100 Pastries For Gojo Satoru

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100 Pastries For Gojo Satoru

by Queen10

Summary

To the Jujutsu world, Gojo Satoru is an untouchable god—isolated, and perpetually suffocated by the endless stream of raw atomic data pouring through his Six Eyes. To you, he is simply Gojo-san: an impossibly tall, sugar-obsessed customer with terrible spatial awareness and a penchant for wearing a blindfold indoors.

After years of grueling apprenticeships under in Paris, you return home to Tokyo to open your bakery in Meguro. Armed with zero Cursed Energy, you are a complete civilian—polite, refined, and fiercely protective of your craft.

What begins as his quest to devour 100 unique French pastries quickly dissolves into a daily ritual of unspoken protection alongside an exasperated Nanami, and an agonizingly slow romantic burn. Gojo is determined to keep your ordinary world untainted by supernatural horrors—even as he finds himself falling hopelessly, irresistibly first for the one woman who treats him like a human being instead of a weapon.

Between flour-dusted knuckles, rainy late-night shelter, and the slow march towards Pastry #100, the boundary between baker and regular customer begins to melt. And once the sugar glass cracks, Gojo has no intention of ever letting his quiet sanctuary go.

Chapter 1: Flour, Butter, and the Blindfolded Customer

The early morning air in Meguro carried the quiet, crisp promise of autumn.

Inside ***L'Étoile Douce***, the warmth was suffocatingly sweet, a rich, enveloping bouquet of browned butter, roasted vanilla beans, and the precise, bitter-caramel aroma of sugar hitting its absolute melting limit. You stood behind the polished white marble display counter, a fine dust of confectioner's sugar clinging to the hem of your crisp beige apron, adjusting the polished glass domes with practiced, painstaking precision.

After three arduous years under the unforgiving eyes of master patissiers in the 6th arrondissement of Paris, enduring blistering early morning shifts, bruised wrists from hand-laminating heavy slabs of Normandy butter, and ruthless critiques on the temper of your dark chocolate, you had finally returned to Tokyo. This shop was your sanctuary. Every inch of rustic light oak, every copper baking sheet imported from Bordeaux, and every brass trim had been chosen to reflect a singular vision: *uncompromised French pastry.*

You pulled out your golden pocket watch, checking the time. *6:55 AM.* Five minutes before your official doors opened to the public for the very first time.

Taking a slow, deep breath, you smoothed the front of your uniform, adjusting the neat knot of your neck scarf. You possessed no grand ambition to alter the world, nor did you carry any strange, otherworldly awareness. You were, through and through, a civilian bound to the quiet rhythm of yeast proofing, egg yolks whipping into pale ribbons, and the satisfying snap of properly baked choux.

Clang-clang.

The small chime above the heavy oak front door rang out, shattering the dawn silence.

You blinked, turning smoothly towards the entrance with your hands neatly folded over your apron. You had not even unlocked the deadbolt yet, but the door swung inward anyway, nudged open by a figure that immediately disrupted the modest scale of your shop.

"Good morning—" The greeting caught briefly in your throat, though your customer service smile never wavered for a single second.

The man stepping over your threshold was *impossibly* tall. Easily towering over six feet three inches, he possessed a lean, athletic frame draped in an extraordinarily dark, high-collared jacket that looked tailored yet intensely functional. But it was his face—or rather, the upper half of it—that would have sent an ordinary shopkeeper stumbling back in alarm.

A thick, pitch-black blindfold covered his eyes entirely, obscuring any hint of a gaze, bound snugly against a shock of snow-white hair that spiked up in soft, gravity-defying tufts.

To an ordinary observer, he looked entirely out of place, perhaps lost on his way to an eccentric fashion shoot or a theatrical rehearsal. What you could not possibly know was that

Gojo Satoru had been tracking a low-grade, foul-smelling Cursed Spirit through the damp residential back alleys of Meguro for the past twenty minutes. His *Six Eyes*, even muffled behind his specialized blindfold, were constantly flooded with an overwhelming, endless stream of raw atomic information, residual cursed energy traces, and the chaotic noise of Tokyo's psychic weight.

He had intended to vaporize the tiny curse and leap back across the skyline to Tokyo Jujutsu High.

Instead, a sudden, blindingly potent wave of caramelizing sugar and warm, toasted butter had caught his hyperrefined senses like a physical hook.

Gojo stopped dead at the center of your quiet patisserie, his head tilting slightly upward as he took a long, exaggerated breath through his nose. Beneath his blindfold, his brows twitched upward in genuine shock. *What is this place?*

Where the rest of Tokyo registered as a dense, noisy map of negative emotion and flickering energy signatures, your tiny bakery hit his perception as a completely neutral, utterly still *blank space*. You possessed zero cursed energy—a completely ordinary civilian. But more than that, the atmosphere inside your shop was so pure, so intensely concentrated on the simple physical reality of baked butter and sugar, that it functioned as a sensory oasis.

"Welcome to ***L'Étoile Douce***," you said smoothly, bowing to a precise, elegant thirty-degree angle. Your voice was soft, warm, and entirely devoid of fear or suspicion. You treated him not as a strange, blindfolded intruder, but with the utmost dignity of a revered patron. "We open in just a few minutes, but please, come inside, *Gojo-san*."

Gojo blinked behind his cloth. He hadn't even given you his name. *(You had simply read the customized silver embroidery caught along the lower hem of his tailored jacket's inner lining as he stepped into the light, though you kept that quiet observation to yourself.)*

"Well, well, well..." his voice was rich, youthful, and carried an easy, infectious arrogance. He took two long, effortless strides towards your display case, leaning his long torso directly over the polished glass. "A baker who doesn't panic when a guy in a blindfold walks in before business hours? I like you already!"

"A customer's appearance is none of my concern, sir," you replied serenely, stepping behind the counter and resting your hands against the wooden trim. "Only their palate. How may I serve you this morning?"

Gojo pressed his nose nearly flat against the top of the glass display case, his blindfold tilting left and right as he inspected the pristine rows of golden-brown treats. "I was just chasing a real pest down the alley, but this smell... *man*, it's crazy. It's like a mountain of pure sugar hit me right in the face." He pointed a long, pale finger with immaculate fingernails towards a tray near the center. "What's that one? The structural one with the dark caramel crust?"

Your eyes softened with quiet pride. "Ah. That is our *Mille-Feuille Classique*. It features three layers of inverted puff pastry—*pâte feuilletée inversée*—baked between weighted

sheets until the natural sugars achieve a deep, amber caramelization. Between the pastry, we pipe a diplomat cream infused with whole Madagascar vanilla beans."

"Inverted puff pastry?" he tilted his head, leaning even lower. "What's the difference?"

"Instead of folding the butter inside the dough layer, we wrap the dough *inside* the butter," you explained patiently, your tone rich with the quiet passion of your craft. "It results in a far flakier, lighter snap, and prevents the cream from crushing the pastry when cut."

Gojo smiled, a wide, brilliant grin that showcased teeth. "Give me one. No—give me *two*."

"Right away, *Gojo-san*."

You reached for a pair of silver tongs and a small, gold-rimmed porcelain dessert plate. Moving with rhythmic, practiced grace, you lifted a perfectly rectangular slice of the *Mille-Feuille* onto the plate, accompanying it with a small, polished silver dessert fork. You placed the dish gently onto the counter atop a starched linen napkin.

"Please enjoy, *Gojo-san*."

He didn't even bother taking a seat at one of the small light-oak tables by the window. He scooped up the silver fork, hovered over the plate for half a second, and brought a full, generous bite to his mouth.

The moment his teeth broke through the top layer, a sound echoed through the silent shop.

CRUNCH.

It wasn't a soft, soggy collapse. It was a sharp, crystalline, shatteringly crisp fracture of a thousand paper-thin caramelized leaves. Immediately following the dramatic crunch came the cool, velvet avalanche of the diplomat cream, rich, silky, packed with the floral, aromatic warmth of crushed vanilla seeds, perfectly cutting through the deep, bitter-sweet edge of the dark caramel crust.

Gojo froze.

Behind his black blindfold, his Six Eyes flared. The chaotic, endless background static of Tokyo, the hum of distant traffic, the flickering residual malice of low-grade curses three blocks away, the sheer atomic weight of the physical universe, seemed to instantly *recede*. The precise balance of temperature, texture, and high-potency sucrose triggered an immediate, overwhelming sensory reset in his brain.

It was, without hyperbole, the single greatest sweet he had ever put into his mouth.

BANG!

He slammed his flat palm down onto the white marble counter so hard the glass display cases rattled in their frames. You didn't even flinch, merely blinking politely as you maintained your upright posture.

"**WHAT IS THIS?!**" Gojo shouted, his voice echoing off the rustic wooden rafters. He swallowed the bite, looking down at the remaining half of the pastry as if it held the secrets to the universe. "This is insane! The crunch?! The cream?! It's not just sweet—it's like... it's like an entire chemical reaction of pure happiness!"

"I am pleased it meets your standards, sir," you replied with a slight, elegant nod. "The butter is imported directly from Normandy, and the vanilla is—"

"I don't care where the butter is from, this is a masterpiece!" he leaned right across the marble counter, his face coming startlingly close to yours. Even with his eyes covered, you could feel the intense, electric focus of his gaze locked entirely onto you. "Hey, baker-chan~. How many different pastries can you make?"

You blinked, taken aback for the very first time by his sudden proximity. "I... well. Between traditional French classics, regional specialties, and my own seasonal variations... I have documented over a hundred recipes from my time in Paris."

Gojo's grin widened until it looked almost wild. He reached down, snatching the second half of the *Mille-Feuille* straight off the plate with his fingers and popping it whole into his mouth.

"One hundred," he mumbled through a mouthful of heavenly pastry, lifting a single finger. He swallowed, wiping a tiny speck of vanilla diplomat cream from the corner of his lip with the back of his thumb. "**One hundred.**That's it. That's the challenge."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm coming here every single day," he announced, resting his hands on his hips and puffing out his chest with complete, unyielding authority. "You are going to serve me all one hundred of those pastries. One by one. And if even *one* of them falls short of this *Mille-Feuille*, I'm going to complain loudly!" He paused, leaning back over the counter with a boyish, teasing smirk. "Though honestly... I don't think you're gonna fail."

You looked at the tall, bizarre, blindfolded man standing in your doorway. Any other shopkeeper in Meguro would have assumed he was unhinged, perhaps calling the local authorities or asking him to leave.

Instead, you looked down at the completely cleared porcelain plate, then back up at his broad, grinning face. A quiet, soft warmth bloomed in your chest, the profound satisfaction of a craftsman whose labor had been truly, deeply appreciated.

You bowed low and gracefully once more, your tone smooth as silk.

"It would be my honor to serve you, *Gojo-san*. I look forward to your daily visits."

Gojo laughed, a loud, ringing sound that filled the peaceful morning air of your patisserie. He tossed a heavy roll of Japanese yen bills onto the counter, far exceeding the price of the single pastry, and turned towards the door.

"See ya tomorrow, my sweet pastry chef! Have number two ready for me!"

The chime rang merrily as he stepped out into the bright Meguro morning, leaving you alone once more in the fragrant warmth of your kitchen. You picked up the silver tongs, carefully placing the generous tip into the register, before pulling a small, leatherbound notebook from beneath the counter.

Unfurling a golden fountain pen, you turned to the very first crisp white page, pressing the nib to the paper in elegant, flowing script.

[The Baker's Journal — Entry #001]

Date: October 31

Pastry: *Mille-Feuille Classique* (Classic Caramelized Mille-Feuille)

Technical Specifications: Three layers of inverted puff pastry (*pâte feuilletée inversée*) baked between heavy sheet pans at 200°C until deep golden and caramelized. Layered with rich Madagascar vanilla bean diplomat cream (lightened with whipped dairy cream).

Target Customer: *Gojo-san* (First customer of the establishment).

Gojo's Perception & Rating: 10/10.

Notes: Customer exhibited an extraordinary, almost physical reaction to the contrast between the caramelized snap of the inverted pastry and the cool temperature of the diplomat cream. Declared the dish to be *"The ultimate sensory reset."* Demanded a continuous challenge of 100 unique pastry creations.

Baker's Personal Observation: He possesses an insatiable sweet tooth and an extraordinarily high sensory awareness. Will need to adjust sugar levels carefully for future fruit-based creations. Also... he requested *"double the sugar"* for his next visit. I shall politely decline that request to maintain structural balance.

Author's Notes:

Since AO3 is currently down for maintenance, I decided to work on another rendition of my top 1 story there entitled, "A Recipe For Disaster" featuring our beloved Gojo Satoru x Reader (Civilian Baker/Baker-chan). Talk about terrible timing when the site went down right after I dropped Chapter 1 of my Halloween special, "The Haunted House of Misunderstandings".

Just a quick heads-up: I won't be posting updates here for my ongoing AO3 fic series here. I know you have all been waiting for the next update of "Between Two Prodigies" as well as "When Silence Touches Infinity" plus if your escape from the Five men would be successful in "Six Below Zero: Bound in Silk and Shadows". I hope you'd enjoy this concept in the

meantime! I just hope they will finish the site maintenance in just 3 days and not 2 weeks... nor 4 weeks..

-Queen10

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!