Phone Sex

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Phone Sex

by Susanoos_Wife

Summary

A small mistake adds a silver lining to a dark cloud.

Front door, locked. Dinner, eaten. Dishes, cleaned. Hair, washed. Check, check, and check.

Your bed waited for you just as it had every other night, and with nothing else to do or be done, you lied down, staring at the ceiling. Ennui settled into your bones, making even rolling over to plug your phone into its charger feel like rolling a boulder up a mountain. It was only after you rolled over that you realized that your phone wasn't on your night stand, because not only had you just rolled over onto it, you accidentally butt dialed a familiar number, a familiar voice greeting you at the exact moment that you squeaked in terror, afraid of what you would hear on the other line, not realizing who you had called until after you heard his voice.

Susanoo picked up his phone, not bothering to check who or what was on the other line. Nobody ever called him this later at night unless it was a scammer and if it was a scammer, he just answered the call to hang it up so he wouldn't have to listen to his phone ring over and over until the call finally ended. The small voice he heard on the other line, however, was familiar enough that he knew right away it wasn't a scammer.

"_____." He didn't sound the least bit troubled, your heart rate and blood pressure decreasing again when you heard the calm, neutral sound of his voice, relieved beyond measure that you hadn't accidentally dialed a stranger-or worse. "Is something wrong?"

Oh shit. Think fast-"Oh-no. I just accidentally butt dialed you. Sorry about that."

Susanoo, who had been experiencing levels of boredom that were outright unhealthy, was all too glad to hear your voice. "Nothing to be sorry about, I've got nothing better to do so hearing from you is a nice surprise."

Sighing in relief from the tightness in your chest dissipating, you tried to gather your thoughts like picking berries in a windy field with only a tiny bucket that had no lid. He had the kind of voice that could suddenly stop certain emotions and stir up others, a curious quality that, for some reason, you never noticed in anyone else.

"Oh-well, thanks." Should you lie about something interesting or just be honest? Would it even matter either way? "I don't really have anything interesting to say. I'm just-" an invisible dark cloud of melancholy hung over your head like a bad weather forecast, but you didn't want to dampen Susanoo's mood by bringing that up. "A little bored too, I guess."

"Well, you don't have to say anything interesting." Susanoo hardly cared about such things, aside
from work, he often went for bizarre amounts of time without talking to other people
and when he did talk to other people, it never occurred to him to wonder if what he had to say was of any interest to them, the enthusiasm and passion he held for the subjects that interested him was enough to compel him until or unless whoever he was talking to made it abundantly clear that they couldn't or couldn't be bothered to follow his winding, rambling train of thought. Many people found him unusual, even to the point of being off-putting, lacking a certain sense of awareness that other people seemed to have naturally, but in a

happy twist of fate, the same traits that repelled other people drew you to him. "Just talking to you is nice."

Whatever Susanoo felt, if he had the right opportunity to share it, it was shared-at least with you. You weren't sure why you were special enough to know about all of these things, but you didn't mind. It made you feel useful, like you could be trusted with important information that other people weren't privy to.

"Thanks." From a young age, you knew that your feelings were unusual so you kept them to yourself as much as possible. "What are you doing?" You had no idea where Susanoo was, much less why he was there, and you hadn't seen or heard from him in a while.

"Lots of things, but unfortunately, none of them are interesting." Susanoo had a business trip. He hated business trips. Most people did, but business trips were especially terrible when you had to travel for them and they were especially terrible when you were so tall you barely fit into a normal sized airplane seat. Even the bed in the hotel room he was staying in was not quite big enough, resulting in his feet hanging just over the edge of the bed if he lied down flat. The one saving grace was that at least he had the room to himself. "Luckily it'll be over soon." He paused for a moment. It wasn't unusual-Susanoo didn't always speak like other people, but with time, you understood his quirks and the same was true the other way around, as you were not without quirks yourself. "And I get paid for it."

Money. It made the world go around. But sometimes, no amount of money could give you what you really wanted. "Well, that's good. How long will you be gone?"

On that, Susanoo agreed. "Just one more day." A certain sense of loneliness clung to Susanoo like a shadow for as long as he could remember, as if it had spanned multiple lifetimes, far longer than any one human could live, and far longer, even, than any human civilization had been around. There was only one thing he recalled, that helped dissipate that sense of loneliness before he met you. But if he wanted it, he had to wait until he got home. "Then we can see each other again."

Your heart skipped a beat. To be fair, sometimes it skipped a beat when you made toast and the toast popped out of the toaster, or when you heard a loud noise outside, or whenever anybody told you "We need to talk." But then, who said anything about life being fair? If life was fair, Susanoo wouldn't be gone on a business trip, and you wouldn't have this strange dark cloud hanging over you. "Of course." You chewed on your bottom lip, not sure why sweat gathered on your palms. "That's not so bad-only 24 hours." That wasn't so bad at all, right?
But a certain ache inside you disagreed. To wait 24 hours, that seemed like way too long now.

A day. Susanoo had been through a lot more than that. What was waiting a single day? It was just a day. But even so, he didn't want to wait. He didn't even need to say anything-he could tell from the heat pooling below his stomach, bringing blood to certain parts of his body. "Are you busy right now?" He might try to venture a guess, but he always liked to remove all doubt when possible.

No. From anyone else, it would be a strange question, but, ironically, from the strangest person you knew, it was nothing unexpected. "No, I was just going to try to go to sleep soon."

The tone and quality of your voice told him that you feared you might have some trouble doing so. If he were there, he was sure he could find a way to help. Damn business trips. Unless-

The wheels in his head turned. Maybe the metaphorical wheels needed a bit of metaphorical oil sometimes, but when there was a will, there was a way, and there was no shortage of will. "What are you wearing?"

Uh-In this economy, all the good clothes weren't cheap and most of the cheap clothes were not that good. Somehow, though, you scored a few hits, and even if those were just things like pajamas or underwear, you took advantage of such good fortune when it struck. "Depends on what you consider to be clothes-does underwear count?"

Sexting was never your thing-you never learned how to flirt and when other people flirted with you, it usually sailed in through one ear and got lost in the masses of wrinkles and folds of the gray matter inside your skull, never to be found again as your neurons made connections that failed to reveal the true meanings of their words to you. It was lucky for you then that Susanoo only used a simple basic phone, finding smartphones superfluous, and he had no interest in social media. As rarely as he texted people, it was quite obvious through his texting habits, formatting words and punctuation in a stilted, awkward way, clearly being unused to communicating in such a way. Lucky for him, you never judged him for it, or for many other things either. It was more than he could say of anyone else, and besides, you also had many other attractive traits, including many that were hidden by whatever you chose to wear, except in certain moments.

"It counts." He had more than enough information. But that never stopped him before and it wouldn't stop him now. "And what kind of underwear might that be?" Being a man of a somewhat practical disposition, he only judged women's underwear by how easy it was to rip off.

"Tiny underwear." The more fabric something had, the cheaper it was-except for that frilly, fancy lacy stuff, but with your meager salary, you didn't bother with that. "I could fit it in your suitcase and you wouldn't even know it was there."

Susanoo was no stranger to having conversations that went south in a hurry. Luckily, as awkward and uncomfortable it might sound to an eavesdropper, this one wasn't one of them. The nice thing about women's underwear, it looked just as good on women whether or not they wore anything else with it. But still, an unexamined life was a life not worth living. Or something like that. He didn't even remember why he knew that, but knew it he did. "And what else might you be wearing?"

A thought occurred to you. Most of them earned you some measure of pity, derision, or displeased concern from other people, but you were confident about this one, setting your phone down softly to take your top off. "Nothing." It wasn't like the tank top you'd been wearing covered much anyways.

Hold on a minute. Something wasn't right. It didn't stop Susanoo from getting hard, because the chances of that happening were about as high as the chance of the heavens opening up and raining down rivers of blood on his enemies, but there was still something missing. "And

you're not cold?" He genuinely had no idea, but he did his best to change his voice to deliver a tone that he knew from experience had very interesting effects on you.

"I would be if I wasn't under 5 blankets." A normal person might not have 5 blankets on their bed, but what normal people did had nothing to do with you,-never did, never would. You had half a mind to take off your underwear too-you didn't need to look, much less reach your hand between your legs, to realize you would need to change it now anyways.

You heard some rustling in the background, the familiar un-clicking of a belt buckle. That was the right answer. "Well, maybe you don't need that many blankets." Although it wasn't strictly necessary, Susanoo unbuttoned his shirt. He could have just un-done his pants, but even though he couldn't see you, it felt wrong somehow to keep his clothes on when you were barely wearing anything at all. Nobody could even begin to probe the vast, endless ocean of things in Susanoo's mind that lacked logic or sense, not even Susanoo himself, but he made it this far, no need to freak out about it now. "There are other ways to stay warm."

He was right, at least in theory. "True-" your voice took on a hint of disappointment, fully aware that you were the only person in your bed right now. "But you're in-uh-" Where the hell even was he? "Wherever you are."

"XXXXXXXXXX." You never heard of the name of the city before but whatever. It probably wasn't a good city anyways. "But there's nothing to fret over." Though he could have changed it at any time, he hadn't bothered to actually start stroking his cock once he grabbed it. With as hard as he was, he doubted anything would change if he waited just a few moments. "We can still help each other out."

This time, it was your turn for the wheels in your head to, well, turn. Aha.

You almost forgot to swallow, warmth gathering between your legs, a familiar sense of arousal making itself known. The slight wetness from before could be explained away by missing him, but there was no denying it now, your body craved immediate release, and, well, you had no reason to deny it. You were alone-sort of-and he was alone-sort of. What harm could be done in taking a few minutes to relive some stress?

"I'm all ears." you chirped, all too glad to feel the lingering feeling of dull, despondent ennui hanging over you lift.

Susanoo didn't always think things through. This was one of those times. But, then, some surprises were good ones-such as meeting you. "Just do what you normally do-whatever makes you feel good." A thought occurred to him-thought you had been intimate with each other before, he had never seen you touch yourself, at least not with the intention of bringing yourself to orgasm without him participating in some way. You hadn't seen him do the same either. "And tell me what you're doing-describe it to me."

Oh-You couldn't hear much in the background. If, indeed, Susanoo was doing anything, he was doing a good job of keeping it a secret. Then again, he was in a hotel room. Who knew who else might overhear if he made too much noise? "Uh-well-"

You weren't really sure, what words to use, how to phrase your thoughts. There were lots of different ways to do it. Some people used fancy toys, but, being too intimidated by the sheer variety of them and too hesitant to spend money on something that you might not like, never bothered to try any of them out. Nevertheless, you did your best, threading together words and thoughts and feelings in a way that-hopefully-made sense to both you and him. Sharing little secrets, things that you never shared with anyone else, felt oddly thrilling, and it, in turned, raised more questions you had-about both him and about yourself.

"Good-that sounds interesting." You could tell he was keeping his voice low-you weren't even sure if he was in the same time zone you were, perhaps it was later where he was, and depending on how late it was, it was likely that most of the other hotel guests were sleeping. Regardless, his voice was pleasant enough to lull you further into the warmth and desire gathering inside you. Really-aside from him being there with you, what more you could ask for? "Go on. Explain the rest."

You did the best you could-what else would be good enough, after all? It seemed to work-though
he was obviously taking pains to keep his voice down, you could tell now he was touching himself too. You had never actually seen him do it-there's a first time for everything, but that time just hadn't happened yet. Maybe it would in the future-you wondered about a lot of things, some of them you thought of before, others were entirely new.

"Ah-" It made you feel happy to be useful, to be able to follow instructions so long as they made sense to you and they didn't involve doing anything that would cause pain or discomfort. Still, it was hard to concentrate. Not only were you approaching your peak, your careful ministrations bringing you closer and closer with each passing moment, you could tell he was obviously getting closer and closer to that point himself.

"It's fine-there's nothing to worry about-just keep doing exactly what you're doing-" Even if he still had the presence of mind to think about such things, he wasn't upset. Getting to know you was a lot like cracking a nut with a hard, brittle shell that threatened to break and shatter into a thousand pieces, but from the moment he first started, he knew the reward would be worth more than its weight in gold. "Just relax and enjoy how it feels."

You were glad Susanoo wasn't the overbearing, controlling type. He had his peculiarities, the sheer amount of them could hardly be overstated, but if he asked you to do something, it was never anything confusing or needlessly difficult, and his interest in your thoughts, feelings, and everything else about you was as genuine and honest as could be. "I-that shouldn't be a problem-" Not at all.

Such a sweet, lovely voice-as soft as a cloud and as beautiful as the endless vast sky. How had he not thought of this before? You might not have been there-might not have been able to lie underneath him, your soft, perky breasts pressing against his chest, your cute little face twisted in an expression of pure ecstasy, but this was the next best thing, to be sure. Maybe he couldn't feel your skin, glide his fingers over the dips and curves of your body, grab your waist or your rear and pull your closer to him, spread your legs apart and sheathe his cock in between the tight wet folds of your cunt, but if there was anything that could help, anything

that could soothe the disappointment of not being able to do any of that, this was, without a doubt, the only suitable option.

It was just too bad-that he couldn't be there with you now. But when in Rome....

No. Wait. That wasn't the right way to use that phrase. And since when he had ever been in Rome? Not in this lifetime, for sure. But if he was stuck in a boring city on a boring trip, with only a phone to be able to speak to you, then he would-he would-

Well, of course. It made sense-what else could possibly work so well? It was a fact he understood the moment he heard it, the honey sweet sound of your voice the moment you reached your peak, and he was very lucky indeed that he had not completely lost his wits until just after that very moment.

The heat coiling low in his body reached its height, the tension building inside him snapping like a rubber band at the moment of his climax, and when all was said and done, he was very glad that he unbuttoned his shirt first. The box of tissues on the nightstand were also much appreciated. He would leave an extra tip for housekeeping for that, to be sure.

"Susanoo?" You were suddenly very tired, but you wanted to make sure you hadn't started hallucinating, softly speaking his name once the ringing in your ears stopped. Where the hell did that come from? Your only guess-you must have really been pent up. That must have been it. Nothing else made any sense.

"I'm quite all right-and how about you, dear?"

Uh-"Oh. I'm fine-no complaints-definitely."

Susanoo half suppressed a low, pleased noise, a definite tone of mirth obvious in his voice. "Exactly what I like to hear."

Much as you wished otherwise, you had to get up early for work tomorrow. "I'm sorry, but I really have to go to sleep now, I have work early tomorrow."

Sigh. A common problem, although at least in your case, your job didn't require you to travel. "No need to apologize." He had to do the same, after all. "Sleep well, sweetheart."

"Thanks-you too-" You mumbled into the phone, clicking out of the call as soon as he hung up. With shaking hands, you plugged your phone into its charger, rolling over to grab a stuffed animal lying nearby and burying your face into it, hugging it as hard as possible until your exhaustion took over, the lure of unconsciousness inviting your brain along for the rest of the night.

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