

Boris

Marilyn gently ran her fingers down Boris's back as they lay together on the bed. Boris was half asleep, his eyes nearly closed, as his thoughts rambled. He enjoyed living with Marilyn. He had lived with a few other women before, but he liked Marilyn best. At least at the moment. He had liked the other women he had lived with, too. At the time. He knew that Marilyn loved him. He wondered if he loved her. He certainly liked her well enough. At least he did when she kept her place, didn't make demands, and didn't try to run his life.

He was sorry he had hit her hard enough to draw blood the other day. No, that wasn't quite right. He was sorry she had made him hit her. It was her fault, really. He had been looking out the window, thinking about the world, when she walked up and grabbed him from behind. She had intruded on his personal space! And while he was deep in contemplation. He had left the other women when they got too bossy. They seemed to feel that just because it was their house and they paid the bills, that he had to do whatever they said. He wasn't their lap dog! They didn't own him! He would stay when it pleased him to stay, and when it no longer pleased him he would leave. That was the way the world worked.

He wondered how much longer Marilyn would please him. She seemed to understand she had overstepped her bounds the other day. Still, it was hard to tell with women. They were too emotional. Too unpredictable. One minute they would be all cuddly and lovey-dovey, and the next minute they were trying to run your life. He wouldn't put up with that. There were plenty of other women in the world. Just the other day he took a walk around the neighborhood and spotted three women who intrigued him. They looked lonely, and one of them had a big fancy house. Much bigger and fancier than Marilyn's house.

Boris knew that women loved his golden hair, and his lithe athletic body. He knew just how to approach them, too. Within minutes he could have them fawning over him. He could convince them that he was a lonely waif who needed their love, and that they were the only one who could save him from a cruel abandonment. If Marilyn ever started acting like she owned him, he would have no trouble finding someone else to live with.

He stretched, and got off the bed. He was hungry, so he headed downstairs to get something to eat. He was pleased that Marilyn followed him downstairs. That was as it should be. She opened a can of tuna and set a dish of it on the floor for Boris. Then she set a saucer of milk beside it. Boris purred and rubbed his cheek against her ankles. It was important to let humans know when they did something good. That was how you trained them. He would stay another day.