sometimes it's not bad to learn

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by spoke

There are times when Dave just does not *want* to know.

Most of the time, honestly. It's bad enough becoming something noticeable, like the elephant last year that tore up a few trees in the park down the street, and according to news reports, had been heading downtown for some unknown reason. (It is not *remotely* unknown and he'd probably be thankful that he hadn't made it all the way to the office if it hadn't meant being stuck halfway downtown and nowhere near any of his clothes stashes.)

But he had to be honest with himself after the elephant, (if not the jackal) and admit that he needed help. Otherwise he might end up turning into something that would die before sunrise, like... oh, a seahorse. To use a completely nonspecific example. Not something that had happened yet, but according to Matt he had been a couple of different, very strange looking fish so far, along with a butterfly, porcupine and three different kinds of spider.

This sort of thing was why he kept begging Matt not to tell him, though! He was deeply grateful that his boyfriend had not utterly and completely freaked out, he was honestly handling it better than Dave was, but damn. It. Would it kill him not to let him know?

"Dave! Dude, you have got to come see this, I found one of the fish!"

He leaned against the bedroom door for a minute, taking a deep breath to steady himself. "Matt, I love you but I swear..."

Matt's beaming when he gets to the computer though, and Dave isn't that pissed off about it. "Look - it's called an oarfish." He turns the screen to show Dave something that looks like an honest to god sea serpent, almost, and Dave hears himself whisper, "Oh wow."

"Told you it was beautiful." Matt said, nudging his hip. "You always are, but this was overdoing it man."

He blushed, because he was never going to get used to Matt reacting like this, but he had to ask. "How in the heck did that fit in the bathtub?"

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