Moment of Solitude

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Moment of Solitude

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

Sometimes the human brain does normal things. This isn't one of those times.

Susanoo was no stranger to quiet. Sometimes, moments like this could be calm, even peaceful. It wasn't too warm or too cold, and there was nothing important-nothing urgent, that needed to be done. There was always stuff he could do, of course. But needed? Nothing was so important at the moment that it couldn't wait for later. Even so, something was missing.

His surroundings were simple-a bed of sorts to sleep on, the world's most plain, functional night stand accompanied by a small trash can, a closet filled with often neglected things, and a mirror. The mirror was only large enough to show most of his face and only if he stood close to it. But why bother? He had no need to see his own face right now-in fact, he'd much rather see another face. Your face.

People came and went, as did all things in the cycle of life. Susanoo was tolerated by some of them, even respected, perhaps, by a smaller number. But right now, only one of them was on his mind. Susanoo didn't concern himself much with things like feelings. Feelings, just like people, came and went. If he had feelings, he either acted on them or he waited until the right moment to do something about them. Perhaps now, Susanoo realized, was one of those moments. The right moment.

The moment he met you was, at least in his opinion, a fine moment indeed. Though Susanoo was not a man who struggled to do many things, things like love and friendship did not often enrich his life. Loneliness was a constant companion dogging him every step of the way, no matter where he went or what he did. Hanging over him like a black cloud, it obscured the light of the sun, leaving him at odds with the rest of the world. To say he was glad to meet you was an understatement. People rarely understood Susanoo and he rarely understood them in turn. To find someone he liked, someone nice, kind, thoughtful, and caring, who also liked him in return, he would never let such an opportunity go to waste.

You, however, as sweet, pleasant, and lovely as you were, were not there now. You hadn't been there for a while. Life kept you away from him for a while and Susanoo, never one to bother wasting time lying to himself, missed you. You would return eventually, but loneliness was loneliness and while there was no way to rid himself of it now, he could distract himself from it and that was almost as good.

To distract himself, Susanoo relied on simple, reliable tricks. One was to swing a sword, training until he fell over from exhaustion. If only he had the time. But he didn't have the time. It was too late, or, perhaps, by now, too early. Once he picked up a blade, it would take hours, Susanoo remaining absorbed in his own world until his body gave up. He didn't have that kind of freedom right now, regrettable as it was. His other option was much simpler, but required privacy, which he had plenty of at the moment.

It wasn't difficult to convince himself. You were not only a kind, wonderful friend but he had scarcely remembered seeing another woman as beautiful and charming as you. With soft skin, pretty, doe-like eyes, and no shortage of alluring features, thoughts of you popped unbidden into his mind. He was alone and already sitting on his bed, so he lied down, not quite motivated enough to remove the loose, plain robe he wore so he opted just to open it. Without having anything on underneath, he wrapped his hand around his cock, starting out with a slow, gentle method of stroking. He had just enough time to justify it, so why not?

Besides, being half hard already, it wasn't like it would take too long either way. He may have not had as much success with other people as he wanted, but time and experience taught him enough to know these sorts of things. Though things hadn't gone that far with you yet, he imagined you stroking his cock instead, but after a few moments, it was clear it wouldn't work. Compared to you, his hands were too rough and calloused, there was no way he could pretend it was you. Your lips looked soft and delicate, and thus he supposed he would very much enjoy you taking his cock in your mouth and sucking him off. It wasn't such a bad thing, though, of course, some people were much better at it than others. But you were very smart and talented in many things, why wouldn't you be good at that too?

Nice as the thought was, you, of course, couldn't talk to him if you sucked him off, couldn't even so much as breathe a word. And as nice as it felt to have a woman use her mouth to pleasure him, not being able to hear you say anything and not being able to truly enjoy how sweet and lovely your voice was was less than ideal. Not only were you pleasant to talk to, he couldn't resist thinking about what you would sound like in bed. Surely, anyone with a voice as pleasing as yours would sound even better if you were moaning and gasping in pleasure while he took you for himself. If you allowed him to, he would take you in every possible way a man could take a woman, and perhaps invent something new. The human imagination was surely a powerful thing, but there was much more that could be said about Susanoo's imagination. He had quite enough time to nurture it into something that defied description. By now, the enormity of it was simply too much for most to comprehend.

Besides, he thought, not so idly stroking his cock, the nice thing about fucking you, he could hear you respond to anything he said, and, depending on how he chose to take you, he could look into your eyes, gaze at your gorgeous face while your expression twisted in pleasure, all the better to drink in every last detail of what he could do to you and how he would do it. Perhaps you might even reach up towards him to wrap your arms around his neck, maybe even lock your legs around his waist, all the better to take him as well as you possibly could.

What could he do to you? What would you say? How would you respond? These were, at first glance, simple questions, nothing really unusual. Still, it was enough to get him going. Sometimes, the simple things in life were the best, after all. Soon, the warm, pleasant heat gathering below his stomach was stirred to its height, color staining his cheeks as he got close. After a while, no matter how slow or fast he stroked his cock, there would eventually be a point where there was no turning back. Imagining you there with him, lying besides him or underneath him, was more than enough to heat his lust from a simmer to a boil, and imagining being able to do the same to you was even better. If only you were there. If there had even been a moment where he could feel his cock throb as intensely as it was at that moment, he never recalled it.

If only-

Well, regardless, it wouldn't be long now, he was close, and once he realized what he needed to finish, it wasn't even a question of whether or not to do it.

The things he could do to you, the things you could do with each other-why wouldn't he want to explore that to its fullest potential? It would be easy-all he had to do was ask.

He thrust his hips up to meet his hand a couple of times, the last thing he remembered crossing his mind before reaching his climax.

Susanoo's vision went white, and when he could remember how to think again, he spared a brief glance over to the clock sitting right beside his bed. He found a tissue somewhere and used it to clean up the evidence of what he had done. If he felt cold later, he reasoned, he could simply toss the blanket bunched up on the edge of the bed over himself when he felt like it. Hardly a moment after he closed his eyes, the world went dark until the sun crept above the horizon the next morning.

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