Free NyQuil

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by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

You get a special gift from a special someone.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Valhalla was a big place. More than big enough to get lost, and well, when you got lost in someplace like Valhalla, occasionally interesting things happened.

It was a mistake. Or, at least, it wasn't on purpose. You didn't think. You were just a regular human who wound up in Valhalla by chance after exiting the mortal realm. Administrative Errors, cases like yours were called. Not that anybody ever did anything about it-the Immigration Office was also backed up to hell and back trying to process arrival who were supposed to be there so cases like yours were more often than not just thrown to the wind, given no attention whatsoever. It was on a random sunny day, probably a Wednesday, where you found him. In all fairness, he was pretty hard to miss. Being over 7 feet tall and built like a tank, big and muscular but in a toned, streamlined way, with long red hair that went down to his waist, he was pretty hard to miss.

When you looked up into those narrow green eyes of his (curiously, they looked green most of the time but also sometimes looked yellow too,) you unconsciously held your breath, too shocked by what (and who) you were looking at to process well, anything. You stood there, still as a tree, waiting for something, anything, but the only thing that happened was-

Your heart was racing, your palms a bit moist, your legs shaking like a bowl of Jell-o that someone slapped with a spoon. His eyes met yours. Nice. The color was...very pretty. Gulp. You swallowed hard, waiting- and eventually-

Blink.

Absolutely nothing.

Well, that was...The man didn't speak, didn't move towards you, didn't move away from you, he didn't do anything at all. Was he even real? He was larger than life, a universe all unto himself, a veritable titan of a man-a person-someone-something. He was alive, you assumed (his eyes moved a little when he looked at you.) Upon closer examination, his chest also rose and fell with each breath just like any other living person. He also-hmm-well, it was kind of hard to tell, but he did, in fact, blink. More than once, even.

Whatever he thought, whatever entered his mind, it was never breathed into words, was never revealed to you because before you could say anything, he turned around and left without so much as a crumb of emotion, positive or negative, crossing his stern, stoic, impossibly handsome face. It was as if he was chiseled together by the gods himself-which was not quite the truth, as he was no mere creation of a god, he was nothing less than a god himself, and a very famous one at that, though you knew nothing of his true identity.

Wednesday turned into Thursday, which turned into Sunday, then into Tuesday, then into Thursday again, then into Monday-in truth, time in Valhalla made no sense and frankly, trying to figure it all out was the least of your problems. But problems or not, as you went about your adventures in the afterlife, your mind was occupied with thoughts of one thing and only one thing, and it wasn't even a thing at all but a someone-a person, a man, a man who just so happened to be very tall and very handsome and looked like he could toss you over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and carry you off into the sunset without so much as breaking a sweat.

Oh yes, it was true. Regardless of your problems, regardless of the trials the universe threw your way, your mind was occupied- currently distracted, gone on vacation, not available for new business opportunities, however you wanted to word it, one thing was true, truer than anything else. You were love-struck. Though, with what little reason you still possessed, perhaps lust would be a better description. But then, who knew? Maybe underneath that cold, stoic exterior, there were lots of things to love. And so maybe you were love-struck after all. Such a question couldn't be answered by even the finest team of philosophers, but it was question that dogged you like the IRS threatening you for not paying your taxes on time. In your defense, in your tax bracket, it wasn't like they were going to get a whole lot from you anyways.

You never expected to run into him again, not really, but you just couldn't help yourself. You had no idea what kind of things he liked or didn't like and somehow, that didn't bother you either. So the next time you caught a glimpse of him-he had just finished talking to a man who was a bit shorter than him who happened to have an eye-patch and a long beard-you caught the prime moment of opportunity the moment you spotted it like a leopard hunting a gazelle. By all accounts, it should have been easy enough. Just walk a few steps, make eye contact, and say something

that
held a clear, concise, and coherent meaning. You even caught his name-the other man he was talking to referred to him as Thor, the significance of the name totally and completely lost on you.
But, gods, he was-you swallowed hard, clutching a small little thing (some might consider it to be a
stress ball, while others might simply refer to it as a paperweight,) along with a little note you had
written for him-he was way too handsome. Those eyes, those sharp cheekbones, that long, silky
hair (he could put any hair care company out of business just by virtue of his mere existence alone,)
he might not have been a man who was to everyone's taste but he sure was a treat for your eyes,
there was no doubt about it.

Somehow, you made your way over to him, just as surprised as last time how much he towered
over you (and everyone else, as he was the tallest god in all of Valhalla even if you didn't know it,)
wracking your brain to think of something intelligent to say and coming up pathetically short. Oh
dear. When those cold green eyes with that gaze as sharp as steel met yours again, you thought you
might faint, but when you didn't, you reasoned that, being dead and all, it would make no sense for
you to pass out-right? Either way, when his eyes met yours again, you knew you had no choice but
to move your mouth-hope that something intelligent came out, and then hope for the best, whatever that was.

"Uh-" Oh, he's-You weren't sure what got you more worked up-that amazing, eye-catching figure
of his (he was a veritable marvel of muscle, looking as if he were crafted for peak physical strength, fitness, and athleticism,) or the way his deep, penetrating gaze scanned your body, studying you as intently as possible in an attempt to guess who you were and what you wanted. The
answer, as it turned out, was something he never expected. "Are you Thor?"

Okay. That's weird. You were shaking. "I am." His voice, like his face, held no trace of emotion
whatsoever. For all you knew, his entire life consisted of watching paint dry. But even lacking emotion, his voice was still-well, it did things to you. Not many voices did that, but then, you supposed, there was a first for everything...right?

"Well, uh-that's good!" Odd. Why is my voice shaking too? You felt like the dumbest idiot alive,
but your brain and body, refusing to cooperate, caused you to launch right into action

anyways. "Iuh-
just wanted to give you something." Ahem. It took you a moment to remember how to breathe
again, but somehow, Thor didn't move or interrupt you. This guy must have the patience of a saint
(he didn't.) "I-uh-" Come on, please stop shaking-you doubted your stupid legs would listen to you
but you couldn't help but scold them anyways while you handed him the small item and the note
that you wrote, feeling totally and severely disappointed in yourself for your lack of charm and
charisma. "I hope you like it-bye!" You mumbled some excuse about having to brush your dog's
eyebrows and turned to flee, not even risking looking back for a single second.

Naturally, Thor did what he did best, what one of the most serious, stoic, and unflappable divine
beings in all of the vast, incomprehensible cosmos did best.

"..." He waited until you were no longer in sight to look down at what you handed him. Out of
some deep, primal instinct even he didn't understand, he grabbed the small round item you had
handed him and gave it a slight squeeze, causing the thing to break instantly. Huh. Well, humans
were always a weird bunch. With nothing else particularly pressing to occupy his immediate time
or attention, he opened the small piece of paper you had so neatly folded, finding a handwritten
note. If anyone walked by and thought to ask Thor what he was doing when he read the note, they
immediately thought better of it when he gave them a cold, stony glare for interrupting him and
breaking his concentration.

For days, absolutely nothing of any note or importance happened. Going by that metric, not seeing
the handsome, mysterious man who was a mere inch removed from being a total and complete
stranger since you handed him the note, you assumed he wasn't interested. It stung a little but it
was hardly unexpected-especially from a man who barely spoke two words to you. It wasn't until
after some big hulaballoo-some crazy tournament with humans fighting against gods-that you saw
him again. Normally, you didn't get involved in the dramatic business that went down in Valhalla,
but the commotion this tournament had stirred up was too insane for even you to ignore and

when
you went snooping around searching for clues about what the heavens was going on, you saw a
shadow darken the ground near you and when you turned to look, you saw them again-those cold
but beautiful green eyes, a shade of green that was closer to yellow than blue, belonging to none
other than the mysterious, terrifying giant of a god that you had become smitten with.

"Human." Apparently showing emotion in his voice wasn't something he had ever picked up how
to do. But it didn't matter-no, you thought, your brain much more focused on what you eyes were
seeing and what they were seeing was a huge, towering man who seemed to radiate nothing but
strength and testosterone from every pore, cell and atom in his body-you weren't bothered at all. "I
don't believe I caught your name. " He was far from the most socially competent citizen of
Valhalla, but he at least picked up on the fact that it would be helpful if he knew the name of the
human who spontaneously handed him a love letter before he went off to fight in Ragnarok and
then ran away like someone lit their ass on fire. As if trying to emphasize the point that he knew
how to cobble together convincing evidence that he had social skills, he extended his hand-a very
large, rough hand with noticeable veins and calloused fingers and knuckles-out to you-the gesture
causing a sudden rush of heat to warm your cheeks.

"Oh-" You realized now that you never remembered to introduce yourself to him, not even in your
very long, very rambling, painstakingly hand-written (your hand wouldn't stop shaking when you
were writing,) letter confessing your feelings to him. "I-I'm terribly sorry about that-I'm
_____. "

"_____. " He repeated the name as if trying to make himself remember it-despite his chilly,
intimidating appearance and demeanor, you almost found it amusing that he seemed to be the sort
of person who also had trouble remembering names. Heavens knows you'd forgotten more names
in your life than most people ever learned, and you almost had to laugh when you realized that
even being sent to a bizarre, almost magical afterlife wouldn't be enough to remedy you of that
particular issue of yours. When you returned his gesture, he grasped your hand in his large (and

very warm,) hand, giving it a little squeeze as if he wasn't actually sure what to do or how to do it,
you were sure that no matter how cold and icy his eyes looked and no matter how blank and emotionless his expression was, your letter hadn't been a bother to him at all-far from it. "Are you
occupied with anything of particular importance at the moment?"

Nope-you were just hunting for gossip about the tournament everyone and their brother was talking about, but enjoying the company of the man looming in front of you (at his height, looming
was about the only thing he could do when he was standing in front of anyone,) seemed like a much better way to pass the time. "No, I've got nothing that needs attention right now. " Somehow,
you had stopped shaking, which was a miracle in and of itself, though you thought better than to
tell Thor as much.

His expression remained stoic and aloof as always but you saw his pupils move slightly, and when
you looked in the direction he was looking at, you realized he was trying to communicate in a different way. "There's plenty of time then. To find somewhere else to continue this conversation,
that is. " There was hardly any conversation to be had in the first place and not just because Thor
found talking as irrelevant and superfluous as most people found counting beans, but you were all
too glad to take him up on his offer that was really offering something else entirely.

"Okay. " Your brain had long since started operating on something akin to autopilot and that weird
black and white statick-y signal you got when you accidentally turned the TV to the wrong channel,
so you didn't say so much as another peep when Thor picked you up, lifting you into his big, strong
arms before seating you on one of his shoulders and walking off.

To say you were surprised was the understatement of a lifetime-or, several lifetimes, as it were.
You never expected a god-an actual, literal divine being-to be so utilitarian. The room he brought
you to was as plain as a prison cell (but cleaner, thankfully,) containing nothing but a plain bed
with the plainest, most non-descript white sheets, blankets, and pillows you had ever laid eyes on.
He had no other furniture, there was nothing on the walls, it didn't even look like he had a closet or
a mirror and the only window was covered with the most plain, non-descript...thing you had ever

seen. A blanket? A curtain? You had no idea, but luckily, Thor was quite interesting to look atmore
than interesting enough to make up for his absolute and complete lack of interest in decorating well, anything.

Wow...in fact, you were left utterly and completely breathless, unable to do so much as utter a word. But then, who would be running their mouth like they were competing in a verbal marathon
when they saw a cock that was bigger and thicker than some people's arms? Okay, it wasn't actually the size of an arm, but it was big and thick and looked so impossibly heavy that you couldn't even articulate or describe anything that went on inside your head when you looked at it.
There were almost as many cocks in the world (the universe, but who else besides you was counting?) as there were men, but once you saw what Thor was packing, you knew immediately
that the moment that thing went inside you (it wasn't a matter of if it would fit, it was simply a
matter of just how fucking desperate you were and what limits your willpower could conquer,) that
any other cock would be ruined for you, no doubt about it. You weren't sure if the thin line of drool
sliding down your chin was out of shock, arousal, or both (or perhaps some secret third thing that
your godsforsaken brain wouldn't even let you know about,) but you were as sure as anything that
you were ready and willing to do whatever it took to get as up close and personal with a piece of
equipment that impressive (and long, thick, girthy, and veiny, and-) no matter what.

Naturally, Thor had nothing to say about that. Talk was cheap, and a single action meant more than
a thousand words. And besides, a man like Thor, well, he was all about business, no funny stuff
would throw him off his groove when he meant business, lucky for you. He had many other nice
features too, like a broad, smooth, muscular chest, firm, well-defined abs, and very large, very
warm hands, hands that wandered all up and down your body, thoroughly examining, stroking, and
caressing every inch of your body after you got your clothes off, marveling at every last morsel he
laid his hands on with a stoic, wordless appreciation that was nonetheless laid bare by the intense,
piercing look in his eyes that left you with the impression that he had never seen anything so fascinating and breathtaking in his entire existence. If it was true or not, however, he never told
you. And that was just as well, because once he slid one of his very large, warms hands between

your thighs, using those long, rough fingers of his in ways that couldn't be described with any words in the dictionary (or any words in anything at all,) you were soon rendered speechless. It did seem like a reasonable assessment after all, you thought-actions were truly more meaningful than words, especially actions like these.

Thor was no suave, charming Romeo, no elegant, refined Casanova with smooth as honey words dripping from his lips, he made no dashing flowery gestures of romance, but that was more than fine-a man like him-well, he was a specimen so impressive that just looking at him-drinking in the sight of that wonderful, gorgeous, perfectly sculpted body of his, every muscle chiseled to absolute and total perfection from countless years of physical training and conditioning, was more than enough to leave you wet and willing and more than a bit needy-especially when your gaze drifted to his thick, massive cock which was even more breathtaking when it was hard-something you almost didn't think possible, and yet here you were. If fucking the Norse god of thunder wasn't enough for you to question your previous assessments of what was possible or not, well, then, what would?

You couldn't even begin to say how long it took, but when the moment came, you knew it instantly-after all, such a moment hardly needed to be told or explained for you to understand what happened, Thor hiding a feeling of pure pride and satisfaction behind his stoic, stony expression when he proved himself able to satisfy you (and, of course, to prepare you,) as what would happen next was sure to bring even more delightful surprises.

It took everything you had, but you sucked in a sharp breath when Thor lined himself up with your aching, needy cunt-he sure had a way with his fingers, and, until now, if anyone asked you if you would be able to fit three fingers the size of his fingers inside you even after he rubbed your clit more than adequately, you would have looked at them like they had three heads. With a short, low grunt, he pushed himself inside-very, very slowly, of course. Very, very, very slow, slower than the way time seemed to be passing in the dark, blank, nearly empty room. By the time he sheathed

himself as far as he was going to be able to-about halfway, it seemed from his cursory, bare-bones
assessment-borne out of nothing more than a single glance, he was pleased to note that despite his
size, there was no blood, not even a drop. It seemed that in the afterlife, humans were a bit more
durable than they were before.

For a moment, absolutely nothing happened. No words were spoken, no movement was made,
there was nothing but stillness-if not exactly quiet-it was hard to stay quiet when dealing with
something like this-and there was simply one thing and one thing only. There, for a single moment
of time that felt stretched out almost to eternity, Thor didn't move so much as a muscle, waiting
until he could tell when you had been able to adjust to the intense, filling stretch enough for him to
continue. Only when he was perfectly satisfied that things were going to work and not a moment
before did he start moving. At that moment, when he first began to rock his hips back and forth,
when you first felt movement inside you-not just fullness, not just stretch, not just the sensation of
all th emptiness that was inside you or had ever been inside you or would ever be inside you-a
noise like TV static swallowed up your brain, plunging you into a thick, hazy soup of everything
and nothing at the same time.

There was moaning, gasps, sighs, some mewling and panting-as for Thor, well, no one had even
wrung much in the way of emotion, expression, or sound from him, and as far as the rest of the
cosmos knew, it was likely to stay that way no matter what. All you had to go off of from him were
some grunts and groans, his voice as deep as rolling thunder-in all the time he fucked you, with
each and every harsh, powerful, brutal thrust, with each delicious snap of his hips, not a single
word passed his lips. And that was fine-even if you wanted to, even if you had the energy or the
stamina to, you wouldn't have been able to breathe so much as a single word. Even just half of him
was more than enough for you, more than enough for pretty much anyone-there were many
different and varied types of people in the cosmos, human, divine, or otherwise, and most of them, well,
it had never been said before that finding someone who could handle everything Thor had to
offer were common or easy to find.

No-much as he liked the soft, almost plush feeling of each side of your waist in his hands while he drilled you with the largest, fattest cock you had ever taken on heaven or Earth, he realized that nothing he did would ever change that one steadfast, un-changeable fact. People who were willing and able to take on that particular challenge were rare beings indeed, rarer than a blue moon, rarer than a four leaf clover, rarer than a council of the gods not ending with someone getting all their teeth knocked out of their skull in the time it took a human being to clap their hands together once.
And as nice as it was to look at you, to observe the expressions on your face, Thor had half a thought that he might well and truly lose control if he looked at you for too long, even in a room as dark as his, and so he flipped you over on your stomach. Besides, the view of your ass wasn't so bad either.

As for you-well, you weren't in a position to complain, and the thought-well, that was about as far away as the next universe. Gods, he was so good-nothing you ever felt could ever possibly measure up-in more ways than one. Many ways, in fact. Maybe all of them. The gods sure were full of mysteries, after all. Whatever was going on inside your brain was a total and complete mystery that no combination of words could ever truly do justice, but with the way Thor was stretching and filling every possibly inch of your cunt, causing you to squirm around as much as anyone could possibly squirm around when a giant of a man over 7 feet tall was holding them firmly in place, that was hardly even close to being a concern. And speaking of being close-

It wouldn't take long now. Thor made sure of it, and if he somehow hadn't made sure of it yet, you had no lack of faith in his ability to do so if need be. You were a limp, sweaty mess, your hair tangled and knotted up, your skin burning hot to the point where you were surprised you even still felt sweat on it, and Thor just kept on fucking you, making use of his incredible strength to the very best of his ability, for absolutely nothing else would be suitable. It wasn't a surprise to anyone, especially you, when you closed your eyes for the last time, stars exploding behind your eyes and the world melting into a frenzy of light and color and heat and everything all at once like a supernova exploding. It was the strangest of times, it was the most incomprehensible of

times, it
was the best fucking time (pun intended,) you ever had in your life.

Hm. Thor pulled out as gently as a man of his size could, flipping you over on your back when he
noticed that you were unresponsive. After resting an ear to your chest, checking for a heartbeat and
then gently squeezing your wrist to check your pulse, he was satisfied enough with his assessment
to feel comfortable enough to leave you on his bed long enough to go get you some water and a
clean cloth for you to clean up with after you woke up.

End Notes

TFW dick so good it put you to sleep like NyQuil.

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