

TWELVE-C: The Intention

As soon as the realization hit Lukan hard on the head, he wanted to turn tail and run away. It couldn't be. It wasn't possible! How?! How did the son of the Loveless find him again eight years later!? Oh and so he swung that way after all! That once homophobic, slippery piece of...

"Oh, I-I see..." Lukan said shakily as he stared at the cat's cold, dead, vacant, and malicious yellow eyes.

"Why ask that?" he tilted his head, likely feigning curiosity. No. Lukan will never fall for his tricks again. Never. Ever. He knew full well that Nathias recognized him. He knew full well what he'd done! Him seeking out Klaus... he was up to something, and Lukan knew it! ...And then it hit Lukan. That cat was now also his boyfriend. There were no words... The ultimate tyrant of his past was now his... What... had he just walked into!?

"N-nothing!" he said, fidgeting extremely uncomfortably next to Klaus.

Klaus noticed without hesitation. "Lukan, sweetheart? Are you okay?" he asked in concern. His warm emerald eyes... they did not warm Lukan as a dark, wintry tempest stood beside them.

Lukan couldn't even hide how he felt anymore. He couldn't. It was impossible. And he damned himself for it. The last thing. The VERY last thing he could afford to do was show ANY sort of weakness with any member of the Love family around. And he was brimming with holes in his psyche. If Klaus weren't there... Lukan shuddered just thinking about it. "I-I--" he stammered.

"Are you sure you want to try to do that threeway with us...?" Klaus placed a paw on his shoulder. "It's okay if you don't... I'm surprised you wanted to honestly..." Lukan said nothing and refused to. Even he wanted to, he was certain that he couldn't anyways. Klaus continued. "We'll work something out then. I never did want to cheat you know..." Lukan knew that, but Klaus hadn't realized the severity of this particular mistake. Not for the raccoon's sake, but for the otter.

"I'm sorry too. The otter was coming on to me, and when I said yes, that's when he told me he already had someone. But I couldn't stand to watch him be burned like that, you know?" Is Nathias... calling Lukan a bad boyfriend? ...He'd be right. But Nathias had no sincerity with that apology, and Lukan knew that over and over. What a piece of slime...

Lukan still had not spoken. By this point, Klaus was looking extremely worried. "Lukan... what's wrong? You look like... the day I first met you..." he tried to give Lukan's shoulder a shake. The raccoon did not budge. It was as if a blizzard had froze him solid, because in a way, it had.

"I uh... see that you two might need more time to figure stuff out... I should go," Nathias feigned worry as he started to back out. Lukan was about to feel a reprieve as he started, but Klaus's insisting froze him again.

"No uh... don't go! Lukan's usually not like this. Really... I want to know what's wrong with him..."

The cat shrugged. "I wouldn't know." Which struck Lukan as a lie immediately. He knew. He knew very well the reason. How dare he try to manipulate his boyfriend? If Lukan had the strength or courage... he'd make that wretched feline rue the day he was ever conceived!

On the way back to the hotel, when Lukan was finally thawed and the dastard had gone away, Klaus was pestering him.

"Lukan! What happened back there?! As soon as Nathias spoke to you, you just started acting really oddly... Tell me!" he begged.

Oh Lord... now Lukan was faced with another choice. Should he tell Klaus about that cat or...? No. This was a no brainer. He knew he had to. "K-Klaus..." he muttered, trying not to speak as if his teeth were chattering due to an icy wind. "Th-that cat." But he failed miserably.

Klaus folded his small ears against his head. "What about him? Do you know him?"

Lukan took a long, shuddering breath. "Know him? Klaus he... he's the reason I am the way I am," he said vaguely. Damn it Lukan. He was the king of being vague and beating around the bush, but now was not a good time to let that trait shine right now. And surprise, Klaus did not understand what he meant.

"The way you are? Lukan...?" Klaus pressed.

"He's the son of the Loveless... Loveless being the nickname given to the mass murderer that was once at large in the city of Bright..." Lukan breathed, tears welling in his eyes.

At first Klaus seemed shocked, but for the wrong reason. "Wait a moment. So now we're dating the son of a murderer? Are you serious?!" Come on Klaus, put two and two together, please!

"It's not just that Klaus... Remember... h-he's from Bright," he shuddered. He felt like that name of that wretched little town was nothing more than the worst possible swear word.

"Bright..." Klaus gasped. "No... So you two DO know each other!?" he exclaimed.

That does it. No more being vague as hell! "Klaus! That cat was the one that ruined my life all those years ago in Bright! The friend I met that nearly got me killed! The final straw that caused me to NEVER trust a soul again. The catalyst to my misanthropy! The very bane of my existence!" he yelled.

For a moment, as Lukan stood there, trying to catch what was left of his breath after that outburst, Klaus stood there, jaw agape in shock as he tried to process what had just been revealed to his ears. It's like they both lost the sense of what was going on. After all the emotional turmoil that had already transpired, Lukan wasn't surprised that neither of them could focus any longer. He knew it was all going to get infinitely worse though...

"This can't be..." Klaus whispered.

"Klaus. Did you get a message or something shortly after passing Bright on the way down here?"

Klaus swallowed hard. "K-kinda-I-" he stopped, clearly unable to continue. Lukan could not tell if it was because of the shock or because he wanted to hide it.

"You... what? How did you two even meet?" Lukan pressed.

"I-it was when we stopped for lunch not long after we crossed Bright. I-I was approached by this black cat and he... we just... started talking and our banter eventually turned into me telling him what was going on in my life and... and--!" This time, Klaus stopped.

"And!?" Lukan pressed even further.

"He told me he could help. And... I had him follow us down because he said he had no home either. I asked him why, but he didn't answer. But I was too busy being excited because of him to care. I was so... so broken, even then, that I just... I... Oh Lukan," Klaus breathed with a sobbing shudder. "I-I'm so sorry..."

Lukan could not help but let out a rueful laugh. "Of all the shitty things that happen in my life. Of all of the most unexpected shit... why oh why... did this have to happen on top of EVERYTHING else!?"

Klaus hugged him tightly. "I-I don't know. But what are we going to do? Break up our triangle?" he seemed panicked. Exactly how Lukan felt, but as afraid as he was, he refused to be weak anymore; it hindered him far too much now.

"What do you think he would do if we broke us all up? He's the son of a killer! There is no doubt he'll have a vicious vendetta against us. A-although he already has one with me anyways, b-but--" Lukan faltered. "He probably stole you away from me so he could hurt me where I'm most vulnerable: my heart! To do so he manipulated your insatiable sex drive to get to you that much easier..."

"That kenieving son of a fucking bitch!" Klaus growled. "H-he'll regret this!"

"He better..." Lukan agreed. "But what are we going to do that won't cause him to want to skin our furs right off? He... he's trickier than a fox, that one..."

"The police!" Klaus exclaimed. "We should call them!"

Lukan shook his head. "What for? Technically, Nathias hasn't done anything wrong. They wouldn't do anything, even if we say he might be planning something horrible. He'll weasel his way out of it like all his kin can easily do."

"He will never hurt my boyfriend. Ever," Klaus spat.

"He... already has..." Lukan felt a sharp pain in every part of his body simultaneously. It was because of him his entire mentality was crippled. It was because of him that he repressed himself from the world for the entirety of his adolescence. He's the reason that he suffered endless loneliness and separation. He was the root of his depression! The very bane of Lukan Benka as a whole... The raccoon could only just refuse to believe he'd returned. But he couldn't. He had to face this fear head on.

"Well he won't ever do it again!" Klaus declared.

"That's all fine and good... but what are we going to do to stop him from... whatever he's planning to do?" Lukan said slowly. He had no idea what the cat was plotting against them as the plotted against him. That cat was no slouch when it came to unpredictability.

"W-well he seemed surprised as hell when I told him that you wanted to join our love together. He obviously wanted to snatch me from you so you could succumb to a broken heart, but now that he can't, since you're in with us..."

"We may have bought some time," Lukan finished for him. "Which is a very fucking good thing if you ask me," he added. "Though I wonder, why did he say yes?"

"He probably didn't want to say no in front of one of us. He knew that we would find him out if he did eventually. Especially because he was manipulating my apparently weakened mind and all," Klaus speculated. "I dunno... it seems fishier the more I think about it."

"Everything is fishy about that cat, and I definitely don't mean his breath," Lukan said in a low voice, vaguely changing the subject.

Klaus smiled a bit. "I thought my breath was the fishy one, Lukan," he said. "Am I suspicious?" he added. It was too hard to tell if he was joking or not, because his smile faded.

"Not anymore," Lukan replied. Damn it stupid coon! Wrong words again!

"I... see..." Klaus sighed. "I-I am really sorry Lukan... j-just look at the mess I got us in..."

Lukan placed a paw on his shoulder. "I've been there and done that with these crippling mistakes being made. Especially when we have no idea what could happen until it was too late. And I understand why you did what you did... I'm the one who should apologize... I am such a shitty ass boyfriend that you were right to cheat on..."

"But Lukan, that's not true!" Klaus gasped. "Being with you has given me the best few months in my entire life! And I mean that! I-I mean, I really did wish we could have sex more, but... I understand why you didn't and I really shouldn't have trampled on your tail for feeling that way... shows how shitty a boyfriend I was," he added.

"But you have a very serious mental problem that's made you feel like you needed it all the time! I-I was so wrong to even think of ignoring it!" Lukan argued sadly.

"I know," Klaus sighed. "But that's honestly the least of our worries, now, isn't it?" he prompted.

"Yep," Lukan nodded apprehensively.

"Damn," Klaus whispered. "Well at least we made up, right?"

Lukan stopped him and gave the otter a big, fat, and wet kiss on the lips. He felt more confident in doing that again. Thank God. "Yep," he repeated.

"Can we sex tonight?" Klaus pressed.

"Right after what just happened..." Lukan asked skeptically.

"Yeah you're right; really bad time," Klaus scratched his head. "Hopefully we can do it lots when this whole shitstorm blows over," he said.

"Oh Klaus, I promise you, and I mean it this time, that when it does, we sure as hell will!" Lukan promised as he grabbed the otter's paw.

Klaus squealed happily as he initiated the next kiss. It caught Lukan off guard, especially when Klaus went into his maw tongue first. Klaus did that a lot, but he wasn't expecting it that time! Nevertheless, he took it in with comfort, knowing that his boyfriend was back by his side, willing to help him fight in his next ultimate battle against the one that wanted to harm him immensely.

"That's so great that you two have made up so quickly!" Lukan's mother beamed as the two lovers walked back to the hotel, paws holding.

"Yep. All it took was a nice talk and a promise that when this is all over with, I'll do my best to help him in any way I can... b-by lending him my body, of course," Lukan replied awkwardly. "I-if that's okay of course," he added.

"Lukey... if you're sure... then that's fine with me. Just let me know when it's happening so I can not be in the way," she winked.

"W-will do..." Lukan could not help but blush.

It was weird. Having Klaus spooning him comfortably as he slept still did not chase away the dark dreams that Lukan was having that night when they slept. He dreamt he was back in Bright... and the cat and him were there. It was as if Lukan were reliving that painful memory all over again. Except this time... he wasn't on the tracks... Who was that? And why was Lukan watching as if he weren't there? As if Nathias could not see him? What was going on...?

Lukan could not make out the name.

That wasn't his voice this time. And Lukan knew who that voice belonged to. No... it wasn't...

There was a sudden sound of rumbling, followed closely by a train whistle. In the light of the train that was speeding towards them, Lukan saw the face on the tracks in his place.

It was Klaus Richtors.

Lukan awoke, gasping for air. That dream! It couldn't be! Was it!? Where was he...? He could feel Klaus next to him, recoiling from his sudden start. There was a dim light shining in the window that must have meant that sunrise was coming close. Oh right. Salamanda. In the hotel room. Not on the Bright train tracks. Thank God... Lukan sat back on the frame of the bed and breathed deeply in relief, trying to calm his speeding heart. Meanwhile, the otter next to him was rubbing his arm.

"Lukan, you hurt me, what happened?" he asked groggily from sleep.

"A... nightmare," Lukan struggled to say.

"But you haven't had one since we've been together..." Klaus pointed out.

"I had one the night before. When you ran off," Lukan replied darkly. When Klaus looked down regretfully, he continued. "But this one was different. This one is the same dream I had over and over shortly after meeting you. But... this time..." he trailed off.

"Was I in the dream again?" Klaus asked, biting his lips.

"Y-yeah," Lukan replied. "But not as Nathias this time... but me. Y-you were the victim this time. Because you fell for his manipulation," he said.

"M-man that's scary," Klaus replied. "If you hadn't stepped in to be a part of our triangle, or try to rather... I don't want to know what could have happened to either of us."

It's because of what was working out that Lukan began to think he might have made the right choice. But by thinking that, Lukan instantly knew it wasn't. Life loved throwing curve balls at him once he thought ANYTHING good. And since Nathias was involved, he had to be ready for anything and everything.

"So what are we going to do when we meet Nathias tonight?" Lukan asked.

Klaus shook his head. "I have no idea. We can't really just play it cool can we? Even to see what he'd be up to?"

"He's a criminal, Klaus; he'll definitely know when he's being observed like that," Lukan shook his head this time. "We have to confront him somehow."

"I suppose so, but... how do we approach a guy like this, like that?" he asked.

"Extremely carefully. I think we should have someone help us, just in case something happens," Lukan replied.

"Yeah... I do too, but who?"

"My mom is the only one we know down here after all... but getting her on board without tipping her off won't be easy. But then again, do we have to hide it from her?" Lukan asked.

"Again, I have no idea," Klaus replied. "For simplicity's sake, I'd say tell her," he shrugged.

Lukan nodded. "Maybe we should," he agreed. "Okay, as soon as my mom gets out of the shower, let's tell her."

"What will we do until then? Paw, oral... or...?" Klaus trailed off with a grin. Lukan gave him a hard stare. "I know! I'm just joking! Seriously! Just trying to lighten the mood after all!" he stuck out his tongue playfully as Lukan relaxed.

"You silly creature," Lukan said. "We'll have all the time in the world to do that when this is over. Just a little longer, okay?"

Klaus nodded. "Yeah. I know," he said as he smooched Lukan yet again, seemingly trying to bump their noses together more than anything. "So... until your mom wakes, tell me more about Nathias if you want. Like... how did you two meet and what did he do? I know from your story, but it was really vague..."

"I'm good at being vague, unfortunately," Lukan replied, "but okay. After that panic attack after being really sick the day before due to you know, poison, my mom and I had a meeting at the school to reform my schedule. They wanted to put me in a special class. One that would help me, they claimed."

Klaus nodded. "Yeah I remember you telling me that. So it wasn't what they said it was?"

Lukan shook his head. "Far from it. It was a class for mentally handicapped or otherwise disabled students. It... was like they considered depression and anxiety as a mental disorder. I don't know if they intended for that or not, but the implication... it... it's insulting..." Lukan whispered.

"That's grounds for a lawsuit, man!" Klaus gasped. "The more I think about that, the more I think you could have!"

Lukan sighed. He wasn't wrong... It's shit like that that could get a school in serious trouble. Had he started studying law back then, everything could have been different. Hell, the Loveless would probably never been associated with him, ever. Unfortunately there is nothing he could do about that now... "That might have been an option, but... he trailed off. Now Lukan was really kicking himself in the tail for not thinking of doing something like that sooner. Winning a lawsuit against that school would have solved all his problems. Would it have been possible? Lukan was not sure... but as long as a possibility stood, he would continue kicking himself for it. "It was a good class though. Much better than that PE shit I was going through. I just didn't like that hideous implication..."

"Anyways, I met this black cat cub who was just as intelligent if not more. More self aware and capable than any other I've seen in that class. I wondered why someone as sane and stable as he was would be in a class like that. At the time I did not know the extent of his mentality... that was the reason he was ever there. Well... we hit it off. Naturally. As any manipulator would. But..."

"He betrayed you." Klaus stated.

"He did. And now... he's back," Lukan gulped.

"Who's back?" came the voice of Lukan's mother as she emerged from the bathroom door. She was dressed, but fur still somewhat damp from the shower.

"Oh uh..." Lukan hated being put on the spot like that. He never knew what to say... and he hated that even more. "Someone from Bright that uh..."

"Really hurt Lukan while you guys lived there," Klaus finished for him, which made Lukan's heart twang a little from the memories.

"Nathias Love? You mean that cat guy who almost got you killed?" her eyes widened. "He's here? In Salamanda? What are the odds?"

"I couldn't believe it either... and... we've somehow associated with him a bit ago and now we're worried he's up to something..." Klaus explained. Wow... Lukan really wished he had his boyfriend's speaking skills. They were so much better than his by a country mile. "We want you to help us deal with him..." he finished.

"Oh Lords... we have to find a job and a home, but now we have to deal with somebody on top of it? This is not a good time for that..." she said, looking up at the ceiling.

"Sorry..." Lukan mumbled.

"Why? It's not anybody's fault. But that jerk who almost killed my son," she replied harshly.

Klaus nodded. "Yeah. We have to meet him tonight. We would like you to bear witness to what could happen. I don't think it's going to be pretty."

"Wouldn't the police be a better idea?" she tilted her head skeptically.

"Nathias knows when he's being watched by someone like that. He's criminalized beyond belief after all," Lukan stated. "Besides, would the police really comply with something like, watching creatures while they talk to each other?"

"Still..." Lukan's mother replied. "Alright... I'll come with you, but I am taking extra precaution."

Lukan nodded. "Awesome."

Despite the immense distraction that plagued their minds that day, Lukan's mother managed to obtain interesting advice from the lobbyist of the hotel they were staying at in terms of getting a new job. A new job of which they could use to find an apartment or something along those lines in town and thus solve that issue for good.

She said that they could technically use the hotel's address since, hey, they are technically living there right then, so it counts. It made too much obvious sense that it was absurd. Lukan remembered yanking his own tail in punishment for never realizing that as a possibility while Lukan's mother posted job applications under the hotel's address and Klaus did the same. Still... it was excellent getting that fiasco sorted out. But there was still another one that needed to be addressed right then and there was no time to worry about anything else...

"So Nathias wanted to meet you two at the gas station down the street?" Lukan's mother asked.

Lukan and his boyfriend nodded. "Yeah. That would be the place."

"Okay," she replied. "Be careful, you two... I don't like the looks of this, or that Nathias bastard."

"We will, mom," Lukan replied.

Lukan's mother stayed in the car and she then parked it further down the lot, out of sight, and out of detection of Nathias. The cat was only accustomed for being on the lookout police. A regular civilian keeping eyes on him was no big deal.

Lukan and Klaus exchanged glances at each other as they approached the cat, who was leaning on a post nonchalantly. The cat noticed and greeted them.

"Ah Ringtail and Rudderbutt... it's good to see you again. Have you finally got your head sorted?" he referred to Lukan. Lukan hated being called ringtail... and Nathias knew that. He clenched his fists a little.

"I'm fine," he stated too stiffly.

"I take it that you are still messed up in the head, eh?" Nathias seemed to be referring to their days back in that class. Oh this guy was not even being subtle anymore. Lukan was not falling for it anymore...

"I was never messed up in the head, Nathias," he replied evenly. "Just wasn't sure if I wanted to be a part of this love triangle is all."

"Oh? So you've made up your mind?" Nathias prompted.

Lukan gave one single nod. "I have. And I will decline," he said.

Nathias noticeably smirked. "Well, well, a raccoon's gotta not try something new, right?"

Lukan glared at the cat. "That is not a raccoon thing," he said flatly.

"Hey man, what's with the hostility? I'm trying to be nice here," Nathias replied defensively. No he wasn't Lukan was no fool any longer.

"Klaus and I both think it best that we should not be in the triangle as we thought," Lukan explained.

Before Nathias could object, Klaus chimed in. "Y-yeah, it was so wrong of me to cheat on my raccoon like that... I think the only way to prove that I was wrong and that I love him now is to... well..." he trailed off.

The cat's eyes narrowed to a very intimidating level. "Oh? Is that so?" Those eyes... they shot through Lukan's chest like icicles. "So I've come to Salamanda for nothing? Humph. I refuse to let that be"

Lukan felt his fur fluffing out with an eerie suspicion. He didn't like the way Nathias said that. Not one bit.

"Fine. You two have your lovey dovey faggot relationship. Leave me out of it then. But let me tell you one thing. I will not. Let this go..." Nathias replied in an incredibly ominous and dark voice that chilled Lukan to the bone. Lukan blinked and he was literally gone. Like a shadow blown away in the wintry breeze. He shuddered.

"I don't think this is over," he said.

Klaus's voice was only a little bit more than a whine. "I-I don't think so either..."

Lukan shook his head. "You know what? Fuck it. Bring it on, Nathias. I've been through too much shit for you to phase me now... Whatever it will be. I have no choice but to be ready for anything..."