

**The Sophomore Spurt**  
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A gentle breeze blew through the autumn leaves, making them whisper in a chorus that resembled the rise and fall of ocean waves. The sun still carried warmth from the left over summer but the first frost was coming. While many species of bird had fled south for the winter, others had migrated to take their place from colder northern reaches. Their song carried just as easily as the breeze and the sun, creating the gentle natural embrace that seemed to permeate Woodhaven University. The school predated the great genetic awakening some forty years prior, but it had evolved since then as one of the first blended campuses.

Cars and trucks were filling the parking lot outside Edoyn Hall as students returned to campus after their long summer. Plastic hampers carried more than just clothes as students lugged their belongings through security doors and up stairs to the various floors. Each dorm room had a wall to wall window looking out either over the parking lot and the forest beyond, or on the rear side across a vast field that was used to teach farming and agricultural methods to those taking that major. All in all, the entire school felt closer to nature than any in the all-human districts.

The second floor was dim as most of the rooms were not yet occupied and the open doors allowed light through the windows. Lionel had just finished bringing his stuff from the car, and waved at his parents one last time as they turned the corner and headed back down the stairs. The young man adjusted his glasses, looking at the room he was about to occupy for almost a full year. Well, not on his own, he knew the college had assigned him a roommate, and the idea of having to share his living space with an unknown person filled him with dread. What if the guy was a bully, or a slob? What if they end up fighting, and maybe both get expelled? Last year, he had been able to attend a veterinarian school near his hometown, but eventually he had to look elsewhere. Only a few colleges in the country offered classes on awakened animal races, and Woodhaven was one of them. Like it or not, this was his destiny.

Lionel moved to the window and gazed upon the fields. From the second story, he could see a centaur guide explaining the campus layout to incoming freshmen and their families as well as handing out various pamphlets, just like the ones laid across his desk. Social clubs, sports team recruitments, special events, and the rest. A cloud passed over the sun and for a moment Lionel watched his reflection appear in the window. Short auburn hair adorned his head, fresh from a haircut two days ago, and only the faintest peach fuzz covered his rather round jawline. He didn't exactly think of himself as attractive, at best average, and almost made an effort to not stand out, which showed in his clothing. A plain red t-shirt, a pair of jeans, not a single accessory. If anything, his hair color was the thing that popped out the most.

The sun emerged once more and light flooded the room. There was an air of anticipation and excitement running across the campus, and Lionel was no stranger to it. This was his first year away from home, and according to books, shows and movies, maybe this was the year he would finally find himself?

As Lionel gazed out of the window he saw a rather unusual student approaching, carrying a hiking backpack on his shoulders and a large rectangular plastic basket of clothes. From the second story it was hard to get every detail but the lithe young man had on a pair of

pants that had gone out of style at the turn of the millennium. The black canvas material was prohibitively baggy and covered in more straps and chains than anyone could count. The bottom of the pants were frayed from dragging along the ground, leaving no glimpse of shoes. In contrast he wore a short sleeve t-shirt over a long sleeve one, both of them clinging to a fit upper body. His backwards turned baseball cap seemed a bit weathered and worn as well - especially around the holes made to allow a pair of short bone colored horns to curve out and up from his forehead. There was a fleeting glimpse of color from the young man's chin, a fiery rust color before he disappeared beneath the overhang that bisected the dorm building.

Lionel wasn't sure why his eyes had fixated on this guy. Sure, growing up in an all-human town meant he'd had very little experiences with awakened individuals, but he had met a few already, and even more today. Just on this floor, he had passed by two dwarven brothers with impressively braided beards and a dryad guy with red flowers blooming in his hair. And yet somehow the horned kid from the parking lot felt intriguing. Maybe it was the confident style, the hint of edge. What was he doing at a college mostly known for their biology and environmental sciences programs? Lionel hadn't realized it, but deep down, he was secretly hoping that the horned kid was a fellow sophomore, so he could observe him more.

As if to answer Lionel's thoughts, he heard the heavy security door click downstairs before a soft clicking sound began to echo up the stairwell. It was steady, but accompanied by a scuffling noise that had to be those pants. The sound translated down the hall, only becoming muffled when it hit the carpet but did not disappear entirely. Whoever the horned boy was, they were coming down the same hallway. A few moments later a shadow fell across the sunbeam coming into Lionel's room from the door across the hall and there were three short raps on his door frame.

"Hi, uh, I'm Zenith. I guess I'm your roommate?" The voice was lighter than Lionel's, almost lyrical. The figure in the doorway was indeed the young man Lionel had been watching. Now that they were at the same level, he was a little shorter than Lionel and most certainly thinner. His slight build made the thick tuft of hair growing out and down from his chin all that more impressive. He also had neatly groomed sideburns that ran all the way down from the front of his slightly pointed ears down to his jawbone. Faintly orange-brown eyes sparkled with a gentle curiosity as he took in his new roommate and the side of the room Lionel had claimed.

A weird pang gripped his chest, while his eyes examined Zenith from top to bottom, lingering on every unusual feature, from the hidden feet to the almost amber eyes, the pointed ears to the horns. *Dammit, stop staring*, Lionel berated himself. After a moment that felt way too long for the both of them, Lionel finally broke out of his spell and cleared his throat.

"Oh hi, yes, sorry, I'm Lionel," he moved in, holding out his hand, offering a firm handshake like his father taught him. "I took the left side but I've barely unpacked yet, we can switch if you want." Politeness was a curse for him - he'd picked that side because that would be the one with the most sunlight in the morning, and here he was already offering to give it up. Zenith set his basket down on the other bed, smiling a bit as he moved to accept the handshake. As their hands clasped, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh wow, you're really strong, aren't you!" Zenith said with a grin, "The right side is fine, I don't usually mind where I sleep; the right side, the left side, the middle of class." he smirked, reaching up to take off his hat. It took some doing to work them off the horns but as he shook neck length rusty red hair loose, his horns seemed that much bigger. He tossed the hat over

onto his basket of clothing. Lionel examined his hand with a mix of pride and a little bit of guilt - he hoped he didn't come on too hard.

"First time I've been told I'm strong," he laughed weakly. At most he'd do cardio twice a week, to keep in shape. Lionel moved on to his own suitcases and started unpacking, if only to have something to do and not stand there awkwardly. "So um... what's your major? Mine's Awakened Animal Biology. Had to move states to come study here." At Lionel's comment, a faint blush crossed Zenith's cheeks as he started unceremoniously unfurling his clothes from the basket.

"Uh, I haven't picked yet? I'm getting my core classes out of the way." Zenith replied. *But Awakened Biology?* Zenith asked himself. He didn't blame Lionel for including 'animal' in there, it was still in all the official diagnostic manuals but there was some contention in using the term since it implied those awakened were animals rather than just having animal anatomy. "Besides, I heard it is a good party school." Zenith joked, grinning more.

"Oh, is it? Haven't heard anything about that," Lionel admitted. Oh no, Zenith was about to be wasted half of the time, wasn't he? They might have to establish rules or something, and fast. Zipping up his now empty suitcase, Lionel turned and looked once more at his new roommate. "By the way, I need to be frank with you. I haven't been around many... awakened yet, grew up in a mostly human place. So if I'm ever rude about that, please let me know, if that's cool with you" He scratched the back of his neck, hesitating. "And uh... is it okay if I ask you questions sometimes? About the semi-human stuff?"

"Yeah, sure." Zenith said, sensing where Lionel was coming from, "And I was joking about this being a party school. I actually came here because most Satyrs wash out or burn out around this age and don't amount to anything. Woodhaven is a bit more... reserved?" Zenith shrugged, "I'm actually more into protein drinks than cocktails actually." he admitted. Lionel's face lit up with realization.

"Ooh, so you are a satyr, that's what I wanted to ask about! See, I saw the horns and the pointed ears but I wasn't sure... but now that explains the... you know," he trailed off, pointing at Zenith's pants. "I've only seen satyrs on TV and even rarely online, to be honest." Lionel blushed a little in embarrassment. "Anyway, happy to meet you. I'm done with unpacking but if you need help..."

"Happy to meet you too, and I don't have much. I don't even have hangers yet." Zenith smirked, "Do you need help with anything?" Zenith offered, moving to sit on his bed. As he sat, the baggy pants drew up to reveal a pair of earthy brown hooves extending down from shaggy rusty red fur covered legs. Lionel opened his mouth to protest the intrusion, but stopped himself. Zenith was being really kind and friendly so far. So instead he also sat down on the other side of his bed.

"No, I'm good," he smiled. "Your fur is really pretty by the way." His eyes widened at what he had just blurted out. "Sorry, that came out wrong. I uh... like the color." Not much better. Zenith grinned.

"Thankfully I'm hypoallergenic, as long as I remember to wash... Don't want to give anyone allergies." Zenith said, "I like your blond hair too. Not too many blonds on campus." he admitted.

"Oh, thanks. I don't really like my hair, I never know what to do with it," replied Lionel. He gestured towards his closet and belongings. "You might have seen that I just go with

whatever fits me, style wise,” he chuckled. “That’s going to be a running theme for me this year, I’m mostly here to focus on my studies anyway.” Lionel looked down, before changing the subject. “And are you the only satyr in your family or did your parents change too? I’ve heard that it can sometimes happen at random at birth.”

“Oh no, my parents were first generation Satyrs. I’m a thoroughbred.” Zenith smirked before frowning a little, “I guess it’s weird that I’m more into health and fitness and stuff. But I gotta be me, right?” he asked with a smile, “What do you want to be, aside from good at your major?” Lionel shook his head.

“I don’t think it’s weird. I go jogging twice a week, maybe we could run together sometimes. Or maybe we could go to the college gym? The pamphlet said that it’s free and they apparently have a good range of equipment.” He was having a really nice time with Zenith, something about him felt appeasing somehow. “And what I want to be, well, I guess I want to be a biologist. I like animals a lot, but the only way my parents would let me pursue this domain is if I get to make money out of it,” he grimaced. “That’s why I enrolled here, to also learn about the newly awakened ones. There aren’t a lot of schools where you can learn about unicorn anatomy, for instance, and currently there’s lots of lucrative jobs created for animals like these.” Lionel did his best to hide it, but it was clear he wasn’t quite satisfied with these plans.

“Ohhhh, so animal animals, not awakened... I get it.” Zenith said, leaning back with his hands propped up behind him. The motion made his shirts ride up, revealing a very furry pleasure trail rising out of his pants and surrounding his navel, “So you don’t want to play doctor with me?” he asked with a playful grin. Lionel’s face turned as red as the satyr’s sideburns.

“What th-- No! I mean we just met and sure you’re good looking but, but-” he stuttered. “Wait, were you joking?” The human’s eyes clearly looked away, but anyone observant could notice the slight tenting in his jeans.

“Sorry, Satyr habits die hard.” Zenith said, sitting back upright, “I’m sure we’ll find the right balance between us.” he said before scooting off the bed before he resumed unpacking.

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Time often seemed fleeting and few things cemented that fact quite so well as the whole week of downpours that had followed the start of classes. The fields were muddy but the paths were kept clean. Lionel’s side of the room had evolved with posters, personal hygiene products, his computer and a variety of snack foods. Zenith’s side of the room seemed slower growing. He had a quilt that looked very soft, his variety of clothes and a few items used to make particularly thick, creamy looking protein shakes. Aside from that, only one or two personal possessions showed up at a time, almost as if he was bartering other students for items.

The two of them got along rather well, mostly keeping to themselves. Sure, Lionel was a bit of a neat freak sometimes, and Zenith would occasionally skip showers for various reasons, but compared to the kind of roommates from hell stories the human had read online, they were fine. Yet they hadn’t really spent time together since their first day and the little incident. They weren’t avoiding each other on purpose, but so far Lionel had focused on his first classes, not leaving much room for anything else. Despite his previous offer, they’ve had yet to exercise together, nor did they sit together during their shared classes.

The room was rather dark in this late afternoon thanks to the darkened skies, with Lionel's laptop screen doing most of the lighting. Thanks to the weather, one of their outside classes on animal husbandry had been postponed, and he had taken advantage of this free afternoon to gather his notes on the whole week. Pages fraught with medical terms reflected in his glasses, and by the fourth hour both his eyes and his brain were starting to hurt. He leaned back in his chair, rubbing his eyelids and massaging his temples. That did not help, so with a frustrated groan, he got up and went to their bathroom, opening their mirror cabinet in his search for aspirin. Lionel only found it after moving quite a few things out of the way, including a couple of bottles Zenith used for his shakes.

While swallowing the aspirin, Lionel started to wonder; what did his roommate even do with those? Zenith was smaller than him and didn't seem the type to aim for a bodybuilder body. In fact, he'd expected someone of his frame would be more into smoothies and green juices, given his interest in health and fitness. Lionel closed the cabinet and looked in the mirror. He was probably reading too much into it, and the whole study session had fried his brain. Maybe it was time to go check that campus gym, he thought. With that rain outside, jogging was a no go, but hopefully they'd had treadmills. His ears perked up as he registered some familiar clicking sounds shuffling on the dorm's carpet, and sure enough, Zenith came in soon after. Zenith set down his backpack on the bed, took one look at Lionel and tilted his head.

"Are you okay? You look like you're in pain." Zenith commented.

"I'm fine," the human smiled reassuringly, "just a migraine from spending too much time on my screen. I regularly get those. Thought I could get some exercise, so I'm just going to get changed and head to the gym." He opened his closet and fetched his sweatpants and tank top, before a thought came up. "Hey, you mind sharing one of these shakes? They look really good and I've barely had time for lunch."

"Actually, yeah, I was about to offer you a headache cure I came up with a while back. Two birds with one stone, huh? Oh, the... blender might make it worse before it gets better. The noise." Zenith said. He opened the minifridge under his bed, fishing around blindly in the dim light before he fetched a small glass bottle of milk and a few other ingredients. Moving like a chemist, he added ingredients in careful proportions before blending it up. Pouring it into one of his travel mugs, he offered it to Lionel with a smile.

"Thanks, that's really tight man," Lionel accepted the drink gratefully, taking a light sniff of it. It seemed quite rich, a bit sweet, but he couldn't really place any familiar flavor at first. Taking a sip was a whole different thing however. The beverage was both creamy and easy to drink, tasting like the smoothest yoghurt but with a nice salted layer. "Holy shit Zenith," he exclaimed, the fuzz above his lips covered in white, "that's so freaking good! You have to tell me what's in it!"

"Well, you know, just some good old fashioned satyr knowhow and some new innovations fresh from the farm." Zenith grinned, moving to return ingredients to his minifridge. When he swung open the door, however, he hesitated a little. Facing away from Lionel, his brow creased in concern, realizing which of the two glass jugs he'd grabbed. Pursing his lips a little, he returned the slightly yellower milk to the fridge before forcing a smile on his lips. He looked over his shoulder, "Your headache should be easing any moment," he said.

By the time he looked, Lionel was already downing more of the shake. Initially he thought about stopping to sip the stuff during his gym session, but this drink was a guilty

pleasure. Nevermind that he usually avoided dairy due to his family's history of lactose intolerance, he could consume that stuff every day. He sat down on his bed and finally put the cup down, gasping for air.

"Fuck... that was amazing," he panted. "Congrats to the chef... or barista, or whatever," Lionel laughed. He didn't seem to mind the trail of milk that dripped from his lips to his chin. "You know, I'd pay for those. Best headache cure ever." Indeed, his mind was drowning in white glee, smothering any remaining pain. "You have some more?" He asked, a twinkle in his eyes. Zenith smiled a bit nervously, feeling even more worried about the idea of compounding his error. He glanced up at Lionel, seeing his grin and enthusiasm.

"Uh, technically, but... I mean, not every blend is going to come out quite the same, plus what I used in that one is a bit higher in calories. Sure, some of those calories go into making muscle, but... uh, maybe you want the next one with norm-" Zenith caught himself, "Lower calorie milk?" he corrected. Lionel barely registered, giddy with joy.

"Sure sure! If it's as good as the previous one, that's fine!" Audibly licking his lips, he was now running a finger along the shake's glass to catch most of the remains.

"That's what I mean, if I... make it as good as the last one, there might be side effects." Zenith said, trying to be a little more direct. Lionel nodded, still riding high.

"Like what? You didn't put drugs or anything in there, right? I watched you do it, it looked legit to me," he grinned. "And if my stomach starts hurting I have some stuff for that. C'mon man... please?" Zenith considered for a long moment before nodding.

"Alright, but if you put on a few pounds from drinking these things, it isn't my fault, okay?" Zenith said. He moved back to the fridge, took a breath and grabbed the minotaur milk again. Once more he mixed everything together, though he reached under the counter to grab one more bottle, shaking some wheat colored powder in, "I'll add something to make you more lactose tolerant. Don't want your tummy hurting." he smiled before turning the blender on. Once more the blades whipped the powders and liquids into a thick, frothy beverage before Lionel's eyes.

"You're the best, man." Lionel reached for the cup but gently squeezed Zenith's arm along the way. It was probably the milk talking, but he was just radiating genuine affection at the moment. With almost trembling hands, he put the cup to his lips, and his knees almost buckled from the rush of flavors. The wheat barely altered that heavenly taste, the minotaur milk coating his entire throat. It felt more refreshing than spring water, more nourishing than the best protein shakes on the market. Lionel sat down on his bed again, leaning back completely relaxed.

Zenith watched in awe as his roommate's throat seemed to pulse as he took down gulp after gulp of the cream, letting it soothe and settle into his stomach. Zenith's brow remained a bit furrowed in concern, though a bulge was forming in his pants. He'd heard stories about what a minotaur's milk could do to a human, but he never believed it. The stuff had acted almost like a drug, a drug that Lionel couldn't get enough of. Already, the lower buttons of his shirt seemed to strain more than usual, while between his legs, a sizable boner struggled against its fabric prison.

Zenith could already feel he was going to have to fight his regular urges, but looking up at his roommate he couldn't help but see the raw potential there. He was tall, he had broad shoulders, he had big bones, and he had a belly any satyr would love to cuddle up against. More than anything, though, the minoshake had made him let his guard down. He was

ENJOYING life, he was living in the moment and it was a lot more fun to see than the repressed, pent up student heading down a career trajectory he didn't believe in. This seemed right for all the right reasons, but something still concerned Zenith.

After a life of lactose intolerance, the shake had settled in Lionel's gut in a way no dairy product ever had before. It was cool, it was soothing, it was creamy and pure. Rather than making him cramp or bloat, it felt as if it was making his entire body relax. It was like dipping into a cool spring pond on a warm summer's day. His shoulders relaxed, as did his neck and back. The only motion in his lower body was the shake slowly working its way through his system, nourishing it.

Any movement seemed to take Lionel an incredible amount of effort. He was floating in a dream, his eyelids struggling to stay open. The shake was gone, and he was lazily trying to get more drops with his tongue, but even then his arm couldn't keep up and the mug ended up dropped on the carpet. As a last effort, his body shook suddenly as he released a drowsy, milky belch before Lionel finally fell into some kind of stupor, although not quite asleep, more like an extreme form of food coma. While his boner didn't abate, his breathing was steady and slow. Clearly he would have to try out this gym another day.

Zenith let out a soft sigh as he moved over to the other bed. He slowly pushed Lionel back onto the covers, lifting one leg at a time up to get him into a more comfortable position. Once he was settled, knowing he couldn't lift him off the bedding, Zenith grabbed the quilt from his bed and draped it over Lionel for comfort. He slid a pillow under his head and made sure he didn't seem at risk of spraining anything before he picked the mug up from the floor and went back to cleaning up the supplies.

"Maybe I made him too lactose tolerant..." Zenith murmured to himself as he gathered the top of the blender to go wash out in the bathroom sink.

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The clouds had finally parted with the next sunrise, the constant rhythm of raindrops now replaced by the jaunty symphony of morning birds. Luck had it that it was also the end of the week. At least everyone would be able to go out and enjoy one of the rare sunny days of fall, rather than being stuck behind sheets of glass and cement, away from the mounds of red and yellow leaves. Sunlight poured into the dorm, heating up Lionel until he finally woke up, unusually sweaty.

Groggily, he checked his phone; it was almost noon! He had forgotten to put his alarm on. His Saturdays usually started with a morning jog, but this was way too late for that. The bed sheets were wet with sweat, and it didn't help that he was still entirely dressed. The student groaned as he tried to remember the previous evening, but it was a fog that wouldn't clear up. At least he felt no pain, besides some constriction around his belt. In a daze, Lionel slumbered out of bed and headed slowly for the shower, unheeding of his roommate, the tightness in his chest or the uneven blond goatee hanging down his chin.

Clothes set in the wooden cubbies, the shower gurgled as the knobs were turned before a warm, steamy stream of water came cascading down in the stall. While the partitions were stainless steel, only a translucent yellow curtain divided Lionel from the rest of the room. That cleansing did him wonders, clearing the cobwebs of his sleeping mind. While he couldn't quite

recall how he ended up in this state, he knew that he had ended up safely tucked in bed, without any alarmed messages on his phone. Maybe he had just collapsed from exhaustion after his study session - he should probably take it easier next time.

After a long steaming, he finally stepped out, dried off, and pulled away the yellow curtain, and headed back in the nude, uncaring. The day might already be halfway done, but it was still going to be a lovely one. He had no plans for now, maybe he could see what Zenith was up to. As Lionel headed back to his room he got more appreciative nods from his neighbors than usual. It seemed everyone was in a good mood and happy to see him. Once he opened his room, he finally noticed Zenith.

“Hi roomie! For once you got up before me,” Lionel grinned, and the satyr immediately noticed the changes, even if he hadn’t seen him naked before. While his short blond hair had grown a couple inches in the night, now reaching his eyebrows, it was nothing compared to his sudden increase in body hair. Blond curls were running down his chest in a treasure trail, linking a pair of firm pecs with round areolas to a blond bush, where an uncut dick rested atop a heavy sack. Zenith’s prediction had come to pass. His previously average shape now sported a pair of love handles, surrounding what one could pass for a beer belly. But even beyond the physical changes, something had shifted in his demeanor.

“Early to rise, eager beavers get the morning wood as they say.” Zenith said, sizing Lionel up. It was hard to resist his growing magnetism, but his personality was even more attractive.

“Never heard that version before,” Lionel smirked, as he started to get dressed. He browsed through his usual stuff before settling on a relaxed pair of sweatpants and a colorful shirt he left unbuttoned. “Say, did I do something wild last night? I remember we chatted and I tried your shake, but after that, nothing.” Zenith couldn’t help but smirk a little.

“Do you know what happens if you’d normally get an ice cream headache but on headache medicine milkshake?” the satyr asked, “You passed out and had a real good sleep.” Zen said, unable to take his eyes off the rather impressive bulge in the gray sweatpants that left very little to the imagination of what Lionel was packing. Part of him wanted to mix him up some minotaur milk right there but he didn’t want to force anything on his roommate that his roommate didn’t want.

“Well, good to know! Might have to request another shake one of these days if I can’t sleep”, he slumped on his bed, displaying his bulge. “So I had plans to go to the library, but it’s really nice outside. You wanna hang out today?”

“Yeah, that sounds really nice. Gotta soak in whatever sun we can get, right?” Zenith beamed.

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The sunny reprieve had persisted for a couple of days, allowing students to stay warm even with the crisp fresh winds of fall. Local stores started rolling out their new pumpkin related products, reminding customers of the changing season, the familiar smell a herald of the upcoming colder months. The journey into town had revealed that Willowport also had a population of awakened individuals. There was a clothing store run by a lovely elvish couple, a werewolf private detective and a small dairy shop as well. As Zenith and Lionel walked down the



street, Zenith couldn't help but let his eyes drift towards the dairy. He'd tried to keep Lionel in check with his shakes to make sure he didn't tip the balance too far but Lionel's thirst seemed unquenchable at times.

"You know what, maybe we should check out the park!" Zenith suggested, putting his hand up on Lionel's rather large shoulder.

"Sure! But I could go for a milkshake along the way. Do you mind if we stop there before the park?" Lionel looked down at his friend, "I'll treat you to one if you want", he added with a smile. Zenith opened and closed his mouth, unable to think of a legitimate reason not to go into the dairy that didn't feel forced or awkward. He nodded.

"Sure, we can try to work it off in the park after." Zenith said, following Lionel.

As the old wood door opened to the dairy, a small bell jingled in a throwback to old city charm. The store relied on light coming through the large bay windows to supplement the modest lights recessed into the ceiling and shelves. There were obviously several coolers full of glass jars of milk and cheese but there was so much more. Everywhere Lionel turned there were products made from milk. There were special shampoos and conditioners and soaps, there were candles and right before the cash register was a display case with puddings and flan. It was a mesmerizing wonder of dairy products.

Standing behind the counter was a tall, broad shouldered clerk with an intrigued grin peeking out from a bushy blond beard that was braided into thick coils and threaded through metal rings. He looked like a viking out of a storybook except that the horns on his head were not a part of his helmet, they were growing out of his skull. His nose was a little broader and darker and his ears were a little longer and folded like those of a cow. The clerk sniffed a little again, his eyes almost glittering with intrigue as he looked Lionel up and down.

"Welcome!" he said, his voice so deep that it reverberated in Lionel and Zenith's diaphragm. For some reason, Lionel found himself licking his lips.

"Hi there, do you serve milkshakes? Beautiful shop, by the way," he smiled, his throat feeling oddly dry. The various displays caught his eyes, maybe he'd come back later to try the soaps or perhaps buy candles for the family.

"We do, yes! Homemade milkshakes with our finest local milk." The clerk then listed the different flavors available, including the seasonal ones. A bit overwhelmed from the choices, Lionel defaulted to familiar tastes and picked chocolate. As the clerk served them up, he couldn't stop smiling at this rather large, somewhat fuzzy college sophomore before him, though he did shoot Zenith a look, "And for the friend of one of our most loyal patrons... a free sample of some freshly made pudding. It's still warm, quite a delicacy." he added. Zenith's eyes widened and he shook his head but he gasped as someone squeezed his arm.

Turning, he looked to see the clerk's assistant, another satyr of about nineteen years old with raven black hair, a thick mustache and sideburns. Before Zenith could object, he pulled something small and squishy from his pouch and popped it into Zenith's mouth. Zenith tried to object but as his saliva hit the gel, the outer portion melted and released a small serving of satyr wine across his tongue. Zenith's eyes shifted more orange, the irises constricting to goat-like vertical slits. He began to pant as blood rushed into his groin and his ass cheeks began to twitch, his goat tail slinking up out of the belt of his pants as it began to waggle involuntarily. Lionel was about to pay but turned to face the scene, his heart filled with alarmed confusion.

“Zen? What’s going on?” He quickly moved to his friend’s side, wrapping a hand around his shoulder, puffing his chest. “Is this guy bothering you?” Zen looked up, dreamy eyed, smiling at Lionel. He heaved a soft sigh.

“I’m just so glad to be with you...” Zenith said. The assistant held up his hands.

“Just a free sample.” He said, “I’m sure Zen doesn’t get the taste of home very often.”

“Parax, you know not to let your excitement get the best of you...” The clerk chastised, sighing a little, “Zenith is our best customer. He comes in almost every day for minotaur milk and he’s been buying a lot more in the last week or so. I guess Parax just wanted to give him a treat. Let me make it up to you, your shakes are on the house.” The clerk said, looking deep into Lionel’s eyes.

“He didn’t tell me he knew you guys,” Lionel squinted. These two men were very charming and attractive, but he wasn’t sure of their vibes. Not letting go of his friend, he grabbed the drinks, grumbling thanks as they headed back into the street. “Zen?” He addressed him softly, “you sure you know them? Are you okay?”

“Oh yeah, I feel amazing.” Zen said, still smiling, blushing a bit. He cuddled against Lionel before murmuring happily, burying his face directly against his chest. After a moment Lionel felt lips closing around his nipple through the fabric of his shirt, sending waves of pleasure through his chest that he’d never felt before. He gasped audibly, nearly spilling the drinks all over them. With his rosy cheeks turning full red, he looked around, hoping no one saw that.

“Dude, stop, we’re in public,” he protested, gently pushing him away. “C’mon, we should head back to the campus, you don’t seem well. I think going through the park will be faster...” Lionel took his friend’s hand and led him toward the park’s entrance, his thoughts trying to wish away his growing boner. Their rapid pace through the park seemed to have side effects as Lionel felt warmer and more thirsty while Zenith seemed to be squirming a little. As his furry cheeks parted beneath his pants and his goat tail continued to wag, the air began to fill with a faint, mossy musk that was sweet and earthy as it coiled into Lionel’s nose, making it impossible to wish away his boner.

Lionel began slowing down, his thoughts unable to focus on the right path. That was his first time in this park, and while not a maze, the different alleys and dirt roads were starting to overwhelm him, his senses distracting each other. “H-here,” he panted, pointing to a small clearing still lit up by sunlight, “let’s take a break, alright? Catch your breath, maybe drink something to cool you down.” He could use a drink himself, truth be told.

“That’s a great idea.” Zen said, standing on his tip-hooves to kiss Lionel’s cheek before he moved into the clearing. As the dappled sun filtered through the trees and traced across Zenith’s body, Lionel could almost imagine him in his natural form. His bright red hair and goatee nearly glowed like open flames. Was his hair longer? His goatee too... it seemed to hang down almost to his Adam’s apple. Zenith sat down on a log, tugging on his pants, getting them to sag more to give his tail room to move which had the side effect of unleashing half of his furry ass cheeks. Thankfully the plant cover gave them a fair bit of privacy.

Lionel gulped. Holy fuck, Zen was a smokeshow. He thought the guy attractive from day one, but this was something else, his friend simply oozed pure sensuality. When he had rejected him previously, it was from a fear of intimacy, but now, they had passed that barrier, they trusted

each other. Lionel could still feel the warm kiss on his cheek, and he almost reached to touch it. But instead, he approached him, and cleared his throat.

"Here's your shake. The, uh... the dairy guy said he added some pudding to it?" He handed him the drink while clearly looking away from temptation. Zenith looked up at him, his goat eyes gleaming, completely undaunted.

"I think you should have both... I think I want your pudding instead." Zenith said, reaching out to close his hand gently around the tent in Lionel's pants. "Zen, stop," he hissed, "you're not yourself right now. And I don't think you--" Lionel suddenly groaned, just as the satyr fondled a very specific area around his sack.

"I haven't been myself since I got here, I've been pretending to be human and I'm not... I'm so horny, Lionel, I have been since we met. You're this mountain I want to climb." Zenith protested, reaching to unzip his pants with the hand that wasn't already fondling his roommate. In moments he whipped out a very full, very throbbing cock with ample foreskin that he started to jerk off rapidly. The heady, cheesy aroma hit Lionel almost instantly. Lionel bit his lip, once more looking around to make sure no one saw this spectacle. Not only were his pants starting to get really tight, but even his whole body heated up in response. Maybe what he'd read about satyrs was true, and Zenith couldn't deny his species. Maybe he could just... help him, as a friend?

"Screw it, you win," he admitted. Yet he felt really silly, standing there with a shake in each hand. And he had something else to admit. "So uh... I've... I've never done this before, you're gonna have to guide me," he admitted. Zenith licked his lips.

"Honestly, I can do most of the work for you. I just need you to enjoy yourself." Zen grinned, "Sit down against this log, make yourself comfortable, and don't be afraid to hydrate." Zen said, giving him another good grope as he anticipated fulfilling the deep impulses rushing through himself.

"Okay, sure, I-I can do that." This wasn't how Lionel had envisioned losing his virginity, hidden in the middle of a public park with a friend high on some drug. Yet with his ass now down on the log, embarrassment was gradually making room for another reason to blush - anticipation. Juggling to handle the cups, he gently pushed Zen's hands away from his crotch and unzipped his fly, revealing a plump and tantalizing package just waiting to be freed from a tight pair of boxer shorts.

"Right, well. I trust you Zen." Lionel added, with a nervous yet sincere smile. Zenith smiled and moved over, kneeling before Lionel. Just the image of that, having such a sexual creature right between his legs seemed to send out waves of power and pleasure. Zen reached in and tugged at Lionel's boxers, drawing them up and out and down. He carefully revealed the swollen, thick shaft of his roommate. The mushroom shaped head was full and firm, the excess skin waiting just beneath its cap. The slit was slightly damp with dew.

The sun continued to make Zenith's red hair glow. He leaned in, dragging his soft goatee up the length of the shaft before he drew back, tilted his head and dove down. His tender lips parted across the broad head of the cock and his silky soft tongue started to work fluttering against the skin. It was like a ribbon dancer in the way it moved around its target, slipping and shifting. Inch by inch, Zenith took more and more as his head started to bob up and down. The suction increased, his cheeks going to work, but as he reached out to massage the mound of

flesh still trapped in the boxers beneath Lionel's cock, new jolts of pleasure ripped through his larger body.

It felt like there was some strange new connection between Lionel's balls and nipples that hadn't existed before. Both were far more sensitive, far more alert, far more... needy? His large balls seemed to surge and shift at the attention, almost as if they were sloshing around in his sack, but his nipples? They felt like ancient pulsars waking up and starting to strobe. The tiny nubs began to firm and swell, pushing out from the areola they had been nestled in and the one that Zenith had tried to suckle through his shirt almost felt wet in the unusually warm air.

Whatever level of pleasure Lionel had prepared for couldn't compare with the real deal. Those deft satyr hands seemingly accomplishing miracles given how his entire body was radiating bliss beyond just his groin. The only response he had managed to muster so far was a string of gasps, surprised moans and incoherent expletives. Lionel tried to control his reactions but Zen's touch was absolutely electric and he was actually powerless in his hands. Yet he couldn't just blame it on his sexual inexperience, he knew some of these sensations weren't normal.

It took Lionel an incredible amount of focus to properly put the pudding-boosted shake on the ground instead of simply dropping the thing, but as soon as his hand was freed it darted under his shirt; a predator hunting for a curious prey. The man cooed as he began fondling his wet chest, his fingers discovering a plump, fat and moist nipple that crowned over a growing, heavy pec. He pinched, he flicked, he tugged until it happened, something squirted from that nipple. Stars filled Lionel's vision and he arched his back, releasing a long howl of sorts.

Back down below, as if to answer their connection, Lionel's package shuddered and contracted for a pleasurable instant, before relaxing and dropping even lower and heavier than before, with wet stains appearing all over the fabric. So many things were happening all at once and he didn't have enough hands to deal with all of it!

"Fuck Zen..." Lionel's voice was gritter, a deeper bass now. "Don't stop, please," he begged. Somewhere buried beneath the unquenchable thirst Zenith was drowning in were some vestiges of understanding. He knew what risks were involved with using minotaur milk, and he knew his supplier would have been even more interested in coming up with a way to increase output to the dairy. Even his own brethren would put pleasure and profit ahead of maintaining the innocence of a kindly human, but Lionel wasn't that anymore. He was awakening.

Zenith's head bobbed up and down on the girthy shaft, enjoying just how manly his roommate was, but his left hand had moved to massage the growing mass beneath the cock in his mouth. The cotton had soaked quickly, the fabric darkening from the moisture before translucent milky liquid seemed to be draining from the bottom. The boxers were stretching as what they contained swelled larger and larger and larger. Even Lionel's large cock started to pale in comparison to how big his balls were getting. The pressure mounted and the pain grew, serving as a distraction - at least until the sound of popping stitches sounded.

The boxers tore, revealing an undulating, sloshing mass that had once been Lionel's balls. Even as his pectorals distended and his areolas expanded, his balls had become something else entirely. The source of the moisture became apparent as four plump nubs were rapidly growing, swelling outward like some combination between additional nipples and additional dicks. Their slits were dribbling ever thickening milk that was filling the air with the very recognizable and heady aroma.

With the textile tearing up and his balls finally allowed to evacuate their potent filling, Lionel's mind rewired, this burgeoning udder no longer registering as alien and weird, but as an erogenous zone like any other, albeit one that would be hard to ignore and neglect. His conscious brain might not have connected the dots, but his primal, half-asleep instincts were way ahead of them. Spurred by the familiar dairy smell, Lionel's hand moved up on its own, and he soon felt something small entering his mouth. Three slurping noises later, and one refreshing transformative shake shot through a straw and into his mouth. The changing human moaned in recognition, his entire body relaxing. With Zen's ministrations and the creamy chocolate coursing through his stomach, it was like getting massaged from both outside and within.

Lionel's eyes glazed over in contentment, his free hand still milking his growing pecs under his now dripping wet shirt. There, a nest of matted blond fur kept growing as if to avoid getting buried between these two heavy mounds. That chest hair suddenly decided to expand downwards as well, running across a milk-stained stomach to connect with the source of Zen's attention, the fat cock crowning over his personal dairy factory.

It didn't take Lionel too long to finish that drink, and this time, his body didn't want to digest it, fully receptive to the nutrients. Zen heard above him the sound of a straw sucking on empty air before the cup fell at his knees, then a resonating belch sent ripples through Lionel's entire body, his udder shivering like a water balloon. Soon, the satyr felt a pressure on his horns and had to readjust his pose; it was Lionel's belly, growing fat and heavy, sloshing with the rich milkshake.

Zenith looked up with his mouth full of cock, wanting to feel sorry or guilty for what had happened to Lionel, but instead he could only feel awe. Lionel's spine was throbbing as his vertebrae slowly pushed away from one another before expanding. Bone, cartilage, ligament and muscle were reworking themselves as Lionel grew taller, his shoulders aching as they grew broader. His ribs pushed apart from one another to create a larger support for his swelling pectorals, and his boyish good face was darkening with the softest beard Zenith had ever seen before.

The large Sophomore's body was a credit to either species. His muscles looked as if they were carved out of stone while his chest and udders were as soft and welcoming as a potter's clay. His body was a swirling storm of sensation, ranging from sinful pleasure to almost distracting discomfort. Lionel's head was pounding, the flesh growing irritated and red on his temples. The skin grew tight and stretched over growing lumps. Zenith couldn't take his goat eyes off his partner, seeing him swell into his destiny, but the hunger was so great...

Zenith took one breath, his nostrils flared wide before he closed his eyes. Relaxing his throat, Zenith surged down in a way no human could. Lionel's blunt cock bumped the back of the Satyr's throat before gliding down his esophagus. The muscles began to massage and milk his shaft sinuously, working in rhythmic patterns no hand or ass could manage. It was like some ancient dance, a forgotten ritual focused entirely on getting Lionel to cum. Zenith's ears twitched almost as much as his tail as he took him in so deeply.

Words failed Lionel, and deep guttural moans were all the approval he could voice, his vocals sounding suspiciously close to mooing sounds. By now, both his down and upper nipples were dripping freely, overflowing with his rich man-milk, thus he felt no guilt at letting his pecs go touchless for now. His wet shirt had already rolled up atop of his belly and was now painfully

struggling to contain his pectorals. Thankfully mercy was swift, as Lionel quickly grabbed it and tore it open with incredible ease, freeing his whole upper body.

Yet pain occurred somewhere else as well, concentrating around his temples. On both sides, yellow protrusions poked through the skin with pearls of blood, pushing horizontally for about four inches on both sides before angling down. Once grown, the pain quickly subsided and transformed into a swelling pride in these horns, a testament to his might and masculinity crowning over his long diary blond mane. Lionel looked down through the bangs almost covering his eyes, having to crane his thick, now veiny neck to see past his taut belly and lay eyes on the fiery red beauty servicing him. Zenith was doing so well, he just had to encourage him. He reached down and stroked the satyr's head, before grabbing both of his horns to keep him pinned on his cock.

Zen's eyes rolled into the back of his head, feeling as if he was in exactly the right place at the right time. His head bobbed up and down, his horns like handles and his throat like a fleshlight. He was a tool bringing the superior male so much pleasure. Zenith both felt and heard muffled pops and snaps as cartilage shifted in Lionel's elbows, his knees, and his neck. His spine continued to stretch, adding inches onto his height. His legs grew wider and longer as well. His shoes started to warp and shift, the fake leather prying and twisting around toes that were rapidly reconfiguring themselves away from watchful eyes.

Every time Lionel's heart beat, his horns surged out of his head. Bone was rapidly forming, coated in keratin, everything coalescing at an incredible speed. Inch by inch his horns emerged and the added weight and testosterone eroded his reservations, his doubts, his prudish constraint. His nips were practically squirting milk with every bounce of Zenith's head and a steady stream of rapidly thickening milk was dribbling out of his brand new udders. Every drop was a wave of orgasmic bliss that ripped and burned and seared through Lionel's synapses.

Threads snapped and cracked around Zenith, Lionel's pants ready to burst. Locks of dirty blond fur spilled out from the gradually widening holes in the fabric, promises of a real fur carpet covering his legs now. Yet the jeans proved resistant, and the growing sensation spread up his legs to his entire ass, pushing past uncomfortable and back into painful once again. Clarity took over his mind; whatever amazing and life changing experience he was going through, he'd first need to take care of this problem.

Lionel pushed Zenith off his dick and stood up, the milk drops on his chest glistening in the sunlight, his spine finally stretching to his fullest. By now, he was likely close to seven feet, his abdomen expanding with power with each deep breath. Hot air was expelled through a somewhat bovine looking nose, which combined with the horns and his long hair. The sunlight glistened as it played against the lengthening blond strands pushing out from his face, stretching down inches at a time in thick billowing waves to form a thick beard pointing toward his chest. As Zenith panted to replenish his oxygen, he couldn't help but think of those Scottish highland cows from documentaries.

The new minotaur reached his meaty hands down to the holes in his pants and tore them wide open, allowing his new leg fur to cascade down freely, completely obscuring his skin. Only his feet remained, though they wouldn't for long. Webs of skin had already connected his toes and pulled them together, cramping as they reshaped and reformed. A new coating of keratin covered them to protect his feet as they grew wider, rounder and flatter. In moments he

had gained two massive hooves strong enough to support this strong beast. As if to answer those cracks, something snapped around his tail bone, a foreign yet expected sensation of new vertebrae forming and pushing down into a long tail, crowned by a tuft of silky hair.

Zenith was still panting, though now equally out of lust and oxygen deprivation. He knelt before this bovine behemoth, drooling a little as he gazed up. He was a beefcake, a truly handsome animal, and he had gained the attributes that minotaurs most desired in this day and age... his pectorals were full, round and thick. Below his massive cock, a cock whose tip seemed to be flattening into a blunt flare, was a massive udder with nipples so thick and long that they may as well have been additional phalluses. Zenith's grin was nearly manic as he looked at what his roommate had become. Neither of them had any control anymore. They were slaves to their baser impulses.

Lionel looked down at his partner, the satyr staring at him with adoration. He didn't fully comprehend what had happened, nor was he trying to - any elaborate thought was drowned out by his entire set of instincts screaming for release. Yet he was certain of three things: Zenith was responsible for all of this; he genuinely loved him; and Zen's ass was desperate to be filled. Lionel's bovine nose had no problem picking up his desperate rutting signals, and he was only too happy to oblige. With a snort, he reached down and easily picked up Zenith by the shoulders, pressing him around his stomach and pushing his face onto a fat plump nipple.

"See how you like it now," he teased in a slow, gritty voice befitting his now protruding Adam's apple. Zenith opened his mouth and let it be filled by the protuberance of flesh. As his lips pressed down he was rewarded with a thick, warm, creamy spurt of milk that washed away all his concerns. His thick satyr cock began to dribble a steady stream of precum that filled the air around them with the scent of the rut but Zenith didn't care. He suckled down the minotaur milk as his furry ass cheeks parted, revealing an undulating black hole.

As Lionel felt the pressure in his chest start to ebb, it all came into focus. This was what he was meant to do with his life. He threw his head back, his shaggy blond hair sliding down his neck as he released a bestial moo. While his chest had barely been drained and his udders still felt over-full, there was still one most important part of his changed anatomy that needed attention, and it was done being ignored. Lionel maneuvered Zenith a bit, enough for the satyr to suddenly feel a very familiar blunt flare tip poking blindly at his entrance.

Zenith murmured, sliding his head to the other side of Lionel's chest to get some high pressure milk from his other teat even as the first continued to dribble. Emboldened by the sudden pleasure of the new lactation, Lionel let gravity do some of the work as Zenith was lowered onto his manhood. The flat, equine-like head spread Zenith's ring until he popped inside and then slid several inches. Lionel had been far from an expert on sex as a human, but it seemed as if his cock had already taken a master class. The meat was thick, dense, firm and long. It plowed up easily and found the satyr's ass was far superior to those of humans. Muscle groups worked his cock up and down, squeezing and massaging, practically milking it as well without Zenith having to think about it.

As the Satyr rode up and down Lionel's thick pole, Lionel realized that despite his physical dominance and newfound strength, he was somehow at Zen's mercy and hungry for his first true release. His whole body had been reshaped to provide life and nourishment, and he was in full rut with an imperative need to breed. The minotaur staggered backwards and found himself leaning heavily against an oak, its wood creaking loudly from this sudden added weight.

With the tree behind him acting as support, Lionel began to thrust his powerful hips in an uneven rhythm. Truly bestial grunts punctuated these moves, along with the wet slaps of his udder against Zen's cheeks. They were two ideally paired sexual creatures, one with plenty of fluids and love to give, the other with the perfect holes to fill.

"Oh fuck... FUCK! YES! LIONEL!" Zenith called out, his voice escalating with each word as he dribbled milk out of his lips and soaked his long red goatee. He shook and bounced and writhed on the cock, his stomach starting to distend and stretch with the impression of the cock spearing into him. He wrapped his wooly legs around Lionel's waist and a little bit of the tree, trying to add grip and friction. Their pace quickened, their rhythm frenetic. They were nearly a blur of fur and flesh and hooves and horns. In fact, Lionel's head continued to throb as a few more centimeters of ivory pushed out of his skull, giving a weight and gravitas to the half bovine head he had resting atop the thick muscled neck required to keep it aloft.

Zen moaned, panted, drooled and then went stiff. He shuddered, his ass clenching down in wave after wave around Lionel's cock as his own thick eggplant sized dick began to spurt, then fountain thick yellow satyr cum across Lionel's blond beard like cream rinse conditioner. Zenith looked up in a daze, the most subtle and gentle of smiles crossing his lips. He loved this and he couldn't believe he had neglected it for so long. This truly was what he was meant to do and who he was meant to do it with. He murmured gently before nuzzling against Lionel's wet beard, rooting through until his lips found his partner's plump nipple once more and he resumed suckling as though the milk would help him replenish the reserves his balls had just emptied across his lover.

It didn't take Lionel long to join his lover at the finish line. One especially exquisite squeeze among the many times Zen's ass tightened around his shaft was enough to tip him over the edge. Shudders coursed through the minotaur, from the tip of his horns to the end of his tail as he finally came. His minotaur dick erupted with thick ropes of awakened cum into Zenith for so long that it didn't seem like it would end. Clearly none of them cared about their public display now, as Lionel found himself bellowing loudly, his moos echoing well beyond their clearing, as if daring anyone to challenge his virility and strength. The hip thrusts slowed down while he was still spurting his seed until in one content moment he pushed as far in as he could, trapping his seed inside so Zen could keep it all.

Zen remained locked around Lionel, though it seemed his thirst had finally been sated. He rested his head between those huge pecs and merely breathed, feeling his guts and stomach being filled with the very salty semen his partner had to give to him. It would likely take hours, if not days, for Zenith's full senses to return to him, but in this moment he was completely content. He nuzzled and murmured happily, happy to remain right where he was. As Lionel had borne the brunt of both of their body weights, though, it seemed he had a different idea.

Lionel slid down against the trunk until he was sitting on the milk and cum soaked ground, both mind and body still reeling from this once in a lifetime adrenalin rush. His thoughts seemed slower than before, although he wasn't sure if it was due to his new form or just the infamous post-sex haze. But the mating urge had been quelled for now, and he lifted Zenith's chin to look deep in his eyes - he truly was beautiful, and Lionel considered himself lucky to have met him. He went in for a kiss, stroking Zen's hair in the process.

In contrast to their love making, the kiss was gentle and tender. Their lips opened and closed in a rhythmic embrace, their tongues danced and Lionel felt a pleasant tickle as Zenith's



goatee pressed against and meshed with the underside of his beard. They were clearly very male and yet they were incredibly compatible as if it had all been by design. Had it been inevitable when they had been assigned as roommates? Had it been a tiny seed of possibility planted in Lionel's hopes when he attended an Awakened school? Those thoughts still eluded them both for the moment. All they knew was that this was paradise.

"You know", Lionel eventually teased, "we still have one special shake left to try..."

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Sunlight pierced through the grey winter clouds, offering a temporary reprieve from the daily cold. The campus was painted white with snow, the local remnants of urban activity before the sleeping hibernating forest. Early December was living up to its name, and most of the outdoor classes had been relocated inside - the majority of the training fields were frozen, with only a couple of greenhouses still holding on. The holidays were around the corner, and a gradual cheer had taken over the town. Decorations were put here and there, familiar songs and traditional earworms rang through the airwaves, and foresighted people were already congratulating themselves for buying gifts early.

Soft crunching noises came as hooves compressed the light powder into more compact ice crystals. Flecks of snow clung to Lionel's bushy blond beard and his long golden hair while Zenith seemed to lean into him for body warmth. The two had become somewhat of a fixture of the community. Lionel had decided to drop most of his classes and focus purely on animal care, both awakened and not. Through some networking, and invoking a favor from Parax, he'd found an animal shelter that would be willing to employ him at the end of the school year, as long as he had the skills. Zenith didn't care what he was studying as long as it allowed him to remain close to his roommate.

It had been difficult to bring the various news to Lionel's parents, especially since he was trying to hide the real reason for his change. In comparison, the revelation that he was gay and in love with a satyr really had been inconsequential to them. Yet he couldn't be happier. He finally felt at peace with himself, and he had both a rocking body and the ideal boyfriend. The two were headed back home from the dairy shop. After their whole ordeal, Zenith had brought Lionel back so they could both confront them about their little meddling. It had quickly turned into an impromptu milking session and an early shop closure, and since then they both counted as regulars. Lionel even moonlighted there twice a week, thanks to his new lighter schedule.

A cold breeze passed over the pair, and the minotaur wrapped an arm around Zenith's shoulder, bringing him closer. It hadn't been easy finding a winter coat big enough for him, but at least he was saving on pants. Due to his impressive package, Lionel now mostly wore kilts, with his legs furry enough to keep him warm.

"Oh, I almost forgot, Parax told me he was throwing a big party before winter break," he said, rubbing Zenith's arm. "He asked me to mention that there could be a shipment of satyr wine involved."

"Oh, that would be quite a party... You might not be able to peel me off of you." Zenith smirked.

"Oh nooo, what a nightmare!" Lionel laughed. They walked several paces with smiles, though Zenith eventually looked up at Lionel.

"You don't mind that I inadvertently led to your whole life changing, do you?" Zen asked hopefully. Lionel smiled back.

"You keep asking me that, and every time it's the same answer. You changed my life for the better not with your shakes, but when I met you." He leaned in to kiss Zen's forehead. "But the shakes also helped a lot." Zen smiled at that.

"And now we can have them any time we want because there's never a need to go to the store for minotaur milk." Zenith grinned.

"Lucky you, you have your own dairy cow at home," Lionel chuckled. "You know, everytime you milk me, there's always some leftovers. Maybe we could share some with the other guys in the dorm, add in your secret recipe?"

"I mean I wouldn't complain, but if it woke you up, we might end up with a whole herd of newly awakened men..." Zenith warned.

"I've seen how some look at me, I don't think they would mind," Lionel winked. "Maybe this time, let's tell them the truth before we offer them a drink."

"Yeah, after the freshman fifteen, I don't think we can get them to accept that this is all just some natural part of some sort of sophomore spurt." Zenith smirked. Lionel gave a light chuckle at that, moving his large arm to slide up and down Zenith's shoulders. He had started college with such uncertainty - not just about life in general, but even his own body. Now he was comfortable in his own skin, comfortable in life and he could only begin to imagine just what excitement and wonder the new year would bring.