

My Idol (GojoHime)

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My Idol (GojoHime)

by [Haneichan](#)

Summary

DESCRIPTION: It was supposed to be her last performance. But then she'd met him. And Utahime, who once hated being a star... Wanted to be Satoru's light.

Because he really was her idol

Notes

I've missed writing GojoHime so I cooked this up... 😊💕 This was super fucking long 😂 so I broke it into two chapters 🌻 chapter two should be ready soon... Probably by tomorrow or even the end of today if I can finish brushing up some shit 😭♥

Also, I've started posting content on my Tumblr [Haneichan](#) 👉
You can shoot me a text there or drop a suggestion if you have any requests 😊

So to all my GojoHime readers out there, I love you guys 🌟🦋

And I'm grateful for all of your comments and Kudos on my works ♥️😊

Enjoy GojoHime 🌸

—Y💕

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

** ✧ ✿ ^ ▽ ✧ ☉ * ✧ **

She always felt queasy before performing on stage. It hadn't ever been so bad during her teenage years. But it'd gotten worse as she grew older. Even more so after she got the forsaken scar across her face.

Utahime did what she always did over the years. She took in a long deep breath and let it out as slowly as she could. Hoping her co-performers wouldn't notice. She wasn't part of a group like most idols were. She was a popstar too. If there was any difference between the two in her eyes. Her manager, Tsukumo Yuki believed there *was* anyway. Yuki had created the company which she worked under known as *Star P*. She mostly received requests to join and co-perform with other small or even younger idol groups.

She didn't mind.

Though she didn't enjoy the fact that they always wanted her to be at the center. To attract the attention of the crowd. She used to love dancing and singing in front of people. To be the center of attention. But now she didn't like it as before. Because people didn't come to look at her beauty anymore.

They came to criticize her...

That her scar was too ghastly. That she should do surgery on it. That she was too old for this at twenty four. That she was a grandma amongst the younger teens around her. That she was used goods. That she was bland. Too conservative.

That she was plain...

Naive

Mei Mei, her stylist slash personal trainer and Shoko, the assistant manager had done their best with damage control on social media. She didn't blame them. They did everything they could.

But it wasn't like they could hide the truth forever.... She wasn't a perfect party girl. If anything, she was terribly introverted. And didn't even know how she had come this far. Performing since she was sixteen. Maybe it was because she had a talent for singing and dancing.

Utahime believed this performance today would be her last. It was embarrassing but she planned to—

"Utahime..." Shoko's voice startled her out of her wild raging thoughts. She blinked a few times. Trying her best to adjust to the flickering lights. She was required on stage. And she was sure Shoko noticed she was spiralling again and came to her aid before she dwelled in her rather sordid thoughts.

Shoko was dressed in a cream trenchcoat. Left unbuttoned over a dark blue cashmere sweater and black jeans. Shoko always gave off the casual vibe. Which was nice. And sweet even though her assistant manager and best friend always denied such claims with her cold exterior. She assumed Mei Mei was conversing with the new security team which would be starting work today. After incident that marred her face, her best friends were very skeptical and devoted to anything concerning her safety.

Is why they'd hired the highest rated security company to work for her. Even said she'd be getting a bodyguard for her safety. It had been a year since the humiliating encounter with a stalker who had cornered her with a knife and hurt her terribly. And a total of six months since her last official performance. Thankfully, her old friend, Nanami Kento had visited her then apartment to check on her. And thankfully, saved her from loosing her life and innocence. Even though she'd lost something else.

Her dignity

And her *happiness*...

And peace of mind.

She was yet to meet her new bodyguard. But hoped he wasn't too big. Or imposing. She feared huge men. Because she was a rather short woman. Her only saving grace being her feminine curves which reminded a few people she wasn't infact underaged.

Utahime didn't even realize when she'd stepped on the grand stage. The lights almost blinding her as she proceeded to dance to the starting beat. Giving her biggest. Realest looking smile and singing her heart out.

Hoping noone would notice how sad and truly alone she felt. Hoping noone would see the despair in her brown eyes.

But *he* saw it...

*

Satoru gazed at the stage with a lackluster expression. Casually leaning into the railing above the mass crowd filling out the auditorium. The best seat in the house. Unfortunately, he wasn't here to watch the performance. He was here on business. Yaga had gotten into a contract with the firm which oversaw the famous *Pop Idol*, Iori Utahime. Commonly referred to as '*Songstress*' by her fans. Especially those *otaku* kids who bought her body pillows and worshipped her.

It was safe to say, he was a sort of *otaku* himself. If not, he wouldn't have known so much about her besides the rumours flying around her pretty little head. And he wouldn't have offered to take the job as her personal body guard.

Contrary to the picture that the public had of her image, Utahime looked very much unhappy. He could see it from this far up in the large hall. He could see it on the huge projectors. The

sadness in her brown eyes. That didn't match the enthusiastic smile on her face. Normally, if he was a few years younger, he'd have grown stupidly aroused by just watching her perform in this public place. He was still sort of attracted to her. *Obviously*. A crush he'd allowed to stew for over six years. But now, he noticed things he wouldn't have if he was just a horny teenager jerking off to the sound of her voice on his mp3 player at two in the morning.

He noticed she didn't have the same spirit she used to.

Among the six other girls behind her, Utahime stood out. She was beautiful. *Gorgeous*. Sexy if he might add. They were dressed in furry costumes. Taking up different cute animals. Dogs. Cats. Hamsters. And the likes of them. But what had his full attention was the *Bunny* at the center of it all.

Utahime.

Dressed in a lovely red tutu dress. Which ended just above her mid thighs. Highlighted with intricate black lace over the fitted off-the-shoulder bodice. Her creamy arms covered with elbow length black gloves. And her legs in knee length black boots that stretched tightly over her skin. The black rabbit ears hanging and flopping on her dark mass of hair made his head spin. She was so *cute*. And adorable. No wonder people didn't notice how sad she was. They only cared about her appearance and the rich sound of her voice anyway. He hissed through his teeth when she turned around and flashed a cute fluffy bunny tail just above her round ass.

He wondered how she'd look in blue...

He needed to focus.

Willing his erection to subside, he turned on his phone and checked for new messages.

"Satoru..." He grinned when he heard his name. Turning on his heel to find his best friend tying his long dark hair back into a low ponytail. Suguru, like him was dressed in an all black suit. Helping them both blend into the shadows without anyone's knowledge.

"Suguru..." Satoru nodded. Running a hand through his messy white locks and adjusting his shades.

"Can't believe you still wear sunshades inside..."

"Can't believe you haven't cut your bangs..." He retorted maliciously. Stuffing his hands into his pockets and resting his back on the railing. With his head turned to the side, he could still *his* Songstress dancing and singing on the bright stage. She was safe.

"Not like the ladies mind them..." Suguru stood beside him. Facing the blinding lights. "She's pretty in person too..." He smirked. And burst into a full blown laugh when he heard Satoru growl.

"I know... I know... She's yours... *Caveman*... Was just stating facts..." He chuckled through a snort. Mirth in his dark eyes shone like gold. He was teasing Satoru on purpose. Because only he know how deeply *obsessed* he was with Iori Utahime.

"The others?..." Satoru asked after the other well trained members of the security team. They were five in number. According to Yaga, his best men of the *TM Security Company*.

"Fushiguro's backstage... Naoya's somewhere near the entryway.... The Kamo kid's with Yuki... apparently she enjoys teasing'em..."

It was safe to say that Utahime's manager had put in a huge sum to have all five of them working under her. He and Suguru were most sought after. He didn't really care why. As long as they got the job done. Fushiguro Toji was huge. Imposing and very skilled. He was ex-military anyway so it was a given. Naoya was about their age. Though he was almost as arrogant as Satoru. His downside was his record of mixing business with pleasure. Kamo Choso was new. But got the job done pretty well for a nineteen year old. Satoru believed it was admirable that he worked so hard to take care of his siblings.

Satoru was an only child after all.

"Poor kid..." He snorted when he remembered how a dark red flush had burned across Choso's cheeks when Yuki had asked the type of women he liked. Highlighting the dark tattoo across his face.

They agreed in unison as the stage lights dimmed. Signalling the end of the concert. Suguru gave Satoru a knowing look when he pushed off the railing and headed straight for the stairs.

"Want an autograph?..." He called after him. And Satoru shrugged not slowing down even when he called back.

"Maybe..."

Backstage was a mess. The younger co-performers and make-up artists wouldn't stop fucking staring at him. At least it helped him locate Utahime. By flashing a quick smile and batting his long lashes at the poor blushing lady who thought he was interested in her, he was able to deduce that she wasn't in her changing room.

He had a feeling something was wrong. The cameras didn't catch it but Utahime stumbled a bit when heading backstage. He quickened his steps. Heading for the Janitor's stairwell leading the roof with purpose.

And when he got to the door leading to the roof, his breath caught in his throat.

There she was. Shoes and gloves discarded . Standing near the edge. The night autumn breeze billowing through her hair and dress. He saw her shiver. Even with her back facing him.

She was about to take a step forward.

God fucking damnit...

"I wouldn't do that... *Bunny-senpai...*" He drawled. And was relieved when he noticed her stiffen and step back a bit in surprise. Heat flooding her cheeks when she realized she'd been caught trying to commit suicide.

"Who—who are y-you?!..." It came out like a gasp. Turned to face him. Her little hands hiding behind her back like a child hiding stolen candy.

He approached her slowly. "A friend..."

"I don't know you..."

"Doesn't mean we can't be friends, *Princess...*" He grinned. Glad he was able to hide the fear from his voice.

"Why?..." She already had tears streaming down her cheeks. If he was upset by her crying, he didn't show it. Instead, he continued to speak to her. Inching closer without her noticing.

"Why not?..." His offhanded comment startled her. She looked away immediately. Trying but failing to wipe the tears spilling over her cheeks.

She was about to speak. To give so many reasons why she wasn't fit for any sort of friend. Why she wasn't the perfect *Songstress* everyone said she was. Why it was all a lie. But a sob broke through her lips. Her shoulders trembling violently. She was freezing. She took a step back. Forgetting her back was to the ledge now. Tripping because there wasn't any surface behind her. Satoru didn't waste even a second. He pushed forward as quickly as he could. Gripped her wrist firmly and tugged as hard as he could. Immediately pulling her into his chest. Pushing him backwards until his back hit the ground with a soft thud.

"Thank fuck!..." He grunted. Sagging in relief. She was splayed over his chest. Her little hands fisting the lapels of his jacket while she sobbed into the crook of his neck.

"I'm s-sorry..." She cried. Upset for causing trouble for this kind stranger who had saved her from her foolishness. During her performance on stage, she felt suffocated. After, she felt worse. Going against Shoko's advice to never check comments on social media right after performing.

She had checked them.

And they broke her heart.

A few were good. Positive comments about how much her fans had missed her. But most were trash talk. Haters.

"So she's back after hiding away for six months..."

"Bet it's cause she isn't pretty anymore..."

"She should act her age and stop dancing with children..."

*"She's dressed like a wh *re..."*

"Songstress?... More like a loose legged crone..."

*"The stalker with the knife could'a finished the f*cking job anyway..."*

"Shhh... S'alright, Sweetheart... I'm here..." He kissed her temple. His hand stroking through her dark violet hair. Threading through the soft locks gently. Squeezing his eyes shut when he realized his hands were trembling too. He struggled to keep his breaths under control. He'd been so *fucking* scared. If he had wasted even a second—*Fuck!*

"I—" Her voice broke.

"I know... Let it all out, *Honey*... I don't mind..." Just hearing his words. The gentleness in them forced her to release harsh gut wrenching sobs that wracked her chest. She clung to him desperately while bawling her eyes out.

Crying for the *girl* who had worked hard to rise to the top.

For the *woman* who had been hurt...

The *little girl* who wanted to be a star...

For the *happiness* she had lost...

She cried until it subsided into little whimpers against Satoru's chest. And he held her through it all. Saying she was doing so well. That she was so strong and beautiful. That she was *his* idol.

And it was the first time Utahime didn't feel alone after so long. She hoped and prayed desperately that he wouldn't leave. Even though he was a stranger, he had saved her from doing something so stupid. And hadn't insulted her for it. Hadn't yelled at her. He just held her carefully. Like she was the most precious thing. Until her exhaustion won over and she fell into a deep blissful sleep for the first time in years.

*

Utahime woke up feeling warm and comfortable. Her eyes fluttered open but widened immediately she didn't recognize the room she was resting in. This wasn't her hotel room that they'd booked the previous day before her concert.

"Morning, *Princess...*" *That* voice. She stiffened. That was when the events of the previous night rushed back so quickly her head began to spin. He had saved her life. If he hadn't been there... She wouldn't have been here today either. Utahime shivered. She hadn't really looked at him the night before. Her vision had been blurred with tears. And she'd been overwhelmed.

But now, in the daytime, he *was* beautiful.

With the prettiest blue eyes she's ever seen staring back at her with concern etched into his thin white brows. His hair was messy. Like he didn't bother to put it in place after showering. He was dressed in a dark shirt. Folded up to expose his corded forearms. Covered in thin

lines of ink designed in chains. The first two buttons were left open to reveal his collarbones and the thin silver chain hanging over them. And similar black pants. Though he was barefoot. His hands were covered in dark leather gloves. Unlike last night when she was sure she had felt the warmth of his palm over her wrist.

How had he brought her here last night?

"Don't worry... Your manager knows you're with me... You're safe here... From those nosey reporters..." She didn't realize she'd asked that out loud until he'd answered her question. Her cheeks heated immediately. Feeling mortified under his cerulean gaze. His lips stretched into a smirk.

"Who are you?..." She repeated her earlier question. Hiding more under the dark blue covers and scooting away from him as if she thought she could escape.

He grinned. Ran a gloved hand through his white hair and whispered. The rays of sunlight from the nearby window reflected on the silver jangling moon earring on his right ear.

"Guess I have no choice..." He stuffed his hands into his pockets and gave her a rather lazy look before replying. "Satoru... Your new bodyguard..." He added a bit of flair while saying the last sentence but recoiled in faux heartbreak when she didn't return his enthusiasm. Instead, she looked skeptical. He purposely didn't give his surname.

Cute... He thought.

Meanwhile, Utahime wondered what kind of person Yuki had hired to protect her. He seemed too playful. But his stare was all-knowing. It gave her the chills. One second he was joking and grinning. The next he was concerned and serious. And above all, he'd seen her at her lowest.

"Oh..." Was all she could say when she realized he had changed her out of her dress. She was in a very loose fitting grey hoodie and blue sleep shorts. Her cheeks burned. They smelled like the sheets. Like him. Like vanilla.

Chocolate

"Don't worry... I didn't take advantage of you... I'll leave you to shower and do your shit... There's a spare toothbrush in there... Will be right outside if ya need me, *Princess...*" He took three full steps in her direction. With his long legs, he was already at her side. Utahime blinked in confusion when he gave her a pat on her head.

"Be a *good girl* and get ready for breakfast, okay?..." He spoke gently. And she could only nod in return. Her mind reeling because he was too fucking close. He smelled so sweet. Like candy. Vanilla and chocolate. And if she thought about it long enough, a hint of cream too. She had to stop herself from inhaling more. That would be embarrassing.

Once she heard the door click shut, she scrambled for her phone on the bedside table. Sighing in relief when she found that it'd been charged. This sound of pots and pans helped her understand that she was probably in his apartment. And he was in his kitchen.

Cooking for *her*.

Utahime shook her head. Her cheeks tinting pink. Now was not the time.

She immediately texted Shoko. Who surprisingly hadn't texted her since yesterday besides an "Everything okay?" Did they all trust this guy?

UTA: I'm alright I guess... I just met my bodyguard ^_^

11:35 am

SHOKO: Yeah... I know you're with him ;)

11: 37 am.

Utahime felt her face heat once she read the message. Again and again. She couldn't believe this.

UTA: *Stop making it sound like I'm sleeping with him..(๐๓~๓)*

11:38 am .

SHOKO: *Never said that... But he's cute though. Not as cute as his partner with the bangs...*

11: 40 am.

To be honest, she wasn't even surprised after reading Shoko's text. The woman and practically flirted with Geto Suguru backstage when Utahime was getting ready to perform.

UTA: *Shoooooookoooo!!!!*

11:42 am.

SHOKO: *What?!...*

11:45 am

UTA: *Nevermind...๓_๓*

11:47 am.

SHOKO: *Uta?... I saw...*

11: 53 am.

Utahime knew what she meant. But decided to play dumb. She wasn't ready to talk about it. And she didn't want Shoko to feel awful. Or blame herself for Utahime's mistakes. That she wasn't being a good enough best friend for her.

UTA: Saw?...

11: 57 am

SHOKO: We'll talk on Monday, okay?...

12:10 pm

UTA: Fine...

12:11 pm

*SHOKO: And you're staying with him until then. The hotel isn't safe right now... Sorry
(ノノ)*

12: 13 pm.

UTA: What the hell?!...(ノノノ)

12: 15 pm.

SHOKO: It's on the news, Uta...

12: 21 pm.

Utahime closed the messaging app immediately and checked the internet for information. Thankfully, it wasn't news of her suicide attempt that was raging on social media. But the fact that the hotel she was to stay at for another day or two before heading back to *Kyoto* was swarmed with paparazzi and news reporters. She assumed it was because of her once in a long time appearance. After being on a six month hiatus. Someone must have tracked her down. Those stalker fans. And the critics.

So that was why she was in *his* apartment... But still. He would have booked another hotel room. Who was she kidding? Anyone would recognize her immediately he stepped into a building with her in his arms. It was too risky.

But her stuff were there. That and Utahime had never lived with a man. As far as she was concerned, the only man she was a bit comfortable with was Nanami. And that was because he was her lawyer. And a close friend of Mei Mei.

Now she was stuck living with her bodyguard over the weekend. Well technically for a day and a half. Since it was already Saturday. She flopped back under the covers. Blowing a raspberry under her breath. Cursing after a few minutes when she discovered she needed to shower. At least before he started to worry.

"Thank you for the food..." Utahime said again after dropping her fork. Before she could rise to her feet with her plate, he picked it up and took it to the sink so he could wash it clean. Humming one of her hit songs under his breath while doing the activity. He was a fan after all. She'd noticed the shelf full of her merchandise in his living room. She was surprised he hadn't asked for her autograph.... Yet.

If only she knew

Mostly because he wanted to calm the *fuck* down. Utahime was in *his* kitchen. Wearing *his* clothes. And smelling like *his* shampoo. It was such a fucking turn on. She was so pretty. And sweet. He'd bet she tasted sweet. She smelled sweet too. Her lily scent blended with his cologne. And it was messing with his sanity.

How embarrassing that he had such a bad crush on his favorite idol. And he was twenty one.

He wanted to bite her cheeks when she'd flamed in embarrassment. Fuck knew how he stayed in control throughout the night with her body pressed against his own. He hadn't meant to cross any boundaries. But she'd been so perturbed while sleeping. Whimpering and sobbing through a nightmare. That he just couldn't leave her alone in his bed. He had a fucking guest room but he'd put her in his bed and cuddled her to sleep. And she'd clung to him. Her warm breaths puffing against his throat while he wrapped her against himself.

"My pleasure, *Sweetheart*..." He answered while wiping her plate with a dishrag. He'd forgone his leather gloves. Neatly folded them on the kitchen counter while he moved around in his kitchen with a grace Utahime knew wasn't forced. He was tall. *Huge*. Bigger than her. Well, she was short anyway. But still. He was gorgeous and fit. His shirt was cut nicely over his figure. Highlighting his broad chest. Tapered waist. And Utahime coughed a bit when she realized she was blatantly staring at his ass.

"Like what you see, huh *Princess*..." He chuckled. Not even facing her. His confidence was something else. Surely, he knew he was hot. She couldn't believe she hadn't even noticed him during the meeting when Yuki had invited *TM* to their firm. Or maybe it was because he *wasn't* in the meeting. His presence was too magnetic to be ignored. And honestly, he looked more like a wild card. Though she couldn't forget how he'd held her to his chest and whispered such sweet things into her ear.

"*You're so beautiful, Uta....*"

"*And perfect... And strong...*"

"*You're My Idol, Hime...*"

Her belly clenched. She felt her heart flip as she remembered his words. The warmth of his body. He was solid. He was so warm. Utahime wanted to trust him. Because he sounded so honest. So earnest to make her understand that she was special. That she deserved a friend.

"W-would... Would you be my friend, *S-satoru*..." She whispered her thoughts. She was doing that alot around him. Standing to her feet. Her hands and legs were shaking. But she wanted to be brave. So she wouldn't look weak to him. So he wouldn't see how vulnerable she felt even though he'd heard her cry like a child last night.

And when he turned to face her, there was a flush of pink over his cheekbones and ears. He smiled. And it split into a grin. Satoru let out a relived breath alongside his words. "Thought you'd never ask, *Sweetheart*..." He walked up to her and couldn't resist rubbing her hair affectionately.

That was when Utahime realized that she secretly wanted to be the source of that smile again. If only to please her new friend.

Utahime wanted to change.

For the sake of the only person who had run up to the roof to stop her from taking her life.

And for herself...

She'd try her best to become the idol her bodyguard deserved.

*

The weekend had actually gone better than she had expected. It was still a bit awkward. Satoru was usually dressed for work. Even in his own home which was strange. When he wasn't attentively listening to her answer his adorable questions about her albums. He was in his study. Sorting through some documents and reading important mail. '*Work shit*' as he'd called it. Or working out in his gym.

She'd received texts from her friends. Mei Mei asked about her wellbeing occasionally. That she wondered if Shoko had told her about her stunt. Yuki said she should enjoy her youth in a pretty boy's home. Even though she was just older than her by a year.

And for some reason, Satoru hadn't talked about *that* night. At all. But she assumed he wanted to. There were times he just looked at her. Stared for so long that she wondered if she had two heads. It made her nervous. But at the same time, he somehow allowed her to be comfortable in his own home. He'd insisted she slept in the bedroom she'd woken up in. And on Sunday morning, she had stirred when he'd secretly slipped in and out of bed. He didn't comment on why he was in bed with her that night either. She knew it was probably because she had nightmares. She was grateful he didn't say anything. She didn't think she'd be able to talk about it yet.

Monday rolled around finally. Utahime found herself in Satoru's car. Headed to a secluded location where she could meet with Shoko to collect her stuff from the hotel. Which meant she'd be heading back to *Kyoto* today.

Is what she thought until Shoko said. "You'll have to stay with Gojo for about a month... Apparently, someone was sniffing around your personal apartment in *Kyoto* and I don't think it'd be safe to return to the hotel even though the paparazzi have subsided..." They were on an old bridge. Practically abandoned because it was up for renovations by the government. Gazing at the body of water beneath them. The sky was cloudy. Grey in a sense that caused Utahime's stomach to churn. Because she could smell the rain brewing in the approaching

storm clouds. At the back of her mind, she wondered when she'd heard the name "Gojo" before.

"Are you shitting me?..." She cursed. Angrily tugging at her hair tied in cute pigtails. She was dressed casually. Still in Satoru's clothes. He had wanted to buy something for her to wear but she insisted that he didn't have to. She didn't want to be of too much trouble. She was getting her stuff anyway. And he already had to worry about her safety. But at the same time she felt embarrassed for liking the fact she was wearing *his* clothes. They felt surprisingly warmer. God she was a weirdo. Utahime didn't know the first thing about making friends. Shoko, Mei Mei, Yuki and Nanami had been close to her since her debut. She didn't have to put an effort to talk to them. They spoke first. *Nanami* of all people spoke first.

But now that she wanted to change and be better, she didn't know the first thing about socializing normally. Or if she was being too weird and familiar with him.

Satoru didn't seem to mind.

If anything, he looked amused.

Utahime nervously tugged at the neck of the soft blue hoodie so it wouldn't slide down her shoulders. It was practically a dress on her. Stopping way past her mid thighs so she didn't have to wear anything underneath besides underwear. And strangely, she could feel his gaze on her even if he was a few feet away so as not to eavesdrop on her conversation. Her things had already been loaded into Satoru's car.

"I'm sorry, Uta... But just trust us on this one... Yuki said she's gonna hire a private investigator to check out your apartment... She suspects it's your father's doing..." Shoko sighed exasperated. Her dark brown hair was held in a loose ponytail. And she was dressed casually in a loose yellow t-shirt, a grey face cap and work out shorts.

"Shit..." Yeah, her father was another factor. She'd been estranged from him since she'd accepted the offer to become a pop idol. But when she'd made it big, he tried to contact her so she'd lend him money. A' *Selfish prick*' as Shoko called him most times.

"Again... I'm sorry..." Shoko tilted her head in Satoru's direction. Watching how he spoke on the phone coolly with his gaze still fixated on Utahime from a distance. "He's a good guy..."

We didn't have time to think before agreeing to let you stay with him..." Shoko wondered if telling her that Satoru was an old friend of hers would help convince her to trust him quicker.

"At least I should've been aware of it..." Utahime scoffed. Crossing her hands over her chest. Annoyed that the decision was made for her without her consent. As much as she loved and care for her friends, they tended to baby her and it could be annoying. That was why she didn't talk to them about some things. Like her building anxiety. Her fall into depression and her thoughts on suicide.

Speaking of that.

"Utahime..." Shoko rarely used her given name. Her tone was softer. Her dark brown eyes softening as she looked at Utahime with a small frown. Immediately, she knew what she wanted to talk about.

"I'm sorry..." It was her turn to apologize. Looking ashamed. Her cheeks heating up immediately. While her gaze looked elsewhere. Anywhere but at Shoko's sad expression.

"I wish you'd talk to me..." Shoko sighed. The sound of a lighter clicked before she was taking a long smooth drag of her cigarette. Utahime felt really bad. She knew Shoko smoked when she was terribly upset. And she'd promised to quit . At least until a year ago when things had gone downhill. With the injury and trauma from Utahime's attacker, and trying her best to help cheer up her best friend, Utahime knew Shoko was stressed out too. Even more so because she was sweeter than she acted on the outside. And a complete worrywart.

"I didn't know how to..." Utahime answered. A bit dejectedly. It hurt more because Shoko didn't blame her either. But she knew it was on the tip of her tongue to suggest therapy. She'd suggested it after the previous incident. Because Shoko knew it wasn't something Utahime could *just* deal with. But Utahime had been stubborn. And now look at what she'd tried to do a few days ago. Maybe she'd do therapy.

"I just—I worry about you, okay..." She bit her lip painfully when she heard the tremor in Shoko's voice. Then a sniffle. Shoko immediately wiped her cheek so the lone tear wouldn't fall to her chin. Shoko rarely cried.

"I know..."

"I was so scared when I saw him holding you on the roof... You were crying and screaming... And *fuck!*... I'm sorry, Uta..." Hearing Shoko apologize so much gutted her. From her words, she understood that Shoko must have noticed her absence and had come to the roof to look for her too. Only to find her sobbing into Satoru's neck after he'd saved her from ending her life.

"Sho—"

"Promise to be careful, Uta... That you'd tell someone... Even if it's not me, whenever you're hurting... You're my best friend, I can't bear to lose you..." Shoko's reddened gaze met hers and held it until Utahime replied with a nod. Whispering that she would keep the promise.

"Alright... Satoru will keep you safe.... Yuki says we'll have to meet up eventually to discuss strategy and regrouping before we head to Kyoto... you'll stay here after we're gone until we know it's safe for you..." Shoko stomped the cigarette butt beneath her slipper and tugged Utahime into a hug. "Text me, okay?..."

"I will..." Utahime breathed. Noting the slight tremble of Shoko's shoulders. "How was your night with Mr. Bangs..." Utahime changed the subject so Shoko could collect herself. And Shoko was grateful she did.

"He's sweeter than he looks... And a giver..." Shoko chuckled. Her ears reddened when she thought of her heated encounter with Suguru from the security team. She'd flirted aggressively. He'd flirted back. And then had fucked her the second they stumbled into her hotel room.

"Lucky ass..." Utahime giggled. Wiping the stray tear that wanted to fall. Wanted to continue in the lighthearted conversation about Shoko's sexual escapades. Even though it was a strange topic for discussion.

"Says the person who's gonna be living with the pretty thing over there... He's such an idiot... An *otaku* fan... It's embarrassing and adorable..." Shoko covered her mouth with her hands just after the words came out. Oh well, Satoru would whine and bitch about it when Utahime spilled the beans. But she had to know he was a huge fan. If not a sort of stalker too.

"He's pretty *soft*..." Utahime agreed. They said their goodbyes. Shoko playfully punched Satoru's shoulder and said something about keeping Utahime safe. Or she'd castrate him. Satoru whining and pouting that she shouldn't be a bully.

Satoru was sweet too

If only Utahime knew...

That he was only so sweet for her.

*

The drive back to Satoru's apartment was silent at first. Utahime felt uncomfortable. She was used to his usual chatter. Or unnecessary parroting about random things. Like food. Sweets especially. Or some of her old songs from when he was a teenager.

But this time, he was silent. His grip on the steering wheel was so tight, she thought it'd snap in two.

"Why haven't you asked me about it?... That night..." She blurted out. She wanted to know why he hadn't said a word. Hadn't talked about that night he'd saved her. Held her while she

sobbed terribly.

"Excuse me?..." He was taken aback by her sudden outburst. But his eyes were still focused on the road. Only occasionally glancing at her for a moment or so before his attention went straight ahead. He wanted to much to give her thigh a squeeze but thought against it. Not yet.

She wasn't ready yet.

"I mean... You're not curious about why I wanted to... To k-kill myself..." Utahime bit her lip immediately after the words tumbled out. Facing away from him and looking at the glass of her window. Even though she could see his reflection on the glass when he glanced her way. He was gorgeous. Even when he looked pissed.

"Hime..." He slowed to a stop once he saw a red light. Whispering her name under his breath to catch her attention. "I want to know... It's eating me inside but I can't force you to tell me if you're not ready... Even though I want to—*Fuck!*" He interrupted himself before he'd say anything about holding her and wiping her tears. Soothing her like she was his. Technically, she *kind of was* in his eyes. But at the same time she wasn't because she just didn't know it yet.

He continued to drive once there was a green light. Sucking in some air and speaking again.

"I care about you, *Uta*... Alot... And as much as I wish I could just make you tell me why you did something so dangerous... I need you to choose to tell me... " *Fuck it!*... He thought to himself and placed his palm over her thigh carefully. Feeling her tense a bit but relax immediately she met his blue eyes.

"Because friends trust each other to tell them things when they're not feeling okay..." He gave her a soft squeeze and smiled warmly. His cerulean gaze lighting up in a way that had her flushing across the skin of her neck and ears. Her heart constricting in her chest.

"You have the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen..." She confessed in a whisper. And his eyes widened. Utahime's expression mirrored the shock on his when she realized what she'd

said out loud. But it was worth seeing the dark colour over his cheeks and ears. She'd made this huge strong man blush by just stating a fact. That he was beautiful.

Almost otherworldly so...

"*Fucking Christ, Uta...*" He hissed under his breath. Praying she wouldn't see his hardening cock as he swelled in his pants. He needed to focus on taking her home.

Yeah taking her home and fucking her senseless. Worshipping her.

No goddammit!

Focus...

But couldn't. His hand on her thigh rubbed a few circles with his thumb against the hem of the blue hoodie. He fucking loved seeing her in blue. In his clothes. And he sure as hell knew he wasn't thinking straight when his thumb had somehow slipped beneath the hem. Caressing her bare skin.

She was so fucking soft. Satoru clenched his jaw tightly. Hissing through his teeth when he heard her breath hitch. Not the sound people made when they were scared. More like when one was... Aroused.

Fuck!

With a heavy heart he gave her bare thigh one last squeeze and slipped his hand back onto the steering. He wanted to fuck her. Pullover. Recline his seat and sit her on his cock until she begged him to cum deep inside her— *Shit!* He was a mess. A horny fucked up obsessive mess who was trusted with her safety.

He was getting paid to keep her safe. The thought cooled him off a bit like a ton of bricks.

He chided himself. Inhaled deeply and somehow took them back to his apartment without crashing his car because all the blood in his head was pumping southward.

This was going to be a very *very* long month.

*

The strangest thought gripped Utahime's mind once Satoru helped her take her things into the foyer through his elevator. And into his huge apartment.

We're home...

Very strange. But somehow not unwelcomed. Satoru suggested moving her things to his guest room.

"I'll just put your stuff in there... Will you be able to unpack while I start up dinner?..." He asked. Unfortunately, Utahime felt distressed because one, her heart was still pounding wildly after feeling the warmth of his palm over her thigh. And two, because he wasn't even looking at her while he spoke. His movements almost mechanical as he helped her place her bags and belongings into the sparsely decorated guestroom opposite his own bedroom. Which was the master bedroom. The same room he'd held her to sleep in just last night.

He didn't even call her '*Sweetheart*'. Or *Princess*.

Utahime didn't have the luxury of a regular childhood. Having to suffer through taking so many part time jobs in middle school because her father wouldn't stop gambling after her mother left them. And then working hard so she'd finally debut after being scouted by Yuki. Who wasn't much older than her but was able to create the *Star P* which had been recruiting idols with all the old money added to her name. Most of the girls which had signed up for their company had dropped out. And given up. Because Yuki had been looked down on by other managers because she was either too young. Or a girl.

Which was plain garbage.

Now she was the only pop idol working under Tsukumo Yuki. And apparently, she didn't mind since they were already making such great progress. Though she'd recently talked about

starting up with recruiting youngsters. It had been years after all. And she was excited to try again now that *Star P* was famous through Utahime's wonderful 'pizzazz' as she'd called it.

Not wanting to get too sidetracked with memories of her wild manager, Utahime's mind wandered back to what was causing her thoughts to spiral.

She'd somehow developed a crush on her bodyguard under such a short period of time. And it made her unhappy that he wasn't even looking at her. Because of her abnormal life before now, she hadn't dated before. Had never had a boyfriend. A few crushes here and there that never lasted. But had never been in a man's space like this. And he'd said he cared about her.

"I care about you, Uta... A lot.."

It gave her butterflies. But then her gut sank with dread immediately she remembered he'd seen her try to jump off a roof like a child throwing a tantrum and giving up on her life because she couldn't forget how terrible and powerless she'd felt. How she still felt every damn day of her life.

Utahime nodded quietly. Swallowed the question she'd wanted so much to ask before quickly shuffling to the guestroom.... She'd wanted to ask if he was mad at her for thinking his eyes were beautiful.

They were actually.

But he hadn't said thank you. Or if he liked her talking about his eyes. Like she was intruding. So Utahime bit her lip hard and painfully. And tried her best not to cry. So she wouldn't look like an inexperienced child that wasn't worth his time babysitting. She'd prove to him that he wasn't mistaken. That she was a bright shining idol who was worth his attention.

His friendship....

Satoru helped her unpack more after they had dinner together. He hadn't spoken much. Unlike his usual chatter over meals. Or whenever they were in the same room. It was unnerving seeing him so quiet. That Utahime was sure she must have pissed him off.

But she didn't ask him if she did.

She was too scared of his reply.

So even though it was cowardly, she retired to bed early and hoped she'd be able to fall asleep. *Hoped* being the keyword because she hadn't really found it easy to sleep for so long. Because of the nightmares. But she'd slept better with Satoru beside her. So she hoped it'd be different now that she was safe in his home.

1:47 am.

She was wrong.

Utahime gasped. Jerking into a sitting position with a silent scream. The familiar sting of pain across her face forced tears down her cheeks. It was always the same fucking dream every single night. *Rather*. A memory.

A memory of how she'd gotten this stupid scar.

She had tried so hard to forget but she couldn't. She couldn't forget how she'd choked when he'd cornered her on her way home from the grocery store. He had followed her home. Right at her doorstep, he'd shoved her into her apartment once she'd unlocked it. Pushed her to the floor and bound her wrists with a wire which still left old tiny scars on her skin. Knocking the wind out of her before she could react as he squeezed her little throat. He'd run the cool edge of the knife over her cheek. Ignored her whimpers.

Her pleas for him to leave her alone. He'd called her terrible names. A whore. A bitch. So many things she didn't want to remember. But couldn't forget. She'd sobbed when he tried to unzip his jeans with one hand. Still squeezing her throat until she had spots dancing across her vision. He's ripped her clothes and she'd struggled.

His dark brown eyes had been like that of a dead fish as he spat on her face. Had brought back the knife and cut her. Because for some reason, he'd said he'd warned her to be a good little bitch.

There had been blood everywhere. And she'd screamed. Even if she didn't have her voice left in her. She'd screamed as loud as she could until her throat burned and she could taste blood behind her tongue. Before it could end with Nanami rushing to save her, Utahime had started awake.

Just like every other night.

She stumbled out of bed. Hellbent on wanting to get out of the dark guestroom. It felt stifling. She didn't want to be alone. Her attacker could still be out there. Or in her closet. Waiting for her to slip up. Before he'd pounce on her and finish the job.

*"The stalker with the knife could'a finished the f*cking job anyway..."*

The dark message hung in her mind. She could almost hear the voices. Merged with that of the man who had hurt her.

She tried to scream. But her voice wouldn't come out. She couldn't breath through the weak whimpers that forced it's way through her throat. She desperately didn't want to be alone. Maybe she should have seen a doctor. A therapist. She'd denied counselling after they had treated her wounds in a hospital. Not wanting to be near a stranger at all.

But now she needed to talk to someone. To prove she was alive. And not alone.

She needed Satoru.

He'd promised to protect her. Utahime struggled but was able to unlock her door. The shadows in her bedroom frightened her terribly. She couldn't make it far anyway. Her legs

gave out the second she stepped into the hallway. Her breaths coming out in weak pants. She was hyperventilating.

He said *he'd* protect her...

She didn't know if he was mad but she needed him so much right now.

Needed *Satoru* so much

"S-sa...toru..." She whimpered. Clutching her middle because she felt like she'd vomit. Utahime doubled over with a whine. She couldn't take another step. Slumping against the wall. Sliding down to the floor and rolling into a fetal position.

"Sa—"

"Baby?... *Shit* I'm here..." He sounded frantic. She could barely see his bare feet approaching her through her blurry vision. *Thank God*. She let out a sigh. Though her throat still felt tight. Hoarse and dry.

"Toru..." She sobbed when he pulled her into the warmth of his bare chest. Rubbing her back so he could soothe her. "*Shhh... Relax f'me, Bunny— Please.... Don't cry... I'm sorry— Fuck! I should've come sooner...*" He nuzzled her throat carefully. Immediately forgetting all formalities because he just wanted to make sure she was okay. To stop her from hurting.

"S-scared.... Don't let them hurt me again... *Please!...*" She pleaded. Gripping him so tightly, her nails dug into his skin. "I'd never... I promised I'd protect you... *Fuck*, please breathe for me, *Bunny... Uta* I need you to take a deep breath for me..." He encouraged her to take deep breaths. He was scared. He hadn't been able to sleep. Well, he rarely slept anyway. But he'd been holed up in his study working over a few things. His parents had sent him more mail about inheriting his father's businesses, which he'd ignored. Plus he'd been on a few other phone calls from interested clients he had to refer to Naoya and Toji because he was still on a solid contract while theirs was a bit more flexible. He would have asked Suguru, but he knew he was probably busy with Uta's assistant manager.

He'd heard the door to her room slam open at first. Then the weak sounds of her crying and retching over like she wanted to vomit. He'd shot out of his chair and ran out of his study as quickly as he could. His heart breaking when he heard her sob his name. He'd thought she'd be okay tonight. He'd left his room door and study open in case she couldn't sleep. And had told her if she didn't feel okay, she could knock on his door. He didn't expect her to have a full blown meltdown and such a bad nightmare.

The worst he's ever seen.

Utahime breathed in as deeply as she could. Clinging to him for support when she felt her chest ache.

"That's it... You're doing so well, *Love... Come on... Let it out for me, Sweet Girl...*" He encouraged her while he wiped her tears and kissed her forehead. She let him. She didn't

care. She let him because she trusted him. He was so sweet to her. Calling her such sweet names. And praising her for just... *Breathing*. She sobbed.

"I know, *Honey*... Just hold on okay?... Take another breath for me... You can do it, *Baby*..." He whispered into her ear. Standing to his feet with her in his arms. Taking long purposeful strides to his bedroom. Not bothering to shut the door.

"That's it, *Princess*... *My Bunny's* such a *good girl*..." He cooed while situating himself on the edge of his bed. She sagged into him. Listening to the sound of his heart steadily thumping in his chest. She would have felt mortified. Sitting in a man's lap and snuggling into his bare chest. But Utahime couldn't care. She'd never felt so warm and safe. And she wasn't ready to let him go.

"Nightmare?..." He asked into the darkness. Still rubbing her back. Tentatively stroking against her spine. From her nape. All the way to her lower back. Slowly and carefully. His jaw clenched when she nodded solemnly.

"I'm sorry..." He brushed her scattered bangs from her forehead and placed a kiss on it. The action of tenderness filled her chest with warmth. Was this how friends treated each other? It felt different. Kind of like... *Lovers*. The ones she'd read in books. Saw on tv. She didn't know what to make of it. But Utahime didn't want to let go of him.

If his kindness would just intensify her crush on him. So be it.

"Satoru?..." She asked after he'd gotten a bottle of water from his bedside table and asked her to take little sips. He hummed. Acknowledging her. And alerting her he was listening. His blue eyes watching her. As if they were glowing in the dark.

"Are you mad at me?..." She looked away immediately. Her cheeks heated up. Signalling her embarrassment. Which only intensified when she realized she was blushing hard. In the darkness.

"Mad?... Why'd I be mad at you, *Sweetheart*?..." He sounded surprised. But his tone was still so gentle. He tilted her chin a bit so she could look into his eyes. Like he was searching hers for the answer.

"Cause... Because I said that... Y-your eyes are b-beautiful... You didn't look at me ever since we got home..." She stuttered. And immediately, realization dawned on him. He'd avoided her gaze because he wanted to maintain self control. But she misinterpreted it terribly. He didn't mean to be scare her.

"Oh *Baby*... I'm not mad... I was just surprised... Sorry I hurt you..." He felt his ears heat. Thankfully they were shrouded in darkness. He held her closer. After a long moment, she asked,

"C-can I call you *B-blue*?..." Her voice was soft. She'd thought about it a bit. Blue was her favorite colour. And his eyes were so blue and *pretty*. And... and maybe it was because she was growing feelings for him. Maybe it was because she trusted him. But she was okay with trusting him with her favourite colour. With calling him "*Blue*". Like he was somehow hers in

a way. He chuckled. A bit glad to have lightened the mood even a little bit. He did feel his heart jump at her request. And didn't care that he kissed her temple before answering.

"Y'can call me whatever you want... I'm yours, *Princess*..." He rested his head on her shoulder. Sure he could feel her smile a bit against his chest when she let out a small "Okay".

"Hime?..." She rose her head to gaze at him. Her only source of light being the little crack from the hallway and the moonlight filtering through the windows. She secretly loved him calling her "*Hime*". Made her feel like a Princess.

His eyes were bright enough to capture her attention. Her breath hitched. And before she could ask as to why he'd called out to her, he was leaning in. He was kissing her.

His lips were soft. Firm. But he didn't rush her. Satoru kissed her gently. Tentatively sucking on her lips. First the bottom. Then the top. Repeating the motion until she let out a soft moan. The vibrations shot straight to his cock. She sounded wonderful. Satoru groaned in return. Slipping his tongue into her mouth so he could taste her. And he did. And fuck, she tasted so sweet. A bit like the toothpaste she'd used before bed. It was minty. With a hint of fruit. He'd fantasized about tasting her spit for so long he wondered if he was a creep.

Maybe he was....

But it wasn't everyday one got the chance to guard their favorite Pop Idol. To have a valid reason to stick to her. And hole her up in his apartment. Yeah, it was messed up that he was using his position as her bodyguard to seduce her. But he couldn't care right now. She felt so good. *Fuck!* Maybe he *was* an asshole. Kissing her like this when she was hurting. But he didn't know how else to make her feel better. Seeing her cry always gutted him. He hated it so much.

He stroked along her tongue. Then her teeth. The crevice of her mouth. She gripped his strong arms tightly while trying her best to absorb the situation. Still shell shocked that her recent crush was kissing her like this. Like he wanted her. She felt heady.

"Kiss me back, *Hime*... Please *Bunny*, kiss me back..." He whimpered. Breathing heavily over her lips while his hand slipped into her hair and tugged at the soft strands slightly. Tilting her head upward so he could push his tongue deeper into her mouth. His other hand rubbed and pressed his long fingers into her lower back gently. Utahime did her best to reciprocate. Wanting so much to please him. Hearing him beg like that was so hot. And so... So *vulnerable*. Like he'd been scared of something. But she couldn't exactly concentrate when her head felt like she had cotton fuzz floating around in it.

It wasn't hard to find out she wasn't exactly well-versed with the art of kissing. Like she'd never done it much. *Fuck that...* She didn't seem to know how. But it was so sweet and endearing seeing her do her best to reciprocate. She was twenty four. Older than him by three years and she didn't even know how to kiss. The realization caused him to grunt into her mouth. The sound vibrated in his chest. Turning into a guttural groan. He wanted to covet her. To take her for himself. To have her. To consume and dirty her for his and her own pleasure.

Fucking hell he wanted her so badly, his length was already pressing into her soft luscious ass.

Satoru broke the kiss. Knowing if he let it go too far, he wouldn't be able to control his actions. As much as he wasn't sure about the sordid details of whether her attacker from a year ago had hurt her in *that* way. He hated to think about it. But truthfully, he wanted their first time together to be special. To make it special for her because she was his favourite idol. His *Princess*. And she deserved the world.

He felt his pupils dilate when he caught the string of saliva between their swollen pink lips. Shining in the moonlight obscenely. Utahime was still in a daze. It took moments after he'd kissed her to realize he'd stopped kissing her. And she placed her finger on her lower lip to be certain of it. Because she could still feel the heat of his lips on hers. His tongue in her mouth. It was all so new. But so hot and refreshing.

The only sort of kiss she'd ever really experienced was when she was seventeen. A famous teenage actor had asked her to accompany him to a celebrity gathering. He'd been polite enough. But while escorting her back to her apartment, he'd placed his lips on hers. It had shocked and scared her that she pushed him away immediately. Thankfully, he respected her space and stepped back with an apology. Agreeing to be at least friends from a distance.

She hadn't exactly heard from him since then. Only the news of his acting career that reached her ears.

... tahime... *Hime*..." It was after a moment, that she realized Satoru was speaking to her. She righted herself immediately. Stiffening a bit when he rested his forehead on hers. But relaxed immediately. He slid his head down to her throat and hid himself in the crook of her neck. Panting heavily like he struggled to catch his breath. Trying his best to relax so he wouldn't rut into her.

"I like you, *Uta*... I've had feelings for you—I know it's sort of happening too quickly... And this may not be the right time..." His breath fanned her beating pulse " But, I want to take care of you... To cherish you... Because you deserve it... Because I want to... So..." He rose his head to meet her eyes. Before placing a kiss to her forehead. "... Would you let me, *Sweetheart*?..." It was weird . Asking her permission after kissing the breath out of her. But he didn't want to scare her. If she knew the extent of his obsession with her, she'd run away and call the cops. Only Suguru knew of how he'd left home when he was eighteen. Somehow, leaving his responsibilities as the heir to his Clan just so he could join a security firm owned by an acquaintance of his that was hired by celebrities. And Shoko, who he'd met a few years ago took one look at him and knew he was whipped.

Honestly, it had been a game of chance. He didn't think he'd end up as her bodyguard. If anything, he expected to guard someone else. But hopefully, run into her. Or at least see her close enough after pining for her for fuck knows how long. He had the money and the connections. So he could actually arrange to meet her without having to go through this. But he wanted to get her attention without having to use his surname which always gave him everything he wanted. He wanted her to want him as *Satoru*. And *not* Gojo. Or Gojo Satoru. It was selfish and stupid. Childish even. But he didn't care.

His voice had gone smaller. His nose brushed hers so gently, she almost couldn't feel it. Now that he was so close, she could very much see him clearly. And he looked so sincere. Utahime felt like she'd burst. Her smaller hands cupped his face gently. Even though they were shaking violently. Her eyes began to water. Noone had said they liked her so sincerely. Most of her fans screamed that they loved her. But they didn't know about her secrets. Or saw the ugly side of herself that hated her being. They saw what she wanted them to see.

But Satoru was different.

"I trust you, Satoru... And... I-i like y-you too... *B-blue*..." She whispered. And he sagged with relief. Squeezing her tighter. Letting her feel how wildly his heart was pounding against his chest. He was so relieved.

"I'm glad, *Sweetheart*..." He grinned. Holding her close. At some point, he'd turned so they could lay down in his bed. Just staring at each other. Until Utahime's eyes felt droopy after crying so much. She fell asleep with her fingers laced with his own. His other hand wrapped round her waist. And his face in her neck.

"Goodnight, *Hime*..." He whispered against her skin once he heard her breathing go steady. He swore he'd make her happy. He'd protect her.

Because even though he hadn't told her yet... He knew it.

He knew he was in love with her.

He'd tell her...

He'd tell her soon enough.

And he hoped like hell she'd feel the same one day.

** ✧ ✿ ^ ▽ ✧ ☾ * . ✧ **

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are very much appreciated 🎀 I hope you enjoyed this 💖 make sure to let me know if you did 💕 and your favourite parts from my story 😊

The final chapter will be ready pretty soon 📖 so I advise you subscribe to this so you'll be notified once I drop it 😊💖

Thank you for reading ♥

—Y 

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Here's the final chapter... Finally done with it 🌻 was able to finish it up cause of all the wonderful encouragement from everyone ❤️💖 so thank you...

P/s: I've started trying to put together the ideas I lost in my older missing drafts across the other fandoms I write... So I guess there's hope for updates concerning them soon enough 😊💖

I plan to post more content on my [Tumblr](#) and now [Pinterest](#) so you can check that out and follow up for more of my nonsense 😊... Plus, if you probably have any ideas for text Fics and au chatrooms, I'm open for suggestions 👁️

Also, this chapter was fun and emotional to write 💖 and I can't believe this entire story started with the thought of Satoru fawning over her in Bunny ears and me wanting an excuse to write it 😊😊😊 so I hope you enjoy it 🌟

enough babbling.... 😊😊

Enjoy More GojoHime 🌸

—Y 🎀

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

** ✧ 🌸 ^ ▽ ✧ 🌙 * ✧ **

And it was probably about week later before Utahime completely understood the extent of his declaration.

"... I've had feelings for you..."

"... I'm yours..."

It didn't *just* happen. From the way he said it. He meant he'd had them for such a long time. And Utahime still wondered for how long he'd been captivated by her. Maybe he'd tell her. Because she really wanted to know.

Hearing him praise her made her giddy. He praised her for little things. Whenever she helped with chores. Or helped arrange his study. When he taught her how to play some of the videogames he and Suguru played when they were less busy. Or during the times he showed her a few selfdefense pointers. Even when they just existed with each other on the couch. Reading together.

Was this what having a boyfriend was like?

She wondered. They'd never really gone outside together. For obvious reasons being Utahime's status as a celebrity. People would recognize her immediately. She'd accepted that fate once when she'd fantasized about going on a dream date. But now, his present words made her question her own decisions.

"We're almost out of a bunch of stuff... Wanna come grocery shopping with me?..." He asked before stuffing in a mouthful of pancakes. Satoru was a big eater. And loved sweets. He'd once said something about sometimes needing the sugar in them to actually enjoy socializing or so he'd relax whenever he was uncomfortable. It was kind of cute. Knowing little things about him made her happy. She discovered the tattoos on his arms extended all the way to his back. Wrapping chains around a single blue rose. She'd once asked if it meant anything but he'd only shrugged.

"But... I thought..." She was confused. Utahime thought she'd be stuck inside his apartment for the entire month. Then return to *Kyoto* after. The thought of leaving him scared her but she pushed it to the back of her mind.

"Don't worry... As long as you have your disguise, you should be fine... I can't keep you locked in here forever... " *Even though I want to...* He thought to himself with a scoff. Then sipped the coffee she'd made for him. With extra sugar and lots of milk before continuing. "Plus you'll need clothes for the coming winter... It's getting pretty cold... And as much as I'd like you wearing my clothes, I don't want you to freeze, *Bunny...*" He grinned when he caught her blushing darkly. Their dynamic hadn't really changed since he'd confessed to her.

Instead they grew closer. It was nice. They shared kisses almost every time. Satoru loved to steal kisses from her whenever she was distracted. And she hadn't slept in her own bed ever since the night she had that nightmare. They both preferred sharing Satoru's bed anyway. He

was so attentive. Even when she'd accidentally opened her social media pages to find people trolling her, he'd taken her phone from her. Stubbornly kissed her until she'd forgotten about it. Then said whoever thought bad of her was a "lonesome piece of shit".

Somehow, Utahime wanted him to touch her. She always felt how much he wanted her through his clothes. Whenever she woke up in the morning. She'd once heard him touch himself in the shower. That morning, she'd wanted to call him for breakfast and had gasped when she heard him whisper her name so... *So wantonly* behind the bathroom door.

She'd wanted to step away. To leave him to his business but couldn't. She'd listened up until the very end. Like a *dirty girl*. A pervert. And had found herself feeling so warm and wet in her underwear. Unable to relieve herself because she was scared he'd find out.

And she couldn't stop thinking about the sound of his groan when he came. She wondered what his face would look like.

The trip to the grocery store downtown didn't take long. They'd used Satoru's car and not the subway to avoid unnecessary crowds. Satoru dressed a bit more casually. In a dark turtleneck. Over it he had on a thick charcoal grey denim jacket. And ripped black jeans with black leather high topped boots. The dark colours always contrasted so well with his white hair. He never forgot to wear his sunshades outside. Utahime always wondered why he hid his beautiful eyes. But then, If he didn't, people would stare more than they already did and that would be a problem. Utahime didn't like women flirting with him. With her *Blue*.

He was *hers*...

Oh... That thought was new. But nice altogether.

Utahime, by Satoru's insistence. Wore another one of his huge dark hoodies. He'd whine and throw a tantrum if she didn't. Had said something about her always looking so tiny in them. That it was cute. She indulged him anyway. Under it was a rather short pleated navy skirt and thigh high black stockings. She blushed when she remembered how adorable Satoru tying her laces was. He'd insisted she let him take care of her. That it was what *boyfriends* did.

Satoru was *her* boyfriend... It sounded strange too. Her first boyfriend. She liked it.

She held her dark hair in a single braid so she'd be able to comfortably wear the bucket hat and facemask. She had a pair of shades hanging from the neck of Satoru's hoodie for when they noticed crowds.

He'd held her hand even while picking essentials and throwing them in the cart with the other hand. Had even asked her to pick whatever she'd like. It somehow felt like a date. He occasionally stole kisses from her whenever she was busy staring at the price tags of various food products. Even after making it big, Utahime had a habit of being unable to spend wildly.

She always remembered her life before becoming a star. And tried her best to spend her money wisely.

Satoru had asked her to wait in his car while he paid for their things. Only when he was sure she was safely tucked in it, did he finally turn to the cashier to hand her his card.

Their next stop being the mall. They'd spent hours and hours choosing clothes. Dresses. Lounging outfits. Or whatever caught Satoru's attention that he assumed would be cute on Utahime. She had to beg him to stop picking unnecessary accessories. Most of the sales workers noticed them bickering and called them an old married couple.

And once their attention left them, Satoru tugged her into the changing room. Locked them in before kissing her breath away.

"Fuck, *Princess*... You're so cute when you're mad..." He moaned in between kisses. Sucking on her bottom lip before tugging it softly with his teeth. Distracting her from her slight agitation when they were bickering.

"S-satoru—*Angh!*..." She wanted to scold him but gasped when he rubbed his clothed erection into her lower belly. He gripped one of her thighs. Admiring how his gloved hand covered the creamy skin. Lowering his head to her neck so he could suck on the skin of her throat.

"You're so fucking soft, *Bunny*... So sweet... Makes me wanna eat you up..." He groaned when he was sure he felt the heat of her through the leather of his gloves. He let go of her thigh. Brought it to his lips and tugged off his glove. Quickly stuffing it into his pocket so he could feel her with the palm of his hand.

"We're—*Ngh!*... Outside..." She whisper-yelled when he brushed against her inner thigh. A jolt of pleasure shot through her limbs and stretched all the way to her fingers and toes when he caressed her clit through her soaked underwear.

"*Fuck!*... This for me?... You're soaked, *Baby*..." She felt the sharp tug of the corners of his lips against her skin. He was grinning. And she was sure he looked like a wildcat. Excited to sink his teeth into a little rabbit. "You can be quiet, can't you?... Don't you wanna be *my* good girl, *Princess*..." He urged her. Still stroking against her clit with precision.

Utahime could only nod. Not trusting her voice when he asked her to be quiet.

"Wanna hear you say you wanna be my good girl, *Sweetheart*..."

"*Shit!*—Wanna be good for you, *Satoru*... Be your *good girl*—Blue... *Fuck!*..." She whined. Her hands flying to cover her mouth when the last part came out as a loud moan. She bit into her finger while her hips unconsciously bucked into his hand. And hissed when he pushed the crotch of her panties aside to rub her directly.

"Look at you... You're so *pretty*... See how hard I get from just looking at you..." He grunted while rutting into her. His cock strained against his zipper painfully. He wanted to cum. To paint her face and breasts with his seed. Watch her swallow it all up like a good girl. Or

maybe fuck her against this huge mirror. Watch her ass jiggle through their reflection. He hissed into her ear when he sank a finger into her molten heat.

"Ngh!—*Blue*..." Her knees grew weak, she almost fell. But he was there to steady her. He fucking loved it when she called him that. Her own personal nickname for him. Just for him. It was intoxicating.

"*Goddammit* —Say it again... Who's touching you like this..." He commanded. Wanting so bad to hear her call him *Blue* again. His other gloved hand slipped under the hem of the hoodie and started to caress her smooth skin. Lifting it up until her pale pink bra was exposed. He pecked the scar over her face before hunching a bit more so he could lick the skin of her cleavage.

"Toru... *B-blue*... P-please!..." She felt tears spill from her eyes. She felt so good. So overwhelmed by the sensations of him touching her. No one has ever touched her like this. She'd only ever touched herself. And she felt scared but at the same time excited. Scared because she'd never felt this much need in her core. Teetering on the edge of her orgasm which approached her so quickly. He sucked the skin until a bruise formed. Slipping his tongue into the cup of her bra and teasing her hard nipples.

"Good *fucking* girl... You're always so good for me... Good for your *Blue*... Your Satoru... *Mine*..." He growled. His hot breath teased her skin. Adding another finger into her wetness. Enjoying how her tight cunt sucked in his fingers. She was so fucking tight. Satoru skillfully freed her aching breasts with his teeth. Tugging down the cups of her bra so her breasts spilled obscenely from them. He immediately latched onto her pink nipples. Giving each of them his undying attention while he pinched and massaged her softness.

"Yours... *Fuck* I'm—"

"Cum for me, *Honey*... Wanna feel you cum on my fingers, *Love*..." He encouraged her. And she let loose with a sob. Ridding out her release on his fingers while he continued to pump them in and out of her. He held her until the shockwaves subsided. Resting his head on her shoulder and watching his own reflection through the mirror. His pupils were blown out. Blue eyes wild with lust and desire. He let out a sigh. Slipping them closed so he could gather control. He was this close. This fucking close to ripping off her clothes and fucking her senseless right her on the floor. But he wouldn't.

Not yet...

He wasn't being a gentleman. No... Satoru was a selfish man. He just wanted their first time together to be something worth remembering. Because once he had her, he would never stop. Never let her go. He would take her over and over because he would always yearn and need her. For as long as he'd live. For as long as he'd breathe.

He'd always love her.

The words had been on the tip of his tongue when he watched her cum. He'd bitten into her breast so he wouldn't say it.

I love you....

I love you, Hime...

Mine...

"You're mine..." He'd focus on that for now. He promised he'd tell her. That he wanted to stay by her side.

"Yours..." She agreed in a whisper against him. Had let him arrange her clothes because she was still floating from cumming so hard.

Before they left the changing room, she'd asked if she could help him with his... *Problem*. But he'd shrugged it off. Said he'd show her how to next time. And most people would think they were talking about anything besides her giving him a hand job or sucking his cock. He looked forward to it though.

That day had been her first and best simple date. They'd gone for ice cream after. Before coming home. And with Utahime's determination, she'd managed to convince Satoru without much trouble, into letting her touch him. And she was glad to have finally seen him let loose and cum for her.

She'd ingrained it into her memory. The sight of him lost in pleasure. Searching for release. Turning feral and wild.

Just seeing him enjoy the pleasure she gave him made Utahime realize something.

That she was falling for her bodyguard.

And she was falling *hard*....

She didn't want to stop.

*

Utahime felt stupid. How had she not realized. That he was *The Gojo Satoru*. Heir to the *Gojo Clan* and all the enterprises owned by the *Gojo* family. Fucking hell, she hadn't thought about the connection until they'd flipped on the TV and saw his father in the news announcing the merging of some random company with one of his own. She'd seen the resemblance and it immediately clicked in her head. She couldn't believe it.

"Oh my God!... You're—"

"Well, yes..." He shrugged. Already lifting her from the space in his lap and standing to his feet. His movements seemed cold. Like he was upset. The media didn't exactly know what he looked like. Since he'd left home when he was quite young.

"Satoru?..."

"What is it?..." His tone was clipped. He was definitely annoyed. He went into the kitchen to turn off the microwave that was heating their popcorn.

"I— why didn't you tell me?..." She stumbled after him. Her voice rising a bit because she was afraid he was mad at her. He wasn't looking at her. Instead, he was pouring the popped corn into a bowl. Adding sugar. Some milk and butter. Then getting a separate bowl full of *Pocky* sticks for himself to eat alongside their snack.

"It wasn't important..."

"But it's who you are... And I... Excuse me for saying this now, but I really want to get to know you more..." She'd already told him about herself. Was finally able to open up about her past. And the parts of herself the media didn't already know. They'd agreed for her to apply for therapy. She'd started talking to a nice therapist online. Ijichi Kiyotaka. One who Satoru had thoroughly done a background check on and approved of. At some point, Satoru had also asked if the stalker from before had done anything *more* to hurt her. And had been glad when she shook her head.

But seeing what was on the television reminded her that she didn't even know much about him. And now she wondered if he really did want her to know.

"Utahime, *No*..." She stiffened when he called her given name. What startled her was when she realized a tear slipped down her cheek. He rarely ever used her name. And now his tone was so cold, she wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. His blue gaze was piercing into her so sharply, she shook. She didn't want to be afraid of him. She wasn't. She was more afraid of making him angry. Of having him say he didn't want her anymore. That she wasn't worth his time. Or feelings.

She immediately wiped the stray tear. But cursed under her breath when more began to fall. Spilling over her waterline and dripping down her chin.

"I'm s-sor—"

"*Baby* don't apologize... M'sorry I snapped at you...it's just..." He interrupted her with a sigh. Closing the distance between them to hold her close. "It's hard talking about my family... Okay?... *Shit*— I'm sorry I scared you, *Love*... Don't cry..." He kissed her tears. And shuddered when she fisted his t-shirt.

"I really... r-really like y-you... Satoru... I didn't mean—" She was nervous. Vulnerable and babbling. The last thing she wanted was to make him upset. It hurt to see him mad. And strangely, she'd seen a bit of pain behind those cerulean eyes when he'd told her *no*.

"*Shhh*... I know, *Love*... It's not your fault... I promise we'll talk about me okay?... Just not yet, *Baby* please..."

"Okay..." She breathed and his shoulders immediately relaxed. He tilted her chin upward. So she could look at him. He leaned into her. Brushing his lips against her own. "I hate seeing you sad... It hurts..." He murmured against her. His eyebrows twisted into a frown. Then he bit into her lower lip.

"Toru..." She sighed when he squeezed her ass with his palm. Rubbing his thumb along her softness. Slipping his palm into her panties and squeezing her bare. "You're so soft... It drives me crazy..." He breathed against her lip. Then chuckled when she leaned into him and he pulled back. Causing her to whine.

"Yes, *Love*... What is it?" He asked as if he didn't already know what she wanted.

"Please kiss me..." She begged. Already fisting her hands in his hair and dragging him down to meet her lips with his. His eyes widened by a fraction before slipped closed. Letting her dominate the kiss for about two seconds before taking over and hungrily slipping his tongue into her mouth.

He kissed her *hard*. Harder than his usual gentle caresses. His big hands groped her softness greedily. Using his strength to his advantage, he lifted her onto the kitchen counter. Utahime gasped when the cold granite brushed against the bare parts of her bottom clad in underwear.

"I can't — *Fuck*, need you, *Sweetheart*..." He breathed against her lips. Sucking a wet trail down her throat and leaving a burning hickey over her fluttering pulse.

"Satoru... Touch me, *please*...", She begged. Taking one of his hands and guiding it to her breast. Her brown eyes fluttered open to meet his darkening gaze. Looking at him through his lashes with a dark blush over her cheeks and ears. He knew it went all the way to her chest. Satoru skillfully slipped his hand under the hem of the oversized t-shirt and pulled it over her head. Glad she didn't wear a bra underneath. His cock stirred when he found the inviting flush in her chest

"You're so beautiful..." He kissed her temple. "Presenting yourself for *Daddy* like this... *My Sweet girl*..." He whispered in her ear. And Utahime let out a wanton moan when he pinched her nipple. Bucking her hips when his other hand cupped her center.

"Toru please!..." She whined. She would have been embarrassed. But she didn't care anymore. He'd been teasing her like this for weeks. Their time together would soon be over. Yuki, Shoko and Mei Mei had already gone back to *Kyoto* to check through everything with the investigator. Surely it was her father who had been snooping around her apartment. They hadn't caught him yet. He was good at hiding. But Shoko was making preparations for getting her a new apartment elsewhere. Utahime had about a week and a half before her allotted month with Satoru would be over. And he hadn't fucked her yet. Only making each other cum through heavy petting. And now Utahime couldn't wait anymore.

She wanted to give everything to him. And maybe if she was brave enough tell him that she'd fallen in love with him. She'd planned on telling him the night before she left. So if he didn't feel the same, she would just put it behind her and probably survive with a broken heart for the rest of her life.

But she couldn't hold it anymore. She wanted him to take her.

"*Baby*..." He answered with a whine. He too was fed up with waiting. He didn't mind fucking her mouth. Or her little fists. But he wanted inside of her desperately. And the overwhelming emotions from a few minutes ago spurred him on.

He kissed her while sinking two of his fingers inside her wet heat. Fucking into her with them as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. He knew he had planned her first time with him in his head somewhere. But he couldn't focus.

"*Bunny*, I'm so sorry... can't wait anymore... M'gonna fuck you right here in this kitchen..." He whined. Nipping at her ear while throwing her off the edge with a climax that caught her so quickly by surprise. She wantonly rocked her hips against him. Letting herself gush onto the kitchen counter. Loving how he rubbed his erection against her thigh. Loving how he bit into the skin of her neck so wildly. Like a beast who couldn't wait to have its mate.

"Don't care... I love you..." She blurted out while riding the waves of pleasure in a long guttural moan. And he stiffened. Satoru removed his hand from her breast. His other hand still holding her cunt captive. That Utahime had to hold still so her overstimulated clit wouldn't brush against his palm.

"Say it again..." He whispered weakly. And that was when she realized his lips were trembling. Tears gathering in his blue eyes which turned glassy.

"I... I love you, Blue..." She whispered again. Her own eyes watering as her lips pulled into a soft smile.

"Uta..." He pressed his forehead against hers. Letting out a sob he couldn't hold in.

"Toru..."

"Hime... I've—*Fuck!* I'm so happy..." He smiled. Still somehow crying too because he was overwhelmed. "I've loved you ever since I was thirteen...." He admitted. Cheeks tinted red. Remembering how enamoured he'd been when he first saw her on television. How enraptured he'd been with her voice. With her smile. That he'd silently begged. And prayed that she'd be his. The only thing he's ever wanted.

"I love you so fucking much, it *hurts*... Wanted you for so damn long... Can't believe you're mine..." He sobbed. Slouching a bit and resting his head on her shoulder. His hands holding her tighter. Like he was afraid she'd disappear.

"Yours..." She whispered back. Kissed his neck when she heard him fumble with the drawstrings of his sweats. Shoving both his underwear and sweatpants down to his ass so he could free his aching length.

"*Mine*..." He whined possessively. Taking off his own t-shirt so she could run her hands over his skin. The ink on his arms which she knew went all the way to his back. She always admired his chest. His firm abs. His broad shoulders. The thickness of his neck. His strong powerful arms. She always found herself enamored by his beauty. He was godlike. So otherworldly beautiful that she caught herself ogling him whenever she saw him work out in his personal gym.

She hissed through her teeth when she felt him breach her tight entrance. Eyes squeezed shut because he felt so big. She knew he *was* big. But now she worried he might not fit. A hot

tear slid down her cheek when she felt her gut sink. She wanted to take him. Why couldn't she be a good girl for hi—

"Don't... " He somehow already knew she was panicking and spiralling. About to blame herself. "Calm down, *Baby*... And breathe for me... Come on, *Bunny*...just like that, my *Love*... That's it... " He encouraged her. Slipping his hand between them to massage her clit. While nipping at her bottom lip with his canines like a cat.

"Daddy—*Angh!*"

"I know, *Baby*... Take it for me... "He pushed in another inch when he noticed her produce more of her heated slick. Kissing her tears and encouraging her when she felt overwhelmed.

"I can't —"

"Fuck yes you can, *Sweetheart*... You're doing so well... I love you so much..." He whispered. Kissing her nose. He felt her clench around him. Knowing she was about to cum again. He played with her nipples. Teasing her so she'd cum for him. And when she did, he took the opportunity. Pushing deep into her once she reached her high and groaning when he realized he was fucking her raw. She was so hot. Squeezing him like a glove.

"B-blue... " She choked on her own voice.

"*Good girl*... Satoru's girl... *Mine* " He babbled into her neck. Letting her adjust a bit before he started to thrust slowly. So she'd get used to him.

"Fuck!" She sobbed when he bit her collarbones. Her hands twisting his hair as she tried to hold on for leverage. He didn't mind. He was in heaven right now. Her nails scratched his scalp as she tugged and pulled his soft hair. Then went to claw at his back so she could hold on to him

"You feel so good, *Baby*... *Fuck!* So fucking tight—*God fucking damnit*... " He hissed through his clenched teeth. Moving as carefully as he could so he wouldn't hurt her. He kissed her cheeks. "You're mine... This is *mine*... *My cunt*... *My Bunny*... *All mine*..." He growled. Pressing his thumb into her hardened clit. Watching with fascination as she squirted over his cock.

"Harder..." She whimpered when the pain subsided. Feeling an itch she wanted him to scratch so bad. It was so relieving when he heeded to her request.

"So hot... Imagine just how long I've wanted you like this... Begging for my cock... Wanting *Daddy* to fuck you like this... *Fuck* this tight little cunt'a yers... So *fucking* beautiful, *Utahime*..." He cursed. Not caring that he was being so vulgar.

If anything it turned her on more. *Utahime* clung to him. Let him nail her to his kitchen counter. Because hell, she loved it. Loved him. So much she didn't care what he'd do to her. She trusted him. He didn't scare her. Didn't force himself on her. Always said she was beautiful. Didn't mind her scar. He was perfect. *Utahime* didn't want to leave him. In fact, she wanted to stay. Live a regular life with him. She'd been an idol because she'd always felt

unloved. Hoping to find someone who would cherish her amongst the thousands of people out there who listened to her music. But instead, it just made her unhappy. Made her tired and lonely. Made her want to take her life away.

After meeting Satoru, it was different. She could be herself. And it made her so happy, she felt like she could burst.

That was when she realized...

She didn't want to be a Pop Idol anymore.

The thought shocked her. Scared her.

But above all, it gave her so much relief.

Before, she'd been afraid of who she'd be if she wasn't an idol anymore. But now, she was content with being Utahime. Just Utahime.

Not *Songstress*...

Iori Utahime

The woman who loved Satoru...

And the woman who Satoru loved...

That was all that mattered anyway.

"I love you..." She clung to him desperately. "I love you so much..." She repeated. Over and over again. Baring her soul for him.

"I don't wanna leave..." She sobbed. Knowing the stuttering of his hips meant he'd heard her. That he'd worried about the same thing too.

"Then *stay*.... Stay with me..." He whispered against her lips. Immediately pulling out and fucking into his fist. Making sure to rub himself against her overstimulated clit until they were cumming together. He groaned low in his throat. Throwing his head back as his seed spurted all over Utahime's stomach. Some of it splattered on her breasts. And her chin.

He smiled. A smile so soft and tender. Holding her close and not minding that they were covered in semen, tears, spit and slick.

"I love you, *Princess*..."

*

They snuggled up together in bed after cleaning up in Satoru's tub. He'd been worried he'd hurt her. But Utahime had assured him. And even convinced him into fucking her in his

bathtub before they finally got ready for bed. He'd had to sternly remind himself that she'd be really sore after if he didn't reign it in and fucked her the third time.

Satoru rested his head against Utahime's soft breasts. His hands around her waist while hers were in his soft white hair. Playing with the messy strands while he placed tender kisses against her sternum.

He told her about his family. His strict father. Who had unimaginable expectations of him that had messed with his head. His mother who had put up with his arrogant father until she'd fallen ill and died. The pressure from his clan to take over his father's wealth. And worst of all. The woman they'd picked for him to marry on contract when he was only eighteen. It had all been too much. He'd left. He knew it was silly. Walking away from the inevitable. But he wanted to at least do something he wouldn't regret. He wanted to one day meet Utahime. To talk to her. And hear her laugh.

He'd told her everything. And she'd listened. Not judging. Not saying it was a foolish dream that he'd had. She just listened. Held him closer and made him feel safe while he peeled off his armor. She finally understood what the rose and chains meant. It was himself. Bound by his responsibilities which would still catch up to him one day.

He was lucky Yaga Masamichi. A man he'd met through Suguru, his childhood friend had been kind to him. He'd taken him in and offered him work at *TM*. He'd accepted. Hopeful that somehow... Somehow, his dream to meet the woman he was in love with was slowly becoming real.

And now he had her in his arms.

And he sure as hell wasn't ever letting her go.

Today, Utahime had officially met her therapist. Since she'd be staying in *Tokyo* from now on. Had decided to meet the nice man who had helped her so much even through email. She'd told her manager about her choice to stay. And had been surprised when Yuki said she was proud of her. Even more so when she mentioned she was moving *Star P* to *Tokyo* for publicity reasons.

Utahime stepped into the chilly winter air with a sigh. It hadn't started snowing yet. Utahime hoped it would tomorrow morning. Since it'd be a Saturday. So she could watch the snowflakes dance across the window pane with Satoru.

She'd told him about her thoughts on retiring. He hadn't judged her. He'd been so sweet. Saying that she'd always be *his* idol anyway. That he loved and supported her. That they'd move forward one at a time.

Satoru had said he had an errand to run while she was with her therapist. Wanting to give them some alone time. Even though he very much wanted to stick to her like glue. He said she should wait at the reception for him. But Utahime had stepped outside. Because the janitor had looked at her wrong and she felt so uncomfortable. She knew Satoru would be mad that she stepped outside without calling him. So she brought out her phone. Making sure her disguise was in place. She made her way to the underground parking lot of the building. Heading to the space Satoru had parked when he brought her here.

She assumed he must've already returned. But was met with an empty spot. The signal down there was poor too. She tried dialling his number a few times but ultimately gave up. Opting to head back to Ijichi's office so she could use his phone. Or at least wait were it was safe.

"Utahime..." The familiar voice startled her. It couldn't be.

Shit...

"Thought you could abandon your Father after everything I've done for you..." The taller man grinned. Stepping out of the shadows. Her father was taller than her but not as tall as Satoru. With dark brown, greying hair and light brown eyes. Which had turned dull. He had terrible purple shadows under them. And he'd obviously lost weight. Gambling away his life and owing every loan shark in *Kyoto*. Utahime was surprised he wasn't dead.

"You did nothing..." It's exactly as she'd said. *Nothing*. When she'd needed financial support, he didn't even put an effort. Throwing away the little money they had. It had gotten worse after her mother had cheated on him and left him. Left her too.

And when things didn't go his way, he'd hit Utahime. Called her names. He'd said he hated her because she looked like her mother. Was one of the reasons behind her lack of self esteem Satoru was helping her build again. She didn't know why exactly her father resented her. It wasn't always this way. But that had been so long ago that she didn't know which was her real father. He was so bitter. Terribly abusive to his own flesh and blood. She didn't know if she hated him. She didn't know how she felt about him. He was *still* her father.

"Say that again, you ungrateful bitch..." He hissed. The clicking sound of metal alerted Utahime. And all colour drained from her face when she saw the pistol in his hand. He approached her. "You left... Didn't send me any cash... Had to borrow money from some asshole to bail myself outta jail..."

He stepped forward. Corking the gun in her direction as his tone increased in volume. "Ran away just like yer stupid wench of a mother!.... Hands up."

Utahime rose both hands slowly. After checking for a bar but couldn't find anything, unfortunately. Her father noticed the device in her hand. And before she could comprehend, slapped her across the face. Splitting her lip. First with his palm. Then the back of his hand.

His movements were jerky and hard. Uncoordinated. Like he was high on drugs. Or adrenaline. Intent on wanting to hurt her.

Utahime wanted to run. But he was holding a gun. She didn't trust him enough to know if he wouldn't shoot. In fact, she knew he would. Then he'd blame her for it later. Satoru said he'd be here before. But he wasn't and she was scared. The familiar feeling of dread from when she'd been cornered with a knife to her throat. All that she'd learned from her self defense classes with Satoru went down the drain. It was stupid. *Pathetic*. But she was still scared of her father.

Remembering how he'd hurt her over and over when she was so small. Her eyes bubbled with tears. As much as she wanted to be strong, she couldn't. She didn't want to die. Not like this.

It happened so fast. The sound of an engine revving. Car tires screeching. The sound of Satoru's black car drifting into a stop just beside the spot where they stood.

Momentarily startling both her and her father. Utahime proceeded to run while the man was distracted. But the sound of a gun firing scared her into tripping on her own feet.

The searing pain knocked the wind out of her. She was hyperventilating on the ground. Her bruised hands patted her sides and chest but was shocked to find no bullet wounds. She slowly. *Reluctantly* turned to check what was going on behind her.

And a weak sob left her throat when she heard the gun in her father's hand thud against the pavement. A gurgle squeezing out of his throat while his other hand flew to stop the bleeding at his neck. He fell to his knees. Choking on his own blood. Her trembling brown eyes searched for her lover. Her bodyguard. Her protector.

And she found him rushing to her side. Holding her close and asking her not to look at the man dying behind him. Helping her through a breathing exercise. And telling her he's got her. Even when she felt warmth soak into her sweater from his bleeding shoulder, he said it was fine. When she cried and sobbed for him to let her stop the bleeding. He shook his head and kissed her forehead. Saying he would manage on his own until the medics came. Stubbornly making sure she wasn't shot. Kissing the bruises on her cheeks and whispering how scared he was when he saw the bastard holding a gun to her head. Ignoring his own health because he prioritized hers over his own.

He'd been stuck in traffic after going to pick up some snacks and food for Utahime. Ijichi had called to say Utahime just left his office. A sinking feeling in his gut when he wondered if Utahime was okay. He'd said she should stay with her therapist until he was back. Or wait in the reception if she didn't want to stay at Ijichi's office. But he couldn't help the unease. He'd found a way out of traffic. And sped to the building he'd left her in about forty-five minutes ago.

And as he pulled into the parking lot, he'd seen the danger. The man with the gun pointing at *his* Hime. He didn't wait to study the situation. Following his instinct and training for emergencies. He acted before thinking like Yaga had taught him to. Pulled his emergency break so he'd drift closer to them. And pulled out his gun. Already shooting the man before he could fully exit the vehicle.

The bastard had been quick enough to pull the trigger too. Getting him in the shoulder before falling to his knees and choking on his blood from the bullet to his throat. And two others in his chest.

He'd ignored him. Knowing the asshole was a goner already. Went straight to Utahime who was trembling and shaking with widened scared eyes. And a bleeding split lip. She'd flinched when he pulled her to himself. But relaxed a second later.

It was only after they were safely in an ambulance heading to a hospital that he realized he'd shot her father.

And he didn't regret a fucking thing...

*

Eleven Months Later

The death of her father had made something clear. That life was a fragile imperfect thing. That it was either her or him. And Satoru chose her. The survivor's guilt had eaten at her. But Satoru had been by her side. Helping her through everything. Reminding her that it wasn't her fault. That if anything, she should hate him for pulling the trigger. And never herself.

He was glad she didn't hate him.

It made leaning on each other easier

It hadn't been easy, but Utahime was getting better and better. *Star P* was finally able to move to *Tokyo*. Shoko had said that the investigator surmised that her father had been hellbent on finding her. Because he had so much debts to pay. A price on his head. He was a dead man walking anyway. And had wanted to teach her a lesson for leaving him to pay them alone. Some *father* he was.

Now, Utahime was focusing on becoming happy.

"You were amazing out there, *Sweetheart*... Can I have your autograph, *Princess*?..." She grinned into the mirror when she met his blue gaze behind her. She'd just finished her

concert. The last one as the famous *Songstress*. Some of her fans were saddened by her choice to retire. Others were happy when they discovered she was in a relationship but didn't tell who. Some criticized as usual. But Utahime was past caring anyway.

Her friends were happy for her ultimately. Though they'd miss her dearly. All the memories they shared together while rising to the top. Memories she would cherish. Shoko ended up dating Suguru. She wasn't surprised at all. It was cute seeing them together. And they were all over each other.

Satoru had finally decided to take over as the heir to his clan. She'd once asked him if he really *did* want it. But he'd said he'd gotten all he needed already. And that he couldn't have it any other way. With the softest smile on his face and a wonderful twinkle in his blue eyes.

Star P renewed the contract with *TM*. Utahime suspected it had something to do with Yuki's relationship with Choso. Maybe she wanted him around longer than anyone would've guessed.

The biggest shock was when she found out her flashy trainer was seeing her lawyer. She couldn't even imagine Nanami sleeping with Mei Mei until she'd caught them making out when they'd come for her birthday celebration a couple of months ago.

She guessed everyone deserved a happy ending anyway.

"I guess this is the end..." She sighed when he nuzzled her throat. And hissed when he bit into her ear. "You're still my idol, *Princess*... The fans can suck it..." He growled while palming her ass. Pressing his erection deep into her so she could feel how much he wanted her.

"And you're still my bodyguard..." She giggled. Remembering how startled she'd been waking up in his bed the first time. It felt so long ago.

"I'll always protect you..." He smiled against her skin. Sliding his other hand in front of her to cup her heated core through the fabric of her panties. The short jean skirt she'd worn to perform already bunched at her waist. He'd ripped her fishnets because he was too impatient to let her strip out of it. The plaid crop shirt she'd worn was already unbuttoned to reveal her blue lacey bra which he'd pushed out of place with his greedy hands. Admiring her pink hardened nipples in the reflection staring back at the both of them.

"You look so sexy in blue... Drives me fucking insane, *Baby*..." He whined. Playing with her hair. Loosening it from her space buns. Not breaking his gaze from hers as he pushed three

of his fingers inside her. His eyes were so dark. Pupils blown out completely. That it resembled the colour of cobalts.

He'd been so overwhelmed when he'd heard her sing. Her final song as a Pop idol was dedicated to him. He could still hear it in his ears.

"I wrote this song for my Blue... My Idol..."

He remembered how the people had roared. So many of them wanting to know who exactly "Her Blue" was. And he felt like a lucky idiot. Standing backstage and watching her sing for him. He loved her so damn much.

Satoru used his index finger and thumb to tilt her chin so he could kiss her. Enjoying the feel of her soft lips dancing against his as the lyrics of her love song flew around in his head.

*♪ Like sapphires which glimmer in the light
A blue star
As blue as the sky above... ♪*

Slipping his tongue into her mouth as he fingered her. Swallowing all the little groans she let out just for him. Satoru pressed the heel of his palm into her clit and she gasped. Accidentally biting into his lip. He didn't mind. Answered her plea by grinding his clothed erection into her ass.

*♪ My saving grace at night
You gave me love,*

*My Idol
My idol ♪*

"This beautiful ass is mine... Say you can take me right here against your dresser, Princess..." He asked of her. Loving it when she begged for it. When she requested for his cum like it was all she wanted. Like she was made for his cock. Made for him. Utahime keened. She was so close.

*♪ When all I could do was hurt
You healed me
Forsook yourself because I was your priority*

*Loved me endlessly
Like an endless array of stars*

***You overwhelmed me
Kissed all my scars ♪***

"Toru... M'close..." She sobbed when he bit into her cheek. Like she was a sweet juicy apple. Utahime whimpered when he changed his rhythm . Edging her instead of letting her experience her climax. He was such a fucking tease. "Look at me, *Hime*..." She didn't even realize her eyes had slipped closed.

***♪ Held me when I fell
My number one fan...
My Blue ♪***

With a strangled whine, she opened her eyes. And they filled with tears when they met his. Watching her through the mirror. "My favorite *Idol*..." He whispered . She felt like a hot mess. He always made her this way by just touching her. Looking at her. All she could smell was his sweet scent. And her flowery scent which blended with the smell of her arousal leaking down her thighs. He massaged her clit slowly. Keeping the pace lazy and measured while one hand cupped her still flat belly.

"You'll be such a *beautiful Mama*... Can't wait to meet them..." He kissed her neck. She was overwhelmed. Whenever he reminded her that they were starting a family. That she was pregnant, she always found herself crying. They'd only recently found out she was eight weeks along. And Satoru was already so excited about it.

***♪ Like sapphires which glimmer in the light
A blue star
As blue as the sky above...***

***My Idol
My Idol ♪***

"My cute *little Bunny*... Cum for *Daddy*... Watch yourself... See how perfect you are..." He decided to hold her chin in place. Made her watch herself blush in embarrassment as her high approached again. Wanted her to see what he saw when she came for him. How beautiful he thought she was. He licked a stripe again her pulse. And murmured in her ear. "Wanna see you fuck yourself on my fingers... Give it to me..."

And she did. *Hell* she'd do anything he'd ask of her so he'd let her cum for him. Her little hands gripped her dresser. Gyrating her hips desperately to meet the thrusting of his fingers in her sopping cunt. And his hips against her backside.

"*Baby*— Toru...I'm—*Angh!* Shit..." Her voice broke as her release hit her. So hard she let out a silent scream with what was left of her voice. Unable to focus on her reflection as she fucked herself on his thick long fingers.

"So fucking hot... Love you so much, Uta..." He praised her. Until the fluttering of her inner walls subsided. Not bothering to wipe his slick stained hands. He cupped her breast with it. And the other with his hand which had held her chin.

*♪The only one that was able to tell
The one that caught me when I fell
My shield in the darkest hour*

*My Idol
My Idol ♪*

Her blurry vision filled with tears vaguely noticed she was drooling through the mirror. Most of it collected at her chin. He bent to lick her spit. Proud to have made her a bubbling mess. Admiring his handwork. He played with and pinched her pink nipples. Gently at first. Then applying more force in the way she liked it. Making her sob and whine.

"Fuck me, *Satoru... Please... Too much—Oh God!...*" She cried. Arching her back when he hit her with a particularly hard thrust. He grinned wickedly. Like a cat. Loving the tears of pleasure in her eyes. The drool at the corner of her mouth. Her blown out pupils. The bruises and hickeys all over her chest, shoulders and neck.

He loved her...

He'd always love her.

He undid his belt quickly. Unzipped his jeans. Utahime was sure she heard it clang as it hit the floor. And she sighed in relief when she felt the head of his thick cock press into her. Forgetting her embarrassment, she pushed into him. Moaning like an animal in heat when he started to push inside her.

"P-please!..." She mewled. Legs quaking beneath her. Unable to support her weight. He noticed immediately and had the gall to find it funny before holding on to her hips to steady her. Then gripped her ass so tightly, he bruised her skin.

"You're so *cute...* Always so greedy and *impatient...* You're like a hungry little rabbit... Begging for my cock..." A couple of hours ago she'd warned him not to fuck her in her dressing room. He had a habit and kink for fucking her in public places. Last time, Shoko had walked in on them by accident and she'd felt so embarrassed. Though Satoru found her embarrassment amusing as hell.

"Sh-Shut u—ngh!..." He'd cut her off guard by bottoming out immediately with a sharp thrust. He rose a playful brow as if to question her tone. Before replying to her moan. "That's what I fucking thought..."

Fucking tease

But he'd gotten his way. Had seduced her after hearing her sing for him. And it didn't take long before they were in this situation. All their friends probably already knew what they were doing. Since noone was bothering them.

"Fuck, *F-fuck*... Fuck— so *warm!*... Your so wet... Squeezin' me so good, *Princess*... Say you love getting fucked on my cock... Say it for me, pretty girl..." He ended up whining. Her heat always caught him by surprise. That he always had to do a double take so he wouldn't cum immediately. Made him feel like a horny teenager whenever he was inside her. Maybe that's how it'd always be. Maybe it's cause he still found it surreal to have her here in his arms. Begging for his cock and wanting to start a family with him.

"Ngh!— love it..." Was all she could manage.

She could hear the obscene squelching of her cunt as he pushed in and out of her repeatedly. Stroking her walls with his thick lengthy cock. She clawed at the dresser while he continued to fuck into her. Knowing she liked it hard and deep. But still somehow having the sanity to be careful because of their growing baby. Though the doctor said it was alright.

"Who do you belong to?..." His tone was controlled. But still came out like a hiss through clenched teeth. Eyes burning into hers.

"Oh my —*fuck!*... *B-blue*—" She whispered. Cumming on his cock. Her limbs were shaking. She felt so weak. It felt so good to let him have her like this. He always knew how to fuck her until she lost her sense of reasoning.

"Again..."

"*Satoru's* girl... *Blue*..."

"And who's your *Daddy*?..."

"*Toru*— *Toru please* please... *Daddy* please need it so bad... Love you, *Blue*..." She wanted him to cum inside her. His hips stuttered. Showing he wholeheartedly agreed. Pleased by the sound of her begging.

♪*The light I will hold forever more*
The key to my heart's door

I give you my heart, my soul, my all...

My Idol
My Idol ♪

Before he knew it, he was cumming. His hips stilled at first. The first wave of his load

sputing inside her. Before he was fucking his cum deeper and bottoming out until some of his mess dribbled down her thigh. " Love you too, *Bunny*... Mine... My *sweet girl* ..."

He'd never tire of hearing her say she loved him. It was like a drug. He was high on his desire for her.

And the fact that he had her.

The dream love he'd always craved as a thirteen year old with a huge impossible crush...

Was *real*.

"We love you too, *Little one*..." He caressed her lower belly. Remembering the comment she'd once made about wanting them to have his blue eyes. That she loved them so much.

He was having his happy ending with *favourite* Pop Idol...

Utahime was glad she wasn't alone on the roof.

She was glad he'd saved her before she'd made a grave mistake.

She couldn't imagine how the future would have been if he wasn't there...

Surely, she wouldn't have been in it.

He'd saved her life...

In so many ways she never knew he could....

And he gave her his love.

Believed in her even when she didn't know how to believe in herself.

Of course he was *her* Idol...

Her forever

Her own favourite *Blue Idol*...

He kissed her nose gently. Cheeks tinting adorably and eyes lighting up with his love for her. With gratitude when he heard her confess.

"My Number One Fan... And My Idol"

He Truly Was Such A Lucky Otaku

** ✧ ✿ ^ ▽ ✧ ☾ * ✧ **

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are very much appreciated 🎀😊 thank you for reading and enjoying this short ride with me.... The lyrics for Utahime's song were actually created by me 😊 been a while since I did something like that anyway... Hope you liked it 🎵🎵

Don't hesitate to comment what you liked or your favourite parts of it either ♥️🌸

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