

# Loki the Mime

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*This short story revolves around a young girl's fascination towards a mime. Although this mime seems merry and pleasant, there's always something hidden behind the mask..*

*NOTE: Unfinished, will have sexual content later.*

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[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Koyi\\_x/51237/Loki-Mime](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Koyi_x/51237/Loki-Mime)

**Chapter 1 - Loki the Mime**

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# 1 - Loki the Mime

She settled her big, round sunglasses better on the ridge of her nose as she walked past fascinating gazes to her way. It was a hot summer day and yet she was out in the city, in the broad daylight. She needed the fresh air, even though she hated the sunlight. That vile sun..

Walking beneath the shade of her parasol she came to the opening at the front of the mall. She didn't feel like going inside, there was too hot anyway, cause of the masses of people. There was a shopping spree again. So she decided to just sit by the side of the mall square, on a bench. She enjoyed observing passing people more than a shopping spree anyway.

She glanced around as soon as she found an empty bench for herself to conquer. A handful of people had gathered around a street artist just a little further from her. Little children around the artist laughed, while he pulled out weird faces and acted as if he had just hit an invisible wall. He was a mime. She chuckled inside. She had never seen a mime even that close. This particular mime seemed rather fascinating with his white face, lots of black eyeliner and red lips. Despite the mask, he seemed to be approximately in his late twenties. His acts were excellent, it was like he had done this all his life.

Soon, the mime's attention arose to her way. She startled a little as the mime smiled oddly and placed his hands in the air and made these small movement as if he was peeking through a window. He then drove a hand by his forehead as if he looked out for her. He pointed at her.

She looked around, confused. There was nobody else around, who he could have motioned. She turned back to him. A smile curled on his face and he threw his arms forward and pulled them back, acting like he was trying to catch a fish with a rod and reel. And she was the fish.

Faintly smiling at the act, she stood up and approached the mime. He "reeled" her as if she was a big catch. His expression was of astonishment and his simulating was flawlessly plausible. She stopped soon as she had come to him.

The mime turned to his audience spreading his arms to his side. Then, lively, he motioned at her and dug something out from his pocket. He placed it on his lips with the tips of his fingers. He then started to blow and it revealed to be an invisible balloon. He blew the balloon big and then tied it with an invisible string. Just as he was about to give the balloon to her, it seemed as if the balloon was pulling him up. He seemed startled as he hung on the string, his toes barely touching the ground. The children laughed. With a frustrated face, the mime tried to pull himself back down, but the balloon was fighting back.

The children kept laughing as the mime's grasp slipped and the invisible balloon flew far off. The mime seemed angry for a while as the balloon escaped, but he then came up with a new idea, letting it show on his whole essence. He then took off his big, black and white striped hat and peeked inside. He dug stuff out of it until he found what he was looking for. He seemed delighted as he admired the invisible thing he found. As he put the hat back on, he smelled deep the invisible thing he had found and sighed, smiling. He then knelt down before her, the girl with parasol and sunglasses, as if he was offering her a bouquet of flowers.

She smiled, bowed and thanked as she acted with the mime, taking the invisible flowers in her hand.

The children clapped their hands and giggled, before their parents took them by their hand and led them away.

But only one girl remained. The parasol-girl. She couldn't deny the fascination towards this artist, who now acted to her only. There was something in him she wanted to know. "Do you have a name or do I call you just mime?" she finally asked.

He shook his head with a bit saddened face. He motioned to his mouth with gestures that could be interpreted as "I cannot say, I don't speak".

"Well.. spell it for me." she suggested.

The mime smiled and began an act at once. He pressed a finger on his lower lip.

"Lip?" she said outloud and the mime nodded. "So your name starts with L.."

He nodded again and carried on with his act. He drew a roundish shape in the air with his hands, his lips forming an o.

"Mm.." she pondered for a while. "Something round.."

With his face, the mime expressed that her guess was close.

"Oval?"

He smiled and nodded. He then continued to the next letter. He gave her an easy one and pointed on his knee.

"Knee." she said and the mime nodded again.

Then, the mime started to move his legs, lightly, still, his hands behind his back, as if he was skating. So she answered skating.

He gave the "almost, guess again" look and pointed to the ground.

"Ground?"

He shook again, letting her guess again.

"Ice?" and that was when the mime gave her a wide smile with a deep nod.

He tilted his head slightly to the side with an awaiting look on his face.

"Oh, that's it? Let's see.. Lip, oval, knee, ice.. L-o-k-i. Your name is Loki?"

He clapped his hands delighted. Loki was his name. Loki the mime.

"That's a nice name you have." the parasol-girl smiled. "I'm Helen."

In that instance, Loki the mime took her gently by the hand and planted a kiss on it. That made Helen slightly blush, a little awkward, yet flattered.

From that day on, Helen visited the mime daily during the summer vacation. Loki always appeared at the same spot: on the left side of the square before the mall, by the benches. He was always there before she was, no matter how early she arrived. To Helen, Loki seemed a pleasant person with a twisted and indecent humor. There wasn't a moment, when Loki hadn't made her laugh at his jokes about what he has seen and experienced. But yet, she never came to know what kind of a person he really was. He was a secretive one with no speech. Sometimes, it was quite hard for Helen to understand what Loki was trying to say with his acts. Despite that, there also wasn't a moment, when she hadn't come up with the answer.

Their conversations were of peculiar kind, since the mime never spoke a word. He was also rather silent about his personal life and preferences, even though he might give a hint or two every now and then. He left so many things she wanted to hear unsaid. Wondering what could possibly lie there, behind the mask, even the mere thought was wearing Helen's young mind. No matter how many times she asked, there were certain things she couldn't get out of him. This secrecy made her grow a sort of an obsession. She knew she was a moth flying too close to the flame, but she couldn't help it, even if curiosity would kill her.

Helen gave a gentle laughter with pity in her eyes. "So, I guess you had no other choice, since you can't talk, huh?"

Loki sighed with a smile as if saying "it couldn't be helped, so..".

There was a brief silence, during which Helen opened the Captain Spaulding's Murder Ride lunchbox she had placed on her lap. Inside, there was a pink package of Hello Panda cookies, two imagawayakis wrapped in plastic wrappings, a can of soda and a green apple. "So.." she spoke. "Why don't you speak or can you speak at all?"

Loki shrugged his shoulders. He then made the zipper gesture to his mouth.

"Ah, come one, tell me can you speak or not."

Loki nodded.

"You can?"

He nodded again.

"Why don't you ever speak? You can speak to me.." Helen said this in a sort of innocent, yet seductive tone of voice. Just once, even just one time, she wanted to hear his voice.

He turned his face away with a kind of an annoyed expression and he sighed. He then turned back to her, giving her his hand.

"What?"

He then acted as if he was writing on his hand.

"Oh, you need a paper and a pen?"

He nodded.

Helen immediately started to dig her bag. "Just a minute, I know I had them here somewhere.. Ah." She took out a checkered notebook and a skeleton shaped ball-point pen. She gave them to Loki.

He crossed his legs and placed an empty opening of paper on the topmost leg and began to write.

The curiosity growing stronger, Helen tried to peek on what he was writing. But she couldn't see a thing. She needed to wait in excitement, what Loki had to say to her - what was too hard to act out, so it had to be put on paper.

As soon as Loki had finished, he gave both the notebook and pen back to Helen.

She nearly snatched them in her hands and greedily started to read the text the mime had written. The first thing she noticed was his pretty handwriting. It was care-free, yet neat and easily readable. What he wrote was: "To me, there are certain moments I don't want to ruin with words. Spoken words are not always needed to express certain things. People say many things and sometimes the spoken words are worn out and they no longer have as strong meaning as they used to. I want to keep silent, so that when I want to say something it will have an impact to the one listening to me. Also why I keep silent is because I want to hear those poor ones, who have lots of wise words to say. Everyone wants to be heard and actually quite many of them are worldly wise. Meeting such a person and listening to their ponders are what inspire me. But that's not the reason I became a mime."

Helen smiled and turned to Loki, giving the notebook and pen to him. "Please, tell me why you became a mime."

Loki rolled his eyes and made a small "pft!" sound, giving up. He did this with a slight smile curling on his bloodred lips and started to write again.

Helen carefully moved closer to him on the bench, anxious to read his next writing.

It took a small moment, before Loki handed the notebook back to her.

This time, he wrote: "I suppose there was no particular reason for it.. Maybe cause I have always liked to perform in a unique way and I like to amuse people. And I kinda like the ambiguousness of the concept: even though mimes appear to be merry people that do funny things, you never know what kind of a.. molester there could be behind the make-up."

Helen quickly turned to Loki, only to find his mischievous grin. She snorted and slapped his arm with the notebook. "You pervert! You bursted my bubble!" she whined in a playful tone.

Loki tilted his head to the side, placing his hands on his hips and looked at her raising his eyebrows - that were drawn as high archs on his forehead - even higher. His expression clearly questioned at her words, as if saying "Oh, really? Did I now?"

She was silent for a moment. Then she sighed in a manner of giving in to Loki's hinting, yet her face was reddened.

Loki grinned even wider, amused of Helen's awkwardness.

In her own kind of frustration, Helen bit down the apple she took from her lunchbox. She knew Loki knew her fascination to him. One had to be blind to not see that. Even though the mime seemed to take her and her interest to him quite lightly, the feeling was still awkward. And all this only because of the fact that Loki knew..

Soon, she felt light tapping on her shoulder and she turned to Loki.

He had a gentle smile on his white face as gave the notebook to her. For a moment Helen didn't understand, but she soon noticed new handwriting on the paper. She quickly put the half-eaten apple in the box and placed the box by her side so she could take the notebook in her hands. This time, Loki wrote: "Meet me again tonight?"

She glanced at Loki, a little confused. "Why?" she asked.

Loki took the notebook and quickly wrote: "I want to give you something."

Helen pondered what this something could be. "What is it?" she shot another question with a curious smile on her face.

Loki's last writing on the notebook that day was: "Something that you will never forget."

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And so, during the night, Helen returned to the usual spot: the left side of the square, before the mall, by the benches. It was quite late already and there was not a soul. It was dark - only the streetlamps were to show deformed shadows.

But Loki was nowhere around. Helen started to get nervous. She walked in circles around the empty square, nibbling the sleeves of her black collar shirt. She had dressed fine for this night, in a mix of something darkly classic, yet decadent with the torn layers of veils and laces. She was all the way black tonight. She knew this was to become a special night. But what Loki had in store for her, she had no clue. Yet, for some reason, the whole thought of meeting him in the dead of night made her shiver.

She looked around the every corner at the square, still no sign of Loki. She started to get worried. What if this was a trick of his again? What if he wouldn't show up? What if something had happened to him?

Suddenly, she startled as soon as she heard a dull sound of knocking coming from the mall's way. She turned to its way and soon saw a door open. It was the door for the staff only. Behind the door, she saw the dark essence of Loki gesturing her to come in.

Having a deep sigh, Helen vigorously walked to his way. "Damn you, Loki! What took you so long? I've been waiting for almost an hour!" she hissed, toned down.

Loki hushed her as he kept the door open for her to get inside.

The hallway was rather narrow, barely wide enough for two people to walk side by side. The lights were off. Only the lights from the streetlamps outside lighted their secret place through the windows.

Helen looked up at the mime, who was right in front of her. Her back was really close to the door, which Loki had locked after her. The mime stared down at her silently. She could barely see his face. But she could still sense the expressionlessness of his essence. He was blank. It was worrying Helen a little. "Loki, what is it? Why did you bring me here?"

Loki finally moved from the stillness by slowly bringing an index finger to her lips. She kept her eyes on him as he came closer by and by. He was silent, like usual. He was now too close for comfort. He was almost one head taller than her, even though she wore her favorite platforms. She felt how Loki's long, bony fingers came by her ear, lightly brushing over those many piercings. She felt the mime's hands bury in the back of her head.

He held her head still. He bowed down a little to plant a light kiss on Helen's lips. He gave her another one.

Not until now, Helen's ability to move returned to her and she realized the whole situation. Only by that, she backed off, but was hit against the door behind her. "L-Loki..!" she stammered, nervous, as the mime pressed his hands against the door, arching himself over her.

He had a sly grin on his usual white face. In this lighting and atmosphere, it scared her. She had always shunned clowns of any kind.. She had been blind all along, even though this mime had warned her. She had been naive all along.

"Loki don't do this!" Helen's voice trembled as she reached for the door-handle. The door certainly was locked, no matter how she tried to open it.

By Helen's panic, Loki violently pressed himself against her, wrapping his fingers around her wrists. In Helen, that act triggered her to scream for help and struggle with all her might. But no matter how loud she screamed, there was no one to hear her. No matter how she may have struggled, she was completely trapped. But she kept crying, she had to. Maybe there was still hope to get saved. "Somebody, please! Help me! Help!"

The pressure over her soon disappeared, but she recieved a hard slap across her face.

She squealed and pressed her side against the door, crying. She held her cheek, which now glowed red

from the harsh treatment. Scared, she kept weeping, but didn't turn to see Loki, who now only stood there. Helen slid her body down along the glass and the frames of steel, until she fell down on her knees. All her nice thoughts of Loki had been crushed now. She didn't know what to think anymore.

She heard a gentle chuckle, before she sensed the mime kneeling down to her level. She felt a gentle hand pat her hair as the familiar lips caressed her temple. She trembled. She had never experienced so alienated to anyone. Especially to someone she had been seeing for over four weeks. She was confused.

What made her even more confused was the moment she witnessed her wrists being bound against the door-handle with a scarf. She was soon turned to the mime with her legs spread around him. Her heart beat in her throat and she swallowed it down.

Loki immediately started to unbutton her shirt.

"Loki.." she called, her voice in a weak whimper. "Please.. Is this what you wanted to give me?"

But the mime didn't seem to listen to her as he carried on his actions.

"I don't want this, Loki. Do you hear me?"

Loki glanced over her, giving her a sign that he heard what she said. But also, he ignored it all, by a simple, devilish smile. He slid a palm over Helen's breast and planted a kiss on her neck.

She had no idea what could possibly go through Loki's mind, but at least a little lazy he was, figuring from the mime's slackening of the straps of her bra and lowering them, never opening them. Fondling her breasts, Loki brought her flesh more naked little by little.

"Loki..!" Helen moaned in tears, while the mime ran his hands on her sides.

to be continued..