

During college, a rookie fashion model struggles with her own personal feelings during classes and job sessions. She isn't alone since she has her roommate to cheer her up, who also happens to be a golden retriever.

Golden Encouragement

"Uuugggggghhhhhhhh!!! None of this is ever working!!!" June observes in stark interest and worry from hearing her roommate, Star, complain and rant about her current new job. Different articles of clothing are being tossed and thrown out of the closet in a frantic search for what Moon can wear that'll look good on her.

During her little fit, Star exclaims, "These clothes will never fit me! I'll never look good in them!" The female feline emerges with an exasperated, yet dismayed expression on her face upon emerging from her closet, glowering at the clothes inside that were left hanging up.

"Moon, what's going on here? Why are you so frustrated?" June attempts to ask for Star's attention. "I mean, it's not like you're going out to impress someone, right?"

"No, it's not that!" Star hisses in return, vehemently in frustration. She returns to her closet and retrieves a cream colored crop top along with a pair of denim skinny jeans. She turns to face the golden retriever while holding up both articles of clothing to her body, informing her, "I've just recently started a modeling trade and I can't figure out what to wear! Not only that, but I don't think I'll even look presentable to the crowd!"

Observing the clothes and how Star is holding them close to her body, June rubs her chin in thought while surveying her roommate. At the same time, a mental image of the feline wearing these clothes comes into her mind. After a bit of thought, June concludes, "I think you would look fine not only in those but also in anything that fits you; you just need to give yourself some time to breathe."

Although Star deflated a little bit in her posture, the feline hadn't been calm; she was anxious, worried, and most of all, trying to make a good first impression on her very first month in the fashion industry. She wanted to impress everyone. But was she trying too hard and overworking herself? Only June managed to pick that up about her.

Upon watching her cat roommate deflate, June perks up and suggests, "Try this: why not just be yourself and act how you normally do? That's better than going completely out of your way into something foreign. No use in going bonkers over your first day job."

Hearing this advice from her roommate, Star pauses to think this through, but there really isn't anything to go over. All June wanted was for her to be happy with her. But it appears that it is going to take a lot more convincing for this female feline to be content, especially since she and her golden retriever roommate are in college now.

After setting the clothes back in her closet, Star steps out of her closet and flops onto the bed, letting out a distraught sigh. She couldn't deal with messing up on her first day at her new job; well first month, rather. And she fears it will tarnish her name and reputation. Though June is there to encourage her, the dog hardly knows what to say to her, given their separate circumstances and jobs.

Star moans while in discontent. Lying on the bed while at a total loss on what to do, the feline groans, "What am I gonna do, June? It's all hopeless at this point!"

"I don't think so..." June is still standing while making her reply to her feline roommate, promoting Moon to sit up and stare at her questionably.

"What do you mean? I just don't want to look horrible or give off a bad impression on my first month on my new job." Questioning June's response, Star stares at the female retriever in suspicion, wondering what she is getting at.

June pads forward and takes a seat next to Moon on the bed, seating herself on the foot of their mattress while getting closer to her. The Golden retriever explains, "Star, listen to me. There's no point in beating yourself up over this; just be yourself and take it slow. You're not gonna make a bad impression. You can handle this fine by just being yourself. But you need to relax; you'll only end up burning yourself out if you constantly worry about what others think of you."

Attempting to justify herself and work her way around June's advice, Star presses her, "What would you do if you were in my situation?"

June goes straight to the point and concludes, "Quite frankly, I would just be myself. I'd be pretty excited and all but I would just be myself and act normal like I normally do. Overexcitement is a killer, after all."

"Overexcited or carried away? Which one is it?" Star interjects in return, trying to understand June's explanation more clearly.

"Both, actually, but there is a difference between the two. We can get into that later, but right now you need to relax and stop worrying so much, Moon! You'll do fine, trust me!" June assures in encouragement. Her tail begins to wag and pick up a bit of a pace when she stares Star directly in the face, hoping to see her expression brighten up.

Slowly, Star begins to take to heart what June is saying and she slowly wonders, "Do you think I am able to do this? Don't get me wrong, I am pretty excited, but I don't want to leave any kind of bad impression on anyone. Honest."

June simply chuckles at Star's hesitancy and slow recognition. This time, the golden retriever points out, "You're just nervous; that I can't tell for sure. Excited, but nervous." Turning towards her feline roommate, June reaches out to pet Moon's head, gently caressing her ears while reassuring her, "You got this, Star. You just need to stay calm and relax."

Soft purring comes from the cat moments later from the petting and scratching being done to her. This does the job in making Star relax and melt with her tongue sticking out a bit from her mouth as a result. Gently, the cat leans herself on June for support, to which June blushes while softly assuring Moon, "There there, you'll be fine Moon. No need to rush things."

Pretty soon, Star hugs June and begins to rub her head against the golden retriever out of trust, warmth, comfort, and friendship. It is a pretty cute scene, especially with cats and other felines involved. Even the golden retriever herself is fine with her roommate doing this to her.

While Star continues to rub her face on June, the cat slowly raises up, staring June in the face before giving her a soft lick on the cheek out of friendship and encouragement. And once Moon is done to her liking, she looks much better than before! Gone is the worried, anxious kitty she once was, and it showed all over her face. Now, a bright smile is on Moon's face, having completely changed from June's advice and encouragement.

Her tail swishing softly, Star once again rubs her head against June while nuzzling her afterwards. She acknowledges, "Thanks June. You have no idea how much of a best friend you are to me."

June smiled while giggling lightly, returning the gesture with a nuzzle of her own and a lick to Moon's face in return. She gets up afterwards with Moon following suit shortly afterwards while the Golden retriever turns to face her, her tail wagging softly. June offers, "I can make us some coffee if you want. Then we can talk about this some more."

"Ah, I would love that very much! I wouldn't mind some coffee anyway from my best friend!" Star agreed. She returns to her bubbly self from taking June's encouragement to heart and mind, thus lifting her spirits and easing her fears.

With that being said, the two female friends leave their bedroom; While June wanders into the kitchen to make herself and her friend some coffee, Star walks to the dining room to sit down so she and June can discuss more on what to do about the modeling job.

While Star is awaiting her coffee chat with June, she begins to glance around for a bit, looking for something to get into in particular. Finally, she settles her eyes on a clothing catalogue and picks it up to look it over and browse through it, just to pass the time while she waits for June to come back.

Taking her time, Star begins to flip through the catalogue and browse through it to find whatever clothing fits her. Even though the cat already has enough clothes in her closet to create a theme of sorts, she was just flipping through to casually browse. Better than just sitting idle and waiting for your roommate to return.

During her browsing, Star's ears perk up to her roommate approaching and the feline raises her head from the book to witness June coming

back into the living room, carrying two freshly steaming mugs of coffee in her hands. However, her return was only brief while she mentions, "I'll be back for the creamer. Then we can talk about this further."

Once June departs again to leave the room, Moon continues her browsing through the catalogue in her hands. While flipping through, she notices that many of the clothing items featured inside of the book are items that she either has already or have yet to try out. She still has clothes in her closet that she hasn't even busted out yet to wear or try on. Although Star is beginning to grow anxious again, she soon relaxes while setting the catalogue down, waiting for June to return again with the creamer.

When Star sets the catalogue down after finishing her browsing, her eyes fall on a male figure on the cover. The male is a muscular Russian Blue, his chocolate eyes holding an expression of confidence while he sits in a chair, resting his head on his left fist; his left elbow is propped up vertically on his lap while he gazes at the viewer; he is actually sitting poised for his picture to be taken.

Upon seeing this Russian Blue, Star falls into a dreamy state, sighing dreamily over the male on the cover of the magazine. But just as fast as her daydream begins, it ends with her ears going straight up to June's voice upon approach.

"Okay, Hazelnut, French Vanilla, or Irish Creme? I have three of these." The Golden retriever returns to her roommate, padding her way into the living room. When June sets the creamers down on the coffee table along with the mugs of coffee, she notices the catalogue in front of the female cat. Curious, she inclines her eyes up to the female cat and assumes, "Did some more shopping when you already have enough?"

Star shakes her head to drop the golden retriever's assumption, but upon biting her lip again, a blush on her cheeks gives her away. Picking up on this, June finally makes her suspicions confirmed. And she holds an inquisitive smile on her muzzle, "I take it you were infatuated with the guy on the cover, hmm?"

Her face heating up, Star bristles up at her roommate and grabs the magazine to fling it at her. "JUUUUNNNNEEEEE!!!"

Although June tenses up at Star's sudden screeching, she turns her head aside to avoid a direct impact with the paper projectile; the magazine bounces harmlessly off of the canine and peels off onto her feet below. One look at Moon now and she is a breathing, blushing kitty.

Flustered, Star's teal eyes are large while she is a blushing, sweating mess. June, on the other hand, appears to be taken aback by the cat's sudden mood change, yet she attempts to snap her roommate back to reality.

"Star, what do you like about the guy on the cover of this magazine?" After recovering from her bewilderment at seeing her feline roommate in a terror-induced state, June relaxes quite easily while reaching down to pick up the magazine at her pawfeet. She turns the magazine over to show the Russian Blue on the cover, giving Moon another eyeful of said feline.

Star takes a moment to calm down and relax her pounding heart and soon, her teal colored eyes begin to return to their normal state. At hearing June's inquiry, he grabs the magazine and retorts, "What's there not to like about him? He is hot and he is cute!"

Watching her roommate react this way, June smirks at her. Poking fun just to tease her in good humor, the golden retriever asserts in a sing-song manner, "Somebody's crushing! It's all over your face!"

Attempting to deny it, Star tries to play dumb, exclaiming back, "No I'm not! You wouldn't even be interested anyway!"

June can see straight through Star's transparency regarding the feline's lie while scoffing in return and smirking, mentioning in a low whisper, "Your secret is safe with me. No need to worry, Moon. I got you covered."

Star retorts again, "June, you wouldn't know a crush if it punched you directly in the face!"

The golden retriever merely shrugs her shoulders while turning her attention to the coffee nearby. Moving on, June suggests, "This coffee is gonna be either lukewarm or nasty if we don't drink it. And the last time I set the creamer out for a while, it congealed, so you can imagine how awful it must have looked."

Sticking her tongue out in disgust, Star grimaces in distaste. "Eww! I can only imagine how curdled it must have been. I can relate because I've been in that situation before. Made some hot chocolate to drink so I can use my creamer I had bought from the store. Minutes later, I noticed it's all congealed and curdled; that's exactly how it looked when I was pouring it out in the sink!"

Nodding in agreement, June adds, "Oh yeah, the two worst dairy products to be curdled: creamer and cheese. I can't see how anyone enjoys curdled cheese."

"Well it's not the same as eating cheese curds..." Upon seeing June's expression change from disgusted to dismayed, Star immediately retracts what she says and quickly restates, "Wait wait wait! I take that back! It's just, I actually like cheese curds, but only when they're actually fried."

This makes June even more disgusted, grimacing again, "Yuck! Those make me want to puke." She switches tracks again to change the subject. "Anyways, moving on again. Are you sure you're dealing with anything or anyone yet?"

"Nope; positive." Star shakes her head to answer June's question, only to turn rosy again. "At least, not yet."

Shaking her head softly, June sighs softly. "Star, we're in college now! This isn't high school! Not only do we have our own jobs and lives to maintain, but we also have harder and newer classes to deal with too! And we are also growing up too. You mean you haven't realized that after all this time?"

"No, I never really considered all of that. I'm just focused more on getting into my new job and finding a mate to settle down with." Star whispers in response. She raises up and grabs one of the mugs of coffee while adding in some French Vanilla creamer for taste.

While June grabs the other mug and adds in some Irish Creme to it, the golden retriever makes her way over to the couch to sit down next to Star, taking a quick sip of her coffee while listening to the cat explain her feelings on the matter. While attentive, June's ears fall a bit. The female canine begins to wonder, "You never took time out to consider your life goals? This is a big step after all."

Sipping her coffee, Star pauses while sticking her tongue tip out. She averts her eyes away in thought while humming and shaking her head softly. "Ah, not really. I'm just focused on college, landing my new job, and finding a mate to settle down with. That's it. What about you, June?"

June slowly opens her mouth, but she hesitates before finally explaining, "Well, I have a job of my own; a simple one at that. It's a coffee-making job at that." The canine stares down at her coffee for a bit while directing her eyes over to the creamer sitting on the table. Even Star follows her gaze while switching back to the dog and nodding along, picking up on her trade. "Barista, right?"

"Yep, I am a barista." June sighed, growing even more downhearted. She smiles at first upon how easy her job is when it falls again while she relates her own situation to her roommate. "It's a simple job, really; making coffee and other drinks and whatnot. It's just the people that drag you down."

"People??? June, what are you talking about?" Star arches her head to the side in a counter-clockwise tilt, not understanding what her roommate is getting at. Wanting to learn more, she stays silent after voicing her interjection, asking afterwards, "You love your job, but why do you say it's the people that's the problem?"

After listening to the cat voice her opinion on the matter, June gives a dry chuckle in response. She shakes her head in derision while explaining, "It's a silly reason, really. But it isn't all that surprising."

Waiting for June to elaborate, Star keeps her ears erect while also gradually finishing off the rest of her coffee. It is here that June reveals, "About some time ago, probably like about a month ago, I was at work like normal. Customers come and go like usual. One of them happened to be a Labrador Retriever. He was handsome and cute, really."

Star has an idea where this is going and she keeps herself from breaking out in laughter; she still gives off a smirk while assuming, "Let me guess. You two met, dated for a bit, and then he dumped you?"

June's ears fly up from what her roommate has just perceived and she just sits there in frozen silence. What Star guessed seems to have turned June into a stone, likely from guessing and assuming correctly. This is the last thing that June expected to hear, especially upon confronting Moon minutes ago with the figure on the magazine.

Slowly, June rotates her gaze towards her feline roommate, breathing out in bewilderment, "Star, how did you know?"

The cat frankly explains in her case, "This sort of thing always happens pertaining to couples and love stories. You always think you've found the perfect one only to be dumped or abandoned moments later. Maybe if people were to actually get to know each other more instead of just rushing things, then maybe there wouldn't be so many broken hearts and separations."

Hearing this explanation from the feline greatly surprises June. This blows her away even more, to which she acknowledges her, "Star, as I said before, you're smarter than you look. Personally, I never thought this would happen to me; or that you'd instantly pick up on my situation right away."

While Star sits close by to hear her roommate speak out on her personal experience, the cat just smiles and relates, "And here it is, you're confronting me on the same thing before it happens. I never even knew you had dated somebody this whole time! Knowing this experience now, I'll be careful to watch my back!"

The female golden retriever gulps from her coffee while listening to her feline roommate mention her new resolve. And while finishing her own coffee, she locks eyes with Star just as the feline comes over to hug her, thanking her for her advice and appreciation. Star whispers in gratitude, "Thanks June. You're such a best friend and roommate to pass up."

Setting her now empty mug on the table close by, June returns the gesture with a hug of her own, also thanking Star for her help. "Same goes for you Star; thank you. I appreciate you listening and hearing me out."

The following morning, sunlight floods their dorm window to signal a new day; invading their window and their vision, both June and Star wake up to a brand new day after their sleepover. And once they wake up, they soon start to get ready for their new day.

After freshening up and changing into their college uniforms, both June and Star begin gathering their belongings to leave for their classes. They're both pretty excited, but for different reasons.

Star was eager to meet some of the college students that she and June were gonna be sharing classes with; June was anticipating the same thing, though she still preferred staying single for the time being. The female canine was actually hoping to increase her grades while still supporting her feline friend.

While getting ready for the day, Star is pretty excited for her first day in college; her body language, especially her wagging tail and chipper demeanor, shows it all. Even June is looking forward to her first day in college, just not as ecstatic as the cat, though.

"So June, are you excited about your first day as a college student?" Star cheerfully assumes while finishing up with her preparations.

"Excited? It's only our first day in college." June blinks at the cat in doubt, scowling slightly while shaking her head. "What is there to be all excited about anyway?"

"There are all kinds of people to meet in college, new courses to try out, and a new place to explore; there are more chances to be social anyway! It doesn't hurt to be social and be excited on the very first day of school!" Star explains in eager anticipation. And then she adds, "It also gives us a chance to try out new job opportunities too!"

June wasn't buying it. She remains skeptical while claiming, "Star, we already have jobs of our own; you have your new modeling trade that you've been swooning over and I have my barista job. Simple as that."

Star argues in return, "These new college courses will help set us up for future job offers in case we lose our current one. Come on, June! Please???"

The feline is practically begging June to lighten up on their very first day in college, in spite of their current professions and circumstances. And even after that, June is still unconvinced. Her scowl remains, though she sighs in defeat, "Alright Star, you win. But don't expect me to put on a mask of happiness because I still don't see what all the hype is about the very first day. If anything, people should be nervous or confident instead of excited."

Though Star is accepting of her roommate's condition upon considering her plea, the feline hugs June out of sheer excitement, beginning to rub against her again before pulling away. And while holding June, Star mentions, "And June, there's no need to put on a mask or whatever. Just be yourself! Like you told me, just act natural."

June rolls her eyes in mild annoyance while remarking to her roommate, "You are really something else, you know that Star?"

This only causes the feline to laugh at her retort while playfully firing back in dismissal, "Love you too, June. You're a big help not only to me but also to yourself. And you're a real genuine friend."

June just blows a small raspberry in return to her friend's claim while sticking her tongue out a bit. Sometimes her roommate and best friend can be annoying without even realizing it.

Drawing a deep breath and then exhaling, June sighs, "What am I going to do with you, Star?"

"Love me like you always do, right bestie?" Star asserts knowingly while giggling to herself.

Their first day of college has gone surprisingly well so far for the two of them, despite Star's contagious excitement and June's lack of. For the golden retriever herself, what was the point of excitement regarding the very first day of school? She still wasn't excited over it, just went through it just like any other day. Yet like Star said, there were opportunities to be social.

Their first college day has been going well for them, despite the classes they both share. They're now on break in the cafeteria, dining on some lunch they were served by their school.

Star was glancing up from her lunch while eating, directing her gaze to the entryway amidst the loud sounds of chatter filling her ears. June wasn't present, so Star suspected she was running late; the two normally sit and eat together.

Keeping her eyes fixated on the entrance, Star continues to keep a lookout for June. She then smiles broadly upon sighting the golden retriever upon approach, walking into the hallway leading to the cafeteria. And she is carrying something in her left hand.

Working at a coffee shop sometimes has its perks, including bypassing school lunches for something more her taste. While watching her walk in, Star is pretty impressed. She didn't care that much about outside lunches unless it was from her friend.

Giggling to herself at June's choice of lunch, she observes the golden retriever entering the cafeteria and coming to sit directly across from her to eat with her.

"Sorry I'm late," June apologized to her, "Had some trouble getting my lunch ready from the coffee shop. It was only a short trip to the cafe and back."

Star just smiled at her, not even bothered by her arrival or apology. She was more than happy to see her anyway. Still, she couldn't resist teasing her. "Look at you! Too fancy for your own good, huh?"

Rolling her eyes at the feline in return, June scoffs while setting the white paper bag on the table before her and opening it to dig out the contents. "Pfft, as if! Being fancy has nothing to do with it! I just don't like some of the lunches that are served here; some of them don't look appetizing and others just simply don't look good. I mean, I've tried a few of them before but they weren't all that good."

Star softly relates to her friend, "June, I was only playing with you. Can't you take a joke? And as far as these lunches are concerned, I agree with you on that. But some of them are pretty good; it depends on which one you get."

June nodded while taking out the contents of her bag: nothing more than a cold cut sandwich, a couple of glazed donuts, and a few hash

brown crowns. But in her haste to return, she forgot to grab something to drink.

Star notices this and calmly asks her roommate, "Hey June, there's no drink with you. Where is your drink?"

Feeling stupid, June complains, "I was pressed for time and more focused in meeting back up with you. I was planning on grabbing a cappuccino, but forgot. Time has been and will still be my greatest enemy. Ugh!"

"Here, have this." While June sits down opposite her feline friend, the golden retriever sets her eyes upon a bottle of chocolate milk, wondering why her roommate is giving her such an item. Shaking her head slowly, June refuses to accept it. "Star, you don't have to give me that; it's yours, after all."

"No no no," Star insists, shaking her hand at June's objectionable refusal, "I insist. A meal wouldn't be complete without something to drink, now would it?"

June thought about what her roommate just said now and she couldn't disagree with her. Sighing in defeat once more, the golden retriever finally accepts the chocolate milk. "I suppose you have a point there, Star. I guess I'll take it since you're offering it to me."

Star only shrugs her shoulders lightly in response while relating, "It's no big deal to me. I can always buy another one." That's when she notices the slight scowl on June's face just now, causing her own expression to falter. "Is it something I said just now?" The feline questions out of worry.

Arching her eyebrows in concern, June shakes her head and remarks, "No, no, you're fine. I was actually planning to buy you something after lunch. No need to waste your money anyway."

"Okay well, if you say so." Star whispers softly while shuffling a bit in her seat. The rest of their lunch break resumes quietly and the two female friends soon leave the cafeteria to return to their classes.

For their very first day in college, their day went surprisingly well. Apart from their little lunch fiasco, the subjects and classes that June and Star had were very easy, but the math part is what bored Moon the most. Nothing but just numbers, numbers, numbers! At least June was a bit helpful in explaining these to her, and so was their teacher. But when it came down to science class, there was one thing mentioned which freaked June out the most; she is still reeling from it even after college classes have ended.

With school having ended for their very first day, the two had decided to go outside for some breathing room and to explore the campus area. During this time, the two friends were walking together on the campus grounds, conversing with each other. But Star notices something odd about June that's remaining on her for the time being.

Taking one good look at June's face, Star grows disturbed from seeing the dog's upper face being green. She points this out to the golden retriever, "Uh June? You're green! Are you sure you're alright?"

To Star's suspicion and horror, June does indeed appear green in the face; well, her forehead is green, but the rest of her is normal. Though June wasn't expecting Star to pick up on this so quickly and point this out to her, the female golden retriever tries to play it off. She assured the female feline, "Yep, I'm fine! Just fine! There's nothing to worry about with me!" Unfortunately, it's written all over her face and plainly seen on her forehead that she is green. Even her nervous laughter and demeanor gives her away further.

"Uh-huh, if you say so." Star is unconvinced. She points out further, "You're sure you're not sick or anything? Gassed out even?" June's silence is all the evidence that Star needed to confirm her suspicion about her roommate's odd behavior now.

June trembles a bit at Star's pressing and exhales sharply in defeat once again. She admits, "It was biology that weirded me out."

"Come again?" Star's ears perk straight up at hearing her roommate answer her finally. But just to check, she wanted to make sure she heard the golden retriever right. Giving June a sideways glance for emphasis, the feline presses her, "What did you say just now?"

"Biology." June speaks a little louder, just enough for Star to hear her. And now that she has Star's undivided attention, the golden

retriever begins to speak more clearly now. "It was biology. But not just that, it's the whole science thing in itself."

Arching her head to the side and back, Star wonders, "June, what do you mean by that?"

June begins searching the campus area for a seating space when she notices a spot by some grass. Immediately, the golden retriever makes a beeline for it, with Star following her. June didn't want to reveal anything else to the feline during their exploration walk, for she feared others may hear her.

Taking a seat next to her canine friend, Star rests her head against June's right shoulder, rubbing gently to ease her worry. She pauses while gazing up at the dog, asking again to explain herself. "June, can you tell me what you have to say? I promise I won't leak anything out."

Staring down at her friend, June raises her right hand to caress Star's cheek softly, lowering her hand back down afterwards. The golden retriever trusted her, so she had nothing to fear for that matter.

June goes on to relate her fears to her best friend and roommate, a slightly horrified expression donning her face. "When we went to science class earlier, I never expected to hear that we would be dissecting animals and whatnot. I just thought we'd be doing different scientific experiments; y'know, like mixing and studying chemicals and other aspects of life. It would be just like high school. But when the topic of biology came up, that was it for me. It almost made me gag."

The cat was silent while listening to June relate her feelings on the matter, and while resting her head on June's shoulder, this gave the cat time to mull June's testimony over in her head. She begins to softly purr again, rubbing against June to calm her down while considering her testimony. Her purring causes June's right side to softly vibrate underneath Star's purring as a result.

After a bit of silence, the female cat finally speaks on the matter, "June, what you just related reminds me of high school, even though we're in college now. Even then, I never saw any problems with this

until now. In fact, I never even knew this type of stuff grossed you out. But if you want, I can help you out on that for sure."

June sighed while listening to Moon address her problem on biology. She wipes her face with the back of her hand while reaching over to hug Moon in return, smiling at her. "Star, I appreciate your help, I really do. And I also appreciate your efforts in trying to cheer me up too."

"That's what friends are for, right?" Star whispers softly in reassurance. "What do we have to lose, anyway?"

"Our grades, possibly." June jokes in return to brighten up the mood. She is no longer green now; her normal color has returned! Back to her normal self, the female golden retriever continues, "But in all honesty though, the only thing we have at risk of losing are our grades and our jobs. We can't afford to slack off and procrastinate."

"Yep!" Star agrees cheerfully while still resting her head on June's shoulder, hugging her back. "We'll get through this, right?"

"Yeah, you know we will. Trust me, Star. We will. Nothing can separate us, right?" June reassures the feline in question, her tail beginning to wag softly.

Later on in the day after classes had finally ended for the day, June made good on her promise in treating Star to an after-school meal, so the golden retriever offered up her own place of work as the designated spot. However, when they arrive and sit down, she notices Star acting differently than before; the cat absentmindedly gazes around, trying to search for or track something. Thinking something is wrong, June frowns in worry, "Star, is something the matter? You're acting awfully jumpy now."

"No, nothing's wrong." Star replies nonchalantly. She is pretty casual about it, despite her friend's worry being right in front of her. The cat then adds, "I'm just looking for something... or someone, for that matter."

Hearing that last part in Star's statement, June's ears perk up and she grows somewhat curious, though unbeknownst to her, Star is

seemingly fixated on meeting the actual guy that she saw on the magazine cover the other day. Arching her head in a counter-clockwise tilt, June repeats slowly, "Someone??? Star, who are you looking for, exactly?"

"Well, do you remember that tomcat I saw on the magazine cover from yesterday? That's who I want to meet." Right as Star says this, June's suspicion comes true.

June goes silent at first, but her eyes soon buck wide in complete bewilderment, "Star, what...? That's what you're focused on now? You're looking for the same guy that's on the magazine cover?"

Star nods in return, though it is only a half-truth. She is looking for the Russian Blue to meet him, but only that. She just wanted to see if he is actually real and just not some guy plastered on a cover of a magazine, although she did appear infatuated with him when she saw his image on the front cover. That's all she wanted to do, just meet him and maybe get to know him.

"Yeah, that's it, basically." Star whispers softly while casting her eyes around the cafe again. Her face is contorted to one of alertness while making conversation with June.

June exhales sharply while appearing skeptical, hardening her gaze at Star, "Star, do you realize how hard it will be to work through school life, your job, and a relationship? Come on, think about what you're doing!"

It is Star's turn to smirk at June in return, reminding her of the male she saw on the magazine cover. "June, in case you've forgotten, I'm going into modeling. If I do meet the guy, then maybe I can learn a few pointers from him. I think he is a model too. Why else would he be on the cover of a clothing catalogue?"

"I'm not sure if that was a clothing catalogue or a fashion magazine." June stated doubtfully, her ears rising and falling. She goes on to relate, "Men have less options in fashion than women." Upon saying this, she clams up, embarrassment overtaking her and she reddens in the face. Star just stared at her, completely unconvinced and unamused.

"Uh-huh... if you say so." Star drawled in boredom.

To clear up the misunderstanding, June shakes her head, the redness in her face evaporating while being replaced with her normal color once again. "I wasn't trying to say it in that way; it came out wrong! What I'm trying to explain is that women have more avenues in fashion than men: clothes, hair, perfume, things like that. Even accessories!"

Star scoffs again, resting her hands on the table before her. She argues, "So do men. Only difference is shaving and cologne. Women don't have to worry about shaving, cologne, or aftershave..." she trails off, noticing the slight smile on June's face. Unknown to herself, she just proved June's point without even realizing it.

"...was it something I said?" Star pondered while waiting for an answer from the golden retriever. All June could do is nod her head and explain herself on the matter.

"You just basically proved my point, Star! To sum things up in a nutshell, women have more avenues in fashion than men, such as makeup and perfume. Men don't have anything to worry about other than just to look good." June explains knowingly.

Star crinkles her nose in disgust and turns away, making a gagging reflex. This catches June's undivided attention in full view and she raises an eyebrow in question upon watching her. She wonders, "Something wrong now, Star?"

In distaste and disgust, Star sticks her tongue out at the female golden retriever before her, retracting it afterwards. The cat then goes on to relate, "In fashion, there are two things I just hate and cannot deal with; that is hair and makeup. Hair is too tedious to maintain and monitor, and makeup makes one look more ugly than beautiful."

June counters Star's argument, asserting, "It depends on the type of woman and her appearance naturally. Whether it looks good or not is up to them to decide."

While Star nods in agreement, clearly understanding June's point, she takes her eyes off of June, slightly to the right of the female golden retriever, narrowing her eyes at an incoming car pulling up by the curb near the cafe. Although Star has never seen this car before

in particular, she recognizes the lines and styling of it; the car is a white third-generation Bentley Continental GT convertible.

Thinking Star is narrowing her eyes at her in particular, June frowns again, wondering what her problem is. "Star, what is it now?"

"If you turn around, you'll see that white Bentley that just pulled up. Those types of cars are not only very flashy, but they're also starting to become more common in our area too." Star points out the white British grand tourer convertible just by raising her finger and pointing directly to it, resting her hand back down on the table.

Noticing Star's direction of pointing behind her, June swivels in her seat to turn around to see what the feline is pointing at when the golden retriever herself sees the white convertible outside. Her eyes buck in admiration and she draws a breath, "Whoa! Flashy indeed! I can't even afford that car myself even if I tried; I don't think you would either! That is one particular car that'll definitely stand out among others. What kind of car is that anyway?"

"Bentley Continental, third-generation. From how this one looks, I think it's a GT Convertible, being a step above the base variant." Star reported, her eyes hard again in analysis. "I heard the Continental and the Flying Spur are the same in design; just one is a coupe and one is a sedan."

"Weird." June whispered in return from Star's analysis. The female golden retriever muses, "Why not just rename the Flying Spur to 'Continental Sedan'? Sounds more reasonable."

Star just chuckles to herself in understanding, listening to her friend's inquiry. Between the two of them, it did make more sense to give the sedan variant the 'Continental' name rather than just a separate model name for the sedan version.

Suddenly, Star gawks in surprise, her entire expression lighting up from seeing who is getting out of the car. The cat trains her eyes on the approaching figure, immediately recognizing him as the guy on the cover she saw the other day.

"June, look; it's him!" Star whispers to guide June's attention. Once June sees the figure approaching, she turns back to Star, exclaiming

in a hushed tone, "You mean to tell me that this is the same guy on the magazine cover!?! Is that it!?"

Star grins at her in a devious sort of manner, retracting it to a small smile. She nods in response while asserting, "It's him. The Russian Blue guy. I've been wanting to just meet him, that's all."

"'Just meet him?' Is that really all you're going to do, Star?" June queried, growing suspicious of Star's true intentions.

"Yeah, for now. Meet him, get to know him, ask for some advice, all that jazz..." Star elaborates, watching the Russian Blue enter. She trails off, still in observance.

"Get to know him, huh?" June smirks at the cat in return, adding, "Maybe we both can talk to him at the same time."

"Yeah, hold that thought." Excusing herself, Star scoots away in her seat and gets up, padding away from June to meet the new patron to the cafe. June just watches her saunter away and even she herself grows curious about the Russian Blue upon laying her own eyes on him; the female golden retriever also scoots away from the table to stand up and leave to meet him as well.

The Russian Blue male is just minding his own business, lightly brushing off the black tank top over his muscular frame. While scanning the menu with his chocolate eyes, he finally settles on a couple of items to start off with. But before he can speak, he feels a sudden tap on his right shoulder, prompting him to turn around with a questionable glare. "?"

Upon seeing a pair of females before him, he blinks while switching his chocolate eyes between them, wondering "Can I help you two?"

Star just gives the Russian Blue a simple wave in greeting with a curt, "Hello!" while grinning softly at him, secretly checking him out. The feline then introduces herself and her friend.

"I'm Star, by the way. And this is June, my best friend and roommate." She gestures to the golden retriever beside her while continuing, "You can basically say we're two peas in a pod. What do they call you? What is your name?"

The Russian Blue tomcat introduces himself, his heavy accent denoting his Russian background, "Vivek. My name is Vivek."

"Vivek..." June lets the name roll off her tongue, taking her some time for her mind to process the information. After a short bit of time, June comments, "You have a pretty nice name for a guy; Vivek, is it? It sounds Russian."

"That is because I am Russian, biologically." Vivek reveals, his thick accent giving it all away. The muscular tomcat stares them both down confidently while also relaxed, his tail softly swishing behind him. When he says this, both of the girls obtain bewildered, yet impressed expressions of admiration.

"You're Russian... by birth?" June spoke up, even though it was Star's original plan to converse with him; Star just glared at June, grumbling softly under her breath. The tomcat himself noticed this, but didn't say anything, wishing to keep the peace and make himself known more openly to the two females.

"Yes, that is correct. We discuss more when I complete order, ya?" Though Vivek is speaking in broken English, he knows just enough for the two ladies to understand him, preferring to make things simple rather than just converse in his native Russian. The Russian Blue himself now seems more focused on grabbing a bite to eat than directly getting to know the two that snuck up on him.

The two female friends come back to their table to wait for Vivek when Star leans forward, arching closer to June and hotly whispering, "What were you doing?! This is supposed to be my conversation; my idea!"

June scowls at her again, feeling slighted. She argues, "Star, I only want to help you. But knowing you, you'll probably just melt. And I could've sworn I heard you grumble something." The retriever then notices a bit of sweat building up on Star's head and this fuels her suspicion. Wanting to obtain more information, June presses Star further, "Is this chance meeting of yours supposed to be just that; a normal meeting? Or is there something more that's lying underneath the surface?"

Star's internal temperature heats up from anxiety and nervousness from June deducting the real truth about this scope-out between her

and Vivek. Going red in the face, Star growls at June, clamming up again. However, as fast as her face changes colors, her normal coloring returns with a relaxed smile and she turns her attention back to the tomcat while seated.

June also turns her attention to Vivek and then back to Star, her eyes growing in realization. But before she could say anything, Vivek announces upon approach, "Ah, available seating anywhere? I would love to sit and chat with you."

This time, both ladies turn red in the face for a short moment, clearly taken by surprise at Vivek's sudden approach. Though unaware of the silence permeating between the two, Vivek wonders, "Was it something I said?"

The two girls cast their attention to Vivek, taking note of him carefully. And then they both stand up from their seats, their respective colors returning to their faces. They then glance at each other and back to the awaiting tomcat, intending to deliver their verdict.

Finally, June speaks up and suggests, "There's not enough seating here for more than two people, but we should have more success by one of the window areas."

"Window is ok but is there seating area outside of place?" Vivek asks loosely, arching his head slightly to the side. "I was hoping to enjoy coffee order with company."

"There should be some- well actually, no there isn't." Star had to catch herself with the seating part. Unlike June, who is familiar with the workplace area, this is Star's first time setting foot in here, so she is unfamiliar with the place.

Even June agreed with her about the seating arrangements, though she did cast a wary glance towards the cat. She then offers, "If we move to a table by one of the windows, then we should have more success sitting together."

"Yes. I would like that very much. Thank you, both of you." Vivek smiles in return, taking the golden retriever up on her suggestion.

Transitioning to a different table proved to be no issue. Each of them has a seat around them while near the window to look out every now and then. Even while waiting for their orders, they still have plenty of time to talk and get to know each other more.

"So Vivek, you're Russian, right? What led you to move here to the United States? And how long have you been living here?" This is mainly Star asking the tomcat about his background and what prompted him to come to the United States in the first place.

Vivek moves to answer but his breath falters, leading to him hesitating to answer. Instead, he plainly leans forward in his seat between the two and whispers, "This is purely confidential information which I intend to keep private. But between us three, I tell you part of my background, yes? Reason I come here is for better life. But that is all I am saying."

The two nod in understanding while June mentions, "So you're keeping this all a secret, huh? We get it."

Even Star agrees to the condition that Vivek put out, assuring him, "No need to worry about us. We won't breathe out a word of this to anyone else. This conversation will be between us and like nothing has ever happened."

"So you do understand my condition, yes?" Vivek is impressed by their thinking ability, agreeing not to spill the beans to anyone. He goes on to add, "I would prefer my status as anonymous rather than be followed all the time and be chased down. I can hardly breathe for personal space."

"If that's the case, then why do you prefer keeping all of this a secret? Isn't there some sort of way you can change your status or something in more social terms?" Star questions him, growing doubtful. She fails to notice the flash of uncertainty crossing those chocolate eyes.

This prompts the tomcat to reveal, "I am a fashion model by trade. And I have been chased down before by fans multiple times. I just want a day for myself and my family, that's all."

"Family? Who's all part of your family?" June wonders while staring at him.

"Only blood family I have with me is my brother, Vimal. He is a Russian Blue, like me. And we are both in the fashion industry as models." Vivek reveals to them in his explanation.

"So, this brother of yours, is he of Russian descent too?" Star asks, her interest growing more by the second. When Vivek nods to confirm this, the female feline herself grows silent in thought, rubbing her chin while figuring out what to say next.

While Star is contemplating her next line of thought, June enters back into the conversation, pulling out a question of her own from her mind. "Say Vivek, do you happen to be in college at the moment?"

"I am, and so is my brother. Only thing is we have separate classes to attend at some of our periods, so it's a case of reunion and separation. We do bunk together though, so all is not lost." The tomcat responds, beginning to feel warm inside. He feels this way whenever the topic of family is discussed, in this case being his brother.

"I see..." the golden retriever now starts to rub her own chin in thought while trying to consider how she can continue without offending Vivek. "So both of you bunk together as roommates. Interesting..."

"Brothers and roommates, if you put it that way." Vivek remarks casually. The conversation begins to turn more casual when the tomcat further reveals, "Not too long ago, America had exchange program with Japan, trading two students in swap with each other. It is a cool idea to me; you get to explore and learn your new surroundings."

"Sounds like an idea from the military from what I've heard." Star asserted skeptically. "Do you think the same will happen with you and your brother?"

The tomcat muses silently for a bit before shaking his hand and squeaking doubtfully, "Ehh, there's chance program may happen and we may be selected for it, but odds are slim to no chance. Vimal and I are just your average everyday college students, I guess."

While Vivek chuckles softly while rubbing the back of his head, he notices Star's smug, yet confident face. She doesn't buy Vivek's depiction of himself and his brother, thinking the two are more than just that. "Uh-huh, surely you mean more than that, Vivek."

Vivek's smile flips into a small frown upon hearing this. Arching an eyebrow in question, the tomcat wonders, "Pardon? What do you mean by that?"

Star hints towards what she's getting at in her little talk directed towards the Russian Blue himself and his lifestyle. She argues, "Everyday college students, right? The other day, I saw a picture of you on the cover of a clothing magazine. Is that what you call an 'everyday college student'?"

"Star...!" June growls hotly at the female cat, fearing a confrontation will break out between them. The worst she wanted was for him to leave; before the situation can escalate, she attempts to reach Star in hopes of reasoning with her.

"No no no, it's fine." Vivek isn't angry at all, now that his current job is uncovered. He raises his hand up to stop the two from any possible bickering, and even his chocolate eyes show a hint of humility and anxiety. This silences June, which makes her and her feline companion stare at him while awaiting his answer.

Vivek goes on to reveal, "I am in the fashion industry; me and my brother, rather. We are models. We have been doing well for the most part, but ever since our reputation and fanbase grew, we've been doing autographs for our fans. But why I want to remain anonymous or confidential or whatever is because of personal space."

"Personal space?" Star's ears fly up in surprise while her expression brightens up in bewilderment upon learning why Vivek wants to keep himself and his brother off the social grid. The female feline reasons with him, "Vivek, come on. What's there not to like about you? You're an attractive guy."

Vivek shakes his head in return, "Attractive by just appearance only? Then you are right." Seeing Star fall silent, the tomcat complains, "It is the only thing our fans care about: appearance. If you don't look attractive or whatever, you're off the hook and repelled anyway. That's it. Yes, Vimal and I are attractive, but that's the only thing

fans care about, not even bothering to give us personal space or get to know us unless it involves relationship! That is what steams me now! My brother and I are citizens just like everyone else! Why can't anyone see that?!"

Hearing the tomcat complain about this matter now sheds new light on their understanding of the situation. The two females stare at each other again while going back to the fuming tomcat, who begins to finally relax in his seat after a moment of intense, red silence.

Star surmises, "From where you're coming from, I actually understand it. But at the same time, I don't. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I understand halfway. From what I heard from you recently about this, it seems that fans are more preoccupied with your appearance more than your true colors."

June adds in her own two cents to the conversation, agreeing with Star. "Fans should get to know the real you more than just fantasizing over your charming looks just to sleep with you. That is irritating, to say the very least."

"Yeah! I sympathize with you because I've read countless stories of the results. That, and I am about to enter into modeling myself, really. So I would really like some help on it." Star related, her face puffing up a bit.

"You ask me for advice?" Vivek is taken aback by Star's request, having no idea how to take this. Usually, he is used to turning down advances made towards him, but this time is completely different. He relaxes, placing a hand in his chest in gratitude while remarking, "How sweet of you!"

"I've been trying to encourage her to go into modeling and trying to calm her down at the same time." June interjected into the conversation, filling Vivek in. This also gets Star's attention, not in a good way.

"Hey!!!" Star turns red in the face from June's statement, objecting defensively, "How can I not be excited and nervous at the same time?!"

"Star, haven't I told you to just be yourself and act natural? That's the only way you'll leave a good first impression on your very first

workday." June reminded her, bringing up her encouragement and advice from the previous day.

While Star just squeaks out a soft meow in response, Vivek switches his visual focus back and forth between the two, having finally set his chocolate eyes on Star. After hearing the golden retriever out and listening to her recalling a recent bout of encouragement, the tomcat finally takes the female cat up on her request.

"Star, right?" In a friendly manner, Vivek places his right hand on top of Star's hand, giving it a soft squeeze in assurance while accepting her offer, "I've decided I am going to take you up on your request. Please trust me on this. I will help you in any way I can."

Sensing the genuineness and easy tone in his voice, Star's eyes slowly inflate in wonder and excitement. She can hardly believe this is happening! Not only is she grateful for his help, but more than that, she has June to thank for the additional encouragement.

The female cat turns a soft pink in the face, blushing slightly from the minor contact. She assured him, "Oh, it's no big deal, really. I appreciate it! I also have June to thank too; if it weren't for her as well, I'd probably be a nervous wreck by now."

Satisfied by the terms met, Vivek removes his hand from Star, placing it back in the table before him while settling down. "Good, good. I'll inform my brother about it and we can get started tomorrow after school is over with. But Star, when do you start your new job?"

"I should be starting my modeling job soon, like in a couple days from now." Star reports to him. She shudders slightly from how close the date is, "Ugh! I'm still nervous about this whole thing!"

"Star, trust me; you'll do fine. Remember what we talked about yesterday?" June reminded her, using their discussion from the previous day as encouragement.

"I understand but man, what a time that will be!" The female cat exclaims in return. She then switches her gaze to Vivek in return and is met with a chuckling tomcat.

The muscular Russian Blue couldn't help but laugh at how amused and excited the female is over her new job. At the same time, he is ready

and willing to assist her if need be. But until that time comes, it will have to wait.

The smell of fresh food, coffee, and juice mixed into the air, wafting throughout the diner which the tomcat chuckles even more over. "I smell my stuff coming, and I can't wait to eat."

"Yeah, you and both of us included." Star interjected with a grin. Even June is awaiting her order in silent excitement; all three of them were hungry and ready to eat. But before they all can finally eat, the tomcat makes one more request, offering up his own services.

"Aye, when we're done, do you girls mind me giving you a lift back to your home? I don't mind one bit." Vivek offers freely. He casts a brief glance to the cars parked outside, sighting his own Bentley Continental GT Convertible.

"I don't mind; thanks, Vivek!" Star is the first to respond, eager to accept. June, however, wasn't so sure about it.

"I don't know, Vivek. Is your car capable of seating three people?" The golden retriever asks, unsure.

"I believe so, if you scoot the front passenger seat forward, of course." The tomcat relates, shrugging lightly.

"Then it's settled! Thanks very much, Vivek!" Star smiles at him graciously.

"No problem. I want to do this for you, instead of just watching you walk back." Vivek responded, grinning. This tomcat certainly has a heart. Maybe tomorrow will yield better results concerning Star's new trade. But they will have to wait and see on that.