Easy as a Dessert Consisting of a Filling in a Pastry Shell

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Easy as a Dessert Consisting of a Filling in a Pastry Shell

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

When two paths collide-literally-the journey afterwards has some sweet rewards.

Notes

No pies or pie like substances were harmed in the making of this fic.

See the end of the work for more notes

The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and there was a gentle breeze in the air. None of that was actually happening now, but it had happened earlier and and it was perfectly nice and pleasant, much like the man you had met not too long ago and were now perfectly happy to be with. Technically, it wasn't supposed to happen.

Arrivals in Valhalla were usually sorted differently, most often by the era in which they died, but a glitch in the software used in the system that processed new arrivals wound up landing you, a woman born in the modern era who got hit by Tesla cybertruck while crossing the street, in the same area as Sasaki Kojiro, a warrior who seemed to be almost as much myth as human who died fighting Musashi Miyamoto hundreds of years before you were born. Regardless of technicalities, however, you and Kojiro got along the moment you (literally,) crashed into each other, Kojiro enjoying the scenery of a lovely Koi pond some time ago when you fell straight into his lap.

It took hardly any time at all for you both to find ways to pass time together, and though it was no longer a warm, sunny day with chirping birds and a gentle breeze, neither of you had any complaints, lying side by side together in bed, your limbs entangled together, a perfect opportunity to try new things and explore different activities together.

Befitting a man who spent his life swinging a sword, Kojiro had rough, bony hands with more than a few callouses, though you like that just as much as you like how warm and comforting they felt. Of course, it was also pleasant, but not quite a surprise, how deft and nimble they were as well. He always did like to put his talents to good use, after all.

"There's no open windows in here...right?" While the air wasn't cold, there was a certain something that made goosebumps rise on your skin.

Kojiro, who was facing the window, was better equipped to answer your question. "Not right now." When Kojiro slid his hand under a soft, loose robe you were wearing, his warm fingers gently cupping your breast, you realized just where the goosebumps were coming from-or rather, why they decided to make themselves known.

Kojiro had enough strength that things could have been different if he felt so inclined, but he was always, without fail, gentle and temperate, though not so much so as to be docile. And though his touch was not harsh, it always made its presence known, down to every atom and cell in your body. The heat that coiled in a tight mass deep below your stomach was nothing short of real enough to mold your perception of his each and every action. Such feelings, as you knew from experience, were a rare thing, and things so rare and so warm ought to be treasured to the fullest extent possible.

"And yet-" you felt something jump inside you when Kojiro nudged you over on your back and let his other hand slide between your legs-"These only seem to appear when we're together." You un-did the robe you were wearing, letting him get a good look at everything, especially the goosebumps decorating your skin, Kojiro's gaze fixed on you long enough that you swore he was trying to count each and every raised bump. He was careful and fastidious with the sword, to be sure, but not so much with everything else. "A strange thing for sure."

You were jerked out of your train of thought, whatever it was and wherever it was going, when Kojiro put three of his fingers inside you-he barely needed to go past the first knuckle on his longest finger to discover how wet you were but it never hurt to be extra sure, of course. Nothing worth exploring was only worthy of a little dipping, and not the kind that people did with finger food when they were rude and stuck something back in a bowl or container after biting it. A gentleman had to remember his manners, after all.

Hmm. "Well, I may have a way to fix that." Kojiro's confidence didn't waltz right next to to the thin line that separated it from arrogance, but the sense of self-assurance he had was far from unwarranted. The steady, back and forth motion of his fingers thrusting inside you, curled in the exact way that hit all your best spots, was a quick and easy way to get the job done. The slight wet spot left on the sheets was proof enough of that. Maybe more proof than you would have liked. You always did like to keep things clean and tidy, especially if doing otherwise would cause problems for anyone else.

"I'll take your word for it." After the sort of demonstration he delivered, you had no arguments, though you also hoped he wouldn't notice you rolling over just enough to avoid what was now on the sheets. Okay. It had taken you a few moments for your brain to click back into gear again, so you weren't exactly surprised, just a bit concerned. That's not that bad. You didn't complain when Kojiro pulled you on top of him-since when was he naked? You glanced over your shoulder to find his robe discarded on the floor. Yes. Definitely out of it. He did know what he was doing, after all.

Kojiro, much as he liked any view of you that he got, also liked to experiment a bit, explore the same thing from different angles, as it were. The sheets not being in pristine condition was a problem that could wait to be dealt with until later. Besides, there was a lot of bed, and 99.9% of it was just the same as it had been before.

"There's a lot of nice things about this place." Kojiro's voice was calm and steady as always, though not without a spark all his own in it that always caught your attention. "Being immortal is pretty neat, after all."

Hard to disagree with him there, and not just because he was rubbing your back in small, repetitive circles-Valhalla was nothing like Earth, and in all the best ways possible.

"One thing I'm especially glad about-you don't get arthritis here."

Kojiro's past, in life, had been shrouded in mystery, something of a legend, even. From what you knew about him, though, you figured he of all people would want to remain in the best possible condition for as long as possible, and at his age, that would be a proposition that would take quite a lot of effort back on Earth. Of course, being the kind, considerate girlfriend that you were, you always wanted to be extra sure that everything was alright.

"Oh-" You were no fool, you could feel all too well that he was itching for the simplest gift you could give him. But still, you hadn't been in Valhalla all that long and you still weren't quite sure how all the rules worked. "You're sure you're okay?"

The grin on Kojiro's face was more than enough to bring heat to your cheeks, even ignoring what he just did to you moments earlier, but the rest of him-most of which you could see

when you moved yourself up by placing a hand on his chest, certainly helped. "Never been better, I promise." He placed his hand on top of yours, giving it a slight squeeze, which you could tell was to encourage you. "I'll be just fine, my little minnow."

Some questions, you supposed, were better not pondered too long. Otherwise you might pass out. And seeing Kojiro naked, that was one thing, but being on top of him, gently setting your hips down when you straddled him, taking him inside you, that was quite another. Oh.

Well, that's new. The funny thing about life, or the afterlife, things changed. From day to day, the weather could be different, the air could feel different, your mood could be different, and no matter how many times you experienced something, it could still manage to feel different each time anyways. The angle at which his cock was sheathed inside you rubbed against some nice spots, quite closely, you might add, and it was all a bit overwhelming.

"It's fine-" Kojiro, as far as you could tell-and there were easy ways to tell-seemed to enjoy it as much as you were, though his voice was less strained than yours. "Don't overthink it-your body will tell you what to do." If something bothered him, Kojiro could always speak up, not being at all the shy and retiring type, and for now, nothing was bothering him, not one bit.

You tried, listening for something that you couldn't hear. Your body's instincts were quite bold, overpowering, in fact, though it took you a little while to really get into the proper rhythm, not wanting to tire yourself out before you could finish and also wanting to figure out what felt best for him too. Time, as it so often did, proved to be an excellent teacher, showing you all sorts of things as you moved your hips, your hands soon scrambling for Kojiro's hands and then his chest to give yourself something to stabilize yourself with, left in shock and awe at the strength and intensity of your feelings.

Soon, the repetitive, concentrated rhythm, just shy of vigorous, swept you away in pleasure, and though your eyes were not quite focused, when your recall and mental awareness allowed, you kept your gaze on Kojiro-not always on his eyes, as that felt a bit too intense, but you felt better when your eyes were somewhere on him, and evidently, he felt the same about you, his gaze never wandering too far from you. To be fair, there wasn't much else to look at, but even if there had been, where else would he look? A fine view such as yourself was not something to waste, after all.

Moments passed, your heart pounding faster-or maybe just louder, but all the same, your arousal spiked when Kojiro's hands dug into your hips, not harshly or in a mean way, but his hands were steady and firm, eager to feel more of you, to feel you take him as deeply as possible. It was not a task that provided any pain, as he was only very modestly above average, if even that, with a length and girth that was quite manageable for almost anyone. Whatever the case, you felt as if he fit perfectly, and perhaps he did-how many points of reference did one need to measure such a thing? It was not a question you had the answer to, and you decided that if you never got the answer, that would be more than fine. You were happy just as you were, and he seemed no less pleased than you.

Though his actions held almost no aggression, Kojiro helped you out just as you were nearing your peak by giving a few short thrusts up into you, his movements weren't harsh or brutal, and yet just the slight motion of his hips combined with yours, repeated a few times, was

enough to help you reach your peak, the tight, squeezing sensation around his cock bringing him to his own peak shortly after.

Once you could being to remember how to think again, you very carefully lifted yourself off him, your motions slow and measured as you tried to figure out where to put your legs and whether you should just lie down right on the bed or curl up next to him-the type of exhaustion you felt made it hard to think clearly, but luckily, Kojiro helped you make the decision after grabbing you a cloth to clean yourself up with. His arms were warm and strong when he pulled you against him a few moments later, leaving you in just the right position to bury your head in the crook of his neck while he pet the top of your head, the added heat from his body mixing with your own lulling you into a peaceful, relaxed state.

Definitely no more goosebumps. If you weren't sure before, well, now you knew without a doubt. Strange, what feelings could do to you, and what you could do with them. Strange, but not always unwelcome.

End Notes

I don't even really like pie.
https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/pie
I do like giving my fics weird titles though.

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