Chance Reunion

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Chance Reunion

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

An unanticipated customer at your job winds up shaking up your routine like a box of maracas (no maracas were harmed in the making of this fic.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Money was money, regardless of how you got it. You repeated the wisdom like a mantra when you had to deal with certain unpleasant customers. Working at a massage parlor-not a swanky spa or a distinguished massage therapy practice but something more intimate and less esteemed-had its ups and downs. You were, of course, not required to offer any extra perks to customers. A semblance of legality had to be preserved in case law enforcement ever decided to well, enforce the law. It would be a mistake of the highest order to reveal that the establishment you worked at offered extra services to someone who might object to an establishment like that existing.

However, if you offered extra perks to the right customers, you could get a lot of extra money, a very helpful thing given the current state of the economy. Some women-perhaps many women-would find such a prospect distasteful. You were not some women-or many women. You were a little different, and furthermore, you really liked money. So pleasant or not, when the right offers came along, you grabbed them-literally.

Over time, little and less surprised you and for a while, you thought your life might slip into something resembling routine, consistency, even, at least until a particular customer showed up.

"_____?" You could recognize his voice anywhere, he had been your history teacher when you were in your final semester of college and if he ever liked anything (besides history and swords and anything related to both subjects,) it was talking.

"Oh-Susanoo!" Being a history buff and an A+ student in his class, you were more than happy to see him. "What a pleasant surprise!" You hadn't expected to see him again-you didn't think he lived in the area, but somehow, despite how long it had been, there he was.

The walls in the building were thick-not that cheap plywood stuff-and the room you were in was private and secure, able to be locked from the inside. Not a bad thing, all things considering, as having potential eavesdroppers listening in would be awkward at best, and not just because sometimes your clients asked for options that weren't on the list, so to speak.

"I could say the same thing." Not only had you been an A+ student in his class, you had always been a delight to talk to, being almost as passionate about what he loved as he was. "How have you been?"

Terrible. You weren't about to tell him, but it was the truth nonetheless. You barely scraped by enough money to live, your mental and physical health suffering for it, and though friends had never been easy to come by for you, isolation and loneliness only consumed you more and more as you got older. Hard work, as you had long since figured out, only worked when there were societal forces that cared about whether you lived or not. Right now, nothing like that existed. "Busy." An accurate answer but not a complete one. "What about you?"

Susanoo could run his mouth at the flip of a switch, simply provide the right topic or ask the right questions and it was like listening to a tape recording, only more animated. The tone and cadence of his voice varied, often being a little too much or not enough for other people, sometimes a bit too loud and other times too flat, and combined with an overarching sense of

eccentricity that bled into every aspect of his person and personality, people viewed him as a befuddling, complicated oddity and thus he won himself no close friends, no large network of people to rely on through thick and thin. Relationships slipped through his fingers like water, prodding him to find alternate ways to meet certain needs and wants he had. Despite his talent at what he did and his devotion to his passions, his personality formed an invisible barrier between him and other people that, over time, led him right back to you, although not on purpose and in a much different way than before.

You already had a library's worth of information to process before he even took off his clothes, only doing so right before you thought it wise to open your mouth to suggest that he do so. Though he had been alive longer than you had, around 50 years if not more going by the size and shape of the wrinkles around his eyes and near his mouth and the strands of gray in his dark hair-enough to be noticeable from a distance but not yet prominent enough to overwhelm the dark hair color he had been born with, he had never bothered to develop a stylish wardrobe. Like almost every other day you had ever seen him, he had on a plain button up shirt, pants that could only be described as functional, the most practical socks he could afford on his salary, and shoes that would never be allowed onto any kind of fashion runway. He then put his clothes inside a plastic bag like it was something normal people did, but of course, with the kind of job you had, most of your customers were a far cry from normal.

"You can put those on the chair if you'd like." You pointed to a chair nearby.

"That's alright." Susanoo barely fit on the massage table, being at least several inches taller than the tallest customer you'd ever had. In fact, before you met Susanoo, you didn't even know men could be as tall as he was.

Massaging someone his size would take a while, but you had certainly dealt with worse. He wasn't built like a professional athlete or bodybuilder but his lifelong interest in swordsmanship and many years of training in kendo had helped him maintain a figure that was quite easy on the eyes, and genetics had also helped to give him broad shoulders and good proportions, his arms and legs neither being too short or too long. He also had rough, calloused hands that were a good deal bigger than your own, though that wasn't particularly relevant as far as your line of work was concerned. Men rarely stopped by the place you worked to have someone rub their hands, after all.

Still, you thought, mind wandering like you were lost in a desert, he did have nice hands. Your own hands were smooth enough, you supposed, or at least smooth enough that no men ever complained about them. Susanoo certainly didn't seem to have any objections, happily chatting away about whatever popped in his head while you carefully kneaded his muscles, at one point having to climb on top of him to reach part of his back.

His hair was soft, almost silky, though you doubted a man like him bothered with fancy hair products. Still, you wondered, pushing some of his hair out of the way to be able to reach all of his back. It was very soft. You shook an errant thought out of your brain by shaking your head-he couldn't see you while he was lying on his stomach, so it was fine. Just breathe. You can do this.

You may have harbored a little crush on Susanoo for a while back when you were in college. It hadn't been that long ago, but enough time had passed that you couldn't reasonably have expected him to think anything of it now if he had even noticed it in the first place. You never said anything about it, not wanting to cause problems. Even though you were plenty old enough to be an adult by the time you finished college, that sort of thing usually never worked out.

"If it's not a bother, could you turn over?" You hated to interrupt Susanoo when he was in the middle of a very interesting tangent, but all good massages needed to check off certain boxes. Despite the somewhat questionable nature of your job, you liked to maintain some sense of pride in a job well done regardless.

"Oh-of course, not a problem." Susanoo had never been to one of these places before, it was a spur of the moment decision that led him here, nothing more, but he certainly hadn't regretted it so far. "You've been doing quite a good job, just what I'd expect from someone as smart as you."

"Thank you, I'm glad to hear it." You felt your face warm at such praise, though if he noticed, he didn't say anything. Susanoo had a habit of not pointing out certain things when you might expect him to but also commenting on certain things that you might not expect him to pay attention to at all and you never really knew which one you were going to get with him.

This part, of course, didn't take as long as the rest of it. There was only so much you could do in a regular massage, after all. And as for the extra perks, well, those were all a little different each time. They followed their own pattern, yes, a few patterns that skirted the line of legality and narrowly swerved by blatant law-breaking, but they were still somewhat more varied due to the different tastes and preferences your customers had. Sometimes, all your brainpower was devoted to avoiding certain...areas. Other times, you just dove right in. Either way, the only path to answering any questions you had about Susanoo was to finish the job. Only then, as you knew full well, would you find out whether you had another job to complete.

"So-" Your heart skipped a beat when you made direct eye contact with him. "That's about everything for a regular massage." You could have moved your hand off his chest a moment sooner, but when you realized that you hadn't, you knew it was too late. "Feel free to share if you've got any feedback." You normally wore a plain short robe over some leggings, nothing too fancy. Maybe some kitten heels now and then, but usually, as far as shoes went, you stuck with sandals or simple slip on shoes that were easy to toe off if the moment required it. Right now, you had some cheap flip flops resting on the floor. You could step back into them at any time unless Susanoo asked you for something extra.

"I've got nothing to complain about-just a simple question, in fact." He didn't worry about what kind of massage parlor he was about to visit when he saw the sign on the door-he figured he could get any questions he had answered just fine by walking inside. "What would you recommend if I'd like to stay a little longer?"

Most people figured it out after they walked in the front door. A few didn't, but luckily for you, Susanoo knew exactly what he had walked into once he spoke to the receptionist at the front desk. "I've got some different options. How much time do you have?"

Susanoo didn't rely on the convenience of smartphones or AI-powered gadgets. Aside from a flip phone and a watch, he didn't bother with other ways to tell time when he was out and about. "I've got nothing else planned for the rest of the evening."

Given how late it was, you doubted you'd have any other customers after him-there was only about an hour or so until the official closing time, and you knew damn well to be out of the building by then. "That's not a problem, I've got a little less than an hour before I need to leave."

"That sounds good-" Susanoo wasn't the type to pay attention to clothes much, especially what other people wore, but the low cut of your top drew his gaze towards your chest. He had never noticed it before-he didn't know why, he just hadn't. How strange. "It's a bit cold out, but they do keep it warm in here."

"They do." you agreed. The heat was always set to a comfortable temperature in the winter, all the better to encourage you to show off certain assets to curious eyes. Your current outfit didn't make you feel too hot but you could have shed some layers without getting cold. You could have also moved back a little, decided to put some space between you and him, but for some reason you didn't want to. There were varying levels of intimacy involved in what you offered for some customers, and most of the time it was a simple, perfunctory thing, lacking any heat or passion on your end, just a fake smile and maybe some fake pleasantries exchanged afterwards, if that. You didn't hate it or hate your customers, but most of them were just a source of money and you held no feelings for them outside of that angle. You weren't beaming from ear to ear at the moment, but you felt much better now than you ever did before.

"If it's not uncomfortable for you to do so, you can take that off if you want." Though he didn't say as much, you could tell he was talking about the robe you were wearing-he hadn't taken his eyes off of your chest for a handful of seconds now, obviously drawn in by your assets.

"How's this?" You untied your robe, sliding out of it and laying it on the nearby chair. You had on a lacy bralette underneath, you didn't remember where you got it or how long you had it. The support it provided did exactly enough work to be adequate for your chest size and not a bit more.

"With a view like that, I can't complain." But of course, complaint or not, a man could still ask for something else. Maybe he would. "I'm curious though, does that bra match your underwear?"

You slid off your leggings almost as easily as you slid off your robe, giving him his answer. The underwear was a bit skimpy but nothing crazy-no thongs or g-strings or anything like that, you always hated how the strings got caught in between your ass cheeks. You weren't exactly cool now but if you took off anything else, you might begin to feel differently. "I buy almost everything in the same color." You explained. "Makes it easier to do laundry that way."

"Seems like sound logic to me." He could have asked you to take off everything, but he was content for now. If he wanted a more in-depth experience, he would have gone elsewhere and

not bothered with the pretense of getting a massage first. There was a time and a place for that and many times, Susanoo simply didn't want to deal with the potential extra risks that other sort of thing presented. Every inch of what he saw so far was quite a view to take in, and though you didn't need to straddle him perfectly to give him such a nice view, you did anyways, kneeling in front of him rather than sitting on your knees-this helped you avoid direct contact, so to speak, and gave him as much to look at as possible without taking off your underwear. He held your hand with a strange sort of gentleness you never felt from anyone else, giving it a small squeeze, as if gauging your emotional state. "If it's no trouble, I'd like to ask you one more question." He recalled you mentioning earlier that you had some different options available if he wanted to kill a little more time, and an idea had just occurred to him. Nothing too unusual, but he didn't want to make any assumptions about what services you did and didn't offer. There were countless people who had jobs like yours throughout the long, complicated arc of human history, and though people had many different attitudes about those sorts of jobs, that was no reason not to treat you with the same kind of respect he would treat anyone else he patronized for a service.

Your ears felt warm when he asked you-it was a simple request, though not without a touch of closeness that revealed enough affection to send your heart pounding and your cheeks burning. "That's not a problem." You assured him, facing him as you lied next to him, just as he asked. "I can't say I've ever done it exactly like this before." There wasn't much to it-just let him hold you and touch you while you used your hand to pleasure him. You had given more than a few of what people referred to as happy endings, most of them were just done without anything as raw and personal as feelings getting in the way.

The words settled nice and comfortably into his brain. Combined with the cute, shy look on your face, Susanoo was more than happy to have stopped here on a whim after work. Not only were your hands softer than his own, the added warmth of your body next to his was a sublime delight, one he had often thought about but not one he ever expected to be able to enjoy. Along the way, at some point before all this, he had developed feelings for you, but he thought it imprudent to do anything about them, knowing full well that intimate relationships between teachers and students were often a bad idea. Now, however, he had no such concerns holding him back, he could be honest, embrace the freedom to share how he really felt.

"How is it?" Though you had a pretty good idea, you wanted to be as sure as possible. You had done this sort of thing many times before, but each man was a little different and what worked best for one wasn't guaranteed to work for another.

"Good-" If Susanoo was anything at all, he was as blunt as they came. "Keep doing just what you're doing."

He had one arm over your shoulder at first, though once you got into some sort of rhythm, your hand just barely able to wrap all the way around his cock, he let his hand wander to one of your breasts, squeezing gently but with enough intensity to erase any lingering doubt in your mind concerning how he felt about you.

"That's good-" Most of your customers didn't say much during this part-if you did your job well enough, which you always tried to do, they wouldn't be able to say much anyways.

Though the massage table wasn't quite long enough to accommodate someone of Susanoo's height, it was, thankfully, wide enough for both of you, although you found that lying in the fetal position was most comfortable. People were strange. You had seen more than a few naked men before and you had touched plenty of them too, Yet now, you felt different. Suddenly, your hands felt quite small and the sense of warmth resting below your stomach felt anything but. Had you been lying any closer to Susanoo, you wouldn't have been able to provide the extra service you were giving him but something about the warmth of his strong, solid body was too enticing to pull away from.

His wandering hands aside (he avoided going near or under the thin panties you wore so as not to distract you too much from what you were doing,) the low, muted noises of pleasure not
much louder than heavy breathing, served as more than enough proof that he was enjoying himself-and you.

Cute girls were always a pleasant part of life, but cute girls were rarely fond of Susanoo. Susanoo had been strange long before he was old but being old did not commonly entice women and being a strange old man with a laundry list of eccentric quirks a mile long, he could never blame women for having little interest in him. He was aware things could have taken a different direction when he walked into the room, but now, he was sure that luck had worked out in his favor. It was just your job, nothing more, but he was delighted that you were willing and capable of providing him with this moment-a memory he would treasure forever. To see your sweet, lovely face, to be able to hold you, to feel your soft skin and savor the gratifying sensation of exploring the dips and curves of your body while you helped ease the physical longing that had been simmering beneath the surface for far longer than he realized, such a twist of good fortune was not to be taken lightly.

In just a handful of minutes, you had an idea, carefully pieced together by knowledge developed from many previous memories, you realized it wouldn't take much longer. An array of questions-ones that never intrigued you before, swept through your mind like a flurry. Normally, you only anticipated one thing at this point-extra money, but now, you were eager for much more. Though part of you wondered if what you were doing was really good enough for him, Susanoo never asked you to take a more aggressive approach while you were stroking his cock, so you kept the same consistent rhythm throughout. On your part, you had no complaints. He wasn't just any man, after all. Not just any man made heat rush to your cheeks when you saw his cock, let alone touched it. It was a rational conclusion, you decided. He made you feel different than other men did, so surely, he must be different from them. Simple logic, that was all there was to it.

Of course, you couldn't truly know what he was feeling. Observing was the only way you could gather information, and though observation was a useful tool, it couldn't tell you what it was like to be inside his body, to feel what he felt for yourself. He pulled you as close as he could without causing any problems, your limbs tangled together, feeling his much larger legs resting against your own making your heart race like you were running a marathon. It was only natural, you reasoned, for him to seek out as much contact with you as possible. Truth be told, you had turned down other customers for much less. But they didn't matter anymore. Whenever you had to deal with them again-which you almost certainly would-you

could now just pretend they were Susanoo instead. Very useful, very helpful, very pleasant. How wonderful it was, to be able to learn new things.

On that, Susanoo seemed to agree. He had paid for certain favors before, nothing too outlandish, nothing more than the most basic, vanilla requests, things that anyone could understand unless they lived under a rock. It had been a rare thing, though, and nothing he experienced ever dampened his feelings for you. This was so much better than anything else, it almost didn't feel real. He didn't even bother to wonder if you understood what he said when a string of obscenities muttered in a rough, gravelly voice passed his lips. The moment he had been waiting for-had been anticipating with more desire as you continued-struck him like a bolt of lightning, an invisible tension snapping inside him all at once, a moment that felt familiar and yet utterly foreign. He was sure that afterwards, there wasn't a single drop of anything left, not even an atom so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. A nice thing about the massage table, he thought, was that he wouldn't be responsible for washing off anything that had been stained with sweat or come. The not so nice thing about it, he thought, was that you might be responsible for cleaning it off yourself.

"It's not my job to clean this." You had no idea what to say to him afterwards. A moment longer, and you might have gone stark raving mad, the warmth and heat and pressure andand-you had to think of something to fill the silence, and quick. "There are janitors here."
You threw out the disposable covering that was laid down on the table beforehand. The trash can had one of those little foot pedals on it so you didn't have to touch the lid with your bare hands. "They usually show up after I clock out for the day." It was nighttime by now, but whatever.

That made sense. Susanoo was a bit concerned about what happened to some of his brain cells, but he would deal with that problem later. "It's a bit unorganized, but if you can accept tips, you can take this." He handed you a wad of bills tied together with a rubber band once he picked through his clothes and put them back on in a very specific yet oddly disorganized manner, giving off the impression of being someone who had to dress himself in a certain way to satisfy some weird quirk in his brain. "I got a promotion a while back."

Money was always nice. Un-taxable money was even nicer. "Thank you." You stuffed the money in your pocket after you put your clothes back on. "You're always welcome to stop by again."

He thought about it. He was glad to have gotten promoted lately, to be sure. But there were other things taking up space in his mind at the moment. "If you'd like, perhaps we can see each other when you're not busy."

Somehow, a renewed flush of heat burned your cheeks. Even after-You bit back a few fluttery thoughts. Though the job market had been far from kind to you, there was something to be said for no longer being in school. "That sounds like a great idea-I'd love to." You didn't have the heart to tell him that your schedule was rarely planned well in advance, but you did have a day off coming up soon. "It was nice to see you again."

"Likewise." Somehow, you managed to stop yourself from squeaking in surprise and flustered delight when he gave you a tight, warm hug. You had to stand on your toes in order

to wrap your arms around him in kind, a genuine smile beaming on your face. "And I'll be even more glad to see you later."

Though he couldn't walk outside with you for obvious reasons, you left shortly after he did, feeling all too proud of yourself for walking to your car, driving home, and making it back to your apartment before you flopped face-first on your couch, being forced to hide your face in a pillow to process the realization of what just happened-of the seemingly impossible crush you had been clinging onto like a life raft in the middle of the sea no longer being just a crush-without descending into a full scale freakout.

End Notes

Almost 5 thousand words about a handjob whoopee (the level of down bad I am for this man is astronomical.)

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