest fights...'

'I'm not suggesting anything so obvious, just pointing out that we have the tools and knowledge to help with these kinds of issues.' She regarded Ichigo quietly for several moments before asking a question she already knew the answer to. 'Do you want to stay with your wife, Ichigo?'

His eyes narrowed. 'Divorce is *not* an option.'

Fuck, he's so sexy when he goes all Provider.

'Right. Okay. Do you want my help?'

He scowled. 'I don't even know what that means.'

She regarded him for a few tense, silent seconds before answering. 'It means I'll do everything in my power to help you—and I mean *everything*.'

'While that emphasis sounded incredibly ominous, I haven't had sex in *seven years*—you can hardly make the situation worse.'

'You sure about that?' She leaned in close until their noses were almost touching—she could *feel* his heart rate speed up. 'We need to reignite Orihime's libido, there's no easy, *innocent* way to do that. Some of what I might do might not exactly pass your purity test.'

This time, Ichigo was the one who startled her when he barked out a harsh laugh. When he finally returned her gaze, his stare was so intense it made her *wet*.

'Yoruichi, if you can help me get my wife back, I couldn't care less what happens.' Just in case his words were misinterpreted, he made himself extra clear. 'If you told me right now that my wife was having an *affair*, I'd be doing *cartwheels*—because that would mean she actually *has* a sex drive.'

'And you wouldn't care that she lied to you? Cheated on you?'

'Of course I would!' He snapped, started to get agitated. 'But *that* we can work on. This? I've run out of options. What else can I do but just lock myself in the bathroom and beat off for the rest of my life?'

Yoruichi regarded him for several tense moments, her estimation of the young man she'd helped train into one of the most powerful warriors she'd ever seen growing by leaps and bounds.

'I could take care of that for you.' Her whispered words eliciting an almost violent reaction, especially as she started to grind her toned ass against his impressive bulge. 'No one would know, heck, no one would even blame you. You're a man, you have needs.'

'I'd know,' Ichigo refused, but not with the venom she'd expected. He also didn't stop her from grinding against him, his workout shorts and her skin-tight leggings barely a barrier between his cock and her naked pussy.

'Yet you're giving me your blessing to do what I can to reignite your wife's libido?' She tilted her head and smirked, her ass moving in slow, sensual circles and very visibly driving Ichigo crazy. 'I'm not exactly going to be giving her manga and porn vids, you know? We're way past the point of friendly interventions and pep-talks...'

At this point, Ichigo was breathing heavily through his nose, his jaw clenched so hard she was worried his teeth might crack. He was very obviously engaging his legendary willpower to stop himself from mauling her right there.

Yoruichi smirked wider. She didn't hate that—it made her feel sexy. *Powerful*. She *loved* it when men couldn't control themselves around her.

Her smirk died when he looked up at her, his scowling expression screaming desperation and weariness.

'W-we can revisit this if you actually succeed.'

Yoruichi leaned back and grinned in satisfaction. 'Okay.'

Ichigo let out a deep sigh. 'Okay?'

'We have a deal. I'll do what I can, and I'll keep you posted.'

'Okay.'

Another awkward silence fell between them, not because of the devil's bargain they'd struck, but because Yoruichi hadn't stopped grinding her ass against his throbbing bulge.

'So, err...?'

'What?' Yoruichi asked innocently. 'I'm just sitting here, trying to make myself comfortable. You have a *very* comfortable lap, Ichigo.'

He so very obviously wanted to call bullshit, but judging by the look on his face, the way with which he was struggling with himself...

He wanted to *cum* even more. He wanted, after so many years, to feel the intimate touch of another woman.

It didn't take long, and after only a minute of grinding and the most intense eye-fucking session she could ever remember, Ichigo screwed his eyes shut, bit down on his fist and let out the most soulful, sexy groan she'd heard in many a year.

His body was still trembling with the aftershocks of his orgasm when she stood, a beatific smile gracing her dusky features. Before she left, she bent down and placed a tender kiss on his cheek, her lips lingering a little longer than was appropriate.

'Trust me, by the time I'm done with her, you won't even *recognise* your pretty, little wife...'

She leaned in closer and earned herself a gasp when she took his earlobe between her teeth and nibbled.

'Then... I'm going to come and *collect*. No more bitching out, *boyo*.'

Yoruichi pulled back and spun on her heel, putting a little extra sway to her step as she sashayed away and made for the edge of the rooftop.

She didn't even care if Ichigo spotted the pretty intense wet-spot over her nethers. She *wanted* him to see how much he turned her on.

As her mind filled with plans and schemes, all she could really think about was the light at the end of the tunnel.

After so many years of waiting, the cat would *finally* catch her little birdie.

Provided she put in the work...

Her smile faltered.

Seven years...

This was as extreme a case as she'd ever heard of, despite what she told Ichigo.

She would need to enlist some *help*.

-

It had been a month since his *agreement* with Yoruichi. Though he'd seen no major progress as of yet, Ichigo drew confidence from the fact that he *did* see small changes in his wife's lifestyle that showed promise.

Previously, if it didn't have to do with Kazui, her bakery, or their home, Orihime wasn't interested.

So imagine his surprise when Orihime came to him one night asking if he'd have any objections to her going out with Yoruichi and Rangiku.

He'd wanted to scream. Not because of the question, but because she thought she had to *ask him* to hang out with her *friends*.

He was starting to understand why she and Tatsuki drifted apart...

Ichigo hadn't let any of his incredulity show on his face and instead smiled, before giving her his blessing. He had no idea what the women got up to on their nights out, but whatever it was, Orihime evidently enjoyed herself. Though she hadn't *warmed* to him like he so desperately hoped she would, Ichigo often found her smiling to herself for reasons that didn't have anything to do with their son.

Yoruichi had taken his wife out once or twice a week since, usually *after* Kazui went to bed. Today was the first time she'd gone out with the girls during the day, and it was still a colossal hassle in getting her to go. Ichigo had had to play dirty, enlisting the aid of his adorable son and turning his devastating, wide-eyed pout on his own mother.

She could *never* say no to him after that.

It helped that Ichigo and Kazui would be hanging out together for the entire day anyway—something Orihime hadn't been crazy about to begin with. They'd gone to see his old man in the morning while his car was getting serviced, then Ichigo took him to Tatsuki's dojo for his karate lessons.

Unfortunately, his friend wasn't there, but Ichigo still had a blast watching his adorable boy struggling to get the katas down, then look over to him with his big eyes, seeking approval.

It took until I had my own kid for me to finally understand my old man's antics... I just want to go over there and squeeze the life out of him...

Ichigo sat with the other parents, who chatted amongst themselves without even bothering to include him. He wasn't offended, Ichigo was *unapproachable* at the best of times—after an entire week of having to deal with patients? His social battery was well and truly drained.

His thoughts were interrupted by the vibrating of his phone in his pocket. Before fetching it out, Ichigo couldn't help but check his watch and grin in amusement.

She managed to hold out for four hours before breaking—that's a new record.

While today wasn't the first time Orihime had been apart from her baby boy, such occasions—rare as they were—were usually accompanied by endless, impatient texts from his wife, asking for pictures and updates.

When he unlocked his phone, his brows furrowed when he saw the message wasn't from his wife, it was from *Yoruichi*. His eyes widened and his heart thudded in his chest as the implications set in. With slightly shaky hands, he unlocked his phone and quickly read the text as the video clip loaded.

Yoruichi: Baby Steps. NSFW.

He was suddenly short of breath, his eyes drilling holes into his phone's screen as the video continued to load. Thankfully, he was in the back corner of the tiered seated area the parents could watch from, and nobody was sitting particularly close to him. Making sure his phone was muted, Ichigo hit play with trembling fingers when the button finally loaded.

The image resolved, blurry and unclear, the air thick dense with steam. Judging by the tiered wooden benches, or heated rocks, he was seeing the inside of a sauna.

How Yoruichi had managed to film anything in such a room, Ichigo didn't know.

Or care.

The video panned across the empty sauna until it finally landed on two people—a naked man almost as big and muscular as Chad, with a giant, hard cock rising up from his lap like a mighty cedar, tall, thick and proud. It was the naked woman standing to his side that stole Ichigo's attention however—voluptuous and just as naked, with her back to the camera and her hair wrapped up in a towel.

O-orihome?!

He couldn't tell for sure, the image wasn't clear, but the body types certainly matched. Ichigo's face grew hot, he could hear the blood rushing in his ears and his heart trying to beat its way out of his chest. Orihime put her hand on the man's shoulder, and Ichigo almost audibly gasped when she threw a leg over the man's lap and made to sit.

Shockingly, rather than take a seat, she gripped the head of the mighty cock and aimed it towards her womanhood, pressing the plum-sized head against her lips before slowly impaling herself on the jaw-dropping member.

Ichigo was stunned, his eyes wide and his face overheating. What surprised him even more, however, was his own cock threatening to burst its way out of his jeans.

His wife eagerly started to bounce on the massive cock, one several inches bigger and thicker than his own. Though the video still only captured the erotic scene from behind, her breasts were so large they peeked out from either side of her torso, her soft, pillowy ass rippling every time she crashed against the man's thighs.

He was brought back to reality however when the woman threw her head back and moaned in pleasure, the fluffy towel keeping her hair wrapped up fluttering to the floor and releasing her shoulder-length locks.

Her shoulder-length, *blonde* locks.

Ichigo let out a slow, controlled breath through his flared nostrils as he felt himself calm. It was absurd, even with the image obscured by steam, that he'd been able to confuse what appeared to be Matsumoto's naked body for his own wife's.

Has it really been that long since I've seen her naked...?

The truth was confirmed seconds later when Rangiku wrapped her arm around her lover's neck and turned around to look at the filmer with a seductive smile, her large breasts jiggling and bouncing with her movements.

Though the woman being filmed wasn't his wife, it was still an insanely erotic sight. Matsumoto Rangiku was a gorgeous woman, one of the few he knew who matched his wife in the chest department. If she wasn't such an annoying drunk, Ichigo might have even had a bit of a crush on her when he was younger.

As hot as the video was, Ichigo wasn't sure why Yoruichi had sent it to him. Though he mentally thanked her for her donation to his wank bank... he'd have preferred if she sent a video of herself...

Just as he was about to exit out of the video, the camera started to pan again. Ichigo's eyes widened when it finally panned enough to show his wife, her face flushed a deep crimson and her incredible body wrapped tight in a tiny, white towel. Her attention wasn't on Yoruichi, and whatever means she was using to film the action. No, her attention was focused entirely on the fucking couple, her eyes wide with shock and her breath coming in ragged pants.

There was also a look in her eyes that Ichigo hadn't seen in *years*.

Lust.

Ichigo felt himself throb. Powerfully.

He was so absorbed with staring into his wife's unfocused eyes, he almost missed the entire *point* of the video Yoruichi had sent him.

One of his wife's arms was wrapped around her own body, supporting her heavy breasts over the fluffy white towel. The other one though... her hand was buried between her squeezed-together thighs, and though the camera couldn't see *exactly* what her fingers were doing, the subtle, jerky movements didn't take a genius to decipher.

She's masturbating?!

Contrary to what he might have imagined, his reaction to that realisation wasn't what he had expected, even if it was ten times as intense. Relief flooded his entire body, so profound that it almost brought tears to his eyes.

For the first time in *years*, he felt an emotion he wasn't sure he'd feel again, certainly not in the context of his marriage.

Hope.

He was about to put his phone away and turn his glassy-eyed attention back to his son's karate lessons, but he thought better of it. With shaky hands, he typed out and fired off a message to Yoruichi before he could think better of it.

Ichigo: Thank you. I mean it.

Her reply was almost instantaneous, as if she was waiting for it.

Yoruichi: 😊

-

Despite his fantasies of his wife coming home after her naughty, voyeuristic trip to the day spa a changed woman, reality was a cruel mistress.

Though, in the weeks and months that followed the video clip Yoruichi had sent him—one he'd revisited *countless* times since—Ichigo had at least found signs of his wife masturbating in secret. Soiled panties, less than innocent search histories, the lingering smell of sex in their bedroom when he came home late, he chalked all of it off as a massive victory.

Despite how glacial the progress seemed to be, Ichigo often reminded himself that he was already far farther along than he'd ever dreamt of being on his own, before Yoruichi offered her *services*.

He'd told Yoruichi whatever she wanted when she called for updates and to touch-base, of course, anything to help her scheming along. The mischievous shinigami had been unsurprised, and had only asked for the specifics of her search history.

Figuring it would better allow Yoruichi to target his wife's potential kinks, he'd eagerly spilled the beans. Public sex was the overriding theme of Orihime's sexual fantasies—it seemed watching Rangiku gleefully and shamelessly fucking a stranger without a care in the world had a profound effect on on his wife's psyche.

Still, it wasn't as if Orihime hung out with the girls every day, so progress was far slower than Ichigo would have liked. Ultimately, he'd already suffered through seven years of abstinence—what was a little more?

In the grand scheme of things, with full access to their spiritual energy and their soul powers awakened, they'd be together a *long* time.

Seven years was barely a blip, relatively.

Besides, not all of Orihime's outings with the girls were erotic in nature. A huge benefit to these little schemes Yoruichi had been cooking was that his wife had reestablished her friendships with the other women of Soul Society. While he was no psychiatrist, Ichigo was experienced enough to know that having a life outside of her family was healthy, if not vital. Though these outings mostly happened while Kazui was at school, Orihime often went out with the girls for lunches, shopping or even trips to the gym.

Or, like now, with Kazui spending the weekend with his aunt—if his hyperactive ramblings from last time he visited Karin were any indication, Ichigo's tomboyish sister would be spoiling him rotten—and with Ichigo working late, she'd gone out with Yoruichi and Matsumoto for dinner and a movie.

Ichigo dropped the folder he was reading and rubbed at his tired eyes. Had his useless old man actually told him being a doctor was eighty percent paperwork, he would have literally studied *anything* else. Ichigo was just about to pick up the folder again and start skimming through his patient's medical history when his phone buzzed, startling him out of his fugue.

His hand hovered over the folder, a silent, vicious war between responsibility and the need to procrastinate going off in his mind for several tense seconds.

Procrastination won a swift, decisive victory.

Responsibility truly had no chance the second his phone's screen lit up with Yoruichi's name in the notifications bar.

Yoruichi: You know your wife better than me. What do you think? She look horny to you?

Ichigo hit play on the accompanying video quicker than his mind could even process the words. Much like in the sauna, it was a slowly panning shot from within a small, private room in what looked to be a karaoke bar. Ichigo grew excited when the first woman came into view, less because of who it was, and more because of what the presence of her companion implied.

Ichigo had always had a bit of a thing for Soifon—Yoruichi's little, hardass hanger-on and the current leader of the Shinigami special forces. Which was strange, she couldn't be a more polar opposite to his wife if she tried, both physically and emotionally. The stern beauty was dressed in a pretty cheongsam, her dark eyes narrowed into slits as she glared murder at something off-camera. There was a handsome, fuckboy-type sitting beside her and trying to chat her up, but if Soifon even heard a single word of what he said, Ichigo would be shocked.

Said fuckboy was either too self-absorbed to know he was being ignored, or actually thought his *charm* might win the stoic beauty over. Either way, he didn't stop yapping despite getting absolutely nothing from Soifon.

The camera continued to pan and Ichigo gasped, his cock throbbing painfully in his tight pants when it passed over the star of the first video Yoruichi had sent him.

Much like in the sauna, Matsumoto was engaged in more wild sexual activity. Dressed in a slinky, navy cocktail dress, she'd pulled the straps off her shoulders and let her immense breasts hang free, smiling seductively up at the groaning fuckboy-number-two while giving him a boob-job he'd never forget. Despite being smothered in her legendary, melon-sized tits, the guy's immense cock still poked out from her cleavage and leaked a trail of pre-cum all over Matsumoto's chest.

Ichigo barely had time to compute the highly erotic scene—one he'd likely watch back *several* times in slow-motion—before the camera mercilessly moved on, revealing to him exactly what, or *who*, Soifon was glaring daggers at.

Panning past the corner of the private room, Ichigo sucked in an excited breath at who he saw next.

Despite how often he'd knocked back Yoruichi's overt attempts at flirtation over the years, that had never been due to a lack of interest.

Ichigo had harboured a—perhaps not-so-secret—crush on his caramel-skinned teacher, almost as soon as he'd laid eyes on her. Her undeniable beauty combined with that dangerous smirk that always promised trouble was a frequent star in his fantasies.

Especially lately.

Yoruichi wasn't really the dress *type*. Rather than her usual, skintight, black get up, she wore a white halter-top and black leather pants that looked *painted* on.

Or rather, she *had* been wearing that.

Yoruichi was slumped so deeply on the bench that ran along the wall that only her head leaned against the backrest, her ass hanging off the seat. This undoubtedly uncomfortable position was only made possible thanks to the man seated between her legs.

Yoruichi's naked thighs were wrapped around a large man's head and using his shoulders for balance. Typically, Yoruichi's powerful legs and the grip she had of his scruffy hair would have been enough to trap her lover against her core, but the leather pants rolled halfway down her legs created a hammock that held the man's head against her.

Ichigo felt himself throb as he watched Yoruichi bite her lip and moan softly as the man's long tongue explored her insides.

He understood why Soifon was glaring daggers at them. The stern, sleight beauty had an even bigger crush on Yoruichi than Ichigo did.

All thoughts of the beautiful, slutty women in their acts of debauchery fled his mind instantly however as the camera finished panning, and the sight that greeted him hit him like one of Chad's jabs to the gut.

In the first video Yoruichi had sent him, he had briefly confused a mid-coitus Matsumoto with his wife, the steam of the sauna obscuring his vision.

There was nothing obscuring his vision this time, and though Orihime wasn't having sex, his prudish wife *was* being naughty.

Deliciously naughty.

Ichigo groaned with repressed lust as he gaped at the image. With the camera having finished panning, it zoomed in on his wife making out with a handsome man with hair dyed blonde, their tongues very visibly in each other's mouths.

The man pulled away at the perfect time to reveal his naughty wife's deeply flushed face, her dark eyes cloudy with lust.

'*You're so beautiful,*' he whispered, his silky smooth voice picked up by the camera. Orihime turned to him, her cheeks impossibly turning even redder as her lusty gaze roved over his handsome physique.

Trying his luck, the man bent down and started kissing his wife's neck. Rather than freaking out like Ichigo feared, his wife's eyes fluttered closed, and her breathing grew heavy. The adorable moan that slipped out from between her glossy lips had Ichigo harder than he'd been in *years*.

Taking confidence from how eagerly the shy housewife was accepting his advances, the handsome fuck-boy pushed his luck a little too far.

Despite her naughty actions, his wife was still dressed conservatively in a knee-length skirt and blouse. No matter how conservative the blouses she wore were however, they could do little to hide, or even restrain, her heavy breasts. While his wife was distracted by his lips on her neck, the fuck-boy started to expertly pop the buttons on her blouse with casual ease, the white fabric parting like a sigh of relief at every step until Orihime's sensible bra came into view.

Unfortunately - and Ichigo was genuinely shocked to realise he meant that—the fuck-boy proved *too* eager, and the second he slipped a large hand into the cup of Orihime's bra to palm one of her legendary tits, she froze, the lusty, cloudy look in her eyes instantly clearing.

Ichigo cursed as he saw his wife's eyes start to water before, without even addressing any of her oblivious friends, she apologized, buttoned herself up, and fled.

As if somehow knowing he'd come to the end of the video, Yoruichi sent him a follow-up text.

Yoruichi: You should probably hurry home and comfort your distraught wife, boyo. She must feel really guilty right about now.

Yoruichi: Far be it for me to interfere in your marriage further, but if I were you, I'd come clean and let her know how hard watching her making out with that stud made you.

Yoruichi: 🤔🤔🤔

Cursing, Ichigo grabbed his coat as he rushed out of his office in the hospital, his heart aching at the thought of his beautiful wife in distress, but his cock uncomfortably hard in his pants.

-

Ichigo barely made it through the front door before he was attacked.

The sheer willpower required to overpower *years* of hard-earned reflexes was staggering, but it certainly helped that the *attack* mostly consisted of two large, pillowy breasts crashing against his chest.

He didn't even have time to get a word in before his wife, with an adorable growl, pulled him down and smashed her lips against his.

His cock was already hard, but having his wife attack him in a sexual frenzy—something she'd *never* done before—almost tipped him over the edge.

Tasting something, or *someone*, foreign on her lips however, *did*.

Growling possessively, Ichigo let his pent-up desire for his wife spill over, her apparent and sudden eagerness putting all of his repressed fantasies back on the table. Reaching down, he relished in his wife's excited squeal as he palmed each of her soft, plump cheeks and hoisted her up against his chest. With their lips still locked in a passionate embrace, Ichigo carried his wife to the master bedroom, so excited and turned on they *both* shook with excitement.

Throwing his wife onto their bed, Ichigo finally got a good look at her as her body came to rest and she propped herself up on her elbows, her dark eyes wide and clouded over with lust, her cheeks red and her glorious chest heaving with heavy breaths.

The motion drew his eyes to his wife's legendary tits. With only the barest glimpses of them over the years, he couldn't put into words how much he missed just burying his face in them, the soft flesh like a warm hug.

Ichigo blindly unbuttoned his pants and shucked them as his eyes greedily devoured his wife's sinful body. He wanted to scream that it was a *crime* she'd covered it up for so many years, but words failed him.

Especially given the hurried, incorrect way she'd tried fixing her blouse, with buttons in the wrong holes.

It reminded Ichigo that, not that long ago, his *naughty* wife had been making out with another man.

A man who had copped a feel of the breasts that had been denied to him for so long.

Another growl escaped his lips and his wife's eyes widened in alarm. Her surprise quickly gave way to desire however when his pants and underwear fell to the floor, his hard, veiny, neglected eight-inch cock jutting out from his groin menacingly.

'There'll be no *making love* tonight,' he growled, the first words spoken between them that night shocking his wife out of her trance and, as the words sunk in, her dark eyes glistened with unshed, misplaced tears.

When he crawled onto the bed with her, the head of his cock trailing a steam of his excitement along the linen, his wife sucked in an excited breath.

'I'm going up *fuck you*,' he promised, his voice menacing and his dark eyes flashing dangerously. 'I'm going to fuck you until I can't move anymore, until you pass out from exhaustion.'

Rather than freak out at his words, Orihime only seemed to grow more excited, her heaving breaths now coming in ragged gasps. She bit her lip to stifle a squeal when Ichigo grabbed the lapels of her misaligned blouse and tore it apart with casual ease, sending buttons flying everywhere.

Orihime barely had time to recover when Ichigo did the same to her bra, her heavy breasts shaking at the rough treatment, then sagging free, the fleshy sacks drooping deliciously off the side of her torso.

Like a starving dog, Ichigo pounced. Ignoring his wife's squeals and guttural moans, he squished her incredible tits together and feasted like he'd been fantasizing about for *years*.

He crammed one large pink nipple into his mouth, swirled his tongue around the hardened nub, then applied heavy suction, all the while never breaking Orihime's gaze.

Her entire face was flush red and she was trembling with desire, but she held his head against her chest with a strength only someone whose body had been enhanced by spiritual energy could manage.

His dark laughter was muffled by the titflesh filling his mouth, a laughter that only intensified when his wife whimpered and moaned in protest when he disengaged to switch to her neglected nipple.

As much as he wanted to bury himself inside his clearly desperate and horny wife, Ichigo took his time playing and suckling on Orihime's breasts. As he watched the desire mount in his wife's eyes, Ichigo only relented when he saw Orihime tip over the edge into a mini-climax just from playing with her breasts alone.

As she trembled and writhed on the bed before him, Ichigo finished undressing his wife until her perfect, soft, voluptuous body was naked and bare before him. He nearly wept when Orihime not only didn't protest, but she lifted her hips off the bed with trembling legs to help him remove her sensible panties.

Her trembling intensified when he thwacked his meaty cock down against her mons. Lifting herself up on her elbows, Ichigo smirked as she looked down the length of her body to where his glistening crown was kissing her pretty, pink, leaking lips.

Looking back up into his eyes, his wife but her lip sexily, her brown eyes pleading.

'What?' he taunted, taking far too much pleasure in her arousal and frustration.

She let out a frustrated whimper in the back of her throat that made Ichigo want to cackle with glee. Instead, he hoisted one of her long, pale legs up and put it against his chest, allowing him to shuffle even closer.

He only raised an eyebrow when she made another frustrated noise.

'P-please,' she begged, 'I need it...'

Ichigo raised his eyebrows incredulously. 'You need it?' His continued taunting served to frustrate his wife further. Good. She was so sexy when she was angry. 'And what is *it*, exactly?'

Understanding dawned and her cheeks flushed a darker crimson. Looking down at his hard, angry cock, her tongue poked out to wet her painted lips before looking back up at him.

The look in her eyes was different. *Foreign*. Yoruichi had worked her magic and unlocked something *primal* in his wife, something he *very much* approved of.

While the price of her services may be steep, just seeing his wife looking at him like that—like a piece of *meat*—was worth *any* price.

And that wasn't even taking into consideration what she said next.

'Husband...I n-need you to *f-fuck me*,' she pleaded through heavy pants, almost delirious with lust. 'I've been a *b-bad* wife, I n-need to be *p-punished*, I'm sorr-eeeeeeeeeeek!'

He couldn't control himself anymore, her words so unexpectedly erotic and out of character that he couldn't hold himself back even if he wanted to. With a growl that expelled years of pent-up sexual frustration, Ichigo angled his cock and sank into his wife's tight, drenched, velvety tunnel in one powerful, deep thrust.

He barely paid attention to his wife's exultant and surprised squeal, his own mind clouded over with a haze of pleasure. It was like he was a virgin all over again, the feeling of his wife's core so unexpectedly foreign and magical that he struggled not to finish instantly.

Even if he had, Ichigo had *more* than enough to give.

His first few deep thrusts were slow and controlled, his wife taking in as much of his impressive cock as she could manage and, when he felt his crown kissing the entrance to her cervix, he would carefully retreat. He repeated this over and over, his wife's growing arousal and excitement allowing him to inch just a little deeper each time.

All the while, Ichigo kept his gaze locked on the ceiling, one arm wrapped around the leg resting against his chest and the other gripping one of his wife's tits like a stress ball. He didn't dare look down—it was hard enough not to explode instantly with his wife's womanhood squeezing the life out of him, and her erotic, soulful cries each time he bottomed out weren't helping either.

Had he looked down to see the wanton look of pure lust and desire in her eyes that her vocals teased at, Ichigo was sure he'd come undone.

It's time to man up...

It was like riding a bike, Ichigo could instantly tell when his wife's pussy wouldn't deepen for him anymore, the familiar feeling coming back to him as he slowly started to pick up his pace. Wrapping the leg against his chest around his waist, Ichigo fell atop his wife, his forearms planted either side of her head and their brown eyes inches apart from each other.

His wife's face was beet red, her gaze cloudy with lust. She yelped at his sudden closeness, but then wrapped her arms around his neck as if to hold him close.

'I missed you,' Ichigo whispered softly, before his hips started to move once more on their own. His wife moaned, and her eyes instantly welled with unshed tears.

'I'm *s-sorry*...'

'Don't apologise,' he growled through gritted teeth, using every ounce of his willpower to not empty inside his beautiful wife—he knew he was fighting a losing battle, but at the very least he could make sure his wife finished first. 'Just don't let it happen again...'

Orihime bit her lip to stifle another moan before she hurriedly nodded her head in acquiescence. 'I p-promise, I l-love you!'

Ichigo smirked then started planting featherlight kisses all over his wife's face each time he buried himself deep into her pussy. First, his lips collected the tears welling up in the corners of her eyes, then he pecked at her nose, her forehead, and finally her soft, luscious lips.

The kiss grew more heated until Orihime's grip slackened, before tightening uncomfortably, her body pressed against his and shaking with release.

Ichigo wouldn't miss the erotic sight for the world. Using his superior strength, he untangled himself from his wife's arms and leaned back to watch her writhe beneath him in climax. With nothing to grab onto, her arms bracketed her heavy, perfect breasts as she wailed out her pleasure, her body undulating and shaking deliciously before him.

When the waves of pleasure finally subsided a minute later, his dazed wife stared up at him, her entire body flush and her breaths coming in deep, exhausted gasps.

'I hope you're ready for round two,' Ichigo teased with a smirk, his wife's eyes - previously sightless and heavily-lidded - sharpened and widened. 'I've got *years* of frustrations to take out on that perfect, *slutty* body of yours.'

While his wife looked *far* from unhappy by the prospect, him unexpectedly calling her body *slutty* yielded an over-the-top reaction from her. He didn't give the shock time to percolate however, and instead starting fucking his naughty wife with everything he had.

By the time his lust was fully sated, Ichigo had fucked his wife to countless orgasms, her womb almost overflowing with his seed. When he finally pulled out of her and collapsed beside her with an exhausted groan, he was only a little surprised when she turned, buried her face in her pillow and burst into tears.

Had he not known the cause for the tears, her soulful cries would have been like a dagger to the heart. Instead, he smirked, turned to face her and wrapped an arm around her slender shoulder, pulling her close so that her naked back and plump behind was pressed tightly against his front.

Before she could get out a word of protest, or start another bout of pointless apologies, Ichigo fetched his phone from the bedside table and blindly navigated to Yoruichi's messages then, the first video she sent him.

Hell, he could navigate to that clip in his *sleep*...

Before Orihime could squeak out in protest, he shoved the screen of his phone in her face, the video already playing. Though he doubted she'd seen this video before, the fact that she froze in his grasp said a lot. She recognised what she was seeing, immediately.

Orihime might not have a video, but she's probably played this scene out in her dirty mind just as many times as I've watched it...

As the video slowly played, Ichigo began to explain.

'Yoruichi overheard Chad and me talking about my frustrations with my, with *our* love life. Long story short... she offered to *help*...'

Orihime sucked in a startled gasp but otherwise remained silent, watching as the video slowly panned to the gloriously naked and riding Matsumoto.

'Do you think I didn't *know* what those sluts were up to? Do you think I didn't *approve*?'

His wife didn't answer, but by the way she trembled with desire, her breaths quickening with excitement, Ichigo wondered if he perhaps needed to reconsider whether he'd fucked his wife *properly*.

He pressed his groin harder against his wife's ass so that she could feel his growing excitement, and the truth of his words.

'When I first saw this video, I thought that was *you*,' he purred, directly into his wife's ear, the sinful words causing a violent shudder to wrack her body and a desperate moan to escape her succulent lips. 'You'll have to forgive me. It'd been a while since I'd seen you naked and, well, I hadn't realised how similarly built you two are...'

Orihime didn't deny his observations, then whimpered as she watched the huge cock thrusting up into Matsumoto's slutty pussy. Ichigo pressed his lips against her ear and, after shuddering at the feeling of his warm breath, he hit her with his next truth bomb, when the towel wrapping up Matsumoto's distinctive hair fell away.

'Believe it or not... I was *disappointed* when I found out I was watching Matsumoto instead of my naughty, *cheating* wife...'

Remarkably, his words had a far greater effect than he was expecting. Orihime grabbed his arms in a brutal, vice-like grip and gasped, her body trembling with a minor orgasm just from his words alone.

Ichigo let the video loop several more times as they watched silently, the sexual tension growing so dense between them that it started to feel like what others told him his *reiatsu* felt like, before he'd learned to control it.

When Ichigo switched to the video from earlier that evening, blindly flicking to the latest message so fast Orihime had no hope to read the messages in between, his wife gasped then whimpered with arousal.

'You let me down tonight,' he whispered, as she continued to tremble, the camera panning across the other women once more. 'I thought I was *finally* gonna see my naughty, repressed wife being a little *slut*...'

The video finally landed on Orihime making out with the handsome, young stranger, and this time he could tell her trembling wasn't all excitement. He could *taste* the fear pouring off her in waves.

'You really *are* a naughty wife,' he cooed directly into her ear. If she thought he was going to placate her, his slutty, gorgeous wife had another thing coming. 'You're a *mother, Hime*, how *shameless*.'

Her trembling intensified and Ichigo used all of his considerable willpower to not start cackling with glee. Orihime was *too* fun to tease.

He was finally starting to understand what Yoruichi saw in him with her incessant teasing.

'What if somebody recognised you?' He continued to tease, uncaring of his wife's turmoil. 'The Beautiful Baker of Karakura, Kazui's *mother*... or maybe they didn't recognise you, but maybe they will now when they see you serving pastries, or picking up Kazui from school... they'll recognise you as the cheating *slut* who was making out with strangers...'

Her trembling intensified and, with her voice thick with anguish and unshed tears, she apologised. 'I'm s-sorry, I was s-so *thoughtless*—I w-won't, I—'

'You should have *stayed*,' Ichigo growled directly into his wife's ears, causing her to freeze in shock. 'Can you imagine the kind of fun those sluts are getting up to right now? Just imagining how sexy that video would have been when Yoruichi sent it...'

To emphasise his point, Ichigo slipped his steel-hard cock through his wife's soft, meaty thighs, his shaft grazing against her gushing and leaking lips as he sawed back and forth.

'When Yoruichi first agreed to help me, to help *us*, she warned that I might not like where this would lead.' He leaned in again, his lips right next to her ear. 'She was *wrong*. The thought of

you being my naughty little *slut* is so sexy. The perfect mother and wife for everyone to see, but behind the scenes...a filthy, cheating *slut*...

It wasn't fear he felt emanating from his wife anymore, confusion and arousal dominated her psyche.

'W-what are you saying?'

Instead of answering right away, Ichigo pulled back until his poor, abused and wrung out crown was pressed against his wife's sloppy, leaking womanhood. He sank into her once more with an almost pained groan, one mimicked by his excited wife.

'I'm saying...' he whispered, his voice thick with desire, 'what if it wasn't my *own* cum I was feeling while fucking you right now...?'

Orihime's entire body froze, then she gasped as he pussy gripped down on him like a vice, her body erupting in her most powerful orgasm yet.

This would be a lot to take in for his painfully vanilla wife, but the fact that she wasn't screaming in angst or crying was a good sign. He let Orihime bask in the waves of euphoria as the video played on repeat for them. Ichigo didn't continue until he was sure she'd finally come back to her senses. Content with the feeling of her poor, abused pussy gripping him snugly and her soft body pressed against his, he delivered the *coup-de-gras*.

'Next time, you have my permission to have as much fun as you're comfortable with,' he purred as his wife's body stiffened. 'Whatever you want, no matter how scandalous—be as *slutty* as you like, don't let Matsumoto steal the show...'

Finally, she reluctantly pulled off his cock and spun around in his grasp so their faces were only inches apart. His heart threatened to tear its way out of his chest it swelled with so much love at the look in her eyes. There was no concern or distress, only lust and desire, and the slightest bit of hesitation.

I can't have that...

'By the way, before you start to feel guilty, you should know what Yoruichi *charged* for her *services*...'

Orihime's eyes widened, her cheeks a permanent beet red as he continued.

'Next time you find yourself in a naughty situation, should your conscience try and spoil our fun, just remember...' he leaned in, his lips pressed against her ear once more. 'Yoruichi only agreed to help us because she wants to *fuck your husband*...'

The words landed like one of Chad's heavy punches to the gut. When Ichigo pulled back, he was shocked when he didn't find the look of shock in his wife's eyes that he'd been expecting.

No, what he found was so much better. His wife's eyes were narrowed, the naked jealousy and possessive rage in her eyes *way* sexier than anything else he could imagine. What she did next was so out of character that Ichigo briefly wondered if he was entangled with a *gigai* and someone else was in control of his wife's body.

'Yoruichi-san wants to f-fuck *my* husband?' she growled harshly and oh-so-adorably. No matter how angry or possessive his wife got, she would forever just look cute in his eyes. 'And you *agreed*?'

Ichigo returned her stare with a challenging one of his own. Orihime's hands were close to wrapping around his throat, but only just stopped short, her breasts and chest flush and hanging heavy, swaying in his face. He smirked, which only served to anger her further, then shrugged. 'Of course I did. To get my wife back? I'd have done *anything* she asked.'

That seemed to take the wind out of her sails, and the hard look in his wife's eyes—unfortunately—shifted to despairing and self-recriminating once more.

Thankfully, the universe conspired in his favour to not allow his wife to wallow in her self-pity for very long.

'Is that right?' an amused, husky voice spoke up from the corner of the room, causing both Ichigo and Orihime to jump in shock. They turned to see a grinning Yoruichi sitting by the open

window, her golden eyes devouring their naked forms with raw hunger. Her smile was reminiscent of a famous, striped, purple cat as she sashayed towards them without a care in the world. 'Well, that's good to hear, because I've come to *collect*.'