

The Package

by Nobilis

Prologue

This story started as a bet.

Pixie and I found out that a mutual friend was back with his ex, but that it was just for the sex. "Yeah, right" we said, and started to make estimates on how long it would be before they either broke up again, or got back together again. I made an estimate of three weeks, but Pixie thought it would be less.

<Nobilis>Want to bet?

<Pixie>Sure.

<Nobilis>So if they break up, or get back together, before the 20th, you win, and if it's after, I win.

<Pixie>Right. What are we betting?

<Nobilis>Well, we're both authors. How about if the loser writes a story, with the winner as the main character?

<Pixie>Sounds like fun either way.

<Nobilis>That's the idea.

So the bet was on. Ordinarily such banter would be forgotten, but on the 23rd, Pixie told me that his girlfriend had moved back in with him. I thought I had won, but as it turns out, they had gotten back together on the 18th, and Pixie hadn't found out until later.

So this story is the result.

Act 1

The package came from Nobilis's house. It had his return address on it. I got online and IM'ed him.

<Pixie>What's this package?

<Nobilis>Someone asked me to send it to you.

<Pixie>Who?

<Nobilis>Can't tell. I checked it over, though, there's nothing in there that'll hurt you. Go ahead and open it.

The box had a set of clothes, and a card with an address, a date, and a time. The clothes were nothing unusual... a cotton skirt, a t-shirt, underwear, bra, all fairly plain, all in my size. The address was nowhere I had been before, but it was close to the subway. The date was a few days out, on a night I didn't have anything to do. Whoever put it together knew me fairly well. A friend? It was someone who knew Nobilis, too.

<Pixie>What is this? Some kind of invitation?

<Nobilis>That's what it looks like to me. Are you going to go?

<Pixie>I don't know. Was it Oberon?

<Nobilis>Can't tell.

<Pixie>You're mean.

<Nobilis>Rotten to the core. You know I'd never hurt you, right?

<Pixie>Of course.

<Nobilis>I think you should go.

I had two days to think about it. Oberon had been out of town for more than a week, and wouldn't be back in town until the day after the date in the package. At least, that's what he had told me. He had been known to tell little white lies in order to put together a big surprise for me. It could be him. He wouldn't tell me if he was, though, he'd play innocent. I decided not to call him.

Willow lived too far away to be behind this, but if my mysterious liaison knew Nobilis, he probably also knew Willow. I caught her online that night.

The Package

by Nobilis

<Pixie>Do you know anything about this package Nobilis sent me?

<Willow>No. Presents?

<Pixie>Sort of... some clothes, and an address, and a date and time.

<Willow>Nobilis wants to meet you somewhere?

<Pixie>No, he said it came from someone else.

<Willow>Yeah, and he wouldn't lie to you. So you don't know who sent it?

<Pixie>No. Do you?

<Willow>I wish I did. Are you going to go?

<Pixie>I don't know.

<Willow>Let me know, okay?

<Pixie>Don't I always?

I put the box away and went to bed. I had a hard time getting to sleep. I kept going through all the people that could have sent me the box. Steiger? Maybe, but unlikely. S.D.? No, impossible. I kept running through all my friends... there were just too many of them. It could be any number of people, and none of them.

I managed to forget the package until about lunchtime on the day. When I remembered it, I rushed back home to open it up again. Had I forgotten the time? No, six pm, just as I had remembered.

I looked over the clothes again. They were very ordinary. The whole thing was very puzzling. The shirt was a dark blue, the t-shirt bright red, the panties and bra plain white. It was all made of light cotton. I had to know what was going on. Curiosity was killing me, and if I didn't take this opportunity, I would never know what it was. I sent an email to Willow and Nobilis, told them I was going. If anything happened to me, I wanted them to know where I was.

I debated putting on makeup, but it seemed out of place, if I was supposed to wear these plain clothes. I took a shower, brushed my hair, and put the clothes on. They fit fairly well, but not perfectly. The shirt was a little too tight around my bustline, and the skirt hung a little loose around my waist. At least the bra fit. I can't stand a bra that doesn't fit right.

The Package

by Nobilis

I left home around five-thirty and walked to the subway. Oberon. It HAD to be Oberon. He had exchanged an email or two with Nobilis, I knew that much. I smiled to myself, satisfied in the knowledge.

The address on the card was a brownstone off the main streets that had been converted into condos. I pushed the button for the third-floor walk-up on the address. Without a word, the door buzzed, and I stepped inside. I climbed the stairs, my heart beating faster, both from the exertion and the anticipation. I couldn't wait.

The light on the third floor was out, leaving the landing in shadow, but I could see that the only door was ajar. It creaked as I pushed it open. The room inside was completely dark.

"Oberon?" I stepped inside.

Someone pushed the door closed, firmly, behind me. I gasped as a pair of hands took my shoulders. Suddenly, I wasn't so sure I should be there. My heart pounded in my chest. "Oberon? Is that you?"

The person behind me whispered, close by my ear. I detected the slightest hint of perfume, roses. It didn't sound like Oberon. To be honest, it didn't sound like anyone I knew. "You can leave now... if you want."

End Act 1

Act 2

I swallowed. "No." That was all that I could get out. Any other words choked my throat.

There was no reply, but the hands firmly guided me forwards, into the darkness. My eyes adjusted some, but the only light was a dim glow from under the door. I could barely make out the outlines of the room. My foot ran into something.

"Step up on the stool," whispered the voice behind me. It sounded slightly muffled, as if from behind a full-face mask.

Unsteadily, I put one foot, then the other on the wooden circle. "I can't see. I can't balance." I depended upon my host to keep me from falling over.

The hands left my shoulders, gently taking my backpack. A loop of silk rope was put around one wrist, then the other, and the rope laid in my hand. The ropes slowly started moving, pulling my hands, spreading my arms up above my head. I wondered if I hadn't made a tremendous mistake, coming here. I tested the loop. If I squirmed, I could probably get out of it, but I didn't want to. Not yet.

I heard a match strike, and a candle-flame illuminated the room from behind me. My shadow was flung, dancing madly, against the far wall. A figure, shrouded in black, passed my right side, and then whirled to face me. He was taller than me, even on the stool, but not by much. I was nearly eye-to-eye with what looked like a bronze mask. In the dim light I couldn't tell if it was real bronze, or just painted plastic, but it didn't matter. I gasped.

"If you take your hand from the loop," whispered the voice, "it ends. That is your *signale*."

I nodded.

The figure stepped closer, and from under his cloak, I heard the sound of duct tape being pulled from a roll. He raised his hands, and quickly placed the strip over my eyes, stretched from one temple to the other. It wasn't pressed down against my eyelids, but I could feel it adhering to my nose and eyebrows.

I was in darkness again.

I heard the sound of a marker being uncapped. His hand reached around to the back of my neck, and held my head firmly. I felt the pen writing on the tape. He whispered the letters as he wrote them. "C... R... Y... B... A... B... Y..."

"Hey," I started to say, but lips met mine, silencing me. The lips were soft, and I could feel no sign of mustache or razor stubble. A woman? No. Too tall. Hands too strong. But oh, those lips, and the scent of roses again. I tried to stop thinking of the lips as belonging to man or woman and just enjoy them. The kisses started strong, then became feather-light, drawing me forward to hang from my arms, straining forward towards the lips that always seemed just a little too far away. I whimpered in frustration.

His hand took me again, holding the back of my head, and the lips drove against mine, opening my mouth, probing tongue pushing past my teeth. I moaned softly into the open mouth of my mysterious lover. In the midst of the kiss, I heard the soft 'snik-snik' of a pair of scissors being worked right next to my ear. My heart jumped in my chest. I tensed. I imagined the scissors, sharp and bright, going into my neck, my belly, my breast.

His hand slipped under my shirt to pull my right bra strap up off my skin. "Snik" went the scissors, and the strap parted. The breath I had drawn, ready to scream, came out as a sigh of relief. "Snik," again, on the right, and then a small hole was cut in the center, to cut the center strap. A hand went up my shirt from the back, and gently pulled the ruined garment out from under my shirt.

I was breathing hard. As my chest rose and fell, my nipples rubbed against the soft cotton of the shirt. They had already been getting a little hard, but this made them stand up all the way. His hands took my breasts roughly, through the thin cloth of the shirt, groping hard, his fingers digging into my flesh. His impossibly smooth mouth returned to mine. He groped and twisted, and then slid down to grab my nipples between thumbs and knuckles.

He squeezed. Hard. The pain went through me like a knife. "Ow, fuck!"

The Package

by Nobilis

His hands left me, and I heard him pull off another length of tape. This one went over my mouth, running over both cheeks. I heard the cap come off the marker again, and he held my head still while he wrote. "P... O... T... T... Y... M... O... U... T... H." My lips stuck to the heavy tape, stuck fast, and I knew it was going to hurt when it came off.

I heard the scissors work again, and after a few seconds the skirt fell away from my body. The tips of the scissors brushed my mons and I thought I was going to collapse. I moaned, but with my mouth closed and taped only the slightest noise came out. It felt like the noises I was trying to make were reflecting back into me, making me even hornier.

After some more work with the scissors, I felt the fabric fall away from my nipples, first one, then the other. Those wonderful, soft lips and tongue started playing with my right breast, kissing and licking my increasingly sensitive skin. His hand was on my other breast, pinching and groping. The contrast between the tenderness on one side and pain on the other was exquisite.

Then he switched. His groping, pinching hand gently cupped my breast, and he bit down on my breast, just beside the nipple, and my knees nearly buckled under me. I moaned again, and the sound reverberated in my skull. My head swam. I could feel my panties starting to get wet.

I got a moment of relief, as he pulled away from me again. He untied my sneakers, and pulled them off, and then removed my socks. Then he started cutting again. I felt the tip of the scissors trace a line from my navel to my neck as he cut through the center of the t-shirt. Then another pair of lines along my shoulders, and the t-shirt fell away. By this time, I was ready for more, so I twisted my body, shaking my breasts.

He didn't accept the invitation. Instead, he pulled off another long strip of tape and wrapped it around my body, right over my nipples, squeezing my breasts together. He spelled out what he was writing again, whispering. "C... O... C... K... T... E... A... S... E..." I let out a squeal of protest, in spite of myself.

There was two more snips of the scissors, and the panties were gone. I was naked except for the duct tape. A hand gently lifted one knee, and placed it over a cloth-covered shoulder. I felt hot breath on my pussy, and fingers started

to explore my dripping folds. My mysterious lover and tormentor was starting to get turned on, as well; I could feel and hear his breath starting to come quicker, and there seemed to be a little trembling in the fingers. That, more than anything, started turning me on even more. When the fingers were replaced by lips and tongue, I felt a little orgasmic shudder pass through me. I knew it wouldn't be much longer.

The face in my snatch turned, and delivered a bite to the inside of my thigh, right on the muscle that runs down to the inside of my knee. I jumped. I let out a squeal that turned into a moan. I could feel every nerve, stretched as tight as a violin string, and his mouth was the bow. His lips returned to my pussy, punctuated by staccato nips on my outer lips. As my arousal mounted higher and higher, he increased the pace, delving deeper into my body, probing with his tongue, drawing my flesh into his mouth to suck and bite. As the first tremors of orgasm started, he turned his head and put his teeth directly on my clit. Color burst in the darkness behind my eyelids as he squeezed, gently, just enough, to drive me to a powerful orgasm. The scream, stifled by the tape, left me breathless. The released tension left me trembling, hanging from the ropes.

Another strip of tape ripped off. This one ran from just below my navel, down over my dripping pussy, up over the crack of my ass, and onto my tailbone. "N... Y... M... P... H... O." he wrote on the front. "S... L... U... T." on the back. He stood up, and I heard the sound of an instant camera going off.

I thought he was done. All of my hot spots were covered.

I was wrong.

Act 3

I was closed up, covered, taped from one end to the other. He gave me a few minutes to catch my breath. When my legs felt strong enough again, I put my weight on my feet, taking the strain off of my shoulders and wrists.

Then he started on my earlobes. When I'm not turned on, they just tickle, but I was far past that point, even after the huge orgasm. His mouth was gentle at first, stroking, sucking, but when I moaned he sank his teeth into the muscle under my ear, behind my jaw, and I wanted to scream.

Next, he went to my neck. He worked down along the muscle, into the hollow above my collarbone, kissing, licking, nibbling, and biting. He trailed up my arm, into the hollow of my elbow. He loved my arm as intensely as he had my pussy, and I was surprised at my body's reaction. I was so turned on that my entire body was turning into one huge erogenous zone.

He moved to the underside of my breast, licking the perspiration from the space there, and nipped at the flesh that flowed out from under the tape.

He tongued my navel, twirling and sucking. He licked the crease between my pussy and my thigh. He bit the tendon where my thigh met my knee. He sucked my toes. I needed to cum, again, and my moans of frustration were becoming more insistent.

He went back to my earlobe. As he worked, alternating hard and soft, gentle and cruel, I felt fingers start to work at the edge of the tape on my mouth. The tape came away slowly, the heavy adhesive harsh on my skin. He followed behind with gentle kisses, soothing the hurt skin as soon as it was revealed. When my mouth was opened I wanted to let out all of the sounds that had been bottled up inside, but again he silenced me with a deep kiss, and then ripped the last inch off with a jerk. He let me scream while he kissed the spot that had been left raw by the tape.

He left me for a moment, panting. Then I felt the fingers at the tape around my breasts. Once again, the lips were moving right behind the slow agony of the tape. He licked my left nipple briefly in passing, and then the right, and pulled the last of the tape away quickly. I shrieked. I felt sweat breaking out on my

brow. I knew the worst was yet to come.

He reached between my legs to take the next piece of tape off from the back. It was getting slick with my sweat, but it was still stuck tight. He stopped just as the tape was about to be pulled from my pussy, and then started from the front. The bastard was going to make the last pull directly off of my pussy lips. "No," I said, "No, it's too much."

He knew I didn't mean it. I kept my hands in the loops of rope.

The last jerk on the tape exploded, ran up my spine like a lightning bolt. I screamed and cried and spasmed and came and came and came. His marvelous lips were there right along, soothing and kissing, nothing but gentleness. I felt tears welling up in the space between the tape and my eyes. I had reached the limit. I pulled my hand from the loop, and put my hand on his head. Instantly, the mouth was gone from my pussy, and I heard footsteps, a door open and close.

When I finally worked the tape off of my eyes, I was alone.

Act 4

The candle was still burning. There was a set of clothes, similar to the set that had been in the mysterious package, neatly folded on the floor in front of me. The tape that had been pulled from my body was stuck, haphazardly, to a piece of paper taped to the bare wall across from me.

"SMART WOMAN"

"BEAUTIFUL"

The vertical strips that had been on my ass and pussy had been ripped in half, so they could both be displayed so I could read them.

"LOVING"

"WARM"

I looked down at the tape in my hand, and spread it out so I could read it.

"GODDESS"

I stuck it to the paper along with the others.

I took the clothes and started putting them on. At the bottom of the pile, I found the polaroid that had been taken when I was completely taped. Written on the back, in the same block letters as had been on the tape, my name and the date. My real name.

"Thank you," I said to myself.

I looked around the apartment, but it was pretty much empty. No furniture, nothing but the tools of the encounter, no clue about who had been my host. I gathered up the scraps of ruined clothing from the floor, and took the paper off the wall and folded it up. I took the ropes. I even snuffed the candle. I shoved them all into my backpack. I wanted to preserve every possible memory of this experience.

The Package

by Nobilis

Out in the hallway, I found the mask, and the cloak that had concealed my tormentor's identity, the roll of duct tape, and the pen. A note was taped to the cloak, penned hastily in black marker, in block letters.

"I HOPE YOU HAD FUN. I KNOW I DID. I WISH I COULD STAY, BUT I THINK IT BEST IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO I AM. MAYBE SOMEDAY WE CAN PLAY AGAIN."

I picked up the mask, and detected a hint of roses. I inhaled it greedily. I shoved it into my backpack, along with the tape, and took the cloak over my arm.

I decided I didn't care whether he had been Oberon or not, or even whether he had been a man or a woman. Whoever it was had given me an incredible gift, one I wanted to share with Oberon.

I hurried down the stairs.