

TIGER, TIGER

by pwatson1974

Jackie glides into the darkened room, a white screen bathing its occupant in the flickering glow. She sighs, “Ye're gonna ruin yer eyes, ye know.” she flips the light switch.

“Sorry, sorry. Got caught up and..”

She sighs, “Paul, ye can just flick yer fingers an' get the room lit up like sunshine if'n ye didn't just flick the switch. So, what was so engrossin' that ye forgot, now?”

“I was looking for ideas and...” he gestures at the screen, a video paused showing a ringmaster with his head in a lion's open mouth.

Jackie shakes her head, “Why can't ye be normal an' spend yer time lookin' for porn, not corny old circus tricks?”

Paul leans back, looking up at her, “Why would I need porn when I've got you?”

Jackie leans down, kissing him deeply, “An' don' ye forget it, mister.”

Later, at Zilvara's purple door, “Nopies.”

Petra, “No thanks, boss.”

Sam, “No way!”

Dell, “Again?! Do I have to?”

Anne, “Sure, why not? Sounds like fun.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“Oh? Oh, ah see, no one else wants ta be in yar kinky games, huh?”

“It's not like that! It's for the show.”

“An' that makes what ya're plannin' less kinky? Not hardly.”

Some days later, Faustus shuffles around the stage, a large cage almost filling the small space behind him, the audience expectant. “Unt now for my next trick, we will need a tiger. Don't worry. I is not Roy. Such a shame that one.” he claps his hand and Jackie strides onto the stage, a soft fuzzy tiger onesie wrapped around her, the giant padded feet flopping on the stage floor. “Is what?!”

Jackie shrugs, the tiger ears flopping as her shoulders move the hood, “Sorry, boss. The shop was

all out of catsuits.”

Faustus' bushy eyebrows twitch, “Oh, no, is wonderful. Audience pays, pays, to see pretty girl and sees this. Oh, no, is wonderful.” he shakes his head and claps his hands loudly. Anne and Dell trot onto the stage, carrying a large white cloth between them, both dressed in ringmaster jackets, one fire engine red and the other dark orange. “Good, good. Cover, cover. We fix.” They enthusiastically throw the sheet over Jackie, covering her from head to toe in the white cloth. “Now, on three, we will have something better, yes? One...two...three.” Anne and Dell pull on the cloth, leaving Jackie standing on stage in a dangerously-tight tiger-patterned catsuit, much to the audience's applause. “There! Is how assistant should be dressed. Shops run out indeed.”

Jackie poses before climbing into the cage, playfully pawing at the others through the bars. “You see, dangerous tiger is now safe in bars.” he raps on the bars with his stick, eliciting a metallic chime. Jackie swipes at him. “Unt see, this is why bars. Ok, girls, cover, cover, not everyone here just to see pretty girls.”

Anne and Dell rush to comply, draping the white cloth over the cage, turning it around and around to show it from all angles. “One...two...” they scramble to stop the cage, darting back to grab the sheet, “three!” and yank it away. The tiger in the cage yawns, padding about, occasionally reaching through the bars. The audience applauds. Jackie looks out over them and chuffs. “Is ok, is ok, tiger tame. Show, show.”

Anne opens the door to the cage. Jackie pads over and slowly walks down the ramp. “Now, we prove how tame she is. Come, come.” Anne gives the audience a 'why is it always me' look, as she approaches the quizzical tiger. Jackie turns to look at her. A long pink tongue licks her muzzle. Anne turns a wide-eyed look to the audience. “Sit.” Jackie sits, raising her self up on her front paws. “Open.” Jackie opens her mouth wide. Anne gives a gulp, then a beaming 'of course its fine' smile as she places her head in the yawning mouth.

Faustus turns to the audience. “Unt now, the lovely Anne will...” Someone in the audience screams as a loud crunch echoes from behind him. Faustus turns slowly. Jackie lies on her front paws, while Anne runs frantically around the stage in tight circles like a headless chicken, her hands waving wildly, feeling along her shoulders for her missing head. “Ach! Not again!” He wags a finger at the tiger, “We will be having talkings about your diet, oh yes. Sleep.” Jackie yawns and slumps her head to her paws.

“Now, help old man roll her over, yes? And someone grab Anne before she break something, yes? Oh, and be fetching a knife. Sharp one.” Dell looks between Anne and the sleeping tiger before, apparently reluctantly, deciding Anne looks less dangerous as the others scramble onto the stage, clustering around Jackie, rolling her onto her back, her paws folded up in the air.

“Now, knife.” he holds out his hand, a small curved knife placed in there. “Good, good. Not butter knife this time.” He plunges the dagger into Jackie's chest, sawing the dagger down her body. As the knife reaches her hind legs, he hands the bloodless knife back and plunges his arm into the gash up to the shoulder.

Faustus rummages around as Dell finally grabs Anne, half-dragging her towards the front of the stage. “Aha!” Faustus pulls a red-stained arm out of Jackie, holding Anne's head by the hair, a few red splotches marking her cheeks. She screams. The audience join in.

“Hush, hush, hush, cannot be thinking with all these noisings and screamings!” Anne quietens down. Slowly, the audience does the same. Faustus wipes the red off Anne's cheeks with his dry

sleeve and lifts her head up. “Be bringing her body over here for restorations, yes?”

Dell leads Anne's body over and Fautus pushes the head down on her shoulders, twisting back and forth, with inappropriate squeaking noises, as he re-attaches it. Anne puts her hands on the sides of her head giving it a little tug before smiling towards the audience.

“Now that drama is over, restore other assistant, yes? Cover, cover!” he claps his hands, sending them scurrying across the stage for the cloth.

They cover the recumbent Jackie, tucking the cloth around her. Faustus counts up to three and when they whip the cloth away Jackie yawns, stretches, and rises up, a long smooth slit open down the front of her catsuit as the audience applaud.

After the show, “Man, was that a wild ride. We have got ta do that again for Halloween. Can ya imagine the mundies screamin' if ya pulled a really gory head outta there? Do it first an' ah'll do the whole show like that. It'll freak 'em something fierce.”

“You have a very strange idea of fun.”

“Oh, an y'all don't? Ah wasn't the one came up with this, was ah?”

“Ok, tha's a point, I guess. Now someone pass the chips over, I'm still starvin.”



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