

## **Better Late Than Never**

Written by Leo\_Todrius

Supported by my Patrons

It had all snapped like a rubber band. In one instant, it had finally ended. Snow fell outside, blanketing the world and muffling every sound. The pale glow of the LED street lamp was ineffective, barely lighting up a circle of ice caked sidewalk directly beneath it. The lights of the house were off, though one plastic lamp shaped like the moon cast the only warm glow into the otherwise dark space. Ridge could see the cream colored light through his eyelids. Somehow it felt more comforting than darkness, more comforting than light. Still, it wasn't quite enough. A sigh was redirected through Ridge's nostrils, coming out with an audible hiss.

His mind continued on the same treadmill it had for the last two days. He recalled his life, how he'd been barely keeping everything together. He'd been balancing a full time job with being the dutiful son to aging parents with deteriorating health. It was hard to be the only breadwinner and yet also try to offer care. One shoe had dropped and he had to leave his job. There was only so long one could go on without an income. The other shoe had dropped, then a third shoe. Whose shoe had that even been? But then, finally, it was done... and yet he was still here. Here, the same as always.

Oh how Ridge had imagined being elsewhere growing up. He'd imagined going on carefree adventures with friends with no set destination and certainly no set time he had to be home by. He'd dreamed of taking any job that suited him, or even traveling between jobs... traveling anywhere... one trip maybe? Anywhere? Another sigh escaped his nostrils. He'd done what he was supposed to, what any good son should. Most people took care of their parents eventually, but how many took care of them from start to finish?

Ridge felt the familiar ache in his lower back, as well as another distinct one in his upper right shoulder. The pain didn't come from anything in particular other than the rigors of time. He was in his late thirties, practically forty. No significant other, no grand adventures to think back on, no prospects. By all logic, Ridge knew that this was a time for a fresh start. He was finally unfettered, finally free... but he was in debt, he was old, and he was tired. He'd been an old soul in a young body as a child. Now he just felt like an old soul. He'd wished for an escape for so long, an end for so long. He'd pictured so many nights that he'd close his eyes, go to sleep, and that would be that.

Was that why he kept his moon light on now? Was that why he kept the light on he'd used as a child? Was he afraid that if he went to sleep, he'd wake and another day would dawn? Or was he afraid that it wouldn't? That he'd finally get his wish? This time Ridge opened his mouth enough to let his sigh escape through his lips rather than his nose. When Ridge finally opened his eyes, however, his brows creased in confusion. He had expected the nice warm light from his moon lamp, but the light in the window was an equally comforting orange, just as the street light had been when he was a teenager. The mercury bulbs had been swapped out years ago due to light pollution laws. He'd always missed them...

Ridge slowly sat up, shifting his belly as his legs sank down to the floor in front of the couch. He reached up to brush his chestnut brown hair back from his face. He'd worn his hair a lot of ways over the years, even a ponytail in college, but now he wore it relatively short and did his best to comb it to minimize his thinning hair. It didn't fool anyone else, but he could at least

fool himself if he didn't think about it too hard. His eyes showed the first signs of crow's feet. He blinked a few times, trying to clear his eyes, wondering if the light outside was a fluke. He was about to stand up when he heard an odd muffled thump from inside his closet.

In an instant Ridge's heart was racing, his lungs constricting, his muscles tensing. It had been too loud and heavy to be any kind of rodent. He wasn't even sure what could have made a sound like that. Maybe something had hit the side of the house? An errant bullet maybe? A particularly focused Earthquake that dislodged a single item? When a second thump sounded, Ridge did jump to his bare feet. A third thump came, and then warm orange-white light suddenly spilled out from the gap underneath Ridge's closet door, washing across the wood floor.

An entire life's worth of experience and deductive reasoning still did not measure up to provide Ridge with a way to cope with the unexpected phenomenon. When the floorboards creaked slightly, his muscles merely tensed a bit involuntarily as if they had some clue what to do. When the closet door burst open and a figure emerged from the presumably empty closet, Ridge fell back onto the couch with a shuddering gasp. A few errant snowflakes fell from the figure's broad shoulders as thick, heavy dreadlocks swept across them, rivaled only by the big bushy brown beard hanging down the front of the figure's face.

Honey-orange eyes settled on Ridge and a grin cracked the grizzled, bearded face to reveal sharp fangs on both the upper and lower jaw. A clawed hand reached up to run along the ribbed horns that curled up from his forehead, around pointed ears and then jutted forward dangerously. Large hoop earrings dangled as he moved. The figure had to be at least six and half feet tall and over two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. He had on a thick fur lined coat, though even the portion of his chest exposed by the low collar of his undershirt revealed a thicket of fur there as well.

"Damn, you're hard to find, kid, I've been looking for you everywhere..." The figure said, brushing the last of the snow from the shoulders of his coat. For anyone else it would have been the shock of a lifetime to have a satyr magically burst from their closet unannounced, or to be called a kid when he was nearing his fortieth birthday. Or anyone else it could have very well led to the conclusion that he was suffering from a stroke... but not Ridge.

"Dex..." Ridge murmured, recalling the name of the imaginary friend he'd had as a child.

"You finally turned it on again." The satyr said, inclining his bearded head towards the moon lamp. Ridge looked over at the lamp and then back at the satyr, his jaw dropping slightly.

"Y-You... you stopped coming when... I stopped using my lamp?" he asked faintly. Dex gave a broad shouldered shrug.

"Figured you might not have needed either of us anymore." the satyr shrugged, though the softness in his voice betrayed a hint of loneliness. Considering what Dex had said, the human slowly looked the satyr up and down. Ribbed horns, pirate earrings, big bushy beard, a t-shirt doing a poor job of hiding nipple rings, and baggy pants covered in more straps and belts and spikes than anyone could have shaken a fist at. If Dex hadn't naturally been so tall, the pants would have easily covered his dinner plate sized black hooves.

"Are those Tripp pants?" Ridge asked after a moment, trying to count just how many straps and chains were on the garment. There was a glimmer in the satyr's orange eyes as he gave a fang filled grin.

"Safe to say you were always gay, dude." Dex smirked happily. Ridge shook his head.

“And... And I made you? You’re really my imaginary friend?” The human asked. The satyr wobbled his head side to side, an expression exaggerated by his rather robust horns.

“I mean, I’ve been around... Not like this, exactly, you made me this.” Dex answered. Ridge blushed in the dimly lit room despite himself.

“And, uh, do you like how I made you?” Ridge asked. He wouldn’t have thought it possible, but the satyr grinned even wider.

“It’s been a fucking dream... I love who I am.” Dex said. Ridge sighed with relief, his shoulders sagging a little, glad that he hadn’t stranded some supernatural entity with his own baggage. Dex, however, seemed to tilt his head a bit at that, “Sorry, didn’t mean to worry you. I know it’s been a while.” he apologized. Ridge shook his head again, this time with urgency.

“No, it’s not-” Ridge started before he let out an anxious half-laugh, “I don’t even know what it is. Am I dead? Did I snap? I don’t know what’s going on here.” he said softly. Dex took a step forward, wrapping an arm around Ridge, pulling him in until Ridge’s head was practically resting against the satyr’s armpit. With his other clawed hand, Dex gestured to the window.

“I’m here for you, for your reward.” Dex said grandly as if he was pointing to something that the human could see. Ridge turned his head, though he realized that the t-shirt the satyr wore was sleeveless and he was inches away from a forest of sweaty satyr pit hair. Ridge started to get more of an erection, illuminating the fact that he’d been getting hard just looking at the satyr. Come to think of it, as soon as Dex had put his hand on him, his back had stopped aching.

“M-My reward?” Ridge asked, looking up at the bearded satyr’s face. Dex looked down with an almost carnal grin.

“You, my dude, lived a selfless life. You put others before yourself. The only time you took any time away from it all was to try and rest and do a little self care. That’s a lot rarer than you might think.” Dex said.

“What is my reward?” Ridge asked, voice barely more than a whisper. Dex hugged him even closer.

“That’s the best part, bro! It can be whatever you want it to be! We can go anywhere! We can go on adventures. We can live dreams, fantasies, memories. We can live life differently. It’s *your* reward!” Dex exclaimed. Ridge blushed again faintly.

“You won’t mind tagging along with a forty year old with aches and pains?” Ridge asked. Dex’s eyes tightened slightly as he leaned half way back, looking Ridge up and down.

“Forty? No... But hell, we could make that look pretty good... Maybe make that belly bigger, let your beard grow out, shave that head of yours... You’d make one hot daddy.” Dex said in consideration, “But I don’t think that’s where your dreams are taking you yet.”

The words had come in quick succession, but Ridge had been able to see it for a split second in his mind’s eye. He’d been bigger, badder, gayer. Nothing had been held back. He’d celebrated his age, had Dex as arm candy, making all the other men and dwarves and fairies jealous. Wait, dwarves? Had Ridge been a dwarf in that vision?

“So we can be... anything?” Ridge asked after a moment. Dex shrugged.

“I’m mostly set, but I can dress up a bit. You, my dude, are putty in the hands of your imagination. It’s time to live all the lives you can dream up.” The satyr said.

“Right now?” Ridge asked. Once again, the satyr shrugged, though one clawed hand still held the human to him.

“Better late than never, right?” he asked with one more fang filled grin. Ridge smiled at that, although after a moment his eyebrow arched.

“Did... you come out of the closet because you’re a metaphor for me being gay?” Ridge asked. Dex reached up with his free hand to stroke his long, thick beard.

“Yeah, I don’t think you were very subtle coming up with me.” he said with a smirk. Before Ridge could ask another question, Dex turned the human to face him and leaned down to give him a kiss. Ridge melted against the large satyr’s warm body, feeling his friend’s beard tickling his face and the glow of the moon lamp washing over him... In fact, he felt tingly all over, almost bubbly, like the fizzing froth of a good beer with a good head on it... and he felt that foam collect on his upper lip before he licked it off and set the beer mug down on the bar. The room seemed to circle around him, unfocused and unclear. There were Christmas lights, he could tell by the tiny pinprick of colors twinkling.

“It’s my boyfriend’s twenty-first birthday!” Dex said with excitement.

“Congratulations.” Another voice said with feigned enthusiasm, presumably the bartender. Slowly, steadily, the room stopped spinning and came into focus. Ridge blinked a few times before he turned his head... and felt the drag of a ponytail pulling up along his shoulder. Ridge inhaled sharply, then realized his lungs felt lighter. He turned and was not conscious of his back at all. Even his legs felt airy. Ridge set the mug of beer down and reached up, running his hands over the thick brown hair running down from his scalp.

“I have my hair, all of my hair...” Ridge murmured. The bartender’s eyes narrowed a little as he turned to look at Dex.

“Are you doing a bar crawl for his twenty-one?” he asked. Dex gave a fang filled grin.

“This is our first stop.” he shrugged. The bartender murmured something to himself before stepping away to attend to some of the other patrons. Ridge was busy looking down at his flatter stomach, his loose fitting clothes, even his skate shoes in perfect order.

“I’m... young again...” he murmured softly, finally looking up with a grin on his face.

“Shhh, they’ll think you got in with a false ID.” Dex whispered. Ridge was nearly speechless. His mouth opened a few times before he shook his head, blushing, looking down at his drink.

“I’m young and I have a boyfriend...” he whispered. As he gazed at his drink, he let out a strange, loaded sigh. He reached his beer and took another sip, swallowing it down. He’d never really been a drinker, not liking the taste, but this time it was way better. Maybe that was one of the side effects of having a satyr boyfriend. As he set the mug down, he felt a tickle on his chin. It started small, but it began to climb up from his chin to his lower lip. The tickle became a tingle, then an effervescent heat. When Ridge reached up, his finger brushed soft hair - hair that was growing longer.

Blood rushed to Ridge’s groin. His cock started to harden as he ran his finger from his lip to his chin, appreciating the strip of hair that grew in there and appreciating it even more that the hair dipped down an inch, then two from his chin. He murmured at that. One of Dex’s eyebrows went up at that.

“Just one little soul patch turns you on that much?” he asked.

“Hey, you’re the fevered sex dream for me, remember? Look at the beard you got.” Ridge commented.

“I’ll have to keep that in mind.” The satyr replied, reaching up to run clawed fingers through his beard almost as if he was preening.

“And that’s when I got to a hundred and forty K followers.” another voice in the bar said smugly, “It wasn’t easy to beat the algorithm, but you know style when you see it.” the voice continued. Ridge turned slowly, spotting two young men in a booth near the window. The lights of the parking lot shone through the wide open window, catching on the frosted glasses of icy cola. The plate of the person talking had remained untouched, the chicken tenders resting atop a bed of garnish. He had olive skin and pink dyed hair, contacts making his eyes look green when they weren’t naturally. He had both hands on a phone and seemed to be focused entirely on it even as he spoke.

Sitting across the table was another young man, his black hair pulled back into a ponytail similar to Ridge’s. One hand rested on his cheek as if to hold his head up. His plate was empty, his eyes tired or bored. He seemed to be trying to let the other man get his bragging out of his system, but it just kept spilling forth.

A strange resentment built up in Ridge’s chest. He’d spent so many years, so many decades, wistfully imagining what it would be like to go on a date and whoever this influencer was, he was wasting the other man’s time. The feeling inside of Ridge grew until it was a bubbling, crackling enmity - and all at once, the influencer’s phone went dark. An audible gasp left his lips.

“Fuck, man, I had thirty percent battery left...” he whined, trying to turn his phone back on. He clicked it a few times, brows creased in concern. “I- I’ll be right back, I’ve got a charger in the car...” the influencer said before he scooted out from the booth, stood up and left the restaurant. His date let out a soft sigh, though it was equal parts relief and disappointment. Ridge bit his bottom lip, wishing there was more of a way he could help. The black haired young man was a fiery catch. He seemed to be latino with his rich skin tone and dark hair and the faint wisps of a mustache on his upper lip.

As Ridge watched, though, the young man seemed to be... shifting. The mustache darkened to match his hair, fuzz turning to distinct strings. The hair pushed out longer from his upper lip, dropping down in long columns on either side of his lips. His warm adobe colored skin began to glisten near the back of his jaw as skin cells took on a more scaly appearance. Distinct ridged ovals began to rise from his skin. The young man murmured slightly, wincing as lumps appeared on his forehead. His eyes clenched shut and he tried to cope, gasping faintly as drops of blood appeared before copper colored horns erupted from his forehead and began curving backward.

Ridge couldn’t help himself, watching with intent as the young man changed before him. The hand that reached for the iced soda darkened as fingernails stretched into claws and scales erupted from the back of his hand. Air rippled from heat where it left his nostrils. Movement slithered in the booth as a tail began to extrude out of the young man’s pants, coiling along the seat of the booth before dipping onto the floor. Ridge looked down, watching his sneakers writhe and twist, flexing and stretching. An audible pop came as a claw emerged, then another, then three more. The young man flexed his foot, curling his toes, moving a few more times until the entire shoe burst and tore open, revealing a frayed sock tat snapped as his claws finished cutting their way free.

Ridge was panting, watching as the young man's black hair grew out longer and longer. The hair tie wasn't enough to keep it in check, slinking down before the black hair burst into a wild plume of black. His fu manchu dropped down below his chin, distinctive and unique. Ears tapered back into points, his horns pushing further and further out of his skull. His t-shirt rose up inch after inch to reveal a very long, very metallic copper colored stomach flanked by darker obsidian scales. A patch of black fur slipped up from the waistband, looking luxurious and thick, irresistible to the touch.

"Be careful out there Will, it's icy!" Someone shouted from the kitchen.

"I will, I'm in no hurry." Another voice came from more closely before the door to the kitchen wobbled open and one of the waiters emerged. His hair was incredibly curly, hanging over his eyes and down to the nape of his neck. He carried two boxes of left overs for his own dinner and had made it a few steps out of the kitchen before he stepped on an errant fork one of the diners had dropped. Will gasped, starting to topple forward until a black and copper tale braced his stomach and stopped his forward momentum. His dinner topped from his hands only to land on a black clawed hand. Will gasped sharply before turning to look at the dragon boy sitting in one of the booths, his face finishing its stretch into a proto muzzle, fangs glinting as he returned a soft smile.

"I guess I didn't even need the ice to slip. Thanks for saving me and my dinner." Will said.

"My pleasure..." The dragon murmured, unable to look away from the delectable human boy.

"Where's your friend?" Will asked after a moment, remembering the influencer from when he'd dished them up.

"I don't think he's coming back. You want to eat with me?" The dragon asked gently.

"I'm not supposed to eat with guests inside of the bar... Company policy. But, I don't like the idea of you eating alone." Will murmured. The dragon nodded softly.

"Then maybe I need to come home with you and we can have something to savor there?" the dragon asked, a forked tongue licking his lips. The human nearly vibrated with anticipation.

"Y-yeah, that'd be awesome..." he whispered, "I'm Will by the way." the waiter murmured in offering.

"Drake." The dragon replied, rising to his feet. The dragon looked a little dizzy as he adjusted to being seven feet tall, but he soon caught himself and acclimated. He clutched Will's to-go boxes in one arm and used the other to take Will's hand, depositing it into the waistband of his pants. Will gasped sharply, feeling his palm resting on the softest fur he'd ever imagined in his life, his fingers brushing the base of the dragon man's cock.

"That's better, it'll keep it warm." Drake commented, putting one arm possessively around the shoulders of the waiter before walking him out of the bar. It was hard for Ridge not to grin ear to ear, happy to see such a happy ending.

"Damn, you look fine with pointed ears..." Dex murmured, taking a bite of some sweet potato fries. Ridge snapped back to the present, reaching up to feel his ear, realizing it came to the same elfin point that Dex's did.

"W-what does that mean?" he asked.

"It means you were doing my job, influencing someone's dreams and fantasies." Dex replied, "Not bad for your first attempt." he added.

"Wait, so that wasn't just my dream? That was someone else?!" he asked. Dex shrugged.

"What do the kids call it? I think you just made someone into a scalie." he said. Ridge wrestled with that fact for a long moment, feeling his pointed ear again before he caught sight of himself in a mirror. He turned one way and then the other. As he turned back, there was a shimmer as a golden ring appeared in the base of the pointed ear, giving it a little character.

"So if I'm someone else's... what, imaginary friend, I start to change?" he asked. Dex nodded.

"Yeah, I mean like I said, I can flex to a variety of your fantasies but my form is pretty set. If you keep changing other people and doing my work for me, you're going to take on some permanent traits too. Not that I mind. You look quite dignified." Dex said.

"I don't think dignity is exactly what I'm going for. How about... irresistible?" Ridge asked. Dex gave a purr at that and leaned in to kiss him again, their lips brushing and Ridge's face being tickled as they did.

"Mission accomplished." Dex whispered before he kissed Ridge fully, filling his mouth with thick satyr tongue. Ridge sucked on the tongue, his back arching, his body tingling all over as if he'd been dropped into a vat of ginger ale and the bubbles were tickling their way up his skin. The fizzing began to shift across his body, concentrating onto his very hard, very needy cock. The air pressure around Ridge's body shifted, becoming cooler and mustier. The lighting grew colder, as did the seat beneath his ass... and yet there was so much pleasure. A deep, long groan came out of Ridge's mouth as he tipped his head back, digging his fingers into Dex's dreadlocks, holding the satyr to his groin. Dex rose up and down, using his fangs as a guide, keeping Ridge's cock perfectly in the center. His tongue coiled around the shaft, milking it and squeezing it. The satyr had absolutely no gag reflex as Ridge's cock hit the back of his throat.

As Ridge tipped his head back further, the shifting aircurrents made him aware of the tuft of brown hair hanging down from his chin, the curls of a brown mustache that hid his entire upper lip from view, the tickle of thin but persistent sideburns running down to his jaw, and the dangle of two gold rings hanging from his pointed ears. His hair was shorter, though he felt a pressure around the crown of his head that indicated some sort of short top knot or high ponytail.

When Ridge's eyes fluttered, it took him a moment. The walls and ceiling were robin's egg blue. There were metal dividers around them, the stalls of a bathroom - specifically, the south end bathroom from his high school. Ridge was eighteen again, even younger than his last fantasy, but he wasn't appearing as he had then. He hissed as Dex reached a clawed hand up to tug on a freshly pierced nipple, the sensitive flesh bloating at once. Ridge looked down, almost scandalized. He wore a tight metal band shirt, his Tripp pants down around his ankles to reveal oddly hairy legs. Dex was on his knees rising up and down, sucking Ridge off with wild abandon.

As glorious as it felt to be getting the perfect blowjob, there was enough brain function for Ridge to realize how lucky he was. In this dream life he was barely eighteen, had a hot satyr boyfriend, had a beard, had piercings, had style... Getting such an early start on the gay lifestyle meant countless adventures awaited him. There would be no wasted time, no setbacks,

nothing but pleasure and... someone else in the bathroom? Ridge tried to quiet himself down, listening with his pointed ears, hearing a steady huff-huff-huff coming from someone nearby. It seemed only fair that if he was getting a blowjob that someone else had the time to jack themselves off. With a little bit of concentration, though, Ridge leaned back far enough to catch sight of the other eighteen year old by the bathroom sink. He had a skater's shag of unkempt sand brown hair coming down to his jawbone, jacking off at the sinks so he could see the two other students in the stall, one on hands and knees, the other sprawled back.

"Kinky fuck..." Ridge said with a grin, looking through the crack at his classmate. As he watched, Ridge's eyes began to tint orange. He focused, using the abilities he'd felt in the bar. The skater continued to moan and jack off even as his cock started to expand in his hands, stretching out longer and longer, inch after inch. Those writhing lips were soon framed by a mustache as it grew in, curving down on either side of his lips. His cheeks blossomed next, then his chin... but it wasn't just a beard growing fast on the eighteen year old, no. His brow bone began to thicken, pressing out over his eyes, casting a shadow. With so much more space, his eyebrows began to get thicker, stretching across and growing into one another.

The spindly teen's skinny arms looked blurry, then softer as sand brown fur began to sprout from his forearms, coating them like gauntlets before creeping up across his elbows, his upper arm and sinking into his shirt.

Dex moaned as the cock inside his mouth got even harder and longer, drooling pre, but Ridge was focused on his quarry. He watched the skater's hair grow down to his shoulders, then spill down his back. His lips disappeared behind a curtain of a mustache and his growing, glowing beard hid his neck, touching his collar. His shirt rode up to reveal a leathery, firm muscled stomach and furry sides. The skater let out an unmuffled moan as he suddenly fell back, sitting on the sink, hands letting go of his cock. He looked down as his skate shoes seemed to groan and stretch, warping and flexing. Laces popped their way through the leather, snapping with tightness before suddenly becoming soft. The tongues were squeezed out of the way, heels flexing one way and the other. One shoe suddenly popped off, skidding across the floor.

The skater looked down at his foot, the sock stretched to the limit before it snapped. The material shot off his foot, falling in a torn and frayed heap, revealing the biggest foot Ridge had ever seen.

The arch flattened, the heel broadened, the toes stretched out. In moments the skater's big toe was bigger than his cock had been. The other shoe soon gave way, the sole ripping out before the enormous foot came out of the bottom. If it weren't for his ankle widening enough to snap through the cuff, it was likely his huge foot would have worn the soleless shoe like a hat. The skater continued to let out moans, though his voice was dropping octave by octave. It soon sounded like a moose call. His underwear suddenly snapped, his pants sagging down, revealing a set of furry grapefruit sized balls. Huge, hairy hands snapped back, double teaming his cock. The skater had been sitting on the rim of the sink, but inch by inch his legs had grown until they touched the floor again.

"Fuck yes..." Ridge murmured, although as the words left his mouth, he realized how different his mouth felt. He ran his tongue around and realized his canine teeth had stretched into fangs, as had the pointed teeth on his lower jaw. His head ached as well, two sore spots,



one above each temple. He shivered, realizing what it all meant even as his cock spasmed and unleashed a torrent of man spoooge into Dex's mouth.

The satyr clamped down hard, his beard meshing into Ridge's pubic hair. Dx gulped and swallowed, savoring the rich flavor of his friend. He tasted the innocence, the pent up wistfulness, the relief, the joy and the contentment. He let it nourish him as he swallowed it down, greedily enjoying every drop until it was all gone. The clawed hand reached out to pet Ridge's leg, but instead of hairy skin, Dex felt fur there. His orange eyes opened, watching as the fur pushed out of Ridge's hips, his thighs, even his ankles.

Nothing was holding the change back. The fur grew thicker and curled slightly, almost taking on the consistency of wool. It started at his hips and followed his legs all the way down to the ankle, only disappearing where his pants had pooled. After several moments, the two heard the exaltant moans of the sasquatch skater in the other room as he came. After a few moments later, the bathroom door opened, paused for a second, then rumbled shut. Dex looked up at Ridge with a knowing grin.

"You just couldn't help yourself, could you? You're always helping others, putting them ahead of yourself..." Dex commented.

"It felt like helping myself. There's something great about changing them, bending fantasies around it all." Ridge said. Dex gave a closed mouth noise of appreciation.

"I guess it does, doesn't it?" he considered before he grabbed onto the toilet paper dispenser to push himself up. As the satyr bore his weight on it, the dispenser snapped from the toilet stall and went skittering across the floor. Dex grunted, grabbing onto the toilet bowl instead to push himself back upright.

"Ready to go somewhere a little roomier?" Ridge asked. Dex tipped his horned head.

"You read my mind," he said with his deep voice.

\*\*\*\*

As the world spun around them and clarified itself, it was Dex who was uncertain as to where they were. The satyr turned his head, orange eyes blinking. There was a crackle of a fireplace, a large window looking out across snow caked lawns. An entire row of orange street lamps glowed outside. The lamp shades in the home cast off warm light. There was a Christmas tree festooned with garland and glass spheres with pictures inside of them. Dex was about to say something when he looked down, noticing a silver streak in one of his dreads as well as a flocking of grayish white in his otherwise dark beard. An eyebrow arched.

"I don't recognize this place." Dec mused. Ridge smiled softly as he appeared next to the satyr, his now furry legs covered in black activewear shorts that barely hid the huge bulge in the fronts. Ridge wasn't entirely clear yet, his form fuzzy and blurred as he seemed to be trying to determine what to do with himself.

"It's a new dream, a new fantasy." Ridge commented. His torso came into focus. His fingers were tipped in claws, his wrists in bracelets, his elbows showing patches of fur and his biceps and triceps were firm despite his age.

"New from while I was away?" Dex asked with giddy anticipation.

"New from right now, actually." Ridge commented as his head came into focus. He had kept the hair from his youth, working it up into a bit of a pompadour. The heavy stylized hair only

showed off how unruly his beard was, reaching down past his Adam's apple. He'd kept earrings, though they were a bit more modest than in his fictional youth. His temples were still red and irritated, the bumps rubbing back and forth over horns trying to get out.

"So our adventures have been inspiring?" Dex asked with a grin.

"Oh yes..." Ridge whispered, though he didn't look at the satyr. He was focused on one of the bedrooms of the house, his eyes set and determination clear. He strained, pulling in every ounce of focus he had. His throat tightened, his fingers dug into his hand. He groaned as the skin on his forehead suddenly split and his horns emerged. As if willing them into existence, they rose higher and higher. The boney appendages were sleek and true, rising upward. His pointed ears twitched and a tail began to flick back and forth above his furry ass cheeks.

"What are you?" Dex started to ask just before a light came on from under the door to the room. There were a few heavy thumps before the door eased open and a teenager, a little over eighteen, tottered out on hooves of his own. His leg fur was a dark reddish brown and his skin was a healthy tan. His black hair was stringy, complimenting the foot long braided goatee hanging down from his chin. He had on a spiked vest and a plaid loincloth and his claws had been painted with silver enamel to look just like the spikes on his vest.

"Dads, I'm headed out for the night." The voice came, respectful and excited. Dex's jaw dropped a little in surprise at that.

"Puck, what are you forgetting?" Ridge asked affectionately. The eighteen year old paused, thinking for a moment before his orange eyes sparkled with recognition.

"Oh, right! Complete the look." He muttered before reaching into his room. He grabbed a chain off the wall, clipping one end to the septum ring hanging from his nostrils, a center clip to an earring at the base of his left ear, then the far end of the chain to the upper ring from the point of his ear.

Dex watched the eighteen year old come over to Ridge, leaning up on tip-hooves to kiss his father on the lip. Their lips met, their tongues teased one another and Ridge's beard tickled his son's face. Puck broke the kiss and moved over, rising up on tip hooves again to give Dex a kiss. Their lips met, their tongues teased and Puc dropped back down. He gave a playful wink to his dads as he headed to the front door and opened it just in time to get an excited whoop from his waiting friends.

"Puck the party man!" Some boy was heard shouting. The door clicked shut and in a moment headlights glanced across the bay window before the car headed down the road. Dex stood there a long moment in disbelief.

"We have a son..." Dex whispered.

"I mean, if you rearrange it, we were high school boyfriends, we got even closer for my twenty-first birthday, there was little doubt we'd grow old together." Ridge said.

"He's close to us, affectionate..." Dex commented, still tasting lip balm on his lips. He hazarded to guess it was rum flavored lip balm.

"Well, I imagine all satyrs are, right?" Ridge considered.

"You didn't just create a fantasy though, he's... He's ours. He's like me." Dex said in astonishment.

"Is there something wrong about having another imaginary friend?" Ridge asked defensively. Dex shook his head.

"No, I mean... I don't know what I mean." Dex whispered, "I'm a dad." he said.

“And we can go back and forth at any time. We can see our bachelor days, outgoing-steady. We can see Puck born, his first steps, his first beard, watch him bring home handsome boys and become a satyr of his own...” Ridge said dreamily.

“I love it, all of it. Just gotta admit, it caught me by surprise.” Dex admitted. Ridge nodded slowly before settling down onto the loveseat that was aimed at the fireplace. Dex sat down next to him until they were hip to hip.

“It surprised me, too.” Ridge admitted, “I thought after my parents that I’d have nothing left to give. I felt too old, too tired, too worn out. I thought I wouldn’t be able to give anything to anyone else and even if someone waited on me hand and foot, I might not be able to regenerate. Turns out I just needed the right experience, the right person, to feel alive again. Maybe you were surprised because I didn’t know it was in myself.” Ridge said. Dex reached over, wrapping his fingers around Ridge’s horn. He gave it a squeezee, a tug and then a stroke.

“You do know you’re a satyr now, right? Whatever time period we jump to, you’ll be rocking the horns.” Dex said. Ridge chuckled at that.

“That might be why you fell in love with me. How else was I supposed to get your attention?” Ridge grinned. Dex smirked at that and leaned over to give Ridge a kiss.

Once again their lips met, and once again their beards meshed into one another. This time, though, they didn’t go anywhere else. They stayed in the moment, lips dancing, tongues brushing against one another. Dex could feel all the years swirling around them, feeling Ridge as a punk, a goth, a wrestler and a supervillain. He felt countless dreams and fantasies, but throughout it all he felt the love and respect that Ridge gave him... and he felt the glowing ember that was their son, growing up as a satyr. He’d seduced his own harem of boys, but he’d also set his sights on true love. He made them both proud and he had come to life in his own way.

Through all of that, Ridge had continued to kiss Dex until they ran out of breath. Ridge panted a little and he smiled, the smile blossoming into a fang lined grin. He reached up to pet Dex’s beard, watching the hairs grow longer and thicker, creeping down further from his jaw.

“Still eager for more?” Dex asked gleefully.

“Hey, I’m making up for lost time. I spent too many years pent up to hold back now.” Ridge said. Dex nodded in agreement.

“Better late than never.” he said before he pushed Ridge onto the loveseat cushions and pounced atop him, clawed hands already tearing at his clothing.