

PRACTICE TARGETS

"We're off out. See you later."

"Out where?"

"Oh, Dell'n I're just goin' on a little shoppin' trip."

"Uh-huh. I'll get the bail money ready, shall I? Try not to corrupt her too much."

"I resent tha'..."

"Who said I was talking to you, Jaks?" he winks. "Don't get into trouble."

"A couple of sweet, innocent lasses like us?"

"Exactly." He looks up, "You're taking that out?"

"Awww, don't you like my new Annebag?" Dell asks, slipping the red leather bag off her shoulder.

"Not bad, but then, I did create it for you."

"I know, boss. She's perfect. Until I get a better idea..."

"Just don't overfill her. She's only got a capacity of fifty pounds or so."

"Yes, boss. Come on, Jaks. I know the perfect place to get you dressed properly."

Jackie lets herself be lead away, "See you later."

The practice room, where Zilvara bends over, examining the wooden target, red and white circles painted on. Well, to be accurate, she's examining the straps, tugging on them to make sure they're well secured. "So, just us?"

"Petra will be along later." Paul replies, a black quiver hanging on his hip. He pulls on the bowstring, feeling the tension pull back.

"Dell?"

"Out."

"Jaks?"

"With Dell."

"What about Marcel and Sam?"

"They were, occupied."

Zilvy looks up, "Extremely vigorously occupied, by any chance?"

Paul coughs, almost letting go of the string. "Maybe."

She grins. "Well, they feel pretty secure. So, what you got planned for me?"

Paul arches an eyebrow, lowering the bow slowly.

"Well, ok, apart from getting me strapped up there as your target girl and letting you shoot those at me. Nothing too suggestive in this one, is there?" she giggles, hopping onto the target. As she puts her arms into position, the straps snake out, tightening around her purple wrists. "Oooh. Self-sealing. Jaks must be having fun with you." A second pair of straps snap shut around her ankles, leaving her spread-eagled on the board, almost invisible platforms under her feet. Zilvy smiles, "So, got any more straps?"

Paul sighs. "Sadly, no. I need to install one for the mouth, still."

"zbbbt'tt' Try that with Jaks and she'll eat you alive."

He shrugs, "Turnabout is fair play. But that doesn't really help me deal with you. Shall we begin?"

"Not waiting for big sis, huh? Go for it."

"You asked for it." He raises the bow, nocking a black fletched arrow onto the string and draws back. "Any last words?"

"Rosebud!!!!!" Zilvy giggles. Paul releases his grip, the bow slips forward, the string humming. The arrow speeds through the air. There's a thud as the arrow sinks into the target a fraction from Zilvy's right ear. "Eeeep!"

Paul draws a replacement from the quiver. "Let's try again." He releases. The arrow thuds into the board on the other side of Zilvy's head.

"Boss, Robin Hood, you're not."

"Well, if you're going to be nasty about it..." he raises the bow, nocks another arrow and releases.

This time, the thud of impact is accompanied by a moan from the target as the arrow pierces Zilvy's

right hand. "Better?"

"Like I said, nothing suggestive at all. Ooooooh." the next arrow thuds into her other hand. "Just some long phallic objects penetrating my poor little..." another arrow thuds into her ankle, and then a fourth into the other leg. She looks down. "Well, that leaves some interesting possibilities for where next, doesn't it?"

"Don't you think of anything else?"

Zilvy tries to tilt her head, but the arrow gets in her way, her quizzical 'thinking' look flashing to an annoyed grimace, "Nope."

"Prepare to be disappointed." He raises the bow and releases, the arrow stabbing through Zilvy's forehead. Her eyes cross as she looks at it.

"Oooh. I'm a unicorn. Kinda fun, but that wasn't where I was thinking of it going."

"Kinda figured." he pulls a bright blue arrow out of the quiver.

"Oh, you didn't?"

Paul nocks the arrow.

"That's what you meant by Petra joining us later? Why couldn't you do the good stuff to me instead of letting me be a human pincushion?! I was here first, after all."

"So you were." He releases, the arrow sinking into Zilvy's navel.

"Oh, God. That was..." Petra looks down, half a bright blue arrow sticking out of her stomach, blending with her costume. Of course, there are also another pair in her forearms and yet another in the purple legs her top half's sitting on, but those aren't hers so why worry?

"Hey! What's the big idea?!!" A voice shouts from behind the target.

"I thought you wanted me to 'do the good stuff' to you? Is this not good enough?" he asks, walking around behind the target.

"Oh, yes, this is perfect. I love half hanging out the back of a target and having a great weight stuck on the rest of me." she replies sharply, her hands resting on the floor, holding her up, her waist emerging out of the middle of the target.

"Hey!"

"Hey yourself, sis! You're not the one who's half backwards and upside down! Besides, you are bigger than me. Always have been."

"I'm big-boned!"

"I bet King Kong was big-boned, too!"

"Just you wait till..."

Paul sighs and pushes on the butt of the arrow. Petra coos as he pushes it all the way through, feeling the arrows pinned her ankles. Zilvy rolls out from behind the target, landing on her feet arms splayed.

"Ta-daaaa!" she walks up to the front of the target. "Those still nice and tight, sis?"

"Yeah." she looks down suspiciously, "Why?"

"Oh, no reason." she grins up, "You are still ticklish, right?"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't..." Zilvy's fingers press into her side. Petra thrashes, although, with everything held in place by the arrows and the straps, this doesn't help too much.

"You...are...soooooo...dead!"

"Yeah, yeah. You always say that. Amazons have no follow through. So...Hey!" she looks down, feeling a prick in her back and sees an arrow pointing out her chest. "Ooooooh, you sneakie sonuva..." and with that she vanishes, the arrow turning purple as she's sucked into it.

Petra breathes a sigh of relief, blinking tears from her eyes. "Thanks, Boss. She can be really, really annoying."

"And you don't do the same to her?"

"Of course not!" she protests, then, when she gets a raised eyebrow in response, "She's not ticklish."

"Who's ahead at the moment?"

"I am." she says proudly, "Being an Amazon has some advantages. More of me mean more little pieces when we go through that mincing thing you set up. Although Zilvy keeps saying she's got a

great idea to beat me.” she looks at the arrow, “So, what are you going to do with her now?”

Paul smiles, raising the bow. “What do you think I'd do with an arrow?”

“Oh, right. Bye...”

He releases, the arrow thunking into Petra's navel. Zilvy looks down at the arrow embedded in her ribs, her stomach resting on a pair of sky-blue hips.

“Man, that was a rush! Whoosh! Wheeee!” Paul walks behind the target, “Hey, sis, how are you enjoying the accommodations?” silence, accompanied by the tugging of the arrow through her stomach. “Sis? Hey, why the silent...” Paul walks back, holding up the bright blue arrow. “Oh. Yeah, that'll explain it. So, Mr Magician Boss Man Sir, how about letting me down?” he walks away. “Pretty please? With a cherry on top?” Paul picks up the bow. “Oh, no, not again...” He releases the black arrow. Zilvy feels it hit her, pushing through to the target. She feels half of her falling, feeling the wood as it rubs against her chest, while still feeling her legs where she left them. Paul pulls on the purple arrow, pulling her through completely. He drops the arrow alongside the blue one in his quiver and hangs it up.

“I'll be back later. I hope you two have some good 'sister time'.

“Hey! No fair! Sneakie backstabbing sunova...”

“This is all your fault!”

“Is not!”

“Is too. You provoked him.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did not! Anyway, isn't this kinda cool? How often does the boss play at being mean anymore?”

“Did too! And it's, alright, yeah, it is kinda cool. But this is still your fault.”

“Is not!”

“Is too!”

Note: Just in case all the arrows weren't a big enough clue, I'm a Sagittarius and that's the sign I wrote about. The girls are just lucky I didn't include the fire part of my sign.



This work by [Paul Watson](#) is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-No Derivative Works 2.0 UK: England & Wales License](#).

Permissions beyond the scope of this license may be available at <mailto:magicbookshelf@blueyonder.co.uk>.