

## Winning Friends

by F.R. Southerland

Casey didn't think she needed more friends. It wasn't that she was resistant to the idea, but she felt she had enough people in her life to worry about should something bad happen. Why add one or two more? She wasn't sure if she could call Adam a friend, exactly. Just the older brother of a guy she was sort of friends with. That probably didn't count.

So why were they hanging out? He offered to buy lunch and she wasn't someone to really pass up food, especially if someone else was paying for it. The conversation was kind of stilted, polite. Nothing really ground-breaking.

"They never give you enough fries."

"What?" Casey was awoken from her thoughts by Adam's complaint.

"Fries." He held one up. "They never give you a big enough order. Even a large isn't enough."

She snorted. "Yeah, not everyone's a bottomless pit though." She smiled and pushed her basket toward him. "Take mine. I don't want them."

Adam smiled. He'd thought, at first, that Casey might be a bit hard to talk to. He was a werewolf, after all, and she was a hunter. They should've been at odds. Once they started, though, she seemed to open up more than he thought. Still seemed like she was holding back, staying reserved. She seemed like the sort of girl that didn't trust easily. And that was fine. "Thanks," he said, and added the fries to his basket.

He was glad to see her smile turned a little more genuine. It was taking time, but there was a breakthrough. He called that a win.