

Mr. Tig

by

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There goes my pet. Off to goodness knows where. Every morning he wanders off. It's not good to let your pets wander but try as I might he keeps getting out. Sometimes he comes home smelling like food, sometimes smelling weird. Who knows? Anyway he's a good pet, a little on the slow side but friendly enough. I remember the first time I saw him. He was just sitting on the steps cleaning himself. He had green slime all over him. He looked a little lost so I went over and pet him, well the area that was cleaned that is. He seemed to like it. He made that sound creatures like him always do...that mmmm sound. Anyway the next thing I know I'm being picked up and taken in the house!

Well anyway I hear the car leaving. I hate that thing. Every time he puts me in the damn thing I end up seeing another human who sticks needles in me. I have no idea where he got the stupid idea that I would like this! I wish that humans knew how to talk properly! I would give him an earful!

I rather like my house. It's nice, it has plenty of mice to play with hiding in the walls. Sometimes I give one to my pet to eat but he just doesn't appreciate them. He makes that 'ew' noise and throws it away. ::sighs:: It's a wonder he is as healthy as he is! He sure doesn't eat properly! But like any good human owner all I can do is try to look out for him. Sometimes I wonder why I bother though. I mean look at what he's been bringing home recently? That female human whose fur keeps changing colors! I'm not even sure what breed she is anymore! I wish he didn't bring home other strays! You have no idea what diseases they could be carrying...and I have enough trouble taking care of him much less her. I wish I could get him fixed. Then I wouldn't have to worry about an unwanted litter showing up. Goodness can you imagine? A litter of Xanders to take care of? Oh by the way my pet's name is Xander. I'm Tig. Nice to meet you. Come to the garden often? No? Didn't think so, I've never seen you here before. Do yourself a favor and stay away from the fence over there. There is a dog on the other side. The cat that lives there is pretty cool his name is Bexley James. He's a bit British. Weird huh? He assures me that the dog Meg is harmless but it pays to be careful. After all she is Border Collie and Australian Shepherd Mix. Bex isn't a tabby like me. But you can't miss him he's the

fellow that is white and black with a spot on his head.

The sun will be up soon. Then the birds will flock to that feeder and bath...I'll take the left you take the right okay?

Whose who? Oh HIM? That is Spike. He will be sneaking in that window soon. He's nocturnal. He sneaks in every morning after my pet leaves. He's okay. I don't know exactly what breed he is but it's closer to catkind than humankind; he at least has proper teeth and seems to eat better. I haven't gotten him to eat any mice or birds yet but he at least don't throw them away he just hands them back to me. I think he's anorexic. All he does is drink the blood of the pig animal. Oh well can't have everything. I noticed that sometimes he has trouble getting in but usually all I have to do is meow at him to get his butt in the house and then he makes it through the window.

Yep there he goes into the window. He'll sleep most the day in there. Then leave before my human gets home. My human doesn't seem to take to him. It's a shame they can't breed I would much rather have a litter around half him and half Xander at least then I would be sure they had some good breeding.

Instead he wants to breed with that stray he keeps bringing home.

You know you are right! I should do something about her. I mean it IS my house after all and I have a right to say who can be there and who can't. My pet may not appreciate it now but eventually he will understand it was in his best interest. Yes, tonight I put my paw down!

Come on sweetie and I'll show you how to catch a squirrel in this yard.

"Tig I think Spike's been in here again!" Xander threw the mug in the sink. "He don't even hide it anymore! One of these days I'm just going to dust him and get it over with."

Tig looked up at the ranting mortal unmoved by his anger. With a bored expression he stretched himself out.

"I think I should have Willow do another uninvited spell or something. I mean I didn't invite him in. Who did?" Xander walked past giving a quick pet to the fur of the cat.

Tig scratched his claws on the back of the couch.

"Now you be a good kitty tonight because Anya is coming over and she doesn't really like cats. So set a good example."

(What is Xander rambling on about? He's excited about something.)

A knock on door and Xander flew up the stairs to open it. Anya walked in and gave Xander a big long kiss.

(The STRAY! I wish someone would pick her up already, there should be some organization that does that. A stray catcher! That would work.)

"MEEEEOOOOWWWW" {Go home!}

"Xander your cat is meowing at me again."

"He's just being friendly." Xander told her giving her a squeeze.

"MEEEEEEW MEEEOOW" {Scat human!}

Xander gave him a playful rub to the head as they walked past him on the way to the bedroom.

(Well that didn't work too well.)

Good morning Love! It's good to see you again! Yes I did try to get rid of the stray last night. It didn't work. They ignored me.

Bex old man! You made it outside this morning! Allow me to introduce you to Miss Kitty! Miss Kitty this is Bexley James the one I told you about yesterday morning.

//How do you do old thing! My dear it is an honor to make your acquaintance. How goes the saga of the rebellious pet my dear Mr. Tig?//

Same old Same old Bex. Last night I wanted to put my paw down but they didn't understand me. I'm in a mood this morning.

//Hmm...quite. Age old problem. Humans just can't understand our more highly sophisticated language. Can't say that I understand their fiddle faddle of a language myself. Meg understands their language but

that's simply because Humans and Dogs are so close in nature I think. No, no...with humans action speaks louder than words.//

True, true. But what do you suggest? I mean how do I make it clear that this stray is NOT allowed in my house?

~Mr. Tig? Isn't that Mr. Spike you were speaking of yesterday morning?~

//Looks like the poor lad is having trouble getting in again.//

It happens EVERY time that red furred human comes over. She says something and then poor Spike can't get in. Hold on. I'll give him a push. Be right back.

//Aw there the lad goes. All it takes is for Mr. Tig to say the word and he gets in. Meg told me that he may only come in if he's been invited. Meg is a dear sweet old thing but usually quite reliable. She makes Mr. Tig nervous though.//

Back again.

//How is the old thing?//

He's drinking the blood from the pig animal again.

//Hmm...perhaps someday you can convince him to eat a mouse. It is much healthier than pig.//

Quite. You know I've been thinking. What of my pets feelings? He might miss the stray once she is gone.

//Simple, find him a more proper mate.//

~My pet has a human of the same gender for a mate.~

Really? I didn't think humans could be enlightened enough for that type of relationship.

~Willow and Tara are good pets. They are happy together and I don't have to worry about unexpected litters to take care of either.~

//Maybe you should encourage your pet to take a male mate? It would be easier on your nerves old thing! Perhaps that Spike creature? You have practically adopted him already. Might as well keep both of them as pets.//

Maybe...Maybe...oh look the birds are coming. Miss Kitty you take that side. I'll take the other and Bex old man you take center.

"Xander! Your cat is staring at me again. Make it stop."
Anya told Xander.

"He's just looking at you. Ignore him." Xander told her nibbling on her neck.

(Yuck he's grooming her again.)

"He don't like me Xander." Anya said staring back at the cat.

"He doesn't have an opinion about you. He's a cat. A pet, ignore him." Xander put his hand at the edge of her shirt.

"MEEEEOWWW MEERRR HISSSS" {I really don't like you}

"Tig we don't hiss at Anya. Go play."

"Xander? Why is your cat running around the room like that?" Anya asked after a few minutes.

"He does that once in a while. It's called his 'psycho kitty from hell' personality. Ignore it he will stop."

"AAAAAHHHHHH!" Anya screamed when he ran over her and used her head as a launching pad.

"Tig don't do that!"

"Xander he just licked his penis and drank out of my glass."

"I'll get you another drink."

"Xander your cat is in my lap making me look at his butt."

"Tig get down."

"Xander your cat is messing up my hair."

"TIG off the back of the couch!"

"Xander? What is that your cat is dragging in? Is that dirty underwear?"

"Xander where are you going?"

"Just to um put them back in the laundry."

"Ow Xander your cat is attacking me."

"He's playing with your toes. Pet him, make friends. He wants to play."

"He is biting my hand."

"Tig no no! Out you go. What in the hell is wrong with you tonight?"

"Well hello pet? What are you doing out here?" Spike picked the cat up. "Your Xander's kitty aren't you? Does he know you are out?"

Spike pounded on the door. Tig rubbed his head against the vampire's shoulder. "Oi open up!"

Xander opened the door out of breath, "WHAT?"

"Your cat got out! Is the telly on?"

Xander blinked. "The television?"

"Yes...Harmony threw mine against the wall again. And you aren't doing anything important..."

"Spike. Anya is here."

"As I was saying you aren't doing anything important."
Spike said.

Spike walked in past Xander and sat the cat down. He grabbed the remote control and sat down.

"How do you keep getting in here? Willow has done so many uninvited spells that I've lost count. Who keeps letting you in?" Xander growled.

"Your cat." Spike said as Tig jumped into the vampire's lap. Xander gave him a 'you got to be kidding me' look. Spike rubbed Tig's head absently as he flipped through the channels. Tig nipped the fingers. (Not too tasty. Not human. Oh well still better than the stray.)

Tig jumped down and ran into the bedroom.

Xander walked up to Spike while tying his robe in a better knot. "Get out of here! You aren't watching television here."

A few minutes later Anya stomped out of the bedroom.
"What is this in my shoe? What is it?"

Xander looked inside of it. "It's a um hairball."

"Your cat put a hairball in my shoe!" Anya yelled waving the shoe around. "Your cat don't like me! And by the way HERE! Your cat chewed holes in all the condoms. We can't do anything tonight."

"My cat is just a cat! He doesn't have anything against you!" Xander started to yell back at Anya.

Spike smirked. "Hate to correct you mate but your cat..."

Anya screamed.

"...is getting ready to spray your bit of fluff."

Anya kicked at the cat and stomped out the door still in her robe.

"TIG? Why did you do that?"

Xander threw himself down on the couch beside Spike.

"What's on?"

"Nothing good."

"Then why the hell are you here?" Xander almost screamed.

"Nothing better to do!"

Xander grumbled to himself for a little while. He turned to Spike then smirked. "You have yellow cat hair all over you."

"Bloody Hell!"

//Mr. TIG! My dear fellow you're running late this fine morning.//

I know. I had a late night last night. I ran the stray off finally though. I hope she don't come back. Spike came over though; he let me back into the house after my pet threw a temper tantrum. Xander did everything possible to annoy him to make him leave. He's durable at least. Not human though. I finally got a nip in last night. He doesn't taste human. But then I knew he wouldn't be.

//Meg says that he's a vampire. They are sort of like demons.//

Vampires? Oh yes the bloodsuckers. Makes sense he drinks blood all the time. Well there are worse demons in this area. He's still a better mate than the stray.

//Quite quite old boy. They are truly closer to catkind than humankind. For one thing they tend to play with their food. They understand our need to play as well. My DEAR Miss Kitty how nice of you to join us this morning! I trust you are well?//

~Thank you Mr. James. I'm quite well. Willow was up late practicing some sort of spell. I needed to watch her to make sure she didn't get into any trouble.~

//Quite understandable. Our humans just can't be left to fend for themselves. It is every feline's responsibility to protect their pets! Mr. Tig I wonder if your human is safe around Spike if he is a vampire.//

I think so. They sat together all night and he is around almost all the time. Even at night when Xander has left for a while. He comes home smelling like Spike. So they

at least cross paths on an almost nightly basis. I think he is pretty tame. Of course if he ever showed too much of a wild streak I would have to put him in his place. But he seems pretty tame. Perhaps he's had an operation? Been already neutered? I hear that some pets have that done. He pretty much just wants to watch the box with the sounds and lights coming out of it. He doesn't even hunt for food.

//Sounds like it. I wonder where his owner is? Could he have run away? Perhaps his owner passed away? Regardless it sounds like he's had a past owner and he is without now. I think we are duty bound to provide for him.//

He stayed most the night. He's still inside right now. My pet is sleeping in. I think he is sad that his stray left.

~Perhaps we need to give them a little push together? I may only be speaking for myself but I will assist in whatever way possible Mr. Tig.~

//Quite, quite! I will also lend any help or support. I know how difficult it is to take care of humans. My human has a rather large litter. They all need looking after. Count on me! And I'm sure you can count on Meg as well. Dear old

thing, she can be quite useful in many cases.//

Um yes I'm sure. She is rather...large though.

//I assure you Miss Meg is quite tamed. A real dear old girl.//

Thank you! Your support is most appreciated, both of you!

Spike cracked his eyes open. On his chest staring down at him the giant tabby cat sat. "Good Morning?"

"Meeeeow" {Stay}

"You know for a cat you are really heavy? Get off! Bloody...look at all this cat hair? I'm glad I'm past having allergies! You'd be the death of me!" Spike stood up and walked over to the fridge. "Any blood?"

Tig looked at him intently.

"Why am I asking a cat?"

Xander stumbled out of his bedroom. "Still here?"

"I fell asleep during the Nightmare on Elm street marathon. Sun's up looks like I'll be here for the rest of the day."

"And how is that different from any other day?" Xander asked grumbling as he poured out corn flakes and then milk.

Xander turned back to the fridge to put the milk back and Tig took a sip out of his bowl. Spike saw him but didn't say anything. Xander sat down and started eating. "What are you smiling about?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Just thinking about the movies. So? Going to work today?"

"No it's my day off. I was SUPPOSED to spend the day with Anya until Tig decided to be Schizophrenic kitty last night."

"Cats are like that. They are the maniacs of the animal kingdom. They are cool."

Spike drank from his blood bag quietly.

"Why do you hide here during the day? I mean you HAVE a crypt! That was the whole point of you moving AWAY!" Xander finally said.

"Well...Harmony's there now isn't she? Wouldn't mind much since she is a bloody good shag but she just rattles on about nothing for hours at a time. At least your cat is quiet. He don't ask me... 'What are you thinking?' He just kills a mouse and then takes a nap."

"Yeah it is kind of annoying when they want to talk. And talk...and talk...and talk..."

Xander got up to get a drink and Tig leaned over and took another drink out of his bowl. Xander sat down again.

"What are you grinning about? It makes me nervous when you look happy."

"Nothing! I'm just in a good mood!"

"You put something in my food didn't you?"

"No! I didn't touch your food." Spike said holding his hand up.

"You have you've put something in my food."

"I have not touched your food. I'm just smiling." Spike held a giggle.

Xander glared at him and put the bowl in the sink. As he sat back down Tig jumped into the sink and finished the milk off.

"And what is the deal with women asking 'Do I look fat in this?'" Spike suddenly asked. "I mean if she's fat the clothes won't make her look less fat...it's her ass that would look fat not the clothes! And god forbid you answer honestly. Your telly ends up against the wall. And if you try NOT to answer...then you have to TALK to the stupid bint for hours on end."

Xander nodded. "Or the 'Do you really love me / I want a commitment' conversation."

"Tell me about it. And keep in mind as a vampire you have to be careful of that one. It's a minefield of trouble. Since commitment can mean life times."

"Gah...I'm glad I'm human I only have to worry about screwing up ONE lifetime."

They both sighed. "Women are nuts."

Nice night isn't it Bex old man?

//Indeed! My pet gave me a wee bit of the catnip this evening so I came out to clear my head.//

Yum Catnip. I haven't had any of that in a while.

//Get your own stash my friend hehehe//

Spike stayed the day and my pet stayed home for once. I think they got along pretty well. They even made that sound a lot that they do when they are happy.

//Meg says that they are laughing when they do that.//

Really? What an appalling sound.

//My dear boy who is that sniffing around your property?//

I don't know? She smells similar to Spike though. Must be another vampire.

//Goodness lets hope it isn't another stray!//

"Spikey? Spikey! I know you are here Spike!" Harmony banged on the door.

Xander opened the door. "Harmony? Whach are yoo doin her?"

"Spike hasn't been home in days! I want to talk to him NOW!"

Xander leaned back and Spike leaned out. "Whach?"

"Are you coming home?"

"Uh no." He closed the door.

Harmony banged on the door.

Spike opened it and leaned out. "Whach now?"

"Why not?"

"Becuz Xanar an I talled abouch it ooo day...okay we

draank ooo day and talled aboot it fer abouched five minootes...an we hev decided awww woomen livin and dad are nutsh and we give oop on them. Goosh night." He closed the door again.

Harmony stood at the door staring at it for a couple of minutes then pounded on it louder.

Spike poked his head out again. "Whach? Shill here?"

"Get your drunk ass home now!" She grabbed him by the collar and pulled him the rest of the way out of the house.

//Good gracious! I say Mr. Tig isn't that your new pet being manhandled?//

It is!

//We must do something!//

Xander wobbled out of the house with stake in hand. "Would you shop weavin an shay shill sho I can shick thish in yer chesth!"

She looked at him for a second, "Puhleeze?"

She dragged Spike a few steps when suddenly a very large very pissed off tabby cat landed on her face. It attached itself with its claws as she ran around the yard. She tried to pull it off her face as another cat landed on her back.

//MEG MEG Come on girl Give old Bexley a hand here!//

"RUFF RUFF RUFF GRRRRRRR AROOOOOO" Meg pushed herself under the fence and ran toward the female vampire flailing about.

She clamped her teeth on the vampire's skirted bottom and shook her head.

"AAAIIIIIEEEEEEEE!" Harmony screamed taking off down the street as the animals let go.

Spike walked back to the house weaving as Meg made her way back under the fence. Bexley jumped over the fence and Tig walked nonchalantly back to the steps. "You kno' I dink thosh animalsh taalk to eash other!"

"Whelly? Nah thash's nutsh!" Xander told him trying to put the stake in his pants pocket and nearly staked an important part of his male anatomy.

Both men made it back into the house somewhat safely.

Tig watched them for a while then sighed. He weaved himself around the blonde vampire's legs till he finally tripped. Xander caught him just before he hit the ground.

"You a cute...drunk!" Xander told him.

"Sho are you!" Spike gave him a peck on the lips.

(Well at least it is a start...oh look finally he's grooming someone that I like...oh good he's removing their outer...clothing I believe it is called. Be more useful if they just had more fur. Then they wouldn't have to worry about such things. Oh good looks like they may mate after all)

The End