

DAMSEL OF THE MONTH
AEDE AND THE DRILL OF DEATH

by Paul Watson

Starring Aede

Aede stands in the spotlight, dressed in a sexy magician's outfit with a white shirt and black jacket on top and a pair of black hot pants and fishnets down her legs, owning the stage as her 'honest' magic show comes to the close. "Now, my lovelies, it's time for my little show to come to an end." Gratifyingly, the audience cries no and begs for more, "Well," she says with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "I suppose I might have one last thing to show you." The burgundy curtains behind her part revealing a massive mechanical behemoth completely filling the stage. "Now, I know a lot of guys in the audience fantasise about drilling me, well, guys, better bring your A game because this is what you're competing with." she pats the drill bit, the twisted metal rod as thick around as her forearm. Her assistants pull out a rectangular frame in front of the drill, clad, comparatively modestly compared to the rest of the show, in black swimsuits.

"Now, for the last thing tonight, I will escape from this," she pats the frame, "before this," she pats the colossal, industrial drill gives me a brand new piercing. Of course," she hands her jacket to one of the assistants, "this is the honest magic show, so..." she unbuttons the dress shirt, letting it hang open to tease the sides of her perky breasts and reveal there's no bra holding them in. She turns her back to the audience, pulling the shirt down to reveal her bare shoulders, then lower until its hanging from her arms before handing it off, "...nothing up my sleeves." she turns to the audience, naked from the waist up, grinning as they applaud the magician joining in the sartorial nudity she's put her assistants through all show.

"And you can see I'm not hiding anything in these, right?" she rests her hands on the shorts. The audience clamours in the negative, "Come on, guys, I'm not. You can practically see my coochie through these." the audience again refuses to believe her. Aede sighs with reluctance. "Ok, ok, I know when I'm beat." she slides the hot pants and stockings down, stepping out of her heels, all collected by assistants leaving her in nothing but a broad smile in the spotlight.

"And now, I'll be secured in this solid metal frame," she gives it a ringing slap, "and if I don't escape in two minutes, the brakes on the drill come off and it rolls forward, right into me." she bites her lip, "Let's hope I can do this. Oh, and to make it more challenging, I'm going to be doing it..." she pauses as her assistants get ready, "blindfolded!" one assistant places a black strip of cloth around her eyes, tying it behind her short black hair. She backs up to the frame, raising her arms. Solid restraints build into the frame close around her hands. The assistants produce padlocks, securing each of the three rings along the steel mittens encasing her fingers. Aede swallows, looking nervously about as she steps into the equally solid looking boots at the base of the frame. These two are padlocked three times, leaving her stretched helplessly nude between them. The drill starts up, the bit rotating slowly at first but rapidly picking up speed.

"Now, remember, I have just two minutes, one hundred and twenty little seconds, to get out of this before that goes right through me. Pretty challenging, don't you think, folks? Well, I'm not done yet. Hit it." the assistants rotate the frame in its stand, her short hair falling towards the stage as she's suspended upside down. "Showtime!" she shouts, wriggling and squirming as the first digit on the clock flips.

It takes ten long seconds of furious motion before the blindfold slips and her dark eyes stare out. By thirty seconds those in the near seats can see the sheen of sweat covering her.

Fifty seconds and her face is flushed with the blood flowing down.

One minute in, the first of the locks pops open, the padlock clattering onto the quiet stage, although no one can see how it was achieved.

Sixty-three seconds and the second follows.

It takes until seventy-two seconds for the third. Aede squirms her hand out, taking a terrifying two whole seconds to escape the metal confinement.

She wastes a second, confidently flashing an upside-down thumbs up to the crowd, a cocky grin on

her face as she works at freeing her other hand.

Five seconds later, she drops the first lock to the floor.

An agonising seven seconds until the second lock falls.

Then, on exactly ninety seconds passed, the third drops to the floor.

Aede heaves herself up, bending at the waist to lift her body up but collapses. She pants for another two long seconds before trying again, getting herself up and struggles with the locks around her ankles.

One gives way at one hundred seconds. She switches to the other boot, getting the first lock there off at one hundred and three.

One hundred and seven seconds and another lock falls to the floor.

One hundred and ten for the next, leaving just one lock securing each boot into place. Aede's abdominals protest.

One hundred and twelve and there's a gasp from the stage and a tiny metallic ping as something falls. Aede drops back, stretching down to find it, her fingertips stretching just above the stage floor.

One hundred and fifteen seconds and the crowd stares at the clock, counting down.

Five... Aede scrambles something off the stage.

Four...She swings herself up.

Three... Frantically working at the last two locks.

Two...Looking around frantically.

One...She shouts "Stop!" panic etched on her face.

The clock ticks to zero.

The brakes unlock.

The drill rolls forward, the frame trembling as it rolls onto the stage.

Aede tries to twist out of the way, but the drill punches her in the base of the spine. She howls, many in the audience joining in her scream, her body jerking spasmodically as bones snap and crack in the drill's path before it erupts in a bloody spray like a metal alien through her belly. Her body goes limp and it rotates around her stomach, chewing its way through her insides.

The stage erupts in chaos.

Medical personnel swarm the stage. The curtains close, leaving the audience confused.

Some remain in their seats. Others try to get to the stage to help, only to be shooed off by the assistants.

Eventually, an announcement echoes through the theatre, announcing that the show is over. The house lights rise. The audience files out, ashen faced, many glancing back at the curtained stage. And in the lobby, smiling as if nothing was wrong, Aede waits to sign their programmes, sitting at a table by the stage doors, still in nothing but her broad smile. The first out points at her, or, more accurately, at the fist-sized hole in her stomach, the white backdrop clearly visible through her.