

The Interview Part II...Dance Lessons

The tiger smiles as the lion slips down, unconscious under his power. The thrill that of the conquest overwhelms him, and he must stop himself more than once from jumping the sleeping specimen before him right then and there. Instead, he leans in, whispering softly to the lion, who's eyes open, glazed, and stands up.

"You are a dancer," he says, "An exotic dancer. Now get up on the stage, and when I snap my fingers, you will hear the most erotic music you've ever heard." He watches the small, dopey smile that creeps across the lion's face before continuing, "Let it fill you...moving your body to the rhythm as you perform the greatest strip-tease you've ever thought about doing." He pauses again to watch as the lion nods his head slightly, understanding what is said, slowly moving up onto the stage.

The tiger lets him climb up onto the club's stage and walk out to the pole before bringing his fingers together to let loose a resounding *SNAP!*

The effect is instantaneous. Moving as if a wave of energy had passed through his body the lion starts to bounce just a tad on his toes, keeping beat to a tune only his mind can hear. His eyes close as he imagines himself before a crowd of people, all desperate to see his nude form. Swiveling his hips, he slides his body in close to the pole, placing his back to the pole as he faces his 'audience.' Gyrating to his mind's music the lion brings his hands up, then down his body, catching the belt-loops of his jeans as his hands pass his waist. Swishing his tail from side to side he moans a bit, one hand gesturing to the faint outline of his member standing erect inside the confining denim cage. The other comes up and under his t-shirt, and suddenly, in one fell move, the lion is shirtless, his t-shirt now held suggestively in one hand while the other falls back to its original position on his crotch.

His chest fur glistening golden in the stage's lights he confidently struts to the edge of the stage and tosses his shirt to his adoring crowd. The tiger catches it with one graceful swipe and brings it to his nose, scenting the lust and arousal of his prey. Shirt disposed of the lion swings around, showing how the jeans highlight his tight, perfect bottom as he struts back to the pole, his tail beckoning all the way and his hands coming up and around his back, resting behind his head.

Clutching the pole he swings back to face the audience, smiling his most predatory smile as his hands reach down for that belt loop of a moment ago only to find something has changed. His zipper is undone. With a flourish a flash of white shows, the lion's underwear as his hands pull down and outwards. Slowly he backs away from the crowd, seemingly terrified by the sudden openness he has thrust on himself, yet as his back touches the pole the terror becomes confidence, that of a predator luring his prey into a trap. With a burst of agility the lion grabs the pole, swinging around and leaping onto his imaginary would-be prey, sliding slightly on his knees, his tail swishing dangerously, his member bulging slightly in its cotton enclosure.

Leaning forward the lion crouches on all fours. His intended prey is caught as his ass swings in the air. With that same earlier agility he pushes off with his hands, onto his back, rolling as he lands and brings his hands up on the waistline of his underwear.

Rolling backwards from his back, the lion completes the dance with a flourish; he has tumbled backwards and stands before his audience, his underwear held by one finger in

one hand, beckoning the audience to come get it. The tiger rises from his chair, applauding and stepping up onto the stage at the same time.

Panting as the music of his mind ends the lion's eyes close and he falls, limp, into the tiger's waiting arms, his body returning itself to the sleep his conscious mind still so richly enjoys. As his eyes close he sees the tiger smiling, his arms holding the lion's shoulders as the collie's face comes into view, and another pair of arms lift him up, carrying him off stage and onto the next test.