

SAWING LISA

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Lisa wakes up, snuggling against Peter. Peter mumbles in his sleep, draping his arm around her. Lisa slowly leans her head on his chest, listening to his soft breathing. She hears his heart quickening as he wakes up. He looks down at her, gently stroking his hand through her hair. "Mornin'." He yawns.

"Morning yourself. What time is it?" Lisa looks up at the radio-alarm on a dresser, almost buried under a pile of magazines. She squints at the numbers.

"About 8:30 in the morning." She snuggles further under the duvet. "Far too early to be up at the weekend."

"So you don't want breakfast, then?" Lisa shakes her head, but her stomach disagrees, rumbling softly. "Sure?" she pouts up at him. "OK. Howzabout I get up and dressed and bring you some breakfast in bed. After that, you can tell me what this mysterious favour is."

"OK." Lisa closes her eyes, pulling the duvet tightly around her. Peter rolls out of bed, stumbling towards the bathroom. Fifteen minutes later he walks back in quietly, pulling out a dark blue t-shirt, jumper and jeans from the door of his wardrobe. He slips out and gets dressed before picking up a silver tray.

"So, madam, what would you like for breakfast today?"

"Full English." Peter's eyebrow shoots up, "M 'ungry." She mumbles, pulling the covers over her head. Peter pulls the cover off the tray, the smell of crispy bacon, sausages, fried eggs, thick buttered toast and beans pulling Lisa from under the covers. "Couldn't you have pretended to cook it properly? Given me some more time in bed."

"Why? It's more time in my bed, after all, and I'm not getting any more time in it."

"Because I'll be ever so grateful." She flutters her eyelashes at him, letting the duvet slip down her body to uncover her pert breasts.

"Oh, in that case, when would you like breakfast?" he puts the cover over the steaming food.

"Well," her stomach rumbles, "I guess now would be alright, after all." Peter pulls off the cover to reveal the same breakfast, complete with orange juice and a second plate for him. "No ketchup?" Peter reaches into his jeans pocket and tosses a small bottle over to her. "Will you stop doing that?!"

"Probably not. It's so much easier than doing proper cooking."

"Fine. I'll just have to live with it." Lisa sits up and proceeds to devour her breakfast.

"So," Peter starts when she's finished, "what was it you wanted that you couldn't tell me last night?"

"I want you to saw me in half. All three ways."

"I could have done that last night."

"I doubt it. If you'd done any more magic on me, I'd have exploded." She giggles, "A proper little sex-bomb, that's me." Peter files that idea away for the future.

"In that case, no problem. I always hate clearing up blood and guts off the boxes after some beautiful

woman explodes on me. You always miss a bit and after a few days it stinks to high heaven. I'll let you freshen up. Just get me from the lounge, I need to go and get beaten in Tekken for the seventeenth time this week."

Half an hour later, she walks into the lounge in one of his large black t-shirts and her jeans. "Time's up." Peter looks around and gets his character's face pulped in the process. He winces.

"OK. After you, milady." They walk into the magic room. "Now, do you want me to saw you and then put you back together before the next sawing, or just cut and cut and cut until you're in pieces and then put you back together?"

"You can do that?" Peter smiles.

"Lisa, if you let me, there's not a lot I can't do to you."

"Cool."

"I'll be back in a minute with the table."

Five minutes later, Peter rolls what looks like a long medical gurney back towards her, with a flat metal top and several different metal clips dropped on top of it. "Hop on."

"Where's the saw?"

"Oh, for this I think I'll need to use the logging saw, and that's pretty much fixed in place."

"Logging saw?"

"You know, one of the huge buzz saws Copperfield uses to cut himself up. Come on, this is your idea." Lisa climbs onto the table. Peter starts wheeling her through the room. Lisa stares as the saw approaches. It is rather large, a circular disc about eight feet across with very sharp teeth along its edge.

"You're going to cut me with that??"

"Yup. It's about the only thing I could find that'd be able to do what you want."

"Will it hurt?"

"Probably not. It didn't hurt when I sawed you last time, did it?"

"No, but that" she points at the saw, "isn't a hand saw, either."

"You'll be fine, Lise. You know I'm not going to hurt you, right?" she nods, her eyes still on the saw. "It might be a good idea to get undressed, too."

"Why?"

"That could make a mess of your, my, clothes."

"But it won't make a mess of me?"

"It'll chop you into pieces, Lise, but it's going to be harder to line up the cloth than you."

"This isn't just a trick to get me naked, is it?"

"No offence, Lise, but I got a pretty good idea what you look like without clothes yesterday night.

Besides, if I really wanted you naked, I'd just vanish your clothes right off you."

"You wouldn't dare!" Peter snaps his fingers. Lisa looks down at the black and blue smoke swirling around her. She gives a yelp and covers herself as best she can. "Peter..."

"I'm serious, Lisa. It'll be better if you're nude. Less for the saw to catch on. We really don't want you crinkle-cut, do we?"

"No." she still doesn't look happy.

"Then just lie down and I'll set the clamps up." Lisa lies down and Peter slips four quarter hoops of metal just above her waist, another four just below.

"What are those?"

"Those are the guides and the clamps to make sure you don't move half-way through."

"But they're not connected. Magical clamps?"

"Nope, very powerful magnetic clamps. They pull on each other enough to stop you fidgeting and act as a guide for the saw blade. Could you spread your legs a bit?"

"Why?"

"Because it's easier if they're apart when the saw comes through, unless you want leg shavings all over the place."

"But..."

"Lisa," there is a distinct note of exasperation in his voice, "I'm doing this because you asked me, and if you're going to say what I think you are, in a few minutes, this," he taps the saw and it rings, "is going to cut your pussy in half anyway."

"What?!"

"Where did you think a vertical sawing would cut you? Still want to go ahead?" Lisa nods again. "Good." He fastens more of the clamps around her neck and ankles. "Could you put your arms up above your head? Good." He puts the clamps around her wrists, turning her hands so that they're edge on to the table. "Now, are you absolutely sure you're ready for this?" silence, "Lise?"

"Yes, I'm sure." She nods, still staring at the blade.

"Right. How do you want to start, waist cut or vertical cut?"

"What about the third cut?"

"I'll do that last in any case. Otherwise it's too tough to keep your parts apart."

"OK. Waist first."

"Right." He kneels down, locking the wheels of the table in place. He reaches for a switch on the wall and starts up the saw. At first it turns slowly, but quickly speeds up, filling the air with a high-pitched whine. Peter takes hold of a metal arm and slowly moves the huge saw towards his bound and helpless victim. Lisa's hair catches the wind, stray strands billowing out. The saw screams as it rips through the gurney towards her. Lisa's eyes never leave the spinning blade as it inches closer, the breeze blowing against her, chilling the sweat running down her sides. The blade cuts into her side, a warm line slowly moving across

her body with the blade. As the blade cuts through her right side, Peter flicks it off, slowing the blade down, the saw tickling Lisa's insides as it slows. She's relieved, but not really surprised, that the blade is still as gleaming as ever and not covered in smears of her blood. Peter pulls the saw blade out of her body, pulling it back to its original position.

"Which way do you want to be sawed next?"

"Huh? I thought I was going to be cut vertically."

"You are, but do you want me to start here," he taps the top of her head gently, "or here?" he reaches between her legs, gently pinching her. Lisa gasps.

"Start there. Let me build up to having my head split open like a melon."

"Not a problem." He unlocks the wheels, turning her around so that her pussy faces the saw. "Ready?"

"Yes." The saw starts up again. Peter pushes it closer, ripping along the gurney, hot sparks singing her legs. "Yipe! PETER!" she shouts over the noise of the saw, "That hurts!" Peter stops the saw.

"Sorry." He pulls out a thin black cloth, covering the metal between her legs. Then he pulls out a large staple-gun, stapling the cloth down. "That should be better. You ready?"

"My legs still sting." Peter leans over her and kisses along her legs. A gentle tingle follows his lips up and down her legs, soothing the sting of the sparks.

"Better?"

"Much. And you can do that again when this is over."

"Gladly." He smiles, "Now, if you're quite better, I'll continue." He starts up the saw and cuts quickly through the cloth; the dark material absorbing all the flying sparks. The wind of the saw wafts around her legs and gets nearer and nearer to her sensitive flesh. With a smooth movement, the saw continues. Lisa screams at the incredible blend of pain and pleasure as the saw tears her sex in two and continues undaunted up her body, slicing through her stomach and between her breasts. Peter stops the saw going forward, letting it spin inside her. "You OK with this?"

"Do it!" Lisa screams, blinking away tears from her eyes. Peter moves the saw up the final few foot or so, the blade chewing through Lisa's face, cleaving her nose in two and putting a metal barrier in between her eyes. "Ooooooh." She tries to lick her lips, and finds she can only move half way before hitting the saw. "Wow."

"You think that's impressive? Try this." Peter gets a small hammer and strikes the saw, making it chime and sending ripples all along Lisa's body. Lisa gasps. Peter pulls the saw out. "Ready for the final cut?"

"Yes."

"Well, not quite." He pushes her apart down the centre, opening up a gap of about a foot between her right and left sides. "Now you're ready."

"What'd you do that for?"

"I need a bit of space for the saw arm to go. The saw's big enough to cut you the other ways without that being a problem, but this way I'm going to need to use all the saw blade. So I need some space for the arm. Now, would you like me to start from your head or your ticklish feet, or would you rather I cut you from the side?"

“Head. I was cut the other way last time.”

“OK.” He rolls the gurney quarters into position. Then he pulls a lever on the arm, turning it so that the huge saw is horizontal. “Ready?”

“Yes.” The saw starts up. Lisa feels the warm line as it cuts into her middle fingers and continues along her outstretched arms. Her hair flies out as the blade sinks into her scalp and continues cutting through her brain. The whine of the saw fills her ears as it screams just above them, continuing along through her neck. The saw continues down her body until the teeth push out through the soles of her feet. Lisa giggles but the blade inside her prevents her from moving much and then it’s over. Peter stops the saw and walks over.

“So, how’d that feel?”

“That was so cool.” Peter’s smile widens.

“Wait till you see what’s next.”

“Next?! What do you mean next?”

“Don’t worry, no more cutting and I won’t rearrange you, either. It’s just a little surprise.”

“Peter, I’m not sure I like your little surprises, some of the time.”

“Too late now.” He raises the arm, and the saw, and the front of Lisa, leaving smooth pink skin showing on her back half. Peter plucks the magnets off Lisa, but leaves her on top of the saw blade. She feels him lifting the four pieces below her, carrying them and putting them on something.

“What are you doing down there?” Lisa asks suspiciously.

“You’ll see in a minute.” He pulls the saw down. He picks up her left top piece and sets it on her waist. Lisa closes her eyes, the sudden shift in view of just one eye giving her vertigo. She feels Peter pick up the other piece and put it down. She opens her one eye and sees her back in great detail from a foot away. She looks across at her legs, balanced upside down on her waist and moves her ankle, her heel moving. Peter picks up her front leg and she feels his finger tracing down along the inside of her leg. His finger runs over the edge between cut skin and she feels him inside her, gently teasing her body from the inside. Then he stops.

“I was worried about the risk of explosion if I did any more.”

“Well, don’t worry, just keep on doing that.”

“How about something a little different?”

“Like what?” Peter reaches between her eyes and pinches the skin inside her head. Lisa blinks, feeling just a little dizzy. “Please don’t do that again.”

“OK. How about this?” he sets about tickling her, running his hands all over her. Lisa squeals and tries to move out of the way, but as she is balanced on her waist, she doesn’t move very far. Peter stops. “Had enough?” Lisa blinks up at him, her face covered in tears.

“For now. Just put me back together, OK? And no more tricks.”

“Whatever you like. Any particular order?”

“Not really. Just hurry up, I’m getting chilly.” Peter pushes the two top front pieces together and Lisa

shivers as a sharp electric shock runs along the cut skin as it rejoins. He does the same to her back and then fuses them together. He pushes her buttocks together and attaches them to the back of her waist. He picks up her left leg and presses it into place. Lisa shivers and moans. Peter picks up her other leg and carefully lowers it into place. Lisa screams as all three sides fuse at once, the shock stinging deep inside her, the sensitive skin of her clitoris tingling.

“You all right, Lise?”

“Fine.” She gasps, “But could you put my clothes back before I freeze.”

“Sure.” He snaps his fingers, and Lisa is completely dressed. Peter leans over and gently picks her up, carrying her out of the room, “So, what would you like to do for the rest of the day?”

“Nothing. I want to do nothing more strenuous than watch TV.”

Peter carries her into the lounge, laying her on the couch. “OK. You just lie here and recover. I’ll sort out something. There’s bugger all worth watching on TV at the moment, so it’ll have to be DVD.” He pulls open the doors to a cupboard and reaches in. “Any preferences?”

“Nope.”

“See you in a bit, then.” Peter steps into the cupboard in search of some decent viewing.



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