My Affair With Tiger

by Paul Steven Stone

Face it, girls, you want to claw my eyes out, don't you? Or whack me across my 36 DD's with a golf club, am I right? Well don't blame me if I'm young, gorgeous, full-breasted and obviously the cat's meow. And don't expect me to go after my favorite Top Cat by giving the media any of the tittle-tattle behind our torrid love match. There's no ‘best three out of four' here, girls. I am and always will be the best. Just ask Tiger.

Oh that's right, Tiger isn't talking. Except for that little phone message someone leaked to the rag mags. The one where he asked me to re-record my phone greeting so it's a little more anonymous and a little less…well, sexy. Just in case his wife calls.

What's wrong with a message where I state my name, hair color and *unadulterated* preference for billionaire celebrities? “C'mon, lighten up,” I told Tiger. “Besides, as far as your wife knows, it could be Hugh Hefner calling me, or some other rich celebrity; maybe even Brad Pitt.” You girls must have read in *Intruder Magazine* how he and Angelina are occupying separate bedrooms these days, whatever slim solace that provides poor Jennifer Anniston.

I always liked Jen better anyway.

But as far as Tiger and I go, we are soul mates, no question about it. Otherwise, why would I be the first girlfriend he calls whenever he's in Boston and has an open hour to spare? Yes, I know, girls. An hour may not seem like much to you, but with Tiger and me it's always been quality rather than quantity. Or, if I can be crude, length of rope rather than length of time, if you know what I mean.

Doesn't God always seem to give bigger portions to those who have everything! Or is the word ‘proportions'? I'll have to ask Tiger next time he's in town.

Anyway, unlike some of you kiss-and-tell queens, I'm not saying a word about my affair with Tiger. Except to say, in my neck

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of the jungle, once we learn to hunt tigers, we then learn to be good little pussies. Gr-r-r-rr!