

Good - Better - Best

ByaRen/RenBya

Von whatever

Kapitel 2: Better

It was early in the morning and Byakuya stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom. Just thinking about today's work gave him a headache, so he chose to not think about anything for the moment and to just relax. Well, for some minutes it worked, but then again his thoughts began to drift to his daily duties. As a captain, you had no quiet minute. Either your subordinates were bothering you or the stack of paperwork you had to do did not decrease, no matter how hard and fast you were writing. In fact, it even increased the longer you worked. And the higher the stack got, the more painful the cramp in your hand got. And every time you had nearly finished, another bothersome subordinate would come rushing into your room and with him another painful stack of paperwork. Sometimes the 6th Division's Captain really loathed being in his position. Always working, always trying to sort complicated matters out, always being the one to be bothered with the tiniest bit of a disagreement within his division, always being the one to take the responsibility when something bad happened. And he wished he would not have become a Shinigami and just stayed in his position as a leader of the Kuchiki clan. It clearly would have been more boring, but he wouldn't have to do half as much paperwork as he had to do now. And of course the complicated rules would cause him headache, too, but only when confronted with them.

Byakuya sighed and closed his eyes to shut his thoughts out. It even worked, but in a different way. His thoughts now drifted to more pleasant matters, like the short-tempered, ill-mannered redhead beside him and the way said redhead snuggled closer to his form. A small smile stole its way to the captain's lips as he remembered the first night he had woken up and seen this man sleep by his side. He remembered the way his eyes had widened in shock and his body had automatically started to move away from the pleasant heat beside him, only to move back some seconds later, already missing the warmth. He remembered thinking about how he had got in this position, then decided it didn't really matter but at the same time regretted to not remember at least some details of the previous night. He remembered cursing the alcohol for making him forget, but simultaneously thanking it for even bringing him in this position. He had been pretty positive then – and still was – that if it hadn't been for this devilish beverage, if he had been sober, he never would have given this relationship a chance.

The sun slowly rose from behind the horizon, shining gently but brightly in Byakuya's room, forcing him to open his eyes. And the moment his eyes were open, all the

thoughts about his work and what could have been flooded back into his mind. Stretching his hand, he still felt a slight pain; a reminder of the cramp he had had the day before. And once again his thoughts drifted to those hypothetical sentences. If he had not become a Shinigami, he would still be sleeping, he would have nothing to worry about but those envious to his position, and he would have some annoying kids and a rich, beautiful and boring wife beside him in his bed...

Byakuya shook his head at that thought. A rich, beautiful and boring wife beside him in his bed? Well, he had something – or someone – much better...

Abarai Renji, 6th Division's Vice-Captain, was clearly annoyed. This was the 13th time this day that someone interrupted him in his work and he had only begun an hour earlier, meaning every five minutes another stack of annoying paperwork came crashing down on his desk. And of course every one of his subordinates thought his stack was the most important of all and should be done first. And if it weren't enough, every subordinate thought he should talk about some minor worries he had and as soon as he finished his boring monologue, another one came rushing in and crushed Renji's hopes of a nice, productive morning. To be honest, he wasn't that eager to work himself through those tons of papers, but since he had only come from his nice fighting holiday in Hueco Mundo he thought he should work more as a sign of his gratitude. Well, of course it had been exhausting to fight against this pink-haired, subordinate-eating weirdo under such circumstances and he had been greatly injured, but that was way more relaxing than doing this damnable paperwork! Sighing he lay his head on his desk, closing his eyes and wishing he would be anywhere else but there. Preferable in strong, muscular arms, leaned against an equally strong and muscular chest with long, slender fingers stroking his hair...

His little daydream was harshly interrupted by yet another annoying subordinate, at least this time without a skyscraper of paperwork to do. And so Renji was forced to listen to some boring story again.

Groaning Renji let his spine crack. Sitting all day long in some stupid chair really got to his bones – and nerves. Just like the morning started, the evening ended, and while everyone else already finished work, Renji stayed till late in the night to finish those gigantic amounts of paperwork. It wasn't fair, really. Still fuming about his annoying subordinates he stared straight ahead where normally his captain would sit and write seemingly effortless. However, today Captain Kuchiki had a mission and probably wouldn't come home for another day or two. Why the Captain-Commander absolutely had to send his captain on this pathetic mission Renji did not know. In his opinion every Shinigami could have gone to exterminate some low-level Hollows. And, to top it off, Ichigo could have done the job perfectly well for he lived in Karakura Town where all of those Hollows popped out. And Rukia was there, too.

Rukia... Thinking about her still made his heart hurt a bit. He had crushed on her since forever, so naturally it broke his heart when she and Ichigo told him they were a couple. This fateful night he went and got drunk with his friends at a party the 6th division had held. He could not recall how and why he ended up in his captain's bed but he did not complain. At first he would only get together with his captain to get his mind off of Rukia and Ichigo, feeling guiltier each time but trying to soothe his

consciousness with sentences like: "Kuchiki-taichou is old enough to decide himself with whom he wants to be." or "As if he'd ever love me, he only needs a way to forget about Hisana, just like I want to forget about Rukia." Slowly but steadily Renji's feelings began to change. At first he didn't realize, or maybe he did and just did not want to accept it, but when he found his captain unconscious for the first time, out cold because of complete exhaustion, he finally acknowledged his feelings. From then on it didn't take him long to confess to his captain. "I know," his captain had answered. No "I love you, too", but somehow Renji just knew the feeling was mutual. And so the whole story had begun...

Thinking about it again, Renji just had to smile. He looked to his captain's desk again and decided to do some of the annoying paperwork so his captain could relax a bit more when he'd finally come home again. But after some minutes, exhaustion took over and Renji fell asleep, surrounded by his beloved's fading smell.

"If you want to have a captain's seat, you just have to ask the Captain-Commander. I'm sure there is still one free to occupy."

Sleepily Renji opened his eyes and was greeted with the sight of his captain's stoic face. Or at least it looked like that for everyone else, but Renji could tell his captain was tired. He wasn't standing as straight as normally, and a tiny little bit of that arrogant aura was missing.

"So you're back," Renji mumbled and stood up, stumbling right into his captain's arms. "Sorry 'bout that, 'm still half sleeping," the redhead apologized. His captain just stayed silent. Surprised Renji looked him in the eyes, seeing something he couldn't really place. And just like that soft lips were pressing against his own, letting every question Renji would have liked to ask just die. "The heck with Rukia, I've got someone better..." Renji thought before closing his eyes and letting his feelings take over. "Missed you," he mumbled between kisses, only getting soft humming in reply. Soon the kisses were beginning to become heated and Kuchiki-taichou let his hands wander on Renji's back, causing him to groan slightly. "Hell, I've got someone way better," were Renji's last thoughts for the day before the two lovers celebrated their reuniting.