

"Now look here, Grayson, he knows I like him." The blonde stallion huffed with exasperation. This phone call was running a little long. He switched his phone to his other hand and left the kitchen with a fresh glass of cab.

"So? This might work out for you! He's a nice guy." The stallion on the other end replied quickly, which left Michael rolling his eyes. The two horses had been discussing Michael's worsening living situation before it shifted to a certain someone Michael was friends with.

As a professional violinist Michael's trade was not as easy to ply as some others were when it came to earning a decent living. Most of his earnings came from playing at private venues. He'd do restaurants, weddings, parties, etc and so forth. The pay was good when he had the work, but when the gigs were few and far between he suffered and lived off his savings, which were growing thinner by the month. There were times where he wished he'd listened to his mother's sagely advice about learning to play guitar instead. He had three friends from his college days that were swimming in money because they formed a band and played gigs at churches every week. Who knew that praising Jesus could pay the bills?

His Bachelor's degree in playing violin just wasn't helping him get concert gigs like he thought it would. That was a door he was struggling to get his foot into despite his talent. The music scene in the city was just too narrow minded to expand beyond rock and roll and hip hop. Classical fare was just a niche he'd blundered into. Maybe if he lived somewhere else, but he didn't have the money to risk moving shop and testing out a new city.

At least he didn't have student loans to worry about. Thanks mom and dad.

The stallion on the other end, Grayson, was a friend from college. They both lived in San Fernando, but unfortunately for Michael his friend was already too full up on roommates to be of any help with splitting the rent. The grey dapple stallion had earned a degree graphic design and now enjoyed working from home doing freelance jobs for multiple clients. He'd gotten that foot in the door, and it now showed. The only idiotic thing Grayson had done was overspend on his apartment, which was why he had to have two roommates.

Michael was living further out of SanFur between what was rural and urban. It gave him shitty commutes when he drove to gigs, but it was better than trying to pay what Grayson was paying with his own irregular income.

"I think that might count as me taking advantage of him, you nimrod! Or putting him in an awful position!" Michael exclaimed. The last thing Michael wanted to do was have his cute as hell straight friend thinking he was trying to take advantage of him for sex.

Lawrence was this super sweet guy that was painfully not playing on Michael's team. He had all the trappings of a great gay, but dammit fate had made the dog straight as an arrow. He even picked the cutest chickies to date, too, and then break his heart right after. It really hurt Michael whenever he'd see Lawrence pull out of another failed relationship. The poor guy had awful luck with the last two or three girlfriends he'd had, and especially so when there was this nice blonde stallion right here willing to sweep him off his feet.

Figuratively, of course. He didn't think he could carry anyone much heavier than his own mother and she was a petite little fox. His stallion heritage was all from daddy, but mother was the source of his sweet demeanor and candor.

"So mean!" Came the spirited retort. Grayson didn't sound offended. He was probably drinking on his end, too. "Look, ask him. Just ask him. He needs the help and so do you."

Michael fidgeted in his seat on the couch. His apartment was a small one bedroom unit. It was an older complex, but the elderly couple that owned it took good care of everything. He was getting a great deal on the rent since he moved in before they could renovate the unit he was in, but even so the rent was being raised with every lease and it was reaching a point where it wouldn't be worth it anymore.

"Grayson." He replied.

"Just fucking ask him. Don't be a pussy, Michael. If he doesn't want to he'll tell you no, and the fact you're twisting your panties in a knot over this means that you won't be taking advantage of him now doesn't it?" His friend replied. Michael opened his mouth, then shut it. He exhaled, which must have been loud enough for Grayson to hear on his end.

"Michael." Grayson said.

"Yes?" He asked. He took a big sip from his glass and let the red liquid drift over his tongue. It was a cheap cab, but a good one.

"Ask him, and when you do, make sure you point out that you don't want to take advantage of his situation. Be super duper forward about it, and

stress you're concerned for him. You want to help him. You do want to help him, right?" The stallion asked firmly. Michael swallowed and sat his glass down on the end table. Yes, he did want to help Lawrence. He was just being super self conscious about the optics of it all.

"Yes, Grayson." The blonde sighed.

Lawrence was struggling with rent. He worked retail, but his employer was cutting back on his hours. The management wasn't saying why, but everyone was thinking that they were going out of business. It wasn't a major franchise chain and the big outlets were hard to beat. Lawrence had this nice pretty degree in business, but hadn't gotten a real job with it yet. He was still searching for work but he wasn't getting any offers that put him anywhere better than he was right now.

Michael's first instinct was to lean in and offer the dog a chance to be his roommate so that he could start setting aside some cash and get himself better situated. It'd save both of them money! That was until Michael had his fearful double take moment on the entire idea of them living together.

Lawrence... he knew that Michael liked him more than just platonically. The canine was so fucking cute and handsome all in one neat little package. Lawrence was in really good shape and could totally be a male model if he wanted to. He was also atypical for most straight guys. The canine didn't seem to like presenting himself like a stereotypical macho guy even though he could.

He had this gorgeous light brown hair he usually let grow out a bit, and he actually knew how to take care of it. He was a bit of a metrosexual. Really knew how to dress himself unlike most straight guys Michael knew. Pair that hair with his own sweet cream colored fur and he was fucking delicious. God, he was such a package!

A nice package of eye candy Michael couldn't have. Lawrence was a pretty boy that liked boobs, and Michael had not been fortunate enough to be blessed with those! All of God's blessings to him had been bestowed to Michael down below the navel.

"Then just fucking do it, then. If you become any bigger of a pussy about this he might actually want to start fucking you!" Grayson replied, then started to laugh obnoxiously.

"You're such a child, Grayson." Michael replied flatly.

"Oh, don't my roomies know it. I'm going to hang up now. Call him today and I'll ask you about it tomorrow to scold you for when you don't!" his friend replied, and before Michael could say anything further Grayson hung up on him with a click. He sighed big and dropped his phone down onto the arm of the couch.

Wonderful, he thought. There was no reason for him to listen to Grayson and do as he said, but at the same time the only thing keeping him from making that phone call was his own anxiety. Michael stood back up and topped off his wine glass, then returned to the couch and picked his phone back up.

Did it need to be a phone call? Maybe a face to face meeting would be better? No, a meeting like that would feel weird. It could come off too forward and he'd feel weird. Trigger his anxiety some more with facetime. Michael would call instead!

No, he'd text first and ask if he's busy, and then if he wasn't busy Michael would then call. That'd be the polite thing to do.

"Hey! Are you busy atm? I need to bug you a bit." Michael texted. At least texting Lawrence came easy for him. No worries there. Michael sipped at his wine glass nervously and cradled his phone between his thighs as he watched the screen. His wallpaper was a photo his mother had taken of him at one of his gigs. He was in a nice rental suit. Pure white with a purple tie and he looked absolutely gorgeous. He'd sat himself on a wooden stool in the corner of the restaurant and played his violin for wealthy diners. It was a very nice restaurant.

Michael really wasn't so vain that he enjoyed staring at himself every time he unlocked his phone. He could look at himself in the mirror at time he wanted. That gig he played in the photo was wear he met Lawrence. The sweetheart had been working there as a waiter at the time. The photo was a reminder of that. It was the closest he could get to having a photo of Lawrence at the moment. Michael preferred people to think he was being vain than to ask why he had a photo of his straight guy friend as his wallpaper!

"No, what's up?" He replied and Michael exhaled hard and picked up his phone and started tapping at the screen with his thumb. The stallion hesitated with his thumb hovering over the call button. He took a deep breath, let it out slow, then gulped down a mouthful of wine so that he had to gasp from how dry it was. Michael tapped the button. It started ringing, and he quickly hit the speaker button to put the phone down on his thigh.

Both hands cradled his wineglass as he waited.

"Sup, Michael?" Lawrence answered! He had such a sweet voice. The dog had a soft way of speaking that had a trace of fine bass underneath it. Michael suspected that he'd been born with a good singing voice, but Lawrence never showed any interest in music besides listening to it. Michael's own voice was a bit lighter than Lawrence's and sounded pleasant, but all of his musical talent was in his hands to work the bow of a violin. He'd tried singing as a child and it embarrassed him so hard he could never keep up the practice. With the violin he could sit quietly and shut his eyes and let the instrument do the singing. He liked it better that way.

"Hi, Law! Not bothering you, right?" He asked again. Michael pretended to bit his tongue, since he knew he was coming off as nervous despite his best effort not to.

"Nah, you're fine. Something up?" The dog asked. Michael rolled his eyes at himself. No, there wasn't anything wrong except for himself acting like a 'pussy'. He just needed to come out with it!

"No, no, Law! I'm just being dumb." He laughed, then continued. "Look, money has been a bit tight for me for a while, and I know you've been having some of the same problems. How would you feel about splitting rent and sharing a place?"

Finally, Michael had done it. He filled his mouth with another mouthful of wine and crossed the fingers on his free hand.

"At your apartment?" Lawrence laughed a reply.

"Well, we could figure something out. I know my place isn't very big." he replied. No, it wasn't big at all.

"How much is your rent?" He asked. Michael sighed and bit his lip.

"A little over a thousand." Yeah, this was the price he paid for trying to stay close to the city. Living alone wasn't helping that of course. A roommate would make it a whole lot easier the stallion reminded himself.

"That's about what I'm paying, too. I don't think either of our apartments are really meant for two dudes rooming though." Lawrence replied, and Michael bit his lip again. If he was being forward and honest he could remind the dog that if the 'two dudes' were dating then, well, they'd really only need the one bedroom.

"My gigs haven't been coming as often as I'd like. I've been poking through brochures for new places. Maybe we could shop around and find some kind of a two bedroom that's not too bad? Most of my other fellows are all tied up with their own roommates." Michael said, then worried over how he'd worded all that. "Not suggesting that I was saving you for last!"

Well that wasn't any better. He laughed at himself.

"It's an appealing offer I've gotta say." Lawrence replied and the stallion could hear him sigh. Michael nervously sipped his glass. "I could use the extra money, too."

Michael shrugged. He didn't want to feel like a heel! Lawrence was going to agree to look for an apartment because of his situation! The devil on his shoulder loved the arrangement, but the angel just shook his head. Michael took another sip from his glass.

"Well, it's no rush! I just wanted to toss the idea out to you and see what you were thinking. Either way I'm going to be looking into some places and when I get a list going I can drop you a text?" Michael offered. He could give Lawrence the time he needed to think about it and also have an 'out' if he didn't want to split an apartment.

"Oh, sure, Michael. Thanks for even asking. My circle of people aren't really in positions to accept any new roommates either. Kinda the odd man out, I guess." He told him. Michael leaned back into the couch and sagged. Waking up to the dog every morning would be such a terrible cocktease! He felt guilty for even thinking about it. He wanted what he wanted, but he always wanted to be... genuine in a not-horny way. Authentically decent. Sincerely pure. Pure and frustratedly horny from a daily cock block.

"You're welcome! I think I'll probably have something planned out later in the week. Hope I didn't bother you too much." Michael said and hoped Lawrence would take it as a chance to end the phone call. Michael was stressing out.

"Nah, man. I wasn't up to that much. Do you need to go?" He asked. Michael was caught by surprise and quickly thought.

"Yeah, a bit! I haven't done anything at all to get ready to nod off." Michael lied. Lawrence had flipped the trick on him and now he was the one taking the opening to end the call.

"Sure thing, man. Thanks again for asking, Michael. I really appreciate it." The canine replied and Michael smiled and gave him a round of welcomes. The stallion bid Lawrence goodnight and hung up. He sighed hard and downed the remainder of his wine and gulped it hard and opened his mouth to gasp.

"This was just a fucking phone call! How am I supposed to actually live with this man?" He sat his glass on the arm of the couch and planted both hands on his face and rubbed his fur up and down. Michael felt like a mess. He was clean, but felt like he needed a shower anyway. Seriously, how was he going to cope with a roommate that he wanted to fuck but couldn't? He was crazy.

Fifteen minutes later he was stepping out of the tub from having taken a cold shower. He shivered and took a towel to himself. He got a towel wrapped around his head for his hair and looked at himself in the mirror. The stallion took in a deep breath and exhaled. With no fog on his mirror he had a good look at his slim effeminate build. He knew he was a cute gent.

Michael sighed again. He wasn't really built to attract the types of men he enjoyed partnering with most. Most guys that liked the more feminine make and model like Michael's were most likely tops that want to bend the blonde stallion over like he was a porno pony. Michael was never into that. He was soft on the outside, but on the inside he really admired a more masculine physique on his partners. And then he wanted to fuck them. It made dating a bit trickier. People loved their comforting cliches, and Michael loved to defy them.

The men he wanted to fuck were givers not takers. The men that were eager takers were far too feminine for Michael's taste and the stallion really just wasn't that interested. A hard life the stallion lived. Lawrence, despite being kind of soft in his own way, was the right amount of masculine. Michael had never so much as even seen the canine without his shirt, but he could tell he had a great bod! Very sharp and trim like Bogey in the old noir films, but perhaps a bit better toned by his best guess.

Lawrence was totally the sort of gentleman Michael would love to flirt with openly. He needed to quit thinking of all that or else he'd need another cold shower.

A couple days later the blonde stallion found himself exhaling hard over the steering wheel. He was sitting in the driver's seat at a red light and waited for it to turn green. Just as promised Michael had indeed done some research and put together a list of potential apartments. He felt

like some of them were a waste of time. A lot of the available units he'd found wouldn't save them much money. It was a 'better than nothing' sort of situation.

He'd arranged to meet up with Lawrence at the first place on the list. It was a complex about halfway between where both of them presently lived. The light turned green.

Michael was worried. He wanted to move in with him! Oh, but that would be such torture! Both on his conscience and his loins. He groaned with dismay as he drove to his destination.

"Maybe I'll get lucky and everything is awful and we won't pick one. That way I won't have to deal with what's gonna happen next." He was talking to himself.

"But I, or we, need a cheaper place!" A counter argument to his own previous point.

Red light.

He grunted at the light as he stopped behind a Prius. There were so many Prius drivers in SanFur it was crazy. The stallion wondered to himself if the amount in savings would it be worth it to pack up and move out. Three hundred a month? That'd be nice. Two hundred? Only one? How low would he be willing to go if all the places were crap. Michael wanted something good for the long term. From the lot of available options he'd found he'd be lucky to get half as much as he'd like. Lawrence was really being squeezed tight by his own rent. Would he be desperate enough to save just fifty a month? He frowned, but softened when the light turned green.

These two bedroom apartments were so expensive! Everything that was actually cheaper was way too far out. His own apartment and Lawrence's further out of the city than either of them liked. It wasn't really terrible, but it did give an uncomfortable daily commute. At least Lawrence's workplace didn't move around. Michael's gig were all over the city and sometimes he would be stuck driving forever through SanFur traffic!

Another red light.

"I don't want to take advantage of him though." He said to himself. Michael really liked to talk to himself whenever he got anxious.



He could have searched for cheaper places further out, but then that commute would keep sucking for them both. That's a lot of money on gas both of them were spending, and it's not like those prices were going to go down anytime soon! If they lived closer to the city then they'd spend less on gas, and maybe not wear their cars out so quickly. All those miles were adding up every day.

"Fuck you, Grayson." He cursed his friend's name. Michael didn't really mean it, but it was the grey stallion's fault! If things went real sour he could just blame him for all of it. The light turned green, and then Michael proceeded to hit a red on just about every light he came to like karma had been watching him the whole time.

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"That one was dumb." Lawrence told him while they walked back to the parking lot. They were just now leaving the third complex. The last two were bait and switches. They were shown a two bedroom unit at both, but when they revealed the price it was higher than what the website said. Totally out of their price range. It'd basically be what they were each paying now! What would the point of that be?

"Expensive, too." Michael added. "What was dumb about it? You didn't say much inside."

"The washer and dryer were right in the kitchen area. That whole closet thing was right in the middle of the living room and the kitchen. Cut the room in half." the dog explained.

"Yeah, that was kind of a weird place to put. Especially when they made the bathroom so big. They could have put the washer and dryer in there instead." Michael agreed. The apartment had a funny floor plan. Looked nice on a superficial level, but he didn't really care for how it was laid out at all, and it was good that Lawrence was in agreement with him.

"Well, let's see about the next one, I guess." Lawrence said with a shrug. Michael agreed with that and they both returned to their cars. He stole a glance at Lawrence as he walked away to go around the back of his own car. That right there was one cute butt in a pair of very nicely fitted jeans! The stallion hid himself away in his car and cranked up. Since he was the one that planned all the locations he led the way while Lawrence followed along behind him.

The next place was in a good location, but he was worried about the price. This was one of the ones where he figured they'd save forty or fifty bucks at best. Better than nothing!

"Hello, gentleman!" A middle aged doe in the leasing office greeted them with her hands excitedly doing a quick golf clap from behind her little desk. They each replied politely with a 'hello' of their own.

"Hi! We're looking to check out some of your two bedroom units." Michael told her, and the doe immediately went from a bright smile to a polite frown.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! We actually just signed a lease for our last Veridian unit earlier this week!" She explained, which sunk this visit for good. He let out a sigh, and Lawrence merely shrugged and tucked his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, well, that settles that then! Thank you very much, ma'am." Michael told her with a laugh and turned to Lawrence to see what he wanted to do for the next step.

"Well, we do have a one bedroom available with a studio!" She said with renewed energy. The lady stood and stepped around her desk and smiled at them both. The doe had that 'keep them from leaving' energy that only someone with years of experience in sales could master.

"I don't think a studio would be enough for a bedroom." Lawrence told her. The lady went to the side wall and pulled a big card out of the plastic rack that was tacked there. She stepped over to them both and showed them the card. It was a map of a floor plan with descriptions of the amenities.

"This is our Ochre unit! The studio doesn't have a door, but it has the same square footage as the bedroom. I could show you two the unit if you'd like? I know you're looking for a two bedroom, but I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't at least try, right?" She giggled sweetly, and Michael hesitated before reluctantly taking the card from her hand. He looked over at Lawrence. The dog shrugged.

"Why not?" He said to the horse, and Michael shrugged along with him. According to the floorplan the studio was just as big as the bedroom.

"Sure, why not." Michael replied and smiled back at the lady who was now beginning to beam at both them.

"Fork over your driver's licenses, dears." She extended her hand with a suddenly shift of energy from being overly polite to being all business,

and they both gave her their IDs. She handed their IDs over to a younger coworker and then ushered them out the front door and to a golf cart. It was a tiny cart and Michael sat in the front with the lady and Lawrence sat n the back.

She drove them around the parking lot and started pointing out some of the features their apartments had on offer.

"We have a pool, and the second floor of the leasing office has gym equipment! We've just put some money into new equipment so it's all state of the art!" She bragged while Michael panned his eyes around the complex. Looked pretty nice.

"We've also got some renovations planned to have half of the first floor converted into a party room. We're going to have an air hockey table, pool table, and a really nice wet bar! It's already planned out we're just waiting for corporate to sign off on it so we can get the contractors in and working." She told them both. "It'll be open for all residents to reserve for parties and such. Isn't that delightful?"

"Oh, cool." Lawrence said from behind them. Michael wasn't going to use any of those things. Well, he might use the pool. Maybe he could lure Lawrence to go swimming with him, too. That'd be a fun; if a bit dangerous, idea. He'd never seen the dog in a pair of trunks before, but if Michael wasn't careful he knew he'd be showing off a trunk of his own. His mind was so in the gutter lately!

"And that over there is a playground. Neither of your look like you've got kids, but if you ever popped any out that's where they can go!" She laughed hard enough at her own joke to make Michael roll his eyes. "And right here! This building is the furthest back so you wont get quite as much noise from the railroad as the front units."

Michael had noticed that they drove over a set of railroad tracks to get here. There appeared to be a thick treeline behind the build, too. It felt like a kind of enclosed spot back here with all the other buildings in the front and mother nature in the back. Might keep out a lot of unwanted noise so long as the neighbors weren't awful.

Lawrence hopped off the cart and asked the lady how much the rent would be. She laughed and waved at him with a hand like it was nothing to worry about. Yeah, ok, he thought.

"It's a tad cheaper than the Veridian you were hoping to look at since it's technically a one bedroom. If one of you doesn't mind not having a

door then you're just dandy!" She told them without actually saying the price. He wondered how many many digits 'a tad' tallied up to being.

Lawrence did a lot better job of dealing with the lady than he would have. His work experience put him face to face with people all the time whereas he only had to argue with his violin. Oh, Michael was certainly sociable, but he much preferred being social with friends and family.

Besides, Lawrence had this natural charm with older women that had her paying most of her attention to him and not Michael. Might have also been that Michael was pretty clearly gay. And this suited him just fine! She led them both to the stairwell and up a single flight of stairs. The unit she was going to show was at the back and Michael got a chance to peek behind the building to see that the view would literally only be trees. It wasn't much, but it was a sight better than the parking lot and backside of a bowling alley that he had in his current apartment.

"Oh, and you really won't get any noise hardly now that I think about it. You're all the way back here and there isn't anything behind the trees over there. They've got a big vacant lot that's supposed to be a church but it's been five years and they still haven't built it." She explained and got the door open to the unit and led them both inside. A church, huh. Even if they did build it he didn't figure that would result in much noise. It's a church. You shut the hell up in God's house unless you're singing.

"Now, this is the living room! You'll have a modest balcony. Lots of residents use theirs to grill on, which is fine! If you want satellite tv or anything you'll have to cover it through your renters and show proof of insurance for it." She told them and started clicking on the lights.

"You have cable access here, right?" Lawrence asked.

"Oh, of course! Most people do. AT&T and Comcast are the ones most tenants are using." She and Lawrence started exchanging questions and answers while he listened with one ear. Michael caught Lawrence eying him from the side and the two shared a glance. The dog tipping his head to the doe to silently ask if he had anything to ask. Michael waved at him gently to say he didn't have anything to say. What the stallion wanted to do was just explore the apartment at his leisure.

"Through that door is the bedroom, sir." She pointed out to Michael, and he thanked her. The living room was modest, and kind of similar to what he had at his current apartment. As he approached the door she'd directed him to he had to walk past what was obviously the studio. It didn't have a door just like she said. It was just a wide opening in the wall with an

arch at the top of the empty frame. It looked kind of nice, but left no room for privacy.

He took a step into the studio counted the footage with his footsteps to make a mental note. He figured it was smaller than his current bedroom, but there was still plenty of room to stick a bed and other furniture items. Michael imagined a bed sitting right in the middle and shoved toward the far wall where the room's only windows were. There'd be enough room to either side for nightstands or whatever. Pivot to the open doorway and you could drop a dresser or something in one of the room's corners.

He stepped backwards until he was where he thought an end of a bed would be. He could hear the lady still chatting up Lawrence in the kitchen. Good. This let Michael have some peace to do his furniture figuring. He pivoted on his heel and looked at how much 'room' was left in the studio for furniture. He lifted his left hand and pointed to the corner. A dresser there. His right hand pointed to the opposite corner. Maybe a lamp.

It was a tiny room to be honest. If they moved in one of them would get stuck in a small space here. Well, small for Michael. He kind of liked having roomy bedrooms. He emerged from the studio and saw Lawrence turn and look over at him from the kitchen. The dog had this look on his face that made Michael step out and over to them.

The lady was singing the complex's praises left and right.

"Where is the washer and dryer?" He interrupted her monologue with a question. She smiled and did a little pivot on her heel, and he noticed Lawrence looked a bit relieved. He'd not left him alone with her for that long, had he? Just a few minutes.

"Oh! Those are right in the master bathroom! Let me go show you." She said and stepped past them to make her way into the bedroom. The dog mouthed out a message to him silently.

"Oh my god, dude." Was the message. Michael stifled a little laugh and followed behind the lady with Lawrence coming in behind him. No idea what that was about. There was a closet area in the master bathroom that had a washer and dryer unit with some shelf space above them. That was nice, he guessed. The bathroom itself wasn't that large considering some of the real estate had obviously been robbed to make room for the laundry closet. If they moved in together Michael was confident they could find a way to make it work between the two of them.

They let the lady have her way and she talked their ears off for about a half hour regarding the apartment, the price, and the surrounding area. They learned all kinds of mindless trivia neither of them cared that much about. It was a decent apartment, though! The only issue was if they'd be ok with having one of the bedrooms be a studio with no door.

After the doe finished showing them the apartment they made sure to ask if anyone else was looking at the apartment they'd just seen. From what she said there wasn't very high demand for some of their open units. She did not specify if this one was one of those units. They retrieved their IDs and went back to their cars with Michael suggesting that they find a different lot to park in to talk about their options.

"It wasn't bad actually." Lawrence told him afterwards. "I like that its pushed back in the corner like that. We've got actual trees to look at."

"It's better than I thought it'd be." Michael replied. "Not a two bedroom, but at least it's something."

The only two points they were both unsure on was the studio 'bedroom' and if the price was worth it. If they moved in they would each be saving about a hundred a month. So that was a big 1,200 a year win, but it was that lack of a real second bedroom, and the lack of overall square footage. Both of their apartment's were technically smaller, but now they'd have to share what space they had with someone else.

"We could buy a shower curtain rod and drape a sheet over it." The canine suggested, and Michael laughed at the canine's door solution.

"Don't you mean we buy a window curtain rod, and then we hang a nice curtain on it?" He corrected him, then laughed again. "And does this mean you like the apartment?"

"Well, I don't mind having the open door. If you want your privacy you could take the bedroom and I can take the studio. They looked the same size to me." He suggested. Michael paused and thought about it. He did want his privacy, but he'd feel bad about putting Lawrence in the doorless studio. Maybe he could let the dog have his window curtain door. It would look tacky, but at least all the guests they'd be bringing home would understand given the situation. Well, Grayson would be a lil shit about it, but that one could be snarky about anything.

Yes, he absolutely wanted a door for himself, and if one of them had a 'guest' then yes the door to Michael's bedroom would be a barrier between him and Lawrence. It wouldn't matter who had the guest. Well, it wouldn't matter anyway even with two doors since the studio and bedroom were side

by side. He doubted the walls were sound proofed. He was overthinking something that was well ahead of where they were right now, though. Both of them were single.

"If we move in and you take the studio that's what you're stuck with." Michael pointed out. "Moving sucks. I don't want to do a double move, and I like having a bedroom door."

"I don't either, but honestly this location is a lot better for me. It's going to save me money on rent and gas. I think it'd be worth it, and I seriously didn't like any of the other apartments we looked at." He replied. "Were there any others on the list?"

Michael fished out his phone and checked. He had the list already open in his memo app. He knew there was one or two more. Looked like two more, and he'd put them on their last as he felt wrong leaving home with only a few places to see.

"Just two. Want to check those? Or just quit here and think about it." Michael asked.

"No, let's check the last ones, then call it quits. They might be better." He suggested, and Michael opened up his Google Maps to map them to the next apartment complex.

"Let's get going then! To the next one!" He proclaimed with energy he didn't really feel. He was getting exhausted from all the apartment hunting.

The next two apartments were about the same as all the first ones they'd visited. The first complex didn't have the floorplan they wanted available, but they did have a similar plan open that they were shown. It sucked. Neither of them wanted an apartment with an outdoor washer and dryer, and it was too expensive. They'd be paying about the same as they were now, and the savings in gas weren't enough to justify the change in scenery.

The last one they visited was a bust because the price was outrageous and they'd have to wait six months before they could even move in. The apartment they showed off was already being rented out to a new tenant. They only got to see it because the new people hadn't moved in yet. The complex was in the process of renovating the apartment with new appliances and floors. They had an existing tenant that was going to move out when their lease expired and that was the apartment they'd be stuck with.

It really seemed like the only apartment on the list that was worth anything was the one with the studio.

"So, what do you want to do Michael? I'll do it if you will." Lawrence said when they got back to their cars. The horse leaned to the side to stretch one leg. He wasn't enjoying how much he was being made to trot today, but at least the steps were good for burning off wine calories.

Did he want to? He'd get a bedroom door out of it, 1,200 saved a year on rent, hopefully money saved on gas (though he doubted it with his unpredictable work itinerary), and last but not least he'd get to room up with a cute guy he was crushing on. He let out a soft sigh. It'd all work out if they did it, and no move like this was ever a permanent one. If they found themselves in a spot where things needed to change, then yes, as much as he'd hate it, he could move again into a new apartment. He looked at Lawrence who was leaning against his car door with both hands tucked into his pockets. What a handsome dog, he thought, then smiled at his crush.

"Sure, let's do it." He told him. Lawrence pulled a hand out of his pocket and checked his phone.

"I think their door said they close at 7. We got time to drive back there today." He suggested. Michael rubbed his cheeks with his hands and started walking around his car to the driver's side.

"Let's do it before we change our minds!" He said more for his own benefit, and together they made their way back to the complex to claim the apartment.

"Well, welcome back gentleman!" The doe said happily and with a smug look like she'd somehow known she'd made the sale from the very start. As they went through the motions of getting the lease signed in both their names and figuring out who would pay the deposit Michael was now forced to just deal with his anxiety.

If life was kind enough to him then maybe living with his straight crush wouldn't be too bad, right?