

THE PACKAGE

By pwatson1974

Inspired by a roleplay with jannabell23

I don't get much mail. There are many and varied reasons for this, but they aren't important to this story. Just take it as read that something that isn't an advert for the local pizza place appearing in my letterbox is a notable event. This one a bit more than most for reasons I'll come on to. Stop being so impatient. This is my story and I'll tell it how I like.

Anyway, this wasn't just mail, this was...a package. An A4 sized, cardboard stock, flat rate mail package. And a letter. Which had on the envelope, by the address, in really big red letters 'Read this before opening'. As I recognised the handwriting, I first sighed and then opened the envelope. As expected it was from Jimmy. Jimmy is one of those annoying people who everyone likes and who doesn't think twice about asking for favours, and yet, because everyone likes them, they are normally granted. It's like magic. Actually, given it's Jimmy, it might actually be magic. More on that later. Anyway, the letter asked me for a favour and that Jimmy would owe me for it. At last count, Jimmy owed me 86 1/3 favours, don't ask, so one more probably wasn't going to make much difference. I sighed anyway and read on. It seems Jimmy was taking a break, going to recharge his batteries, yadda, yadda, yadda, and he needed someone to look after Anna for him. And he'd chosen me as I was the one 'least likely to let her get bored or strangle her'. High praise, indeed. Some more details followed: 'It'll only be for a few days', Jimmy speak for at least a fortnight, possibly nearer a month; 'I'll owe you big' which was true, but didn't mean I'd ever be able to collect; 'She won't be much trouble, honest' which wasn't credible even without the 'honest'; and the piece de la resistance, 'We'll get together soon.' which was how all his letters have ended for the ten years since we left college and I hadn't actually seen him since then.

So, with another sigh, mostly because I knew I was being a sucker for doing this and also knew I'd still do it, I turned to the package itself. It was also stamped with lots of red. Important words like 'Fragile', 'Do not bend, spindle, fold, or mutilate', 'Priority mail' and lots of stamps. Duly warned, even if it bore very little evidence that anyone else had paid the copious warnings even the slightest attention, I tore it open and let the contents slip out. One tan, soft, warm bit of what looked like cloth spooled out onto the floor, ending in a cap of autumnal red. I lifted it up, letting it flop in my hands, feeling its texture. It let out a long, faint sigh and blinked slowly as if waking up. Which I suppose she might have been. I held up the deflated skin, looking into brilliant green eyes, and only then noticed that skin was all there was. Typical Jimmy, or maybe typical Anna, possibly both, but there wasn't even a stitch of clothing on her, giving me a very good, if flat, view of her nude figure and proof positive that she didn't wear much, ok, anything, when tanning.

"Good morning, Anna."

She blinked again, a little more quickly, but didn't say anything. It's kind of hard to move much, including your mouth, when you're just a piece of skin.

"We should probably get you back three-dimensional, shouldn't we?" No response, but, well, I imagine being flat and unable to move is a little boring. I lifted her up, placing my lips on hers in a very strange kiss and blew into her. I felt her body do its best to shudder, which was really more of a limited flop and she began to inflate. Yes, just like a balloon. Although balloons don't kiss back in the middle. It's also not that distracting when a balloon presses against your chest, but when it's a naked woman...

I admit I held the kiss a little longer than was strictly necessary to reinflate her, so sue me, it was nice. She sighed, stretching like a cat in the sun as we broke apart. "All three dimensions present and accounted for, sir." She smiled a smile you normally see only in Hollywood movies, eyes practically glowing. As a person rather than a skin, she was a little over 5'7",

and with a dancer's body, sleek, smooth and still curving in the right places. Eyes like cut emeralds sparkled in her face, drawing you in, which meant you barely noticed her cupid's bow lips or cute little nose, all topped with a crop of flaming red hair that was the only thing about her that could possibly be described as boyish. "So, now that you've got me," she breathed in a voice that by rights should cost several dollars a minute to hear, "what do you want to do with me?"

"I..." I managed. It's quite difficult to be suave when dealing with beautiful, nude women who make your body think it's a gangly, awkward, hormonal teenager.

"You can do anything you want to me." She purred, enjoying my discomfort, pressing in closer, "An-y-thing." She drew out the word as long as possible, licking her full lips suggestively. Mind you, pretty much everything about her was suggestive, if not outright pornographic. Finally, she relented, "Something magical, maybe?" she pulled back, leaving a kiss on my cheek.

This broke the spell. I don't think it was an actual spell as Anna didn't demonstrate much ability while she was with me and it would have been way too subtle for Jimmy. Yes, that's right, magic is real. Sometimes. Most of the guys, and girls, you see on TV or Vegas or wherever fine magical entertainment is performed are exactly what you think they are: performers who are using geometry, mirrors and the human mind's natural tendency to see things exactly as it expects them to be. Maybe 1 percent, probably a bit less, however, are people like Jimmy and me. We know tricks, sure, they're just tricks you play on reality to get it to play ball. Universal cheat codes someone with far too much computer experience called them and that works as a shorthand. You might have guessed things were a little unusual when Anna went from blow-up girl to real one. Good for you.

So, anyway, once the blood was mostly going to my head again, I led Anna into a room that doesn't exist on any plan. Most of the real deals have one of these, even guys like me who can't get near a stage without throwing up in performance anxiety; a place to play, to show off, and to push things a bit where you can't get noticed and have to re-enact a bad skit from Monty Python. We weight a lot more than a duck, by the way. My playroom, some prefer workshop or warehouse, but they're trying to kid themselves about the room's purpose, is fairly small, intimate. I don't perform for crowds; just me and the lovely lady I'm trying to impress. The lights are always low, the edges of the room vanishing into shadows, which also makes it look bigger and more impressive than it really is. So, anyway, I led Anna into the playroom and, because I'm mostly a gentleman, asked her what she'd like me to do to her. She flashed that very distracting, impish, seductive smile, breathed "Anything." And then, she looked at me, eyes sparkling with mischief, and asked, "Can you take me apart, sir? Please?" Well, who was I to refuse such a polite request?

Now, I could have used all sorts of sharp objects and enough straps to make a bondage convention jealous. I know several magicians, and their assistants, who love that sort of thing. Ok, so I indulge sometimes. So sue me. But this time, something more organic felt appropriate. I took hold of her arm, planting kisses along it, feeling her shiver in response and as I reached her shoulder I pushed my fingers into her skin and let them sink cleanly through her body, holding her arm in my hand as it came away. I glanced at Annabell's face, hearing a low moan of pleasure escape her lips, eyes closed. I set the arm down and did the same to the other side. I managed to resist every single corny Venus de Milo joke. I've had practice. No one likes a smart ass when you're trying to be sensual. Her legs followed a similar pattern, leaving me cradling her limbless torso in my arms, a light sheen spreading over her body. "More." She purred, "Please, sir, more." What the lady wants... She was soon even more reduced, her body in pieces in a pile of wriggling limbs on the floor at my feet, her severed face in my hands, panting, moaning whimpering slightly, "Oh, please, sir, please...I need relief, sir, please." I kissed her gently, picking up a few select parts from the pile and fitting

them together, taking the quivering ball-sized result to the bedroom. I tossed a sheet over the unwanted parts of her body, letting it sink flat to the floor. I'm not cruel enough to leave her like that in the cold.

Several weeks passed like that, Anna and me playing with her body in ways that were only sometimes allowed under the normal rules of the universe. And when I needed a break, she was quite happy for me to do something that left her incommunicado for a while. A favourite was to leave her a statue so I could still appreciate her beauty. I don't think she got bored; I certainly didn't strangle her. To be honest, I could see why Jimmy was worn out, though. He never did think much beyond blades and the only time I got a rest was when Anna was sleeping or otherwise out of it.

Still, eventually, the mail from Jimmy arrived saying he was ready for her to get back. Anna was eager, mostly at the thought of how I'd send her back. She knew something as mundane as a plane ticket wasn't in the offing. I found my camera and snapped her picture as she posed for me. One click, a slight gasp as she collapsed into a string of 1s and 0s on the memory card, and she was gone, just one more picture in the camera's memory. I downloaded her onto my computer, opening up the file. She pouted at me as she realised what had happened, complaining that the pointer tickled as I stroked it over her. I closed the file, zipped her up to save space and attached her to the e-mail to Jimmy.

It took a couple of days before I clicked on the file to let her out. Funny thing about e-mails over regular post; you get to keep the original. Although how I'll manage when Jimmy next needs to recharge and I get two Annas to look after, I have no idea.