

## GUILLOTINE FALLS

by Paul Watson

"Hello, welcome to Guillotine Falls. My name's Natasha and I'm here as a very strong reminder to always observe the safety protocols on the ride." she smiles, her long brown hair hanging down in curls.

"So, uhm," one of the tourists asks, raising her hand, "can I ask...?"

Natasha sighs. "Sure, someone *always* asks. 'Why am I just a head on a pole?' right?"

The tourists nods, yellow hair bobbing against her shoulders.

"First, we need a bit of backstory. My arsehole of a...owwww!" her hair flies out as the pole delivers a shock, "Fine, fine, I'll be good. My husband, or ex-husband, or whatever, you'll see what I mean, he's a magician. Not a proper one, just someone who did magic as a hobby. He entertained our friends with card tricks but he really, really wanted to use me as his glamorous assistant. I had a pretty good body, then. Anyway, he finally got one of those dagger head boxes. I don't know the name of them, but you cover your assistant's head and stick very unconvincing 'daggers' through the box, before you reveal her head's vanished. I don't see what the point of the daggers is if my head isn't there to get skewered. You'd think vanishing my head was a good enough trick without the cheesy stabbing."

Months earlier, Natasha sits on a chair in her lounge, holding the square box of metallic-painted plasterboard on her shoulders. Her hair scrunches around her face as it rests on the bottom but she refuses to get it cut, no matter how much Malcolm begs. She's not dressed as an assistant, a white t-shirt and jeans rather than a scanty swimsuit to show off her ample assets to distract attention.

"Do we really need to practice any more? We've done it a hundred times."

"You can never practice enough." Malcolm replies, a brown beard covering his jawline, his hair fluffed up to conceal the beginning of his bald patch.

"Sure, sure. This is a fetish with you now, isn't it? You like me all headless and helpless."

"I..."

"Malcolm, I'm your wife. I know what you look like when you're horny. You love that I'm a helpless doll to pose and play with."

"I..."

"You think I haven't noticed that my bra doesn't fit right after our practice sessions? Almost like someone was pulling my tits out and then trying to stuff them back in with no idea how to get it comfortable?"

"I..." he starts turning red.

"And if you even think of doing that when we're actually performing, we are so very much through."

"I..."

"Of course. We're not performing now, so..."

"I..."

"I even went braless so you wouldn't have as much trouble." she looks meaningfully down at the tent forming in his trousers. "I thought you'd like that."

He coughs to try and regain some control, "Yes, well." he reaches to close the doors. Natasha blows him a kiss with a wink as they close to hide her face. "Now, as you can see, the lovely Natasha cannot escape the blades that are coming for her." he picks up the straight piece of metal, the 'blade' carved into an elongated diamond shape while the 'handle' is wrapped in cheap red tape. "Now, Natasha, please count down from three for me."

"Three..." he lines up the first blade, "two..." and slams it through, piercing the box from side to side. Natasha goes suddenly silent. He proceeds to slam the other daggers through the box until he completes the act by thrusting the dagger straight down through the box.

He opens the door revealing an array of dark metal knives, but no Natasha. "Ta-daaaa." the imaginary audience is, he's sure, very impressed, but he swiftly puts them out of his mind as the

real purpose of the act is sitting right there. He puts his hand on her thigh to steady himself. No reaction. He pulls her top out of her waistband. Nothing, not even a flicker of movement. He pulls further, revealing her creamy breasts. Still nothing. He takes them into his hands, squeezing them, luxuriating in the heavy feel of them. Before today that's all he's dared to do. But Natasha did say she knew and did encourage him. He moves his head down, still squeezing and starts to lick her glorious breasts, sucking on her nipples as they respond even if the rest of her body still doesn't respond.

After several minutes of motorboating her tits, he pauses. Does he dare? He shrugs. She must know what he wants to do. and she did give her approval. He unzips his fly, enveloping his straining cock in her soft breasts, pumping them up and down along his shaft. Sadly, as he finally releases, splattering her bare chest he's so enthusiastic that he knocks the box off her shoulders. It crashes to the floor and panic rather deflates his enthusiasm. He immediately places it back on her shoulders, frantically pulling the knives out.

She looks out, feeling something on her chest. She runs her fingers through the mess. "Well, someone seems to have enjoyed the mess they made. You could have at least washed me off before..."

"Are you all right?" he interrupts.

"Of course I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be?"

He releases a breath of relief. "I might have accidentally knocked the box off while I was enjoying myself." he mumbles.

"You what??" she puts her hands on her neck, but can't feel any unsightly, and probably dangerous, joins.

Back on the tropical resort, she sighs, "Anyway, after that he started to do it deliberately. Take my head off, that is. He even tried to put my head on the table while it was off, but that was too weird. Can you imagine watching your body animatedly making love to your husband while you're a voyeur?"

"Uhm, I can certainly, oh, yes, imagine. Definitely imagine. Certainly haven't tried that." the tourist says, flushing to the tips of her peroxide hair. "But didn't you say your body didn't respond when you were headless?"

"I did. But it seems if he took me off and left me like that for a bit, my body 'woke up'. And was always horny. I guess without my brain it was thinking with its pussy. Sound about right to you?" The tourist nods.

"So I had a few weeks where my husband was effectively having an affair with my body. He certainly wasn't making love to me as much as he was to his headless sex toy. Then he sprung the cruise here on me. I thought that was a way to show he really cared for me. If I'd known he was bringing the box along, I might not have come. Actually, if I'd known how clothing optional this place was, I might not have come either. I mean, I've got, I had, a pretty good body, but the women around here could give you a complex.

"So, anyway, after a couple of days where the box was left in the cupboard, an unspoken wet blanket. I didn't know he was here to try to expand his range of tricks, either. Magicians, girls, not just lying to the audience. And then he gets tickets to this lovely amusement park.

"Like you all, we lined up and got our wristbands and collars. That really should have clued me in, even if I'd somehow missed that it's called Guillotine Falls. But it didn't. Blame the heat, or blame me for trying to enjoy the holiday, or for not thinking my husband had ulterior motives. Now, you all know the gimmick here. When Madame reaches the top of her run and just starts the downward rush, your head pops off, bouncing around like a balloon, tethered to your wrist by the wristband. The squeals and screams are impressive and the whole ride is pretty fun, I must admit. Well, usually. It's a lot less fun when *someone* undoes your wristband without you noticing so on the third drop it pops off and your head goes flying away. Trust me, my scream that time was really impressive.

"So, my head just went whoosh. Up, up and away. Not quite as graceful as Superman. Or as quiet.

Like I said, I was screaming up a storm. You would, too, if you were me.

"I see that gleam. You're thinking it doesn't sound so bad. Maybe if I'd known about it, it might have been fun. If I hadn't been attacked by half a dozen gulls, it might have been fun. If I hadn't ended up in the swamps, covered in mud and biting insects until the staff finally found me, it might have been fun. But all of that happened and so it very much wasn't.

"After three days, yes, I said days, darling hubby comes to find me. In the Lost Property Office. And he brings my body along with him. Let's just say it wasn't keen on tan-lines. He'd spent those days, not panicking about his darling wife's missing head, but taking full advantage of his wife's horny slut of a body. And not just that. He'd bought some extras for 'her'. Bands around her shoulders and thighs that meant her limbs could be dispensed with at a drop of the top hat. He'd also got a collar that normally would do the same, but obviously with no head there's nothing to vanish. But, guess what? Because of that nice new addition, my head didn't attach. So he argued it wasn't the right head and he just fucking...owwww...left me there.

"And that's how I ended up here. Working to pay to get a body back so I can get back to the mainland and kill both of those cheating arseholes! Owwww!"

She calms down, "So, take this as a warning. Keep your wristband on at all times. At. All. Times. Or you might be joining me here as a warning. And it's not as much fun as you think when you don't have a real body to go back to when your shift ends."