

NINE: The Revelation

Lukan could vaguely hear the clicking sound as he worked on Klaus' shaft the best he could. Lukan and presumably Klaus were lost in each other's lust to pay attention to what was going on around them both. Lukan had obviously lost track of how long it took him to work on Klaus. The only things he could think of was how pathetic he must seem for being an absolutely terrible fellator, and his desire for Klaus to finish in his muzzle. But he was not sure if that was going to happen when the creaking sound brought them both back to reality in a few heartbeats. The smell of pizza filled the room.

"L-Lukas Benka! Wh-what the hell are you doing!?" The shrieking voice of Lukan's mother was all he needed to be jarred back to reality. The shock was instantaneous, but lasted only a flash of time after the apprehension took its place. It would appear that the secret was completely out. He knew this was going to happen eventually. And she called him Lukas again. Uh oh...

And yet... all he could say, after withdrawing his mouth from Klaus, was, "What does it look like I'm doing?" he said that in a voice so quiet, so sure of himself that the apprehension that resulted in his shaking body seemed almost insignificant. His mouth was still hovering over Klaus' still hard member, so the picture should be obvious. It could only be assumed that his mother was far too shocked to process the sights properly, further evidenced by his mother wiping her eyes as if to try to make sure they were working properly.

"S-so, I turn my back for an instant and Klaus makes his move on my son!?" she started in a low voice. "L-Lukan, are you okay!? Has he hurt you!?"

Wait a minute. No. She can't seriously be--

"Get off him, you cretinous slime!" And it was with astounding agility that his mother made her move against Klaus, dragging him away from Lukan much to his protesting. "How long!? How long have you been doing this to my son!?" she screeched.

"Mom! Mom stop that right now!" Lukan yelled as he scrambled to his paws to help Klaus. "Stop it!" His arms mixed with his mother's grabbing, pulling, clawing, holding, and trying to break free. He wasn't sure where his arms were after a few seconds, but his objective was clear as day in his mind. And to fulfill this objective, there was only one thing he could do.

As his mother and Klaus practically shoved around with each other, his mother snarling nasty things while Klaus begged for mercy, Lukan charged head first into his mother and knocked her away, knocking the wind out of her. She stared at him, eyes wide, making the mask around her eyes three times bigger than usual. She was unable

to speak, only gasp for air. Lukan himself was hardly able to speak. He and Klaus stood there, shock written all over their face, naked, in the presence of Lukan's mother.

Lukan knew he had to break the silence now. Something must be said because he knew his mother thought Klaus was raping him when it was nothing of the sort. "Mom," he started slowly and shakily. "I am doing what you just saw on my own will. I was doing that because I wanted to. Because..." he took a gulp of air as the next words got stuck in his throat. But he knew they needed to be said, no matter how much he wanted to hide them. "Klaus and I are in love... we're boyfriends," he said with finality.

"He's right!" Klaus breathed, almost unable to breathe. The sound of his voice was reduced to gasping as he hugged a wall to keep himself from fainting in fright.

Lukan's mother only stood there, with her mouth gaping wide open. Lukan had apparently hit her pretty strongly despite how weak he was. Funny how strong desperation and determination can make somebody. "S-so... so you're both... wait. S-so you're gay too...? Lukan...?" she breathed.

Lukan nodded. For the first time in his life, he was certain of who he was. "Yes mom. I'm just as gay as Klaus," he said. "And I love him," he added. "Please don't hurt him."

His mother only looked at the two of them. Her expression was completely unreadable. Lukan felt a sudden wave of embarrassment when she looked at his and Klaus' naked bodies. There was no shame however. He suddenly felt pride in who he was for saying what he did and with as much confidence as he did. His mother took a long, deep breath before finally saying, "Well I'm just glad he wasn't raping you," she said.

Lukan couldn't blame her for being surprised and suspicious. She literally just found out her son was gay and in a relationship. And the way she found out was right in the depths of being shocking. If Lukan were in her paws, he'd act the same way.

She took another deep breath. "Okay... okay... so my son is gay..." she was now talking to herself as if she were just now processing everything that was going on. She sighed. "Are you happy with being gay?" she asked.

Lukan nodded. "More than I ever been in my entire life," he said.

"Then I am happy for you," she said. "All I want is your happiness. And if this is it, then I will never have any objections," she said.

"Mom... thank you..." Lukan breathed. It was like a weight has been lifted from his chest. But before he could do anything else, his mother went on.

"However, it still seems like there is something wrong... You've still been unusually quiet and pensive lately," she said. "More than usual I mean."

She really does notice it all. And the reason behind Lukan's feelings must be because of the sex driven otter and how he wanted all that to tone down a little.

"Nothing is wrong," he said uncertainly. "No. Everything is definitely fine," he said with

more confidence. "Now they are..." he added, looking at Klaus, who looked relieved that the present situation had been resolved.

"So. Do you two want pizza, or do you want to finish what you were doing in privacy?" Lukan's mother asked suddenly.

Lukan felt redness of embarrassment flood into his face. He knew exactly what his mother was asking. "W-well we were almost done when you came back so..." he began awkwardly. He was about to start objecting because his mother had opened the door suddenly.

"I understand. I'll be out in the car. But you best hurry before the pizza becomes cold. Have fun now," she said, and with a wink, closed the door behind her.

For a few moments, Lukan and Klaus could move. They just stood there, staring at the door. Did that just happen? Seriously. Did that just. Fucking. Happen? The cat was totally out of the bag. His mother caught them having sex essentially, accused Klaus of rape, but a quick explanation and that was it? What the hell!? This was nothing like the mother Lukan grew up with! She also discovered that her own son was gay! What is she insane!? She had to be. Nothing could possibly add up otherwise! And yet, despite all this, Lukan couldn't be more grateful for the sudden shift in personality that his mother just had. And yet even as he turned back to Klaus with a huge smile on his face, he had to wonder, why? Why did she just change her mind just like that?

Klaus was just as incredulous as he was as displayed by the eyes on his face, wider than the full moon. "My God," he breathed. "I wish I had your mother..."

"You wouldn't want her all the time!" Lukan replied with almost no voice in his throat.

Klaus shook his head adamantly. "No. I definitely prefer nearly any woman as my mom, than who I got," he said more sternly.

"I-I... Yeah. I suppose you have a point..." Lukan said, conceding at that obvious fact. He looked down at the otter's crotch. Regrettably, the main attraction on it had gotten softer in the confrontation. Does that mean the progress Lukan made had been wasted?! Damn it!

Klaus must have noticed the look on his face. "Haha, why don't you paw me off with it pointing into your mouth?" he suggested. "I can teach you how to suck dick better some other time," he added with a wink. "Though I'm not perfect myself of course... I never got to practice too much," he added with a blush.

"W-well now that my mom knows, maybe we both can practice a lot more," Lukan said nervously as he groped the otter's crotch. Immediately the otter flushed a deeper shade of red and yipped. Then sighed in pleasure as Lukan felt him hardening up once more

"I would love that," Klaus sighed as he sat down on the bed which prompted Lukan to get on his knees, his face perfectly aligned with Klaus' crotch. Lukan could feel

himself subconsciously licking the tip of the otter's meat while he pawed it as he had done dozens of times in the past. Lukan felt something brush his own and blushed when he realized that Klaus' toes were dancing on his sheath. Was the otter going to try and get him to climax again!? But they hadn't the time right now! He assumed the otter wanted to make him feel more pleased as Lukan worked to let him climax himself.

The otter moaned louder when Lukan's jerking got quicker. The result of which was the sporadic movement of Klaus legs over his own crotch. Why did this stimulus cause the movement of the legs exactly? It was kind of odd. But pleasurable nonetheless! Lukan could read that from the way his boyfriend was moaning that his climax was fast approaching. Lukan instinctively wrapped his lips over the tip of Klaus while his paws worked on the rest of his shaft.

It was like clockwork. The way Klaus' gasping and panting came at the same time as the throbbing in Lukan's paws and lips. Lukan braced himself for the liquid that would come. When it did, it shot straight onto his tongue, reaching nearly the back of it. His immediate thought was that it was slimy and warm. It put him off only for instant because it took half a second for the next strand of the goo to come. This one shot up to the roof of his mouth. Lukan could feel it attaching there down to his tongue. The actual taste of it set in when the otter shot or a third time. It was exactly as he thought, salty and musky. The musk was much weaker than when he smelled it, however, but was replaced by said saltiness. It was a taste that Lukan knew he had to get used to! It wasn't unpleasant in the slightest, no, because by the fourth shot, the sensation of the whole thing grew on him. Actually by the fifth shot, he wanted more! More of the juice of his lover! Except the otter only shot a couple more strands or so and the rest of the orgasm was reduced to throbbing. When Klaus' climax had finished, Lukan held the fruits of it in his maw, savoring the strong flavor of it. He knew he had to swallow it eventually, but a part of him didn't want to. This was the DNA of his boyfriend essentially he held in there. The essence of who he was. The blueprint of his being. It was an exhilarating thought that his boyfriend was now literally going to be a part of him! Actually he kinda already was... but now in a literal, physical sense. It was with a little regret that Lukan took a strong swallow, sending Klaus' blueprints to his stomach, and he looked at him with what he could only assume was a mystified face.

"Well? How was it?" Klaus asked, face redder than ever before.

"It was... amazing, Klaus," Lukan replied.

"H-how did I taste?" Klaus pressed with wider eyes.

"Well it was really weird at first. It was surprising, yet not, at the same time, but after you stopped, it was... great..." Lukan answered. "I-I must confess, I-I want more," he said, feeling his face burn.

Klaus chuckled. "You're a silly coon. But if you wanted to know, y-you taste really good too," he said.

"G-glad to hear it!" Lukan replied, still flushing and flustered. "W-we should probably get our clothes back on and let my mom know we're done."

"Yeah! Time for pizza!" Klaus sighed as he threw Lukan his clothes, then grabbing his. "Blowing my boyfriend and then getting pizza. And your mom is okay with us being us on top of it. Can this day get any better?"

It was a very, very long time since Lukan felt the way he did right then. Much too long. It was a feeling, an emotion he thought had gone extinct from his life a long time ago. Something he feared would never for a moment return to his life. It had been at least nine years. Nine years to his knowledge since he felt this lost emotion. And it felt like that he, with unimaginable help from Klaus, had finally rediscovered the feeling he had long forgotten about.

For the first time in almost half his life, Lukan felt... happy. Happy with the way his life is going. Something he never felt in recent memory. Sure, he was happy or satisfied before, but to this level? Never! Not in nearly a decade at least!

But what things went with his life... Whatever bursts of happiness he does feel... something in life... somehow, somehow, always. ALWAYS. Found a way to strike him down. And the happier he was, the more brutally vicious life itself became.

And despite the fear that Lukan suddenly felt as he pulled on his shirt and kissed Klaus once again, he suddenly felt empowered to take whatever came his way head on. For that very moment, Lukan Benka felt ready to take on anything. There were only a few things Lukan could think of to break his will. But he knew he'd find a way, somehow, somehow...

The next morning, Lukan found himself wrapped in the arms of Klaus Richtors. Klaus' arms were wrapped around him in a nearly perfect hug. He felt the otter's short muzzle poking his neck. He could feel the otter's breathing on it. It was slow, steady, and peaceful. He had to be asleep still. Lukan could also feel that the otter was in a position of grinding against him, particularly his backside, in a perfect spooning position. How Klaus achieved this in his sleep, he'll never understand, but he was ever so glad for this. He felt comfortable, warm and safe, and at home in the otter's close embrace. He wanted nothing more than for it to last for all eternity. Maybe after that eternity, the two of them would switch places!

As Lukan laid there in his boyfriend's arms, Lukan suddenly understood why Klaus' libido was so overactive. It was such a wonderful feeling to have such intense levels of intimacy with him. However, Lukan still felt that doing so much of it could potentially ruin everything. He desperately hoped that after the previous night, he wouldn't lose all sense of what he truly wanted in this relationship. Sexually engaging

Klaus made it so much more powerful. He knew that overdoing it would eventually cause it to lose the magic he loved experiencing from it.

"Morning sleepyhead," said a voice. It was not Klaus'. It was his mother's.. Lukan was on the very verge of jumping up and panicking, disturbing the now serene otter because, oh no! They've been caught! But no, they were already caught before, but it was all good! Lukan looked over to see his mother smiling over the both of them. "How do you feel, Lukey?" she asked softly.

"Like I could never be happier in my life," Lukan whispered. "As though everything is as it should be," he said.

"That's awesome, Lukey. I see that the change in your life has been... a really good one finally, right?" his mother replied.

Lukan nodded. "I-it definitely is," Lukan whispered. At that second, the otter moaned behind him, telling Lukan that he was waking up.

"Hey Lukan...?" Klaus's voice was cracked and groggy from sleep. "Is your mom awake...? Can't... let her see me... holding you..." he yawned. Then jumped abruptly, causing Lukan to bite his tongue. Lukan tasted blood as Klaus yelped. "Oh no! She saw us!" A few seconds later. "Oh right..."

"Ow... son of a vixen Klaus, that hurt!" Lukan replied with a newborn lisp. "Klaus you made me bite my tongue," he said.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry, Lukan! Are you okay?" Klaus' emotion shifted drastically from exhaustion to shock to relief to more shock. It almost amused Lukan if not for his bleeding tongue.

"I will be eventually," Lukan muttered as he held his jaw. "But I think I'll have lost my sense of taste for a while!" he joked.

"I'm still so sorry, Lukan..." Klaus replied.

"Are we almost to Salamanda?" Lukan changed the subject, still sounding like he had braces or something.

His mother shook her head. "Not as close as you might think. It'll take at least until tomorrow afternoon to reach it if we cannot today. Which is why it's best we leave ASAP," she added, looking at her watch.

"Y-yeah. L-let's just get to our new home already," Lukan replied, jumping out of bed. He could feel the otter's arms protest and try to hold him longer, but let him go. This made Lukan feel bad momentarily. But he looked at Klaus with a face filled with the sunlight, making him look determined. "Let's go, my boyfriend."

Like the previous day, Lukan's mother let Lukan ride with Klaus in his truck. It was for a presumably obvious reason, Lukan knew. As he and Klaus trekked through the countryside, Lukan began to notice how much warmer it was getting as well as the terrain was growing dryer. The desert was looming ever closer. Their new home and

new life was looming closer. Lukan could not imagine what kind of life he would soon lead with Klaus.

It took them only halfway through the state for Klaus to have to turn on the AC. It was not particularly warm outside just yet, however the sunlight streaming around the car was enough to warm it up beyond comfortable levels for Lukan. Lukan hated the heat almost as much as he hated the snow and wind. He knew what he was getting his tail into to avoid the gallows of that frozen winter, but heat was not his best friend either. He couldn't tell which one would be the most detrimental to his health, but the desert and heat is where his mother wished to go, and as long as he couldn't live on his own yet, he had to follow. Maybe sooner or later, he and Klaus will be able to live together by themselves. That would be an interesting thought... He wondered if he and Klaus *could* live on their own. Lukan knew he couldn't physically, and could barely mentally withstand working full time, but what of the otter? Could he...? And yet Lukan felt awful for thinking the otter would have to take care of him at all. There was a lot of thinking that needed to be done before he could make any sort of decision on that matter.

It was another boring day of driving. But instead of copious amounts of wind, there were hills and mountains a la mode. It seemed they were crossing the massive mountain range that sliced the country in that point. Wonderful. Lukan found that whenever he experiences too much altitude changes at once, he gets violent headaches and constantly feels sick because of them. Oh great. Is that what is going to happen when they finally settle down? If so, then that will most certainly NOT be pleasant in the slightest!

Going up and down on the hills was hard on Klaus' truck. And Lukan could bet that it was no easier for his mother's car. Every time there was an incline, Klaus had to step on the gas harder, causing the engine to protest. Yeah that was a fantastic way for the gas to be burnt up that much faster, and gas was NOT cheap n the slightest when you have to stop every couple hundred miles out of a couple thousand to fill back up. And every time there was a decline... the truck and presumably the car as well would speed up and become difficult to slow down due to the weight both vehicles were carrying. It most certainly was unnerving to be in the midst of such potential dangers. Lukan knew he was overthinking things though; you'd have to be an idiot to fail at driving in these conditions! They weren't THAT bad! Or so Lukan could only think since he couldn't drive yet. He really needs to get on that...

Lunchtime had come and gone and Lukan knew he ate too much due to the car sickness that was developing deep in his gut. Oh great. The altitude change must be starting to get to him already. That was fast. Though nothing usually happened from that bout of nausea, Lukan always fretted over it. Like if it were to happen, where

would he go?! What would he do!? Lukan talked to the otter to distract his mind from his distressed stomach.

"So do you feel better after last night, Klaus?" he asked him, keeping his eyes glued to the window just in case.

"Definitely. And I am so glad your mom is cool with us," Klaus replied.

"I'm surprised she's cool with us," Lukan said. "She usually takes things way, way worse than this."

"She does?" Klaus asked both out of apprehension and surprise.

Lukan nodded, gulping down air. "Oh yeah. Definitely," he said.

"Holy shit, I do not even want to imagine," Klaus said worriedly. "If she can do worse than that, then... wow."

"Well she can't really get worse than that," Lukan started, "I only say she can because she stopped so easily when I told her what was really going on. She usually never listens to a word I have to say."

"No?"

Lukan shook his head despite knowing Klaus was not watching him. "Not until recently. I dunno why but in the past few months, my mom has been listening to me a lot more than usual... I wonder what's changed to make her start doing so?" Lukan wondered.

"Maybe it was because of me?" Klaus prompted.

"No it started not all that long before I met you. Shortly before I started college I think; it's hard to tell for sure," Lukan answered.

"Well I'm glad she's become more rational," Klaus said plainly. "Like I said, I don't think I even want to imagine what things could have happened if she hadn't changed. It makes me wonder, though..." Klaus added but stopped.

"It makes you wonder what?" Lukan looked over to the otter curiously, forgetting his dilemma momentarily.

"What if my mom never hated gays? Like, my dad never cheated on her with your uncle? What if?" Klaus asked.

"I dunno if she'd be much different. Did she blame homosexuality for her husband's change of heart?" Lukan asked.

"She did with complete conviction. Nothing would ever change her mind," Klaus replied. "She doesn't understand what people go through when they start developing feelings for others of their own gender..."

"Still, to cheat on his spouse? That is not exactly something worth forgiving you know," Lukan pointed out.

"And that does not justify ANYTHING that bitch did to your uncle, me and my sister, and most of all, what she did to you," Klaus spat. "I will never forgive her for what she's done. May she rot in prison forever for all I fucking care."

The ferociousness of the otter's voice astounded Lukan. He's heard the otter become angry before, but he's never heard him quite this pissed off. It almost frightened him because it was nothing like Klaus usually is. The otter felt completely out of character, and yet, Lukan observed, he's been acting odd a lot lately. Was there something on the otter's mind that was not related to his libido or what? What was going on with his boyfriend lately? It was beginning to concern Lukan more and more.

"Your parents made so many mistakes, Klaus... I'm so sorry," Lukan said apologetically. It was all he could bring himself to say at that point. "Even my father never caused something like... this..."

"By the way, you never told me what exactly he did to you and your mother," Klaus stated, somewhat changing the subject again.

"Oh he did nothing on the scale of your mother. He's just a selfish drunk who lies a lot. He stole a lot of our money and caused my mom to go bankrupt fourteen years ago when I was five. He's a key reason why we've been poor our entire lives, unable to get anywhere at all!" Lukan answered with a stifled groan.

Klaus gasped. "Oh shit dude, that's still a dick move of anyone to do!" he said.

"Despite how often he drank, he was still really kind to us otherwise. Was it all just a facade?" Lukan pondered.

"It. Could have been," Klaus was noticeably biting his lip. It still seemed like something was bothering the otter, and it made Lukan seriously nervous. Klaus was nowhere near his usual self, libido or not. What could possibly be bothering him at a time like this? When everything was falling into place and seriously improving!? Lukan recognized that nothing could possibly be in good shape if things seemed like they were in good shape. That was the rule with his life, but still; there was no connection to that rule and *Klaus'* own life is there?! Or could there...?

Lukan responded to Klaus, trying to sound as focused as possible to the current situation at hand as possible, not letting his paranoia interrupt anything anymore.

"That asshole... played us both for fools..." he spat.

"He did one good thing though," Klaus stated.

Lukan's ears perked. "What?"

"He created you," Klaus replied. While that was a sweet thing for the otter to say, he also seemed distracted. Almost as if he did not actually mean what he said. Even his compliments were losing their focus. What was going on...? Was Klaus telling the whole truth when he confessed his sexual drive to Lukan? Or was there even more to this otter that Lukan did not know about? Not knowing everything he could about someone was one of if not the biggest fear Lukan carries for that someone. It's the thing that immediately triggers distrust in that person. No. Lukan mustn't distrust his own boyfriend. That would show just how little he actually loved him. This can't happen already. They've only been together for a month and a half!

"Aw you're such a sweet boyfriend. I-I'd kiss you if you weren't driving right now," Lukan said nervously, twiddling his fingers. Okay now things were starting to get awkward. Lukan willed his mind to think of something to take the awkward atmosphere away. But nothing came to mind.

In fact that was the last thing that was said before the travellers had hit their next destination. Lukan and Klaus spent two hundred miles at least, not speaking another word to each other for that length of time. Why? Why was the otter acting so distant all of the sudden? What was going on?

Even as the raccoons and otter checked in for their last hotel before reaching Salamanda, no words were exchanged between the two. Lukan's mother had taken no notice to this. But Lukan was wondering why this was happening. And how? How do the two go from exchanging DNA to not even exchanging a word in one day? It made no sense to him. And every time Lukan tried to talk to Klaus to figure out what was going on, he felt the awkwardness and nervousness hamper his throat, blocking any words from leaving it. This must be just a different phase in his libido probably. But really, they just went last night! Just... how bad does the otter have it...? Lukan felt sympathy flood into his mind along with the overwhelming concern and hints of heartache. If it was this bad, Lukan never wanted to ever experience it for himself.

Klaus sighed as he stood up. "I'm going to take a shower..." he said in an unusually defeated voice. Okay so maybe he was just feeling depressed. Lukan felt understanding fill his brain. Goddamn it. Due to all this speculation and crap, it kept changing Lukan's mind more than his mother changes hers. And that is something Lukan never thought was possible!

Lukan noticed as Klaus was walking towards the shower, with his tail drooping to the floor, he still had his cell phone in paw. What was he planning on answering it if it rang while he was showering? That seemed impractical. But then again, depression often made Lukan unfocused and unobservant.

While Klaus was showering, he spent that time watching the TV with his mother. The Weather Channel was still showing its random reality shows instead of covering news on weather systems like it should...

"Lukan, I'm kind of surprised you did not join Klaus in the shower," his mother noted.

This caused Lukan's ears to perk up again. He was not expecting his mother to speak, much less about Klaus. "Well he seemed like he wanted some alone time," he noted. "And if we did too much together, I don't think that would make for a successful relationship," he added, telling his mother what he had told Klaus the day before.

"How long have you two actually been together?" she asked, probably changing the subject somewhat, but Lukan could not discern.

"Shortly before my birthday was when," he said. "I... I'm sorry for hiding it from you and you had to figure us out like that..."

"You should know that you could tell me anything, Lukan. If being Klaus' boyfriend makes you happy, you could have told me that and I'd be happy for you as well!" she replied.

"You would? I thought you would have wanted me to continue our family line and have one of my own..." Lukan said, remembering a few things he promised to his mother in the past on that unrelated regard.

"You have. Since Klaus is our family now," she said. "You've added Klaus to our family." Lukan had not thought about it that way. But before he could speak, his mother continued. "And something seems to be bothering him. Do you know what it is Lukan?"

Lukan bit his lip as apprehension exploded in his stomach, making him feel sick. "Um... well..." he stuttered. "For him it's uh... personal," he said.

"Oh I see," his mother said.

"I just don't know how to help him," Lukan confessed. "I-I mean I do! But it's not healthy for our relationship," he said.

"Not healthy? What do you mean?" his mother asked. Ah those four follow up words. Lukan loathed it when she asked them because for him, it was the most impossible question to answer in any and all scenarios.

"It's hard to explain, especially without telling you what he told me," Lukan evaded, but it's something I don't want to do that he does."

"A good person in any relationship will do whatever they can to help their partners in any way they can, regardless of what they want. Unless it is something bad. What, does he want you to do drugs or something actually harmful?"

"No! Absolutely not!" Lukan blurted out too loudly and quickly. "Like I said, it's personal to him," he said.

"You said it was harmful though," his mother misunderstood. Again. She misunderstands and construes everything Lukan says and spins it in the worst possible ways. It never ceased to infuriate him.

"Yes, I did, but to our relationship, not other people or ourselves," Lukan rebutted, becoming obviously impatient.

"So are you and Klaus working out what to do about it?" What the hell!? Was she trying to babysit their entire relationship!? It was none of her business at this point!

"Of course we are," Lukan tried not to snarl, but felt his tail fluffing out in annoyance. "He just hasn't been talking to me very much today."

"That is odd though, considering the differences between now and last night," his mother observed exactly what Lukan did earlier. She shrugged. "Teenagers. Mood swings are what they always experience but can never explain."

No not never, but because they do sometimes happen inexplicably, maybe Klaus was just going through a moody day. Such changes to someone's life can have that effect. Lukan just hoped that he would get his usual otter boyfriend back before he misses him too much.

Even that night, when they slept together, Lukan did not feel the otter's warm arms around him as they slept. It made Lukan feel cold, unsafe, and in consistent discomfort, quite contrary to when the otter spooned him to ward off those feelings. In fact, while the otter snoozed and Lukan lied awake, apprehensively, he felt the otter fidget and moan in his sleep. He was not having a very pleasant dream. What was bothering that otter so much to cause him so much distress? And why wasn't he telling Lukan or his mother so they could help? Lukan felt desperate for the otter to let him do something to help. Lukan did not want his boyfriend to experience internal conflicts like he used to before he rescued him. Lukan wanted it to be his turn to rescue Klaus.

Klaus was not happy when he woke up. When he woke up and bumped into Lukan, and thus, waking him up as well, he actually pushed Lukan over off the bed and onto the floor with a low grunt. Lukan looked up in disbelief as Klaus did that! What the hell!? This was so contrary to the previous morning that Lukan just had to wonder, what did he say to him in the truck ride yesterday to make him act with so much contempt today and last night? Lukan tried to excuse this by thinking that since the otter was still so tired, he couldn't tell what he did, like when he forgot that Lukan's mother knew about them and panicked. But to temporarily forget that Lukan was his boyfriend? Even groggy from sleep, that did not seem right in the slightest!

Lukan groaned on the ground from sleep, not wanting to pick himself up from the sudden bout of a defeated feeling he was experiencing at that moment. Throughout the past several hours, all Lukan could think was one word. Why? That does it. Before they would set off for their destination, he will drag Klaus off and demand an explanation. He needed to know what was going on.

Klaus sat up and stretched. Or so Lukan could only assume because he heard the bed squeak and shift and then a groan, followed by a few crackling bones and joints. He still was on the ground and saw nothing but the bed and night stand next to it from worm's eye view. He slowly picked himself up and groaned, holding his head when he realized he hit it on the nightstand on the way to the floor. He looked to his mother's bed, but noticed she was in the bathroom, showering presumably. Wow that shower was quieter than Lukan thought... or was his sense of hearing damaged from the fall for that moment? Since that was the case, the time was now.

"Klaus!" he said with more anger than he intended. "Why the hell did you push me out of bed like that? Ow..." he added when his head throbbed.

'O-oh my God Lukan! I-I'm so sorry!' Klaus exclaimed when he turned around. "I-I swear I did not mean it! God... what is with me hurting you lately?" he added. Again he seemed unfocused and insincere. As if he were hiding something. Lukan had to figure out what the otter was going through at that moment. Right now.

"Klaus." Lukan sighed. "Okay." Lukan had no idea how to talk anymore. He never did, but this time it was pretty bad. "What's wrong with you?" he asked clumsily.

"What do you mean?" Klaus asked, feigning ignorance, failing almost as badly as Lukan was addressing it.

"You've been acting really oddly lately," Lukan stated. "Like really oddly," he added with failing emphasis. "Giving me the cold shoulder yesterday, being depressed is not like you at all, and now you've pushed me out of bed!" he said with incredulity upon recapping the uncharacteristic otter's actions.

"Lukan I--" Klaus stopped himself. It was as if he were trying to be careful with what he was going to say. Something that Lukan usually did a lot. "I'm so sorry. I--" another pause. "I just. Have so much on my mind, okay?" he said. "I really don't mean to be acting like this, I swear!"

"Klaus... you can tell me anything. I'm your boyfriend now, so any of your problems are mine as well now. And my mom considers you a part of our family now too, so you can tell her anything too! Tell me Klaus! I want to help you!"

"No you don't!" Klaus denied instantly. When Klaus said that, Lukan felt something pierce his heart. This was definitely not like him.

"Yes, yes I do," Lukan tried to assure him.

"No. You're lying." Klaus said simply. "You know exactly what my problem is, but you refuse to help me," he said in a stone cold and stone hard voice. "You won't help me..." he breathed. Anger in his voice gave way to desperation.

"Wh-what are you talking about!?! Klaus! Talk to me! What makes you think I won't help you!?" Lukan exclaimed. Right when Klaus replied, Lukan realized it.

"You know my sexual drive! You refuse to help me out with it!" Klaus spat, returning to anger.

"But too much of it is not good for our relationship!" Lukan exclaimed, instinctively defending himself.

"And not enough of it is clearly not good for my sanity! Especially now that I have a boyfriend! Or so I THOUGHT, until I found out how unhelpful he is!" Klaus growled. What he added just then. It felt like Lukan was shot in the chest. No. It couldn't be. Could it?

"Klaus, you approached me first in that sub shop to help me. You did not ask for my help until--"

Klaus interrupted him. "Until you kissed me that night those brutes attacked us. I was about to ask you if you could help me with my libido, but you said yes anyways. And you have done jack shit lately!" he snarled.

Wait. Was that what he meant!? Lukan thought he meant help him get off himself! Every now and then and on occasion sort of thing! Not on a constant basis! "I thought--!" he started but Klaus continued, not giving him a chance to speak.

"You promised! You promised me!" he yelled. Lukan was aghast at the situation that was unfolding. This was a massive misunderstanding that Klaus was not letting him explain. Lukan understood that most of Klaus' emotions were caused by his libido driving his sense of judgement right out of his head, but if this really was what Klaus means by promise, then Lukan suddenly felt like he made a major mistake.

"Klaus, I'm sorry! I-I did not know this is what you meant exactly!" he tried to defend himself from the otter's unusual anger. "I did not think you meant I had to have constant sex with you like twice a day!" he felt tears well in his eyes. "I thought you meant for like, once in a while!"

"And I thought you knew. Just shows how little you knew or paid attention to how I felt back then," Klaus said darkly. "I helped you right? So will you please, help me? Please!" he was begging again. Lukan hated this situation. He hated the idea of having sexual interactions with Klaus this much so much more than anything in recent memory. He wanted a romantic relationship! Not a sexual one!

"K-Klaus, w-we need to get you help when we get to Salamanda. A counselor. Medication. Something! I don't want to have sex with you all the time!" Lukan exclaimed. "Th-this is not what I asked for from this relationship!"

"What did you ask for then, Lukan? What do you want from this relationship that I keep pressuring you from?" Klaus asked apathetically.

"K-Klaus... please... don't be this way," Lukan said sadly. "All I want is for us to be happy."

"Well what I want is not making you happy, and what you deprive me is not making me happy either. So what do you want me to do?" Klaus asked coldly.

The otter was guilt tripping him! Lukan felt so bad and so distraught that he lost all sense of what he wanted to say! "I-I... just hold on, Klaus. W-we'll get you help as soon as we get down there. Okay?" Lukan prompted.

"Oh I will get that help, or something when we get down there alright. I better, because... I can't take it anymore Lukan... I just can't..." Klaus' emotions flicked from fury to sadness within that statement so quickly Lukan almost did not notice.

"I will not promise to do sexual things with you all the time, but I do promise that I will do whatever else I can to help you," Lukan said. "Just please, give me a chance, okay?"

Klaus sighed. "Okay Lukan... J-just please, don't take too long. I think I'm getting close to my breaking point," he said in such a pained voice that it hurt Lukan's soul almost as badly. Despite the misunderstanding, Lukan had to feel bad for the otter. To feel such desires and drives so strongly with their only hope pushing them away must be awful. Lukan felt a pang of guilt sting his heart. He loved doing sexual things with the otter, but he hated the idea of doing it all the time a lot more. His biases are hurting his boyfriend, and there was nothing Lukan could do to stop it. Would it be so bad to do it with Klaus all the time? It can't be good for their health overall. It can't be. That on top of the relationship that would surely sink in quality and meaning. No matter how much Lukan considered giving it a try, he could not bring himself to tell the otter that. There was no way. He couldn't do it. But he couldn't lose Klaus to something like this either! What was he supposed to do!? Lukan thought it over, over and over, until he decided on what he told Klaus. They would have to wait until Klaus got some help in Salamanda. But considering how long will take, and judging by how hurt the otter was acting now, just how much longer could either of them afford to wait?