

arsenic wallpaper

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/57405745) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/57405745>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	呪術廻戦 Jujutsu Kaisen (Manga) , 呪術廻戦 Jujutsu Kaisen (Anime)
Relationship:	Fushiguro Megumi/Gojo Satoru
Characters:	Fushiguro Megumi , Gojo Satoru , Original Child Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alternate Universe , Gojo Satoru is His Own Warning , Fushiguro Megumi-centric , Unreliable Narrator , Omega Fushiguro Megumi , Alpha Gojo Satoru , Mpreg , Morally Grey , Parenthood , Family , Fushiguro Megumi Has a Vagina , Intersex , Gojo Satoru Has a Big Dick
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of hymns for the wrathful, songs for the enlightened .
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2024-07-15 Updated: 2024-07-24 Words: 10,164 Chapters: 16/20

arsenic wallpaper

by Anonymous

Summary

an accumulation of immense brevity. a sequel of a sort.

pennyroyal tea

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

"Guh-" he's long since become immune to the death throes of would-be foes. He pulls down his javelin, and viscera spills out.

He's finicky about the assignments he takes, much to the chagrin of the higher-ups, but there are less than five special-grade shamans, and Megumi has priorities that trump their ongoing war with humanity's scourge.

"Ahhh-" the scream is cut off as the curse user gurgles and chokes on their blood. Kon descends upon the still-warm carcass and begins to feast.

Megumi clutches his stomach as the iron and copper scent of ichor fills his nose.

Nausea overwhelms him, he breaks out into a cold sweat, and vertigo overtakes his vision. His stomach cramps, and he immediately turns to his right to vomit.

Shit.

Positive.

He said never again after the first one, but here he is again. Megumi is a glutton for punishment.

Society says this is what he was made for, the only thing he is good for. With a rise in conservative values, omegas, beta females, and even the odd alpha females faced difficulties. Megumi isn't particularly phased by it; he already exists in a microcosm that vehemently protests his leadership and status as a jujutsu sorcerer as an omega.

It worsened when he was pupped and married.

It'll be more of an annoyance with a second pregnancy.

But what he's most concerned about, is what this new baby will call him.

Now that he is married, he has a more challenging time coming to terms with his titles and gender role. Satoru isn't fussed and refers to him as his partner, and Megumi has taken to using that title as well. Their relationship isn't based on strict gender roles, but there's an understanding of where their strengths lie and how they pick up where the other falls.

Adding in their eldest pup makes their dynamic more unique.

Asahi calls Satoru Daddy or Tou-chan, but Megumi is a different beast.

"Mama!"

"Un."

"What'cha doing?" Asahi's muffled voice asks through the door.

"Plotting your sire's death." Megumi deadpans and stares at the three pregnancy tests. This is what his body was made more for, but Satoru begs to differ; he was built for sin.

"Ohhhhhh, should I warn Daddy?"

"No, this is a surprise."

Chapter End Notes

Set 10 years in the future.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

September 2017

"As you're aware, no birth control is 100% effective."

Megumi's lip curls in derision, and Dr. Kamado smiles in commiseration.

"Though rare, pregnancy can happen outside of your cycle. Would you like to discuss your options?"

Megumi's first pregnancy was harrowing, and the birth was traumatizing. Unplanned, but not necessarily unwanted, after much discussion, consideration on how it would impact their everyday lives, and possible arrangements since he was in university, they decided to keep Asahi. Satoru's grandparents are still relatively young and agreed to watch over the pup since the child of Six Eyes and the Zen'in clan head is likely to become a target. Asahi's early life likened to Satoru's, under the watchful eyes of a nanny and relatives, except Satoru and Megumi are active parents.

Nevertheless, Megumi had to delay graduation for two semesters after three assassination attempts, medically advised bed rest, and childbirth that nearly killed his pup and almost rendered him infertile.

This made him a skeptic when societal norms dictated that this was what he was made for. Childbirth is a matter of life and death. If he keeps this baby, he's getting a c-section and having his tubes tied.

"I need to talk to my mate first." Satoru will likely be on the fence; Megumi's instincts contradict his common sense and logic. "Then we'll decide."

"Well, you're seven weeks along. We'll book a follow-up appointment for two weeks from now. In the meantime, I want you to start taking prenatal vitamins and the prescribed antinausea medication."

Their apartment has a green space spanning the side of their living room and kitchen. Megumi looks up as the sliding door opens, and Asahi drops his toys and takes off running.

"Hi Tou-chan!"

Between Sanbancho, Shoto, Akasaka and Aoyama, they settled in Aoyama. As nice as Gojo's inherited home and the newly constructed Zen'in compound are, they are a young family that wants space away from the madding crowd and politics.

"Asa-chan!"

After a two-week absence, Gojo Satoru comes home to a glowering omega and a very happy pup. He starts with his son first, scenting the three-year-old, throwing him into the air, and smiling widely at his happy shrieks.

"Daddy, papa has a surprise!"

"Does he now?" And the alpha turns to give the omega his full attention.

Megumi is outright glaring and hisses accusatorily, "You knew!"

"Ah." That all but confirms that he knew, from his scent change to the shift in flow of his cursed energy, gathering protectively to the cluster of cells under his heart.

Megumi's green eyes are chips of ice. "Just for that, I hope this baby inherits all of my sire's looks."

Satoru blanches, "I rebuke that!"

Chapter End Notes

Gojo is still 27.

Megumi is still 25.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Are you sure?"

Megumi pauses in the middle of brushing his teeth and stares and stares at Satoru's reflection in the mirror.

Miles and miles of pale skin, pajama pants slung low on his hips—very little is left to the imagination. Satoru knows how he looks and the impact it has on people, but most of all, he knows how it affects his omega and weaponizes it accordingly.

The stirring of lust fills the bond, and he grins wolfishly.

Megumi's distracted appreciation sours and becomes a glare; he scowls deeply. This is how they ended up in this quandary.

Megumi's irritation is a livewire, and he chuckles as the omega finishes his nightly routine in high dungeon.

Satoru swiftly catches him when he attempts to slip past him in the doorway.

Megumi never grew past his height at sixteen, but Gojo grew a few more centimeters, so he leans down, humming when the omega instinctually bares his neck, both scent glands carrying his mark. He nuzzles his neck, and gathers him close.

"You mad?"

Megumi grumbles.

"Are you sure about this? Asahi is enough, and I don't want to risk your well-being."

Megumi clutches his forearms. "I don't know."

Much like his pregnancy with Asahi, he's conflicted. His nature is already producing oxytocin, turning his brain into cotton at the prospect of a pup. He was not a natural dam; post-birth was a time of acute darkness, and postpartum depression ravaged him for months. Megumi wondered if it'd be any different with this pup, wonders if he should even try, wonders if it's worth it.

Satoru kisses his cheek, "That's okay, whatever you want, I'll support you."

"Get a vasectomy," Megumi says darkly.

"That's funny," he replies, snickering.

"I'm not joking."

Of the eleven members who survived Satoru's massacre of the Zen'in, nine survived. Two were quietly killed when they showed aversion and contempt for Megumi's ascension and staunchly supported the purist views of the old guard. So they joined the old guard in the afterlife, one less hassle, one less battle in the wars to come.

"Congratulations Megumi-dono."

Zen'in Maki joins him as he strolls down the engawa, Round Deer a constant presence at his side. He's done this once and won't let pride keep him from having a healthy pregnancy. Round Deer could have saved him from some of the hell he underwent during his first round with pregnancy, birth, and subsequent depression if he hadn't been so caught up in self-recrimination, pitying himself and why he failed so spectacularly as an omega.

Megumi smiles, "Thanks, Maki-chan."

The younger omega hesitates, but then a familiar determination overtakes her features. "Does this mean I'll be displaced?"

Maki is his heir; like him, she is everything the Zen'in despaired and despised. Omegan, power deriving from the invulnerable body of Taira no Masakado, a woman. She is one of the strongest people he's ever had the pleasure of knowing, and the day he hands her the mantle of leadership is the day they come full circle, and Toji's revenge is complete.

Megumi meets her eyes.

"No, we make new traditions; I choose my successor, and that's you." His veracity rings true and her shoulders drop in relief. "That'll never change."

"Thank you," she whispers.

Megumi holds out his arms, and Maki doesn't hesitate to hug him. Although Megumi doesn't consider himself parental material, he's a decent dam by necessity, and he acknowledges that he became a parental figure for many of the Zen'in pups.

Maki subconsciously begins to purl, a pregnant omega is a magnet for children. Megumi stifles his laughter and pats her head.

Chapter End Notes

Megumi has issues, they just evolved with age.

Chapter 4

"So we have an accord?"

Megumi stabs his omi-yari in the ground and holds out a hand.

The beta eyes it dubiously but takes it nonetheless.

"Thank you, and yeah, we do."

Megumi hauls them to their feet.

The world exists in blacks, whites, and greys. Megumi has dwelled in grey for as long as he's lived. This is why he doesn't hold Kon-san's occupation against him; it's just business. So, while his pseudo uncle helped Geto Suguru set up his "terrorist organization" and profits from his exploitation of mundane humans, Megumi kills the curse users associated with Geto or makes them into turn cloaks.

"Your terms of surrender are the following: You submit yourself to interrogation, and if you pass, you have a six-month probationary period, followed by another six months of supervised missions." Megumi explains monotonously, "If you last a year without dying, breaking the laws, or violating your probation, you'll join our ranks and gain access to our knowledge."

"And the alternative is death," the beta notes wryly.

"Yes," Megumi replies without inflection.

"No binding vows?"

"No."

"Are the benefits good?"

Megumi shrugs, "They're decent, but I have private insurance." And two personal doctors, but that goes unsaid.

"What about PTO?"

"We do have human resources, but I would suggest contacting a lawyer from the law firm Itose & Hamada; they can review your employment contract and make amendments."

"Are they monkeys?" The beta's lip curls in slight disgust.

"Shaman, mundane, or curse, we're all cogs in the wheel," Megumi says fastidiously. "Do you accept the terms?"

The beta still wears a moue of distaste, but sounds resigned as they say, "I accept those terms."

Megumi's mien of apathy splinters, and he allows a small smile to grace his face. "Welcome."

"Thank you," the beta hesitates, and Megumi raises an imperious brow. "Er, not to pry, but should you be doing this in your condition?"

Perception is curious. Megumi stopped taking suppressants after Asahi, but after one pup, he smells divine. Pregnant with another, he smells like spring in all its fecund glory. He has the glow and scent of a pupped omega and the looks of a stereotypical omega, soft and exuding fragility, albeit more refined, or in Satoru's words, exquisite.

His occupation is at odds with his designation, and his lack of neutralizers in such a sensitive state is perhaps mindboggling for some, but Megumi has reached the point in his mastery of jujutsu where he can stare danger and death in the face, blink, and then smirk.

He's not quite Satoru's level; his mate has an intrinsic understanding of jujutsu that he'll never comprehend, but the wonders of jujutsu are one of the pastimes they share and explore together.

"I'm fine," He says dryly, "Baby or not, it's another day."

This is how Megumi contributes to Satoru's vision for the future. The brute force of youth is a bygone era, at least for now, their changes are more subtle, indiscernible until the outcomes are apparent. They are everything the higher-ups, traditionalists and old guard fear.

maneating orchids

"Absolutely not."

Family is a choice.

Megumi is his life partner, an unshakable bond that has seen perils and stood the testament of time.

Their marriage happened with little fanfare. It was another layer of legal protection but also a precursor or sign that they had reached their majority. He and Megumi grew up together, from stupid teenagers to young adults, adding a baby just cemented their dynamic.

Asahi is a choice, a trial, a challenge from conception to birth. A parasite that left Megumi ravaged. A nebulous concept until he was born, someone he fell in love with when he was placed in his arms. He brought upheaval and happiness to their life, but one is enough. He has seen his omega and pup nearly die in childbirth, a sight so traumatizing it triggered the empathy needed to use RCT on others. If he has to choose between Megumi and their new unborn child, he will choose Megumi. Satoru is inherently selfish, and Megumi is his first and foremost, maturity and age be damned.

Gojo Satsumi and Yuusei are a choice. His earliest memories contain them; the others are blurry, inconsequential, and superfluous. Their titles were mother and father until he understood their relation.

His parents are not a choice. They were concerned with the prestige of having Six Eyes as a son, not the actual rearing. Gojo Shion and Takai are persona non grata; their attempts to ingratiate themselves with him now that he's clan head are rebuffed. Megumi had already laid down the law, so that avenue is closed to them. What was left is the most vulnerable, Asahi.

"He's my grandson-"

"No."

She flinches, and Satoru is unmoved and unburdened.

Nothing is sacred. The gimlet eyes of his grandparents did not deter them, so they approached him, the obelisk of protection, daring not to approach the shadow that lurks behind it.

"We deserve to know him; you were kept-"

"You deserve nothing," His words are blades, landing with precision.

Satoru vividly remembers calling excitedly for his mother, grabbing her chu-furisode, and having his hands slapped away, scolded and pushed away. Disgust in the curl of her lip and

the furrow of her brow, disappointment in her eyes as she realized that Six Eyes was an actual child.

"Asahi isn't your second chance; bearing Six Eyes didn't help you overcome your mediocrity." Deadly poison pours from his mouth, "Asahi and I are your family in blood only; son and grandson are terms that do not apply to you. Take them out of your mouth."

"You're so cruel." There are tears in her eyes; she looks particularly wretched. Granddam will be cross that he made her cry. Oh well. "A heartless bastard."

Asahi sighs in his sleep and puts his thumb in his mouth. Satoru smiles and gently removes it. He barely spares his dam a glance and flippantly says, "Did you expect otherwise?"

"I'm your-"

"Oh? Satoru-boyo! You're early." Grandsire comes through the sliding door, silver eyes lighting up at the sight of her great-grandchild. She expertly ignores the tangible tension that pervades the room.

"Oyaji, here's *your* child," He teases and gently moves the toddler from his arms to his grandsire's expectant ones.

She ignores the dig and peers at the sleeping child. "Sleep regression?"

"Yes, but we managed six hours last night, so I consider that an improvement," Satoru says tiredly.

Gojo Satsumi frowns, "I'll let his nanny know we need to reconfigure his nap routine."

Gojo Shion is ignored and deemed irreverent by a son who had severed all connections and a sire who had long since written her off. She quietly dismisses herself.

Chapter 6

Megumi stares at the "ginger high" forlornly.

He misses alcohol already.

Change is tedious; it's fighting an uphill battle tooth and nail. It's mind-numbing when swift, brutal slaughter could very well solve half their problems, but murder isn't always the answer.

Satoru has decided his life's mission is to overhaul the jujutsu administration and society. Being the strongest is a title; it means nothing in the grand scheme of things if he can't implement long-lasting change. And while his reasons are benign, virtuous even, they're also selfish and asinine enough to make Megumi scoff and roll his eyes in exasperated fondness.

As his mate, it's his job to support him, and Megumi does this in his own way. In an ideal world, Megumi would fulfill his dream of becoming a veterinarian since he has a particular loathing for people and avoid anything jujutsu-related, even if he walked with one foot planted in each world. But needs trumped wants, and at the time, Megumi didn't have the freedom of choice. Now, he does, and he involves himself as he sees fit.

Megumi supports the legacy that Satoru is building by recruiting cursed users he's assigned to kill. Those gifted with techniques considered ill-suited for jujutsu, innovative techniques that defy what clans have cultivated for centuries or knowledge passed down between family members.

The lack of jujutsu sorcerers is a failing on the higher-ups' part. Megumi is simply filling the power vacuum left by centuries of stagnation, giving them fresh blood to fill the ranks.

Relying on three of the five special grades is fruitless, and sending unblooded students on miss-ranked missions is irresponsible and insipid. They now have several first and second-ranked jujutsu sorcerers; there's no excuse; this is how they prosper going forward.

"Megumi-san, are you okay?"

Megumi doesn't look away from the glass of whiskey and ginger, "No, Nanami-senpai, I'm not." The omega downs his club soda and pushes the glass of alcohol to Mei-san, who watches him in mirth. "You can have it this time, Nanami-senpai; please take the next one."

"Wha- *Oh-*" The alpha finally smells the scent of puffed omega over the scent of perfumes, sweat, and whatever ineffective neutralizing aerosol the bar establishment is spraying at random intervals. "I guess congratulations are in order?" He questions the glowering omega.

"Congratulate me in thirteen months, " he mutters darkly. "I'll be able to drink again. "

" Why thirteen months?"

" Breastfeeding! " Iori-senpai answers loudly. "Yu-kun is pregnant with your first pup, and you don't know this!"

Nanami-senpai remains blasé in the face of that statement, but his ears turn red. "Fetal development has been a point of interest; I'll look into that next. "

" Eh, Megumi-san, how big did your boobs get when you breastfed?"

Iori-senpai can't hold her alcohol, he can't decide who's worse inebriated, she or Satoru. Megumi indulges her, "It depends on the omega, I was an A cup, but since this is my second, I might get to a B cup. "

" If it happens, let's go shopping for bras!"

Megumi snorts. "Bring Madoka-chan as well."

That makes the beta blush. She, Shoko, and Shoko's longtime omega girlfriend have an ongoing situationship that's interesting to watch from the peanut gallery. Satoru says it makes the uptight beta easier to deal with. Megumi's just waiting to see how it will explode in their faces. The connection between an alpha and an omega is an ancient rite cemented in an exchange of blood; he wonders if there's room for a beta.

"Y-yeah, sure!"

Megumi scoots over when a familiar feeling washes over him. Euphoria overwhelms him and spills into the bond.

The shift is abrupt; hackles rise on the back of his neck, and the decompression of the distance between the alpha and the omega via point of convergence happens in the blink of an eye.

Satoru appears at his side, smile bright and ridiculously handsome.

Megumi automatically smiles back, and Satoru's euphoria is met with contentment.

Chapter 7

To be known is to be loved, and to be loved is to be known.

When everything was adolescent petulance, over-confidence, and knot-headed-cunt-struck shenanigans, he claimed that love is fickle and fades with time and romanticized that what existed between them was the beginnings of a long-abiding companionship.

He was wrong.

Two things can be true at once; multiple things can be true simultaneously.

Love isn't the ruinous, gut-wrenching affair he'd thought it would be. It's quiet, blooming even in the most intolerable conditions, a hostile environment where the expectations were clear, but instinct blurred the lines.

It's subdued but shows up in the smallest of gestures, in how they sometimes look at each other and speak to each other.

Like this:

Megumi slides a martini glass before him, some fruity concoction that's more syrup than alcohol or liqueur. The omega knows him as well as he knows himself.

And in the bond, love is a slow-burning fire that simmers, never flickers out, nor becomes a roaring inferno.

Steady and unshakable, but seldom said.

Gojo smiles sweetly, leans down, and murmurs, "Love you."

Megumi blushes furiously and mutters, "Love you, too."

Shoko makes her appearance then and gags.

He immediately jeers, "Jelly?"

"Of you?" Shoko rolls her eyes, "Never. Your head is big enough; Megumi-kun keeps you out of the clouds."

"My head is proportional like most of me, well, almost all of me," He leers.

Shoko blinks slowly, "I have the bigger knot."

"Shoko!" Utahime hisses scandalized.

Shoko smiles lazily, "It's true, we measured."

"We did!" He adds proudly.

Megumi scoffs and mutters, "Stupid, fucking alphas."

"Your stupid alpha," He corrects.

"Stay five feet away from me," Megumi demands.

"No! Then I'd be by my lonesome. What am I without my pretty omega?" He says playfully, an impish grin curling his lips.

In the face of his frivolousness, Megumi remains unflappable.

"Still an idiot," He remarks drolly.

"So much vitriol from a pretty mouth, should I-"

Megumi covers his mouth with his hand, muffling his next words. He chuckles and slowly licks the callused flesh.

Half-lidded, satisfied eyes watch as his cheeks bloom with pink again.

Chapter 8

A look around the table provides insight into the last decade; the people lost to the annals of time, and those new to the fold. It's sobering to think that Megumi could have saved his year mates, instead of Yu-senpai.

Megumi's yearmates did not survive their first year. Once he was properly ranked, he was given more assignments with the second and third years of the Tokyo and Kyoto schools, while his classmates were left to their own devices.

Takei Hideki died, eaten by a second-tier curse; Jun quit in the wake of their classmate's death. Between them both, Megumi would have expected Jun to have the grit to survive; while naive and too chipper for his own good, he could have made it through the obvious culling the higher-ups implemented, or perhaps he was too optimistic.

Unless a person is valuable, only the strong survive, and Megumi was raised by a man who killed shaman for sport. He did not understand faltering under pressure. Survival was hammered into the very foundation of his person. He valued himself too much to die. Jun left and he did not hear from him again.

He did not become attached and was vaguely fond of them, but the gross negligence displayed by their administration disgusted him. Perhaps he was too close to the situation, but this stirred Megumi to seek better for those under his care. They would enter a better world where they aren't hammered down nor used as canon fodder.

Megumi watches avidly as he sips his cocktail; he glimpses envy in the bond and stifles laughter.

"Seven more months, Megumi-chan," He says consolingly.

"Thirteen," He retorts tartly.

"Only six months?" Gojo questions. "You did it for a year with Asahi, and it wasn't just for his benefit."

Megumi ignores the double entendre and waspishly replies, "This is your fault."

"Hm," Satoru hums in a lilting voice, and muses, "that's not how I remember it. You were drunk, and Drunk Megumi is Horny Megumi."

"Shut up!" He whisper-shouts in embarrassment, and buries his face into Gojo's side. Megumi's so cute.

"I can pinpoint the week of conception." His voice drops, timbre deep, for his ears only. "Besides that night, you jumped me twice, initiated four times: shower, living room couch,

kitchen counter, bathroom counter, outside, anywhere but a bed." He laughs, low and dirty, "But I'm not complaining; I love your tight, wet cunt, your hot mouth, your tight ass."

Megumi clutches the front of his uniform jacket and presses his crossed legs tightly together. It appears he remembers it as well.

Megumi's fertile scent becomes oversaturated with the scent of ripened fruit, spring blossoms, and the beginnings of slick.

And that's their cue to leave.

Drunk Megumi is fun, but pregnant Megumi is just as insatiable.

Chapter 9

Slight intoxication lands them in the doorway, stumbling over their feet.

Satoru laughs as he trips over a pair of shoes, "Megumi, we're gonna-hmph-" trailing off into a moan as Megumi kisses his grinning mouth and licks into his open mouth. He finds himself overwhelmed by needy omega.

Hands paw at his clothes, pulling the zipper of his uniform jacket open. Satoru pulls away from questing lips, and smirks wolfishly when he whimpers. "Always eager, always cock hungry." He palms the omega's ass, squeezing the firm flesh.

"Yes," Megumi admits without shame. Fucking is a language, and it's one they speak fluently. Pregnancy makes him voracious for the alpha that bred him, but it doesn't take much for Satoru to turn him on. The right glance can make him wet. Megumi demands, "Kiss me."

"Hm," the hums mock-thoughtfully. "Is that all you want?" The alpha resists the hands turning at his collar, grinning at the omega's glare. "Not my dick, my fingers or my mouth?"

"Fuck me, don't care how," He pulls the alpha's button-down shirt from his pants, hands slipping under the material to feel the skin of his taut abdomen. Nails grazing, leaving gooseflesh in their wake. Satoru shudders, and Megumi meets his eyes. "Just fill me up alpha."

His pupils blow wide at that, and he cups the back of his neck, descending upon him. Megumi gasps, and he feasts on his open mouth, sucking on his tongue and exploring him. Swallowing his whimpers as he pushes him against the wall, inserting a thigh between supple legs, pressing against the warm, damp center of him.

"Ah..." He gasps as Satoru bows his head to bite and nip at the skin around his bond bite. Then sucks the scarred flesh between his lips, worrying the membrane of nerves with sharp teeth. The result is instantaneous, slick floods, leaving his damp underwear sodden. Megumi keens and shakes as his nipples tighten, clit pulses and omegan cock hardens painfully.

A large hand encompasses his hip, encouraging the omega to grind against the muscular thigh pressing insistently against his cunt, pulling him close, but the omega has other ideas. He captures Satoru's lips, nipping his bottom lip, then soothing it while unbuckling his belt.

As much as he blames the alpha for his pregnancy, Megumi is equally culpable. The lure of his alpha always exists at the forefront and peripheral of his vision and emotions. Lust, love, and yearning are equally reciprocated; how can he resist?

Unbuttoning the fly, slipping beneath the band, cupping the hot, rigid length of him. "Megumi..." Satoru mumbles breathlessly, hips jerking forward when he begins to stroke his dick with practiced movements.

Megumi wants to crawl under Satoru's skin, under his ribcage, curl around his heart, and become its safekeeper and beholder. Since he can't have that, he settles for what he can have in him.

The omega pushes the alpha back, dragging down his trousers and underwear. He drops to his knees, inhaling the scent of alpha musk, Satoru, Satoru, Satoru, and takes him into his mouth.

He moans at the taste of him on his tongue and sucks on the bulbous head, tongue dipping into the slit. He pulls back to lick the angry red length of him from root to stem.

"*Fuck*," he moans.

"You can fuck my throat," Megumi consents, then takes him back into his mouth, visibly relaxing his jaw.

"You're gonna kill me..."

Megumi urges his hips forward.

Yeah, pregnant Megumi is just as good as drunk Megumi.

blow your mongrel mind

Lips reddened, eyes wet with tears as he breathes steadily through his nose. Drool falls in thick rivulets as his mouth is forced wide with every plunge down his throat. The omega fondles his balls, moaning, vibrations traveling along the dick, sliding up and down his tongue. Verdant meets electric blue, and the alpha groans gutturally, grip tightening in his hair.

The breath deprivation, the painful tugs on his hair, the litany of groans, curses, and bitten-off moans, the feeling of his moist cavern forced open to accommodate the girth and length of Satoru's dick, the broad and blunt head hitting the back of his throat, he loves it all.

Clit aching with need, the omega slips a hand into his pants and sodden underwear. Fingers grazing the slick, swollen folds of his sex and circling his engorged clit.

But most of all, he loves the heady feeling of alpha cum sliding thickly down his throat. In him, where it belongs.

"No."

He gasps as he's abruptly pulled off his alpha's dick, thick globs of spit connecting the rigid shaft to his swollen lips. His hand is ripped from his weeping hole, and he's hauled to his feet.

He's wide-eyed as the alpha drags his tongue from palm to fingertips, licking the slick gathered there. Something wild in his eyes, feral in his face, and growls, "You don't get to come unless I will it. Your needy cunt is mine to take."

Then he manhandles the omega, spinning him around and placing his hands firmly on the wall, commanding him not to move. Pants shoved down, underwear slid to the side, Megumi whines as his sensitive flesh is exposed to the night air.

Pushed down until his back is arched, Satoru shoves three fingers into him, testing his tightness. He lazily thrusts a few times; Megumi fucks back, pleading, "Satoru, please."

The familiar shape of his alpha's cock replaces his long digits, but he isn't kind. Punched in the gut, "*Nghh.*" He shoves into him, lifting him onto his toes. The alpha doesn't give him a chance to recover, fucking into his drenched passage with precise thrusts, "Shit...ah..ahhh."

His mind clouds as he's filled over and over again, cries of the alpha's name and pleas for more leaving his mouth. Slick channel rippling with the threat of orgasm as Satoru narrows onto his sweet spot.

If it's like this every time, he's inclined to give the alpha all the pups he wants.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Small, sticky hands touch his belly and then place an ear on the flat surface.

"Papa, is there really a baby in there?"

"Yes, Asa-chan."

The toddler frowns, "Daddy says the baby will be my brother or sister."

"That's right, you'll be a big brother." Asa is pretty easygoing; when he learned of the baby, he'd been curious, asked a few questions, and then wanted a snack and water.

Other than a few redundant questions and a few precocious queries, Asahi is content to go about his everyday routine. He wonders how much of a shit show the introduction of a newborn will be.

"Granddam says he had five siblings. Will I have five?" Asahi smears his berry-stained hand across Megumi's shirt. Nearly four years of parenthood have made him impervious to messes.

No, hell no. "No baby, just one."

"Only one?" The toddler tilts his head, brown furrowing. "What about three?"

"One for now, Asa-chan," Megumi says diplomatically.

The toddler seems to accept that response. He shoves several berries into his mouth, goddamn toddler berry tax, and asks around a mouthful, "Will she look like me?"

Vaguely disgusted, he counters, "You want a sister?"

"I dunno, I just want them to look like me. I'm cute, everyone says so." Megumi fights a derisive snort, like father like son.

"You're siblings, so you'll look alike," he replies neutrally. He hopes they look like his sire; spite is a powerful motivator.

"Granddam says I look like Mama's grandsire," Asahi absently kicks his leg back and forth. "But Grandsire says I look like Granddam and Daddy, but I think I look like Mommy and Maki-nee-chan."

Asahi does favor Zen'in Shigure. Courtesy of Gojo Yuusei, Megumi has one picture of the omega and his mate. His grandsire's genes dominate his bloodline, but Asahi is the result of centuries of selective breeding and careful eugenics. He favors both of his parents and their respective families.

"You look like yourself," he pokes the pup's belly, grinning when he giggles. "Gojo Asahi."

Chapter End Notes

Megumi is called a variation of mom and papa.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

November 2017

He watches with a smitten smile as Megumi wolfs down a Nutella-filled crepe.

"What?" The omega demands around a mouthful. The bond reflects their mutual happiness, but Megumi's has tendrils of suspicion.

"It's just that I knew one day you'd see things my way," He replies with self-satisfaction.

Megumi shoves the rest of the crepe in his mouth. Glaring while he chews and then swallows. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Aware that they're in public, he still gets into his space and into his face. Leaning down to lick the dollop of whipped cream lingering on his full bottom lip.

He smirks, "I like sweet things."

Megumi blushes, "I hate you."

The omega pinches him, and Satoru yelps.

Mating, marriage, pup, soon-to-be pup, duties, jobs, and responsibilities aside, it's important they continue to date each other.

Like in their adolescence, they visit cute cafes, go to the movies, visit amusement parks, have beach days, visit spas, etc. Though some of those ventures include their child, they take time out of their busy schedules to be with each other.

This helps keep the communication open between them, share experiences, appreciate each other and create memories.

It's a bit more difficult with Megumi's pregnancy; the strangest scents will cause nausea, so they have to tread carefully. Luckily for him, this pregnancy's cravings center around three things: sweets, sex, and more sex.

Megumi eyes his unfinished crepe, and he gives it to him. "Thank you," the omega murmurs. "Sorry for pinching you."

"No, you're not," He grins in mirth.

Megumi shrugs.

Ten years ago, when he spoke of an equal, he wanted this. Doing mundane things with someone beneath him in power would have been impossible. The lauded strongest sorcerer can't afford a weakness, and being with someone unable to handle his enemies, withstand the scrutiny that came with his position, or stand beside his behemoth of a shadow would create an unending Achilles heel exploited by those who would see his downfall.

Love means nothing if it ends his defeat or death, but Megumi is worthy of love, the protector of home and hearth, and more, so much more.

Nevertheless, no matter how much Megumi can hold his own, he keenly remembers his time carrying Asahi.

"Megumi."

"Yes?" He answers absently, looking over the crowd for their next street vendor. He tugs his hand, and Satoru widens the barrier of Infinity, allowing them to segue through the crowd with ease.

"Have you stopped taking assignments?"

"No, not yet," He says distractedly.

"Stop in December; you'll be five months along." It's not a suggestion or request.

While they don't necessarily adhere to gender roles, there are caveats. When Satoru became Megumi's shelter against the world, his freedom was guaranteed, but not without hard lines drawn in the sand. The alpha doesn't demand much of Megumi, but when he does, he expects compliance. If the omega asks why, he'll explain; if he objects, then it'll likely be with violence, and as rare as that is, when it happens, it's fun, and it usually leads to angry fucking.

Megumi pauses, turns to study him, and nods his assent without fuss.

The last time Megumi was pregnant, not even his burgeoning reputation and ties to the sorcerer killer kept the attempts on his life at bay. Carrying the child of Six Eyes made the most cautious of Satoru's enemies bold, and it did not help that Megumi was known to kill with little cause to repine; people want revenge despite knowing that the deceased gambled with death every day.

The next stop is Taiyaki; Megumi settles for one sweet potato filling and one custard filling. Gojo buys three, knowing the omega will want more.

Chapter End Notes

► Ottake:

Ignore the chapter count.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Megumi blinks, "Why would you think that?"

Rabbit escape multiplies, then disperses when a finger pokes a copy. The original shikigami rests easy in the arms of a giggling pup.

Laughter erupts near the pond. Gama shoots spurts of water in the face of a sulking teen.

Kon carries two kids on its back; it pants happily and trots along the stone path of the garden.

The children like to play various games with his shikigami. Each of the Zen'in are able to see and sense the curse energy summons, except for two. Maki likened them to cursed spirits, an absence of life, but they smelled like Megumi, spring, and its fertility. How interesting.

The more mercurial and illusive of his shikigami are absent. Mourning Tiger and Orochi are more likely to attack, seeming to embody the deadlier characteristics of his personality. Piercing Ox, Max Elephant, and Nue are of a similar strata of the tiger and snake, but are more likely to wander out in calmer environs.

Round Deer, as always, is a constant companion. His first shikigami and perhaps his favorite. He leans against its side, Asahi cuddled on his lap, tuckered out from playing, and faces his nervous cousin.

Zen'in Ren mumbles, "I don't have as much potential as Maki-nee-chan."

"You don't," Megumi states bluntly, and the teenager wilts and averts his rapidly blinking eyes. "But you do have a unique support technique that will make you invaluable to your comrades."

Ren's head snaps up, and the visible hurt on his face fades into astonishment.

"I want you to have realistic expectations; you have the choice to back out."

"I won't!" Ren shouts, affronted.

"But you can," Megumi says mildly. "Choice is important, and remembering you can leave and pursue something else means you're less likely to believe death is your final option. That's what becoming a shaman means: fighting in a never-ending war with death as your constant companion."

Ren is left poleaxed once again, and Megumi doesn't understand why. He's never coddled the children, always blunt about the grim realities of jujutsu and the wonders of jujutsu theory.

All Zen'in were taught self-defense, basic jujutsu theory, how to use a weapon, and how to administer first aid. These were non-negotiable and required; if they asked for more knowledge, they received it.

The beta murmurs, "Maki-nee-chan said the same thing."

"As expected," Megumi remarks, "she is my successor."

Ren flinches, and Megumi's eyes flicker to his clenched fists; that might be an issue later on.

Perhaps he thinks he's a worthy contender, but he's not. Ren lacks the grit and gumption. At seven, Maki threatened to kill Gojo Satoru. At sixteen, she still vows to kill him in revenge for her sister and for ten years of annoying her. Megumi applauds her dedication.

Maybe Ren will prove him wrong, but it doesn't matter; Maki will succeed him.

"I'll make you proud," the beta promises, determination etches his features.

"I don't need you to make me proud," Megumi rebukes, "I need you to live and practice discernment. Leave any ideas of foolhardy heroics behind, learn everything you can, grow, support your comrades to the best of your ability, and live."

Megumi is a fair but firm figure for the pups under his care and guidance.

Leadership did not come easy. Heavy is the crown; Megumi was raised to fight, strategize would be wars; his knowledge of the Jujutsu world was intricate and vague, limited to what his dad knew and what he could ascertain. His shortcomings were glaring in many respects; some days, he handled the position his father maneuvered him into with aplomb, and other times, he fucked up royally.

Support came from his mate, the former Gojo clan head, and her mate. They helped him navigate and manage the eight lives suddenly thrust into his callused hands.

"So I can go?" Ren asks hopefully.

"Aa."

"Yes, yes, yes. Yatttttta!!!!!" The fourteen-year-old hoots and hollers in excitement. He looks like he wants to throw his arms around Megumi but thinks better of it. Shyly, he asks, "Can I hug you?"

Megumi smiles in amusement and nods his assent; omegas naturally attract pups, and though presented, Ren's pup scent still clung to him. Ren carefully positions himself at his side and hugs his side, conscious of the pup on his lap and the slight swell of his belly. Megumi pats his head and scents the beta.

He's never denied any of the Zen'in his natural soothing presence; they were alone in the world, and he understood that feeling all too well.

"Kon-san."

Megumi watches the garden from his study. The rebuilt Zen'in compound takes the form of a traditional home, and his view is scenic as he takes in the makeshift picnic. The older kids sit off to the side as the younger are rounded up and fed by their caretakers. Asahi sits on the lap of one of the older pups, an onigiri in each hand, displaying the table manners he seldom shows his sire and dam. That's something they'll have to work on.

"Megumi-kun."

The lack of inflection in his familiar address isn't alarming. Kon Shui's fondness for him fades whenever he interferes with his cash flow.

"I've found what you're looking for."

"What does it entail?" Since his honorary uncle doesn't want to indulge in banalities, Megumi will return the favor.

"The usual."

In blood then, Megumi isn't a merchant nor a free agent, but he's on the hunt for a particular item. He's collected weapons for years, but this one has alluded him. If he has to do something more unscrupulous than usual, so be it.

"When?"

"November 28th."

That's cutting it close, but Satoru said he has until December.

"I accept."

"Great," emotion finally enters the beta's voice. Megumi identifies it as exasperation. *"This brokerage fee will cover the last three curse users you killed."*

"Sounds like you were scammed," Megumi sniffs with disdain.

Kon-san laughs humorlessly. *"Your vendetta against Geto Suguru is getting tiresome; why resort to killing henchmen? It's petty and beneath you."*

So it's not just business, as Megumi always considered it. Curious.

Megumi makes a noncommittal sound. In total, Megumi encountered perhaps six curse users associated with the defector, and that was over the course of four years. He killed three on orders, maimed one, and managed to convert two. Others were vaguely associated with the terrorist movement and were killed or converted.

Megumi doesn't think of the beta at all; to him, it's just the outcome of the trade. But given the opportunity, he will act on his promise.

"Tell him to hire better help."

Chapter End Notes

► Ottake:

Chapter 14

There are seven swords of Totsuka and twenty swords of Muramasa.

Megumi meticulously collected each sword that piqued his interest. This is the only time he delves into his father's profession. Satoru is aware of his side quests and turns a blind eye to them, just like he turns a blind eye to the atrocities Geto Suguru commits out of some misplaced guilt.

Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, but evil is committed nevertheless with complacency; he is just as complicit in his war crimes.

Of the seven, Megumi possesses Futsunomitama and Ohabari. The Kusanagi is an impossible dream; even he dared not trespass against those who owned it lest he break the tenuous peace held between the Japanese government, Imperial family, and Jujutsu administration.

The swords of Muramasa are more accessible. Chisuheri is the first Muramasa sword he received, the final gift from his sire. He's collected Edauchi, Shigure, Gokugetsu, Ishizuki, and Tsukiotoshi. Now, he seeks the twin swords Amatsu and Shinmei.

While his grasp on the Ten Shadows Technique has neared mastery, Megumi's true acumen comes from his weaponry.

Maki shares his love of cursed tools, and he continues the tradition of gifting weapons on birthdays with her. When she graduates, he plans to bequeath her a small arsenal of cursed tools from his personal collection.

Given the right circumstances, most of the swords he collects have the capacity to harm Satoru. Particularly Futsunomitama and Ohabari. Better that they in his possession than an enemy's.

The scent of blood still makes him nauseous. A face mask blocks out the worst of the stench; Kon eats the remains of the carcasses while the rest sink into the thick, viscous liquid of his shadows. He'd thought his new shikigami would only know the flesh of curses, but the flesh of their creators is consumed nevertheless.

He leaves not a trace behind.

Two down, two more to go.

The people who hired him remain anonymous, but the telltale signs of their identity are obvious. Usually, they are descendants of the abolished Nobel or Shake class, have intermediate ties to the Jujutsu world, and are prone to infighting and quietly ordering hits on their upstart branch family members.

His quarry must know that whatever slight or sin they committed against their family would be met with retribution threefold. The property is crawling with security, some of the shaman variety.

Megumi is unconcerned; he travels concealed through shadow, with Orochi at his side.

When the snake shikigami abruptly exits, tongue flickering, he follows.

Wearing scent patches, neutralizing spray, nondescript clothing and shoes, head covered and face partially hidden, he emerges from the abyss of darkness.

The snake strikes, wrapping around and constricting their next struggling target. He shrieks, "Help! Help m-" His air supply is cut off.

With morbid intrigue, Megumi watches as the target suffocates to death, vaguely noting the distant noise of rapidly approaching footsteps. As Orochi opens its jaw wide and prepares to swallow their target, Megumi withdraws Edauchi Muramasa. The sword sings with the might of one hundred blades, blocking the blow to kill Orochi and eviscerating the flesh of its would-be killer into 100 pieces.

"Not a curse," a voice calls.

Megumi turns, signing with his hand, calling forth his vile companion. Mourning Tiger crawls from the abyss, viscous liquid dripping from its fur, sizzling from the flames at its feet.

"But then again, you don't care about such trivialities, do you, Zen'in Megumi?"

Megumi blinks languidly and raises an imperious eyebrow. "No, I don't, neither do I claim any moral high ground."

Behind him, the snake shikigami devours its meal in peace, sinking into the thick sludge at their feet.

"Morals and conscience were created to make the strong weak."

Megumi tilts his head and derisively notes, "You got wiser."

His comment is ignored; Mourning Tiger prowls before him, impatient for the hunt to begin.

"I'd prefer to keep the gifted alive, but you remain a nuisance. It's a shame, considering you're a breeder and contribute to our population."

Megumi sighs heavily and calls forth Chisuheri.

Shui stumbles out of bed and makes a familiar trek to the bathroom. The toilet is downstairs, detached from the shower and inconveniently away from the bedrooms.

He trips over a toy, silently cursing his granddaughter. He hops over to the light switch. The light shocks him, but the sight they reveal shocks him even more.

"M-Megumi-kun!"

Covered in mud, muck, mire, and blood, Megumi breathes rapidly, a familiar madness lurking in his green eyes. Dripping blood onto the living room floor, metal shining dully against the light is a sword.

"Listen, it wasn't what you think. I'd never betray Toji's memory by-"

Megumi lets out an unholy scream and swings his sword.

for reasons wretched and divine

"Megumi?"

He breathes heavily.

"Megumi, are you all right!?"

Anger is bad for the baby.

Stress is bad for the baby.

Sadness is bad for the baby.

"Megumi, sweetheart, breathe with me. Inhale and exhale."

He kept the bond blocked like usual on excursions, but the temporary severance failed.

He follows the alpha's directions, slowly calming his heart rate and leaving the high of anger.

The shadows are dark, deep, and lovely. Shui Kon's body slowly melts into a cocktail of muscle, tissue, bone, and viscera. The shadows gurgle and pop, thickening as the carcass is absorbed.

Megumi stares at the sight, unseeing.

"Are you hurt?"

Megumi shakes his head.

"Words, baby, I need you to use words."

"No," he manages to croak.

That's a lie; physically, he's fine; emotionally, mentally, he's undone.

"Tell me where you are," The alpha demands.

"No!" he says panicked.

The alpha softens, *"Then come home, come back where I can protect you."*

"...okay."

.

.

.

.
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .
. .

Slumber comes easy by his mate's side; he seldom sleeps when away from Megumi, and if he does, constant vigilance is his bedfellow.

Face pressed into his neck, body a warm shroud laid partially over the omega or sprawled across the alpha, wrapped in strong arms, ear pressed to a bare chest, listening to a strong heartbeat.

Now, their sleeping positions reflected cosleeping. Megumi spooned between Satoru and their pup, who laid splayed chaotically in some corner of the bed. As his gestation advances, Megumi is starting to prefer his left side, and their pup has graduated to his own room and bed.

Asahi is absent, carted off to Satoru's grandparents for the weekend. The elder couple is all too happy to have extra time with their great-grandchild, the toddler dismissing his parents without a backward glance, ready to be spoiled rotten.

Satoru is off, mobile on do not disturb, only select numbers allowed to bypass the barrier. Megumi is likely to field any calls and keep him abreast of any issues that may pop up.

On December 7th, 2017, Megumi turns in bed and watches Satoru sleep.

A few moments later, white lashes flicker open, eyes reflected with the cosmos stare back. He smiles sleepily and then turns and yawns. He settles back down and shuffles forward, laying his head on Megumi's pillow. "Ohayo," he murmurs.

Affection and warmth bloom in the bond. Satoru's sleep soft and painfully beautiful in the early morning. Megumi pushes his fringe from his eyes and rubs his scalp. The alpha's eyes close in contentment; the scent of ginger, zunda, and sandalwood washes over them.

"Happy birthday," Megumi says softly, then leans forward to brush his lips against his. Satoru smiles against his mouth and returns it.

Megumi is distant, remote in a way that doesn't cause alarm. He's used to his moments of reticence; he can pinpoint the moment it began and the probable cause.

He doesn't pry; Megumi will talk about it or remain silent until the episode passes. In the meantime, he's forbidden him from any escapades for the foreseeable future. Official missions once the baby is born are fine, but indulging in his hobby, especially when it threatens his life and leaves him in emotional turmoil, is out of the question.

In the meantime, Satoru enjoys the weekend, and the second to last year of his twenties.

Shoko is one of the few people that can contact him.

"This better be good!" He grouses, *"Me and Megumi are headed for Universal Studios-"*

"Satoru," it is rare to hear Shoko say his first name, let alone hear her cry. He nearly drops the phone at her next words.

"Are you really okay with just walking around the park? You can get on rides, I'm okay with waiting," Megumi questions as he walks into the living room.

Gojo's head snaps in his direction. Glittering pools of cold blue pin him in place. "Was it revenge?"

Fear, acute fear overwhelms the bond, then the connection is severed, the tether cut.

An influx of cursed energy floods the room. Some amalgamation of Shikigami manifest at the omega's side, a hulking chimera, fire escaping its maw with every breath.

Resolution etches his features. The omega looks at him like a stranger, an enemy that seeks to harm him. Megumi withdraws a sword, and holds it protectively over his stomach, ready to draw it at a moment's notice.

It hits him.

No.

He's gutted.

"You don't think-C'mon Megumi, you know I won't hurt you," Gojo implores.

"I don't know what you'll do," he retorts sharply. "Grief is a strange ailment."

"The last thing I would do is hurt you! Especially over someone dead to me." Gojo is appalled.

Megumi scoffs. "Physically, you wouldn't." He scathingly continues. "You just accused me of seeking revenge. Dead to you!? Almost ten years, ten fucking years you ignored the man you claimed was your responsibility, you said you would put him down. Nothing was fucking stopping you! Is it guilt? Is it love? What the fuck is it?"

"None of the above; it's easier to ignore my failures than confront them," he quietly confesses, but he's more concerned for the omega. Emotions flicker rapidly across his face, before he settles on anger. "Calm down, think of the baby."

That's more of an insult to the omega. Insinuating that he's volatile because he's pregnant. Him, an omega that embraces his fight instincts.

Megumi's lips peel back into a snarl, and rebuffs him harshly, "Fuck you! I should have killed him years ago."

"Then why didn't you?" He asks in a hard voice, "What point were you trying to prove?"

"Maybe out of love and respect for you. Maybe I wanted to spare you pain of losing someone close to you," Megumi reasons. "Maybe Stockholm syndrome, maybe cognitive dissonance, after all, I fuck my sire's killer!" He shouts.

Each word lands like blades, and with the severance of the bond, Satoru cannot discern what the omega feels. It sends him into turmoil. Were the last ten years a farce!? Did he invite the enemy into his bed, give him his bite, his seed, and power over him?

No.

No it can't be. He refuses to believe it, but words said in anger are seldom lies. He laughs bitterly. "You warned me you would kill him, you said you wouldn't ask for permission or forgiveness. If this is you teaching me a lesson, consider me schooled. Wow, Megumi, you are cruel."

There's silence, and the cursed energy dissipates. The bond reopens, and Gojo is stricken silent by the tidal wave of emotions that hits him.

"It wasn't revenge," Megumi says softly. He charily approaches, and wow, doesn't that break his heart? His omega is afraid of him. There are two swords in his arms. "It was a set-up. Kon Shui and Geto had similar interests, and I was disrupting them. They decided to get rid of me. I killed them both."

He places the swords on the table, and quickly backs away. "These are for your birthday, I thought I'd finally share my favorite hobby with you."

Chapter 16

"I should kill you."

Shoko is a marvel, but she lacks the necessary training to render him as he was before.

He is whole, but he is shattered. Covered partially in third-degree burns, nearly disemboweled, throat damaged, thigh and pelvis crushed, covered in lacerations.

He was tortured, shown that the fairer sex does not mean weak. That nature's whore has teeth.

Zen'in Megumi is a monster, an anomaly.

But most of all, he's heartbroken.

Suguru lays on his side, a paltry way to hide from Satoru's disdain and cold fury.

"I should rip your heart from your chest and crush it under my feet. That's what you've done to me. You're just like everyone else. Trash." His breath hitches, and his eyes burn.

"But what's the point in saying this? Words are wind, and violence seems to be the only language you people understand." Gojo's cursed energy is a thunderous presence, his scent an alphan threat, the anticipation of an oncoming storm.

"Out of respect for the friendship we had, but mostly because of Shoko, I'll give you mercy."

"Suguru, you're dead to me; appear in front of me again, and you die; speak to me again, and you die."

That is what sends him over the precipice.

He knows Megumi as well as he knows himself, but the self is mysterious.

The people closest to you are capable of dealing the deadliest blows. The ties between him and Suguru were frayed, but when he attempted to harm Megumi, kill him under some farfetched notion that he was the lynchpin for a series of unfortunate events, a delusion created when the beta found his worldview at odds with reality, the tethers snapped.

He said love was fickle and failed to withstand the test of time, but sentiment is a slow rot that festers and grows, crumbling at the most unexpected times.

He is conflicted.

He is wroth. The beast within demands submission; how dare his omega question him, demand an explanation for decisions made and promises kept? Did he not provide for him? Put him first, make him his priority? Move the stars and heavens for him? Was he not a

competent alpha? Did he not exceed his jaded expectations as an alpha? Was he not the ideal partner? Was the trust, open communication, counsel, and confidant not enough?

He is desolate; melancholia consumes him. The very thought that Megumi thinks he's capable of hurting him and their pup is a jagged pill to swallow. That Megumi would cast aspirations on his character, and dub him a miscreant alpha boggles his mind. Violent displays against his loved ones are out of character for him. Betrayal, grievous harm, or an unforgivable affront would tip the scales and conjure his wrath. Even sparring is an issue; he holds back his blows, much to Megumi's chagrin, and spends more time teasing the omega, making him blush and stutter with titillating touches and provocative words. Megumi's trepidation has always been something he hated to see and witness, having it directed at him splinters something within him.

He's dismayed. They quarrel often, but it's harmless bickering. Megumi is churlish most days, and he's levity, occasionally sunshine and daisies. They embody the cliché of opposites attracting. He fears they will lose their hard-earned dynamic.

He blocks out the bond.

It would be so easy to sink into his shadows, sink into a pit of despair, an oubliette to be forgotten.

However that's not an option.

He has a child, a clan to lead, people relying on him.

But he despairs, for the first time in a decade Megumi experiences absolute silence. His emotions and his alone.

Satoru is an open book, uncaring how burdensome his feelings may be, but Megumi welcomes them. A phantom brush in the beginning, small impressions, that became easier to discern since Satoru wore his heart on his sleeve. And as the bond grew, Satoru's natural joie de vivre disappeared under a mask of idiocy, a façade to combat the harsh realities of life, but the bond revealed the depths of his emotions.

The connection is severed and Megumi is bereft, he finally understands the devastation he unleashes on his alpha.

The blockade doesn't last long.

It becomes muted.

The bond between alpha and omega cannot be denied, ignored, or severed without undue consequences. Add in a pupped mate, and whatever discord exists between alpha and omega becomes a minor vexation when instincts demand focus on the perseverance, well-being, and development of the babe in utero.

So when Megumi feels Satoru slip into bed behind him, pull him close, and scent him, he relaxes and releases the pillow that holds his lingering scent. The furrow between his brow disappears, his whimpering ceases, and he purrs, finally at peace. The alpha cradles his belly, large hand encompasses the mass, long elegant fingers splayed wide to feel the minute fluttering under the warmth of his hand.

He's left home, finding refuge in the rooms he never uses on the Zen'in compound. Pilfered clothing and bedding sharing their combined scents make up the nest in a strange bed and stranger room. Sleep is impossible to find, and when he does find it, it's fitful until it's not. He stays there for three nights, and each time at the hour of the owl, he feels Satoru gather him close and then awakens to find himself alone, the alpha gone at the hour of the wolf. His presence only found in the clothes he leaves in the hamper, and the duffle bag left in the closet.

The third night he has Asahi, after fielding questions from the elders, putting on a happy, but strained face for his toddler, and dealing with his extended family now that he's in residence and more accessible, Megumi is exhausted. That night, he joins the nest many of the younger Zen'in pups sleep in; Asahi passed out somewhere near his head, within hand reach.

Satoru finds him there, usually considered an intrusion, but the alpha's scent lingers in the undertones of Megumi's, and in their pup, Gojo blood is just as prevalent as Zen'in.

He feigns sleep when Asahi is moved and placed in the cradle of his arms. Then, they are gathered into strong arms, his familiar scent washing over him. Megumi's eyes burn, and he immediately bursts into tears.

"I miss you," he weeps.

Face cradled in the divot of his neck and shoulder, Satoru murmurs, "Then come home."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!