Dog Sitting

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Dog Sitting

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

It was beyond ridiculous. To be fair, you didn't expect much-there weren't exactly any GPS systems here. But still.

Ugh. You looked at the map you were holding. This was nowhere near where you were trying to go-not even close. Hell, it wasn't even in the same neighborhood.

"Oh, come on!" This was-it was beyond ridiculous. To be fair, you didn't expect much-there weren't exactly any GPS systems here. But still-

You hardly saw it before it hit you. It was little more than a black and tan blur, you only had to time to blink once before you were bowled over, the air knocked out of your lungs before you could even so much as scream. The next time you looked up, you saw something-or someone-staring at you with wide eyes. Whatever-or whoever-(he was shaped like a human, even if he didn't act like one and he appeared to be male,)-he was, you were so confused you couldn't even begin to think of a response. Immediately upon leaping on you, he began sniffing you like a dog, the wild, crazed look in his eyes-(artfully lined with black kohl for someone who barely acted human-) revealing absolutely nothing about whatever thought process was happening in his mind-if, in fact, he was even thinking about anything at all. Being knocked to the ground and sniffed like a dog by someone who seemed neither fully human nor fully a dog was-well, words really did it no justice, leaving you speechless for more reasons than you could count.

"There you are-" Suddenly, the weight of the-person-was pulled off of you, a tall, serious looking
man with long dark hair pulling him off of you without any trouble. "What in the gods name is wrong with you?" He shook his head, as if he had just heard some mildly disappointing news, the-person-whining exactly like a sad puppy in response. The man who pulled him off of you barely regarded you, taking something out of his pocket and tossing it off in the distance. "Fetch." The person who had knocked you to the ground to sniff you like
a dog looking for treats sped away on all fours just like a dog, disappearing into the distance like he just leapt right off the map, so to speak. In a moment, it was like he had never been there at all, at least until you realized you were still on the ground. "Perhaps if I'm lucky, he won't come back." His wishes were not likely to be answered, but a man could dream.

Sigh. Why, Susanoo wondered, was it always his job to put up with this? "Thanks." you replied when he offered you a hand, pulling you up to your feet with no trouble.

"Well, I guess that nose of his is good for something after all." You well and truly didn't want to ask what he meant by that, still too rattled from the experience of being knocked over with such force that you couldn't even remember what had happened to the map you had been holding and then being sniffed like a dog by some strange person you had never seen before. "How did you wind up here?" His voice wasn't particularly warm or friendly nor was it particularly unfriendly or mean, but something about the look on his face suggested that he didn't expect to see someone like you here and that it wasn't necessarily a good thing. "Humans aren't supposed to be here."

You had lived in Valhalla for a while now, and you were no stranger to its-other-inhabitants, the ones you didn't share a species with-but normally you stayed only in certain area of the divine realm where humans were welcome. It had all been an accident, getting as terribly lost as you did. You had heard about the infamous Ragnarok tournament only recently, and,

finding yourself rather consumed with morbid curiosity about it, you tried to make your way to the arena in the center of Valhalla. Your plans, however, went downhill after you realized just how big of a place Valhalla was, and the old map you found (that hadn't been updated in several hundred years,) turned out to be of no use at all.

"Uh-" It didn't help that the man talking to you was quite a bit taller than you, a stern expression on his face and eyes that seemed cold more than anything else. He gave off a strange aura, too, it was almost...off, but you didn't know how or why. "My mistake-" still, you were feeling way too nervous. Humans got lost occasionally in Valhalla, it happened, and usually most people didn't pay attention enough to care or care enough to do anything about it. "I got lost."

Despite asking for an explanation, he sounded rather uninterested in the one he received. "That figures." He sounded exasperated, though not quite put off enough to do anything about it (you didn't dare ask yourself what that might entail-he was rather handsome-very handsome, actually, but it was a rare day to see eyes as cold as his, and his voice was flat, almost monotone, and something about that set off alarm bells in your head.) "Of course, that happens sometimes." You were beginning to wonder why he even bothered asking you if he was as disinterested as he sounded-what a strange man-"I suppose you have somewhere important to be,-humans always say that when they wind up here. It makes no difference either way, they never last very long here by themselves."

Oh. Well, that sucks. This is-not good. You knew better than to ask what happened to the other humans that wound up here (wherever "here" was,) but you knew you needed to say something, justify your mistake somehow, as you thought it unwise to risk angering him. "Well, I was trying to find that tournament-" you were surprised at yourself for struggling to remember the name. This isn't like me at all. Try as you might, no matter how much you looked at the man in front of you, nothing about his appearance answered any of the many, many questions swimming around in your brain. Who was he? What was he? He looked older-
not quite old, but perhaps middle aged, if he were a human, you might guess him to be around 50 years old, maybe a bit more than that, though his broad shoulders and his solid, sturdy, but not particularly bulky frame suggested that he was still as fit as someone half that age would be. His hair was an unusual color, not quite blue and not quite black, and his outfit was-complicated. The look and shape of the fabric, layers, and everything else suggested that he was wearing some kind of traditional attire, something probably from some time before the modern era, but you were too frazzled to think clear enough to form any more definitive guesses than that. "Uh, I think it's called Ragnarok-"

He cut you off again, unimpressed with your tendency to beat around the bush. "Huh, what a coincidence." He revealed that he was headed there too-but as a fighter, not as a spectator. "I happen to be heading there myself." He neglected to mention that, until then, he was stuck on dog-sitting duty. He might or might not have pissed off some of the other chief gods of some of the other pantheons and so had wound up saddled with the Herculean and thankless task of keeping tabs on Anubis, mainly making sure he didn't go causing any mischief before it was his turn to fight.

Oh.

Huh.

Yeah. You had nothing. "Uh-" The man standing in front of you, a man who hadn't even given you his name, had just told you he was fighting to bring humankind one step closer to extinction as calmly and matter-of-factly as if he were talking about the weather (which was actually pretty nice, warm and sunny and all that good stuff.) "Well, that's interesting." He was clearly not a great person, he obviously couldn't be if he was willing to fight against humanity in a tournament, but somehow you found yourself dwelling on that particular little fact rather less than you would have expected to. It also didn't help that he was, in fact, quite handsome- his face was hard to look at because whenever you tried, your face started getting hot, and the rest of him had a similar effect on you, a familiar heat pulling on things low in your body.

"Is that so?" He was confusing, his calm, almost impassive expression coupled with the strange light in his eyes made him incredibly hard to read, his inscrutable gaze examining you as if sizing you up-for what, exactly, not even the light in his eyes revealed. "I've been waiting to fight one person in particular. I don't particularly care what happens to the rest of them." The rest of them meant humankind as a whole, that much you could gather, but every time he opened his mouth, he left you with more questions than you had before. "After that, whatever happens is out of my control anyways so I don't see much point in wringing my hands over it."

There was some truth to his statement. From what little you had gathered, the whole tournament had been the idea of Zeus, the chief god of the Greek pantheon and a valkyrie, and beyond that, it was anyone's guess what would happen. "No, I guess not."

A loud, piercing howl interrupted your train of thought, leaving you feeling more than a little unsettled. Valhalla really was a strange, strange place. "Unfortunately, until then, I've been stuck dog-sitting. The sooner I can drag that stupid mutt to that damned meeting, the sooner he'll be out of my hair." You could guess instantly who he was talking about-that strange man who had knocked you to the ground like a dog that just found a bone-the less you thought about that whole incident, the better. He seemed-pissed off seemed like too strong of a word for such an emotionless and stoic man, but there was an obvious hint of displeasure in his voice. He had no idea why he was even telling a human all of this anyways, but his patience with Anubis was running thin and he was beginning to think he might just go and snap like a twig in a storm if he had to deal with that hyperactive mutt for a second longer without any reprieve. "In the meantime, though, much as it pains me to say, I should be keeping an eye on him." Nothing about the tone of his voice suggested that he had any intention of following through with it, but what he said next threw you off enough that you almost forgot all about it. "But I've had enough of dealing with him, I think I'd rather find some more pleasant company to pass the time with and besides, it's not like there's anything better to do."

Ah. As it turned out, even if the number of questions you had only grew with time, you realized that you didn't actually want answers to a lot of them. He was-unfortunately very pleasant to look at-and you were hopelessly lost and not likely to make it to the arena without help, but the less you thought about whatever particular set of circumstances led you both to being where you were at this exact moment in time, the better. "Uh, well, good luck with that!" You seemed calm on the outside but on the inside you were anything but, willing

yourself with all your strength and energy to steady your shaky breathing, to keep your face neutral enough to make the charade a convincing one. "I'll just be going now, no need for me to waste any more of your time." You kept your voice calm but polite sounding, adding a slight inflection at the end to better communicate that you had absolutely no intention of offending him.

Hardly a second passed after you turned to leave before you felt him grab your wrist, not harshly, but you definitely felt it-he has a strong grip. But, then, why wouldn't someone who held a sword that was bigger than some full grown men not have a strong grip? What am I even thinking? "Not so fast." His voice still as calm and even as always, hardly any indication of his mood or emotional state showing through it at all, his expression still cryptic and unreadable. "How do you expect to get out of here if you're lost, little human?"

Ah. Of course. You swallowed hard. His eyes were too bright and intense for someone soimpassive.
By all accounts, you should have been creeped out. You had every right to be creeped out. He was quite literally planning on slaughtering someone to bring the entire human race one step closer to extinction. Not much could be worse than that, and yet when your mind searched for reasons to back away, to try to pull free of his grasp, to put as much distance between you and him as possible, you came up with nothing. "Oh, uh-" You looked down for a second, hoping to find your map again-it was useless, but it would at least give you a plausible excuse to-

"There's nothing to worry your pretty little head about, girl. As it stands, there might be a way we can both benefit from this little accident." Oh, what's the use? The way he looked at you did something that screwed you up, bad. Why am I even doing this? You asked yourself when he brushed the pad of his thumb against your lips, the sensation soon causing your bottom lip to start tingling when he pressed down on it slightly. Anything you would have said or thought to say died in your brain instantly, and whether it was a natural response or not you had no idea and you were too-distracted-to even begin to guess. "It all depends on whether you'd like to cooperate or not." His voice was too-it was too much of everything and not enough of everything else, your brain felt like mush and you couldn't find words to describe your emotions anymore after he pulled his hand away from your face. "Nothing will happen if you don't, but do hurry up and decide, I do have a meeting to get to later, after all."

Uh.

Neurons sent signals, synapses were lit up like firecrackers, thoughts were threaded together like a blanket being knit on a loom, and somehow, an answer appeared. "That's fine-I can't find any reason to complain about it."

Good. "Perfect. There's no need to be wasting time here any longer, so let's go."

You barely even shrugged when he pulled you closer to him to pick you up, though now you (finally) remembered that you hadn't actually introduced yourself yet. "I'm _____, if it matters." You had no clue what to expect but being a human living in Valhalla, you were already dead so you didn't have the same worries as you did back when you were alive.

"There's no need to question such a thing." He hauled you up like it was nothing, holding you close to his chest (maybe a bit too close-your face was suddenly uncomfortably hot now but

you knew better than to mention it.) "It seems I forgot to introduce myself as well." Somehow, of all the responses you were expecting, the one you got was-well, you didn't see that coming. Susanoo. You thought the name sounded familiar, but you couldn't be quite sure. Huh. Well, I guess that's that. He wasn't one to beat around the bush, and you decided it didn't bother you at all.

You had no idea where he took you or where it was in relation to the rest of Valhalla, but it seemed normal enough so you didn't sweat it, quietly sitting on what looked like a bed when you discovered it was the only furniture in the room. Hm. It's pretty nice. You were a little cold for some reason-maybe there was a draft-but you didn't have time to think about it, as Susanoo brought a hand to your face, stroking your cheek. "There's no need to worry, I won't hurt you." Oh-uh-

"I-oh, I didn't mean-" You realized now that you may or may not have actually gotten a little nervous after all. It was kind of...questionable (in many ways,) for a god to fuck a human-at any rate, this definitely wasn't something you would be itching to write home about, had you still been alive. Your expression wasn't as obvious as it could have been, but Susanoo was more perceptive than many people, not terribly surprising given who and what he was. "Well, maybe I'm a little nervous-but I'm okay, I promise-" you could feel sweat collecting on your palms, giving you the urge to wipe them off on your clothes, but Susanoo gave you no such opportunity, pulling you into his lap-you didn't even remember when he got on the bed, but you decided it didn't matter when he brought his mouth to yours, holding you close enough to leave no gap of space between you. He used a lot of tongue when kissing, the hunger behind the way he kissed you being more than obvious, but it was far from the only reason you suddenly felt like the air had been knocked right out of your lungs. You didn't know how long it had been, but when he pulled away to give you the chance to breathe normally again, he seemed-well, as pleased as someone of his aloof, stoic disposition could be if you had to guess.

"I think you'll do just fine, little one." He was-curiously-the tone of his voice stayed the same, or very nearly so, but the look in his eyes suggested that his mood was rather much improved from before. Good enough for me-you squeaked in a small voice, one you didn't even know you were able to make-when he snaked a hand under your dress, reaching for one of your breasts. He squeezed a bit harder than you were prepared for, but nothing painful. "I think it's about time to find out what you look like under this-be a dear and take this off for me." He gave you enough room to allow you to do so, though not before letting his fingers wander towards your side and feeling the fabric of your dress, and it was going to happen sooner or later so why not now?

"Now that's something any man would be a fool to ignore." He wasted no time letting you know exactly what he thought, holding you down with one hand after laying you on the bed. There
were a few pillows and other things to prop you up slightly, all the better for him to enjoy the view, it wasn't every day he found something quite so interesting, after all. "You're a shy one, aren't you?" He was too perceptive not to notice it, but somehow it got you even more worked up anyways, at this point you didn't even bother to hide it. "That look on your face is simply adorable, but the rest of you is just as lovely." He wasn't one to butter up anyone,

empty flattery was of no use to him, and he was also not one to waste time either, with words or with actions.

"Uh-" You didn't have time to do anything besides laughing in a short, high-pitched, nervous tone, he barely gave you a second, if that, before grabbing your face in his hand, communicating what he couldn't be bothered to put into words with a look that made your blood run hot. "Thanks-" You were sure as anything that you had never sounded so stupid in your life but then, since you were technically dead, you figured you could cut yourself a little slack, and so you didn't pass out right away from sheer embarrassment. You chewed on the bottom of your lip, mumbling something indistinct in a voice barely above a whisper when he took off his clothes, Susanoo not wasting a single second between that and kissing you all over-except for your mouth-starting with your chin and moving down from there until you were a shivering, trembling mess. He barely made it to your breasts, but that just amused him more. Sometimes humans could be entertaining after all-not bad. Not bad at all.

"Ah, look at you." You knew he wasn't looking to start any conversation, as he shoved two of his fingers in your mouth, causing the heat in your cheeks to burn further. "Such an amusing expression on that pretty little face." He thought it far too much fun to toy with you, you had that innocent, flustered look that brought unspeakable thoughts to his mind-though, that wouldn't stop him from sharing them with you anyways-besides, it wasn't like you were going to do anything about it. Playing with a delicate little beauty like you was a treat that deserved to be savored for the exquisite pleasure that it was, so he intended to enjoy it to the fullest.

His hands were warm-warm for such a cold, aloof man, but then, hardly anything else in Valhalla made any sense, why should this be any different? You were helpless to do anything but squirm uselessly like a fish out of water, trembling and panting and breathless when he slipped two fingers inside you after his hands wandered up and down the rest of your body for more than a little while-it was a rare treat, after all, to find a sweet little thing like you, and it didn't matter exactly when he showed up to that damned meeting so long as he got there in time for the remaining gods to decide who would compete in the 10th round before the 10th round was scheduled to begin. Two felt bigger than you were expecting, but you wanted more anyways, not quite sure why he had this sort of effect on you, turning you on this quickly, but like so many other things in Valhalla, you knew better than to question it, if only because doing so would lead you no closer to the answers you were seeking.

"That's quite an expression you've got painted all over that pretty little face of yours-" This was even better than the look you had before, you were a useless mess already, how endearing. Humans were rather fragile, some of them especially so, but sometimes it had certain benefits, ones that brought him no shortage of amusement. "And to think I've barely done anything. I'm sure it'll be even more sweet to look at once I take you exactly the way you deserve, little flower." The lying bastard was obviously just trying to get you even more worked up, which worked like a charm.

You didn't bother asking him for details-you knew damn well you'd find out very, very soon and
Susanoo more than delivered. He did have a curious way of doing that, you discovered. Very curious.

"Oh-" You had already seen it, as he had discarded his clothes just as you had, but still-You don't see ones like that every day. You weren't actually sure if his cock would fit all the way inside you (you could only hope.) You weren't sure about a lot of things, in fact, but, hell, you had made it this far, might as well go for it. Besides, you knew just as well as he did how and why you wound up here in the first place. You had gone along with it willingly, but he never did these sorts of things unless it was his idea in the first place. None of that mattered to you now, though, for with the way he looked at you, you knew you'd be more than willing to do whatever he asked, just the perfect treat to help him get rid of all the pent-up stress he'd been dealing with for far, far too long.

"You're trembling." He sounded far too pleased with himself, though given what he just did, you thought better of objecting-as far as you were concerned, he earned every right to brag and then some. "How adorable." You whimpered when he brushed his thumb against your lip again, squirming around a little until he held you down, preventing you from moving. For someone as strong as him, it was no trouble at all.

"I guess I am..." you laughed a little in a nervous voice. You knew damn well you weren't going anywhere for a while, and if he cared about being late for his meeting, he sure didn't show it.

He looked far too amused, a surprising thing for someone as stoic as him, but by now, you realized it was all your fault and by now, you weren't in any kind of mood to complain at all. "Oh, you are just a delight." Such a sweet little thing, he could just keep you-maybe he would. You couldn't hold back a shriek when he pulled you closer to him, all the better to fuck you, and he wasted no time, showing you exactly what he brought you here for without hesitation.

"Ahn-" It was. There was no beating around this bush. It was big. Not enough to be a serious problem, but despite being prepared in a physical sense, mentally, well, that was another story. "It's-it's big-" Your voice was little more than a squeak, your face hot and your chest heaving, every inch of your skin burning as if it were fever-hot. You would have thought to grab onto something, find something to hold onto, but Susanoo gave you no such chance.

"Is it now?" The sound of your voice was like music to his ears, so whenever he did something that made you squeal in that girly, high-pitched voice, he did it again, building up to a pace and timing that sent your head spinning, leaving it with no room for thoughts, not even a single one. "It seems like you enjoy it, so I suppose I have no choice but to give you what you want, isn't that right?"

You said nothing-it wasn't easy to form thoughts and sentences when you were left dumbstruck and overwhelmed as you were, unable to fathom just how it was even possible to feel this way, looking up at him with wide eyes.

He never stopped long enough to give you a chance to catch your breath-or catch a train of thought-showing you just how powerful and deliciously brutal someone like him could be- "Oh, do say something, pet." He really couldn't care less how difficult it was for you to respond, enjoying the thought that it was his fault that you could barely string together a coherent thought, let alone a sentence.

"Mnh-I-" You gave a quick nod-it was all you could do-and a thought occurred to him, as rash and impulsive as any other that had wandered into his mind as of late.

"I suppose I'll take that as a yes." He showed you no further mercy when he slipped two of his fingers in your mouth, pushing down hard enough on your tongue to cause you to start drooling, the whines and mewls of delight you made only making him want to ruin you even further. It wasn't like it was difficult, after all, Susanoo wearing an expression that was equal parts amused and wicked, his eyes darkened with lust while he drank in the sight of you helplessly squirming under him while you sucked on his fingers and the sounds of your muffled gasps and moans.

No, it was no trouble at all. You were tight-not uncomfortably so, and there was no blood, but he hadn't felt like this in a long, long time and well, he was hardly in the mood to worry about the stupid meeting he had to go to later so if he was a few minutes late, oh well. As for you, all you could do was lie there and take it, accept whatever he chose to give you for as long as-and as many times as-he saw fit, as with the way he was holding you down, he only needed one hand to keep you from doing anything more than squirming and writhing about in a helpless manner-he didn't particularly care if you moved around a lot or a little or not at all-he
could have prevented you from even so much as moving your head, but he was aware of his strength and hurting something so soft and delicate and sweet was foolish enough to be unthinkable.

You weren't sure just how strong gods were. They were stronger than humans, sure, but beyond that-well, you had nothing. It was said that the true nature of the gods was unknowable to humankind, but even so, you found it curious that the more time you spent in the company of one, the more question you had. One thing, however, you were sure about-the way Susanoo fucked you, the feeling of the steady, repetitive thrusts inside your aching, needy cunt-he seemed to be moving at a moderate pace though it wouldn't have shocked you at all if he was holding back for your sake-you had never felt anything like this before. And despite having more and more questions that you had no idea what to do with, one thing was certain, you would never feel anything this good, not with any other man in the universe. And though you couldn't say anything, couldn't so much as breathe a single word, it was more than obvious from the desperate, pleading noises you made, as obvious as the sky being blue that you wanted more, that you would gladly take whatever he deemed fit to give you.

In what felt like barely a handful of heartbeats, you were knocked out of your senses by an orgasm that hit you with a force so strong you couldn't be sure it was normal or natural. But, then, was anything normal in Valhalla? Even you-or, maybe, especially you? Whatever questions your-encounter-with Susanoo raised, it more than certainly answered one question you had-not about him but about yourself.

Gods be damned. You were a panting, breathless mess, barely able to register anything in your surroundings when Susanoo finally took his fingers out of your mouth-but you knew one thing damn well, beyond a shadow of a doubt. You were one incredibly strange, weird, bizarre person. "Ahn-?" You were more confused than anything else when you realized he didn't stop-didn't even slow down. You weren't about to complain about it, not even close, but still-how? What is he-? You were surprised, to be sure, but pleasantly so, even when you felt

his hands wrap around your neck-no, especially when you felt his hands wrap around your neck. It was true. As clear as crystal. I'm-I'm

Before you arrived in Valhalla, you never knew any of this about yourself. It was all a great big mystery clouded in fog and shrouded in confusion and all that, but now-well, now, you had answers. And those answers-oh, they were something alright. "Mnh-" The only thing you were really surprised about-his unusually impressive stamina did, in fact, make sense, with him being a god and all that, why would someone with no human DNA be limited by the constraints of human biology?-was how it was possible for you to be so overwhelmed with pleasure in a moment like this, with what he was doing-it wasn't every day you wound up getting lost in a place that might or might not kill you and wound up ending that very same day flat on your back in a strange man's bed with his hands wrapped around your throat.

"You're doing very well, just be good like you have been so far-" His voice kept the same tone as before, though there was a bit more of a pause between every few words, something you found both confusing and intriguing. Gods were truly beyond imagination. "I'm sure you can do it, flower." His voice was way too calm and gentle for someone who was choking you with two hands that were about twice as big as your own-and by the way he was choking you, you could tell it wasn't the first time he had done this before. But, then, what were the gods if not creatures of multiple talents? He pressed down on your throat slightly, just enough to make that weak, dizzy feeling that felt way too good grow even more intense but not enough to cut off your airflow or make you pass out-the way he was fucking you would probably do that already, and well, humans were fragile creatures, it wouldn't do to push them too much.

No response was given, though he didn't expect one in the first place so he just kept at it-his ability to maintain the same steady, intense rhythm was truly something beyond your feeble human understanding and so you didn't question it, wrapping your hands around his wrists, nothing leaving your mouth except for a variety of noises that were as interesting as they were undignified. No-you could barely remember where you were or how you got there, hell, you could hardly remember your own name at this point-this was most definitely not the kind of night you would want to write home about.

You didn't remember when he let go of your throat, your body shaken by that familiar spasm of pleasure that washed over you when you reached your peak, but though you were still conscious, still awake, (in fact, some things, like the heat of his hands on your body, the sheen of sweat on your own skin, making you feel like you might just melt into the bed under you, and the slight, subtle variations in his breathing, noises that might have been something else but were too muted and controlled for you to be sure, seemed more intense than usual,) you were rendered unresponsive, barely more than a limp, helpless doll. It wasn't a bad feeling, though, far from it, you felt like you were made for this, and had you the strength to shape your thoughts into words, he would have agreed with you. At times, your own vision grew clouded and hazy, whether it was due to your eyes rolling back or simply the overwhelming intensity of being fucked so hard, you couldn't tell. In those random moments in between, when you could process shapes and colors and other things of that nature, you kept your eyes glued to him, finding no reason to bother looking at anything else.

There was no point in asking anything of you anymore, as your stamina was soon approaching its limit, but Susanoo-well, even gods could have days that were just one of those days, and after those sorts of days stacked up over and over and over again, eventually something had to give, and that's where you came in. A perfect, happy coincidence,- you should never have been there in the first place, never should have wandered into the part of Valhalla that he found you in, but once he saw you-and once he realized your company was easy enough to tolerate, he figured that taking advantage of the situation would work just as well as any other method of stress relief he could hope to find. And besides, when he spoke to you, when he said any number of questionable things to you (and he was not the sort of man who was concerned about appearing normal,) your reactions-even if you said nothing- were
simply too amusing to pass up. If you happened to be drooling on his sheets now, he could always just burn them later.

"You are really quite something else-" The next time you looked up at him, you realized that, surprise of all surprises, there was actually color on his cheeks now-and you supposed the sound you had started noticing earlier was, in fact, his breathing getting heavier. "You've been so good for me, but I've one more favor to ask you, kitten." Your brain was as good as useless now, but somehow you still perked up whenever you heard him speak.

"I-uh-" Every time you went to reach for words in your brain, you came back with nothing, your face a little scrunched up as you were busy with the most insane feat of multi-tasking you had ever undertaken in your entire life (before or after dying): Trying to breathe, trying to communicate, and trying not to pass out. Drowning in nameless, formless introspection, you did-something? You heard some kind of noise leave your mouth and you were looking at Susanoo hoping like hell he could understand anything you were trying to communicate at all-it was too bad, that there wasn't an easier way to do...this.

Ah, humans. Most of them were feckless morons, but there were, at least some, who were entertaining. Funny, even. Imagine that. "Go on, you can do it, come for me one more time,-" That was all it took, and he didn't fail to notice. "-there you go, that's a good girl-" The rest of his words broke up into nothing, not because he stopped speaking but because what he said was enough to bring you to your peak a third time, and sometime in that time frame, you realized that he followed suit, as he slammed into you much harder than before, the last few thrusts he gave intense enough to make you feel like you would slide out of place if he hadn't been holding you down. But no such thing happened, as Susanoo was quite unwilling to let go of such a sweet, delicious little treat like you at a moment like this-no, he wouldn't let go until after the blank colorless haze that swept over your vision started to fade away, leaving you exhausted, confused, but pleased beyond words when you could finally see things again and your body slowly but surely began to recover.

After making sure you were in decent enough condition to rest undisturbed, Susanoo very reluctantly got up to grab something out of one of his pockets in his long-discarded robes. Sigh. He picked up a wrinkled piece of paper with very faded words scrawled on it in handwriting of absolutely abominable, despair-inducing quality. Yes. The meeting was, in fact, in only a few short hours. Gods be damned-despite his epithet of the greatest god-slayer in all the universe, he really did try to keep the violence and bloodshed to a minimum when

at all possible. But that bastard Zeus was really testing his patience, and he wondered if his sword might not need some sharpening on the bones of another god after all.

It was crazy, how you could just go from being unconscious, totally dead to the world, and then in a single moment later, be awake and aware again. Of course, being stuck hiding in a tree with sharp, prickly leaves was no improvement from being passed out in Susanoo's bed after he had taken out an unspeakable amount of stress and frustration on you in the most enjoyable way possible, but hey, when life hands you lemons...You were only stuck here until he was done with that damn meeting, and then you'd get to enjoy some of the best seats in the house while Susanoo went to fight against whatever human he had been itching to fight, the thought of relaxing in a nice, private booth with anything you could ask for to make yourself comfortable being rather appealing despite knowing that the fate of humanity was quite literally depending on what exactly Susanoo did when he stepped foot in the arena to fight his human opponent. You could wrestle with that little ethical and philosophical conundrum later, though-for now, you were just hoping the meeting Susanoo had to attend would be done soon so you could put some space between you and this damn tree.

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