

Guy Talk
by Tredain

"You fucking KISSED HIM?! And just what the fuck ELSE have you been doing with him behind my back you fucking whore?!" the tabby hissed at the rabbit. Lloyd held up his hands defensively, his back against the wall.

"Whoa whoa whoa! Hey I didn't do anything! I've never even hung out with him! I was drunk at a party, he sidled up to me, also drunk, he leaned in, slurred something, and gave me a kiss! That was it!" he tried to explain as quickly as he could. She spun and pointed a claw at the extremely shamed looking shep.

"You slut, this is why I don't want you going to parties without me! I can't fucking trust you!" she hissed. "I CAN'T. FUCKING. TRUST. YOU!" She stamped her foot for emphasis. Both rabbit and dog said nothing. She huffed, threw up her hands, and stormed out of the store, slamming the door and causing the bells on the handle to jingle violently.

"She seems nice," Gretta commented, the goat still reading her book behind the cash register. She hadn't even looked up. Lloyd looked over at Danny. The dog pointedly looked at the floor.

"Uh.." he spoke, after a long, awkward pause. "She.. was my ride.." Lloyd sighed and touched his forehead with a couple fingers before closing his eyes. He lightly massaged at the bridge of his nose.

"Sure. Whatever. I'm sure she'll just take it as proof we're fucking or whatever. But yeah I can give you a ride." He peeled off his little blue vest, the only 'uniform' the student bookstore requested, and tucked it behind the counter. "I'm uh.. not coming back the rest of the day."

The goat turned a page.

"I'm sure you boys have a very busy evening ahead of you." She smiled coyly without looking up from her book. It was apparently a yaoi manga. The rabbit sighed again.

"Thanks.." he grabbed his book bag from beside her and slung it over his shoulder. He motioned at the dog with one paw.

"My truck is this way."

Danny gave a mute nod and followed several paces behind. The rabbit paused as he stepped out onto the asphalt, scanning along the parking lot for any signs of the irate cat. No sign of her or her car. They crossed the lot to the beat up blue truck. Lloyd never locked it but the thing was old enough and barely functional it was probably more effort to steal it than to simply walk. He climbed into the driver's seat, then leaned across and opened the passenger door, since it lacked a handle on the outside. The dog very quietly climbed in and kept his eyes down as he held his hands in his lap. Lloyd turned the key and let the engine struggle to turn off. After about a half minute it finally kicked on and chugged to life. He pulled out carefully and got onto the road.

"I am.. sooo sorry man.." Danny finally spoke up after a minute in traffic. "It was.. I don't know. I was drunk, I was being dumb. I definitely didn't think anyone would say anything or she'd like.. freak out like that.. or.. find out so fast.." the words just spilled out of him. "I don't even really remember it happening. Do you...?"

"No, not really," the rabbit lied. He remembered everything. He remembered being drunk as hell, but he remembered the way the dog had eased up to him with that self assured smile, the way he'd said "Fuck you're cute" in his ear before pressing their lips together. He remembered the hot, wet feeling of those lips, the big sloppy tongue. He smelled the booze on his breath but also his cologne and the natural scent underneath. He'd already jerked off to the memory. Twice. And even thinking about it again he was getting a little hard. "I was pretty drunk too. I'm not really sure what I was thinking." I was thinking how fucking hot it was, he thought but didn't say.

"Yeah. Yeah.. We were both kind of wasted.." the dog glanced out the window and watched the buildings and pedestrians pass by. It was not a short drive to Danny's place. "But it wasn't.. too bad, I

think."

Oh gods. Oh gods. Oh gods. The lanky white rabbit's heart beat up inside his ears.

"Thanks, I guess," he managed, trying to pay attention to the traffic. "I didn't think you were into guys at all."

"I'm not!" the dog almost jumped in his seat, then realized how it sounded. "Er, I mean, not really. I've never really thought about it. Too much. And you're like, the only gay guy I know. It wasn't fair of me to.. do that to you, without warning.."

Lloyd tried to swallow the lump in his throat. His face and ears felt so hot.

"Hey, I mean, we were both drunk. Like, good of you to own it, but you know, I.. didn't mind it. I mean, I'm usually not going to say no to a really good looking guy coming up and kissing me.." he blurted out. The dog looked up.

"You think I'm good looking?!" his ears perked up. The rabbit yipped and swerved away from a car he nearly hit. Then had to slam on the brakes as he nearly ran a red. He gripped onto the steering wheel like it was a life preserver and the current was about to rip him away.

"Sorry, sorry," he apologized, not sure about the driving or the admission. "Er, I mean, yeah, you're good looking. Athletic body. Your green eyes are nice. I think a lot of folks find you attractive man."

The dog chuckled a little and rubbed at the back of his head.

"I guess, yeah. You get a lot of looks being on the track team. I just, never really considered you, specifically, thought I was good looking.."

He trailed off and they sat in silence. The truck turned off and down a side street.

"Well, I mean, you and Stacy were together, it didn't really feel appropriate to mention it. And a lot of straight guys get really weird if you mention you're attracted to them and all that, so you know, and I didn't think you liked guys at all so why set myself up for disappointment again and.." he trailed off when he realized he was babbling. The silence stretched on again, so he just focused on driving. A few more turns. A few more stoplights. He glanced at the dog, who was staring out the window again.

"Well I don't think me and Stacy are going to be a thing anymore. She's uh.. pretty mad," he said eventually. "She gets mad a lot."

"Do you.. really go around behind her that often?"

"No! Like, you were the first I've ever... uh, I mean besides being the first guy. No but she gets jealous really easily and always claiming I'm looking at other girls. That I kissed another guy I think maybe broke her brain." He fidgeted with his paws in his lap. "I didn't want to hurt her. But, I don't think I could stay with her either. That's.. not the first public screaming match she's had with me. This month.."

Lloyd didn't know Stacy terribly well. They'd had some classes together. And she'd shared a part time shift at the book store but they'd very rarely been scheduled together. She was nice...ish. Usually. But he did remember the screaming match she'd gotten into with another customer. Something about being the wrong edition or something. So it wasn't exactly his first experience with the cat's bad moods.

"So you think you'll break up with her? I mean, not that that means anything for.. us.." it was weird saying 'us'. But the dog shrugged.

"She's not really that bad. But uh. I am kind of tired of being screamed at. She just gets so super jealous, it's hard to deal with when she gets like that. I mean, she's like the polar opposite of you. Or Gretta." Everyone knew Gretta. Gretta was chill personified. Until she got a little tequila in her. He continued "I mean when Stacy is cool she's really cool. She's nice, she's hard working. I think she has this thing about her older sister always being more successful or hotter though, so it left her with some, you know, self confidence issues."

Lloyd nodded. He knew about Brianna. She was taller, bustier, and probably on track for valedictorian. She was head of the student union to boot. That did seem like a hard act to follow. Still didn't mean it was okay to scream at Danny.

"Yeah, that's tough. I mean Stacy and I have always been okay. But yeah, I know she gets.. like that. I'm sorry though. You don't deserve that. I hope she can chill out. Though if you're going to break up with her.."

Danny sighed. He cupped his head in his paws.

"Yeah. I dunno. Maybe I'll just try to talk to her. But kissing you was probably the last thing I needed to do. I don't even know who told her."

"I think everyone did man. You kind of did it in front of everyone. I'm pretty sure there's a few photos of it floating around." It'd been a pretty big party. The campus cops had had to come and break it up over noise complaints. Twice. The dog groaned a little. He laid his head back against the seat, keeping his hands over his eyes.

"I'm sorry man, I'm such an idiot. God I never even drink that much but people just kept putting cups in my hand and then you were just leaning against the wall doing that cute thing with your ear and.."

Lloyd blushed furiously. But also wondered what 'cute thing' the dog meant.

"Er, that came out.." the dog very clearly was at a loss for words. "Not.. wrong, exactly."

He didn't know what to say. This was already so awkward. And getting into territory he wasn't sure he should be stepping into. But a part of him was deeply curious.

"What.. thing, exactly?" he had to ask.

Danny laughed a little. It made the rabbit jump.

"Sorry. God, this is so awkward, y'know? But like, when you get bored, or drunk, I guess, you let your right ear droop over your face and you kinda... blow at it a little until you boop the end with your nose and it's.. you know, cute."

He didn't think he could blush any deeper but his face felt like he could fry an egg on it. He did do that. He'd been doing it since he was little and his ears had grown long. He didn't really think anyone paid attention to it. How much did it do it when he was drunk..???

"Thanks," he managed to say after realizing he'd been quiet too long.

They turned onto Danny's street.

"Just... just there on the right," the dog pointed with one paw. He was back to glancing out the window. The truck chugged to a stop outside the squat little house amidst the row of identical houses. Danny had a roommate, Lloyd tried to recall, but there wasn't any car in the driveway. Danny didn't have his own car. He tended to walk or bike or take the bus.

"Thanks," the dog muttered before he opened the door and climbed out. He started to close the door, but hesitated.

"Hey. I'm sorry again. About like, everything. Not just Stacy yelling, but kissing you in the first place, in front of everyone, and I know this is all awkward and man, I never wanted to lay this all on you and.." the rabbit raised a hand and cut him off.

"It's fine man. It's okay, no, no, it's okay. Really. I do remember the kiss and.. well, you're a good kisser. It's fine, like, yea this is all awkward but you know... it was nice."

They stared at one another for a moment. A couple cars passed.

"Do you.. do.. you want to come in..?" the dog ventured carefully. The rabbit's heart beat out a heavy tattoo in his chest and threatened to jump out of his throat. He looked at the handsome dog. He swallowed. He turned off his truck. Which would have been a little more poignant except the thing sputtered, then backfired loudly so they both winced. He stuffed his keys into his pocket.

"You know Gretta will give us no end of shit if we.. you know. Anything, actually. Actually she's going to give us shit anyway I guess." That made the dog laugh and agree. Lloyd climbed out of his truck.

"Look I mean. Let's order something and talk some more, would that be cool?" he offered, coming around the back end of the truck. The dog's tail gave a little wag.

"Yeah. Yeah. I mean, I didn't mean come in and we would.. but I.. yeah.." the dog was flustered.

The two of them walked up to the door and Danny unlocked it. The white rabbit wondered what he was doing.

His stomach grumbled. He was ordering pizza and talking to his hot friend. Who thought he was cute. And was a good kisser. And had a really fucking crazy girlfriend. Ex-girlfriend.

What the hell was he doing, he screamed inside his head as he stepped inside behind the dog.

(The end!)

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