NSFW Alphabet [Satoru Gojo]

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NSFW Alphabet [Satoru Gojo]

by demonesque

Summary

basically what the title says; twenty-six short one shots based onthe prompts of the NSFW alphabet. Please enjoy <3

Chapter 1: A is for AFTERCARE

“Please get off of me, Satoru. You are sweaty and heavy” (Y/N), the wife of the great Satoru Gojo begged her husband after he came inside of her and the two of them finally came down from their high, earning her nothing more than a mere giggle from her husband who, instead of getting off of her, just buried his face in the crook of her neck before he whispered something.

“No” was all he said and even though it was just a single word she could not help herself but roll her eyes as she once again tried to push her husband off of her.

After a few more minutes he finally rolled off of her, propping his head up with one of his hands as the other one was caressing her body, the smile still on his lips.“You’re freaking gorgeous” he smirked at her, causing her to blush as she rolled her eyes before returning her attention to her husband and carefully caressing his cheek.

“You say that every day” she reminded him, which in turn caused him to laugh as his cerulean eyes met hers.

“Because it is true. I am one lucky bastard to have a wife who is not only this beautiful but also a goddess in bed” he smirked, causing her to blush once again.

She wanted to say something else but did not get the chance to because all of a sudden Satoru decided to get out of bed and just scoop her up, causing a surprised noise to leave her lips, which in turn caused him to laugh.

“Let’s clean up so we can cuddle in peace” he explained to his wife who was holding onto him as he carried her over to the master bathroom that was right next to their shared bedroom.

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Carefully he sat her down on the edge of the bathtub as he started to get the shower ready for the two of them.

Both him and (Y/N) normally preferred to take a bath together afterwards but he was too tired tonight and so they would just take a shower together.

As soon as he made sure that the water had the right temperature he helped his wife into the shower, holding her hand and smiling at her as the two of them took their place beneath the giant shower head that was raining down upon them from the ceiling.

(Y/N) was basically clinging to Satoru as he was washing her, avoiding her hair as he knew that she had just washed it this morning instead opting to put it up with a clip.

She felt like she was melting beneath her husband’s big hands that were so gentle on her body, making sure that every part of her was clean before she started to turn her attention to

him, a smile on her lips.

“Let me help you, my love” she almost whispered as she started to wash his body, her touch so gentle on his skin that he could not help himself but feel the goosebumps run down his spine whenever she ran her fingernails across his chest.

“You’re simply amazing, my love” he whispered as she was washing his hair, which in turn caused a little laugh to escape her lips as she looked at him.

“I’m just trying to be what is expected of me. To be a good wife for the strongest sorcerer of them all” she reminded him and even though he knew that this was once the expectation the higher ups and the elders had of their marriage he knew that things had changed since then and so he sighed.

“You are so much more than that. You are the person who once again showed me what it feels like to be loved” he reminded his wife who in turn just smiled as she continued to wash his hair.

(Y/N) knew that Satoru was right.

When the two of them first met, mere weeks before they were supposed to get married, he was a different man.

A man who was hurt and angry at the world.

Someone who wanted to trust but simply couldn’t as he was scared of getting hurt again.

And yet they managed to work things out.

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After the two of them got out of the shower and dried themselves off Satoru excused himself for a moment and quickly walked over to the bedroom where he grabbed some fresh underwear for himself and her as well as a silk nightgown for her, which he then handed over to her.

After the two of them made their way back to their bed they curled up, Satoru’s chest against the back of (Y/N) and his face pressed into her hair, inhaling the scent of her as well as the scent of her lotion.

So the two of them were laying in bed and just started to talk about everything and nothing, something that both of them loved as it gave them a feeling of a somewhat normal life.

Because in moments like this Satoru Gojo managed to forget that he felt like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

In moments like these his wife was the only thing that mattered.

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