

unlucky (lucky) mistake.

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by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

suguru finds out maybe he wasn't so unlucky after all.

Notes

Helloo, I wrote this for my friend and thought I might as well publish it too, since it was originally meant to be a drabble but somehow I ended up with 7K words.
Anyway, thank you for reading, and as always I hope you enjoy!♡♡

Suguru had never considered himself particularly unlucky. He's had his fair share of bad days, yet nothing extreme. Now, however, he was beginning to reconsider that assessment.

The pharmacist had given him an apologetic smile, explained that his prescription was temporarily out of stock, and told him they could have it ready in approximately a week.

A week..

A week?

Suguru had stared at her for several seconds before sighing quietly, forcing himself to nod. "That's fine, thank you."

It wasn't fine in the slightest. Still.. He told himself, he had survived worse. His blockers had always been more of a precaution than a necessity anyway. Besides, he had been taking them for years, long enough to know his own body and long enough to trust that he could manage a few days without them.

At least, that was what he spent the entire walk home trying to reassure himself with.

By the following morning, he was already regretting his optimism. His office was quiet when he arrived, the early morning sun spilling pale gold across the desk.

Suguru set his bag down, removed his coat and reached for the stack of papers he had left unfinished the previous evening.

He had barely read the first paragraph when there was a knock on his open door.

"Morning, Professor."

Suguru looked up, an unimpressed expression on his face. He already knew who the culprit was.

Satoru stood in the doorway, a paper cup balanced between his fingers and an annoyingly bright smile on his face.

Suguru's stomach dropped.

Of all the people.

Of course...Just his luck.

"Good morning, Satoru." Suguru exhaled, resting his face on the palm of his hand.

Gojo wandered inside without waiting to be invited, as per usual, and placed the cup beside Suguru's hand. "Your tea."

Suguru held the cup in his palm, lips pursed into a faint, judgemental pout as he inspected it's contents. It was his usual black tea."How thoughtful of you.."

"I know."

Suguru glanced at the cup, then back at Satoru, then, very carefully, back at his papers.

He squinted slightly.

Something was wrong. He could smell him.

Not strongly, not yet at least, but he could still sense it, there was something unfamiliar lingering beneath the usual sterile scent of Satoru's cologne, something warm and faintly sweet, like cedarwood and vanilla.

Usually, blockers completely canceled both his own scent and his ability to smell alphas nearby..Suguru wasn't sure if he could manage this.

Has Satoru always smelled this good?

Suguru's fingers tightened around his pen.

Satoru tilted his head, leaning in closer across Suguru's desk. "You okay?"

Suguru's lips twitched, curling into a small smile. "Yeah."

Satoru's hand lifted, his index finger coming up to poke at Suguru's cheek. "You sure?"

Suguru exhaled through his nose, slapping Satoru's hand away. "Don't you have a class?"

"In twenty minutes." Satoru sighed quietly, giving Suguru a small wounded expression, but retracting his hand nonetheless.

"Then perhaps you should prepare for it."

"I already did."

Suguru exhaled audibly, fixing Satoru with a glare.

Satoru only grinned and Suguru tried, he really tried, very hard not to smile back.

That was the problem with Satoru.

Lately, Satoru has been a little too interested in him. Suguru noticed. He had learned to ignore the lingering touches, the teasing remarks, the way Satoru sometimes looked at him for just a second too long.

It was easier that way, for him.

What he couldn't ignore was the sudden warmth crawling beneath his skin, and the fact that, for the first time in years, he wasn't entirely certain his secret was going to stay one.

By the time lunchtime rolled around, Suguru had managed to avoid Satoru nearly five times.

The first two were easy.

“Hey Sugu-”

“Sorry I’m on the phone!”

“Suguru we sh-”

“Sorry, I’m late to a class.”

The third and fourth time, Suguru managed to blend into the crowds of students leaving their noon classes.

And the fifth...well..

“Suguru.”

Suguru stopped walking.

Of course..Satoru found him.

Suguru slowly turned around, papers tucked beneath one arm and his cup of coffee, which he nearly spilled, in the other. Satoru was standing several feet away, hands buried in his pockets. His lips were curved into an almost predatory grin, one that immediately told Suguru he had been noticed this time.

“Yes?”

“You’ve been avoiding me.”

“What? Nonsense. I have not.”

“You have.” Satoru insisted, stepping closer, cornering Suguru against the elevator door.

“I’ve been busy, I’m working.” Suguru took a step back until he felt the cool metal against his back.

“Yeah right.”

Suguru sighed.

From this close he could smell Satoru better..He almost wanted to lean in, bury his face in his neck and breathe him in.

Snap out of it.

He swallowed thickly, turning around to press the elevator button.

“Seriously.. What’s with you today?”

“Nothing..”

“You’re acting weird.”

Suguru turned, giving him a pointed glare. “What? I’m always like this.”

Satoru only gave him a look of genuine concern. “Not with me..”

That, unfortunately..was true.

Suguru had always been a little softer with Satoru. A little more patient.

He tolerated things from him that would have earned anyone else a sharp reprimand.

Today however..He just couldn't afford to indulge him. Not when his blockers had run out and he could already sense something unfamiliar, some kind of warmth, beginning to stir beneath his skin.

The elevator doors opened and Suguru stepped inside. Satoru followed suit after him.

"See?" Satoru said, leaning against the wall. "You didn't even wait for me."

Suguru busied himself, focusing his attention on the stack of papers in his hands. "I wasn't aware I was supposed to." He shrugged, an attempt to act as casual as he could.

"You usually do though.." Satoru leaned forward, chest brushing against Suguru's back as he pressed the number pad.

Suguru felt his throat dry up. He couldn't say anything.

The doors slid shut and for a few seconds, there was only the quiet hum of the elevator climbing through the building.

Suguru stared at the illuminated numbers above the doors. He could feel Satoru beside him. Way. Too. Close.

Suguru lifted his coffee cup to his lips and took a slow sip, shifting his attention to the bitter flavor dancing on his tongue, rather than the enticing vanilla and cedarwood flooding his senses.

He had spent years making sure nobody could get close enough to notice anything unusual about him.

Years of blockers, suppressants, scent-neutralizers, and meticulously careful routines. He built his entire professional life around being perceived exactly as he wanted to be perceived.

A beta, nothing more.

Nothing that required more than that of him.

The elevator gave a sudden, almost imperceptible jolt.

Satoru stepped forward to steady himself.

His chest pressed flush against Suguru's back.

Suguru's breath caught, stiffening slightly, then Satoru went still.

Satoru's head tilted slightly, leaning closer to Suguru's nape. He breathed in.

Suguru's stomach dropped.

He turned around, raising a brow at Satoru. "What?" he asked quietly.

Satoru didn't answer right away, instead, he leaned back just enough to look at him, his expression strangely thoughtful. "Did you change your perfume?"

Suguru blinked, his heart racing in his chest. "No."

"Huh."

"Why?" His voice was almost embarrassingly low as he asked, lips trembling slightly.

Satoru's eyes fixed on him, a faint crease between his brows. "You smell different."

Every muscle in Suguru's body went rigid. He wasn't sure how to answer that.

As the elevator continued its slow ascent, Suguru forced himself to look at the numbers again, willing the doors to open before Satoru could ask anything else.

Because he knew exactly what Satoru had smelled, and judging by the way the other man was still watching him, Suguru had a feeling he wasn't going to get away with pretending it was nothing for much longer.

By the following day, Suguru had stopped pretending he was fine.

He had tried, really, he made it through his morning lecture with his usual composure, standing at the front of the classroom with one hand resting against the edge of the desk while he explained the material in the same calm voice his students were accustomed to, but then he lost his pace.

he had forgotten the name of an author he'd taught for years, and when one of his students raised their hand to ask a question, Suguru had found himself staring at her for several seconds before realizing he completely missed what she had said.

Naturally, he began looking for excuses.

He blamed exhaustion, then, the heat.

Then he stopped trying to blame anything at all.

His body just felt... wrong. Too warm. Too sensitive.

His clothes suddenly seemed uncomfortable against his skin, and every scent in the university felt amplified. Coffee from the faculty lounge. Cleaning products in the hallways. The perfume of a passing student.

Everything was too much, and underneath it all was his own scent. Suguru could smell it now.

Sweet, warm, yet there was still that faint bitterness beneath it, something almost like dark tea, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to hide.

If he were being honest, he had known this would happen eventually, he just hadn't expected it to happen so quickly.

Or here.. Or with Satoru close enough to notice.

Suguru made it through the rest of his lecture by sheer force of will. The moment his students began filing out, he gathered his papers with trembling fingers and left without waiting to speak to anyone.

He needed somewhere private. The staff room would do, it was usually empty in the afternoon, especially on days when most of the faculty had classes.

Suguru slipped inside and shut the door behind him.

As the silence greeted him, he exhaled shakily.

For a moment, he simply stood in place, then he crossed the room and lowered himself onto one of the chairs.

His head fell back against the wall.

Just get through the week.

One week, that was all.

Then, he could order more blockers, he could stay away from people.

He could avoid Satoru.

He could—

The door opened and Suguru's eyes snapped toward it.

Satoru stood in the doorway.

Of course.

Satoru's usual smile was there, but it faltered almost immediately. His eyes narrowed.

"Suguru?"

"I'm busy."

Satoru glanced around the empty room.

"Doing what?"

"Nothing."

"..You look terrible."

"Thank you."

"I'm serious."

Suguru stood up, he needed to leave before Satoru could get any closer, but the moment he passed him, Satoru caught his wrist.

"Suguru."

The contact was enough.

Satoru went quiet, his fingers loosened around Suguru's wrist.

Something had changed in his expression, it wasn't amusement, nor was it confusion, but recognition. Satoru inhaled slowly and Suguru felt his stomach drop.

Suguru didn't move.

Satoru's gaze shifted toward his face, to his neck, then back to his eyes.

"Suguru," he said again, much more carefully this time.

Suguru swallowed. "What?"

Satoru breathed in once more. His expression became almost disbelieving. "That's your scent."

Suguru's heart began pounding. He pulled his wrist free. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't." The word was gentle, Satoru had stopped smiling completely. "I smelled it yesterday."

Suguru looked away.

"In the elevator."

He remembered.

Satoru standing behind him.

Did you change your perfume?

Suguru had thought he had gotten away with it.

Apparently not.

"I thought maybe you'd changed something," Satoru continued, waving his hand dismissively. "Perfume. Shampoo. Whatever." He paused. "But this..." His voice trailed off,

eyes fixed on the column of Suguru's throat.

Suguru's hands curled into fists. "Satoru."

"You're an omega."

There it was.

Suguru stared at him.

For years, he'd imagined this moment, someone discovering his secret, a colleague finding his medication, someone catching his scent, someone asking the question he spent his entire adult life avoiding.

He imagined having to defend himself, explain himself, deal with pity, curiosity, deal with people suddenly looking at him differently, however.. he had never imagined Satoru.

Not like this, at least.

"How long have you been hiding it?"

"Years."

"From everyone?"

"Yes."

Satoru's brow furrowed. "Everyone?"

Suguru gave a small, humorless laugh. "Especially you."

Something in Satoru's expression shifted.

"Why?"

Suguru looked at him.

Because you're an alpha, because you've always been too perceptive, because I've spent years listening to you make stupid jokes about how much easier your life would be if you had an omega around, because every time you flirted with me, some pathetic part of me wondered whether you'd still do it if you knew.

Instead, he said:

"Because I didn't want you to know."

Satoru went very still.

Suguru could practically see the thoughts moving behind his eyes.

Then Satoru spoke quietly. "You really thought I'd treat you differently.. Why?"

Suguru looked away again, that was the question he couldn't answer, not honestly at least, and not without saying far too much.

Satoru took a small step closer and when he noticed Suguru immediately stiffening he stopped. And for perhaps the first time in their entire friendship, he didn't tease him. Didn't push. Didn't make a joke to break the tension. "Okay."

Suguru blinked. "Okay?"

"You don't have to tell me anything you're not ready to tell me."

The knot in Suguru's chest loosened by the smallest fraction.

Satoru's gaze softened. "But you're not going through this alone...I mean.. you're clearly going into heat, right?"

Suguru stared at him. "You don't get to decide that."

"I know.. But I'm still offering."

Suguru left the university shortly afterward.

He didn't say goodbye to anyone, hell, he barely remembered the drive home. By the time he stepped into his apartment, his entire body felt wrong.

Too warm. Too restless. Too aware.

He kicked his shoes off by the door and immediately regretted even wearing them, his feet felt like hell.

Everything felt uncomfortable, the collar of his shirt, the waistband of his trousers, even the weight of his hair against the back of his neck as he untied it..

He changed into something loose and soft, then disappeared into his bedroom.

He had already started nesting without consciously realizing it. Blankets had been dragged from the closet. Pillows were piled against the headboard. His favorite sweatshirt had somehow ended up among them, along with the old throw blanket he'd had since university.

Normally, the familiar things helped..but tonight, they didn't.

Nothing felt right.

Suguru shifted beneath the blankets, then immediately kicked half of them away. Too warm.

He pulled another pillow against his chest. Wrong. He threw it aside."God."

His voice came out hoarse. He was getting worse.

That same feverish warmth he felt earlier was returning, only stronger now, spreading steadily through his body until it became impossible to ignore.

Suguru closed his eyes. He could handle this.

He handled it before. Alone. He had always handled it alone.

Except this time.. he didn't have his blockers, and he couldn't stop thinking about what Satoru had said.

You're not going through this alone.

Suguru stared at his phone on the bedside table.

He picked it up. Put it down. Picked it up again.

His thumb hovered over Satoru's name for nearly a minute, then he pressed call.

The phone barely rang twice. "Suguru?" His voice was instantly alert.

Suguru swallowed. "Are you busy?"

"No."

"Are you okay?"

Suguru closed his eyes. "No."

Satoru went silent.

Then, much more carefully: "What's wrong?"

Suguru's fingers tightened around the phone. "You said earlier..."

He stopped. His face burned.

Satoru waited.

"You said you wanted to help."

Then Satoru's voice became impossibly soft. "I do."

Suguru breathed out shakily. "Do you still mean that?"

There was silence on the other end.

"Are you kidding me?"

Suguru frowned. "Satoru—"

"Hip hip hurray!"

"Satoru. I'm hanging up."

"What? No! I'm sorry."

He very obviously wasn't, Suguru could practically hear the grin in his voice.

"I mean yes. Absolutely. One hundred percent. I am extremely available."

Despite everything, Suguru let out a weak, breathless laugh. It was the first time he'd smiled all day and Satoru caught it in his voice immediately. "There you are."

Suguru's smile faded into something softer. "Come over." The words were barely above a whisper.

Satoru didn't hesitate. "Already on my way."

The knock came less than twenty minutes later.

Suguru had been curled up on the couch when he heard it, surrounded by the mess of blankets and pillows he had dragged out earlier.

He stayed there for a moment, staring toward the door and trying to convince himself that he hadn't made a mistake.

Calling Satoru had seemed like the only reasonable option when he had been alone and miserable, but now that Satoru was actually standing on the other side of the door, the reality of what he asked for was beginning to settle in.

He finally pushed himself upright and made his way over. When he opened the door, Satoru was standing there with his coat thrown over one arm, his hair slightly disheveled from rushing over.

He looked different from the man Suguru had left at the university that afternoon. There was none of his usual careless confidence in his expression. If anything, Satoru looked almost nervous.

"Hey," he said quietly.

"Hey." Suguru stepped aside to let him in.

The door clicked shut behind them, and suddenly the apartment felt much smaller.

Satoru's presence seemed to fill every corner of it, his scent mixing with the warmth that had already settled over the room.

Suguru tried not to think about it as they moved toward the couch and sat beside one another. There was more space between them than there needed to be. Neither of them seemed quite sure how to close it.

Suguru kept his hands folded loosely in his lap, staring at them while Satoru rubbed the back of his neck. It was strange seeing him like this. Satoru was rarely uncertain about anything, least of all himself. Yet now he seemed to be choosing every movement carefully, as though he were afraid of doing something wrong.

Eventually, he admitted that he had never actually been around an omega during their heat before. The confession earned a small laugh from Suguru. It was weak, but genuine, and Satoru immediately looked over at him.

"Really? You?" Suguru couldn't help the faint smile that tugged at his mouth. With the way Satoru looked and carried himself, he'd always assumed omegas must have been falling over themselves to get his attention.

Satoru seemed amused by the thought, but his expression softened soon afterward. He shifted a little closer, his knee nearly brushing Suguru's. "Maybe," he said. "But there's only one I want."

Suguru's breath caught. He looked at Satoru then, really looked at him, and found none of the usual teasing hidden behind those words. Satoru was completely serious.

The realization made Suguru's chest ache.

After everything, the years of hiding, the fear of being discovered, the humiliation of having his carefully maintained secret unravel in front of the one person he'd least wanted to know..Satoru was still looking at him exactly the way he always had. Only now there was something else in his eyes.

Something neither of them had been brave enough to name.

Satoru moved closer, slowly enough that Suguru could have pulled away at any moment. His hand came to rest beside Suguru's on the couch, close but not touching.

"Suguru," he murmured, his voice softer than usual. "Can I kiss you?"

Suguru stared at him for a long moment, then inched closer until his thigh brushed against Satoru's own. "Yeah." He breathed, tilting his face to bridge the distance between the two of them.

Satoru's lips wrapped around his own, moving slowly, almost experimentally. Suguru's hands rested over Satoru's shoulders, the warmth of his palms seeping into Satoru's skin through his shirt.

Satoru tilted his face slightly, lips parting to capture Suguru's bottom lip in between them. He suckled on it gently, giving it teasing little nips. Suguru hummed into the kiss, fingers splaying out over Satoru's nape.

"Suguru.." Satoru's hands found Suguru's waist. He pulled him flush against himself, his fingers fanned out, kneading into the flesh, pulling him as close as he could. Suguru's scent was intoxicating, Satoru's head spun, his body reacting almost instantly. He could smell it even before he stepped into Suguru's house.

Satoru's hand moved lower, cupping Suguru's side. His tongue darted out, flattening against Suguru's bottom lip. Then, he traced over the seam of his lips before diving into Suguru's mouth.

Suguru instinctively parted his lips, letting Satoru in. His leg draped over Satoru's lap, nearly straddling him. Satoru's scent was all he could feel around him and it drove him mad. He needed more.

Suguru moaned into the kiss, suckling on Satoru's tongue. He couldn't take it anymore. He lifted himself, sliding to sit on Satoru's lap, arms wound tight around his neck.

Satoru's hands splayed over Suguru's back, then gradually moved lower until he was cupping his ass firmly, fingers digging into his flesh through his lounge pants.

Suguru pulled away briefly, panting. His pupils were blown out, a deep crimson flush blooming across his skin. His eyes were fixed on Satoru's lips. Red and kiss bitten. Without much thought he dove back in, their lips crashing into a messy, hungry kiss. Collision of lips and teeth, tongues dancing around one another.

Arching his back, Suguru pressed down, grinding his core against the hardness tenting Satoru's pants.

Satoru moaned softly, guiding Suguru's hips against his own, bucking up to meet each roll.

Suguru gasped at the evidence of Satoru's arousal against him. He pulled back slightly, a teasing glint in his eyes. "This hard for me already?" He purred, tongue swiping over Satoru's bottom lip.

Satoru groaned, unashamed, bucking up into Suguru's heat once more. "Can you blame me?" He replied, a wolfish grin on his lips. "You smell so good, Suguru.." He whispered, burying his face into the crook of Suguru's neck, inhaling.

"You too.." Suguru breathed out, rolling his hips down. The friction was maddening, he could feel himself growing slicker with each kiss, each grind of his hips. He needed more, he felt achingly empty.

Satoru pulled back slightly, breathless. "Should we..move to the bed?"

"Yeah.." Suguru murmured, but made no attempt to stop his motions, still unabashedly humping Satoru's lap.

"Fuck— Okay.." Satoru grunted, nearly coming in his pants at a particularly hard roll of Suguru's hips, it felt oh so good.

He stood up with an inhale, lifting Suguru along with him, his hands holding him up firmly.

Suguru's legs wrapped tightly around Satoru's waist, burying his face into Satoru's neck. He pressed open mouthed kisses along his skin, nipping and sucking on it until marks bloomed red.

Satoru tilted his head back, giving Suguru more room to mark. He made his way towards the bedroom, trying his best to not drop Suguru. He was turned on beyond recognition, his knees nearly buckling under the weight of his desire.

Once they made it to Suguru's room, Satoru stiffened slightly. He hadn't expected it to hit him as much as it did. The moment he stepped inside, he could tell that this was where Suguru's scent was strongest.

It clung to the sheets and the blankets piled haphazardly across the bed, soaked into the pillows and the old sweatshirt tucked among them.

Everything about the room felt like he had stepped foot somewhere forbidden, Suguru had apparently busied himself nesting, building himself a little sanctuary out of anything that felt comforting enough to keep close.

It was ridiculously endearing, Satoru had to look away for a second, because something in his chest actually hurt.

Of course, he expected the scent to affect him, and expected the realization that Suguru was an omega to make every instinct in him go completely haywire. What he hadn't expected was the overwhelming tenderness that came with seeing this side of him.

Suguru, who was usually so composed. So particular. So determined to keep every vulnerable part of himself hidden. And here he was, surrounded by blankets and pillows he instinctively gathered around himself.

Satoru carefully lowered him onto the bed, making sure not to disturb the little nest any more than necessary.

Suguru looked up at him through long, dark lashes, eyes glazed over with need.

That was almost enough to kill him.

His hair was slightly mussed from the pillows, his expression soft with exhaustion, and there was something so open in his eyes, so needy.

For one absurd second, his mind supplied a thought so immediate and so instinctive that it nearly knocked the air from his lungs.

Mine.

Not in the careless, possessive way he would joked about before.

He wanted to ask Suguru to be his. His omega.

The thought arrived so naturally that Satoru almost laughed at himself.

Of course.

Of fucking course.

He had spent years joking about wishing Suguru were an omega, never once imagining that the truth would leave him feeling like this.

He looked down at him, heart pounding painfully against his ribs.

“Satoru..” Suguru purred, wrapping his arms around Satoru's neck, pulling him down until he was pressed flush against his chest. “Come on.. I need you..” He murmured into Satoru’s ear, gently nipping into his lobe before soothing it with a kiss.

Satoru bit down on his own bottom lip, it took everything in his being not to come in his pants. “I got you,” He whispered, gently prying Suguru's hands away from his neck. “Let's get you out of these clothes first, yeah?”

Suguru leaned back, lifting his arms as Satoru pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it onto the floor. Then came his pants, He lifted his hips slightly until Satoru pulled them down his legs.

He felt feverish, bare as he was underneath Satoru’s gaze. Left in only a pair of black, cotton panties, already dampened by his arousal.

Satoru’s eyes widened at the sight, his throat parched. He leaned down, hands splaying over the faint swell of Suguru's pecs. He gave them a gentle squeeze, feeling the soft yield of the muscle.

Suguru pressed up into his hands, back arching off the bed. He craved more of his touch.

Satoru leaned down, lips hovering over the shell of Suguru's ear. “Suguru..” He whispered, pressing slow, wet kisses over the cartilage. He dragged his tongue across the groove of Suguru's ear, gently tugging at his lobe between his teeth.

Suguru's body trembled, a shaky exhale spilled from him. His hands gripped the sheets, goosebumps erupting over his skin. “Fuck.. Satoru..”

Satoru's fingers found Suguru’s nipples, he gave them a teasing pinch before taking them in between the pads of his fingers, giving them gentle tweaks until he felt them pebble against his touch.

“You know, Suguru..” Satoru drawled, thumbs rubbing against Suguru's nipples. “I heard some omegas can come just from having their chests played with..” He punctuated his words with a kiss to Suguru's helix. “Is that true?”

Suguru's lips parted around a soft moan, he flinched slightly, tilting his head away from the overwhelming intensity of Satoru's lips on his ear, but Satoru's hand was quick, cupping his jaw and holding him firmly in place.

“Should we try?” Satoru whispered, pinching at Suguru's nipples, less gently this time and with more purpose.

Suguru could only manage breathy whines as he bucked against Satoru's thigh, the friction felt electrifying almost. Before he could roll his hips again, Satoru shifted his leg out of reach. Suguru whined, his eyes fluttering open.

Satoru's fingers gave Suguru's nipples a harsh pinch before he could protest, the complaint dying in his throat and melting into a high pitched keen.

Suguru felt his mind go numb, his body pliant beneath Satoru, he couldn't protest, each atom of his being aching to submit.

Each swipe of Satoru's tongue over his ear, each nip against the ridge of his cartilage, each kiss, it sent shivers down his spine, sparks of sensation that went straight to his core. His thighs pressed together.

Satoru's hands on his chest didn't help either, he was pinching and rolling at his sensitive buds, tweaking at them until they flushed a deep red. Tingles bloomed across his skin, starting from the tips of his nipples and melting all over his body. It felt dizzying, almost nauseatingly so.

“Satoru– I can't..” Suguru whimpered, hips bucking against the air, his hands fisting the sheets.

Satoru only hummed, shifting his focus from Suguru's ear to his chest. His lips wrapped around one of Suguru's stiffened peaks, tongue flat as it swept over it, teeth grazing it slightly. He suckled on it, moaning around him.

Suguru's back arched violently, his hand finding Satoru's hair and gripping it tight. He pressed his chest plush against Satoru's face. He couldn't tell whether he wanted to flinch away from the sensation or lean into it.

His thighs trembled, he felt his heat throbbing, aching as he tightened around nothing. Each wave of pleasure that washed over him brought him closer to the edge.

When Satoru's teeth nipped at his sensitive skin, Suguru's eyes fluttered shut, his orgasm washing over him in mind numbing, intense, sweet waves.

His lips parted around a soft broken moan, a tear spilling from his eye as he pressed further into the heat of Satoru's mouth.

Satoru pulled back as Suguru was left trembling from the aftershocks. He swallowed thickly, his eyes clouded with want. He needed to be inside him, now.

"Suguru, can I take this off?" Satoru murmured, fingers hooking onto the waistband of Suguru's panties.

Suguru lifted his hips, he could feel heat simmering beneath his skin, it was unbearable almost. "Just hurry up.." He whispered as Satoru slid the soaked fabric over his legs.

"Satoru..What the hell are you doing?" Suguru deadpanned as he watched Satoru tuck his oanties into the pocket of his pants.

"Shh, don't worry about it." Satoru flashed him an innocent grin, though the predatory heat in his gaze made him look nearly delirious.

Suguru didn't really feel like arguing with him. He gave him a mock disgusted glare, exhaling exasperatedly. "You pervert.."

"Only a little bit." Satoru murmured. He leaned in, capturing Suguru's lips into a messy kiss while his hands found the zipper of his pants.

His cock was hard and leaking in his boxers, dampening the front of the fabric. He hissed against Suguru's lips as he freed himself, the contact of the warm air against his heated skin felt tantalizing.

Suguru's legs parted, making room for Satoru to step in between them.

"You're so wet.. How are you even going to feel me?" Satoru whined, looking down in between them. His tongue swept over his bottom lip as he took in the sight of Suguru's pussy. His folds a deep crimson, glistening with slick.

"I guess you'll just have to work extra hard then.." Suguru exhaled, tone teasing and playful as his gaze raked over Satoru's cock. Long and thick with a bead of precum at the head. "Make me feel you, Satoru." Suguru purred into his ear.

"Yeah? alright." Satoru's lips curved into a grin, his hands moving to hold Suguru's hips. He grabbed onto Suguru's legs, hooking them over his shoulders, pressing his pelvis flush against Suguru's ass. His cock nestled in between Suguru's folds, drawing a sharp hiss from him.

He thrust forward, grinding his length against the aching peak of Suguru's clit.

Suguru's eyes rolled back, lips parting as he let out a low moan. Satoru bit down on his bottom lip, grinding forward again, coating his cock in the slick of Suguru's arousal.

"Fuck— Are you going to put it in or not?!" Suguru croaked, shooting Satoru a glare.

"I am, I am!" Satoru nodded, smiling sheepishly. He couldn't stop himself from bucking forward once more, seeking the friction.

“Wait Suguru..” Satoru snapped out of his trance, reality sending a shiver down his spine.
“Condoms..”

Suguru's eyes snapped open, “I don't have any.. just.. just don't come inside.” he waved dismissively. He was far too gone to care about any of that.

“Mean..” Satoru's lips curved into a small pout. He reached for the base of his cock, aligning it with the leaking entrance of Suguru's pussy. He pressed forward, watched with bated breath as the fat head of his cock breached Suguru's heat.

Suguru inhaled sharply, his nails digging into the sheets. The weight of Satoru as he slowly stretched him open sent a pleasant sting that melted into sweetness, numbing him down to his very bone marrow. Each inch that breached him felt more intense than the last, his toes curling.

Satoru's head tilted back, a low moan escaping his lips as he bottomed out, his skin pressing flush against Suguru's.

Satoru's hands found Suguru's hips, he gripped onto them, so tightly his fingers dimpled the skin. He pulled back until only the head of his length caught at Suguru's entrance before slamming back inside.

Suguru's eyes snapped shut, inner corners of his brows drawn up as nearly wailed, a sharp jolt of pleasure ripping through him like electricity.

Satisfied by Suguru's reaction, Satoru repeated his motion, moving in slow, hard thrusts, pulling out all the way before thrusting back in, his pelvis smacking against Suguru's ass, redness blooming over it from the impact.

Satoru leaned down, lips finding Suguru's own. He captured them in a messy kiss, drinking down Suguru's wanton moans. Part of him wanted to tease Suguru about how loud he was

being, how he didn't know Suguru could be this much of a whore, but the sensation of Suguru's walls gripping his cock was too much to bear.

The warmth of his heat was milking him with each thrust, pulling him in deeper and deeper. He could feel the faint ridges of his walls surrounding him, his cockhead bluntly bumping into Suguru's cervix each time he bottomed out.

"Fuck..Suguru.." Satoru huffed into Suguru's neck, "You're so tight.. I don't think I can hold on for longer.." He whined, articulating each word with a violent thrust.

Suguru barely registered Satoru's words.

He felt as if he were floating.

His eyes were half lidded, hazy and glazed over with need, his lips parted, a string of saliva dripping down the corner of his lips and onto his chin.

Each thrust drove him closer and closer to the edge. Every other sensation blurred as his mind melted, only registering the weight of Satoru's cock filling him, stretching him to his limits and beyond.

As a particularly hard thrust shook through him, Suguru's orgasm crashed over him all at once. His legs trembled, toes curling tight. His lips fell open in a silent, breathless scream. His insides spasmed, tightening around Satoru's cock as he fucked him through it.

Satoru felt the familiar coil of heat tighten dangerously in his gut. He was close, so close. He knew he should pull out, he was going to, but as Suguru's heat clasped around him, milking him, he could do nothing. His body was moving on autopilot as he lost himself to the sensation, burying himself into Suguru over and over again. With the noises Suguru was making beneath him, whining and whimpering with each roll of his hips, Satoru knew he was too far gone beyond reasoning with himself.

Satoru's hips stuttered as he reached his climax. He let out a low growl as he pulsed into Suguru, filling him up.

A soft mewl escaped Suguru's lips as he felt Satoru spilling inside him, even as he pounded into him.

Satoru's hips only stilled once they were both oversensitive.

He leaned down, his chest pressing flush into Suguru's own. He captured his lips into a gentler kiss, but no less messy as they panted into each other's mouths.

Only as he slowly cooled down did he realise what he had done.

“Shit– I'm sorry Suguru..” Satoru gasped, looking down at where they were still connected, his release overflowing and dripping down Suguru's skin. “I'm sorry– I really wanted to pull out–” He scrambled, his heart racing in his chest.

“It's fine..” Suguru exhaled, resting his head back on the pillows, eyes fluttering shut.

“Are you sure..?”

“Yeah..”

Satoru shot him a skeptical glance but ultimately nodded, sighing quietly. He leaned into Suguru's warmth, burying his face into the crook of his neck.

“Satoru..” Suguru grumbled, gently using the heel of his foot to nudge at Satoru's back.

“Hmm?”

“You're folding me in half.. move.”

“Right, sorry..” Satoru sat up, gently lowering Suguru's legs, then slowly withdrew from his heat with a soft hiss. He watched, entranced, as his release spilled from Suguru's stretched, gaping pussy.

“Stop staring you pervert.”

“What? Can't a man admire his handywork?”

Suguru threw a pillow at him and Satoru dodged, a boyish grin on his lips.

He shed the rest of his clothes and took his place next to Suguru, pulling him close against his skin.

“How was that for a first time with an alpha?”

“Hm..it was alright, I might need to try another alpha to compare.”

Satoru's blood ran cold. “..What?”

“Mm, maybe Miguel? He's always so nice to me, you know..” Suguru purred, purposefully avoiding Satoru's gaze.

“Suguru..”

“Or Haibara? You know they say the innocent looking ones are always the kinkiest.”

“Suguru.”

“Or ma– ah!” Before Suguru could finish his sentence, Satoru spun him around, pressing him face first into the sheets. He lifted his hips before thrusting back inside him.

Satoru's pace was fast, his grip bruising on Suguru's hips. One hand moved up to find the nape of Suguru's neck, pinning him down against the sheets, using it as leverage to fuck into him harder.

Suguru's knuckles whitened as he gripped onto the bedding, his eyes rolling back as Satoru's cock rammed into him. He was still oversensitive, each thrust sending jolts of pain and pleasure through him.

“Mmf– Satoru–” Suguru's voice was muffled into the pillow beneath his head. He was seeing stars, sparks of white hot pleasure exploding behind his lids.

“What?” Satoru's hand tangled into Suguru's long, black hair, angling his head back slightly. “Who is it you're thinking of now?” Satoru growled, lifting Suguru's hips higher to angle his thrusts better.

“You– you..” Suguru mewled, feeling his climax approaching rapidly.

Satoru leaned down, pressing his chest flush against Suguru's back. His teeth sank into Suguru's shoulder, breaking through the skin, small droplets of crimson rising to the surface.

The sharp sting of Satoru's teeth piercing through his skin was all Suguru needed. His eyes rolled back as a high pitched keen spilled from his lips.

Satoru's own climax washed over him not long after with Suguru's walls pulling him in, spasming around his sensitive cock.

As they came down from their high, Satoru carefully maneuvered them so that they were laying on their sides, with his cock still buried deep into Suguru's heat.

"Suguru.. don't talk about anyone else when I'm with you.." Satoru murmured, his tongue gently laving at the bite mark on Suguru's shoulder.

"So.." Suguru croaked, voice hoarse. "A pervert with jealousy issues, I see." Despite how wrecked he sounded, there was still a lingering heat of faint amusement in his words.

"Exactly." Satoru replied, articulating his reply with a shallow thrust into Suguru's core, one that earned him a sharp hiss.

"I'm serious Suguru.. I want you to be mine, only mine." Satoru whispered, his voice a lot more serious now. "I don't want anyone else getting to have you like this."

Suguru stiffened slightly when he realised Satoru was being serious.

"I've wanted you for so long, Suguru."

Suguru's breath caught. He turned around slightly, facing Satoru. "You've wanted me?"

Satoru gave a quiet, almost embarrassed laugh. "Are you really surprised?"

"Considering how insufferable you are, I assumed you flirted with everyone."

"What?! No!"

Satoru reached for his hand, threading their fingers together. "I don't want to be someone you call when you're lonely, or someone you come to because your heat makes you need an

alpha." His thumb brushed slowly over Suguru's knuckles. "I want you when you're yourself, too."

"And if you'll let me..." Satoru swallowed. "I want to be yours, too."

Suguru simply stared at Satoru for a moment, his tired expression slowly giving way to a small, almost disbelieving smile. "You really are an idiot," Suguru murmured.

Satoru's eyebrows lifted. "That's your response?"

"It's an accurate one." Suguru shifted a little closer, hissing quietly as he felt Satoru's cock twitch inside him.

"Sorry.."

"It's fine," Suguru waved dismissively. The warmth of his body was soothing now, and the ridiculous tension that had been sitting between them for years seemed almost laughable in hindsight. "You could have just told me."

"I thought I was being obvious."

Suguru hummed, pretending to consider it. "Perhaps I should have paid closer attention."

"You should have."

A quiet laugh escaped Suguru, and he turned his head enough to look at him properly. "I wanted you too, you know."

Satoru went silent.

Suguru's smile widened when he saw the way his expression immediately changed. "Don't look so surprised."

"I'm not surprised."

"You look surprised."

"I'm processing."

"Poor thing."

Satoru narrowed his eyes at him, but Suguru only laughed again, reaching up to brush a strand of white hair away from his face.

Satoru pulled him a little closer, looking entirely too pleased with himself.

Suguru sighed, settling against his chest. "...At least you're cute."

"I knew you loved me."

"Don't push your luck."

"I've already got you. I think my luck is pretty good."

Suguru couldn't help laughing at that. Maybe, despite everything, Satoru was right.

For a little while, they simply stayed there, tangled together in the quiet of the room.

Eventually, Satoru glanced down at him, his expression losing some of its playful edge. "How do you feel? You know... with your heat."

Suguru considered it for a moment before letting out a tired hum. "It's fine now, I think. I just need a nap before it decides to flare up again."

Satoru nodded, watching him carefully. "Then sleep."

Suguru was already beginning to relax against him, the exhaustion finally catching up to him. When Satoru asked quietly whether he wanted him to pull out and give him some space, Suguru's answer came almost immediately. "No. Don't."

Satoru paused, then smiled softly. "Okay, okay. Sleep, then. I've got you."

Suguru hummed in response, his eyes drifting closed as he settled more comfortably against Satoru. And, with Satoru's arms around him, Suguru decided he could probably get used to being an omega...or well, Satoru's omega.

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