Flower in the Rain

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Flower in the Rain

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

Routines were a natural part of life. Everyone, from the mightiest samurai to the lowliest peasant and everyone in between, had a routine of some sort or another. You were no different in that way. Despite being of rather humble origins, you secured employment at a tea house in exchange for room and board. There were better jobs and worse jobs you could have had, not just in regards to your duties but also to the many customers that visited your establishment. Most of them were alright in the sense that you remembered nothing especially heinous about them. Others were unpleasant in a variety of diverse ways. One in particular turned out to be something quite different entirely.

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Some thunderstorms bring a whole lot more than rain.

Notes

Not meant to be canon complaint-this is an alternate universe where Susanoo and some other characters happen to be hanging around in late Edo era Japan at the same time for plot reasons. Any historical inaccuracies outside of certain characters being alive at the same time are completely unintentional on my part.

Also, feel free to comment with what your favorite season is and/or what your favorite kind of weather is.

Routines were a natural part of life. Everyone, from the mightiest samurai to the lowliest peasant and everyone in between, had a routine of some sort or another. You were no different in that way. Despite being of rather humble origins, you secured employment at a tea house in exchange for room and board. There were better jobs and worse jobs you could have had, not just in regards to your duties but also to the many customers that visited your establishment. Most of them were alright in the sense that you remembered nothing especially heinous about them. Others were unpleasant in a variety of diverse ways. One in particular turned out to be something quite different entirely.

It was trivially easy to notice him-he accidentally hit his head on the top of the doorway the first time he walked through the entrance. In your haste to assist him in case of any injury he may have received from his mishap, you rushed towards him, panicking like a mother hen. "Are you alright?!"

"I'm fine." He assured you. "It's not the first time this has happened to me around here." Though he didn't look like a foreigner, he was much taller than any other man you'd seen. The giant bandaged sword he carried before leaving it with an attendant at the front door was definitely something you hadn't seen before either. Who was he? What was he? These two questions grabbed hold of your mind like a vice grip, curiosity motivating your every interaction with him from that moment forward.

"Certainly." You knew better than to argue with a guest (so long as he wasn't being disruptive to other patrons, which he wasn't.) "Is there anything I can get for you?" Your heart continued beating faster than normal, which was most definitely not helped when his eyes met yours directly, his large, bushy eyebrows furrowed in interest. "This isn't the fanciest place but if there's any kind of tea you want, just let me know."

A cup of tea would be nice (once he decided what kind of tea he wanted,) but at the moment, there was something else he wanted. "I'd like to know what your name is." Aside from being pleasant to look at, your caring, compassionate demeanor was just the perfect thing to lift his spirits after what had been (until then,) a bad day.

Not that unusual of a request. It was hardly the first time someone asked what your name was. " I'm _____."

Upon hearing the answer, his eyes lit up with noticeable interest. "Well, _____, it's lovely to meet you." All either of you had time to do then was exchange a short bow, as someone else-a very short man with a spiky looking ponytail wearing a light blue haori, shouted at him to get his attention, as if trying to get the attention of an absentminded friend who was getting distracted from an important task.

Busy as you were with your duties for the rest of the day, you could only hope he was telling the truth and that he would, indeed, be okay. Life was hard for everyone, but being a samurai (anyone carrying such an impressive sword had to be some kind of samurai, your basic common sense told you,) had its own unique challenges that few were equipped to deal with. With a man like him, you couldn't be too surprised if you discovered he was a ronin, but you knew better than to ask him about that.

In time, you learned a good deal of what there was to know about the tall, eccentric samurai who wandered into a humble tea shop in a humble town like it was the most normal, regular thing in the world. Susanoo, his name was, visited once a week every week, sometimes alone, other times accompanied by the short man in the blue haori. As the weeks turned into months and the seasons marched their slow, steady march, marking the passing of time, you first though Susanoo to be a good customer. Later, you thought him to be a familiar friendly face that brought some cheer to your normal routine. With the continual passage of time, however, things became most unusual. Grateful as you were for Susanoo's presence when he arrived, there was something missing, you were sure of it.

Looking out a window one day when the first blossoms of spring were budding on a nearby cherry blossom tree, you saw a tiny, fat bird perch on one of the branches near another, plainer looking bird. The tiny, fat bird hopped around a bit, squawking in a shrill little voice in its efforts to perform a mating dance to impress the more plain looking bird. You weren't sure why your thoughts suddenly turned to Susanoo upon witnessing such a display, but as you were holding a broom in one hand and there was a bucket of water on the floor, you shook your thoughts out of your mind like a dog shaking itself off after being bathed. Brains were silly things sometimes, and thus they were not always worth paying attention to, you reminded yourself, returning to your task of mopping the floor just as the front door opened and a certain samurai waltzed through without regard for the storm clouds that had been slowly developing all day, though this time, as in all the other times after his first visit, luck smiled on him and he didn't hit his head while trying to come inside.

"Good afternoon, Susanoo-!" You greeted him the moment you realized he was there, setting aside your mop and bucket. He was a bit late, and normally he was never late, so you wanted to make every effort possible, even above and beyond the usual, to make sure he had a good visit. "If you need anything, I can prepare it anytime you want."

"Hmm-" Susanoo could be impulsive, but he always saved the most extreme examples of that for times and places other than visiting the tea shop you worked at. There was no point in rushing through a good cup of tea, after all. "I'll take whatever is newest. And take your time, I'm not in any rush."

His occasional companion wasn't with him this time, but Susanoo managed to find a group of people to talk to soon after you greeted him. It wasn't uncommon for men from all over to find some occasion to meet in the tea shop, hashing out all manner of different conversations and discussions over tea. Many of them were samurai, and around such guests, you only made your presence known when absolutely necessary, otherwise spending all your time attending to your duties and keeping everything functioning as well as possible. Not everyone was as interested in whatever conversational pleasantries you had to offer as Susanoo was, and that was okay. Whether lively or quiet, the day would pass by all the same. A few other people trickled in as time marched on, but mostly, people began leaving, until you found yourself with nothing to do but prepare to close up shop for the day. Like many guests, Susanoo sometimes stayed for quite a while. Some conversations could last the better part of an afternoon or even longer, and while you were not privy to the particular conversation Susanoo was having, being busy with other duties at the time, you could only assume it was one of great importance, as you had not seen or heard anything else from him for the rest of

the day. The sky was full of storm clouds, threatening a truly massive deluge of rain that would no doubt deter any future visitors until the ominous weather passed.

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By all accounts, it was a dreadful storm. Some weather defied any attempts to find any positive spin on it, save for the fact that you were warm, safe, and had shelter. As always, your nightly routine was simple and once you were as clean and comfortable as you could be, alone in your room wearing your sleeping clothes, you climbed under the layers of blankets on your thin paper futon, ready to rest your head on your pillow. As far as you could tell, it seemed that, aside from the weather, you were in for an uneventful night.

The noise of the steady rain and wind had a funny way of drowning out other noises. Even the short, steady knock on the sliding screen that separated your room from the hallway took a moment to notice. To be fair, it was unusual for someone to want your attention this late at night and it was also unusual for someone to knock on a sliding screen. Unusual or otherwise, however, it became clear within a few seconds time that someone wanted either your attention, your company, or your help.

"May I come in?" It was a simple question and right now, you had no reason to turn him away.

"You may." His voice was distinct enough that it was impossible to mistake him for anyone else.

Susanoo was nothing if not consistent. His hair was always styled in the same way, part of it tied into a traditional-looking chonmage while the rest flowed freely, he always thanked the staff for their hard work on each visit, and he always walked in the building carrying a giant sword wrapped in bandages or cloth. He always greeted you warmly when he saw you and the way he spoke to you always made you feel like someone important. Above all else, he was more blunt, honest, and forthright than anyone else you'd ever known. His mannerisms, his way of speaking, and his body language carried an undeniable sense of authenticity that marked him as unique to the highest possible degree.

It was such consistency that left you with a feeling of calm, safety, and security when he was around. A peculiar set of attributes for such a peculiar man but as some claimed, the heart desired what it desired, reason and logic and rationality be damned. For that reason, despite being in nothing but your bed clothes, loosely worn in a way that showed some skin, you felt no concern when he entered, shutting the sliding screen behind him and sitting next to you.

"How did you know this was my room?" Curiosity always prickled on the surface of your skin when Susanoo was around, and this time was no different.

"I didn't." He seemed relaxed, untroubled by the stormy weather outside. "I suppose I just got lucky. As it happens, I had a meeting today that went on for far longer than I expected it to and by the time I could leave, I realized I'd never make it to an inn in time." Everything in his voice and face suggested nothing but sincerity. "I don't suppose you're particularly busy with anything at the moment."

"No-I was just getting ready for bed." The focused, attentive look he always had whenever you talked to him did some nice things for your self-esteem. It wasn't the only effect he had on you, however, as the warmth that had a common habit of settling below your skin when he spoke to you was undeniably difficult to miss. "To tell the truth, I'm not really all that tired yet though." You could have gone to sleep had it not been for the sound of the loud storm outside, but the noise made it difficult to quiet your mind well enough to drift off into an easy sleep.

A knowing look in his eye captured your attention immediately without struggle. "That makes two of us, then. Perhaps getting stuck in such a dull conversation earlier and not being able to leave on time to find somewhere else to go for the night wasn't such a terrible thing after all."

"This place has been my home for a while, but I've always wondered what it would be like to wander from place to place like you do." Susanoo had been staying in the area for a while but due to his occupation, he traveled frequently, visiting many different parts of Japan. As for you, you were born in, grew up in, and worked in the same town all your life. "I bet I'd have interesting stories to share like you do if I was able to travel like you do."

"You do see quite a lot when you're on the road." Susanoo admitted. He was stranger than anything else he ever saw on the road, but there was no need to share that with you. "But there are plenty of fascinating things in this town."

His judgment seemed solid, but you had questions and you wanted answers. "Like what?" You weren't even sure what you were really asking for, but you like hearing about all the interesting things he had to share. Susanoo was a veritable depository of information, anecdotes, and stories of all kinds, and such visitors were a wellspring of entertainment.

"Well, for one thing, even a simple town like this has trees that bloom full of beautiful flowers in the spring. And this small tea shop is filled with every type of tea I could imagine." You hadn't noticed how close he was to you-he wasn't touching you, and the room was small, so you thought it unimportant to focus on such details. "And I just so happened to find a lovely little flower in this tea shop as well."

You noticed the warmth of his hand before you realized that he was stroking the side of your face. A few seconds was all the time you had to process the gesture before he kissed you. His lips were just as warm as his hand and he slid his tongue in your mouth without hesitation. You had never been held so close by a man before, certainly not with such passion, Susanoo's feelings for you being all but spelled out for you. It took nothing but a couple of seconds to realize your lips might be a bit bruised after this, the thought strangely electrifying. All of this provided you with answers to questions you had been harboring for quite some time. Not a bad thing-not a bad thing at all-you threw your arms around his neck, settling into the warmth and comfort of his embrace.

When he let you get some air again, he couldn't help but relish the dazed, breathless look on your face, confusion replaced by desire. There was still a hint of shock, but he would work his best to remedy that. "I wasn't lying, you know. I would never do that to you, sweetheart." It was true. He never lied because he was far too blunt and lacking in subtlety to do such a

thing, let alone with a splendid beauty like you. "If you want me to, I'd like to share your bed tonight."

You mulled it over. Why not? There were risks involved with such a thing, of course, but if you had to take those risks with anyone, you couldn't think of any other man you'd rather take them with. Besides, you weren't stupid, you knew how to protect yourself from certain consequences, regardless of how well he controlled himself. "That's fine if you'd like, but the walls are thin so we should try to be quiet."

A regrettable detail, but no matter. He would find a way to make do. He always did. "That's quite alright." Susanoo assured you, pressing your bottom lip with his thumb, the sensation only adding to the electric pleasure coursing through every atom and fiber of your being, anticipation eagerly dancing under your skin. "Just leave everything to me."

Once you slid out of your clothes, Susanoo laid you on your back, shrugging off his own clothes with little effort before crawling on top of you. You kissed each other for a while, your hands roaming around his body with the same enthusiasm as he touched you with, although due to Susanoo being much larger than you, your efforts were less successful than his. Despite appearing middle aged, Susanoo was stronger than even the most notable warriors you'd ever heard of. Such strength was an enigma but not an unwelcome one by any means, Susanoo effortlessly moving you into the position he wanted you in when he wanted something else besides simple exploration.

"This will be easier if you relax but let me know if anything hurts." With your legs spread apart, it was as simple as could be for Susanoo to finger you, starting out with a slow, gentle movement of two of his fingers. "Hmm-It seems I'm even luckier than I thought-to think you'd be so wet for this old man."

"You can-uh-take your time-no rush-" You didn't want him to think you were too eager out of fear that he would stop too soon. It wasn't that you weren't looking forward to what might follow, but you were not in the least bit disappointed in what his brain had cooked up so far, your mind flailing and fumbling in your attempt to communicate as much to him. "It's-ahvery good-really good-"

In a few moment's time, you felt yourself approach your peak, grabbing onto Susanoo's wrist like a lifeline. Somehow, it was over all too fast and all too slow. Dazed, sweaty, and more than a touch out of breath, your eyes met his, his expression telling you more than words ever could. Of course, Susanoo, never one to settle for merely good enough, voiced his thoughts without any inhibition.

"Hold still." Your eyes went wide when Susanoo grabbed his cock, lining it up with your cunt. "I'll try to start slow."

Big, lofty goals were all well and good but Susanoo found himself struggling to follow his words when he sheathed his cock inside your cunt, the silky soft grip squeezing almost every inch of his cock, feeling so tight it was almost constricting.

"Oh-" Well, there was one thing you were sure about. Even in the very dim light of your room, you knew full well that your eyes hadn't been playing tricks on you. If there were any

other men out there who were built quite like Susanoo, they must have sworn an oath eons ago to remain in hiding in another universe for all eternity.

"Look at you, doing so well-" Susanoo had to pause for a moment to catch his breath, but you were sure you were more out of breath than he was. "It's like you were made for me-any man would kill to be so lucky."

Even if you entirely ignored who and what Susanoo was, you could find no good reason to doubt he was telling you anything but the truth. Such white hot, burning passion was beyond even the most skilled actor's ability to fake. Every thrust, every movement, every breath told you as much, as clearly as the sunniest day and as strongly as the largest thunderstorm. Each well-timed thrust on Susanoo's part brought you closer to a much desired release, your body craving more with each passing second.

Susanoo normally didn't consider himself a jealous man, but he had decided the moment he laid eyes on you earlier, the way you looked up at him, half surprised and half curious, under the cover of your bed clothes, that no other man deserved you. The fire you lit inside him could only be put out one way, and it was to his sublime, perfect joy that you accepted his advances, being just as eager to be with him as he was to be with you. It was no easy task to control his movement, to still the frenzy inside him that demanded he give into his most basic impulses, but he knew better than to risk hurting you, so he kept at the same steady, moderate pace, holding you carefully like a precious jewel he had been tasked to guard with his life. To taste, see, smell, hear, and feel a sublime creature like you, to discover your inner secrets and private fantasies, to take you apart with with each thrust of his hips was a delight far beyond any ambrosia the gods could conjure. Such a small ask and yet such an enormous one too, he just wanted you to be his, only his, and never share your innermost secrets with other men.

"Mine." He murmured that single word in a low, rough voice several times throughout, holding you with the exact sort of reverence and worship one would hold a living god in the flesh. His thrusts grew more sloppy and disjointed as he continued, clearly succumbing to whatever series of thoughts were occupying his mind. "Don't worry-" His voice made it no secret that he was running out of composure but that didn't have a chance in hell of stopping him. "You're doing so well, just stay like that-" You couldn't move if you wanted to but such thoughts were the furthest thing from even the farthest corners of your mind. Being an easygoing, happy go lucky man who was more occupied with the art of the sword than anything else, it was unusual for him to have such possessive thoughts regarding another person. Perhaps he had really underestimated just how lovely human women could be. It was a curious thing, the effect a woman could have on a man. You tightened your inner muscles in response to a particularly well-timed thrust on his part, clenching around his cock, wanting to know what would happen if you did. "That's my girl-my sweet girl-" He rocked his hips with all the intensity of a lightning strike, not bothering to suppress a low, guttural moan when your nails made slight indents on his skin. "Take it-take it all-" There were many things in the world that could be doubted, but his feelings for you weren't anywhere on that list.

With a few final, stuttering motions, his hips crashing against yours with perfect force and intensity, Susanoo reached his peak, a brief, half strangled noise vibrating from his throat helping tip you over the edge right after him, a shockwave of pleasure unlike anything else you'd ever felt before making your vision go blank and your mind go quiet, the tension

building inside you melting into a perfect cloud, like you were floating miles above the earth's atmosphere in a dimension not of this world. Susanoo held you as close as could be as he buried his face in the crook of your neck, his hips finally going still only after your tight, wet cunt drained every drop of come he had. Some of the hot, sticky liquid soon wound up on the thin, pathetic excuse for a sheet you had under you, the thing had basically been in tatters long before he ever became a regular presence in your life so you were of a mind to toss it out the next time you could move your legs (which you suspected would not be for a while.)

The wind was still howling, not enough to knock down any of the nice trees in the area, thankfully, but it was a dreadful sound, one only made tolerable by the fact that you were too lost in a haze of bliss, being crushed by Susanoo's weight in the most perfect, enjoyable way possible while he waited for his cock to soften enough to be able to pull out of you. Part of you wished he wouldn't, but everyone had to move around and do things sometimes, and eventually, so would you. Probably tomorrow, assuming the storm didn't turn out to cause too much damage. Actually, even if the storm did cause a lot of damage, you would still have to haul yourself out of bed and do some serious cleaning up. Finding yourself at a loss for anything else to do, your heart still racing and your lungs still desperate for more air than you seemed to be getting, you threaded your fingers through Susanoo's soft, luxurious hair, marveling at how the lighter strands, the color of silvery white snow perfectly reflected the sliver of moonlight that made its way into your room by way of a very old, cracked window.

The storm outside was still raging, but you could sense that the storm inside Susanoo, whatever its size and shape, was now calm, and sleep seemed much closer to you now than ever before. You would have to thank him later (before cleaning up, after cleaning up, or perhaps both. Probably both.) But for now, you simply met his gaze when he brought it towards you again, his eyes locking onto yours in a moment so affectionate you thought your heart was made out of stardust. Thankfully, you had enough energy to stroke the side of his face after he pulled out of you, letting your gesture tell him what you didn't have the energy to put into words at the moment. You let yourself close your eyes when he kissed your forehead, pulling you close enough to him to allow you to rest your head on his chest, the noise outside fading fast as you slipped into comfortable dreams.

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