Brush Stroke

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by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

Well. This is it. The moment he opened the door, and not a single second later, you knew you were fucked. This was, beyond a doubt, the single most embarrassing moment of your life, and you weren't even alive anymore.

Notes

This fic was inspired by the second chapter of Emeralds, Diamonds, & Rubies by TheDreamyDemon on AO3, I just wanted to write a short little one-shot and well, this happened.
Though the themes/kinks in this fic are pretty out there, consent is established/given. If you're uncomfortable with the idea of being watched (like in a sexual way,) though, you may want to give this one a miss.
This takes place before the vote to hold the Ragnarok tournament takes place and during the very beginning of it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Well. This is it. The moment he opened the door, and not a single second later, you knew you were fucked. This was, beyond a doubt, the single most embarrassing moment of your life, and you weren't even alive anymore.

It all started with that damn truck. Then again, the truck, just like the car you had been driving, was just as much a victim of the cold, icy roads as you were. It also wasn't the truck's fault that a group of criminals were trying to make an escape from the cops on an icy, slippery road after dark on a miserable winter evening, speeding down a highway in need of extensive repairs (a fact that was ignored, of course, by the shitty, incompetent government.) With so many wheels rolling over the ice-covered road, well, it was only a matter of time before disaster happened-the last words floating through your mind as you sank into bone-chilling
water in a small lake after sliding off the highway, off a cliff, and into the ice-covered lake below were as simple as they were depressing. "It's cold."

Given the nature of the conditions you found yourself in after accidentally hurtling off a cliff and into a freezing cold lake, you were beyond shocked to find yourself surfacing in a calm, small pond-one that wasn't cold in the slightest-the sun shining brightly overhead and the air warm and pleasant, like a mild spring day-with your car nowhere to be found. You hardly had a chance to look up when you felt something-or, rather, someone-pull you out of the pond-you
were still too shocked to yell or scream or make any noise at all so you just kept your mouth shut, having not even the slightest hint of a clue as to what was happening.

For crying out loud-Susanoo was no stranger to Anubis stopping by to try to trash his place, including
the gardens-when he thought Susanoo wasn't there-Anubis had left plenty of unpleasant "surprises" as little "gifts" too, like giant snakes, poisonous frogs, yappy little dogs, cats that had just been given a bath-Anubis even dropped off a giant shaved giraffe that had gotten into an entire barrel of alcohol and drank the whole thing once-Susanoo still cringed at the clean-up he had to do after that incident. This, however, he could tell right away had nothing to do with that overgrown mutt and not having any reason not to, as soon as Susanoo saw you surface in the pond in his garden, he helped you out of there, confused but relieved that at least you weren't another bothersome "gift" from Anubis.

"Uh-thanks-" Your clothes were drenched, you were uncomfortable, and you were confused as hell but wherever you wound up seemed better than where you had came from so you weren't about to complain unless you were given a good reason to.

Given how startled you looked, Susanoo realized it was likely a lost cause to bother but he figured he might as well try anyways, see if there might not be some way to figure out what just happened or at least get some clues about it. "I don't suppose you remember how you wound up here or what happened before you got here."

"Sorry, I don't know anything." You confessed, finding that not only did you have no idea where you were or how you got here but your memory of the incidents that led you to wind up here had been rendered non-functional as well-the only thing you knew for sure was that it

was a lot warmer here than where you came from. "It was dark and cold and then I wound up here in the pond. That's all I can tell you."

Sigh. Well, he tried. He only needed to give you a quick glance to realize you were human and your random, vague arrival was the sort of thing that only happened when a human died suddenly. No point in complaining about it-besides, when he looked you over, he realized you were rather pretty, not bad at all for a human. Of course, he had no particular use for a random human-pretty or otherwise. But he also didn't lack a particular use for you either. He could think of something, he was sure of it, he just had to bother to brainstorm an idea. Oh well. He had enough time-he could find an idea eventually, and it wasn't like you had anywhere else to go.

"I figured as much. If you do happen to remember anything else later, I suppose you can tell me then." You were too busy trying to squeeze as much water as possible out of your clothes to pay attention to the odd aura he had or the unusual light in his eyes that revealed his true nature-that he was, in fact, not human, though you noticed that everything seemed a bit too bright and the sun seemed to shine a bit too much and you weren't sure why your memories were so splintered and fragmented into tiny, incoherent pieces that made little to no sense, but he interrupted your thoughts before you could ponder them any further. "For now, let's get you some new clothes." He wasn't the type to sweat the small stuff-he had lived far too long to let those sorts of things get to him, after all-grabbing your hand in his own. "Just follow me." From there, you were abruptly shoved into a new life, not one that really made a lot of sense by human standards, but not a bad one by any means. Somehow, you had co-existed with him for years since then, or perhaps longer, the relationship that formed a distant one but by no means one that didn't benefit you both, quietly and uneventfully rolling along as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

You were jolted back into reality-well, back into the present, when, after the door opened, you saw a familiar face-and not just any familiar face, but the worst possible face you could see at a time like this, considering what you had been doing. You gasped, pulling your dress down to cover yourself-luckily, there were also lots of blankets and sheets on the bed, so all you had to do to hide your underwear was shove it underneath one of them-by the time his gaze landed on you, you looked as if you were just lying there slightly propped up with some of the many pillows. If there was one thing they knew how to do in this corner of Valhalla, it was how to treat guests. Susanoo had to attend some huge (and ridiculous) meeting of the gods, one that only happened once every thousand years. He never told you what it was about and you never bothered to ask-there were some things about the gods that you learned were better left undiscovered. But given what little he told you about the affairs of the gods, you had every reason to expect the meeting to be a long one-one that would last multiple days, if not longer, and in that time, Susanoo simply told you to find some way to entertain yourself so
long as you didn't go near the enormous stadium where the meeting was to take place-and you were happy enough to comply. Valhalla was a huge place, after all, and there was no shortage of things to see, hear, and do.

"So there you are." His voice didn't sound at all different than usual, though you were sure the look in his eyes was a much different story, it was a look that betrayed his-interest-as obviously as someone like him ever displayed any sort of emotions or feelings. Surely, he

didn't expect this-you sure didn't expect it and you couldn't imagine why he would expect it either.

You flinched, so suddenly, in fact, that you thought you might fall off the bed, a rush of heated embarrassment so intense running through you that you found yourself wishing it was possible to die again. "Oh-what a surprise-" Stupid-just keep your mouth shut-try as you might, you realized you couldn't hide what you had been doing so well after all, your breath not as even and your voice not as smooth as it should be. "I-didn't think you'd be back so soon-" Ugh, just shut up already-

"There's no need to bother hiding it, girl." Neutral as he kept his voice, he never took his eyes off you and you weren't sure you wanted to know what that meant. "It's obvious what you've been up to."

Despite being nothing but polite and refined, Susanoo could be as blunt and graceless as they came, having none of the attachment to the same human social norms you had grown up with and lived with all your life as you did, given what he was, it made more than perfect sense. He sat down next to you on the bed without concern for your personal space-he never laid a hand on you in an unpleasant or unwanted way, but his understanding of the concept itself as far as you were concerned was rather fluid, to put it one way-you were not sure how else to describe it. "Uh-" You looked at him-it didn't feel natural but it also didn't feel right to look anywhere else. Thoughts swirled around you head, passing through at such a rapid-fire pace that you couldn't keep up with them all, and so you were lost. Perhaps an apology was in order, but how would you even know where to begin?

In some ways, he could be said to be a terrible man, yet he had treated you better than a lot of people had. The easiest way to distill his strange, contradictory nature-he did things and had done things in the past that other gods found detestable yet he had also never done anything that caused any significant problems for anyone else in the long term as far as you could tell was
simply to describe him as an enigma. Nothing you knew about him suggested that he was responsible for anything truly catastrophic, and though you were never really quite sure what he thought about humans, he tolerated your existence well enough that despite whatever he was or whatever he might be, you felt okay enough to be content with your circumstances, such as they were. Well, except for this moment in particular. Helpless as you were to say anything coherent, sensible, or productive, you clutched the hem of your dress, trying (and struggling) to concentrate on controlling your breathing, wondering if it was even possible to die in this place and if so, how it would happen, what it would feel like-

"There's no need to be polite on my account, either." If he cared at all about the inner turmoil roiling around your mind, he didn't show it. "Adorable at it is, you're not nearly as good at hiding your feelings as you think you are." He seemed too dispassionate and indifferent to your inner secrets to steer the conversation in such a direction, but then, even other gods found him inscrutable, you had no chance of guessing what he thought unless it was practically spelled out for you. "No doubt it feels uncomfortable to stop, so feel free to continue if you wish-it's been a while since I've seen something quite so rousing, after all." Each sentence that left his mouth was like a sack of bricks to the face, his tone and the delivery of what he said so abrupt you felt as if the air had been knocked out of your lungs,

only increasing the feeling of your insides throbbing and clenching around nothing, sweat beginning to gather on your palms once again. He never took his eyes off of you, and even if his tone left you with questions, the look in his eyes answered other questions. "Show me your brush stroke."

Oh. Uh-No. There was no other way that-sentence-could possibly be interpreted. Not only did he realize that you had been touching yourself, he wanted you to continue doing it so he could watch.

Sweat bloomed all over skin, your entire body heating up like lava. "Okay." You didn't know you had it in you, but somehow your hands moved, though you couldn't look at him at first when you pulled your dress up again, your fingers tentatively exploring just like you had been before he interrupted you. It felt awkward at first, and you weren't sure how long it was going to take, but you started it again, to not finish things again-well, you had gotten this far, there was no point in even considering such a thing.

"I just have one favor to ask." You made the horrible and incomprehensible mistake of turning to look at him, your gaze accidentally meeting his. "I want you to say my name when you come undone."

Something-probably the single fragile thread you were hanging on to your sanity with-broke inside your brain. You moved your fingers as if by nothing but pure instinct, the motions feeling almost like someone else was touching you instead, heat burning your cheeks, your chest rising and falling, all while you struggled to remember how to do such simple, basic things as blink and breathe. His gaze, impassive as it was, never left your body, his eyes glued on you while you showed him exactly what he wanted to see-despite your inexperience with such a situation-you had never done this for anyone else before-you could hardly string together a coherent thought, the sound of blood rushing through your ears threatening to eclipse everything else in the world. You weren't sure you'd want to do this with anyone else, in fact, you hoped you never would, but somehow it was not nearly as awkward and horrible as you thought it might be, and soon you felt no less comfortable-pleased, even, as you had been before when you were all by yourself. It was lucky for you that he never spoke, never uttered so much as a word while you worked to bring yourself to your peak, as you never would have heard it if he did.

Despite his stoic, almost distant disposition, one that, until now, had never given you any indication that he thought of you like this at all-or that he was interested at all in you in the way a man might find interest in a woman-the look in his eyes was intense enough that you soon found yourself unable to maintain eye contact, something inside you freezing, the feeling reminding you of an ice cube being smashed with a hammer, and as you neared your end, squeezed your eyes shut. Though he hardly moved a muscle, hardly breathed any differently, the light in his eyes-and the darkness in them-was simply too much to handle, there wasn't a shred of doubt in your mind anymore-no one looked at someone like that for any other reason-the thought sending you spiraling further, causing you to hurtle towards the abyss at a speed and intensity that felt completely foreign to you, your voice nothing but a series of small, soft gasps, sighs, and moans, the tone high-pitched and delicate, almost fragile. You weren't really sure whether or not it was something you always had in you or not, but there it was nonetheless, and you could only assume that whatever you were doing was

fine because you never heard so much a single complaint or objection from him no matter what you did or what you sounded like.

You didn't have a clue what to do, you never thought you'd wind up in a situation like this, so when you felt yourself reach your peak, tipping over the edge rather suddenly (thought not unexpectedly,) you just squeezed your eyes shut harder-had you not been in the throes of an orgasm at the moment, you would have noticed a massive pain shooting through your head, hoping
that whatever you were doing, whatever you looked like, was whatever he had been wanting to see. "Ah- Susanoo!"

It took a few moments, as you had to blink a few times before being able to see clearly again, but when you started to recover, you were immediately overtaken by the feeling you had forgotten something-but what?

"Such a sweet, pretty little thing you are-you'd put any goddess to shame." You were given no time to ponder the matter further, though, as Susanoo brushed the pad of his thumb on your bottom lip, pressing down with just enough pressure to make it start tingling. "Unfortunately, I still have some business to attend to, but I'll be sure to make more time for you later, little one." He wore the same stoic, inscrutable expression on his face as usual and he hardly appeared flustered in the slightest even after watching you put on such a show for him, not even so much as a single hair out of place or a single extra wrinkle on his clothes, but his voice sounded too sincere to be anything but a promise. With that, he got up and left, leaving you with more questions-and more answers-than you could even begin to guess what to do with.

End Notes

The line about the brush stroke (as well as the title of the fic itself) is a reference to an absolutely depraved sex scene from a show called Blue Eyed Samurai on Netflix-it's a great show in my opinion but definitely not something for the faint of heart.
As far as his personality is concerned, to fill in the gaps that haven't been, well, filled in canon, I based some of his personality off of how he's often portrayed in mythology.

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