

## **The Fighting Has To Stop** by debbiechan

Disclaimer: Kubo Tite invented the characters of Nnoitra and Neliel, and he's the one who made them so sexy, not me.

Description: NC-17. Nnoitra/Neliel. Hate sex ... or is it?

For *Q* who drew this (not safe! Not safe for work art!) here: <http://quaedam.livejournal.com/170032.html>

And for Mezzo, who requested the pairing

And for GreenBlack, because I like to watch her spazz.

Jazz: Keiko Matsui- Presence of the Moon <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vMopxnPfd60>

Keiko Matsui - Night Waltz <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JqUYQbqsMP0>

A few hours ago, he sliced up a couple hundred Hollow into a big heap of Death.

And she's still pissed about it.

So he killed a bunch of jerks. Big deal. Once upon a time she must've eaten twice that many of the dumb skeleton coward creatures to get to be as powerful as she was. Gah!--he just doesn't get it--the way she dotes on her fraccion and watches out for others weaker than herself.

*You are weaker than I.*

She said it just like that. Condescending cunt. Like *that's* the real reason she follows him around. Like he's that warty ass blob or that girly Hollow she sits and jokes with and treats like baby brothers.

The real reason she follows him around is that *even if* she says she doesn't want to fight him, she always ends up doing it, and *even if* she acts like she doesn't want to fuck, she always ends up doing that too.

Lying bitch.

There she is sitting on a rock and reading a book like she's on her way to turning back human any second.

“Aizen-sama’s book, huh? Or did you write that one yourself, Neliel?”

“One of Aizen-sama’s,” she says without looking up.

Reading a fucking book like she’s going to just pop up a new born soul in the Living World, a bare-naked full-grown Human Neliel in a civilized place like a public library. Like some shit like that would really happen. Like she’s not Hollow anymore, like she’s not a Thing with Instincts.

She had some nerve calling *him* a beast.

She’s a goddamned horse in her released form, some four-legged creature with hooves. He’s seen her pull that furry monstrosity on another Espada once. And it wasn’t just fighting that brought out her beast because whenever Nnoitra fucked her, she didn’t act like she was reading a book.

She howled like one of those animals that go crazy at the sight of the moon but she wasn’t crazy; she was in control like when she battled....

Nnoitra got hard at the thought.

She didn’t say much either--no smart talk, no put-downs, no bossy instructions. In fact it was annoying that she didn’t talk. She was too....

No, not cool. She wasn’t cool. She had this superior attitude, though, and one of these nights, Nnoitra was going to bang it right out of her.

“I hate you, Neliel. I hate you so much.”

There are still shards of the Hollow spines he’s cracked around his shoes, and Nnoitra kicks at them. “That’s it. I’m out of here.”

“Where are you going?” Her bossy voice. Like she can stop him.

“Going to go kill something. It’s boring around here.”

She’s standing up. Her hand is on the double-crescent hilt of her sword. “Aizen-sama did *not* give orders to slaughter colonies. If you--”

“If I what?” Nnoitra’s standing up too. He puts his hands on his hips. “It’s not like you give orders to other Espada so quit the act. You think Aizen-sama cares? You think it turns me on to think you care about Aizen-sama? What’s your fucking prob--”

She’s drawn and cut him before he can exhale another syllable. She’s fast, alright.

The blow has ripped his shirt right off. Nice, Neliel. He knows she wants it. The blood rises on

his skin, and it's the first time he's smelled real blood in days. Hollow blood doesn't count-- it's grimy and watery and full of as much reiatsu as Hueco Mundo sand.

"Look," he says. "I don't get why you're so pissed. I cleaned up after myself. I killed everybody and put the bodies in a pile."

"You're a beast." Her nostrils are flaring. She can smell the good blood too.

"This time I won't bother to pile them up. It was the pile that bothered you, right? Just the fact that I made a little trophy out of it. Well, I was bored, that's all. It's not like a bunch of stupid skeletons are worth--"

"Fuck me," she says.

The words are all breathy but plain. The wind blows her hair over her mouth and she wipes tendrils away. "Shut up already and fuck me," she says like it's an order.

"Uh, sorry." He flashes every one of his shiny teeth. "I've got some killing to do."

She looks at the ground, snorts like a horse. "I don't want to fight."

"Sure you don't."

She's closer all of a sudden and her gloved hand is on the wound on the side of his chest. "The fighting," she says in a voice that doesn't sound so bossy now. "The fighting has just got to stop."

He doesn't know what her voice reminds him of but it reminds him of something that long ago made his insides sink. There was a time before the emptiness and there were voices like hers disappointing him.

But that's no matter now.

Nothing's like that now.

He grabs her hand and yanks off the glove that's got his blood all over it and throws the glove to the ground. He wants her to touch him with her real hand and not her uniformed one. It's always a bit of a struggle to get her totally naked.

She's ready. She sticks her sword into a lump of mud right next to the glove. Her blade smells like her sword and the glove smells like her skin and there's still some part of her he can't sense but he wants to bury his senses in her because ....

He hates her.

And hating feels good.

When he chews on her thigh, there's a jolt of pain across his bicep. He looks up, sucks on his teeth (good blood, her blood is better than his), and sees that she's got her sword in hand again. She's using it to carve him lightly. She traces across his knuckles. More blood rises and their eyes meet.

She's a wild-eyed thing for sure. Not soft. Not smart. As beastly as he is. Her Hollow eyes are wide open and turned on as that fat brown nipple she's clenching between her thumb and forefinger.

He wants to make her moan.

He wants to make her howl at the moon.

But the strangled noises are coming from his own throat as he sucks her clit, from his own despair, from his own hatred and longing.

*I hate you, Neliel. I hate you so much....*

END