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Lisa sits on the edge of her bed, absently twirling her light sabre around her fingers, the blade flashing through white, blue and green. She stands up and starts swinging the sabre around, the blade gleaming white to make sure she doesn't accidentally damage anything. She starts shadow-fencing, quite proud of herself as the light sabre responds to her thoughts. It's only taken her three weeks to get it working properly. And a certain someone is going to find out that he can't just put her through magic anymore, not if he wants to keep his body intact.

Of course, they hadn't actually done a lot of magic since they'd visited her family for Christmas, which had gone surprisingly well. Her mother liked Peter (such a nice, polite young man, not at all like [insert name of almost any previous boyfriend here]). Her father had been cool and reserved, until Peter had produced a bottle of good malt whisky as a gift at which point he warmed to him considerably. And Carrie had loved Peter as soon as she knew he could do magic tricks, even though she seemed a bit disappointed when she found out Peter wasn't doing them 'for real'. Both of them had been busy with work, and Peter had wanted them to do some 'normal couple stuff' (his words) to make sure she wasn't just after him for his magic (also his words). Although it was certainly a big factor in his favour, he did have other things going for him: he was polite, generous and had a wicked sense of humour that matched hers well. And he listened, really listened. OK, so he was a bit shy, and their arguments were volcanic affairs (although they never did last long and making up was something they both liked). He was a geek and didn't like going out, although he usually let her drag him to places even though he never drank a lot and wouldn't dance at all. Of course, he'd probably have said she was too much of a party girl, drinking too much and being generally frivolous and irresponsible (something else her father liked about him. One thing Peter was not was frivolous). He'd probably also admit she was a little vain about her looks and could get a little self-absorbed. And he'd say she had a fantastic sense of humour, could keep up with some of his wilder ideas and hated soap operas (which were a particular televisual bugbear for him). He'd probably also say she was beautiful, especially when she smiled. She wouldn't have been able to say she thought the same of him, although he wasn't bad-looking. But he wouldn't have cared much.

So, they'd spent almost a month doing normal things: they'd gone to the cinema and gone clubbing. He'd introduced her to his gaming group and, after getting past the goggling stares (she wasn't sure if they were because she was a good-looking woman, a woman of any appearance, or a woman who was going out with Peter, but decided to ignore them), she'd actually enjoyed herself, taking particular amusement as Peter played a wizard in the game. Now, though she wants to do some magic, and maybe show off her new skills. She calls Peter, letting him know she'll be coming over. She slips the light sabre into her bag and unrolls the tunnel door, stepping out into Peter's hallway.

"Heya, Lise!" he calls from the lounge. "Come in." She walks into the lounge, and finds Peter pausing the Playstation on the floor.

"Didn't interrupt anything important, did I?"

"Nah, still can't get past that guy. So, what can I do you for?"

"You said you'd teach me some fun things to do with this." She pulls the light sabre from her bag, "So, shall we start?"

"Start? You can't even work it, can you?"

"Oh, yeah?" she holds out the sabre and white light flashes out.

"Not bad. But that's pretty simple." She sticks her tongue out at him, the blade changing to blue. "Better.

But can you actually use it?"

"Try me." Peter's sinister smile spreads across his face.

"Very well, young Jedi." He says in a fair impression of Alec Guinness, "We shall see what you have learned. Follow me." He turns, leading her into the magic room, which is how Lisa thinks of the storage facility. When she makes it through the door, she finds him waiting for her, covered in a thick brown hooded robe. "Shall we see what you have learned, my padawan?"

"That word wasn't used till the crappy prequel, genius. When you were Ewen McGregor."

"As you say. Shall we begin?" his light sabre sends out a shimmering blade of white, slowly advancing.

"I thought that was too simple."

"We shall see. Begin." He lunges forward, swinging the sabre down in an overhead sweep. Lisa gapes, bringing her light sabre up at the last minute to block. White sparks swirl around as the blades clash with an electric crackle that sends jolts up along her arms. Peter keeps whipping the blade in. Each time Lisa manages to block. Just.

This is ridiculous. She keeps blocking, but starts watching for a chance to hit back. She finds it as Peter tries to get to her left side. She flashes the sabre out in a white arc. Peter blocks, and smiles at her. The speed of his attacks increases, the blade coming at her from more than a dozen angles within a minute. Lisa blocks frantically, gradually settling into something of a rhythm. Which is why when the blade whips around her defences and cuts off her left arm she is a little surprised. "What? How? Peter, what? I thought you said white was safe." The smile broadens.

"**I only said it was safe on your light sabre, little Jedi.**" He replies in the hollow, breathy voice of Darth Vader. "**I know what I am doing, after all.**" The blade comes in again. Lisa glares at him and her own blade shimmers blue.

"Fine. We'll see how you like it, then." She skips back, battering her light sabre at Peter. He just keeps blocking, tracing a white arc around himself like a shield, blue sparks crackling along it as Lisa hits at him. He sidesteps one vicious lunge, sweeping her other arm off. The light sabre clatters to the floor, its blade dark.

"**Do you yield?**"

"What do you think? I wish I could still fight you, but..." She looks down as the light sabre rattles. "What are you up to?"

"Not me, Lise." The blade shines a brilliant blue as it arcs towards him. Peter bats the blade away as it swings in towards him, wielded by an invisible swordsman. The attacks are slow and clumsy, easy to avoid or deflect. But it gets better and faster as Lisa concentrates. Peter keeps batting the blade away and then, in between swings, he swings the white blade through Lisa's waist. Lisa's blade slows in surprise and Peter, grinning evilly, chops off her legs.

"What did you do that for?"

"You haven't yielded yet. Until you do, you're still the target." The blue blade arcs down toward his arm. Peter sidesteps it, and proceeds to calmly cut Lisa up, removing her breasts and separating her stomach and chest. "Do you yield?"

"Nope." The blade hovers before her face, twisting and turning to deflect his attacks. Eventually, Peter finds an opening and lops off Lisa's head, catching it on the stump of her neck. He rubs his thumb over the cut skin on her neck, sending orgasmic tingles rushing through the separated parts of Lisa's body. She

takes a sharp intake of breath.

“Do you yield?” he continues rubbing.

“Yes, yes. I yield. Just don’t stop doing that.” The grin broadens, as Peter begins stroking his other hand on the top of her stomach. “Oh, God.”

A short while later, once Lisa has recovered, but is still in several pieces on the floor, “Now, how did you do that?”

“Do what?”

“Make the light sabre float.”

“I thought you put that in.”

“Fraid not. I’ll have to take it apart and have a look. It might be leaking magic, and that’s got to be dangerous. Now, are you ready to be restored?” Lisa nods.

“I guess so. But that felt really good.”

“So I gathered. OK, now don’t peek.” Lisa’s eyes open sharply.

“What are you up to?”

“It’s a surprise. Trust me.”

“Not a chance. But I’m hardly in a position to stop you. Go ahead. I can always kill you later.”

“OK.” Lisa feels her severed limbs fuse together, sending more shocks running through her body. Peter picks up her head, gently covering her eyes with his hand. “Almost done. You’re going to love this.”

“What have you done to me this time?” Lisa sighs, working hard on not smiling. She opens her eyes as she feels her neck fuse into place and stares into the mirror. Her hips are where her head should be, with her naked breasts attached to them. Below that is her stomach and then her chest, upside-down, with her arms growing out of her chest and her legs from her shoulders, her head on comparatively normally, albeit upside down, on her neck. “Cute, Peter, very cute. Now will you put me back?”

“OK.” The light sabre shines.

“No more cutting.”

“Oh, all right. Just give me a moment or two to set something up.” he drags out a metal table with tall sides. He then pulls out a camping stove and puts it under the table. “Now, we just need the final ingredient.” He picks Lisa up and gently lays her onto the table.

“Ohhh, that’s cold.”

“Don’t worry, it’ll be warmer in a minute. Just don’t move. It’ll be weird, but you’ll be fine.”

“Uh-uh. Tell me what you’re doing first.”

“OK. I’m going to heat up the tray. Then you’ll melt.”

“I’ll what?!”

“You’ll melt. Nothing to worry about. You know I won’t hurt you. And when you’re melted, I’ll pour you into a mould.”

“What mould?”

“This one.” He pulls out a Lisa-shaped mould, “OK? Nothing to be afraid of.”

“Fine.” He kneels down, lighting the stove. Lisa slowly feels the table warming up and then she starts to feel her body warming up. Her toes start to drip, little rivers of molten flesh running over her as her body softens like butter out in the sun.. Slowly Lisa melts into a flesh-coloured pool, tingling all over. Peter levitates the tray up and moves it towards the mould. A stream of pink liquid leaps from the tray and pours into the mould, gurgling as it fills.

Lisa waits, the warmth of the stove slowly fading away. Eventually, she feels her body solidify in the mould, the liquid flesh changing into flesh and blood and bone. She tries to move, but finds herself enclosed in the mould. “Peter, get me out of here. Now!” the mould breaks away, leaving flakes of clay on her skin. “That was weird.”

“Enjoy it?”

“Yes. As usual, it was freaky, but it was cool. Always makes me feel good.” She shivers. Peter smiles.

“Careful, Lisa. Sounds like you might be becoming a magic addict.”

“Bollocks. Now give me back my bloody clothes, you pervert!”

“Here’re your clothes. I’ll need to work on this,” he holds up the light sabre, “try and make it work without making your life difficult with unstable magic now. So, young Jedi, do you still think you are ready?”

“Not yet, oh wise and mighty Obi-Wan, but I will be. And when I am, you’ll be the one in pieces.”

“Of course, I will. Now what would you like to have for dinner? Assuming you want to stay.”

“I’ll stay for the night, my handsome magician.” She sidles up to him, just about dressed, and kisses along his neck. “But you’re going to have to do something for me in the morning.”

“Such as?”

“I’ll let you know in the morning. For now, I can think of a better use of our time.” Her kisses move towards his mouth and he turns, kissing her deeply her back.



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