Today was the start of Weirmark. Spring was the most beloved time of the year in Vessyra. The great tree of the priestesses' home flowered and produced the bastil fruit, an incredibly sweet and mildly sour juice-filled morsel. All were encouraged to take as many as they like, and soon, the whole city would be smelling it for months with people incorporating the fruit into their recipes.

Given Neeks' gluttonous predilections for sweet things, she was likely there now with multiple baskets to gather as many bastils as she could. Knowing her friend, Reina would likely see her coming over later in the day to share in eating the fruit.

Until then, Reina refocused her efforts on the cauldron. Alchemy was no delicate process. It was a profession and study that sought to control volatile reactions between ingredients that gods didn't intend to be mixed, and forcibly alter their original properties into something else entirely.

Reina opened the alchemy textbook gifted to her by Grand Alchemist Eileen for a refresher.

There was a wide range of alchemy, and many branches had been branded taboo by the Elder Board. The most notable application of alchemy was the brewing of potions and elixirs. Potions were among the safest brews to concoct, like restoration potions and stamina droughts. Elixirs were defined by the necessity to stabilize volatile brews with mandragoras, and they were typically concoctions that provided the imbiber temporary enhancements to the physical body.

There were three processes in alchemy: synthesizing, which was the combining of primary ingredients; catalyzing, which is the stimulation and cause of chemical change by means of natural occurrence or secondary ingredients such as catalysts like magic crystals; and stabilizing, the use of secondary ingredients to prevent the denaturation of primary ingredients.

Materials for alchemy were given two designations: ingredients and reagents.

All materials used in alchemy were called ingredients. However, materials that were magical in nature or possessed magic like magic crystals, dragon hearts, soul stones, and others could be called reagents.

"There's so much more to read, but I could spend an entire month getting lost in this textbook. That should be enough for a refresher though." Reina shut the book on the lectern and turned her attention to the ingredients on the table next to the cauldron.

Among the common C to A-grade sephalothanes, mandragoras, and other ingredients, there were also the vials of orc and goblin ejaculate she had collected thanks to Rodelle's help. Reina's ass and legs still ached from being penetrated by an orc last week despite having taken a potion afterwards. The morning after, she couldn't so much as run and had to use a crutch to move across the room.

That pain, however, wasn't for naught. For now she had their cum and could continue her research.

After much trial and error, several scares of the cauldron exploding, and running low on the ejaculate, Reina at last brewed orc cum into an elixir of ogre's strength. Would orc's strength be more appropriate now?

She would save the naming conventions for later.

The green liquid swirled with the viscosity of water inside the vial. Next step was to test it out.

"Here goes nothing…" Reina gulped the elixir in one go. She waited a whole five minutes but felt no change. "Or not. Damn. I was so sure of it this time."

Thinking she had screwed up, she reached for a mandragora root to restart the process but crushed it in her hand like it was a banana.

"Uh, oh— I mean, yes! I did it!" She jumped but launched herself so high her head hit the ceiling.

Reina climbed to her feet, rubbing her head in agony. The elixir granted her the strength of an ogre but not the resilience of one.

The quality of this batch wasn't as potent as Reina would like, but the strength it granted was significantly greater than the variant without orc ejaculate. Ten vials was about all she could make with what's left. Goblin ejaculate was another matter. She completely used it all up and didn't create anything useful.

"Is Reina in?" a deep, masculine voice bellowed from the other side of the door.

"The atelier's open. Come on in!" Reina yelled.

A centaur entered the atelier, ducking his head as he came through the door. He had dirty blonde hair tied to a ponytail, a leather harness on both his chest and equine torso signalled to Reina that he was just working until now. She recognized him instantly.

"Oh, Konnar! It's good to see you again!" She and the centaur clasped hands.

"Ow— Damn. When did the little elf get so strong?" Konnar asked, letting go and blowing on his hand.

Reina had forgotten about the elixir of strength and accidentally squeezed the centaur's hand a little too hard, mangling the fingers. She apologized profusely and gave him a restoration potion to heal the injury in no time.

"Alchemy, huh. Still boggles my mind how crazy this stuff is," he said, staring at the now empty vial and healed hand.

"That's why I wanted to delve into it, but enough about me. Last I saw you were making deliveries back and forth from Grathir and Thanreas. Come back for vacation?" Reina asked.

Konnar was employed in the Stallion & Mare, a centauri goods and transportation business that began operating in human kingdoms since the end of the Second Crimson Wars. They were vital in aiding the restoring of human cities thanks to their speedy deliveries of materials. While Konnar himself used to be a workhorse slave in Thanreas, he set aside his spite in hopes for a better future with humanity.

"There was an order to move tons of lumber from Ellowyn in the Weeping Expanse to Lotherain in Parthun. Some of us in the Stallion & Mare came down to Vessyra for a quick visit. We're leaving in two days, but I heard you set up shop here and wanted to drop by," he explained.

"You came by at a good time, my friend. It's Weirmark and everyone is celebrating. Maybe find yourself a nice mare before you get back to work." Reina nudged the centaur in the abdomen and winked.

The centaur rubbed his nose and blushed. Konnar was a little older than her, and yet she had more experience in adult matters than he did. This was probably expected given that he worked so much that he couldn't find time to socialize with anyone other than coworkers.

"Speaking of work. The elixirs of strength you brewed— what do you think about selling them to me? I'm sure it would benefit my crew a lot, pulling on those mountain-sized lumber from the Weeping Expanse," Konnar said.

"Selling them, hmm…?" Reina tapped her chin thoughtfully.

The whole pursuit of alchemy was never about money for her. She was sure coming from Konnar, the Stallion & Mare would pay her a hefty sum. Everything she wanted was right in this atelier, no amount of money could lead her astray at this point.

However…

Reina's eyes fell to the space between Konnar's legs.

"I got a proposition for you, Konnar. I'll give you a whole batch free. In return, I need you to cum for me." She grinned.

"Y-You need my cum?" Konnar reared back like he was about to race out the door. "I don't think you're able to take something as big as a centaur's…"

"Think about it, my man. You get the elixirs and feel good. It's a win-win for you!" she exclaimed, rubbing her hands together in eagerness to see an erect centaur dick for the first time.

"Well… you certainly may try…" he said.

The centaur parted his four legs a bit, and Reina scurried right below him. His testicles were the size of melons. His dick, however, was retracted and inside its foreskin. She rubbed

the skin and felt the outlines of his member gradually getting harder until it emerged in all its glory.

Reina was speechless. This monster was tremendously larger than an orc. Absolutely no way she could take this into her pussy, and if she did, the goddess would come to fetch her early. The tip was strangely shaped. It wasn't conal or pointed like her own, but had a flat tip.

These beastborne typically mated within their own species because their size made them incompatible with most. Some women were brave and had to use special methods like alchemy in order to perform intercourse with a centaur. Other than that, someone would have to be crazy to think about banging one.

The massive slab of meat throbbed in her hands. She recalled Rodelle using her body to masturbate the orc, so Reina took off her shirt and squeezed the dick between her breasts. Unfortunately, no amount of stimulation was going to get Konnar off. It just wasn't working no matter what she did, and sucking it wasn't an option unless she wanted to break her jaws.

"This isn't working." Reina fumed, angry that her sex appeal was at stake.

"I'm sorry. You're attractive and all, but elves aren't exactly my thing. If it was with a centaura or someone similar, it would be a different story," he said.

Reina wiped her mouth and sighed.

"Actually… Neeks is probably big enough. She's tall and has a really nice pussy," she mumbled to herself.

Konnar looked like he had heard something he shouldn't and asked, "Why are you talking like you had a dick to have sex with?"

"I got a plan," Reina began, ignoring the centaur's question. "You're going to fuck my harpy friend, and I'm getting that ejaculate out of you. First, I'm going to need to owe a certain goblin a favor so she can build me something."

The goblin and orc construction company built Reina her apparatus in no time at all, so quickly that it baffled her to see it happen in real time. Rodelle rubbed her nose, grinning with an air of superiority.

"I'm almost appalled at how efficient you guys are," Reina complimented.

"We're used to making things like this to begin with for horse breeders. All we did was adjust the post and saddle to make them level in order to receive a centaur. Whaddya doing with it anyway?" she asked curiously.

"Alchemy stuff."

Rodelle lent a couple of orcs to transport the breeding stocks back to Reina's home. It was too wide to fit through the door, but thanks to the goblin boss' ingenuity, the apparatus was sectionally designed to come apart and put back together with ease.

Now for the wait— which didn't last very long. Neeks burst through the door like it was her own home she was returning to.

"Honey, I'm home!" the harpy announced affectionately.

"Don't call me that like we're married." Reina grimaced.

On Neeks' back was a large basket of ripened bastil fruits, more than either of them could eat before they spoiled. Her eyes scanned the atelier and found the stone-built oven which Reina never used and began preparing to cook.

"My mom taught me this great bastil pie recipe. I bet you'll fall right in love with me after the first taste," Neeks said, but her preparations were interrupted when Reina pulled her to the breeding stock instead.

"The bastil fruits can wait." Reina kissed her friend deeply and received the harpy's long, salivating tongue, all the while leading them over to the wooden apparatus.

"Oooh. Adventurous. Is this some kind of S&M thing?" Neeks asked.

Reina grinned, then pushed Neeks onto the cushioned board to lie on her front. The posts locked her ankles and wrists in place, leaving her ass and glistening pussy facing up in the doggystyle position. Neeks shook her rear in anticipation, but Reina wouldn't give in so easily. She rubbed the tip of her cock against her friend's slit, spreading the juices to lubricate a wider area.

"Come on, give it to me already!" the harpy pleaded.

However, it wasn't Reina that she was about to receive. The door swung open and in came Konnar who was already raging hard, the two and a half foot long cock swaying between his legs as he entered. Neeks glanced behind in horror to see the centaur mounting on the apparatus, putting two hooves on the steps next to her shoulders and positioning the penis at her entrance.

"What's going on? I thought this was happy-fun time with just us?" she asked.

"Sorry… it was Reina's idea," he said.

"You're the only one I know who can take it." Reina shoved her dick into Neeks' mouth, stifling her attempts to complain. "Don't worry, you won't go at it alone. We're going to be spit-roasting you, so at least you can still suck my dick."