

"Come on, come one. Let me see it." David waited impatiently as the bull dug around in his backpack.

The husky met up with Alex in the library during lunch like they always did on a B-Day. Their math teacher returned their pop quiz today and David wanted to see what Alex got. With all the studying and tutoring they had been doing together David could see how much the bovine had progressed.

"I think I lost it," Alex said setting down his backpack.

"No you didn't, it's in your lap. I saw it!"

Alex huffed at the canine's insistence and pushed the paper towards David, face down. The pooch quickly grabbed the paper and held it up. Alex couldn't see the husky's expression behind the sheets of paper, but could read the dog's tail like an open book. He intentionally put the first paper with the grade in the back so that David would have to shuffle through all the pages.

Even before David reached the last page his tail was starting to wag up a storm. He didn't see too many red marks on the pages he'd seen so far. When he saw the page with Alex's grade on it, he could not keep the excitement out of his voice.

"You got a B+! You passed!"

Alex told the husky to "Shhhhh" and the canine clamped his paws over his muzzle, but that did little to hide the goofy grin.

"You passed. You even got a better grade than Tim. He only got a B-."

"Thanks to you."

"Maybe a little, but most of these problems we didn't even go over and you got them all right. I'm so proud of you!"

"Huh?"

"You did a lot of this on your own, you should be proud of yourself. I am."

Alex looked up and down the smiling dog: ears were perked, that tail still waving in the back, blue eyes as bright as that ear to ear smile. As far as he could see, the husky wasn't teasing, being sarcastic, or making fun of him; the canine was genuinely happy for him. He found David's happiness to be infectious.

"GASP!" David's face turned to shock. "You smiled."

Alex quickly put on the biggest frown he could and snorted. "I didn't."

"You did. It was just a little, but I saw the corners of your mouth." David's own smile seemed to stretch further.

"Whatever. What are we going over today?"

The pair spent the rest of the lunch studying, switching between Biology for Alex and Chemistry for David. That smile never left the husky's muzzle while Alex did his best to keep his frown up, but his tail was looping happily behind him.

David and Alex were already studying together in the back of Mr. Laval's classroom by the time Brian walked in. The pit bull said that he was talking to the football coach as his excuse for why he was late. The meerkat let it slide, but told tardy footballer that if he was late again, an extra day would be added to the term of his detention.

The jock canine grumbled in agreement as he made his way to the table in the back of the room. He looked up at the pair sitting next to each other and gave them a low growl as a greeting. The husky flinched at the sound, his ears canting backwards. The bull on the other had glared at the canine bull with his paws balled in tight fists on the tabletop.

"Remember, you are suppose to be studying and helping each other," Mr. Larval reminded the group of detainees while he was grading papers at his desk.

Brian sat down across from the couple and tossed his textbook on the table with a loud smack.

David flinched again, but was able to restrain himself from jumping out of his seat when he saw what made the noise. Though, to his surprise it was a chemistry textbook, not the one he uses in his AP class so he guessed it must be from the regular chemistry class. David wanted to ask the jock if he really was in such a high level science class or if he stole the book from some poor fur and used it to make himself look smart or to throw around like a brick.

They were halfway through their detention when the pit bull started growling again. David was helping Alex with his biology homework when Brian slammed down his pencil. The pit bull got up from his chair with a piece of paper clutched in his paw and walked over to Mr. Larval.

"Mr. Larval I can't get this equation to balance," Brian said once he approached the teacher.

"Oh, you can actually ask David for help. He's in my AP course and did a good job during that lesson. Work with him and see if you can come up with the answer."

David's ears perked at the mention of his name and being volunteered. "But Mr. Larval, I-"

"Remember David. You agreed with Mr. Sharron that you would help both of them."

Brian marched back to his seat glaring at the husky. "I'll do it myself," he snarled.

"You two need to work together. Now Brian, show David what you have so far," Mr. Larval ordered from his desk.

The pit bull grumbled and begrudgingly shoved his paper towards the husky. Alex stopped the paper from with a firm paw and glared at the canine like he was about to charge, his tail whipping around

behind him. David placed his paw over the bull's and assured him that it was alright and that he would look at the paper, even if he didn't want to.

The problem was to balance the equation for the reaction of ethane and dioxygen into carbon dioxide and liquid water. David ran through the scribbles to try and follow the other canine's thought process while said canine stared disinterestedly at his chemistry textbook.

"You are on the right track so far, but it's a lot easier if you write out the quantities of each atom."

"I did that," Brian snapped back.

David ignored the huff from his side. "Yeah, but you didn't update them ." David turned the paper sideways. "Remember that if you increase the chemical compound count, the affect on the individual molecules is multiplicative. Like this."

Brian tilted his head as he stared at the paper followed the husky as David ran through the problem. The husky swiveled the paper back around to him and following the tip, continued working on the problem.

"What do I do about this fraction?" the pit bull asked.

"You want to make it a whole number, so you have to find out what to multiple it by then multiple the whole equation by that."

They each went back to studying on their own until Mr. Larval got up from his seat. "Your detention is over, you guys can go now." While they were packing, the meerkat went over to the table, "Did you get through all the problems Brian?"

"Most of them."

"Here let me see."

Brian got up and handed his work over to the teacher.

"It looks good, I didn't see any wrong answers so far. Good job," Mr. Larval said with a smile to the tail wagging dog.

David and Alex had already left the classroom and were walking down the hall when they heard the sounds of footpaws approaching from behind them. Before David could see who it was, Alex stepped in front of him blocking his view. The husky had to peak around the big bovine to see Brian growling at Alex. The bull was tense too, his paws in a fist at his sides and his tail was batting David in the thigh.

Brian turned his attention to the husky when he saw the blue eyed canine poke out from behind the wall of beef. The creature vanished from sight as quickly as it appeared and he was left standing off against a snorting bull. "Just wanted to say thanks," he said in a gruff voice before turning around and walking off.

The pair kind of just stood there, Alex held his posture just in case the jock was up to something, but David had moved from behind the protective wall just a bit and watched as the other canine turned a corner. Alex relaxed his shoulders and gave a big sigh now that the threat was gone. They turned around and continued walking to David's car, but David was left wondering if the pit bull really meant what he just said; it wasn't said in the nicest of tone after all. The husky asked the bull what he thought about it and just got a snort as a reply.

The next day's detention was the same as the previous one except with much less grumbling and growling. Brian had asked the husky to explain part of a lesson he didn't understand. David tried to simplify as much of the material as he could understand himself while he and Alex reviewed their math work. The rest of the week's detention ran a similar course with the pit bull asking for help on some history and English assignments as well. The two bulls still never talked to each other, but their usual interactions were less aggravated, down to just a scowl or a growl here and there.

David didn't have to go to the T.E.A. meeting this week since with it being cancelled because the drama club's play was running this week and Tim was busy with dress rehearsal. David managed to persuade Alex to join him to catch the Friday night performance with Stacy, Justin, and a couple of other friends. The husky was a little surprised it didn't take much convincing to get the bovine to watch a play and then stay with them for a celebratory dinner with their actor fox friend.

Alex had not been to a play since middle school and that was only because it was during the school day and his teacher used class time to go see it. He didn't know what to expect from something titled "Little Shop of Horrors". The play was quite interesting, to say the least. The bull found it funny to imagine something like one of his crops coming to life and eating furs. He noticed Tim was the shop keeper, which he thought the fox played very well. As opposed to the cougar who appeared to be the main character; he thought the feline was a bit over dramatic, but he supposed that's how it was supposed to be in a musical about a manipulative, blood craving, fur eating plant. He gave a standing ovation with the rest of his friends and waited for the fox to finish up with the rest of the crew before they all went out to eat.

They went to a hibachi restaurant since Tim liked Japanese food. This was another new experience for Alex, one that he enjoyed, for the most part. He sat next to David out of habit and was thankful that Stacy sat on his other side, he didn't know the cougar, coyote, nor badgers too well. The food was delicious, but he could have done without the theatrics. He tried to refuse having food thrown at him by the chief, but everyone was egging him on. They all got a good laugh when the chief over threw the piece of shrimp and it bounced off of his horn to land on his snout. Surprisingly, he didn't get mad at them laughing at him since it was pretty humorous watching everyone else get pelted with food bits, though he refrained from laughing out loud like everyone else did.

Alex ended the evening at David's house with Stacy, Justin, Tim and the fox's cougar friend who he learned was called Ivan. It was one in the morning by the time everyone had left, leaving just him and the husky. David had told everyone that he'd take the bull home and Alex had no complaints about that.

"Well, that was fun. My side is hurting a little, I don't think I've laughed that much in a long time," the husky said rubbing his side while lying on the couch.

"Yeah."

"You ready to go home." The canine let out a big yawn showing off all his teeth.

"I can walk home."

"What?" The husky sat up straight. "It's too late to walk that far."

"You're too tired."

"I'm fine, I can give you a ride."

"You already took your medication."

"I switched to some over the counter stuff that doesn't make me drowsy. Beside, you remember it was drizzling when we came here. It's pouring now," David said swiveling his ears towards the windows.

Alex didn't have as sensitive hear as the canine, but he could make out the sounds of heavy rain. It would be a drag to walk home in this weather, but nothing he hasn't done before.

Before the bull could come up with some excuse, David got up and grabbed his keys. He tried to hide another yawn from the bull.

"You can't drive in this weather if you're tired. I'll just walk home."

David didn't want to admit it, but he was pretty tired and in this weather, it wouldn't be the smartest decision. "Fine, but I'm still not letting you walk home." The husky set down his keys and went to lock the front door.

The bull snorted. A locked front door wouldn't stop him from leaving. "What am I suppose to do then?"

"You can just spend the night I guess."

"What about your parents?"

"They aren't even home. They are on some business trip for my dad. They've been gone all week."

David made his way to the base of the stairs before calling out, "Are you coming?" There was a moment of grumbling followed by sounds of heavy hooves on wood floor before the large bovine came into view. It was then that the husky realized that he was going to lead Alex up to his room. His heart started to beat faster with each step up the stairs. The canine started fretting over whether his room was clean enough and if he remembered to put away his dirty clothes and if he cleared off all the papers from his desk and when the last time he vacuumed was.

Alex trialed the husky up a flight of stairs and down a hallway where the canine stopped at a door for a moment. Slowly, he watched David open the door and peer into the room as if the husky was expecting to find someone in there working and not wanting to be disturbed. He finally entered the room once the black, white, and brown dog opened the door and walked in. Alex didn't know what to expect, but he could tell this was definitely David's room. Aside, from the husky's scent being everywhere, the room was very orderly and neat.

"Sorry for the clutter," the canine said as he went about picking up some clothes on the edge of the bed and straightening up some papers on his desk.

The bull simply rolled his eyes, this room made his look like a pigsty. It was certainly larger than his bedroom and was better decorated than his. There was a pretty decent sized bed in one corner and a desk with lots of computer and photo equipment on the other side. The husky had a wide dresser that doubled as a TV stand and a book case filled with various books, binders, and kick-knacks. Alex watched as David opened a closet next to the bed and grumbled at how orderly it was; everything was neatly arranged and hung, unlike his which was just piles of junk strewn everywhere and pushed in just so he could close the doors. There were also decorations on the walls: various photos that he suspected the canine took, some poster from a band he heard of and several ones of scenic views. The dog's black and blue bedspread even matched with the blue curtains with black trim that hung around the two windows in the room.

Once the husky was done making the already neat room more orderly, the canine turned to his guest and said that he could sleep on the bed. Alex refused and said that he would just sleep on one of the couches downstairs.

"Not with those," David said pointing at the top of the bull.

"With what?" Alex asked confused.

The husky brought a paw to the top of his and pointed at his imaginary horns. "If you poke a hole in my parent's couch, I'll get in trouble."

"I'll just sleep on the floor then."

David looked like he was thinking over the possibility and then quickly left the room, telling the big bovine he'd be right back. The husky reappeared a minute later with some weird looking plastic package. Alex simply watched as the little dog unfolded whatever it was on the floor and then push some button. The sounds of a motor started whirling and the crumpled plastic blanket on the ground began to rise and take shape.

"Whenever Tim sleeps over, we use this air mattress," the husky said.

Alex looked over the sack of air wearily and wondered if that thing would really hold his weight if he got on top of it.

"You are still sleeping on my bed," David said after glancing up at the bull.

"The mattress will be... fine."

"Not with those," the husky said pointing to his invisible horns once again.

"I'll be careful."

"I've seen the headboard on your bed."

Alex was silent for a second before he grumbled back, "fine." He recalled his wooden headboard was full of dings and dents.

The large bull sat on the edge of the bed to test out the waters while the husky pulled some blankets and a pillow from the closet. To Alex's surprise the bed didn't groan or complain. In fact, it made no sound at all and instead it felt like he was being sucked into the soft, squishy material.

"It's memory foam," David informed the bull who was poking his bed.

The answer satisfied the bull's curiosity and he got up and was about to take off his shirt when he thought otherwise. He wasn't sure if David would appreciate it if he slept in the husky's bed in just his boxers.

David saw the bull stop from disrobing. "You... you can sleep in your.... er, whatever is comfortable. It would be rude of me if I didn't extend the offer to you in my house."

Alex saw the husky face the other direction and start to take off his jacket. The bull followed suite and started to undress as well. A quick glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicion that the orderly canine was indeed neatly folding his clothes and setting them aside. He figured he better do the same so he folded up his jeans, jacket, and shirt as neatly as he could, which meant it looked like he just bunched them up, and placed them on the floor below a tall mirror next to the dresser. When he stood up, the bovine noticed a picture stuck in the frame of the mirror.

It was a photo of David sitting and relaxing at some park he guessed. The lighting and the pose really brought out the color in the husky's fur and made his eyes shine. It was really beautiful Alex thought, some professional photographer must have taken it, though something about it was familiar.

"Do you like it?" David asked when he noticed the bovine staring at the photo in the mirror.

"It's nice. Did you take it?"

"Uh? No, don't you remember? Y... you took it."

"Me?" Alex asked in disbelief. He turned to the husky who was standing there in just some blue boxers, the same beautiful black and white fur with swirls of brown woven in, visible to the bull.

"It's one of my favorites," David said before looking up and noticing that Alex was staring at him. The husky instantly felt hot and self-conscious in the presence of the buff bull. He quickly announced that he was sleepy and going to bed and rushed over to turn off the lights in the room.

Alex took the hint and crawled into the bed. It wasn't quite big enough for him, but he found if he bent his knees a bit, his hooves wouldn't be hanging over the edge. He was surrounded by the familiar scent of the husky when he put his head on the pillows and pulled up the covers, not that he minded, it was becoming quite the opposite in fact. He took a deep breath before closing his eyes; they didn't stay closed for long though. The sounds of sheets shuffling and grunts kept on coming from his side below the bed.

"Let's switch," Alex said into the darkness.

The noises stopped before another voice drifted through, "No, no. I'm good down here."

Alex snorted at the lie. "Take the bed, it's better for your ribs." He didn't like the idea of sleeping on the floor, but he also still felt guilty over the husky's injuries and would do whatever it takes if it made the husky feel more comfortable.

"No, please don't," David said when he heard two heavy thuds on the floor.

Alex was going to lift the puppy into the bed if he had to, but that last protest sounded sad, enough so that he sighed and crawled back onto the bed. The pooch was determined to be a gracious host, even if it meant a night on an uncomfortable mattress. The thought of him sleeping on bed that seemed to hug him in a soft embrace didn't sit well with him with David moving around restlessly down below. The thought of soft hugs brought an idea to mind. It was the only one other option he could think of, so he scooted over to the far edge of the bed and tried to steady his breathing.

"Get in the bed."

"Wha... what?"

"Get in the bed," Alex said loud and clear.

"I'm oka-"

"We'll share it," the bull cut off.

"I... I don't think my bed is as big as yours."

"It's big enough," Alex snorted.

David was determined not to have Alex spend the night on the floor, but the stubborn bull sounded almost angry to him with that last comment. He also had to admit that this option at least sounded more comfortable than the air mattress and didn't have the bull lying on the floor. Besides, they had already slept together once before and nothing happened, just harmless sleeping with a friend in the same bed the husky thought. Despite all the rational thought, that still didn't calm his racing heart as he

experienced déjà vu as he crawled on to the edge of the bed and under the covers, only this time, the bed was much smaller. By the time he settled in, his back was right up against Alex's and he ended up kicking the bull's hooves a couple of times.

"I... I don't think this will work. I'll just go back down on the air bed," David said over his shoulder.

Before the husky could get up though, Alex took a deep breath and quickly turned over tossing his arm over the prone pup and pulling the fluffy body close to his.

The canine let out a small whine from the sudden movement and instantly went ridged when he felt warmth surround him. His heart didn't pause for long and started thrumming to the sound in his ears.

Alex let out a breath that he had been holding in when he felt the husky's body go slack and relax. The little dog wiggled under his arm a bit setting his skin a tangle as the fluffy fur brushed against his. Once the canine in his arms quieted down, he let his snout rest on the top of the fuzzy black and white pillow and took another deep breath before letting himself drift off into sleep.