Unforeseen Evening

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Summary

Evenings come and go and memories wander as they please just like people do, but some stick stronger than glue.

Life, for the most part, was manageable for you. You had family, friends, all the important things, although the only man who lived with you was a small, fluffy, hairy man who had four legs and couldn't have weighed more than 10 or 20 lbs. As far as dogs went, he was a delightful little guy, but one day while you were letting him out to do his business, he spotted a squirrel nearby, darting off before you could get ahold of him.

"_____!" Hoarse and strained, you doubted your voice would carry far enough to make a difference, but you yelled anyways, desperate to find your beloved four legged companion. "_____!" Ever since your dog disappeared, you had been running like crazy, searching for him without so much as an inkling of concern for anything else but finding him. You never even bothered to wonder how long you ran for, minutes, hours, you had no idea, not even when the sky began to darken, a cold chill rising in the air. "_____!" No matter where you went, you couldn't find him.

The stress, the cold, and the darkness soon caught up to you, leaving you with no choice but to let the tears you had been bottling up for a while fall down your cheeks. With only a fraction of your energy left, you sat down on the flat surface of a large, smooth rock, tears streaming down your face. You were sure you looked awful, a mess of puffy eyes, a runny nose, goosebumps decorating your exposed skin (there wasn't much of it, but there was enough to make a difference,) so when a strange man standing in front of you looked neither disturbed nor disgusted, you couldn't help but feel shocked.

You hadn't noticed him at first. For such a tall, imposing man, he was surprisingly quiet, his footsteps silent and his breathing so soft as to be insignificant. When he saw you crying, curious as to why your soft, delicate face was stained with tears, he studied you as if he were observing an unexplained phenomena, unable or unwilling to decide how to react. Humans were an odd species, very peculiar. Dogs, he reckoned, were a very odd, peculiar species too, as he noticed a small dog walk by, the dog stopping in its tracks and barking the moment it saw you.

"_____?"! Seeing your dog again aroused a heady, complex range of emotions in you, you jumped up immediately, rushing towards your dog to pick him up and hold him, relief flooding your body the moment he was in your arms again.

"I assume that animal belongs to you, then?" The man's voice was monotone but not enough to immediately frighten you.

Oh-In your happiness to find your dog, you forgot abut the man, a wealth of curiosity flooding your brain with dozens of questions at rapid fire pace. In many superficial ways, the man looked very human, and the thought itself struck you as odd, because it was the sort of thought that was impossible to have about a normal human. Humans were, after all, naturally human no matter what they looked like, and though this man looked human, certain features of his, such as his unnatural height and the vague wrongness of his eyes signaled loud and clear that he was something very different. "Yes." you weren't sure why you answered him so suddenly, something about him felt unusual, odd, like you weren't supposed to have met him, not because he appeared to be a man and not because you were alone, but you couldn't put your finger on the exact reason. "Oh-!"

You froze when your dog leapt out of your arms, running over to him. Fear grabbed hold of you at first until the man bent down (a considerable amount, given his height,) petting your dog as if he had known him forever.

"No need to apologize." The man told you, displaying a quiet, genuine affection towards your dog. "He seems to be well taken care of. I'm sure you care for him a great deal."

He wasn't wrong. You loved your dog, he was like a member of your family and you'd do almost anything for him. "I do." You admitted. "He's like my best friend, or one of them, at least-" Your words were cut off when rain started falling from the sky, the wet, cold water pouring on you reminding you just how far away you were from home. There's no way I can get back now, I don't even know where I am-

In a moment's time, perhaps even less, you found your dog in your arms again and you found yourself in the arms of the strange man, his cold, unusual eyes forcing you to meet his gaze. At such a close distance, the wrongness you noticed earlier was crystal clear. His eyes were the wrong color-not just the irises, which were yellow, not yellow like a cat's but yellow like the sun itself, he also had black sclera, darker than the sky looking down on you both, and the intensity of his gaze communicated things that could never be explained with words. "There's no need to worry, you'll be safe with me until morning." He had no need to promise you such a thing, but he also had no need to question his own impulses. If he wanted to do something, he did it, and very few beings in the universe could stop him.

Preposterous as the idea of such a thing sounded, you knew at that moment that he wasn't human, opening the door to a whole new plethora of questions that you wanted answers to. You supposed you might as well start with the first one that came to mind, gently stroking your dog's fur to try to comfort him, though he showed no signs of distress. "If it's not too much trouble, may I ask what your name is?"

The man's gaze remained as unmovable as a boulder, as firm as stone, for a moment. How many humans asked him such a thing? "Thor." He made no attempt to offer an explanation. If you required one, he could create one, but as a rule, he did not waste words, it was not his way.

The significance of the name didn't dawn on you. Like the night, it remained obscured to you. And no matter what you did, you couldn't take your eyes off of him, finding it impossible to re-direct your gaze elsewhere. "Thank you." Thanking him felt like the right thing to do. It only seemed polite, after all. "I'm _____."

Though his expression didn't change, the light in his eyes seemed less alien, radiating something closer to comfort. "It's not ideal to be here right now. I can give you shelter for the time being. You don't need to tell me anything else about yourself if you don't want to, but if you would like to, I'm willing to listen." There was no point in questioning him. It was obvious, from how high up from the ground you were now, to the way his emotions didn't seem to register on his face-not in the slimy, fake way of a sociopath who smiled and pretended to like people with a dead smile, but rather as if interacting with humans was something he wasn't accustomed to-that he was something beyond your understanding. With or without clarity, however, your gut instinct calmed you, told you something that made you feel well, and so it was.

_____

The dark, the cold, and the silence, only disrupted by the sound of cold rain, continued. Thor took you somewhere-somewhere without a name, but somewhere warm, comfortable, and safe, somewhere that looked like a suitable home for all kinds of people, and though his expression was not always warm, you only felt comfort when you looked in his eyes. Your dog was curled up on a small blanket, his little legs kicking while he dreamt pleasant dreams, a warm fire was crackling in a quaint little fireplace, and you were lying on a soft, plush pile of furs, which felt more comfortable against your skin than your own bed back home. Your host was not averse to knowing more about human women, which he made clear in that perfectly blunt, concise way of his, leaving no room for silly games or ridiculous innuendos. He had seen plenty of them before, but his aloof, withdrawn nature prevented him from summoning the motivation to know many of them deeply. He forgot the years after a while. They all began to blend together after eons and eons beyond counting, but even someone like him could appreciate a change of pace once in a while. With the universe being as big as it was and with all the time he had, he saw no harm in following his whims where they decided to take him.

As it happened, his whims led him to keep you in his arms, a development to which you had no objections. Thor was many things, and many of those things were quite unique. Some might consider him too tall, and others might find him a bit too pale, but you liked what you saw, finding no fault or complaint. He was also not built like other men. You didn't need to look down to know as much, but it certainly added confirmation to the fact. Calculating the size of his cock in inches felt superfluous at best to you, and you had a feeling that if you asked him, he wouldn't have an answer for you. And while you were not quite sure it would fit inside you-many people would struggle to take it all-you had no complaints from an aesthetic standpoint.

A sharp gasp, a little harsher than you expected, slipped past your lips when he held your legs apart, his grip as strong as iron. His face rarely changed-it was not his way, you realized-but the look in his eyes betrayed concern. "It's nothing-I just-I'm a little sore-I ran a lot earlier."

Despite his quiet nature, Thor picked up on more than he let on. He knew what he was and he knew what you were too. Any woman would naturally feel some concern laying with a man of his size. "I'll be careful." His serious tone, almost solemn, sounded like an oath or a promise, the sort of thing a man would hold a steadfast commitment to. Thor never joked around, he never played games, he never toyed with people like a cat playing with a mouse. He meant every word he spoke and he never breathed a lie into existence. His ways were not to everyone's taste, but it was hard to find a more honest, trustworthy man, the gradual realization settling in your bones like heat after a hot bath. He couldn't promise you no pain, but he could promise that he would do whatever it took to help you if there was any pain.

The sharp, clear quality of air entering your lungs with the deep breath you took was just short of all-encompassing as Thor pushed his cock inside you, easing it in slowly, centimeter by centimeter, possessing an inhuman level of control. Just as he took care to never break anything in his possession, he also took care not to cause you any damage or injury. Humans,

by and large, were not worth fighting, and thus there was no need to hurt them. And humans like you were better for more pleasurable things, most any man would agree with him, of that he was sure.

In the end, Thor only made it about halfway. There was no trouble in such a thing. He was what he was and you were what you were. He helped prepare you as best as he could before, using his fingers and his mouth. He was no casanova, no romantic heartthrob, just a man who spoke mostly in actions instead of words. Sometimes people avoided him and more often he avoided them, still other times the feeling was mutual, but you were a nice, pleasant change of pace and for him, for now, that was enough. No other justifications were needed, and so none were had.

Slowly at first, then with more intensity, Thor took you apart bit by bit, finding your arousal to be the perfect stimulus to feed off of, reminding him somewhat of a symbiotic relationship between two different species. Some animals in the animal kingdom worked that way. Humans could be a prickly, judgmental bunch, unable or unwilling to work with other species, but thankfully you were not one of those humans. There were too many of those already, Thor decided. Like the push and pull of the waves in the sea, Thor helped you and you helped him, he held you and you did your best to respond in kind, although he was too tall for you to wrap your arms all the way around him. Still, he appreciated your efforts, your sighs, gasps, and moans stoking the embers of a long forgotten fire inside him, giving a new spark to embers that had long since been abandoned. For his part, Thor was most often a man of silence, and when he wasn't, his presence was still one that was defined by quiet. The noises he made were minimal at best, but none of them were suppressed or censored for any real or imaginary sense of self consciousness, and the honesty so clearly reflected in his face, eyes, and movements showered you with a wealth of information, just the kind you needed.

As you got closer, Thor saw that crystal clear destination come ever closer, like a ship captain watching the shoreline grow bigger and bigger as he sailed closer to land. Thor was no captain, but he helped guide you to your destination, letting go of you with one arm to rub your clit. His hands were not the type that one expected to be warm, but Thor had a way of applying himself to each and every action he took that more often than not led him to ideal results. With the added stimulation, it helped tip you over the edge in a fluid, easy way that felt as natural and unrestrained as coming up for air after spending a long time underwater. You hardly remembered when Thor held you close again, enveloping you under his body, his weight crushing you in an exceedingly pleasant way, allowing you to bury your fave in his chest. For his part, he chose to bury his face in a pillow, and thus the sounds he made caused no disturbance to anyone or anything not directly involved with his current activities.

Thor was not known to many as a passionate man, at many times, he hardly seemed to care for anything at all. If you had known that, however, you never would have believed it. Never in your life did you remember a man holding you so close, looking at you with such intensity that it made all the stars in the sky seem paltry in comparison, never felt such affection when a man gently stroked the side of your face, as if tracing each and every detail of it to memory. Lifetimes could pass like grains of sand slipping through a timer, and yet Thor would make every effort to remember you. He had no shortage of details to try to commit to memory. Your soft, kind eyes, your cute nose, your smooth cheeks, the little unique oddities of your body that made you yourself, the warmth you gave when he held you with a tenderness he

saved for when it really mattered. All of these and more would stay with him if he had even an ounce of say in the matter, that was the end of the discussion, it was final.

Human routines and habits meant little to him. He didn't need sleep like you did, nor did he care for the distinction between night and day. Once you were ready and alert again, he could talk to you if he wished, but since you found the siren call of sleep too seductive to ignore, he found reflection to provide a suitable oasis for his mind to drift off into, pulling the curtain away from a small window to gaze out into the darkness, letting his mind wander where it will. This was not his home, but he drifted to Earth occasionally, sometimes found himself in the human world, and though sometimes his decisions were less than advisable, there was no hint of regret inside him at the moment, only a sense of calm, easy contentment as he enjoyed a quiet, relaxing moment, curious to find out what the next day would bring.

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