

It was half past seven on a Friday night, sunset peeking through the multitude of hairline cracks that the city skyline offered. Lawrence was young (only just turning 22 in a few weeks) and yet instead of enjoying his weekend out on the town, he was on the hotel balcony sipping an overly expensive hotel refrigerator beer.

He didn't know what was wrong with himself. He was in a depression, and had no idea how to pull himself out.. It was quite common for him to spend his nights cruising for chicks, getting in deep, painting the town red, all of that. But even on vacation, he couldn't find fun in it anymore.

It certainly didn't help that he was alone on this vacation. His friends either couldn't afford to come or didn't have the time (Not that he was sure he even wanted them there, he was feeling weird around the guys as of late. Due to depression too, no doubt). Or that this was the last summer break his parents were giving him before he had to finally suck it up and move out. Still, the whole rigmarole of spending all night cruising clubs, getting drunk, and picking up some cute girl to go home with lost its appeal. He wondered if this was what it was like to be getting old, and the thought disgusted him.

"I'm not some old fucker yet," he said as the thought crossed his mind, "Fuck this. I'm going to get drunk." It didn't sound very appealing to him right now, but he'd be damned if he would sit on the balcony all night sipping beer alone.

The otter went to his suitcase, and began to dig through it. He was still in his pajamas. He hadn't left the room all day and called up room service for lunch, so why dress nice if there's no one to show yourself of to? However, he would be caught dead before he attempted to even enter a club with a white wife beater and sweatpants. So he rummaged through his dirty suitcase and found what he was looking for. A nice sports jacket, khakis, and his favorite button up shirt. He never had an eye for fashion, but he knew what suited him, and for his not too thin but not too wide body, this did just fine.

With the pants zipped up, and the shirt buttoned, and arms through the sleeves of his coat, he stared at himself in the mirror. He didn't look bad at all, and he cleaned up nice even though his hair was a bit messy. He still felt like shit though, and therefore thought he should look like shit, so he gave his reflection a sour look and ruffled his ironed clothes before grabbing his wallet and keys. The energy required to simply pick up the keys and leave the room was almost enough to make him reconsider, but he then noticed his cell phone had a voice mail from his mother (surely asking him if her sweetie was doing all right, because he could come back home at any time and all that shit). He tossed his cell back on the bed and walked out of the hotel room, resigned to not become an old fogey yet.

It was his third night in New York, and yet despite the party otter that he was frequently described as, he didn't know where to find a single bar (and hotel bars were a no no, the only people who went there were folks as depressed as him). So for the better part of a half an hour he just wandered through the twilit streets of New York, looking for a place to get hosed.

After an hour or so he was looking at the entranceway to the fourth bar he had stumbled upon for the night. He had made excuses for every single one of them up until this point. The first looked too run down, the second looked like it was a rave club and he didn't want a headache, etc. He knew he was just trying to avoid going in, but he couldn't bring himself to get past his weird sense of fear. Was he afraid he wouldn't have fun? Was he afraid he *would* have fun? Why on earth could he not just walk in? What the hell was wrong with him lately? These questions began to assault him in a rapid fire manner, and he hadn't even realized that he'd been standing there for awhile until he heard a gruff voice call attention to it.

"Hey, kid! Are you just gonna stand there all day or are you gonna come in?"

Lawrence shook his head, no longer zoning out and staring at the sign (which read "Dive In"), and instead looked at the source of the voice, a dark bird of some sort (More than likely a crow, or maybe a raven. Is there a difference?) lighting up a cigarette and taking a puff, just staring at the otter.

"Well, which is it? Because we don't need kids loitering around in front of the bar, it makes it look like this is some sort of hangout for stoners or something." He snorted smoke from the holes in his beak where Lawrence assumed his nose was located. He never paid attention to Biology in school.

"Uhhh, well..." He was still hesitant, even now. He could just walk away, he *should* just walk away, he thought. He wasn't in the mood for this. He just shrugged and began to turn to walk away when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder, yanking him towards the door.

"You better not actually be trippin' kid, or I'll kick you out in a second. Just get in there," the bird said, pushing him into the building.

The otter was caught halfway between cussing out the bird and just walking in and doing what he was told, completely at a loss at what had happened. Did he seriously just push him in here? Where the fuck did he get the nerve? He wanted to call him on it, but at the same time he was a little bit thankful for the pushy bird's rudeness. It was almost nice, he thought as he was now walking through the hallway towards the bar, not having to get over his fear since that decision was made for him.

He took a look in the main room and surveyed his surroundings. There was a standard bar with stools before it, a few tables here and there for larger groups, a couple of tvs, a very modest dance floor, and some booths. The place didn't seem to be very special, but there was definitely no need for people, there had to be about forty or fifty guys and girls in there. Which made Lawrence wonder even more why he was shoved in so rudely. It's not like his business was all that necessary. Whatever. Seeing an empty stool at the bar he sat down and began to drum his fingers, letting loose a melancholy sigh. All he could think about was how bad an idea it was to come here. How much he was wasting his time, and probably soon, his money.

So he tried to distract himself by getting a better look at all the patrons. There were a few stray girls here and there, a wolf chick dressed like a hooker at the other end of the bar alone, a skunk out dancing, and a group of girls at a table he'd usually have no problem going up to and talking to. So why didn't he? What had happened with him? Why was there so much doubt in his mind, making him wonder if he wasted his life? It sure seemed fun at the time, so why had his mindset changed now? It was infuriating that he couldn't come up with the answer himself.

"Ohhh, I get it. You're not some hippie stoner, you're just depressed huh?" Lawrence looked up to see the bird from earlier, the big and brawny avian pouring some scotch into a glass before him, and then downing it all himself. "Hmmmph. Well, I guess there's nothing wrong with that, just don't depress all the other barflies. I'd hate to kick some poor sap like you out." He chuckled a little and went down the bar to help a couple that looked far too old to be here, the otter left in a state of confusion again.

"What's that guy's deal?" he said under his breath, forgetting that he had an inner monologue. He tried to take his mind off of the odd bird, but he could still smell the scent of his smoke, making it impossible to think of anything but him and his weird behavior. He was glad on some level that there was someone voicing all the thoughts that he couldn't, and helping him do the things he knew he should. But he couldn't understand the bird's intentions. Was he just some nice guy, and was this his weird way of helping someone out? Or was this place actually more hard up for business than he thought, and the only way people came in here was by being forced to do so? Whatever his intentions, as thankful as the otter was, he was still pretty angry, and as the bird spoke again his rage came to a head.

"So, let's see if you belong here, huh?"

"What the fuck does that mean? You forced me in here asswipe," the otter shot at him, "You drag me in here and *then* ask me if I should be here? What the fuck is your problem?"

He instantly thought he had crossed the line, and since the bird was so enthusiastic to talk about kicking his ass to the curb earlier, he was sure that he had given him more than the opportunity now. A look of surprise was on the bird's face for a moment, before it quickly turned to a smirk as he reached out to grab the otter by the collar.

Or so he thought. Instead, he felt a playful, if forceful, pat to his shoulder, and he heard the bird laughing before opening his eyes again (not realizing he had closed his eyes in the first place)

"Well look at this, you got a mouth on yourself kid, hahah. Now, just calm down, I wanted to see your I.D. So I could hook you up with a drink. No need to start swearing up a storm." He stopped patting, and leaned over to look at the cringing otter in the eye. "Heh, maybe you aren't so bad after all kid."

Lawrence felt his cheeks begin to tighten and burn with a blush when he realized that not only did he make an ass of himself, but that he apparently spoke a little louder than he thought. The entire bar kept giving him sidelong looks for the next ten minutes.

It felt like an eternity of shame before he heard the old crow's (or raven's) voice again, close to his head.

"So, you want something to drink, or are ya gonna suck on your fingers all night? Because it'd be a lot better for business if you ordered a drink." The otter lifted his head to see the crow give him another one of those smirking smiles, his arms crossed in front of him expectantly.

"Just a beer," Lawrence muttered, not sure of what else to get. He wasn't in the mood for something fancy. Not when he felt like such shit. And he wasn't about to get some hard liquor either. Spilling his guts before the entire club didn't sound appealing. Apparently though, the decision was once again already made for him, to equal pleasure and dismay.

"Beer, give me a break. You could sip a beer alone at home. You go out, you have to get a drink going out for. Here, it's what this place is famous for." He set a glass filled half with ice and an odd reddish brown liquid, which the otter eyed suspiciously. Questions that bred doubt again haunted him. How alcoholic was it, how much did it cost, what was in it? As he pondered this and looked at his drink, he scowled. For as much as he disliked this pushy bartender, he began to realize why he liked him a bit. The bird didn't spend all of his time overthinking and playing the "what if" game. He acted, just like Lawrence used to, when he was sure of himself. When he was happy with his lifestyle. He didn't know how someone older than him could be so much more courageous, and for a moment he wondered how he was acting like so much more of an old fart then... Well, the old fart!

"Just drink it ya damn pansy," the bird squawked.

He downed the drink in one quick gulp, and let out a great sigh as it began to process. The mixture had an odd taste to it. Like it was liquid beer candy or something. Panting and shaking his head, he saw the old crow just staring, beak open.

"Well fuck kid, glad you finally manned up, but you're not supposed to down it in one gulp!" He said with surprise. He shook his head and turned around, mumbling something about "stupid kids" as he fiddled with some glasses out of sight. He turned back around and set another one in front of the otter, looking a bit stern this time.

"Try not to drink this one so fast, you're supposed to enjoy it. Damn."

Lawrence was sitting up now, and took the drink in hand. The act of drinking (or maybe just the drink itself) seemed to have begun to loosen him up, because he went right back to a sag (though a far

less depressed looking one), and perhaps even a smile began forming upon his snout. Or at least, he was frowning less.

The nameless barkeep walked up and down the bar to attend to the other patrons, and as he did so, Lawrence just sat and watched. He wasn't big on the drink, but he continued to sip it anyway, to show appreciation to the odd fellow. The otter watched him, trying to see if he treated the other patrons like he did himself, and there was no comparison. A stiff nod, a "here you go", were all most of anyone got, which only made him wonder more why the old bird took such interest in him. Did he see something in him he liked? Wait, what did that even mean exactly? The otter sighed and took another deep gulp of his alcohol, cursing himself for being so questioning once more. The crow wasn't questioning. No, his every move was deliberate and confident. He never spoke with anything less than absolute surety. He always thought these kind of relationships were stupid and gay, but he was actually wondering if he could learn something from him, like a protégé of sorts. He at least had to try and talk to him more. Luckily for him, just like every other interaction that night so far, the bird made the decision to do so for him.

"So, since you've actually had a chance to taste this one, how is it?" He laughed a little and leaned one arm at the bar, smirking at him.

"It's good," the otter lied, though his ability to do so surprised him. As did the slightest slur in his words. There was apparently more alcohol in this than he first thought.

"Hah, you fucking liar. Might as well finish it off anyway, you're almost done with it. And no more for you, apparently you're a bit of a light weight."

"How'd you know?" Lawrence found himself asking, before he knew what he was doing. Yes, he was definitely feeling more courageous, and it was definitely the buzz doing it.

"Because it's written all over your face kid. You think I was born yesterday?" He paused for a moment. "What's your name anyway?"

"It's Larry, you?"

"The name's Milton kid."

Larry's hand quickly went over his face to cover his mouth, but he didn't stop himself entirely. The crow could easily hear his stifled giggles.

"Laugh it up kid, real funny." The crow said, looking annoyed.

"It's just that... Hey, why did you want to know my name if you're still going to call me kid?" The otter shot the look of annoyance right back, though he was pretty sure he wagged his eyebrows a bit too much to really sell it.

"Because that's what you are, and that's what I'm gonna call ya as long as you're acting like one. Now shut yer yap, you're spittin' all over me."

As Milton went to the sink to clean off the otter spit (and address the other customers again), Lawrence just sat there flabbergasted. Even though he was buzzed, the mundane scolding he received had a profound effect upon him. He pulled sat back and stared into the bottom of his now empty glass, contemplative.

He always thought that when he went around, boozing and womanizing and all that, that *then* he was being the immature kid. And that now he is as mature as a person could be. He still wasn't mature though. His life of constant college girl humping, and now deep-seated depression are symptoms of the same problem: He felt wrong, like he wasn't getting what he wanted out of life. Like there was a need unfulfilled, and he was too unsure of himself to just do it. Unlike the bird barkeep, who clearly let nothing stand in his way, especially himself. He didn't know how this old bird had done it, but he said the exact thing that the otter needed to hear. The only problem was, now that he knew

what was wrong, the question was how to fix it. What was missing from his life? Did that bulky barkeep know that too?

Despite his sudden and revitalizing epiphany, Lawrence didn't have the guts to ask the crow to talk more on the subject, not with so many people around. So, stalling for time, he ordered a beer (this time Milton complying, probably reluctant to get the kid shit faced with another club special) and just nursed it, waiting for his chance. It felt odd to have such a reason to stay behind, to talk to this man he didn't even know, but he stuck it out. At least it wasn't boring. He entertained himself by listening to stray bits of conversation, watching some guys dance on the floor, and every so often speaking to Milton. It almost felt like the bartender was going through the same song and dance as he was, though he was probably just trying to get through the night and get out of there. As they spoke every fifteen minutes or so, the otter learned that Milton was 42, and had only been a bartender for the last five years of his life. The bird didn't seem to want to reveal what he did before this though, and Lawrence was unwilling to ask after the first time. Milton's mood turned sour and their conversation ended abruptly. And it went both ways, Milton learning about Lawrence less guarded than usual.

"I at first wanted to take a vacation to just enjoy myself one last time, see some sites and shit, you know?" The otter said, slurring more now, and taking another sip, "But after my last semester of college, I got really depressed, and I've just been trying to get myself out of it, you know? I used to go out and part and bang a different chick ever night. And now I don't even wanna anymore. The girls aren't attractive anymore. It sucks."

"Heh, I gotcha kid. I actually know how that feels."

"Yeah, I know you do," Lawrence said, pointing an almost accusing finger at him, "Ya must be some sorta witch or something 'cause you know all about me don't ya? I don't know how man, but you said something that really made me think, you know? You already knew I was depressed before I even stepped foot in here. Fuck man, you must be psychic or something."

Milton chuckled, but not in the expectedly condescending way. This time it sounded knowing, and was accompanied by a slow nod. The inebriated otter probably would have found something odd about this, if he had the faculties to do so.

Their conversation ended there, and after he poured Lawrence a tall glass of water-"To keep you from getting too shit-faced kid"-he went back to his work, not speaking to him until the place was almost entirely empty. Luckily for the otter, that wasn't too long. Apparently the establishment liked to close at midnight on Fridays. And it gave him plenty of time to clear his head, and think some more. He was becoming more and more interested with the bird as the night went on, and now, as chairs began to get flipped upside down on tables, he could not take his eyes off of him. He was just about free of the grip of the alcohol, and in his clearing head one question kept being repeated loud and clear: "What's his deal?"

He finished off his glass of water, hearing voices behind him. He perked his ears, not caring if they noticed him listening in on them, hearing the crow speaking with some girl, about how he was still there and they were closing down, the otter had to be kicked out some time. After hearing the crow say something to the effect of "Get outta here, I can close up myself tonight," Larry saw her walk out the front doors, a confused (but relieved) look upon her face.

With only the lights at the bar on and no one else there, Lawrence felt a sudden wave of nervousness (and nausea) overtake him. It felt like some sort of spotlight was upon him. Milton swooped in to the rescue as usual, speaking first.

"You've really got nothing better to do on a Friday night than sit here alone at a bar kid? Are you a loser or something?" He chuckled gruffly, leaning himself back against the counter behind the bar, "Or are you really as depressed as you said you were earlier?"

Lawrence's cheeks burned. He didn't forget that he told him that, he just wished that he did.

"I guess... ..But less so now, like I said earlier." The otter shrugged his shoulders, now looking at the wood rather than the unflinching face of the other.

"I guess I was right then. You know, when I first saw you out there, staring off into nothin' like you weren't even there, I really did think you were high as a kite kid. But another look at you and I knew. I just knew." He ruffled his own feathers with an uncomfortable shiver, and spoke once more, "You know, you're really lucky kid."

"Wait, what the fuck do you mean by that?" The otter stared at him in surprise and anger. "I'm *lucky*? Why, because I'm depressed? You're actually crazy aren't you you old fucker?"

Milton scowled and looked like he was about to snip right back at him, but he caught his tongue and just shook his head. "No, that's not what I meant kid. You're just lucky, because you've realized you've got a problem at the best time in your life... You're all confused and shit now, so you don't have to be later. And belieeeeeeeve me, nobody likes something like that coming up in their mid-thirties."

The bartender who seemed so sagely just a few minutes ago now no longer made sense. What the hell was he talking about? Sure he was confused, and depressed, and he didn't know what he was missing, what was wrong... ..But ruin his life? This wasn't anywhere near that bad, was it? This guy was a crazy old fart after all.

"You have the same problem I did, I think. Don'tcha kid? You don't know the appeal anymore, you don't see the point. It was all fun, but you don't care about putting yourself through the motions anymore." He raised his eyeridge at the otter and nodded, continuing his odd speech.

"You thought it was fun, but now you see that it wasn't. You thought they were fun, or right at least, but now you know they aren't. Not for you anyway. I thought I might have had you pegged wrong, and shit kid, I was ready to admit it. But everything you said tonight, all I can think back to was when I was 37, and it was the exact same shit I was saying to myself. You're queer, aren't ya kid?"

Lawrence felt like he was hit with a ton of bricks. "What the fuck? What the fuck? You're saying I'm a fag? What the hell man? I'm not queer, what's your problem!" Lawrence stood up fast and pounded his hands upon the table, almost foaming at the mouth from anger and that still nagging notion of confusion.

"Calm the fuck down kid, I don't wanna lay you out. I said just shut your damn mouth and fucking listen!" He turned and yelled at Lawrence, who, so taken by surprise at his sudden harshness, sat down in silence. Even in the short time he got to know him, Lawrence knew that such a tone meant he had better do as he was told.

"I used to be a teacher. I know it sounds crazy, but I loved teaching those high schoolers. I taught social studies and U.S. history. Kid, I loved that job every day of my life. Every morning I would wake up, drink my coffee, and head off to the school, actually fucking excited for my job. I know I wasn't making a major difference or anything like that, I'm not one of those bright-eyed fuckheads who think they can change the world. But kid, if I could have those students of mine leave my class a little smarter, thinking a little more after they left my class, there was no thought that made me happier. I could never find a woman I got along well with to settle down, or get married for that matter, but I didn't care. I thought all that was important was my class, so that's all I focused on."

Milton paused momentarily, Lawrence unsure of why. Then, he noticed what he thought might be a tear in his eye, but if it was, he wiped it away immediately, and his voice didn't hint in the slightest.

"But one year, after a decade and a half of teaching, I had this kid in my class. Dan Clompus. Skinny little mouse, couldn't have even been more than five foot tall, and wore glasses as big as fucking coke bottles. He was a miserable little fucker, he didn't have a friend in the world, I could tell. He spent way too much of his time studying to have friends. I knew he excelled in all of his classes, but boy, did he love history. I thought I'd seen kids enthusiastic about it before him, but he put 'em all to shame. He did all the extra-curricular assignments I gave, all of his research papers were always at least ten pages longer than the minimum, and he must have spent just about every lunch period in my classroom, chattin' me up about government, historical figures, all that shit. I started to realize that about halfway through the semester that I was too sweet on that kid, and it wasn't just because he loved history as much as me. He knew what it was like. That even though we both were happy, we were still missing something. I fell in love with that cute little fucker. I was confused, scared. I thought there was something wrong with me, that I was a pedophile or some shit even though he was 18. Shit like that. Kid, I took my first sick days in over a decade during that semester just to try and sort my head out over that mouse. And it didn't make it any better that the day I was back, I found a card on my desk, only signed by one person. Heh. "Get well soon, I hope you're okay." Fucking mouse only made it worse."

"Eventually I stopped caring how weird it seemed. I couldn't get that kid out of my mind. He was the first person I ever remembered genuinely caring about. So on the first day of April, while we were having lunch, I kissed the kid. Yeah, I couldn't fucking stand it anymore, I kissed him. And you know what he did? He blushed probably the cutest little blush I'd seen in my life, and kissed me right back. Sure, I made out with girls before in college and shit, I've lived your life. I partied every other weekend, had one night stands, and all that. But let me tell ya, kid..." Lawrence could swear he heard a sniff, a slightest warble in that gruff voice, "Kid, I had never *kissed* anyone in my life before that mouse. I was in love. I almost broke down into tears as I held him and he hugged me back. I still felt like a pervert and sick fuck and all that other shit, but it didn't matter, because right then, I was happy. And even if we never kissed again, for the next few days after that, I was happier than I'd ever been in my life. We never kissed, hugged, any of that pansy shit in my room at lunch after that, but all I had to do was look into that mouse's eyes, and it was like I was kissing him all over again."

"That was one Wednesday, that I kissed him. On Monday, there weren't any students in the classroom, only a police officer, the principal, and the mouse kid's mom. Apparently the little prick couldn't keep his big mouth shut. He must have let something slip over the weekend, because I was fired then and there. A couple days later there was a restraining order and they moved away. I wish I could blame the little fucker, for making it so I'd never see him again... I can't though. I don't know what he said, but I know deep down that he didn't do it on purpose. He was just young, and did what I wished I could do. Tell someone, anyone, that he had somebody, somebody that he loved. Kid, I can't hate that little asshole. All he did was love me back too much."

"I had to leave town after that, start all over. The next six months of my life were hell. I had to move in with my sister in New York, because I didn't know where else to go. I knew I could never be a teacher again, not after a scandal like that. Hell, I was lucky they just didn't try to peg me as a child molester or some bullshit. I probably have my little mouse to thank for that. So, I took the only job that I could get, and the only one where I could still do something teaching. I don't regret what that kid did to me, because he taught me more than I ever taught him." Milton laughed a soft, bitter laugh,

just staring into the distance as the story came to the end. "It's funny. He taught me that I liked guys, but ever since him, I haven't been able to even look at a man like I did that mouse."

Even as the story had time to settle in, Larry's mind didn't clear of all the confusion. He was still a wash of desperate, frightening emotions, and the story only made it worse. The idea of liking guys, being a fag scared the hell out of him. What would everyone think, would it make him less of a man? Would everyone hate him? Was it some weird psychological thing he could overcome? He was almost on the verge of nervous tears when he felt a hand on his shoulder, surprisingly gentle, steadying him. The crow looked him in the eye, with a smile nothing like the smirk he wore before.

"I meant what I said before kid, you're really lucky. It's hard, and you'll have a confusing couple of months ahead of ya. Gay or not, things are gonna be real tough before you get it all sorted out. Just take it slow though, and you'll get it. You're not as stupid as ya look." He pulled him by the back of the head a little roughly, to give him a peck on the shoulder, the otter blushing terribly. He wouldn't admit it to himself for months from now, but looking into the ornery old bird's eyes, feeling his cheek still hot from his breath, caused the first real stirrings down there in awhile. It it was beginning to drive the otter mad, because he had almost forgotten what that urge was like after his months of depression.

"Well," the bird said, moving past the gate that separated the club from behind the bar, and putting a hand on the mammal's should, "Do you want me to walk ya to your hotel or somethin' kid? Because sorry, but you can't stay here." The warmth of his hand upon his shoulder, the kind words drifting across his ears, poor Lawrence was more confused than he'd ever been in his life.

He stood slowly, and turned to face the man he had shared his night with. All he could do was stare for a minute, and look up and down his body. He had noticed before, though he didn't want to admit it to himself. The bird was beautiful. It felt weird to even think it about another man, even in the heat of this moment. However, caring about that was the last thing on his mind at the moment He could not stand it anymore. It surprised even him when he did it, but he grabbed the crow right then and there and awkwardly pressed his lips against the other's beak, trying to kiss him.

He could tell Milton was surprised, even pushed back against him for a moment, but with a great sigh, his fight seemed to leave him almost immediately. He gripped the otter back by his arms and kissed back, the odd act between their seemingly incompatible mouths less a kiss and more Lawrence trying to lick the inside of Milton's beak.

After a minute or so of this awkwardly passionate act, the otter pulled away, and the Milton stared at him with a look the other would not have thought him capable. He pushed the otter back against the bar, and as he peppered odd bird kisses along the otter muzzle, he began to strip Lawrence and himself.

Off went the sports jacket, which now laid strewn across the floor. The crow began to work on the shirt, but he cursed (the buttons were hard to undo) and unceremoniously yanked it up to the Larry's armpits and went to work on the pants. These gave him trouble too, but eventually the otter sat upon the bar in half-undone shirt, sporting an erection. Milton had far less trouble with his own clothes, and in less than a minute his pants were around his ankles and his shirt and apron were on the ground behind him, the bird's own hard-on pressed against Lawrence's.

"Are you, going to uhh, in there?" The otter asked, breathlessly.

"Fuck that," Milton said, looking up at him, "I doubt you're clean enough, and I don't have a condom. Plus I don't want you crying like a baby your first time kid. I want you to moan." And with that, he rubbed a smooth feather across the length of the otter's dick, and gave his nuts a gentle squeeze.

A few teasing rubs and rolls of his hands across the otter's junk, and the bird felt he was ready for the real fun. Not only that, but he had his own self to take care of, and he'd be damned if he didn't



enjoy himself as well. So he took the bewildered otter's hands and put them on his shoulder, and as he wondered why, soon he had to grip the feathers roughly to keep from falling backwards or forwards, the beak slipping around his erect member, and carefully enclosing around it.

As Milton simultaneously yanked on his own dick and sucked off Lawrence's, the otter continued to just moan and groan and tug from all the odd sensations. Milton's beak was wet from spittle and pre, which was good, but it still felt so odd around his dick, almost like he was being pleasured by a vacuum cleaner. Funny thing was, sex had never felt better to him in all his life, and every time that small avian tongue licked the length of his member or lashed at his head, he squirted a bit more and moaned all the louder.

After a minute or so of clumsy, heated motions between them both, they were both nearing their climax. Lawrence came first, with no warning, just a loud surprised squeal erupting from his mouth, months of pent up seed splashing into and out of the surprised bird's mouth. He tried to suck it down as best he could, but he had to stop, his own member finally spurting its load, the otter's crotch, legs, and his own chin covered with the seed that shot out like a geyser.

While Milton stood there panting, trying to recover from his first enjoyable orgasm in who knows how long, the otter simply stayed hunched over him. It felt good, and he enjoyed it greatly. More than he ever had before. But as the mind fogging arousal finally began to dissipate, he found himself sitting there, staring at the spent bird and unsure of what to do next.

From then to his hotel room was a blur. The otter and bird exchanged some words, though he couldn't quite recall what. All that really stuck with him was him leaving the club, the last words him ever hearing from Milton being "Good luck Larry." as he walked back to his hotel. Despite the flotsam of thoughts that were his mind, he fell asleep quickly when he got back to his room, and slept well for the first time in ages.

It would be days later before he would even bring himself to think about that night again, and for weeks after that he would dismiss it as a night of weakness, fueled by alcohol. But on December 4th, he was finally able to think of that old crow, wearing nothing but an apron and a smirk, and smile.