

PETER & LISA: PART 2

SPLIT DECISION

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“So, is there anything else you’d like to do with me?” she purrs, sidling up to his side and kissing him on the cheek.

“A few things spring to mind.” Peter replies, “Any preferences?”

“Well, can you saw me in half?”

“Sure. Are you sure you want that, though? You seemed a bit freaked when I did the card trick at the pub.”

“I’m sure. I just wasn’t expecting it, that’s all.” She doesn’t sound sure, and her heart thunders in her ears.

“OK. So, what do you want? Handsaw, lumberjack, sword or buzz saw? Do you want boxes? And which way do you want to be cut?” Lisa gapes at him.

“What?”

“What would you like to be cut in two with? Handsaw, lumberjack saw, sword or buzz saw? I think I might have a laser somewhere around here, too.”

“Uhm, sword, I guess.”

“OK. Do you want me to use boxes or would you rather see what I’m doing?”

“No boxes. I’m not sure I trust you if I can’t see you. Especially after last time.”

“OK. And finally, which direction do you want me to cut you in two?”

“What do you mean which direction?”

“I mean, do you want me to cut you across the waist,” his finger strokes across her stomach, “straight down the middle,” the finger runs down her face and jumps past her breasts, pulling down over her stomach, “or down the sides?” he traces from her ear down over her shoulders and along her arm.

“Just across the waist. We can get to the others later, right?”

“No problem. As long as I don’t make a mistake and you die in agony.” He smiles his ‘sinister’ smile. Lisa grins at him, her stomach doing flip-flops. Peter walks towards the stacks of boxes. He stops, “Oh, by the way, do you want to be on a table or floating when I do this?”

“By the way?! I don’t know. Floating sounds like it might be fun.”

“Great. I’ll just get the sword.” He disappears into the stacks. When he comes back, he is dressed in a black silk robe, tied around the waist by a crimson belt of silk. He looks vaguely like a Hollywood samurai, carrying a long katana, its hilt made of interlocked black and silver diamond with red tassels. Around his shoulder is a silver hoop about three feet across.

“What’s that for? And what’s with the Fu Manchu pyjamas?”

“To prove I’m not using mundane techniques like wires to keep you afloat. And these ‘pyjamas’ are just a

part of the act. If I'd been doing the traditional origami routine with the swords I'd have changed for it then. Now, I'm afraid that costume, while lovely on you, isn't practical for this trick. Do you mind if I change it to something a bit more suitable?" her eyes narrow suspiciously.

"Such as what?"

"Don't worry, I'm not going to put you in a G-string and pasties. The worse I'd do is put you in a bikini."

"No."

"Okay, I'll just get rid of the jacket and cut the shirt off about here." he draws a flat hand level with the base of her ribs. "Is that okay?"

"I guess."

"Okay, just take off the jacket, and hat, I'll sort out the rest." Lisa pulls off the jacket and hat. Peter takes hold of the cummerbund and pulls it up to her ribs. He grins at her and unclips the cummerbund, leaving her stomach bare, her navel ring glittering. "Right, then. Let's begin. Just lean back, and don't worry." Lisa starts to fall backwards. Peter's hand stops her, gently lowering her down. Her body goes as rigid as a board as he slips his other hand under her knees and lifts her up. "Feeling OK?" he asks.

"Fine, but your hands are cold." She smiles back at him.

"Wait till you feel the sword." He replies. Peter slowly removes his hands, leaving Lisa hovering rigidly three feet above the floor. Peter flips the hoop off his shoulders, spinning it around. And now to prove that you really are supported by nothing more than magic and air..." he hooks the hoop over her feet and walks beside her, bringing the hoop all the way around her. "Convinced?"

"I was already convinced, Houdini. Just get on with it, before the butterflies in my stomach get any worse."

"OK. Quick or slow cutting?"

"Quick."

"OK." He picks up the sword and raises it over his head, both hands gripping the hilt tightly. "Final chance to say 'no'."

"Do it."

"Hold on. Almost forgot. Can't have your arms in the way."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm only going to fold them over your chest. This time, anyway." He gently bends her arms to look like a mummy and picks up the sword.

"Now this really is your last chance to say 'no'." Lisa remains silent, her eyes staring at the gleaming blade. Peter suddenly brings the sword slashing down, its sharp edge slicing through Lisa like a knife through butter. Lisa lets out the breath she didn't know she was holding, her waist tingling all the way across. "Now, how are those butterflies?"

"What? Oh, still there. You haven't finished, yet, have you?"

"Of course not. I still have to prove I really cut you in half."

“I’m convinced.”

“Sorry, you don’t get out of it that easy.” He reaches down and grabs her ankles. “Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.” Lisa replies, her stomach fluttering.

“OK. Here goes.” He pulls on her ankles, separating her at the waist. There is a thunderous beating of wings as a swarm of brilliantly coloured butterflies swirl out of her severed torso, fluttering around the room. Peter whistles. “Wow. You weren’t kidding about the butterflies, were you?” Lisa laughs. “Would you like to see your feet?”

“Yeah, why not?” he walks up to her, pulling her legs along behind him. Lisa tentatively puts her hand out to touch them. Her mind struggles to accept that she can see her legs, and feel them, and touch them, but they’re not connected any more. And that just doesn’t feel right.

“Would you like to try walking like this?”

“Walking?”

“You know, one foot in front of the other. I’ll hold you up and your legs can go exploring.”

“Guess I might as well make the most of this?”

“My thoughts exactly.” He puts a hand under her butt and pushes down on her knees, righting her legs. She sways for a while, trying to stand without the additional weight above her waist. Peter leans over her and slowly raises her up to waist level, floating on the stump of her body. Lisa looks down at her legs, and finds a layer of new skin across her waist, as if she never had a torso attached. She feels down around her waist and finds the same thing. The new skin is also ticklish. She giggles, tickling herself inside her stomach. She stops, and takes a few tentative steps, swaying on the high heels.

“Can you get rid of them for now? I’m having enough trouble walking.”

“Sure.” He kneels beside her legs, “If madam would care to sit down?” Very slowly and carefully, Lisa bends her knees, and falls over. Peter picks her legs up and pulls off the shoes. He grins his sinister smile up at her, one hand poised over the stockinged soles of her feet.

“I wouldn’t.” She warns, glaring down at him. Peter shrugs.

“Fair enough.” He helps her legs onto the bare floor. Slowly, Lisa takes a few steps, quickly getting used to the new balance. She walks around the cleared area for a while. “Would madam care for a drink?” Lisa stops concentrating on her legs.

“OK.”

“If madam’s legs would be so good as to follow me?” her eyes narrow again.

“Why?”

“It’s a surprise. Don’t worry, I won’t try anything. Trust me.”

“I thought I couldn’t trust you.”

“You can’t,” he smiles, “but I still won’t try anything. Unless you want me too, that is.”

“Just get the drinks, Romeo.”

“Certainly.” He walks out of the room. Lisa’s legs follow him, leaving her body floating in the storage. She looks around, trying to figure out what some of the more unusual items might be used for. She recognises some of the boxes from the TV specials: Mis-Made, Disembodied Princess, Modern Art and others that could be anything. She stops looking, feeling something cold covering her legs’ waist.

“What are you doing in there?!” she shouts.

“Just getting the drinks. Don’t worry.” Peter calls back.

“Yeah, right.” She mutters.

Shortly, Peter returns with a pair of mugs and an old fashioned kettle, all perched on a silver platter on her legs. Lisa bursts out laughing at the absurd sight. “Now, what would you like to drink?”

“What are the options?”

“Why, whatever you like, of course. Just tell me what you want and I’ll pour it.”

“OK, I’d like a Long Island Tea please.”

“Trying to trick me, are you?” he picks up the kettle and pours out the cocktail, the mugs shimmering as it becomes a cocktail glass. He hands her the glass. Lisa takes a sip.

“This is good!”

“Don’t sound so surprised. I do know what I’m doing, you know.” He sounds hurt. Lisa looks up, and sees his lip quavering, and his eyes gleaming. She swats him gently on the shoulder. Peter pours himself a beer, the mug elongating into a clean pint glass. Lisa yawns as she finishes the drink. “What time is it?”

“About one.”

“What? I’ll never get a cab home at this time, at least I won’t be able to afford one.”

“Don’t worry, you can use the bed here.” her eyebrows shoot up, “And I’ll take the sofa.”

“I haven’t got anything to wear.” Peter grins broadly.

“I don’t see a problem with that.” Her eyes blaze, glaring at him. The phrase ‘if looks could kill’ seems entirely inadequate. “I’ll just change the costume into something more suitable.”

“Fine. Can you put me back together now; I’m a bit tired and want to go to bed. Even yours.”

“Charmed. OK, just walk over here.” her legs walk over. Peter picks up her torso and sets it down.

“Very funny.” Lisa scowls, staring down over her butt. “Now can I see where I’m going?”

“Sure, just walk backwards.” The scowl deepens.

“Not funny.”

“OK. Just stick your arms out to the side.” Lisa does. Peter takes hold of her left arm and walks round. “Better?”

“Yes.” she scowls, “And could you now put the rest of my body back the right way. “Just head and shoulders is fine for shampoo, but I’d like to be back to normal before I go to sleep.”

“Alright, alright.” He takes hold of her waist and turns, pulling her stomach and chest back into place.

“Thank you.” She stalks past him, slamming the door behind her.

“Well, that went well, I think.” Peter mutters as he walks to the sofa.



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