

Suitable Enough

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Suitable Enough

by [starlightaddict](#)

Summary

and what if all you need to destroy a relationship is one single moment?

Notes

I felt violent for no good reason and started writing this, lmao. I've been writing all this cute stuff about satoru, felt like I needed to change it up a little bit. I just wanted problems, basically. sorry in advance, everyone 🙄👊

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

Chapter 1

Two hours ago, you were fine. Or at least you didn't care so much about "status."

Two hours ago, you loved your boyfriend, and you were happy, and all was well.

An hour and fifty-two minutes ago, you went up to the administrative floor to drop off some documents, walked the corner to MeiMei's office and overheard a "meeting". You didn't think it was important, or at least the serious parts of the conversation had already been dealt with. They were all up there, all the people in a high position in your company. Executives, officials and whatnot, including your loving boyfriend.

That was the world he belonged to, the one you didn't really meddle with.

"You're still messing with that girl from the design department Satoru?" MeiMei had asked. There were laughs, you couldn't tell who they belonged to. You stayed frozen where you were, at the mention of you — "*hopefully he isn't messing with another girl in my department*", you thought as a joke to yourself. Maybe you should have just gone along with your task and left. Actually, this was supposed to be an assistant's task, and you had randomly volunteered to bring the papers up since you had time and the assistant was occupied. Maybe it would have been better to stay back and let someone else do it.

"Yeah, so?" Your boyfriend's voice followed, there was a slight harshness in his tone, almost imperceptible. He doesn't like this subject, the way the question is formulated, the mention of his girlfriend this way, but he says nothing.

"You know your parents aren't going to like her right? She brings... *nothing*. Essentially." MeiMei continued. At this, you felt something tighten in your chest.

All he did is hum.

You *knew* this. Technically, you did not bring anything to his corporate persona. But that didn't matter, that wasn't why you were with him anyways.

"Aren't they sending you on those dates with girls from good families?" That voice you recognized, it belonged to Geto, Satoru's closest friend.

"Yeah, every couple of months." You didn't know *this*. Did he seriously go to these things? He said he had "family meetings", where they actually dates to set him up with people *better* for him?

"So what Satoru? You're gonna eventually choose one that matches with your status and keep her as a side piece or just dump her?" There was accusation in Geto's tone. You held back a gasp at the question, but you knew Satoru's answer to it could make or break your relationship. There's a beat of silence. *What does he need to think about his answer for? This man told you he loved you this very morning, he doesn't have to-*

“I don’t know.” He finally said and you felt like the air had been punched out of your lungs.

Oh.

Okay.

You thought you’d heard enough.

I should do my job and get out of here.

This was a crowd you don’t meddle with.

Any of them.

You cleared your throat as you walked into the office, to make your presence known. They’re all suddenly quiet, eerily so.

“Miss MeiMei, I was sent up to bring these documents for you to sign. Mr. Yoshida told me to *insist* that he needs them today.” You said this with no emotion in your voice, no expression on your face. Sometimes, in dire moments like this one, you simply got out of your body, went through the motions. You hand the papers to the woman, and MeiMei takes them. Her eyes seemed wary, she looked between “the girl from the design department” and Satoru but decided to keep quiet. MeiMei was a shit-stirrer, but she couldn’t face the music this directly. The second she took the papers, you turned on your heel and walk off. You didn’t even notice the faces of the other few people in the room, you didn’t even give Satoru a glance.

“She didn’t hear us. Did she?” Somebody asks, you didn’t care about who it was.

You are at the elevator a few seconds after that incident, clicking on the button when your wrist is grabbed by someone. You turn and you see *him*. Usually, the sight of him makes your eyes light up, he notices how they don’t do so at the moment. He says your name, almost as a question. Almost as if he’s asking, “did you hear us?” But if you didn’t how can he bring it up to you?

You look down at his hand around your wrist, and you feel the warmth radiating from his fingers. This usually would make your skin tingle a little, your heart flutter in delight. You love this man that much. But there’s a numbness in your entire body, and his touch feels *so* foreign. You bring your free hand to his and you firmly pry it off.

The elevator opens and you walk in. You click on your floor’s button as you turn around, he looks at you with some form of despair in his eyes. He says your name again, you don’t respond. Not because you don’t want to — although it’s a bit because of that — but because you can’t. Your body and mind are protecting you, you’re on autopilot, you’re removing yourself from this. *It will all hit soon enough.*

You heard.

Satoru can't bring himself to get in the elevator. He can't handle the empty look in your eyes, or the way you took his hand off of your body. His legs feel like they're about to go numb. This can't be happening.

You heard.

You go through the rest of your workday like you're in some sort of dream. You feel your phone vibrate multiple times on your desk, but you're too far removed from it all to check it out. When it's finally time to clock out, you shove it in your purse without looking at it and you leave the office building.

These past few months, you've been used to Satoru driving you home, it might be interesting to get back to public transportation. And during the whole journey to your place, you're still hazy, quiet, so you're barely aware of your surroundings.

It's when you finally kick your shoes off at the entrance, hang your jacket and leave your purse on the counter of your kitchenette, that you feel sensations coming back to your body. With them, comes the familiar prickle of tears in your eyes. Why didn't he correct MeiMei when she said, "messing around"? Was that how he presented those eight months to every one of his friends? Was that what *he* thought of your relationship?

You try to take a deep breath, but it is a shuddering one, hearing yourself doesn't help at all. You're crying and it hurts violently. The pain is sprawling, its tentacles wrapping around your throat, squeezing. You think of this man you love, who claims he loves you and you feel lied to, as if he had lured you into a false sense of security.

You didn't even want to give him a chance in the first place.

You were aware of the gap between you. You knew he belonged to a certain group you weren't at all a part of. You are a regular person, had a regular upbringing and you live a regular life. He is in that sphere of people who made decisions *for* others, whether they like them or not. You thought it would never work at first, but he had been *so* good to you.

Time passes as you stay on the floor of your apartment, luckily you've got floor heating. When you finally don't have any more tears to cry, you gather yourself up enough to get your phone. There are over fifty notifications for messages and missed calls. Multiple variations of the same:

Baby? Where are you? Can we talk? ○○○, please answer me. Please. I love you, you know I do.

At the sight of it all, your eyes sting, but the tears don't follow. Your breath is still quivering as you sigh. You don't know what to tell him, if there's even anything to say. You're in pain but the rational part of you is already planning what things to get back to Satoru. You put the phone down on your counter, you're not ready to face this quite yet.

You go to the bathroom and try to get on with your usual routine. There are sobs here and there, dry and tearless, as you get in the shower, then out. When you get changed into

something more comfortable, you purposely avoid anything of his, as if touching it could scorch you.

When you get back to your living-room, almost an hour later, you check the time. 8:37 pm. You got off work at 3:30, got home at 5, cried for almost two hours and here you are. Your phone vibrates on the counter and this time you actually go and check it out directly.

8:38 pm. toru ❤️ Baby, I'm downstairs, please. Please let me in.

You look at the notifications, then click. Instantly, all his messages are read, but you don't respond. You still don't know what to say. The intercom near your door starts ringing. You're pretty sure of who it's going to be, should you choose to answer it.

You do.

It's not at your pace, but there are two people involved, you can't decide everything unilaterally.

"Yes?"

"Oh, thank fuck... baby... please let me up, let's talk." His voice sounds peculiar now, maybe because of the intercom, but there's more to it. As if your pain was filtering it.

"You have a key." You answer flatly.

"I didn't want to intrude." There's a beat of silence. You're glad he didn't come up on his own. "Let me up?"

"No. I don't want you to come up." You say, you try to be firm but your voice wavers.

"Baby-"

"I'll come down instead." You say before you hang up.

It's better if he doesn't come up to your apartment. It'll be more difficult to have this conversation in closed quarters, to tell him what hurts without him coaxing you into his arms. You grab a large puffer jacket, usually for winter, it's a little brisk outside, with autumn coming — makes you look like a football coach, he had joked the first time he saw you in it — and you head out.

When Satoru sees you push your building door and walk out, he can't help but sigh in relief. That feeling is short-lived though, once he notices the red in your eyes and the slight puffiness around them. Bile rises in his throat at the mere idea that you cried, and the whole thing replays in his mind, as it has been for hours now. He also takes note of the way you keep away from him, choosing to wrap your arms around yourself in comfort.

"I'm sorry." He blurts out, you just stare in silence. He doesn't say what for and that bothers you. "You didn't deserve to hear that." He adds after a few seconds. You think he's just sorry that you heard, not that what was said was fucked up.

“Do you and your friends always talk about... us... that way?” You ask first, his mouth opens, you don’t let him say anything. “I’m just the girl you’re *messing* with?”

“No! *No*. You’re my girlfriend, my baby.”

“Why didn’t you say it then? Why did you just let her say that and let them laugh? Did you laugh *with* them?” Your voice rises a little, you take a deep breath to calm yourself down. You don’t want to yell, but there’s anger bubbling in your throat, it’s better than the crying, you suppose.

He didn’t think you heard *that*, he thought you only caught the part about the set-ups his parents send him to. And now he knows *how much* he fucked up.

“Baby that’s- it’s not-” there’s really no excuse. Why *didn’t* he correct MeiMei, defend you, your relationship? He’s not sure, really. Because he *did* think about it, he just didn’t act on it. He recalls how long it took to court you. Months of you not caring much for his attention because, well, you’re not in the olden days, but Satoru’s a corporate nepo baby and you were not born into wealth.

“What? It’s not what, Gojo?” You hate his hesitation, his stutter, how he’s incapable of saying he loves you and wants to be with you to his *friends*.

“No. Don’t do that. Don’t *Gojo* me, baby... I fucked up okay? I know I did. But please-“

“And you’ve been going on dates too? With what- girls your family finds “acceptable” enough for you? Oh! And what did you say? You *don’t know*, Gojo? You don’t know if you’re gonna dump me or keep me as a side piece? You think I’m gonna-” you pause here, take another deep breath, your voice was cracking so violently through the whole thing, matching the anger and the pain. “You’re not doing that to me. I’m not- I’ll make it easier even, how about we b-”

“No! No, don’t say that!” He screams this, lurching towards you and bringing you into his arms. “Don’t finish that sentence. We’re not- no.”

You let him squeeze you to him a little too long and you feel the tears prickle your eyes again, and you *thought* you’d cried enough. Your hands are balled into fists, you manage to slip them up to his lower stomach and you push him, softly, off of you.

“I want a break, then.” You say, when he lets you go — barely, his hands are still on your arms.

“Baby...” Is all he can muster.

“You should give me back my key.” You add. This feels like a punch in the gut to him.

Fuck.

Fuck.

He watches you detach his apartment key from your chain as if he’s in some alternate reality.

This doesn't feel real. There's a sour taste in his mouth as he looks at the palm of your hand, his key in it. He can't help the slight tremble of his fingers as he takes it back from you. He gives yours back and it feels like you're ripping his arms off.

He's glad you let him press a kiss to your temple before you get back up to your place. It's going to be alright, or at least he hopes it will. You just need time, right?

...

After your exchange with Satoru, you feel entirely depleted, you know you need some time. But this hurts. It feels like the floor is caving in and every second you're not falling into a hole is a surprise.

You call off work for the next few days and try to organize your thoughts. Time away from each other helps. It helps you put things into perspective. You and Satoru didn't argue much before this, you had disagreements here and there, but no full-blown arguments. This was harder, deeper, than anything you've been through. You don't know how anyone else would've reacted to it, but it makes you think.

If you move past this, continued the relationship, then what? You're still you and he's still him. Then something like this happens again because you don't fit into his world somehow. And again. And again. You don't want that for yourself.

You think of how Satoru never hung out with your friends, and you didn't hang out with his. Your worlds never collided, and you didn't demand it. Maybe you should have, it would certainly have ended the honeymoon phase earlier. Especially if his friend group thought your relationship was bound to crash and burn. And you would have known earlier that he wasn't so sure about you.

That thought hurts the most.

Maybe breaking up is the only solution at this time. Because you'll keep thinking about it. You don't want a relationship tainted with resentment. How can this be fixed?

You finally call him after two weeks, setting up a meeting in a café.

...

You're nervous when you see him, you've missed him. And a large part of you wants to bring him into your arms and press his skin to yours. He looks tired, but still himself. He hesitates a moment when he sits in front of you at the table. You chose one near a window, somewhere in the back. His hands are on the table at first, they twitch slightly with the want to touch yours, he brings them to his lap. You don't talk until you've both placed your orders. He takes a mocha with extra caramel syrup, you stick to a flat white.

You both start speaking simultaneously, awkwardly laugh, before he gestures for you to talk. From the look on your face, he feels like lead is filling his stomach. *Please don't say what he thinks you're going to say.*

“I...” You start but suddenly stop, needing some time to gather your thoughts. You hate this.

“Uh... how have you been?” He attempts.

“I’m... I don’t know. Not great.” Maybe honesty is the way to go. “I’ve been thinking a lot. About everything. About us.”

“Hmm.” He hums, his leg is frantically moving under the table.

“I think it would be best if we ended this here.” His knee knocks under the table. You startle a little.

He whispers your name. He slides one of his hands towards your side, his palm up in invitation towards you. “I can... I can fix it, baby, please let me fix it.”

“How? How are you going to fix it, Satoru?” You ask in the softest way you can. Once again, he is wordless.

“I’ll... I don’t know but I can try.” His voice has a tremble to it, he’s about to cry. You try not to let the guilt eat at you.

“Satoru... I just don’t trust you, anymore. I don’t know how we can fix that. You don’t know what you’ll do, right? About me, if you meet a girl that’s suitable enough.” You try to explain your reasoning, but nothing sounds logical in this.

“I wouldn’t leave you. I never want to leave you.” He defends, fully crying now.

The fact that you won’t grab his hand back is breaking his heart. It’s only fair though, he broke yours first. He knows though, that maybe it’s because he doesn’t have the backbone to tell his family and friends that he’s already chosen you, that you’re perfect for him. But his parents consider your relationship a distraction, just like MeiMei said, they think he’s messing around. How is he supposed to assert himself to his father, who holds his entire inheritance above his head as leverage? He doesn’t know how to deal with familial expectations, but he loves you.

“What then? We pretend this never happened? I don’t think I can get over this, Satoru.” At your words he brings the hand you won’t take to his face, wipes the tears off but they’re instantly replaced by more. The sight makes you tear up.

“I’m sorry baby, I’m sorry I hurt you. I love you.” He apologizes and you don’t respond. You don’t want to be here, in this café anymore. He doesn’t know how to fix this, you don’t either. It hurts and that’s it.

“I know. And I-I love you too, I really do. But love isn’t everything.” You say with finality. It’s not enough to love each other, not with how different your lives are. “I’ll send you back your things.” You mumble as you stand, ready to leave.

He wants to grab your hand, promise you the world, but he doesn’t. *He can’t*. That would be lying to you, and he doesn’t want to lie to you anymore. He wants to tell you not to send him his stuff back, it would make it all too real, but he can’t do that either. He pursued you so

ferently all those months ago, but he can't figure out how to make you stay. He's scared of losing you, but he's also scared of how it would go with his parents should he choose you. That's unfair to you, he knows, so he has to let you go.

"I'll miss you." He says as you leave, you nod because your throat is tight with the need to cry. Just then, the server comes back with your coffees.

The sequel

Chapter Summary

years pass after you break-up with Gojo Satoru, but maybe you were fated to meet again.

Chapter Notes

I have been thinking of how to write more of this story from the moment I posted part 1. Wondering if I could even write more. Anyways, here it is.

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disclaimer: I'd like to preface this by saying that I think that the first part is a perfectly fine story all on its own, it could have just ended there. So, this is more of an "alternate" ending.

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In this one: light angst. comfort. corporate talk (just talking nonsense idk anything). reader and satoru are down bad for each other perhaps. family conflicts (stubborn old people). they're uh... pathetic and in love.

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

For the first three weeks after you broke it off with him, Satoru hoped you'd change your mind. He had been fighting the urge to get down to the floor you worked on to catch a glimpse of you. He even sent a couple of drunken messages that you didn't reply to — it had been hard, ignoring him like that. It broke his heart, but he decided not to do it again. The image of your saddened and tear-streaked face, the day you broke up, convincing him he was actually causing you harm.

You were done.

The relationship was over, and as much as he hated it, he understood why you weren't willing to continue.

And he still didn't have an answer for you, about what he'd do. It didn't matter how much he loved you, because his parents didn't approve and forced him to go to these blind dates. He had hidden them from you, out of embarrassment? Fear? Wanting to protect you? Protect himself? All of it, probably. He kept going to them to appease his parents and hid them from you to keep you happy.

He didn't correct Mei Mei's words when she called your relationship "messing around" because it was the truth, in a sense. He *was* messing with your time by being indecisive and spineless. Those were mostly Suguru's words when he told him about the breakup. And those words hurt violently, but he needed to hear them.

When the urge became too strong and he decided that *maybe one look wouldn't hurt*, four months had passed. He learned, upon asking at the assistant's desk, that you had your last day about a week prior. He thought the floor was going to disappear under him when he heard that.

Suddenly it felt like the day you left him all over again.

He rushed back to his office, tried to hold his tears back and when he realized he wasn't succeeding he decided to take the rest of the day off, neglecting all the paperwork he still had to fill out. The second he stepped into the parking lot he was furiously wiping tears, trembling hands and heaving breaths overwhelming him. He wanted to call you and ask you where you'd gone, and why. But it wasn't his place anymore and that hurt him more than anything.

Your departure from the Jujutsu Conglomerate gave him the push he needed. And he hated that losing you was what led to it all, but he was grateful too.

He went to his parents' house because they insisted that he came for a visit. For months he'd been avoiding them, and he wasn't showing up to the meetings with the girls they were trying to set-him up with.

They "tolerated" it at first, because of his recent breakup, but they didn't think he'd be *soooo* distraught about his "meaningless romance" with a "nobody."

His mother had said those words to his face, and so dismissively too.

And for the very first time, Satoru got angry. As in, really, *horrifyingly*, enraged.

Strong words were exchanged.

With him saying that just because their marriage was loveless and based on profit, that they were incapable of love, didn't mean that he wanted the same for himself. He screamed about only existing for a stupid company, for a name, and for money. He yelled at them for bringing him into the world to be their puppet and how he'd never forgive them for ultimately causing the loss of the *one* thing that was his and that he'd ever *truly* worked hard for — your unconditional love and affection.

That family visit turned out to be the last because Satoru resigned from his executive position within the next week, then abandoned his penthouse apartment, and finally, showed up at Suguru's place with his bags and the angriest look in his eyes.

And his best-friend teased him at first, but then praised him for the newfound courage. Of course, the Gojos didn't let that first act of rebellion go — well they *did*, for about three months, thinking Satoru would just crawl back.

When he didn't, they took away all his cards, thinking *that* would make him come home and beg for forgiveness or even bend to their will.

Suguru was gracious enough to support him for a couple months while he got back on his feet. As in, they decided to start their own company.

His family didn't hinder that though — Satoru was their only child and as much as they felt like his actions were an affront to them, his father was secretly very proud of his son's ability to get by on his own. Albeit it was something he would have preferred it if it never happened.

Maybe, *one day*, if Gojo senior manages to work on his pride, they can mend their relationship. Perhaps he can still pass off his company to his son — it was a four-generation affair after all.

...

You've been to exactly four business galas since you've been working for your college friend. He was the guy you used to copy the notes from after every time you decided to play hooky with his girlfriend, Ame. She and you had been sharing a dorm and she met Nolan through you, on a day you had forgotten something back in your room and had offered her 3000 yen to bring it to you. They'd been love struck ever since.

Working for Nolan was somewhat an adventure. He was a bit erratic, to say the least. Full of ideas and energy. And he had the backing of his rich parents who adored him so much they just indulged whatever he was interested in. Thus being the first investors in his editing company.

You'd never lost contact with Ame after college, still messaging each other every once in a while. And when you'd quit the Jujutsu Conglomerate, which was a result of the entire design department harassing you about "*why, oh, why*" you would fumble *the* Gojo heir, and a few months of them prying into your personal business had definitely influenced your decision to go.

That, and the fact that your ex was in the building, and it made you sad to know he was so close, but you weren't together anymore. A part of you had wanted to tell him, but you didn't want to rehash anything, nor pick at a wound that was still openly bleeding. You left without a word, with regrets and heartache, but the knowledge that it was the right decision regardless.

You figured you had enough savings to go jobless for a few months until you found another place. Hopefully one that had *nothing* to do with the Gojo or the Zenin, both part of the board of directors — they were big names, ones that were involved in many areas, as conglomerates often are.

You were lucky though, because Ame messaged you out of nowhere within a month of you being out of work. She asked about you and after briefly explaining your situation to her, you had Nolan on the phone half an hour later saying, "thank god you're unemployed."

He — conveniently for you — needed help with his company and said that he'd make you COO, which you instantly refused. One, because you were *totally* under-qualified — and he knew this for having seen your grades on every business management assignment he didn't do in pair with you while in college — and two, you did *not* want the responsibilities that went with that position.

Executive level jobs in a company that was starting sounded like a proper nightmare. All you wanted was creative freedom and possibly leadership.

You got the job you had been gunning for while at Jujutsu Conglmt faster than anticipated. Head of the design and advertising teams — both departments being blended into one since the company was fairly small. It was big responsibilities without dealing with whatever Nolan had to do on the top floor in terms of administration.

There was a director of design who you got along with — and who preferred to stick to their office work, while you got all the creative freedom. This same position would have demanded to climb the ladder at your older job, by waiting out for the people at Jujutsu C. to either die out or quit — a long waiting game, really.

Nolan's company isn't a large one, but he chose something he was interested in and passionate about. Your general work environment is perfect, and comfortable. Of course, being the CEO's friend tremendously helps your situation. The price of it is being Nolan's go-to when it came to nonsense, though. You're nearby so he can call you for the stupidest reasons, and it often results in you scolding him and occasionally telling on him to Ame.

You're unsure about the actual purpose of this event, the only reason you're even here is because Ame is literally on the other side of the planet for work — being a choreographer does that. Usually, she goes to these things with her boyfriend, and you get to stay home and lounge. She's had to bribe you to go with Nolan to keep him away from the shrimp cocktails. According to her, "it had gone so wrong last time," like what does that even imply? She refused to explain, remaining — worryingly — evasive.

The first thing Nolan does as you both walk into the venue, is walk towards the buffet table. You're already exhausted about this whole thing. Because stopping Nolan from doing things is annoying, and a ridiculously difficult task. Your outfit — a black floor length dress — is also not ideal, even if it's most definitely within the dress code.

You don't notice how across the venue, someone notices you right away.

Gojo Satoru didn't think he'd ever see you again, as if you'd been ripped away from his universe, and absorbed into a different reality where he couldn't reach you. But there you were, accompanied by a man he's seen in *40 under 40* last year.

And he'd love to say he was very dignified about the situation but according to the strangled noise that escaped his throat — and Suguru's later recount of it — he was anything but. He was about to cough up a lung but still unable to turn away from the sight of you.

He noted how your facial features seemed a little sharper and more mature. He still thought you were absolutely stunning, and the smile on your face made his stomach stir — in that familiar way it used to, as if it had never stopped.

It didn't matter that you weren't here alone, he still wanted to come up to you, look into your eyes, and hear your voice again just once, because five years is such a long time. He's caught himself a few times before, thinking of how he couldn't remember well how you sounded like and how it hurt his heart a little bit.

His feet are carrying him *long* before he even decides, and really all he expects out of this is to greet you, nothing else. As he gets closer to the buffet table where you stand, he hears you admonishing your companion and promising to abandon him here if he gets sick. For a second he thinks about turning back, after all he doesn't want to intrude, but the words are already out of his mouth before he wills them to.

“○○○, hey,” his voice comes out steady and he's glad, because that is *not* how he's feeling, especially as you turn to fully face him.

There's acknowledgment in your eyes, and then surprise. You then smile, something discreet on your lips, not like the bright one he used to work so hard to see.

“Sato-Gojo, hi,” you say, having to correct yourself quickly. He notes that, something tightens in his chest briefly.

This is awkward. But there's warmth spreading in the middle of your chest from the sound of his voice. And oh. *Wow*. You really used to love the sound of his voice. Hearing him makes a wave of nostalgia hit you.

“How have you been?” Before you can answer, Nolan turns towards you both with a cup filled with shrimp and you sigh in annoyance.

“You *cannot* be serious! Give me that!” You rip the cup out of his hand, and he grumbles.

Satoru observes the scene and hates the way his stomach twists. He knows he has no right to feel this way. It's been so long anyways. But he can't help it. There's a sentiment of dislike towards Nolan that's beginning to bloom in his mind.

“I- I should probably leave you two to it then-” the white-haired man says and surprisingly, your hand comes up and finds the curve of his elbow. He realizes his skin tingles where you touch — *oh*, his therapist is about to have a field day.

“Wait,” your voice gentle, a questioning intonation in it.

And he stays.

You don't let go as you admonish the man accompanying you about staying away from the sea food. When Nolan shrugs and walks further down the buffet table, you just shake your head in astonishment. Why is this grown man so... capricious? *Ame is so going to hear about indulging him, you're going to scold her for this — what a spoiled idiot.*

“Is that... is he your... uh?” Satoru can’t bring himself to ask, but he wants to know so bad.

“My boss! And friend. He’s dating my best friend from college, Ame. I don’t know if you remember her, it’s true you never got to meet her after all, but I probably told you about her—“ you ramble and really why are you justifying yourself to your ex of over five years? *Who does that? It’s not like he cares.* Plus, you also shouldn’t care. But you do, just a little. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t be holding him by the arm right now.

“Oh, okay. That’s... yeah,” his face shows visible relief. He remembers you talking about Ame a few times — going to lunch with her or meeting up someplace, or just random conversations you told Satoru about.

He should have asked to meet your friends back then, he should have insisted on making your worlds blend and bleed into one another. *He should have.* A wave of regrets gnaws at him — a familiar one too, since he’s been feeling this on and off for the past few years.

Suguru joins you when he sees that the conversation between you and his best friend is going well. A small part of him feels responsible for what happened back then, even if it had nothing to do with him. He thinks he should have pushed Satoru to do right by you, on many levels. But you weren’t friends, and he wasn’t the kind to overstep.

You’re warm with both men, animated, and friendly even. You briefly tell them about your job at your friend’s editing company, then you seamlessly turn the conversation to focus on their achievements, their company and its fast evolution, their lives, their presence at this event because of it all.

Nolan comes back next to you with a plate of assortments, none of them looking like they're meant to be eaten together. You just stare at him with a lip curled in disgust and a disapproving look. And this grown man chews with his mouth open *just* to irritate you — a smack at the back of his head is tempting, but you know it wouldn’t hinder him one bit. The only human with any pull on him, is currently New York.

It’s then, that Mei Mei shows up.

And you haven’t forgotten about her. Or her disdain for you, which had become mutual. She wasn’t responsible for much, but she *did* enjoy causing dismay back then. And if there was one person besides Satoru’s parents who had found the breakup to be a good thing, it was her. She didn’t enjoy that Satoru didn’t give her one lick of interest after that, though. Essentially cutting all relations to her down to purely professional.

She was now officially hunting for a husband — her family was absolutely adamant that she had to marry soon, with the promise of an even higher position at work.

Unfortunately for you, she has seen Nolan in magazines. She has actually run a background check on every eligible bachelor at this event, checked every prospect, and your boss is doing very well for himself. That, and his family is also very financially comfortable.

Unfortunately for Mei Mei, though. She thinks *everyone* who’s born into money has to see the world the way she does. Thus, she ignored the *many* instances of Nolan gushing over

Ame whenever he could, in different interviews, while doing her research. All of that was background noise to her, useless information.

So, when she doesn't hesitate to wrap both arms around Nolan's available arm, pressing herself to him, this man pulls his arm away with a distraught and absolutely repulsed expression on his face. The whole thing is so awkward yet so violently hilarious, you turn your head away to try and hold back a laugh.

"No thank you. I have a *wife*." Nolan says, coldly. Giving Mei Mei an up-down look she sure as hell didn't expect. She scoffs, brushes off her clothes and says, "I didn't ask," before she walks off.


"That was rude, you know?" You tell him and he just gives you a deadpan look.

"So? Why did she touch me? You *know* it's only Ame for me."

"Ame?" Suguru quips and before you can stop it from happening, Nolan does what he does best — he gushes about his girlfriend. He's not very present on social media, but he'd absolutely be that guy who talks about his girl, thinks about his girl, only likes his girl, posts about his girl, etc.

You spend the rest of the evening next to Satoru, shoulder to shoulder, and maybe you should just keep away, but you can't. You don't want to. He doesn't want to either.

After a couple speeches from the event organizers, when it's time to part way, he gets courage — generated from the fear of you disappearing from his life again — and asks if he can have your number. Or rather, for your business card. He also hands you his. You look at the blue lettering on the fancy laminated card that says "Gojo Satoru, co-CEO, Mugen-Ryū*," along with his phone number.

While the driver gets on the way to your place before driving Nolan back to his, you add the number to your contacts as "Gojo Satoru", before changing it to "toru .

Nolan's looking above your shoulder with his nosy self and says "aaaah, so you guys *were* flirting! I already texted Ame about it, she didn't believe me!"

You send Satoru a "hey, it's ○○○," and he quickly responds, with a hilarious amount of emojis — this is also familiar thing.

And texting Satoru is the most natural, comfortable thing in the world. It's a little bit awkward at first, but only for a couple of days. He's scared that being too enthusiastic will scare you off, but you're very responsive to him. You're actually friendlier than you were before you even dated — for a second it scares him, this ease with which you let him in your space. He's scared that maybe you'll only keep him as a friend. The fear is quickly gone because he'd actually love that. Just being your friend is already so nice.

He asks you about the things you used to like, and if you still like them. You ask if he still over-sweetens everything, and how you worry about his blood sugar. He counters that he actually gets a health checkup every year.

He seems to want to tell you anything and everything. From the smallest thing about his workday, to the way his relationship with his parents is akin to a pile of dust at the corner of a room. He tells you about how he cut contact with them — how they essentially disowned him after you broke it off. His tone is light when he talks about it, even if it's through text, almost as if it's some amusing anecdote to him.

Eventually, a couple months pass like this, while keeping contact. Until you start to meet up randomly for brunch with Suguru and him, you drag Nolan and Ame with you. At a lunch, on a later day, you also meet Satoru's other friend for the first time, Ieiri Shoko, who's a surgeon and has little to no time.

Just like that, Satoru becomes a constant in your life, as a good friend. You don't talk about the way you both yearn for each other, or the lingering touches here and there, along with the feelings — new and old — they carry.

That is until Ame has to *physically* sit you down on a movie night — one Nolan's not been invited to and has complained about because he says he's been “one of the girls this whole time, so why not now?” — and she essentially interrogates you.

It's hard to voice, really, all these emotions you have about a man who's your ex of over five years. You're thinking about how you should have totally moved on from him by now. And maybe when he wasn't around you, you had, for a while. But now that he's back within reach, you enjoy it *so* much. He's sweet, funny, mindful, and easy to talk to. There's a lot about him that's familiar and there's a lot that's totally new.

He's more mature in a sense, and he genuinely cares about his job now. He shows actual interest for it, while he still whines about the workload, he speaks about it rather fondly. And you're proud of him for that, because the job he had before, along with his status and position weren't from his own effort.

It's with a knowing smile on her face that Ame listens to everything you have to say. She refills your cups with warm tea and hums in acknowledgement the whole time.

She remembers the months after you broke up with Satoru. You were pretty withdrawn, and it took her a while to make you talk about what had actually happened. She understood then that there were lingering feelings.

It's almost funny for her how you can't face it yourself, so she says it for you.

“You love him, ○○○. I'm not saying you love him *still*, well... maybe a little. But you fell for him all over again.”

And it's pretty much undeniable at that point, because as soon as she says it, you feel your heart skip a beat in your chest. You only now realize that even if you've had two relatively serious relationships after Satoru, it didn't feel like this. Not even a little bit. Once the realization hits, you come to only one conclusion.

“Do I ask him out? What do I do?”

...

Satoru didn't expect your phone call to go the way it did, when he saw your name light up on his phone.

Your contact is your name with every variation of hearts he could find in the emojis — Suguru saw it and called him pathetic for it, maybe he was.

His therapist told him that as long as he doesn't let it consume him, that he keeps in mind that he can live without you, it was okay to have a friendship with you. Or more, if you were both inclined. But he was content with a friendship, *until you called*. Your words are still ringing in his head.

“Satoru, would you like to go to dinner. Just you and I?”

...

A few days later, Satoru's waiting for you at a restaurant, thirty minutes before your agreed time. And he did offer to pick you up, but you refused, wanting the drive to calm yourself down. Or maybe, it was a way for you to have a safety net, if this went south, you could go home and pretend it never happened — but oh, how much you'd prefer it if it didn't.

When you finally arrive, Satoru is jittery.

The last time you've been alone in a place like this, it was to end your relationship, and now, you're the one who wants something more with him. And one day he'll tell you about how he thought he was seeing heaven when you walked in, wearing a tight black dress. And about how when you turned around to reveal the deep open back, he ascended to a higher plane of existence. He couldn't turn away when the waiter walked you to your table.

You feel really proud of the look Satoru gives you. The whole purpose of your outfit *is* to wow him — Ame's words. She had helped you choose the perfect dress and the ridiculous high heels with the impossible slope, just for the occasion. You aren't completely oblivious, you have a strong feeling that your interest is mutual., but his reaction to you is most definitely a great reassurance — and a huge ego boost as well.

Sitting in front of you, in a dimly lit restaurant that immediately sets you up for a romantic atmosphere, makes Satoru want to say he loves you already. He knows it is *not* the right time, but he has the impulse. Because, *God*, do you look beautiful.

The conversation starts slow, steady. But quickly, your chair is pulled closer to his. You started in front of each other, but now he's on your left, and he's softly running his fingers on your forearm. You're both relishing in this, the feeling is warm and soft.

This time, Satoru wants to do it right.

This time he wants to keep you safe from the judgement of what used to be his world.

This time, he's fully intent on looking out for you, defending you when needed, and to fight tooth and nail on keeping you in his life.

So, he begins by telling you.

And he doesn't stop talking for a while, while you eat — in what could be considered an uncomfortable proximity, but really doesn't feel like it.

He tells you about that argument with his parents that made him leave home, and why it even started. He tells you about the people he dated after you. And why he started getting therapy. How he broke up every time he recognized a trait in them, that reminded him of you, because then it would never quite be *you*.

You get emotional at this, because you expected him to eventually forget about you. He's Gojo Satoru after all. The fact that his relationship with you had been *that* important to him, made your heart skip a beat.

When you had thought you were the only one devastated for far too long.

He ends his long tirade with “I thought I'd never get to see again, and I don't want to make big promises. But I want to make sure you know I'll always, *always*, be on your side, if you'll have me again,” with this, he takes your hand in his and intertwines your fingers together — you let him.

“Of course I'll have you, Toru...” and this is said with a voice that's trembling slightly. Emotions are high in this restaurant and at that thought you let out a watery laugh. You're lucky the tears are sticking to your waterline — although seeing Satoru's beautiful eyes also moisten, you're really about to sob. He presses a kiss to the back of your hand, trying to convey how grateful he is that he met you again, and that you want to be with him again.

After that, when you both manage to calm down, you tell him about your two relationships, one that ended because you had a few trust issues, while the other had gone well for a while. You had even briefly been engaged, but then he had cheated on you.

You feel how Satoru's hold on you tightens. He wants to break that man's jaw for hurting you — you keep his name to yourself, at least for now — but he's glad that he didn't turn out to be too perfect. Then the thought of leaving him would have never occurred to you. He's almost grateful but the idea of your pain is too displeasing.

A year and a half later, Shoko is still laughing as you both wait for Ame to try on her bridesmaid's dress. She just can't understand how you're so nonchalant about organizing a wedding, but Satoru is absolutely feral.

He insisted on driving you all to the shop — even if it was unnecessary — claiming it was his "groom duty." You had to reason with him, tell him that *no*, he should in fact *not* postpone a work meeting to come pick you up after. He was much more invested in all the wedding preparations.

After a year of dating, he had proposed with shaky hands and teary eyes, on your anniversary. He had a whole speech prepared but couldn't hold himself back that morning when you both woke up.

Now six months of organization, he was excited, and so were you.

“Can’t you... I don’t know... make him hold back a little?” The brunette asks, still amused about your exchange with your fiancé in the car.

“Have you, in all your time knowing that man, *ever* been able to do that? Has *anyone*?” At your question, she gives you a deadpan expression. “Yeah. Exactly.”

Suguru had tried to suggest toning down his enthusiasm maybe four months ago, and Satoru went on a tirade — lots of whining to be heard, but mostly he expressed his desire for the perfect ceremony. He wanted it to be perfect not only for you, but for himself too.

You had suggested to invite his parents to the ceremony at least, but he was worried they’d try to oppose — which he assured you he wouldn’t even take seriously. Still, he didn’t need them to be killjoys during what was supposed to be the happiest day of both your lives. He then said he didn’t know if he could handle them at the reception, because there would surely be strife if he didn’t let them come to the ceremony.

He was still hesitating after he told his mother — the only parent he’s had any contact with for the past few years — about getting married to you. She didn’t comment on his choice of spouse, which was a win, but then proceeded to insist — multiple times — on Satoru personally contacting his father to tell him about it.

Mrs. Gojo wanted the father and son to reconcile. Especially because Satoru was her only child. She wanted a semblance of family again — semblance, because they’ve never been the happy, stereotypical, well-balanced family anyways.

After a particularly heated phone call with his mother, Satoru had told her to quit trying to fix something that was never whole in first place. And added that if she wasn’t capable of letting it go, then he didn’t want to speak to her at all anymore.

His relationship with her had been on and off like that for years. They’d mildly get along for short time, walking on eggshells around each other. Then his mom would try to meddle with the now nonexistent relationship between her husband and son, which would make Satoru push her away for a few months.

She kept saying that he was the younger one, that he should be the one to make a step and apologize, out of respect. Except her son was not only stubborn but also didn’t see any reason why he should. What was even his mistake? Thinking for himself? Loving you?

You didn’t try to convince him, because you did not like them anyways. They were partially to blame for your separation. They also hurt Satoru’s feelings, and that was unforgivable in your eyes.

You wanted to protect his heart, at all cost.

...

The ambiance in the dress shop is light, funny even, with both Shoko and Ame laughing and joking — or maybe it's the mimosas you've been sipping on. Shoko is standing, while the tailor is making more adjustments — these dresses are meant to be worn at your wedding, but you want your friends to be able to wear them out after, make actual use of them. Even if their color scheme are of Satoru's choice — you had agreed on his choice for all the wedding outfits, from staff to guests.

As you're taking another sip of your drink, focused on what Ame is telling you, you hear a door open somewhere in the back. You don't turn until you hear your full name, from an unfamiliar voice. When you finally *do* turn, you don't need to be told who it is.

Satoru got his stark white hair from his mother, you knew this, but it's still impressive to see. He has her pointy nose too. She is a beautiful woman.

You don't register she's actually chastising you and making a scene right away. You're just shocked to be in the same space as her. She's never even asked to meet you — it says a lot about what she thinks of you.

Her voice is getting higher and higher, eventually she's screaming as loud as she possibly can.

All of it is blame.

You convinced Satoru not to invite her and her husband.

You caused the rift between them.

You are the reason for everything wrong these past few years.

She doesn't spare her hateful words. She doesn't forget to insist on the fact that you're nowhere near her son's place in the world, and says you don't deserve him.

Shoko and Ame soon intervene, because you're completely at loss for words at first. When they — and security — manage to shoo Mrs. Gojo towards the exit, you find your voice again.

“Mrs. Gojo, I must say, you seem preoccupied by a lot of things, and really, all Satoru needs, is actual care, love, affection and support. It's alright if you're not capable of providing him with any of that, though, because I will, and I have *no* intention of *ever* letting him go.”

She essentially loses it your words, but you don't have to deal with any more of it as she's escorted out. Both your friends come to offer you words of support. Telling you that was all nonsense, lies, crazy rich old people talk.

You brush it off but they're not idiots, you're clearly shaken by the whole interaction. When you refuse to stay onto the subject, they eventually let it go. Although, the light from the day has now exponentially dimmed.

...

Much later that day, you're tucked in a corner of the couch when Satoru gets home. You don't know this, but after seeing the way you slightly slumped over following the incident with Satoru's mom, Shoko had called him and gave him a full recount.

The only reason why he was even getting back so late, was that, for the first time in over six years, he had gone back. And the only reason was to establish clear boundaries with them, to tell them to their face, that he would write them out of his life without hesitation to protect you. His mother tried to blame everything on you again, to his face this time, and he simply didn't let it fly.

You walk all the way to the entrance to greet him, and he notes your soft smile, but also the weariness in your eyes. A bit of anger flares in his chest at the sight, but it quickly disappears when you slip your arms around his middle and take a big breath.

"Hi, Toru..."

"Heya, sweetheart," his own arms wrap around your shoulder tightly, before he kisses the crown of your head. "I missed you all day."

"I missed you too," you make a little pause. Part of you unsure if it's a good idea to tell him what happened. "I met your mom today. She made a scene."

"Hmm... Shoko told me," he reveals and you slightly push back to look up at him, eyebrows raised in question. "I went to see her. It's why I'm late. They're *for sure* not coming to our wedding now." At that, your bottom lip unexpectedly wobbles.

Yes, you're happy that he chose to protect you this way, making good on his promise to be on your side, but another part of you feels guilty, because those are his parents. And maybe it *is* your fault that they're not close. He probably misses them so he's compromising to be with you. *And you don't want him to feel sad about these things.*

"Is it really my fault?" The question comes out in a whisper.

"What?" He's stunned at that, just briefly. "Oh no. *No, no, no.* My love, no. Whatever's going on with my parents is nowhere near your fault. They're the ones responsible for how strained our relationship is. They never took my feelings for you, or my feelings about *anything* at all, into account. We've always been distant. It's always been complicated. If anything, the distance is making me happier," he reassures.

"Yeah, but won't you be sad if they don't see you getting married?"

"Yeah... but that's of their own doing, baby. They get to be blamed for this, not you." His hands come up to cup both sides of your face tenderly. "Plus, our wedding will have all the people I love, and the people you love. And all of those people love *us*. It'll be perfect."

You sigh in relief at his words.

He's right. Satoru's parents won't be present, but he'll have parental figures in the Getos. Since he was a kid, every time things got a little too tense over at his house, he'd spend his

time with Suguru and his family. And they were very loving with their son and with his friends. You had even met them a few times, because Satoru was an honorary member of their family, he went to their gatherings — and took you with him.

Your parents were also rather fond of your fiancé, because he was a real charmer with them. Your mom had said when you finally introduced him “he is so ridiculously pretty and he’s sweet too? Honey you’ve really hit the jackpot.” All they wished for you was someone kind and loving, and Satoru was both things to a very large degree.

“Don’t feel guilty, okay?”

“Okay, I’ll try. I love you, Toru.”

“Love you too, 〇〇〇.”

epilogue / in head canon form:

- A few years later, Satoru’s dad has health issues and asks for Satoru – directly – to take over.
- He compromises because you tell him to be nice.
- He takes over his dad’s shares but doesn’t want to be acting CEO (since he has his own company). Ends up doing it part-time.
- His relationship with his mom is still on/off. His parents never apologize so they never really are part of his family.
- After taking over his dad’s shares, he does this petty thing where he changes the name of whatever product he *can* change into your maiden name. It irritates his parents so bad.
- If you have a kid/kids, their name is hyphenated (his mom complains and gets shut out for a full year).

Chapter End Notes

here it is! I hope it's satisfying enough, once again, I think it could have ended on part one and it's still perfectly fine that way. Nolan's personality is actually inspired by a character in Sasaki & Miyano, along with my cat lmao.

*mugen-ryū is "infinity dragon" (a reference ykwim) if you guys have questions please don't hesitate to ask! thank you for reading and for supporting ♡

End Notes

if you've gotten all the way here, thank you ♡ hehe i hope you enjoyed(?) this, pls feel free to tell me your thoughts about it! me personally, I'd have started throwing things in MeiMei's office, but that's just me though.

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