

They locked eyes, “It’s you and me for the weekend. She’s out for long enough. So, let’s get this straight right now. It isn’t going to be like it has been between us all this time. I mean it. This time is different. We need find some middle ground and we’re going to work at this and get this righ--”

Instantly all the rage, spite, and fur of the universe (but mostly fur) balled into the single animal leapt upon Stephen. He struggled to pull the beast from his chest, partially successful he attempted a field goal into the nearest wall with the creature. The end of cat slammed into the wall well before its beginning. In a few seconds its entirety casually rolled onto the rug in the center of the den. Stephen in turn, grimaced from the cat’s success at transforming his torso into sliced ham. “God damn it Alec! You piece of shit cat!”

Alec purred. Purring was Alec’s general way of calling Stephen his bitch. Stephen attempted to distance himself but Alec dug his claws into the rug and pulled back, bringing Stephen crashing down into a table and concussion induced sleep.

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“Come on. You’re great with pets!”

Stephen tensed up, “He is not a pet. He is some kind of hell creature that loves milk and tuna.”

Ansley sighed, “I know you don’t like cats but...”

He shook his head, “No, I like cats. I love cats. Alec isn’t a cat, he’s a goddamn monster!”

“Please?”

“He’s a godless beast of death and pain! He doesn’t stop unless--”

“Stephen! I swear to god, you either take care of my damn cat this one weekend, or I will make sure the cat is the least of your worries!”

Stephen sulked, “Fine, I will watch Alec, but on one condition...”

Ansley sighed, “What is it?”

“I’m bringing over something to help with my allergies.”

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The hallway seemed darker with Alec slowly approaching; clawing up against the broken table to slowly mark his path, stopping to stretch and display his claws every few steps until he was next to Stephen’s face. Alec gazed deeply at Stephen’s face inquiring on last requests he had no intention of granting.

Stephen struggled into a sitting position and clapped. A loud beep answered from the small portion of Alec’s feline soul that could still sometimes fear. Alec’s ears started twitching and a whirling sound could be heard from across the house. Slowly the whirling was louder, closer, and then the light, a single red light that would put fear into any of Alec’s ancient saber-toothed bloodline.

***The machine approached.***

Alec struggled to move into an obese gallop. The machine did not struggle, it was not like Stephen, it would not be pained by a scratch, it would not struggle to breathe near his shedding fur, and it would never bore or grow tired of hunting him. It would stalk him to the ends of the room, no, the home, possibly even further. Alec would not find out, he had been lured into the

compact bathroom and as the machine advanced on him from around the toilet, he knew there was no escape.

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Stephen picked up the phone with his hand over the receiver, hoping it would cover the sounds in the background.

“So, you and Alec are getting along then?”

“Come on Ansley, I mean aside from when I broke the table he hasn’t even left the bathroom, and sorry about that again.”

“It’s okay, it’s a cheap table. I’m just happy the two guys in my life finally came to terms you know? So, you’re sure you can watch him a few more days?”

“Absolutely, you go have fun with your folks. I’ll be here as long as you need me to be.”

“Thanks, that’s super sweet of yo—“

A piercing cry shook the home.

“Did I just hear Alec?”

Stephen’s hand over the receiver hadn’t muffled the sound this time.

“Hey Ansley, something just got stuck in the Roomba. I better check it out real quick. Have fun on the trip. Love you. Bye.”

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