

Shape *quotes by Mae West

by: Vixxy Fox

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Miss Bering was trying to organize the items under the front desk, not that were that many. The front screen creaked open, and then slammed shut.

“Really Walter? You know Miss Vixxy’s rule on slamming that door.”

When there was no reply, the whitish Fox stood from behind her work station to find a buxom Cat with a curvaceous figure placidly looking at her.”

“*A dame that knows the ropes isn't likely to get tied up,” the queen said evenly. “Now that it has been explained to me, next time I will be sure not to let it slam.”

Bering quickly curtsied. “How can I be of service, m’lady?”

“If I was a lady,” she smiled, “Would I be flaunting a figure like this? I need a room. I’d like a Tom Cat too, but ‘just’ a room will do.”

“We have two available, ma’am, er... rooms that is. There is a large in the front, overlooking the yard, and a smaller in the rear with a good view of the woods. The front has a small porch nice for tea and entertaining, while the back has only a window with a rocker set next to it.”

“I’ll take the large,” the Cat told her with a smile, giving a small lift and wiggle to her ample bosom, along with a smile that could have meant anything at all. “I like entertaining.”

“And may I ask how you arrived?” Miss Bering inquired. When she looked up, the Cat was giving her a quizzical look, so she explained, “Do you have baggage, and where is it so I may have it fetched?”

“I’ve not met a person yet who doesn’t come with baggage,” the feline replied. “As to belongings, the stage left my trunk by the front gate. They told me this was the only Inn existing in the valley, so my choice was rather easy. I’m very tired from traveling, would you please show me to the room and send someone for the trunk?”

“May I ask what brought you here?” Bering asked, turning to retrieve the room key.

“As I mentioned, the stage,” the Cat told her as she signed the register book. Looking up, she smiled, and seemed to relent. “I’m an actress, honey. I’ve been playing on Vaudeville, and I’m tired. Sam Clemons suggested I let go of reality for a while, and come here. He said it was



something to do with writing, and if anyone would know about that, he would. I figured, if this place was good enough for the great Mark Twain, it would be good enough for me.”

“I see,” Miss Bering replied, not really seeing at all. She had no idea what Vaudeville was, or where it was; but then again, she was used to all sorts of people visiting the Inn. Looking at the signature in the book, she said, “Miss West?”

“That is correct. You have very keen eyesight. My first name is Mae. You know, they named a flotation life vest after me in one of those silly wars.”

“Really? But why name it after you?” the Fox asked in her innocence.

“Because it was instantly inflatable,” the Cat explained with a smile, “And when this was done, the person wearing it, looked like they had a set like mine. Wearing it, they would also float ‘tits up’, which kept them alive.”

“Tits up?” the Fox asked, trying her best to hold back a giggle.

“If ya got’em, flaunt’em,” the queen told her, laying on a thick accent with the smooth movement of her body. “The men folk can’t resist it.” She winked. “Here’s a secret for you. If you sell it, you’re considered cheap no matter how high the price, because you can be bought. Don’t ever do that to yourself. Make’em work for it, and they’ll always show you respect.

*When women go wrong, men go right after them.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Does this place have a bath?”

“Yes, Miss West. It’s considered the best in the valley, and large enough for two people.”

“How convenient. That should fit me quite nicely. Is it available now?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Very well, I shall retire to my room. If someone could bring tea, I would appreciate it. Afterwards I shall soak.” She sighed. “It’s been a long time since I had a good soak.”

The Fox gently reached out and touched her on the shoulder. “Many come here for rest,” she said softly. “It’s not a perfect place, and we are not perfect creatures, but there is a lot of love here.”

“Thank you,” the Cat replied in earnest. “You’re very kind. Sam told me much the same thing. Then he pinched my backside and lit one of those stinky old cigars he keeps in his breast pocket. He’s always been a hoot. He was a humorist, I was a comedian... we understand each other.”

“Miss Vixxy has said nice things about him. Every now and then I hear them talking.”

“Really?”

“Yes. They sometimes sit on the back porch watching the sun go down.” She smiled and then added, “He’s not allowed to smoke in the house.”

The Cat smiled. “And good for the Inn Keeper for getting him to abide by that rule. He can be pretty obstinate about his cigars.”

“Thank you for that compliment,” said a voice from behind her.

Turning, the dame found a diminutive Fox standing near the front door. She was dressed in a simple dress and yet looked very much in charge. “You’re a quiet one,” the Cat said, offering up a paw. “I must admit I had my doubts when Sam told me about this place, but I do believe he was right... and don’t you dare tell him I said that.” She winked. “That’s something you don’t want to tell a man.”

Miss Vixxy smiled, and came forward, taking the Cat’s paw in hers. Giving it a slight squeeze, she said, “My lips are sealed. Now, may I show you to your room?” To her desk clerk, she said, “Miss Bering, would you please bring tea and toast? Ask Miss Buns to include butter, a honey comb, and a pot of her marmalade.”

“That sounds delightful,” Miss West said with a smile, and then thickening her accent added, “A bit of whiskey would certainly make it just a little bit better.”

All we have is a local blend,” the Inn Keeper told her, “Will that do?”

Placing a paw on one him, she winked again and said, “*I’ll try anything once, twice if I like it, three times to make sure.”

Mary Jane "Mae" West was an American actress, singer, comedian, screenwriter, and playwright whose career spanned over seven decades. (She was a writer like us!) Considered a sex symbol, she was known for her breezy sexual independence and her lighthearted bawdy double entendres. Her figure, which was more than ample and strutted to everyone’s delight, was the inspiration in referring to the military’s inflatable life vests as the ‘Mae West’.