

Random Bleach Jazz  
by debbiechan

Disclaimer: Kubo Tite creates the Bleach that is so interesting right now (chapters -108 thereabouts) that my brain is possessed by the source material yet stricken inept by memories of my own fanfic. I write the pseudo-Bleach; I make no money off the pseudo-Bleach.

Description: Drabbles (all ratings up to NC-17) Shinji/Hiyori, Ishida/Orihime, Kenpachi, Renji, Chad.

I was jogging lap after painful lap around the writer's block so I asked my f-list for some prompts and here's what they gave me and the best I could do. Written while listening to Ragtime piano ( [HYPERLINK http://www.rtpress.com/titles.htm#authors](http://www.rtpress.com/titles.htm#authors)) <http://www.rtpress.com/titles.htm#authors>).

*I don't know where Jazz is going. Maybe it's going to Hell. ~ Thelonious Monk*

1.  
laurabryannan: Shinji/Hiyori--hiccup

*jazz: Tickled to Death (Charles Hunter, 1899)*

Hiyori hiccuped, the record player skipped, and Shinji flew naked out of the sheets. "Look what you did!"

"What *I* did?" Hiyori caught her balance that had been thrown when Shinji dropped her thighs. She sat up and huffed into her bangs.

"Your reiatsu messed up my *groove*," Shinji hissed.

"Your WHAT?"

"My groove, the line the phonograph needle runs on." Shinji took the record off the player and blew dust off it. "Maybe if you ever closed that mouth of yours, you wouldn't swallow air and make disgusting noises right in the middle of--"

"Freaking ass shit," Hiyori muttered. "You never make any sense."

When the music started again, Shinji cocked his head back and forth to the sound. "You know--the *groove*, the beat, a medium tempo around 112, the ever-loving *funk*--"

“Shut up.”

Shinji had closed his eyes, transported to the *St. Louis Rag*.

“You really like that stuff? Sounds like one of the doofus recruits dropping an instrument tray. Hey!” She snapped her fingers. “SHINJI? FORGET SOMETHING?”

He opened his eyes. “Hmm?”

Hiyori planted her feet on either side of the futon and her parted legs made a tent between her knees. “Got yer groove right here.”

Big smile. “That’s what I was trying to tell you. Try to keep up.”

“YOU MAKE LESS SENSE THAN THAT STUPID ASS CLANG CLANG MUSIC. GET HERE AND FUCK ME RIGHT NOW.”

And so he did.

Shinji sighed himself into a rightness with the universe. Man, he was going to have to learn how to play piano. The guy on the record was hitting all the sweet spots from here to eternity.

2.

kitsunenomiko: Ishida--and "prince" (as in the trope of "prince on a white horse")

dungeonwriter: Ishida/Orihime Costume Party

*jazz: Gesu Bambino (Pietro Yon, 1917)*

He was proud of the historical detail he combed out of Italian Renaissance picture books but the costume looked a lot like his Quincy outfit.

Dark blue velveteen instead of white. Same gold cord roped from shoulder to center of chest.

Orihime stepped back, put her finger to her chin, and made a judicious humming sound.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMM.”

“The side slits on the tunic are too short. I don’t have enough...” Ishida wiggled his hips and the gesture made Orihime smile. “I don’t have enough room, really.”

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMM,” she said again.

“Box pleats didn’t exist in the early fourteenth century.”

“Turn around,” she ordered, and as he did, Orihime considered that Ishida-kun had

surprisingly good muscle tone for someone with such slender legs and that he looked nice in tights.

“Oh my goodness.” A far-away memory returned, and Orihime covered her face with her fluffy Florentine-lace sleeves.

“What’s the matter?” Ishida’s voice always sounded older, sterner when he was worried.

Her reaction wasn’t over his clothes design--Orihime knew he knew that.

“Nothing--I--” She couldn’t explain it, of course. The girlish fantasy of Kurosaki-kun as the Prince with the pointy jeweled crown. That had been mists and eons ago, a vision without details, without a point of reference as solid and particular as the slope of Ishida-kun’s thigh into his knee cavity and then the rise of muscle again where his calf--

“Inoue-san?”

She was peeking through her fingers, staring at his legs.

“Did you have a ... flashback? Your brother? Hueco Mundo?”

She met his eyes. Honest and blue. He knew her so well. “Well, yes, I did remember something, but--” She shut her eyes, shook her head and giggled. “Yah! Nothing serious! Nothing scary! Nothing important!”

Later that evening, Orihime decided that she didn’t want the princess train that Ishida had planned for her dress because it was just plain too heavy to drag around at the costume ball. “You can cut it off,” she said, gathering the fabric into her arms. “I’m not that attached to it.”

“But a princess would wear--”

“It doesn’t have to be exact. I’m just a pretend princess.”

And so Ishida scissored away at the shiny folds.

And because it felt good to let go of some of the silliness, Orihime said, “Thank you, Ishida-kun.”

3.

laurie\_bunter: Kenpachi--impossibilities

*jazz: Great Crush Collision March (Scott Joplin, 1897)*

Zaraki Kenpachi figured he could die. Seemed like everything did, and Old Man Yama said that Shinigami were no different. Still, dying was a crazy concept. The closest Zaraki had come

to it was just feeling really, really bad. Like the time that punk Ichigo hit him where it hurt and out bled all this spirit that stung like Hell whistling through every little gap in his flesh.

Didn't do any good to think about it too much, but dying, as far as Zarakhi was concerned, was Impossible. Once he'd heard the twelfth division captain say, "Impossible is not a scientific term, my friend!" to someone who was poo-pooing one of the freak's latest inventions.

Maybe he and that freak had something in common.

Maybe he enjoyed fighting and Mayuri enjoyed science too much for either one of them to ever plan on dying.

4.

*vayshti: Renji--catching fish with his hands*

*jazz: Pine Apple Rag (Scott Joplin, 1908)*

Captain Byakuya had given Renji a weird assignment.

"You'll never catch one, Shinigami!" called the fisherman from the cliff. He and his partner had been casting line after line and filling bucket after bucket for an hour while Renji stood, waist-deep in the stream, trying to catch a fish with his bare hands.

"This how they teach you fellows to fish for souls?"

"None of your business!" Renji shouted back. At the noise, the silver cloud swimming towards him scattered into individual darts in every direction.

Renji was used to public humiliation. He didn't get red-faced anymore about messing up a kidou spell (although he might get black-faced from blowing himself up). Renji was used to making mistakes--in front of others, by himself, it didn't matter. He knew he wasn't a natural talent and that he had to practice, practice, practice.

Captain had said he needed meditative discipline, what the fuck.

Thing is, as he stood here, arms submerged to the elbows, fingers wiggling to coax the little fishies towards him, he really wasn't sure he wanted to grab one. Sure, the first few times he'd wanted to.

Then the splashing sounds and the sight of the little silver things scurrying away ...

How long had he been out here? Not even an hour. His wrists were getting numb from the cold water. The fish eyes were starting to look like Kira's eyes. Poor guy. He just hadn't been the same since his captain bailed. And the slender, quick fish reminded Renji of just about every

loser guy he'd ever known. Guys just waiting to catch some hard luck. Guys who weren't really that strong. Like the Quincy kid.

Well...

If he caught one, he would throw it back. It's not like the captain had said he needed to bring the fishes fried in tempura and served up with onions and burdock.

5.

adam\_epp: Chad--ostracization

*jazz: Mignonne (Joseph Lamb, 1901)*

Chad slung his guitar case over his shoulder and started down the deserted street. Music played, even though the bars had closed hours ago and most musicians had taken the train to Tokyo to hit the Friday night hot spots. Off the hipsters and guys with girlfriends to impress had gone--to someplace where the action didn't quit at 2 a.m., far far beyond Karakura Town, to a noisier, more brightly lit reality.

Music played even though Chad didn't own an iPod. Music played because chord progressions accompanied Chad's steps whenever he walked. The quieter it was outside, like now, in the pre-dawn, the better he heard his heartbeat and other music inside him. Gutbucket New Orleans stuff sometimes, other times *canciones románticas* from Abuelo's old radio and memories of the mournful *palomas*--not even Japanese pigeons, said to sound like fading ambulances, made such sad clucks and purrs as the Mexican birds.

And Chad would have given you a deadpan look if you asked him if he was lonely. Of course he wasn't lonely. He liked being wherever his feet brought him. He was self-determining. He chose to follow Abuelo's advice. He chose a path of righteousness. It was his decision alone to kneel before Urahara-san and asked to be trained.

His heart played its own song.

And Chad listened for others. Part of being a good bass player was following someone else's fancy lead, knowing when a riff was over and guessing when the chorus was going to swing back in.

Cracks of pink appeared in the gray sky.

Chad imagined that across town someone else was walking for a reason other than to enjoy the stillness. Maybe some girl done with schoolwork for the year and excited about summer vacation. Some drunk guy coming off a buzz. Or a manga-ka who got sore joints from sitting at his desk all night and wanted to see the Real World.

Chad nodded at the image of his Creator as dawn broke across the heavens. *“That’s right,”* he thought. *“You keep on coloring outside the lines.”*

END