in the morning

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1164.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Jujutsu Kaisen
Relationship:	Fushiguro Megumi/Itadori Yuuji
Characters:	Fushiguro Megumi, Itadori Yuuji
Additional Tags:	Alpha Fushiguro Megumi, Omega Itadori Yuji, Penis In Vagina Sex, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Itadori Yuji Has a Vagina, Mild Scent Kink, Cross-Posted on AO3, Cross-Posted on SquidgeWorld
Language:	English
Collections:	anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-03 Words: 3,212 Chapters: 1/1

in the morning

by Anonymous

Summary

There's Yuuji. Already awake.

Hanging out in sweats and a thin shirt that definitely belongs to Megumi. His hair’s a little wild and tufted, which means he showered. He never dried his hair with a blow dryer, always rubbing his head roughly with a towel.

Most importantly, his scent is a tangy citrus spice, like the honey apple ginger tea he'd made for Megumi a few weeks ago.

Sweet on his tongue, he breathes in and feels his heart pang.

He missed him so much.

Megumi comes home in the morning, tired and missing his mate.
Luckily, he doesn't need to miss him much longer.

Megumi drags himself through the door at 8.48am.

He knows because he checked the clock every few minutes after he'd dropped his assistant off. It was a trick to not fall asleep at the wheel. That and constantly winding the windows up and down so no scent could settle enough to become comfortingly familiar. And blasting music he hated at ridiculous volume.

Yuuji hated it. He hated it even more when Megumi let slip that he'd learned it from watching Nanami Kento once when Gojo had dumped him on the man mid-mission and he'd taken a 15 minute detour to drive Megumi home.

Megumi hadn't mentioned the part where Nanami turned to him and warned that "overtime was thankless work that only fools took on."

It hadn't seemed relevant to the argument at the time.

What is relevant at this moment is that he'd had to drag himself up three flights of stairs because the elevator in the building has been fucked for weeks and he swears to god he is going to haunt his landlord to death if that shit isn't fixed this week.

Rage finds the last dregs of energy, as he carefully unlocks the door and slips into the apartment as quietly as possible.

Yuuji had had a long-term mission too, longer than Megumi's had been. It had been a relief to get out of the house without Yuuji's scent in it. He didn't want to greet him with any noisy clattering that woke him from the rest he deserved.

He doesn't bother taking off his shoes at the door. too tired to do it quietly. He takes small steps, avoiding the part of the floor that creaked no matter what they did and putting his weight on the door oh so gently.

There's no point to any of it of course.

When he pushes their bedroom door open as quietly as he can, there's Yuuji. Already awake. Hanging out in sweats and a thin shirt that definitely belongs to Megumi. His hair's a little wild and tufted, which means he showered. He never dried his hair with a blow dryer, always rubbing his head roughly with a towel.

Most importantly, his scent is a tangy citrus spice, like the honey apple ginger tea he'd made for Megumi a few weeks ago.

Sweet on his tongue, he breathes in and feels his heart pang.

He missed him so much.

His own scent leaks from the doorway. He can't hold it back any longer.

Yuuji's nose twitches and he looks up from the pages of an old jump volume. His warm gaze finds Megumi's and he offers him a golden smile.

“Hey, baby.”

And at that, all pretense of restraint drains from his body.

Megumi kicks his shoes off into a corner, drops his bag and dumps his jacket where he's standing.

He stalks to the bedside where Yuuji is unfazed by the flurry of silent movement. He opens his arms, in wait.

Megumi collapses onto Yuuji. Pressing his face into his neck. He wants to inhale his scent on every breath. His arms end up tight around Yuuji's waist, one leg between his thighs. He's essentially caged Yuuji into the bed but Yuuji's scent is soft and happy. His fingers trail down Megumi's back, tingling through the remains of his work clothes.

“Mmph. Rough night?”

Rough week.

He should have insisted on going with Yuuji, mission specs be damned.

Being without his omega’s scent for days on end was torture worse than any curse could deal. He should have at least made Yuuji scent their apartment. Rubbed his glands on the counter, press his sweat into their pillows.

If there had to be a next time, he'd force Yuuji to leave his favourite hoodie behind, after he fucked him in it and doused it in his slick. Yeah. That would do it. He should scent Yuuji now. And fuck him. Scent him and fuck him. Cover up that delicious scent in Megumi so everybody knew, so everybody knows, that Yuuji has an alpha who will scent him and fuck him forever. He licks Yuuji’s neck. Yuuji jolts startled.

“Hey?”

Yuuji turns wide eyes on him but Megumi just cups his face.

“Yuuji. I missed you.”

He softens immediately.

“Missed you mo– mmph!”

Yuuji's mouth tastes so sweet, like fruit syrup. He'd probably had juice with his breakfast this morning.

His tongue is soft against his, sliding wetly off his teeth as he explores Yuuji's mouth, dragging across his teeth and gums. He wants to taste every part of him. His hand is firm behind Yuuji's neck, guiding their kiss deeper.

Yuuji bites Megumi’s lip. Not nearly hard enough to draw blood but enough that it will feel different all day. His tongue drops to the spot the second his teeth pull away.

“You need to sleep.”

“Nuh-uh.”

Yuuji thumbs a spot under his eye and Megumi nuzzles his hand.

“Yeah,” Yuuji chuckles, “you really need to sleep, baby.”

“No.”

The word comes out in a petulant whine.

Yuuji’s full lips purse, a furrow forming between his brows. He's thinking, Megumi can taste it in his scent. A little dense and foggy like milk swirling through vanilla. He licks Yuuji's palm and it spikes with citrus.

Yuuji tries to pull his hand away but it's Megumi's now and his throat rumbles in warning. Yuuji acquiesces to the licking and Megumi watches him squirm, a little flush and fluster building across his neck. His bare neck. He'll lick there next. And bite. Megumi hums and makes no move away from Yuuji's palm.

Yuuji watches him. Megumi wants to preen. He loves how his lover's eyes feel on his skin. How his scent coats every breath of air, filling his lungs, his nose, his stomach, his head.

He hopes he dies like this. Not here and now, he’s not had enough of Yuuji, he never will, but someday far away he hopes he dies with Yuuji’s scent thick in his lungs.

Yuuji cups his face, drawing his thumb down his chin.

“Let me cut you a deal.”

Megumi shuts his eyes. Nothing can move him.

“Don’t be like that, babe.” Yuuji kisses his nose and Megumi’s eyes snap open. Yuuji retreats a little at the fervour in Megumi’s gaze. “Hey, wait, wait, just listen-”

It’s too late. Megumi’s already pounced, lips finding Yuuji’s like a homing beacon, pressing Yuuji into the sheets as he teases a sweet moan from his, sweet enough to taste and feel.

Yuuji’s hand finds Megumi’s neck and he returns the kiss just as hungrily. Megumi hadn’t been the only one alone for a week. His fingers find the scar tissue from his bite mark, years old at this point, and for a second Megumi feels fire in his veins, straight through his spine. Their lips part wetly, a hiss slips past Megumi, needing air but hating to leave Yuuji for even a moment.

Yuuji’s knee is bent beneath him and Megumi makes another noise when it bumps the pronounced bulge in his pants. Yuuji’s watching him again, brown eyes firm and chiding.

Something in him cows at the sight, but it is overturned by the raging desire swarming his insides.

“Yuuji,” his voice comes out ragged. He goes to kiss him again but Yuuji stops him with a finger.

“Nuh-uh.” His hand separating them is iron and his scent saturates with dissatisfaction, cloying and acidic. He can’t see his expression clearly but he can see the downwards tilt of his mouth.

“Yuuj.i..”

“That’s not gonna work on me. Alpha was being bad.”

Megumi gasps as if he’d been struck.

“N-no-”

Yuuji’s voice is stern and his scent is dense, settling on Megumi with scolding weight, pulling him near prostrate against Yuuji’s thighs.

“Alpha wasn’t listening to me, wasn’t taking care of me.”

“No, Yuuji, I–,” He pleads against the soft material of his sweats, unable to look up and see his omega’s displeasure reflected back at him. “Alpha is– Alpha’s sorry.”

For one awful second, Megumi thinks that isn’t enough and he will have to spend the day begging for Yuuji, but then in the next, the heavy fog of omegan agitation dissipates into nothing.

“It's okay.” Yuuji’s fingers curl through his hair. “Good boy. I forgive you.”
Yuuji’s hand slips under his chin, drawing him up to face him. Megumi nuzzles his hand, unable to resist his familiar touch, silky and solid. The hand smelled completely like Yuuji but also betrayed his day, a hint of bitterness from the coffee he brewed, a breath of salt from seasoning his breakfast.

“Then…”

Yuuji’s eyes catch the beginnings of sunlight, a warm orange glow behind brown. His lips twitch.

“No.”

Despite himself, Megumi’s face twists, immediately stricken. Yuuji’s fingers circle the hair at his nape, in soothing patterns.

“Listen, okay? Let’s make us both happy. Alpha wants to take care of me right?”

Megumi nods.

“Good. Your omega wants to take care of you, too. Can’t have my alpha sickly, can I? So, how about you take a nap and I make you something to eat–” Megumi’s already shaking his head, but Yuuji holds him still.

“After you take care of me.”

Yuuji kisses him again, slowly this time. Megumi melts into it, finding the rhythm that matches Yuuji’s. Then Yuuji’s scent thickens pure citrus descending on him like a dense fog hitting his brain. Yuuji pulls away.

Megumi blinks, dazed. Yuuji is only a breath apart from him, fingers running up and down Megumi’s neck and he realises Yuuji’s pupils have been dilated, his brown irises a thin outline swallowed up black.

“I missed you so much, baby.”

Yuuji kisses him again and Megumi’s other senses shut off, everything that isn’t Yuuji disappears and suddenly he’s on his back and Yuuji is above him, thumbs in the waistband of his shorts, revealing the soft pink curls that frame his slit. His clit is already swollen fat enough to peek out past the hood.

Hurriedly, Megumi undoes his fly, shucking his boxers down his waist. He lays his hands flat by his sides. Blood thrums through his veins tingling his fingertips but he knows what Yuuji expects of him.

As if to reward his efforts, Yuuji smiles down on him, radiant. The morning sun teasing the window pales in comparison.

The unmanicured pink bush cupping his pussy does little to hide the wetness shiny in the sun. Megumi’s mouth shines similarly with pooling saliva.

Yuuji lifts his hips and brings himself down against the still-covered bulge and Megumi can feel the warm clamminess through the thin cotton of his boxers, which stick to Yuuji’s folds as he reorients himself against Megumi’s pelvis in small, almost frictionless movements.

“Yuuji…”

Yuuji only kisses his forehead in admonishment.

“Be good.” He continues those torturous little shifts and Megumi can feel all the blood in his body pour into his pelvis.

He wants to tell Yuuji that he’s trying his best but he knows right now that’s not good enough and he has to be a good alpha for his omega. It’s just so hard.

Yuuji drags across Megumi’s boxers and he has to bite back a growl. His dick jolts beneath Yuuji, precum already staining his boxers dark at one part.

His whole body jolts when Yuuji’s fingers slip below his boxers, finally revealing his hard staining member, leaking foggy fluid.

Yuuji dips a finger into the precum pooling at the tip and then licks it.
Megumi groans.

He might cum without even getting inside Yuuji. He's so horny he might even knot the air.

Yuuji beams. Sweet and sinister.

He takes the red base of Megumi in one hand and raises his hips above it. He draws a trail over the veiny lines of pumping blood from the rest of his body, before bringing his fingers to his pussy, spreading his folds between two fingers so Megumi can see the glistening inner walls, red and already twitching with hunger.

He smells so good. Megumi takes several deep breaths, his lungs are already swimming in citrus and salt but that will never be enough for him.

Yuuji angles his tip so it grazes against the damp folds of his pussy and Megumi's nails tear into the sheets.

Yuuji glances at him but Megumi is resolutely silent, gaze fixed completely on Yuuji's thighs. Yuuji smiles, and does it again, this time allowing Megumi just slightly deeper, enough that he drags much slower through Yuuji's slit getting caught in the wet grooves.

Yuuji's face and shoulders are red, but he continues to move slowly, allowing Megumi to barely caress his entrance. His own scent has thickened with frustrated arousal, the cold damp forest mingling with bright citrus coloured by the saline sweetness of sex.

He's going to go mad. He is already. He has to make peace with it. At least he's losing his mind to his omega.

Yuuji shifts, hips rising high enough that a thin line of slick appears between his pussy and Megumi's swollen head. The slick, or precum, or maybe combination of the two, glints, casting a glimmering shadow across the wall and taking Megumi's attention for a single bizarre second.

Then, Yuuji drops down and Megumi's dick disappears inside him.

Yuuji's insides are soft but firm, snug and yet a welcome fit, the contradictions working in compliment. His head grinds against the barrier of warmth, tense as Yuuji eases further down the base of Megumi, finding space for him to slide deeper.

He moves slowly at first, feeding Megumi past the rigid rim of his entrance inch by inch. His breath shakes a little but he's completely focused on his task.

Yuuji is tighter than usual. A marginal difference for some but considering Megumi's girth, it makes a difference. He should have gone with him, he thinks again. Made sure his pussy was full every night, made sure it couldn't close up from lonely disuse, so it wouldn't force Yuuji now to gasp as Megumi shifts inside him, still not at the base. Special grade curses be damned.

He bucks his hips, once, twice. Yuuji's scent sharpens but the disapproving gaze he sends to Megumi doesn't match the sweet acidity that climbs as Megumi's hands find Yuuji's hips.

He has to be a good alpha for Yuuji. He has to help him here.

He slams Yuuji down as he bucks upward the third time, cramming as much of himself inside Yuuji as he can. The warm barrier at his head dislodges at last and Megumi wonders if he's breached his cervix but doesn't dwell because Yuuji throws his head back and screams, all the air rushing out of his lungs. Moisture sprays across Megumi's pelvis. More drips from the pussy now stretched taut along his base. The shape of him bulges through Yuuji's belly. They're connected completely now, and Megumi is pleased by his contribution. He traces patterns onto Yuuji's hips, waiting patiently for him to catch his breath.

And Yuuji does, albeit slowly. Shutting his eyes tight and then blinking the sluggishness out of them.
He leans forward, keeping pressure between his legs. He has no intention of pulling away from Megumi. In fact he draws Megumi into him, capturing his mouth in a kiss and grinding their hips against each other as if there is any more of Megumi that can fit inside him.

Megumi's eyes fall closed, so he can only feel as Yuuji begins to ride him in earnest.

Lifting his hips minutely and sliding down slow, looking for as much friction between their bodies as possible. Soon, though, friction is not an option. Yuuji's slick squelches whenever Megumi is shifted inside him. The head snags on the rim of his pussy, but the rest slides in and out with a slurp. There's no scent in the room but theirs, the forest floor and citrus fruit and sea-brine salt. Their skin slaps together sodden with building sweat and Yuuji's slippery wetness, not helped by how much precum Megumi is still leaking. He's desperately close, he knows, has been since he caught Yuuji's scent in the air. Now, as Yuuji hoists his hips high enough Megumi near slips out just to ram him back inside, his balls bounce traitorously. He can't cum first.

He snakes a hand between their bodies. Yuuji's shirt is damp with warm sweat, riding above his abdomen and sticking to his chest. Megumi's was discarded at some point so he slides to his goal with minimal obstruction.

Yuuji jolts at the first brush against his neglected clit, he cries out at the second. Megumi's thumb rubs circles into the stiff-standing bundle of nerves, building in pressure.

Yuuji arms go tight around his neck, abruptly putting all of his weight on Megumi, on where they're joined. Megumi takes it readily. His arm goes across his back, holding him close. The other doesn't stutter, circling the damp head of his clit. Yuuji whines, hips dropping low, and his breath is hot against Megumi's ear.

"Fuck," Yuuji groans. The sound runs hot through him. His eyes peel open for it. Yuuji's face is wrecked, flushed red with wild abandon, mouth open and damp with saliva, tears clustered in the corner of his eyes, squeezed shut. He's close. Megumi's no better.

He presses down hard on the little bulge beneath his thumb and Yuuji gasps, eyes open. All gold, crashing into Megumi's green.

“Megumi-” Yuuji’s breath cuts into a moan that Megumi feels through his walls vibrating somehow tighter than ever. His eyes stay on Megumi’s. His fingers are tight in Megumi’s hair.

“Together.”

Megumi doesn’t have words, and he doesn’t bother looking for them. He just kisses Yuuji as his balls seize and Yuuji’s insides ripple and a deluge of cum explodes from him inside Yuuji.

Yuuji whines into Megumi’s mouth and Megumi swallows the sound, chasing Yuuji’s tongue.

The kiss deepens as cum stains the sheets around their thighs, leaking leisurely from where they’re connected.

They sink into the bed, wrapped in each other’s arms. Megumi’s eyes slip closed again.

The room stinks of sex. The sheets smell like Yuuji. Their lips part and Megumi breathes in deeply, feels the scent tickle down his throat. He licks a patch across Yuuji’s cheek. Feels Yuuji giggle against him and revels in the salt of tears and sweat tingling across his tongue.

All the tension was leached out of him by his orgasm. His entire body is limp. In its place a pleasant exhaustion has entered, settling into his bones, dragging him even deeper into sleep.

Yuuji’s soft lips brush over his nose, his eyes, his brow. His thumb is gentle, dragging across his cheek.

His sense of the room is gone, sunlight spreads across his leg and is then muffled by a blanket pulled over his shoulder. Yuuji is all that remains. His scent, his touch. His breath.

It’s all he needs.

At some point, the weight on his arms shifts. He clings. Unhappiness soils his scent. A murmur that doesn’t quite reach his ears.

“Stay.”

His voice isn’t loud. He knows Yuuji will hear him.

Warmth resettles against his body. The scent of his mate blankets him completely.

His breath evens.

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