

# Cats Do It Doggie Style

*by* Mark Haskell Smith

One

Xao Ping reflexively dug her claws into the plush chenille of the sofa and let out a low yowl. She knew the old lady would be mad if she tore the fabric, but she couldn't help it. Even after all these years she still got a thrill, a perfect and surprising spasm, whenever Max mounted her. She felt an electrical crackle race through her violet-colored fur, causing it to rise up along her spine; another reflex she couldn't control.

Max pressed down on her, biting her neck just the way she liked it, his purring ragged and guttural as he let his powerful body succumb to his desire for her, following primal urges, doing what animals do.

As Max increased the tempo of his thrusts and began making the noises he always made, Xao Ping heard footsteps in the hallway.

“Not on the couch!”

Max and Xao Ping froze, caught in the act, and turned to see the old lady standing in the doorway.

The old lady looked at them, blinking through her oversized bifocals, the blue tint in her curls made her hair look like freshly extruded plastic threads.

“You nasty little beasts. I should've had you both fixed.”

She stepped towards them, her clunky-heeled shoes making a frighteningly loud smack on the floor, and reached for a magazine. Xao Ping had seen this enough to know it was time to go. She tried to bolt from Max's embrace — she didn't want to get whacked by a

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magazine — but he was too strong, holding her down, refusing to relinquish his position.

The old lady rolled the magazine into a tight cylinder — a paper baton - and started towards them. She raised her hand to hit then and suddenly stopped, a strange expression blooming on her face as she grabbed her chest, wobbled, and collapsed with a colossal thud, shaking the room, rattling the crystal decanter on the credenza.

The impact caused dust from the Oriental rug to erupt into the air, drifting around the room, settling on the old upright piano, the bookshelves, the framed photographs of the old lady and her family.

Xao Ping sneezed. She had a sensitivity to dust mites, one of the problems of being from Siam.

The old lady lay on the floor, exactly as she'd landed. She didn't say anything. She didn't move.

Xao Ping turned to Max. “Do you think she's dead?”

Max looked at Xao Ping, then at the lifeless body of the old lady, he began thrusting in earnest. “Give me a sec, babe. I'm almost there.”

