

A Seventieth To Remember (Part Two)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

By golly, this is one hell of a wild dream! Clark looked at his snow-covered surroundings in amazement, wondering how his mind had managed to conjure up such vivid imagery. He was certain that he was in a dream because the clothes he saw when he looked down were definitely not his own and the flatness of his stomach suggested that the body underneath those garments similarly wasn't. The seventy year old was pumped full of energy that he hadn't felt since he'd been in his twenties and even though he was clearly supposed to be in a cold environment, Clark didn't feel so much as the slightest chill!

Taking a few steps from where he had woken up, the elderly grandfather was caught off guard by just how light his footsteps were upon the snow. He was barely even leaving an imprint behind, as if he was completely weightless or something! Chuckling to himself, Clark began to bound forward through the trees and delighted in how swift and spry his movements were. It was like he was being carried along by the gentle wind!

Before he knew it, Clark had broken free of the heart of the forest and stood at the threshold of the trees with a wide open landscape ahead of him. The closest landmark was a village constructed in a style that seemed more fitting for medieval times, with wooden walls surrounding it and armored men wielding bows and arrows stationed on lookout towers around the perimeter. Clark was not only perplexed at the visual but also how much detail he could make out, even from several hundred feet away. It was as if he had magnifying glasses built into his eyes all of a sudden; he could even make out the freckles that adorned the cheeks of one of the bored-looking gate guards!



Although he had initially been certain that was currently dreaming, the longer Clark went without rousing from his slumber, the more doubtful he became. He couldn't even remember drifting off to sleep! He'd settled down to play Dungeons & Dragons with his grandson Ben and then suddenly he'd woken up in a completely unfamiliar landscape. *Well, that's not entirely true*, Clark realized. It was unfamiliar to him, sure, but it wouldn't be unfamiliar to Cedhrion, the Elven ranger he and his grandson had constructed for him to play in the campaign. Suddenly the clothes he was wearing and the slender body he was occupying made more sense to Clark. As dizzying as it was to comprehend, he really had somehow found himself in the Elven kingdom of Serenth!

After taking a moment to settle his thundering heart and push down the rising terror in the back of his mind, Clark forced himself into the mindset of Cedhrion. Much to his surprise, it wasn't even really that difficult. He knew the Elf's complete backstory as he had been the one to write it and Ben had gone to great lengths to explain the elven traditions in the game to him. Acting was never something that Clark had ever considered himself trying, but was confident that if there was any role he was going to be able to pull off then it was Cedhrion. There was actually something thrilling about realizing that at seventy years old he was now considered incredibly young for an elf rather than a member of the elderly as a human. That was certainly reflected in the incredible stamina that he was enjoying as he sprinted down the hill and towards the village. He wasn't even out of breath by the time he made it to the gates even though he had been sprinting for almost a full two minutes! *I think I might have just broken a world record with that!* Cedhrion could hardly keep the smile off of his face.

Getting past the gate guards was the elven archer's first challenge, but the discovery of a bag of coins hanging from his belt had made that considerably easy. Once he was inside the walls of the village though, he had to decide what to do with himself. Perhaps there was someone who might be able to help him understand what had happened to him, like a town mystic or something. When he couldn't quite find anything that might point to a magic shop or anything or the sort, Cedhrion instead decided to rely on the method of entering the local tavern and asking around. *If it's good enough for Frodo and the hobbits, it's good enough for me*, the former human mused, reflecting on the books that he had read earlier in his long life.

The local tavern was a place called Amadeus' Cave and featured quite the collection of strangers, many of whom glanced Cedhrion's way as he entered. The vast majority of the tavern's patrons but there was also a small group of dwarves huddled around a map, a pair of burly orcs with intimidatingly large teeth, and a trio of humanoid plant creatures that had three eyes each but lacked mouths. There were no other elves in the establishment, so Cedhrion's next best choice was to approach the bartender in the hopes that they might be able to point him in the right direction.

He had barely been sat on one of the stools at the bar for thirty seconds (and indeed was still waiting for the bartender to finish his conversation with another patron) when the space beside Cedhrion was taken. The reality-warped man turned his head to inspect the new arrival and was immediately struck by the rugged handsomeness of the man beside him. While the long fiery red hair that adorned the man's head was certainly eye-catching, it was the sharp angles of his wide jawline and the strength of his brow that really captured Cedhrion's attention. There was a rugged beauty to the man beside him which was complemented by the musky scent that radiated from his body. His muscular frame was clad in leather armor not too dissimilar from the elven archer's own, but the garments were stretched over what a powerful build.

"You're not from round these parts," the man growled in a vaguely Nordic accent. The corners of his lips had turned up into a smile and the tone of his voice didn't sound purposefully threatening, but Cedhrion couldn't help but feel intimidated by him.

"I suppose I'm not," the former Clark replied, still finding himself surprised by the smooth quality of his new voice. "Just passing through on my way back to my people." Cedhrion couldn't shake the feeling that the handsome stranger was looking beyond his physical exterior. The other's dark eyes were incredibly piercing to such a degree that even just locking gazes with him sent a shiver down the new elf's spine.

"That's not what I mean. I'm talking about something more extreme," the stranger declared in cryptic fashion. "You're not from Serenth, are you? You're not even a real wood elf." The man had leaned in closer as he spoke, allowing Cedhrion to feel the hot breath tickling against his pale skin. "You put up a good front and you might have everybody else here fooled but I know a pretender when I see one."

Cedhrion gulped and averted his eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about," he mumbled in response, doing his best to ignore how his breeches were growing tight. The breath against his cheek and his general proximity to the armor-clad hunk were prompting the former grandfather to have his first natural erection in several decades.

"Sure you don't. Who were you before this, hmm? Go on, tell me your real name. If you open up, maybe I will too." At this point, the man was whispering almost directly into Cedhrion's ear. Then, as if he hadn't already been flustered enough, Cedhrion had to deal with the man's hand suddenly resting on his thigh, dangerously close to his bulge.

"C-Clark," he admitted in little more than a whimper. "My real name is Clark. I'm a seventy year old grandfather. I woke up as my Dungeons and Dragons character, Cedhrion." The elf's cheeks flushed pink as he made his confession. Could he really be blamed though? Never in his long life had he ever received such physical attention from another man!

The hunk beside Clark chuckled. "I knew it! Well, *Cedhrion*, you can call me Gallus," the man introduced himself, "Although back in our world, I was Joseph. Fifty-six, twice divorced, no kids. Gallus was my Dungeons and Dragons character too."

Gallus' revelation hit Cedhrion like a truck. He wasn't the only one who had woken up in a fantasy world as a character of their own creation? It still all seemed too crazy to be real but by now he was certain that they really had been pulled into another dimension. There was no way Clark's brain was capable of creating such a realistic environment and producing so many intense emotions and physical responses. "H-how long have you been here?" he asked, struggling to regulate his volume so as to not draw attention towards them from the tavern's other patrons.

"About six months or so," Gallus replied. "I started to forget my true self until you walked into this bar. One look at you and somehow I just knew that you were like me. That you'd been sent here to live the life you were always supposed to." As he spoke, Gallus moved his hand further up Cedhrion's thigh until it was cupping the bulge at the front of his breeches. "You make for quite the gorgeous elf, Clark. I take it from the fact you haven't pushed me away yet that you're gay too, right?"

Clark wasn't sure that he'd ever been so hard in his entire life, not even during his youthful prime! His whole body was trembling in response to Gallus' touch. "Y-you'd be r-right," the elf stammered, doing his best to remain composed and failing miserably. "Wh-what about it?" It was difficult for Cedhrion to pull his eyes away from Gallus' handsome face, but he briefly did so just to ensure that nobody was watching them. Mercifully nobody seemed to have clocked onto their public indecency just yet.

"Would you like to come with me to my room upstairs so we can both get better acquainted with that sexy new body of yours?" Gallus was back to purring into Cedhrion's ear and the elf melted like butter in response. It was a miracle he hadn't blown a load in his pants already, considering how hot and bothered the other man's attention was making him.

"I'd like that very much," Cedhrion gasped between aroused moans. He definitely had a whole host of questions to Gallus about his time in the fantasy world and if he had any theories for how they had ended up there, but they could wait. Exploring his lithe new body and testing out his stamina with some rigorous lovemaking was a much more pressing task. It wasn't just his own body that the elf was looking forward to seeing in the nude either, as he was already drooling in anticipation for how the hunky warrior would look once he was out of his armor!

Gallus' hand finally lifted from Cedhrion's bulge and instead took the elf's own hand. The maintained contact continued to make the elf's body tremble in anticipation as Gallus guided them up the stairs towards some *much needed* privacy...