Office Blunders

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1605.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Hetero (F/M), Y/N (reader insert)
Fandom:	Record of Ragnarok
Relationship:	Susanoo no Mikoto (Record of Ragnarok)/Reader
Character:	Susanoo no Mikoto (Record of Ragnarok)
Additional Tags:	Office, Setting Change - Office, Modern Era, Alternate Universe-Modern Era, Tight Spaces, Trapped in a closet, Hand Jobs, Awkwardness, Awkward Boners, Awkward Tension, Awkward Sexual Situations, Meetings, POV Alternating, POV Multiple, Dysfunctional Workplace
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 2,964 Chapters: 1/1

Office Blunders

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Summary

A few mistakes occur at your workplace and a brief lapse of judgment brings you closer to one of your co-workers.

Notes

Your basic "You get stuck in a tight place with a guy, sexual tension ensues" premise. Slight trigger warning for claustrophobia, as this involves you and Susanoo getting stuck in a tight place for a while. Zeus also doesn't know how to use Microsoft Teams.

Like many workdays did for you, it all started out rather confusing. Emails, papers, forms, schedules-there was, like usual, a litany of things occupying your schedule when you signed in to work at the beginning of the day. As usual, you plowed through your work, organizing, filing, sorting, fielding calls and teams messages, and lubricating basic requests from other people with the appropriate amount of small talk.

As the end of the day drew near, Zeus, your very unpleasant boss, decided to hold a meeting. Unnecessary and bullshit, of course, but with Zeus, there were no other kinds of meetings. You and Susanoo, one of your co-workers, were summoned to the meeting at the same time. While you two headed that way together-you happened to be working together in the same room when the meeting was announced, you figured it would be just another monotonous end to another monotonous day. As far as co-workers went, you got along okay with Susanoo, so you two decided to walk to the meeting room together. It was all the way on the other side of the building, so at least this way you two could chat for a while until you got there and had to listen to Zeus drone on about things nobody but nobody asked about, cared about, or wanted to know.

The office was old, drafty, and too big for its own good, which led to many rooms going unused for quite a while, and with a lack of use, things often wound up in need of repair as well, repairs that would never come, as Zeus spent most of the annual budget on pinball machines, pizza parties, bribing random government officials and police officers, and buying himself a new yacht at the end of each year. Naturally, there were plenty of things-doors, windows, random floor tiles, to name a few, that just didn't work the way they should have. It was all very disappointing but ultimately not worth making a fuss over, as corruption and apathy were Zeus' best friends. As it happened, you and Susanoo took a wrong turn down one hallway, which led
to two more wrong turns, which then led you both to what you thought was the doorway to the
hallway where the elevators were, but instead wound up being nothing more than a doorway to a storage closet.

"It's really dark in here-" You groped around, feeling the walls for any light switches, but to your concern, you found a shelf and a row of cleaning products instead. You felt your foot brush up against something large and square shaped, and being unable to push or kick it out of the way, waved your arms around, trying to feel for something, anything else but found nothing.

Susanoo, finding himself concerned when you stopped moving, went in after you, trying to see if maybe he could find a light switch or perhaps another door on the other side of the room. Some old rooms had a simple light switch dangling from the ceiling and, being taller than you, he thought maybe there was a light switch like that in the room but you couldn't reach it. Unfortunately, the moment he stepped inside the room, he found himself stuck, barely able to turn himself around to face you, and then, realizing that his back was pressed against a wall, became fully aware of the extent of his mistake. The door, which was old and creaky, happened to shut behind both of you, though since the hinges were as old and rusty as the Sahara desert, the door got stuck in a position where it was 99% closed and could simply

be pushed open by anyone with enough strength, but being too shocked, neither of you realized that at the moment. Only a small sliver of light peeking through the small window on top of the door let you see each other-it wasn't much, but it was enough to know that the room was barely big enough for one person, let alone two.

"Um..." You cleared your throat, finding that all your saliva went missing in action.

"Seems like we're stuck here." Searching his brain for something more intelligent to say, he found nothing.

Well. There was no denying the awkwardness of the situation. There you were, the two of you pressed up against each other in a storage closet, scarcely big enough for Susanoo to stand up in. His body practically enveloped yours and with precious few inches of space to spare, your smaller frame was pressed right in between him and a (mostly empty) shelf of cleaning products, the feeling of your soft breasts and oh-so-squeezable thighs against him made what felt like all the blood in his body rush straight to his cock. Any other time, if he had been that hard, he would have excused himself for a bathroom break to quickly jerk off in a stall, but here, he could hardly move, let alone head to the bathroom. According to the time-you managed to check your phone by reaching across to the left pocket of your open button-up sweater with your right hand-the meeting was due to start in less than a minute.

"Well, at least we're not in an elevator." It was a poor attempt to cheer him up but it was the only thing your brain could think of at the moment. Something true but ultimately unhelpful.

"True." Being stuck in an elevator would be worse, especially after hours.

You could tell Susanoo was uncomfortable about more than just being stuck in the closet with you but whatever was bothering him, it was clear that he didn't want to talk about it.

"I don't think Zeus will notice if we're late to the meeting." Also true, but again, didn't really add much to well, anything that was going on.

"Mm." Susanoo merely provided a grunt to show agreement, his eyebrows furrowed as if in concentration, or perhaps concern. Either one would make sense, as he was busy trying to think of a way to get his body to stop reacting and calm down.

"I'm sorry-about getting stuck in here-you wouldn't be stuck in here if it weren't for me." You wished your brain would let you say something intelligent for a change, but clearly, it was not meant to be.

Susanoo rested his left hand on the wall-his left arm had been bent in what looked like an uncomfortable way before, so you didn't mind-studying you carefully. Getting a boner at work was less than ideal, but getting a boner-one that was currently pressed against another person-was clearly even worse. If he didn't do something about it, he'd have more problems to worry about than just being stuck in a closet. "It's fine, it's not your fault." When he moved his arm, you felt your heart flutter a bit, his body weight shifting against you in a way that made him brush against you more closely. "It could be worse." Perhaps echoing what you said earlier might make you feel better-he wasn't sure, but it had to be worth a shot.

"Yeah." You could really feel it now. You had guessed earlier, but you didn't want to make assumptions. With time passing, however, it became too obvious to deny. It made sense, he was pressed up against you, and with nowhere to go and hardly any room to move, it was only natural that you could feel his cock when his body decided to react accordingly. He never told you he had a crush on you or anything like that-he hadn't gotten around to it, but many men would naturally have this sort of reaction, so it was no surprise to you. There were plenty of men you would not want to be stuck with in this situation, of course. Anyone would agree with that. But was Susanoo many men? No, you suddenly realized with a resounding clarity that shook you to your core.
Of course, he couldn't feel the warmth gathering inside your body-your clothes, a short but sturdy skirt,
thick tights, a blouse, and a warm sweater, ensured that he felt none of your exposed skin besides your hands.

"It's usually good to think positive." He wasn't very good at comforting people, but he felt like you deserved the effort. It was the least he could do, he figured. "Maybe something positive can happen even now." It wasn't ideal, of course, hardly being able to move, but he supposed now was a good time as any to tell you. Fate bringing you two together, or something like that.

"Maybe." You knew better than to admit it, but you had some questions about him for a while that weren't appropriate to ask in a workplace environment. "Do you, uh, want some help?" Even with the bad lighting, you could tell he was, uh, rather eager. Having nowhere else to put your right hand for the time being, it had been resting on his chest since you both got stuck in the closet.

"You won't hear any complaints from me." How was it possible for his hand to be so warm-it was, indeed, warm as you discovered when he gave it a gentle squeeze but, of course, it didn't even compare to his cock. He un-did the belt buckle and zipper on his pants like it was nothing, shifting his weight a little to let you get a good grasp of it, his broad, sturdy frame enclosing you under him not unlike a caterpillar in a cocoon.

Wow-Though you had guessed as much given Susanoo's impressive stature, he really was big. Your breath caught in your throat when, after wrapping your hand around his cock, you realized your fingers didn't meet, a familar sensation of warmth pulling on things low in your body when you began stroking his cock.

"Mnh-" It was obvious he was trying to keep the noise to a minimum but it was equally obvious that he liked what you were doing, the thought making your heart flutter even more. "Perfect-" You felt no less of a thrill when he wrapped his left arm around you, pressing against the small of your back, his head facing down and his eyes narrowed. He mumbled something in Japanese you didn't understand, judging by the tone and tempo of his voice, it seemed to be a very passionate, heartfelt compliment. At times, you barely heard a thing, the sound of your own heartbeat threatening to drown everything else out, but you liked it all the same. "Such a sweetheart-ngh-"

The low, husky sound of his voice only further stoked your arousal. Perhaps the most noticeable indignity of the situation was that you couldn't touch yourself at the same

timethere
wasn't enough room in the closet for you to move your arms in a way that would be comfortable and also allow you to do what you wanted to do. The next time you had time, though, you'd be looking forward to it, as your strange and strangely charming, lovable coworker
had already given you a wealth of material to fantasize about.

"So sweet-" he then muttered something else you didn't understand, the tone of his voice nothing but gentle and affectionate. He had always been a pleasure to work with, but he had proven himself to be a lot more than that as well. Though it was unwise to date a co-worker, or so you had been told many times before, thoughts of him had popped up in all sorts of interesting corners of your brain before. Valuing your job security, you kept any thoughts and feelings that appeared unbidden in the confines of your brain locked up like security at Fort Knox, keeping your mouth sealed tighter than a drum.

Ignoring the sheer awkwardness of it all, it felt lovely. But of course, with your soft, delicate hand, why wouldn't it? Soft and pleasant as it was, though, carrying the faint scent of some light floral lotion, he couldn't help but imagine what your tight, warm cunt would feel like. The thought, accompanied by your more than pleasant touch, resulted in bits and pieces of his composure falling away with each short, steady stroke. To have your hand pumping his cock was certainly not an anticipated result of getting stuck in a closet with you. Despite his large frame and imposing stature, he kept his movements to a minimum, as he didn't want to accidentally crush you. So far, thankfully, no such thing had happened.

As for you, it was an exquisite and rare thing, to see a man so enthralled by you, you had no idea how to even begin to form a proper response to reply to the soft, murmured sweet nothings that sounded oh so sincere, to even begin to guess what to say to him. You held onto him with your free hand, looking up at him. Your gaze fixed on him, absorbing every wonderful detail while he held you close, murmuring your praises in a rough, masculine voice saturated with need and desire. It had never once occurred to you that you of all people could ever have such an effect on a man like him. He was strange, to be sure, but you were plenty odd yourself in your own ways.

Perhaps that was why, you mused, everything wound up working out the way it did. What else could explain why a thing like this would even happen? In many contexts, Susanoo was a man of few words, saving his thoughts for offering you help or advice when you needed it or discussing his favorite hobby when asked, but this soon turned out to be a departure from the norm, Susanoo muttering a string of expressive endearments you didn't understand in your ear. When he pressed his hand on your back a little harder, it had the effect of lifting you up an inch or two, allowing him to bury his face in the crook of your neck with some difficulty (and some bending.) In the moment before he reached his peak, he squeezed his eyes shut, a low, muted groan vibrating in his throat when he finished.

Oh...that's a lot. Though you had, at least in theory-been prepared for this outcome-it was what you and he had both been seeking, after all-imagining the way his cock would twitch, the sight of him in such a disheveled, passionate state-the actual amount of come-he must have been really pent up-and actually seeing it for yourself turned out to be two very different things. Your heart was pounding, your face feeling hot enough to fry an egg on (not that you

would, it would be a waste of an egg,) your thoughts more scrambled than an omelette, you felt almost as wound up as he did. Had you not already been hot and bothered before, this certainly would have done the trick. There was no doubt at all that he very much enjoyed the favor you gave him, his warm, firm body pressed against yours, one arm wrapped tight around you as he held you close, relief obvious in his posture and demeanor, as you helped him through his peak, his voice harsh and ragged as your deft, careful strokes wrung out every last drop of come he had. Even with only the dim, unhelpful amount of light that made it into the closet, you could tell he was perfectly satisfied, his cock unbelievably warm and solid in your hand before he began to calm down.

With a look of slight concern on his face, he glanced at your cute little skirt and your thick, solid tights, disappointed to find that he had stained both of them with his come. He had to find a way to make it up to you-he had gotten a raise (albeit unintended,) when Loki, wanting to to pull a fast one over on Zeus, cooked the books to add an extra zero at the end of his monthly salary, accidentally giving Susanoo a raise instead. Susanoo allowed himself a moment to swallow some non-existent saliva before exerting effort into forming a thought inside his head. He could buy you new clothes, although such a small, paltry gift hardly felt fair considering how good you made him feel. What to do, what to do. Zipping his pants and buckling his belt as quickly as possible, he cleared his throat, yet the words wouldn't come.

"Are you alright?" You weren't going to demand a performance review from him or anything like that but in the current situation, it was in your best interests to make sure he wouldn't pass out on top of you.

"You could say that." A loud, cackling laugh could be heard from outside, causing both of your hearts to race, while you grabbed some random thing Susanoo shoved at you-a handkerchief, you realized-wiping your clothes off as quickly as possible, then handing it back to Susanoo with utmost haste. Unwittingly, Susanoo stretched his arm out a moment later, accidentally pushing open the door. Seriously? He furrowed his brows, clearly upset at his own stupidity. The door had been there the whole damn time. What had he even been thinking?

The next thing you and Susanoo saw was the flash of Loki's phone camera going off, Loki cackling and howling like a hyena.

"Shit shit shit shit shit shit-" You didn't even so much as blink when you heard Susanoo chase a screaming, panicked Loki down the hall-you could hardly blame Susanoo, after all. On your next shift, you decided, you would ask one of your supervisors if there was any way someone could teach Zeus how to use Microsoft Teams.

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