

Wilford

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Night Works Books LLC

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Wilford

The giant my human chose is loud. His footsteps are like thunderclaps. The vibrations rattle through me, setting my claws on edge. His voice is too deep, too full, and his laughter makes the fur at the end of my tail puff out.

He constantly disturbs my rest. I can't even finish a nap in this house without him opening and closing doors or rifling through our cabinets in search of food. He eats all the time, and my human doesn't say a word about it.

But if I let her know she's late with my evening snack? She rolls her eyes and sighs and acts as if I'm being dramatic. Dramatic! While my stomach eats itself because it's so empty.

Even his smell is loud. Sweat, denim, testosterone—it invades our whole space and makes me feel itchy and annoyed. The soap he uses fills the house with fake forest smells, and I sneeze when my human picks me up after letting him paw all over her.

She thinks my sneezes are adorable. She makes sweet faces and tells me she loves me while brushing out my fur. If she really loved me, she

wouldn't force me into that mobile prison cell that she uses to carry me to his hovel. They expect me to use a litter tray in his tiny guest bathroom like some stray found in a dumpster.

She knows better. My ancestry is framed on the wall in our living room. I'm the scion of two great Himalayan champion feline bloodlines, and she lets that big-footed hulk treat me like a \$5 shelter cat.

And now his disgusting shirt is stinking up my sofa.

She practically stripped him naked right in front of me. He came home from some place that leaves him smelling like feet and armpits, his skin ruddy and sweaty. I caught the scent of seven different men on him, each one worse than the last.

My human finds that stench intoxicating and acts like a feral cat in heat. It's embarrassing. She can't keep her hands off of him. She smiles up at him the way she used to smile at me. She lets him take up our whole bed, and I'm relegated to my banana in the office to escape his man stink.

Now, they're in our bedroom doing unspeakable things. They're like zoo animals. Curiosity really did almost kill this cat, and I'll never forget the disgusting things I saw the first time I investigated.

He was mauling her between her legs, and she was trying to fight him off, kicking her feet and screaming. And then he mounted my human, and I couldn't allow the attack to continue.

One little bite on his fat foot, and suddenly, I was banished from the bedroom. I might have swiped his legs with my claws as I scrambled to escape, but he deserved it for treating my human in that disrespectful way.

The other one wouldn't treat her this way.

I couldn't understand why she preferred this ogre when she could have had the gentle one from the cabin. He smelled of leather and mint and had soft hands as he gently scratched my neck. He was quiet and

moved elegantly, and he never would have left his dirty clothes on my sofa.

Irritated, I hop up onto the shirt draped over the back of my sofa and extend my claws. My human calls this *making biscuits*. I usually keep my claws retracted but not today. I make sure to dig them into the damp fabric, tearing through the cotton as I knead it beneath my paws.

Each time my human screams and the troll growls, I rip a little more, all while imagining the shirt is still on his back. Nasty. Filthy. Dirty. Stinky. Man.

She cries out his name, and he shouts that he loves her. I feel something tickle the back of my throat, and nearly wrench on his shirt.

His heavy footsteps give me a short warning, and I hop off the sofa to avoid being caught destroying his shirt. One of my claws is still stuck in the fabric, and I drag it behind me as I skitter across the living room to the kitchen, shaking my paw to dislodge the tightly woven fabric. I manage to get free just moments before he steps into the kitchen.

Naked. Sweaty. Red. Covered in black marks from neck to ankles.

I glare at the appendage hanging between his legs and use some cat math to calculate how quickly I can swat it and dodge his foot. I had almost captured a hummingbird a few days ago before my human scolded me and dragged me back inside. A hummingbird had wings, and that *thing* didn't.

"Did I leave my shirt on your sofa again?" The ogre bends down and sweeps it up off the ground. The white fur clinging to it betrays me. He pokes a thick finger through one of the holes I had made and frowns. "Wilford, this was one of my favorite gym shirts."

I flick my tail and silently dare him to complain more.

"But your mother did say it was looking ratty and needed to be replaced." The giant shrugs and tosses the shirt in the trash can. He

eyes me suspiciously before reaching for the lid on the treat container my human keeps on the counter. “I’m starting to think you’re doing her dirty work for her.”

Hardly. I flick my tail again and watch him grab a few of the crunchy shrimp treats. He places them on the floor in front of me, but I don’t move forward to grab them yet. He has the most annoying habit of petting me with his giant hands when I am trying to eat.

“I know, I know,” he says patronizingly. “Step back before I get the murder mittens.”

When he walks to the refrigerator, I snatch the first treat and gobble it, all while wishing it was his bones crunching between my teeth. He starts to drink something in loud gulps, and I scowl at him, wondering what my human sees in him.

“You know, Wilford, this time next year, you might have a baby brother or sister.” He scratches at his bare chest and has a dopey smile on his face. “Time for Round Two, I think.”

As he leaves the kitchen, the ogre bends down and scratches my neck in the most undignified way, leaving my fur sticking up in all directions. I growl at him, but he just laughs.

Irritated, I finish my treats and consider his threat about a brother or sister. If my human thinks she’s sneaking another cat in here to share my territory, she is out of her mind. There is only room for one cat in this house!

The tickle in my throat returns. I had spent the morning grooming myself, cleaning my fur until it was shiny and soft. The downside to meticulous grooming is the hairball currently inching its way from my belly.

The giant’s stinky boots catch my eye. He left them in the laundry room, haphazardly blocking the doorway. My human has asked him

multiple times to put them on the tray, but he never remembers. Probably because he's too busy thinking of ways to get her naked.

I glide across the floor with silent steps. My scratchy throat refuses to be ignored much longer. I bat one of his boots with my paw, pulling at the laces and testing it. Yes, this will do fine.

As my human's laughter and moans fill the house, I lean over the shoe and prepare to unleash my gift. The stench coming out of the boot would have knocked a vulture dead. If I hadn't been on the verge of hacking up a hairball, that one sniff alone would have done it.

When I'm done delivering my gift, I prance off to the office and snuggle into my banana bed, hiding away under the top peel. The image of my human's mate sticking his foot into that boot and finding my handmade gift fills me with joy. His suffering brings a smile to my face.

One way or another, he's going to learn that I am the man of this house.
