

## Interspecies Cooperation

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| Character:       | <a href="#">Ash Tyler   Voq</a> , <a href="#">Christopher Pike</a>                                      |
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by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Chris introduces Ash to an old friend.

### Notes

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"You know," Ash says, "when you said you wanted me to meet a friend of yours, this isn't exactly what I expected."

Chris smiles, raising his eyebrows. "You're not being speciesist are you, Mr Tyler? Tango here's a great friend. And a very good listener."

The horse snorts and noses at Chris's hair, apparently in agreement with that description. Chris rubs his ears affectionately, looking relaxed in a way Ash has rarely seen. "I take it you don't have much experience with horses?"

"Only fictional ones," Ash admits. "He's big."

"15.2 hands," Chris says, then, at Ash's blank look, "1.58 metres at the shoulder." He gives the horse a final stroke before stepping away and rummaging in his pocket. "Hold out your hand."

Ash does so, and Chris places a sugar cube onto his palm. Ash blinks at it, then glances at Chris. "What do I...?"

"Keep your hand flat," Chris tells him, then gestures at the horse. "Go on, he doesn't bite."

Ash has some doubts about that, but he steels himself and holds out his hand, letting out a surprised breath as Tango takes the sugar from his palm. He swallows it instantly and sniffs at Ash as if looking for more.

"See," Chris says. "He likes you."

"Or he just responds well to bribery," Ash suggests, but can't stop himself from reaching out to stroke the horse's nose. It's warm and soft, like velvet.

"Cynic," Chris chides, but he sounds amused. "You wanna go for a ride?"

Ash gives him a sidelong look. "On him? Do you usually ride your friends?"

"Only the ones I like," Chris says with a wink, and Ash's cheeks heat. "Come on, it'll be fun."

He smiles, bright and warm, and Ash can't help but nod. "Yeah," he says. "Okay."

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