

SEVEN: The Attack

Lukan could not keep his promise. Despite him promising Klaus that he'd get his mom's opinion on gays, he was too afraid and unsure of how to ask her without giving away something that would allude to him and/or Klaus being gay, or worse, together. He cursed every fiber of his being for not having enough guts to do so! Despite the fact it had been two days since he promised Klaus, Klaus still seemed to have faith in Lukan that he'd do something. Why!? Why couldn't Klaus see that Lukan was not exactly reliable when it came to crap like this!?

Lukan knew that beating himself up the way he was, was not going to give him any answers at all. Only actions would. But what actions should he take?! Agh! It was so unnerving! Why couldn't he just say anything!? It was not like his mom was religious. She seemed to hate religion in many aspects despite believing in God. Which aspects though!? Without that knowledge, where was Lukan supposed to go in that matter? But discovering his mother's thoughts on that subtle manner was far from the least of his worries at that point.

On the morning of January 25, the day after Klaus and Lukan had quit their jobs, the apartment was a massive mess. Boxes, papers, miscellaneous junk, and an absolute fuck-ton of papers were scattered every which way. To think that the following day they were supposed to be out, and yet, the place was still FAR from leaving conditions. They had all procrastinated way too much.

Raccoons and otter all ran about, trying to get stuff packed or thrown away. No matter the amount they moved around there seemed to be millions of times more junk than they started with. Every cabinet, every drawer, every cupboard they opened they found new stuff inside that they had no idea what to do with. Poor Klaus had no idea at all since most of it was not even his! It was pack this, set this aside, we'll deal with that later, and throw that out. Left and right, up and down, forward and backward, it was all a rush to get stuff done. Yet, nothing seemed to be getting done at all! Several times Lukan alone had to take breaks. Moving around this much, carrying this much junk throughout the place, thinking about that alone without even the weight of everything exhausted him. He looked around in dismay when he realized just how little had gotten done. The vast majority of the furniture was gone and most of the essentials were packed. Ironically, the raccoon's room usually was the messiest in the house. Now it was almost completely cleaned out and everywhere else became the disaster area. It was a switcheroo that neither of them wanted to deal with. Despite the progress they thought they made, it still dawned on them that they had a long way to go.

"There is no way we're going to get this all in the car," Lukan stated in dismay as he looked at all the things they were going to try to take with them. "And how are we going to get the three of us in there anyways?" He added with a look at Klaus.

Lukan's mother sat down in a camping chair, temporary provisions, obviously, and looked down sadly. "I know, I know. We need a trailer or something," she confirmed her worst assumptions. Lukan's mother had also been trying her damndest to be able to transport everything and everyone using her small SUV. That was NOT going to happen at all. She should have known that since taking Klaus in at least!

"Are there any U-Hauls or other stores or something like that that can help us in less than a day or two, though?" Klaus asked nervously.

"Probably not," Lukan's mother huffed frustratedly. "We might have to stay a couple days longer if this is the case," she added with a sigh. "Which I do not think management will take kindly to."

"Well they must understand that we have problems getting out!" Lukan pointed out.

"This apartment has a waiting list with eleven applicants on it. I'm not certain they can wait very much longer," his mother rebutted.

"We have to at least try, right?" Lukan stated. "This time, we need to. No more waiting for things to just play out."

Lukan's mother nodded. "I'll contact them later today then," she said. "We'll need to use all the airbeds tonight then. Good thing I got them," she added in a quiet voice.

Lukan nods. "We knew we were going to have to use them anyways when we got to Salamanda right? When we got a place to live that is?"

"Well yeah, but I was hoping we wouldn't need them 'til then," Lukan's mother said. She looked at the clock. It was almost noon. "Guess it's time for lunch," she muttered. "Afterwards I'm going to look for management. Most of the time they're never even there."

Two hours later, Lukan's mother to return to the apartment, her fur a mess thanks to Lilac Grove's infamous windstorms in the winter. She looked disgruntled. "Of course they're not there. No one is ever there when we need them!"

"Isn't that the way it usually goes?" Lukan stated. "Klaus and I had a heck of a time trying to get HR to try to transfer us and then unemploy us when they found nothing for us to transfer to because they were never there either!"

Lukan's mother nodded as she returned to rummaging through piles of papers and letters that were definitely junk mail. "I really, REALLY should have shredded all this ages ago!" She grumbled.

Of the things Klaus and Lukan had left to deal with, there was not much at all. Cheaply made bowling trophies from when Lukan was 9 and 10, as well as his laptop, a

few textbooks from school he wanted to keep, the TV and Wii U, and of course, the airbed itself were the only things left in his room to speak of. He and Klaus took a seat on the airbed. Lukan let out a sigh as Klaus looked at him.

"So now what do we do?" He asked.

Lukan shrugged. "There is not much we can do at this point, love. We can play some more Smash Bros. but that's it. All the other games and consoles are packed away now," he said sadly.

"That sucks! If we're going to be stuck here for God knows how long exactly, then I cannot imagine the boredom that awaits us!" Klaus said incredulously.

"Don't forget that when we do leave, it's going to be a seventeen hour drive," Lukan added bitterly. "The things we must endure to get out of here."

"I know right?" Klaus said as he sighed again. "I guess we could play some more Smash then, huh?" He said glancing at the small TV on the floor.

"I could try to get mom's opinion on gays again. I still dunno how I am going to do that though," Lukan stated half subconsciously. "Especially at a time like this. Where do I even start?" He asked fretfully. "I'm so afraid of making a mistake that will cost us that it is not funny. Ever since I made that fucking decision to go to Bright--"

Lukan was shut right up when Klaus pecked him on the lips. He blushed brightly and sat perfectly still. Klaus hushed him and placed his handpaw on Lukan's shoulder. "Don't worry love. I believe it will work out somehow," Klaus said. "I can help you if you'd like," he offered.

Lukan looked up at the otter, knowing his eyes were glinting with sadness. "Would you, please?" He asked.

The otter looked thoughtful for a moment. "What about your interest in pursuing law? You could tell her about that and the things you made to pursue that. Like your project from a while ago and what it addresses. Including. Homosexuality."

Lukan had to think about that. It was a bit of a stretch; talking about something that would lead to something else was not exactly that good an idea to him. His mother was very good at detecting such things. But then again, taking law really was a legitimate thing he was considering pursuing and hatred and discrimination against gays is definitely relevant to that topic. "That could work," he said. "Klaus, you're a genius!" He said, pecking the otter on the cheek.

Klaus laughed meekly. "Genius? Oh no, I am definitely not a genius, I'm just... getting better at helping people..." he said almost distantly.

"The question is when to talk to her about it. We have been much too busy lately to do so! That's the problem now," Lukan stated.

"Yeah I suppose so... I can wait you know; it's probably best we wait until we're on the road," Klaus said.

"You're probably right," Lukan affirmed with a sigh.

Without warning, there was a very loud knocking on the front door. It was so loud that it shook the apartment and caused Lukan to jump several feet in the air, and his fur, particularly on his tail, fluffed out. "What the fuck!?" He exclaimed to Klaus, whose face drained of all color. "Klaus?" He asked as he heard his mother open the door and greet whoever knocked.

"I know that knock," Klaus whispered. "Oh no."

Lukan strained his ears to listen in on what his mother and the loud door knocker were saying.

"Was the loud knocking really necessary?" Came Lukan's mom's voice. There was an exasperated sigh from the other character. The sound of it made Lukan confused as to whether it was male or female. Even when they actually spoke.

"I have come to pick up my son," was what that voice said. And in that moment, Lukan felt the blood drain from his face. No. It couldn't be.

Klaus whimpered, his face whiter than snow. "It's her," he squeaked.

"Your son?" Lukan's mother asked, half confused. "Are you referring to Klaus?"

"Then you DO have him! Give him back to me, now," Klaus' mother was awfully demanding and angry sounding. From the sound of her, she was a very big woman, hence Lukan's initial gender confusion

Lukan's mother was obviously having issue containing her rising anger. No one talked to her rudely and ever got away with it. "Excuse me?" She was indignant. "I was informed that you kicked him out and did not want him back."

"Well, I've changed my mind, so give me my fucking son back, right now, or I will call the cops on grounds of kidnapping."

"Holy fuck, holy fuck. Oh my God, no!" Klaus was muttering in a high pitched voice, on the verge of tears. He was sitting in the corner on Lukan's air bed, trying to make himself as small as possible. Such a sight made Lukan want to cry along with him.

Lukan's mom was nearly snarling back. "Excuse me, but I do not think such a tone of voice will lead you anywhere good. And threatening the cops on us will do you no good. As Klaus will definitely testify against you." Lukan had to wonder exactly why his mother would say and/or know that, but he was hoping that things would not escalate even further. His other continued. "Why have you kicked him out anyways? And more importantly, why did you suddenly change your mind?" Oh no. No. Was she about to find out about Klaus being gay right then!? No! He couldn't let that happen! He was about to spring from the air bed to prevent that when Klaus' mother already made a response.

"It's none of your fucking business why, just give him back to me, right now!" She demanded in an infuriated voice.

"How old is he?" Lukan's mother demanded in a soft voice. The soft voice that indicated that she was beyond furious.

"That does not matter. Just give him back NOW!" The mother otter roared.

"How old is he!?" Lukan's mother repeated with a hiss. "If he's not a minor then he has full right to choose where he goes!"

"He belongs with me and nowhere else, so go get him, or I WILL involve the police!" There was something oddly desperate in the mother otter's voice. As if she needed to get Klaus back at all costs. But all Lukan's mother could recognize was the impudence in her voice.

"Well let's have Klaus decide what HE wants, then! Klaus! Can you come out here please!?" Lukan's mother called.

Upon hearing his name, Klaus immediately whimpered and pulled the blanket over him. Lukan was just as distraught as he was, but he knew he needed to get Klaus out there. He pulled over the blanket, causing Klaus to yelp. Lukan grabbed Klaus' handpaws and pulled him from the room despite his protests.

"No! No! D-don't make me go out there! Don't bring me anywhere close to that fucking bigoted bitch!" he screeched. Lukan was surprised at the otter's astounding strength. It was almost impossible to pull him from the room. The power of desperation knew no bounds, but despite all this, Lukan knew what was important and refused to let go, no matter how much it hurt. It took him two minutes to get Klaus into the living room, by that point he was bawling his face off.

Klaus' mother gave a scoff of irritation. "Why is he crying? What have you done to my son, you cretins!?" She exclaimed. She tried to barge her way into the apartment but was instantly blocked by Lukan's mother, whose own size was barely enough to stop the raging otter.

"Maybe he's upset because of you, you intolerable vixen!" She exclaimed back.

Klaus tried to run away again once Lukan felt his grip loosen on him, but Lukan stopped him before he could. "Klaus it's okay. It's okay; we're going to help you," Lukan tried soothing him. To no avail.

The mother otter was breathing fire at this point, her ugly face redder than a tomato. "Give him to me. NOW!" She spat right into Lukan's mother's face. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. With a roar, Lukan's mother lunged herself at the otter, and the two began clawing, snarling, and fighting with each other. Lukan was completely taken aback. He had not once ever seen his mother lose control like that. Not once in his life. He knew his mother was intolerant of others' shit, but this? This was completely new! The two mothers fought as Lukan stared, utterly baffled and Klaus utterly distraught. There was only one thing to do before this got worse. He had to call the police, just as Klaus' mother had threatened. The two of them looked like

they weren't going to stop any time soon. And remembering that the mother otter had history of murder...

Lukan dashed for the phone, dialing 911 without hesitating over what number he really should call. It only took a second, for the phone to be answered.

"911, what's your emergency?" It was a female's voice.

For a brief instance, Lukan had no idea what to say. He had never once called 911 once in his life and had no idea what to say. He shook his head, remembering. "Hi um, there is this woman just outside the apartment... a-and she and my mom are fighting and um... they aren't stopping. They look like they're out for each other's blood! Th-the woman attacking my mom, sh-she's got a record of murdering, a-and I'm fucking scared," he could tell from his shaking voice that he was barely distinct. 911 call receivers were trained to deal with it, but still, he cursed his emotions.

"Okay, we're going to trace your call and send help right away," the receiver responded. "Can you tell me what they're doing right now? How hurt are they? Are there any weapons?"

"Um... um..." Lukan tried to get a closer look at the fray that was happening. All he could see was ripped fur and the occasional limb flailing into view. Nothing else. "A-all I can see from here is ripped fur. N-no weapons I think..." but he knew the possibility stands. Klaus' mother must have known that they weren't going to comply quietly. "There might be one for all I know... please... please hurry!" He exclaimed.

As the receiver replied with, "Okay, police and ambulance on the way," and hung up, he threw his head behind him to find Klaus. Klaus was no longer there, instead he was yelling into the doorway, of which the other side held the quarreling mothers

"Stop it!" He screamed. "Please stop it! Stop it! STOP!"

But no one was listening to him. Lukan could tell the otter mother was trying to reach for Klaus, but Lukan's mother was stopping her efforts. "I will NOT let my faggot son commit into such deeds with anyone! My son MUST get away from here!" The otter mother screeched.

Lukan could only think of the confusion his mother felt after that moment. Klaus' mother had just given away his secret. But he and his mother knew that such a thing was not to be focused on at the moment. It was in that instance that the fighting slowed down and stopped. There was only the sound of struggling. The sound of Lukan's mother struggling. Had she...? In the doorway, he could see Klaus with his paw to his maw, white as a ghost and gasping. It was at that time that Lukan heard the doors of nearby apartments opening to find out what was going on. Lukan heard murmurs of concern. And then the mother otter's voice.

"Give me. My son. Klaus? Get over here, now. I'll make sure this bitch pays for hoarding you like that. Come here. Now."

Klaus took a step back. Lukan heard his mother cry out in pain. Lukan's paws were frozen to the ground. He was clutching the phone tight in his paws. He could not properly imagine what situation his mother was in at that moment. Why? Why is Klaus' mother going to such lengths to capture him? Was she so desperate to not let Klaus be with him because he was gay? What the hell is wrong with this woman?

"Wh-what are you going to do to her?" Klaus whined without an audible voice. All Lukan could hear was a gasping squeal of pure fear. No kid should ever have to live with this. Just what was Klaus' life like when he lived with his mother still...? He seemed so happy, energetic, and optimistic when he met him. Was it all a facade, disguising how he truly felt when he was home...?

"Nothing as long as you come with me, right now," the mother otter said, causing Klaus to whimper. "Well, what's it going to be?" She demanded. "Will you come, or will I have to--?"

The doors leading to the units flung open. A man yelled "Freeze!" And then the room went silent for an instant. The police had come. But there was nothing happening immediately after that. What was going on...? Lukan dared not to look..

"Ma'am, what is all about?" One of the officers cautiously stated, obviously directed at Klaus' mother.

"This coon-bitch kidnapped my son, and now I'm taking him back. Detain her, while I have her in my grasp!" Klaus' mother said as if she were the victim.

"Is that true?" The officer had probably turned to Klaus, who stood there frozen. Lukan could not tell why Klaus was not denying anything. He could only speculate that his mother was threatening him not to silently. Klaus could only take a step backwards as if he were about to flee further into the apartment. Without an answer, the officer said something else, presumably to others that were in the hall. "Search the apartment."

Klaus yelped and jumped out of the way as a German shepherd dog and a cheetah entered the apartment. They immediately saw Lukan standing there, apparently aghast. "Hey, there is another kid in here!" called the cheetah. The first officer appeared in the doorway, and he was a tall fox with strongly bright, amethyst eyes.

"Is this this raccoon's son?" he asked, probably addressing the mother otter.

"I don't know, I haven't seen him!" the mother otter said with a very impatient tone.

"Are you?" the officer fox inquired Lukan.

Lukan's voice refused to work; he could only nod. He was still clutching the phone. Noticing this, the officer affirmed it.

"He was the one who called for us," he informed his colleagues.

The mother raccoon began screaming, causing Lukan to cry out.

"YOU!" the otter mom screeched. "You will pay for having that cub of yours!"

The officer cheetah dashed from the room with astounding speed and yelled. "Stop right there, and let go of her tail and muzzle this instant. Let's hear her side of the story." A few seconds later. "Now."

A few second more had passed when Lukan can recognize his mother's gasping breath. "Th-this lunatic! She just... she came to apartment and demanded Klaus back! I tried to get her to be calm and explain why she decided to take him back and if he was underage, since he never told us his age. And she just kept provoking me to attack her and--!" an officer must have stopped her.

"Is this true?" the cheetah asked quietly to the otter.

"What rubbish! I lost my son a couple months ago, and I just found him living with these raccoons in this apartment! They stole my son! Klaus, come here, we're going home!"

Klaus did not move.

"Klaus Horace Richtors, come here so I can rescue you from these terrible vermin," Klaus' mother's voice was oddly quiet now.

Klaus still did not move.

"Are you alright, son?" the german shepard asked in a surprisingly raspy voice. Lukan had worried on the side why he was not speaking.

Klaus took another step back. His face grew redder, and his fists clenched tighter until he finally willed himself to speak. "I AM home now! These "vermin" are my family now. And you are no family of mine," he hissed.

There was a loud gasp obviously coming from Klaus' mother. "This is the thanks I get for raising you through the first 19 years of your life..."

"19? If this is true, then Mr. Klaus here has full authority over where and with whom he resides," the officer fox stated. It was at that moment the mother otter must have realized that she had fucked up because she was then struggling for words. Despite this though, she must have known Klaus was going to tell them eventually.

"Hang on. Did she say, Klaus Richtors? Didn't we have a case on an otter woman with the same last name a few years back?"

"Oh yes, how could I forget? Krystina Richtors. Murdered her husband and a raccoon named Aron Benka," the german shepard replied.

"WHAT!?" Lukan's mother screeched. "You were the one who killed my brother!? You- YOU!"

"Whoa whoa whoa, calm yourselves, calm yourselves! Hey STOP!" the fox roared. The two mothers must have started quarreling again.

"Served him right too. All faggots must die." Klaus' mother snarled.

"You slime!" Lukan's mother hissed.

Klaus was breathing really heavily now, Lukan had noticed. "Yeah all faggots must die except me apparently! Or were you planning to snuff me out, after we got home tonight, MOTHER?" his voice was nearly incomprehensible.

"I could never hurt my own son--" the other otter began, trying to keep her voice soft.

"Bullshit. Ever since you got me from the foster home, you were doing all you can to keep my life as restricted as possible. I've never been more miserable in my life. And now? I've never been happier now that I am free from you," Klaus spat. "Go to hell you cunt."

"Just like you will if you do not repent, you filthy contaminated creature," Klaus' mother could not be calm anymore.

"Krystina Rchters, you are under arrest," said the fox as he began to handcuff her.

Krystina was forced out of the apartment complex as the officers half guided half pushed her away. Upon their disappearance, there was nothing but complete silence.

The secret was out. To Lukan's dismay, Klaus had given away the fact that he was gay. After the fiasco had died down, Lukan's mother was talking over what just happened. Klaus was just as depressed as Lukan was about it.

"Yes, Mrs. Benka. It's true. She kicked me out of home because I am gay. I-I cannot thank you enough for everything you've done for me in the past months. But if you want me to leave..."

"Nonsense," Lukan's mother said plainly.

Klaus looked up with teary eyes. "Huh?"

"You're staying here. With us," Lukan's mother stated.

Lukan's mood instantly lifted. As did Klaus when a smile crept to his face. "R-really?"

"It is not fair for someone to kick their children from home based on the gender they love. It's downright ridiculous. God created us with some of us gay for a reason. And we need to accept it, and then embrace it."

Klaus instantly hugged both Lukan, causing him to yelp, and the mother raccoon instantly, half crying, half laughing. "I'm so glad!"

Lukan had to wonder though. Despite his mother being distrusting like he was, why was she just accepting him just like that? It just did not make sense to him. It made him wonder just what Klaus had said to her to convince her. Sure she was not heartless and ready to just leave Klaus in the cold with no home, but just like that? And now this...

"Lukan." she said suddenly. He looked up from his thoughts. "I'm proud of you. If you had not called the cops, I might not be alive. Sh-she had a knife," she confessed. Klaus and Lukan gasped. "If she really wanted to use it on me, she would have. I must not have been her target."

"Me." Klaus muttered in a hoarse voice. And Lukan knew why. She wanted to kill all gays like Klaus... ..and himself. If she had known he was gay too, th-then... it frightened him beyond imagination to think about that. He shook the terrifying thought in his head and went to comfort Klaus. "Thank you, Mrs. Benka," Klaus said. "If not for you then..."

"No need to thank me, Klaus. I'm just glad you're safe."

"Th-this might be a bad time to say this, but what about moving?" Lukan prompted. "We're supposed to be out tomorrow!" Which was true. Tomorrow was their supposed departure day, and yet there was still all sorts of crap strewn about! And the sun had already set. AND they need somewhere to put it because the SUV will not cut it at all! Lukan's mother hesitated. It was at that instant that Klaus interjected.

"My truck! I could put a lot of this stuff in my truck!" he said. Oh yeah! Duh, why didn't Lukan think of that!? Such an easy solution, right in his face. God he hated those so much, especially when he misses them.

"That's perfect! Okay, so we don't have enough time to dwell on what happened. We need to focus on getting out of here ASAP. Do you think we can gather everything up and throw them into Klaus' truck?" she was addressing Lukan, who was barely listening again.

"Oh! Uh..." he looked around. There was barely a square inch of carpet visible under boxes, bags, paper, and other junk. There was no chance doing that tonight. "Not in one night, no way," he said, swinging his tail in worry. "Are we going to get out of here in time?" he asked nervously.

"We will. But we have to hurry," Lukan's mother said. "Come on, let's knock some of it out tonight."