

REMINISCES: PART 3
BUZZSAWS
by Paul Watson
for 2good2btru

The blonde struggles against her bonds, staring up at the massive buzzsaw looming above her, its teeth eager to tear into her vulnerable naked body. She thrashes from side to side, spread eagle with cruel leather straps holding her arms and legs out in a star shape.

"Overact much?" the brunette smirks, standing besides the controls, just as naked but exuding control rather than vulnerability.

"If you want to swap places, you can show me how calm you'd be looking at that thing about to split them down the middle."

"Really?"

"No way, bitch. This is my turn."

She shrugs, "Well, if that's the way you want to be about it." She presses the comically large red button and the motor starts. Slowly, the saw begins to spin, getting up to speed until the jagged teeth are a metallic blur held above the blonde who has gone very still as she stares at the blade.

A cough carries above the whirr of the saw. "Oh, hi, Owner. We didn't see you there."

"Clearly. I feel sure I've told you not to play with these things without me around."

"Did you?" she asks innocently.

"We're such ditzes, Owner. You know that."

"In one ear and out the other."

"When it's convenient for you." he mutters.

"Besides, it's safe."

"Kinda safe."

"Maybe. But you can fix us if it goes wrong..."

"...like you did when you first got this monster."

"Right?" the blonde bats her eyelashes at him from the table.

Then, "That...is a very big saw."

"Is our Owner compensating for something, do you think?"

"You know, very well he's definitely not."

"Mmmmmmm. That's true, but if he wants to prove it again I'd be willing to take one for the team."

"You'd be willing to take the entire team for the team."

"Like you wouldn't. But that is a very big saw. It's bigger than me."

"So the perfect size for splitting you in two."

"Uh-huh." she jumps up onto the table, "Split me."

"Not so fast. Owner said it was dangerous."

"Uh-uh. It looks dangerous but we're toys. What's the worst it can do to us?"

"Fair, but it's my turn after you."

"Sure. I'll share and share alike."

"So generous. Face up or down?"

"Oh, down, I think. It'll be a surprise when those cruel, cruel teeth tear me open." she rolls over.

The blonde secures the leather straps across her back and thighs, pulling until the brunette yelps in discomfort. "I'll get you for that, bitch."

"Oh, I do hope so." she smirks.

The brunette pushes herself up on the table, resting on her forearms, kicking her legs up.

"Ready?"

"Stop stalling! I'm in way too few pieces here."

The blonde presses the button, the saw blade whirring into life.

"Ooooooh, it sounds hungry. You'd better feed it it's daily dose of helpless slut soon."

"Just what I had in mind." she lowers the saw.

"Mmmmmmm. Here I..." the saw touches the small of her back, and her moans turn into shrieks of pain as crimson sprays across the blonde's tanned skin. "Arrrrrghhhh! Shit! Fuck!"

"Drama queen." she lowers the saw some more, juddering as it rips through her companions spine. "Aiiiiiieeeeeee! Stop! Stopppp!!!"

"I can't stop partway through. Don't be silly." she lowers the saw all the way. The brunette goes limp, a pool of dark blood dripping under the table. "Wow. Owner must have got this from Richiardi's bargain..."

"What is going on?!"

"Hi, Owner. We're just testing your new toy. Aren't we?" she gets no response, beyond the drip, drip, drip of blood onto the floor, "She's quite overcome."

"She's quite dead is what she is."

"What?"

"She's dead! You just ran her through with a very unmagical logging buzzsaw! What did you think would happen?"

"She's not really dead, though, right?"

"No, she's really dead. As a doornail."

"But, she can't be dead..."

He sighs. "A dead assistant is no good to anyone."

"Wow! That's cold, Owner."

He shrugs. "You wanted to be things. You're things. I don't see why I should be more upset over this than if one of the other props broke."

"But it was supposed to be fun!"

He sighs heavily, "I suppose I'd better fix her if you're going to be so emotional about it."

"I thought she was dead."

He shrugs, moving to the side of the table, stepping around the slowly spreading pool. "I haven't given her permission to leave my service yet."

"Permission?"

"I do own you both. You were quite insistent on that, despite my warnings that you didn't understand what you were doing. Which has been vindicated by this nonsense, by the way."

"So you can save her?"

"Save is the wrong word. She's dead." he lifts up the saw, the ragged red edge of the gap glowing as it seals shut, "But that doesn't mean my prop cannot be repaired."

The brunette screams, but this time not so much in pain as ecstasy, her body bucking wildly at the straps, her scream interspersed with shuddering gasps for air.

"Wow. Looks like she's enjoying it."

"Apparently."

Now, "This is your fault." the blonde complains, as the weight of the brunette presses on top of her, the latter now as securely strapped to the table, pressing her flesh into the blonde's.

"You always say it's my fault." she replies, eyes locked together, trying to buck her hips to grind on each other.

"It always is."

"Sure, sure. Of course."

The whine of the buzzsaw starts up again, drawing closer and closer.

"Still at least Owner's here to prevent us dying."

"And having the most orgasmic orgasm ever."

"Win some, lose some."

Sawdust flies, speckling their spread legs as the saw chews through the table between them.

"Almost there."

"This is going to be so..." she shrieks as the whirling teeth carve between her cheeks, tearing her already wet pussy apart before reaching the blonde's a few moments later.

"Always fun and games for them." The magician mutters, as the saw works its way through its moaning targets, bisecting the two women, chewing into their ribs, "Never a thought for how much work they make for me. Resurrection is expensive!" but both women are far too lost in ecstasy to hear him.