

Bedfellows by Xanthe

<http://www.xanthe.org/bedfellows/>
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"It's not that I don't love you, because I do." Skinner said miserably, sitting up in bed. "But I think you moving in was a mistake. You're keeping me awake."

He tried to avoid the tragic look in those mesmerizing, hazel eyes.

"If you could sleep on the couch? It's what you're used to." He kissed his companion's forehead tenderly.

"Oh alright. You win." Skinner sighed, holding out his arms, unable to resist the soulful stare emanating from the pillow beside him.

His bedfellow snuggled up close, burying his face in Skinner's hairy chest with a contented purr.

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