

KITTEN ON THE KEYS

“You can’t be in this story!” shouted the Writer, tossing typed pages into the air and throwing his shoulders against the back of his chair. Kitten, stretched out across the sofa, looked up at him through her long-lashed, languorous eyes and said,

“Why not, Honey? I like it here.”

“Because!” he shouted. “Do you have any idea how many women named ‘Kitten’ or ‘Kitty’ or something like that show up in stories like this? And how many have ‘long-lashed, languorous eyes’?”

She wriggled slowly on the sofa, rolling toward him and rotating one shoulder as she rubbed her hand up and down her shapely, black-clad thigh.

“No, Baby, I don’t know,” she said in a slow, low-pitched voice. “Why don’t you tell me about it?”

“Stop that! You’re almost purring!”

With a mischievous grin, she began making that deep, rolling guttural sound between menace and contentment.

“God! I try to do some serious work, but you show up!”

She slithered and oozed to a sitting then a standing position, like a cobra swaying to a flute. Next she was behind him. He felt her fingers on the back of his neck.

“Hey, Baby,” she said in that low, low voice, “it’s all right. Don’t cry.”

“No no no no no!”

Hey, it’s all right. You can do serious work and still have a little fun.”

Her voice was nearer now, and then he felt it - a firm, large breast under thin silk, sliding along the bone behind his ear.

“No! No!” he whimpered, then suddenly thrust his upper body forward, away from the breast and over his writing desk, and wheeled around fiercely to face her.

“You, you listen to me. This is my book. I am writing it, I am in charge. This is going to be a serious book. No clichés, you hear me? Especially no clichéd characters. It’s going to be about courage, and caring, and death, the big things. Love, even. Real love. And that means there’s no room for you!”

She stood, smiling at him. Her head was leaning to one side, her arms were folded under those big, lovely breasts.

“Poor Baby. But I’m here, right? You rubbed the magic lamp somewhere up there in the right hemisphere of your brain and here I am.”

“Oh, God! What am I supposed to do?”

“Well, if self-torture is your idea of a good time, just go on ranting for a while.” She smiled again.

“Or we could just re-lax and have my kind of a good time.”

The shiny tight-stretched black pants shimmered across her buttocks as she walked, slowly, back to the sofa and again stretched herself across it. Tears filled his eyes as he watched her trace the curve of her breast with a long, red fingernail.

The Writer banged his head against the keyboard and rolled back and forth, making something that looked like this:dfv ytg hmukj,lhtry fgx

He stared at the line for a moment and tried to pronounce it, but he knew he was just avoiding the real issue.

“Kitten, what do I have to do to get you to go away?”

“Oh, Honey, I don’t go anywhere until my mission is accomplished! You ought to know that. I’m with you for the duration, until you get that thing written. Then - ta ta! You won’t need me anymore, and I don’t stick around where I’m not needed.”

“Need you! Shee-it!”

“Tsk. Such language. Let’s not try to fight a cliché with a cliché, eh, big boy? Come to Momma. Honest, Momma can help you, you just gotta let her.”

When he was in her arms, sobbing, she said, “There, there, big fella, it’s all right. You just got to let it happen. Momma can be anything you want, she knows lots of disguises. Just let it happen. Ol’ Kitten can become a woman, or a man, or just a mood, we can call her Kitten or Ralph or Marguerite, or a sense of doom, or the breeze on a Hamptons beach, but she’s gotta be in there or you’re just not going to have any life, you’re not going to have a story. So come to Momma, Baby, and we’ll play. And when you’re finished,” she whispered, “nobody has to know, ever.”

And it was all right. Just like the last time.