Not all Shifts are Created Equal

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Not all Shifts are Created Equal

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

You're a new nurse in a hospital in Valhalla and Ragnarok leads to added chaos at your job.

Notes

You're a nurse at a hospital in Valhalla and you get assigned to take care of Susanoo, who survives Round 10. Naturally, since this is an A/U where he survived, his injuries aren't as severe as they actually were in the series proper but he's still injured enough to net himself a hospital stay. As you can guess, this isn't the most serious fic, but if you like crack with your porn, you're in the right place.
This fic contains spoilers for Round 10 and mild spoilers for Round 11 (only who fights in Round 11, nothing more than that.)

You tried. Really, you did. Not all shifts were created equal, it was one of the first things you learned as a nurse. Of course-you ducked a projectile thrown your way (but not at you, at least not on purpose,)-being a nurse in Valhalla was far more eventful than being a nurse back on Earth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Something that smelled like burnt hot dogs soon drove a scattered bunch of people out of the cafeteria, but dealing with that wasn't your job, so you ignored it. Now, where was I?

You headed up to room 220, where your newest patient was. Unlike many other people in the hospital, you didn't have toilet paper glued to your shoes, you hadn't been targeted by scalpers trying to hawk tickets to the next round of Ragnarok, and you didn't smell like burnt hot dogs. All in all, you figured you were lucky, perhaps you were even in for a calm, quiet shift. You only realized how wrong you were when you walked in the room.

"Oh, hello there." Susanoo, a large, intimidating looking man who had just barely scraped his way out of the last round of Ragnarok with his life-and not much else-greeted you. He looked awful. A huge open slash wound decorated his chest, a smaller one peeked out from his side, just barely shallow enough to avoid exposing any internal organs, he had dozens of others random small cuts and scratches on him, a couple of his fingernails were cracked all the way down to his nail beds, blood trickled down his chin when he smiled at you, and all of the toes on his left foot were gone. When you took his temperature, he also had a fever high enough to bake a human's brain in seconds. "I guess you're going to be my nurse."

Oh dear-To make matters worse (because they could, indeed, always be worse,) you had harbored a crush on him for years. When the 10th Round of Ragnarok was shown on the TV in the break room, you had to run outside to eat your lunch behind a bush, unable to bear the thought of anything happening to him. That had been mere hours ago and now here you were, made fully aware of the fact that, indeed, many things had happened to him, none of them good. "I-uh-"

The next thing you knew, you woke up in the break room, wheeled in there on a shitty cot, one of your co-workers holding ice on your head. "You ever blacked out when seeing a patient before?"

You shook your head. "Not that I can remember."

Ah. "Well, you whacked your head, but luckily you don't have a concussion or anything else serious, just ice it for a while and you should be okay but let management know if your headache gets worse." Your co-worker left, realizing that she had accidentally gone over her allotted break time by 5 minutes.

All the beds were full, as was to be expected during Ragnarok. Nothing like crazy fans living up to their description to stretch the hospital to capacity. Those between-fight riots were no joke, after all. Being understaffed didn't help matters either-hiring had been a disaster lately, with people quitting left and right before Ragnarok started. Only the truly desperate stayed on, and well, desperation might as well have been your middle name.

Sigh. Better get a move on. You quickly made your way up to Susanoo's room again, this time discovering that he had been bandaged up but regardless, looked like he was in no shape for, well anything.

"How are you feeling?" You took his temperature again, all too glad that the hospital had invested just enough money in buying the convenient type of thermometers that you could stick in someone's ear. Administration was cheap, but even they had some standards.

"Could be better." A painful sounding crash, followed by the sound of someone slipping on a banana peel and being body-slammed against a wall, interrupted whatever train of thought was chugging along inside your head. "But could be worse too."

You flipped through the chart on your clipboard-he had some pain medication and fever reducing
medication recently, but it was doubtful that it would last a man his size through the night. "Well, don't worry, we'll fix you up good as new. You're not in critical condition so hopefully we can get you out of here in a few days if all goes well."

A small smile on his face gave you a nice, warm fuzzy feeling on the inside, but it didn't last long, the sound of your pager buzzing soon ruining the moment. "I'm sure you must be busy but it's nice to see you again."

Uh, yeah-You were afraid your brain would explode if you thought too hard when he looked at you like that. "Thank you-I'm, uh, I gotta check on another patient, I'll be back as soon as I can." You palms, being sweaty as hell, made it hard for you to hold onto your pager even after you wiped them on your uniform shirt several times, so you just shoved the pager in your pocket, running as fast as you could to get to your next patient.

_____

Several hours of bullshit later (as was a typical occurrence in your job,) your shift finally ended. A miracle during times like this, to be sure, but it was only the beginning. After a night of bizarre, scandalous dreams, the kind you were sure would get you locked up in an insane asylum if anyone else found out about them, your next shift was upon you. You got dressed and hurried back to work as fast as you could. The small smoke cloud in the distance that carried the faint scent of meat and barbecue sauce was easy enough to ignore-it looked like smoke from a grill, like someone barbecuing at a cookout. There were plenty of those going on in Vahalla since Ragnarok started, as there were always people who wanted to celebrate after each battle, no harm done, you figured. The giant wad of bubblegum on the front door was weirder. You ignored it, finding a side door to enter.

Things only got weirder from there, a bowl of grapes tumbling down a flight of stairs being the first thing you saw. You dodged the grapes, making a mental note to report that to the janitorial department. You weren't late yet, but in this business, being early was the same as being on time and being on time was the same as being late so despite there being three minutes until your next shift started, you had to get a move on and had no time to deal with the grapes yourself.

It was only when you got to the main floor that things started seeming hazy. You punched in at the time clock repeatedly, about 15 times, in fact, before you realized you had clocked in, and as you made your way to the main floor to get your assignments for the day, you noticed a strange lack of coherence to, well, anything. A used condom on the floor almost caused you to slip and fall, but you noticed it just in the nick of time, picking it up and throwing it in the trash. After spraying some hand sanitizer on your hands, you swore you could hear a high-pitched
moaning sound coming from one of the offices. Eugh. Not my problem. You hurried on, moving as fast as your feet could carry you. For some reason, despite the hospital usually being busy, you hadn't seen a single other soul yet.

The air was warm, the day was young, and yet nothing seemed right at all. The door to the men's bathroom opened, a man holding a cigarette slumping to the floor, crying as he tried to dial a bunch of numbers on a phone. Further down the hallway you were in, you saw a tipped over trash can. It was empty but someone had painted graffiti on it in a language you didn't recognize. Odd. Was everyone losing their minds today? You had no idea and you were far too afraid to check. Where the hell is the main floor? When you approached the set of doors you were supposed to open in order to get there, you realized they were locked. You jiggled the handle-there was no way the hospital was closed-it was never closed, especially not at a time like this. Ugh-

When jiggling the handle for a couple of minutes didn't work, you grabbed a chair out of another room, standing on the chair to look through the tiny window in one of the doors. What you found only gave you more questions-a thick, fog-like smoke filled the room, though the door handle didn't feel the least bit hot and the rest of the building seemed to be in normal condition.

How ridiculous-you remembered each and every one of the patients you had been responsible for yesterday, but even after searching for all of them, you couldn't find any of them, not until you got to Susanoo's room.

"Good morning, _____." Susanoo wasn't good at remembering names but you wore a name tag on your uniform, allowing him to address you by it as if he knew you well, which you were sure he didn't, as before yesterday, you had never seen him up close (only from far away, like in a crowd or across a busy street,) and he had never seen you at all. He looked almost the same as before, except his bandages had been replaced with new ones, there was no more blood on his face, and he was naked. "I don't suppose you have one of those scratchy gowns stuffed under your skirt, do you? Truth be told, they're rather uncomfortable." He hated the scratchy hospital gowns, especially since none of them actually fit him, leaving him having to waddle along like an idiot to avoid flashing everyone when he had to hobble over to the bathroom and even then the bottom of the gown barely covered his ass, so when you were gone in the middle of the night and the night shift nurse went missing in action and never showed up again, he ripped off the gown and threw it out a window. Had he not suddenly gotten hard in the middle of the night, he would have thought to search for something else to wear but despite the second dose of medicine he was given a few hours earlier, he never felt like his fever went away so he thought being naked would at least help him feel less hot, if nothing else.

"No-uh, no I don't-" You found a blanket crumpled on the ground and, lacking any other options, you offered to give it to him, but he refused. "You're um-if you're still feeling feverish, I better get you some more medicine." He would probably need something stronger, but just as importantly, you needed to give yourself something to do before your legs buckled under you in shock.

Right there, lying just a few feet away from you, Susanoo was as naked as the day he'd been born and what was more, he was very noticeably hard. It wasn't a bad thing to look at, not at all, he was very handsome and in good shape for his age, and his cock was just as big as the rest of him, long and thick and just a slight bit darker than the rest of his body, the tip curving slightly upwards. It would take quite a lot of effort to fit the whole thing in-

No. What are you even thinking? He could barely hobble twenty feet and was probably burning up with a horrible fever, how could you even think of something like that? He was your patient, too, although strangely you hadn't seen any other nurses or doctors at all today, and come to think of it, you hadn't seen any other patients at all. Where was everyone and what was going on? The strange, hazy feeling from before only seemed to grow with time, and you didn't even realize that Susanoo saw you slap your own face with both hands at the same time until you heard the bed creak.

"What's wrong?"

Uhh-"I'm fine, don't-don't worry about me-" You scrambled to find your clipboard, only realizing you had forgotten to grab it earlier when you felt an old tissue in your pocket. You threw the tissue in the trash can by his bed, trying to ground yourself by counting five things you could see (besides his cock,) which worked about as well as you expected, the air leaving your lung as you fell on top of him with a shriek. "I'm so sorry-I tripped, I didn't mean to-"

"It's okay, these don't hurt as much as they look." Susanoo said, referring to his injuries, when he gently lifted you off him so you were sitting on top of him. "Trust me, I've had worse."

Not professional-not professional-You froze like a statue, sweat coating your skin in mere moments, time suddenly seeming to slow to a crawl. I'm gonna die, aren't I? Poor Susanoo had barely had time to recover, what if you hurt him more, then he'd be here longer and you'd get in trouble and then- "I-I-uh-I'm sorry-" Your brain started crawling at a snail's pace, not letting you think about anything important or useful, your eyes glued to his chest, every inch of the broad, firm, hairless expanse of muscle under you, covered by nothing but some bandages, it really wasn't like you at all, to let something so silly get in the way of doing your job, but your brain selfishly refused to allow things like logic or rationality or a sense of professionalism get in the way of the sight in front of you.

"No, no, you don't have to be sorry, it's okay-" Though Susanoo didn't feel feverish anymore, you
briefly rested your hand on his forehead to see for yourself-like you, he seemed somewhat distracted and less than fully alert, as if he was suspended in the same kind of invisible molasses you were, caught in a trap like a fly in a spider's web. "I just want to ask you something."

"Okay." You let him grab your hands, giving them a nice warm squeeze that made you suddenly very glad to not be standing up, as otherwise you would have melted into the floor. Normally, the ethics of your profession demanded-well, not whatever you were doing, that was for sure, but you were most definitely not in your right state of mind, and, you soon realized, neither was he.

"Are these new?" He slid his hand up your skirt, feeling the soft fabric of your underwear, which was now exposed thanks to his actions. Normally, something like that would have freaked you out, but for some reason, despite knowing that everything was wrong right now, you didn't feel concerned about it, finding yourself comfortable with going with the flow.

"Oh, no, I just picked them off the clearance rack a while ago."

"Well, I want to see if what you got under these tastes as good as it looks."

You didn't have time to react, or at least to ask him what he was doing when he pushed your skirt up, ripping off your panties. He kissed up your legs slowly, as if trying to impress upon you that he had no intention of hurting you.

"You have really soft lips." Realizing your mistake, you made a small correction, amending what you said in case it might have offended his sensibilities in some way. "I mean, they feel really nice."

"If that's so, then I think you'll enjoy this even more." Before enough time had passed for you to blink again, you felt his mouth on your pussy, the sudden sensation causing you to shriek.

He wasn't the most coordinated at the moment, clearly not at peak performance and also feeling the same strange feeling you had been experiencing ever since you arrived at work, but he resolved to try his best.

Some might say he was more talented with his sword than he was with other instruments, but he had learned enough over time to know the basics and execute them in an adequate, efficient manner. Though it was a bit uncomfortable when he grabbed your butt, digging his fingers in a little too much, he more than made up for it other ways, sucking and licking at your pussy like he was starving.

Of course, being occupied as he was, he couldn't say anything, but you didn't need words to tell that he was enjoying himself. If he had ever enjoyed anything so thoroughly in his life, you had no way of knowing. As you had no other way to support yourself and it felt far too good to ask him to stop, you placed your hands on the wall in front of you above his bed, unsure what else to do. Given the severity of Susanoo's injuries, you had no idea what to expect, finding yourself totally and completely caught off guard at how fast he made you come.

"Are you-are you okay?" Even a single sentence felt like monumental effort, but it felt necessary.

"I've certainly been much worse than I am now-although I could use some help and you seem like the perfect person to help me."

If you had any lingering doubts as to whether he enjoyed eating you out, they evaporated the moment you saw how hard he was. Sure, he had already been hard before (and it had certainly been difficult enough to ignore,) but now, you found yourself with questions that would remain locked up inside your brain forever. "It sure seems like it." Despite your best efforts not to, you squeaked when he grabbed his
cock. Had he not touched it the entire time? Did that mean-

"You don't have to, of course, but I would certainly appreciate it." You didn't hesitate, unbuttoning a few buttons on your shirt first in an attempt to rid yourself of some lingering heat so you could concentrate better. There were too many questions, all swimming around in your brain. The curiosity, if left unaddressed, would eat you alive. It took a considerable amount of strength-both of body and of will-to not grab the back of your head and thrust his hips upwards. "You're very helpful."

A muffled grunt was the only response you could give him. At first, you only had your lips wrapped around the tip of his cock. If you went to a pool, you weren't the type to jump right in the deep end without dipping your toes in the water first, and this was no different. Slow and steady wins the race. His cock was exactly as huge as it looked, thick and girthy with a noticeable vein, the head pleasantly smooth and though he didn't exactly have the opportunity to wash up since he wound up in the hospital, you assumed it hadn't been all that long since he had taken care of such matters, as even though you expected to taste sweat, instead you got a whole lot of nothing, leaving you with a pleasantly neutral sensation as far as taste went. As another added bonus, he didn't have much hair down there-some men naturally had less than others, of course, but you wouldn't have been surprised to learn that he shaved, if indeed that was the case.

"That's good-don't stop doing that-" Though you were sure that his voice was more strained that it would have been had he not been injured, you could tell he very much appreciated the effort, murmuring gentle praises to you all the while. He pet your head with one hand, more unconsciously than anything else, as if by doing so he would ensure that you would continue. He had nice, warm hands, the kind of big strong hands that could do all sorts of things, things that would bring your blood to a boil.

Under any circumstances more normal than the ones you found yourself in at the moment, you would have thought to cover your lower half as soon as possible, but instead you kicked off your shoes, wanting to rid yourself of the strange, oppressive, hot feeling settling in your chest. The way he used his tongue on you before helped, but the feeling still lingered, making you seek coolness. Since it was too difficult for you to fit all of his cock in your mouth, you settled for grabbing the base of it with one hand, giving it a very gentle squeeze.

Regardless, with time, your confidence grew, and soon an inescapable urge hit you like a ton of bricks, resulting in your gripping onto both of his thighs while you moved your head up and down, being careful to keep your mouth in the exact same shape no matter how uncomfortable it got. The results were well worth the effort, Susanoo's fingers tangled in your hair while you worked to keep as much of his cock in your mouth as possible, sucking and licking it continuously, your jaw and its opinions on the matter at hand be damned.

Lucky for you, Susanoo was kind enough to warn you when he was about to come, a low, guttural groan catching your attention at just the right moment. You sucked in as much air as possible through your diligent, hard-working nostrils, dipping your head down one last time. The hot, salty sensation hit your mouth right away, and as luck would have it, it wasn't too unpleasant. Gods were built different from humans in many ways, and this, apparently, was one of them. Without having to handle the stress of being grossed out, you were able to empty his balls down to what you were at least 99% sure was the last drop.

My goodness-if there was one question you had (how pent-up he was,) you had your answer delivered with unshakable certainty. Pulling away once he was well and truly finished, you grabbed some tissues that were on the movable table (really little more than a glorified stool with wheels,) by his bed, wiping your face clean, then tossing them in the trash (this time without making any stupid mistakes.) There was an odd ringing in your ears now and the air smelled like a wet skunk, but other than that, you felt fabulous.

"You know, I wouldn't mind staying here if only it didn't smell so strange." Realizing that you weren't the only one who smelled the strange odor, you realized something was wrong even in the midst of the strange, unusual haze you were caught in, the weird, jelly-like feeling that had slowly seeped into your every pore ever since you arrived at work today.

"I could say the same thing." You really did want to leave, though, the smell, which had hardly been noticeable before, was now overpowering, and now you could see strange smoke fill the hallway outside the room. Though Susanoo would likely still have trouble walking due to him missing the toes on his left foot, he still seemed to be in better shape overall since yesterday. The wheels, slow as they were, turned in your head until at last a metaphorical light-bulb made its appearance. "Has anyone given you a boot for your foot?"

"Not that I remember." Susanoo confessed.

"I'll be right back." You had no idea how you did it, pulling your skirt down just enough to cover the important bits, nor what dark forces inside you compelled you to walk around the hospital barefoot, but you found him an old poncho someone left in someone else's office and a boot big enough for him that could be used to help stabilize his foot enough for him to be able to walk at least a short while, bringing it back to his room.

A slightly awkward handful of moments later, you helped get the boot on his foot, letting him get dressed before you helped him out of the room. As bad of an idea as it was-and it had all been a very, very bad idea despite how wonderfully talented he was and how thanks to him, you made noises that you thought were impossible for you to make-there was no sense in staying. If it wasn't already, the hospital would almost certainly become an unsafe place to be in, and if nothing else, if you two could make it outside, you could at least try to find out if anyone else knew what was going on.

"Sorry if it's not comfortable, it's not exactly designer footwear."

"It'll take more than that to kill me." Susanoo sounded confident and assured enough that you couldn't find it in you to object, the two of you slowly making your way out of the hospital. Along the way, you passed more and more things that made you wonder if you would make it out. There was a stairway with a three legged dog the size of a car eating a rubber chicken. In

the cafeteria, there was a blob the color and consistency of cottage cheese (but frighteningly sentient,) that was smashing a vending machine to bits. And in one of the waiting areas, well, the oozing red liquid on the floor and the giant blue hand prints on the walls raised questions that neither of you wanted answers to.

When you both made it outside, the first things that greeted your senses were the bright sun shining in the sky, a little bird chirping on the branch of a Magnolia tree, several unconscious people strewn all around the building, and a line of police cars quickly parking in the main parking lot. To top it off, the smell of the strange, skunk-like smoke seemed to be most concentrated coming from one room-the men's bathroom on the third floor. None of it would matter for long, though, as within moments, both you and Susanoo were no longer conscious, not even aware of what happened or aware of just how fortunate you were that you both managed to avoid passing out until after you got out of the hospital.

"Loki, get your ass out of there or so help me Zeus, you're going to be in prison for eternity! Who hotboxes in a fucking hospital bathroom you deranged freak?! Where did you even get that much weed?!" Ares, a blustering lummox of a god, shoved his foot in his mouth with frightening ease, as Hermes, who was standing nearby, pointed out.

"Dear brother..." Hermes tapped Ares on the shoulder, clearing his throat. "Perhaps you should check your pockets more carefully..." His face darkened for a moment as Ares, scrambling for his pockets, realized with terror that Loki had stolen his cigarettes, which were, in fact, not normal cigarettes. Weed, as it turned out, was the least harmful thing they were laced with, but no one, least of all Ares, realized that until after Loki, who had been sent to fight in Round 11 of Ragnarok, had one of his clones steal them (who then decided to hotbox a bathroom at the hospital afterwards just to see what would happen.) And naturally, no one, not even Loki's clones, knew that the cigarettes originally belonged to Aphrodite, who sold some of them at an exorbitant fee because why not-the original Loki had simply stolen them out of someone's pocket while pick-pocketing, then sold them to Ares for 100 million yen, then stole them back from Ares while Ares got distracted watching some idiots start a riot after the end of Round 10 of Ragnarok. "Besides, Loki is fighting right now-his clone's not going to listen to you of all people."

"Why, you-"

"Anyways." Hermes cleared his throat again-despite his superior constitution, the smell still bothered him a little bit even from a safe distance-I think we had better call the other hospital and have them help with his-his expression calm and impassive again as he gestured to you and Susanoo, along with the other people passed out outside.

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