

It was really hard being dead. The isolation was the biggest struggle. Sure, there were dozens of humans that he could watch and eavesdrop on, but without anyone to genuinely converse and socialize with, it was near maddening.

The other terrible thing was the chains. Why the heck were they everywhere? It was weird to look down and see one hooked in the center of his chest. Only made weirder by the fact that it wrapped around him and hooked him against a building.

“Even in death I can’t skip school.” The brown haired boy let out a sigh as he looked down at everyone coming in for the day from the roof. He knew most of their names, the students throughout Karakura Town went to the same schools. He leaned against the chain-link fence as he saw Keigo and Mizuru chatting about something, probably Keigo bringing up a porn video or doujin while Mizuru said something that destroyed the fragile ego the pervert had.

And there came Tastsuki, red faced in anger and second-hand embarrassment as she slammed Keigo’s head into the dirt floor. Even from up here he could hear her scream about how normal people don’t talk about that in public.

The spirited kid laughed, he didn’t know them fantastically well before he passed, but they were good people. He always wanted to work up the nerve to actually talk to them, but could never find it in himself.

He could see a tuft of orange behind the walls of the school, making a bet with himself that it was Ichigo, he lost as a girl turned the corner. He couldn’t stop the smile that spread across his lips as Orihime Inoue walked through the doors of his impromptu spiritual prison.

She was always the voice of compassion, even if she didn’t seem to be entirely there from time to time. But her ditziness only really added to her charm. As she calmed down Tatsuki and asked Keigo if he was okay. The dead kid sighed, what he wouldn’t give to finally talk to her.

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His eyes were wide and full of terror. His legs cemented on the ground. His voice was trapped in his chest.

Just what the fuck was this monster floating in the sky. It was some weird purple tentacle abomination with a lumpy skull face. It didn’t seem to pay him any attention, so when he forced his legs to move, he stiffly and slowly backed into the roof door.

Even after escaping from that *thing* he felt like he was going to fall to pieces. If this is how he was when it didn’t even notice him... he shivered at the thought of getting caught in that thing’s grasp.

As he tried to think of what that thing could be and rationalize it, he heard a scream. His head snapped in that direction, running to find the nearest window over the courtyard, his eyes widened as he saw the bizarre monster landing in front of Orihime, with Chizuru laid out on the floor and blood splattering out of her shoulder.

Despite the terror and powerlessness that clenched his heart, the boy didn't know what came over him as he ran to the stairs to get down and help her, going two steps at a time and nearly tripping over himself multiple times. He didn't know what he was doing, but he had to do something, it didn't feel right to just run away and let someone die. Even if he couldn't fight, he could at least drag them with him to run and hide inside the building.

Reaching the bottom, he saw Orihime and Tatsuki- when did she get there?- getting swarmed by other students who stayed after school. Getting past the doors that lead to the outside his heart felt like it was stabbed by an icicle as the chains wrapped around his body tightened and held him back from going outside.

Even as a pain racked his body, he kept taking hard steps forward, each one feeling like another knife lodged itself into his body. He found his world turning black as his heart felt like it was being slowly ripped out of his chest, letting each individual blood vessel snap apart as it was torn from his chest.

Despite his best efforts, he was unable to continue- falling to the ground as the chains tightened around his body. Still, he clawed at the dirt. Trying to keep going as he could feel himself being dragged back inside the building. He had to do something, he couldn't just let someone die in front of him, even if he was worthless he'd still do his best.

When his heart felt like it was finally being completely wrenched from out of his body, a glorious amber light radiated from the field. The warm glow brought silence, and as the dust settled, Orihime was shining with a look of determination. As she destroyed the skull face monster, the orange head woman had a serene beauty about her.

"Orihime?" The boy looked at her from his position on the floor with his jaw dropped and eyes wide.

And as she turned to face him, the powered girl cocked her head."Haru?"

He wanted to say so much now that somebody could see him, but before any words could be exchanged, the long haired beauty collapsed. And as he tried to reach out his hand, the chains wrapped around his being finally yanked him back inside. In the time it took him to run back to the door, her body had already disappeared, leaving the ghost in a state of fear and anxiety.

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He had been pacing back and forth throughout the school ever since Orihime disappeared after fighting that monster, terror filling his body at the thought of what could have happened to her. His rising paranoia and fear were not helped by the fact that the chain stuck in his chest had begun to take a chunk of his spiritual body out of himself.

It took until the next day for him to finally calm down as he impatiently watched the students walk back into school and spotted the kind-hearted woman walking inside along with those who were injured the prior day no longer having as much as a scratch on them.

Letting out a sigh of relief the chained spirit let himself finally calm down after such an eventful prior day. He might have created a new campus legend with all the worried groaning and moaning he made to call throughout the night.

As much as he wanted to run up to the girl and talk to someone for the first time in weeks, Haru stayed back, unsure if what he remembered from yesterday was even real and partly terrified of it actually being false. A scene that he created in the middle of a traumatic event just to make himself feel better, to stop from breaking apart at the seams.

That fell apart, however, when six shining lights scattered apart and flew throughout the school. As they all explored the academy one stopped in front of him, it was a little pixie looking thing, no bigger than a few inches tall, wearing some weird red and black bodysuit, and a bandana around its mouth. It said something in a gruff tone before it flew away. The recently departed did not hear a word of it, as he was too confused about the sprite before him existing to register what they were saying.

It was soon after that he heard stomping footsteps as someone was running up the stairs. As a sound drew closer and closer, Haru wondered if they were related to the light, or just some random student running late to their morning class.

When the footsteps finally stopped there was a panting Orihime at the top of the stairs.

Unsure about how to react, Haru's mouth opened and closed as he tried to formulate a sentence. However, he didn't have any moment to think before two arms wrapped around his chest and he was pulled into a kind embrace.

This only made the confusion in the dark haired boy's mind grow even more. He thought himself a nobody that was so insignificant that he blended into the background, but here was one of the prettiest girls in school hugging him.

"It's good to see you." She said as she pulled back, but still kept her hands holding his shoulders. It was almost like she was scared he'd disappear. "Goodness, it's so nice to see you after thinking you were gone, Haru." Her smile was blindingly bright.

His mind was going a mile a minute as the dead student didn't even know such a popular girl ever learned his name. "You actually remember a loser like me?" He didn't even realize he said that out loud until Orihime pouted.

"Hey now, don't you go saying bad stuff about yourself, that's no way you should act." She wagged her finger in front of him as she chastised him. "And of course we miss you, if we didn't, why do you think we gave your parents our condolences?"

"Wait what? And you said 'we' in there too?" Just *what* was happening outside of school?

"Yeah, the whole class chipped in to write cards and kind messages, but it was Ichigo, Tatsuki, and I who delivered them to your parents. It was Ms. Ochi's idea, it's said to help process grief and loss. But why didn't you know? Haven't you been haunting your parents? Or been back in class?" As the girl started to pester him with questions, Haru was finding himself pretty overwhelmed by his first real contact in so long.

"W-Why don't you go back to class for now, we'll talk when it's a break. I kinda- I *really* need to get my head back on straight here." Could ghosts have panic attacks? It felt like he was almost having one. "And don't worry, I'm not gonna go anywhere. I couldn't even if I wanted to, so just go to class for now and write down your questions and I'll answer them as best I can." As he was saying this, he was gently pushing Orihime back towards the stairs so she could get to her classroom.

"Wait, but don't you just come to class too, you were part of 3-B just like the rest of us."

"I-you can ask that as part of your question list." He felt like he was burning hot and freezing cold as he didn't know what to say or even how to act when the girl you had a crush on actually talks to you. God, he just wanted to melt away and hide for a little bit.

Wait, was he shrinking?

As he took a step down the stairs with Orihime, his body seemed to just flatten like a pancake and sink into nothingness. He was floating in an empty void and realized that he had entered the concrete, steel, and glass that made up the school building. As he tried to move and look around, the blank 'dimension' he was in lit up like a tv screen and he could see that he was still on the stairs, but he was on the ground looking up. His face turned crimson as he unintentionally looked up Orihime's skirt as he saw her looking around for him.

Trying to reach out to her, he found himself popping back up out of the ground. Yelping in surprise, when Haru tried to say something, he found a heel stomping his head and landed back inside of the school.

Rubbing his head as he popped out on the wall instead, the brown haired boy was seeing triple as Orihime had her hand at her mouth and a wince on her face. As she looked down to his

disappearing spot floor and up at the wall where he showed up, her eyebrows knitted themselves in confusion. “Just, find some place alone at break, I’ll pop up. And do it someplace within the school building.”

As he melded back into the wall, he breathed a sigh of relief. Before he was dying to talk to someone, and now he was running away, god, why couldn’t he just be a normal kid. Then again, being a ghost is anything but normal.

Okay, upsides, upsides- he had time to think, yeah he could totally answer any questions she had... he could, right?... *He was doomed.*

As the lunch bell rang, Haru had luckily managed to stop rocking back and forth while curled up in a ball of anxiety and self-doubt. Now if only he could get this terrible knot out of his gut.

Taking a breath, he knew that he should make do on what he told the orange haired girl. It was way faster to move *through* the building than it was to actually walk, it made him feel like a fly on the wall to every conversation. It only took twenty seconds to find her, she was off in a room reserved for after-school clubs, pressed against the wall and looking left and right. She seemed to be acting like a ninja and making sure nobody followed her.

Figuring the best way to go about it was to dive in head first, the ghost emerged from a wall and tried to keep his head held high and steady... Which fell apart as Orihime pulled him in for a hug again and Haru was left unsure if he should hug her back, all while feeling his back crack from her surprisingly powerful hold.

“Hey, O-Orihime, this might sound weird, but could you tell me when you ever even learned my name?” He couldn’t keep himself from blushing in embarrassment as she pulled back and looked him in the eyes.

“What do you mean? You’re acting like we’ve never met before. I asked you for a pencil that one time, you were partnered with Mahana in chemistry a few years ago, you helped Ryo pick up her papers when you two bumped into each other, but I guess the very first time would be... sixth or seven year, you sat at the front of Mr. Noriaki’s class while I was in the middle.” She placed her finger on her chin as she continued to list off all their minor encounters.

“I didn’t... wow, you have an incredible memory.” He was floored at her response. He didn’t even really remember half of those instances, but the knot in his stomach was starting to get undone by the kind way Orihime spoke and her soft grip on his shoulder.

“But now it’s my turn to ask questions.” She pulled out her notebook from her bag and that knot tightened right back up. “What’s with all the chains? Why haven’t you come to class when Ichigo could see you? Why didn’t you know about the service we did for you? What’s it like being dead? Do ghosts need to eat or sleep? What about-”

“Wh-ca-please stop!” He raised his hands defensively as the girl spoke a mile a minute. “I don’t think my answers are going to be all that... fulfilling and deep. So just, temper yourself.” He took a breath. “I don’t know why I’ve got chains all over me, just that they’re keeping me trapped in school and that’s why I didn’t know what you guys did for me. And I’ve not shown up in class because, well, I just didn’t feel like it was right for me to keep going there after I died. I didn’t want to hear what you guys were saying about me... because I was scared, not that you were saying bad things, but that you all might be saying nothing at all.”

As he spoke those words he hadn’t said aloud before, he felt like sinking back into the walls once again, but he was stopped as he was pulled into another bone crushing hug. “I can’t believe that you felt like that. Oh it must have been so hard and alone to spend all this time thinking that way and being stuck here.”

This woman’s selflessness and sweetness made the terror and paranoia he felt start to melt away, letting him see how stupid his thoughts were. Finally wrapping his arms around her, the chains binding him felt lighter.

After a few more moments, Haru thanked the powered human for her compassion. By the time he finally managed to get Orihime to stop hugging him while nearly crying, the bell rang, telling all the students to get back to class.

“Let’s talk more after school’s over, that sound good?” He asked the beautiful woman.

“It sounds great.”

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It was weird, having Orihime- one of the most popular girls in the entire school- come over and hang out almost every day. Even with summer vacation starting just a few days after they got reacquainted, she’d still visit him for a few hours. She had asked if he wanted her to tell a few of the more spiritually sensitive students about his lingering in the school, but he asked her to hold off for a while. He had only gained the courage to reach out to her when he thought she was going to die, so it’d take a bit more time before he felt comfortable enough to talk to the others. Though he did hold a more selfish reason that he was too embarrassed to share with the compassionate student. He just enjoyed having her company all to himself.

The way she smiled, her sweet melodious laughter, the cute way she pushed her hair behind her ear, how enraptured she’d get when talking about things she loved, just everything about the girl was so captivating and enthralling.

The two had been hanging out with each other for two weeks now; sharing stories, playing games, Orihime even told him about how she was training with Sado under a talking cat... yeah, sometimes he wasn’t sure if the girl was just making up stories, or if the world really was able to be that bizarre. And after all that, today was the first day she had not shown up.

While he did first think of the worst case scenario, after so much time getting to know and understand the kind woman, he knew he should put his trust in them. As he sat on the roof, looking up at the starry night sky, the streets down below by the river were filled with light and life. There was something he forgot, it was on the tip of his tongue. And as the first of the fireworks exploded in the sky, he remembered the annual festival happened on August first. He smiled up at the beautiful explosions of light and color, hoping that Orihime was having fun hanging out with her friends...

“Haru!”

“GAH!!” Nearly falling over himself the wavy haired boy turned around- almost tripping over his own two feet- to see the orange haired girl in question, wearing a traditional yukata. The robe was a golden shade with orange and red flowers blooming in gorgeous bouquets. “Wh-What’re you doing here?!”

“Well, I couldn’t just let you stay all alone during a festival.” She brought out a box from behind her back. “Plus, I thought you might enjoy some of the stall foods. I know you can’t actually digest anything, but I figure the taste would be something nice, and you don’t even have to worry about the calories!!” As she said that, she started to drool, no doubt her overactive mind sending her in a fantasy of candies and confectioneries.

“Why do I get the feeling that you don’t have to worry about calories either.” The boy mumbled to himself as he looked off red-faced to the side, trying to not stare at her bust or rear that was pushing against the fabric of her dress.

Laying against a wall, the two picked and ate all the good street food Orihime had bought, as well as some of the bizarre dishes Orihime custom ordered, all while watching the fireworks. It turns out after not having any food for quite some time, even the woman’s peculiar tastes would be culinary masterpieces.

“Mmm.” Haru grunted as he swallowed what was in his mouth. “You’ve got something. Here, I’ll get it.”

Reaching his hand towards her face, he brushed off some rice on her cheek with his thumb. But as they looked into each other’s eyes with the fireworks shining down on them from above, he pushed her hair behind her ear and placed his hand on her cheek. It was like time seemed to slow. They took notice of just how close their faces were to each other. They both parted their lips, a million thoughts and questions passing through their minds, but neither one was able to actually say any of them out loud.

At the bang of another firework, Haru closed the distance and kissed the girl. It was chaste, but, he hoped, sweet. The constant noise in his mind falling away to an ocean of quiet.

It was only the crashing bang of the bentos falling on the floor that snapped the two back to reality as they pulled apart, a bright red hue painted over both of their faces. As Orihime kneeled down to clean up the mess of the boxes slipping from her hands, she looked back up to see that Haru had disappeared.

Running away, why did he always default to running away? Inside the walls of the school, Haru was screaming and kicking himself for not having the guts to stay. She was his friend, but he hated how he wanted it to be more than that, it was unfair to do that to a girl who still had a bright and long future ahead of her. Or was that just another one of his defenses to run away from conflicts?

Pulling his hair out in frustration, he looked at the screen that showed the roof. As Orihime left on her Shun Shun Rika like a flying carpet to land outside the school gate, Haru reached out his hand as it appeared in the real world, but pulled it back without a word. His chains grew heavier in her absence.

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One week had gone by, it was maddening. The only thought coursing through his mind was the memory of that night playing on repeat and all the paranoid ideas of Orihime's reaction and disgust at his action. Even when school started back up soon, he wouldn't be surprised if she wanted to avoid him now. Who wouldn't want to keep distance between themselves and a ghost boy who kissed them out of the blue?

Was this really all that the afterlife had in store for him? Forcing him to be chained against his school, all the while still somehow giving him even more trouble than he ever faced while alive...

Squinting as he looked out at the town from the school roof, he noticed an orange head walking closer and closer to the school. He tried to stamp out any thoughts about it *actually* heading his way as being a mere coincidence, but as it grew closer, he believed in them more and more.

Psyching himself up, the boy started to take deep breaths. Despite his cowardice, he wanted to at least make things up with the woman who helped keep him from turning insane, and somehow made his life feel more fulfilling in death than he ever felt in life. He wasn't going to let himself back out, not this time.

Clapping his hands on his cheeks to be rid of his lingering negative thoughts, Haru cried out to the streets below. "ORIHIME, I'M SORRY!!!"

His face was beet red and eyes sealed shut, but he refused to hide, he was going to face the consequences of his actions like a man for once in his life. Taking a slow breath, he managed to calm his body enough to open up his eyelids and look to see how she responded. He looked over the edge of the roof, but couldn't find a single hint of where she could have gone. She had just seemed to vanish from the streets.

“But what if I don’t want you to apologize?” Her voice rang out from behind him. Despite his usual reactions, this time Haru felt at ease as she popped up behind him. Turning to face her, a smile was beaming on his face as both nervous teens had a blush on their cheeks and had trouble keeping eye contact. “I didn’t leave you all alone because I hated you... There’s something really important going on and I just needed time with myself to get my head back together. I’m also going to be going away again, but it’s to some place dangerous, and don’t try to talk me out of it. I’ve already made up my mind and I’m doing this to help save my friend and come back with her.”

Haru was taken aback by just how serious Orihime was. She was always so carefree, but now he could see the fire in her eyes and resolve in her voice. “I... Okay.”

She blinked. “That’s it?”

“I trust you. If you think this is right, then I won’t doubt your will. I just... I want us to still be friends, even if you do go away for a long time.” He took one hesitant step forward before just moving towards her and giving her a hug.

“... But what if I don’t want to be *just* friends.” She said as she put her hands on his lower back.

“And that-it’s your-i mean-” He tried to stutter out a response as all his thoughts and responses conflicted with each other and spewed out as word vomit.

“What happened to not doubting me?” She teased as a smile pulled at her lips. Pulling back slightly, she moved her head from his shoulder to look him in the eyes, her silver eyes staring into his black ones.

Feeling steam erupt from his ears, Haru swallowed as he brought a hand up to hold the goddess of a woman’s face. “Can I... can I ki-” Before he could even finish his sentence, the girl leaned in and closed the distance.

Fireworks were going off for the both of them yet again. Their bodies shifted and moved to more closely touch and hold the other as they tentatively started to french kiss. And beyond what either noticed, a few of his chains seemed to wrap around her for a moment before disappearing.

As Orihime pulled back to breath, she giggled at seeing Haru do the same thing. “I thought ghosts didn’t need to breathe.”

“You try saying that after having someone take your breath away.” He quipped back as he chuckled, her laughter was infectious.

As their chuckles died down, Haru smiled at her. "So, we only have one day together before you're gone for who knows how long." Orihime could see the melancholy behind his eyes. "What do you want to do together?"

"Well, I'm leaving tonight, but I had an idea." This time the orange girl's face turned crimson and she mumbled her words out.

"Can you repeat that? I couldn't hear you." Haru pulled Orihime close as her mouth was inches from his ear.

"I borrowed one of Keigo's books." She started as her hand went onto his thigh. "Things could really go wrong over there, and I want to try doing *that* at least once before going."

His throat went dry and his brain shut down for a moment. Just at her mere suggestion of doing it, he noticed the way her breasts pressed against his chest, how his hands wrapped around her hips, and how incredibly hard she made him get at those words.

Letting out a shaky breath as his clothes felt burning hot and painfully tight. Haru tried to speak before just nodding dumbly as his only answer.

As Orihime captured his lips again, she used one of her hands to unzip his pants and feel what he was packing. It was a good choice that she decided to wear a simple sundress at the moment, feeling the ghost's hands grab and knead her ass through the thin and smooth fabric.

The two virgins didn't have much tact or skill in their actions, but they certainly had a zeal and vigor. The orange haired girl was running her hand up and down his shaft, but she hadn't made a grip around it and still kept it within his underwear. Luckily, the accidental teasing seemed to be working great as the man pulled from their kiss.

"Orihime, please, touch it." Haru was practically begging her.

But she remembered some of the dirty talk she saw from Keigo's doujins and a devious idea came to mind. "Touch what?" She used one hand to pull his head between her breasts as she whispered sensually into his ear. "Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"I-I-I-" His voice was caught in his throat as he felt the weight and firmness of her breasts that nearly swallowed his head whole. "I want you to touch my dick! I want you to use anything and everything! I want to make love with you!"

Feeling herself grow light headed at his comments, Orihime's mind went into overdrive as she imagined just what they could do with each other (chains included). Steeling herself, the beautiful girl grabbed the shackled boy and picked him up and pressed him against a wall, showing just how powerful her unsuspecting frame really was.

As he held himself up against the wall, the spirit's mouth watered as the busty girl got on her knees before him.

Peeling off his underwear, Orihime was enraptured by his cock slowly getting revealed, inch by inch. When it was finally completely freed, its oozing tip was pressing against her cheek, ready and wanting her attention. Even the scent of it all was intoxicating. Swallowing the lump in her throat, the orange beauty gave it a smooch as her hands wrapped around the length and started to pump.

While he was moaning and twitching from her basic touch, she didn't stop there. Peppering his shaft with little kisses, Orihime also ran her tongue in small patches and helped drive him up the wall.

Gripping the walls of the school, Haru was nearly falling to pieces as the most wonderful girl in the world was happily servicing his shaft, but he still wanted to push for even more. "Can yo~ou use your ti-ti-breasts?!" He couldn't control his voice as he shouted to high heavens. Oh it was never more useful to be a ghost in all of his unlife.

When she pulled back, it gave the dark haired boy a moment's rest, leaving him panting and his dick throbbing with want. And he was going to get it. Sliding her shoulders out of her dress and pushing her top out from the wide and deep sundress she wore, Orihime's bra-clad breasts were put out before him and made his shaft somehow get even harder.

As her hands snaked behind her back, the straps around her shoulders went slack as she pulled off the white cover.

Looking at the fun and caring Orihime, kneeling on the ground before him, her hair slightly messed up from their make out, a look of lust in her eyes, and her heavy breasts rising and falling with her breath just inches away from his dick, he was completely entranced. "You're gorgeous." The words escaped his lips.

Blushing at his compliment, the girl decided to give him a treat. Kissing his dripping cockhead, his pre-cum stained her lips before she opened her mouth and dragged her tongue across his slit. While taking the tip inside of her hot and wet mouth, Orihime pushed her chest up and enveloped all that wasn't in her mouth.

It was awkward at first, the airhead having some moments of confusion on moving everything at the same time, but it was still an incredible sensation that only got better as she continued. The licks she had gave him earlier did help lube his shaft a bit as she rubbed it between her fat tits, but the real lathering came from Orihime absolutely drooling over his cock and making thick lines of spit connect her lips to his shaft as her blowjob/boobjob continued.

"I'm gonna cum!" Haru wanted to still last longer, but he couldn't hold out anymore as his climax was fast approaching.

His words seemed to spur Orihime further as she tightened the seal of her lips around his cock and hurried the pumping of her boobs, earning her prize as she felt his dick swell and pulse as cum shot into her mouth. Her eyes went wide as she tried to swallow it, but found it spilling out of her mouth and falling onto her expansive chest.

As she started to cough, Haru pulled back to let her breathe, but couldn't stop his orgasm as rope after rope shot onto Orihime's chest and face. The sight of her sweet body covered with *his* cum was already enough to make him rock hard in mere moments after climax.

While she cleared her throat and tried to center herself again, the weight, the heat, and the smell of all the semen on her body made the wet patch in her panties grow. Her own sense of need and want grew more as she was bathed in his spunk. Biting her lip, Orihime chose to indulge herself.

Scooping the lines of white that marked her cheek with her finger, the always pure and innocent orange haired girl looked her new boyfriend in the eye as she licked it clean and audibly swallowed. Not stopping there, she continued as she cleaned her chest too. Licking and sucking on her pale and supple flesh as she taunted him with her body.

They didn't know how long she did it, just that when it was finally over, both of them were aching for a sexual release.

But as the girl stood up from the floor, she grabbed her bra and held up her sundress as she walked to the door. Seeing the ghost lag behind, she called out to him. "Haru, let's go to the nurse's office, that's the only room with beds in the whole school."

The ghost didn't care about keeping together his clothes like Orihime did, kicking off his shoes and stripping his pants as he followed her, littering the stairs with his clothes. By the time they reached the Nurse's Office on the first floor, he had already entirely stripped naked. It was quite surprising that he *could* strip his clothes with chains wrapped around his body.

They could only make it to the nearest bed before Orihime had thrown her own bra on the floor and pushed off her dress. As Haru sat on the fold out cot, he got a first class show. Following the fall of the dress, he saw her flat and surprisingly toned stomach. While there weren't any muscle lines, you could tell that her core was powerful. Then he saw her mile long legs and their slightly pale tone. While he did also love her wide thighs and pretty little feet, his attention was brought to the plain white pair of panties that she had on.

As she reached down to take them off too, Haru put his hand over hers and stopped her. Orihime trusted him as she placed her hands on his shoulders.

Leaning forwards, the dark eyed boy kissed down the nearly naked girl's stomach. As he reached her covered crotch, his hands pulled them down from both sides and revealed her wet

pussy to him. There was a trimmed little patch of orange just above her pussy and it just made Haru want to go wild. Leaning in deeper, the ghost ran his tongue along her slit and felt her body quiver in anticipation. Wanting to make sure she was as ready as him, he pushed his tongue deeper inside her body.

Her moans echoed throughout the empty school building and she dug her hands into the chained spirit's scalp as she tried to push him in deeper. In doing so, she managed to press his nose against her clit and make her feel even more pleasure as she nearly lost control of her legs.

He was completely out of his depth, but for once in his life, Haru found it completely exhilarating as he made Orihime's voice rise and fall with the motions of his tongue. With his mouth busy, he wanted to make use of his hands as well, digging them into her ass and clapping her thick cheeks together.

Orihime grinded her crotch against the ghost's face as she could feel her peak coming after a few minutes. Absolutely *needing* just a little more to get herself over the edge, the silver eyed girl grabbed one of his hands and moved them to her tits. He didn't need any more information as he toyed with her nipples and made her go completely crazy.

"OH FUCK~!" As she screamed to the heavens themselves, Orihime put nearly all her weight on the undead student's head, unable to keep herself steady as wave after wave of ecstasy rolled through her body. All the while, Haru was greedily drinking it down as it stained his face and dripped down to his chest. With her knuckles white from her powerful grip, Orihime helped push Haru deeper inside her until her climax finally subsided.

As she pulled him back, now it was her turn to gawk at his body. He was somewhat frail, but his dark eyes pulled her in, and his face was all the more gorgeous to her as her juices were covering his body. "Lie down."

He obeyed instantly.

Kneeling above the boy, Orihime placed his cock against her stomach and her mouth watered at what she saw. Raising her hips, a shiver passed through both their bodies as their sexes touched. And after a breath, she sank herself down.

The two didn't bother trying to keep it quiet, letting their voices freely clash and meld as a new and glorious experience was shared. On unsteady hips, Orihime tried to ride her ghost boyfriend's cock, feeling it stretch and spread her in a mind numbingly glorious way. And with choppy thrusts, Haru felt his super powered girlfriend's pussy pull him in a deep, tight, warm embrace.

Not only moving their legs, Orihime put her hands on his chest, her thumbs and index fingers trailing the hole that had started to be made when he tried to reach out and save her from the

tentacled hollow. The feeling that went through his body was a strange one, he didn't know how to describe it, but with Orihime being the one doing it, he knew that at least it was something good.

Haru had discovered something when he was going down on the incredibly stunning woman only a few minutes ago, and he was going to take full advantage of it. Taking heavy handfuls of her swinging breasts, he pulled her closer and craned his neck forwards. Latching his mouth on her nipple, he could feel Orihime's body shudder and quake, all while seeing the pleasure melt her mind to nothingness. Her nipples were her most weak and sensitive parts, and that's why he used his other hand to toy and tease whichever one he wasn't actively sucking.

Neither of them really had any actual thought over what they were doing, it was just them doing what felt best and helped both of them get as much pleasure and fun as they could have. And just as they were getting into a rhythm, they couldn't take it any longer.

"I'M CUMMING!!!" Both of them called out as they slammed their hips together. Orihime feeling a burning hot cock paint her insides white, and Haru feeling her cunt try to milk him for every last drop. As they ground their hips together, they continued trying to prolong their pleasure.

They didn't know how much time had passed, but the sun was beginning to set as they laid on a cot far too small to hold two people. Haru had Orihime on top of him as he was being crushed by the weight of her perfect body, not that he'd ever complain about it.

"I need to get ready to go." Orihime said as she rubbed her thumb along the chain coming out of his chest.

"You can use the gym showers and stay a little longer." Haru suggested as he rubbed his hand on the small of her back.

"I think I left some spare clothing in my gym locker too... Do you mind making sure while I go to the showers?" The orange haired girl smiled down at him as she got off the bed.

"Sure thing." He smiled back at her as he started to phase through the cot and into the building, but not before he heard her final statement.

"And if I do, be sure to join me in the showers."

Xx Xx Xx Xx

As they stood at the main entrance to the school, the newly made couple both had a bittersweet smile on their face. The sun was only just visible over the horizon, their time together had come to an abrupt end.

"I will come back for you. I promise." Orihime held out her pinkie.

“And I’ll make sure to wait every day. No matter how long it takes, I promise to not lose hope.”
Haru wrapped his pinkie with hers.

As the final rays of light were snuffed out, the two parted ways with one final kiss. Chaste, but sweet.

Xx Xx Xx Xx