

EIGHT: The Move

More raccoons and otter flew about the apartment trying to get the last of the random crap that Lukan had no idea they had into Klaus' truck. It was well after noon the day following Krystina's visit on the Benkas and it was only now that the apartment began to look slightly less empty. But only slightly.

Lukan's mother was gasping and panting in the kitchen by the time Lukan had re-entered the apartment to grab something else. "It's no use. We're not going to be able to get everything out by today," she said. "If only that bitch did not get in the way last night," she added with a snarling mutter.

Lukan could only look around the apartment in dismay. It was not looking good. They were to be out in three hours, before the landlords leave for the day, yet countless items were still strewn about the place. It helped nothing that he was exhausted and hungry. There was no time for breaks, and it was beginning to do damage on his body. Lukan looked over to Klaus, whose tail was drooping on the floor to signify he felt the same way as he did.

"So what are we going to do?" Klaus asked worriedly.

Lukan's mother sighed deeply. "We have to leave things behind. Only take what's absolutely necessary," she said in a defeated voice.

"Isn't that not going to leave a good impression if we just leave the place a mess like this?" Lukan stated.

He recoiled instantly when his mother's voice raised to a shrill level. "How are we going to get everything done in just three hours!?" she half shrieked. "We have to go, now!" she yelled.

Lukan understood her state of mind. The stress of moving out so fast, what had inspired the previous night, all while still not being certain where to go once reaching Salamanda, all equals one incredibly flustered, stressed, and distraught raccoon. Lukan nodded. "Alright. I just hope we don't forget anything. Everything from my room is already cleaned out." It was then he thought of Klaus. "Klaus! What about all your stuff! Isn't it still at your old house?"

Klaus shook his head. "I doubt it. My mom probably destroyed everything I owned."

"It would not hurt to check. You can still get in there, right?" Lukan asked.

Klaus dipped his head. "My mom is probably going to be locked up for a long time. It might actually come down to me owning that house now, so yes. I can get in."

Lukan's mother suddenly interjected. "Well if it is your house now, do you want to stay?" the question shot Lukan in the chest. But was instantly healed when Klaus shook his head.

"No way. There are too many bad memories there that I do not want to be surrounded by. If I own that house now, I'll just sell it and buy a new one wherever we're going," he said in a haunted voice.

"Understandable," Lukan's mom said as she bit her lip, picking up a box of old looking junk. It looked unimportant.

"What's that?" Lukan inquired.

"My grandmother's stuff. I am never going to leave this behind," she said. She was serious about this. No matter the limited space, she'll always find something for that stuff. She left the apartment carrying it. Lukan looked at Klaus, who looked back at him.

"So this is it," Klaus said.

Lukan nodded stiffly. "It is. It is time to renew our lives."

Three hours later, and the apartment was still a hopeless mess. Lukan's mother sighed as she looked around it one last time. "Well we've done all we could. And yet it feels like we didn't do much," she said.

"I still find it ironic that my room ended up being the only one completely cleaned out," Lukan said with a bit of humor in his voice.

"Definitely," his mother agreed. She sighed again and turned to the door. "Goodbye apartment. Thank you for rescuing us from Bright. But now it is time for us to finally move on. Come on, boys," she said as she crossed the threshold for the last time.

For a moment, Lukan did not want to leave. He had spent more than a third of his life in that apartment. And more than half of it that he could remember clearly enough. It felt like the most surreal thing to be leaving after so long. He subconsciously took Klaus' hand and walked out together. There was a look on Lukan's mother's face. She must have thought that was odd. Lukan instantly let go, albeit grudgingly, and tried not to flush. "L-let's go," he said almost awkwardly.

As they went down the stairs, he almost was tempted to ask if he could ride with Klaus in his truck on the way to Salamanda. He thought better of it since he knew his question would be met with more. The type of question that would require him to give information he did not want to give.

"Do you want to stop at your old home first, Klaus? We have a while before we have to go to a hotel or something," Lukan's mother proposed.

Klaus took a deep sigh. It seemed to have hurt him. "You know what...?" he started. "Let's just spend the night at my house for the night, then we can go," he said.

"What, are you sure!?" Lukan was the most shocked about this.

"Y-yeah. That way you won't have to spend money on a hotel for tonight. I dunno how messy my mom may have left the place, but..." he trailed off.

"W-we definitely appreciate the offer," Lukan's mother responded, still seeming uncertain, like Lukan was. Klaus nodded as he headed off to the truck.

"Great! I'll lead you there!" he called.

Lukan and his mother took their seats in the little SuV that held some of what they needed to such a capacity that made Lukan uncomfortable where he sat. If he was to sit like this for several hours straight, it would drive him absolutely insane! She looked at him in dismay. "I wasn't sure how much you wanted your seat back," she said. "But we needed as much room as we could get." Which was exactly what Lukan would have said if she did ask him. He just had no idea it would be this uncomfortable! The dashboard was nearly digging under his ribs for God's sake!

Klaus's truck pulled out of its space. Lukan's mother directed her car to do the same. The sun was setting. It was going to be dark soon. Driving in the dark was something Lukan's mother was terrible at. And Lukan understood why with the darkness and the lights from all the other cars being so much more disorienting. There was no way Lukan could handle that himself!

Lukan only remembered where Klaus lived close to. He lived on the north side of town across the interstate. It figured. That was where a lot of druggees, alcoholics, and generally shady and suspicious people lived. Yeah that part of town. How fitting for a creature such as Klaus' mother...

"I can't say I approve of this location," Lukan's mother started. "But at least it's close to the interstate," she finished with a shrug.

"It seems untouched since I left..." Klaus half whispered as he opened the door. "What exactly has my mom been up to...?"

"Do you even want to know?" Lukan asked as he followed Klaus inside. The inside of his boyfriend's house was that of a very tidy space that seemed sparsely touched at all since being cleaned. To the left was a living area. A sofa sat right along the entrance, facing a coffee table and a small entertainment system to the side. Straight ahead looks like the kitchen, and to Lukan's immediate right were stairs going to the second floor.

"She's probably tried to hide some sort of evidence? Or was she trying to give me a decent welcome home once she took me from you guys?" Klaus asked.

"Do you feel safe here?" Lukan prompted, places a hand on Klaus' shoulder.

"I-I'll be honest. I don't," Klaus stated.

"We can still get to a hotel if you like?" Lukan's mother offered.

Klaus shook his head. "I need to do something to repay you guys for everything you've done for me," he said flatly. This will be it," he said in a shaky voice. "B-besides, wh-what I feel is mostly... bad memories..."

"If you are certain..." Lukan's mother trailed off. "I myself just don't feel right using somebody else's house as if it were my own," she said.

"I didn't either," Klaus said quietly. "Until you showed me hospitality. Now it's my turn," he said.

"On the right is my room, the left was my mom's room, ahead of us is the bathroom," Klaus said after he lead them upstairs. "You'll be alright in my mom's room right, Mrs. Benka?" he asked.

"Oh just fine, sleeping in the bed of a murderer, thanks," she said sarcastically. "Especially one that tried to kill me. I'm beginning to have seconds thoughts about staying here," she said.

Klaus' ears flattened. "Oh. I understand. Me too, but I wanted to help you guys out a little," he said.

"And we appreciate it, but I think we should stay in a hotel for the night," Lukan's mother said.

Klaus nodded. "Alright. Let me just get some things from my room if I can, and we'll go. Lukan? You want to see?" he asked his raccoon boyfriend, whose ears perked. His immediate answer was yes. He wanted to see his boyfriend's room. Where he had lived shortly before meeting him. Klaus held the door open for him.

"Well I'll be waiting in the car until you two are done," Lukan's mother said.

Lukan went into his boyfriend's room with his breath held. It was definitely intact, that was for sure. There was a simple bed in the far corner, opposite of the closet. A set of drawers next to it. A desk with an old, beat up desktop computer on it sat to his immediate left. A poster of the world was hung over Klaus' bed. That was the bulk of his room alright.

"I'll be honest with you Lukan. The reason I wanted us to stay here for the night was because I wanted you to room with me, and we can have... y-you know... without having to worry about your mother," he said, with a deep redness crossing his face. "D-don't get me wrong, this place still gives me the creeps, but... anything is worth it if I am with you," he said as he pecked Lukan on the cheek.

Lukan blushed. "Aw that's so sweet of you Klaus. And yeah, it's a bummer my mom won't stay here, and despite how awful this place must be for you, I already feel at home being in your room."

"I did too, the first time I stepped into yours," Klaus admitted.

"That was before we got together!" Lukan exclaimed.

"I know, but... being free from my mother felt so... thrilling once I had somewhere to stay. When she kicked me out I was so scared, yet so happy at the same time. I was only upset because I had no idea where to go yet. Once I found out I could stay with you it just... changed!" he said.

"I see," Lukan said slowly. "I'm glad everything has worked out so far for us then," he said. "I dunno what I would have done if you did not get to stay with us. Or haven't somewhere between now and then," he added, considering the number of times Klaus could have possibly left.

"Me too, my love," Klaus said as he pressed his lips to Lukan's. Lukan welcomed the touch of Klaus' lips with his own. The two kissed for a solid minute, tongues touching with the same burning passion Lukan never got tired of and always hated when it ended. The lightness in his paws and the lightning that surged through them. Oh how he wished those feeling would last forever.

Klaus looked down at their paws in dismay. "We don't have time to do a quick little release, do we?" he said disappointedly.

Lukan shook his head. "Not if we don't want to keep my mom waiting. And if there is one thing she cannot stand doing, it's waiting." It hurt him to say that because he wanted to have a go inside Klaus' room too. It would only make him feel more at home and at ease. But he knew it was for the best they didn't. Besides, they had done so at least once every night and Lukan thought a break would do them nicely. A recharge for when they do it again as he thought.

Lukan held Klaus' paw all the way down the stairs, and felt his heart tug as he let go so he could open the door. Lukan's mother was already sitting in the SUV, staring straight ahead as twilight was upon them. Klaus waved to Lukan as he veered off towards his truck. "I'll follow you to the hotel then," he said.

Lukan nodded, not sure if Klaus could see it, as he got into the SUV.

"Got everything?" Lukan's mother asked.

Lukan hesitated. Klaus had taken nothing from his room. Only had an embrace with Lukan and that was it. "Y-yeah," he said somewhat awkwardly.

The drive to the hotel across town was a quiet one. No words were spoken between Lukan and his mother. It seemed like there was nothing left to say for a while.

As they pulled up, Lukan's mother asked him something that sent chills down his spine. "Are you alright with sleeping with Klaus tonight?"

Lukan's heart skipped a beat when he confirmed it a little too quickly. He couldn't wait to have Klaus in his arms as they slept. It would be the first time they legitimately slept together. Lukan felt an intense anticipation for that to finally happen.

When they left the SUV after parking it, Klaus came up to them short after, holding out money.

"Since we won't stay at my place for the night, then at least let me pay for the room for the night," he offered.

"Are you sure?" Lukan's mother was still skeptical of Klaus' offers.

Klaus nodded. "Of course! It really is the least I could do for everything you've done for me!" he said kindly.

"Well, thanks, Klaus. And you are okay with sleeping with my son tonight right? I'm a big woman who needs a bed to herself, unless some smaller creature wants to get hurt!" she said.

"Yes, yes I am..." Klaus breathed WAY too eagerly, eyes WAY too wide. There was a face on Lukan's mother's face until it was changed when the check in clerk, an elderly lynx, got her attention. While she was requesting the room, Klaus' glowing eyes met with Lukan's clearly filled with excitement.

"So a two bed room for three will come out to be... \$73.58," said the clerk. Lukan's mother's face fell as she turned to the otter.

"You sure you want to pay for that Klaus?" she asked, concerned.

"It's no problem. It's nothing compared to how much I owe you guys for helping me so much," he said, taking his eyes off of Lukan to give up the money. Such expenses. Lukan knew if he had to pay that, it'd hurt his soul!

The clerk handed Lukan's mother the key cards. "Have yourselves a good night," he said.

"Thank you," Lukan's mother said as they left the lobby. "Room 140. It's this way, by the looks of it," she indicated where the room numbers were in the 130s and going up. She counted them until reaching 140, and unlocked it. "It's going to be a long drive tomorrow, so I hope you guys will be ready for it," she said.

"Why tell us this right now when tomorrow morning would fit better?" Lukan had to say.

"Because, you'll need a good rest," Lukan's mother answered.

Klaus looked at Lukan. Lukan looked at Klaus. Lukan looked at his mother. "Well alright then!" he said simply.

It took the remainder of the evening for the three of them to settle down in the hotel room. It was a quaint place that smelled of bed sheets washed earlier that day. While the room itself looked nice, the heater was not very strong. Lukan subconsciously felt himself always scooching towards the heater, trying to catch its limited warmth as he fiddled with his laptop. Thank God for wifi. And it was at times like these that made him want to cuddle his otter boyfriend even more for warmth. Knowing his mother was right there, made him go against that idea. The cat was out of the bag; his mother knew that Klaus was gay. But she did not know her son and Klaus are a couple. While it was true that because she was okay with Klaus being gay, would

she be okay with him being with Lukan? Whether the odds of that were in their favor or not, Lukan was still uneasy about that particular situation.

Klaus sat next to him on the bed and whispered something in his ear. "Hey. We're sleeping together tonight." And he restated the obvious. As much as Lukan liked hearing that this time around, he immediately felt the worry creep up his spine again. And he could tell that Klaus felt the same judging on the otter's next words. "How are we going to be secretive about this? Your mom wakes up before either of us usually. If she sees us cuddling together like we're bound to, she'll know for sure!" he hissed.

Lukan tried his best to keep his voice down. And he knew they were lucky that his mother would not likely hear them. She was focused on the TV. The Weather Channel. Probably making sure the weather will cooperate on the way down south. And because she was focusing on that, and with her selective hearing, there was not as much worry of being overheard or eavesdropped on. "I know. She already knows you're gay, but I'm worried how she'd react to us being together," he whispered back. "What are we going to do?"

Klaus shook his head. "Unfortunately there is not much we CAN do. We have to let things happen as they come," he said silently.

"Are you sure? What if...?" Lukan started but was interrupted by the mustelid.

"You and your what ifs," Klaus said with humor in his whispers. He licked Lukan's cheek while keeping an eye on the mother coon. "We'll be alright. What exactly IS the worst that can happen now?"

"You can be surprised," Lukan pointed out as he tried not to blush.

Klaus shrugged. "Maybe. But I know we'll be okay," he said. "Maybe we'll get lucky and one of us can wake up early and prevent that risk," he said.

"With me..." Lukan was about to say that with the way he sleeps in, that wouldn't be likely. Then he remembered his imminent insomnia when faced with sleeping in environments unfamiliar or unaccustomed to him. With that in mind, there was a decent chance he'd be awake... well all night really! "Could go either way," he finished uncertainly.

"Haha," Klaus chuckled. "And yet, we may be worried over nothing," he said.

Lukan glanced towards the window. "Huh. Maybe. With the future, you never really know, do you? Anything can happen."

"You're about to get philosophical again, aren't ya?" Klaus poked Lukan's shoulder teasingly, with a grin on his face.

"What? I like thinking about things like this," Lukan said with a minor indignant scowl.

"I know, and I love you for that," Klaus replied with a soft whisper in Lukan's ear. Lukan's ear twitched from how close his voice was.

That night, both Lukan and Klaus failed to sleep at all. Lukan's mother was out like a light. And that was the problem.

"Good God, your mom's snoring is horrible!" Klaus hissed towards Lukan. It was very dark in the room. He could only barely make out the emerald glint in Klaus' eyes next to him. This was another part of the reason Lukan thought there was a chance he'd be awake all night.

'Sorry...' Lukan whispered.

"Why? It's not your breathing system that's fucked around here," Klaus said, with annoyance still in his voice.

"Yeah, it's a wonder how anyone can get any sleep, especially her!" Lukan replied, trying to keep his voice audible over the raucous snoring going on.

"Tch, a big wonder," Klaus muttered.

Lukan had to sympathize with the otter. It was apparent that the sleeplessness was causing the rudder-tailed creature to become increasingly more irritable. Lukan was the same way under many circumstances, yet oddly enough, his other's snoring was not one of them anymore. Growing up with it seemed to have made that exception. "I wish I could help you Klaus," Lukan said calmly.

"Hey Lukan? There is something I have to tell you," Klaus said, his voice becoming cracked due to tiredness. Lukan could see his eyes glinting somewhat brighter as he said that.

"What is it, my otter?" Lukan responded with a smile that Klaus probably could not see.

"Tomorrow is my birthday," he responded.

Lukan had to shut his maw with his paws to keep himself from exclaiming. What!? His boyfriend's birthday was tomorrow!? But what!? But why has he not told him before!? "Why didn't you tell us!?" Lukan hissed, trying to keep his voice silent enough to not wake his snoring mother.

"Well, it's that, we planned to move right when my birthday rolls around and I knew how desperate you and your mom were to get out of Lilac Grove; I just did not want to get in the way," Klaus replied defensively.

"Y-you weren't going to get in the way," Lukan said instantly. "We would have gladly taken another day off to celebrate with you..." Lukan said sadly. "Now we're going to spend the whole day on the road."

Lukan felt the otter's paw stroking his cheek. "Don't worry about it; I never had the most glamorous of birthdays anyways," Klaus said softly.

"But--!" Lukan began to protest, but was stopped by a pair of lips touching his own. He let the otter kiss him, but once Klaus let go, Lukan finished. "But you deserve

to! We all do. I never had anything special for my birthdays either until... until this last one of course."

Klaus sighed. "It's okay Lukan. Now that I have you, I don't need anything like that anymore. You're all the gifts I could ever ask for."

Lukan couldn't suppress it. "Awww... you're so sweet, Klaus. I love you." Lukan stroke the otter's short fur. It felt like peach fuzz, but a little longer and softer. He felt the otter kiss him again. This kiss lasted three times longer and included the tongue Lukan adored to experience from him. He made sure his mom was still sleeping as they kissed. Despite her snoring, it's thanks to sporadic awakenings his mom experiences throughout every night that Lukan could get any sleep at all! But thankfully, she was still snoring away in slumber, allowing him and his otter to make out until they passed out and fell asleep themselves.

However, Lukan took the next opportunity he could the following morning to inform his mother that Klaus' birthday was indeed, today. She was was surprised as he was when Klaus told him. "What!? Why did he not tell us!?" she responded with incredulity.

"He said he did not want to be a burden because it was right when we'd start moving," Lukan replied. "I told him as you probably would too, that he wouldn't be a burden at all!"

"Where is Klaus anyways?" Lukan's mother asked when she noticed the mustelid was not around.

"I think he said he's getting us breakfast or something," Lukan replied.

"Pays for the hotel AND breakfast? That otter is too generous," Lukan's mother said skeptically. "Why is that? Not that I am complaining of course."

"He wants to repay us for letting him stay with us," Lukan felt like he was echoing exactly what his boyfriend would tell her. Because Klaus himself stated it a few times already.

Just then, the hotel door opened and Klaus came in sporting an assortment of breakfast items in his arms. Lukan was surprised at the voluminous variety that Klaus managed to carry in his short arms, but he instantly rushed over to help him. "It was all free! I wasn't sure what you all wanted, so I brought a bit of everything!" he said brightly.

"Klaus! Wh-" Lukan was not sure exactly what to say. Did they need this much food at all?

"You silly creature. You do realize that if we want pancakes or waffles, we need something to make it IN? We don't have a waffle iron or anything like that in here you now," Lukan's mother said, but in a good natured voice.

"Oh. Oops," Klaus' face fell slightly.

"It's alright, we'll just go over there ourselves," Lukan said. "By the way Klaus, happy birthday," he added with a small wink.

Klaus smile returned. Lukan loved seeing the otter smiling brightly. It filled him with an emotion he had become unfamiliar with: happiness. "Thanks Lukan," he said as he dashed from the room again, forgetting the pancake and waffle mixes.

"Isn't it against the rules to take the entire mix boxes with him anyways?" Lukan's mother prompted worriedly.

"Um... probably," Lukan stated as he picked them up. "He's excited, can't you tell?" he said happily.

"For his birthday or moving?" his mother pressed.

"Both. And possibly more," Lukan replied.

"More? What do you mean more?"

Lukan flinched. He knew he was saying too much again. "Nothing important to us I assume," he said cautiously.

"Klaus is a part of our family now. Whatever is important to him must be important to us as well right?"

Lukan sighed a bit. "No not all the time. Family or not, there are always personal things that would only affect one person," he said. "Come on, Klaus is probably wondering what's taking us so long," he said as he began to stride out of the door. It was a very cold, but crisp morning. Being on the edge of January now, it was not surprising in the slightest just how cold it was. Thankfully there was no wind. Yet. Probably.

Sure enough, Klaus was in the breakfast room, examining a waffle iron closely. He was probably wondering where the mixes were. He turned around when he presumably heard the raccoons enter and his smile returned instantly. "There they are!" he said. Lukan was not sure if he meant him and his mother or the mixes. Nevertheless he handed them to Lukan and was startled when the otter grabbed them in such a way that made him feel like Klaus was about to hug him forcefully.

Klaus made the waffles himself. It did not take too terribly long for the place to smell of burnt waffle. Klaus seemed unusually scatterbrained today. Was it because of his birthday? How can that be? Klaus did not seem excited in the slightest the night before, so what could have changed if that were the case? Nevertheless Lukan still felt grateful when the nearly black waffles clattered onto his plate. The tastes were...

"Thanks Klaus," he said uneasily.

"Ehehe no problem my, my... friend," Klaus replied unsteadily. It was as if he were drunk. What has gotten into Lukan's otter boyfriend today? And Lukan could tell that Klaus had almost said "boyfriend". He glanced at his mother worriedly, who returned a look of concern of her own.

"Klaus? Are you feeling okay?" his mother started cautiously.

"Oh never better! I feel great!" Klaus exclaimed. It was at this point Lukan began to wonder how many people were watching the otter acting ballistic all of the sudden. Luckily too many of them were too tired to take too much notice.

Lukan's mother looked at Klaus with further concern. "I think you need to calm down a little, Klaus; I don't think you should drive acting like this," she said.

"Acting like what?" Klaus pondered unconvincingly. From the way Klaus had said that, Lukan began to grow suspicious that the otter was acting now. But why? Lukan grabbed Klaus' shoulder and dragged him from the room, causing the otter to yelp in surprise.

"What are you doing!?" Lukan hissed to his boyfriend.

"I dunno, I just feel, so scatterbrained today," Klaus replied in a calmer voice, but it was still evident that he was having trouble keeping it still, along with the rest of his body.

"So you're overblowing it and worrying the hell out of me and my mom?" Lukan pressed, looking into the otter's darting eyes.

"W-well, I think if I get it all out of my system now, I'll be fine!" Klaus replied.

"I'm sorry if I am worrying you all, but I just can't help it!"

"Is it because it's your birthday? Or something like that? Klaus what's going on? Are you seriously okay?" Lukan was growing more and more concerned by the second. The otter was acting far too strange today and he had to know why.

"I-I--" Klaus suddenly grew solemn. He looked down at their paws sadly, still fidgeting occasionally.

"What is it Klaus? What's wrong? Klaus, I'm your boyfriend; you can tell me anything..." Lukan said softly.

"I'm sorry Lukan, it's just a bad bout of withdrawal," Klaus said, shifting his paws nervously.

"Withdrawal?" Lukan echoed, tilting his head in confusion.

"It's been a while since we..." Klaus started.

"Since we...?" Lukan pressed further.

Klaus shifted his eyes to make sure no one was looking or nearby or something like that. "Since we pawed or anything. My libido is building up again," he muttered. There was an odd sense of regret in Klaus' voice that jarred Lukan and sent chills into his spine and down his tail. It was immediately followed by a sense of slight annoyance and concern.

"Klaus we--" it was his turn to make sure no one was near. "We've been having these releases so often that it's starting to make me wonder just how much you love me compared to how much you love me on your dick and vice versa," he confessed. He saw the otter's eyes go darker.

"I-I know Lukan and I'm sorry. I never mean to be this way. It's just that, after being isolated my whole life it... all the sexual tension it just... builds up and up and..." Klaus was on the verge of tears now, despite still being overly energetic.

Lukan hugged him despite not checking for people. "I know. I understand," he said to soothe the distraught otter.

But Klaus suddenly pushed him away. "No you don't! You don't understand how I feel! You never lived through days where the tension builds up so greatly it causes you to lose all sense of reason. To lose all sense of sanity or control of yourself. You don't know the insanity that I felt, and that I feel now thanks to this unbearable tension that I cannot release! I let it build up so fast that... I don't think I'll ever stop being horny ever again. Please Lukan... I love you to death and I know it doesn't seem like it now, but... I do. I really do... It's just that... you're the only one who could help me,"

All while Klaus had burst out that statement, he began to sob all over Lukan. Lukan did the best he could to hold on to the otter, but his shaking body made it too difficult. "You want to know why exactly I always seem so happy or energetic?" Klaus continued. Before Lukan could even open his maw to answer, Klaus continued. "Because this tension that's driving me insane makes me more emotional than normal. And I try and try and try to spin it so I seem the opposite to how I feel. And sometimes, it never works!"

"K-Klaus," Lukan said in a hoarse voice. Lukan could hardly believe that all that was the reason Klaus' personality seemed the way it was. Could it have been that the entire time, Klaus' personality was nothing more than an illusion? An illusion catalyzed by the libido and tension that resulted from it? If so... then what is Klaus' true personality...? For some reason, Lukan did not want to know the answer to that question at all.

Lukan didn't want a relationship filled with nothing but sex. And yet, from the way Klaus described his situation, he knew that this was the exact thing Klaus needed to stay happy. Oh no... this cannot be. Lukan wasn't sure if he was ready for the first real conflict of their relationship, much less a big one like this. Lukan knew he had to make a decision on the matter, but no matter how much he weighed them both, one of them was going to end up unhappy in the relationship. Lukan loved becoming intimate with Klaus, he really did, but to do it at least every day, from the way Klaus was implying, was something he was not willing to do! Lukan felt that for a successful relationship, there had to be a fine line between a romantic relationship, versus a sexually exclusive one. He did not want to have a relationship based on the latter option! He wanted love with his sex, not nothing BUT sex! What should he do!?

"K-Klaus," he started. "L-let's have another go then. Tonight at the next hotel stop. We'll try to find a way to get around my mom, but..."

But Lukan failed to finish his sentence because at that instant, Klaus began to hug him so tightly that it squeezed the air from Lukan's lungs. "Thank you! Thank you so much Lukan!" Klaus exclaimed.

Lukan struggled to say what he said next. "B-but promise me. That you will try to tone down the amount of times we do this? I-I don't want to do this all the time anymore," Lukan breathed.

"I-I will try, Lukan. B-but it's going to be so hard," Klaus replied.

"Then we'll try together. Maybe wherever we end up, we could save up to get you a few toys or something like that. Do you think that will help you a little?" Lukan prompted, wondering why they were still talking about all this so close to public ears.

"I-I don't know," Klaus' voice was shaking. "I guess I can try, but... I don't want to throw a couple hundred dollars on something I'm not sure will help."

Lukan nodded. "And that's why I never bothered with counseling to help with my problems," he stated. "But isn't at least worth a shot? We won't know until we try."

Klaus nodded. "You're right. By the way, you HAVE tried counseling before, right?"

Lukan was just thinking about that. If he had not, he'd just committed hypocrisy in front of the one he loved. And hypocrisy was one of those forms of injustice that he was easily upset at. But in this case, he had done counseling "Yeah, a long time ago when I was 14 and 15. Worked like... nothing," he said flatly. He did not want to restate the bogus counseling he received in the sixth grade. "It costing \$40 a session is enough to make me even MORE depressed," he added. "Never going to pay that outrageous price, no way!" I mean, I see how it could help some people, but it just isn't for me"

"I'll be your counselor," Klaus said decisively, nodding firmly.

Lukan chuckled. "And I know you'll help me much better than any counselor ever could!" he pecked the otter on the cheek before taking his paw. "Come on, I bet my mom is waiting for us."

And so the drive began. Lukan was astounded when his mother decided to let him ride with Klaus the whole way through the states that followed them as they took their trek southbound. And he was glad he got to enjoy the otter's company more, because the ride through the country was one of the most dull and boring things anyone could possibly experience. It was nothing but grassland and grassland and grassland. The occasional hill or copse of trees broke the monotony, but served nothing still to look at. And then there was the wind. Whether there were sightseeing spots or not, the wind did the best it could to derail both Klaus' truck and Lukan's mom's SUV in front of them. Seemed like relatively dangerous driving conditions was enough to force Klaus to concentrate. That was definitely a good thing. However it did make the otter talk less due to concentration. That was something Lukan did not

appreciate. The boredom was only broken by either a few words from Klaus regarding what his gym lie was like, or particularly scary and powerful gusts of wind that threatened to shove the truck off the road. Lukan tried his best to pay attention to Klaus words. However due to how difficult it was to hear him completely, Lukan only grasped a few words. Something about how he was able to briefly steal a gym member's underwear and he indulged in their scent or something like that.

Somehow the wind got ten times stronger when they crossed the first state line in their objectives. Which is odd since the area they just left is one of the most notorious wind hotspot in the country! It was now that Klaus and presumably Lukan's mother became entangled in a war against the wind, and do the best they could to keep their cars steady. Lukan simply had to wonder how high profile vehicles like semis could possibly cope in weather like this. The war lasted for at least two more hours until...

Lukan shuddered apprehensively. This caught Klaus' attention for a moment. "What's up?" he asked.

"We're getting very close to Bright," Lukan muttered.

"What?" Klaus asked. Oh duh. In the midst of noise like this, Klaus was not going to hear any muttering and mumbling.

"We're getting close to Bright!" Lukan echoed himself loudly.

"Oh shit, really?" Klaus asked, seemingly shocked.

Lukan nodded despite knowing the otter wouldn't see it. "Yeah; it's a suburb of this big city coming up in about 20-ish miles," he said. He suddenly pointed at a sign. "Damn it, it's right over there..." he shuddered as he saw the place was only a mile away. Or the exit for it is. At least staying on the interstate, and they blink, and the wretched town is gone for good.

"Somewhere over there lies the place my boyfriend almost died..." Klaus said as he looked over to where Bright would be before gluing his eyes back on the road in front of them. Where Bright was, the building looked shady and unappealing as ever.

"More than once," Lukan growled. "Thankfully, this will hopefully be the last time I will ever have to be near here again," he spat. "Good fucking riddance."

Going into the core and downtown-ish area of the big city was a complicated maze of roads, huge stone buildings, skyscrapers and a buttload of traffic. So much so that it confused Lukan immensely. He was unaccustomed to so many people, not living in a place with more than 250,000 people since he was three! He could only imagine how it felt for Klaus. The otter only kept his focus on what was right in front of him as he tried his best to keep up with everyone. It was at this point that Lukan realized that they had lost sight of his mother. Thankfully, the two parties set up a rendezvous point just on the other side of this state's border. A town that was called Castoria was where their next hotel rest would be. That was where they would meet. And it surprised Lukan

that after they passed the metropolis, they were now halfway there. However, there was an issue to address.

"Where are we stopping for lunch?" Lukan asked. "I'm hungry," he added when he heard his stomach growling over the engine and the wind, which had died down substantially at this point.

"Um... I'm not sure," Klaus responded. "I think your mom and us are separate until we get to Castoria. So anywhere I suppose," he said.

"When's the next town?" Lukan prompted.

"I dunno. I wish I knew too, because I need to use the little otter's room," Klaus stated. "There should be a sign soon."

However it felt like miles until the next sign. The next sign that finally did pop into view read that a town called Starry Springs was about 10 miles away. That was bearable enough, Lukan supposed.

Upon reaching the place, it was a decently sized city actually. It seemed at least twice the size of Lilac Springs, and had a much better mountain view than there. Lukan and Klaus took a quick pit stop just off the interstate to not only refuel themselves, but also the truck, as Klaus had noted it was getting rather low at that point.

In record time it seemed the two of them were on the road once more. Lukan was surprised that the otter hadn't suggested they do something together whilst they were free from Lukan's mother. But Lukan assumed he wouldn't because they had to hurry to Castoria, or because they would be too public still, or because Klaus is holding up his promise to tone it all down. Or all three. If so, then Lukan couldn't help but commend the otter. Then another reason popped into Lukan's mind. He promised the otter they'd do so tonight! Oops.

As they neared the next state line, the sun had disappeared behind the massive mountain ranges in the west. It was still broad daylight, and that sun was not to set for at least an hour or two, but the sun was no longer in sight. Lukan had to say that because of that, it had become infinitely easier to see. The sun was no longer shining right into his face. The dark mask on his face made it so the sun cooked his eyes, and he hated it. Thank God that was over. But Lukan had to wonder, how was the sun behind the mountains already. Then it was without warning he realized that he and Klaus had entered a bit of mountainous territory themselves. That would explain it. Seemed the border and these mountains intercepted each other. Lukan had no idea that would happen.

The border came and gone quickly, but he noticed that the mile markers were up to 450. Holy shit. Did the interstate twist and turn this much before they reached their target further southwest?

Another fifteen minutes passed when Klaus saw the exit that led into Castoria. Lukan's mother told them to meet her at a hotel with the same name as the one they

stayed at the previous night. Which was literally right next to the turn after the exit. That was surprisingly easy to find, Lukan admitted. Klaus pulled into it, and Lukan couldn't mistake the sight of his mother's SUV parked up front. It took only a few seconds after he and Klaus stepped out of the truck, stretched and turn to the hotel for Lukan's mother to show up to greet them.

"Hello boys," she said in greeting. "I've already checked us in and we are all set," she said. "I believe the receptionist wants to see you two so you can prove that you are with me though."

Klaus nodded. "Right, we'll do that now," he said. Lukan followed Klaus into the small lobby as he addressed the female cougar behind it. "We are with that raccoon that checked in earlier," he said.

"Yes," the cougar had a much deeper voice than Lukan expected. "I just need your IDs, and I will put you in the system,"

Klaus nodded as he took out his wallet while Lukan did the same. Lukan immediately thought that now that they were moving somewhere new, they had to get new IDs. The ones they had should stay valid as long as it's before the expiration date and they, of course, stay in the country.

"Alright, boys, you're in. Have a good night," the cougar said as she gave them each a copy of the key card. Room 256. Upstairs, Lukan presumed.

He and Klaus turned to meet Lukan's mother outside by the cars. She only nodded and led them to the room. It looked... nearly identical to the one they stayed at in Lilac Grove except for different blankets...

"Okay. So now that we are here. Now what?" Klaus hissed to Lukan when Lukan's mother had went into the bathroom, instantly reminding Lukan of his promise.

"Oh don't worry about that. My mom and I said that we were going to get a pizza or something when we got here, for dinner ya know. And that she was going to go get it. It's still a little early yet, so be patient," Lukan whispered back.

"Will she be gone long enough?" Klaus fretted. "We know nothing of this place; there could be a pizza place just around the corner!"

"Now who's the one being overly paranoid?" Lukan grinned.

"Oh you cheeky coon!" Klaus laughed as he pushed Lukan over playfully.

Lukan laughed aloud when he did. When he steadied himself he looked into the emerald pools on his face he never got tired of seeing and said, "If it makes you feel any better, I have not seen any pizza places as we came down here," he said. "My mom would probably get lost trying to find it! Or uh... take a while to find one..." he corrected himself on that unfortunate implication. His mother did often get lost, but she nearly always found her way pretty quickly in the end. Or so Lukan liked to think about anyway.

Lukan's mother came out of the bathroom with a cell phone in her paws. "Alright I found something," she said to address their worries. "The nearest one is... 12 miles away!? What kind of strategy are they- oh wait 12 MINUTES. Still... You boys sure you want pizza?" she asked uncertainly.

Klaus looked at Lukan. Lukan looked at Klaus. That gave them 24 minutes on the round trip. Was that enough time? It had to be, considering how pent up the otter probably was at this point. Lukan nodded, which was immediately followed by Klaus'.

"Alright, I will be leaving shortly. Do you boys know what you want on the pizza?" she asked.

"Mushrooms," Lukan stated instantly

"Anchovies," Klaus replied in unison with Lukan. The two of them looked at each other and laughed. "Mushrooms it is then," Klaus corrected himself.

"Are you sure?" Lukan prompted.

"You and your "Are you sure"s," Klaus said teasingly. "Of course I am!"

Lukan's mother nodded. "Alright. It may still be early, but the sun also sets early still, so I should go now. I'll be back hopefully in no more than a half an hour, she said. You o have my number in that phone of yours, right Klaus? In case something happens?" she asks this each and every time, and yet the answer never changes. Lukan knew that his mother knew next to nothing about cell phones, but still. When Klaus nodded, she closed the door shut.

Lukan and Klaus were uncertain of how much time they had, nor did either of them want to start right away. Hell, Lukan was uncertain of what they wanted to do exactly just yet. Lukan could only keep an eye on the window to see if she had gone. Unfortunately the window was not facing where the cars were. He and Klaus shared a glance at each other before they nodded. It was now or never.

The actions that instigated what was to come next were instant ones. The two of them dove for each other to begin making out profusely. Raccoon tongue hit otter tongue and they danced together in a harmonious ballet of passion. The paws that owned the tongues grasped at the clothes of the other, trying their best to pull them off quickly and without ripping the clothes, or worse, rip the kiss apart. Lukan once again could only vaguely feel himself submitting to the taste of his boyfriend's mouth as it embraced his own. No matter how many times this happened, the magic feeling he felt never got old. And he hope it never would. Which was his main concern if their relationship was nothing but sex. But now was not the proper time to think of that. Ironically, now was just one of those times for them to indulge in each other.

Their shirts came off first and Lukan moaned into the kiss when he felt the otter's bare and soft chest up against his own. Next went their pants, and Lukan could feel the blush radiating from not just his face, but also Klaus's as their underwear, both pairs bulging, rubbed against each other. It was one of the most pleasant feelings

Lukan ever experienced. And he knew that it would only become better once the underwear came off. And they were coming off quite soon, he knew. Lukan took off the band on Klaus' boxers. He could vaguely feel himself pulling them down as he was lost in the otter's embrace. It was intoxicating. Like a drug. Is this what drugs would feel like, 'cause if so, now he understood the appeal! However, Klaus was the only drug he needed as he slid the otter's last article of clothing down his legs. He could also feel the otter sliding his own down as well. Now that both of their bare crotches were touching with each other, Lukan finally got to feel that sensation firsthand and there was no disappointment. How could there be? He always heard how if the balls touched it was immediately gay. But feeling this now made him not want to be any other way... and he knew the otter felt the same as he grinded against Lukan. This caused Lukan to moan into the kiss he revered so dearly.

Klaus had them in a frotting position for longer than Lukan could describe. So long it made him wonder if his mom would be barging in any moment. But when he saw the clock, it had been. Three minutes. But Klaus pulled them out of the position and he shifted so he and Lukan sat next to each other, naked. Lukan could tell the otter was brainstorming what he wanted to do next.

It did not take long for the otter to decide, because the next thing Lukan knew, the otter's tongue went from his face, down to his crotch in a matter of two seconds. He instantly blushed when he recognized what the otter was about to do next. He took no objections. And the otter then placed his lips around Lukan's shaft. Lukan was instantly hit with a wave of pleasure as he felt the pleasing warm and wet sens of Klaus' mouth right on his most sensitive spot on his body. The way Klaus placed his tongue. The way he moved his lips. It all worked together in such a way that made it feel simply sublime for Lukan. Lukan could hear himself moaning in pleasure as the otter sucked on him. It was right then that Lukan felt compelled to repay the favor. He tapped the otter's shoulders, which caused him to withdraw.

"What is it...?" he asked, licking his lips.

"Uh... I want to try that too," he said with a deep blush.

"You want to... at the same time?." Klaus prompted.

"Uh-huh," Lukan nodded eagerly as he pulled Klaus over him, making it so that his crotch was hovering just over his head. The otter's own member was dangling down, as hard as his own, just millimeters from Lukan's nose. He could smell the musk of it. The musk of his boyfriend. He felt even further refreshed whenever he got a whiff of it. It comforted him. Made him feel calm. It made him feel happy. Klaus had his mouth wrapped around Lukan's boyhood once more as he stared at Klaus', almost hesitant to do it himself. But when Klaus poked his lips with it, Lukan felt the compelling feeling to give in, take control of his body. He opened his maw just enough to let Klaus' member to fall down into it. And he closed on it. The sensation hit him

instantly. The soft, yet simultaneously firm, warm, cylindrical shape that had just passed his lips, and rested on his tongue was a sensation he did not expect, but was not object to. Lukan did the best he could to mimic the movements of his tongue and lips as the otter was currently performing on him. He could hear the otter moaning on him lightly, but was not much compared to the moaning Klaus' stimulating process was forcing out of Lukan. He could feel a handpaw rubbing against the sac that laid underneath him and he instantly felt his handpaws doing the same to Klaus', which was dangling just above his eyes, looking beautiful and delicate.

There was a pressure of pleasure building up in Lukan's crotch. One that was familiar to when he was pawed or pawing off. It was an interesting feat to achieve that with one's mouth. He wondered if he was doing the same for him as well. The otter had him down to the fur on his crotch in his maw. All the while the otter was licking him over and creating that harmonious sense of suction. It was enough to bring Lukan to his breaking point. He could hear himself yelping on Klaus' boyhood as his own twitched and throbbed, having enough of the stimuli and gifting its pleaser with seeds of gratitude. Lukan's climax had the otter moaning more and more as the mustelid firmly kept his muzzle clamped on Lukan making the raccoon wonder if he had swallowed it all. Then he realized that the otter had not finished yet and he felt obligated to help him do as such as well..

Lukan put his lips and tongue to work some more, but it only seemed to be pleasing the otter a little bit, as if it were going to take a while before he'd reach his own climax. All the while Lukan became apprehensive to when that would happen. He's never had the musky substance in his maw before! He never dreamed it might happen any day, but here he was, trying to get a taste of it himself. But it was not coming yet. And yet judging by the sounds Klaus was making, he HAD to be getting a little close right? Even so, Lukan's mouth was beginning to grow tired. But it was at that very instant, that he thought the otter was finally preparing to climax, that the unthinkable had happened.

