Just Keep Swimming

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1413.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Hetero (F/M), Y/N (reader insert)
Fandom:	Record of Ragnarok
Relationship:	Susanoo no Mikoto (Record of Ragnarok)/Reader
Character:	Susanoo no Mikoto (Record of Ragnarok)
Additional Tags:	Canon Universe, Alternate Universe-Canon, Nymphs & Dryads, Reader is a water nymph, Pre-Canon, Light Angst, Light Petting, Groping, Getting Lost, Being Lost, References to Ancient Greek Religion & Lore, Reader is a little shy and awkward, Late at Night
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-07 Words: 4,230 Chapters: 1/1

Just Keep Swimming

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

A chance encounter with an eccentric swordsman helps change the path you've been traveling on.

Notes

I'm not super familiar with the specific myths behind nymphs but I like the general aesthetic of nymphs and mermaids and similar creatures so I wanted to make the reader be able to have characteristics of both.

Like many days, you had spent most of it alone, swimming in the large lake that you called home. Having been separated from others of your kind, rejected for not fitting the standards they set, you were left to your own devices, and given your species natural affinity for water, you soon found the lake that you thought suitable to live in, rarely finding much reason to do anything else besides swim and explore. You could (and often did,) wander around when curiosity struck you but you knew better than to disregard all caution, as humans weren't overly fond of your kind and among many members of your species, the feeling was mutual.

Visitors to the lake, whether their visits were planned or otherwise, rarely encountered you. It was not a place humans-or many others-cared to travel to, so you thought nothing unusual about going days, weeks, or even longer without company, regardless of how lonely it could get. One sunny day, however, proved different from the norm, all thanks to a certain eccentric swordsman.

You were swimming by yourself as you often did on many sunny days, when the sound of soft but heavy footsteps caught your attention. When you were swimming, as you could change into a form that looked like a mermaid-having the lower half of a fish-at will, and you found doing so more convenient when you wanted to swim. Even so, you felt a twinge of self consciousness when, after hearing a deep, resonant male voice, you turned around to find yourself face to face with a strange but handsome man.

"And what do we have here?"

Susanoo, who had been training since the sun rose, stopped at half past noon to clean one of his swords. He hardly expected to find you in the lake he went to in order to get some water but he was far from disappointed.

"Oh-" He was by no means the first man you'd seen-you had seen plenty of them-human and otherwise-but he didn't look at all like the kind of men you most often saw in the corner of the universe that you lived in. His skin had a tone that was a slight bit more cool than warm and his eyes were more narrow compared to those of the people that traveled in your area. His hair, while streaked with white or perhaps light gray strands, was dark enough to be the color of ink and quite thick and straight-not perfectly so, but the texture and quality of it was different from the sort of hair you saw on most other men.

The crow's feet decorating his eyes and the laugh line near his mouth, along with the grayish streaks in his hair, suggested that he wasn't a young man by any means but his rough, rugged appearance held a certain charm. Overall, it was quite difficult to figure out what to say and how to say it without sounding too awkward. For him to find you while you were swimming in such a carefree manner, that certainly didn't help matters either.

You froze, staying as still as a victim turned to stone by Medusa. "I-I didn't notice you there, my apologies."

A tickle of recognition pinched at you. He had seen you swimming around with no inhibitions, careless as to who or what might be watching. Besides, you were well aware

what many people-perhaps most people-thought of your kind, their cruel judgments encouraging you to keep other people at an arm's length.

"There's nothing to apologize for." The calm, steady tone of his voice soothed you more than you'd like to admit. How embarrassing. "It's only that it's not everyday that I find something so interesting all the way out here." He unsheathed his sword, laying it on the ground while he took out what looked like a soft cloth and a small container with a closed lid. "I only stopped by to clean my sword, but I'm certainly not opposed to having some company while I do so."

You had seen more than a few people holding or carrying swords and other weapons before, although you'd never seen a sword as bright and as sharp as the one he had.

"Is it rusted?" You weren't really sure how to devise something intelligent to say so you just went with whatever first popped in your head.

"Thankfully not." He picked it up as if it weighed nothing despite how long and heavy it looked. It wasn't like any sword you had ever seen before, the blade remarkably smooth and flat, with a slight upwards curve at the tip. "It does require regular cleaning to avoid rusting, however." Though he hardly knew you, he chatted as comfortably as if he were talking to an old friend while he cleaned his sword. "If you clean it and oil it properly, however, it'll remain in good condition until you get bored of using it." What he neglected to mention was that many times, his swords broke before he ever got to that point.

"That's interesting, I didn't know that." You were unsure what to say but you wanted to make sure he knew you were listening.

"Oh-I forgot." The sudden, direct eye contact he made with you startled you, though you tried not to show it. "Here I am, rambling on and I forgot to ask you for your name." His eyes weren't large by any means but his gaze remained all too intense regardless.

"My name?" Had you been any more timid than you were, you would have squeaked.

"Well, of course. What might a lovely little thing like you call yourself?"

"_____." As weird as he was (and he was definitely weird,) he seemed to be no imminent threat to your life and safety, and so you saw no harm in telling him your name.

"Well, _____, that's a lovely name for a lovely girl." Judging by his bright, eager expression, he didn't seem to be buttering you up, his declarations appeared to be born of genuine interest. "Of course, it's only fair that I introduce myself as well." He wasted no time in doing so, which was how you discovered that he was none other than Susanoo no Mikoto, famous and renowned in a land far, far away from your own, a god who belonged to a very different pantheon than the gods of your people. Truly, you thought, he must have a spectacularly horrid sense of direction to wind up running into you of all people.

"It must have been quite a journey for you to wind up here."

"Not at all." Susanoo was no stranger to walking long distances. "I only had to walk a few miles to find this lake."

Realizing that you needed to be more clear, you tried your best to elaborate. "Oh-I meant to ask if you got lost, winding up in a territory so far from your home."

"Hardly." he continued without missing a beat (though, failing to elaborate on just how many wrong turns it took for him to wind up where he did.) "I was exiled from my homeland years ago. I've just been wandering around since then." Apparently his mind wandered as easily as the rest of him did, as you noticed that when he wasn't staring into your soul like you were the most fascinating creature alive, his gaze wandered over the rest of you-from your head to your tail, nothing escaped him. "But anyways, I'm afraid I have to go now." he gave you no time to offer any sympathy, as he got up the moment he was done cleaning his sword. "As pleasant as your company is, I've got a busy day ahead." He sheathed his sword in one clean swoop with such ease and speed that you barely saw him do it. He was gone in little more than the blink of an eye, leaving you to wonder about a lengthy list of questions that, until now, you had never pondered.

_____

Day turned to night, which turned into day again, a cycle which inevitably repeated itself several times over before the urge to explore struck you again. Upon resuming a human like form, two arms, two legs, hands, feet, all of that important stuff, you slid on a thin, diaphanous gown of light, billowing fabric that stopped just above your ankles and showed all of your arms as well as some of your chest, the layers providing just enough coverage to conceal the most important parts while showing off your other assets. You made your way through a dense forest, sunlight dappling through the tree leaves, until you found a clear, sparkling river of modest size, its waters trailing along as slow as molasses. Being the end of an exciting, interesting day full of activity, once the sun began to dip below the horizon, you removed your clothes, sitting on the edge of the river while you dipped your toes in to see how warm or cool the water was.

As you were quite far from any sort of settlement or civilization-human or otherwise-you didn't expect any company, but neither were you the type to throw all caution to the wind whenever you were exploring somewhere new. It was for that reason that you kept your clothes nearby, picking up a medium sized rock and placing it on top of a small part of your gown, so it wouldn't blow away if there was a breeze and also to serve as a potential deterrent for a less ambitious or a less motivated thief if one so happened to wander by.

The company that just so happened to find you-arriving where you were soon after you decided that the water was warm enough to get in-was no thief, lucky for you.

"Well, I can't say I was expecting this, but I'm certainly not complaining." Susanoo had thought to take a bath in the river before resting for the night and it was only after he began to remove his clothes that he noticed you were nearby. He hadn't taken everything off yet but now, unlike the first time you met him several days ago, he was naked from the waist up. You could see his (very well-built) torso, his large, firm chest, and his muscular arms in full detail.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about." More on instinct than anything else, you went to grab your clothes the moment he first started speaking to you, the realization that he just saw you naked making your cheeks burn. As he had planned to bathe in the river himself, he would hardly judge someone else for doing so and besides, he enjoyed the view.

"Well, I mean, I, uh, didn't expect to run into you again-or run into anyone, all the way out here." Your gaze darted around, searching for anything-any movement, any rustling of leaves, anything that might signal that you were being watched or observed by anyone else. As the seconds passed, you realized that, since Susanoo had now seen everything and showed no sign of being offended, that it was pointless to feel embarrassment or shame about it.

"Besides, you're very beautiful." As he seemed inclined to do, he laid it on thick and he was as blunt as could be. Though he made an attempt to keep his eyes on your face, it was obvious that he struggled to do so.

Many men, perhaps most of them, would easily be seduced by a nymph, but you lacked what you thought was the necessary amount of charm and charisma to succeed in such an endeavor. To this day, you had never tired, figuring that failure would be the only option.

"I-uh-"Try as you might, your brain failed to devise an eloquent response. "I'm sorry-I'm not good at accepting compliments." Despite your best efforts otherwise, your cheeks still burned, your legs trembling as you were overwhelmed with embarrassment. "But thank you."

You wished it was easier to speak, for you to say something more intelligent, but you were what you were and there was only so much you could do to muddle your way through life in spite of your issues.

"You don't need to thank me." Susanoo wasted no time taking the rest of his clothes off, stepping into the water like it was nothing. "I only came here to bathe but finding you here was a welcome surprise. You can join me if you'd like."

Being too shocked to think straight or focus, you hardly noticed what you saw. You had seen naked men before but you had never gotten close enough to one to actually touch him. Even so, you knew exactly what your eyes observed, if even only for a second.

Yeah. That was it. You definitely saw it. Once Susanoo got in the water, it covered everything below his waist, or perhaps his bellybutton, but once you remembered how to breathe again, you knew you had definitely seen his cock.

Don't think about it-Don't think about it. You repeated the warning to yourself in your mind as you slowly stepped in the water. Self-conscious as you felt, you had a long day and you really needed to get clean. Besides, water was your most natural element, after all, a place and environment where you held an advantage over others.

"It's a very nice night." Wanting to get rid of any remaining awkwardness as soon as possible, you tried to generate a normal topic of conversation.

"It is." Susanoo agreed. He was efficient but thorough, washing up in no more than a few minutes, if that. You didn't rush but you also tried not to dawdle. "And being able to enjoy

your company makes it even more pleasant." Susanoo stood behind you-the water wasn't too deep, so he could still see most of you from the waist up-circling his arms around in a soft, gentle embrace. "I wasn't sure I'd get to see you again but I'm very glad that I have." It took noticeable effort for you to remember how to swallow, suddenly aware of the feeling of something hot and heavy and large poking against your rear. "It gets rather lonely training day in and day out, spending the night with a pretty little thing like you would be quite a treat." It was, of course, obvious that Susanoo wasn't lying, and you'd be dishonest if you said you weren't curious about him yourself. "If you feel so inclined, perhaps we can get to know each other a little better."

"I suppose that can be arranged." Fighting through the hot, flustered feeling that made it oh so hard to think clearly, you gave one of his hands a gentle squeeze. "But, um, would it be alright if we went somewhere else-more private?"

Hmm-Susanoo wasn't quite sure exactly what you were-it wasn't every day that he saw a beautiful woman with the lower half of a fish who, then, turned out to also be able to become a beautiful woman with all the features of a human woman, but then, he was no stranger to curiosity (and especially not to satisfying his curiosity.) "I thought you might prefer to stay here-given that you seem to like the water-" Even though the water was more tepid than anything else, you still felt warm being wrapped up in his arms-not enough to stop goosebumps from pricking at your skin but enough that you felt warmth in your face and on the tips of your ears.

"I'm a little shy." Your gaze darted this way and that, akin to a deer scanning the forest for any signs of a predator.

"I figured as much." Susanoo considered your small actions and reactions, arriving at the conclusion that your assessment about yourself was correct. He had been training inside a pathetic excuse for a cave-it was barely 10 feet deep, if that, but he had some random stuff stashed away in there and with a little bit of thinking, he could find some way to make it comfortable. "I wasn't staying too far from here, after all."

"That's fine." You let him help you get out of the water, having just barely enough time to throw on your clothes again before he scooped you off your feet, tossing you over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

He brought you to the entrance of a small cave-carried you over his shoulder, for ease of transport, but also because he liked the look on your face when he picked you up, carrying you as if you weighed nothing. He set you down on a large blanket, grabbing some random soft thing for you to rest your head on while he tossed some random stuff, a combination of clothes, weapons, and knickknacks, off to the side. "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you." He was a fair bit bigger than you were, his fingers twice as wide as your own, his hands twice as large as your own, and when he kissed you, his tongue seemed to take up more space in your mouth than your tongue did in his mouth. "I'll be careful, but let me know if you feel uncomfortable." He rolled you over on your side, his fingers soon settling between your legs, moving in a steady, repetitive manner as he rubbed the small nub there, the rough pads of his fingers adding a curious sensation that made it feel much different from when you touched yourself there. With his other arm, he held you close, and you hardly moved when he brought

you to your peak, your back pressed flush against his chest, your toes curling while a field of stars burst behind your eyes.

Being a nymph, you were no stranger to people lusting after you-or members of your kind, at least-it was a common thing, for men of all races to be drawn by the natural beauty and elegance of your species, but until now, you had never felt confident that a man-any man of any kind, regardless of who he was or where he came from-would ever be interested in you. You were just-

You didn't know. You supposed you never really did, you only knew that you never felt like enough, and until now, it had always bothered you.

"Lift your leg up a little for me-" Susanoo's voice remained calm and even, reminding you of the familiar, steady tempo of waves crashing against the shore of a beach. "There you go-" he was easy to please, not finding any particular reason to be all that picky. "Ngh-" He grunted as he tried to sheathe his cock inside your cunt without causing you pain. It was bit tight, nothing abnormal, but it didn't slip in easily at first. Slow and steady does it-he put a little more pressure behind it, trying to figure out an angle and a pace that would work best. A few seconds slipped by before he managed to slide it all the way inside. You bit back a small yelp, not wanting him to think that you were unhappy or otherwise displeased-it was definitely a tight fit, but you liked the feeling and wanted him to be able to fit it all inside. If your body was being a little slow to accept it, well, you were determined to take as much time as necessary to push through the hesitation. The small groan of relief he made once it was in made your heart skip a couple beats, your eyes widening when he tightened his grip on you.

"Are you alright?" It was obvious what he wanted, but he held back until you answered his question. It was only the polite thing to do, after all.

"Yes." You weren't lying. Once you were filled to the brim, your body settled down, accommodating the girth and length.

"Good." This time, it was your turn to hold onto him (or, hold onto one of his arms, at least,) while he started fucking you. His movements were slow but steady, thrusting away with a careful, focused intensity. "That's it-you can take it." He encouraged you, his voice halting slightly every now and then. "You're doing so well."

Try as you might, there was no looking at him this way, even if you could turn around all the way, he was tall enough that you'd have to crane your neck in a painful way to look at him, and thus you deemed it not worth the effort. It was plenty nice as it was to have his arms around you, to be so close to him, and feel so filled up and stretched out by his cock. Even if it took a bit of getting used to, it proved to be more than worth the effort.

Besides, as your arousal increased, Susanoo picked up the pace with his hips, reaching a moderate pace with little difficulty, leaving not even so much as an inch of space in between you as he thrust again and again, the clear and distinct thought that Susanoo could easily fold you in half yet chose not to leaving you feeling even more breathless and dizzy. This, of course, left you unable to string together clear, concise, coherent words, but if Susanoo cared, he didn't show it.

"Please-" your voice was high and taut, like a bowstring about to be let go. "More-" Even in your current state, you still tried to be polite. Manners were always important, after all.

"Of course-" Susanoo's voice had a certain low, rough quality to it that made the aching, burning heat in your core feel primed to explode. "Anything you want-" He was capable of many, many things that would drive the imagination wild, and even if you asked, you might never truly know all the answers. What he did show you, however, it went far beyond the capability of your meager, inadequate vocabulary to describe. If only-if only.

Though you were, of course, incapable of looking directly at him, when he gently cupped your face in one hand, the look in your eyes when you brought your gaze as close to him as possible was nothing short of perfect. To be able to do this, to get this kind of reaction-why, what else could a man possibly hope for in a moment like this? He wished it could last forever, but of course, nothing could.

You were good-quite good. He had lived far more than long enough to gather that sort of intel, as it were. Nothing in recent memory ever felt as wonderful as the way your cunt squeezed and clenched around his cock, and, more than anything else, he couldn't remember the last time it felt so warm and wet and inviting, like you were going to grab onto every part of him and never let him go. In such a frenzied, heated moment of passion, the only thought he managed to hold onto, the only rebuttal he could find for the momentary angst of all of this being temporary was that the sooner this all ended, the sooner you could both go another round. In his current mental state, it was really more than anyone could ask for him to develop any thoughts more coherent or sensible than that.

It was hard to remember, to be honest, it blended together so well that it might as well have happened at the same time, but when Susanoo finally stilled his hips, his grip on you tightening as he grunted something in your ear-words, a noise, you weren't sure which-you saw sparks behind your eyes, crying out in a high, breathy voice, your body tense and then relaxed as you reached a state of ecstasy that you lacked any ability to describe. You were just glad to be alive and glad to be where you were, glad about everything that had led you to this point and unbothered by any pain or misery that happened beforehand.

A sudden sense of warmth washed over you, your heart pounding and your ears ringing. Between your legs, there was an expected but disappointing sense of emptiness when Susanoo pulled out, the feeling and temperature of the air around you making you desperately want a blanket or something else to cover up with. In the morning, of course, you would have to clean up again, but for now, it sufficed to wipe your face with a cloth, brushing some of your hair away from your face before collapsing into Susanoo's waiting arms.

"How was it?" You were curious about everything and then some, what he felt, how he felt, what he thought, but you hardly had the words for even a single question.

"I couldn't ask for anything better." He pressed a kiss to your forehead, unconcerned that it was damp with sweat. "You can stay with me as long as you want."

That sounds fine to me-"Thank you." Even just those two words felt as heavy as lead, but you were in no mood to let your gratitude go unexpressed. Tomorrow would bring its own

problems and issues, as it always did, but for now, at least, you got to enjoy this moment, and for now, that was more than enough for you.

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