

DAMSEL OF THE MONTH
NICOLE AND THE SAWMILL

by Paul Watson

Starring Queen Nicole

Nicole stirs fitfully. The bed's too hard and rough. She turns over, only to be stopped, a wrench in her shoulder bringing her to full wakefulness. She stares up into dusty rafters high ahead, a lantern swinging slowly to keep her illuminated. She tugs on her arms, wondering why they're held over her head. They don't move, feeling thick, rough rope tied tight around her wrists. As she wakes up, she feels things resolving. More of the rope pins her ankles to the rounded surface, the curve rising between them. Another coil wraps around her knees, then around her thighs. She breathes shallowly, the tight navy blue basque squeezing her into a shape worthy of a saloon hostess even before the rope cinches her waist tighter, the black trim tickling her pale skin. Another coil of rope presses under her arms, across the top of her breasts. She tries to move but can barely lift her head, regardless of the pompadour of blonde hair atop it, gasping in shock at the scandalously brief outfit. She can see her décolletage, barely contained by the satiny cups, and blocking her view much further but she can feel the stockings around her toes, and the garters pressed against her bare thighs. "What the hell am I wearing?!"

"Ah, the lovely Ms Queen finally awakens."

Her heart sinks at the snide, nasally voice. "Sydney Whiplash. What are you up to this time, you immoral fiend?"

"Why, my dear, you wound me." he puts a thin hand onto his heart, the back of the other melodramatically pressed against his forehead. A long thin moustache curls over his upper lip. A top hat making his thin face seem taller. His frock coat is jet black, giving him the appearance of an undertaker or black crow. "I merely want to discuss our mutual betterment."

"I've already told you, you snake, I'm not selling up. And certainly not to you."

"Well, that does make me sad, Ms Queen, it really does."

"I'm going to make you more than sad when I get loose!"

"You know, I really do believe you would. So, I'm afraid, I obviously can't let you do that. I think I've been more than patient with your womanly whims. I accepted your rejection of my more than sensible hand in matrimony with sanguine equanimity."

"You had me kidnapped and tried to marry me at gunpoint."

"Such was my ardent devotion to you, but you chose to spurn me for that oafish Troy Tempest. But I accepted that. And tried to content myself with a fair and generous offer on your family's ranch, to have something of yours."

"And kidnapped me again, multiple times."

"And each time you refused my more than generous inducements."

"Which, again, involved threatening my father with your goons."

"A simple negotiation, once again brought to a premature, inconvenient and unpleasant conclusion by that square-jawed oaf, Tempest."

"So, what, you thought seventh time's the charm?"

"If, at first, you don't succeed..."

"...failure may be your style. Where in tarnation are you keeping me this time, anyhow? All trussed up worse'n a ham on Christmas, to boot."

"Oh, I'm giving you a pleasant tour of my newest facility, the Whiplash Sawmill."

"Sawmill?" she looks down herself once more, making out the edge of a gigantic buzzsaw, a row of logs directly in front of her ready to be sawed down the middle. "You can't mean to..."

"Of course not. I would never want to harm you. But you are so cussedly willful that I fear you may force me into extreme measures over the trifles of our arrangement."

"You want me to give up a ranch that my grandpappy founded!"

"At the end of the day, it is only property. Your life is worth more than that, surely."

"I am not selling."

"As you wish." he pulls a lever. There's a shudder that runs the length of the log train as the saw begins to turn, gathering pace, the steadily increasing breeze tousling her hair, the lacy black trim rising off her body.

"You can't be serious!"

"Oh, I assure you, my dear, I am. You can give up your claim, or you can be half the woman you are now."

"You'll never get away with this."

"Oh, I know, I know. The exceptionally dashing Troy Tempest will save you, for his pure heart gives him the strength of ten men." he smiles thinly, "Which is why the canyon to this place is guarded by a dozen of my hands. With rifles." there's a distant crack of a gunshot, followed by others, in a cavalcade of gunsmoke, "And I think I hear them dealing with that oh-so-charming Tempest right now." he pulls on another lever and Nicole's stomach lurches as the conveyor under her shudders into life, pulling the logs towards the blur of the buzzsaw's teeth.

She jolts along the v-shaped conveyor, bouncing and bumping, the jagged tearing of curved metal teeth tearing through the cants up ahead. Chips of wood fly around the mill, sawdust clogging the air, dancing in the lantern's light.

"You've gone mad! Stark, raving mad!"

"Mad?! Me?! How dare you, woman! I am the very soul of calm, professional detachment, my dear. But you? Risking death over a piece of land? Risking oblivion for mere sentiment? That is the real lunacy. But, you still have time. Just sign it away and I'll release you."

"Go to Hell!"

His face darkens with fury. "I'll see you there."

The first cant crashes to the floor, split right down the centre as the saw begins to chew at the second.

"It's a wonderful machine, isn't it?" he says smoothly, twisting the end of his moustache, "So efficient. So clean. I do hope I don't have to wash your blood off it."

Her exceptionally un-lady-like reply is lost in the thunder of the saw devouring the wooden cant until it spits out the two halves.

"Just one left. I really must take my leave. It's not safe to be so near to the saw when it's spinning. Such a tragedy you didn't listen to the warnings on our little tour." he steps out of her sight, letting her focus fully on the gleaming metal up ahead, wood chips and sawdust raining down on her. The doors to the sawmill burst open, a tanned, muscular man striding through, a six-gun hanging on his hip, a white stetson over his slicked black hair. "You're too late, Tempest! Much too late!"

"Troy!" she shouts, "You have to shut off the machine before..."

She can't hear the whisper as Whiplash pulls a slim sword from his cane. "Ah, ah, Tempest. Back you malignantly upstanding clod."

She also misses the solid thump as Tempest's fist socks into Sydney's glass jaw, but she catches the motion of him falling to the floor, his gaze utterly unfocused, the blade clattering on the sawdust choked wood. Of course, she's much more interested in the juddering of her own wooden carriage as it finally reaches the saw. She grits her teeth as the wooden pieces pepper her legs, stinging like sandflies. The rope around her ankles bites in as the saw catches it, and then the pressure's gone as the rope snaps. Not that she can do much, bound as she is. That Sydney was far too darn thorough. The saw ravages up and up between her legs, the breeze rolling over her trapped legs. The ropes around her knee give way, the cruel teeth edging closer and closer. Troy's square-jawed, handsome face appears in her vision.

"Cutting it a bit close, aren't you, Sheriff?"

He smiles reassuringly. "As long as you aren't cut too close, ma'am." The ropes around her stocking tops tears free in the saw, the breeze brushing against her silken undergarments.

"Troy!"

He grabs the lever and throws it back. The conveyor obligingly jolts forward as he puts it into high gear. Nicole screams as the vicious teeth of the saw tear away her panties and bite into her hips, splitting her nether regions right through the most private, intimate and sensitive part of her body.

She howls as a spray of red decorates the saw blade.

“Oops.” He pulls on the lever as the saw continues its remorseless path through her hips. The lever stubbornly refuses to move, the conveyor propelling her into the path of the teeth, her pelvis proving no more challenge than the wooden cant beneath her. As the saw splits the rope around her waist, she arches her back in the agonising mix of pleasure and pain consuming her.

Troy leans back, arms bulging through his sweat-stained white shirt, putting all his might into the pull. The lever snaps, sending him flying to the floor, and providing no way of halting its tortuous progress along Nicole's spine. She shrieks, she howls, her head thrashes as the blade hits her ribs and judders inside her as it crunches through her bones.

As the saw passes between her breasts, her body finally gives out to the ravaging, her head drooping, throat raw. All Tempest can do is watch as the saw completes its deadly work, tearing its ragged way through Nicole's pretty face. The red-spattered saw spits her out the other end with the wood. Silence fills the sawmill as the lantern gutters out.

A moment later, a spotlight blazes down on the thorough intact, even smiling figure of Nicole as she stands beside the deadly saw, one hand outstretched, the other securely wrapped around Tempest's shoulder, as he clasps her waist. And the audience for the Wild West Magic Show goes wild.