

Every crisp flower petal, ornate arch, tittering bird, and trickling fountain of the pleasure garden irked the businesswoman. First of all, she knew why Terthweit had sent her here: to feel inadequate. Her gothic suit was an out-of-place splotch of black and gray against the garden's beauty. A passive-aggressive show of power. Even the comfortable seat and generous layout of fruit bothered the businesswoman as she snacked on berries. But what truly boiled the businesswoman's blood was the *tackiness* of it all.

From behind, a chain clinked over the stone. The businesswoman turned in her seat to see something sleeping on the floor. It was a tiger. A little too long. A little too slim. But curled up on the floor with its back turned, it was clearly a tiger. It swished its tail lazily. A leather collar around its neck connected to a chain affixed to a nearby wall.

"Of *course*," the businesswoman rolled her eyes. Internally, her bingo chart of clichés, upon which she had already counted three straight lines, nearly filled completely. "I expect when this 'Terthweit' character finally shows up, they will throw a piece of meat to the beast as though it were intimidating."

"Sometimes," said a voice from behind. It rumbled, a little deeper than one would expect, and was distinctly masculine.

Startled, the businesswoman turned back. The tiger had rolled to face her. This time, it was not a tiger. At least not in the way the business woman expected. From this side, it looked more like a woman. A tall woman, unusually muscular, still covered lightly in fur, still with a tiger's pointed ears, still with a tail curled beside it, but with a distressingly human face. And a beautiful face at that, if one disregarded its cat's eyes and lack of human hair.

"Oh, it's one of *you*," the businesswoman's eyes narrowed. "And I thought I had scraped the bottom of this garishly-colored barrel." The tiger's expression darkened a little. "So are you kept here as a pet, or as a decoration?"

"Neither," the tiger yawned. "Why are *you* kept here?"

"I am not!" the businesswoman snapped.

"You want to leave. Yet you do not," the tiger observed.

"I will have you know that I am here to meet your master, this enigmatic 'Terthweit,' to discuss an important business proposition," the businesswoman proudly declared. "Once she *finally* arrives, that is."

"He," the tiger corrected.

"Really?" the businesswoman asked.

"No," the cat replied. "Maybe. You do not need to know. You will not meet them."

“So that’s it,” the businesswoman snapped her fingers, “You are kept as a jester.”

“Better the jester than the joke,” the tiger replied.

Annoyed, the businesswoman flung her tray of fruit in the tiger’s direction. It missed. Or the tiger dodged. The motion was too fast to tell. “Feel free to eat the scraps while I wait!” the businesswoman yelled, flush in the cheeks. “I am done with them as I am done with this place.”

The tiger stood up. He was even bigger than he looked. Statuesque in height and build. “I do not eat *fruit*,” he growled. To the businesswoman’s immediate shock, he unclasped his collar. It fell to the ground along with its chain with an echoing *clink*. The tiger took a step forward. “And you are not done with this place.”

Scrambling in place, the businesswoman tried to stand. “Sit down!” the tiger roared. She sat. “Look at my claws,” the cat flashed his claws. “Look at my fangs,” he bared his fangs. “Do you know what it is to fight me? You will sit. You will wait.”

The businesswoman sat, and she waited. The tiger passed uncomfortably behind her, brushing against her with his tail as he passed. On the back of her neck, her hairs prickled, and a shiver ran down her side. The tiger took a seat on a cushioned stool across from the table. Earlier, the businesswoman had thought that the stool looked a little too large for a person. It fit the tiger perfectly.

“This garden exists for my pleasure,” the tiger stated calmly. “While you are here, you, too, exist for my pleasure. You are *not* a guest.”

Though the businesswoman tried to respond, the words came out as a string of blubbling. Her heart beat noisily in her ears. Sweat began to stain the collar of her suit. They say that seeing is believing. In the long run, maybe. For now, however, the businesswoman could not believe what she saw.

“Stand,” the tiger commanded. The businesswoman stood so quickly that she knocked her chair to the ground. “Your clothes displease me. Remove them.”

Hurriedly, the businesswoman began to unbutton her suit. “Faster!” the tiger interjected, snarling. Jumping, the businesswoman practically tore away her suit, ruining the cloth in several places. She continued until the look of displeasure left the tiger’s face. By the time she finished, she was naked.

Standing straight up from years of training, the businesswoman’s formal posture failed to fit her physique. Though far from fat, years of high class living and a lack of hard labor had left her soft and frail.

“Better,” the tiger concluded. “Now. How can you please me?”

“W-well, I can-” the human began to stammer.

"I did not mean to ask you!" the tiger growled. Licking his wrist and staring silently, he regarded the human.

"That collar," the tiger smiled, "is for you, not me. Put it on." The human hesitated. "Either the collar or my jaws will wrap around your neck. Choose!" he roared. Walking quickly, the human scooped up the collar and placed it around her neck. "Lock it," the tiger commanded. The human complied. Pushing a laced lever, the belt snapped closed like a belt. It irritated the woman's neck, but she could breathe fine.

"It does not suit you," the tiger scowled. "Remove it."

Pleased, the woman tried. But the clasp would not budge. "It is locked," she complained.

"No," the tiger said. "It is not. "It requires strength. You lack strength." He stalked up to the human and petted her with his claws, though not hard enough to break skin. "You will be fed. You will be cleaned. When you have the strength to open your collar, you may leave. Until then, you are *mine*."

Defiantly, the businesswoman looked up at the tiger with the hardest expression she could manage. "I have more than strength. I have power. Servants and allies, debtors all, will seek me lest face ruin. This garden you inhabit will be toppled and razed. You will be a pincushion of bullets and bolts, and your tattered hide will be sold for a pittance. I have the spines of a porcupine tipped with the strongest venom known to woman: gold. Release me, and you may yet live. Strike me, and you will feel their fatal sting."

With a smile, the tiger dragged a single claw across the woman's back. It barely entered her skin, just deep enough to draw a thin streak of red. Keeping eye contact, the tiger licked the spot of blood from his claw. "I am not stung," he declared.

Color drained from the human's face. Her bluff had been called. Though she had many allies, none would find her here. She herself had taken care to keep this meeting secret.

The human opened her mouth to speak, but the tiger interrupted her with a forceful hand on her head, shoving her to her knees. Gripping the human's hair, the tiger rubbed her gracelessly against his groin. There was no pretense of lovemaking. The tiger mashed the human's face into his parts like any toy.

Soon, he hardened across her face. The human shied away as the tiger's shaft pressed across the side of her face, but she knew better than to resist. However, when the tiger abruptly slipped her nose into the slit of his cock, the human tried to protest. Before she could, a powerful thrust shoved most of her face into the tiger's length. Like an arm slipping into a sleeve, the woman's head slid into the tiger's slickened cock, bulging to many times its width.

Only the collar's chain kept the woman from slipping in further. The tiger's duct chewed at the woman's head. Inside, the woman's muffled screams sent lip-biting vibrations up the tiger's spine. Tugging at the chain, he stroked against the impression of the woman's face. Eventually, his orgasm spat the woman to the ground in several sputtering pulses. Rolling, the human coughed and gasped, but she lived.

"Next time, you will do better," the tiger reassured. "Wash. Eat. Become strong. Release yourself," the tiger offered. Then, as he stalked away into the garden, he added over his shoulder, "Eventually, my toys *break*."

Over the following weeks, the human did become stronger. Servants brought her food and supplies to wash and groom, but they never brought clothes, and they never looked her in the eye. Every moment she could manage, the human exercised with the little space her chain allowed.

However, the human need to conserve her strength. Every day, sometimes several times, the tiger would wander over and use her. He rarely tried the same thing twice. Some days, he would simply force her to pleasure him and leave it as that. Other days he would stuff entire limbs up his sex until the human could see parts of her body bulging from his sack. Each time, her limb came back itching and irritated, as though lightly burnt.

Sometimes, the tiger stalked the human when she wasn't looking, pouncing upon her and straddling her on the ground. Occasionally, he would even exchange sexual favors, but this was usually to leave her frustrated and mock her when she gave in and began to service herself. "If you like being my toy so badly, then you should not complain when I treat you like one," the tiger chuckled.

On two occasions, the tiger denied the woman food by holding it out of her reach. Afterwards, he only let her eat out of his palm. "Good human," he patted the back of her head. "I am generous?" he asked. "Yes, master," the human whimpered. "Then have another. I need you strong."

That night, the human awoke to the tiger swallowing her by her feet. She screamed and thrashed, but the tiger dragged her back until her chain became taut, and this held her in place. Fortunately for her, the tiger stopped at her hips and teased her with her tongue until she climaxed. Afterwards, he let her legs slide back out of his throat. Her feet burned, but she was otherwise unharmed. The tiger licked his lips. "Hurry, toy," he warned. "I might not be able to resist next time."

The next morning, the tiger walked up to the human with a gut drooping to his thighs. A balled human clearly thrashed within, but this failed to even slow the tiger. "One who failed to please me," the tiger stated. "Will you?" She did not. By the time she finished, the tiger's belly had fallen silent save for a steady *gurgle* punctuated by the occasional *crunch* as the tiger's stomach kneaded its meal. The tiger stayed with the human the whole day, pinning her beneath his belly and cuddling her like a pillow as he napped. By the time he left, his belly had shrunk considerably.

On the final day, the human awoke with a start to three words: "You bore me," the tiger stated. He knelt by her feet, brandishing his hardened sex. "Where are your allies?" *Shlup*. The tiger slid one of the woman's feet into his needy slit. "Your servants?" *Shlup*. Another foot. "Your debtors?" *Shlorp*. Up to

the ankles. "You promise much, but deliver little. You are no porcupine. You are a mouse. And mice are eaten."

This last statement was accompanied by a grunt and a *shlorp* as both of the woman's feet entered the tiger's sack. Immediately, she tensed her feet and moved her legs up and down, trying her best to stimulate the tiger's inner walls. The sooner she brought the tiger to climax, the sooner this would end.

"Appreciated," the tiger smirked, "But that will not save you this time. Tend to yourself. Undo your collar. Or I will undo it for you."

Deliberately and slowly, then tiger advanced up the woman's calves and thighs. At first, the human tried to crawl away and free herself. This aggravated the tiger, and he gulped over her hips and waist with surprising speed. The human had never seen him take in this much before, yet he seemed to do so easily. Her legs curled visibly in his ballooning sack as though tucked in a sleeping bag.

By the time the tiger's tip wrapped around her ribs, the human understood. With desperate strength, she tried to wrestle off her collar. Her muscles rippled pleasantly inside the tiger's shaft. "You can do it!" he growled, stopping at her chest, "Show me your strength."

But the human had no more strength to show. The collar held as tightly as ever. Desperately, she abandoned the abandoned the collar and pushed against the tiger's inner thighs. "Get off me!" she choked.

"You lack the strength to even try," the tiger huffed.

Glup. A whole inch of the woman's chest disappeared into the tiger. "I hope," *shlup*, "my next toy," *slup*, "is not as weak," *slup*, "as you." With a tremendous series of slurps, the tiger crested over the woman's collar, and her entire head sank into his length. Her twitching arms soon followed. As the tiger laid back on the cushioned floor, his shaft thinned back to its usual size, accommodating only the collar's shifting chain.

"Hmm, need a little more," the tiger purred, petting his now-swollen sack. One hand gripped the collar's chain, and another began to play with his still-pulsing sex. Between the chain's motions, the woman's struggles, and his own expert tending, the tiger soon came. Head slumped to the side, he drooled as tense satisfaction echoed through him.

Laying onto her back, the tiger began to pet his balls as the human continued to struggle within. "It is over," he concluded. "Let it take you." Inside, the human now understood what the tiger meant. Her skin itched as more of the tiger's juices worked over her. Increasingly desperate, she clawed at the slick walls. But this did little more than tickle the tiger pleasantly, and he drifted in and out of sleep.

Minutes later, the tiger awoke in surprise. A hand escaped his cock, clutching the collar's chain. Another followed. Then the woman's head emerged from the tiger's sex. Much of her hair had fallen out, and her flesh had been scalded pale.

The sudden stretch brought a yelp of pain from the tiger, followed by an annoyed hiss. His fur stood on end, and his tail straightened. The woman climbed out all the way to her hips before the tiger could clamp his legs together and hold her in place.

"Unexpected," the tiger muttered. Sitting up and reclining against a cushion, the tiger pitted the human against gravity as she scrambled to grip the wall-bound chain. "Fine. You have another chance."

But this chance amounted to little. Juices still coated the woman's hands, and the chain soon slickened. Inch by inch, she started to slide back inside with each clench of the tiger's sex. "You will not have me!" the woman croaked, and she wrapped her arms around the chain, halting her descent.

"Pathetic," the tiger huffed, "And not very smart." Heaving himself forward, he pushed the human against the wall with a wet *slop*. This shoved most of the human back into his balls. The tiger winced, and a final *glup* sealed the last of the human inside, length of chain and all.

This time, the tiger required no additional help to reach climax. He pressed himself back and forth over the pillow as the human inside attempted her final struggles. Once he finished, he flung himself atop his belly and began to shred an ornate pillow with her claws, flinging white feathers everywhere.

Fluid spilled in spurts accompanied by roars and snarls. Each flex spat out another length of chain. Eventually, the collar itself fell to the floor behind the tiger. It was still clasped, but there was nothing inside.

Though the tiger's belly remained large, it had grown much smoother and softer. It squished and crunched beneath the tiger's absent-minded humps. White pillow feathers and strands of hair clung to his drenched thighs.

"Ugh, time for a bath," the tiger decided.

As he relaxed in the heated waters of a nearby pool, he already dreamed of what he would do with his next toy.