A Nice View

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A Nice View

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

Business trips suck, but a nice view is always worth appreciating.

Being a secretary was a lot of things. Fun and games rarely made it onto the list. But money was money and bills soaked up money like a carpet soaks up a spilled glass of wine, so when you found out you had to go on a mandatory business trip, you grit your teeth and decided to make the best of it.

The night sky, despite the stars mostly being blotted out thanks to light pollution from dozens and dozens of high rise buildings, was rather pleasing, all things considering. The color was a nice ink-like blue, almost black, and the moon was a nice, round full moon, the large white orb casting a soft glow through the large glass window in the room you wound up sharing with Susanoo, your boss. Technically, you both reported to Zeus, as did everyone else who worked for the cursed company that offered you employment after a few life setbacks, well, set you back, but Susanoo was immediately above you in the metaphorical office food chain and so you ended up being his secretary. The job itself was meh at best but Susanoo was a pleasant enough man and he always had bizarre stories to share that helped pass the time on even the most boring, soul-crushing days.

"It sure is a nice view." Though it was late and it was best that you go to sleep soon, you found yourself looking out the window, finding the view of the night sky very aesthetically pleasing. The entire reason you were sharing a room with Susanoo was as perplexing as it was stupid. Zeus was supposed to book enough hotel rooms for him and all of his employees to have their own individual rooms but his eternally clueless, often malicious ass, failed to book the appropriate amount of rooms. The resulting headache that occurred at the front desk when you went to check in to your room made you want to scour every pharmacy in a 10 mile radius for a bottle of Tylenol, but just when things looked like they were going to get hairier than a hairball the size of Zeus' overinflated ego, Susanoo offered to let you stay in his room. Having no other way to attend the various conferences and meetings you had to show up at to ensure your job security, you took him up on his offer. Besides, he had a room with a large window and having a room with windows opened up the possibility of seeing birds outside in the morning.

"It is." Susanoo had nothing in particular against the night sky. It was a very pleasant view (although one that would have been even better without light pollution,) but there was an even better view he was much more interested in looking at. "But I've seen better."

Susanoo was very odd, but odd was better than how you would describe some of your other co-workers. Some of the many adjectives you would use to describe them were stingy, offensively foul-smelling (you were sure Hajun never bathed,) greedy, clueless, morose, jaded, cynical, and duplicitous (Loki always loved to place the blame for his pranks on other people for no other reason than he could.) Luckily for you, Susanoo was none of those things. He liked to talk about swords a lot, but didn't everyone appreciate the value of a good pointy object sometimes?

"How do you mean?" From the time you woke up at 7 am in the morning, through the annoying debacle trying to check into your apparently non-existent hotel room in the afternoon, to a very long and boring meeting that swallowed up the evening hours like a whale swallowing plankton, you had been running on nothing but two and a half water bottles, a very small granola bar, and a desire to see your paycheck continue to be deposited

into your bank account, so perhaps your cognition wasn't running at full capacity. If that was indeed the case, Susanoo didn't care at all (he hadn't fared much better than you, though he wound up buying a small bag of tortilla chips around 3 in the afternoon and then losing them before he could have even a single chip when a seagull flying overhead stole it from him.) On the bright side, whatever housekeeper cleaned the room before you both got there accidentally left an extra clean towel in the bathroom, as Susanoo had discovered after both of you took off your shoes and placed them by the door when you first walked into the room and placed your luggage on separate racks in the closet.

"I'm looking at it right now."

Huh. Not very creative, but you admired the way his large, bushy eyebrows furrowed in concentration when he looked at you, as if trying to absorb every detail of your face into memory. Mingling with co-workers could always be risky, but with the dysfunctional group that composed your cursed workplace, the chances of you-or anyone else for that matter-getting
into trouble for this, were nil. "Are you trying to make me pass out?" Still, two and a half water bottles and a granola bar weren't exactly prime fuel for any kind of adventures, amorous or otherwise.

"Not at all." Susanoo was one of those people who was subtle and underhanded as a ten ton boulder rolling down a hill during a mudslide, so if anything came of his mouth, you were inclined to believe it, or at least to believe that he believed it. "I've always though you were beautiful and it doesn't hurt that you're a pleasure to work with." He had very large hands, which you had already known before he gave your hand a gentle squeeze, but with only scant hydration and even less nutrition to work off of, it was the only coherent thought your brain would provide you. "It would be even more of a pleasure to get to know you better."

Susanoo was the type of man who left you with many questions and not a lot of answers, and as it so happened, you had been born the curious type. It would no doubt be interesting to learn more about Susanoo, whoever and whatever he was (and there were a lot of possible answers to both of those questions.) "Well, you sure have a way of flattering people."

"Of course not." Susanoo flatly disagreed. "I don't bother with that, I just tell the truth." It had been a boiling summer day and the night wasn't that much cooler, so grabbing the extra towel in the bathroom might have been a good idea, but Susanoo was a busy man and he didn't always have time for good ideas. "But if you're still not convinced, I can fix that just like this." You didn't even have time to blink before he kissed you. By all standards, there was nothing particularly special about his mouth (though thankfully, he brushed his teeth like he had a secret side job of advertising toothpaste and Listerine,) but you enjoyed it all the same. Normal people who had a normal job would perhaps be concerned about deciding whether to accept or reject advances from their direct supervisor, but there was nothing normal about your job and you weren't all that normal yourself. In this line of work, Zeus hired anyone with a pulse who could blink and chew gum at the same time and nothing short of wanton, unprovoked murder was enough to convince him to let someone go, as his track record of keeping on employees was as abysmal as the depths of the Mariana trench. Only the truly crazy or truly desperate stayed on, and desperation was a siren song you were all too familiar with.

Being a man who liked action more than words, Susanoo moved you to the bed, making quick work of his clothes once you were lying down (might as well, you figured, the mattress wasn't cheap and you wanted to enjoy it as much as possible.) You were wearing a trendy but not scandalous dress, the kind that cost a little more than you liked but felt like a good enough investment to justify stretching your budget a little for it, and Susanoo was more than happy to help you slide out of it (or at least push it up past your breasts, patience wasn't a trait he always had in plentiful supply.) You just managed to pull off your tights and underwear, Susanoo taking the opportunity to leave kisses all over your jaw and neck once you threw them off the side of the bed. He was warm, somewhat like a portable furnace, but without the weird creaking noises the shitty portable furnace in your apartment made when you ran it for too long.

Of course, being a man who appreciated a nice view, Susanoo made extra sure to take his sweet time kissing and caressing you-once he shared an opinion with someone, he made damn sure they understood it in every way possible. He had nice broad shoulders and an equally nice, strong back, and though he wasn't the flashy, glamorous model looking type, he had a gruff, rugged kind of strength that sent the best kind of chill up your spine when he manhandled you into the exact position he wanted you in.

"Don't be shy, go ahead and make yourself feel good." Susanoo told you when you dipped your fingers between your legs, curious if you were really as wet as you felt. "Life is short, you should enjoy as much of it as possible." You figured there was no harm in taking his advice, taking a few moments to get yourself more excited while Susanoo continued to manhandle you like you weighed approximately nothing. Once Susanoo got you in the position he wanted, you felt the bed adjust as you thought he went to grab something-you weren't sure what but you remembered that, despite the many unfortunate horrors of the world that you were forced to bear witness to (and sometimes experience,) you at least had a dress that had pockets, and inside one of the pockets, you found a condom. Before you could hand it to him, you found him holding one himself, both of you looking at each other while holding a condom.

"I'm not exactly known for patience, but anything worth doing's worth doing right." The minor details were things he could easily brush off or ignore, but taking on an 18 year commitment to anything that would require him to maintain some level of involvement 24/7 wasn't something he would waltz into lightly, and not just because he had a curious habit of spending all his free time with swords.

"....Yeah." Ignoring the random awkwardness of both of you holding a condom and you trying to hand one to him, you both kind of shuffled around awkwardly, you rolling over to place the condom you had on the nightstand while Susanoo put on the one he was holding.

"Well, anyways, it's a very nice night." Susanoo didn't hesitate to lift your leg just enough for him to sheathe his cock inside your cunt, taking it slowly enough to allow you to adjust with as little pain or discomfort as possible. "Very nice." You could tell by the slight rasp in his voice as he buried himself inside you to the hilt that he was definitely enjoying it.

"Absolutely." It was a little hard to take a full breath at first, but the sensation soon faded away as Susanoo built up a steady, moderate rhythm, nothing like some crazy porn movie but

intense enough to show you that he meant business (well, not that kind of business-but whatever.)

Being the sort of man who liked to grab hold of life and enjoy it for what it was worth (the good parts, of course,) Susanoo soon let go of your leg to grab one of your breasts, giving it a gentle but firm squeeze, the soft, pliable flesh easily giving to his strong grip.In the position you were both in, he wasn't able to see much of them, if at all, but if he couldn't visually appreciate every inch of his body, he would simply find other ways to appreciate it. It was only practical, after all. Susanoo didn't speak much, preferring to let actions do the talking, but there was not even a millimeter of doubt that his feelings for you were nothing but genuine. The low, rough grunts and groans he made every so often only helped further drive the point it.

You were no expert on conversation yourself, but the soft, high pitched little noises you made in response to his thrusts only spurred him on even more, stoking the flickering flames of invisible heat stirring inside his core to a boiling point. He could hardly have asked for a better secretary, and not just because you didn't create any stupid AI flyers for office memos or meeting announcements and you never made any typos when typing anything. For the most part, you were about as active and useful as a rag-doll (although the gasps and moans you made were indicative that, unlike a rag-doll, you were very much alive and aware,) but Susanoo was just glad to hold you, feel you, and be inside you. There were lots of women, to be sure, but not all of them could prove to be both useful and interesting and also provide a lovely view. The soft glow of the moonlight cascading through the window was fine and all, the kind of thing a first rate artists might paint on a whim, but no giant white orb in the sky or silvery cascading glow could ever possibly compare to your beauty. The only thing more pleasant and enjoyable than your body and your voice was your enthusiasm, as you made your best effort to look at him (or, look at him as well as possible as you could in your position,) when he was close.

You'd be lying if you claimed to be enough of an expert to predict exactly when a man would finish during sex but you figured there was no harm in giving it a good try, wanting desperately to know what his face would look like in that moment, what kind of expression he could make. Of course, your neck wasn't in agreement, since craning your neck to look at him while you were on your side facing away from him was no easy task, so you only made eye contact with him for a brief moment before your head met the pillow again, allowing him to pull you closer, his grip so tight you thought he would never let go when he finished, the knowledge of what was happening and why it was happening, along with the way it felt when he gave the final thrust that brought him over the edge bringing you to your peak too.

He gave a few more shallow thrusts to help you through your peak, your cunt squeezing out every last drop of come he had (not that you were checking, but in the end, it turned out that laying down that extra towel beforehand would have, in fact, been a good idea. Thankfully, changing the sheets on the bed wasn't your responsibility and it wasn't Susanoo's responsibility either.

After a few moments of Susanoo holding you in his arms, his breath warming your neck as he did so, Susanoo pulled out of you, getting up with great reluctance. Sometimes life wasn't kind, but a man knew what he needed to do, and it was time to do what needed to be done.

Before you could figure out why he got up, he got back into bed with you, handing you the extra towel. Cleaning up was a process that took a while to do if you wanted everything done exactly right, but for now, good enough was, well, good enough, so once you were comfortable enough to lie down again, your head hit the pillow like a sack of bricks, Susanoo wrapping his arms around you again after pulling a sheet with a truly ridiculous thread count over both of you, both of you plenty tired enough to agree on deciding to ignore the sound of someone banging on the ceiling and yelling something in Old Norse for a few seconds before angrily stomping off to order a truckload of alcohol from room service and charge it onto Zeus' platinum credit card.

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