

# Favourite drug

## - a GrimmIchi Fanfiction -

Von xXxcherryblossomxXx

### Kapitel 3: Aw, come on! Get used to it! No titles! ^^

*A/N: Hi there! Welcome back! \*hands out cookies to readers\* (I promised it, didn't I? ^^)  
Okay. This is either going to be a long, long, loooooooooong chapter or I'll have to postpone  
the promised smut to the next one. \*ponders\**

*\*notices that the readers are still watching her curiously\**

*Oh, you're still here? You should just go read the FF. I won't reveal my decision anyway.  
Mostly because I haven't decided yet. XD Anyways, here it goes:*

Both Grimmjow as well as Ichigo were panting heavily and blood stained their tattered clothes in various spots. The fight had taken its toll on both of them but neither was willing to admit defeat.

Actually, it was quite the contrary.

Grimmjow was outright enjoying this battle. And as far as Ichigo was concerned: He couldn't afford to lose against an Arrancar, not to mention an Espada. There was too much at stake. His home town, his friends, his family, everything he loved and cared for. He would risk his life anytime if it meant to protect all of this from being destroyed.

Beating Grimmjow meant beating Aizen after all. Well, kind of. But it was a good start, so he thought.

He had one shot left. After that he'd be too exhausted to use his Getsuga tenshou again. Ichigo knew he had to employ it wisely if he wanted to stand a chance to defeat Grimmjow.

For a moment, neither of them was making a move. Then Grimmjow deliberately raised his hand to his face.

"Still not good enough, Soul Reaper!", he snarled.

With the back of his hand he wiped a trail of blood from the corner of his mouth.

Ichigo was still striving to prepare for Grimmjow's next move when the Espada eventually unsheathed his Zanpakuto.

"I'm gonna take you down, Ichigo Kurosaki!", he exclaimed, yet another devious grin tugging at his lips as he dashed at his opponent with full speed.

He was seemingly untainted with his numerous heavy bleeding wounds. If anything, they somehow appeared to add to his enjoyment instead of breaking his resolve to fight.

In a split second the blade was violently cutting the tension-filled air as it was hurtling towards Ichigo. It seemed to nearly crave for a living, breathing victim to slaughter. None too soon Ichigo was able to raise Zangetsu to barely stop the enemy's sword.

The force of the mercilessly clashing blades instantaneously stroke a light.

This time it was Ichigo's turn to retreat a few metres. He could barely stand his ground against the literally insane strength his opponent was wielding his Zanpakuto with. Panting for air he tried to use his time wisely and come up with a good plan (or a plan at all, for that matter) to finish this bastard.

One shot. That was all he got left.

When Grimmjow struck him again, Ichigo avoided his blow just in the nick of time before instantaneously using flashstep to vanish from his opponent's sight.

Speed. That was his only edge over Grimmjow. He was faster than his enemy. Just marginally, but faster nonetheless. The Espada could barely follow Ichigo's movements as he outmaneuvered his defense.

*Now!*

"Getsuga tenshou!"

Grimmjow's eyes widened in shock; scarcely a split second later he was absorbed by the giant shock wave of crackling dark energy Ichigo had sent his way. He was mercilessly consumed by the plainly destructive force of his attack.

It was a full-fledged hit this time.

He had had no time to evade it, much less to negate it.

Ichigo was panting heavily, shaking from the exhaustion of his past attack, and waiting. Waiting for the dust to settle again. Waiting for a chance to ascertain that Grimmjow was done for. He narrowed his eyes but couldn't make out anything accurately. He really didn't know what he expected to come across anyway when the sight finally began to clear.

Before the still settling dust could eventually reveal his enemy's fate, said enemy suddenly lunged at him out of nowhere. And before Ichigo could so much as blink he was pierced by the cold metal of his sword. (1)

The blade left his body at his right shoulder, practically impaling him.

Ichigo's face froze in shock, beads of sweat instantaneously forming on his forehead. His brow was furrowed as if he was frenetically trying to find the answer to a very difficult question.

Abruptly, the world surrounding him fell silent. The only thing Ichigo could hear now was his own heartbeat, amplified, painfully resounding in his head again and again.

As if he was forcibly being separated from reality.

Blood was dripping from Grimmjow's blade from where it had left Ichigo's torso. It was almost black, just as his uniform was. At the moment it was steadily and unnoticeably soaking the Haori he was wearing.

Ichigo coughed inevitably. The erratic contraction of his thorax muscles caused the sharp blade to slash even deeper.

Grimmjow was still fixedly holding the sword in his left hand, keeping it firmly in place, transfixing Ichigo's body, his other hand on the Soul Reaper's shoulder.

His mouth was only a hand away from his opponent's ear as he smoothly determined: "I beat'cha!"

A smug smile tugged at his lips lightly. His voice was merely a whisper, but it made Ichigo shudder nonetheless.

The next moment he received a massive blow to his stomach. He doubled over, tumbling, hurtling backwards. This simultaneously tore the blade from his body, worsening his wound in the process. The power that he was hit with sent him straight towards the ground with incredible might. He crashed into the pavement with almost unbearable force, thus splitting the hard concrete open.

Ichigo couldn't breathe. Grimmjow had literally knocked the air out of him. He coughed up blood, causing it to drip from the corner of his mouth. He didn't care to brush it aside.

Instead, he tightened his grip on Zangetsu, willing to prepare to counter Grimmjow's next attack.

But his body just wouldn't move, much less stand up.

He kept track of his enemy descending from the sky and setting foot on the ground smoothly. Hands in his pockets he lazily strolled over to Ichigo.

Judging by his facial expression he had no doubt that he had already won this fight. His whole demeanor was emanating his conviction that he had all the time in the world to come over and finish him off. And he took his time, relishing his triumph to the extremes.

Ichigo tried to move with all the strenght he had left. But willpower alone didn't seem to do the trick.

"Dammit!", he thought inevitably. "Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!" (2)

Apparently, not only the solid ground was cracked because of the impact. It probably broke a few of his ribs, too. The stinging ache in Ichigo's chest was painfully substantiating this idea.

He coughed again and spat out another amount of blood.

*Great.*

One or two of his broken ribs had probably pierced his lungs if the exertion whilst breathing was any indication.

Would be difficult to continue fighting under these circumstances. That was if he could get himself to move, of course.

Ichigo gritted his teeth as Grimmjow lazily crouched down beside him.

"Aw, you done already?", he mocked him. "Well, guess I'll finish you off then."

*(1) That would've been an awesome point for a cliffhanger, don'tcha think? XD Oh, never fear! I'm not **that** mean! \*winks\**

*(2) Sorry, I just **had** to make Ichigo say it. At least once. \*kyaaaaa\* English dubbing rulez!*

***A/N:** O~kay, that's it for now. I'm sorry! Still no smut! But I don't want the chapters to diverge too much in length. Please don't be mad at me! I promise I will make up for it in lemony-goodness! XD Cookies, anyone? :3*