

# Oh my God!

by Cláudia Sofia



d'autor Edition



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Inspired by Love

## Title

Oh my God!

## d' autor Edition

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## Author

Cláudia Sofia

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*Whoever loves you loves you!  
Even if they don't agree with  
your choices or behavior.*



## Massage?!!!

My God! Take it easy, man!  
She walked into the pub and everything lit up  
around her.  
Everything around her disappeared!  
I can only see her. And that happens every time  
we see each other.  
She looks even more beautiful! Stop that! You're  
just friends...  
We've been friends for years...  
When I met her, I didn't like her at all.  
She was so weird!  
Really weird!  
And she still is!  
Little by little, she got under my skin...  
She got under so deep, that I never know how to  
act around her.  
One minute I look like a teenager, the next I look  
like a freak!

She walked towards me and hugged me, as she always does...

I love her hair. Her scent drives me crazy!

Wake up, man! You're just friends.

Why the hell do I feel like this every time she comes near me?

She's not my type! But... there's something about her that leaves me floating...

She greeted everyone and someone remembered to talk about her new job.

«Finally! So now I can do massage.»

Massage?!?!

«And do you massage men, too?»

«Yes. Do you want one?»

«Me?! No. No way!»

«Why? Are you afraid? I promise not to hurt you!»

I slid slightly in the chair. I didn't know what to say.

The problem wasn't the fear of getting hurt.

Me, naked, in her hands!?

I wouldn't control myself!

«I have a lot of work. It is not easy to find an hour to go to the city.»

«You don't need to go anywhere. I can go to your house. I'll take the table and do the massage.»

«Wow!!! In my house? The two of us, alone? It would be beautiful!»

I thought out loud. They couldn't believe my words. She remained relaxed.

«And what's the problem? I do therapeutic massage, it's not erotic!»

«I don't think so!»

«Whatever! If you want to, call me.»

Oh, believe me, I want to! Cut the bullshit, man! You're gonna get burned!

«Aren't you afraid of the perverts who are going to knock on your door to get a helping hand?»

If it's only a hand they want!

«Do you think all men will come to me for a massage waiting for sex?»

«I know men pretty well. Once a man realizes it's a cute girl who does the massage, his mind will be set on sex!»

«Do you also think like that? Is that why you don't want a massage with me?»

«NO! I...»

«You, what?»

«I don't think like that!»

«So, how can you think that other men think like that?»

«Oh, aren't you afraid that they might get horny?»

«OK. I get it! You're afraid of getting an erection during the massage. Is that it?» - she smiled.

Oh my God!!! You're playing with fire, woman! Someday, you'll get burned!

«Oh boy! It may be just me, but being naked with a woman as cute as you touching me...» - the thoughts that crossed my mind - «... let's say it doesn't take much to get the motor running!»

«Don't worry. That rarely happens. In fact, you fall asleep faster than you get excited.»

«Yeah right! Anyway, I don't have time for that. I have a lot of work and I can't.»

«You're afraid. It is what it is! But, it's okay!»



## Desirable challenge...

Okay! We're back to the same old story.

«Look guys, the thought of her touching my body...» - I sighed deeply - «... it seems wonderful, so it's better not!»

«You're confusing things. It's her job. It's has nothing to do with sex, man!»

«Yes! But quickly it becomes something else! Just forget it!»

And they did, but I didn't. That idea of her hands on my body drove me crazy. I couldn't figure out why. She's not really my type. It's the opposite of the kind of woman I'm used to.

Those thoughts haunted me for months. Everyone was insisting to accept her offer. And I was crazy with the idea of giving myself to her. I didn't know what else to say. Especially when she insisted.

«Try it! It is excellent to relieve the tension you feel in your neck and shoulders.»

Tension?! Yeah, that's the problem. Tension but not in my neck...

Anyway, she was so insistent, I got the idea that she really wanted me to loose control with her.

«You will not give up, will you?»

«No! You are a challenge to me. And that is very desirable!»

Desirable... am I a desirable challenge? Mmmm...

«Woman, who plays with fire gets burned!»

«Take it easy, Man. I am not afraid of fire!»

«OK. Let's book it.»

«Really?»

«If I don't, you will never shut up! Will you?»

«Good!»

«I'm only free after 8 pm. Is that a problem?»

«At your house, right?»

She didn't give a damn about the timing.

«Prepare yourself for the best experience of your life.» - she laughed.

Dubious, really dubious!

You thought what I thought, didn't you?

I wasn't the only one who thought it was more than a massage... right?

As you can imagine, my head was racing.

Oh my God! This is not going to go well! You're gonna get in trouble!



## **Dozed off!**

The day came and my anxiety hit the ceiling.

At 8 pm sharp, the bell rang.

I opened the door and there she was.

Beautiful, as always! With a smile shining on her face.

I asked her to come in and took her to the study.

I left her to prepare while I took a quick shower to calm my nerves.

When I came back, she was meditating, sitting on the floor.

Got up, talked a little bit about my health status, my massage goal and helped me choose the oils to use. I chose the massage to relax.

I layed down on my belly. She covered me over with a sheet and pressed my body, from feet to shoulders. She pulled out the sheet from my back, and when she touched my skin for the first time, I felt a chill in my spine.

Oh my God! We got off on the wrong foot!  
She also felt it. She disguised asking if her hands were cold, even though she knew they were warm. They were warm and soft.  
The cold isn't the problem, Woman! Come on, think of something else!  
I didn't take more than five minutes to completely doze off.  
I remember that shiver in my spine and the feeling of my body sinking into the table, but after that I only remember feeling her sweet voice next to my ear asking me to turn my stomach up.  
Belly up?! It's now! I'm in trouble now.  
«Breathe deeply and relax!»  
How? She doesn't understand! This is difficult!  
«Whatever happens, it is perfectly natural. Let it flow!»  
Flow? That's the problem! Don't you get it?  
I don't know what she did exactly.  
All I know is, she uncovered my feet, put a little oil on her hands and massaged my feet. After that, all I remember is waking up with her, by my side, sitting in the study chair, staring at me.  
It seems that I slept half an hour, after she finished the massage. She didn't wake me. She watched me sleep. As soon as I opened my eyes and saw her, I tried to get up.  
«Stay there. Give yourself some time. Stand up slowly and sideways.»

I focused on her eyes as she spoke softly and slowly.

What the hell happened here?

This never happened to me before.

Naked, a beautiful woman, her hands on my body and I fall asleep twice?!?! Shit! She must be thinking I'm gay or worse! Fuck!

At one point, I turned and sat on the table.

«How do you feel? Are you dizzy or nauseous?»

I can't look at her. I went from being anxious to "sleeping beauty" and now I feel humiliated.

«What's wrong?»

«Nothing! I just need to be alone. That's all!»

«OK!» - she smiled - «Are you okay? You didn't like the massage?»

«I just want to be alone! Nothing else!»

«Can I help in some way?»

«Yes. You can take your things and leave.»

«What?!» - she looked incredulous - «OKAY! I won't bother you anymore! Just a few minutes and I'll go.»

While I was getting dressed, she arranged the table and accessories.

It was only a few minutes, but it felt like hours. She said goodbye.

«Wait, how much does the massage costs?»

Her eyes pierced me like a sword.

«To me it didn't cost a thing. I don't know what it cost you.»

«But I want to pay.»

«Forget it! I would never agree to receive money for a massage that leaves someone in that state. Bye.»

«State? What state?»

«It is better to forget that I gave you a massage, for the sake of my mental health. Bye.»

She opened the door and left. She didn't even look back. When I saw her walk away, I saw what I'd done.

«You are an asshole! She will never speak to you again.»

I was so rough on her!

You're such a pussy!



## **Damn the mix!**

That same night, I went out with friends.  
She went too. She greeted the group and sat on the other side of the table.  
I kept away from her. I didn't know what to say.  
I went to the counter, ordered a drink and watched her from a distance.  
She spent the whole time talking to a friend.  
You're a fool. She gave you a wonderful massage, helped you rest, sleep - something you haven't been able to for a long time - and you idiot bastard... You treated her like nothing.  
I turned my back on her and sat at the counter.  
The girl from the bar made a pass at me. I was there for a few minutes.  
At one point, one of my friends came to me and said:  
«Perhaps you should return to the table. They are talking about you.»

I glanced at him, asked the girl for another beer and went back to the table, just in time to hear her say:

«Ask him!» - and she looked at me.

«Who? What?»

«You. What can you say about the massage?»

«Ah! The massage... of course!»

«Yes. They want to know if you liked it?»

«Nope. That I already know. What I want to know is if you got the motor running.»

They laughed. We didn't.

«Wow! Things got hot in your house today!»

«Nothing happened. She was very professional.»

«Really?»

They looked at her. She confirmed with a very harsh Yes.

«He didn't enjoy it.»

«No?»

«Well, he threw me out of his house. So I think he didn't like it.»

That's a lie! I loved the massage. I love everything about you! But I couldn't talk with you then. I was uncomfortable! I thought... I didn't thought. If I did I wouldn't react the way I did.

«I loved it. As I told you, I needed to be alone.»

«Do you remember what you told me? And all because you wanted to be alone? Oh please, spare me!»

«Never mind! He was probably waiting for a special treatment. Thus, he got upset. Forget it!»

«Special treatment?»

«Yes. A mix between relaxing and exciting!» - they joked, but it wasn't funny!

«Shut up!»

«Is that a lie?»

Shit! I knew this would happen! I can't say that in front of her.

I hesitated! She freaked out! She got up and walked towards me.

«What? Mix? You asked me to go to your place for a relaxation massage, right? Why the hell would you be expecting sex?»

«To be honest, I don't know what I was expecting. What I do know is that I never expected to fall asleep twice. I've been having trouble sleeping for a long time, and I fell asleep twice today in an hour and a half. I don't know what the hell you did to me! I blacked out completely twice! It never happened to me to be alone with a beautiful woman and fall asleep! I never expected that!

«Oh! So, what you expected was to have an erection and, who knows, I could offer you a helping hand to relieve the tension...»

She was being deadly ironic! I was silent again. And kept silent. She smiled.

«Okay. Once again, silence speaks more than a thousand words.»

«Sorry!»

«No, no, no! I'm the one who needs to apologize.»

«What? Why?»

«Why? For shaking your pride as a Latin male. I'm really sorry about that. You know there's a very thin line that separates the therapeutic touch, which is what I use, from the sexual touch, which is what you hoped I would have used today. That's why I don't allow myself to confuse the two, whoever the client is. If you were expecting a woman to go to your place today, you should have invited a woman. Now, once you asked for a therapist, the woman stays home. Who went to your place today was the therapist, who happens to be a woman and your friend. Why ask for a therapist if what you wanted was a woman?»

«I think you misunderstood me!»

«No! I understood you quite well. I was clear when I said that I do not do erotic massage. And if you weren't able to understand something so simple, that's your problem!»

«I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disrespect you.»

«No. Your intention was to enjoy sex without much effort. Oh! And relax! There's nothing wrong with you. I only used lavender essential oil. It's a muscle relaxant. It helped you to relax and fall asleep. You don't have a problem, except mental maybe. But, as you know, that's not my area of expertise!»

Her eyes hardened. I froze.

«Well folks, I'm tired and I don't want to be here right now, so I'm leaving. Bye!»

Turned her back and headed to the door.

Shit! I blew it. She will never talk to me again.

Fuck!



## **It's time!**

I watched her leave the bar. I didn't react!  
Go after her! And I'll say what? That I'm a dork?  
She must be furious! I was such a jerk!  
Did all this to be alone with her, and then I blew it!  
«Are you still here?»  
«What?»  
«It is time!»  
«What are you talking about, man?»  
«It's time for you to start running.» - I frowned -  
«After her! Run after her!»  
«You want me to go after her?!»  
«Yes. What are you waiting for? Are you waiting  
for her to come back?»  
«No! She will never forgive me!»  
«Yes she will! If you're honest with her, she will  
forgive you.»

«Dude, I was naked in front of her; her hands sliding through my body; and after five minutes, I felt asleep!? I don't know what she is thinking of me!»

«Look, my friend, you will only know if you run after her.»

«No! I have no chance!»

«You do! If you didn't, she wouldn't be so upset. She wants you! You want her! You just don't have the courage to admit it.»

«I...»

«Dude, you have to admit that you want her. Go after her, apologize, explain what happened and be honest! Invite her for a walk, a dinner, a drink. Something she likes and you can do together, just the two of you!»

«Like a massage?! It went very well, as you could see!»

«It went wrong, because you wanted the woman without admitting that you wanted her. It's time to forget that idea of an ideal woman and accept the woman your heart has chosen for you! Don't you think?»

Oh my God! Why do I always get myself into this kind of mess? Maybe I should disappear. Who knows, one day...

«Don't wait for a chance to solve this with her. She won't give you that chance. Go after her now!»

I don't know!

If I show up, she'll run me over or something.

You were always such a pussy when it comes to women!

Move!

Go after her, you pussy!



## Be honest!

I swallowed my pride and ran.  
I ran after her without knowing what to say.  
Will she listen to what I have to say?  
What do I have to say?  
I saw her sitting in the car. Still! She looked sad.  
When she saw me, she turn on the car and took off.  
I threw myself in front of the car.  
When she got out of the car, she seemed worried.  
But the expression changed quickly.  
«You're crazy!!»  
«I need to talk to you.»  
«I don't want to talk to you. I'm tired of playing games!»  
«Wait! Listen to me, please!»  
«Listen?! Okay! Speak.»  
She crossed her arms waiting for what I had to say.

I took a deep breath and realized I didn't know what to say. I hesitated again.

«Is that what you have to say?»

«I'm sorry. I'm sorry for this misunderstanding!»

«Misunderstanding?! Really? Misunderstanding?!»

Be sincere! Be sincere! Be sincere!

I couldn't think of anything else.

«You always said you didn't want to have a massage, because you were afraid of having an erection, as it was shameful. What is not, but okay, it would be for you.»

«I...»

«Why did you schedule the massage?»

«Why? Oh God, I don't know! You were always talking about it. I let myself... I don't know!»

«So, why did you react like that? Didn't you like the massage?»

«No. I loved it. You have no idea how long I haven't been able to sleep. My reaction had nothing to do with you.»

«So, why did you react that way? Please explain to me, because I don't understand. Or rather, don't explain anything, because I don't want to know. Bye.»

«I just wanted to be alone with you for a while. That's all!»

«What?»

«Whenever we meet, we are surrounded by friends. Everyone has already understood what is going on between us.»

«What is going on between us?!»

«What I mean is that everyone realized that we are much more than friends, even if we don't admit it.»

She looked away. I approached her and directed her eyes back to mine.

«I chose to schedule the massage so I could be alone with you. I hoped the massage would lead to»

«Lead to what?»

«Don't get me wrong. I wasn't expecting sex. I just wanted to know if you felt the same way about me. I was annoyed that you were so professional.»

«If you wanted the woman, why did you invite the therapist?»

«It wasn't the best idea! That's clear now! I was afraid. This thing between us it's very intense. It scared me! I've never felt anything like this for anyone.»

«Of course not. You only have superficial relationships. You never let them get close enough.»

«Okay! When you behaved so professionally, I thought it was an illusion.»

«Illusion? What?»

«What I feel for you. I feel an intimacy with you that I have never felt with another woman. And falling asleep never happened to me. Naked with a beautiful woman and I fall asleep... never!»

Laughed.

«What is it?»

«Massage manipulates the skin and muscles. Sensory neurons, distributed throughout your body, communicate with the brain through the spinal cord. In this way, serotonin production is stimulated.»

«Okay! And?»

«Serotonin is fundamental in the production of melatonin, the chemical responsible for deep and restorative sleep. Therefore, most people fall asleep a few minutes after the beginning of the massage. Especially if we use substances that help relax, such as lavender essential oil.»

«And I thought... I'm so stupid.»

«No, you're not stupid. You're a bit slow, but you're not stupid. Falling asleep is not indicative of a lack of horniness, passion or masculinity. Neither having an erection during a massage is shameful. Both are instinctive and organic responses to touch stimuli.»

«I was so nervous at the beginning.»

«I know. I felt it. It happens when you have a bee in your bonnet.» - we laugh joyfully.

«No, really. I layed on the table in fear of what could happen. I was afraid to push you away. And then I slept like a baby. I felt so stupid. I never meant to hurt you or disrespect you or your job. Believe me! I just wanted to be with you and was afraid of rejection.»

«How can I reject someone who cannot stay awake when he is naked with a beautiful woman?!»

She had a big laugh.

«You're beautiful, Woman!»

«I know.»

«Oh you do?!»

«I do. I have mirrors at home!»

«Mirrors?!»

«Yes, mirrors!» - she laughed and approached me -

«You know, I know I'm beautiful. And it's not just today. But it's really good to hear you say that! I always thought that you... look, it doesn't matter!»

«You thought I...»

She touched my lips slightly. She didn't want to continue that conversation.

«I admit that you are not the type of woman I'm used to. In fact, you are the opposite!»

«Yeah. I can't stand superficial relationships.»

«I know. And your way of relating inspires me.»

«What exactly are you saying?»

«I am asking you to help me get out of the superficial relationships.»

«Get out of the superficial? How can we do that?»  
I stepped forward and wrapped her waist with my arms.

«Well, we can start by being together more often, without friends around.»

She took her hands to my shoulders and immediately embraced me. I felt her heart beating close to my chest. She whispered to my ear:

«I adore you!»

«What exactly are you saying?» - I felt her smile on my neck and her voice approaching my ear.

«I don't know if I can help you get out of the superficial, but I really want to be alone with you!»

«I'm sure you can, because you've already done it. I've never hugged anyone for so long! And I don't want to let go! Do you think we can live like this, holding each other like this?!»

«You're crazy!»

«Yeah, I am! Crazy for you, my beautiful weirdo!»  
I've tightened the hug and she relaxed in my arms. Yes, I know! I'm a lucky guy!

Even now, years later, I ask every day, what she sees in me.

And every day she tells me she loves my imperfections of Being Perfect!



*I am grateful for all of you who cross  
my path daily.*

*Writing is my way of touching your  
heart, for it is you who inspire the  
messages I share.*



«»

*Me, naked, in  
her hands!? I  
wouldn't control  
myself!*

«»

**It is thoughts like this that lead many people to avoid certain experiences of life.**

**Oh my God! is a frustrated satire reborn as a short story.**

**A conversation with a friend inspired a big laugh and also unraveled a story to tell you.**

**It's a short, fluid story that talks about a couple who hide behind friendship.**

**A simple massage awakens the shame to admit what they feel for each other and the fear of rejection.**

**The Awakening pushes them to the truth and towards the unveiling of Love.**