

Six. Golden Illusion

Lukan had nightmares for several of the nights that followed. It was the same dream every time too. His uncle, molesting him as a cub. But why...? Lukan was never there when the otter's uncle had done such horrific deeds? Why would Lukan dream anything like this? What does it mean? He felt much colder whenever he woke up from these terrible nightmares. He longed for there to be enough room on his small bed to hold both him and Klaus. He felt he needed the otter's comfort every morning more than any other time. He felt so alone after waking up, even with the mustelid lying next to him on the floor. Come to think of it, the otter hadn't slept at his own house in just about a month now. Thanksgiving, and then December were only days away at this point. Lukan wondered if the otter's family were starting to worry about Klaus. And if they themselves were affected as badly by their relative's abhorrent actions in the past. He shook his head as he lied in his bed. It's obvious they were, seeing as Klaus was here in Lilac Grove, and not where the rest of his family were. Lukan couldn't even imagine himself in the otter's place. It made him feel that his own past was nothing compared to the otter's. It made him feel weak and much more insignificant.

Lukan opted not to tell the otter about the recurring nightmares, however. He had a nagging feeling that the creature would blame himself for all the nightly torments Lukan was having. Although, Lukan knew he could not hide it forever. It was starting to wear him down. He was becoming more and more tired every day. And due to this, Eira and everyone else were wondering what in the hell was going on with him even more so than before. Lukan just wished they would all leave him be!

"Can't sleep either, Lukan?" came the soft voice of his boyfriend below him. His body stirred slightly in his makeshift bed.

Lukan looked down at him. See the otter's face always made him feel happier. Possibly even more therapeutic than a cool autumnal evening could ever be. How could that be? "Nope," he whispered.

"I wish I could sleep in the same bed as you," Klaus said. It was as if he was reading the raccoon's mind.

"I do too," Lukan replied, looking into the otter's eyes. They managed to shimmer even in the nonexistent lighting in Lukan's room.

"Well, there is something your small bed is perfect for," Klaus started.

Lukan's ears perked. "Oh? And what would that be?"

It was at the second after Lukan finished his query that the otter suddenly sprang from his makeshift bed and pounced on top of Lukan. Lukan felt air being expelled from his maw like a whoopie cushion as the otter's weight forced it out.

"Cuddling, of course!" the otter exclaimed brightly as he evenly spaced his weight on top of the raccoon.

Lukan giggled. "You silly creature! You should warn me before you do that!" despite being unable to easily recapture his breath, Lukan felt more than happy to have the otter where he was. Better yet... He grabbed at the blankets he was under and tried to pull them out of the way. The otter's weight prevented that from happening. "Hey, get under these blankets so we can cuddle properly then, silly thing."

The otter gave his own giggles in response. "Sounds like a plan." And he shifted his weight some more to make it easier to pull the blankets off Lukan. All the while he jabbed Lukan several times with his pair of elbows and knees. Lukan didn't mind though. All he cared about was Klaus and his mere presence in his life. And once the blankets were moved out of the way, the otter instantly flopped on top of Lukan's exposed body. Lukan then pulled the covers over them both, encasing them together. The otter shifted slightly, placing one paw on Lukan's chest, and the other one under his head. "I like the sound of your heartbeat," Klaus admitted as their legs locked together.

Lukan smiled and licked at the top of the otter's head. "Well it beats for you and you alone," he said quietly.

Lukan could swear that the otter was blushing because he felt his shoulder, where Klaus had his face resting, grow warmer. "You're such a sweetheart, Lukan," the otter murmured.

"Not as much as you are," Lukan replied.

Klaus giggled again. "You gotta turn all my compliments into arguments don't ya?" he said good naturedly.

"Well that's because I think of you the way you think of me, but even more so," Lukan defended himself playfully.

"Aww... You really are a sweetheart, Lukan. You know... I knew that you were a misanthropist since we first met. The way you awkwardly stumbled over your words trying to comfort me. The way you tried to avoid me and Platt as we walked past. I was scared you really did not like me for a while... But..."

"Shh..." Lukan hushed him. "You are what I've been missing my whole life. A reason to believe not all creatures can be immediately distrusted."

"You became a misanthropist after what happened to you before, didn't you?" Klaus pondered as he moved one of his paws down to stroke Lukan's tail.

Lukan shivered happily against the otter's body as he did so. "Yeah... But I don't want to tell you about that yet. I just want to continue being held by you."

"I wish I was as soft as you are, Lukan. But us otters have such short fur," Klaus said softly. Klaus ran his fingers through Lukan's bushy tail as he said that.

Lukan gave the otter a kiss on the lips. The first one he made himself. "Don't worry about it. I love you the way you are." It was at that moment Lukan felt something firm against his thigh. He looked down at the otter's face, which was blushing much more immensely than before. Lukan could see it, even in the darkness of his room.

"I-uh..." Klaus stuttered. "Sorry..." he trailed off, looking utterly embarrassed.

"Why be sorry?" Lukan smiled.

"It's embarrassing!" Klaus breathed. "I-it always happens when we kiss, y-ya know? I-I just love it so much when we do!"

Lukan giggled. "How adorable." Lukan could not get over how in love he was with the otter at that moment in time. The otter showing him how awkward he can be at times, just as Lukan was when they first met made his heart beat heavily. His emotions drove him to do just one thing in that immediate moment. He felt himself locking lips together with the otter again. But he didn't want a simple kiss with him. No, he wanted deeper. Lukan was barely aware of his tongue leaving his muzzle to enter the otter's, but the second their tongues met each other, separated only at the atomic level, Lukan felt as if a lightning bolt was sent into his entire nervous system. Lukan moaned softly into the kiss while their tongues danced. The firmness against Lukan's thigh grew stronger. He felt his own underwear tighten around his waist. He felt it brush against the otter's stomach. Lukan knew how much the otter enjoyed their embrace. And he knew that the otter knew how much he enjoyed it in turn. And that was the best part of the kiss.

The otter pulled back, breathing heavily. "I-it feels like someone has enjoyed that as much as I have," he giggled. Lukan, much to his own surprise, wasn't even embarrassed at that fact. Not like the otter was. The otter went on. "That makes me feel so much more comfortable with you..."

"What, you weren't before? It's my job to feel that way, you silly goose," Lukan licked the otter's nose.

"It's just embarrassing!" Klaus echoed himself.

Lukan buried his muzzle into the otter's chest. "There is no need to be embarrassed about that around your boyfriend." Somehow, Lukan knew this to be a fact despite never being in a real relationship before this. It had always just made sense to him. "It shows... just how much you love your partner," he continued. "I-in fact... It makes me happy that it's there."

"O-oh Lukan..." Klaus breathed, sounding as if he were to burst into tears of joy. "I love you so much...!"

Lukan felt another jolt of electricity. This was the first time that Klaus had explicitly stated that he loved him. It felt so weird for that to come from someone that wasn't in his family. No. That's wrong. As far as Lukan was concerned, Klaus was a part of his family now. "I love you too, Klaus," he replied simply.

Klaus' face then seemed to grow even warmer against Lukan's chest. "S-so..."

Lukan knew exactly where Klaus was wanting to take this. "Way ahead of you," he said simply before placing both his paws on the waistband of the otter's underwear. Lukan felt Klaus shudder, but he did not protest. Lukan wordlessly guided his paws down the otter's legs, forcing them to become untangled with Lukan's. Once the unwanted garment was free of the otter's footpaws, Lukan threw it onto the floor beside the bed, feeling the otter's bare touch against his legs.

"Y-your turn then?" Klaus prompted as he shakily attempted to recreate Lukan's movements with Lukan's own solitary piece of clothing. Despite what Lukan had said just seconds ago, he couldn't but blush as he felt the otter fully exposing him. ...Hold on.

"It's too bad we got the covers on us so we can't see each other," Lukan teased.

"But it'd be cold!" Klaus prompted as he slid Lukan's underwear from his footpaws.

"I love the cold!" Lukan exclaimed.

"Otters have fur that's too short for cold air. Cold water at least is better to deal with," Klaus countered.

"Ew. The idea of cold baths gross me out," Lukan grimaced.

Klaus giggled loudly. "Here we are, laying on top of each other naked, before dawn, and this is what we're talking about? Your mom was right. We are such dorks."

"Oh? What would you like to do now that we're naked?" Lukan smirked in the darkness, loving how he is now feeling no barriers between his and Klaus' bodies.

"I don't care as long as I get to feel your warmth, Lukan. Stay like this or do something more... I just want you, my sweet procyon," Klaus replied softly, licking the mask on Lukan's face.

"Oh Klaus... I dunno what I have done to deserve you, but... it must have been the greatest thing anyone has ever done..." Lukan breathed. He felt himself grazing against the otter's centerpiece. Chills of happiness reverberated through his body. It was official. This was as gay as it gets. Was this really and truly who he was? All this time? All these years without ever knowing? What a waste... It made Lukan sad, yet, at the same time, happy as well, now that he knows more about himself than ever before.

"You always deserve happiness, Lukan. Everyone does. It should be a right," Klaus whispered as he teasingly pressed against Lukan, causing Lukan to let out a soft moan. He giggled at the sound Lukan made. "That's the cutest sound I ever heard you make."

Lukan flushed. "I-I can't help it...! It feels so good." He yelped softly as he felt a paw grasp him firmly. "K-Klaus?"

"I can make it feel better. Anything for my sweetheart," Klaus replied softly. After speaking, Klaus motioned his paw, moving it up and down, back and forth like a

piston. Lukan felt a third jolt of electricity, this time with far more voltage. The shockwave shook his entire body. Lukan instinctively squeaked and squirmed with no volition from his muscles as the shockwaves controlled his entire nervous system in such a pleasurable way. "K-Klaus..." he moaned as the otter continued to pleasure him.

"Yes sweetie?" Klaus said softly, not slowing his movements at all.

"A-at least keep my bed from getting all messed up...?" Lukan struggled to say since the pleasing waves inhibited his speech.

The otter chuckled as he picked up speed. Light began to filter in Lukan's room very slowly as dawn approached, and Lukan was able to look his lover right into the eyes. "Okay, silly. I know exactly what to do to prevent that!" he gave the raccoon a wink. The sudden pickup in speed made Lukan's legs thrash out slightly, kicking the otter's shin lightly. He would have apologized, but his speech was almost entirely shut down at this point. Lukan had never really pleased himself that much. To have his entire adolescence energy built up inside of him at this point made him more sensitive than he would have expected. Especially as a former anti-sexual such as he used to be. "Almost there, hun?" the otter asked as Lukan began whining.

Lukan had no idea. "I-I have no idea."

"Sounds like you are, silly" Klaus cooed as he used his other paw to flip over the blankets to fully expose the scene they were playing out. Cool air wafted over Lukan's body, but most of it was blocked by the otters radiant warmth. "So handsome..." Klaus observed as he eyed the raccoon's completely exposed body.

Lukan yelped again, feeling a pressure build up between his legs. "K-Klaus...!" he gasped as felt it coming.

"On it!" Klaus moved swiftly, moving Lukan slightly out of the way. Lukan almost exclaimed in surprise as the otter's muzzle made a beeline for Lukan's midsection. The otter's lips barely touched the tip of Lukan before Lukan gasped aloud, at last giving his release. A release several years in the making. Lukan watched as the otter took it in. Only letting a few droplets fall onto his fur. Lukan was mesmerized by the otter's movements, by his daring and eager maneuvers. Lukan panted heavily as the climax resulted in resolution-- his spent energy and beating heart. Just to flatter the raccoon even more so, the otter licked his lips. "Heh. What did you think?"

"Th-that was not quite what I meant by preventing a mess, you s-silly," Lukan panted.

"Hey it worked didn't it?" Klaus shrugged.

"I guess," Lukan replied as he looked at the otter, who was still wielding his sword. "Hey. Your turn? A-although I dunno if I can... well do what you did," Lukan admitted, blushing deeply.

Klaus licked him. "Hey I understand. It's intimidating at first. Take your time. It doesn't have to be right now. I am more of a bottom anyways!"

"But don't you at least want me to...?" Lukan trailed off.

"Well I wouldn't lie and say no, but, I just want you happy. You do what you want as long as it won't hurt me," was Klaus' simple reply. "After what Uncle did to me, not much can. ...Did that sound too dark?" he quickly added. "Sorry."

"I-I just dunno what I can do without well... making a mess," Lukan admitted. "Th-that's all!" he insisted.

"True. Can't exactly clean up with your mom still in the apartment, can we?"

Lukan shook his head. "When she goes to work, I promise!"

Klaus giggled. "Sounds like a plan!"

Lukan did live to his promise later that morning after he had heard his mom leave for work just several minutes after Klaus had initially pleased him. He tried to mimic the otter's movements the best he could, but found that it took longer for him to get the otter off, despite the otter's obvious squeaks and moans. Lukan found that his arm was continuously getting tired over and over after a while, which slowed the process down even more. As it went on and on, Lukan began to feel more and more embarrassed that he could not even do this right. It was odd though, holding someone else in his paw so incredibly and intensely intimately as this. But pleasing the otter, or rather, trying to was almost as good as being pleased by him. It seemed to have taken more minutes than Lukan could count before the otter had finally finished, shooting himself with his own gun. The scent of otter grew much stronger in the air as he did so. The same intoxicating scent that Lukan had whenever he was in Klaus' truck. Wait... so does that mean...?

"S-sorry it took so long," Klaus blushed. "I-I often touch myself s-so... uh..." Oh so was that it huh? Lukan suddenly felt a little better for giving a potentially lackluster performance.

"I-I will still try to do better next time!" he insisted.

"Practice makes perfect. And I'll happily let you practice on me whenever you want!" Klaus winked. Lukan blushed. "I'll turn you into the most experienced naughty coon if you'd like! Or not. It's up to you," Klaus added, in an undisguised way to try and fluster the raccoon further.

Lukan completely lost all grasp of every word he used to have in his throat. "I uh-- I-- uh..."

Klaus giggled. "So much for that quote unquote "anti-sexual" coonbutt, huh?"

Lukan's face turned red. "Sh-shut up...!" he exclaimed, still having now vocal cohesion. Klaus giggled again. "I-I still dunno for sure I am truly gay or not--"

"Well considering where you just had your coonie paws, I'd say that is quite the distinct possibility, don'tcha think?" Klaus interrupted.

"I-I cannot deny that..." Lukan tried to say.

"Uh-huh. Thought so. You work today, sweetie?" Klaus moved on.

Lukan shook his head. "No, not today."

"Oh cool! Let's go out and do something today then! Together!" Klaus immediately exclaimed excitedly.

"If the weather isn't being a total pain in the ass, sure!" Lukan agreed with a glance out his window. It was impossible to accurately judge the weather condition from just that. No wind it seems. No rain or snow. But that is as far as Lukan could tell. He wondered what the otter had planned for him. Something caught Lukan's eye outside though. From his window, he could see a good chunk of the western half of Lilac Grove. The east was blocked by a hill. And to his left, was the road that led to his apartment complex, winding its way towards the neighborhood Klaus lived in. On that street's sidewalk, he spotted a bright yellow looking canid walking towards his complex. He was too far away for Lukan to make out any details about the creature, but upon seeing him, Lukan suddenly had a baseless eerie premonition. He found himself staring, wondering what it could mean. It wasn't the same feeling as he had with Klaus. Not even close.

"Lukan, whatcha see?" Klaus asked, knocking Lukan back into reality. Lukan looked at him with curious eyes.

"I thought I saw this..." but Lukan trailed off as he turned his head back out the window. The creature had vanished. Nowhere to be found. "This creature outside... but they're gone now," he added before Klaus could get a look himself and waste his time and energy.

"Oh? Who?" Klaus tilted his head.

"This... yellow canine guy. I dunno, he was all the way on the street over there," Lukan pointed, indicating where he saw him. "I dunno. I just never seen any creature like him before."

Klaus shrugged. "Who knows? Let's go to the park again! I would like to go to where I first met my new boyfriend!" he exclaimed.

"Y-yeah! Why not?!" It had been forever since Lukan visited the park in question. In fact it hadn't been since he met Klaus since he went there. He used to go almost daily! Then he thought. "A-are you sure? You know what.."

Klaus interjected. "Yeah, I know what happened there. But ya know, I met you just seconds after. So it balances out!" he replied reassuringly.

Lukan nodded. "I gotcha."

Lukan and Klaus walked together from Lukan's apartment moments after they decided to go. It was breezy that day, not quite windy, and chilly, yet not cold enough to say no to being out. Lukan always hated mid November for that. Always flickering

between habitable and uninhabitable outdoor conditions. It made it much more difficult to plan his alone time due to that.

Most of the trees had lost well over half of their leaves by this point. Leaving behind their exposed wooden skeletons. They looked depressingly dead instead of beautifully shaded yellow, orange and red like before. Lukan found himself missing Autumn Phase 1 already. But since he did not have Klaus prior to this, he had to think, just how much did he miss it? Probably not enough to sacrifice Klaus in order to go back in time.

Once in the park, Lukan was somewhat dismayed to find that the dreary transformations had left the park as no exception to that rule. It looked so different after just three weeks. Trees almost bare. Dead leaves piled up all over the path. Lukan and Klaus had strolled to the place where they first made contact- the big rock just off the trail in the center. It looked unchanged, despite the leaves that now blanketed it.

"It's only been a few weeks..." Lukan started. "But it already feels nostalgic to me. Is that bad?" he looked at Klaus.

"To some it would, but does it sound so bad to you?" Klaus enigmatically replied.

Well, this was the spot where Lukan's life had drastically altered itself. Where his solitary and misanthropist lifestyle would be dismantled little by little by an otter with emeralds for eyes. Lukan had to think of such a feeling's validity. He already knew he would come back here a lot, just to reminisce. Klaus spoke up again.

"Well... I dunno if I can really. B-but that's only because of how long I was with Platt you know? Five years is so much longer than a few weeks after all..."

Lukan nodded in understanding. "Do you ever visit that site you met him on at all nowadays?" he asked, trying to relate.

Klaus shook his head. "Now that I am 20 years old, I don't. There really isn't that much of a point. Especially now that... that my uncle isn't in my life anymore. And that Platt turned out to be a not so nice wolf after a while..." The otter trailed off.

"Klaus?" Lukan tried to get his attention back.

"Lukan, there is something else I need to tell you..." Klaus started, seeming like something was stuck firmly in his throat. He placed his paws right inside of Lukan's own and looked him right in the eyes. Lukan didn't believe that it was because he was going to do something romantic. The otter even had admitted that Lukan's presence gives him courage to speak his mind. That had to have been it. "It's something about the day Platt and I broke up. And when I met you," he continued.

"What would that be, Klaus? O-only if you really and truly want me to know," Lukan added quickly.

But before Klaus could speak, Lukan detected movement nearby. His ear twitched as he heard it. Crunching leaves underpaw. Someone was walking in their

directions. God dammit, an intrusive creature at a time like this? Lukan felt himself going slightly red again, but this time out of anger. Who dares interrupt such a moment this time?! Lukan swiveled his head to get a glimpse of them. They were walking towards them, just down the hill some. Lukan saw a pair of silvery ears. As they drew closer, Lukan was able to discern more features. Sapphire eyes. Much like the ones in Lukan's own head. An intense expression. Lukan felt a flash of recognition whilst the otter froze completely beside him, as if the wind had chilled him right through the bone.

There was no mistaking who this wolf was. It was Platt.