# Unorthodox Medicine

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# Unorthodox Medicine

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

Taking a trip for some much needed supplies winds up with you getting a little something extra as a result for your troubles.

Notes

For the purposes of this fic, assume it takes place in Japan in the early part of the Yayoi Era. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yayoi_period

Cool, clean it was just what you needed. Glancing at the sun, which had just reached its final resting point in the sky before it would begin to set, you stepped into the water, each step slow and cautious to lessen your risk of injury. After this, you would need to find shelter, a task easier said than done. Once you were a little more than waist deep into the water, you stopped, realizing that venturing further would only lead to problems you weren't in the mood to deal with.

It wouldn't take long to wash up, but you also didn't want to dawdle and waste time. Once the sun set, you wanted to have protection from the elements and from prying eyes.

The elements, luckily, had not yet caused you significant hardship in the past day. You began your journey shortly after dawn. As your village's healer, it had fallen to you to search for some herbs needed for a common remedy. The supply had run low and you were the only one who knew what to look for and how to find it, so off you went, hoping for a short and uneventful journey. Prying eyes, however, proved to be a different matter entirely. Unlike most examples of such a thing, the ones you saw weren't unpleasant. It was an accident-you heard a slight ripple, if that. You expected a frog, maybe a fish. The truth was a matter wholly unlike either of those things. There had been a large tree blocking your view of the rest of the pond, so you had no chance to see your observer until he had already seen you.

At that moment, you found yourself staring at a very strong man with broad shoulders and a delightfully wide chest you could bury your face in. His eyes were a unique shade somewhere between brown and red, bold and unusual in equal measure, and the lines on his face along with the old, twisted scars scattered across his body in a way that reminded you of dented iron suggested that he was close to middle age.

Despite his gruff, unconventional appearance, he was quite handsome, his body well built due to a combination of genetics and hard work. To say you lacked the proper words to fully do him justice was to say the sun rose in the east and set in the west. A mere description was of no use but it was all you had.

"My apologies." He had a warm, pleasant voice like the deep, soothing heat of a strong, steady bonfire. "I didn't realize I wasn't alone." He seemed as surprised to see you as you were to see him, but his surprise was unaccompanied by even a speck of disappointment. Like you, he had intended to bathe in the pond, though judging by the lack of water clinging onto his exposed skin, he hadn't been in the water as long as you had.

"Well, the tree is pretty big." When you were away from your village, you tried to keep a low profile, seeking to avoid unwanted attention. "I didn't notice you there either."

It wasn't a bad tree. It wasn't a particularly impressive tree, but it looked like it was successful at doing whatever trees were supposed to do. Its large, numerous leaves also provided shade, which for some reason helped you feel a little less exposed despite the fact that you were naked in front of a man you had never seen before. He was also naked too, which was to be expected for someone bathing in a pond, but it was still a lot to take in. For one thing, it was as hard to look away from his body as it was to ignore the fluttering, pounding feeling in your chest when he caught your gaze in his own.

"It is." It was obvious to him that your assessment was correct. There were trees, and then there were trees that were big enough to support the weight of an entire person. Due to the tree being so close to the water, climbing it would be a fool's errand, but a tree of its size could have other uses. He moved closer to you, though nothing in his movements or body language carried any aggression. "I didn't mean to intrude, but I can't say I'm disappointed to find a beauty like you here." Susanoo's main pastime was training to learn all there was to know about the art of the sword, but sometimes he wandered into other sorts of situations and some of them were quite pleasant. Furthermore, it had been a long time since he had a woman and every so often, curiosity about the fairer half of humanity popped up in his brain.

"I don't live here. I'm just traveling through." Meeting men outside of your village was a very unusual experience for you and you were never quite sure what to say when it happened.

"I suppose it's a lucky coincidence to find you here, then." Susanoo hadn't seen everything he would have liked to see, but he very much liked what he saw so far and nothing about you suggested that you were a threat or had any bad intentions. He was supposed to be careful to avoid interfering in human affairs, but you didn't seem to be involved in any affairs, so he could afford to allow himself a moment of impulsiveness. "You're very beautiful." He pet your hair, letting his hand glide to the back of your head, as if wanting to make sure you were real.

"You're very handsome." You admitted. He seemed like the type who would know the truth even if you tried to hide it from him, and you liked the way his eyebrows furrowed in concentration when he looked at you, as if he were enamored by your beauty. In truth, you never thought too much about yourself that way. Your village was small and there weren't many options, so to speak, so you never thought it wise to assume you would find what you were looking for. Many people never found what they were looking for, after all.

Finding a lovely and agreeable woman was a nice treat after a long day of training, and it seemed safe to assume you weren't the object of another man's affections, so Susanoo was interested to see what direction things would head in if he spoke his mind, proceeding full speed ahead. He brought his hand to the small of your back, holding you close to him but still giving you enough breathing room to move away from him if you wanted to. Seeking some support (and satisfaction for some of your curiosity,) you rested your hand on his chest, delighted to find that it felt just as firm, solid, and smooth as it looked. "That's good to hear." Susanoo gently stroked the side of your face with his free hand, as if trying to etch exactly what your face looked and felt like into his memory, his hand stopping under your jaw to tilt your face up slightly. "May I?"

You nodded, Susanoo bringing his mouth to yours. He had to pick you up to do so, as the difference in height between you both was at least a foot, if not more. He had wonderfully strong arms, holding you like you were the most precious treasure in the world. The world was full of treasures, but none felt so warm and inviting as you, and none offered the soft, enticing dips and curves of their body for him to feel and hold. Though his lips were a bit dry-you assumed he had been traveling a long distance before arriving here-he kissed you with a bold, intense passion that lit up every single one of your nerve endings in the best possible way.

Before long, your back was pressed against the tree, Susanoo holding you securely in place while he grabbed his cock, stroking it a few times. He didn't feel any particular need to warm up, but it felt more natural anyways. In this particular part of the pond, the water only went up to the middle of your thighs, which worked out just perfectly for both of you.

"Wait-" Your voice was soft but insistent. He was big-quite a bit bigger than what you had seen before. Human men could vary in size, of course, but only to a certain extent. The human gene pool had limits to its diversity, after all. You liked the way his cock looked-it even had a slight curve to it that made it stand out in shape as well as size, but something of such a size would require the right sort of preparation.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you're ready for it." Susanoo hadn't forgotten to prepare you, clumsy and fumbling as his gestures were. Sometimes scarcity made his brain jump into overdrive, hopping between multiple actions at a rapid pace in his haste to make everything feel just right. "Here."

You spread your legs apart when he gently nudged them open, Susanoo rubbing the small nub right above your entrance that always made you see stars. It took him some time to figure out the best way to rub it but once the wheels clicked in his brain, (prompted by your eyes widening and your hands reaching to grab his wrist to make sure he didn't pull his hand away,) he kept on doing exactly what he was supposed to until your mind went black, a familiar earth-shattering, leg-shaking feeling crashing into you like a tidal wave. You had never been to the ocean before but you had heard stories of it passed down to you by the village elders and truly, no other description felt apt to describe what you just felt.

Still, Susanoo, not one to want to leave anything to chance when there was no need to, wanted to make sure you were as ready as you could possibly be. This time, holding you in a somewhat more secure grasp, he pushed two fingers inside your cunt, curling his fingers as he thrust them in and out in a slow but steady motion, a wave of heat rolling across every exposed inch of his skin each time you moaned or gasped in pleasure, the soft little noises you made making him all too aware of how painfully hard he had become. Unlike before, you didn't have the wherewithal to grab onto his wrist, only writhing and squirming a little because Susanoo didn't want to hold you tightly enough to hurt you. Seconds soon turned into a minute, then two, perhaps a third. Neither you nor Susanoo could say exactly how much time passed, but soon enough, your whole body tensed up, your cunt squeezing around his fingers while a burst of ecstasy overwhelmed you. The sudden wet sensation on his fingers (not from the water,) made whatever saliva he had left in his mouth run dry. If there was ever a good time to know a woman in the most primitive sense, now was it.

You had never grabbed onto anything harder (or tighter,) in your life, your arms thrown around his shoulders when Susanoo picked you up, lifting you completely off the surface you had been standing on until that point, your legs on either side of his waist while he thrust into you with a short, low grunt. Once he bottomed out, satisfied by the lack of any signs of pain or discomfort detected from you, he began fucking you with short, stuttered thrusts, increasing the length of each thrust very slowly and gradually, giving your body a chance to accommodate the length and girth of his cock as best as you could. Not every woman could take him as well as he liked and some of them couldn't take much of him at all, but luckily for you, your body wanted everything he could give you, in size at least if not intensity. His

stamina surpassed that of any human, but as lovely as it was to be fucked so deeply and thoroughly, you were still only human.

The bark of the tree wasn't exactly comfortable, but the tree itself offered enough support for Susanoo to keep you still and secure while he fucked you, each harsh, punishing thrust he delivered scrambling your brain more and more until your thoughts were occupied by nothing but him, the rest of the world falling away into tiny pieces as if it had just been dropped off of a roof and shattered into mere fragments. Such strength was, until now, completely foreign to you. You lacked a frame of reference for such intensity, such passion, being swept away by the force of his desire that it was all you could do to hold onto him for dear life, to try to mold your body as close to his as possible, to try to feel each and every possible inch of him in every possible way. He filled you so thoroughly with each thrust that your five senses-sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch, felt unreal, a layer of invisible heat throbbing under your skin, a parchment thin layer of time seeming to be the only thing separating you from complete and utter bliss.

Panting and grunting, Susanoo didn't deviate for a second from his intended goal. Showing you what he could do, how he could do it, and how long he could do it was just the bare minimum, after all. If he couldn't give you that much, he had no business wasting his time in the first place. Anyone who devoted as much of his life to the practice and cultivation of swordsmanship knew as much, after all. If he was going to take any amount of time away from his most important task, after all, he had better make sure it was damn well worth it, and this was no exception.

Again, again, again. It was a fool's errand to seek to maintain some sense of dignity or decorum in a situation like this, and Susanoo threw all of that out the moment he grabbed you in his arms, holding your soft, nubile body against his. Your cunt clenched and squeezed around his cock like the world's strongest vice grip, your voice dissolving into a high pitched squeal when you squirted all over his cock. To be expected to respond to that with any more restraint than a man dying in the desert seeing a drop of water was as realistic as expecting the sun to turn green. With a few more sloppy, insistent thrusts, Susanoo saw colors he didn't even know existed, filling your cunt with enough come that some of it dripped out from your cunt before he had even stopped thrusting. A combination of willpower and non-human biology were the main culprits responsible for allowing him to hold onto consciousness (and hold onto you,) burying his face in the crook of your neck to muffle the sound of some wordless noises of satisfaction. As for you, being the healer for your village, you had an assortment of remedies on hand to help remove the possibility of any unwanted outcomes from the not so little gift Susanoo gave you, so you were at ease in the knowledge that the only trouble that might arise later was some temporary difficulty walking.

Anywhere from seconds to minutes later, your breathing and heartbeat felt noticeable, followed by such things as the way your surroundings looked and sounded. The sun was just about to set, the soft, hazy hue of dusk swallowing up all but a few stray streaks of color in the sky. A few heartbeats later, your eyes met Susanoo's again, both of you holding onto each other like the world would shatter into an irreparable mess if either of you dared to let go. You were not sure he was human but if you were sure of anything, it was that he was extraordinary beyond belief, whatever he was. Once you could both breathe normally again,

of which neither of you felt in any rush to prove, Susanoo made good on his intention to say something at least vaguely useful.

"If you have nowhere else to be, you can stay with me for the night."

A breath later, you thought it suitable to form a response. "That sounds like a good idea."

Tomorrow, you would need to bring all these back to your village, that much was obvious to you as you picked up the bag of herbs you had collected earlier in the day after Susanoo set you down, allowing you to dry yourself off and throw on your tunic before grabbing the bag. Just as you were about to try to stand up again, though, your legs gave out under you, your limbs wobbly and boneless. For now, though, you were content to do a whole lot of nothing, curling up in Susanoo's arms as he picked you up, carrying you off to the small cave he had been using as his current dwelling, glad to have a companion to make the place a little less empty for quite a nice, refreshing change of pace.

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